1/14/90 - 12/30/91

1/14/90 JAZZ

Hornman Mike Fahn Steps Out With Four Fine Talents

By LEONARD FEATHER

★ ★★★½

MIKE FAHN

"Steppin' Out"

Certon CR2288

Here are four extraordinary musicians who deserve more acclaim than they have earned. Fahn is without question one of the few contemporary masters of the valve trombone. Patitucci, of course, has distinguished himself with Chick Corea playing both acoustic and electric bass with equal dexterity. He is also a composer of great promise and was responsible for five originals in this set.

Tad Weed, who composed "My Love," combines chops and imagination in this admirable acoustic group. Peter Donald rounds out the quartet efficiently, except where his drum solo shatters the mood at one point. The production is careless: the titles are listed in the wrong order. The last four cuts are actually "Nardis" followed by "Tenderness," "Love" and Monk's "Well You Needn't." Recording (at Chick Corea's Mad Hatter Studios in Hollywood) is first rate.

Mike Fahn at this writing is on the road as a sideman with Maynard Ferguson. He deserves prominence on his own; it is to be hoped that this splendid album will help expedite that objective.

★★★

PHAROAH SANDERS

"A Prayer Before Dawn"

Theresa Tr 127

From the company that doesn't know how to spell saxophone comes a strange, slow motion CD by a saxophonist better known for more adventurous flights. He is backed mainly by William Henderson on piano and synthesizer. There is only one Sanders original, along with two Coltrane pieces and, of all things, "The Christmas Song" (he didn't quite get the melody right) and Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way." This low key set, simplistic and accessible, is hardly likely to be remembered a few months hence.

★★★★★

COUNT BASIE

"The Legend, the Legacy"

Denon CY 73790

Here is the current Basie band in all its glory. At one point or another every man in this dazzling outfit has a solo, and most are of commendable quality. Carmen

DIANE JACKSON

Frank Foster, director of the Count Basie Orchestra.

Bradford, in a ballad ("Young and Foolish") and a blues, again has a chance to remind us that she is one of the most underrated singers of the past decade. Frank Foster's 17 minute "Remembrance Suite" captures the most contagious moods and blends of the latter day orchestra; note particularly the superb sax solo passage in the third movement. This was the late Eric Dixon's final credit with the band. He wrote two of the charts. Don't pass up this example of a great ensemble that is doing posthumous justice to the man who created it.

★★★½

FRANK MORGAN

"Mood Indigo"

Antilles 7 91320-2

Morgan's initial Antilles set offers some bright moments, among them two guest appearances by Wynton Marsalis and three duo cuts with George Cables. The material, however, is hardly startling; except for an ad lib blues there are no Morgan originals, and we are treated to the 9,867th version of "Round Midnight." Morgan plays well, but this is hardly his finest hour; there is a lack of focus and consistency to what should have been a significant label debut.

★ ★★★

GENE HARRIS

"Gene Harris & the Philip Morris Superband"

Concord Jazz CCD 4397

This all star band that toured the world last fall should have recorded after it had been together for a couple of months, instead of on its very first dig at Town Hall. But it is indeed a phenomenal line-up, with trumpeter Sweets Edison making his eel-like way through "Sleepy Time Down South," Harris himself at the piano in a Frank Wess arrangement of Erroll Garner's "Creme de Menthe," and four vocals—two each by Ernie Andrews and Ernestine Anderson, who sounds as though the charts were written a minor third too low for her.

The gray eminence in this set is John Clayton, who wrote an original ("Serious Grease") as well as skillful arrangements on five standards. No, he doesn't play bass here, but his mentor, Ray Brown, does, in a rhythm section that includes Harris, Herb Ellis and Jeff Hamilton. All in all, a performance that falls just a little short of its potential, but not without many admirable moments.

★★★½

TERRY GIBBS

"Bopstacle Course"

Xanadu 210

Gibbs was in good company on this belated release (taped in 1974), with Barry Harris' piano as a stimulating foil for his vibraphone. He emerges with composer credits for the engaging "Kathleen" and the pretty "Waltz for My Children." Sam Jones on bass and Alan Dawson on drums round out this no-nonsense be-bop quartet. □

LOS ANGELES TIMES 1/23/90

Pianist Barbara Carroll: The Woman Who Came to Dinner

■ **Jazz:** She overcame gender prejudice playing in New York supper clubs. She has made a new album and now wants to play in concerts and festivals.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Barbara Carroll can remember when there was, for a female musician, a powerful irony to the song "I Enjoy Being a Girl."

Now on a six-week visit to the Westwood Marquis, where she performs Wednesdays through Saturdays, the harmonically imaginative pianist from Worcester, Mass., has security in the form of six or seven months a year at New York's Carlyle Hotel. But it wasn't always that easy.

"When I first came to New York," she says, "I found there were all kinds of prejudices, lots of closed doors. As a female, I had to prove myself in front.

"I didn't know anyone in town except for a pianist I'd met in Boston. He used to get calls for Saturday night casuals, and if he was busy he wanted to recommend me; but he knew that if he told them I was a female there was no way I could get the job. So he'd say, 'I can't make it, but I'll send along Bobby Carroll.' At 8 p.m. Saturday I'd show up, and the bandleader would say 'Who are you?' I'd tell him, and after he'd recovered and gotten up off the floor, it all worked out OK."

Her first regular job in town put her in the right company. "An agent got me into the Down Beat on 52nd Street with two great musicians—Chuck Wayne on guitar and Clyde Lombardi on bass, and we were opposite Dizzy Gillespie's band! It was the kind of situation I'd always fantasized about."

Once past the initial experience of proving herself, she made her way into recording studios: dates for Discovery Records, Atlantic and RCA. She has been recording off and on ever since; recently, after a seven-year absence, an album entitled "Old Friends" for Audiophile, leading a splendid quartet (Phil Bodner on reeds, Grady Tate on drums and Jay Leonhart on bass) helped to establish, potentially for a new audience, that she is by no means limited to solo piano in posh East Side clubs.

"I want to do more concerts and festivals," she says. "Although I enjoy working alone, for concerts I use a bass player and often a drummer. I'd really like to get back into the mainstream of music."

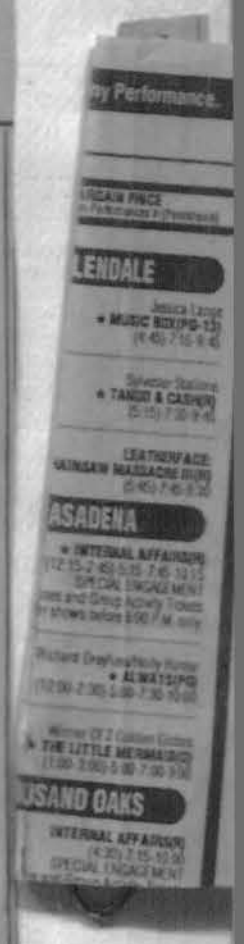
Carroll has been widowed twice. Her first husband, the bassist Joe Shulman, recorded with Duke Ellington and played on many of Carroll's albums. Later, married to the agent Bert Block, she went into a near-total retirement, raised a daughter (now grown) and began to re-emerge in the late 1970s.

She has always sung the occasional vocal in an unpretentiously serviceable style. Her idol is Billie Holiday, one of whose blues she sings in her show.

"One of the great thrills of my life was accompanying Billie. We were both booked to do the 'Today' show, when Dave Garroway was hosting it. This was maybe six months before Billie died, in 1959. We were a little concerned about her reliability, because you had to get up at 5 a.m. to do that show. Anyhow, the car picked me up and we went to get Billie at her apartment. Well, she came out right on time in this beautiful mink coat, went with us to rehearsal and did everything just right."

Since the early years, Carroll has watched and listened with pleasure as a growing number of women musicians have risen to prominence.

"The great thing about the situation today is that there's one condescending remark you just never hear people use anymore: 'Gee, you play good for a girl.' "



1-18

1/21/90

JAZZ

Ernie Andrews: Life on Eventful Philip Morris Tour

By LEONARD FEATHER

"It's hard to adjust," Ernie Andrews said.

Just last month, the veteran Los Angeles-based jazz, pop and blues singer returned home after a three-month tour of five continents as featured vocalist with the 18-man ensemble billed as Gene Harris and the Philip Morris Superband.

As Andrews made clear, after working under the extraordinary conditions that prevailed during that tour, anything would seem anticlimactic. "It was the most luxurious situation imaginable—the sky was the limit when it came to treating us right," he said.

Not that he is by any means scuffling for jobs—he just played to good crowds at Marla's Memory Lane. On Feb. 10, he will sing in Exposition Park as part of the "Black Esthetic" presentation of the Afro-American Museum. The next day he heads for Washington, where he will address the students at the Duke Ellington School of the Arts, and will later share a concert at Kennedy Center with Marlena Shaw.

Good gigs all, but somehow not the same as earning standing ovations in Cairo, Ankara, Morocco, Moscow, Milan, Manila, Melbourne and Perth. (The band played only one domestic date, a break-in session at New York's Town Hall, which was recorded for Concord Jazz.)

For economic reasons, a tour of this kind would have been impossible in the United States. "We were in four- and five-star hotels everywhere," Andrews said. "In some cities we'd stay several days and only play one or two concerts, but our days off cost us almost nothing; they paid for our hotels." The sponsors also arranged for several of the musicians' wives to fly over for part of the tour.

"We ate well and slept well, we lived royally; so there were no animosities," Andrews said. "On an Italian date, we had three band buses—one for the sound crew, one for the smoking musicians and another for the nonsmokers." (An ironic touch, given the cigarette sponsorship.)

By sheer chance, the band—which ranges in age from 26-year-old trombone virtuoso James Morrison from Australia along with the 74-year-old trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison—managed to stay

JOSE GALVEZ / L.A. Times

Ernie Andrews: In Eastern Europe, the tour stayed one jump ahead of the revolutions.

just ahead of the dramatic political events that were taking place in Eastern Europe.

"We were at the Jazz Festival in West Berlin, with Wynton Marsalis and Take 6; the next day we played East Berlin, where the people wouldn't let us off the stage," Andrews said. "Two days later we heard the Wall had come down! In Manila we stayed at the same hotel where they had all the problems, but we were out of there three days before the coup started.

"Poland was wonderful. We were each given a couple of thousand dollars of their money to spend—not that there was much to buy.

"Russia was a bit of a culture shock at first, but the enthusiasm was so great that fans were offering $150, as much as most of them earn in a month, for a ticket. We were invited over to the Composers' Union Building, where after lunch several Russian musicians played with some of our guys."

In a sense the tour with Harris completed a full circle, since Andrews first came to international prominence as a band vocalist in the 1950s and '60s, with the orchestra of the late Harry James. Born in 1927 in Philadelphia, Andrews has lived in Los Angeles since his late teens and began h recording career in the 1940

Though he now works locally mainly as a single, he gigged and recorded during most of the 1980s with the Frank Capp/Nat Pierce Juggernaut big band.

Most of the musicians are home now: about half in New York, James Moody in San Diego, bassist Ray Brown in Los Angeles, guitarist Herb Ellis in Fairfield Bay, Ark., and pianist-leader Gene Harris in Boise, Ida., where for the previous decade he had lived quietly and in relative obscurity as musical director for a local hotel.

Evidently that obscurity is not destined to last. From Boise, Harris said: "It looks as though I'm on call with Philip Morris. They helped arrange for me to play a performance in Washington with President Bush in the audience, Jan. 22 at the Willard Hotel, for the Libertad organization, with Charlton Heston emceeing.

"As for the tour, the news is promising. I can't give out the details, but I haven't done my last tour yet. Meanwhile some of the best videos out of a whole bunch that were taken while we were traveling will be assembled for public television in the States."

Joanne Jimenez, a representative of the Bridge Agency which contracted the tour, said plans are to reorganize the band with ma of the same musicians for a tour. "Next time, instead of a sin U.S. date, we expect to put on t or three concerts in this count probably including runs in Angeles," Jimenez said.

This is heartening news for musicians as well. Andr summed it up: "There just anything to match the blessing those conditions for an artist. praise the Lord that you're there having a ball, pleasing th great audiences in big halls, being kept in comfort. You re feel at peace with yourself."

—

Ratings for two record rev were incorrect last week. Joe Fahn's "Steppin' Out" should ceive 4½ stars and "Gene H and the Philip Morris Superb should rate four stars.

JAZZ REVIEW

1-K

Jon Faddis Blows Up a Storm

By LEONARD FEATHER

No, that wasn't a thunder storm that blew through town Monday. It was the phenomenal trumpeter Jon Faddis, who during his single night at Catalina's strained the bounds of believability, but never his chops.

Long admired as a protégé of Dizzy Gillespie, with whom he still plays now and then, Faddis brought his own quartet from New York to play music from his current Epic album, "Into the Faddisphere." In the course of a 90-minute set, he touched all bases, often in his anything-you-can-do-I-can-do-an-octave-higher vein, but also in several explorations of his horn's normal register.

Outstanding in the latter category was "West End Blues," parts of which were drawn almost note-for-note from a classic 1928 Louis Armstrong record. Renee Rosnes, his Canadian pianist, captured the spirit flawlessly before Faddis took over again from some additional touches that Satchmo himself might have envied. But instead of quitting while he was ahead, Faddis gave an anti-climactic solo to the bass player, James Genus, then began singing a he-and-she vocal in alternating male and falsetto voices that was strictly for laughs. He ultimately brought his horn back for a magnificent finale.

Faddis as a composer is versatile and creative. "Retro Blue" was a quirky item, a blues in form but not in harmonic pattern. "At Long Last" was slow and lyrical, "Sambahia" exotic and "Many Paths to the Top of the Mountain" chaotic. Billy Drummond, the drummer, had more than enough opportunities to display his technique.

Rosnes, looking much too young to have absorbed so many stages in the evolution of jazz piano, acquit-

Roy Eldridge's "Little Jazz." I there are lapses from taste an occasional high note excesses in Faddis performance, they are small price to pay for the unique mix of virtuosity and beauty o which he showed himself capable.

Jazz Reviews

Red Holloway, Stacy Rowles Teamed at Indigo Club

At the Indigo Jazz Club in the Compton Lazben Hotel a new jazz partnership is being tried out this week, as the saxophonist Red Holloway locks horns with the trumpeter Stacy Rowles.

Though there had clearly been no rehearsal and the group had no original material to lend it a personal character, the results were generally encouraging. The set opened with Rowles playing fluegelhorn and Holloway on alto sax playing that most insipid of vehicles, "Mack the Knife," but once past the theme, they used its adequate harmonic patterns and some fast and fluent blowing.

Switching to trumpet and tenor sax, they tackled "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," which, as a blues, was a natural vehicle for them. On "Caravan," Paul Humphrey offered a fittingly exotic introduction, using mallets, and altering the pitch by moving his elbows around the drums.

Rowles had her own solo workout with a lyrical "Emily" and Holloway found hard-cooking new ways to deal with "Love for Sale," partly in waltz time.

Completing the group were Richard Reid, a strong and supportive bass player, and the pianist Dwight Dickerson, whose "Prelude to a Kiss" was a mite too flowery but never dull. Holloway's attempts to sing the blues was amusing, but he could use a fresher and more cohesive set of lyrics.

The finale, "Mood Indigo," which seems to have become the theme song for this room, underwent major surgery as the band doubled the time, then quadrupled it—hardly an indigo mood, but one that achieved a spirited level of creation as Rowles and Holloway met the challenge.

The only problem was a noisy, yakking, inconsiderate audience. Visitors who catch the group before its Saturday closing, are advised to find a seat close to the music. —LEONARD FEATHER

POP MUSIC REVIEW

Price Does Justice to the Classics

"Classic Pop" is a genre not recognized by the music trade, since it requires no charts and generates no best sellers. Yet an artist such as Ruth Price, appearing this evening at Hollywood's Vine Street Bar & Grill, is a singer to the classic manner born, showing that commercial or not, the idiom has a lasting validity.

This ingratiating gamin of a woman, slight of build, her puckish features framed in a short black hairdo, looks and sounds today much as she did in the days of Shelly's Manne Hole. If her repertoire has been updated, even the newer sounds—Jobim's "Happy Madness" and a lovely melody by her ex-husband, Dave Grusin, "When Summer Turns to Snow"—all have that worldly-wise quality of yesteryear both in their lyrics and music.

Price's voice, heard Thursday at Drake's in Glendale, is small and compact, her intonation perfect, her love for these songs apparent in the respect she shows for them. If Oscar Levant's "Blame It on My Youth," the Jerome Kern-Ira Gershwin "Sure Thing" and Freddy Hollander's "This is the Moment" are seldom heard today, it is because there are so few Ruth Price's around with the resourcefulness and vocal sensitivity to do them justice.

Her ailing pianist failed to show, and on very short notice Jeff Colella filled in, reading the parts well and soloing agreeably on an electric keyboard. Price no doubt will be in her glory at Vine Street, where she will appear with the all-star trio of Gerald Wiggins, Andy Simpkins and Roy McCurdy.

The recently instituted music policy at Drake's will continue with singers Thursday through Saturday from 6 to 10 p.m. and solo piano Monday through Wednesday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Times FEB

Leonard Feather's

BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: Mark Murphy

In a recording career that goes back more than three decades (his first album appeared on Capitol in 1957), Mark Murphy has racked up an exceptional track record in terms of the artists who have worked with him and the musicians to whose instrumental performances he has sung lyrics.

He had men like Dick Hyman, Clark Terry and Roger Kellaway on early sessions in the 1960s; David Sanborn, Michael and Randy Brecker in the '70s; Richie Cole, Frank Morgan and Azymuth in the '80s. He has sung words (provided for him by a variety of gifted lyricists) to the solos of Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Charles Mingus, Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter. His recent album *Then and Now—Kerouac* on Muse, includes a version of Thelonious Monk's *Ask Me Now* with lyrics by Ben Sidran.

Murphy was interviewed during a successful engagement at the Vine Street Bar & Grill in Hollywood.

(Note for younger readers: Leo Watson was a greatly admired, unique and manic scat singer, known as "The James Joyce of Jazz," who recorded with Artie Shaw and with a group called the Spirits of Rhythm. He died in 1950.)

1. MANHATTAN TRANSFER. *Sing Joy Spring* (from *Vocalese*, Atlantic). Clifford Brown, composer; Jon Hendricks, lyrics; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; John Patitucci, bass (acoustic).

BEFORE: I didn't think so at first, but it is Manhattan Transfer, because I recognize Tim and Janis, I think. This must be the record that Jon Hendricks did all the lyrics to? And I'm wondering who the bass player is, because not many bass players play jazz right on fender. Mark Egan does, but I don't know who this cat is. And I'm trying to think who the horn player is. I'm not familiar with that record. But this is certainly the best thing they've ever done. The clarity of delivery and the rhythmic pulse are just wonderful. *Joy Spring* by Clifford Brown, right?

I don't know whose original chart this was, but they took it from someone and then added the words. I don't know, you'll have to enlighten me on that one. And great recording—the quality of all the mix is wonderful. I do like the trumpet player, but I haven't a clue who it is.

Rating it, after the first chorus I'd say five stars; I was a little bit worried about the time on the first chorus. It's very difficult to get four singers to...I think the people who do that best are Take 6; the Transfer usually is technically perfect. Even John and Annie and Dave sometimes would vary in pitch a little bit. So, I'd give it 4½ stars.

AFTER: Well, it was a west coast date? It did kind of surprise me at first. I thought it might be the New York Voices; I hadn't heard them before, but then I recognized Tim and Janis. But that shows you how much I know about trumpet players!

2. BARRY MANILOW. *Blue* (from *Paradise Cafe*, Arista). Sarah Vaughan, guest artist.

BEFORE: I can't think of this kid's name..um, um, um...he was pianist for Bette Midler for years, then he became a big star...of course, he did this record with all these jazz people...Sarah Vaughan, of course. Oh, it's gone. But there again, it's so beautifully recorded, the presence and everything. Good song...Sinatra has just done another one about "I write the songs that make the little girls cry..." Well, that's all I can come up with. Four stars.

AFTER: Yes, I have heard it before. It's a lovely song; it didn't really reach out and grab me, but it is very nice. Barry Manilow—I just couldn't think of the name.

3. CARMEN McRAE & BETTY CARTER. *Stolen Moments* (Great American Music Hall). Oliver Nelson, composer. Lyrics by Gail Fisher. Eric Gunnison, piano; Jim Hughart, bass; Winard Harper, drums.

It's from one of the dates that Betty and Carmen did live at the Music Hall in San Francisco. I heard one night of complete recordings at a party they gave afterward. I don't know who wrote these lyrics, or whose solo they wrote them to.

It's either got to be Betty's trio or Carmen's, that's pretty hard to determine. (L.F.: It was Carmen's). I was reminded of the genius of Eddie Jefferson, who was never exactly in tune, yet what he did was the greatest. That first record you played, Manhattan Transfer, everything was precisely in tune; but when it's a soloist, it really is a different kind of thing—I don't mind this. I like the rough edges. I don't demand that everything be flawless, the way the Transfer and Take 6 do it, but I think this was a marvelous album. Unfortunately the company didn't do much with it. I'd give this four and a half.

4. AL JARREAU. *Blue Rondo A La Turk* (from *Breakin' Away*, Warner Brothers). Jarreau, vocal, lyrics; Dave Brubeck, composer.

BEFORE: Very high marks for the recording. I'm not sure, but maybe Al Jarreau wrote these lyrics himself to Brubeck's *Blue Rondo a La Turk*. There's some marvelous scatting by him. It seems to me he kind of took scat singing and almost re-Africanized it, where it had become sort of buried in a bebop rut. He managed to extend that and intellectualize it. The enunciation is very clear. I think that's wonderful; I'd give it a five.

AFTER: He did the lyrics himself? Okay—good job!

Phil Bray

5. HELEN MERRILL. *Vous m'Ebouissez (You Go To My Head)* (from *You've Got a Date with the Blues*, Verve). Jimmy Jones, piano, arranger; Barry Galbraith, guitar. Recorded 1959. J. Fred Coots, composer; Henneve and Palex, French lyrics.

BEFORE: That's Helen Merrill. Must have been recorded in Paris, and I'm not saying that just because she's singing in French—I also hear Gordon Beck playing piano. Don't know who the guitar player is. Probably French. Lyrics probably were translated as literally as possible to the American *You Go To My Head*.

I've forgotten who wrote that; it was written, I think, by one of those teams who only got together on one or two songs, like Johnny Frigo and Herb Ellis did on *Detour Ahead*.

I love to hear French done with a jazz background. Blossom Dearie had one on *It Might as Well Be Spring*. I think I'd rather hear her sing it in English, though, her meanings are so special and personal when she sings a lyric. I had certain reservations about what the piano player was doing, but I know he was doing that because the guitar player was playing chords. So overall, I'd give it three.

AFTER: It was recorded in New York? I'm really surprised, Jimmy Jones? Then it has to be an old record. He was with Sarah Vaughan for quite a while, wasn't he? As for Helen, I recognized her immediately; that's an unmistakable sound.

6. EDDIE JEFFERSON. *Body & Soul* (from *The Jazz Singer*, Inner City). Jefferson, vocal and lyrics. Recorded 1959.

BEFORE: Five and a half stars right away! The wonderful Eddie Jefferson salute to Coleman Hawkins. Did Coleman Hawkins originally make this on a Benny Goodman record? It was his own record? Oh. Anyway, this is one of the most in-tune things Eddie ever did. I use another thing of his in a sort of clinic/lecture I do on the history of scat singing, and I end it with the Transfer's record of this, to show that finally a record of this got on a juke box so you could play it for a quarter. It wasn't Eddie's, but it was the Transfer's. It's a beautiful lyric; just stands up by itself. So natural; John's was, too, in *Joy Spring*. A-Plus, or 5½.

I don't know who the rhythm section is.

AFTER: 1959? Was that the original vocalese recording?

7. ANITA O'DAY. *On the Trail* (from *In A Mellow Tone*, DRG). Ferde Grofe, composer; Jon Hendricks, lyrics. Gordon Brisker, flute, arranger; Pete Jolly, piano; Brian Bromberg, bass. Recorded 1989.

BEFORE: *On The Trail*, with the irreplaceable Anita O'Day. It sounds like a very fresh recording and since it's flute, I wonder if it's Gordon Brisker with her. That puts in mind it might be an L.A. group with John Patitucci on bass. It's a very recent recording of Anita's. It's not quite as in tune as she can sing. I remember her 50th anniversary concert at Carnegie Hall and she was in fine form. I'd give this 3½. I'm really guessing on the band.

AFTER: Gosh, I haven't heard Pete Jolly in years. I don't particularly like this tune. I'd like to hear Anita sing something else. The main thing is that an artist who has the track record she has is finally being recorded right.

8. LEO WATSON. *Jingle Bells* (from *Pre-Bop*, Bob Thiele Music). Watson, vocals; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Leonard Feather, piano. Recorded 1946.

BEFORE: *(much laughter)* It's hard for me to think that that's not a live recording, but they clowned around in the studios in those days, right? I hope I'm right in saying it's Fats Waller. Whoever it is, it's a very historical record of where jazz singing came from, because when it first starts you have to really listen to discern whether it's a voice or a trombone, and that's where it all started, with the very earliest players trying to sound like singers. Now, we're trying to sound like horns, so it's come full circle.

I hesitate to say who the horn player was, but God bless him for being there that day. And I can't say who Fats' rhythm section is because I don't know. But gotta give that five stars! What would the year be? Like '34 or something?

AFTER: Okay, okay, I did think that at first, but then I said no, because I've only heard Leo Watson in bits. I never heard him do a whole thing, so's I'd know it would have to be Fats. Is that you playing piano? Somebody told me there's a whole record of Leo Watson. Is that true? Full marks, five, on *Pre-Bop*, Leo Watson. It's funny, somebody just asked me if there's a full Leo Watson record.

Bob Dorough Plays a Hip Set at the Vine St. Bar

Bob Dorough might best be characterized as Dave Frishberg with an Arkansas twang. Actually Dorough, who opened Wednesday and will close Saturday at Hollywood's Vine Street Bar & Grill, is several years Frishberg's senior, but a decade or two ago both men eased out of early roles as nightclub pianists into popularity as songwriters who performed their own hip material.

Dorough and Frishberg, in fact, collaborated on the song "I'm Hip," with which Dorough closed his set Wednesday. (Frishberg, who wrote those mordant lyrics, will be at Vine Street next week). For the most part, Dorough's set matched his melodies with the stylish words of Fran Landesman. He proved his self-sufficiency as sole writer on, for example, "But for Now," which he introduced as "My hopelessly sentimental ballad."

His thin, engaging voice is just what you might expect from this pony-tailed stringbean who, when not singing words, may indulge in scatting, humming, whistling, or simply playing very adept quasi-bop piano. Now and then he sings standing up, backed only by the efficient bass of Monty Budwig and the drums of Luis Peralta, whose Argentine background brings authenticity to the Latin numbers.

For Henry Mancini, who was in the room, Dorough cooked up a hard swinging variation on "Moon River." A highlight of the set was "I Get the Neck of the Chicken," a 1942 Frank Loesser ditty, during which Jack Sheldon, seated in a booth, supplied an impeccable trumpet chorus. But with or without help from visiting hornmen, Dorough is the quintessential cabaret/jazz entertainer in a field that has produced very few genuine talents. —LEONARD FEATHER

116. **THE JAZZ YEARS: EARWITNESS TO AN ERA**
Leonard Feather
Da Capo Press, 1987
310 p, index

$25.00 hardback

Leonard Feather is probably the best known chronicler of jazz history in the world. And it is equally probable that most people are unaware of how much he himself actually participated in the music's history. This book follows Feather's career from a part-time writing job in England in the thirties to his present preeminence in the world of jazz journalism as critic for the *Los Angeles Times*. Although it details a career that has included contributing to the world's leading jazz magazines and authoring numerous books, it also documents the author's personal participation in jazz as pianist, composer, and producer of concerts and records for a multitude of the most important figures in the music. *The Jazz Years* offers an insightful and fascinating first-hand account of many of the important events that comprise the last fifty-odd years of jazz history.

JAZZ EDUCATORS JOURNAL

JAZZ 2/4/90 L.A. TIMES (syndicated)

'Jazzvisions': Stop, Look and Give a Listen

By LEONARD FEATHER

The music world is undergoing a technological revolution that will ultimately find every recording session doubling with a video version, or vice versa. Take for example the items in the "Jazzvisions" series (reviewed below), which are believed to be the first ever released simultaneously in five configurations: laser disc (CDV), VHS cassettes, compact discs, LPs and cassettes.

★★★★★

BOBBY SHORT

"At the Cafe Carlyle"

View/Video 1307

Clocking in at 75 minutes and 25 songs, this live session is a double delight, interspersing the music with short stops at the singer's mid-town New York apartment, where he reminisces with informative, informal wit.

The tunes jump from Harlem hip (seven have Harlem-related themes) to Broadway to Havana (Irving Berlin's "I'll See You in C-U-B-A"). Now and then he lights up the room with an obscure oddity like "On the Amazon," or Cole Porter's "Pilote Moi." Short's piano is much more than mere self-accompaniment; he is quite simply the all-around, ultimate cabaret artist, with the three essentials of his craft: Savoir chanter, savoir jouer and, most important of all, savoir faire. This was taped in 1979 but it's as fresh as tomorrow's newspaper.

★★★★

JAMES MOODY, ET AL.

"The Many Faces of Bird"

Jazzvisions/Polygram

Produced live at the Wiltern Theatre in Los Angeles by Jack Lewis two years ago, the "Jazzvisions" videocassette series was promptly issued in Japan and has since been acquired for U.S. release by Polygram, where an oddly incompetent job has been done. Not only are there no liner notes, but often the composer and arranger credits are missing and there are obvious personnel errors. (On the companion CD versions, the sound level had been so reduced that, even with the volume control at maximum, it was barely adequate.) Musically, however, there is much of value.

"The Ladies Sing the Blues"

Four alto saxophonists pay tribute to Charlie Parker here: James Moody and Bud Shank, both in top form; Richie Cole, less inspired but competent; and Lee Konitz, who is scarcely heard from except in a few brief exchanges.

The main point of interest for many viewers will be Bobby McFerrin, the chest-thumping vocal bopper who communicates good vibes in his guest appearances.

Sound, camera work and the colorful stage setting are commendable. The tunes are all Parker originals except for "April in Paris," based on his recorded version. The backup rhythm team is Lou Levy (piano), Monty Budwig (bass) and John Guerin (drums).

★★★★½

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM

"Rio Revisited"

Jazzvisions/Polygram 081 331-3

Modestly equipped as a singer, but compensating a thousandfold with personal charm and his unmatched track record as songwriter, Jobim here takes us back to the golden days of bossa nova. He offers 13 of his best-known works (and a 14th written and sung by his son, Paulo), backed up by five singers who are visual, as well as vocal, charmers. This is a good investment if only for the joy of hearing him sing "Waters of March," with what were the first lyrics he ever wrote in English. "Agua de Beber" in Portuguese and "Desafinado" in English are among the other delights. Gal Costa, a guest on three numbers, is at best pleasant, at times flat (on "Dindi") and doesn't try to tackle the low notes on "Wave." Still in all, this is a wonderfully laid-back example of Jobim, Brazil's unique gift to the Americas.

★★★★½

BILLIE HOLIDAY, ET AL.

"The Ladies Sing the Blues"

View/Video 1313

Despite the mistitling (only five of the 16 tunes are blues), this is a priceless collection by a dozen singers—some of whose careers began almost a century ago. Filmed in black-and-white, the program begins with a segment of Bessie Smith's 1929 short, "St. Louis Blues," then moves on to Ethel Waters singing "Darkies Never Dream," a song and interpretation—she is wearing a bandanna and is seated at a washtub—that gives you an idea of how antiquated some of these clips are.

The longest and most valuable item is the seven-minute, 1957 version of "Fine and Mellow" by a beautiful, unforgettably-moving Billie Holiday; her verses are interspersed with solos by Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and other giants. Ida Cox, a revered blueswoman, is strangely lackluster in her one song, while Dinah Washington's two numbers give some idea of her unique personal impact. Two numbers each by Lena Horne (with washed out film that looks like third-generation copy), and two by Peggy Lee (looking admiringly at her guitarist-husband, Dave Barbour) all have their place in history, as do numbers by Rosetta Tharpe, Sarah Vaughan and Helen Humes.

This would have been a five-star item but for the infuriating use of a narrator, who often overlaps the singing; in fact, Connee Boswell is almost through with her song by the time he stops talking. □

JAZZ REVIEW

2/2

Dave Frishberg Tickles Ivories—and Funny Bones

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dave Frishberg returned Wednesday to his Hollywood home base, the Vine Street Bar & Grill, and soon marooned his fans in a blizzard of laughs.

Not immediately, however. As usual, he warmed up alone at the piano, this time with a Harold Arlen medley in his typically crisp manner, economic yet eloquent. Then came the vocals, in that nasal, self-mocking voice, almost all with his own lyrics: a nostalgic tribute to Marilyn Monroe or to a 1916 baseball hero; a put-down of worldly values ("Let's Eat Home," the title tune of his new album), a hysterical scat satire of 1949 bebop ("Professor Bop") and, of course, his two staples, "Blizzard of Lies" and "I'm Hip."

When he doesn't write his own melodies, he fits the words to tunes written by musicians he respects, Al Cohn, Alan Broadbent and particularly Johnny Mandel. Because Mandel was in the house, three of his melodies came up along the way: "Brenda Starr," from an unreleased movie; the poignantly wistful "You Are There," and "El Cajon." (If you can't see the humor in a line like "in El Cajon we danced the night away," don't go to Vine Street.)

Frishberg's timing in his vocals is as precisely on target as his phrasing at the keyboard. In a brooding piano specialty midway through the set, he showed his understanding of the jazz tradition with an early Ellington work, "The Mooche."

It is entirely possible that Frishberg could make a comfortable living exercising any one of his three talents, as instrumentalist, singer or songwriter. Fortunately he chooses to remain a triple-threat attraction. His fertile imagination has established him, to paraphrase a comment on last week's Vine Street attraction, as Bob Dorough with a Minnesota accent. He will sing and play his way through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Reviews

Gerald Wilson's Homage to Black History Month

Sunday evening at the Wadsworth Theater, Gerald Wilson offered his homage to Black History Month in the form of a program saluting great black jazz composers.

As has long been his custom, he began by taking the 18-man ensemble through an extended workout on a blues, affording solo opportunities to, among others, George Bohanon on trombone, to his own talented son Anthony Wilson on guitar, and to the young ex-Basie alto sax virtuoso Danny House.

Then came the tributes: to John Coltrane ("Equinox," a lesser Coltrane opus that succeeded only because Wilson's arrangement made it happen); Miles Davis' "Milestones," graced by another buoyant young alto star, Scott Hayo. By the time Carl Randall had completed his somewhat routine treatment of Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady," you wondered whether Gerald Wilson had forgotten that he himself is a great black composer who deserved a share of the spotlight.

Happily, he moved immediately into his captivating "Blues for Yna Yna," the perennial band theme that has still not lost its luster, and from there shifted into high gear with a work characteristic of Wilson's long love affair with the *corrida*. "Carlos," dedicated to the matador Carlos Arruza, found the multi-textured Wilson sound in full glory, with the vivid trumpet of Oscar Brashear as its centerpiece.

Wilson, who appears Friday-Saturday at Maria's Memory Lane in Los Angeles, was preceded by a set by Michael Wolff. Now leading the band on the Arsenio Hall Show, Wolff, a one-time Cannonball Adderley pianist (as is his drummer, Roy McCurdy), turned out to be not only a fluent mainstream-bop pianist but also a comedian whose routines included a blues satire, black and Jewish jokes, and a hilarious put-down of New Age ("Yuppie Muzak") complete with an imitation of George Winston.

Wolff may not yet be the Victor Borge of jazz, but since he's young enough to be Borge's grandson he may well develop along those lines. The supple bassist John B. Williams completed Wolff's trio, playing upright bass except for one electric interlude.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Akiyoshi Band Lives Up to 'Sounds of Genius'

The presentation of the Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena was part of the "Sounds of Genius Series." *Genius* is a term tossed around too often by hucksters, but if ever it was merited, this unique composer-arranger-pianist-bandleader deserves it.

Ironically, the band she co-led in Los Angeles from 1973-82 with the tenor saxophonist and flutist Lew Tabackin was never invited to the Ambassador. Thursday's concert, their first ever in this acoustically splendid hall, was given by the orchestra she and Tabackin formed in New York after moving back East seven years ago.

Both orchestras were the creatures of Akiyoshi's intensely fertile mind. More than any other writer in modern times except Gil Evans, she has been a wellspring of melodic invention, of textural colors that far transcend the simple brass-reeds-rhythm patterns of the traditional big band.

In "Blue Dream," one of two consecutive works that made the 5/4 meter seem as natural as a heartbeat, she juxtaposed Tabackin's flute with low, contrasting brass sonorities. Her own sublime piano solo on "Remembering Bud" (dedicated to the late Bud Powell) led to a passage in which five flutes were backed by trombones and muted trumpets. The changes of color, tempo, meter and dynamics within the body of a given piece were handled with superb finesse by this incomparable ensemble.

Tabackin as always is the principal soloist, surely the premier tenor saxophonist and arguably the finest flutist on today's jazz scene. Among the other soloists, Scott Robinson and Jim Snidero on baritone and alto saxes were the best of an adventurous bunch.

From the opening "S Jive" (built on a basie Rhythm" line) through plexities of "Feast in Mila familiar shuffle blues pi encore, Akiyoshi paid attention to diversificatio act of creation. That sh keep this orchestra tog for two or three mont seems almost criminal when mediocrity on a rules the airwaves and concert halls.

L

AMERICAN • NEWS

Leonard Feather

● André Previn, who last year made his first instrumental jazz album since the mid-1960s, was so pleased with the results that he has recorded another, this time with Mundell Lowe and Ray Brown; he will also make a guest appearance in a couple of tunes on an album by his ex-wife, singer Betty Bennett. Most of her albums feature her with Bob Cooper, George Cables, Mundell Lowe, Roy McCurdy and Monty Budwig.

● The 25th anniversary of Duke Ellington's first sacred concert, which took place at the Grace Cathedral in San Francisco in 1965, will be commemorated when Mercer Ellington brings the orchestra back to Grace Cathedral to revive the concert. The event will take place on what would have been Duke's 91st Birthday, April 29. Some of the original participants, such as the singer and dancer Bunny Briggs and actor/narrator Brock Peters, will be there, as will the former Ellington band vocalist Lil Greenwood, and baritone singer McHenry Boatwright (husband of Duke's sister Ruth Ellington). Lillianne Questel, a classical pianist from Haiti, discovered by Ruth Ellington, will perform Duke's piano concerto *New World A-Comin'* which Duke himself played at the original concert.

● The Eighth Annual Duke Ellington Conference will be held May 17th through 20th at the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa, Canada. There will be small group performances by former members of Duke's Orchestra: Harold Ashby on tenor sax, Wild Bill Davis on organ, John Lamb on bass and Butch Ballard on drums. Guitarist Kenny Burrell, who for the past ten years has been teaching a class in Ellingtonian at UCLA, will perform with the Andrew Homzy Jazz Orchestra from Montreal. Pianist Gene Di Novi will perform and recall his personal experiences with the Duke and Billy Strayhorn. Registration: Ellington '90, 500 Laurier Avenue West, Suite 1702, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada KIR 5E1.

● The Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz is shifting the emphasis of its annual competition from the piano to other instruments. This year the Louis Armstrong International Jazz Trumpet Competition will be held at the Smithsonian Institute on Nov 17 and 18. The judges will include Snooky Young, Wynton Marsalis and Clark Terry. The competition will feature saxophones in 1991, bass players in 1992, drummers in 1993, and will return to the piano in 1994, according to Thelonious Monk Jr., chairman of the Institute.

Dizzy Gillespie receiving a National Medal of Arts from President and Mrs Bush

● A memorial service for Sarah Vaughan was held April 20 at Forest Lawn Memorial Park in the Hollywood Hills. Rev. Granville Seward, who had presided over the funeral on April 9 at Sarah's childhood church, Mt. Zion Baptist in Newark, New Jersey, came out here to officiate. The vocal group Take 6 sang *Quiet Please*, Nell Carter sang *Amazing Grace* and Dori Caymmi played and sang a Brazilian song. Toni Tennille sang *Tenderly* and there were eulogies by Quincy Jones, Sarah's manager Harold Levy and her daughter, Debbie. The service ended poignantly with a tape of Sarah singing *Send in the Clowns*.

● Dizzy Gillespie has accepted an invitation to appear at four special events in Eastern Europe. The first performance, scheduled for May 9 in East Berlin will be introduced by former West German Chancellor Willy Brandt. On May 10 in Moscow, Raisa Gorbachev will preside at a concert to be held at the historic Hotel Russia. Vaclav Havel, President of Czechoslovakia will host a May 11 performance at the Kulturplast in Prague and finally, on May 12, Lech Walesa will begin the proceedings at the Philharmonic Hall in Warsaw.

The programmes were conceived by the West German organisation 'One World For All' to promote world peace and concern for the environment. Gillespie will be accompanied by Ignacio Berroa (dr), Ed Cherry (gtr), Giovanni Hidalgo (perc. & conga), Ron Holloway (sax) and John Lee (bass).

● Stan Getz has won this year's *Bird* award from the North Sea Jazz Festival in the Hague as Outstanding American Musician. The Belgian guitarist Philip Catherine won the award for the Outstanding Non-American Musician. Getz and Catherine will receive their awards during the festival in July.

● Milcho Leviev has learned that a film for which he wrote the music in 1965 in his native Bulgaria, which was banned by that country's government, has at last been released and will be shown in Los Angeles. Entitled *Monday Morning*, it will be part of the American Film Institute's film festival.

AMERICAN • NEWS

Full Circle Swing for Andre Previn

"It's like being rejuvenated. I thoroughly enjoy it", said André Previn.

The return of the renowned conductor to jazz marks yet another parallel between his career and that of Mel Powell. Both were teenage jazz piano prodigies; both eventually left the jazz world to take up a classical career (Previn as a multiple award winning conductor, Powell as a composer who recently won a Pulitzer prize). Both returned to jazz, on a part time basis, during the past couple of years, and both revealed an undiminished talent for improvisation.

Previn did not return to jazz without reservations. Relaxing last week in his Beverly Hills hotel suite prior to leaving on a three week tour with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, he said "I have real disdain for people who treat jazz as if it were a hobby you can just pick up again. But some people with long, kind memories kept asking me about recording some jazz, and Bob Woods of TelArc Records kept after me.

"Basically it was my wife who talked me into it. Heather said, 'You don't have to prove anything. You enjoy playing with those guys, so go out and have a good time.' Finally I said, lets see if we can get Joe Pass and Ray Brown to do this. I made a proviso: at the end of the first session I wanted to take Joe and Ray aside, and ask them whether this was going to embarrass them, or me, or the audience. So after the session I did just that, they looked at me as if I were insane. So we went ahead and I made another one."

After Hours (TelArc CD 83302) has done, in Previn's own words, "Unbelievably well - its even been on radio a lot, which surprised me. So we have made a second one, this time with Mundell Lowe on guitar."

Previn's joy in making these albums was due in large measure to the company he kept. Ray Brown, an old friend, played on the last Previn album before his retirement from jazz, Four to Go with Herb Ellis and Shelly Manne.

Joe Pass, whom Previn calls "One of the most staggering virtuosos I ever heard," worked with him occasionally in the past. "Because he played on my date, I owe him one, so I'll be a sideman on his next album."

Mundell Lowe, he says, is "not only a wonderful guitarist but such a nice man. I was going to play on the album he and Betty just made, but I was out of town." (Betty Bennett, the singer, now Mrs Mundell Lowe, was Mrs André Previn in the 1950s). "I didn't get to play, but at least I'll write her liner notes," says her amiable ex-husband.

Previn's jazz career overlapped with his years as an MGM studio composer-arranger-conductor. He recorded for two

André Previn

independent jazz lables from the age of 16, was at RCA Victor for six years playing jazz and pop dates, but most memorably formed an alliance with the drummer Shelly Manne. Together they made a dozen albums for Contemporary. Possibly his most memorable year was 1957, when he went to Paris to score *Gigi* and had his first major jazz hit with the Manne-Previn *My Fair Lady*.

Over the years Previn has seen a lessening of the condescension with which the classical world so long regarded jazz. "Some of the really great virtuosos like Yo Yo Ma would give anything to be able to play it; they're all very interested and they go to listen to jazz people. And Itzhak Perlman, with whom I recorded - well, on the first session everything was written out for him, but he said 'I'm very nervous about this'. I said What on earth for? and he said, 'I looked at this stuff you wrote and I'm afraid I have a tendency to rush the tempo', so Shelly Manne looked at him with a straight face and said, 'Don't worry, Itzhak, *we* won't'. And of course they didn't, and he didn't, and it was great, besides he really had a feel for it. People like him and Yo Yo want to hear it or want to play it and they most certainly don't take it lightly."

While professing to have no expertise about jazz as it is practised today, Previn clearly has not been totally removed from the scene. He is particularly impressed by the cornetist Warren Vaché and the tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton.

"I have one solo album by Warren - God, he's good! It actually makes me happy when he plays. I've never met him, but I'd love to make some records with him. Scott is a fine musician too. So you see, I've kept up to an extent, but it's hard for me to get excited about a brand new pianist when I'm still so full of admiration for Bill Evans."

He has always cited Evans, Art Tatum and Oscar Peterson as his pianists of choice. "A few weeks ago I went to the Blue Note in New York to hear Oscar and Herb Ellis, who's a phenomenal guitarist. Basically my idols are the same people I idolised 25 years ago".

Asked about the Marsalis brothers, he said, "Wynton is techically amazing. It's the cleanest playing I've ever heard in my life; it has to be said that at those tempos he's astonishing. As for Marsalis' comment that in his experience jazz has proved a more demanding disipline to conquer than classical music: That could be because the repertoire for a classical trumpet player is minuscule and not very interesting. In other words, the comment might not be applicable to all the instruments, but I understand what he means."

For all the fame and success conducting has brought him, he still relishes every chance to return to the piano. "Once in a while I have to have the pleasure of playing a little. I play chamber music anywhere and everywhere I go. Conductors became too used to telling other people how to play, instead of reminding themselves how hard it is. I love playing, and that's why I have such a good time with people like Ray and Joe and Mundy".

•Leonard Feather

ELENA SEIBERT

Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Carter at N.Y. tribute to singer.

JAZZ REVIEW

3 2/14/90

A Tribute to Ella . . . From the Heart

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Valentine's Day came two days early for Ella Fitzgerald. Monday evening at Avery Fisher Hall, a galaxy of stars trooped across the stage to pay homage to her in "Hearts for Ella," a benefit for the American Heart Assn.

Any event overloaded with talent runs the risk of sacrificing quality for quantity, but under the guidance of producer Edith Kiggen, the fast-paced tribute moved smoothly, with only a few minor glitches.

Mercifully, there were no windy, unctuous speeches. From the opening statement by Mayor David Dinkins to Ella's own brief, modest words 2½ hours later, her concert alternated between reminiscences and performances mostly related to people, places and events in the honoree's 55-year career.

The music began with Ella's good friend and ex-husband, bassist Ray Brown, playing her 1938 hit, "A-Tisket A-Tasket," while Lena Horne, who co-hosted with Itzhak Perlman, read a brief and eloquent poem dedicated to Ella, written by Oscar Peterson.

Benny Carter, who discovered Ella in 1935 at an Apo Theatre amateur night, led an amazing 18-piece on-st house band that consisted of many men who are stars their own right. Never in our lifetime are we likely to again an ensemble in which Stan Getz, Phil Woods, Da Sanborn, Louie Bellson, Jimmy Heath, Herb Ellis, Cl Terry, Jon Faddis and Joe Wilder are humble sidemen. T sound, overloud on the opening tune, improved for leader's new work, "First Lady," a typically elegant Ca melody named for the singer.

The taped voice of Duke Ellington, paying his respect Ella, led to Manhattan Transfer's "All Heart." T Ellington-Strayhorn work, from a 1950s suite dedicate Fitzgerald, was fitted with gracefully tailored words by Transfer's Alan Paul and sung by the group.

Of all the specially written pieces, only one fell f James Moody, reading from a huge sheet of paper, saddled with the singing of "Hearts for Ella," wh managed to link bathetic words with a meaningl melody. Clearly uncomfortable, he stumbled through it

Please see FITZGERALD,

ELENA SEIBERT

Quincy Jones, Ella Fitzgerald, Bobby McFerrin, Lena Horne, from left, at "Hearts for Ella" benefit.

FITZGERALD: A Tribute to Ella From the Heart

Continued from F1

making fun of it.

Unlikely teams provided many rewarding moments. The most improbable pairing found Bobby McFerrin singing, scatting and chest-thumping while Itzhak Perlman not only played the melody on "Blue Skies" but actually improvised with a jazz feeling few knew he possessed.

Perlman reappeared in tandem with Oscar Peterson, who soloed exquisitely on "Who Can I Turn To" before joining with the violinist for a legato "Summertime."

Other pianists who had worked with Ella at various points in her career lent a "This Is Your Life" touch to the festivities. Hank Jones played in the Carter band; Tommy Flanagan, her musical director for a decade, revived her old hit "Mr. Paganini," and George Shearing, who sat in with her on 52nd Street in 1948, backed Joe Williams' vocal on Benny Carter's "Blues in My Heart."

Alumni of drummer Chick Webb's band, with whom Fitzgerald got her start at 17, were scattered throughout the show. Beverly Peer, Webb's bassist, replaced Ray Brown during a generally flat tap-dance episode by the Copasetics.

Also on hand were clarinetist Eddie Barefield and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, who played in the Webb band when Ella took it over after the drummer's death in 1939. Gillespie was in a restrained mood, playing and singing his elegiac ballad, "I Waited for You."

An unannounced addition was Quincy Jones, who after a few warm words of respect for the first lady, conducted Carter's orchestra in his own "Stockholm Sweetenin'," reminding us of his long-standing and valuable ties to jazz. A small combo number gave James Moody's flute and Slide Hampton's trombone a chance to share honors with Getz, Woods and trumpeter Red Rodney.

Since Ella's first idol was Connee Boswell, it was good, appropriate fun to bring together Janis Siegal, Cheryl Bentyne and Melissa Manchester for a high-camp rendition of two old Boswell Sisters songs, taken directly off the 1931 recordings. But revivalism is a risky weapon; it cut down Cab Calloway, that handsome, well tailored octogenarian, when he totally blew the lyrics on "A-Tisket," then dueted with Manchester on "Jumpin' Jive." This song, spuriously hip in 1940, has since had 50 years to go further down nostalgia hill.

After Carter's last number (a transcription for the orchestra of Ella's recorded scat-ibs on "Lady Be Good"), the honored guest herself, who had been sitting in the audience, was led on stage by Joe Williams, accompanied by an ovation that verged on levitation. Spontaneously, she broke into a "Honeysuckle Rose" that sustained the uproar, then traded scat riffs with Williams and Clark Terry.

An Ella Fitzgerald Research Fellowship, we were then told, is being launched by the American Heart Assn. The announcement was a fitting finale to a once-in-a-lifetime evening that was indeed, in every sense, all heart.

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JAZZ REVIEW

Weston Trio Serves Up a Potent Set at Vanguard

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The pianist and composer Randy Weston says he cannot remember the last time he brought his trio to Los Angeles. At the Village Vanguard Sunday he offered stunning evidence of what the Southland has been missing.

His perennial billing, "Randy Weston and His African Rhythms," is at once more and less than promised. The ethnic overtones on "African Cookbook," with its hypnotic 6/8 beat set by the bassist Jamil Nasser and his network of complex rhythms in Carl Allen's climactic drum solo, achieved a distinctly sub-Saharan flavor. In a tune Weston dedicated to Nelson Mandela, "The Healers," his message of peace was not only African but at times vaguely Asian and, in the pianist's passionate chordal volleys, distinctly American with touches of Ellington.

Weston's version of "Caravan" began with a long, mood-setting solo passage before the rhythm section joined in to establish the authentic near-Eastern touch that is too often lacking in performances of the tune.

The ethnic and spiritual values of these works contrasted with "Little Niles," Weston's celebrated jazz waltz. Ebbing and flowing, roaring and sighing, his performance at times was a shattering exploration of the keyboard's entire range, particularly the rumbling lower register; yet at other moments the energy gave way to an affecting delicacy. Similarly "Jitterbug Waltz," played unaccompanied, brought dazzling, rhythmically shifting insights to the 50-year-old Fats Waller standard.

Although Weston was inspired by Thelonious Monk and despite residual traces of the influence, he has long since evolved a style that is unmistakably his own; moreover, in Nasser and Allen he has not merely an accompaniment but two potent elements in a compellingly unified trio.

For too long Weston has been among the most overlooked and underrated figures in his field. Today, still searching for and finding fresh and insightful values, he is reaching a new creative peak.

Miles Davis Permeates Playboy Jazz Lineup

By LEONARD FEATHER

With producer George Wein, executive producer Hugh Hefner and several of the musicians on hand at the Playboy Mansion, plans were announced Wednesday for the 12th annual Playboy Jazz Festival, to be held Saturday and Sunday June 16-17 at the Hollywood Bowl.

Maintaining what looks like a better-than-usual balance between artistic and economic considerations, Wein has lined up a show over which the shadow of Miles Davis hangs heavily. In addition to Davis' own group, the Saturday attractions include such Davis alumni as Herbie Hancock, Jack De Johnette and Dave Holland, who will join with Pat Metheny to introduce a new quartet. Ex-Davis drummer Tony Williams will lead his quintet. Chick Corea will bring his Akoustic Band, and will reappear Sunday leading his Elektric Band.

Wayne Shorter, who played in Davis' legendary 1960s band, will make a guest appearance Sunday with Milton Nascimento; also on Sunday Gerry Mulligan, who was part of Davis' "Birth of the Cool" band, will lead his group.

Doc Severinsen and Lionel Hampton will offer big band sounds Saturday and Sunday respectively. Two vocal blues legends will join forces Saturday when Joe Williams presents Jay McShann as his guest; the Sunday singer will be Etta James.

Piano sounds will include Brazil's Elaine Elias on Saturday and, in her first-ever Bowl appearance, the virtuosic Dorothy Donegan on Sunday. Rounding out the Saturday program will be Poncho Sanchez's Salsa Band with guest Tito Puente, and the Western States Jazz Contest winner. Sunday, Lee Ritenour will head a unit including Ernie Watts; Hiroshima will play its first Playboy gig since 1980, and the Cognac Hennessy Jazz Search winner will open the show.

For the 10th time, Bill Cosby will emcee. Starting May 6 there will be 11 free-admission community events, among them a jazz cruise aboard the California Hornblower June 3, featuring the Capp-Pierce Juggernaut band and pianist Ross Tompkins.

JAZZ REVIEW

Bobby Hutcherson Offers a Seminar in Rhythm

Observing vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson in action is a unique audiovisual experience. During his opening set Wednesday at Hollywood's Vine

swipe the next note as if in fury. But along with the vitality and energy of his showpiece tunes, a slow, pensive "Never Let Me Go" and the loping medium-tempo "Witchcraft" were fascinating examples of a gentler aspect of his personality.

It takes a powerful group of accompanists to keep pace with Hutcherson. He has them in pianist Bill Henderson (not the singer), whose fleet lines complement his own; in drummer Larance Marable, whose solos were consistently discreet; and in the steady, always-in-tune bass of Jeff Littleton.

Although there seems to have been almost no preparation, Henderson and Littleton read music when it was needed, as in Herbie Hancock's "One Finger Snap." It is regretable that an artist of Hutcherson's caliber does not keep an organized unit together; too bad also that there is no space here for a marimba, on which he can double so intriguingly. Still, it seems pointless to lament what is missing when this musician has so much to offer in a night club setting.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Beale St. Portrait Without the Music in 'All Night'

All Day and All Night," airing Sunday at 11 p.m. on KCET Channel 28, is just about half th

show it should be—literally. Presented under the auspices of the Center for Southern Folklore, this 30-minute cross-section of Beale St. in Memphis could have made an absorbing one-hour program, with more music to flesh out the already ample and richly anecdotal talk.

The central point of interest is the life style of musicians who lived in Memphis in the first half of this century. According to the interlocutors who reminisce about Beale Street, this was the throbbing counterpart of Basin Street in New Orleans.

B.B. King, who from 1950 to 1953 had his own series on the pioneer black-oriented radio station WDIA in Memphis, sings a couple of numbers but is presented primarily as the main speaker, recalling with wry humor the days when, unemployed and broke, he would win a $1 prize in a local amateur night show.

The Rev. Dwight (Gatemouth) Moore recalls affectionately his youthful blues-singing days. Rufus Thomas, a few years Moore's junior and one of his most ardent disciples, speaks eloquently: "If you were black for one Saturday night and went to Beale Street, you'd never want to be white again."

The camaraderie and creative spirit that pervaded Beale Street in those days is no doubt colored by the warming flow of nostalgia, yet much of it seems real and convincing. If only there had been more than those brief minutes of actual performance, the value of "All Day and All Night" would have been as compelling as the impact of the conversation.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz recordings for eyes, ears

By LEONARD FEATHER
LOS ANGELES TIMES

The music world is undergoing a technological revolution that will ultimately find every recording session doubling with a video version, or vice versa. Take for example the items in the "Jazzvisions" series (reviewed below), which are believed to be the first ever released simultaneously in five configurations: laser disc (CDV), VHS cassettes, compact discs, LPs and cassettes. Does this mean that audio-only recordings will eventually go the way of the hand-cranked telephone and the black and white movie? Time will tell.

■ Clocking in at 75 minutes and 25 songs, Bobby Short's "At the Cafe Carlyle" (View-Video 1307) is a double delight, interspersing the music with short stops at the singer's mid-town New York apartment, where he reminisces with informative, informal wit.

The tunes of this live session jump from Harlem hip (seven have Harlem-related themes) to Broadway to Havana (Irving Berlin's "I'll See You in C-U-B-A"). Now and then he lights up the room with an obscure oddity like "On the Amazon," or Cole Porter's "Pilote Moi." Short's piano is much more than mere self-accompaniment; he is quite simply the all-around, ultimate cabaret artist. This was taped in 1979 but it's as fresh as tomorrow's newspaper.

■ Produced live at the Wiltern Theater in Los Angeles by Jack Lewis two years ago, the "Jazzvisions" videocassette series was promptly issued in Japan and has since been acquired for U.S. release by PolyGram, where an oddly incompetent job has been done. Not only are there no liner notes, but often the composer and arranger credits are missing and there are obvious personnel errors. (On the companion CD versions, the sound level had been so reduced that, even with the volume control at maximum, it was barely adequate.) Musically, however, there is much of value.

Four alto saxophonists pay tribute to Charlie Parker on "The Many Faces of Bird" (Jazzvisions-PolyGram): James Moody and Bud Shank, both in top form; Richie Cole, less inspired but competent; and Lee Konitz, who is scarcely heard from except in a few brief exchanges.

The main point of interest for many viewers will be Bobby McFerrin, the chest-thumping vocal bopper who communicates good vibes in his extended guest appearances.

Sound, camera work and the colorful stage setting are commendable. The tunes are all Parker originals except for "April in Paris," based on his recorded version. The backup rhythm team is Lou Levy (piano), Monty Budwig (bass) and John Guerin (drums).

■ Modestly equipped as a singer but compensating a thousandfold with personal charm and his unmatched track record as songwriter, Antonio Carlos Jobim takes us back to the golden days of bossa nova with "Rio Vista" (Jazzvisions-PolyGram 081 331-3). He offers 13 of his best-known works (and a 14th written and sung by his son, Paulo), backed up by five singers who are visual, as well as vocal, charmers.

Pianist Bobby Short reminisces in his video, "At the Cafe Carlyle."

This is a good investment if only for the joy of hearing him sing "Waters of March," with what were the first lyrics he ever wrote in English. "Agua de Beber" in Portuguese and "Desafinado" in English are among the other delights. Gal Costa, a guest on three numbers, is at best pleasant, at times flat (on "Dindi") and doesn't try to tackle the low notes on "Wave."

Still in all, this is a wonderfully laid-back example of Jobim, Brazil's unique gift to the Americas.

■ Roger Kellaway wrote the arrangements for "Echoes of Ellington Vol. 1" (Jazzvisions-PolyGram 081 335 3). PolyGram neglects to mention this, but does call Pete Jolly, who shares piano duties with Kellaway, a saxophonist.

The front line for this small band included Randy Brecker (trumpet), Tom Scott (alto sax and clarinet) and Bill Evans (tenor and soprano saxes). Kellaway's work is invaluable; he dominates the piano duet with Jolly on "Prelude to a Kiss" and even plays a jazz solo on chimes for "Ring Dem Bells" (the way Duke's drummer Sonny Greer did it in the first place).

But some of the musicians may be too young to produce Ellingtonia; both Scott and Evans are ill at ease on "Mood Indigo," and Brecker, though his ensemble work is impeccable, sounds abysmal on "Bells," tossing notes around like confetti.

Too bad O.C. Smith, a fine singer, is seen only in a duet, scatting with Dianne Reeves on "Lucky So and So." As for Reeves, she sounds beautiful on the first chorus of "I Got It Bad" but soon runs wild, showing you how even as simple a word as "I" can be broken up into seven syllables.

Rounding out the rhythm section are Ndugu Chancler (drums), Andy Simpkins (bass) and Robben Ford (guitar), all well qualified to do justice to the meaning inherent in "It Don't Mean a Thing, If It Ain't Got That Swing," which gets a 10-minute workout.

■ Despite the mistitling (only five of the 16 tunes are blues), "The Ladies Sing the Blues" (View-Video 1313) is a priceless collection by a dozen singers — some of whose careers began almost a century ago. Filmed in black and white, the program begins with a segment of Bessie Smith's 1929 short "St. Louis Blues," then moves on to Ethel Waters singing "Darkies Never Dream," a song and interpretation — she is wearing a bandanna and is seated at a washtub — that gives you an idea of how antiquated some of these clips are.

The longest and most valuable item is the seven-minute, 1957 version of "Fine and Mellow" by a beautiful, unforgettably moving Billie Holiday; her verses are interspersed with solos by Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and other giants.

Ida Cox, a revered blueswoman, is strangely lackluster in her one song, while Dinah Washington's two numbers give some idea of her unique personal impact. Two numbers each by Lena Horne (with washed-out film that looks like third-generation copy), and two by Peggy Lee (looking admiringly at her guitarist-husband, Dave Barbour) all have their place in history, as do numbers by Rosetta Tharpe, Sarah Vaughan and Helen Humes.

This would have been a five-star item but for the infuriating use of a narrator, who often overlaps the singing; in fact, Connie Boswell is almost through with her song by the time he stops talking.

■ Taped four years ago, "Phil Woods in Concert" (View-Video 1312) is a maverick item that finds one of the world's premier alto saxophonist's guesting as soloist with a local Philadelphia big band led by one Joe Sudler, who plays saxophone but is otherwise unidentified. This densely textured group is neither the cleanest in ensembles nor the most inventive in arrangements, but it is fortified by Woods' presence as principal soloist. He is at his best on "Body and Soul," backed only by the rhythm section. Among the band numbers, his own "Dedicated to Ollie" (for the late Oliver Nelson) stands out.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

2/19

RANDY LEFFINGWELL / Los Angeles Times

Amy Madigan hides her gender to better her chances as a jazz pianist in LATC's "Stevie."

JAZZ REVIEW

Madigan Musically Miscast, Kelly Saves the Show

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Stevie Wants to Play the Blues" requires a suspension of disbelief on several levels.

The title is the first problem. At no point does Amy Madigan play the piano with much jazz conviction, let alone any blues feeling. Coupled with Madigan's unmistakably feminine voice, it defies credibility that the other members of the group in a 1945 night club will accept him/her as what he/she purports to be in terms of either music or gender.

Paula Kelly, in a role patterned along Billie Holiday lines (inevitably, she turns out to be a junkie), is the play's saving grace. Always a compelling actress and a warmly convincing singer, she does the best she can with the material and context provided her.

The original songs, with music by Fredric Myrow, lyrics by playwright Eduardo Machado and Myrow, bear a reasonable resemblance to what might have been written in those days, but the titles tend to be derivative (notably "The Song Is Me" and "Don't Blame It On Me," neither of which is in the same league as "The Song Is You" or "Don't Blame Me"). Myrow's melodies are well crafted, notably "Love Is Crazy," "Confusion" and the deliberately campy "Wherever I Go," sung by Christie Houser.

On one number, "The Sun and the Moon," late in the show, Kelly is provided with the pre-taped backing (arranged by Myrow, with a string quartet) that would have served her better on the other songs, for which the four on-stage musicians accompany her. Two of the latter, Louie Spears on bass and Randy Kovitz on drums, succeed handily and even have convincing solo interludes, but Michael Milhoan, despite his background (he once played with Stan Kenton), is clearly out of shape as a trumpeter, while Madigan at the piano is musically miscast. Ironically, the most mature sounds are provided not by the live cast, but by the taped group during brief scene-linking interludes.

The trouble with "Stevie Wants to Play the Blues" is that whereas Billy Tipton apparently fooled a whole generation, Madigan's attempt to convince us that she is a highly talented male blues pianist just doesn't ring true even for a single two-bar break.

2/18/90

JAZZ

Keyboardist Joe Zawinul: From Weather Report to Rap

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's a far cry from the synthesizers of Joe Zawinul's Weather Report to the happening scene of rap. But, somehow, the Vienna-born keyboard master who co-led the jazz/rock fusion group with Wayne Shorter from 1970 to 1985 has bridged the gap. His best known composition, "Birdland," which became a disco hit for Weather Report in the 1970s is on the charts again, this time as part of Quincy Jones' smash "Back on the Block," currently one of the country's Top 10 albums, already certified platinum.

Zawinul in the post-Weather Report years has flitted about among fusion, jazz, pop vocal (sometimes with messages) and classical music.

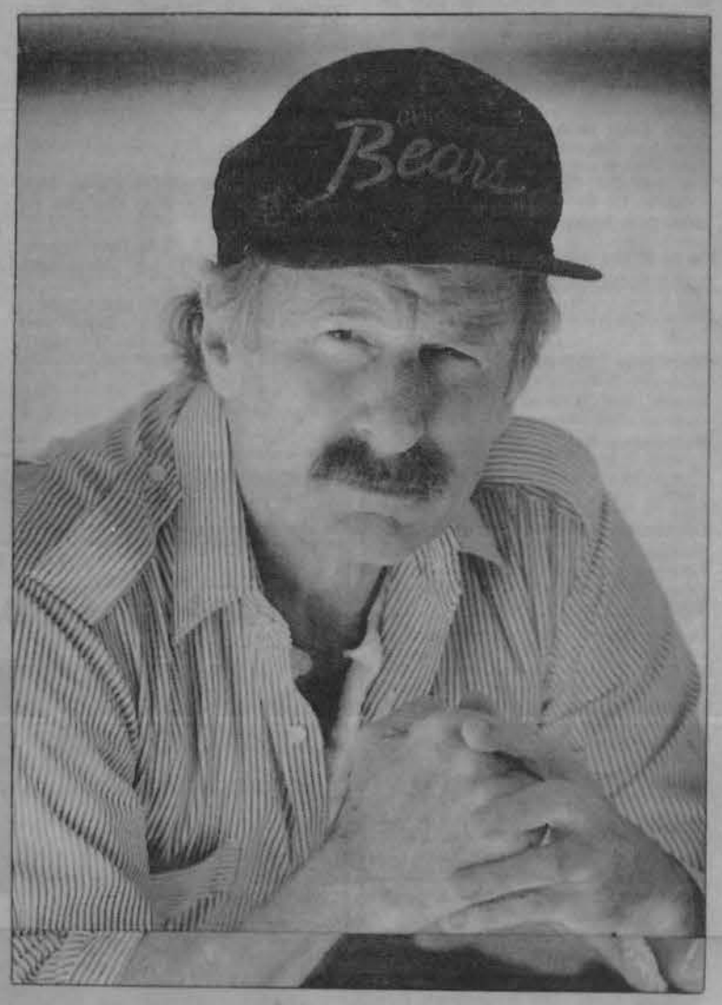
Just before leaving his Malibu home last week for a concert stint with a full orchestra in Cologne, he waxed ecstatic about the new testament.

"I had just gotten back from a trip to Japan with the Zawinul Syndicate and found a message that Quincy Jones was looking for me," Zawinul said. "He needed the exact line; he had seen lead sheets but wanted to have it exactly the way I wrote it. He said, 'Hey man especially, who never saw Birdland but need to know what it represented.' "

Birdland was the self-described "Jazz Corner of the World" from 1949 until it closed in 1965. "All of us in Vienna knew about this fabulous place. Friederich Gulda, the great pianist, played there with a jazz group and told me all about it. We all dreamed about visiting Birdland some day."

His dream was realized not long after he emigrated in 1959. After working briefly in Maynard Ferguson's band, he toured for almost two years as Dinah Washington's accompanist, even working with her at the now legendary club at Broadway and 52nd Street.

"That club made such an impact on me," Zawinul said. "I met Miles [Davis] there, and Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong; I met my wife Maxine there. Everyone I worshiped I met at Birdland."



AL SEIB / L.A. Times

Zawinul: "I have arrived. . . .With my name they had no description. They just said 'Zawinul.' Not jazz, not rock. I am my own category."

When Zawinul wrote the song, his manager was skeptical. "Who cares about Bird or Birdland?" Zawinul was adamant: "I don't care what you say, that's what I want to call it. And, of course, it was not only a big hit then in the 1970s, but also when Jon Hendricks set lyrics to it in the '80s and Manhattan Transfer recorded it, they won the Grammy. So now we're in the '90s and it's on an album that will sell 10 times as many as all the rest together."

For his role on the Jones record, Zawinul used the Korg Pepe. "That's a little instrument I invented, with a bassoon-like mouthpiece. I played that in the title tune, 'Back on the Block.' On 'Birdland,' I just played a synth bass line on the introduction. Quincy gave me complete freedom to do what I liked; I could have been with Cannonball's band [of which he was a member from 1961-70] or with my own band."

He gives Jones credit for using the album to introduce a new generation to timeless sounds. "All of a sudden those kids on the street hear Dizzy and Miles and James Moody and Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan. Hey, he's done something important to get as many people as possible interested in an art form that is more alive than ever."

Jones agrees. "I've felt for a long time that there was a correlation between hip-hop and be-bop," he said by telephone from New York. "That's today language, and they are both forms of rebellion. One of the biggest kicks for me was hearing my 12-year-old grandson, Sunny D, saying that 'Birdland' was his favorite tune on the album, and then asking, 'Grandpa, who's Miles Davis? Who's Ella?' I just came back from a tour of six countries, and this sort of thing is happening all over."

The Jones interlude was just one brief moment in a schedule that has maintained Zawinul's role as an intercontinental idiom-hopper. He has been to Europe 14 times in classical ventures with his old friend Gulda.

"With Gulda I've played Brahms' 'Variations for Two Pianos' and some Mozart and some of our own things," Zawinul said. "I was at the Salzburg Festival last year when Herbert von Karajan was still alive, and I started out with jazz, which at one time they wouldn't allow.

"Then I did the Mozart with the orchestra, and after the concert we all went over to the Dom Platz and I played with my own band for two or three hours. A triumph! This year we did the same thing, but it was with Gulda and Herbie Hancock and me, with dual acoustic pianos.

"In May I'll have my own special day at the Weiner Festival; next year they're giving me two days, and for 1995, when we have the World's Fair in Vienna, I've been commissioned to write a symphony and a musical show."

Zawinul's evolution during his three U.S.-based decades has been unremitting and exemplary since his formative era as big band pianist, accompanist to singers and longtime Adderley associate. It was in Cannonball's Quintet that he wrote his first pop-jazz hit, "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" and since then, he has been on an endless voyage of discovery.

But, along with experiments, he has never totally lost touch with the jazz breeding ground that set him on his way. In the latest album, "Black Water" (Columbia CK 44316), he plays "Monk's Mood" as a piano solo much as he might have played it in the pre-fusion years, then segues into another Monk piece, "Little Rootie Tootie," in which he offers a puckish solo on the Korg Pepe.

On another tune, "Medicine Man," he plays the accordion, an instrument he took up as a youngster in Austria.

Zawinul's powerful social conscience comes through too: The message in the title tune, for which his bassist Gerald Veasley supplied the lyrics, is a strong indictment of apartheid.

And "Black Water"is a family affair. Ivan Zawinul, 21, was involved in the computer programming as well as various instrumental and vocal overdubs. "He's my full time engineer," his father says. Erich Zawinul, 24, now living in Vienna, is a graphic artist who designed the cover [illegible] and is the composer/performer on "And So It Goes," the last cut in "Black Water."

Inevitably, as he has diversified his career, Zawinul has encountered criticism. In a recent interview the New York bop pianist Barry Harris said of Weather Report: "What kills me about those kinds of groups is that when someone has a jazz festival they bring these cats together and call them a jazz group. I say they've ceased to be jazz musicians. I know the cats like Joe Zawinul can play all the standards, but they haven't been jazz musicians for 10 or 15 years."

Zawinul, who is the last musician likely to be accused of a lack of self-confidence, laughed. "I like Barry Harris; I have no problem with what people say. He is one of the finest, but he's a copy of Bud Powell.

"I have arrived, you see. Last summer at the Montmartre in Copenhagen they had a list of coming attractions. They had Betty Carter, and they identified her as a jazz vocalist. They billed some band and described it as a rock group. But with my name they had no description. They just said 'Zawinul.' Not jazz, not rock, just me. I am my own category." □

AZZ REVIEW

)rgan Summit an Uphill Struggle

The prospect of Sunday's "Organ Summit" at the Biltmore Bowl, which featured jazz eats Jimmy McGriff and Jimmy aith, augered well.

Too bad it didn't happen. At least, not until the very last tune, more than three hours into the show, when McGriff and Smith interacted at their Hammond B3s for a round of improvisation.

Both men led quartets that were strong in solo power. McGriff started with a set marked by his own consistently inspired work; a piquant touch was added when he used his right hand to play a piano while supplying rhythmic punctuations on the Hammond.

Bill Easley, on alto and soprano sax, was the surprise of the evening. He brought a pure sound to both horns along with a main-stream-to-bop style that never wanted for conviction.

The McGriff set ran 90 minutes, while the interest and the applause level wore thin. Three of the last four numbers were blues—a clear case of too much of a good thing.

This was even more conspicuous during Smith's set. He played 11 tunes, of which nine were blues-based. He was backed by the splendid drummer Michael Baker, and broke up the set with three swaggering blues vocals by Barbara Morrison.

At the end of the evening, McGriff's band came back to join Smith's, and for 12 minutes they played—the blues. If they work together again, they would do well to plan some true collaborations.

—LEONARD FEATHER

2/21/90 LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

Carrington Has Fun at Le Cafe

Monday evening at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, the 24-year-old drummer Terri Lyne Carrington informed her audience that she and her fellow musicians were just having fun and that the music would be non-electric. "I hope you're not disappointed," she added.

No apology was called for. The quartet set its sights higher than Carrington did on her recent album. There were no pop songs, no vocals, no commercial concessions. The outcome was a dazzling performance by four brilliant young musicians (in this company, pianist Patrice Rushen at 35 seemed like a veteran).

Carrington announced that she would play some "obscure standards," though to most of the crowd such vehicles as "Solar" by Miles Davis and "Oleo" by Sonny Rollins could hardly have been unfamiliar. The ballads, Charles Lloyd's "Forest Flower" and Horace Silver's "Peace," also are well-enough known to most jazz fans.

These tunes provided perfect settings for Greg Osby, whose alto sax was tough, fluent and never derivative; for Rushen, who too rarely has a chance to stretch out on a straight-ahead jazz basis and, most remarkably, for Brian Bromberg, whose technique on the upright bass is as original as Stanley Jordan's on the guitar. His left hand at times performed duties normally reserved for the right hand, and vice versa; sometimes both at once, producing lines and chords and rhythmic convolutions that almost defied belief.

Carrington's drums kept a firm hold, her time feeling impeccable, her drive and power catalytically irresistible. Once in a while, her offbeat bass drum accents tended to dominate excessively, like so many thunder claps, but overall she sustained the unity of this virtually new group (Bromberg had never worked with her before).

Carrington's idea of "just having fun" deserves recorded preservation. One can only hope that her next CD will be fashioned along these unswervingly mettlesome lines. —LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 2/22/90

Ellis Marsalis Basking in Reflected Glory

■ **Jazz:** The paterfamilias of the famous musical family is leading his own group.

By LEONARD FEATHER

The reputation of Ellis Marsalis, now well established in the jazz community, has been acquired, ironically, not through his contributions as a pianist, composer and educator, but vicariously through his achievements as a father. He is the father of six sons, two of whom, Wynton and Branford, are world-class names; two others, Delfeayo and 12-year-old Jason, seem destined for comparable musical success.

The reflected glory has earned him personal recognition; he's now playing major club dates of his own. Leading a quartet, he opened a six-day run Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill.

"I'm looking forward to being in Los Angeles again," said the senior Marsalis in a phone call from his New Orleans home. "I used to jam there when I was in the Marines, around 1956-58."

For his sons, learning about jazz was no problem, given the countless private teachers and public institutions available to students since the 1950s. A question arose, though: How did Ellis Marsalis, born when jazz education was in its infancy, acquire his own knowledge?

"It wasn't hard," he said. "For formal study of European music I went to Xavier University Junior School of Music; then I studied at Dillard University, with a major in music education. For jazz, there

Ellis Marsalis on his return to Los Angeles with a quartet: "I used to jam there when I was in the Marines, around 1956-58."

were ample opportunities for those of us who were adventurous in spirit. A lady at the Bop Shop on Rampart Street would spread the

FROM MOSCOW TO MOSCOW: Arkadi Shilkloper, an amazing French horn virtuoso from the Soviet Union, was the surprise hit at the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival held at the University of Idaho in Moscow. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

LOS ANGELES TIMES MONDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1990 F3

JAZZ REVIEW

Soviet a Smash at Idaho Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER

MOSCOW, Ida.—It is a long trip from Moscow to Moscow, but for Arkadi Shilkloper it was worth the effort. The Soviet French-horn virtuoso was one of four jazz men from the Soviet Union who arrived here last week to take part in the 23rd-annual University of Idaho Jazz Festival at his hometown's namesake city.

Shilkloper, 33, on his first visit to the United States, was the artistic sensation of the four-day event. Playing first at the 6,000-capacity Kibbie Dome, he was backed by the bassist Michael Karetnikov. Later, at a clinic held in the main building of the Lionel Hampton School of Music, he was on his own except for an interpreter, Soviet jazz critic Alexey Batashev, through whom he informed us that "trying to play jazz on the French horn is like committing suicide."

Shilkloper, however, has survived and thrived beyond all reasonable expectations. Formerly a classical player who worked for seven years in Moscow's Bolshoi Theater, he began studying jazz in 1977, when he attended Batashev's jazz history classes. He has developed into one of the most formidable artists the instrument has ever produced.

During the clinic he switched from French horn to fluegelhorn, then to a small post-horn, using double-tones, circular breathing, hand-slapping and foot-stomping, finally playing two post-horns at once to produce four-note chords.

The festival, which ended Saturday with a concert by the full Hampton orchestra, doubled the campus population as more than 9,000 students descended on the area to take part in competitions by a stream of soloists, combos, big bands and vocalists from high schools and universities in Northwestern states.

It was the professional participants who attracted the biggest crowds for the main events. By far the hardest working of them was the pianist Hank Jones, whose fluent trio not only played its own sets but backed Hampton's vibraphone and several instrumentalists and singers.

Creatively, though, the high point in what had started as a rather lackluster jam session came with a rare joint appearance by the brothers Branford and Delfeayo Marsalis, on tenor sax and trombone. Both youths responded smartly to the mainstream call of Hampton's vibes; Branford even played the melody on "I Got Rhythm." The Marsalises then joined forces with trombonist Carl Fontana and two eminent Art Blakey alumni, trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and trombonist Curtis Fuller, in a cheerful round-robin blues foray.

JAZZ REVIEW 3/23

A Coming-Out Party for Fischer

The recital presented by Clare Fischer and his Latin Jazz Quintet, in the Student Union Center at Cal State Northridge, was a coming-out party for the veteran pianist and composer. It marked his first public concert since he suffered serious injuries, including a fractured skull, in an accident last July.

Though he apologized for supposed memory lapses, Fischer on Sunday showed no signs of diminished assurance. Seated at a Roland electric keyboard in the large room, which was set up in cabaret style, he seemed completely in command as his group went through its exotic samba, merengue, bossa and Cuban motions.

Dick Mitchell was a key figure in the ensembles. In Fischer's lightly Latin flavored "Gentle Breeze," he was heard first on soprano sax, in octave unison with the leader's son, Brent Fischer, and later on flute, in tandem with Clare Fisher's full-bodied chording.

The propulsive undercurrent of the combo was vigorously supplied by Bernie Dresel on drums and Billy Hulting on congas. Mongo Santamaria's "Afro Blue" provided them with a splendidly built workout.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 3/23

Carmen Lundy's West Coast Debut

The conditions for Carmen Lundy's West Coast debut could hardly have been less auspicious last weekend. The venue was the Red Sea, an Ethiopian restaurant in Santa Monica. A handful of customers gathered in the gloomy room. Lundy was not even provided a microphone.

Yet she overcame. She overcame, in fact, magnificently. The absence of a mike was actually an advantage, enabling her to move freely about the small stage and exercise her graceful hand motions.

Succinctly: Carmen Lundy has it all. Tall, attractive, slender, she is an uncompromising jazz singer whose every note is bulls-eye accurate. A trained musician, she writes her own lyrics and music and arrangements. One of her songs, "Time Is Love," written in 5/4, deserves to be a standard. "Samba de la Playa" and "Show Me That You Love Me" were well crafted and flawlessly delivered.

Her set included only two standards, "Dindi" and "The Lamp Is Low." The Brazilian song has never sounded fresher or more touching. "Lamp," a 1939 adaptation of a theme by Ravel, is one of the great neglected pop songs; Lundy sang it as if she had composed it.

Her accompaniment could hardly have been better. She had John Clayton, everyone's bassist of choice, and at the piano an old friend, David Roitstein, now on the faculty at CalArts.

Lundy is the singer people may be unconsciously referring to when they ask where the next Ella or Sarah is coming from. Despite 12 years in New York and two albums, she has remained on the down side of the big time and is considering a move to the Southland. The Big Apple's loss would be our unquestionable gain.

—LEONARD FEATHER

F8 TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1990 ★

JAZZ REVIEW

Guitarist Gregory on Right Course

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the Los Angeles Jazz Society's annual tributes is a Shelly Manne Memorial Award given to a new talent. The most recent winner, guitarist Steve Gregory, was heard Sunday at the Society's weekly "Windows on Hollywood" brunch in the Holiday Inn.

Gregory, 26, is still a student at Cal State Northridge; his bassist, Trey Henry, and drummer David Tull, are CSN graduates. Because all three have often worked together in several contexts, what was heard Sunday rose at times above the conventional jam session level.

True, some of the numbers were predictable, but Gregory's workouts on "Autumn Leaves" and "No Greater Love" displayed his assertively fluent style on a solid body guitar, alternating between long bursts of well-timed chords.

Of special interest was his version of Monk's "Straight No Chaser," for which he rearranged the length of the tune's already quirky phrases so that they became doubly eccentric. The trio's repertoire also boast a few original works. "Jazz Brunch," composed for this occasion by Gregory, opened stealthily with a vamp spelled by a series of drum breaks before stating its well-crafted theme. "Extrovert," by bassist Henry, was a buoyant showpiece for the unit.

New music aside, what's laudable about musicians like Gregory, Henry and Tull is that they know such songs as "My One and Only Love" and "Yardbird Suite," and can play them in 1990 without seeming either antiquated or condescending. Gregory's technical finesse and imagination have set him on the right course, one that will surely establish his firmly in the new non-synthesized generation of

LOS ANGELES TIMES 3/1/90

Jazz Reviews

Courtney Pine Cuts Loose on the Tenor Sax

Courtney Pine, just weeks short of his 26th birthday, is the first indisputable jazz phenomenon of the 1990s.

On the first night of his current American tour, opening to a full house Tuesday at Catalina's, the British tenor saxophonist did not wait a single minute before confirming what his records have proved: that his improvisational facility is boundless, his energy incredible and his creativity unique.

Opening with a steeplechase treatment of "What Is This Thing Called Love," he built tension upon tension over at least a dozen choruses, to the verge of hysteria. He has a manner of repeating a phrase against shifting accents, then moving into endless flurries of notes, but occasionally he offers contrast, typically by devoting the entire bridge of one chorus to two long-held notes, then back to the frantic frenzy.

The crowd reacted to this torrent of tones as if watching a gymnast walking, at top speed, on a tightrope stretched across the entire Atlantic Ocean. Urged on by Cyrus Chestnut's fleet piano, Ralph Peterson's disciplined drumming and the astonishing bass work of 22-year-old Charnett Moffett, Pine kept up the pace with a soprano sax treatment of "Donna Lee," then reverted to tenor for "Misty," which led to a five-minute closing cadenza marked by honks, exercises and split tones.

If Pine's musical shock therapy leans at times toward excess, it could be the consequence of youthful intrepidity, or perhaps a desire to show us that he did indeed practice eight hours a day to develop this technique. Were he to rein in his resources a little more diligently, nothing would be lost; both he and his listeners might have more of a chance to breathe.

Nevertheless, he is by any yardstick an astonishing artist, and certainly the first British horn player in the history of jazz who seems destined to make a full-scale international impact. He closes Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/8/90

JAZZ REVIEW

Big Blowout at Biltmore on Red Callender's Birthday

The Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar has been gaining a reputation for its intermittent parties honoring the respected jazz gentry of the Southland. On Tuesday, the occasion was a celebration of Red Callender's birthday, an event that could have filled a dozen rooms with the veteran bassist's admirers and friends.

Starting with a live broadcast on KKJZ with his quartet, Callender played an agreeable second set, blew out 72 candles on his birthday cake, and still had enough breath to switch to the tuba for his next performance.

Up to that point, the music had been relatively conventional, with Gerald Wiggins delivering his typically impeccable, hard-swinging piano solos, and Paul Humphrey offering characteristically supportive but never intrusive drumming. James Newton, 35 years Callender's junior and his occasional colleague in recent years, added his flute here and there.

It was during the brief tuba interlude that the music came most fully alive. Callender, long a master of the brass bass horn, brought its sonorous depth to "Sophisticated Lady" and "In A Sentimental Mood" while one of his students, Leslie Baker, displayed her very serviceable chops at the bass.

Throughout the evening, Callender reminded us in both rhythm and solo functions that he is a vital part of this city's jazz history—and, not least, the man who taught Charles Mingus to play the bass.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/24

JAZZ REVIEW

Santamaria: True to Roots

Mongo Santamaria, who was distilling Afro-Cuban sounds when that form of fusion was a brand new conversation piece, opened Tuesday with his band at Catalina's.

The diminutive Havana-born maestro, almost buried behind his conga drums, is fielding essentially the same genre of jazz-inflected music that played a major role, during the 1960s, in the absorption of Latin rhythms into jazz, blues and soul.

The octet, composed of two saxophones, trumpet, piano, electric bass and three percussionists, depends heavily on its rhythmic components. The arrangements for horns (among them William Allen's "Quiet Fire" and pianist Bob Quaranta's "Home") are no more sophisticated harmonically than they were two or three decades ago. The blend became less bland when the saxes switched to flutes and the capable trumpeter, Ray Vega, picked up his fluegelhorn.

The Brazilian elements that have overlapped at times with Afro-Cuban music play an all but inaudible role here.

What interest the band generates is mainly provided by Eddie Rodriguez, equally nimble on bongos, cowbell and *chekere*, and by John Andreu, who plays drums and timbales. Except for a few blues touches in an alto solo by Bob Porcelli, the saxophones offered little individually in the way of originality or excitement.

Ironically, the most familiar and invigorating moments were provided in an encore, "Watermelon Man." Herbie Hancock, who wrote and recorded it in 1962, has since moved far beyond the brand of Latin jazz this song typified; meanwhile, Santamaria and his men remain loyal to their early roots.

Through Sunday, Catalina's will be Mambo City.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/11/90

★★★★★

STAN GETZ

"Anniversary"

EmArcy 838-769-2

The tenor saxophonist just doesn't get any more romantic, more sublime than this. Recorded live at the famed Montmartre club in Copenhagen, Getz is backed by a superb rhythm section: Kenny Barron, piano, Rufus Reid, bass and Victor Lewis, drums.

Extended workouts on "Stella by Starlight," Johnny Mandel's "El Cajon," an original blues and "I Can't Get Started" prove that, at 60, Getz is still able to attain new peaks of beauty and maturity. The CD contains three bonus tracks, capped by a heart-rending version of Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count." The release is an indispensable addition to the rising mountain of Getz lore.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ALBUM REVIEWS

is still on hand at the drums.

Playing his customary mixture of standards, long popular originals, and a couple of excerpts from extended concert works, Brubeck suffered from the tinny sound and intermittent hum that emerged from the giant speakers. After intermission things improved. His solos still tend to give the impression that his hands are playing metric games with each other, usually three-against-four, and of course there are the time signatures that once sounded so daring: "Take Five" in 5/4, "Unsquare Dance" in 7/4, "Blue Rondo a la Turk" in 9/8.

There were a few relaxed moments, as when Brubeck opened "Here's That Rainy Day" as a piano solo, but soon Six took it away from him. The most naturally swinging sounds of the evening emanated from Smith's horn, particularly during some lively counterpoint in which he and the leader engaged on "Yesterdays."

Brubeck's immense popularity has enabled him to coast. One longs for a few innovative additions to his program. He is too gifted an artist just to go through motions.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Daddy's Money Mixes Old, New at Bon Appetit

Daddy's Money is the cryptic name of a vocal group that has been working around town for the last year or two. Last week at Bon Appetit, a pleasant restaurant in Westwood, the band outnumbered the singers 5 to 3, not always to the advantage of the latter.

Bobbi White, Vicki McClure and Amy Weston blend their voices in a style that harks back to the days of the Andrews Sisters. Backed by Gary Nesteruk on piano, Greg Alper's high-octane tenor sax, as well as guitar, bass and drums, they opened with "Nobody's Birthday," in a pseudo-Motown manner, backed by a heavy soul-funk beat.

Throughout the next hour they vacillated between material that was more or less contemporary (Randy Newman's "Mama Told Me Not to Come"), old standards (an agreeable solo by White on "Someone to Watch Over Me") and antiques that married worthless words to medium-rare music ("Ain't Nobody Here But Us Chickens," "Hello Central," "Give Me Dr. Jazz").

Amy Weston's sound, the most personal of the three, projected well in "I Ain't Gonna Let You Break My Heart Again." The group ended on a quasi-gospel note with "Revelation."

—L.F.

Brubeck Sticks With Familiar in Santa Monica

3/12/90

If, as the song says, everything must change and nothing stays the same, Dave Brubeck has not heard about it. The concert Saturday by his quartet at Santa Monica College was virtually identical in repertory as well as personnel to what he has been offering at similar events over the past several years.

Bill Smith, who first teamed with Brubeck in a 1947 octet and who has spent much of the past decade with him, was still playing clarinet in a lucid, free-wheeling manner, occasionally inviting us into his echo chamber to hear his impression of two or three clarinetists coming out of one multiphonic horn.

Bassist Jack Six, who first joined the group in 1968, made his presence felt in a somewhat insistent manner that was aggravated by a noisy sound system. Randy Jones

JAZZ TIMES – APRIL, 1990

BREAKING DOWN JAZZ'S BERLIN WALL

Just before Christmas, in the Bluebird Jazz Classics series, RCA issued a CD of early recordings by Fletcher Henderson, who led the first great jazz orchestra. One cut entitled *Singin' the Blues* (waxed in 1931) was of particular interest, since it was copied note for note from the original recording by Frank Trumbauer's orchestra.

Trumbauer's sax solo was even harmonized (by a white arranger, Bill Challis) for Henderson's sax section; Rex Stewart played, note for note, the original cornet solo by Bix Beiderbecke, whom he admired.

A JazzTimes ESSAY BY LEONARD FEATHER

This was a reminder of a point historians usually forget: while jazz was overwhelmingly the creation of African Americans who inspired whites, now and then the inspiration worked in the other direction.

The truth is precisely the opposite. The same Rex Stewart who idolized Bix had a white drummer and guitarist, Jack Maisel and Brick Fleagle, in his band at the Empire Ballroom in New York as early as 1934.

The first genuine full scale integrator was Benny Carter. A band he led during a season in Holland in 1937 was international and interracial, using English and Scottish musicians as well as West Indians and American blacks.

"I didn't hire anyone because he was white," Carter said the other day. "I just got the best men I could." Back in the U.S., he maintained this policy: Buddy Rich and the pianist Hal Schafer played in his band in 1942, as did the trombonist Frank Comstock, later well known as a studio arranger. Art Pepper, then just 18, played alto in Carter's sax section and Uan Rasey was a Carter trumpeter in 1943.

"Around that time," Carter recalls, "I also had this young curly-haired pianist Joe Albany. We were playing a dance date one night in St. Louis when a couple kept staring at him and the man finally asked me: 'Mr. Carter, is your pianist black or white?' I turned around and looked at Joe as if in surprise, and said: 'To tell you the truth, I never asked him.'"

Benny Carter, left, with, from left, Emmett Berry, Joe Newman, Shorty Rogers, and Neal Hefti. Both Rogers and Hefti were to become famous composer-arrangers and were encouraged by Carter in the 1930s and 1940s.

This was true also of racial integration. Though occasional "mixed" bands were heard on records in the 1920s (Eddie Condon and Gene Krupa recorded with Fats Waller; Jelly Roll Morton made a date with the white New Orleans Rhythm Kings), it was totally verboten for white and black musicians to appear together in public.

Benny Goodman earned worldwide publicity when he broke down the color line by hiring pianist Teddy Wilson and vibraphonist Lionel Hampton; but he came to this situation with initial reluctance. When producer John Hammond suggested that he hire Coleman Hawkins for a record date, he told Hammond: "If it gets around that I recorded with colored guys, I won't get another job in this town."

Relenting, he later used Hawkins and Billie Holiday on recordings; but when he hired Wilson and Hampton, they were used only as "extra attractions." It was assumed this might be more acceptable to Americans unused to seeing interracial groups. Goodman's orchestra remained all white until 1939, when the pianist Fletcher Henderson replaced Jess Stacy.

In a review of Gunther Schuller's book on the swing era, Whitney Balliett correctly stated that during that period (1930-45) blacks were rarely hired for white bands; but his comment that whites in black bands were "almost unheard of" was a rare factual error by a

Integration produced some odd ironies. A trombonist named Emile Christian first came to prominence working in the Original Dixieland Band whose leader, Nick La Rocca, was notorious for his anti-black views; but Christian wound up, in 1936-37, touring the world as the only white member of Leon Abbey's all black band.

Flip Phillips, famous today as a tenor sax pioneer, got his first break playing clarinet in a group led by the black trumpeter Frankie Newton on 52nd Street in 1940-41.

Fletcher Henderson, on leaving Goodman in 1940, reorganized his own band and hired Chet Kruley, a young guitarist of Polish origin. Soon after, he brought in Frank Pronio on saxes, Bill Zelton on trumpet, and by late 1943 had added Bob Calese, a 17-year-old white trombonist, and Tony Di Nardi on trumpet, making five whites in this "black" band — a fact conveniently forgotten in the history books.

In the South, the whites were often booted off the bandstands. At Chattanooga, Tenn., police refused to allow Henderson to bring them onstage; in Gadsden, Ala., they had to darken their faces, using Madame Walker's famous brown face cream and even coloring their hands and wrists.

Concerned about the feelings of his

JAZZTIMES ESSAY

— Continued from page 11

white sidemen, Henderson asked Pronio: "Is this all too embarrassing for you?" to which Pronio replied: "Heck, no; if you can take it, I can. Nobody's gonna tell me who I can associate with."

Among the many other early cases of interracial hiring there was Joe Marsala, the Chicago clarinetist in whose small band the trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen played at the Hickory House in 1936; Stan Levey, George Wallington and other whites with Dizzy Gillespie, starting in 1941; Jimmy Rowles with the band of Lee and Lester Young in Hollywood in 1940-41; Paul Cohen on trumpet with Earl Hines in 1943, and Herbie Fields with Lionel Hampton in 1945. Obviously the bebop movement included several whites hired by black leaders — Stan Levey, Al Haig, George Wallington, and later, Red Rodney.

During that entire period the number of blacks seen in white bands was minuscule: only Goodman, Artie Shaw and Charlie Barnet and a handful of others stuck their necks out to any significant degree.

Today, with so many barriers gone and interracial groups commonplace, we tend to forget the efforts of an earlier generation to wipe out Jim Crow in both directions. In looking back on that racist phrase of the jazz life, we owe thanks not just to the Goodmans and Barnets, but to the Carters and Hendersons who refused to accept the historic predecessor of what was, in effect, a musical Berlin wall.

JazzTimes

JAZZ REVIEW 3/30

Art Farmer's Fluegelhorn of Plenty

LA JOLLA—Elario's, the restaurant and jazz club that tops off the Summer House Inn in La Jolla, again demonstrated its resourceful booking policy by bringing in Art Farmer for a two week stand. The Vienna-based master of the fluegelhorn will be skipping Los Angeles this time around.

Farmer has virtually defined a position for fluegelhorn in jazz. The spiritual beauty he brings to it is a reflection of his personality: mellow, relaxed and sometimes gentle, especially when the vehicle is a ballad like Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes" or the neglected Ellington tune "What Am I Here For."

When he aims at a higher level of intensity, Farmer occasionally switches to the trumpet, which he plays both open ("Embraceable You") and muted ("Bags Groove").

His rhythm section consisted of Bob Magnusson, that most supple of bassists; Jim Plank, a steady and reliable drummer; and a promising pianist, Randy Porter. Only 26, Porter fits well into this context and is familiar with such standards as John Coltrane's "Moment's Notice" and Fats Navarro's "Nostalgia."

Wednesday's opening was unique, since Farmer's first set was preceded by two film presentations. One was a sampler of 15 segments from "Club Date," a public-TV series shot at San Diego's KPBS-TV studio. Featuring Bud Shank, James Moody, Joe Pass and others, the sampler was a fascinating cornucopia. It was followed by a full half hour Art Farmer show taped during his visit here last year with a quintet, featuring saxophonist Clifford Jordan.

Farmer continues at Elario's five days a week through April 8. That he is not to be seen in person in Los Angeles is regrettable.

—LEONARD FEATHER

APRIL 1990

Leonard Feather's

BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: Dave Frishberg

— Jim Marshall

Dave Frishberg

It is entirely possible that Dave Frishberg could have enjoyed a successful career in any one of the three areas that have kept him busy over the years: as pianist, singer and songwriter. But like his two principal predecessors, Mose Allison (b. Mississippi, 1927) and Bob Dorough (b. Arkansas, 1923) Frishberg (b. Minnesota, 1933), he has chosen to remain a triple threat attraction. Among his variously witty and nostalgic lyrics are *I'm Hip* (music by Bob Dorough), *My Attorney Bernie*, *You Are There* and others that display his encyclopedic knowledge of old songs and early baseball players.

Frishberg's interview took place during his February engagement at the Vine Street Bar & Grill in Hollywood.

1) BEN WEBSTER & JOE ZAWINUL. *Frog Legs* (from *Trav'lin' Light*, Milestone). Zawinul, piano, composer; Thad Jones, cornet; Sam Jones, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Rec. 1963.

BEFORE: Well, I would guess that that was Ben Webster, relatively late in his career — just because of the recording quality. I think it's well recorded.

I don't know what to say about the other stuff. I think it's a clever arrangement, well executed, well thought out. Kind of interesting, sensitive, mature sounding players. The trumpet player plays just beautifully, in tune and with impeccable technique. Ben sounds great. It sounded like an Oscar Peterson-type piano player, I didn't recognize him. I know it wasn't Oscar Peterson. The first few notes, I thought it might be Jimmy Rowles, but then I took it back, the time didn't sound like Rowles. I'd give it maybe four to five stars.

AFTER: 1963..that's just around the time that I was playing with Ben, and he was living with Zawinul at the time. Ha! That's really a shocker. I don't know Zawinul's playing, but if I were to guess what he sounded like, it wouldn't be like that.

I worked with Ben in 1962 at the Shalimar, 123rd and 7th Avenue, then at Birdland, the Half Note a couple times, the Vanguard. We did gigs for maybe a year or so. Richard Davis and myself, that was the band. Al and Zoot heard me play with Ben, and they came up to me after the gig and asked me if I'd like to join their band, and I did.

2) MOSE ALLISON. *Ever Since the World Ended* (from *Singers*, Atlantic). Bennie Wallace, tenor; Arthur Blythe, alto; Allison, piano, vocal, composer.

BEFORE: Five stars. A little more interesting, because of the context, the words and everything. Mose has a lot of fans but I still think he is under-appreciated.

A lot of people know who he is and are fans of his, but I don't think most of those people understand what a wonderful singer he is. I mean really skillful, professional. I don't hear him given credit for that very often. He sings beautifully in tune, and his piano playing is so beautiful, idiosyncratic, that I always wonder how the rhythm section feels with him. I know they like the way he plays, but boy, he must be an exacting player to try to accompany, I would think.

I assume that he made this arrangement, and my hat's off to him. Tremendous arrangement. I loved the first solo, was it tenor? And the second caught my ear. I thought it was a very good record.

The only quibble I might've had was, I don't know if they needed those choruses. I wanted the song to keep on going; I wanted to hear that song worked out.

AFTER: Bennie Wallace, wow. I hear someone that sounds good on tenor and it turns out to be Bennie Wallace!

3) AL HIBBLER. *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me* (from *Singers*, Atlantic). Rahsaan Roland Kirk, tenor sax, Manzello and strich; Hank Jones, piano. Rec. 1972.

BEFORE: Well, that's gotta be Al Hibbler, but I'm surprised, because usually as a guy gets older his voice gets deeper, and his doesn't seem to have the depth it used to have. At first I thought it was somebody imitating him, but nobody could imitate his attitude, that weird Cockney...gratuitous dialect! It's weird, it makes me laugh every time. I think he's really funny. It sounds as if this is recent Al Hibbler. I like the way he used to sing when he was younger; I bet he does too. *This Love of Mine* had such a beautiful voice quality, and it's kind of sad to hear that on this record he has more mannerisms than the real voice that was Hibbler's.

That sounded like a saxophone attached to some kind of a tandem contraption, but then it faked me out a couple times, because it sounded like two people, but it couldn't be, nobody could breathe together like that. I love the way that saxophone player played, and I just guess that it might be Eddie Harris, cause he deals in that kind of technology. I guess I'd give it three stars.

AFTER: He was playing them all at once, wow! Was he singing too?! What a couple of characters, Hibbler and Roland Kirk, in the studio.

4) ARETHA FRANKLIN. *Moody's Mood* (from *Singers*, Atlantic). Franklin, both voices; Quincy Jones, arranger; Rec. 1972.

BEFORE: Five. Five stars. It sounded like two women singing, then one woman singing,

then the same woman twice. I don't know who that might be. I loved the humor in it; I though it was funny and well done and virtuosic. I loved the way the band sounded, the arrangement..I loved everything about it.

I don't know how funny it is to someone who doesn't know *Moody's Mood for Love*, it's kind of a confidential joke! I think I'd find it funny anyway. I'd guess it might be Marlena Shaw; She's real good in that idiom, and she's funny.

AFTER: If it's Aretha Franklin I want to give her six stars! I had no idea her musicality extended to that. I never knew she was that funny, I never knew Quincy Jones was that funny!

5) TOMMY FLANAGAN & HANK JONES. *Lady Bird* (from *More Delights*, Galaxy). Piano duet. Rec. 1985.

BEFORE: I'd say that's two very, very poised and competent and virtuosic piano players; both of them very much in control of themselves, and of the music. They're playing impeccably — sounds like one guy, one mind at work. It's hard for me to guess who it would be. I would just guess at Roger Kellaway and Dick Hyman or somebody like that... except it sounds a little bit too bebop-y for their way of playing, but that's who flashed into my mind when I heard this. I assume it's two piano players.

Sounded so much like one guy I almost fooled myself into thinking it's one piano player who backed himself up. That's three, no, four stars.

AFTER: Wow! Really? Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan are two of my favorite piano players; I guess they're two of everybody's favorite piano players.

6) SUN RA. *Say It Isn't So* (from *Reflections in Blue*, Black Saint). Rec. 1986.

BEFORE: That's a very disappointing record. I can't think of any stars to give it. If they're trying to be funny, the joke is over pretty quick. And if they're trying to make a comment about the song *Say It Isn't So*, I find that it's rather a fatuous comment, because they don't know the song. And to make fun of something you don't know and can't play very well is not real funny.

I don't know who that might be. At first, I thought it might be Sun Ra (I have to say, parenthetically, Judy Roberts once said, 'I saw Sun Ra last night...it's like the Shriners on acid!'). But I don't think it's Sun Ra. Then I thought it might be the World Saxophone Quartet...the Chicago 4 or whatever. I don't think they're very good ensemble players. And, again, I must say if they were trying to play badly, well, that doesn't work, because they didn't play badly enough... except for the bass player; he convinced me. The bass player didn't even get lucky.

They just sounded as if they were trying to get a laugh, to play it for laughs, and it doesn't work. I don't get what the humor is.

AFTER: Ah! It doesn't even sound as if they were enjoying it.

7) BLOSSOM DEARIE. *Yardbird Suite Medley* (from *Positively Vol. VII*," Daffodil). Dearie, vocal, electric piano; Bob Dorough, lyrics; Charlie Parker, composer; Phil Woods, alto sax. Rec. 1983.

BEFORE: It's Blossom, she's impeccable, absolutely relaxed precision, perfect beautiful intonation, great sound, swing... she's got everything that a jazz singer needs — and she's a great pianist, besides. I didn't hear her playing on this record; didn't notice that there was a piano player.

She has real taste in accompanists. I would just guess who the musicians might be, just knowing the people she likes to play with. It might be Grady Tate, Al Harewood; and it sounds to me like Phil Woods or Jerry Dodgion on alto. And, of course, Dorough's lyrics. It's hard for Blossom to do anything bad. She really is pretty consistently excellent. That's another five star record.

AFTER: It was Grady Tate and Phil Woods? I haven't seen that album yet. I don't sing any of those tunes. I can sing them — I think I can! When Dorough and I played together in Seattle, we did a couple of songs together. But Blossom didn't take the chorus that Dorough wrote to this.

8) CARMEN McRAE. *The Ballad of Thelonious Monk* (from *The Great American Songbook*, Atlantic). Rec. 1972.

BEFORE: This was... I loved it...five stars. It's funny, and I think it's a good contrast ...here's the way good musicians, intelligent musicians and professional musicians — let's face it — handle something like that, as opposed to Sun Ra's Arkestra. Carmen is very showbiz-wise, and very savvy about how to present herself and her material, how to deal with her audience, how to talk to them. I think she's a great communicator.

And, Jimmy Rowles — he's one of my all-time heroes and inspirations. Before I ever knew him or met him, I worshipped the way he played the piano, and I wanted to measure up to that standard if I could. I really held him up in front of me as something to shoot for. When I did meet him and got to know him, I was doubly impressed. He's a very brilliant, literate guy who knows how to write a funny song, who understands that if you write a funny song, the jokes can't stop after the punch line of the first eight; you've got to keep telling jokes, and he understands that.

It's also good to hear comedy and satire being presented by musicians who really know how to play their instruments, know how to play the song and have good [illegible] both comedy and music. These guys know how to play and it's a funny [illegible] also thought it was Jimmy on piano. There was something about the way he was playing the keyboard behind Carmen that made me think it was Jimmy.

AFTER: You know I worked as a accompanist for a year or more in

3/30

egelhorn king Art Farmer ap-
rs at Elario's through April 8.

ISIC REVIEW

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hem Away

EONARD FEATHER

A JOLLA—Elario's, the jazz club that tops off the Summer House Inn, has achieved a tation for bringing in the best qualified jazz. In snagging Art er for a brief stay (through 8), boniface Steve Satkowski again displayed his resourcefulness.

A resident of Vienna for many years, Farmer, once a name-brand trumpeter, switched to fluegelhorn

SAN DIEGO COUNTY

a couple of decades ago. This instrument, slightly mellower in sound, seemed ideally suited to his personality, particularly when the vehicle is a ballad such as "Soul Eyes," written by Mal Waldron (a fellow expatriate who now lives in Germany), or a neglected but attractive Duke Ellington composi-

Please see FARMER, F21B

FARMER

Continued from F21A

tion, "What Am I Here For."

Recently Farmer took to doubling on trumpet, finding that he could bring to it a higher level of intensity than the fluegelhorn can offer. He employed it effectively on "Embraceable You" and in a splendid muted blues workout on Milt Jackson's "Bags Groove," but the most definitive moment of the set was still provided on the fluegel.

Farmer has a quartet for this gig, with three highly qualified San Diego musicians for company. Two of them have been frequent Farmer associates in the past: Bob Magnusson, that most supple of bassists, and the steady, unobtrusive drummer Jim Plank.

At the piano is a relatively little-known artist, Randy Porter. Now 26, he is at ease playing standards written before he was born, such as Fats Navarro's "Nostalgia" (based on the chord pattern of "Out of Nowhere"), and John Coltrane's "Moment to Moment." This was his first outing with Farmer, who was clearly pleased with Porter's empathy and creativity.

Wednesday night's opening was unusual because the first Farmer set was preceded by two films. One of these was a sampler of 15 brief segments of "Club Date," the KPBS-TV series produced and directed by Paul Marshall, with Steve Satkowski as associate producer. Featuring Bob Shank, Barney Kessel, James Moody, Joe Pass, Herb Ellis, Jimmy Witherspoon and others, the sampler was a fascinating cornucopia.

This series is now seen on 110 stations throughout the United States. San Diegans can see "Club Date" Saturdays at 11 p.m., starting this Saturday with the Farmer show. Each show repeats Monday at 11:30 p.m., except for the Farmer show, which will air at 11 p.m.

3/31

'New Visions Jazz' Features Bill Cosby's Group

The latest edition of the "New Visions Jazz" series on VH-1, airing at 8 tonight, is the first of two 55-minute segments devoted mainly to Bill Cosby's new venture as a jazz producer.

With Ben Sidran as host, the program switches back and forth between performances by Cosby's group, a couple of Sidran-Cosby dialogues, and clips by other bands. Among the latter are a super-busy performance by Branford Marsalis, on soprano saxophone; Miles Davis, in a medley from his own "Tutu" album, and a very grainy black-and-white item by Duke Ellington playing "Perdido."

Cosby's own musicians—David Murray on tenor sax, Don Pullen on piano, Sonny Sharrock on guitar, Mark Egan on bass and Al Foster on drums—play the Miles Davis standard "All Blues" and a long, single-chord vamp in G entitled "Ursalina." It's all strongly funk-oriented, the kind of music more likely to appeal to young listeners who are into R&B than to older folks who regularly watch the Huxtables.

In addition to acting as a sort of cheerleader, looking entranced, saying "Yeah!" and cuing the band to stop, Cosby talks about the intensity and emotion involved. Jazz, he says, is like comedy: Robin Williams and Eddie Murphy are "talking musicians." The analogy may be a little hard to follow, but Cosby is obviously sincere, and Sidran is duly deferential, comparing him to Miles Davis.

The best spoken moment is Cosby's opening greeting to the diminutive Sidran, to whom he says "Hey, you're taller than I thought." Jazz may not be like comedy, but some jazz aficionados sure have a way with a quip.

—LEONARD FEATHER

5/1

A Spirited Hendricks Goes It Alone at St. Mark's

The name of Jon Hendricks has been associated so long with vocal groups of various sizes and shapes that it comes as a surprise to find him, at St. Mark's in Venice (where he opened Wednesday and closes Saturday), doing much of the show as a solo singer.

That he is able to pull it off, sans quartet, attests to the power of his personality. Technically he is no virtuoso, but then neither was Louis Armstrong; like Satchmo, he has a rare combination of personal timbre, a natural beat, and a strong undercurrent of humor, often reflected in his scatting.

Opening with a blues based on age-old lyrics, he switched to an affecting ballad mood on "Everything Happens to Me," then traded fours with his able saxophonist Noel Jewkes in a wordless workout on "Get Me to the Church on Time."

The backup group seems oddly assorted. Jewkes looks like a maitre d'; the brilliant pianist, 27-year-old Benny Green, still resembles a high school junior; the drummer, Eddie Moore, looks like everybody's grandpa, and only Larry Gales is your prototypal musician, bowing the bass with his usual flair. Collectively this disparate characters keep the bandstand jumping, except on the ballads, when Jewkes switches to flute to support Hendricks' fittingly tender mood on such songs as "September of My Years."

Patrick Tuzzolino, the room's dinner-hour pianist, jumped on the bandstand to show his scat credentials as he and Hendricks swapped riffs on a Thelonious Monk line. For the last three numbers, Hendricks' charming, longtime partner Judith joined her husband for three of their familiar hits, while Jewkes helpfully played one of the missing vocal parts on tenor sax.

The show is worth catching if only for those amazing two-handed, parallel-line solos by Benny Green and for the overall spirit we have learned always to expect from Hendricks. He has been offering variations on some of these themes since Dave Lambert and Annie Ross flanked him and America still liked Ike, yet somehow they never grow stale.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Cosby's other life as jazzman

By LEONARD FEATHER
LOS ANGELES TIMES

If there is a living American to whom the name of Bill Cosby is unknown, he must have been living in a hermetically sealed biosphere. Tens of millions have seen his top-rated TV show; countless others have bought his best-selling comedy albums, followed his career in movies, bought his parental advice books. Yet there is another Bill Cosby who remains less well known, and least publicized: Cosby the ardent champion of jazz.

This Cosby is the more-or-less-failed drummer who turned to comedy, but whose heart will always be with the John Coltranes and Art Blakeys, who has managed to work dozens of jazz stars in his Thursday soirees, often in acting as well as playing roles. To name just a few, Joe Williams (playing Cosby's father-in-law), Dizzy Gillespie (as a music teacher), B.B. King, Nancy Wilson, Betty Carter, Art Blakey, Tito Puente and the entire Count Basie orchestra.

In June he will emcee the Playboy Jazz Festival, as he has for all but two of the 11 previous Hollywood Bowl celebrations. Another facet of Cosby the jazz fan will emerge soon with the release by PolyGram Records of "Where You Lay Your Head," on its Verve label. This is the first in a series that will involve him as producer, co-writer of many of the tunes, and, on some cuts, assistant percussionist.

"I didn't have a series idea originally," Cosby said in a phone interview from Las Vegas, Nev. "I started with just one session; in fact, on one tune we had Harold Vick the saxophonist, who died a couple of months later, in late 1987.

"What I want to do is make this music accessible, educate people in a way that won't hurt them. My partner in writing the music is Stu Gardner. We have a good relationship; we can sit at that piano and write 40 tunes a day. Stu wrote the theme for "The Cosby Show" and the two albums of music from the show; but basically this record is really, really mine. Stu was there, in the background, to see that nobody messed around with me."

A preview tape reveals a strongly funk-oriented album, with musicians whose credentials are first rate: Al Foster on drums and John Scofield on guitar (both ex-Miles Davis), Harold Mabern (ex-Freddie Hubbard) on piano, David Murray or Odean Pope on saxes, among others. Cosby says he tried to capture, in a studio, the feeling of a live club session. Quite possibly the magic touch that brought instant success to his other projects will work again here. If it does, it will mark the culmination of a life-long dedication to the music of which he longed to be a part.

"Yeah, my father was into Dixieland and King Oliver and Duke Ellington, and he'd give me these piano lessons; my father's brother was a classical organist. My old

Bill Cosby plays several roles on his funk-oriented jazz album.

man will promise to take me to the theater, telling me I was going to see the Lone Ranger, but that was just an excuse. He wanted to go to the theater because Duke Ellington was playing there.

"I was about 6 years old and I'd keep yelling, 'I don't want to see Mr. Duke, I want the Lone Ranger!' The funny thing is, now I've got all these Ellington CDs and I'm trying to get my own children to understand."

It didn't take long for his own interest to develop. "By the time I was 8 or 9 I would be standing out on the street outside a club listening to Candido or Horace Silver." A few years later, his mind was made up: he wanted to be a part of this exotic scene.

"They had a musical instrument store in Philadelphia, Wurlitzer's, where a guy gave drum lessons. He'd teach you for a half hour for $1.25. I took about 10 lessons with him, and my mother bought me a set of drums on layaway for $75."

Philadelphia was an intoxicating metropolis for the young jazz lover. At one time or another Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane, the pioneer organist Jimmy Smith and dozens more lived there, or passed through to play at the Blue Note and other jazz clubs. "If you came into town and one of your sidemen didn't show up, you could just call the musicians' union and they would send you some hip young guy that could really play.

"Sure, I joined the union. The first gig they sent me out on was to play for a stripper. I knew nothing about that, man, nothing about stripping, but the music was something like 'Night Train' and it wasn't hard to figure out."

Living in New York, he was able to nourish his musical appetite more fully than ever. "I was in Greenwich Village, doing comedy until 4 in the morning, then I'd go around to these coffee houses and meet Pharaoh Sanders and all these other guys. The Village was incredible — the Vanguard, the Half Note, the Five Spot, the Village Gate — every 12 feet you had a jazz club! Man, I was like a blind dog in a butcher shop.

"Besides, now I had a little recognition as a comedian and they let me stand in the back. Eric Dolphy would come over and say, 'Hey, Bill, how you doing?' And I'd see Sonny Murray, the drummer, who went to high school with me. I could walk up to the musicians and give 'em a big hug; so I felt like I was a real musician, even though I never got to be the drummer I wanted to be."

On TV, Cosby hit nationally with "I Spy," but his involvement with jazz continued unabated. One night he subbed for a drummer at a Village club. The legendary drummer Philly Joe Jones, who was in the audience, offered to go on the road with him and "clean up his act" as a drummer. Cosby demurred. "I think Joe just wanted to have a regular paycheck from some guy he felt had a lot of bread."

In all the years since then, Cosby has never stopped playing, as audiences know; he sat in with the late Willie Bobo, among others, at the Playboy Festival. That he is no mere dilettante is obvious from the care he has invested in the new recording venture.

Speaking of his second album, on which he embarked recently, he said "I've got a budget of 40 grand and I'm not going to go over it, so I lay my stuff out very carefully. I don't overload and call up 200,000 musicians; just four or five guys who respect each other, and who are willing to experiment.

"I believe there is a great audience out there for the real thing, and is to some extent untapped. Let me tell you a little story.

"I'm in Bloomingdale's, taking my 13-year-old shopping for Christmas, and I run into this lovely white woman, about 55 years old, short gray hair cut, wonderful happy-with-life face, no make-up. The clothing is L.L. Bean and in great shape, and she says she's from Connecticut. She then says, 'I loved the show when you sang "Moody's Mood for Love." ' That was the one when Nancy Wilson was the guest and we all sang that famous James Moody solo.

"Then this lady said, 'You know, I had the first record of that by King Pleasure and I wore it out. I tried to find another copy but couldn't, so I bought the George Benson version, but it just wasn't the same.'

"I promised to get a copy for her, but I've lost her address. The important thing is, you can't tell a book by its cover; you never know where the next jazz fan is coming from.

"I know that 'Lift Every Voice and Sing' is called the Negro National Anthem, but 'Moody's Mood for Love' might come in a strong second. You'll probably get more people, more African Americans my age, 52, who will know every word of that — and from the original King Pleasure record, not the George Benson — than will know every word of 'Lift Every Voice and Sing.' "

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BRITISH JAZZ 4/1/90

United Kingdom's Transatlantic Flight of Jazz Fantasy

By LEONARD FEATHER

The British are coming, and they are swinging.

British jazz musicians are making their presence felt on the U.S. jazz horizon to a degree never before observed. They are black and white, English and Scottish and West Indian, they lead small groups and big bands. They are young and creative and they are reaching listeners in this country on records (particularly on Antilles and EditionsEG labels) and, more and more, in person.

Last evening's concert at the Houston International Music Festival gives some idea of the increased stature of jazz from the United Kingdom. On the bill for an unprecedented all-British jazz program were Courtney Pine, the articulate and brilliant saxophonist who was recently heard at Catalina Bar & Grill in Hollywood; saxophonist Andy Sheppard, whose "Introductions in the Dark" (Antilles) was named 1989's album of the year in a readers' poll in the British jazz magazine, "Wire"; the Penguin Cafe Orchestra, with jazz-rock-fusion; and Loose Tubes, a quirky U.K. big band that records for EditionsEG and stretches from serious avant garde to screaming satire.

Pine is easily the most visible of the U.K. artists. In the weeks prior to the Houston concert, the 26-year-old saxophonist had been traveling the U.S. with a quartet consisting of three American sidemen, bringing his heated improvisations to audiences in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and other cities. Pine feels that playing in the U.S. is a key factor to this new-found awareness of British jazz musicians.

MIKE MULLEN

Saxman Courtney Pine, easily the most visible of U.K. artists.

"We're just babies, you know. We're generations behind the whole American scene. By the time I finish this tour, I'll be a different player," said the man who has been on the cover of several jazz magazines and received a great deal of press during his U.S. tour.

Just a few years back, he was all but an outsider.

"Not so long ago, I had to stand in the back of Ronnie Scott's club in London listening to Art Blakey," he said. "Since then I've not only played with Art Blakey, but my own band can fill a hall in England with 2,000 people."

Pine would be the first to admit that luck has helped his career. During an American tour in 1988, pianist Ellis Marsalis sat in with Pine at Blues Alley in Washington, and soon after that Marsalis' son, Delfeayo, produced "The Vision's Tale" (Antilles), which features Ellis Marsalis, Jeff (Tain) Watts, drums and Delbert Felix, bass.

The availability of jazz studies programs in the U.S. has helped British musicians move forward as much as the dearth of such programs in Britain has held them back, on both the acceptance and performance levels. "We only have a couple of real [jazz] courses," which have been in existence only a few years, Pine said.

Benn Clatworthy, a British saxman who has been living in Los Angeles for nine years, agrees with Pine about the problems of jazz education in Britain. "Over there, nobody really knows what they were doing," he said. "Here, I studied with a fine teacher, learned about chords and everything."

Obviously, getting a record released domestically is one of the best ways for musicians from Great Britain to become better known here. Besides Pine and Sheppard, such artists as drummer Bill Bruford, Loose Tubes and saxophonists Iain Bellamy and Steve Williamson have albums either out or ready for release.

"I took two weeks off," said Williamson in a call from London, "to make an album in Brooklyn for Verve/Polygram. American saxophonist Steve Coleman produced it, and I had Abbey Lincoln singing on one number. We had four days to rehearse, four days to record and four days to mix. It was a fantastic experience for me."

Back in the pre-transatlantic flight days, the only British artists who recorded here were those who came by ship and stayed. Pianists Marian McPartland and George Shearing were the entire jazz colony in the 1940s.

Later came another pianist, Victor Feldman, who emigrated in 1955. Guitarist John McLaughlin and bassist Dave Holland moved over in the late '60s and both wound up playing on the seminal Miles Davis album, "Bitches' Brew."

Coming to America, even staying here, is no automatic guarantee of success. Clatworthy is an example. A talented saxophonist and flutist, he has been highly praised by critics here but finds it hard to climb above the level of casual jobs.

Things are starting to move a bit, though, Clatworthy said. "I worked with Lionel Hampton at Disneyland last year, I've rehearsed with Horace Silver, I've also been leading my quartet at Jax [in Glendale] and Dodsworth's [in Pasadena] and Albert Marx is going to release an album of mine on Discovery. Still, it's not easy making a name for yourself."

Many British musicians see the scene as less than rosy, on either side of the Atlantic ocean.

Bellamy, calling from London, said: "We really need help — something to stir up the interest here as well as over there. The main reason jazz started getting a bit of play in England was that deejays in London discos began to feature jazz records, and young people realized they could dance to it. A few fellows like Courtney Pine and Steve Williamson and Andy Sheppard are getting a real promotional shove, but there are other guys, more original I think, who can't get the exposure at home or abroad."

Pine, who has no intention of making the transatlantic move permanently, is one British jazzman who is pleased with the current scene. He is now well enough known both in Great Britain and America to be assured of a stunning future. He believes firmly that working on home ground, he can incorporate elements of reggae, calypso and ska into jazz and produce what he feels can become a black British style.

The recent launching in Britain of an all-jazz radio station will be significant in helping Pine achieve his goals. "It's really kind of strange and wonderful," he said of the station. "I've talked to people in London and they say 'This is what we want to hear.'" □

2nd British invasion is jazz

By LEONARD FEATHER
LOS ANGELES TIMES

The British are coming, the British are swinging.

Though it is by no means a full-scale invasion, they are making their presence felt to a degree never before observed on the jazz horizon. Black and white, English and Scottish and West Indian, singly and in small groups and big bands, they are young and creative; they are reaching us, on records (particularly Antilles), but increasingly in person.

Coming up as part of Houston's International Music Festival, there will be an entire evening of British jazz, an event unprecedented anywhere in the United States. Andy Sheppard, the saxophonist who recorded what a British jazz magazine decided was 1989's album of the year, will be there with his small group; the Penguin Cafe Orchestra will offer jazz-rock-fusion; Loose Tubes, a quirky U.K. big band, will jump from serious avant-garde to screaming satire.

Most notably, a quartet will be heard consisting of three American sidemen led by Courtney Pine, the saxophonist who recently turned 26. Pine has become the British Branford Marsalis: articulate, ambitious, brilliant, and armed with a thorough knowledge of tradition out of which he hopes to build a style of his own.

The Marsalis connection became a reality when, during an American tour in 1988, Pine's pianist, Julian Joseph, spotted Ellis Marsalis in the audience at Blues Alley in Washington, D.C.

"I asked him to sit in," Pine recalled, "and when he was through he turned to me and said, 'Well, when's the recording date?' Well, I knew his son, Delfeayo, who was studying engineering at Berklee College in Boston when Julian was studying composition there, so soon after that Delfeayo produced an album for me in New York, with Ellis playing piano and two other great musicians who were friends of Branford, Jeff (Tain) Watts on drums and Delbert Felix on bass."

Recording with an American group was a rare high for Pine. Touring this month with another unit recruited in the United States has been even more stimulating

London-born Courtney Pine is leading the British jazz invasion.

Like most British musicians, he has an inferiority complex, as became evident during an engagement early this month at Catalina's in Hollywood.

"We're just babies, you know," he said. "We're generations behind the whole Americana scene. By the time I finish in Houston at the end of this month, I'll be a different player."

The London-born son of a carpenter from Jamaica who emigrated to Britain in 1959, Pine took up the recorder (vertical flute) at 8, clarinet at 13, and saxophone at 15, but suffered from a form of discrimination indigenous to black British musicians: "Until 1981 all we had to play was reggae, funk and pop music; there'd be no funding to play jazz. Suddenly, though, it became available and I got a record contract.

"Not so long ago I had to stand in the back of Ronnie Scott's club in London listening to Art Blakey. Since then I've not only played with Art Blakey, but my own band can fill a hall in England with 2,000 people who have never heard of jazz. They've seen my picture and read articles about me, so they think I must be all right."

The slow development of jazz in Britain, on both the acceptance and performance levels, is attributed by Pine to the absence of an education system. "We only have a couple of real courses, and they're just a few years old." Many British jazzmen serious about studying jazz have gone to Boston. Last year Tommy Smith, the Scottish saxophonist, completed his Berklee studies and was sponsored by the vibraphonist and faculty member Gary Burton in a Blue Note album, alongside such U.S. stars as John Scofield and Jack de Johnette.

Brits without American educational advanages are no less eager to record here. "I took two weeks off," said the saxophonist Steve Williamson in a call from London, to make an album in Brooklyn. "Steve Coleman, the American saxophonist, produced it, and I had Abbey Lincoln singing on one number. We had four days to rehearse, four days to record and four to mix. PolyGram will be putting it out on the Verve label. It was a fantastic experience for me."

Back in the days when translatlantic flights were non-existent, the only British artists who recorded here were those who came by ship and stayed. Marian McPartland and George Shearing were the entire jazz colony in the 1940s. Later came another pianist, Victor Feldman, who emigrated in 1955; guitarist John McLaughlin and bassist Dave Holland moved over in the late '60s and both wound up playing in the seminal Miles Davis album "Bitches' Brew." In Holland's case he might have remained in local obscurity had Davis not chanced to hear him in a London night club.

"I've been going back every year or so since then," said Holland recently, "and I find there's a strong upsurge in the quality of British jazz. I heard a great saxophonist, Andy Sheppard, who's since recorded for Antilles. I worked in a big band date with two talented brothers, Julian Arguelles, who plays saxophones, and Steve, who's a drummer."

The Arguelles brothers, like many Englishmen who can't find any job that offers them full-time work, have alternated between small groups, such as Human Chain, and Loose Tube, the Houston-bound big band.

"I've been across the Atlantic a couple of times," said Django B[illegible] the pianist with Loose Tubes, we wound up playing mostly in ada. I went over with Bil Bru[illegible] Earthworks, an unusual band combines acoustic and el[illegible] instruments. This concert Houston with Loose Tubes seems an awful long way to just one gig."

Saxophonist Iain Ballamy other Loose Tube, calling from don, added: "We really need h something to stir up the in here as well as over there main reason jazz started get bit of play in England wa deejays in London discos be feature jazz records, and people realized they could da it. A few fellows like Courtne and Steve Williamson and Sheppard are getting a real p tional shove, but there are guys, more original I think can't get the exposure at ho abroad."

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Not least significant was recent launching in Britain of jazz radio station.

"In England we never ha thing like this before, you kn like the turn of the century said.

L.A. Times 3/25/90

Bill Cosby and Jazz: The Affair Gets More Serious

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz/blues vocalist Joe Williams, right, in the recurring role of Grandpa Al, Cliff Huxtable's father-in-law, on "The Cosby Show."

Bill Cosby, who has featured jazz greats like Joe Williams, B.B. King and Dizzy Gillespie on his top-rated TV show, has long been an ardent champion of the art form.

Recently, the ex-drummer has taken a solid step forward in that direction by serving as producer, co-composer and occasionally part-time percussionist on a series of productions for the Verve/Polygram label. The first of these, "Where You Lay Your Head," is a funk-oriented project that was released Tuesday and features drummer Al Foster and guitarist John Scofield (both ex-Miles Davis sidemen), pianist Harold Mabern, saxophonists David Murray and Odean Pope, among others.

"What I want to do is make this music accessible, educate people in a way that won't hurt them," says Cosby. "My partner in writing the music is Stu Gardner. We have a good relationship; we can sit at that piano and write 40 tunes a day. Stu wrote the theme for 'The Cosby Show' and the two albums of music from the show. But basically, this record is really, really mine. Stu was there, in the background, to see that nobody messed around with me."

Cosby says he tried to capture, in a studio, the feeling of a live club session. Of his second album, on which he embarked recently, he says, "I've got a budget of 40 grand and I'm not going to go over it, so I lay my stuff out very carefully. I don't overload and call up 200,000 musicians; just 4 or 5 guys who respect each other, and who are willing to experiment. I believe there is a great audience, to some extent untapped, out there for the real thing."

Cosby's involvement with these new recordings is another plateau in a lifelong dedication to the music that's been called "the sound of surprise."

The comedian first heard jazz growing up in Philadelphia when his father would take him to the movies, telling him that they were going to see a "Lone Ranger" serial.

"But that was just an excuse," he recalls. "He wanted to go to the theater because Duke Ellington was playing there. I was about 6 years old and I'd keep yelling, 'I don't want to see Mr. Duke, I want the Lone Ranger!' The funny thing is, now I've got all these Ellington CDs and I'm trying to get my own children to understand."

It didn't take long for Cosby's own interest to develop, and soon his mind was made up: he wanted to be a drummer.

"They had a musical instrument store in Philadelphia, Wurlitzer's, where a guy gave drum lessons," he says. "He'd teach you for a half-hour for $1.25. I took about 10 lessons with him, and my mother bought me a set of drums on layaway for $75."

After gaining some proficiency, Cosby began to work, often for strippers playing bluesy, R&B-ish tunes like "Night Train." "But that wasn't what I wanted to do," he says. "I wanted to swing, man. I wanted to be the driving force."

But something was missing. "The closest I came, I guess, was with Charlie Chilsom and the Philadelphians, a quintet," he says. "I was with them for seven months. I think it was then that I realized Charlie was being awfully kind to me, because I knew what I lacked in technique. So I started playing football and running track and taking care of my skills as a teacher; and then, of course, I got into comedy."

Later, living in New York, Cosby was able to nourish his musical appetite as a listener, rather than as a player. "I was in Greenwich Village, doing comedy until 4 in the morning, then I'd go around to coffee houses and meet Pharaoh Sanders and all these other guys," he says. "The Village was incredible—the Vanguard, the Half Note, the Five Spot, the Village Gate—every 12 feet you had a jazz club. Man, I was like a blind dog in a butcher shop. Besides, now I had a little recognition as a comedian. [Reedman] Eric Dolphy would come over and say 'Hey, Bill, how you doing?' And I'd see Sonny Murray, the drummer, who went to high school with me. I could walk up to the musicians and give 'em a big hug. I felt like I was a real musician, even though I never got to be the drummer I wanted to be."

A few years later, having moved to Los Angeles, Cosby had established himself well enough as a comedian to become a local celebrity. On many evenings at [the now defunct] Shelly's Manne Hole [on Cahuenga Boulevard in Hollywood], he could be found sitting next to this writer as the two of us soaked up the sounds of Coltrane or Horace Silver or Shelly Manne's own group. As Cosby recalls: "I never sat in for Shelly. I wouldn't fool around with that, but I did get up and do comedy there."

When Cosby hit nationally with "I Spy," his involvement with jazz continued unabated. One night, he subbed for a drummer at a Greenwich Village club. The legendary drummer Philly Joe Jones, who was in the audience, offered to go on the road with him and "clean up his act" as a drummer. Cosby demurred.

Cosby has never stopped playing. As those in the audience know, he has sat in with such artists as the late Willie Bobo at various Playboy Jazz Festivals.

An anecdote points out why the comedian feels this is a good time for jazz.

"I'm in Bloomingdale's, taking my 13-year-old shopping for Christmas last year, and I run into this lovely white woman, about 55 years old, short gray hair, wonderful happy-with-life face," he says. "She tells me, 'I loved the show when you sang "Moody's Mood for Love."' That was the one when Nancy Wilson was the guest and we all sang that famous James Moody solo.

"Then this lady says, 'You know, I had the first record of that by [singer] King Pleasure and I wore it out. I tried to find another copy but couldn't, so I bought the George Benson version, but it just wasn't the same.'

"I promised to get a copy [of King Pleasure's version] for her, but I've lost her address," Cosby says. "The important thing is, you can't tell a book by its cover; you never know where the next jazz fan is coming from." □

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JAZZ REVIEW 4/4

The Juggernaut Rolls On at Grand Ave. Bar

The Capp-Pierce Juggernaut, launching a series of Monday night big band at the Biltmore Hotel's Grand Avenue Bar, drew a heavy and happy crowd, defying competition from the televised NCAA men's basketball finals.

From the moment pianist Nat Pierce eased into a medium tempo blues in a Basie groove, with the mood accentuated by the rhythm guitar pulse of John Pisano, the Juggernaut took off like the inexorable force for which it is named.

Almost every number was a judicious mixture of tightly-meshed ensembles, biting brass passages and occasional section interludes, such as the five-sax soli passage on "In A Mellotone," a tune that revealed every horn player in the band as a soloist of the first rank.

The two tenor saxes, doing battle on Neal Hefti's "Whirly Bird," offered a study in contrast: Bob Shepard a little more hollow in sound than Rickey Woodard, but both in full improvisatory command. There were suitable solo openings for all three trombonists—Slide Hyde, in an elegant examination of "A Time for Love," Buster Cooper in his bumble bee impression, and Thurman Green.

Other bright moments were offered by Bill Berry's muted cornet on "Open All Night" and, of course, the potently supportive drumming of Frank Capp throughout the evening.

A maverick chart was Bob Florence's "Slime House," a bristling work that was entirely ensemble, sans solos—proof, as if it were needed, that extemporization is not necessarily the lifeblood of jazz.

Although it would be wishful thinking to claim that big bands are back, it is true that occasional local one-nighters such as this are capable of attracting loyalists to the swinging sounds of a 16-member powerhouse. Next Monday: the Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AN APPRECIATION

Remembering 'Sassy' Sarah Vaughan

By LEONARD FEATHER

The call came late in the evening, bearing news many of us had long feared we would soon hear: Sarah Vaughan was gone, dead of lung cancer at 66.

There was a strange, sad irony to the timing, for on the previous day she had been scheduled to make a recording session. Quincy Jones, who had planned the date, knew how ill she was but hoped she would have enough strength left to come to the studio; but over the weekend she collapsed, was hospitalized and finally, when the doctors knew there was nothing more that could be done, she was brought home Tuesday.

Sarah Vaughan's voice was exceptional from the beginning, but in the early years nobody could have predicted the evolution that would come. The expansion of her range, the fullness and beauty of her tone quality, the unique control over an audience. She could hold a crowd of 18,000 at the Hollywood Bowl spellbound with a version of "Send In the Clowns" that invalidated every other rendition.

A few admirers who are still around may recall the very first night of her professional career. As the curtain rose at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, we saw the Earl Hines Orchestra, and adjoining Hines' piano was a second piano, played by this slim girl who had just turned 19. Sarah was a trained musician whose studies of piano and organ equipped her with a knowledge of harmony that enabled her to alter a melody in subtle, unprecedented ways.

AURELIO JOSE HARRERA / Los Angeles Times

Vocalist Sarah Vaughan: A sad irony to the timing.

Halfway through the show she stepped away from the piano to center stage and sang "Body and Soul." It was the start of a career that would scale new heights with every decade.

Because of her sensitive ear for the new jazz of the day, she became part of a group of friends who were launching the bebop movement. One was Billy Eckstine, whom she knew when both of them were singing in the Hines band. When he left to form his own orchestra she, too, quit and joined Eckstine, whose popularity at that time was such that she was only a secondary figure. Another close friend

Please see VAUGHAN, F9

VAUGHAN

Continued from F1

was Dizzy Gillespie, who worked with her in both the Hines and Eckstine bands.

One day Gillespie gave me a demonstration record Sarah had made. Clearly the time had come for a Vaughan record session. On New Year's Eve of 1944, with Dizzy and a few others on hand, we produced a date for a small company, Continental Records. One of the tunes was a vocal version of Gillespie's already well-known composition "A Night in Tunisia."

The records, issued on two 78s, did modestly well; a few months later we made a second session, in which both Gillespie and Charlie Parker took part.

There was a lapse of a year or so; then Albert Marx began recording her for his Musicraft label. She rose swiftly to hit stature with "Body and Soul," "It's Magic" and others that showed the extent to which she had already transcended the jazz category. There was an unforgetable version of "The Lord's Prayer" and a moving spiritual reading of "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child."

She was an awkward, almost skinny girl with a gap between her two front teeth, but after her 1947 marriage to a trumpeter, George Treadwell, he became her Pygmalion; by 1950, as a couple of film shorts remind us, she was a slender and attractive young woman with limitless potential.

It wasn't always onward and upward. After many popular recordings, first for Columbia and Mercury, later for Mainstream and Pablo, she became a victim of the rock onslaught. Sales-obsessed record companies ignored her; there were two five-year periods when she was not recording at all. But the international concert and festival tours left no doubt that with or without gold discs she retained that magical grip on audiences wherever a human voice could penetrate.

She was our Jessye Norman, our Renata Tebaldi. The operatic beauty of her sound was like nothing that had preceded it, and it is unlikely that anything comparable will ever succeed it.

"Sassy," as she was called, would not want us to mourn her death, but rather to celebrate her life. She would probably want us to send in the clowns, but somehow we just can't do it.

Sarah Vaughan, 'Divine One' of Jazz, Dies at 66

By MYRNA OLIVER
TIMES STAFF WRITER

Sarah Vaughan, whose remarkable range and smoky contralto voice earned her the nickname "The Divine One," has died of lung cancer, it was announced Wednesday. She was 66.

Miss Vaughan, who had checked out of Cedars Sinai Hospital a few hours earlier, died at 9:20 p.m. Tuesday at her home in Hidden Hills, according to her attorney and manager, Harold Levy..

Levy said he and Miss Vaughan's 87-year-old mother, Ada, and her adopted daughter, actress Paris Deborah Vaughan, were at her side when she died. Levy said they were watching a television movie in which the daughter appeared.

Dubbed "Sassy" for her onstage manner, Miss Vaughan was associ-

Please see VAUGHAN, A31

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times
Vaughan at '89 Grammy awards.

VAUGHAN: Jazz Immortal Dies at 66

Continued from A1

ated with recordings of such perennial jazz and pop favorites as "Body and Soul," "It's Magic," "Misty," "I Cover the Waterfront," "Lover Man," "Here's That Rainy Day" and "Send in the Clowns."

Despite her seven-month fight with cancer, Miss Vaughan had hoped to begin working on a new recording this week. Levy said complications forced her to go to the hospital Saturday, but that she decided Tuesday she would be more comfortable in her home.

Last Sept. 3, after Mayor Tom Bradley proclaimed Sarah Vaughan Day in Los Angeles, she sang with the Los Angeles Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl, capping her long career and delighting 11,878 fans with the soaring lyric voice that made her so popular for nearly five decades.

Four days later, Miss Vaughan, a longtime smoker, was diagnosed with lung cancer and carcinoma of the joints in one hand.

"She just kept becoming greater and greater as the years went on," Times jazz critic Leonard Feather, a longtime friend of Miss Vaughan, said Wednesday. "In the last few years she was just astonishing. She was the idol and envy of virtually all singers."

Feather appraised her professional versatility in his "Encyclopedia of Jazz Singers" by saying that she was "capable of incomparable jazz performances yet qualified to be an opera singer."

That opinion was echoed Wednesday by Times music critic Martin Bernheimer, who reviews performances of classical music including opera:

"Sarah Vaughan had a voice of extraordinary sweetness, flexibility and purity, and she used it with uncanny insinuation throughout a wide range. She could have taught many an opera diva lessons in breath control, in legato phrasing and in expressive communication. She was a great singer. Period."

"Now that Sassy is gone," said Miss Vaughan's longtime friend, comedian Bill Cosby, "there is no one to measure great singers by."

Miss Vaughan, who recorded popular and standard songs as well as jazz classics, had scoffed at attempts by fans and music critics to categorize her as a jazz singer.

"I just sing," she said. "I sing whatever I can."

Born March 27, 1924, in Newark, N.J., to a carpenter and a laundress, she received her musical training in the church choir with her mother, first as a singer and later as organist.

Associated Press
Sarah Vaughan in 1979

high school and started singing at amateur hours," she once told an interviewer. "The night I won at the Apollo I was only doing it for the $10."

But Billy Eckstine heard her that night and recommended her to band leader Earl (Fatha) Hines, who hired her.

Feather, who was present at the Apollo when Miss Vaughan first opened there with Hines' band April 23, 1943, wrote of her in his jazz encyclopedia:

"Sarah Vaughan's voice, completely different from that of Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald or any of the other great jazz stylists before her, brought to jazz an unprece-

■ **REMEMBERING 'SASSY'**
Leonard Feather recalls Sarah Vaughan's career. F1

dented combination of attractive characteristics: a rich, beautifully controlled tone and vibrato; an ear for the chord structure of songs, enabling her to change or inflect the melody as an instrumentalist might; a coy, sometimes archly naive quality alternating with a sense of great sophistication."

Fitzgerald herself once called Miss Vaughan "the greatest singing talent in the world today."

Miss Vaughan's remarkable range with the husky voice, made huskier over the years by her smoking, was so extraordinary that it often prompted exaggeration.

"They say four octaves but it's not true," she said modestly in a 1986 interview. "Two octaves and a fifth maybe. Maybe a little more."

Her voice was considered more instrumental than vocal and was often likened to a horn, a comparison influence by singer Marian Anderson. The prize for one of the amateur contests she won as a teen-ager was a choice between roller skates or a ticket to a Marian Anderson concert. She chose the concert and said she "fell in love with the sound of her voice."

After her debut with Hines, Miss Vaughan toured with his band for a year, working with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker and trying to imitate their trumpet and saxophone.

When Eckstine formed his own band in 1944, he hired Miss Vaughan and backed her in her first recording, "I'll Wait and Pray."

Feather, a jazz musician as well as critic, received a demonstration record of Miss Vaughan's singing from Gillespie and arranged for her to record under her own name with Continental. She sang four songs for $20 each, with Feather playing the piano accompaniment.

Miss Vaughan first won a national following with her recording of "Lover Man," made with Gillespie.

Her early career, which she dismissed in interviews as paying "a lot of dues," included concerts in tobacco warehouses and barns in the South, as well as modestly successful records and a few appearances in places like New York's Copacabana in the 1940s.

"It wasn't until the early 1950s that Sassy began singing in the better spots and collected a following—like at Birdland in New York . . . and the Blue Note in Chicago, where Dave Garroway heard her, called her 'the Divine One' and promoted her on radio and TV," John Malachi, an early accompanist who nicknamed her "Sassy," recalled in an interview a few years ago.

By the 1970s she had a strong international following and won Downbeat's international critics' poll for best female singer in the world six times—1973 and 1975-79. She sang with major symphony orchestras and for heads of state and in prestigious places like Carnegie Hall.

As recently as last year, her concert performances prompted a reviewer to write that "she continues to cause excitement wherever she appears."

"Thank God," said Levy Wednesday, "we have her recordings to preserve her greatness. She was one of a kind."

Miss Vaughan married and divorced four husbands: trumpeter George Treadwell, former pro football player Clyde Atkins, Las

TV REVIEW

'Pat Metheny Special' Covers the Plectrum Spectrum

"Pat Metheny Special No. 2" is the continuation of a live performance by the guitarist, the first segment was aired last year. The second, running 48 minutes, will be seen tonight on Bravo at 7 p.m., with a repeat at midnight, and two more showings April 15 at 1 p.m. and 11 p.m.

The sonic artillery at Metheny's disposal takes in both regular and solid body guitars, plectrum and finger styles, and the reverberant guitar synthesizer. His adventurous work, though well received in the United States, has made him a virtual adopted son in Montreal, where wild-fire acclaim was accorded him at the annual jazz festivals and has enabled him to appear in innumerable settings there.

Confusingly, this second special begins by showing him very briefly with such old associates as Gary Burton, Jack De Johnette and Charlie Haden; there are even momentary glimpses of Ornette Coleman and Carmen McRae, but the body of the program finds him at the Montreal club known as L'Air du Temps, backed simply by Steve Swallow on electric bass and Bob Moses on drums.

Metheny's technical wizardry and potent improvisational attack are beyond dispute; nevertheless, it is somewhat unsettling to hear him rattle off 400 to 500 notes per minute in a race horse tempo on "All the Things You Are," and far more engaging to study his lyrical interpretation of Antonio Carlos Jobim's "How Insensitive." The title, by the way, could well be applicable to Moses' clickety-click drumming on this number.

The three-man instrumentation becomes a little tedious over the long haul; one wishes for a piano or horn to offer contrast. Still, the best moments offer enough first-rate Metheny to satisfy his substantial following.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ZZ REVIEW

Quintet in a Hard Bop Groove

LEONARD FEATHER

Man for man, the Harper Brothers Quintet, a group formed four years ago by drummer Winard Harper, 27, and trumpeter Philip Harper, 24, produced Tuesday evening at Catalina's, is the most brilliant new jazz group of the new decade.

The age at which greatness in jazz musicians emerges seems to have diminished steadily over the years. Justin Robinson, on alto sax, and Kevin Hayes, the pianist, are even more astonishing than the leaders. Both are 21. Robinson's sound is strong, his rhythmic nuances are personal and potent. Hayes, when not limning out illustrious single note lines, manages to find dissonances and chordal combinations you didn't know existed. Finally there is the dependable bassist, Eric Lemon, 30.

With its two-man front line of trumpet and alto sax, the group is patterned stylistically after the hard bop groups of the 1950s and '60s. Yet this is by no means a nostalgia trip. These men bring their own prospective to values that are timeless.

Various writers inside and outside the group have supplied the themes, which are modestly attractive jumping off points for the strings of solos. In the finale, Winard Harper contributed an ingenious solo, partly on the rims of his snares, then with sticks on the high-hat cymbal.

The group offers an example of the extent to which unhyphenated, acoustic jazz has persevered in an era of funk, rock and fusion. The quintet closes Saturday.

MUSIC REVIEW 4-9-90

ROVA Quartet Capable on Sax

The cutting-edge group known as the ROVA Saxophone Quartet (its acronym uses the initials of the founding members) was in town Saturday for a concert at the Southern California Institute of Architecture in Santa Monica.

The 12-year-old unit resembles the World Saxophone Quartet only in the absence of a rhythm section. ROVA is well rehearsed, it plays in tune, and it aims at a pan-musical avant-garde experience.

In the course of the evening there was a continual interchange between unison and harmony, tonality and atonality, counterpoint and polyphony, rhythmic pulses and timelessness. It also deals with strict composition and total freedom, which could be easily distinguished in Steve Lacy's brilliantly structured "Precipitation Suite," but in Henry Threadgill's "Background" the dividing line was hard to detect.

Original works within the group were composed by baritone saxophonist John Raskin, tenor sax soloist Larry Ochs (who doubled on soprano sax) and the newest member, altoist Steve Adams. Bruce Ackley on soprano sax contributed some of the most emotionally moving solos.

At times energy tended to replace form, and intensity took precedence over content. At one point a table was brought on stage bearing gadgets: a toy trumpet, balls and flags, used as hand signals during a hysterical piece. This exercise in pretension tipped over the border between the sublime to the ridiculous.

A strange interlude had the men playing one staccato chord every five seconds. During the intervening silences a dog outside the hall barked in what seemed like perfect time. This was truly an outstanding example of aleatory music.

—LEONARD FEATHER

4/23/90

MUSIC REVIEW

Modern Jazz, Kronos at UCLA

You could say it was a musical marriage made, if not in heaven, certainly in a booking agency, judging by the crowd that packed Royce Hall Saturday to hear the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Kronos Quartet.

In view of John Lewis' Third Stream ventures, and the Kronos recordings of Ellington, Monk and Miles Davis, the joint presentation might have seemed logical. As it turned out, ironically, the Modern Jazz Quartet stuck to its most conservative jazz mode, and the Kronos, in its opening set, never dipped into jazz waters.

Two of these pieces were recently commissioned. John Zorn's "Cat-o'-Nine-Tails" supposedly took as its inspiration the surreal music found in animated cartoons. Fragmentary and aleatory, the work made frog-like jumps between decades, even centuries, in dozens of bits and pieces.

"Doom—a Sigh," by the Hungarian composer Istvan Marta, employed taped female vocal sounds recorded by the composer in Romania for an eerie, moaning *Sprechgesang* effect that soon wore out its impact.

More accessible was a brief piece by a composer from Uganda, played in a sometimes folksy, fast 3/4 with Joan Jeanrenaud tapping her cello for a hint of percussion.

The Modern Jazz Quartet long ago found itself a comfortable niche that has tended more and more to become a rut. The long Gershwin medley found Milt Jackson offering most of what little vitality remains, while John Lewis at the piano busily turned the pages of music he has performed a thousand times and must surely be able to play in his sleep.

The two groups finally came together, playing three Lewis originals. "The Golden Striker" made belated use of the Kronos, played modestly well on "Alexander's Fugue," but ended on a triumphant note with "A Day in Dubrovnik."

Surely one of Lewis' finest works, variously romantic and rhythmic, "Dubrovnik" united all the elements—Lewis, Jackson, David Harrington's lead violin, even Connie Kay's often stiff drumming—into a seamless whole.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

4-9-90

Talbert's Sounds a Balm to the Ear

By LEONARD FEATHER

Entering Linda's on Melrose Avenue during the first Saturday afternoon of each month is like stepping into a time tunnel. Tom Talbert, the composer and pianist who has been leading his septet on these monthly gigs since November, 1988, writes with the values of 1950s West Coast sounds in mind.

At the first session this month, the band seemed a little stiff, particularly in the rhythm section, which was almost metronomically sluggish on the slow tunes. The problem could have been that three of the seven men, including the drummer and bassist, were subbing for the regular musicians.

Whether the music he composed and arranged was written 35 years ago or last week, it all reflect Talbert's personality: conservative in harmonic ideas, aiming now and then at a small-band, Count Basie mood ("Cute," "Corner Pocket," "She's Just My Size").

The charts provide a showcase for four capable horns. Outstanding was the former Basie trumpeter and fluegelhornist, Bob Summers, well framed in Talbert's "Month of Sundays." Charlie Loper's trombone also had moments of inspiration.

The band came closest to swinging on "Samba de Orfeu," starting with a melodic statement by Lee Callet's baritone sax, followed by Don Shelton's buoyant alto; and on an original work called "Innuendo," launched with an agreeable two-beat pulse.

If Talbert's interpretations are hardly models of experimentation, it might be reason that in a time when so much quasi-jazz is a shock to the system, it is not unpleasant to find a group that is at least balm to the ear. The septet will return May 5.

John Clayton Jr.—the Traveling Bass Player and Composer

■ **Jazz:** He tours, records and teaches—and finds time to campaign for the black musician.

By LEONARD FEATHER

MICHAEL EDWARDS / Los Angeles Times

John Clayton Jr. will co-lead a quintet tonight at the Indigo Club.

John Clayton Jr. is rapidly becoming one of the most internationally respected bassists and composers and with good reason, when you consider his credits.

As a jazzman, he's played with the Count Basie Orchestra and pianist Monty Alexander; as a classicist, he served as principal bassist with the Amsterdam Philharmonic for five years.

As a bandleader, he co-leads the Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra with his brother, saxophonist Jeff Clayton, and drummer Jeff Hamilton. The group, which made one of its rare appearances Monday at the Biltmore Hotel's Grand Avenue Bar, has two albums due out next week: an instrumental set on Capri Records and one backing singer Ernestine Anderson on Concord. The brothers also co-lead a quintet, which appears tonight at the Indigo Jazz Club in Compton.

As a composer and arranger, Clayton went to West Germany three times last year, mainly to write music for the Cologne Radio Orchestra. He also contributed works for Doc Severinsen's Tonight Show Orchestra, and for six weeks—which he describes as "my write-till-I-drop period"—wrote dozens of arrangements for the Gene Harris Phillip Morris Superband, prior to its 1989 world tour.

Clayton said his current inspiration as a writer is Academy Award winner Johnny Mandel. "I have to learn how to work with synthesizers and computers," Clayton said, "and Johnny has been my mentor, just as Ray Brown was when I was studying the bass. Henry Mancini helps me too."

In between writing assignments, Clayton's life as a touring and recording musician, and as a bass teacher, goes on unabated. In the past year he has toured Holland with pianist Alexander, gigged with John Collins, Benny Carter, Bud Shank, Carmen McRae and Nancy Wilson, and recorded with Rosemary Clooney and Mancini. He also took part in a series of instructional videos along with fellow bassists Ray Brown, Milt Hinton and Francois Rabbath, the French classical virtuoso.

Perhaps enough is enough. "For the next year," he said, "I really have to cut down on the traveling. With these albums coming out, I want to establish the big band, and work on writing projects in Los Angeles. Of course, I can still go back to Germany when they need me."

Born in Los Angeles in 1952 into a musical family—"My mother still is a wonderful pianist and conducts church choirs"—the tall, personable Clayton began his bass studies with Ray Brown at 16. Only three years later, he was the bassist on the TV series "The Mancini Generation." He gave up the series to complete his studies at Indiana University; then came two seminal years as he toured the United States and Europe with Monty Alexander. The Basie gig came next.

"After leaving Basie, I moved to Holland, but I flew right back to take part in the finals of the National Black Music Colloquium and Competition," he said. "I tied with a viola player for first place in the strings division. But meanwhile, I had auditioned for the Amsterdam Philharmonic, so I went right back and started there."

Widely accepted though he is on the Los Angeles music front, Clayton is disturbed by a lingering racism he finds all around him.

"It's really sad. I'll look around in a studio and see that I'm the only black player in the whole place, out of maybe 60 musicians," he said. "It's the same with big jazz bands; it's shocking to me that anyone could have a big band in Los Angeles and go on and on for years without even accidentally having a single black player.

"Given the number of black jazz musicians who are capable, anxious and willing, this situation is ludicrous. It's important to reach out to the young black players and open the door for them.

"I could shrug my shoulders and say, 'Well, that's the way it is; nobody says the music business is fair.' But if I do that, things will only get worse, so I can't ignore the situation."

Given his widespread credits in playing and writing, in classical and jazz, what does Clayton hope for in his future?

"I'd like to spend 40% of my time playing jazz bass, 40% composing, and 20% playing classical music," he said. "My loves are playing bass, in any style or capacity, and writing music; so as I have my bass or my pen in my hands, I'm happy."

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JAZZ REVIEW

4/17

Warm-Up Set by Bennett, Lowe Quintet at Vine St.

The performance Sunday evening at the Vine St. Bar & Grill by the Mundell Lowe Quintet and Betty Bennett was, in effect, a rehearsal for an album they were scheduled to record Monday and today.

As rehearsals go, it went reasonably well. Lowe, a long-respected guitarist whose every solo is a model of swinging good taste, played two quartet numbers, "Seven Steps to Heaven" and an unannounced ballad, before introducing Bob Cooper, whose tenor saxophone is too often confined to section work in local big bands.

Cooper stretched out buoyantly on "Stella by Starlight" and "Limehouse Blues," then stayed around for most of the vocal numbers that followed.

Betty Bennett, who started as a band vocalist before developing into a superior cabaret singer during her days as Mrs. André Previn, has emerged from retirement for occasional jobs since her marriage to Mundell Lowe. Though clearly nervous, she did not have to tell her listeners that she had laryngitis; this inevitably led them to look for minor flaws that might otherwise have gone unobserved.

Her charm, poise and musicianly style generally made up for the lapses. Bennett leans to arcane songs such as Blossom Dearie's "Dusty Springfield," an odd tribute by one singer to another, and the exquisite "Some Other Spring," one of the most memorable tunes Billie Holiday ever introduced.

Less admirable were "Wonder Why," on which she seemed to miss a cue, and "Humpty Dumpty Heart," which she described as an obscure Burke & Van Heusen song. The obscurity is understandable, since Johnny Burke's 50-year lyric is as inane as the title.

Bennett wound up the set in fine style—leaving room for solos by Lowe, Cooper and the admirable pianist George Cables—on "I Thought About You." With the opportunities offered in the studio for retakes, the album should be representative of Bennett at her best. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

4/18

Bob Florence Band Overcome by Craftsmanship

The 18-man behemoth known as Bob Florence's Limited Edition took to the stand Monday in the latest of promoter Diane Varga's weekly big band events at the Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar in downtown Los Angeles.

An eclectic composer and arranger, Florence proudly informed his listeners that "We have no subs in the band tonight." That this was his basic personnel was reflected in the infallible accuracy with which his six saxes, five trumpets and four trombones interpreted the demandingly intricate music.

For all the ingenuity of his writing, though, there were times when craftsmanship took precedence over creativity. Although Florence is a writer of sufficient skill to avoid derivative tricks, his tendency to borrow from familiar sources was often in evidence.

A reworking of Johnny Mandel's "Emily" vacillated between piano solo and orchestral passages, with Florence showing respect for the original Bill Evans waltz treatment before the band jazzed it up, complete with pointless quotes from "Things Ain't What They Used to Be." This patchwork chart, despite ingenious use of everything from flutes to contrabass clarinet, never settled into a firm indentity.

Deliberately secondhand was Florence's "Big Band Treasure Chest," packed with references, some obvious and others obscure, to Ellington, Goodman, Basie and Herman among others. But his version of the Harold Arlen standard "Out of This World" was truly original, showing that he does not need to rely on gimmicks.

Much of the band's warmth lies less in the writing than in several strong soloists, notably Steve Huffsteter on fluegelhorn, Lanny Morgan on alto sax and Charlie Loper on trombone. The ensemble was driven by drummer Peter Donald, whose power and precision kept the rhythmic pulse in flawless shape.

The skill Florence has shown over the years leaves no doubt that he can tackle just about any orchestrational challenge. The proof was present again on Monday, but along with it came reminders that a first-rate talent can be qualified by reliance on secondhand ideas.

—LEONARD FEATHER

4/22/90

JAZZ

Astoria's Tony Bennett Proves You Can Go Home Again

By LEONARD FEATHER

These are good times for Tony Bennett and Anthony Benedetto.

Anthony Benedetto is, of course, Tony Bennett's alter ego: the Benedetto signature is attached to oil paintings, water colors and pastels seen at exhibitions around the world.

Bennett the singer continues to wend his way across continents; he returned to Los Angeles last week from a tour of Britain and will appear Tuesday at the Betty Clooney Foundation benefit at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

Bennett's latest album, "Astoria: Portrait of the Artist," is an effort with more than a trace of déjà vu surrounding it. The album front shows Bennett standing in his Astoria neighborhood at age 15, while the back cover has him in the same spot last year at age 63.

"My son Danny, who's been my manager and producer for 11 years, came up with the photo idea," Bennett said the other day. "We were amazed to find almost nothing has changed. It's a blue-collar town with secretaries, teachers, writers, only 15 minutes from New York, yet just like a little Midwestern town. It was a wonderful environment to grow up in."

The music in the album is about "looking back, as well as looking ahead," said Bennett.

It opens with "When Do the Bells Ring for Me?," a new song by Charles de Forest that evokes for Bennett the days when, looking across the East River at the New York skyline, he wondered whether good fortune would strike.

The break came in 1949 when he was spotted in a Pearl Bailey revue in Greenwich Village by Bob Hope, who changed his stage name from Joe Bari to Tony Bennett and took him on a 10-day tour. A year later, he auditioned for Mitch Miller at Columbia Records with a demo record of "Boulevard of Broken Dreams." It became Bennett's first release and was a semi-hit.

Tony Bennett returns to the old neighborhood: Left, at the age of 15 and right, today in Astoria, N.Y.

"It got me on the road to places like Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston. Because I still love the song, I recorded it again for this album."

Charles de Forest is represented by two other songs on "Portrait of the Artist": "Where Do You Go From Love?" and "I've Come Home Again," the latter almost involuntarily commissioned by Bennett.

"De Forest is a great musician in the Cole Porter tradition," he said. "He's always been famous in New York, playing piano at East Side clubs. I heard him one night battling a noisy crowd that was either paying no attention or asking him to play 'Melancholy Baby.' I tried to tell him, over the noise, that I was doing an album reflecting back on life in my hometown.

"I didn't even think he'd heard me in that din, but the next morning at 10 a.m. he came over with this new piece, and I was so taken with him, I wound up doing three of his songs."

Most of the other tunes relate to friends or places in Bennett's past.

"A Little Street Where Old Friends Meet" reminds him, he says, of "my days as a singing waiter [in New York], when I'd wait on tables and take requests. Al Cohn, the saxophonist, played on some of my early jobs.

"The song 'I Was Lost, I Was Drifting' was suggested to me by Ella Fitzgerald. It brings back the days when I really was lost, just back from my World War II service in the infantry and trying to adjust to civilian life.

"Carmen McRae, who always comes up with wonderful song ideas—she suggested 'For Once In My Life' and 'Georgia Rose'—gave me 'It's Like Reaching for the Moon.' She knew it from an old record by another of my early idols, Billie Holiday."

Bob Wells and Jack Segal, who composed "When Joanna Loves Me" for Bennett's eldest daughter, have followed it up with an attractive sequel, "Antonia," for her young sister, now 15.

If there aren't as many singers recording the kind of classic pop material Bennett favors, he feels the reasons are primarily economic. "Everybody today," he said, "is too involved with who's making the most money. When we started out, it was who did the best recordings. That's why the Nat Coles, the Louis Armstrongs, the Sinatras were always right on top. Now it's too much of a media push."

Vic Damone, a contemporary who still does the great pop tunes, feels it's the love of singing, rather than the money, that keeps Bennett going. "I've seen some of the places he's worked," Damone recalled, "and said to myself, 'Wait, what is he doing here?' Then I'd watch him onstage—often he

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

Jimmy Heath Quartet at El Camino College

Though it was not to be expected that Jimmy Heath's Quartet would fill the spacious Marsee Hall at El Camino College Thursday evening, what could be anticipated was a program of music diversified enough to sustain the interest and reaffirm the reputation of the 63-year-old tenor saxophonist.

With them were his brother Tootie on drums, Ben Brown on bass and guitarist Tony Purrone, who for 12 years has been a virtual adopted brother of the musical Heath family.

Heath's warm tone and personal vibrato placed him in a middle ground, post-Dexter Gordon but pre-John Coltrane. He brought buoyancy and spirit to "On the Trail," "Hi Fly" and his own composition "Sassy Samba" (written 10 years ago and dedicated to Sarah Vaughan).

Variety was assured through Heath's occasional use of flute or soprano sax (the latter most effectively on "Round Midnight"), and by the always remarkable facility of Purrone, one of the most underrated guitarists on the mainstream-modern front.

Ben Brown played a hand-held electric bass that was almost all neck and no body, producing a heavy, thudding sound, though his ideas at times transcended the instrument's built-in handicap. He and everyone else reached a zenith of excitement on the Sonny Red tune "Bluesville."

Tootie Heath, always a propulsive and sensitive drummer, displayed some dazzling brushwork on "Heart House."

Jimmy Heath, now regularly active as a teacher and clinician, conducted a workshop for El Camino earlier in the day. The concert offered proof of the eloquence with which he can still practice what he preaches.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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The Roller-Coaster Ride of the New American Orchestra

Music: Keeping a big band together is tough in these times, but this ensemble will mark 11 years of togetherness at a Royce Hall concert.

By LEONARD FEATHER

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

American Orchestra's Jack Elliott: "We're in a Catch-22 situation."

The problems involved in keeping a big band together have plagued musicians ever since the swing era ended. Where do you find jobs for 16 men? Whom do you commission to write for them and how do you pay them? Where can you travel, given the huge cost of plane fares? How do you keep the ensemble racially integrated?

Multiply these questions by four or five and you have an idea of what has confronted the Foundation for New American Music, a nonprofit group under whose auspices the New American Orchestra, then 84 strong, started its roller-coaster life 11 years ago this week at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

The orchestra will celebrate its anniversary tonight at Royce Hall, which will henceforth be its regular home. "Acoustically, it's the ideal place for us," says its director, Jack Elliott. "Also, after dropping down to 60, we've added some strings to bring it back up to 72, so we'll have the depth we need."

Under Elliott's aegis, the orchestra has introduced 83 new works. Best remembered are Patrick Williams' "Concerto for Orchestra," which has been utilized in several forms since its premiere at the first concert in 1979, and two works by Manny Albam featuring saxophonists Phil Woods and Bud Shank. Best forgotten is a piece by Claus Ogerman written to feature trumpeter Freddie Hubbard. ("He didn't write it to show Freddie's strengths—well, we played it anyway, and it was a disaster.")

Tonight's program, typically, will mix pop, jazz and "legitimate" elements. Saxophonist Michael Brecker will make his first appearance with the NAO. Dave Grusin, joined by such sidemen as Harvey Mason, Abe Laboriel, Tom Scott and Sal Marquez, will play excerpts from his film scores. There will be three newly commissioned compositions: pianist Tom Garvin's "Day at the River," Patrick Williams' "Overture to a Time" and a movement from Clare Fischer's "Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra."

The last half hour, Elliott says, "will be a salute to the 50th anniversary of Broadcast Music Inc.—a huge medley sung by Patti Austin, Jack Jones, Kenny Rankin and Phil Perry."

The BMI medley clearly is the orchestra's quid pro quo, since that organization contributed "a big donation." Such deals are essential to the ensemble's survival.

"That we are still alive after 11 years is due to sheer perseverance," Elliott says, "and to the devotion and help of a core group of financial supporters, along with major funding from a series of sponsors, including a Connecticut life insurance company, then AT&T, and most recently Sanyo-Fisher, who will present us with a New York orchestra Sept. 8 in Avery Fisher Hall."

Because no symphony orchestra gives composers the opportunities the eclectic NAO has offered, its existence is important, even though some critics have questioned its claim to be a symphonic jazz ensemble. (Elliott dislikes that label, claims he still can't find the right name tag, and wishes he could just refer to it as "the band.")

"We're in a Catch-22 situation. During the Reagan and Bush administrations, the changes in the tax laws and the arts endowment situation have created enormous difficulties in fund-raising. We are told 'Go to the private sector,' but meanwhile they've taken away the inducement to the private sector to donate!"

Another problem has been that of keeping the orchestra integrated. Recently Elliott talked with bassist John Clayton about keeping a line open to the black community. Clayton says: "I'm excited about it. I feel Jack is a doer, not a talker, and he really wants minorities represented. Some time in the next year I'll be writing something for the orchestra, and playing too."

Finding new guest soloists who are willing to rehearse and perform is another constant challenge. Some of Elliott's fondest memories involve Sarah Vaughan. "She was foremost among the people who were truly supportive in those difficult early years. She came to the Chandler and worked for nothing. She was back there for our fifth anniversary, the night we had Quincy Jones; that night she sang with James Ingram. It's people like Sarah who have given us hope—and believe me, it hasn't always been easy to keep hoping."

L.A. TIMES 4/29/90 (SYND.) (CATED)

Duke Ellington's Music Still Sweetly Thunders

By LEONARD FEATHER

Edward Kennedy (Duke) Ellington would have been 91 today.

In a very real sense, however, the Duke lives on today through his music as it resounds in some 50 compact discs, in hundreds of tribute albums, and in concerts by the still-splendid orchestra that Mercer Ellington took over when his father died in May, 1974.

Ellington's admirers have worked to elevate his image from that of a popular songwriter to a more significant role as composer/arranger of orchestral works, from three-minute masterpieces such as "Ko-Ko" and "Harlem Airshaft" to extended pieces such as "Black, Brown & Beige," "A Tone Parallel to Harlem," "The Far East Suite" and "Night Creature" (this last recorded by the band in tandem with the Stockholm and Paris symphonies).

"He is respected more than ever today; this has a lot to do with the increased awareness of the greatness of black artists in general—musicians, painters, writers," says jazz composer, arranger and band leader Toshiko Akiyoshi. "The jazz community always recognized him, but now there is more understanding of the contribution of black artists to society.

"After his death, I suddenly realized that he was very proud of his race, and some of his music was an expression of that pride."

"In 20th-Century music, Duke Ellington is finally recognized as one of the half-dozen greatest masters of our time," says composer and historian Gunther Schuller.

While San Francisco is staging the jazz world's major event of the day, other celebrations are planned in New York and elsewhere. In Los Angeles, the local branch of the Ellington Society will hold its annual birthday meeting while in Washington, Ellington's natal town, members of a jazz ensemble from the city's Duke Ellington School of the Arts will offer a brief program of his music at his birth site, now known as the Duke Ellington Building.

■ **San Francisco:** McHenry Boatwright will be one of the singers at Grace Cathedral when the Ellington Orchestra today celebrates the 25th anniversary of Duke's first sacred recital.

Reached in Copenhagen, where he lives when not touring with the orchestra, Mercer Ellington said: "This will be similar to the concert Pop gave when Dean Bartlett invited him to Grace Cathedral in 1965. We'll have some of the same artists—Bunny Briggs, the singer and dancer, and narration by Brock Peters. Lil Greenwood, who sang with the band in the '60s, will be back, and we'll revive 'New World A-Comin', a piano concerto, which Pop played originally. It will be performed by someone Ruth discovered—Lillianne Questel, a classical pianist from Haiti."

The Ellington orchestra in 1940, above, included saxophonist Ben Webster (directly above Duke), and bassist Jimmy Blanton. Below: Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, right with copyist Tom Whaley in the '60s.

The sacred concerts fell far short of the critical acclaim for which their composer had hoped. Some observers felt they were overloaded with vocals and that lyric writing was not Duke's forte. Still, these presentations were central to Ellington's thoughts in his final decade. There were three sets of religious works, two of which were performed in many houses of prayer; the third, completed when Duke was terminally ill with cancer, was presented at Westminster Abbey exactly seven months before his death.

■ **JAZZ LISTINGS:** Page 93

■ **New York:** "We'll have several observances here," said Ruth Ellington Boatwright, Duke's sister. "As always, Pastor John Gensel will preside over the Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church." (Gensel, a close friend of Duke and longtime pastor to the jazz community, was the subject of an Ellington composition, "The Shepherd Who Watches Over the Night Flock.")

Following the Vespers, the New York chapter of the Duke Ellington Society will present a program of his music by Joe Temperley, the Scots-born musician who took over the late Harry Carney's chair with Ellington in 1974.

One tribute to the maestro is literally monumental. A 20-foot tall bronze sculpture, topped off by a life-size Ellington standing at a grand piano, has been completed and is awaiting placement in its designated site at the northeast entrance to Central Park in Manhattan.

The statue was a dream of Bobby Short, the singer and pianist who over the past few years, as president of the Duke Ellington Memorial Fund, has organized a series of fund-raisers to pay the million-dollar fee to sculptor Robert Graham. "It's in his studio now," Short said in a call from New York. "That area of the park is being completely renovated and relandscaped. We have Mayor Dinkins on our side, helping to expedite it, and we hope to have the statue in place by the end of this year—or at least by Duke's next birthday."

■ **Ottawa:** From May 17-20, the eighth annual Duke Ellington Conference will be held at the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa. Former Ellingtonians will reminisce about Duke and his perennial associate Billy Strayhorn (composer of the band's theme, "Take the A Train," and close collaborator from 1939 until his death in 1967). Alice Babs, the Swedish diva who sang and many Ellington concerts, will come out of retirement. Harold Ashby will be there, as will Ellington educator Kenny Burrell. □

LOS ANGELES TIMES

4/30/90

JAZZ REVIEW

New American Orchestra Pays Its Debt at Royce

By LEONARD FEATHER

What's new?

Is the Foundation for New American Music new?

How new is the New American Orchestra, whose music it presents?

Picture this grand finale at the orchestra's 11th-anniversary concert, Saturday evening at Royce Hall. The spotlight is not on the orchestra but on four singers, seated on high stools stage left. They sing a medley of songs written decades ago.

The singers—Jack Jones, Patti Austin, Kenny Rankin and Phil Perry—did an efficient job, whether the songs were good, bad or indifferent. A few ("Yesterday," "Michelle") were great. They had this in common: The performing rights belong to BMI, which paid a tidy grant to the foundation and got a 32-minute plug.

If this had been a medley of ASCAP songs it would have been no different, no less irrelevant, given the original premise of this orchestra. The aim, we were told, was the commissioning of symphonic jazz works. There is nothing remotely symphonic about "Cabaret" or "King of the Road" or "Never on Sunday." Nor was any of the four vocalists a jazz artist.

Commercial convenience has taken precedence over artistic integrity. Four orchestrators worked on this songfest. The mountains labored, and out came Mickey Medley. It could have been any pop TV music special.

The evening lived up to its original concept here and there. One of four commissioned works, Bob Mintzer's "Then and Now," with the admirable Michael Brecker on tenor sax, moved from a slow start to a cooking tension-building climax. Tom Garvin, a pianist in the orchestra, had a chance to display himself in his own "Day at the River."

Dave Grusin, playing a selection of his movie themes, offered evidence that they have a viable meaning removed from their source. "The Milagro Beanfield War," with its Latino overtones, was melodic and charming; the excerpts from "The Fabulous Baker Boys," with Sal Marquez playing 1960s-style Miles Davis muted trumpet and Tom Scott on tenor sax, brought life to music that was heavily subjugated in the film. All well and good, yet we look to this "New" orchestra for newer ideas and fewer payoff tributes.

APRIL, 1990

letters to JazzTimes

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Miles Davis

To the Editor:

This is a somewhat late reply to Leonard Feather's review of Miles Davis' recent autobiography. While Mr. Feather may be right in saying that—as a piece of jazz criticism—*Miles: the Autobiography* doesn't measure up to other books on the subject, I think he fails to realize that Miles isn't doing jazz criticism. Feather's insistence on looking at Miles' book in the same way he would Ian Carr's *Miles* seems to reflect some degree of hostility on his part.

One can understand that Mr. Feather, who has been setting pen to paper about jazz for decades, and who probably does it better than anyone else, might be envious of a $22.95 hard-back bestseller with good marketing, on the shelves in time for Christmas. Miles could never write a set of liner notes as well as Mr. Feather, but I'm surprised that the eminent critic finds no value in what the artist himself has to say about his own life and music. Quite frankly, I'm sick of reading what other people think about Miles' career. As a young musician, his music means something to me, and so do his feelings about it.

The thing that disappointed me most about Feather's review was his analysis of Miles' language. For someone who has been writing about black musicians for as long as he has, the ignorance of his comments really amazed me. First of all, Feather is right: *Miles: the Autobiography* was probably composed, for the most part, on a tape recorder. I am actually more comfortable with that arrangement, because as useful as liner notes and record reviews might be in reconstructing "jazz history," the art form is still based in aural/oral culture. Just because Mr. Feather has personal knowledge of Miles' ability to speak and write Standard/Prestige English, does not mean we should enforce that dialect on him. It's my guess Miles *had* to speak and write White English in order to get record companies, jazz magazines and critics like Leonard Feather to listen to him. This is a more linguistically holistic age, and I can understand Miles' English as well as I can anyone else's. His frequent use of expletives is about as annoying as Feather's catch phrases from French; I can easily ignore them.

I don't put Miles on a pedestal, but I do see a hero in his book, and despite Mr. Feather's worries, it inspires me to make music creatively and conscientiously—without taking up drugs.

Steve Robinson
Okemos, Mich.

Mr. Feather replies:

I find it odd, and sad, that Mr. Robinson equates standard English with "White English" (there is no such thing) and calls it a "dialect"(!) that was forced on Miles to enable him to communicate with white people. Miles grew up speaking standard English, learned it from his family (can you imagine his mother, a gracious East St. Louis society lady, saying "motherfucker"?) and spoke it when he came to New York. If Mr. Robinson doesn't trust me, let him check with fellow musicians like Stan Levey (who lived with Miles for months and has confirmed exactly what I said in my review) or Benny Carter or any of the others who knew him then. Meanwhile, let him look up "dialect" in the dictionary. —L.F.

3

ALL THAT JAZZ

Respected jazz bassist is in demand

By LEONARD FEATHER
LOS ANGELES TIMES

John Clayton Jr. is rapidly becoming one of the most internationally respected bassists and composers, and with good reason, when you consider his credits.

As a jazzman, he's played with the Count Basie Orchestra and pianist Monty Alexander; as a classicist, he served as principal bassist with the Amsterdam Philharmonic for five years.

As a bandleader, he co-leads the Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra with his brother, saxophonist Jeff Clayton, and drummer Jeff Hamilton. The group has two albums due out soon: an instrumental set on Capri Records and one backing singer Ernestine Anderson on Concord. The brothers also co-lead a quintet.

As a composer and arranger, Clayton went to West Germany three times last year, mainly to write music for the Cologne Radio Orchestra. He also contributed works for Doc Severinsen's Tonight Show Orchestra, and for six weeks -which he describes as "my write-till-I-drop period" - wrote dozens of arrangements for the Gene Harris Phillip Morris Superband, prior to its 1989 world tour.

Clayton said his current inspiration as a writer is Academy Award winner Johnny Mandel. "I have to learn how to work with synthesizers and computers," Clayton said, "and Johnny has been my mentor, just as Ray Brown was when I was studying the bass. Henry Mancini helps me too."

As a composer and arranger, Clayton went to West Germany three times last year, mainly to write music for the Cologne Radio Orchestra.

In between writing assignments, Clayton's life as a touring and recording musician, and as a bass teacher, goes on unabated. In the past year he has toured Holland with pianist Alexander, gigged with John Collins, Benny Carter, Bud Shank, Carmen McRae and Nancy Wilson, and recorded with Rosemary Clooney and Mancini. He also took part in a series of instructional videos along with fellow bassists Ray Brown, Milt Hinton and Francois Rabbath, the French classical virtuoso.

Perhaps enough is enough. "For the next year," he said, "I really have to cut down on the traveling. With these albums coming out, I want to establish the big band and work on writing projects in Los Angeles. Of course, I can still go back to Germany when they need me."

Born in Los Angeles in 1952 into a musical family — "My mother still is a wonderful pianist and conducts church choirs" — the tall, personable Clayton began his bass studies with Ray Brown at 16. Only three years later, he was the bassist on the TV series "The Mancini Generation." He gave up the series to complete his studies at Indiana University; then came two seminal years as he toured the United States and Europe with Monty Alexander. The Basie gig came next.

"After leaving Basie, I moved to Holland, but I flew right back to take part in the finals of the National Black Music Colloquium and Competition," he said. "I tied with a viola player for first place in the strings division. But meanwhile, I had auditioned for the Amsterdam Philharmonic, so I went right back and started there."

Though he is widely accepted as a musician, Clayton is disturbed by a lingering racism he finds all around him.

"It's really sad. I'll look around in a studio and see that I'm the only black player in the whole place, out of maybe 60 musicians," he said. "It's the same with big jazz bands; it's shocking to me that anyone could have a big band in Los Angeles and go on and on for years without even accidentally having a single black player.

"Given the number of black jazz musicians who are capable, anxious and willing, this situation is ludicrous. It's important to reach out to the young black players and open the door for them.

"I could shrug my shoulders and say, 'Well, that's the way it is; nobody says the music business is fair.' But if I do that, things will only get worse, so I can't ignore the situation."

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

Emily Remler, 32; Noted Jazz Guitarist

Emily Remler, a highly acclaimed jazz guitarist, has died of a heart attack.

Miss Remler, 32, died Thursday in Sydney, Australia.

Graduated from the Berklee School of Music in Boston in 1976, Miss Remler won Times jazz critic Leonard Feather's "Golden Feather Award" in 1981 and in 1985 was named jazz guitarist of the year by Downbeat Annual International Critics Poll. She had recorded seven albums.

Last year, Feather pronounced her performance at the Vine St. Bar & Grill here "stunning" and a "felicitous celebration of rhythmic and melodic elegance."

JAZZ REVIEW

5/4/90

Stewart, Barnes Make a Smooth Duo at the Biltmore

Yevette Stewart and Cheryl Barnes, locally based singers who have been working as a team in recent months, presented their show Wednesday at the Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar.

Although there are frequent R&B intimations both in the vocals and the backup group, Stewart and Barnes have found a variety of directions for their solo numbers and the occasional duets. Their sources of inspiration range from Earth, Wind & Fire to James Taylor, from Al Jarreau to Take 6.

One set began with what might be called everywoman's opening song, "On a Clear Day," complete with scat interludes in which Barnes leaned to Fitzgeraldish-like scat, in contrast to Stewart's more Sarah Vaughan-like overtones.

Stewart recalled Vaughan again with her high note ending on "A Time for Love," but in the range race Barnes is clearly victorious, leaping upward in unpredictable octave jumps to a pure register.

The duets tended to be a little casual, hitting a good-humor groove on "Compared to What?"

The back-up quartet was generally efficient but a hair on the loud side in the uptempo songs. Larry Nash on piano and Philip Cabasso on keyboard had some good solo moments; Dwayne Smith on electric bass and John Merola on drums rounded out the group.

Stewart and Barnes have enough in common, yet enough sets them apart to complement one another. All they need is more two-part harmony to tighten up the act.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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L.A. TIMES 5/6/90 JAZZ (Syndicated)

★★★★★

MILES DAVIS

"Someday My Prince Will Come"

Columbia

Keening, yearning, muted and mysterious, the Davis horn was never more sublime than in the title song. Here, and again on "Teo," the "sheets-of-sound" tenor of John Coltrane accentuates the

ALBUM REVIEWS

mood. In the timeless balladry of "Old Folks" and "I Thought About You," and the call-and-response blues motif of "Pfrancing," Davis shares space with Hank Mobley's tenor and Wynton Kelly's piano. Could the wired-up, reverberant Davis of today create such master works? Never mind. His "Prince" has returned, digitalized and more than ever distinguished in hindsight's light.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★½

SONNY ROLLINS

"Falling In Love With Jazz"

Milestone

Rollins' first album of the '90s is highlighted by two superb musical encounters—on "For All We Know" and "I Should Care"—with Branford Marsalis. But the most unusual track in the ballad-heavy collection is Rollins' transformation of the "Tennessee Waltz" into a soaring, passionately eloquent jazz sermon. Pianist Tommy Flanagan, a standout in a select group of backup players, plays with exquisite taste and precision on a album that both confirms and defines Rollins' preeminence among jazz tenor saxophonists.

—DON HECKMAN

Legendary trumpeter Miles Davis in New Orleans, left, the late Dexter Gordon, above, and tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins.

★★★★

DEXTER GORDON

"Doin' Allright"

Blue Note

In 1961, when this date was recorded, the late Gordon had just returned to the jazz scene after an absence of several years due to personal problems. As even a brief listen to this effort will show, Gordon was in remarkable form, blowing flowing, rhythmically-dynamic lines buoyed by his trademark hearty tone.

The program moves from medium tempos tunes like the Gershwin's pretty "I Was Doing All Right" and Gordon's cooker, "For Regulars Only" (two takes) to the exhilarating "It's You or No One," taken at a gallop. Gordon swings majestically through it all, and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and pianist Horace Parlan add distinctively complex solo voices.

In a word, this reissue is, as Gordon liked to quip, "solid."

—ZAN STEWART

★★★★

CARMEN McRAE

"McRae Sings Monk"

RCA Novus

This is a winner. Thelonious Monk has already become the most recorded jazz composer since Duke Ellington, but with the use of lyrics (some of them seldom or never recorded before) on 15 Monk standards, and the wise choice of a singer who knows them inside out, his legacy will reach a new echelon.

Except for " 'Round Midnight," most of these songs were wordless until decades after they were written. For legal reasons they all hav new titles ("Monk's Dream" be comes "Man, That Was a Dream. "Straight No Chaser" is now "G It Straight"). Both these lyrics ar by Sally Swisher.

Of the others, seven, all equall ingenious, are by Jon Hendrick McRae is in total control, wit witty words and a scat interlude o "Well You Needn't" (a.k.a. "It over Now") and "In Walked Bud alias "Suddenly," which is heard both studio and live versions, th former with tenor by the la Charlie Rouse and suberb ba work by George Mraz. On almo all cuts, though, the basic grou has Clifford Jordan on tenor ar Eric Gunnison, McRae's regul pianist.

The alternating humor an charm of these tunes are flawless captured in this album. —L.

★★★★

RICKY FORD

"Manhattan Blues"

Candid

Tenorman Ford, a veteran of banc led by Charles Mingus and Merce Ellington, displays his enterprisin manner of combining modern an traditional values into a very ap pealing style. His big, rollickin sound and fleet improvisation make him sound like Ben Webste and Sonny Rollins rolled up in one

Backed by Jaki Byard (piano Milt Hinton (bass) and Ben Rile (drums), Ford launches into originals and three classics. Erro Garner's "Misty" and Miles Davi

Please see Page 6

SUN, MAY 6

"Homeward Bound"

I first saw Nat "King" Cole and his trio perform—for $140 a week—at Kelly's Stable on 52d Street in New York City, in 1941. The show included Art Tatum (an idol of Nat's) on piano, Billie Holiday, Benny Carter's sextet and dancer Bobby Laurence. Nat was not yet a headliner, though he was not unknown to us die-hard jazz fans. We had heard his trio backing Lionel Hampton on a few records, but we knew nothing of Nat's singing.

At Kelly's his vocal on "Sweet Lorraine" made such an impression on me that when my daughter was born, years later, we named her Lorraine—less for the song than for Nat's rendition of it.

Over the next few years, as the trio's popularity soared, I got to know Nat and his second wife, Maria. My wife and I had been invited to their wedding, in 1948, at Harlem's Abyssinian Baptist Church, and to the lavish reception that followed at the Belmont Plaza. The guests included Sarah Vaughan, Nellie Lutcher and Hazel Scott (whose husband, Adam Clayton Powell Jr., performed the ceremony). Opinions of Maria were mixed, but when she devoted herself so entirely to Nat, most of his friends came around.

In those days, I was writing a lot of songs. At one point I gave Nat the music for a song called "Homeward Bound." After he died I learned that he had recorded a song by that name in 1946, but since the record was never released, I still don't know if it was my song.

One night in 1951, I dropped in at the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles, where Nat was making an uncharacteristically low-key appearance, just leading the trio and playing jazz. I had with me a humorous little song I'd written called "Where Were You?" Nat had always been courteous and friendly to me; he looked at the piece and said, "We'll see what we can do." His recording of it was released in 1955 as part of what Capitol Records called "The Tenth Anniversary Album," though I've yet to figure out just what happened in 1945 to justify that title.

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS

The original Nat Cole Trio included bass player Wesley Prince (left), Cole and guitarist Oscar Moore. Today, their jazz recordings are highly prized.

My fondest recollections of Nat are at his home in Hancock Park, Calif., the restricted community that gave him so much grief when he and Maria first moved in. After things settled down, Nat took to throwing a big party there every Fourth of July. Those were fabulous affairs, reflecting Nat's success on both the social and the musical levels. The guest lists included friends both black and white, musicians, businessmen, song pluggers and, of course, Nat's children and other relatives.

Many of us spent those afternoons in Nat's big swimming pool. He was always a gracious host, but time brought subtle changes to his personality. He got preoccupied with money, or so it seemed to me. I suppose it brought security and insulation from all the racism of those days and the vagaries of a musician's life.

A few years ago I assembled, for MCA Records, an album I called *Nat "King" Cole From the Very Beginning*. It included a jam session recorded under his brother Eddie's leadership in 1936, as well as the great early instrumental hits and some of the best vocals, even "Sweet Lorraine." This is the Nat "King" Cole I like to remember, the magnificent instrumentalist, fine vocal artist, and a man who enjoyed the lasting respect of all who knew him. ■

LEONARD FEATHER, *composer and author of* The Encyclopedia of Jazz, *has been jazz critic at the* Los Angeles Times *since 1965.*

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Jazz Reviews

5/8

All-Star Line-Up Shows Up for Powell Salute

Tribute concerts often are loaded with good intentions but overloaded with ego-tripping superstars. Sunday at the Proud Bird restaurant on Aviation Boulevard these problems were generally sidestepped when a parade of artists dedicated their time to honor Benny Powell, the great trombonist who for five months has been gravely ill with kidney failure. O.C. Smith, the minister and singer, was a principal organizer.

An estimated thousand fans paid from $10 to as much as $1,000 to help defray Powell's medical expenses. The performances seldom ran too long and the speeches were never too maudlin. At one point, Ken Borgers of KLON played the tape of his phone interview with Powell, who is recuperating in New York.

The dominant musical theme of the event, which ran well over seven hours, was the blues. Jimmy and Jeannie Cheatham were on hand with a cut-down version of their blues band, with Marshal Royal in uncommonly funky form on alto sax, and Vi Redd adding her own indigo alto as the set ended to an uproarious ovation.

Even avant gardist James Newton on flute and pianist Horace Tapscott played some jaunty blues. Trumpeter Clora Bryant, after singing an original dedicated to Powell (incomprehensible because of poor miking), was next in line in the vocal blues parade.

Some of the most compelling songs, however, drew from the Hollywood past. Two of the best groups of the day played old movie songs—the puissant Harold Land-Oscar Brashear quintet in "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and Andy Simpkins in a bass solo with pianist Gerald Wiggins in "My Foolish Heart."

Another old film product, "I'll Remember April," was Lorez Alexandria's choice. Substituting "Sarah" and "Dexter" for "April," she sang her heart out. This was her only number. Unlike her, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland seemed unaware of the need for fast turnover at these benefits as he led a less than inspiring eight piece band, talked too much and played too long, delaying the appearances of singers Ernie Andrews and O.C. Smith. The evening ran almost 90 minutes overtime, ending on a fitting note as Vi Redd sang "Precious Lord."

Billed as "An Afternoon of Music and Love," this marathon affair left no doubt about Benny Powell's following among fans and dozens of creatively gifted colleagues.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ AND LOVE: Dozens of stars, including Clora Bryant, above, and more than a thousand fans, turned out to pay tribute to ailing trombonist Benny Powell in a marathon benefit. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

L.A. Times 7/15/70

JAZZ

★★★½

ED BICKERT & LORNE LOFSKY

"This is New"

Concord Jazz

Two prominent Toronto guitarists—Bickert, 57, and Lofsky, 36—join with two of Canada's best rhythm purveyors, bassist Neal Swainson and drummer Jerry Fuller, for a low-key collaboration

ALBUM REVIEWS

on tunes mainly written by fellow jazzmen (Wes Montgomery, Cedar Walton, Horace Silver, Steve Swallow). Each has a solo track; Lofsky's harmonic grace is well displayed in the Ellington-Strayhorn "Star Crossed Lovers." Both men deal ingeniously with Charlie Parker's contrapuntal theme "Ah Leu Cha." A superior sampling of north-of-the-border jazz.

★★★

CLEVELAND WATKISS

"Green Chimneys"

Verve

Is Watkiss Britain's answer to Bobby McFerrin? The evidence is mixed. His self-overdubbed ensembles come off well; as a group he's impressive, but as a scat soloist he is derivative, as are some of his quasi-Hendricks lyrics. He is backed by some of England's best young (and mainly black) jazzmen. Courtney Pine and Steve Williamson play saxes on three tunes. The various rhythm sections try their best to swing, succeeding at times. Watkiss has potential; give him a chance—this is his first outing.

★★★

JACK TEAGARDEN

"That's a Serious Thing"

RCA Bluebird

No doubt about it. Teagarden (1905-64) was the definitive trombone of his day and a splendid, Texas-twanged singer. Sadly, he was hampered too often by inept colleagues (the abysmal saxophonist Mezz Mezzrow), stupid songs ("I'se a Muggin'") and pompous pseudo-jazz or dance bands (Paul Whiteman, Roger Wolfe Kahn). Of the 21 cuts, only the last eight—made between 1938 and 1947—do him justice without unhappy trappings: an all-star date, a session of his own, and two tracks with Louis Armstrong, followed by a fine Bud Freeman clambake. But even some of the weakest items have valuable moments by Joe Venuti, Fats Waller, Benny Goodman et al.

★★½

MARLON JORDON

"For You Only"

Columbia

Branford Marsalis helps to shore up the debut of a very young trumpeter in an egregious example of oversell and overkill. To credit this youth with "a heart-racing hymn to the fearless warriors of the Native American music" (just for playing "Cherokee" in eighth notes) and with "a swirling vortex of idealism, passion, and hard swing" is embarrassing. (Did a relative write these notes?) Sure, he's very promising indeed, and he is in high-powered company; but the first four minutes of "Stardust," in which he plods through the verse and chorus dead straight, are boredom incarnate. Still, Jordon has plenty of time to mature—he's only 18.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jack Teagarden, the definitive trombone of his day.

L.A. TIMES 5/13/90 (SYNDICATED)

André Previn Returns to His Roots

By LEONARD FEATHER

"It's like being rejuvenated. I thoroughly enjoy it," André Previn said.

The return of the renowned conductor to jazz marks yet another parallel between his career and that of Mel Powell. Both were teen-age jazz piano prodigies; both eventually left the jazz world to take up a classical career (Previn as a multiple award-winning conductor, Powell as a composer who recently won a Pulitzer Prize). Both returned to jazz, on a part-time basis, during the past couple of years, and both revealed an undiminished talent for improvisation. As if to stress the bonds of these two old friends, Powell has written the liner notes for Previn's second jazz album, due out this summer.

Previn did not return to jazz without reservations. Relaxing in his suite in a Beverly Hills hotel before leaving on a three-week tour with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, he said: "I have a real disdain for people who treat jazz as if it were a hobby you can just pick up again. But some people with long, kind memories kept asking me about recording some jazz, and Bob Woods of Telarc Records kept after me.

"Basically it was my wife who talked me into it. Heather said, 'You don't have to prove anything. You enjoy playing with those guys, so go out and have a good time.' Finally I said, 'Let's see if we can get Joe Pass and Ray Brown to do this.'

"I made a proviso: At the end of the first session, I wanted to take Joe and Ray aside, and ask them whether this was going to embarrass them, or me, or the audience. So after the session I did just that, and they looked at me as if I were insane. So we went ahead and I made another one."

"After Hours" has done, in Previn's own words, "unbelievably well—it's even been on the radio a lot, which surprised me. So we've made a second album, this time with Mundell Lowe on guitar, and this summer at Tanglewood, after three concerts with the Boston Symphony, I'll be doing an entire evening with Ray and Mundy."

Previn's joy in making these albums was due in large measure to the company he kept. Bassist Brown, an old friend, played on the last Previn album before his retirement from jazz, "Four to Go," with Herb Ellis and Shelly Manne.

Guitarist Pass, whom Previn calls "one of the most staggering virtuosos I ever heard," worked with him occasionally in the past. "Because he played on my date, I owe him one, so I'll be a sideman on his next album."

Mundell Lowe, he says, is "not only a wonderful guitarist but such a nice man. I was going to play on the album he and Betty just made, but I was out of town." (Betty Bennett, now Mrs. Mundell Lowe, was Mrs. André Previn in the 1950s.) "I didn't get to play, but at least I'll write her liner notes," says her amiable ex-husband.

Previn, seated, guitarist Joe Pass and bassist Ray Brown, who Previn calls "an old friend," during an "After Hours" session.

Previn's jazz career overlapped with his years as an MGM studio composer/arranger/conductor. He recorded for two independent jazz labels from the age of 16, was at RCA Victor for six years playing jazz and pop dates, but most memorably formed an alliance with the drummer Shelly Manne. Together they made a dozen albums for Contemporary. Possibly his most

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André Previn

Continued from Page 59

memorable year was 1957, when he went to Paris to score "Gigi" (it won a Grammy and an Academy Award) and had his first major jazz hit with the Manne-Previn "My Fair Lady."

Over the years Previn has seen a lessening of the condescension with which the classical world so long regarded jazz. "Some of the really great virtuosos like Yo-Yo Ma would give anything to be able to play it; they're all very interested and they go to listen to jazz people. And Itzhak Perlman, with whom I recorded—well, on the first session everything was written out for him, but he said, 'I'm very nervous about this.' I said, 'What on earth for?' And he said, 'I looked at the stuff you wrote and I'm afraid I have a tendency to rush the tempo.' So Shelly Manne looked at him with a straight face and said, 'Don't worry Itzhak; *we* won't.' And of course they didn't and he didn't and it was great; besides, he really had a feel for it. People like him and Yo-Yo Ma want to hear it or want to play it and they most certainly don't take it lightly."

While professing to have no expertise about jazz as it is practiced today, Previn clearly has not been totally removed from the scene. He is particularly impressed by cornetist Warren Vache and tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton.

"I have one solo album by Warren—God, he's good! It actually makes me happy when he plays. I've never met him, but I'd love to make some records with him. Scott is a fine musician too. So you see, I've kept up to an extent, but I'm stuck in that kind of groove. It's hard for me to get excited about a brand-new pianist when I'm still so full of admiration for Bill Evans."

He has always cited Evans, Art Tatum and Oscar Peterson as his pianists of choice. "A few weeks ago I went to the Blue Note in New York to hear Oscar and Herb Ellis, who's a phenomenal guitarist. Basically, my idols are the same people I idolized 25 years ago."

Asked about the Marsalis brothers, he said: "Wynton is technically amazing. It's the cleanest playing I've ever heard in my life; it has to be said that at those up tempos he's astonishing." As for Marsalis' comment that in his experience jazz has proved a more demanding discipline to conquer than classical music: "That could be because the repertoire for a classical trumpet player is minuscule and not very interesting.

"I've never met Wynton either, but I sure would like to. And Branford Marsalis—I admire his playing a *lot*.

"There are so many highly trained musicians today. Niels Pedersen is a totally proficient classical bass player; he has so much technique he frightens me. I worked with him once, about seven years ago when I made an album with Ella Fitzgerald. We did the entire album in one afternoon, just the three of us."

Previn is now on his L.A. Philharmonic tour, which will be followed by concerts with the Vienna Philharmonic, including the Salzburg Festival; then it will be on to Berlin and some dates in London, where he has been the principal conductor for the Royal Philharmonic since 1985. (Previously he was music director of the London Symphony for 11 years. Until he bought a home in New York's Westchester County last year, Great Britain had been his home base for 23 years.)

For all the fame and success conducting has brought him, he still relishes every chance to return to the piano. "Once in a while I have to have the pleasure of playing a little. I play chamber music anywhere and everywhere I go.

"Conductors become too used to telling other people how to play, instead of reminding themselves how hard it is. I love playing, and that's why I have such a good time with people like Ray and Joe and Mundy." □

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

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ROBERT DURELL / Los Angeles Times

Shorty Rogers, above center, briefly sang with Terry Gibbs, left, and Chubby Jackson; and Stan Getz, right, paired verbal tribute with music.

JAZZ REVIEW

Tribute to Trumpeter-Composer Rogers a Nostalgic Triumph

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nostalgia *is* what it used to be. Friday's tribute to Shorty Rogers, produced and emceed by Ken Poston for KLON-FM and presented at the Hermosa Civic Theater, was sold out weeks in advance and drew a crowd liberally sprinkled with fans for whom the trumpeter-composer symbolizes an era in West Coast jazz.

Rogers himself did not take part, except to join briefly with Terry Gibbs and Chubby Jackson in the scat vocal on "Lemon Drop" and to receive a salutation from Councilman Michael Woo. For the most part he sat in the audience beaming while Poston took the honoree smoothly through a "This Is Your Life."

Ironically, the evening's top honors went to the only artist who didn't play any Rogers tunes. Stan Getz, paying eloquent verbal tribute to Rogers, conjured sheer beauty out of "Suddenly It's Spring," "A Handful of Stars" and a bossa nova, "The Dolphin." Nobody could top those blissful minutes, but some came close.

Mark Masters led a 15-piece group that served as a house band, simulating the sounds of the groups in which Rogers had played: Woody Herman, the Lighthouse All Stars, the Shorty Rogers Giants and, of course, Stan Canton (for this segment Masters added 14 young string players recruited from Long Beach State).

Rogers' versatility as a composer was represented by everything from a witty blues riff piece ("Martians Come Home"), played by the Lighthouse group, to an alto sax concerto originally written for and entitled "Art Pepper," brought vividly to new life by Gabe Baltazar. The strings were used here, and again in "Coop's Solo," composed for Bob Cooper, who later shared space with fellow saxophonist Bud Shank and Bill Perkins in the Lighthouse set, along with trumpeter Conte Candoli.

Several film clips were shown, supplied by archivist Mark Cantor, but the first one was mangled through misthreading and the others were seldom in focus (a D-minus for the projectionist). Still, it was intriguing to see these glimpses of the young black-haired jazzman who later appeared on stage, white-haired but musically stronger than ever.

With Lou Levy or Pete Jolly on piano, Monty Budwig on bass and Paul Humphrey on drums, the music swung buoyantly. Spelling the musicians were producers who played a role in Rogers' evolution: Gene Norman, Jack Lewis, Howard Rumsey and Bobby Troup (who introduced a rare clip from his 1958 "Stars of Jazz" TV series). Their recollections were affectionate rather than affected, often diverting and never dreary.

If it proved nothing else, this well-organized evening left no doubt that the California jazz sounds of the 1950s, so often maligned as too cool or as vanilla, music, had a validity that has survived unscarred by the inroads of time.

OPENINGS

JAZZ REVIEW

6/2

Bob Cooper's Melodic Style at Silver Screen

Jazz is back on the Sunset Strip. After a two-year lull, the Silver Screen Room of the Hyatt Hotel has returned to its old policy, this time in cooperation with the Los Angeles Jazz Society, and with saxophonist Bob Cooper as the current attraction, through tonight.

For many years Cooper has been a Southland fixture in the various worlds of studio music, big bands and small group jazz. The quartet he led on Thursday offered the kind of framework that suits him best, with ample space to stretch out.

Most tenor saxophone players today seem to live in the giant shadow of John Coltrane, but Cooper apparently has bypassed him, reaching directly back to such pioneers as Don Byas and Lucky Thompson for the influences on his richly melodic style and consistently warm sound.

Milcho Leviev, the Bulgarian-born pianist, has worked in every context from mainstream to avant-garde. On this occasion he seemed to be holding himself back during the opening blues. The second number, "Stella by Starlight," brought evidence of his capacity for building a statement to a chordally dramatic climax.

The seldom-heard Billy Strayhorn song "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing," moved from a melodic statement to elegant variations by Cooper, with a stately, impressionistic chorus by Leviev and remarkable bass work by the uncommonly agile John Leitham.

Sonny Rollins' "Airegin" found Cooper at his fluent best in a challenging tempo, with the inevitable set-closing drum solo by Nick Martinis.

The new Silver Screen policy will continue to bring jazz to this unusually comfortable venue Thursday through Saturdays.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

2nd Annual Pacific Fest Draws Half a House for a Mix of Talent

By LEONARD FEATHER

Many years ago there was a popular song called "Where Is the Chicken in the Chicken Chow Mein?" Saturday, at the Pacific Amphitheatre, it was possible to ask the musical question, "Where is the jazz in the jazz festival?"

The occasion was the second-annual Pacific Jazz Festival; due to the slow erosion of the word's meaning, a festival can now consist of a single concert.

How festive was it? Well, just enough to attract about 3,600; the Amphitheatre has 8,000 seats. How much jazz content? It depends how many hyphens you use. Discounting the fusion-jazz, the Brazilian-jazz and the funk and the rest, two of the eight acts qualified as uncompromising loyalists: Diane Schuur and an ad hoc sextet billed as the Timeless All-Stars.

Schuur was the big surprise, on at least two levels. Not for nothing did she sing "I'm Trav'lin' Light," adding parenthetically: "Since I lost 107 pounds." At 123 pounds she was all-but-unrecognizable. More significant: She sounded as good as she looked. No less unexpected was her use of a second vocalist. Kimberley Bass joined with Schuur for a shouting, stomping call-and-response gospel routine that built to an invigorating climax.

The timeless All-Stars owe this name to the durability of the mainstream-modern genre they represented. As the opening act in the eight-hour marathon, they were helped by the splendid solos of Harold Land on tenor sax and Bobby Hutcherson on vibes, but were hindered by the abominable sound system. Buster Williams' bass was so loud you could hear more noise than notes. Billy Childs rose above it all with some far-out changes on a long blues.

Airto Moreira began with a trio number that set Kei Akagi's keyboard in splendid perspective. He was then joined by Flora Purim, in a trilingual performance (Portuguese, English and scat) that somehow was never quite airborne. Moreira's solo performance on tambourines was rhythmically astounding.

Larry Carlton vacillated between regular and solid body guitar and between pop/rock/funk and jazz, but his group hit a gutty groove with a slow B. B. King-style blues that had the crowd in an uproar.

Andy Narell has been a pioneer in the use of steel drums in jazz, but aside from its cheerful presence in a calypso context this seems like a misplaced talent; a typical Narell number in this percussion-heavy group seemed about as logical as a violin sonata played on timpani.

Ottmar Liebert, playing acoustic guitar, threw in a heady mix of flamenco and Hungarian sounds, but the electric bass and drums backing him, and the similarity of the songs (all unannounced), led to boredom.

David Benoit, whose recent straight-ahead album gained so much from the late Emily Remler's guitar work, had no replacement for her. Much of his set was a mix of Vince Guaraldi and Peter Nero. Benoit's piano and Brandon Fields' saxes and flute were just another case of the bland leading the bland.

Keiko Matsui is a very small woman who makes incongruously large sounds on her keyboard. If that qualified her for inclusion in a jazz festival, it didn't prevent a flock of fans from heading for the exit by the time her first melodramatic chords were declaimed. It was seven hours into the festival and enough was enough.

CHRISTINE WALTER / Los Angeles Times

Airto Moreira solos on tambourine at the Pacific Amphitheatre.

JAZZ REVIEW 5/24

A Polished Set by Rolf Ericson

Rolf Ericson, one of the all-time, all-encompassing masters of jazz trumpet, has given up his world travels and settled in Los Angeles, where he played a break-in date Tuesday at the Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar.

The Stockholm-born veteran, who has enjoyed long residences in Scandinavia and Germany, apologized for his accent. "I've been away so long, I've forgotten my English," he said, but if there was any hesitation in his speech there was never any doubt about his mastery of the universal language of jazz.

From the first bars of "Sandu," a Clifford Brown line, his total control, natural phrasing and genuine blues feeling were in evidence. Alternating on trumpet and fluegelhorn, employing the latter for a lyrical treatment of Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood," he used devices associated with some of the Duke's men—an occasional squeezed tone a la Rex Stewart, growl solos on "Caravan" and "In a Mellotone" in the manner of Cootie Williams, his section mate in the Ellington orchestra.

Gerald Wiggins, leading the back-up trio, is an old associate who, along with Wardell Gray, worked with Ericson during his long ago California visits. With Andy Simpkins on bass and Paul Humphrey on drums, the latter evidencing a sixth sense for every accent, Ericson was totally at ease. Backing singer Ruth Price during the KKJZ broadcast segment, he was a paragon of discretion.

Already rebooked for other Biltmore dates, among them one on June 5 with Ernie Andrews, Ericson is a sure bet to become a valuable Southland presence.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Blossom Dearie, the Songwriters' Singer

■ Music: She likes a quiet audience and the right working conditions. To that end, she has rented the Tiffany for her show.

By LEONARD FEATHER

If there were a word to describe the voice of Blossom Dearie, who's at the Tiffany Theater through Monday, it would have to be *sopranissimo*. But no word or phrase can precisely pin down her special delicacy, the almost child-like grace, fragile on the surface, yet assured enough to bring honesty to every ballad and joy to every jump tune.

"I don't want to be called a jazz singer," she says, "though I certainly have some roots there. I'm not a cult singer either—that word is used too much with a political connotation now—and after being called a legend, that sounds too much like an epitaph. I think of myself as a songwriter's singer. All the great Broadway and Hollywood teams are in my repertoire, along with contemporary people like Dave Frishberg and Bobby Scott. Writers bring their songs to me because they rely on me to define their work with respect. That's very flattering."

As a pianist, she considers herself mainly a self-accompanist. "I can't play jazz choruses like my friend Joyce Collins—she's marvelous at that." For the Tiffany gig, she's backed by bassist Joel Di Bartolo of "The Tonight Show" band.

"The job here is a new experiment for me," said Dearie. "I rented the theater, which means finding a sound person and a lighting person and someone to sell the tickets and rent the piano and place the ads. It's a nice hall and I do a two-hour show at 8 p.m.—6 p.m. on Sundays—and then sell my cassettes and CDs afterward."

Though she had lived in Paris for several years and led a successful vocal group there, Dearie said her present career as a singer-pianist-songwriter began in London in the 1960s.

"London was absolutely swinging in the '60s. I started at Ronnie Scott's club, and did a lot of television. I was on a show Peter Cook and Dudley Moore had called 'Not Only But Also.' When I was in Australia and New Zealand last month, I found a built-in audience of people who had seen me on the BBC programs that had been shown there."

It was in London that her songwriting career took off. "I wrote 'Sweet Georgie Fame' with Sandra Harris; it was recorded by Tony Bennett. Later I collaborated with Johnny Mercer, who wrote the lyrics to 'I'm Shadowing You' and 'My New Celebrity Is You,' which was the one of the last songs he ever wrote.

"At present I'm working with Jack Segal. We wrote 'After Me,' 'Good Morning,' and 'Bye Bye Country Boy.' I regard him—and so does my audience—as a world-class lyric writer."

Dearie's recording career goes back to the days when Norman Granz was still producing for Verve Records (one of the albums from that era, "Blossom Dearie," has just been reissued on CD), but in 1972 she founded Daffodil Records. "Johnny Mercer gave me the name for it. I have 10 albums out, with three on CD and more to come. My upcoming project is a video, which I'll make in London, probably at Ronnie Scott's."

Because her style and sound are unique, one does not tend to think of Dearie in terms of influences, but she does admit to one. "Although I admire many singers and musicians, the one who truly stands out as an influence was Jeri Southern. I remember her record of 'You'd Better Go Now,' which was a hit in the 1950s. I fell in love with that; she was playing piano and singing, and it made a lasting impression on me. I have never stated this before, and I've never even met Jeri Southern."

Like Southern (who retired in the 1960s and is now a teacher), Blossom Dearie requires a quiet, receptive audience. She has been very particular about working conditions; late-night hours, smoky clubs and cash registers that play the wrong chord are not for her.

"For five years I spent six months of each year at the Ballroom in New York, where I had just one show at 6:30 p.m. It was lovely, and people really paid attention. I hold my listeners in high regard, because they respect me; they are very polite and they deserve a good performance—which is why I'm at a theater here with just 99 seats. The conditions look ideal to me.

"I enjoy controlling my working circumstances and having my own record company and being at a great stage in my career. I'm at the top of my game, and still learning something new and wonderful every day."

SHE'S HIP: "I think of myself as a songwriter's singer," says Blossom Dearie, who rented the Tiffany Theater to showcase herself. **F6**

JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

Joe Williams

There are sunny days ahead for jazz in Southern California since all the major events are taking place at the same venue, the Hollywood Bowl.

Most promising is the 12th annual Playboy Festival, for which an unusually strong lineup has been assembled. The first day, Saturday, June 16, will feature the Miles Davis band, Chick Corea's acoustic group, Doc Severinsen with the "Tonight Show" band, Joe Williams with his special guest Jay McShann, the octogenarian blues pianist and singer; drummer Tony Williams and his combo; Poncho Sanchez and his salsa group with guest Tito Puente and the Eliane Elias Trio.

On June 17, Chick Corea will return, this time with his electric band. Pianist Dorothy Donegan will make a rare appearance. Completing the bill are Lee Ritenour, the Gerry Mulligan Quartet, Milton Nascimento with guest Wayne Shorter, Hiroshima, the Lionel Hampton orchestra and another contest-winning group.

The regular "Jazz at the Bowl" series will include Oscar Peterson and the Benny Carter Orchestra on July 18; Wynton Marsalis in a salute to Satchmo, featuring Clark Terry, Doc Cheatham and other trumpeters, Aug. 1; Ella Fitzgerald Aug. 22; the bands of Count Basie, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey, respectively led by Frank Foster, Larry O'Brien and Buddy Morrow, Sept. 5; and, to close out the season, Tony Bennett with the George Shearing Duo and singer Diane Schuur on Sept. 12.

★★★★

CLAYTON-HAMILTON JAZZ ORCHESTRA

"Groove Shop"

Capri

★★½

ERNESTINE ANDERSON WITH THE CLAYTON-HAMILTON ORCHESTRA

"Boogie Down"

Concord Jazz

The co-leaders (John Clayton, arranger and bass; his brother Jeff, alto sax; and Jeff Hamilton, drums) are just three of 18 superb musicians whose solo and ensemble efforts establish "Groove Shop" as top-grade big band jazz. The arrangements include updates of standards ("Tain't What You Do" sung and played by Snooky Young; a wondrously revitalized "Rain-check" by Billy Strayhorn) to fresh originals such as Oscar Brashear's "Sashay," featuring his own trumpet.

The second album proves that it's a mistake to subjugate this orchestra to a singer, even the excellent Anderson. The musical marriage sounds more like a separation; they are never on the same wave length. Moreover, such ditties as "Boogie Down" and "One Mint Julip" are mere time-wasters. Ironically, the best cut is a closing blues by Clayton and the band, sans vocal.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½

5/27

★★★

WALLACE RONEY

"The Standardbearer"

Muse

This quintet finds the trumpeter in good company as he makes his hard bop way through "Don't Blame Me," Dizzy Gillespie's "Con Alma" and the like, with sinewy support by pianist Mulgrew Miller and bassist Charnett Moffett. The final cut is a ringer, "Loose," with Roney backed only by drummer Cindy Blackman and percussionist Steve Berrios. Best number is a deceptive "Giant Steps" in which the melody is diligently avoided until the final cooking chorus.

—L. F.

Coleman's Piano Skills Abundant at Holiday Inn

5/29

Cecilia Coleman, the pianist whose trio played the Sunday brunch atop the Hollywood Holiday Inn, is a skilled artist who, at 27, is just beginning to be talked about in local jazz circles. The talk is uniformly laudatory.

Coleman, the product of a time when jazz was already both a chordal and modal discipline, has absorbed the best of both worlds. During one set she moved seamlessly for an adventurous original work, "Isolation," to a strongly swinging "It Could Happen to You," followed by a gentle application of appropriate filigrees to the poignant "Old Folks."

Her left-hand punctuations are a potent force in the rhythm section. During a bass chorus by Dave Carpenter and even in parts of a Kendall Kay drum interlude, what she had to offer by way of backing and filling was more interesting than the solos themselves. Not that her colleagues were less than competent; Carpenter was particularly effective in keeping the group on an even keel.

During the final set Al Aarons brought his fluegelhorn to the bandstand. Although this is a revolving rooftop restaurant, he did not attempt any circular breathing. He played some loose blues on "Au Privave" and swung convincingly on "Stella by Starlight."

The Southland moves in mysterious ways its talent to reveal. Cecilia Coleman, a lifetime resident, made an impression Sunday that should lead to belated prominence in the town's proliferating jazz rooms.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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5/29

Gillespie Hits L.A. After Traveling World at a Dizzying Pace

■ **Jazz:** The great trumpeter, back from a tour of Eastern Europe, will play five dates at the Vine Street Bar & Grill.

By LEONARD FEATHER

SUSAN SPANN

'East Berlin—ooh, man, that was a knockout. . . . I climbed up on the wall. People recognized me and called for me to give them some of the cement off the wall, so I threw pieces to them.'

DIZZY GILLESPIE

It's enough to make one dizzy.

The whirlwind pace of John Birks Gillespie's activities of late would tax the endurance of a man half his age (that would be 36). However, the trumpeter and composer, who tonight starts a five-day run at the Vine Street Bar & Grill in Hollywood, finds the job of beating the Frequent Flyer record a little easier when, on arrival, you are greeted by such tokens as an honorary doctorate of music (to date he has received 14, the most recent from Berklee College in Boston), a National Medal of Arts (from President Bush at the White House) and packed houses from Berlin to Moscow.

"East Berlin—ooh, man, that was a knockout," said Gillespie in a call from San Francisco. "In the afternoon we went to the Brandenburg Gate area and to a part where all the bricks had fallen down; I climbed up on the wall. People recognized me and called for me to give them some of the cement off the wall, so I threw pieces to them. In the evening my band played the Palast der Republik to 4,000 people and they went crazy! They knew all my tunes and applauded after the first bar.

"The next day in Moscow we were in this huge auditorium in the Rossia Hotel. About 150 media people came to my press conference—all the TV networks, everybody was there. At the end of the concert some Soviet musicians sat in with us and sounded good.

"Then we went to Prague, where two really fine Czech cats played with us at the Palace of Culture. I left the stage and was headed for the cocktail party, but 10 minutes later people were still applauding, and President Vaclav Havel, who was still sitting there, sent for me to come back on. We played some more, then went to the party and met Ambassador Shirley Temple Black."

The honors continue unchecked. On June 10, Gillespie will take part in a ceremony at the Kennedy Center in Washington celebrating what is purportedly the centennial of jazz. He will receive the first annual Duke award, named for the Washington-born Edward Kennedy Ellington.

Soon afterward he will reorganize an orchestra he has led off and on for the past two years. "We have three Brazilians, a guy from Panama, one from Puerto Rico, one from the Dominican Republic and five Americans," he said. Among the latter are the saxophonist James Moody, an intermittent colleague since 1948, and the trombonist and composer Slide Hampton, who arranged the music Gillespie composed for Winter in Lisbon.

"The first time I put this band together," said Gillespie, "I looked at them and said, 'Whew! We're one big United Nation!' So that's what we called it—the United Nation Orchestra."

The concept is in line with Gillespie's perennially universal stance. For many years he has been an ardent adherent of the Baha'i faith; his Eastern European dates were accomplished partly with Baha'i support. "We have a slogan," Dizzy said. "Peace and brotherhood—One World for Art. And that's what I truly believe."

Of all the new honors, Gillespie seemed most eager to talk about his recent appearance, for the first time in his 55-year career, as the leading actor in a major motion picture.

"It's called 'Winter in Lisbon,' " he said. "I play a character named Bill Swann, a jazz musician who got fed up with racism and all the other troubles over here, so he stopped recording, stopped playing, moved to Copenhagen and took a job washing cars.

"He runs into this French piano player who's a big fan of bebop, and he starts training him, so he goes back to playing, but this French boy is involved with a girl who's married to a gangster. It's a complicated story with a couple of murders, and I'm all the way through it.

"Christian Vadim played the pianist. The director was Jose Zorrilla. We filmed it in Spain and Portugal, but in the middle of all this I had to take off to play some dates in East Europe."

After the East Europe tour, he was back in Portugal working on the movie, which was produced by Angel Amigo for Iguelde-Cine Productions. American distribution is yet to be arranged; meanwhile "A Night in Havana," a 90-minute documentary made by Gillespie during one of his several visits to Cuba during the past decade, is now in worldwide release, complete with a fleeting appearance by Fidel Castro.

Hamp's Moscow Jazz Fest

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The 23rd annual University of Idaho jazz festival, now known as the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival, ran for four days in the Idaho city of Moscow. This late February event literally doubled the campus population as more than 9,000 students descended on the area to take part in competitions by a stream of soloists, combos, big bands, and vocalists from high schools and universities in various northwestern states. The judges unenviably had to listen to a different entry every 20 minutes, all morning and afternoon.

It was the professional musicians, though, who attracted the biggest crowds, up to 6,000, almost filling the Kibbie Dome, a vast auditorium normally used for sporting events.

The long trip from Moscow to Moscow was worth the effort for Arkadi Shilkloper. The Soviet French horn virtuoso was one of four jazzmen from the U.S.S.R. who arrived here from the other Moscow to take part in the festivities.

Shilkloper, 33, on his first visit to America, was the artistic sensation of the festival. Playing first at the Kibbie Dome, he was backed by the bassist Michael Karetnikov. Later, at a clinic held in the main building of the Lionel Hampton School of Music, he was on his own except for an interpreter, the leading Soviet jazz critic Alexey Batashev, through whom he informed us that "Trying to play jazz on the French horn is like committing suicide."

Shilkloper, however, has survived and thrived beyond all reasonable expectations. Formerly a classical player who worked for seven years in the Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre, he began studying jazz in 1977, when he attended Batashev's jazz history classes. He developed into one of the most formidable artists the instrument has produced.

During the clinic he switched from French horn to fluegelhorn, then to a small post-horn, using double-tones, circular breathing, hand slapping and foot stomping, finally playing two post horns at once to produce four-note chords. He is, in effect, a stunning combination of Bobby McFerrin, Julius Watkins (his first American French horn idol) and the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk.

This festival, launched in 1968 with 15 student groups, a single guest artist and one concert, has expanded to world class proportions since Lionel Hampton, in 1985, joined with Chevron USA in initiating an endowment fund. Three years ago, the university's music school was renamed the Lionel Hampton School of Music, making it the world's first full-scale conservatory named for a jazz musician. There are 225 music majors and a faculty of 25, teaching everything from theory to opera.

By far the hardest working musicians were the Hank Jones Trio, with Dave Holland and Keith Copland, who played fluently not only on their own sets every night but also backed Hampton's vibraphone (except on the closing night, when Hamp had his full band to back him up), and accompanied various guest singers and instrumentalists.

Patti Bown, the Seattle pianist and singer (she toured Europe 30 years ago with the Quincy Jones Band), was a big favorite with the teenagers in the crowd as she hummed and played her original *Back Home in Seattle* and played an odd piece which she called *Hopscotch*, based on 6½ bar phrases. Hers is not the New Orleans sound or the Chicago sound, but the Puget sound.

Two other Soviet musicians, Lembit Saarsalu on saxophone and Leonid Vintskevich on piano, were impressive in a duo set. Creatively, the high point of the festival was a rare joint appearance by the brothers Branford and Delfeayo Marsalis, on tenor sax and trombone. Both responded smartly to the mainstream call of Hampton's vibes; Branford even played the melody on *I Got Rhythm*. The Marsalises then joined forces with Freddie Hubbard, Curtis Fuller and Carl Fontana in a cheerful round robin blues. Eventually there were five major trombonists on stage with the addition of Al Grey and Bill Watrous.

The festival was not without its moments of pop concession: Miss America, Debbye Turner, is a visual delight and a skilled musician, but whose idea was it for her to play *Flight of the Bumblebee* on the marimba at a jazz festival?

Overall, the reaction of an overwhelmingly young audience to the superior moments during these jam-packed days was a reminder of the largely untapped potential for mainstream jazz. Through it all the indomitable image of Lionel Hampton, vital and enthusiastic at 81, shone like a beacon every evening.

6/17

★★★★★

MARIAN McPARTLAND

"Plays the
Benny Carter Songbook"

Concord Jazz

Everything is in place for this incomparable match of talents: McPartland's piano artistry, Carter's melodic gift (his own alto sax illuminates six of the 11 cuts) and the ideal back-up of John Clayton's bass and Harold Jones's drums. Too bad Carter's horn isn't heard on "Lonely Woman," a gorgeous melody (much earlier and more valuable than the better-known Ornette Coleman tune of the same name). Still, it will be hard to fault any album that includes such Carter standards as "Key Largo," "When Lights Are Low" and "A Kiss From You." This is a CD to remember at Grammy time.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ALBUM REVIEWS

6/17

★★★½

RENEE ROSNES

"Renee Rosnes"

Blue Note

This is Rosnes' first album as a leader, and the Vancouver-trained pianist takes full advantage of it. Her approach is mainly an extension of 1970s bop; her companions include Branford Marsalis on two tunes and Ralph Bowen's muscular tenor on three others. Driving solos on her own "I.A. Blues" and Cole Porter's "Everything I Love" as well as a fluent examination of Joe Henderson's "Punjab" are highlights. Weakening the set are Ron Carter's uninspired bass work, Rosnes' synthesizer-and-soprano saxophone duet with Wayne Shorter, and a pretentious attempt at a piano duet with Herbie Hancock.

—L. F.

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JUNE, 1990 — JAZZTIMES

RCA Jazzes It Up

Look closely at the various logos on any Bluebird or Novus album. Along with the name BMG, now the German parent company, you will find the initials RCA and the picture of a dog listening to a phonograph bearing "His Master's Voice."

BY LEONARD FEATHER

That was the original slogan of Victor Records. Novus and Bluebird are direct descendants of Victor, the first company ever to make a jazz record (with the Original Dixieland Band in 1917).

Now, 73 years later, after a roller-coaster relationship with jazz, the company is on two firm feet with its Bluebird and Novus catalogues, thanks to the initiative of a helpful backer—literally. It was Steve Backer who helped resuscitate jazz at RCA in January 1987.

"It had been many years since RCA had a meaningful jazz program," he says, "but our impact is being felt quite strongly. We made our biggest dent last year, when Novus placed third, behind only CBS and GRP, among the most charted jazz labels according to Billboard; and RCA/Novus/Bluebird was voted the No. 3 jazz label in the past two *down beat* Critics' Polls."

During the second year of the two labels, Backer established two significant new names with Marcus Roberts and Christopher Hollyday. Earlier artists made comebacks—most notably Hugh Masekela, who jumped to #1 in Billboard and Chet Baker, whose new fame, sadly, was posthumous; his *Let's Get Lost* album virtually launched a whole new Baker craze.

More recently, the *Carmen McRae Sings Monk* has shown signs of Grammy potential, while Roy Hargroves and a new Christopher Hollyday set, plus the newly signed Steve Coleman, seem similarly destined to reinforce the Novus image.

"In the beginning," Backer recalls, "I signed Adam Makowicz, James Moody, Henry Threadgill, Amina Claude Myers, Steve Lacy and Hilton Ruiz. Most of them are still with us."

From left, Steve Backer, Roy Hargrove, Carmen McRae.

Interestingly and perhaps encouragingly, Backer admits that Novus has been least successful with its attempts to get into the crossover market. Evidently, purity can pay off after all. He also points out that sound track albums have been a valuable part of the picture, among them *Radio Days, Field of Dreams, Drugstore Cowboy, The Gods Must Be Crazy II*, and, of course, *Let's Get Lost*.

"We have really had our greatest successes in areas that would have been hard to predict —the strict straightahead jazz people, concentrating to a large extent on younger artists, and the soundtracks. And then, of course, there is Bluebird, which is a vital part of this whole program."

Bluebird (a revival of a label name used for 35-cent discs back in the 1930s) has built up a bulging catalogue that has gone back to make available, in superior sound quality, masterpieces of the 1920s, '30s and '40s. Some of these have been compiled by outside producers such as Ed Michel, Orrin Keepnews and this writer; with Ed Michel I assembled the *Esquire All American Hot Jazz Sessions*, the blues anthology called *How Blue Can You Get?* and most recently *The Women*, a collection of dates by Mary Lou Williams, Beryl Booker, the Sweethearts of Rhythm, et al.

Browsing through the Bluebird list one finds scores of CDs by the big bands, among them most of what Duke Ellington ever did for RCA (but another set, including the Ellington-Blanton duo date and some piano solo cuts, will be forthcoming). There are also lesser known but valuable sets by Red Norvo, Gary Burton, J.J. Johnson, King Oliver and Jack Teagarden.

Leftover titles that didn't seem to fit into any other collection have been used for such anthological sets as *Three Great Swing Saxophones* (various very early tracks by Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster and Benny Carter) and *Early Black Swing*, a miscellany that offers a cross section of big band jazz from 1927-34.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of this program is the indisputable fact that many of these recordings are selling more today than they did when originally released. Moreover, many of the Bluebird sets include on the CD versions four or five cuts that cannot be found on the LPs or, in some instances, were never before released.

A source of regret is the retrospective realization that certain A & R men in the swing era had atrocious taste and no ear for the future; as a result, the Bunny Berigan band numbers in particular are heavily weighted by some of the worst dog tunes of their day. Had there been a Steve Backer or an Orrin Keepnews in charge at that time, the recorded history of jazz might be even richer. Still, ironically, at the same time when this trash was being forced on the likes of Berigan and Fats Waller, other artists—notably Lionel Hampton—seemed to have complete freedom both in their choice of material and selection of sidemen. ("Hot Mallets" by Hamp sounds as fresh as ever more than a half century later.)

Summing up, Steve Backer observed: "Things have been very encouraging this year. The things we try to do with musical objectives in mind have enjoyed critical and commercial success. That's a pretty healthy situation, and I hope we can keep it going."

Ella: The Cream Honors the Queen

It is unlikely that any assemblage of jazz greats will match, in the foreseeable future, the incredible line-up seen at Avery Fisher Hall Feb. 12 when "Hearts for Ella" was presented as a benefit for the American Heart Association.

There was very little in this unique concert that didn't relate directly or indirectly to some event in Ella's life. Her original inspiration was Connee Boswell; for the occasion Janis Siegel, Cheryl Bentyne and Melissa Manchester cooked up two uncannily accurate reproductions of the Boswell Sisters, taken off the 1931 recordings.

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Quincy Jones, Ella, Bobby McFerrin, Lena Horne, and Al Grey.

— Yad Hershorn

Ella was discovered in 1935 on an Apollo amateur show by Benny Carter. The amazing orchestra that played onstage was led by Carter. Imagine this collection of sidemen: Phil Woods, David Sanborn, Stan Getz, Jimmy Heath, Nick Brignola, saxes; Jon Faddis, Red Rodney, Joe Wilder, Clark Terry, trumpets; Al Grey, Urbie Green, Slide Hampton, and Jack Jeffers, trombones; Hank Jones, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown and Louie Bellson, rhythm. They played a typically elegant Carter work, written for the occasion, *First Lady*. Later, the band was conducted by Quincy Jones in Jones' *Stockholm Sweeteni¬'*.

Ella's first job was with Chick Webb's band. If you looked fast you could see Beverly Peer, the bassist in that band, playing during a dance routine on Ella's first hit record, *A Tisket a Tasket*. He was subbing for Ray Brown, Ella's ex-husband, who opened the show with that tune; it was later performed again, but messed up, by Cab Calloway, who didn't know the lyrics. Also seen were Eddie Barefield, who co-led the Webb band with Ella after Webb's 1939 death, and Dizzy Gillespie, who played briefly in Ella's band. Diz was in a subdued mood singing and playing *I Waited for You*, the theme of his old big band.

During the 1950s Ella made an album with Duke Ellington, who appended an instrumental suite dedicated to her. One movement, *All Heart*, was set to sensitive lyrics by Alan Paul of Manhattan Transfer and sung by the Transfer. (Let's forget about another tribute, *Hearts for Ella*, an abysmal concoction of amateurish words and jejune music, which a reluctant James Moody was obliged to sing.)

Oscar Peterson, who shared hundreds of concert stages with Ella, was a surprise guest, playing an exquisite *Who Can I Turn To* and then deutting with Itzhak Perlman on *Summertime* and *Stormy Weather*. Perlman, who co-hosted with Lena Horne, amazed everyone by showing true jazz sensitivity in a wild duo apperance with Bobby McFerrin.

In addition to Peterson, there were Ella's former accompanists Hank Jones and Tommy Flanagan, the latter reviving Ella's Webb-era hit *Mr. Paganini*. George Shearing, recalling how he sat in with Ella on 52nd Street when he was the intermission pianist there in 1948, played *Lulu's Back in Town* with the band, then backed Joe Williams in Benny Carter's perennial *Blues in My Heart*. Williams also offered a tune written by Ella, *You Showed Me the Way* (1937).

Savion Glover, an astonishing teenaged tap dancer, almost saved an otherwise dull interlude by the Copasetics, whose dancing days are all but over. But the lulls were so few that it would be churlish to complain. What mattered was that this carefully crafted program (produced by Edith Kiggen) did a generally superb job of linking itself in every possible way to Ella's life and times.

To top it off, Ella, who had been in the audience, was led onstage by Joe Williams, made a brief, graceful speech and was promptly coaxed into *Honeysuckle Rose* followed by a vast uproar, leading to *Lady be Good* for which she traded scat riffs with Joe Williams and Clark Terry.

No, it wasn't videotaped. Only those of us who were lucky enough to be there will be able to tell our friends, years from now, that we were in the audience on this once-in-a-lifetime occasion.

JUNE, 1990 — JAZZTIMES

Dexter: A Giant Leaves His Mark

"My health wasn't good, my lifestyle had caught up with me, and I had physical problems — pancreas, liver, you know . . . I really wasn't functioning at all well. In fact, it's amazing that I'm alive."

That was how Dexter Gordon described himself to me in April 1987 when he came to Los Angeles from his home in Mexico in order to be in the audience for the Motion Picture Academy Awards show.

Dexter had been nominated for a best actor award on the basis of his appearance in *Round Midnight*. He didn't win, but the publicity enabled him to go on tour with Cedar Walton, Billy Higgins, Bobby Hutcherson and Pierre Michelot, who were in the film with him.

BY LEONARD FEATHER

— De Cesares

Dexter in the 1940's

Sadly, it was too late in life to do him much good. As had been evident even in the movie, Dexter had trouble breathing, trouble playing; he was a shell of his former self. Ironically, his Blue Note album, *The Other Side of Round Midnight*, reached the top of the jazz chart in *Billboard*, while many other far superior albums he had made decades earlier went virtually unobserved.

The career of Dexter Gordon was marked by other ironies. Like Miles Davis, whose father was a dentist, he came from a good middle class family; his father, a respected doctor in Los Angeles, numbered Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton among his patients.

The 1940s saw him in the bands of Hampton, Louis Armstrong and Billy Eckstine. An early adherent of the bebop movement, he played on *Blue 'n' Boogie* with Dizzy Gillespie in February of 1945 and worked with most of the bop pioneers — Bird, Fats Navarro, Tadd Dameron.

As with Miles, he let the problems of the era catch up with him, and was in and out of trouble as early as the 1950s. It was through drugs that he made his first movie appearance; while serving a two year sentence in Chino he took part in a low budget prison movie, "Unchained," but, as he recalls, "At that time I wasn't even in the musicians' union, so I was seen but not heard; my part on the sound track was played in Hollywood by Georgie Auld."

In 1960 he appeared in *The Connection*, a play about drug addicts in Los Angeles, and later in a version in Denmark, which had become his home base by 1962.

Most of us saw very little of Dex during the next 15 years; he visited the U.S. now and then but was mostly touring the Continent, Britain and, later, Japan. A visit to New York in 1976 encouraged him to return home permanently the following year.

During the next few years his reputation belatedly soared: there were *Down Beat* awards (Musician of the Year, Hall of Fame), and albums for Columbia. But by the time Bertrand Tavernier approached him to do *Round Midnight* he was in poor health and had not played publicly in four years. After the movie was reviewed, he objected to the claims by some critics that his Oscar nomination was unjustified because he was simply "playing himself" and mumbled his way through the role.

"I was not playing myself," he told me." I was playing Bud Powell, with touches of Prez and Ben Webster. And believe me, acting wasn't easy at all. I had to take direction, and I got better as I went along. If anything in the script seemed wrong to the musicians, Bertrand Tavernier let us change it. It was a unique experience, and I was happy to be among all those smiling faces — Billy, Bobby, Pierre, and, in the New York scene, Cedar Walton and Freddie Hubbard, with my character, Dale Turner, coming back from his European successes and then getting back into his old haunts and habits, as Bud did."

The last time I saw Dexter he was on the Norway jazz festival cruise. Hank O'Neal had invited him simply as an honored guest. I saw him in the swimming pool more often than on the bandstand, where he only made a brief appearance one night.

The final chapter of his life came with another film opportunity, an acting role in *The Awakening* with Robert de Niro and Robin Williams. He had just finished his part when he checked into the hospital in Philadelphia. Gravely ill though he was, his wife Maxine had not expected his death, which came at 12:50 a.m. on April 25.

He left two daughters in California, a son in Denmark, another son in Sweden, and his young stepson, Woody Shaw Jr. He also left the memory of a major force in jazz history; though his own original influence was Lester Young, Dex with his rich sound, bop-influenced concepts and personal phrasing left his mark on countless tenor players who followed him, among them Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.

Trane is gone, as are Prez and Hawkins and Al and Zoot; Stan Getz is in remission after major cancer surgery. Lucky Thompson, where on earth are you now that we need you?

Leonard Feather's

BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: Stan Getz

— Ken Franckling

The career of Stan Getz began long before most of his present day admirers were born. He started during his high school years in New York, and before he turned 17 he had played in the bands of Dale Jones (in Hollywood), Jack Teagarden and Bob Chester.

Among his name band associations of the next few years, the best known and most rewarding was with Woody Herman, with whom he recorded the memorable *Early Autumn*. He was also with Benny Goodman a few times and appeared in the movie, *The Benny Goodman Story*.

Stan's career has suffered many interruptions, some of them due to serious illnesses. Two years ago he was stricken with cancer, but at the time of our interview he had recovered miraculously. He had just settled into his new home overlooking the ocean in Malibu. Driving down there was a special pleasure, since I had a tape of his new album from A & M Records, *Apasionado*, a collaboration with Herb Alpert. This was a follow-up to two other superb releases, *Anniversary* on EmArcy, and for the same label, *Just Friends*, with Helen Merrill and a European rhythm section.

1) LESTER YOUNG, *All of Me* (from *Jazz Club Tenor Sax*, Verve) Lester Young, tenor sax, Teddy Wilson, piano, Gene Ramey, bass, Jo Jones, drums — Recorded New York, in January 1956.

BEFORE: Well that's got a happy, more bounce-to-the-ounce feel. You know, lately, working with Herb Alpert on this new record of ours, I learned something. He sort of looks for an overall feel. If something grabs you, the mood grabs you, that's all that matters. Most of us musicians cut records apart, we dissect them under a microscope.

That's a happy record. The only one I can think of off-hand, who sounds that happy in this day and age in the modern idiom is Joe Zawinul. I love to listen to his music. He always has that happy swinging effect, no matter how modern or complicated it might be.

I guess it was Prez. Somehow it sounded like Buddy Rich on drums. It could have been Joe Jones, Buddy Rich, Sid Catlett. It sounded like Johnny Guarnieri, or Teddy Wilson or sombody like that. Anyway, I enjoyed it for what it is. A lot of music now just intellectualizes itself into knots. It's just a straight ahead, lets swing and be happy, set 'em up bartender record. I give it 4 stars any day.

AFTER: I can't remember if it was one tour of six or eight weeks, every night of the week with Jazz At The Philharmonic in '57 and '58, when there was six saxophones, Prez, Hawk, Sonny Stitt, Illinois Jacquet, and Flip Phillips and myself. And Norman Granz threw in everything but the kitchen sink. It watched prez and I spoke with him a lot and I met him a few times over the years, once with Benny Goodman in 1945. I was sitting with Ben Webster at the Three Deuces and he came walking in and I got to meet him. When I was introduced, he said "Nice eyes, Prez, carry on."

2) AL COHN & ZOOT SIMS, *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To* (from *Jazz Club Tennor Sax*, Verve) Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, tenor sax, Mose Allison, piano, Major Holley, bass, Charlie Wright, drums — Recorded New York, June 1960.

BEFORE: From the very first note I thought it was Zoot. And it is Zoot, but yet it's not. There's something that makes me feel it's not Zoot. And if it's Al Cohn, it's not Al Cohn. It's not Al Cohn, I'll go with that. As far as Zoot, if it isn't, it's someone as Zootish as possible. I don't know what that is. That was nice. I thought that the piano player was a little on the without chops. The bass player didn't have much of a sound. I don't know, the rhythm section is recorded sort of bad. I didn't make much of it. But just for the whole feel, to celebrate the Zoot and Al feel, I have to give it 3 stars.

AFTER: Was it Al? Well, Mose played with my band in '57. And the first he ever sang was on my band. He played trumpet on my band, too. He must have been using a different kind of mouthpiece, and I don't hear those interweaving chord changes so much on that record.

3) WAYNE SHORTER *A Night In Tunisia* (from *Jazz Club Tenor Sax*, Verve) Wayne Shortern, tenor sax, Lee Morgan, trumpet, Walter Davis, Jr., piano, Jymie Merritt, bass, Art Blakey, drums — recorded in Paris, Dec. 18, 1959.

BEFORE: I've found myself in situations like that. In front of a large audience, it's time to play something real fast. It's crowd-pleaser time... I've been very embarrassed by what I've heard, not matter how fine the musicians are on it. It seems like it splatters, and yet the people love it. It quickens the pulse. All those musicians sounded confident. You could tell they're all good horn players. I think it's sort of a waste of music to do that.

I don't know who it is; they're all good, but musically, I'd rate it one star.

AFTER: Look at that! Isn't that something! All of that with fine musicians, but the tempo is so stupid for the song.

4) JOHN COLTRANE *You're A Weaver Of Dreams* (from *Jazz Club Tenor Sax*, Verve) John Coltrane, tenor sax, Wynton Kelly, piano, Paul Chambers, bass, Jimmy Cobb, drums, Cannonball Adderley, Alto Sax. Recorded in Chicago, February 3, 1959.

BEFORE: I can't tell who that is. It sounds like Sonny Stitt, and it sounds like a Coltrane approach, and it made me realize how Coltrne got some stuff from Sonny Stitt. I never realized it before. It's probably neither. I don't think it's Coltrane but it's real good. The piano solo I liked very much. The bass player's line he's playing comes out a little obscure to me. I think it's a nice record... 3 stars.

AFTER: Coltrane...oh that's a long time ago. I was putting it in the wrong era. By thinking it was later, I was thinking it was a Coltrane imitator.

5) JOE FARRELL — BOOKER ERVIN — YUSEF LATEFF *Take The A Train/Exactly Like You* (from *Jazz Club Tenor Sax*, Verve) Joe Farrell, Booker Ervin, Yusel Lateef, tenor sax; Ted Curson, trumpet; Jimmy Knepper, trombone, Paul Bley, piano, Charles Mingus, bass, Dannie Richmond, drums — Recorded in New York, May 25, 1960.

BEFORE: I can't stand it when somebody plays a terribly wrong tempo for a tune. The rhythm section sounds splattered. I don't care who or how great the artists are who are playing. It's just not thought out. I don't know and I don't care. No stars.

AFTER: I wouldn't recognize their playing on that. I'm not too familiar with them anyway. Joe Farrell with Chick Corea on flute, he played beautiful. Yeah, they played two tunes at once — big deal, they could also have put *Ipanema* in there. It would fit.

6) BENNIE WALLACE, *Border Town*, Blue Note. Bennie Wallace, tenor sax, Dr. John, piano, organ, John Scofield, guitar, Mitch Watkins, guitar, Will Lee, bass, Chris Parker, drums, Herlin Riley, percussion.

BEFORE: I love music that doesn't take itself too seriously. You know, just fun listening. As you said, Leonard, the tango is a fun type of beat. And it still works. The tenor player, I know who that is and I can't place him. I liked him and I liked the whole record. That's music, isn't it? In comparison to what you've just heard and what you hear after. I'll give it 3 stars.

AFTER: I've heard of him, but never heard him before.

7) RED HOLLOWAY *Well You Needn't* (from *Red Holloway & Company*, Concord Jazz, Inc.) Thelonious Monk, composer; Red Holloway, tenor sax. Cedar Walton, piano, Richard Reid, bass, Jimmie Smith, drums.

BEFORE: It sounds like Johnny Griffin. It reminds me a little of Lockjaw, too. Very good musicianship with everybody on the record. I don't know who it is. That drum sound is very familiar, but I can't place him. I'll give it 4 stars for the display of good mjsicianship.

AFTER: On tenor? Red? He's good.

8) WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET *Prelude to a Kiss* (from *Plays Duke Ellington*, Nonesuch). Arranged by David Murray. Julius Hemphill, alto sax, Oliver Lake, alto sax, David Murray, tenor sax, hamiet Bluiett, baritone sax.

BEFORE: You know, I can't tell how out of tune the rest of the saxophone section is, because the lead alto player is so out of tune, it's like, forget it from the beginning. The saxophone section is one of my favorite things to be in and to make a lot of beautiful music.

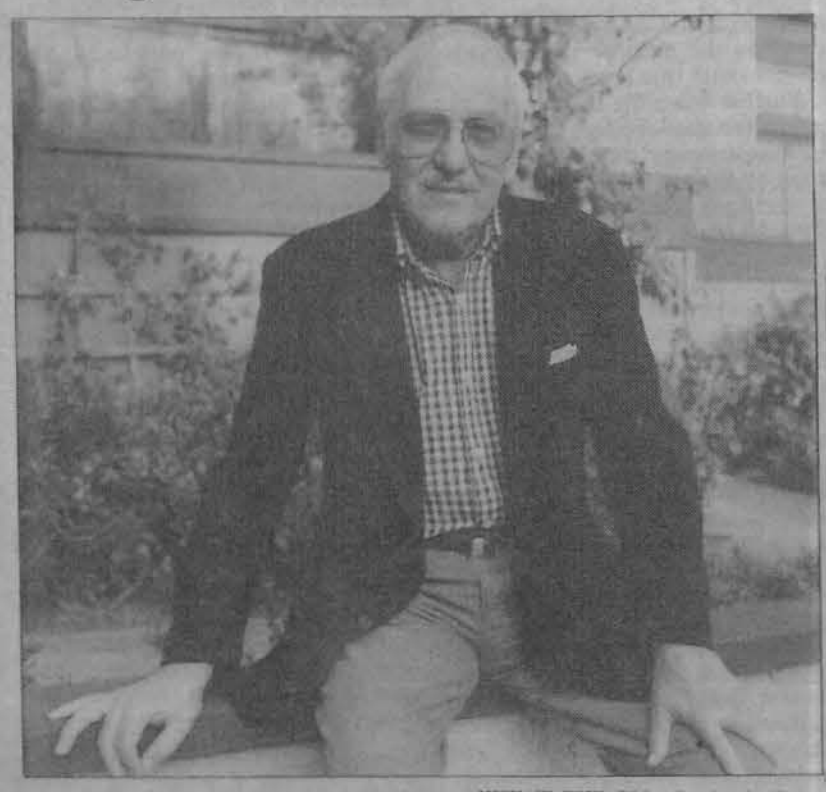
I don't believe a lot of political dissent should be brought into music. I can't think of any other reason these guys should be playing all this free shit unless they're just shouting for attention or they want to be "modern." It's a waste of a saxophone section. Well, of course, the tune is one of my favorite tunes. You know I've recorded it at least a couple of times. They shit on it. They shit on Strayhorn. Was that Strayhorn? Oh it's Duke. Anyway, let's start from go. I have to have the alto player tune up, and then tune the rest of the guys up. What a waste.

AFTER: World Saxophone Quartet — yeah; well, they're out there just showing their individuality. How about making music? Poor Duke... As for the fact that they don't have a rhythm section, why bother with a rhythm section? There's no time anyway.

Rolf Ericson: a Legend With a Future

■ **Jazz:** The trumpeter's spent 47 years adapting his playing to different masters. Now he's playing his own tune at the Grand Avenue Bar.

By LEONARD FEATHER



MICHAEL EDWARDS / Los Angeles Times

"Between the studio jobs and all the bands and small jazz groups, I've done just about everything," trumpeter Rolf Ericson says.

The Rolf Ericson story has the makings of a bulky book, if not a TV miniseries. A fluent and sensitive master of the trumpet and fluegelhorn, he has achieved a unique backlog of credits through a rare mix of talent and adaptability.

Ericson has worked for Paul Anka, Charlie Barnet, Count Basie, Les Brown, Benny Carter, Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Lulie Ellboj, Duke Ellington, Maynard Ferguson, Stan Getz, Dexter Gordon, Woody Herman, Harry James, Elvin Jones, Quincy Jones, Stan Kenton, Harold Land, Charlie Mingus, Art Mooney, Charlie Parker, Perez Pfado, Charlie Spivak, Buddy Rich, Dick Stabile, Charlie Ventura and the World's Greatest Jazz Band.

After 47 years of playing with such masters throughout Europe and the United States and a series of far-flung residencies (most recently a decade based in West Germany), the Swedish-born Ericson arrived with his wife in Los Angeles in February. He found a home in Beverly Hills and has begun to explore the local music scene, playing several stage gigs at the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore (he will be there Tuesday with singer Ernie Andrews).

"I've always liked California," he says. "This was where I worked when I came to America in 1947. It wasn't easy back then; I went first, with a friend who had signed my papers, to Palm Springs, but nothing was happening. I took a job as a dishwasher to make enough money to get to Los Angeles, and pretty soon I was working with Benny Goodman."

Ericson had made as swift a rise to fame back home. Inspired by a Louis Armstrong concert he attended with a trumpet-playing uncle ("I knew right there and then that I wanted to be a trumpet player and nothing else," he says), he soon graduated from school bands to the country's top professional units, and by 1945, at 23, he won the annual Swedish all-star band polls. "I was at the peak of my career, but I decided I had to come to America."

In California, where the jazz world was segregated in the 1940s (there were two separate musicians' unions), Ericson was attracted to the Central Avenue scene, where he met and played with Teddy Edwards, Wardell Gray and pianist Gerald Wiggins (whose trio backed him last week at the Biltmore).

His first American tour of duty lasted three years. Over the next two decades he spent much of his time in the United States, but he made Sweden his home base from 1965-70. By that time American musicians touring Europe hired him constantly: a festival in Hilversum, a Stockholm date with Dizzy or an all-star session with Clark Terry or Art Farmer.

Of all the bands he has worked with, Duke Ellington's made the most durable impression. He was the first European musician to become a regular member, first in the United States in 1963-64 and then on numerous overseas tours; he has rejoined several times since Mercer Ellington became the leader.

"I was mystified at first. Duke had this huge library, with just fragments of paper; I couldn't find any music, and I'd ask the other trumpeters, I'd say to Ray Nance, 'What note should I play here?' and he'd say, 'I don't know—play anything.' And I was caught in the middle of this friction between Cootie Williams and Cat Anderson. If Cat told me 'Play a B flat here,'

was with Herman in 1950 and later joined Kenton. "Stan gave me a lot of solo space, and I was making $350 a week—big money in the '50s."

Like most of Benny Goodman's employees, Ericson found the King of Swing "strange." During one of his stints with Goodman, he says: "We were in Freedomland for 10 days. Benny had this excellent guitarist, Turk van Lake. Every time he tried to play, a solo or just rhythm, Benny would say, 'No guitar.' This cat just sat there all night long and it happened again and again. At the end of the 10 days he hadn't plucked a single note."

Goodman was one of several leaders with whom Ericson had difficulty retaining his identity. "One day he rented a studio and asked me to come over and jam. He

Please see ERICSON, F5

JAZZ REVIEW

6/6

A Flawless Bill Holman Band at the Biltmore

Monday evening, playing for a capacity crowd at the Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar, Bill Holman offered renewed evidence that his is one of the most original minds in orchestral jazz.

When Holman writes an arrangement of a familiar tune, it undergoes the equivalent of major plastic surgery; you recognize the features, but realize that something new and unique has happened.

It can be a riotous reworking of an Alfred Newman antique, "Moon of Manakoora," in which the band seems to be moving in six directions at once, yet somehow miraculously converging.

Or it may be a deeply lyrical piece such as Jimmy Rowles' "The Peacocks," with voicings even Duke Ellington never got around to using, such as flutes and soprano sax backing a bass clarinet (played movingly by Bob Efford).

A strain of humor runs through many Holman pieces, most notably in the first several choruses of "Just Friends," played in unison by the entire brass and sax sections before everyone bursts out into full-flower harmony.

Billy Strayhorn's "Rain Check" is another wild transmogrification, packed with harmonic complexities in addition to serving as a showcase for Rich Eames at the piano, Bob Cooper on tenor sax and the clarion trumpet of Bob Summers, who gets more of a chance to display his talent here than he ever did in the Count Basie band.

All these works were given the flawless reading they required; this is not easy music, but most of Holman's sidemen are mature artists who understand and obviously relish the chance to play these exacting arrangements. It is a supreme irony of the music business that this band remains virtually unrecorded while semi-literate pop groups clog the charts; for men like these, the reward must be in the playing, and Monday night they were rich rewards indeed.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ERICSON

Continued from F4

played a lot of old-fashioned tunes, and later told me, 'I thought you played more modern than that.' I said, 'Benny, I figured you wanted me to play in your bag. You called the tunes—how do you expect me to do anything else?'

"So I heard nothing more from him. Suddenly, a year later, he calls up and has me sign a contract to go to Europe. Later I found he had gotten about 20 other trumpeters to sign contracts—but Benny himself hadn't signed any of them! No, I didn't get the job."

Buddy Rich presented other problems. "A very weird person, dictatorial—'Button your coat! Lose some pounds so you can fit into the uniform!' He ordered me to play like Sweets Edison and I told him, 'I love Sweets, but I'm Rolf Ericson. Either accept me or get Sweets.' Later, we became good friends."

Another identity crisis: "I replaced Shorty Rogers in the Lighthouse All Stars at Hermosa Beach. Bad vibes! I tried to play like Shorty but it didn't fit my temperament, and it never jelled. But I did get to play with Miles Davis when he dropped in one night, and not long ago they put it out on an album."

Ericson learned about American society when he toured the South in two interracial bands. "I was with Perez Prado, who was very dark. Somehow we got checked into a hotel in Montgomery, Ala., but suddenly the hotel manager said, 'Get out! The Ku Klux Klan is coming—they'll lynch me!' We jumped into the cars and split.

"Charlie Barnet took us all into a restaurant in the South. They served everyone but the three black guys in the band, so Charlie said, 'Let's go.' We left without paying; they sent for the police and we had State Troopers with guns chasing us, but they didn't catch us."

TOMMY WIBERG

Rolf Ericson, Duke Ellington worked together in Stockholm in 1963.

'I was mystified at first. Duke had this huge library, with just fragments of paper; I couldn't find any music. . . . Duke would just laugh and say, "Don't worry; you'll get it." '

ROLF ERICSON

A more pleasant experience was a session in Dusseldorf in which a series of poems written by Pope John Paul II as a young man were set to music, given English lyrics by Gene Lees and recorded with Sarah Vaughan as the principal singer and Lalo Schifrin conducting a large orchestra.

"Sarah hadn't studied the material very well, but in two days she had it down, and it was so unbelievably beautiful, every time I play it to this day I get tears in my eyes."

Over a career that spans 47 years Ericson's experiences have not been uniformly rewarding. A low point was his year with Les Brown, playing the Bob Hope show: "A super-white band, stiff and cold—it really didn't fit me." But, for every such blue note, there have been enough rewarding encounters to fill the life spans of a dozen typical jazzmen.

Three months from now he will be back on the road again, touring Scandinavia for a few weeks, but California provides strong roots and longstanding friendships.

"Between the studio jobs and all the bands and small jazz groups, I've done just about everything. I never had a manager, and I still don't have one. Maybe I should get one now."

It seems unlikely. Ericson's reputation guarantees that the right gig will never be more than a phone call away.

CD Reviews

Carmen McRae
"McRae Sings Monk"
RCA Novus 3086-2 *

• • • • •

This innovative company has come up with another winner here. Thelonious Monk has already become the most recorded jazz composer since Duke Ellington, but with the use of lyrics (some of them seldom or never recorded before) on 15 Monk standards, and the wise choice of a singer who knows them inside out, his legacy will reach a new echelon.

Except for "Round Midnight," most of these songs were wordless until decades after they were written. For legal reasons, they all have new titles (Monk's Dream" becomes "Man, That Was A Dream," "Straight No Chaser" is now "Get It Straight"). Lyrics to both songs are by **Sally Swisher**.

The others, seven, all equally ingenious, are by **Jon Hendricks**. McRae is in total control, with witty words and a scat interlude on "Well, You Needn't," (a.k.a. "It's Over Now") and "In Walked Bud," alias "Suddenly," which is heard in both studio and live versions, the former with tenor by the late **Charlie Rouse** and superb bass work by **George Mraz**. On almost all cuts, though, the basic group has **Clifford Jordan** on tenor and **Eric Gunnison**, McRae's regular pianist.

The alternating humor and charm of these tunes are flawlessly captured in an album that cannot fail to be a Grammy contender next year. Δ

Abdullah Ibrahim
"African River"
Enja R2 79617 *

• • • 1/2

The Capetown born composer, long an Ellington idolator, plays a modest role as pianist here, leaving much of the footage to a four-horn group (but the horns collectively play nine instruments, from piccolo to tuba). He aims, now and then, at a small-band Duke sound, with **Horace Young** on Johnny Hodges-like alto sax. Calypso touches, charming flute-laced melodies and a prayerful gospel piece, "The Wedding," add up to a less than innovative, but very palatable offering. Δ

Eddie Daniels
"Nepenthe"
GRP GRD 9607

• • • •

Having established himself as a formidable clarinetist with less than admirable sales, Daniels tries something a little more accessible here. Some of the written passages could have been played by any competent studio musician, but there is enough of his improvisational skill to remind us of who and what he is. True, the rhythm section thumps and thuds at times where one wishes it would swing, but Daniels' compositions, and the standards of Coltrane's "Equinox" and Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes," generally sustain the interest. Δ

Stanley Cowell
"Back to the Beautiful"
Concord CCD 4398

• • • 1/2

Now a New York college music professor, **Cowell** is an eclectic of the keyboard, moving with ease from delicate balladry to bebop (Bud Powell's "Wail"). He deals oddly with Ellington: "It Don't Mean a Thing" is restrained and moderato, while "Come Sunday," with an unneeded saxophone added, is too hard hitting for this sublime melody. Of the Cowell originals, a supercalypso, "St. Croix," works best, while"Prayer for Peace" is neither reverential nor pacific. Δ

Peggy Lee
"There'll Be Another Spring"
Music Masters MMD 60249

• • • •

At long last, a "Peggy Lee Sings Peggy Lee" album...one in which her own lyrics are matched with the melodies of **Johnny Mandel** ("The Shining Sea"), **Sonny Burke** ("He's a Tramp") and, on four numbers, **John Chiodini**, her guitarist, shares the arranging/conducting credits with her pianist, **Mike Renzi**. With nine strings as her cushion, Lee's unmistakably personal sound comes across soft and endearing as ever. Her words, at their best, are true poetry. There are a couple of lesser moments--"Sans Souci" is cryptic, and "Johnny Guitar" is an overlong lapse from Weltschmertz into schmaltz--but by and large this is vintage Lee. Even "Fever" is still fun, be it Farenheit or Centigrade.

Phil Woods Quintet + One
"Flash"
Concord CCD 4408 *

• • • •

The title refers to the presence on some cuts of both trumpeter **Tom Harrell**, who left the group last year, and trombonist **Hal Crook**, who replaced him. Woods, though a brilliant composer, is not represented here in that capacity; his alto sax is the centerpiece for originals by Harrell (the adventurous post-bop "Journey to the Center," the subdued, harmonically oblique "Weaver"), pianist **Hal Galper**, and the Los Angeles composer **Tom Garvin**, whose swaggering, Monkish "Bradley's Revenge" is a highlight. Woods switches to clarinet for the exotic "Misirlou", a 50-year-old-Greek pop song. The three-horn blend is a bonus; too bad economics preclude its becoming permanent. Δ

Joyce
"Music Inside"
Verve Forecast 843 012 -

• • • • 1/2

Fresh, different and distinctive, this young Brazilian singer with the unBrazilian name generally writes her own music, her own sometimes rebellious, sometimes romantic lyrics, and, except for the odd extra musician here and there, provides her own accompaniment on the guitar. Six songs are in English; four others (including her Portuguese lyricization of **Tracy Chapman's** "Talkin' 'Bout a Revolution") have English translations in the booklet. Her small, wistful voice is utterly charming, and her essay on social and cultural conditions in Brazil tells us how she has broken the sex barrier there for songwriters. Δ

Helen Merrill featuring Stan Getz
"Just Friends"
Verve 842-007-2

• • • •

Merrill's gauze-covered tones make a graceful match for the **Getz** sound. Backed by an international rhythm section in this Paris date, they are always at ease on the slow tunes (**Cleo Laine's** Cavatina," **Don Redman's** "Gee

Ain't I Good to You"), but Merrill still has trouble with up tempo tunes; on the title tune she sounds uncertain and even has intonation trouble. The German pianist **Joachim Kuhn** works out nimbly at length on "It Don't Mean a Thing," while Merrill stays mainly on the sidelines. Δ

George Shearing
"Piano"
Concord Jazz CCD 4400

• • • •

Having recorded over the past decade with every setting he and Concord could come up with, short of a bagpipe ensemble, **Shearing** now tries it alone, with estimable results. There are tunes by him and **Mel Tormé** dedicated to their respective daughters ("Wendy," "Daisy"), a Shearing "Children's Waltz" that is beautiful in its simplicity, impressionistic touches on "Am I Blue," and a shift into **Erroll Garner** gear on "For You." The rest of the 14 cuts maintain a neat balance between the obscure and the long-familiar. Δ

Dave Frishberg
"Let's Eat Home"
Concord Jazz CCD 4402

• • • •

Among the latest Frishberg flights of fancy are his lyrics to "Let's Eat Home," a sardonic put-down of the frequent-flyer haut monde; "Brenda Starr," set to the **Johnny Mandel** title tune of a movie, and a series of risible similies in "I Was Ready" (as in, e.g., "Like Oswald was ready for Ruby"). Pianistically, he acquits himself well in a solo medley of five **Billy Strayhorn** tunes, less well in the **Al Cohn** medley, in which his quintet shares the footage (**Snooky Young**, trumpet; **Rob McConnell**, trombone) on tunes that are mostly unfamiliar. Frishberg's nasal voice and incisive keyboard style seem made for each other. He is still the foremost distiller of no-nonsense jazz and hip humor. Δ

Harper Brothers
"Remembrance"
Verve 841-723-2

• • • 1/2

Philip, the trumpeter, 24, and his drummer brother **Winard Harper**, 27, have cooked up a set of neo-1960s sounds (often in the manner of the old **Horace Silver Quintet**) that is finger-popping if not show-stopping. Live at the Village Vanguard, playing eleven numbers of which six originated within the group, they are important additions to the generation of young musicians who blend past and present values. The best solo work is by **Stephen Scott** at the piano and **Justin Robinson** on alto sax. The trumpet specialty, "CB," is dedicated to Clifford Brown, but bears little resemblance to him. Philip Harper could use fewer notes and more emotion, yet the promise is clearly there. Δ

Gary Burton
"Reunion"
GRP GRD 9598 *

• • • •

Let us forgive **Burton** his grammatical trespasses (he says of his sponsors that "they encouraged Pat Metheny and I to play together") on the grounds that his music makes more than adequate atonement. **Metheny** and Burton were teaching colleagues at Berklee College in Boston; the guitarist also played for three years in Burton's quintet. Back together again, they are part of a splendid blend, rounded out by **Mitch Forman**, keyboards (and composer of two originals), **Will Lee** on electric bass and **Peter Erskine** on drums. Metheny and **Polo Orti** (a young composer from the Canary Islands) contributed three tunes apiece. Forman's "Origins," with its Iberian overtones and Metheny on acoustic guitar, has a special charm. Burton on a couple of tracks switches from vibes to marimba, an instrument too seldom heard in jazz. As a relief from the glut of high energy music this will be one of the most welcome sessions of the season. Δ

Leonard Feather

6/11 LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

Hession-Peagler Quartet Rises Above the Din

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dodsworth's, a spacious restaurant and bar at 2 W. Colorado Blvd. in Pasadena, seems to be drawing large crowds with its four-nights-a-week jazz policy. The attraction last Friday was the Hession-Peagler Quartet.

The trouble is that the crowds in question are supremely uninterested in listening to the music; they are here to talk. Squeezed into a corner of the large bar, the performers had to battle with a noise level that must have made it as difficult for them to concentrate as it was for a reviewer to hear them.

Despite the billing, the core of the group is the couple usually billed as Jim and Martha Hession. The pianist and singer are aided here by Curtis Peagler on alto sax (reviewed here last Friday with the Cheathams Blues Band) and by David Dyson on bass.

Longtime Sunday favorites at Jax in Glendale, the Hessions are well known for their historical jazz concerts, with the husband specializing in ragtime. At Dodsworth's he adapted himself remarkably well to the more modern requirements of Peagler, whose bold sound almost succeeded in cutting through the noise.

Hession's song choices ranged from Thelonious Monk's "In Walked Bud" and Milt Jackson's "Reunion Blues" to Chick Corea's "Senor Mouse," all of which he adjusted to his traditional-cum-mainstream style. His wife's vocals on such standards as "It Might As Well Be Spring" revealed a superior lounge-singer personality with occasional jazz-inclined melodic variations.

Dyson's bass kept the beat steady, but the situation in the room seems to demand a drummer. The Hessions will be back Thursday, a night of the week when some customers allegedly do come to hear the music.

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L.A. Times 6/10/90 Syndicated JAZZ

Oscar Peterson Tops the List—of Books

By LEONARD FEATHER

The compact-disc era brought a surge in the number of jazz album releases and seems to have led to a proliferation of books on jazz as well.

"Oscar Peterson: The Will to Swing" by Gene Lees (Prima: $19.95, 294 pages) fills a longstanding gap in the literature of musical legends. Lees, a Canadian writer and lyricist, was the ideal choice as Boswell to his compatriot, whom he has known for decades.

The first chapters provide a revealing, sometimes startling picture of racism and even slavery in Canada, and of the odyssey of Peterson's father, a merchant seaman, who made his way from the Virgin Islands to Halifax to Montreal, married a young domestic from the Caribbean and made his living in one of the few jobs open to blacks as a sleeping car porter.

Lees offers graphic examples of the unconscious racism his subject endured as a teen-age prodigy; typically, the scripts of early radio programs reveal an embarrassing patronization. Peterson's first employer, Johnny Holmes, had problems keeping him as the only black in a Canadian band.

The pianist is portrayed as a proud man, an insatiable reader, politically aware, given to endless practice of both classical music and jazz. There are lighter chapters about Peterson the practical joker, and entire segments analyzing in sensitive detail his partnerships with Ray Brown, Herb Ellis and others. (In one glaring omission in this otherwise carefully researched work, guitarist Joe Pass is almost totally ignored.)

One wishes that the same diligent preparation had been applied to **"The Woodchopper's Ball: The Autobiography of Woody Herman,"** by Woody Herman and Stuart Troup (Dutton: $18.95, 162 pages). Begun a few years ago and completed after the bandleader's death in 1987, this could have been an in-depth examination of Herman's entire *Zeitgeist* and of the role his early bands played in launching the careers of dozens of gifted musicians.

The first few chapters deal with Herman's dues-paying years as a sideman, and the beginnings of his career as a leader. Later passages rely more heavily on quotes from sidemen, who seem to have been chosen arbitrarily.

Troup, the jazz critic for Newsday, deals most effectively with the period when Herman, reduced to poverty and enormous indebtedness to the IRS as a result of mismanagement, finds himself gravely ill and under the threat of eviction from his home. He lived out his final days in tragedy. "You know," he tells Troup, "Stravinsky was right. Growing old is just a series of humiliations."

"The World of Gene Krupa" by Bruce H. Klauber (Pathfinder Publishing, Ventura: $14.95, 214 pages) is less a biography than a collection of interviews with or about Krupa, quotes from old magazines, photographs, chronology, filmography and lists of personnel. From a literary standpoint, the best (arguably the only) passage of value is the foreword by Mel Torme, which reminds us that Torme's forthcoming biography of Buddy Rich is eagerly awaited.

"Jazz Anecdotes" by Bill Crow (Oxford University: $19.95, 350 pages) was assembled by the veteran bassist, who for years has been stockpiling stories, variously whimsical, amusing, even hysterical. As a gift book that guarantees up to a thousand laughs, it is recommended without reservation.

Though they deal with many topics not directly connected with jazz, two recent releases will be of interest to anyone concerned with the African-American experience. **"Tuxedo Junction"** by Gerald Early (Ecco: $19.95, 334 pages) takes its title from the old Erskine Hawkins hit record. Early, a teacher of African-American studies at Washington University in St. Louis, brings his perspective to bear on everything from Miss America to prize fights, but the final segment focuses on jazzmen, sometimes in the form of book reviews. Early's recollections of Monk, Hines, Armstrong, Basie and others leave no doubt about the depth of his concern for the music, though his facts are occasionally shaky (Louis Armstrong was born in 1901, not 1908).

Along identical lines, **"Notes of a Hanging Judge"** by Stanley Crouch (Oxford: $24.95, 275 pages) is an even more provocative and iconoclastic series of essays. Crouch, who was a jazz critic for the Village Voice for 10 years and is at present working on a biography of Charlie Parker, is a writer of exceptional brilliance, powerful enough to command respect even when one disagrees totally with his premise. Whether reporting on a jazz festival in Italy, examining Count Basie's biographer, Albert Murray, or lashing into Amiri Baraka (whom he refers to only as LeRoi Jones), Crouch is a formidable proponent or opponent.

Note: **"American Musicians: 56 Portraits in Jazz"** by Whitney Balliett (Oxford: $10.95, 415 pages) is a paperback reissue of the New Yorker magazine critic's nonpareil dissertations on jazzmen and jazzwomen of every stylistic stripe, living and dead. Imperative reading, particularly at this inviting price. □

JAZZ REVIEW

6/13

A New Band Captures the Count Basie Sound at the Grand Avenue Bar

By LEONARD FEATHER

A new band was introduced Monday evening at the Grand Avenue Bar, 10 of whose 16 members performed at one time or another with Count Basie. Among them was the leader, drummer Gregg Field, who brought to the job a library of arrangements by Ernie Wilkins, Neal Hefti, Sam Nestico and other Basie writers.

As luck would have it, the Basie sound was very fresh in the mind of this reviewer, who on Sunday had heard the actual Basie orchestra, conducted by Frank Foster, in a concert at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. There are few experiences more exciting than hearing that unique ensemble roaring its way through "Whirly Bird," with Duffy Jackson's drumming all but levitating the band in a wild climactic chorus.

Obviously the band that stays together plays together, and the Basie men, who work steadily all year round, are about as together as is possible to be, whereas Field's musicians had nothing in their collective background but a couple of rehearsals. The surprise, though, was not how much but how little they suffered by comparison.

Field may not be as dynamic a drummer as Jackson, but his sidemen are blessed with the reading expertise, the team spirit and the solo power to assure a rare level of conviction. After cruising compellingly through "Splanky," "Black Velvet" and "Corner Pocket," they brought fresh beauty to "Blue and Sentimental," a ballad that Basie wrote and recorded in 1938 (with Kim Richmond's alto sax now in the main role).

The tenor saxes of Thom Mason and Herman Riley were more aggressively contemporary than would be expected from a Basie style group; but Dennis Rowland, who spent eight years singing with the Count, brought authenticity and showmanship to a pair of blues that began decades ago with two of his predecessors, Jimmy Rushing and Joe Williams.

The Field band offers startling proof of the timelessness inherent in this legend: Snooky Young, in the trumpet section, first played with Basie in 1942, whereas the saxophonist Danny House left the band only last year. Jazz of this caliber laughs at generation gaps, and its truth goes marching on.

JAZZ REVIEW

Roberts Brings Rainbow of Styles to Vine St.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Five years ago Marcus Roberts, then 21, joined the Wynton Marsalis group as pianist and composer. Roberts, who was heard last year at Hollywood's Vine Street Bar & Grill during a leave of absence, has now left Marsalis permanently and is back at Vine Street (through Sunday), leading a unit that is similar to the one he presented previously.

There is one important difference: This is a sextet instead of a quintet, enabling him to bring greater harmonic complexity to his arrangements and to move with ease through a rainbow of stylistic variations.

Roberts is able, within a single set, to move from the starkly basic (his first blues riff tune could have been written and played in the 1950s) to the deeply subtle and spiritual, as in his majestic interpretation of an old Duke Ellington piano solo, "Single Petal of a Rose."

The musicians he has assembled are young and, for the most part, mature beyond their ages. Roberts is the oldest; the youngest is trumpeter Nicholas Payton, 16, out of school for the summer and already wise in the ways of such long-ago giants as Cootie Williams, whose plunger-muted sound he simulated on one of the less complicated blues pieces.

MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times

Marcus Roberts turns in accomplished set at Vine Street Bar.

Payton, who has not developed a distinctive sound on open horn, seemed hesitant at times. The other trumpeter, Scotty Barnhart, has already evolved into a warmly communicative artist, while the tenor saxophonist, Herb Harris III, displays an emotional and technical firmness of purpose rare in such a young man.

What impresses most about these three horn players is that they are not the products of some college band cookie cutter process that churns out hundreds of graduates, too many of whom are long on technique and short on aesthetic development.

The bass player, Chris Thomas, and the drummer, Martin Butler, seem well attuned to the leader's requirements, such as the constant need to swing and the ability to enrich the overall sound.

Much of Roberts' repertoire at the show consisted of variations on the 12 bar blues, but each number found a different way to disguise, extend or modify that ancient form, sometimes using a Middle Eastern flavor as in "Nebuchadnezzar," by changing keys as in "E. Dankworth," or by the use of tension and release for dynamic and rhythmic contrast.

Roberts' eclecticism is amazing. On Duke Ellington's "Black and Tan Fantasy" he began with an almost exact recreation of the composer's original 1927 piano solo, yet a few minutes later he moved into a florid, lightning pace passage that had 1990 written all over it. The contrast was almost too sharp, like beginning to write an impression of a Hemingway essay and suddenly evolving into James Joyce; but Roberts finally is never dull.

This sextet may take time to develop a full measure of cohesion, but already it provides its brilliant leader with the type of showcase his chameleonic talents require.

FESTIVAL: A High-Decibel High at Hollywood Bowl

Continued from F1

king and queen.

After the Etta James extravaganza came Lee Ritenour in an unsettled set that vacillated between excerpts from his straight-ahead album, happily including the title tune "Stolen Moments," and fusion numbers that involved overloud thumbing and strumming, albeit with sterling support from Bill Evans on saxes, Dave Witham on piano, the very able bassist Brian Bromberg, and a drummer, Sonny Emory, whose solo work made sense.

Ritenour did not have the option, as did Chick Corea, of subdividing his appeal. Heard Saturday with his acoustic band, Corea returned in full plugged-in regalia, with John Patitucci now on electric bass, Dave Weckl again on drums, abetted by Eric Marienthal on saxophone and Frank Gambale on guitar. Corea's writing achieves enough of a mix of melody, form and rhythmic variety to overcome, in some measure, the problems inherent in excessive volume.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Gerry Mulligan: Creative impulses are as keen as ever.

Some of the most compelling sounds of the day issued from the voice and guitar of Milton Nascimento. Beginning on his own, then joined by synthesizer and a percussion section, he sang with a hypnotic charm that transcended the language barrier, then indulged delightfully in the lingua franca of whistling.

Later, Wayne Shorter's soprano sax was added. His piercing, passionate examination of this demanding horn's upper reaches brought an altogether riveting set to a fitting climax.

Williams. Osborne, almost invisible behind the vibes, was in pristine form as Hamp unleashed her for three choruses of "Stompin' at the Savoy," then dueted with her on "Tenderly," dedicated to Sarah Vaughan. Osborne having long been a neglected presence, it would have been nice if Hampton had remembered to properly introduce her.

Later, it went downhill, with Skip Cunningham, a singer and tap dancer, in a tribute to Sammy Davis, and more band instrumentals as the noise out front kept growing. But one of Hampton's endearing qualities is that he loves music too much; he never knows when to stop. Would that everyone, at any age, share his level of talent and enthusiasm.

The final act was the Lionel Hampton Orchestra, or rather, a band the 81-year-old veteran had put together, composed of musicians from Local 47, with a background of just one rehearsal. They handled the charts adequately while the vibes master gave several men a chance to shine, among them the Candoli Brothers, Conte and Pete, in a trumpet challenge that managed to get across to an audience whose attention span was long past its peak.

Hampton's chief surprise was the guitarist Mary Osborne, whose credits go back to records with Coleman Hawkins and Mary Lou

Hampton's chief surprise was the guitarist Mary Osborne, whose credits go back to records with Coleman Hawkins and Mary Lou

6/13

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Etta James at the Bowl: Welcome to Earplug City.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Drummer Bill Cosby, pianist Dorothy Donegan step out.

JAZZ REVIEW

A High-Decibel High at Playboy Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER

Hugh Hefner was clearly happy. Producer George Wein beamed. Bill Cosby, always eager to be part of the action, sat in on percussion with Hiroshima. Their enthusiasm fanned out to almost 18,000 patrons at Sunday's 8½-hour Playboy Jazz marathon at the Hollywood Bowl.

More than the Saturday session, this program leaned toward various forms of fusion. At one point Etta James remarked: "I know this is a jazz festival; I don't know what I'm doing here." But the honking and shouting of James and her so-called Roots Band was supposed to be a crowd killer first and a critic pleaser last.

Judged on its own R&B terms, the James vulgarisms had as logical a place here as Chick Corea's Elektric Band with its sometimes too spaced-out material, or the rockier moments of Hiroshima or Lee Ritenour. True, the Bowl too often became Earplug City, but the validity of the music, pure or hybridized, was seldom at issue.

Hiroshima came on late in the evening to bring the crowd to a rare pitch of frenzy with its Asian rock bombast. The key contributors were Johnny Mori, locked in mortal battle with a big taiko drum, June Okida Kuramoto in her exotic koto solos and, most memorably, the band's latest addition, a singer named Machun Taylor. Blessed with a powerful voice, astonishing range and physical beauty, Taylor was spectacularly successful, most notably on a theme song in unison with Dan Kuramoto's saxophone.

Six hours earlier, the program had been launched with the Hennessy Jazz Search winner, a band known as Happy House that eschewed funk and fusion to concentrate on contemporary concepts in a post-Ornette Coleman acoustic vein.

Dorothy Donegan, a highly skilled pianist who was encouraged by no less an admirer than Art Tatum, showed her harmonic sense in "Here's That Rainy Day," her speed (verging on haste) in "Caravan," her swinging ease on "Isn't She Lovely," and her blues sensitivity on "After Hours." On this last she was joined by a young violinist, Laura Canaan, who played well but outstayed her welcome, interfering on tunes for which Donegan clearly wanted no assistance.

The white bearded Gerry Mulligan differed little from the adventurous young redhead who turned small-group jazz around in the 1950s. His creative impulses are as keen as they were back there when melody and harmony were

Please see FESTIVAL, F4

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LOS ANGELES TIMES 6/18

12th Playboy Festival Tunes Up for a Balanced Opening

■ **Jazz:** A range of styles and a measured serving of the popular and artistic shape the start of a show with a checkered history.

By LEONARD FEATHER

JOE VITTI

Bill Henderson, right, spontaneously joins Doc Severinsen to sing the blues at the Hollywood Bowl.

It began at 2:25 p.m. Saturday, five minutes ahead of schedule, at the Hollywood Bowl. In spirit, though, the 12th annual Playboy Jazz Festival started in Flagstaff, with the Northern Arizona University Jazz Ensemble, and ended in Havana, with Poncho Sanchez and Tito Puente pumping out old-timey mambo-style dance music.

In the sense that none of the nine acts offered anything offensive or out of place, and that moments of inspiration marked at least some parts of every set, this was among the most felicitously planned in the festival's slightly checkered history.

The maintenance of that delicate balance between the popular and the artistic, the visceral and the cerebral, was kept with very few compromises. True, there was no single high point to carry into memory. The audience did not come fully alive until 6:15 p.m., during a Tommy Newsom suite played by the Doc Severinsen Orchestra, when Bill Henderson spontaneously joined the action and sang the blues, flanked by Severinsen and Snooky Young in a "talking trumpets" routine.

Later, Joe Williams, waving a handkerchief during a blues vocal, soon had thousands of handkerchiefs blowing in the breeze. The Williams set promised a surprise that failed to materialize. With Jay McShann billed as an added attraction it was natural to expect an unprecedented blues duet, but McShann stayed at the piano and, even when Williams sang a song McShann wrote and popularized, "Confessin' the Blues," the Kansas City veteran never raised his voice.

The most adventurous group presented was a quartet composed of pianist Herbie Hancock, drummer Jack De Johnette, bassist Dave Holland and guitarist Pat Metheny. With routines that veered wildly between total freedom and basic three-part chords, and with Holland and Metheny both alternating between acoustic and electric instruments, this was a provocative set, chaotic when it started but more accessible as it went through a series of unannounced originals.

The opening performance by the Arizona band offered inspiring new evidence of the team spirit and occasional solo accomplishments of which these college groups are capable. Pianist Jim O'Meally brought warmth and conviction to "Spirit of Trane." For a finale, the whole band roared decisively through Mat Catingup's witty piece, "Blues and the Abscessed Tooth."

The "Tonight Show" ensemble, surely the most seen but least heard band in America, earned a rare chance to stretch out, with first-class arrangements by Newsom (whose alto sax shared honors with Pete Christlieb's tenor) and Bill Holman's new view of "Honeysuckle Rose."

The Tony Williams Quintet, an energetic hard bop group, was noteworthy for the promise shown by a fast-rising trumpeter, Wallace Roney, and by the potent, driving piano of Mulgrew Miller. Williams, though magnificent as an ensemble drummer, insisted on starting almost every number with a long solo; for diversion during these stretches you could always catch up on a few features in the handsome 104-page souvenir program.

The Chick Corea Trio, running the gamut from his own originals to Coltrane and Bud Powell and Monk, represented contemporary acoustic music flawlessly, with John Patitucci in his ever-more incredibly nimble form, and drummer Dave Weckl superbly supportive.

Pianist Eliane Elias blended determination and delicacy in two of her own works from the "Cross Currents" album. Surprisingly, she seemed less at ease interpreting the works of Antonio Carlos Jobim from her native Brazil. "Waters of March" was just a hair too aggressive and "Desafinado" too fast, with Peter Erskine's drumming slightly overbearing.

Fellow musicians, notably Wynton Marsalis, have expressed the belief that Miles Davis has betrayed the achievements of his definitive years. Possibly Marsalis is wise beyond his years and Miles is years beyond his wisdom. Saturday evening he offered several passages of genuine beauty, mostly muted, but much of what he accomplishes today is limited by the rhythmic and harmonic monotony of the settings.

Davis has found a new way to avoid talking to his audiences: When someone in the band is soloing, he holds up a placard bearing the soloist's first name. Kenny Garrett's alto sax tended toward longer phrases than Davis, but he too was given to repetition and choppy, staccato sounds.

There was a shock for the 17,951 attendees when emcee Bill Cosby announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, Jim Gosa." Since the popular disc jockey died last year, this was a chilling moment, assuaged a little when Cosby added the names of Sammy Davis Jr., Dexter Gordon and Sarah Vaughan to clarify his oddly worded point (but he neglected to include a death as tragic as any, that of 32-year-old Emily Remler).

Miles Davis gets down during his set at Playboy Jazz Festival.

No. 12: Playboy's 12th-annual jazz festival, though offering no memorable highlights, stacked up as one of the best planned in the event's somewhat checkered history. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

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LOS ANGELES TIMES 6/24/90 SYNDICATED JAZZ

Two Video Portraits of Sassy Sarah

By LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½
SARAH VAUGHAN
"Sass & Brass"
HBO Video

★★★★
SARAH VAUGHAN
"Live From Monterey"
Sony Video

That there was more to Sarah Vaughan than met the ear is vividly recalled in these videos from her later years. Taped live at Storyville Jazz Hall in New Orleans, the 1986 "Sass & Brass" (60 minutes) recaptures her special rapport with the audience, along with the facial gestures—now coy and self-mocking, now commandingly intent.

Among the opening songs with her regular trio, "Send in the Clowns" stands out as it did every time she reduced each audience to spellbound silence. The trumpet interludes that follow, with Don Cherry somewhat incoherent, Al Hirt a mite pretentious and Maynard Ferguson doubling as vocalist on "I Can't Get Started," find nobody in peak form, but Vaughan reappears to join her old friend Dizzy Gillespie for a wordless treatment of " 'Round Midnight." With Herbie Hancock, Chuck Mangione and the other trumpeters, the informal session winds up in two Vaughan & Co. scat forays, a blues and "Take the A Train."

AURELIO JOSE BARRERA
Sarah Vaughan in 1986, the same year "Sass & Brass" was taped live at Storyville Jazz Hall in New Orleans.

"Live From Monterey" (60 minutes) is more cohesive, with an even greater version of "Send in the Clowns," fine trio backing (Mike Wofford, Andy Simpkins, Harold Jones) and a wordless treatment of the Ivan Lins song "The Island." Joe Williams takes over for two numbers (not three as listed), with an all-star band (Clark Terry, Mundell Lowe, Hank Jones, George Bohanon, Shelly Manne). Visuals include Monterey land- and seascapes while Vaughan bops her way through "Autumn Leaves."

In retrospect, what we sometimes captiously viewed as Vaughan's visual mannerisms seem posthumously like another aspect of her singularly alluring way with an audience. These are priceless souvenirs.

★★★
DAVE GRUSIN, LEE RITENOUR, ET AL
"GRP Live in Session"
GRP Video

This retrospective (1985) sampler of GRP talent comprises 55 minutes and nine tunes, including three each written by Grusin and Ritenour. With Grusin and Larry Williams on various synthesizers, the appeal to the fusion audience is strong. Guests include Ivan Lins, whose Portuguese version of "The Island" is an anticlimax after Sarah Vaughan's sublimation—even though he composed it—and the pre-diet Diane Schuur, whose "Rev. Lee" in her Aretha Franklin mode finds her repeating the phrase "Do it to me" 16 times. Ritenour's guitar has some startling Bach-like moments on "The Rit Variations." It's a generally pleasant, rarely memorable set.

★★★
CHICK COREA ELEKTRIC BAND
"Inside Out"
GRP Video

Producer-director Ed Libonati made a strong pitch called "Visual Values" here. While Corea's quintet plays four original works (the last of which is a four-part suite), we see a variety of imagery: five small children miming Corea's band, urban landscapes, crowds descending an escalator, several dances and an athlete doing back flips. The music is typical high-grade Corea, with outstanding work by John Patitucci on bass and competent Eric Marienthal on saxophone; the video devices offer fewer delights than distractions. 31 minutes.

★★★
DIANE SCHUUR/ COUNT BASIE
"Diane Schuur/Count Basie"
GRP Video

The principal point of interest here is the inclusion of two instrumentals by the Basie orchestra that were not heard in the original 1987 album: The opener, "Splanky," and the final "Jumpin' at the Woodside." Schuur has her moments of convincing power, more on the ballad than on the blues, an idiom that seems slightly alien to her. The orchestra offers superb support. It is especially poignant to see guitarist Freddie Green just behind Schuur in several close-ups as she sings his composition "Until I Met You." Green even has a very brief solo introduction on one number. He died four days after this session was taped, just weeks shy of his 50th anniversary with the orchestra; he joined Basie in March, 1937. A high level of aural and visual production was maintained throughout this 51-minute session.

JAZZ REVIEW

Everyone Wins at the Jim Hall Invitational

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—This is the time for that annual nine-day wonder known as the JVC Jazz Festival. It is a time when critics moan about the use of non-jazz acts while producer George Wein groans about the shortage of young musicians and the difficulty of attracting audiences. It is also a time when the public proves them all wrong, by crowding into concert halls to salute artists of all ages. Nowhere was this more evident than at the Jim Hall Invitational Tuesday at Town Hall.

Hall, 59, has long been respected for his guitar mastery and lack of exhibitionism. The host, Pat Metheny, observed that Hall's influence has extended even to those who have gone on to develop radically different styles.

The evening presented him in a dozen settings, from impeccably executed duos (with bassist Ron Carter, saxophonist Gerry Mulligan and valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer) to a semi-classical ensemble that included a string quartet. His assurance that he had a "non-proliferation" treaty with the other guitarist, to avoid excessive volume, was faithfully remembered by all hands.

Hall ventured from shallow waters (a cheerful ukulele-like strumming on "St. Thomas" with Ron Carter) to deep experimentation, in an acerbic and atonal work, untitled, written 35 years ago when he was a student. The latter was one of three numbers with the Classical Heritage string ensemble, which also performed a rather turgid piece, "Abstract and Dreams," with composer Don Thompson at the piano, as well as a fascinating item called "Laura's Dream" that teamed Hall with the four mallets of vibist Gary Burton.

Written by Argentina's Astor Piazzola, this was the climactic closer of the first half.

Later, Hall worked mainly in tandem with other guitarists, two of whom spurred him on to some of his most creative moments. John Scofield, in a 180-degree switch from funk back to jazz, drew spirited and aggressive mainstream sounds from a solid-body guitar and had Hall responding in time. On a more restrained level, Pat Metheny proved to be a soulmate for Hall as he brought a keening, mournful air to the Brazilian standard "How Insensitive" before the pair burst into a hard-driving series of exchanges.

Hall's regular quartet was weakened by the unswinging piano of Gil Goldstein and the mood-shattering drum interlude by Terry Clarke. He seemed more at home trading choruses with his promising 20-year-old guitar student, Peter Bernstein.

For his finale, Hall fielded a 10-man band that included guitarists Bernstein, John Abercrombie, Mick Goodrick (playing a headless and almost bodyless guitarist) and Scofield. To his credit, instead of jamming on a conventional blues they played a Hall composition, "Careful." The title seemed especially fitting for an evening that had clearly been planned with loving care.

L.A. TIMES 7/2/90

Rewards From Green at N.Y. Fest

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—As the JVC Jazz Festival moved into its final weekend, one of the most rewarding concerts was performed Friday before a small audience at the intimate Weill Recital Hall by the 27-year-old pianist Benny Green.

After attracting interest for several years through appearances and recordings with Betty Carter, Art Blakey and others, Green today is moving rapidly into the front rank of young, bop-inspired acoustic improvisers. Never on record has his technique been so impressive, nor his use of it more felicitous than on this occasion.

He opened with a somewhat bland treatment of "Namely You," then warmed up with a tender "Come Sunday" and "Starcrossed Lovers" by Ellington and Strayhorn. It was during Bud Powell's "Celia" that his true self-image appeared. He attacked the fast-moving bop theme voraciously, playing it simultaneously in parallel lines with both hands.

Later he applied this doubled-up process to improvised lines, executed with astonishing dexterity. His affection for the bop era was faithfully recalled in his treatment of Monk's ballad "Ruby My Dear."

Green is a student of the veteran pianist Walter Bishop Jr., who was in the audience. Bishop can take pride in his bright young protégé.

Later, next door at Carnegie Hall, Stan Getz made one of his now-rare appearances (since a bout with cancer two years ago he has paced himself carefully). With Dexter Gordon, Zoot Sims and Al Cohen gone, the ranks of the great tenor saxophonists are thinning; Getz is the last of a vital creative breed.

Any concert that offers an opportunity to hear Getz play Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count" is, ipso facto, richly rewarding. He applied his nonpareil sound and wrenching emotion to this work, as well as to Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes" and Johnny Mandel's "El Cajon" (dedicated to the late Al Cohen).

Getz was matched by the consistently swinging Kenny Barron, who has been his pianist off and on since 1974; by Alex Blake, who on one tune doubled his bass lines with vocals a la Slam Stewart; and by the young, occasionally obtrusive drummer Terri Lyne Carrington.

Pianist Benny Green in concert at the Weill Recital Hall.

CAROL BERNSON

Stan Getz made a rare public appearance at Carnegie Hall.

The rest of the concert involved two additional musicians, playing synthesizers. One of them, Eddie del Barrio, wrote or co-wrote several of the tunes for the latest Getz album. On these numbers Blake switched to electric bass and Getz, who had dispensed with the mike entirely on some of the quartet pieces, was amplified. With the exception of Mike Lang's engaging "Lonely Lady," these were sextet experiments in largely overall sound while reducing the impact of Getz's solos.

It was a pleasure to see him return, for an encore, with just Kenny Barron, for a duo version of Benny Carter's "People Time" that brought out the tonal beauty of which he is a master.

JAZZ REVIEW

Bailey and Marsalis a Happy Pairing

■ **New York festival:** The 72-year-old singer and the 28-year-old trumpeter joined in a memorable version of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

By LEONARD FEATHER

CAROL BERNSON

Wynton Marsalis accompanies Pearl Bailey at JVC Jazz Festival.

NEW YORK—Festivals make strange bedfellows. Both the Wednesday and Thursday concerts at Avery Fisher Hall had as their headliners two singers normally associated with jazz, with an opening set provided by a small band featuring an adventurous young trumpeter.

The co-billing of Pearl Bailey and Wynton Marsalis was not as incongruous as it might have seemed. It was in the band of trumpeter Cootie Williams that Bailey got her start, and half buried among her shtick, the Social Security jokes, the dancing and the strutting, there was a voice that remains rich and warm and true. Bailey's versions of "Unforgettable," "For Once in My Life" and "Read My Mind" (this last with an admirable guitar solo by Remo Palmier) gave proof through the night that her sound was still there.

With her husband, Louie Bellson, at the drums leading a quartet that included Paul Smith at the piano and bassist Keter Betts, Bailey went through all her hit-song motions, complete with "Hello, Dolly!," before offering a surprise ending. The 28-year-old Marsalis came back to join the 72-year-old singer in a heartfelt rendering of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was one of the JVC Jazz Festival's memorable moments.

The opening set by Marsalis, leading a septet, consisted of two new, long, unrecorded works. The 35-minute "Uptown Ruler Suite" included a theme taken from a Beethoven string quartet, a movement involving a 12-tone row, and a piece written by his tenor saxophonist, Todd Williams. The final segment, "Down Home With Homey," was the most engaging melodically, but throughout the suite Marsalis and his sidemen, notably Los Angeles' Eric Reid on piano and Wycliffe Gordon on trombone, offered insightful ad-lib variations.

Marsalis' recent work has involved a curious dichotomy. As a soloist, he has all but abandoned the early Miles Davis overtones, leaning now towards such older stylists as Cootie Williams and Rex Stewart; meanwhile, compositionally, he has moved forward into adventurous experiments in form.

His second piece, "Blue Interlude," was more traditional in nature, with quasi-Dixieland passages (Williams switched to clarinet), skirting in and out of the blues.

If his abandonment of the 1960s Miles Davis has left a void, it may well be filled by the youthful Harper Brothers Quintet, who opened the Thursday recital. Philip Harper is as assured and fluent a trumpeter as can be heard on the contemporary scene, and he has his match in Justin Robinson, the 21-year-old alto saxophonist, and in pianist Kevin Hayes.

The hard-bop origins of this group are evident in their choice of material: Lee Morgan's charming "Ceora," old pieces by Horace Silver and Sonny Clark and, for good measure, an impeccable ballad medley of "I Can't Get Started" by Robinson and "Portrait of Jennie" by Philip Harper, whose brother, the drummer Winard Harper, and bassist Eric Lemon round out this ebullient unit.

The second half of the bill was occupied by Regina Belle, a soul singer whose diminutive size was more than compensated by her stentorian voice, her two hefty female backup singers, two synthesizer manipulators, and a general ambience that was about as appropriate to a jazz festival as 2 Live Crew.

The piano recital Thursday afternoon at Weill Hall (adjoining Carnegie) by Abdullah Ibrahim (a.k.a. Dollar Brand) displayed the South African pianist in a full hour of uninterrupted, unaccompanied explorations. This was less a tour de force than a world tour, taking in snatches of Ellington, blues, West Indian motifs, gospel, and moving unpredictably from low key out of tempo ramblings to double fortissimo tremolos.

For an encore, Ibrahim stood up and sang what sounded like a mixture of an African chant and Ellington's "Jump for Joy," while slapping his thighs for rhythm. At 55, he remains the complete original he has been since he arrived here from Capetown in the 1960s.

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7/8

★★★

BENNY GREEN

"Lineage"

Blue Note

The young ex-Art Blakey pianist seems to want to touch all bases, at the cost of a truly distinctive style: "See-See Rider" is an old time Ma Rainey blues; others are works by Monk, Elmo Hope (the very boppish "Crazy") and Neal Hefti (a long investigation of "Li'l Darlin'"). Green's four originals are lightweight and pleasant, but his attempt to re-create Bud Powell's "Glass Enclosure" lacks the dynamic articulation of the composer's own 1953 masterpiece. A promising though less than consistent major label solo debut.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★½

LOUIS ARMSTRONG/ DUKE ELLINGTON

"The Great Reunion"

Mobile Fidelity

This summit meeting of giants, in retrospect, has lost its glamour. Essentially this was a date by the Armstrong Sextet with Ellington replacing pianist Billy Kyle and supplying the 17 songs, all but four of which have vocals by Louis (he even scats on "Cotton Tail"). Nobody is in peak form, though the trumpet-and-piano duet passage on "I Got It Bad" is superb. Omitted are the names of the bassist and drummer (Mort Herbert and Danny Barcelona) and the various lyricists, which may be just as well for whoever wrote "Azalea." Among his rhymes are "Full Regalia," "A Failure" and "Assail Ya"—this on what is supposed to be a charming ballad.

—L.F.

★★★★

BUNKY GREEN

"Healing The Pain"

Delos

Based in Chicago for 30 years and now president of the International Assn. of Jazz Educators, Green has earned scant recognition for his Parker-inspired yet personal alto sax. The ballads are the meat of this season; as he says, "I shape and bend the harmonic structures to my own expressive ends." This is true of "The Thrill Is Gone" (a 1931 pop song, not the B.B. King hit), also of "Who Can I Turn To" and "Goodbye." Ed Bland, Green's producer, contributed three themes from his score for last year's PBS-TV version of "Raisin in the Sun." To round out this well-balanced set, Green wrote two provocative originals. He has just the kind of sympathetic rhythm section he deserved: Billy Childs on piano, Art Davis on bass and Ralph Penland on drums.

—L.F.

L.A. TIMES 7/8/90

★★★★

WYNTON MARSALIS

"The Resolution of Romance"

Columbia

Volume 3 in the Marsalis "Standard Time" series finds him teamed with his father, the pianist Ellis Marsalis, in a partnership as remarkable for its simplicity as for its sense of direction. The music is high both on quantity (74 minutes) and quality, with 18 songs from the classic pop era—Rodgers, Arlen, Carmichael, John Green—as well as three originals by the trumpeter, one of which, "In the Court of King Oliver," is a variation on the old "Yes Indeed" spiritual chord changes.

With unpretentious help from bassist Reginald Veal and drummer Herlin Riley, the Marsalises show respect for these melodies ("Skylark," "Too Late Now," "A Sleepin' Bee"). "Flamingo" has a surprising tango beat. "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" is Wynton's only attempt to depart radically from the theme.

Playing open horn but also using every mute known to mankind, Wynton Marsalis confirms that he is an artist for all idioms, sounds and seasons, and no mere Miles Davis clone.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★

CHRISTOPHER HOLLYDAY

"On Course"

RCA Novus

Altoist Hollyday, barely 20 and here with his second Novus release, is an amazingly mature musician for his age. He plays with poise and bravura, offers crisp statements that are neither short on feeling nor interest and writes

Wynton Marsalis

tunes that take the listener on journeys to a number of exotic musical islands.

Hollyday is not, as yet, terribly original: the stamp of his idol, Jackie McLean, is everywhere—in his dry, crying tone, in his arched phrasing, in his mood-swaying compositions. This album reminds one of McLean's mid-'60s oeuvre, particularly the Blue Note classic, "One Step Beyond"; still, if you're going to emulate, there are worse sources.

The 10 selections, all by Hollyday save "Memories of You," flow from one to the next, and most have a hard yet very accessible drive at their core. "The 6th World" reveals a stately, leaping theme that leads to improvisations over moderate 3/4 and fervid 4/4 settings; "West Side Winds" shifts from a bossa nova to a ballad; and "No Second Quarter" is straightforward modern blowing.

Pianist John Goldings, bassist John Lockwood and drummer Ron Savage are the solid sidekicks. As Hollyday discovers his own stories to tell, he may well become that rare bird: the innovative artist.

—ZAN STEWART

★

VERNELL BROWN JR.

"Total Eclipse"

A&M

The album title is all too appropriate. Last year, when he was 18, Brown made some demo tapes that indicated strong potential as a straight-ahead improvising jazz man. Since then he has been inexplicably transplanted from the art of jazz into the business of music, complete with funk charts and faceless arrangements that seem to have squeezed the creative juices

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out of him. The result is a slick product that could just as well have been assembled by any technically qualified pianist. It is sad to reflect that a talent so promising has been misguided so early in his career.

—L.F.

★★★

GREG OSBY

"Season of Renewal"

JMT

Saxophonist Osby is a leading figure in Brooklyn's M-Base collective, a group of young players seeking to blend electronics, contemporary funk and world music influences with serious jazz improvising. This album pulls that tricky amalgam off pretty well—the rhythm section leaves enough holes for the sound to veer clear of mechanical funk and the arrangements are spacious enough to effectively showcase Osby's darting alto bursts and tone color-conscious approach to soprano. On "Enchantment" and "Dream X," guest vocalists Amina Claudine Myers and Cassandra Wilson help create a dreamy, otherworldly aura that demonstrate Osby's ability to craft melodies in the ethereal vein of early Weather Report.

—DON SNOWDEN

★★★

CECIL TAYLOR

"In Florescence"

A&M

This trio date, keyboardist Taylor's first U.S. release in a decade, is a rolling, often riotous string of short works that have all the usual Taylorisms—pounding exchanges between right and left hands, splashy ascensions and repeated figures charged with dissonance—but also holds surprising moments of lyricism and quiet beauty. The pieces form a loosely knit whole notable for its dynamic variety, but their brevity prohibits the kind of sustained, emotional onslaught the pianist pulls off in person. Bassist William Parker and percussionist Gregg Bendian play decidedly secondary roles, while Taylor's occasional ceremonious vocalizations serve only to distract from the music.

—BILL KOHLHAASE

★★★½

BILLIE HOLIDAY

"Billie Holiday Live"

Verve

Does one automatically accord five stars to any sound that emerged from Lady Day's larynx? After all, the original "Lover Man" is on MCA, the definitive "Trav'lin' Light" on Blue Note, the basic "Strange Fruit" and "Fine and Mellow" are on Commodore, and most of the other songs, heard in these concert retreads, are in the magnificent "Quintessential Holiday" series on CBS (six volumes to date). The band on the 1946 cuts here is ragged; the last nine of the 20 songs were taped in the late 1950s, during the final couple of years of her life. If her sound had coarsened and the intonation was minimally flawed, she remained an object lesson in phrasing timbre, diction, melodic reshaping and soul. So the other versions remain first choices, but the audience reactions at Newport, Carnegie Hall and the rest do add a dimension here.

—L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW

Oliver Jones a Standout at Canadian Fest

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTREAL—Jazz, it would seem, is more popular than nationalism in the province of Quebec. Whereas a dismal 2,500 showed up Sunday to watch the Canada Day Parade (compared to 35,000 last year), an estimated 5,000 formed a human bottleneck at a corner of the Rue Ste. Catherine, where a free concert was under way as part of the 11th annual Festival International de Jazz.

This 10-day wonder has grown continuously, now involving 1,000 musicians, 250 free outdoor events, scores of live indoor shows and 16 presentations of jazz films. To ensure a totally festive ambiance, everything is contained in an area of three blocks where vehicular traffic is barred; the streets are jammed with revelers, musicians, jugglers and countless tables for food, drink and people-watching.

Visiting from Brazil, Peru, Iceland, Australia and a dozen other countries, the jazzmen can be heard from noon to midnight. The aluminum company Alcan, a major sponsor, offers a daily diet of competing bands from various regions of Canada; the winning group will land a record deal.

Among the international units assembled this week, Monday's concert by Canadian pianist Oliver Jones stood out. Now a world figure but still Montreal-based and seldom heard in the United States, Jones had a rare chance to be flanked by a group of his American peers: Clark Terry on trumpet, Herb Ellis on guitar, Ed Thigpen on drums and Red Mitchell on bass.

The 3,000-seat hall in the Place des Arts was packed as the evening began with the presentation to Jones of the prestigious Oscar Peterson Award, named for Canada's most distinguished jazz export. The pianist started his set with a steamroller version of "Just Friends." Though a relentless rhythmic sense is his guiding force, Jones can generate subtler emotions; his original work "A Beautiful Sight" achieved a music-box delicacy.

THERESE HEBERT

During his set at Festival International de Jazz, Canadian pianist Oliver Jones is joined by Brooklyn expatriate Ranee Lee of Montreal.

Jones deferred too often to his sidemen; while he was offstage they seemed to be treading water. On his return, he was joined by Ranee Lee, a singer from Brooklyn who has lived here for 20 years. Lee's attractive timbral resemblance to Billie Holiday was accentuated by her use of songs from Lady Day's repertoire.

Later Monday evening, at a smaller hall in the Place des Arts, pianist Randy Weston teamed up with Texas tenor saxophonist Billy Harper for a duo recital. Weston's mastery of dynamics and sonorous left-hand depth charges worked well against the fits-and-starts variations by Harper on "Caravan" and "Hi Fly," the latter Weston's best-known composition. Themes inspired by visits to Africa rounded out this exhilarating battle of conceptual wits.

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JAZZ REVIEW

Montreal Surrenders to an Armed, Dangerous Anderson

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTREAL—Ray Anderson is all but unknown in Los Angeles, yet his reputation in New York and around Europe is legendary. Friday evening, returning to the Montreal Festival where he triumphed two years ago, the 38-year-old Chicagoan was armed and dangerous: Armed with a trombone, he is an outrageous, brash, florid chance-taker who is liable to tear off an avant garde 1990 solo using a 1930-style Tricky Sam Nanton plunger mute.

Playing the horn that he has almost single-handedly brought back to the forefront, Anderson opened with a five-minute series of cadenzas that summed up the entire history of jazz trombone; finally the rhythm section joined him as he slipped into "In a Mellotone," in a tone that was anything but mellow.

Even when he speaks, he sounds like a human growl trombone. When he sings, something wild happens: He uses his guttural voice multiphonically—yes, he actually sings chords. The man must be heard to be disbelieved.

His team matches him in pan-idiomatic daring: Fumio Itabashi covers the piano gamut from old-line be-bop to borderline Cecil Taylor, and Mark Dresser is as likely as not to thrash the bass with his bow. Drummer Dion Parsons set a Latin beat as the quartet encored with an irreverent look at "Mona Lisa."

Anderson provided the climax to an eventful three-concert evening that had begun at 6 with the Bobby Hutcherson Quartet. The vibes master from California unveiled a new group he had brought from New York: Rob Schneiderman, whose darting phrases met the challenge of a frantic tempo on Herbie Hancock's "One Finger Snap," Sante Debriano on bass and Billy Drummond on drums.

Hutcherson's fast tempos defied the eyes to follow his mallets amid the blur of notes. In the ballads—"Never Let Me Go" and his own perennial "Little B's Waltz"—virtuosity gave way to grace and economy.

One tune played by Hutcherson, "Recordame," was composed by the saxophonist Joe Henderson, who coincidentally was heard in the 8:30 concert. This was another of those generation-and-border-crossing duos; the 53-year-old Henderson was teamed with a 26-year-old pianist from Saskatchewan, Jon Ballantyne, who won this festival's new talent contest in 1986.

These two, who have worked together in Japan and the United States, and whose record "Skydance" won Canada's Juno Award as best album of 1989, were in a sober, almost somber mood much of the time. In fact, Ballantyne's solo tune was called "Search for

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MONTREAL

Continued from F2

Solemnity." An eclectic who prefers free-floating explorations to swinging tempos, he is still a stimulating partner for Henderson, whose blustering runs and gritty growls were offset by Ballantyne's speculative wanderings on the Sam Rivers tune "Beatrice" and the standard "Invitation."

As the festival neared its end (the final indoor concerts, with Dick Hyman, Art Blakey and others, were Saturday, and the last outdoor street bashes were set for Sunday), a few particular moments justify special comment: McCoy Tyner in fierce full swing; [illegible]ore Tatum than Monk on the latter's "I Mean You"; the keening soprano sax of Toronto's Jane Bunnett, with pianist Don Pullen, in her own pensive "Ginastera."

With the outdoor concerts accounting for most of the total, the festival has attracted 100,000 visitors a day; thus the million mark was due to be reached by Sunday. Best of all, by staying near the blocked-off festival area, it was possible not to see a taxi or automobile for 10 foot-loose days. New York was never like this.

JAZZ REVIEW

Montreal Festival Touches All the Bases

■ **Music:** From instrumentals to vocals, from contemporary to Latin to the blues, no idiom remained untapped.

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTREAL—The embarrassment of riches at the Festival International de Jazz leaves no idiom untapped. Typically, though contemporary jazz is strongly represented (by Elvin Jones, Arthur Blythe, McCoy Tyner, Archie Shepp and dozens more), traditional sounds such as the blues are not ignored; in fact, one outdoor stage is devoted to daily blues sessions, mainly by French Canadian groups (despite such names as The Okazoo Blues Band), while Robert Cray, Dr. John and Wilson Pickett have filled indoor halls.

Much ingenuity has been shown in mixing Canadian and American talent. The Modern Jazz Quartet joined forces with a Canadian string quartet, the Quatuor Morency. Thursday evening the vocal-and-bass duo of Sheila Jordan and Harvey Swartz shared a show with singer Karen Young and bassist Michel Donato, a Quebec couple who have carried the same idea much further: they both sing; they have a fresher, bolder (and bilingual) repertoire, and Young's voice is strong and assured. Score one for Canada. Late in the show they switched partners; finally all four got together for a joyous two-voice, two-bass hit.

The Latin temperament, a product of the sharp increase in the Spanish speaking population here, has been nourished daily by Hilton Ruiz, Milton Nascimento, Chick Corea and, most memorably, by singer Celia Cruz, the Cuban-born salsa spitfire who, despite a shower that became a heavy storm Tuesday evening, drew a crowd estimated at 75,000 to a two block area in the Boulevard Rene Levesque.

On a stage decorated with the flags of Mexico, Cuba and Panama, Cruz shared her program with the Venezuelan singer Oscar d'Leon and a 15-piece band. This was basically dance music, but dancing became a bit awkward amid a sea of umbrellas. A jazz interlude was inserted when the saxophonists David (Fathead) Newman and Chico Freeman soloed powerfully on "Blue Bossa."

A cornucopia of pianists Wednesday found Keith Jarrett's recital coinciding with that of Michel Camilo, a virtuoso from the Dominican Republic. We chose Camilo, who is extraordinary but extravagant; his concert was almost literally a smashing success, as he used formidable technique to pound his way through original pieces such as the Latinesque "Island Stomp." The brute-force formula works for him; he had the crowd in an uproar, but his subtler side (displayed in his own gentle "Dans l'Amour") was too seldom heard, and the excesses extended to his bassist and the laborious drummer.

At an adjoining theater a little later, the Americans Kirk Lightsey and Harold Danko (both Chet Baker alumni) formed a piano duo that aimed not at the jugular like Camilo, but at the mind and heart. Their cohesion is fantastic. It is as if some higher power were controlling these four hands, making them move as one.

The program consisted mainly of intricately arranged tunes by Wayne Shorter ("Anamaria," "Iris," "Pinocchio"); even when they played a Danko original it was entitled "Wayne Shorter." The first 45 minutes was spellbinding, but as time wore on the persistent sound of two pianos began to wear thin.

Most rewarding of all was Tommy Flanagan's late evening appearance at the Nouveau Monde Theatre. Here was the perfect formula: much better (an Ellington-Strayhorn medley), much bebop (tunes by Gillespie, Parker, Thad Jones, J.J. Johnson), and no bombast. In George Mraz he has the Tommy Flanagan of the bass, whose every solo is a melodic marvel. The wit and empathy of the drummer Lewis Nash rounded out this spirited trio.

Among the Canadians heard at free concerts in and around the Rue Ste. Catherine were Sylvain Provost, a Pat Metheny inspired guitarist, whose quartet played in a large tent off the street; Hans Leveille, a graduate of Los Angeles' Guitar Institute, whose sextet pumped out heavy-handed fusion in a giant four-story shopping mall; and Streetnix, heard in open air concerts at the Place des Arts. Patterned after the Dirty Dozen Band from New Orleans (they are also in the festival), Streetnix used an incongruous old time set-up (tuba, trumpet, drums, and two young women playing alto sax and trombone) to play tunes by Mingus, Bird and Monk. Amazingly, it worked.

Leonard Feather's

BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: Joe Pass

— Michael Wilderman

The time spent by Joe Pass in the United States is becoming increasingly precious.

Time was when he could be found often at places like Donte's, duetting with Herb Ellis or gigging with some small groups. But, before long, the international concert schedule on which Norman Granz had sent him made his local appearances infrequent. A couple of years ago, following a divorce and remarriage to a German, he moved to Hamburg, where he now spends much of his time while not touring.

This interview took place when he visited Los Angeles briefly and delighted an overflow crowd at a Santa Monica hotel with his unmatched artistry.

1) BARNEY KESSEL. *Heat Wave* (from *Jazz Club Guitar*, Verve). Barney Kessel, Jimmy Wyble, guitars; Morry Corb, bass. Recorded 1953.

BEFORE: Well, at first I thought it was Barney Kessel, but after listening for a little while, it's not Barney. And then I thought it might have been Emily Remler, and I also thought it could be Kenny Burrell. There's a young player that plays a lot in New York, he's from Los Angeles. . .Howard Alden, yeah.

The way the piece is written makes an arrangement. It's a good idea because it saves a lot. The sound was not good on it, the bass was not definite. But I would give that, for a straight ahead record, 3 stars.

AFTER: Well, I was right because it sounded like Barney. The thing about it is that Barney's style changed a little bit. You can identify the run and things because one's style doesn't really change when you develop it. I noticed when I heard a record that I did in 1958, certain things sound the same. There are certain things that Barney does now that he didn't do then, and it threw me.

2) LARRY CORYELL-PHILIP CATHERINE. *Blues for Django and Stephane* (from *Jazz Club Guitar*, Verve). Larry Coryell, Philip Catherine, guitars; Stephane Grappelli, violin; Niels-Henning Orsted-Pedersen, bass; pianist not identified. Recorded Stuttgart 1979.

BEFORE: I think that's Niels Pedersen on bass, and there's a jazz violinist from Denmark or Holland, I can't think of his name, but I think it might be him, and the guitar player could either be Philip Catherine or Doug Rainey—or I could be completely off and it could be a real old record. The bass player could be. . .Marty Grosz.

I like the feeling of it. I had a hard time understanding what the piece was until the piano player started playing. Then it had some definition, and it sounded like blues on the seventh or maybe just the first part. I heard a bridge one time. I would say 2 stars or something since they tried to swing.

AFTER: Well, two guitars. . .I only heard one. It was probably just Larry Coryell playing the solo. They weren't playing together, they were playing different changes.

3) STANLEY JORDAN — *The Sound of Silence* (from *Stanley Jordan Standards, Volume 1*, Blue Note). Paul Simon, composer.

BEFORE: That was Stanley Jordan and it's a Beatles song. It's a kind of a pop song and his sound is a lot better on this song than the first one. It's more clear. It sounds more like a guitar than the other ones. The other songs sounded more like a keyboard but he plays great lines, single note lines. One of the problems in playing that tapping style is that it's really hard to get a rhythmic feeling. You can't get it this way; you've got to get it with your body and, you know, the tapping, it becomes uneven. It's very difficult to do and swing. I mean, it's not a physical enough feeling so that's something you sacrifice in order to get one more voice or rhythm going. If you suddenly think, "gee I'm recording," or "what if they like it," or, "the sound is not right," then you start to find yourself on the guitar in places where you don't know what's happening—but you can't stop. I've played solo a lot and know that feeling and can sense it. I think that's what happened on this record in certain places. That's not to say that it's not good, but it shows you that it's not easy. Unless you have an arrangement and play it the same way, and I don't think Stanley plays his music always the same. The improvising is always fresh. Anyway, I give that four stars.

AFTER: Is that a Keith Jarrett tune? Oh yeah, one of those guys. Well, it's not much of a tune.

4) PAT METHENY — ORNETTE COLEMAN. *Song X* (from *Song X*, Geffen). Coleman, composer.

BEFORE: Boy, I don't know what that is, but that's enough of that whatever the hell it was. It's avant garde or something new. Maybe they know what they're playing and we don't know, I don't know. They both sound like they can play. Some of today's modern lines and phrases are things that you'd have to practice and get under your fingers. But it sounded like they were really free form or maybe they had a form they followed. I don't know.

I have no idea what it was or who it was, except that I heard a record one time by Mike Stern in that bag, and I also heard that John Scofield was sort of in that bag. I don't think this was either one of those guys. The guitar player was using some effects—I know it couldn't have been Pat Metheny, or was it? Maybe it was, because he would be into that, too. Technically, at least, they sound like they were in the same general area. Sometimes you hear two people playing counterpoint lines in free form and they're not even together, close enough, I mean harmonically. I give it 2½ stars.

AFTER: Yeah, it surprises me. I heard about it but I never heard it. I was right. They are both, well, at least Pat knows what he's doing. I don't know if they had a form, or how Ornette makes his tunes, or what.

5) MERCER ELLINGTON — *Hot and Bothered* (from *Hot and Bothered*, Dr. Jazz). Duke Ellington, composer; Kenny Burrell, banjo; recorded 1984.

BEFORE: I don't know who that is. I think that might even be an old record. I think it's played in that style, but its recent. And the banjo player, I can't imagine who that can be. It couldn't be Bucky Pizzarelli or anyone like that. . .I kinda like that it was hot. The album is hot, I like that. It has a feeling I like in jazz, which is something that is sometimes lacking today. You could dance to it or feel it rhythmically. Today it's a lot more cerebral, with implied rhythms, and nobody really burns or gets physically hot. Not very many people. Anyway, I would give that 3 stars, but I don't know who the banjo player is.

AFTER: It sounded good. That's a surprise! I didn't know that Kenny played the banjo. I wonder if he had it tuned like the banjo or like the guitar, 'cause a lot of guitar players play banjo tuned as a guitar. They use the same chords. The same forms.

6) BADEN POWELL. *Samba Triste* (from *Jazz Club Guitar*, Verve). Baden Powell, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Bobby Moses, drums. Recorded in Berlin, November 5, 1967.

BEFORE: I don't know who that was. I was gonna say Baden Powell, but it's not. If it is, then it's something he did a while back. It could be, but I don't think so. It's obviously some player from either Brazil or Argentina or somewhere like that. A South American player. Somebody who has a good feeling for that kind of rhythm, the samba, the bossa; it's authentic, not Hollywood Bossa Nova, watered down like we play. By watered down, I mean because we mix it with rock, rhythm, swing. This player really has that feeling down. Gismonti or one of those guys. I think Gismonti would be more modern than that. This seems like an authentic kind of a piece from whatever country it's from. I liked it very much. Very good players.

Good rhythmic player, good feeling, good sound, and he must have been a classical player in some sense because his improvising sounds a little classical. The lines. I would give it 4 stars. I can't say who it is.

AFTER: It was! I played with him two years ago, opposite him, and I played a couple of tunes with him. We played at the end of the set at the Blue Note and he played sort of that, but not as fluent. Maybe he's getting old or something. The record was more impressive.

7) EMILY REMLER. *Blues for Herb* (from *East to Wes*, Concord). Emily Remler, composer, guitar; Hank Jones, paino; Buster Williams, bass; Marvin "Smitty" Smith, drums.

BEFORE: I think that's Emily Remler, and maybe because I heard a record of hers last night. It sounds like something she would play, and it's her style, too. She would play single notes, and then some octaves, and a few chord things too. It's her kind of feel. And I think it's the Concord people, Hank Jones, and I don't know who the bass player is and I don't know who the drummer is. I like it because it's good guitar playing, and I would give it like three stars or something.

A lot of the players today, the younger players, they don't have a lot of energy in their playing. You don't get that energy that I talked about earlier. I think that's because they let the amplifier play for them instead of their physical picking. They have the amp turned to a certain fat round sound and then they play very light and you can hear it. That's something I hear in a lot of players. You don't get a real strong contact or physical energy while they're playing because it's the amp that's playing. I think it's a Wes Montgomery tune or one that she composed.

AFTER: Hey, that's it! Herb was sort of her sponsor. He put her into Concord. I like her; I like him. I was talking about the energy you could see a little bit, in the sense that when Herb started to play it was a different energizing thing that was coming out. The old and the new, I guess.

JazzTimes

JAZZ REVIEW 7/12

Fischer, Trotter Lead a Five-Star Set

By LEONARD FEATHER

Because Clare Fischer and Terry Trotter, who co-led a quintet Tuesday at Le Cafe, are both pianists, it was logical to expect a piano duo performance. That, however, was not exactly what transpired.

Trotter, who has racked up a long series of pop and jazz credits, played piano, sometimes opening entirely alone before the rhythm section joined in. Fischer's medium was an electric keyboard—fortunately one of the cleaner sounding, non-distorting models. The interaction between the leaders was secondary; much of the time, one would solo while the other comped.

Fischer displayed his always acute harmonic ear in "Two for the Road," "Nobody Else but Me," his own rhythmically engaging "Coco B" and a blues. Trotter soloed with sensitivity on "I Never Told You," dedicated to its composer Johnny Mandel, who was in the room.

Fischer's backup work during Trotter's solos, and also when guitarist John Pisano had the lead, consisted of rhythmic punctuations so incisive and attractive that he sometimes came close to stealing the attention; but not close enough to spoil the mutual feeling of pleasure in this totally unprepared, ad hoc quintet.

The ever cheerful Abe Laboriel, dancing in place and smiling incessantly, showed his usual mastery of the electric bass. Dave Derge displayed taste and discretion at the drums.

It was curious that although three of the five instruments were amplified, this was strictly non-fusion music of the kind normally associated with acoustic jazz.

The set ended with Fritz Kreisler's "Liebesleid." In a typically casual gesture, halfway through the piece, when Pisano seemed a little unsure, Fischer passed the music to him. Pisano proceeded to play a chorus flawlessly. In sum, here were five thorough pros having a thoroughly agreeable time.

CD Reviews

Ed Bickert and Lorne Lofsky "This Is New"
Concord Jazz

* * * 1/4

Two prominent Toronto guitarists...**Bickert**, 57, and **Lofsky**, 36...join with two of Canada's best rhythm purveyors, bassist **Neil Swainson** and drummer **Jerry Fuller**, for a low key collaboration on tunes mainly written by fellow jazzmen (**Wes Montgomery, Cedar Walton, Horace Silver, Steve Swallow**). Each has a solo track; Lofsky's harmonic grace is well displayed in **Billy Strayhorn's** "Star Crossed Lovers." Both men deal ingeniously with **Charlie Parker's** contrapuntual theme "Ah Leu Cha." A superior sampling of north-of-the-border jazz. Δ

Cleveland Watkiss "Green Chimneys"
Verve

* * *

Is **Watkiss** Britian's answer to **Bobby McFerrin**? The evidence is mixed. His self-overdubbed ensembles come off well; as a group he's impressive, but as a scat soloist, he's derivative, as are some of his quasi-Hendricks lyrics. He's backed by some of England's best young (and mainly black) jazzmen; **Courtney Pine** and **Steve Williamson** play saxes on three tunes. The various rhythm sections try their best to swing, succeeding at times. Watkiss has potential; give him a chance...this is his first outing. Δ

Horace Silver "The Natives Are Restless Tonight"
Emerald

* * * *

Silver has had the most immediately recognizable sound, both as a group leader and pianist, for 35 years. These previously unreleased airchecks from the Half Note in New York bring back one of his best groups, with **Carmell Jones** on trumpet and **Joe Henderson** on tenor sax. As a bonus, there are two alternate versions of "The African Queen," with **Woody Shaw** replacing Jones. Any new version of "Song for My Father" or "Que Pasa" is of value; as Silver points out, great music has no age or time limit. Δ

Count Basie/Tony Bennett "Basie Swings, Bennett Sings"
Roulette

* * * 1/4

By today's cd standards, this is scarcely half an album; the 12 short cuts take up only 31 minutes. **Basie's** power house 1959 band provides a solid backdrop. The leader plays piano on only two cuts; the others have **Ralph Sharon** as pianist and arranger, but there are typical Basie touches in **Joe Newman's** trumpet, **Billy Mitchell** on tenor and the flute of **Frank Wess**. One tune, **Neal Hefti's** "After Supper," is previously unissued. The rest are old pop standards by Gershwin, Porter, Noel Coward, et al. Δ

Vernell Brown Jr. "Total Eclipse"
A & M

*

Mark this down as the major disappointment of the season. Last year, when he was 18, **Brown** made some demo tapes that indicated a strong potential as a straight ahead improvising jazzman. Since then, he has been inexplicably transplanted from the art of jazz into the business of music, complete with funk charts and faceless arrangements that seem to have squeezed the creative juices out of him. The result is a slick product that could just as well have been assembled by any technically qualified pianist. In a strange irony, **Stix Hooper**, who produced this mishmash and must take most of the blame, makes a token appearance as drummer (with the great bassist **John Patitucci**), on the only jazz cut, which is buried at the very end of the cd. It is sad to reflect that a talent so promising has been misguided so early in his career. The album title is all too appropriate. Δ

Bunky Green "Healing the Pain"
Delos

* * * *

Based in Chicago for 30 years and now president of the International Association of Jazz Educators, **Green** has earned scant recognition for his Parker-inspired yet personal alto sax. The ballads are the meat of this session: as he says, "I shape and bend the harmonic structures to my own expressive ends." This is true of "The Thrill Is Gone" (a 1931 pop song, not the **B. B. King** hit), also of "Who Can I Turn To" and "Goodbye." **Ed Bland**, Green's producer, contributed three themes from his score for last year's PBS-TV version of "Raisin in the Sun." To round out this well balanced set, Green wrote two provocative originals. He has just the kind of sympathetic rhythm section he deserved: **Billy Childs** on piano, **Art Davis** on bass and **Ralph Penland** on drums. Δ

Bobby Scott "For Sentimental Reasons"
Musicmasters

* * * 1/2

Because of the multiplicity of his images (as composer, arranger, producer), **Scott's** talent as singer and pianist (influenced in both areas by **Nat Cole**) has gone largely unrecognized. In this delightful collection of Cole-related songs, he applies his quavery vibrato and hard swinging keyboard style to "What'll I Do," "Night Lights," "Nature Boy" and others, with simple guitar-bass-drums backing. An exemplary blend of quality material and performance to match. Δ

Leonard Feather

L.A. TIMES JULY 1 1990 JAZZ

★★★★
WYNTON MARSALIS

"The Resolution of Romance"
Columbia

Volume 3 in the Marsalis "Standard Time" series finds him teamed with his father, the pianist Ellis Marsalis, in a partnership as remarkable for its simplicity as for its sense of direction. The music is high both on quantity (74 minutes) and quality, with 18 songs from the classic pop era—Rodgers, Arlen, Carmichael, John Green—as well as three originals by the trumpeter, one of which, "In the Court of King Oliver," is a variation on the old "Yes Indeed" spiritual chord changes.

With unpretentious help from bassist Reginald Veal and drummer Herlin Riley, the Marsalises show respect for these melodies ("Skylark," "Too Late Now," "A Sleepin' Bee"). "Flamingo" has a surprising tango beat. "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" is Wynton's only attempt to depart radically from the theme.

Playing open horn but also using every mute known to mankind, Wynton Marsalis confirms that he is an artist for all idioms, sounds and seasons, and no mere Miles Davis clone.

—LEONARD FEATHER


Wynton Marsalis

★★★½
BILLIE HOLIDAY

"Billie Holiday Live"
Verve

Does one automatically accord five stars to any sound that emerged from Lady Day's larynx? After all, the original "Lover Man" is on MCA, the definitive "Trav'lin' Light" on Blue Note, the basic "Strange Fruit" and "Fine and Mellow" are on Commodore, and most of the other songs, heard in these concert retreads, are in the magnificent "Quintessential Holiday" series on CBS (six volumes to date). The band on the 1946 cuts here is ragged; the last nine of the 20 songs were taped in the late 1950s, during the final couple of years of her life. If her sound had coarsened and the intonation was minimally flawed, she remained an object lesson in phrasing timbre, diction, melodic reshaping and soul. So the other versions remain first choices, but the audience reactions at Newport, Carnegie Hall and the rest do add a dimension here.

—L.F.

★
VERNELL BROWN JR.

"Total Eclipse"
A&M

The album title is all too appropriate. Last year, when he was 18, Brown made some demo tapes that indicated strong potential as a straight-ahead improvising jazz man. Since then he has been inexplicably transplanted from the art of jazz into the business of music, complete with funk charts and faceless arrangements that seem to have squeezed the creative juices out of him. The result is a slick product that could just as well have been assembled by any technically qualified pianist. It is sad to reflect that a talent so promising has been misguided so early in his career.

—L.F.

ALBUM REVIEWS

Weekend Reviews

A Wide Open 'Broadly Broadway' at Bowl

■ **Jazz:** Cleo Laine and Mel Tormé harmonize in performances that recall beloved show tunes—and then some.

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Broadly Broadway" was the title of an extravaganza presented Friday and Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl, with Mel Tormé, Cleo Laine, and the L.A. Philharmonic conducted by John Dankworth.

How Broadway was it? Not broad enough to take in Irving Berlin or Jerome Kern; a more apt title might have been "Largely Loesser" or "Greatly Gershwin." How broad was it? Well, broad enough to include songs from Hollywood, and one or two that had no true show image (Dankworth's witty, boppish "Birdsong," rearranged to include Tormé, and Laine's "Fine and Mellow," an old Billie Holiday blues).

Title relevance aside, the teaming of these singers was a marriage made in box office heaven (almost 13,000 turned out Friday and the Saturday figure was a couple thousand higher). More valuably, Tormé and Laine synchronized perfectly, especially in the two-part harmony on duet numbers such as "I Wish I Were In Love Again."

Tormé was represented on four levels: Vocally, as pianist (briefly), as drummer (in a sort of "Sing Sing Sing" routine with Dankworth), and, unbeknown to the audience, as arranger. It was he who fashioned the orchestrations on the "Guys And Dolls" medley, "Soliloquy," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening" and several others. The man is just indecently overtalented.

As for Laine, she remains the consummate pop singer with jazz sensitivity, her reedy, pure high notes contrasting with the cavernous low tones, her dramatic sense never overlapping into melodrama.

Dankworth was ubiquitous as clarinetist, alto saxophonist (paired with Tormé in "Bye Bye Blackbird") and arranger. In the small group he headed were two impressive soloists, Larry Koomse on guitar and Ray Loeckle on saxes and flute.

The program might be characterized as safe; there was no chance-taking in the repertoire, and with one exception the tunes were from 26 years old (Sondheim's "Everybody Says Don't") to 76 (Handy's "St. Louis Blues," to which Laine applied an updated beat). Ironically, the solitary new work, a Cy Coleman song from "City of Angels," had the same title as a 1934 Bing Crosby hit, "With Every Breath I Take."

The only expendable segment was a medley of those chest-puffing ain't-show-biz-grand songs that have long since outlived any usefulness they may have had: "Hooray for Hollywood," "That's Entertainment." Mercifully, "There's No Business Like Show Business" was omitted.

The problems with the sound Friday left this listener wondering whether it is legal to commit assault and battery on an engineer. Somebody in that booth had mastered the task of taking all the Philharmonic violins, violas, cellis and basses, and making them sound like a string quartet. Tormé was minimally audible for the first couple of tunes. Still, better an evening of total musical class, inadequately monitored, than a soiree of perfectly amplified rap.

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Cleo Laine in 'Broadly Broadway' at Hollywood Bowl, with saxophonist John Dankworth and Mel Tormé.

TWO FOR THE BOWL

Composer-saxophonist Benny Carter, above, and piano virtuoso Oscar Peterson lived up to their reputations in an evening of mainstream jazz at the Hollywood Bowl. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F16**

DOUGLAS R. BURROWS

Oscar Peterson finds a groove in his concert gig with Benny Carter and friends at Hollywood Bowl.

JAZZ REVIEW

Oscar Peterson, Benny Carter Share Bowl Bill

Oscar Peterson and Benny Carter, who between them have won enough awards to fill the Grand Canyon, picked up a couple more Wednesday when they shared the bill at the Hollywood Bowl.

This was, we were solemnly informed, Oscar Peterson-Ray Brown Day. Reunited recently for a few dates, the Canadian pianist and the bass virtuoso, who toured the world together for 17 years, were joined on this occasion by Jeff Hamilton, the Los Angeles-based drummer whose intelligent backing and spirited solo work (particularly a passage on brushes) met Peterson's customarily high standards for sidemen.

Looking almost alarmingly large, Peterson showed no diminution either of the power he brings to his tear-up tempos or the ravishing splendor of his original works, among which "Gentle Waltz" and "Love Ballade" stood out.

Peterson's technical command has long been a given, yet it is an ongoing delight to hear him play a funky blues (there were two in this set) or an unaccompanied number that suddenly breaks into a stride passage. Brown, always the stalwart, is Peterson's logical counterpart.

Only the closing not-quite-Ellington medley of Strayhorn's "Lush Life" and the Juan Tizol-Ellington "Caravan" sounded perfunctory. Peterson has been using them too long, and "Caravan," performed at *tempo di bravado*, was about as soulful as cold halibut.

After intermission, Benny Carter took his 17-piece orchestra through a set that practically defined big band jazz in his most unaffected mainstream mode. To prove, as he put it, that this was an all-star band, he gave a solo to every horn player, and to bassist John Clayton, in the opening "How High the Moon."

As often happens, Carter was almost too generous to his men, yet the band was so strong in solo power that complaints would seem churlish. Oscar Brashear on trumpet, Buster Cooper on trombone, and Jeff Clayton, whose Parkerish alto sax was an unexpected treat in "Cotton Tail," could not be faulted; yet it was Carter's own luminous alto, each note a pearl of melodic wisdom, that held the hour together as he reminded us of his elegant compositions, from "Southside Samba" to "Souvenir" and the enchanting "Evening Star."

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES

7/30/90

Jazz

A Gifted, Original Guitarist Joins Friesen at McCabe's

By LEONARD FEATHER

A surprise was in store for the few dozen David Friesen fans who showed up Friday at McCabe's. The bassist's partner was Uwe Kropinski, a guitarist who defected three years ago from East Berlin to Cologne.

Not since Stanley Jordan has a guitarist offered such an array of original ideas. Kropinski plays both gut-string and steel-string guitars, alternates between finger style and plectrum solos, and, like Jordan, is capable of playing with his left hand only.

His guitars are equipped with additional high-register frets that extend beyond the O-holes of the instruments. Kropinski uses this extra range to create dazzling octave-jumping runs.

Most remarkable of all is his use of the guitar as a percussion medium.

Instead of merely tapping on wood, he creates complex rhythms, often with both hands, that would defy the ingenuity of most bongo players. At times he would switch back and forth between lightning guitar lines and wild percussion effects.

On one tune, Friesen played a bowed solo on his curious Oregon bass while Kropinski went into a right-hand tremolo that never let up for two or three minutes, while his left hand changed chords continuously.

During the second set, the duo's novelty aspect went overboard. Friesen tried to show that he too could be a percussionist, on the sounding board of his bass; he tried to play a Shakuhachi flute, then indulged in grotesque "Laughing Bass" sound effects with his bow. Kropinski, wetting his fingers, stroked the guitar to simulate the wound of a Brazilian cuica.

The repertoire, consisting of originals by Friesen and Kropinski, involved some clever interplay between the two men but generally was less interesting than the spontaneous inventions by this fascinating German visitor.

His visa expires soon, but it seems inevitable that he will return to establish himself as the sensation in this country that he has already become in Europe.

7/23

Jazz Puts in Stakes at Legends of Hollywood

Every time a jazz club folds, two others open up. The latest addition is Legends of Hollywood, a deli and steakhouse on Hollywood Boulevard, where straight-ahead sounds are now heard three nights a week.

Jay Migliori, best known for his long dues-paying with Supersax, is the regular Friday incumbent. With him are Stu Pearlman on electric keyboard, Larry Steen on upright bass and, as drummer and vocalist, Bob Marks, who owns the club and launched the jazz policy last month.

Given a rare chance to stretch out here, Migliori displays a strong be-bop orientation in his solos, bringing undulant life to such vintage works as "Billie's Bounce."

It was when he switched from tenor to soprano sax during this tune that his sound, phrasing and ideas best reflected his long years of creative input. The thought came to mind that Migliori was offering a slight idea of how Charlie Parker, who wrote this blues line, might have sounded had he played soprano (an instrument virtually unused in the jazz of his day).

Pearlman, who plays a Yamaha keyboard standing up, had to grapple with the instrument's lack of a true bass function; in a long and otherwise satisfactory solo on "Just Friends," he hardly used the left hand except for occasional punctuations.

Steen is a young, limber bassist whose works sparkled with fresh ideas. Marks, who was away from jazz drumming for years playing the Vegas circuit, has successfully made the transition back. His underlining of the accents in two bossa novas was brisk and propulsive. As a singer he ought to stay away from molasses-tempo ballads. His attempt to combine "Weaver of Dreams" and "There Will Never Be Another You" didn't merely lose the audience, it never found them—they just yakked their way through it.

MINDY SCHAUER / Los Angeles Times

Saxman Jay Migliori performs at Legends of Hollywood, where jazz was installed last month.

Ray Pizzi takes the stand Saturdays at Legends of Hollywood; Sundays are given over to jam sessions. The sound in the high-ceilinged, 107-capacity room is adequate, and the lack of air-conditioning is compensated for by eight large overhead fans. More fans—the human type—can be expected if Marks moves toward what he says may soon be a five-nights-a-week policy.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Reviews

A Trio in the Nat King Cole Tradition

Members of Triple Treat, who converged on Catalina's Bar & Grill on Thursday for a four-day run, had not played together in three months, yet from the first two-bar riff of Horace Silver's "Sister Sadie" it was as if they had never been apart.

The reason was simple: The men are Monty Alexander, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis, mature veterans (at 46 Alexander is the youngest) who, after years of intermittent collaboration, have achieved the precision of a Swiss watch. The metaphor may be a trifle misleading, since there is no semblance of clockworklike rigidity in their uniquely loose, consistently swinging performances.

As is often the case with piano-guitar-bass groups (a jazz tradition that began half a century ago with the Nat King Cole Trio) the pianist seemed to be the de facto leader, yet there was not a tune in which Brown's bass and Ellis' guitar failed to contribute significantly.

The blues seemed often to be a centrifugal force that drew them together, even when the 12-bar idiom was not precisely followed, as in an Alexander original, "Think Twice," routined with tempo changes and a darting solo interlude by the composer; and again in a double-time blues that sounded like a variation on "Hi Heel Sneakers" that brought the set to a gospel-tinged finale.

At a time when so many groups shamelessly plug their albums, it was a surprise to observe that Triple Treat goes to the other extreme; not a word was spoken from start to finish, leaving listeners to wonder whether this or that tune was a standard or an original, and why certain numbers seemed vaguely familiar. The latter speculation may have applied to the delectable waltz "Always," to which Alexander applied additions and redefinitions far beyond the harmonic imagination of Irving Berlin, who wrote this basically simple melody in 1925.

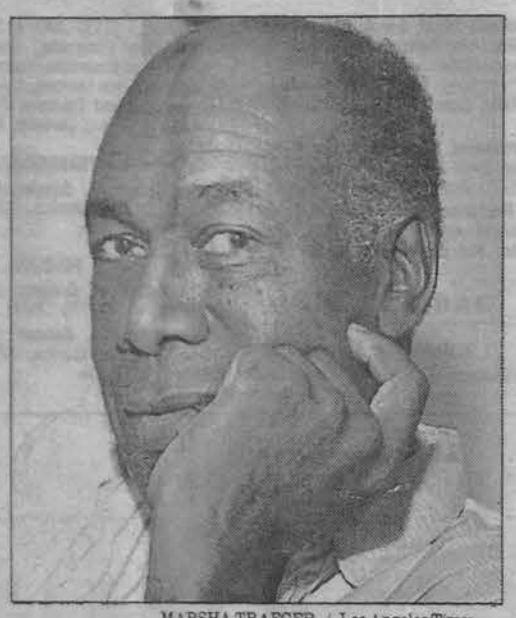
Other chestnuts in the first set were Ray Noble's "The Very Thought of You" (1934), with a spellbinding Ray Brown solo; and "I Want to Be Happy," a Vincent Youmans ditty to which the trio appended one of those repeated-riff tags that seemed to imply a reluctance to stop.

Ellis, for whom this instrumentation is second nature (he and Brown toured together for five years with Oscar Peterson), soloed with his accustomed age-proof, blues-informed ease. In short, Triple Treat lives up to its name and to the illustrious reputations of its components. The gig ends Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

65

Artie Shaw: his 1936 ensemble made discreet and sensible use of strings.



MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

Buddy Collette: a successful encounter with former student James Newton.

Gerry Mulligan: a classic session with tenor giant Ben Webster.

JAZZ REVIEW 8/4

Witherspoon Sings the Blues

By LEONARD FEATHER

The blues, as we all know, is said to predate the wheel, and there are those who will claim that Jimmy Witherspoon antedates them both. Certainly he is a survivor who, in almost half a century at his craft, has honed this venerable art into a totally personal message, one that he delivered Wednesday at the Nucleus Nuance.

Spoon, as he is generally known, has lived through the big-band era, the impact of rock 'n' roll, the frightening experience of throat cancer, to emerge with a sound as gritty and gutty as he was on those old 78s back around 1945.

He still sings essentially the same lyrics, most of which were picked up from such long-gone masters as Big Joe Turner and Jimmy Rushing. If he hasn't learned a new song in decades, it could be because his audiences come to him expecting the familiar: They want to be reminded that he is about to move to the outskirts of town, that it ain't nobody's business what he does, and finally, in the most poignant blues of all, that he is going down slow.

This time around, he didn't simply rely on the songs. Backing him was a quartet with pianist Roy Alexander, drummer Maurice Simon, Swiss bass player Isla Eckinger and a real find in the person of one Dan Weinstein, a.k.a. Daniel Bone, who alternated between trombone and violin, distinguishing himself in these very disparate disciplines. The group cruised compellingly through an opening instrumental, "Straight No Chaser."

As is so often the case at this club, the audience yakked endlessly; a few couples even danced, and one Nucleus square asked for "Happy Birthday to You." Spoon and his cohorts obliged by pouring a gallon of blues over the salutation, and it came out just fine.

Mondesir, who plays on all cuts, provide inventive rhythmic stimulus which Williamson uses for demonstrations of reserve as well as gut-busting enthusiasm. Guest vocalist Abbey Lincoln sounds tentative, almost fragile, on the title cut—a contrast to her past work. —BILL KOHLHAASE

★★★

BUDDY COLLETTE

"Flute Talk"

Soul Note

James Newton, who was Collette's longtime student, is the featured guest in this mutually stimulating master-and-pupil convocation. Collette is clearly in control, as composer of most of the tunes and soloist on alto sax, flute and clarinet, while Newton sticks mainly to flute. The melodic charm of "Roshanda," the down-to-basics mood of "Blues of Torrance" and the totally spontaneous title tune (sans rhythm section) stand out, with pianist Geri Allen adjusting herself to the less than complex settings while bassist Jaribu Shabid and local drummer Gianpiero Prina round out the group in this Milan session. No generation gap bothers Newton, 37, or Collette, 68, in a successful encounter.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★

ARTIE SHAW

"Best of the Big Bands"

Columbia

An important historical reminder: Shaw was the first to use strings in a true jazz setting, 13 years before the first "Charlie Parker With Strings" set. This short-lived 1936 ensemble, with three brass, string quartet and rhythm, made discreet and sensible use of the strings in arrangements by Shaw and Jerry Gray, but A&R men then, cursed with as little sense of history as today's producers, saddled their artists with mediocre pop songs. One of Shaw's three singers, Peg LaCentra, rises above the material, but Shaw's clarinet is head and shoulders above it all. These were the first four of eight sessions; one can only hope the others, using better material, will follow soon. —L.F.

Please see Page 65

Continued from Page 64

★★½

RANDY WESTON

"Portraits of Monk"

Verve

Weston's grandeur is submerged as he wanders through an ocean of pseudo-Monkisms. On "Well, You Needn't," a bare-bones two-bar riff tune, he works it via a lengthy vamp; on another cut, he simply plays the blues for 13½ minutes. Other pianists, notably Tommy Flanagan, have made successful Monk albums by combining some of his best tunes with their own pianistic idiosyncrasies, but Weston, a long-ago Monk student, here has an identity crisis. —L.F.

★★★½

SONNY ROLLINS

"All the Things You Are"

RCA Bluebird

The first six cuts find Rollins in a rare mating with his tenor sax idol, the late, incomparable Coleman Hawkins, and it's no contest. He is outswung and outsmarted every inch of the way. Where Hawkins (on the left channel) sounds composed, Rollins seems confused; on the title tune he pops and stops, stutters and mutters, and on "Lover Man" he gives in to meaningless squeals. On every level—tone, phrasing, linearity, logic—Hawkins reminds us why he was considered the grandsire of the horn. The other six tunes, with Hawkins absent and Herbie Hancock replacing Paul Bley, have Rollins in superior, noncombative form.

—L.F.

Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to five (a classic).

LOS ANGELES TIMES 8/1/90

COMMENTARY

A Satchmo Celebration at the Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER

Louis Armstrong, whose life will be commemorated by Wynton Marsalis and others tonight at the Hollywood Bowl, would have been 89 years old next Saturday. Born in such obscurity that even his true birthday was discovered only two years ago, he rose from dire poverty in New Orleans to become a symbol of the potential inherent in the most impoverished of black Americans and, most significantly, the prototype of jazz itself at a time when it was a ghettoized, often despised aspect of our culture. More than any of the few who preceded him or the many who followed, he fashioned the art of jazz improvisation.

To anyone who knows him only as a remote figure on a TV screen, singing "Hello, Dolly!" to Barbra Streisand or mugging through a comedy routine with Bing Crosby, Armstrong's true significance must seem puzzling. When the origins of this music are examined, as they have been by Marsalis and other scholarly young men, his role comes more clearly into focus.

By the time he had paid early dues—studying at the Waifs' Home in New Orleans, developing his style as a sideman with King Oliver, his mentor, and with the Fletcher Henderson band—Armstrong was able to fashion a persona that brought an unprecedented purity of sound, an uncomplicated yet eloquent way of interpreting the blues and other basic forms. In recordings by his Hot Five and other small groups, mostly with Earl Hines at the piano, he created a series of masterpieces that would be remembered throughout this century.

Of these, "West End Blues" (still with us on a CD) is by far the best known. With its carefully planned deepening of intensity, Armstrong's impassioned wordless vocal interlude, masterful Hines solo and triumphant trumpet climax, this turned out to be the record that converted innumerable listeners all over the world to the music (among them this writer, in London, who would not be part of the jazz world today had he not heard it). As recently as 1985 the brilliant young trumpeter Jon Faddis recorded an almost note-by-note re-creation of "West End Blues."

No matter how complex jazz became, there was a germ of Armstrong in everyone who followed.

Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong

Of those who will perform tonight, Doc Cheatham, only four years Armstrong's junior, grew up most conspicuously in Satchmo's shadow. Clark Terry, though a product of the be-bop generation (he is three years younger than Dizzy Gillespie), acknowledges Armstrong as his original source of inspiration. Ruby Braff, 63, was a creature of Miles Davis' time, yet it was in Armstrong (and in Louis' stylistic successor, Roy Eldridge) that he found his creative impulses.

Armstrong's most innovative years were the late 1920s and '30s (when his worldwide reputation enabled him to tour Europe) and the early '40s, when he and Eldridge broke the anti-jazz barrier in an Esquire All Stars concert at the Metropolitan Opera House. But with the rise of Gillespie and the bop movement, there was an assumption that this development of the new connoted a rejection of the old. Traditionalists and modernists engaged in verbal and musical combat; Armstrong was even coaxed into recording a song making fun of be-bop. Yet he and Gillespie in fact were mutual admirers.

Armstrong was an amazingly humble man to whom show business and entertainment took precedence over artistry, in his view. He was sometimes called an Uncle Tom by those who resented his clowning, but it came with the territory. Every black artist in his young days then had to give the public what it wanted; moreover, he played the identical show at the Apollo Theater uptown and the Paramount downtown.

The factionalism once predominant in the jazz world has receded into the past; men like Wynton Marsalis are among the first to acknowledge the roots of the music they themselves are creating and re-creating in 1990. Armstrong, the product of a society so divided that a New Orleans radio announcer once refused to introduce him on the air, now has a statue in his likeness in New Orleans' Louis Armstrong Park, and a stadium named after him near his Long Island home. Anachronistic prejudices fade, while life and Louis' legacy endure.

JAZZ REVIEW

8/3/90

A Salute to Satchmo at the Bowl

"I truly believe in reincarnation," said Doc Cheatham after one of Wynton Marsalis' solos Wednesday night at the Hollywood Bowl.

He was referring to a performance of "Dear Old Southland," recorded by Louis Armstrong in 1930 and miraculously brought to new life in the Marsalis rendition. Certain passages were re-created note for note; others elaborated on the original. Imitation justifies itself when it achieves a sense of spontaneous creation, and several times the 29-year-old chameleon made fresh magic out of what could have been cheap nostalgia.

Though he deserves credit both for his own work and for putting together this salute to Armstrong, Marsalis was one of three trumpeters who covered themselves with glory. Doc Cheatham, at 85 still a powerful standard bearer for the Satchmo legacy, won the hearts of the crowd singing and playing "A Kiss To Build A Dream On." Ruby Braff, backed by a group that included Howard Alden on guitar and Gerald Wiggins on piano, revealed a mastery of the horn's lower register along with an Armstrong-inspired approach to "Pennies From Heaven."

For much of the show a group from New Orleans, the Liberty Jazz Band, was on stage, complete with tuba and banjo, playing in a style common only to Armstrong's very early records. A re-creation of the All Stars, the band he led from 1947 on, would have been a fitting addition.

Also missing was any attempt to enlighten the audience about Armstrong's life. Except for a few anecdotes, nothing was said by emcee Ossie Davis about the musicians, the travels, the events, the movies, the trials and triumphs in the saga of this heroic figure. Davis, in fact, might as well not have been there; Marsalis knows the story well and should have incorporated a few details himself.

Another weakness was the singer with the Liberty Band, Thais Clark, who failed on all counts: intonation, projection and material; songs such as "Big Butter and Egg Man" and "You Rascal You" were worthless except for what Louis did with them. Clark was unable even to bring conviction to a blues—a startling negative achievement for a singer from New Orleans.

The second half stumbled as trumpeter Teddy Riley of the Liberty Band showed himself a little out of his depth on "Mahogany Hall Stomp." Clark Terry, surprisingly, sounded flat and disinterested, playing fluegelhorn and briefly singing a perfunctory Armstrong impression. Danny Barker, the band's 81-year-old banjo player, milked the crowd for laughs with a comedy version of "St. James' Infirmary."

Only Marsalis and Cheatham held to their high standards from beginning to end (Braff was not brought back for the second half). Nevertheless, even with its errors of omission and commission, this was an often inspiring evening based on the important premise that the Armstrong legend needs to be perpetuated by artists of every generation. Attendance was a healthy 15,061.

—LEONARD FEATHER

6g

JAZZ REVIEW

7-31-92

Horace Silver's New Group Loyal to the Traditions

The group Horace Silver presented at Catalina Bar and Grill in Hollywood, cast in the same mold as its many predecessors, is loyal to the traditions of hard bop and funk that have always been his hallmarks.

Ever since he organized his first quintet in 1956, Silver has maintained a threefold reputation as a composer and pianist with a powerfully individual personality, and as the talent scout who has hired a succession of promising sidemen, many of whom went on to pursue careers of their own.

Two of the present members, Michael Mossman on trumpet and the Canadian tenor saxophonist Ralph Bowen, constitute a typical front line, bringing the unit's perennially tight blend to the ensembles and a vital fluency to the solos. Mossman is particularly impressive when he ventures into the horn's upper register.

Most of the opening set Tuesday was devoted to excerpts from an extended work in progress, one that Silver says will entail the use of singers and choreography. Of the three tunes played, one was the title number, "Rockin' With Rachmaninoff"; another was "Satchmo's Song," supposedly for Louis Armstrong. In neither case was the relevance clear. The latter piece was in waltz time and employed a flute—two devices Armstrong never used.

It would seem advisable to withhold judgment on the overall impact of this work. However, the third number, "Righteous Rhumba," was a typically charming example of Silver's melodic ingenuity.

At the piano he was in characteristically facile form, weaving tense left-hand punctuations against fast single-note lines, with a slightly excessive use of quotes. There were snatches of "Work Song" and "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" during his solo on "Tokyo Blues," and "It Don't Mean a Thing" in the Rachmaninoff opus. Even "Righteous Rhumba" borrowed at one point from "Rockin' in Rhythm."

Silver's holistic concerns were reflected in the title of "Music to Ease Your Disease," an extended blues waltz, guaranteed at least to provide easy listening if not remedy the incurable. Completing the group were Yoron Israel on drums and Clarence Seay on bass. If less than world-shaking soloists, they are reliable rhythm functionaries in a fivesome that generally lives up to Silver's reputation as a purveyor of sounds both idiosyncratic and accessible. The group closes Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

8/5/90

JAZZ

An Awesome Arsenal of Talent

By LEONARD FEATHER

To win an important award is an honor, the significance of which has been slowly diluted by the proliferation of media ceremonies. Today the rarest and most prestigious tributes go to the men and women who, in effect, have themselves become awards.

Bennett Lester Carter has just joined the elite group. Last month, at the Hollywood Bowl, the first annual "Benny" award, in the form of a bronze bust of Carter, commissioned by the American Federation of Jazz Societies and sculpted by the bassist-turned-artist John Heard, was presented to Carter. In future years it will go to others who come closest to matching his achievements.

Such artists will be hard to find. Carter today, instead of resting on the laurels accumulated during overlapping careers as saxophonist, composer, arranger, bandleader, songwriter, trumpeter and drafter of scores for television series and movies, remains as active as ever. He has just composed his first-ever extended piece for two vibraphones, to be premiered Tuesday evening at New York's Avery Fisher Hall, with Milt Jackson and Bobby Hutcherson in the featured roles. An hour after the concert ends, his 83rd birthday will begin.

"I'm calling it 'Good Vibes,' " he said over tea at his Los Angeles home overlooking the Valley. "It will run from 30 to 40 minutes; the Classical Jazz Orchestra, a repertory ensemble, will perform it. Bobby Hutcherson will double on vibes and marimba, an instrument you don't hear often enough. It's a long the lines of the 'Kansas City Suite,' which I wrote for Count Basie in 1960—a swinging thing, with ballad and Latin interludes. We'll probably record the whole suite in a studio a few days later."

Carter's recording career is in higher gear than ever. He is a guest soloist on a current album of his tunes recorded by pianist Marian McPartland, for Concord. Next month the session he recorded with Phil Woods, an alto saxophonist who came out of the Charlie Parker generation, will be issued by Music Masters.

"Phil is younger than my daughter," he says, "but age has never been an issue. I wrote a song called 'My Man Phil'—words and music; I sang it on the record—and he dedicated a number to me."

Lyric writing is the newest addition to Carter's arsenal of talents. Over the years he has had such collaborators as Johnny Mercer ("A Kiss From You") and Sammy Cahn ("Only Trust Your Heart") but lately he has devoted himself to the serious study of how lyrics are devised.

In the works now is a Benny Carter songbook album that will belatedly bring together, in vocal version on one CD, some of his best known standards, among them "Blues in My Heart" (1930), "When Lights are Low" (1936), "All That Jazz" (from the Sammy Davis movie "A Man Called Adam") and "Key Largo."

Also due sooner or later is "Benny Carter: Symphony in Riffs," a 60-minute documentary that has been shown and praised in England while ironically an American release is still to be set. The film, narrated by Burt Lancaster, includes splendid evocations of Harlem in the '20s and of Carter's expatriate years and Hollywood movie successes.

Carter's gift for melodic creation has been expressed most memorably through his improvisations on alto saxophone. The logic, symmetry and beauty of these solos set a standard that has never been outdated, despite the inroads of bop, modality, the avant-garde and whatever other movements have prevailed since his style was essentially set in the 1930s. His orchestral arrangements, particularly those of a five-piece sax section on such records as "Further Definitions" in the early 1960s, are paradigms of skill and sensitivity.

Carter's writing has been interpreted with panache by musicians at a one-or-two-generation remove from him. Those who played

Benny Carter won't be caught resting on his laurels.

in his orchestra at the recent Hollywood Bowl concert (and who will return when he shares a bill there with Ella Fitzgerald Aug. 22) range from musicians in their 30s (saxophonist Jeff Clayton and his bassist brother John) to others in their 60s, like the trombonist Buster Cooper.

He has gone from being the youngest man in the band ("I was only 23 when I joined Fletcher Henderson") to becoming the oldest.

Carter's longevity has enabled him to triumph over many obstacles—most conspicuously racism, which he has opposed actively on many levels, whether it was fighting to retain ownership of a home in Hollywood against the objections of bigoted neighbors, or taking an active role in eliminating the segregated musicians' unions that long existed in Los Angeles, until the two combined in 1953.

Carter's achievements in broadening the vocabulary of the music world he has inhabited for 65 years have involved most of jazz history's honored names: he has played with (or written arrangements or conducted for) Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Dizzy Gillespie, Django Reinhardt, Max Roach, Buddy Rich, Quincy Jones, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Dexter Gordon, Coleman Hawkins—not to mention Ella and Peggy and Sarah and Carmen and a constellation of other singers. He has outlived many contemporaries, but those who have survived are all good friends.

It becomes hard to find a negative word to say about Benny Carter, to avoid the overtones of press agentry. For the record, then, let it be said that he was a co-composer of "Cow Cow Boogie," a song of which he is less than proud ("but it made a fair amount of money for me"), and that his singing is, well, not on the level of his other accomplishments. At that point the negatives have to stop.

The tributes, though, go on and on; just last month, with a thousand names from which to choose, an international panel of 64 jazz critics voted him Jazzman of the Year in a Down Beat poll.

He has done it all and won them all—what possible unrealized ambition can remain?

"Easy," he said. "To live to be a hundred—and in good health."

Don't bet against it. □

JAZZ REVIEW

8/10

Mike Wofford in Three Formats

Mike Wofford, whose delicate touch and harmonic originality have established him as the preferred pianist of many singers, is the first to work under a newly revised regimen at Lunaria, the restaurant and music room on Santa Monica Boulevard at Beverly Glen.

The San Diego-based jazzman was heard Tuesday with bassist John Leitham from 6:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Ruth Price, who books the talent for the room, joins the duo Wednesdays and Thursdays. A drummer is added Fridays and Saturdays, when the schedule is shifted forward (9 p.m. to 1 a.m.). Sundays are reserved for Brazilian jazz.

Though the association with Price offers him a chance to display his sensitivity as an accompaniest (he is currently employed by Ella Fitzgerald on her occasional jobs), Wofford has strong possibilities as a potential concert soloist. Capable of impressive technical finesse (one tune heard Tuesday was appropriately called "Dexterity"), he nevertheless shows respect for such traditions as the blues, represented by an early Monk piece, and the ballad mood, superbly evoked in what might be called a thinking man's medley: "The Very Thought of You" and "I Thought About You." The latter was mainly a showcase for the ever-agile work of the left-handed Leitham.

Wofford deserves special mention for his avoidance of overworked songs; he prefers such semi-obscure compositions as Carl Perkins' "Grooveyard," and Oscar Pettiford's "Bohemia After Dark," for which he and Leitham introduced the fast, tricky theme in unison.

Yet another advantage is the grand piano itself, its brilliant sound helpful in projecting the wealth of ideas brimming in Wofford's fertile imagination.

He closes Saturday but will return Aug. 21.

—LEONARD FEATHER

8/12

★★½

JULIE KELLY

"Some Other Time"

Chase Music Group

Tasteful in her choice of tunes (by Dave Grusin, Chick Corea and Stevie Wonder et al.), and in her selection of musicians (piano and arrangements by Tom Garvin), Julie Kelly phrases intelligently and bears a resemblance to Anita O'Day that extends, unfortunately, to her uncertainty of intonation. The slow numbers ("Detour Ahead" and the title tune) come off best.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 8/7

Ray Anderson: He's the Wild Man of the Trombone

■ **Jazz:** The musician, who plays and sings outrageously, is on his first visit to the Southland as a leader of a band.

By LEONARD FEATHER

LA JOLLA—Ray Anderson is the most talked-about performer in a sparsely populated field. His apparent aim is to play the trombone higher, lower and wilder than anyone else, and to bring together the past, present and future of the horn in one fell swoop. For his efforts he has earned critical praise and has won the last four Down Beat polls.

At 38, the Chicago-born Anderson has worked on avant-garde gigs with Henry Threadgill, led a jazz/rock/fusion band called the Slickaphonics that enjoyed success in Europe, played rhythm-and-blues and Latin dates around New York, and more recently has led an all-purpose quartet that has recorded for Gramavision.

If his playing is outrageous, he has a personality to match it. When he speaks, he is Harry Belafonte crossed with the Godfather. When he sings, he is apt to break out into multiphonic effects that suggest two Louis Armstrongs. His tall, gangling visual image has reminded some observers of a 1940s-style hipster.

Currently on his first visit to the Southland as a leader, he played Monday and Tuesday at Elario's in La Jolla; tonight he will be at Catalina Bar & Grill in Hollywood and Thursday at the Biltmore Hotel's Grand Ave. Bar.

Anderson's bizarre technique both vocally and on the horn would seem to have been self-taught. "I was the lead vocalist with the Slickaphonics," he recalls, "and I developed this strange double sound. A singing coach told me my vocal cords were vibrating to produce one note while the skin outside the larynx vibrated to produce a second. She said it was an incorrect technique, and I should never do it again." He has been using it, of course, ever since.

LINDA HECHT

Ray Anderson, on leading his own band: "What I'm doing right now is what I really want to do—be in charge and play what I like."

Like so many American jazz artists, Anderson has enjoyed more success abroad than at home. He's been the subject of many feature stories in European jazz magazines. Japan, typically, has put out the welcome mat. "I've been there a half-dozen times, with various people, and just got back from there this weekend."

He is not entirely a prophet without domestic honor. True, his Slickaphonic sessions were made for European consumption; most were unreleased here. However, his more recent albums for Enja and currently for Gramavision have been earning five-star ratings, and he has accumulated a pile of laudatory clippings hailing his appearances at New York's Village Vangarde.

His best-known album, "What Because," showcased him with what was then his regular touring band. At present he has to assemble a group when enough work opportunities arise. "There just aren't enough jobs for me to hold a band together. I look forward to the time when I won't have to rehearse a new personnel for every few gigs. But I'm happy with the people I have right now." (Pianist Amina Claudine Myers is a recording artist for RCA, bassist Mark Helias also has recorded as a leader, and drummer Dion Parsons on drums completes the quartet.)

Although the appearance went by almost unnoticed, he was at Catalina's a couple of years ago as a sideman with the International Orchestra led by the Swiss composer George Gruntz. Playing in a brass section, however, is his idea of nothing to do: "You just sit there a whole evening and get to play one solo. It might be fun to have a big band of my own someday, but what I'm doing right now is what I really want to do—be in charge and play what I like."

Proving his point, Anderson then took to the bandstand and, after a few explosive warm-up noises, went into a long series of uproarious cadenzas, growling and trilling, reaching for notes beyond the blue horizon, plunging to the depths, and then, after a premonitory vamp, easing his group into a buoyant chorus of a mainstream standard, Duke Ellington's "In a Mellotone." The Anderson phenomenon was off and cooking.

NJSO Jazz JOURNAL

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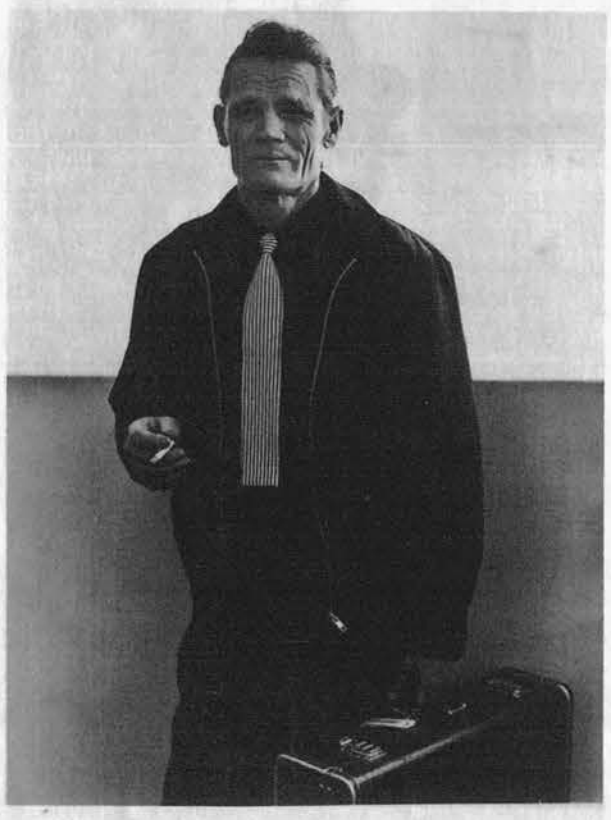
Visual images of jazz: fiction and reality

This issue will examine jazz in its moving visual mode: in films and the growing video medium. Veteran jazz scribe Leonard Feather dissects the rather pitiful Hollywood history of jazz treatment; Eugene Holley examines jazz trumpeter Terence Blanchard's advisory role in Spike Lee's new film, "The Mo Better Blues,"; and Susan Markle takes a look at jazz on video.

Dexter Gordon proved "more effective as actor than saxophonist" in "Round Midnight," says Feather. (See Bill Brower's remembrance of Dexter on p. 6).



The film "Let's Get Lost" was "an opportunistic, two-hour dirge to the life of Chet Baker," according to Leonard Feather.

The treatment of jazz in movies: largely a travesty

by Leonard Feather

When sound came in, jazz immediately got off to a false start in 1927 with "The Jazz Singer," which had as much to do with jazz as Al Jolson himself. It fared little better in 1930 with "The King of Jazz," a reference to the crown worn by Paul Whiteman at a time when Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, and Fletcher Henderson could have laid claim to the title.

In 1977 a tireless researcher named David Meeker put out a book in London called *Jazz in the Movies.* That it ran to over 200 pages was due to the inclusion of items in which the jazz content was peripheral or nonexistent: a Fred Astaire film with an appearance by Ray Anthony, a drama with a score by Allyn Ferguson, a British football film scored by Johnny Hawksworth.

The bald truth is that jazz was treated disgracefully in the movies, by executives who didn't have a clue concerning its artistic significance. Many of the films collected by such archivists as the late David Chertok in New York and Mark Cantor in Los Angeles were only found after endless exploration, and all too often the jazz passages were throwaway sequences, partially buried under dialogue.

Racism, of course, was largely to blame. Duke Ellington made a few valuable shorts, but his first feature movie was "Check and Double Check," starring two white men caricaturing blacks, Amos and Andy. Four years later, in 1934, he had one good production number in "Murder at the Vanities." Not until 1959 was he invited to compose a film score, for Otto Preminger's "Anatomy of a Murder," in which he also had a small speaking role.

Segregation was firmly maintained (on the grounds that audiences in the south would not countenance the on-screen appearance of white and black performers together). Once, when Charlie Barnet had five blacks in his band, they were allowed to play the soundtrack for "Jam Session" (1944), but were replaced by white musicians on screen.

As late as 1950 Count Basie had to eliminate Buddy De Franco and replace him with Marshal Royal for one of Will Cowan's musical shorts (ironically, despite two superb numbers by Billie Holiday and instrumental work by Basie's combo, the star of the film was Sugar Chile Robinson, singing "After School Boogie").

Aside from a very brief appearance in a "March of Time" newsreel, Art Tatum's only movie was "The Fabulous Dorseys" for which he was granted a 12 bar solo (14 seconds), in a night club jam session.

Yes, there have been movies about jazz people. "The Five Pennies," in 1959, was a sensationalized, sentimentalized, fictionalized piece of garbage purportedly about Red Nichols. "The Gene Krupa Story," also in 1959, was even more laughably inaccurate, packed with distortions and anachronisms.

"The Benny Goodman Story" in 1955 ignored what could have been the salient dramatic point, Goodman's pioneering role in racial integration; as for the choice of Steve Allen in the title role — well, they both wore glasses, right?

"Saint Louis Blues," in 1958, was an ignorant travesty based on the life of W. C. Handy, whose screen father, as I recall, told him "Don't play that jazz, son! That's the devil's music."

The real devils were the men who perpetrated this nonsense on us at a time when so many giants walked the earth: Armstrong, Ellington, Hines, Basie, Lunceford were never the subjects of screenplays.

Only with the advent of television and the recent spate of documentaries has there been an attempt to make up for lost time. In recent years

"The Benny Goodman Story ignored Goodman's pioneering role in racial integration."

there have been splendid public TV shows: "A Duke Named Ellington," "Celebrating Bird," and the magnificent "Long Night of Lady Day" produced by Britain's John Jeremy. Two fine documentaries, "Symphony in Riffs," about Benny Carter, and "Ben Webster: The Brute and The Beautiful," have been seen in Europe but are still unsold to the U.S. market.

Meanwhile, "Let's Get Lost," an opportunistic two-hour dirge to the life of Chet Baker, was widely shown here and nominated for an Oscar. There have also been documentaries on Artie Shaw (which I never got to see; it had limited exposure) and Bix Beiderbecke.

The feature film area has improved only slightly, and only provided there was a theme of chemical dependency: "Round Midnight" was dramatically valid, but with Dexter Gordon proving more effective as actor than saxophonist. "Bird" had a superb soundtract (mainly by Bird himself) and was splendidly directed by Clint Eastwood and acted by Forrest Whitaker.

Spike Lee's films have made good use of Branford Marsalis and others. "Jack Johnson," in the 1970s, had an electric score by Miles Davis.

I realize there have been occasional exceptions to Hollywood's unspoken rule against jazz authenticity. "I Want to Live" in 1958 had a fine jazz soundtrack written by Johnny Mandel. Benny Carter was seen and heard briefly in "Thousands Cheer" (1943) and "Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952).

And finally, in 1990, Dizzy Gillespie has an acting part in a major production, "Winter in Lisbon," which at this writing was being filmed in Spain and Portugal.

It's a dismal picture, and you get little consolation by leafing through the David Meeker book (published here by Arlington House) and discovering that all sorts of odds and ends have been here and gone; in many instances the films were on nitrate and have disintegrated — an ironic end in a celluloid trash pile firmly opposed to integration.

For an industry that glorified the Ku Klux Klan in "Birth of a Nation," and the white south in "Gone With the Wind," how could we have expected more?

Nat Adderley: The Other Brother Arrives

8
16

■ **Jazz:** Cornetist steps out of Cannonball's shadow to make his own musical mark. His quintet visits Vine St. Bar & Grill.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nat Adderley is no longer someone else's kid brother. The cornetist came to the attention of the jazz world with a quintet led by the dynamic Julian (Cannonball) Adderley, and for years he was in the shadow of his gifted and eloquent sibling. After Cannonball's death, Nat was adrift for a while, leading groups here and there, but today, a persuasive personality in his own right, he is heading a quintet that works steadily; he's playing through Saturday at the the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

"Yeah, things are looking really good for me right now," he said the other day in a call from the Bay Area. "We toured Europe, I spent a couple of days back home in Tampa, then it was off to Japan—about the 10th time I've been there—and directly to Kimball's in San Francisco."

Where Cannonball once stood beside him, Nat now has a promising alto sax soloist in Vincent Herring. At the piano is a newcomer to the group, Rob Bargad. The other two faces will be familiar to longtime Adderley students: Bassist Walter Booker worked for Cannonball from 1968 until the saxophonist's death seven years later, and drummer Jimmy Cobb was an Adderley sideman in 1957-58.

The two brothers, fresh out of Florida in 1955, zoomed into prominence via records, jazz clubs and concerts. Their partnership was interrupted when Cannonball joined Miles Davis for a couple of years, an interim filled by Nat with stints playing for J.J. Johnson and later with Woody Herman. Nat simultaneously built a secondary career as composer—his biggest hits were "Work Song" and "Jive Samba"—and occasionally as leader of his own record sessions.

BONNIE KAMIN

Nat Adderley: "Things are looking really good for me right now."

If he may seem to have been less prominent on the scene recently, the problem can be traced to his infrequent visits to the recording studios. "Actually," he said, "we made an album that was just issued—but it was for a Japanese label, for release in Japan." He paused, then added, "Well, we are recording very shortly for Orrin Keepnew's company, Landmark Records, for American release. Orrin made a lot of sessions with Julian and me."

Two missed opportunities for what might have been valuable documents were the tours, early last year and again this spring, by a Woody Herman alumni unit, with Adderley, Terry Gibbs, Sal Nistico, Nat Pierce and Urbie Green among others. "That was quite a band," Adderley recalls, "but they never got around to recording."

Unlike many jazz eminences who raise second-generation artists in their image, Adderley takes pride in a son, Nat Jr., whose success has been enjoyed mainly outside the jazz field.

"He did play a few records and gigs with Julian and me, but he really made his mark as a pianist and arranger producing for well-known pop people. He's been working a lot with Luther Vandross, and he's doing marvelously—I'm very proud of him. It's funny, I thought he didn't want to play jazz, but now it has become an avocation; whenever he has the chance he works with the vibes player Jay Hoggard."

A short, chubby figure with rare personal charm and the kind of soothing voice you would like to hear in your family doctor, Nat Adderley today is admired not only for his virtuosity on the horn (he was inspired by Fats Navarro, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis), but also for his subtle sense of humor on the bandstand. He has reached a plateau of acceptance commensurate with his own talent. Still, the memory of his fraternal partnership refuses to fade out.

"We play a lot of that same music, and when we expand our repertoire we tend to add one new tune and one old tune. As a matter of fact, it was just 15 years ago—Aug. 8, 1975—that we lost Julian. Do I miss him? How can I not?"

F8 THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1990

JAZZ REVIEW

Tyner Trio Pumps Up Volume

McCoy Tyner, whose trio opened Tuesday at Hollywood's Catalina Bar & Grill, employs a formula that works wonders for him: Effervescence + Energy = Excitement.

Tyner was long associated with the hard-driving, modal concepts he had developed during his years with John Coltrane. He knows at what point volume can degenerate into violence, and manages much of the time to avoid falling into that trap.

On this occasion, his choice of material was more conservative than usual. The reason may have been that his regular bassist, Avery Sharpe, was busy elsewhere, and the replacement, Herbie Lewis (who worked with him in the late 1960s) was not familiar with the music. The set included only one original, but given his ability to bring his own forceful personality to any work, from Neal Hefti's "Li'l Darlin'" to the Beatles' "Here, There and Everywhere," there was no loss of impact.

Aaron Scott, almost invisible behind half a dozen cymbals, seemed anxious to match the leader decibel for decibel. Tyner's unaccompanied interludes provided a welcome contrast; his solo passage during a minor blues, "Mr. P.C." by John Coltrane, was a masterpiece of cross rhythms and agitated eighth notes.

Lewis proved to be a surprising plus factor, both as a rhythm section member and in several engagingly original solos.

—LEONARD FEATHER

De Francesco Turns Back Clock on a Genre

8
16

By LEONARD FEATHER

Back in the 1950s and '60s, a form of jazz flourished in which the dominant figure played Hammond organ, the prevailing mood was the blues, and the sidemen were a saxophonist, a guitarist and a drummer. With the arrival of Joey de Francesco, who opened Tuesday at Hollywood's Catalina Bar and Grill, the clock has turned back and this engaging soul-jazz genre is with us again.

This is a surprising development in two ways: first, the organ has been in a decline for years, with the synthesizer more or less taking its place, and second, De Francesco is much too young to remember anything about the idiom. He was born April 10, 1971.

From the first 12 bars of the opening tune—a blues, of course—it was evident that De Francesco has studied and mastered this idiom to an improbable degree. Here is a throwback to Jimmy Smith and all those others who set the pattern two decades before he was born.

Like all the great organists, this precocious teen-ager not only possesses a fast mind, limning long, captivating blues lines, but also a busy foot that plays the bass parts on the chromatic pedals. Any organist worth his salt in this field scorned the use of a bass player.

De Francesco is also a master of dynamic contrast. Some tunes would build up to a triple forte, sink back to a barely audible triple-piano, then back again, like a sonic roller coaster. At one point he established a laid-back beat reminiscent of Errol Garner.

His sidemen (Glenn Guidone on tenor and soprano saxes, Jim Henry on trumpet and fluegelhorn, Paul Bollenbak on guitar, Byron Landham on drums) are all older men—that is to say, men probably over 20—who have developed styles ideally suited to the leader's requirements. Henry was particularly effective on "Round Midnight" and a somewhat overbusy but commendably adventurous "My Romance."

MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times

Joey de Francesco, with saxophone sideman Glenn Guidone in background, leads a set.

These Young Turks move back through the decades with grace and conviction—old blues like "Red Top" and old pop songs like "It Had To Be You" seemed to be second nature to them. This is an example of youthful maturity, as impressive on its own level as Wynton Marsalis' explosion on the jazz scene a decade ago. The quintet closes Sunday.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

8-14-90

Orange County Calendar

JAZZ REVIEW

The Herman Herd Carries On With Tiberi in Front

By LEONARD FEATHER

IRVINE—The dancers were ready, the ballroom lights were dimmed, the clarinetist raised his horn and wailed his way into the eternal strains of "Blue Flame," the band's famous theme. It was *déjà vu* all over again, except for one thing: The clarinetist wasn't Woody Herman.

The scene was the Marriott Hotel in Irvine, where a concert and dance was staged under the direction of Frank Tiberi, who joined Herman's orchestra in 1969 and assumed leadership upon the maestro's death in 1987.

That this was an evening for remembering rather than innovating was hardly a surprise; nor was the fact that the dance floor was often crowded. After all, the first date Herman ever played (in 1936, long before any of the present sidemen were born) was at a Brooklyn dance hall.

Tiberi learned well during his years with Herman. He has even developed a clarinet personality reminiscent of Woody's own thin, reedy sound, although most of the time he plays tenor as one of the four sax players who, with remarkable fidelity, brought back the special pleasure of Ralph Burns' "Early Autumn."

Tiberi also functions as an affable front man whose comments help make these vintage sounds accessible to those for whom "Woodchopper's Ball" and "Apple Honey" are perhaps only vaguely familiar.

Like every Herman Herd, this is essentially a young ensemble, one that stays together on a year-round basis despite a fair amount of personnel shifting. This week, because of transportation costs, there are two local ringers, Frank Strazzeri on piano and the drummer Paul Kreibach.

Among the regulars, a seven-man brass team attacked the charts crisply and with warm conviction. Outstanding among the soloists was, coincidentally, a native son of Irvine, Ron Stout, whose dark, mellow sound enables him to make the trumpet seem like a fluegelhorn. Next to him in the horn section was Kye Palmer, who distinguished himself in an arrangement of "Body and Soul" that managed, with the help of Tiberi's arrangement, to give CPR to the 60-year-old ballad.

There were a few unfamiliar charts: "Just in Time" arranged by ex-Basie drummer Dennis Mackrel, and Tiberi's reworking of an old Neal Hefti piece, "Repetition," during which his tenor solo assumed the role originally taken by Charlie Parker.

In the sax section, the three tenor players traded solos with spirit on "Four Brothers" and Mike Brignola's brisk baritone achieve a commendable mix of rhythmic conviction and melodic creation.

Clearly this is not a band that is about to make history; it is rather the sign of a welcome continuum in the story of an orchestra that made its unique impact over a span of half a century. Tiberi deserves kudos for the honesty for which he is carrying forward the lingering blue flame.

CHRISTINE COTTER / Los Angeles Times

Frank Tiberi, left above, who took over as director of the Woody Herman Orchestra when the maestro died in 1987, is joined on saxophone by John Gunther during a concert Sunday at the Irvine Marriott. Irvine native Ron Stout, left, soloed on trumpet.

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Denzel Washington, left, who plays trumpeter in "Mo' Better Blues," gets tips from instructor Terence Blanchard.

The Man Behind the Horn

Terence Blanchard Turned Denzel Washington Into a Trumpeter

By LEONARD FEATHER

In Spike Lee's "Mo' Better Blues," that rare movie about jazz in which actors playing musicians actually act and talk like them, Denzel Washington gives what may be the most believable on-screen impression yet of a soloist in full flight.

Washington, playing trumpeter Bleek Gilliam, owes much of performance—and Spike Lee owes much of the film's authenticity—to Terence Blanchard, the 28-year-old trumpeter from New Orleans who was hired to both play on the sound track and to coach Washington in the bedeviling business of looking like a trumpeter at work.

Blanchard, whose career has paralleled that of Wynton Marsalis, got the film job on the strength of his soundtrack work in two previous Lee films, "School Daze" and "Do the Right Thing."

"When Spike called me to do this," Blanchard says, "it seemed like a tough assignment. I thought about some of the other movies like 'A Man Called Adam,' with Sammy Davis as a trumpeter, and 'Paris Blues,' in which Paul Newman looked pretty good as a trombonist, but Sidney Poitier was kind of questionable on saxophone."

When Blanchard met Washington, he was pleased to learn that the actor at least had some music background; he had played piano in high school and could still plunk out a few tunes. But with the trumpet, he had to mime some crucial technical maneuvers. Blanchard says he gave Washington some hand and finger exercises and set him up with some professional instructors.

"I told [his teachers] to just get him to the point where he could at least produce a sound, because you have to understand what is physically involved in producing these tones," Blanchard says. "Denzel said if he could just play one song by the end of the shoot, he'd be happy."

While watching the Branford Marsalis group tape the sound track for "Mo Better Blues," Washington mentioned that he wished he'd brought along a video camera. Blanchard seized on the idea, taped himself playing some of the melodies on the track—"really slow"—and sent the tapes to Washington. That helped, but the actor still "didn't have a real handle on it."

"I told him, 'Look, man, if you want, I can write out the fingering for all the melodies, and the beginning portions of

Please see BLANCHARD, F30

Trumpeter Blanchard, composer Bill Lee rehearse "Blues" score.

BLANCHARD: Horn Man

Continued from F1

the solos.' I figured that actually teaching him to play the horn was going to take too much concentration away from his acting."

As it turned out, Washington did much more than go through the fingering motions; he began to understand the complex art of creating melodic lines on the horn, and the more he practiced, the more he gathered strength and conviction.

Blanchard had to explain to him about the art of improvisation. That was a special experience, because he's the kind of actor who sticks basically to the script. But he said that hanging around musicians, and hearing them improvise, made him into more of a chance-taker.

"He even got to the point where he could hear the blues," Blanchard says. "The first quintet tune in the movie is a blues, and he understood the form."

In fact, Washington got good enough on the instrument for it to become a problem. When he was playing the trumpet for the camera, he would hesitate whenever he realized he'd made a musical mistake and the actual sound track recording would get ahead of him. Blanchard says he got Washington to overcome his self-consciousness by carrying a Walkman around and listening to the music until he got to the point where he could *sing* it all without even thinking about it.

Soon, says Blanchard, Washington knew his solos better than he did. "We had an argument about one tune and he said, 'No, man, you did it like this,' and we played the tape back, and he was right!"

Of the tunes played by the "Mo' Better" quintet in the movie, Branford Marsalis wrote three and Spike Lee's father, Bill Lee, wrote two. Bill Lee composed mainly for the background orchestral score, but Blanchard composed and scored the "Sing Soweto." For Blanchard, it was a rare opportunity.

"I had never had a chance to write for strings before, let alone a full orchestra," he says, "and I learned a lot from that."

In fact, he says, the whole experience on the movie "was a threefold break for me—as a player, a teacher and a writer. I'd sure love to have all those experiences again."

Vocalists in 'Echoes of the Big Bands' Spotlight

8/18

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nothing succeeds like nostalgia when it's pledge time on PBS. "Echoes of the Big Bands With Merv Griffin," airing tonight at 8 on KCET and KOCE (Channels 28 and 50), is ideal for those older viewers whose pockets are well enough lined to guarantee hefty donations.

The title is something of a misnomer. "Echoes of the Big Band Singers" would have been a closer call. You see Merv Griffin, who kiddingly opens the two-hour show with a mock introduction of the Freddy Martin Band in which he sang, but Martin's band never appears.

The Harry James Orchestra is there in a couple of old black and white clips, but two James' band vocalists that are seen, Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes, have five songs between them. Similarly, Herb Jeffries gets far more time than the Duke Ellington Orchestra, and the Dorsey Brothers segment is devoted to a parade of singers—Bob Eberly, Helen O'Connell, the Piped Pipers, Connie Haines, Jack Leonard.

The program in effect reminds one of the thin line that separated big band music and jazz from dance music or simply vocal entertainment. In several instances the performers are seen in black-and-white scenes from the 1930s or '40s, followed by longer passages showing the vocalists in the 1970s or early '80s, in color, backed by a house band at Roseland or some other ballroom.

The surprise is not how sadly they have deteriorated, but how well they have held up. Helen Forrest was and still is one of the pre-eminent pop band singers; Herb Jeffries, Cab Calloway and Bea Wain sound better now than then, and the blues numbers by Joe Williams and the late Helen Humes with the Count Basie Band are unalloyed joy.

The best instrumentals are Artie Shaw's "Concerto for Clarinet," and a Benny Goodman number never before seen on TV, taped a year or two before his death, with a flawless all-star quintet: Red Norvo, Dick Hyman, Louie Bellson and Slam Stewart.

If the decades have been kind to the singers, they have done nothing for some of the songs. This becomes embarrassingly evident in the pseudo-hip lyrics and gauche mannerisms in "Kalamazoo" by the Modernaires, "Let Me Off Uptown" by Anita O'Day and Roy Eldridge, and Woody Herman's "I've Got News for You." That was truly an age of innocence. But if one is in a receptive mood, or inquisitive about how it was back then, these echoes reverberate pleasantly enough.

'John Hammond' Tonight on KCET

8/20

Some years ago, the legendary talent scout John Hammond went to Chicago to take part in a public television special staged in his honor. He was surrounded by many of the artists in whose careers he had played a seminal role; he talked with them and about them.

Because that program, which has been rerun several times, was a unique tribute overflowing with live talent, it is difficult to understand the raison d'etre for "John Hammond: From Bessie Smith to Bruce Springsteen," to be seen tonight at 10:15 on KCET Channel 28 as part of the "American Masters" series.

The earlier show was 90 minutes long; the new one is half an hour shorter. Whereas giants such as Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, George Benson and Bob Dylan performed entire songs, live and in person, in Hammond's presence, this posthumous show (he died in 1987) finds the artists often in truncated early film clips; typically, Billie Holiday begins to sing one number and after eight bars the emcee, Ossie Davis, interrupts with a voice-over.

Hammond is seen in color footage apparently shot not long before his death, and in snippets from a black-and-white interview in 1958 with the very unhip Gilbert Seldes. Comments about Hammond's role as a radical reformer and integrationist visionary are offered by Nat Hentoff, Milt Hinton, George Wein and others. Peter Seeger talks for a minute about the blacklisting days. Count Basie and Aretha Franklin are shown in short black-and-white segments. The cliché clips so familiar in jazz documentaries—shots of jitterbugs, Harlem street scenes—are shown yet again.

There is valuable music and a measure of historic information here, but much of it smacks of *deja vu*. (How many more times are we going to see that one and only Bessie Smith film?) Those who did not see the earlier program may well find this sequel fascinating, though its better passages might well have been telescoped into the form of an addendum to the original. —LEONARD FEATHER

8/19

JAZZ

★★★½

PHIL WOODS QUINTET + ONE

"Flash"

Concord

The title refers to the presence on some cuts of both trumpeter Tom Harrell, who left the group last year, and trombonist Hal Crook, who replaced him. Woods, though a brilliant composer, is not represented here in that capacity; his alto sax is the centerpiece for originals by Harrell (the adventurous post-bop "Journey to the Center," the subdued, harmonically oblique "Weaver,") pianist Hal Galper, and the Los Angeles composer Tom Garvin, whose swaggering, Monkish "Bradley's Revenge" is a highlight. Woods switches to clarinet for the exotic "Misirlou," a 50-year-old Greek pop song. The three-horn blend is a bonus; too bad economics preclude its becoming permanent.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ELLEN JASKOL / Los Angeles Times

Phil Woods is joined by Tom Harrell, Hal Crook on "+ One."

ALBUM REVIEWS

★★★½

LENNIE NIEHAUS

"Patterns"

Fresh Sound Import

Niehaus, the respected movie music writer who first gained a name as a jazzman, took his alto sax out of mothballs for this, his first blowing date since the '50s. Of his seven originals, three were heard briefly in his score for Clint Eastwood's "Bird." Teamed with Bill Perkins on various saxes, Niehaus offers good, healthy, updated bebop, with a few arranging touches that avoid the rut of convention. Fine piano, too, by Frank Strazzeri.

—L.F.

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8/20

AN APPRECIATION

Pearl Bailey: A Loss for Music and World

By LEONARD FEATHER

The death of Pearl Bailey, who died Friday at 72, marks a loss not only to show business, but to music, to the world of diplomacy (in recent years she had spent much of her time as a delegate to the United Nations) and to all of us who knew and loved her.

It is not difficult to recall when our paths first crossed, since the slogan "Remember Pearl Harbor" was fresh in everyone's mind, and my review of her show at the Village Vanguard in Metronome Magazine was headlined with a play on words: "Remember Pearl Bailey."

At that time the impression she made was that of a jazz-oriented singer, capable of a moving ballad interpretation but remarkable also for the humor with which she laced her up-tempo tunes.

Not long after that initial encounter, she joined the orchestra of Cootie Williams and made a few records with the ex-Ellington trumpeter. But soon it became clear that her talent was bound to take her beyond the limitations of a career as a band singer.

Within a few years she had made inroads on stage (in the 1946 "St. Louis Woman"), on records and in the movies. In her first feature film, "Variety Girl," she submitted to Hollywood's demands on black actresses by dressing as a maid, but made a stunning impression singing a song that had become her first hit record, "Tired."

Soon it became clear that the jazz community's loss was a unique gain for a far bigger world. Bailey's innate acting sense was a reflection of her natural manner. Though her principal outlets now were the stage and screen, intermittently she returned to the recording studios.

There was one delightful duet session in 1949 with the singer and trumpeter Hot Lips Page. Had Broadway and Hollywood not beckoned, Pearl Bailey might well have been hailed in the clubs along 52nd Street; her potential was comparable to that of the preeminent jazz soloists of the time.

Then came the marriage, which surprised almost

THOMAS KELSEY / Los Angeles Times

Pearl Bailey, with her husband, drummer Louie Bellson, in concert at Ambassador Auditorium in 1986.

everyone outside her immediate circle of friends. She had been married before, but the union with Louie Bellson, who was six years younger, seemed destined to last; their personalities dovetailed. Bellson, who had been playing drums for almost two years with the Duke Ellington Orchestra, was a dynamic performer whose work contrasted with his offstage manner. He was as gentle and amiable as she was strong and persuasive. They were married in London; he rejoined the band for a few weeks, then left in January, 1953.

At the time there was a little cynicism, but the Bellsons soon proved the skeptics wrong. They raised a son, Tony,

Please see BAILEY, F7

BAILEY

Continued from F1

and a daughter. Dee Dee Bellson is a beautiful and talented young singer who has worked occasionally with her father's band as well as with vocal groups.

The Bellsons managed, possibly more than any other couple in show business, to juggle the conflicting demands of their careers. When Pearl was not tied to a long-running show such as "Hello Dolly," or busy with her work at the U.N., she would go on the road, with Bellson leading a small group. Louie also found time to head his own big band off and on, and to conduct drum clinics at colleges; Pearl meanwhile busied herself writing books, the first of which, "The Raw Pearl," was autobiographical. Later came a cook book, of which she was especially proud.

They had a house in the San Fernando Valley, where they enjoyed occasional short rests from their schedules. Later they found what they felt was their dream home, in Lake Havasu, Ariz. It was there that Louie and Pearl spent some of their most relaxed moments last spring while he was recuperating from major surgery.

In late June at New York's Avery Fisher Hall, Pearl and Louie shared a bill with Wynton Marsalis. Between the interludes of comedy and dancing and strutting, Pearl offered versions of "Unforgetable" and "For Once in My Life" that reminded us, after all these years, that here was a splendid voice, undimmed by the passage of the decades.

There was a surprise ending. After going through all her hit song motions, Bailey invited Marsalis, who had played his own set earlier in the evening, to join her onstage. The 28-year-old trumpeter joined the 72-year-old singer in a heartfelt rendition of "The Battle Hymn of The Republic." It was one of the most memorable moments of the entire jazz festival.

"Pearl was just the most wonderful person to work for," said

CAROL BERNSON

Pearl Bailey singing in JVC Jazz Festival in New York in June.

guitarist Remo Palmier, who was part of her backup group for 13 years. "There was nothing she wouldn't do for us."

While Louis Bellson tried to overcome his grief, plans were under way for him to bring his full orchestra into Disneyland for a week, starting Sept. 2. "I know," he said in a call from Philadelphia, "that the only thing for me to do is go straight ahead. There will be services in Philadelphia—her brother Bill is buried here—and I'll be out on the Coast in time to start rehearsals. It's what she would want me to do."

No doubt he is right, though it will never be possible to erase, even for a moment, the memory of a 37-year marriage. Pearl Bailey was a truly extraordinary human being—warm, vital, generous; concerned for friends and family, constantly involved in the effort to make this a better and more peaceful world. She will be missed by millions.

8-26-90

JAZZ

Female Musicians Still Struggle for Acceptance

'Battle-weary' players such as Jane Ira Bloom wonder if ability counts

By LEONARD FEATHER

The past week has been a hectic one for Ann Patterson. She has been checking on the music that will be needed for two important dates—Monday at the Biltmore Hotel's Grand Ave. Bar, and Sept. 22 at the annual jazz festival in Sedona, Ariz.—and phoning the 16 other artists needed for rehearsal and performances.

Patterson is not a singer, not a dancer, pianist or comedian. She plays the saxophone and is the leader of Maiden Voyage, a 17-piece orchestra that has had a fits-and-starts existence for the past decade. Those phone calls are urgent, because it is difficult to make last-minute changes in a band that is all-female. (You might wind up, God forbid, with a male sub in the trombone section.)

The career of Ann Patterson symbolizes the hazards that have plagued women instrumentalists since the dawn of jazz. Just as black musicians for decades played only in all-black bands, female musicians often wind up surrounded exclusively by women.

The public has always accepted female pianists; women are also tolerated on instruments deemed suitably feminine—harps, violins, cellos—but horn blowing has been thought unladylike.

ELLEN JASKOL Los Angeles Times

Ann Patterson has endured professional hazards as saxophone player and leader of Maiden Voyage, a 17-piece, all-female orchestra.

"I remember once," trombonist Betty O'Hara said the other day, "I was in line for a good job in Hartford, Conn., until the bandleader said, 'We can't have a woman in this orchestra. That makes it look bad.'"

O'Hara is among the lucky few who have overcome. She has had her share of studio jobs, still plays jazz gigs (she will be at the Classic Jazz Festival over Labor Day weekend at the Airport Marriott). As the senior member of Maiden Voyage she displays her multiple talents, playing trombone, fluegelhorn and a double-belled euphonium, singing and contributing her own arrangements.

"Women playing jazz are still looked on with a jaundiced eye," says O'Hara, "but today they are so skilled and have so much more confidence that things can't help but improve."

Patterson also feels optimistic. "Maiden Voyage only works a few times a year, mainly because I don't have the time to devote to lining up work. Between studio gigs, casuals, jobs and shows, woodwind quartet dates with Ira Schulman and clinics at schools, plus the occasional chance to play with a big band like the Frank Capp-Nat Pierce Juggernaut, I have no trouble paying my bills. Things are better; there's less resistance to women."

Still, it is odd that there is so little demand (and no record contract) for Maiden Voyage, an ensemble so intriguing to the Pulitzer Prize-winning classical composer Mel Powell that he wrote a jazz suite for the band and organized a performance at CalArts, where he is a faculty member.

Stacy Rowles, the brilliant fluegelhorn and trumpet soloist, had such a chaotic career that for a couple of years she was obliged to take a day job in a store. "Stacy is finally getting to work regularly," says her father, the eminent pianist Jimmy Rowles. "This week she's away on an Alaskan cruise with Red Holloway's group. For two years she's toured off and on in the U.S. and Europe with the Jazz Tap Ensemble show. She works now and then with the Jazzbirds, a quintet of musicians out of the Maiden Voyage band. But aside from one call from Nelson Riddle, I can't remember her getting any of those good-paying studio jobs."

For some of the young musicians, the outlook is less bleak. Drummer Terri Lyne Carrington, 25, has been heard mainly with male bands since trumpeter Clark Terry hired her when she was 15. She just completed a two-month tour with Stan Getz, and will leave soon for a four-week jaunt in South America, leading her own group under the aegis of the State Department.

Carrington has even had the rare experience of being hired because of her gender rather than in spite of it. When "The Arsenio Hall Show" bowed, she was a member of Michael Wolff's house band. "I had heard Arsenio was looking for a female drummer," she says. "But some people don't want to take any risks; there's still a lot of chauvinism around. You just do your best to combat it; some women are bitter, but I don't believe in wasting my time on negative energy."

As Carrington's case bears out, many avenues are opening up. Two years ago, the veteran tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson went on tour backed by a rhythm section composed of Renee Rosnes, the vitally creative pianist from Vancouver; Cindy Blackmen, a promising drummer, and Marlene Rosenberg on bass. Rosnes, like Geri

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Jazz Reviews

A Smooth Sailing for Maiden Voyage

Maiden Voyage, the 16-piece orchestra that stormed the Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar Monday evening, may be the most successful jazz ensemble now active in terms of its ability to subject familiar themes to unfamiliar and provocative treatments.

Typically, an arrangement by Nan Schwartz of "All Blues" took a fresh, multicolored look at the old Miles Davis opus, with Betty O'Hara on euphonium. Another blues antique, "Now's the Time," wore a new face in a funky version by Bruce Eskovitz, with the leader, Ann Patterson, in a wildly vivid alto sax solo and Mary Ann McSweeney on electric bass.

McSweeney was the focal point on upright bass in "Chattanooga Choo Choo," bringing her exceptional technique and creativity to this tired old Glenn Miller tune. Another update from the Miller book was a Tom Kubis version of "In the Mood," which sublimated the harmony and, as much as possible, stayed away from the dreary melody. Ann King was in superb form on trumpet.

Ann Patterson and Roger Neumann (subbing for Jennifer Hall) had the room in an uproar with the action-packed battle of soprano saxes on Neumann's arrangement of "Sweet Georgia Brown."

Pianist Kathy Rubbicco contributed an evocative minor piece, "Uptown New York." Bobby Shew's "Blue," a tribute to the late Blue Mitchell, was a lyrical vehicle for the fluegelhorn of Stacy Rowles.

O'Hara, a founder member, sang and played valve trombone on her own arrangement of "God Bless the Child," notable for a sonorous unison trombone passage, backed by muted trumpets.

The second set ended with an inspired drum solo by Jenette Wrate, whose reading of the complex arrangements gave spirited support to these talented women (and one lone male).

The whole band swung when it needed to, relaxed when it wanted to, and left one wondering why, while lesser groups tour the world, Maiden Voyage plays a handful of dates a year. One thing is certain: They will be back at the Grand Avenue Bar as soon as Ann Patterson can reassemble them.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ Compiled by Bill Kohlhaase. Send information for Jazz Listings Calendar, Los Angeles Times, Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles 90053.

CONCERTS

TODAY

Bill Holman's Big Band (Los Angeles County Museum of Art, 5905 Wilshire Blvd., (213) 857-6115, 1:30 p.m. Free.)

James Newton, Art Davis Trio, Jungle Book, Jimmy Witherspoon, Barbara Morrison, others (Los Angeles African Marketplace and Cultural Faire, Rancho Cienega Park, 5001 Rodeo Road, (213) 734-1164, noon, Free.)

Grover Washington Jr., Clarke/Duke Project, Kwinul Syndicate, The Meeting (Hollywood Bowl, 2301 N. Highland Ave., (213) 850-2000, 8:30 p.m.)

Teddy Edwards, Michelle Shocked, Susie Ibarra, Jerry Rusch-Zan Stewart Quintet, Blue Note Night Blooming Jazzmen, others (Santa Monica Folk and Jazz '90, Third Street Promenade, Santa Monica, (213) 393-6355, noon, Free.)

Ray McKinley and His Orchestra (Carnation Plaza Gardens, Disneyland, 1313 Harbor Blvd., Anaheim, (213) 626-8605, (714) 999-4565, 1:15 p.m. Also Mon.-Sat.)

WEDNESDAY

Tom Kubis Big Band (Long Beach Museum of Art, 2300 E. Ocean Blvd., Long Beach, (213) 439-2119, 7 p.m.)

Pacific Brass Quintet (Redondo Beach Pier, Redondo Beach, (213) 318-0630, noon, Free.)

FRIDAY

Big Tiny Little's Colorado Belle Jazz Band, Banu Gibson's New Orleans Hot Jazz Orchestra, Lillian Boutte, Orpheon Celesta, others (Los Angeles Classic Jazz Festival, Los Angeles Airport Marriott, 5855 W. Century Blvd., 9:30 a.m. Also Sat.-Mon. 9:30 a.m.)

Harry James Orchestra directed by Art Depew (Hinds Pavilion, Gate 12, Fairplex Park, Pomona, (714) 629-3099, 7 p.m. and 9:30.)

SATURDAY

Larry Gales East/West Connection, Rickey Woodard Quintet (Jim Gilliam Park, 4000 S. La Brea Ave., (213) 469-5589, noon, Free.)

Phil UpChurch Quintet, Luis Bonilla Quintet (J. Barnsdall Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, noon, (213) 469-5589, noon, Free.)

Dianne Reeves, Dorthy Donegan, Gerald Wilson Orchestra of the '90s (Los Angeles International Jazz Festival, Royce Hall, UCLA, (213) 825-9261, 7 p.m.)

Les Brown and His Band of Renown (Hou

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JAZZ REVIEW

A Smoky Galloway Refines Her Act

Leata Galloway, who came to town in the early 1980s with the show "Sophisticated Ladies," made her first Los Angeles-area appearance in four years with the Sunday opening at the Vine Street Bar & Grill.

In some respects there have been no changes: Her full, smoky sound remains intact, as does her exotic visual charm.

However, the somewhat excessive cabaret act overtones have receded; what Galloway now offers is a less pretentious, diversified show in which jazz standards and contemporary songs alternate, with a welcome closing lagniappe in the form of a blues.

She brings her own personality to the James Moody vocalese classic "Moody's Mood for Love." Latin rhythms underscored her medley of "I'll Remember April" and "Smile." An inventive touch was the surprising R&B conversion of "Cry Me a River."

For "I'm Sorry" and most of the other pop songs, she had the decorative assistance of Charlotte Crossley and Linda Lawley; however, as is too often the case with backup singers, they were put to unimaginative use, their roles largely confined to repeating the title or singing brief harmonized lines. Both are qualified artists who deserve better. Only on Galloway's own song, "One Step at a Time," were they employed effectively.

The instrumental accompaniment, adequate but hardly inspired, was provided by drums, electric bass and a pianist, Michael James, who doubled on guitar.

The two final numbers were the most soulful: an Aretha-like "You'd Better Watch Your Step" and the traditional "Stormy Monday."

Galloway and friends close tonight. —LEONARD FEATHER

9/14/90

Jazz Reviews

A Master's Turn From Tony Bennett at Hollywood Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tony Bennett has it all.

It is a rare event when the chance arises, over a 10-day span, to hear the three pre-eminent male singers of our time. On Labor Day, Joe Williams, backed by an ad-hoc 10-man band, was a special joy at the Dick Gibson jazz party in Denver; last week at the Greek Theatre, Frank Sinatra, in fine fettle, was assisted by a large ensemble of strings, brass and saxophones. But Bennett, at the Hollywood Bowl on Wednesday, dispensed with such appurtenances.

There were no strings, no brass, no reeds; for the first couple of numbers not even bass and drums.

One wonders whether Sinatra today could work vocally naked, with nothing but a jazz trio for backup. With Ralph Sharon (coincidentally one of two London-born pianists featured during the evening), Paul Langosch on bass and Joe LaBarbera on drums, Bennett cruised unpretentiously through a perfectly chosen sequence of superior melodies and intelligent lyrics.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Tony Bennett: superior melodies, intelligent lyrics at Bowl.

Although he can and often does belt out a triple-forte finale, he also sang "Speak Low" as if taking the title literally, almost in a whisper. His scope of emotions ranged from the sly humor of "I Wish I Were in Love Again" to the emotional power of "When Do the Bells Ring for Me?"

The contrast between Bennett, with his effortless ease, and Diane Schuur, who put so much effort to so little valid use, was almost an education. Schuur has taken the idiosyncrasies of several other singers and compounded them into a less than felicitous whole, with awkward scatting and calculated effects. She drew applause by holding the final *of* in "New York State of Mind" for about 15 seconds.

Worse is her pseudo-ethnic accent bit. If she wants to sing "It Don't Mean a Thang," why can't she at least be consistent and follow it with "Swang" instead of singing *swing*, which doesn't even rhyme? As for all those blind jokes ("You're all looking very good tonight.") they are embarrassingly silly.

George Shearing, as is his wont, also had a couple of blind jokes; what's more, at the end of his generally splendid set (with the admirable Neil Swainson on bass) he brought Schuur back for an encore. A vocal by Shearing himself, who sings very pleasantly and without mannerisms, would have been preferable, but perhaps that would not have been show business. Attendance: 13,918.

Rare Reunion of Milt Jackson Quartet at Catalina Grill

The Milt Jackson Quartet, or specifically the version of it that the vibraphonist reassembled to open Tuesday at Catalina Bar and Grill in Hollywood, has the same instrumentation as the Modern Jazz Quartet, in which he works much of the time. There, however, the resemblance ends.

With Cedar Walton (whom he introduced as the piano candidate for his dream band) on board, and solidly backed by the impeccable bass of John Clayton and the stimulating percussion of Billy Higgins, Jackson finds himself surrounded by the high energy level that has been so noticeably lacking in recent years in the quartet. Instead of plodding through Gershwin medleys, this unit has a repertoire of originals by Jackson, Ray Brown and particularly Cedar Walton, whose "Holy Land" found the four men connecting intuitively with each other and with the audience.

Walton, who normally leads his own quartet, is much more than a sideman here. His crisply articulated solos and vigorous backup work behind Jackson's vibrant lines are key elements in the group's success. Clayton, who matches him in expertise and enthusiasm, was the featured soloist in that elegant revival of Randy Weston's "Hi Fly."

Jackson's virtuosity stretched from ballads ("Close Enough for Love") to blues, an area in which his undiminished mastery was demonstrated in such pieces as Lee Morgan's "Speedball" and his own "Bags' Groove."

Bags (Jackson's nickname) truly hits his groove in this setting. One could only regret that this quartet gets together about once a year, while being thankful that these reunions are reserved for the Southland. The group closes Sunday. —L.F.

Leonard Feather's

BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: Billy Taylor


— Nima

The career of Dr. Billy Taylor has involved so many facets that there may be a tendency to downplay his original role as jazz pianist and composer, though he continues to work with his trio as often as his multiple schedule permits.

He recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of Jazzmobile, which he helped to found. He has conducted countless seminars and lectures, and is probably best known to millions of viewers through his appearances, roughly once a month, interviewing jazz artists and others on the CBS-TV "Sunday Morning" show.

Taylor earned his doctorate in music education in 1975 through a dissertation on the history of jazz piano. He has also been seen on his own "Jazz Counterpoint" interview series, still in reruns on Bravo television.

Taylor, in short, may well be the most successful and respected activist and propagandist for jazz. The interview below took place during one of his rare appearances at a Los Angeles concert hall.

1. PHINEAS NEWBORN JR. *Celia* (from *Atlantic Jazz Piano*). Bud Powell, composer. Recorded 1956. Phineas Newborn, piano; oscar Pettiford, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

BEFORE: Yeah, that's one of my favorite players, Phineas Newborn Jr. I love his work.

I know the record and I know his playing. His touch was a little different from most guys. You listen to his touch, you listen to Garner, you listen to Tatum, he's very distinctive.

I miss that in pianists today. You listen to Bill Evans and you know it's Bill. You listen to a zillion other guys who sound like Bill and you don't know who it is.

AFTER: I was just thinking while it was playing that it's a pity that pianists like that don't get played more often on the radio. Everybody acknowledges that this guy is phenomenal, but you don't hear his records. It's the same with most guys who play with a fair amount of technique. I mean like Adam Makowicz, Peterson even. You hear his funky things, but a lot of his stuff where he's really getting all over the instrument, it seems to be too much for people to want to listen to. Tatum, I guess, had the same problem. And yet these are supposed to be educated listeners - the disk jockey, or at least the people who are playing or programming the records. The name of the tune is *Celia* and it's by Bud Powell. I give him a five. I love him.

2. JOE ZAWINUL. *My One and Only Love* (from *Atlantic Jazz Piano*). Guy Wood, Robert Mellin, Composers. Recorded 1965. Joe Zawinul, piano.

BEFORE: You got me that time. I don't recognize the pianists but the kinds of reharmonization and all the things he's doing are almost lost on that piano. I hate that sound on the piano.

I don't know if it's the instrument or how it's recorded, but whoever it is, I like his touch. I like what he did with that melody, but the sound that was coming out almost blew me away. I didn't like that. It sounds like a good piano badly recorded or a bad piano well recorded. I don't know who it is. I'd rate it in terms of what he did, I guess four stars.

AFTER: I'm surprised because Joe has such a wonderful ear and I'm surprised that the piano didn't throw him. That would drive me up the wall.

3. ANDRE PREVIN. *There'll Never Be Another You* (from *After Hours*). Harry Warren, composer. Recorded 1989. Andre Previn, piano, Joe Pass, guitar, Ray Brown, bass.

BEFORE: I'm afraid Andre has been away too long. I try to judge a pianist by his own standards. The standards he's set for himself when I've heard him on TV with Oscar Peterson and when I've seen him sporadically would lead me to expect a lot more from him in a complete record. He's a fine pianist. He's got chops galore, a great imagination and everything, but that's not what it's about. It's not about chops. He's got great sidemen with Ray Brown and Joe Pass. With those two guys, that's a lot of help. Once again, I guess it just goes back to how much you do it. When he was doing those things with Shelly and those guys, he was playing a lot of jazz, even though he was writing and conducting and all that.

AFTER: Well, now the situation is reversed and it leaves a lot to be desired for me. I heard him on some of his first records when he was doing scores. And then he made some records for RCA and I loved it. The sound that he got, the little Tatum things he was playing, he was terrific. And then I saw how he grew in his own playing and really swung in a different way and got another kind of control of rhythmic aspects of the music; it was wonderful, and I've always liked his work.

He's imaginative and he always used the creative things when he plays which is why I'm disappointed in this. I'd rate it a two.

4. RENEE ROSNES. *Bright Mississippi.* (Blue Note). Recorded 1989. Thelonious Monk, composer.

BEFORE: Well, you've got me again. I don't know who that is. At first I thought it was Sphere because the bass sounded great. It reminded me of Buster. The pianist was obviously in a Monk mode. I've heard the record on the air but that's not one of my favorite impressions of Monk, and I don't know who it is.

Monk was a two-handed pianist and I hear things that people extract from him and it's wonderful that after all these years he's finally influencing piano players. I think it's because people have awakened to his music and they're trying to get into the spirit of it now.

In this particular case, I wish the pianist had done more with both hands. The left hand was kind of tentative in too many places for me. I'd rate it two.

AFTER: Really, oh my goodness. That's embarrassing because she gave me that record and I've listened to it.

5. CLAYTON-HAMILTON. *Raincheck* (from *Groove Shop*).

Billy Strayhorn, composer. Recorded 1989. Jeff Clayton, sax; John Clayton, bass; Jeff Hamilton, drums; Mike Lang, piano; Rickey Woodard, tenor sax; Clay Jenkins, trumpet; Thurman Green, trombone; Doug MacDonald, guitar.

BEFORE: The top trumpet player had some problems with that last note. But I don't wonder after that arrangement! He was hitting everything else. It was beautiful. That's a good arrangement. I don't know who wrote it but it captured a lot of Ellingtonian flavor. I haven't the vaguest notion who the pianist is but I hope the pianist is the arranger because is sure sounded good. I liked all the soloists. The guitarist sounded like Mundell, I'd give it four because the arrangement was popping and they played it.

AFTER: Oh really. I've heard their playing, but I'm not as familiar with the band as I should be. It's a good record.

6. DON RANDI. *I Try to Swing* (from *It's All Night, It's Alright*). Don Randi, composer. Don Randi, keyboards; Chuck Camper, flute; Clay Jenkins, trumpet; Chris Winters, guitar; Bobby Torres, conga & percussion; Ed Alton, bass; David Hunt, drums, and vocal trio.

BEFORE: Though I love acoustic piano, I'm not opposed to the electronic simulations, tack pianos, or whatever. But that particular one didn't do anything for me at all. The pianist was fine. They played some real funky stuff in there, which I like and I'd give him four stars on style. I have no idea who it is. Listening, you can't tell the touch. It could be anybody. It was nothing unique. It was an interesting arrangement. The lyrics were funny. I get a charge out if it. It goes back to the nightclub days when that kind of material was much more done. That kind of arrangement is almost like an inside joke. It's kinda hard for me to rate this because it's neither fish now fowl.

AFTER: I've never heard of Don Randi.

7. BILL EVANS: *Nirvana* (from *Atlantic Jazz Piano*). Herbie Mann, composer. Recorded 1962. Bill Evans, piano; Herbie Mann, flute; Chuck Israels, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

BEFORE: It sounds like Bill Evans and Herbie Mann. I don't know the record or the group. And I didn't recognize the bass player or the drummer. I like what they were doing. It sounds like an early record from the two of them. I'd rate them a three.

AFTER: It was early Bill Evans! The reason I recognized his playing is, we're talking touch. Even then, his touch comes right through. It sounds totally different from what he was doing with Scotty at the time. That's the way Bill sounded when I first heard him with Tony Scott.

8. OSCAR PETERSON. *Weird Blues* (from *If You Could See Me Now*). Miles Davis, composer; Oscar Peterson, piano; Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson, bass; Martin Drew, drums; Joe Pass, guitar. Recorded 1983.

BEFORE: Well, anything he plays I'd give five stars. He's not only one of my favorite people, he's one of my favorite pianists. Oscar Peterson is special.

I like when he lays back like that. It's like when you hold a race horse in check. That's my favorite combo.

I've been asked a lot what kind of group do you like and that's the kind of group I like. You've got everything you need with the rhythm section and that's a great example of why. Was it really Martin Drew? He sounded terrific. The first time I heard Oscar was in the early 50's. I once did a piece on him for the Sunday morning show. We spent the whole day together and that's the most time I've spend with him in years. It was wonderful. We went out to the house and he showed me his electronic gear.

Oscar got me interested in electronic equipment, because of the sound you can get from it. I ran into him a couple of years ago and he was telling me "Billy, you know, since I've been really working with this machine, it has increased my output as a composer 200%." And he's right, because I find myself looking for that little scrap of paper or little piece of tape where you've put stuff down and you've got it forever. God forbid a power failure. He's played a lot of his stuff for me that he's been working through. It's wonderful. You hear what he does on the piano and what it does is make him think differently with strings or with brass and it's a totally or another ... you pre-select what you want to hear.

I don't know how you can get a distinctive sound on an electronic keyboard. I don't think he can or anyone can at this stage of the development of the equipment. I know that these things are touch sensitive.

I can recognize Chick Corea, but that is because of what he plays rather than the sound. George Duke is pretty identifiable, Joe Zawinul too, on the electronic. All of these guys play, but what I think I recognize is the similarities to what they do on the acoustic.

Jazz 10/8

Clatworthy Overcomes at Atlas

Benn Clatworthy, the Los Angeles-based tenor saxophonist from London who has been earning good airplay with his recent album, led his quartet Saturday at the Atlas Bar & Grill on Wilshire Boulevard.

Although Clatworthy and pianist Cecilia Coleman are capable composers, the presence of substitute bass player Ralph Alessi confined them to standard tunes. This did not prevent the leader from exhibiting a soaring, Rollins-inspired style and sound on "Falling in Love With Love" and a lyrical ballad mood on "Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye."

With her crisp accompaniment and fleetly ebullient solo work, Coleman is an admirable partner. Alessi proved himself a more than able soloist while Kendall Kay, the drummer from South Africa, showed discretion, working mainly with brushes.

If the limitations of repertoire were a handicap, this was a piece of cake compared to the working conditions. The artists were confined to 20-minute sets; Clatworthy was forbidden to speak, even to introduce the tunes or his musicians. Between sets the customers, most of whom were clearly there to talk or eat rather than listen (there was almost no applause, even at the end of the tunes), seemed content to be offered 40 minutes of schlock music piped over the P.A. system.

Nevertheless, Clatworthy's quartet overcame, at least for those few who paid attention. It cannot be too long before he graduates to regular work at places where his impassioned, energetic sound can be more fully appreciated.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Montreal Jazz Fest

— Continued from page 18

— Denis Allix

Ranee Lee, Oliver Jones, and Red Mitchell at Montreal, July 1990.

repertoire, and Young's voice is strong and assured. Late in the show, they switched partners; finally all four got together for a jubilant two-voice, two-bass hit.

One venue, the nightclub Spectrum de Montreal, was devoted to a series of international groups: Hugh Masekela from South Africa, Fela Kuti from Nigeria, a curious accordion group from France called Les Negresses Vertes, who are neither green nor black, nor female (and seemed to me to have nothing to do with jazz); also Wilson Pickett, Doctor John and many others.

Like most festivals on this scale, Montreal was host to such pop artists as Shirley Bassey and Anita Baker; but there were always many options offered at any given time. Instead of Anita Baker I heard the incredible Ray Anderson, tering off an avent-garde 1990 trombone solo using a 1930s style Tricky Sam Nanton plunger mute. Anderson seemed to sum up the whole history of jazz trombone. When he sang, something amazing happened: he used his guttural voice multiphonically - yes, he actually sang chords. He also had a superb pianist, Fumio Itabashi, who covered the gamut from old-line bebop to borderline Cecil Taylor; Mark Dresser, who punished the bass by thrashing it with his bow; and Dion Parsons, who set a Latin beat during the quartet's irreverent treatment of Mona Lisa.

With the outdoor concerts accounting for most of the total, the festival attracted close to 100,000 visitors a day, and by the end of the tenth night could boast a total of almost a million. Best of all, my hotel adjoined the blocked off festival area and I didn't see a taxi or automobile during the whole time of my visit. New York was never like this.

P.S. The promoters of the North Sea Jazz Festival have implied, in their publicity, that I was one of the critics who chose it, in the JazzTimes critics' poll, as the best foreign jazz festival. This is not true; I have never been to the North Sea festival, having been warned against it by several musicians. Of the countless festivals I have seen the the past 30-odd years, Montreal certainly heads the list. JazzTimes

Jazz Fest a Million

show he was joined by Ranee Lee, a singer from New York who has lived in Montreal for 20 years. In her choice of songs, her timbre and even slightly in her appearance, she resembled Billie Holliday. Not a bad way to go. She's a charmer.

This large hall was used for two concerts every evening by major names: Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter (in the same concert but never together), Milton Nasciemento, Keith Jarrett, Jean-Luc Ponty, Tony Bennett, Stanley Jordan-Larry Carlton, MJQ (teamed with a Canadian string quartet), Robert Cray, Chick Corea, Al Di Meola. Two smaller halls nearby, the Theatre de Nouveau Monde and the Theatre Port-Royal, presented name groups every night. And that's not counting the innumerable events along the Rue Ste. Catherine.

I was specially impressed with Streetnix, a sort of cut-down version of the Dirty Dozen Brass Band (they were also at the festival). Streetnix included two talented women, Jennifer Bell on alto sax and Jill Townsend on trombone, along with tuba, trumpet and drums. They played everything from Gillespie to Monk to Mingus.

Many of the best and most intimate concerts featured unusual combinations. In the "Piano Plus" series were Don Pullen, with Jane Bunnett on soprano sax; Randy Weston, showing his usual mastery of dynamics and African-inspired themes in a splendid duo recital with the Texas tenor of Billy Harper; Kirk Lightsey and Harold Danko, showing fantastic two-piano empathy in a program consisting mainly of Wayne Shorter tunes; Sir Roland Hanna, in a relaxed set with Frank Wess; and Jon Ballantyne, the 26 year old pianist from Saskatchewan, Canada, who won this festival's new talent contest in 1986, in a slightly sombre but explorative mood with Joe Henderson on tenor. For the final night of "Piano Plus," Dick Hyman and Ruby Braff were in solid mainstream form.

— Denis Allix

Streetnix: From left, Jill Townsend, trombone; Jennifer Bell, alto; G. Clarke, drums; Bill Mahar, trumpet; C. Smith, tuba; at Montreal 1990.

The Latin temperament, a product of the sharp increase in the Spanish speaking population in Montreal, was nourished daily by Hilton Ruiz, Milton Nascimento, Chick Corea, and most memorably, by singer Celia Cruz, the Cuban-born salsa spitfire who, despite a shower that became a heavy storm Tuesday evening, drew a crowd estimated at 75,000 to a two block area in the Boulevard Rene Levesque.

On a stage decorated with the flags of Mexico, Cuba and Panama, Cruz shared her program with the Venezuelan singer Oscar D'Leon and a 15-piece band. This was basically dance music, but dancing became a bit awkward under a sea of umbrellas. A jazz interlude was inserted when the saxophonists David (Fathead) Newman and Chico Freeman soloed powerfully on 'Blue Bossa.'

At the Theatre de Nouveau Monde I was able to catch most of the 16 concerts. I missed Azymuth, Elvin Jones, Archie Shepp and Arthur Blythe, but caught a brilliant performance by Tommy Flanagan, a somewhat mannered set by Cassandra Wilson, and a virtuosic performance by pianist Michel Camilo, whose brute force formula had the crowd in an uproar. He was one of the very few visiting artists who took the trouble to announce in French (the language of 80% of Quebec's population).

Bobby Hutcherson introduced a new group he had formed in New York: Pianist Rob Schneiderman, whose darting phrases met the challenge of the most frantic of tempos, Sante Debriano on bass, and Billy Drummond on drums.

Much ingenuity was shown in the mixing of Canadian and American talent. One evening, Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz shared a show with singer Karen Young and bassist Michel Donato, a Quebec couple who have carried the same idea much further: they both sing; they have a fresher, bolder and bilingual

— Continued on next page

JAZZ REVIEW

Not to Worry . . . Ella Is Still Ella

By LEONARD FEATHER

An element of curiosity pervaded the Hollywood Bowl Wednesday evening, when Ella Fitzgerald made her first appearance since the widely publicized collapse and cancellation of dates during the European tour.

Was she really well enough to go back to work? How had the illness affected her? The answer took a little while, since Benny Carter's orchestra played a 35-minute opening set. Even then her presence was felt when Carter offered an ingenious version of "Lady Be Good" based mainly on Ella's famous recorded improvisations. (Later, Ella returned the compliment by singing Carter's tune "And All That Jazz.")

When Her First Ladyship took to the stage, helped on by Carter and settled on a stool by the piano, all doubts were soon put to rest. The up tempos were buoyantly confident ("Sweet Georgia Brown," "Honeysuckle Rose"), the ballads only minimally affected by a slight quaver ("Somewhere in the Night," the old "Naked City" theme), and the blues a commanding reminder of how she deals with this classic idiom ("St. Louis Blues," with only occasional variations on W.C. Handy's original 1914 lyrics).

As one singer in the audience commented, "Maybe Ella doesn't have the range and control she had when she was 25, but she has the style, the class, the phrasing, she swings—and she's still Ella."

On the early set she was backed by Carter's brass and sax sections and her own rhythm section, with the admirable Mike Wofford at the piano, Keter Betts on bass and Bobby Durham on drums. After intermission these three accompanied Carter in a reminder of the alto genius' dexterity, logic and total purity.

The star then returned, wearing a gown even more attractive than the first one, seemingly more relaxed in the intimate company of her trio. She traded a few words with the audience: "What was that, dear? . . . I love you too." Cole Porter was well represented with "Night and Day," "Get Out of Town," "You Do Something to Me." Ella flexed her Portuguese in "Agua de Beber" before returning to American Standard Time, with "Body and Soul" and "The Man I Love."

Once in a while, just as she seemed to be faltering a little, she would suddenly reach up for a note an octave above the one you expected, and hit it right on the button, as if to assure us, "Don't worry about a thing, folks. I still got it."

The finale was almost an echo of her old Jazz at the Philharmonic days, as Carter, trombonist Buster Cooper, Don Menza on tenor sax and a surprise guest, Sweets Edison on trumpet, jammed with her as she scatted through the Ray Eldridge tune "Little Jazz."

In 1950 Ella Fitzgerald had a hit record entitled "Dontcha Go 'way Mad." That was one plea she had no need to make Wednesday, when 17,965 fans (as many as you could cram in without a shoe horn) went away in a mood that mixed relief with delight. The living legend lives on.

LORI SHEPLER / Los Angeles Times

The husband-and-wife team of Louis and Monique Aldebert offer their own compositions as well as works by others at Drake's in Glendale.

Jazz

French-English Ping-Pong Game for the Aldeberts

The Aldeberts, pianist Louis and his vocalist wife Monique, continue to display their unique brand of Gallic charm on the local scene. Friday evening they were at Drake's Restaurant in Glendale.

The evening began with Louis Aldebert noodling quietly at a Yamaha electric keyboard. Monique moved to her mike about 20 minutes later to offer a laid-back treatment of "You Must Believe in Spring" by Michel Legrand, using the English lyrics by the Bergmans.

From that point on, it was a Ping-Pong game on two levels, back and forth between Monique singing and Louis humming a background or vice versa, and also between songs in French and English.

The Aldeberts' most notable talent is their penchant for contrapuntal scatting. As composers they are responsible for such gently engaging works as "The Other Side of the Moon" and "Life's a Mocking Bird," as well as for the remarkable version of Chick Corea's "La Fiesta" that was, in effect, trilingual-English, French and shoo-be-doo-be-doo.

Surprisingly, they even offered French versions of "Li'l Darlin'," with French lyrics by Henri Salvador, and of "One-Note Samba" (lyrics by the Aldeberts).

The limitations of working as a duo will be assuaged when the Aldeberts open Sunday in the first of their series of afternoon sessions from 4-7 at the Westwood Marquis, where they will be joined by a series of guest soloists, starting with saxophonist Bob Sheppard, then followed on Sept. 30 by Justo Almario, also a reed virtuoso.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Drummer Bellson Brings Big Band to Disneyland

■ **Jazz:** The musician-composer is trying to look forward after the funeral of his wife, Pearl Bailey. His daughter, Dee Dee, will join him.

By LEONARD FEATHER

The show must and does go on. For Louie Bellson, back in Los Angeles to prepare for his week at Disneyland that begins Sunday, it has been a traumatic time. After the funeral of his wife, Pearl Bailey, he flew west from Philadelphia, spent a day at their home at Lake Havasu, Ariz., then moved in temporarily with his brother, Hank, in the San Fernando Valley.

It has also been a time for much decision-making. Friends and family agreed that his career had to continue. Bellson himself, trying to look forward, made one resolution: "I have to think of selling the house up there [in Arizona], and moving back to Los Angeles. It was so tough for me to open the door there yesterday; I can't ever go back again without Pearl. We were there once every three months for a week or two, just to get

Please see BELLSON, F2

BELLSON: Band Plays Disneyland

Continued from F1

our heads together. It's beautiful for two people to share, but otherwise Lake Havasu is just a place for people who have retired, and you know I'll *never* retire. For me to just go and sit there would be the worst thing in the world."

Closely though their careers were intertwined over the decades, the drummer-composer always had a distinct life and direction. In the early years he was a side man with Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Count Basie and, most notably, Duke Ellington, whom he left shortly after his marriage.

When his wife was working at the United Nations or otherwise engaged, Bellson led various big bands, recorded with countless all-star groups, composed many instrumental works and reinforced his reputation as arguably the greatest of all big band drummers. He has been active in jazz workshops at many universities.

"I'm doing something different at Disneyland," he said. "Jimmy Zito, who was a fine trumpeter in the 'Tonight Show' band, had to stop playing after something went wrong with an operation for a callus on his lip. Well, he decided to start back, by playing bass trumpet. Doc Severinsen told me, 'Lou, that's one of the greatest sounds you'll ever hear.' So I asked Jimmy to play for me this week, and I've had Tommy Newsom work on a special arrangement featuring him."

Along with the customary eight brass, five saxes and rhythm section, there will be a returnee, Dee Dee Bellson, who worked before with her father's band at Disneyland.

"Dee Dee went to Japan and then to Australia with this [rap] group called Soul II Soul. When they came back East we were expecting to hear from her, but it turned out she left the group. Her timing was good—shortly after that, they had a nasty bus accident, and several members were injured or shaken up—they had to cancel part of a tour.

"I thought it would be nice to keep the family together, and they liked her so

Please see BELLSON, F3

An exuberant Louie Bellson, who is coming to Anaheim, shows two-bass-drum technique in a festival concert at Carnegie Hall.

BELLSON

Continued from F2

much the last time she was out here, so I said, 'Well, Dee Dee, you've got your old job back.' "

Post-Disneyland plans include a clinic Sept. 11 at Cerritos College, then a big day at USC organized by the Zildjian Cymbal Co. "They're gonna put me with all the rock 'n' roll drummers," Bellson said.

A two-day gig at La Mirada Theater may present him in an unfamiliar role. "I'm doing a show with my big band, but they're also going to have a whole bunch of tap dancers, and they've invited me to come out and do a big number with them. I haven't done that in so long, but I said if my feet are in shape, well, I've got my tap shoes ready."

It seems improbable that Bellson's feet would ever be out of shape for any demand placed on them. It was he who popularized the technique of working with two bass drums, for which his pedal velocity seems to match the speed of light.

Later dates will include a week, opening Oct. 16, at Catalina's in Hollywood, where he was due to play earlier but had to cancel because of major kidney surgery, from which he is now fully recovered.

The most significant item on his schedule is one that he just learned about on the morning of this interview: "I received a Federal Express from Tom Pickering, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations—a wonderful man; Pearl and I knew him when he was ambassador to Jordan and Israel. He said, 'Lou, we are devastated by the passing of Pearl, and if possible we would like to have a memorial for her Sept. 18 right here at the U.N.'

"All the delegates knew and loved Pearl, so of course I said, 'My goodness, yes, go ahead, and I'll fly in for it.'

"I feel good that so many people are paying tribute to her. You know, she went very fast, and it was almost as if the good Lord said, 'I need you up here, you've done everything you can do down there.' So I have to look back in gratitude for 39 years with that wonderful lady."

Louie Bellson and his Orchestra plays at 7:15, 8:15, 9:30 and 10:30 nightly, Sunday through Sept. 9 at Disneyland, 1313 Harbor Blvd., Anaheim. Park admission: $20.50 to $25.50. Parking $4. Information: (714) 999-4565.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 217

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

Trombonist Buddy Morrow leads Tommy Dorsey Orchestra at Bowl.

JAZZ REVIEW

Bowl Swings to Big Band Sound

By LEONARD FEATHER

The moon was full, and so, virtually, was the Hollywood Bowl on Wednesday, when 17,545 big band loyalists attended the ghostly ceremonies administered not by Count Basie, Tommy Dorsey or Glenn Miller, but by their live surrogates, Frank Foster, Buddy Morrow and Larry O'Brien.

The Basie band had a powerful advantage in that it is not a true ghost band. Nine of the present 19 members worked at one time under the Count's command; the others are, so to speak, Basie's Foster children. The opening tunes by Ernie Wilkins said it all: "Basie Power," and "Right on, Right on."

With Foster's tenor sax and arrangements, other soloists such as Danny Turner on alto sax, and with Duffy Jackson in dynamic control at the drums, this ensemble revealed most of the unified strength it exerted in the Count's own days. When it was not working up a head of steam, the flawless phrasing in a subtle work like "Li'l Darlin'" (and Sonny Cohn's perennial muted trumpet statement) revealed another no less compelling aspect.

Carmen Bradford, arguably the best band singer around, brought her personal timbre and lyrical sensibility to the Bergmans' "How Do You Keep the Music Playing." The band closed with "Summertime," in an upbeat groove that betokened a very hot summer.

Buddy Morrow, a trombonist who has led the Dorsey unit since the late 1970s (he played in the original band briefly in 1938), took his men through a lackluster session that failed even to bring the Sy Oliver charts to life.

Much of Morrow's portion was taken up by a vocalist, Walt Andrus, singing songs made famous in some instances by Frank Sinatra. Stepping into Sinatra's shoes is not easy; let's just say the shoes were a misfit.

The energy lacking in Morrow's segment was immediately compensated for when the Glenn Miller orchestra took over. Larry O'Brien, a personable leader and a first rate trombonist, was 11 years old in 1944 when Miller died, and his present sidemen were unborn, yet they brought conviction to the arrangements, particularly a Bill Finegan version of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" that had the 17 men swinging. Julia Rich and Tom Postillo handled several vocals capably.

True, when the band is celebrating old telephone exchange names like Pennsylvania 6, or revisiting train trips to Chattanooga, it's strictly nostalgia. But when soloists like Walt Kross on tenor sax and Michael Kaupa on trumpet wind their way through some of the less trivial instrumentals, it becomes time-proof music.

POP MUSIC REVIEW 9-8-90

Sinatra in Command at the Greek

By LEONARD FEATHER

In 1935 Frank Sinatra became a singer. By 1960 he was a legend. In 1990 he is a singer, a legend and an experience.

Any doubts about Sinatra's incomparable command were quickly set to rest Thursday, when he launched the first of his two nights at the Greek Theatre. (He plays the Pacific Amphitheatre in Costa Mesa tonight.)

True, there were hints of a sore throat, inducing an occasional edge on his tones that merely added to the emotional impact. This aside (and within a half-hour he had in fact cast it aside), the symbiotic interaction of voice, orchestra (splendidly conducted by Frank Sinatra Jr.) and arrangements (by Nelson Riddle, Don Costa and others, all of whom he was at pains to credit) worked its perennial wonders, whether he was inducing a frisson of warm pleasure with "Soliloquy" or adding his own hip lyrics to "The Lady Is a Tramp."

Los Angeles Times

Frank Sinatra

What music teachers tell their students about breathing and phrasing, portamento and rubato, Sinatra has known instinctually all along. If an occasional note stops short nowadays or is a hair too high, the basic elements remain. For his daughter, in the audience, he sang "Nancy"; for his career camp followers he had everything from "Strangers in the Night" to "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry."

Please see SINATRA, F10

SINATRA

Continued from F1

Only when Don Rickles came out toward the end of the show was the spell broken. It was infra dig for Sinatra to stand there drinking with the Sultan of Stereotype, and acting as straight man for him.

Rickles, who might be called the Andrew Dice Clay of his generation, managed to demonstrate that if there were no Mexicans, no Jews, no Italians, no blacks, no Irish, no Arabs, no Puerto Ricans, no Poles, no Japanese and no homosexuals, Rickles would have no act—which might not be a bad idea.

The elimination of the word *Christ*, which at rough count was used 14 times, would also shorten his show helpfully. The almost continuous laughter that greeted Rickles' racial ranting attested to the public's willingness to meet him at his own level.

Pia Zadora, who opened with a short set, remains a big-toned, stylized belter with formidable chops that seem at odds with her petite appearance. Her choice of songs was beyond cavil, ranging from jazz standards ("All of Me," "Birth of the Blues") to the Michel Legrand-Bergmans "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?"

Zadora's arm and body movements were excessive. Every arrangement—even "Maybe This Time," which began on a quietly agreeable note—tended to lead to an overly dramatic climax. Still, she remains what she has been for some years, an often compelling performer with Broadway show potential. True, she could learn from Sinatra's capacity for restraint and dynamic shading—but what living singer couldn't?

BOB BLUMENTHAL
The Boston Globe

TIM BERNE, *Sanctified Dreams* (Columbia)
JOHN CARTER, *Castles of Ghana* (Gramavision)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Seeds of Time* (ECM)
RONALD SHANNON JACKSON, *Eye on You* (About Time)
STEVE LACY, *Prospectus* (Hat Hut)
HENRY THREADGILL, *Easily Slip Into Another World* (Novus)
STEVE TURRE, *Viewpoint* (Stash)
EDWARD WILKERSON JR., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)
JOHN ZORN, *The Big Gundown* (Nonesuch)

RICHARD COOK
Wire

PAUL BLEY, *Tears* (Owl)
DENNIS GONZALES'S NEW DALLAS QUARTET *Stefan* (Silkheart)
JOE HENDERSON, *State of the Tenor, Volume 1* (Blue Note)
ANDRE HODIER/MARTIAL SOLAL ORCHESTRA, *Jouvent* (Carlyne)
STEVE LACY, *Ballets* (hat ART)
DAVID MURRAY, *Ming* (Black Saint)
EVAN PARKER, *The Snake Decides* (Incus)
CECIL TAYLOR, *Garden* (hat ART)
EDWARD VESALA, *Lumi* (ECM)
CASSANDRA WILSON, *Blue Skies* (JMT)

STANLEY CROUCH
Notes of a Hanging Judge (Oxford)

THE AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA /BENNY CARTER, *Central City Sketches* (MusicMasters)
BETTY CARTER, *Look What I Got* (Verve)
ART FARMER, *Something to Live For* (Contemporary)
TOMMY FLANAGAN, *Thelonica* (Enja)
SHIRLEY HORN, *Live at Fine Street* (Verve)
CLIFFORD JORDAN, *Repetition* (Black Saint)
WYNTON MARSALIS, *Black Codes From the Underground* (Columbia)
WYNTON MARSALIS, *The Majesty of the Blues* (Columbia)
MAX ROACH, *Bright Moments* (Soul Note)
SONNY ROLLINS, *G-Man* (Milestone)

FRANCIS DAVIS
Outcats (Oxford)

JOHN CARTER, *Castles of Ghana* (Gramavision)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Virgin Beauty* (Portrait)
ANTHONY DAVIS, *Hemisphere* (Gramavision)
ABDULLAH IBRAHIM, *African River* (Enja)
HELEN MERRILL/GIL EVANS, *Collaboration* (Emarcy)
THE MICROSCOPIC SEPTET, *Beauty Based on Science* (Stash)
DON PULLEN, *New Beginnings* (Blue Note)
HENRY THREADGILL, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)
EDWARD WILKERSON JR., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms)

AMY DUNCAN
The Christian Science Monitor

Michael Brecker (Impulse!)
BETTY CARTER, *Look What I Got* (Verve)
THE LOUNGE LIZARDS, *Voice of Chunk* (Legarto)
CARMEN MCRAE, *Carmen Sings Monk* (Novus)
PAT METHENY/ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Song X* (Geffen)
JAMES MORRISON, *Postcards From Down Under* (Atlantic)
DANIEL PONCE, *Arawe* (Island)
LEW TABACKIN, *Desert Lady* (Concord)
HENRY THREADGILL, *You Know the Number* (Novus)
TUCK & PATTI, *Tears of Joy* (Windham Hill)

LEONARD FEATHER
The Jazz Years: Earwitness to an Era (Da Capo)

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI, *Sumi-E* (Insights)
Bird: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (Columbia)
JANE IRA BLOOM, *Slalom* (Columbia)
MERCER ELLINGTON, *Digital Duke* (GRP)
MANHATTAN TRANSFER, *Vocalese* (Atlantic)
BRANFORD MARSALIS, *Renaissance* (Columbia)
Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)
MARCUS ROBERTS, *The Truth Is Spoken Here* (Novus)
Turtle Island String Quartet (Windham Hill)
SARAH VAUGHAN/COUNT BASIE, *Send In the Clowns* (Pablo)

WILL FRIEDWALD
Jazz Singing: America's Great Voices From Bessie Smith to Bebop and Beyond (Scribners)

TONY BENNETT, *Astoria: A Portrait of the Artist* (Columbia)
BETTY CARTER, *Whatever Happened to Love?* (Verve)
KENNY DAVERN, *One Hour Tonight* (MusicMasters)
STAN GETZ/CHET BAKER, *Line for Lyons* (Sonet)
WARNE MARSH, *Star Highs* (Criss Cross)
MARK MURPHY, *Bop for Kerouac* (Muse)
ART PEPPER, *The Complete Galaxy Recordings* (Fantasy)
FRANK SINATRA, *She Shot Me Down* (Reprise)
MEL TORME/MARTY PAICH, *Live at Fujitsu* (Concord)
SARAH VAUGHAN, *Crazy and Mixed Up* (Pablo)

STEVE FUTTERMAN
Rolling Stone

GERI ALLEN/CHARLIE HADEN /PAUL MOTIAN, *In the Year of the Dragon* (JMT)
AIR, *80 Degrees Below '82* (Antilles)
ARTHUR BLYTHE, *Illusions* (Columbia)
JACK DeJOHNETTE, *Album Album* (ECM)
MARTY EHRLICH, *Traveler's Tale* (Enja)
CRAIG HARRIS, *Tributes* (Of The Cosmos)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Triplicate* (ECM)
DAVID MURRAY, *Home* (Black Saint)
BOBBY PREVITE, *Claude's Late Morning* (Gramavision)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

GARY GIDDINS
The Village Voice

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, *The Hearinga Suite* (Black Saint)
GEORGE ADAMS/DON PULLEN, *Decisions* (Timeless)
JOHN CARTER, *"Roots and Folklore: Episodes in the Development of American Folk Music,"* five volumes (Black Saint) /Gramavision)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams)
TOMMY FLANAGAN, *Thelonica* (Enja)
DAVID MURRAY, *New Life* (Black Saint)
MAX ROACH/DIZZY GILLESPIE, *Max + Diz: Paris 1989* (A&M)
SONNY ROLLINS, *G-Man* (Milestone)
CECIL TAYLOR, *In Berlin '88* (FMP)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

IRA GITLER
Jazz Times

PEPPER ADAMS, *Urban Dreams* (Palo Alto)
AL COHN, *The Final Performance, Volume One* (Razmtaz)
WALTER DAVIS JR., *Illumination* (Jazz City)
TOMMY FLANAGAN, *Thelonica* (Enja)
BARRY HARRIS, *For the Moment* (Uptown)
JIMMY ROWLES, *Plays Ellington and Strayhorn* (Columbia)
ZOOT SIMS, *Quietly There* (Pablo)
SPHERE, *Live at Umbria* (Red)
VIENNA ART ORCHESTRA, *From No Time to Ragtime* (hat ART)
PHIL WOODS, *The Macheroto Concert* (Philology)

DEBORAH E. HALPER
United Hopital Fund

KENNY BARRON, *At the Piano* (Xanadu)
WILLEM BREUKER, *Metropolis* (BVHAAST)
STAN GETZ, *Pure Getz* (Concord)
JOHN LEWIS, *Kansas City Breaks* (Finesse)
MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA, *Make Me Smile and Other New Works by Bob Brookmeyer* (Finesse)
PAUL MOTIAN, *On Broadway, Volume 1* (JMT)
DAVID MURRAY, *Deep River* (DIW)
ART PEPPER, *The Complete Galaxy Recordings* (Fantasy)
SONNY ROLLINS, *Falling in Love With Jazz* (Milestone)
ROSWELL RUDD/STEVE LACY/MIKE MENGELBERG/KENT CARTER/HAN BENNINK, *Regeneration* (Soul Note)

SENATOR JESSE HELMS
Jefferson and Paine: Dupes for Communism? (Arlington House)

CHUCK BERRY, *Roll Over Jolson* (Parchies!)
AL JOLSON, *A Man and His Mammy* (Reprise)
AL JOLSON/Al Bowlly, *Two Guys Named Al: The Jolie-Bowlly Sessions* (Arcnie Rice)
AL JOLSON/DUKE ELLINGTON, *Black, Brown and Bacon Cork* (Mills)
AL JOLSON/TIPPER GORE, *We're Clean!* (MCA)
AL JOLSON/PUBLIC ENEMY, *I Gotta Right to Sting the Jews* (Def Vaud)
DON LOCKWOOD/LENA LAMONT, *The Dueling Mammy* (Monumental)
ARTHUR MILLER, *All My Jol-Sons* (Kazan)
2 LIVE CREW, *Free to Be Al Jolson, Clyde Tolson, Chuck Colson, Ava Voelson, Benny Golsen, Jimmy Olson* (Luke Kneebender)
JOHN ZORN, *News for Jolson* (Cork ART)

JAMES ISAACS
WBUR-FM Boston

CHARLES BROWN, *One More for the Road* (Alligator)
JERRY GONSALES, *Rhumba Para Monk* (Sunnyside)
ANDREW HILL, *Eternal Spirit* (Blue Note)
SHIRLEY HORN, *Close Enough for Love* (Verve)
ABDULLAH IBRAHAM, *Ekaya* (Ekapa)
STEVE LACY, *The Door* (Novus)
PHILLY JOE JONES AND DAMERONIA, *Look, Stop & Listen* (Uptown)
HELEN MERRILL/GIL EVANS, *Collaboration* (Emarcy)
J. R. MONTROSE/TOMMY FLANAGAN, *A Little Pleasure* (Uptown)
CAETANO VELOSO, *Estrangeiro* (Nonesuch)

WILLARD JENKINS
National Jazz Service Organization

ART BLAKEY, *Album of the Year* (Timeless)
ARTHUR BLYTHE, *Light Blue* (Columbia)
BETTY CARTER, *The Audience* (Verve)
JULIUS HEMPHILL, *Big Band* (Musician)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Seeds of Time* (ECM)
FREDDIE HUBBARD/WOODY SHAW, *Double Take* (Blue Note)
THE LEADERS, *Mudfoot* (Blackhawk)
WYNTON MARSALIS, *Black Codes From the Underground* (Columbia)
DAVID MURRAY, *Ming* (Black Saint)
SONNY ROLLINS, *G-Man* (Milestone)

LEE JESKE
The New York Post

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, *Blues Forever* (Black Saint)
GEORGE ADAMS/DON PULLEN, *Live at the Village Vanguard, Volume 2* (Soul Note)
ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO, *Full Force* (ECM)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams)
JACK DeJOHNETTE, *Album Album* (ECM)
ABDULLAH IBRAHAM, *Water From an Ancient Well* (Blackhawk)
STEVE LACY/BRION GYSON, *Songs* (hat ART)
PAT METHENY/ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Song X* (Geffen)
DAVID MURRAY, *Ming* (Black Saint)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

BURT KORALL
Drummin' Man (Schirmer, forthcoming)

MILES DAVIS, *Aura* (Columbia)
STAN GETZ, *Anniversary* (Emarcy)
TOM HARRELL, *Stories* (Contemporary)
MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA, *Make Me Smile and Other New Works by Bob Brookmeyer* (Finesse)
MEL LEWIS, *The Lost Art* (MusicMasters)
WYNTON MARSALIS, *Black Codes From the Underground* (Columbia)
SONNY ROLLINS, *The Solo Album* (Milestone)
JIMMY ROWLES, *Plays Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn* (Columbia)
BUD SHANK, *That Old Feeling* (Contemporary)
MEL TORME/MARTY PAICH, *Reunion* (Concord)

JEFF LEVINSON
Billboard

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, *Blues Forever* (Black Saint)
ART BLAKEY, *Album of the Year* (Timeless)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams)
JACK DeJOHNETTE, *Album Album* (ECM)
GIL EVANS/STEVE LACY, *Paris Blues* (Owl)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Seeds of Time* (ECM)
PAT METHENY/ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Song X* (Geffen)
DON PULLEN, *The Sixth Sense* (Black Saint)
TONY SCOTT, *African Beat* (Soul Note)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

JOHN LITWEILER
The Freedom Principle: Jazz After 1958 (Da Capo)

ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Composition 113* (Sound Aspects)
PIERRE DORGE, *New Jungle Orchestra* (Steeplechase)
PAT METHENY/ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Song X* (Geffen)
ROSCOE MITCHELL, *Snurdy deGurdy and Her Dancing Shoes* (Nessa)
EVAN PARKER, *The Snake Decides* (Incus)
LEO SMITH, *Touch the Earth* (FMP)
CECIL TAYLOR, *In Berlin '88* (FMP)
HENRY THREADGILL, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time)
MAL WALDRON/STEVE LACY, *Snake Out* (hat MUSICS)
EDWARD WILKERSON JR., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms)

GRAHAM LOCK
Forces in Motion: The Music and Thoughts of Anthony Braxton (Da Capo)

ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Composition 98* (hat ART)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Six Compositions: Quartet 1981* (hat ART)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Four Compositions: Quartet 1983* (hat ART)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Six Compositions: Quartet 1984* (hat ART)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Quartet London 1985* (hat ART)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Six Compositions: Quartet* (hat ART)
MARILYN CRISPELL, *Gaia* (Leo)
ANDREW HILL, *Shades* (Soul Note)
RED MITCHELL/WARNE MARSH, *Hot House* (Storyville)
LEO SMITH, *Procession of the Great Ancestry* (Nessa)

JOHN McDONOUGH
The Wall Street Journal

HOWARD ALDEN/DAN BARRETT, *Salute to Buck Clayton* (Concord)
THE AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA, *Ellington Masterpieces* (East West)
THE AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA /BENNY CARTER, *Central City Sketches* (MusicMasters)
COUNT BASIE, *Mostly Blues* (Pablo)
BUCK CLAYTON, *A Swinging Dream* (Stash)
PANAMA FRANCIS, *The Black and Blue Sessions* (Inner City)
BUD FREEMAN, *The Real* (Principally Jazz)
MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA, *Definitive Thad Jones* (MusicMasters)
MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, *For Ellington* (East West)
LOREN SCHOENBERG, *Time Waits for No One* (MusicMasters)

DAN MORGENSTERN
Institute of Jazz Studies, Rutgers

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, *UMO Plays the Music of* (UMO)
THE AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA /BENNY CARTER, *Central City Sketches* (MusicMasters)
RUBY BRAFF/DICK HYMAN, *America the Beautiful* (Concord)
BENNY CARTER, *Over the Rainbow* (MusicMasters)
KENNY DAVERN, *One Hour Tonight* (MusicMasters)
STAN GETZ, *Anniversary* (Emarcy)
DON JOSEPH, *One of a Kind* (Uptown)
MR. TRAM ASSOCIATES, *Getting Some Fun out of Life* (Audiophile)
MARCUS ROBERTS, *The Truth Is Spoken Here* (Novus)
DICK WELLSTOOD, *After You've Gone* (Unisson)

MARPESSA DAWN OUTLAW
The Village Voice

DON CHERRY, *Art Deco* (A&M)
MILES DAVIS, *Tutu* (Warners)
FRED HOUN, *We Refuse to Be Used and Abused* (Soul Note)
FRED HOUN, *Tomorrow Is Now!* (Soul Note)
JACK DeJOHNETTE, *New Directions in Europe* (ECM)
GTB, *Inside Track* (Blue Note)
COURTNEY PINE, *Journey to the Urge Within* (Antilles)
ARCHIE SHEPP, *Little Red Moon* (Soul Note)
CASSANDRA WILSON, *Days Aweigh* (JMT)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Live in Zurich* (Black Saint)

DON PALMER
Black Arts Annual

ORNETTE COLEMAN, *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams)
KIP HANRAHAN, *Days and Nights of Blue Lark Invented* (Pangaea)
RONALD SHANNON JACKSON, *Eye on You* (About Time)
FRANK LOWE, *Decision in Paradise* (Soul Note)
ELLIS MARSALIS/EDDIE HARRIS, *Homecoming* (Spindletop)
SONNY SHARROCK, *Seize the Real Now* (Enemy)
HENRY THREADGILL, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time)
JAMES BLOOD ULMER, *Are You Glad to Be in America?* (Rough Trade)

EDWARD WILKERSON JR., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

PETER PULLMAN
Freelance critic

BOBBY BRADFORD/JOHN CARTER, *Comin' On* (Hat Hut)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Quartet London 1985* (hat ART)
ANTHONY BRAXTON/Derek Bailey, *Moments Precieux* (Victo)
JEROME COOPER, *Outer and Inner Actions* (About Time)
MARILYN CRISPELL, *Live in Berlin* (Soul Note)
STEVE LACY/MAL WALDRON, *Semper Amore* (Soul Note)
ROSCOE MITCHELL, *The Flow of Things* (Black Saint)
EVAN PARKER/Steve Lacy, *Chirps* (FMP)
CECIL TAYLOR, *In Berlin '88* (FMP)
EDWARD WILKERSON JR., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms)

DOUG RAMSEY
Jazz Matters: Reflections on the Music and Some of Its Makers (Arkansas)

CHICK COREA, *Akoustic Band* (GRP)
STAN GETZ, *The Dolphin* (Concord)
TOMMY FLANAGAN, *Super Session* (Inner City)
JIM HALL, *These Rooms* (Denon)
JOE HENDERSON, *The State of the Tenor, Volumes 1 & 2* (Blue Note)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Jumpin' There* (ECM)
WYNTON MARSALIS, *I Mood* (Columbia)
ZOOT SIMS, *Quietly There* (Pablo)
SPHERE, *Flight Path* (Musician)
PHIL WOODS, *Bop Stew* (Concord)

GENE SANTORO
The Nation

GERI ALLEN, *In the Alley* (Minor Music)
TIM BERNE, *Fulton Street Maul* (Columbia)
JOHN CARTER, "Roots and Folklore: Episodes in the Development of American Folk Music," five volumes (Black Saint/Gramavision)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams)
BILL FRISELL, *Look Out for Hope* (ECM)
DAVE HOLLAND, *The Razor's Edge* (ECM)
PAUL MOTIAN, *Monk in Motian* (JMT)
DAVID MURRAY, *Murray Steps* (Black Saint)
JAMES NEWTON, *African Flower* (Blue Note)
HENRY THREADGILL, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time)

W. ROYAL STOKES
Jazz Times

GEORGE ADAMS, *America* (Blue Note)
ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO, *Full Force* (ECM)
BETTY CARTER, *Look What I Got* (Verve)
DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND, *My Feet Can't Fail Me Now* (Concord)
CHARLIE HADEN, *Ballad of the Fallen* (ECM)
BRANFORD MARSALIS, *Trio Jeepy* (Columbia)
WYNTON MARSALIS, *Majesty of the Blues* (Columbia)
DON PULLEN, *New Beginnings* (Blue Note)
EMILY REMLER, *Transitions* (Concord)
JAMES BLOOD ULMER, *America—Do You Remember the Love?* (Blue Note)

JOHN F. SZWED
Yale University

GEORGE ADAMS/DON PULLEN, *Live at Montmartre* (Timeless)
CHET BAKER/WARNE MARSH, *Blues for a Reason* (Criss Cross)
COUNT BASIE, *Kansas City Shout* (Pablo)
ANTHONY BRAXTON, *Quartet London 1985* (hat ART)
STEVE LACY, *The Door* (Novus)
DAVE LIEBMAN, *Tribute to John Coltrane* (Owl)
LONDON JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA, *Zurich Concerts* (Intakt)
JIMMY LYONS/ANDREW CYRILLE, *Something to Return* (Black Saint)
MAX ROACH/DIZZY GILLESPIE, *Max + Diz: Paris 1989* (A&M)
CECIL TAYLOR, *In Berlin '88* (FMP)

GREG TATE
The Village Voice

CHARLIE HADEN/PAUL MOTIAN /GERI ALLEN, *Etudes* (Soul Note)
RONALD SHANNON JACKSON, *Barbecue Dog* (Antilles)
GREG OSBY, *And Sound Theater* (JMT)
POWER TOOLS, *Strange Meeting* (Antilles)
PUBLIC ENEMY, *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* (Def Jam)
MICHELE ROSEWOMAN, *Quintessence* (Enja)
CECIL TAYLOR, *For Olim* (Soul Note)

HENRY THREADGILL, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time)
JAMES BLOOD ULMER, *Are You Glad to Be in America?* (Rough Trade)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

STUART TROUP
Newsday

ART FARMER, *Something to Live For* (Fantasy)
TOMMY FLANAGAN, *Thelonica* (Enja)
DAVE FRISHBERG, *Let's Eat Home* (Concord)
STAN GETZ, *The Dolphin* (Concord)
TOM HARRELL, *Sail Away* (Contemporary)
WOODY HERMAN, *Woody's Gold Star* (Concord)
BRANFORD MARSALIS, *Scenes in the City* (Columbia)
KEN PEPLOWSKI, *Sonny Side* (Concord)
ZOOT SIMS/JOE PASS, *Blues for Two* (Pablo)
JAMES WILLIAMS, *Magical Trio* (Emarcy)

PETER WATROUS
The New York Times

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS, *The Hearinga Suite* (Black Saint)
TIM BERNE, *Sanctified Dreams* (Columbia)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Virgin Beauty* (Portrait)
JACK DeJOHNETTE, *Album Album* (ECM)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Triplicate* (ECM)
DAVID MURRAY, *Ming* (Black Saint)
RALPH PETERSON, *Triangular* (Blue Note)
MARCUS ROBERTS, *Deep In the Shed* (Novus)
HENRY THREADGILL, *You Know the Number* (Novus)
WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint)

ERIK WIEDEMANN
Jazz i Danmark (Gyldendal)

CHET BAKER, *Let's Get Lost* (Novus)
MILES DAVIS, *Aura* (Columbia)
JACK DeJOHNETTE, *Album Album* (ECM)
STAN GETZ, *Anniversary* (Emarcy)
JOHN HICKS/DAVID MURRAY, *Sketches of Tokyo* (DIW)
KEITH JARRETT, *Still Live* (ECM)
DAVID MURRAY, *Ming* (Black Saint)
DAVID MURRAY, *Morning Song* (Black Saint)
JAMES NEWTON, *The African Flower* (Blue Note)
MICHEL PETRUCCIANI, *Power of Three* (Blue Note)

NORM WEINSTEIN
East-West Journal

MICHAEL BISIO, *In Seattle* (Silkheart)
JOHN CARTER, *Dance of the Love Ghosts* (Gramavision)
PIERRE DORGE, *Brikama* (SteepleChase)
THE GANELIN TRIO, *Ttango ... in Nicklesdorf* (Leo)
SHEILA JORDAN, *The Crossing* (Blackhawk)
STEVE LACY, *Futurities* (Hat Hut)
DAVID MURRAY/RANDY WESTON, *The Healers* (Black Saint)
MAX ROACH, *Chattahoochee Red* (Columbia)
SONNY ROLLINS, *G-Man* (Milestone)
CECIL TAYLOR, *In Berlin '88* (FMP)

JAY WEISER
New York Native

AHMED ABDULLAH, *And the Solomonic Quintet* (Silkheart)
THE AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA /Benny Carter, *Central City Sketches* (MusicMasters)
ROSEMARY CLOONEY, *The Music of Johnny Mercer* (Concord)
ELLA FITZGERALD/JOE PASS, *Speak Love* (Pablo)
LEE KONITZ, *Dovetail* (Sunnyside)
LEE KONITZ, *The New York Album* (Soul Note)
KIRK LIGHTSEY/HAROLD DANKO, *Shorter by Two* (Sunnyside)
FRANK MORGAN, *Mood Indigo* (Antilles)
BOBBY WATSON, *No Question About It* (Blue Note)
JAMES WILLIAMS, *Magical Trio 2* (Emarcy)

KEVIN WHITEHEAD
Fresh Air—NPR

MAARTEN ALTENA, *Quest* (hat ART)
JOHN CARTER, *"Roots and Folklore: Episodes in the Development of American Folk Music,"* five volumes (Black Saint/Gramavision)
ORNETTE COLEMAN, *"Virgin Beauty"* (Portrait)
CARLO ACTIS DATO, *Ulivomare* (Splasc(h))
ANDREW HILL, *Shades* (Soul Note)
DAVE HOLLAND, *Razor's Edge* (ECM)
EVAN PARKER, *Six of a Kind* (Incus)
CASSANDRA WILSON, *Point of View* (JMT)
EDWARD WILKERSON Jr., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms)
KAHIL EL'ZABAR/DAVID MURRAY, *Golden Sun* (Celestial Harmonies)

THE BEST JAZZ RECORDS OF THE 1980s

DAVID MURRAY, ARTHUR BLYTHE, OLIVER LAKE, HAMIET BLUIETT

MICHEL DELSOL

COMPILED BY WILL FRIEDWALD

their ballots were *not* counted in the cumulative tallies.) A cursory examination of the results shows most voters favored records that reflected musical moods of the 1980s; still, several veteran artists who were felt to have made notable strides or comebacks in the period also made strong showings. With 12 votes each, Ornette Coleman—who won the *Voice*'s 1986 poll (which covered the years 1970–86)—and David Murray tied for first place. But Murray is clearly the dominant figure here if you consider his presence in the World Saxophone Quartet and Jack DeJohnette's *Album Album*. His win is all the more impressive because he's recorded almost exclusively for European and Japanese labels. The 10 most frequently named musicians or bands are:

1. ORNETTE COLEMAN
   DAVID MURRAY (12)
2. ANTHONY BRAXTON
   STEVE LACY
   WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET (10)
3. DAVE HOLLAND
   HENRY THREADGILL (8)
4. JOHN CARTER
   WYNTON MARSALIS
   CECIL TAYLOR (7)

Since a few critics weighted their polls toward a favorite musician, it seemed sensible to compute a top 10 according to the number of ballots they appear on. In this instance, one artist (Braxton) falls off the list, but five new names (tied with six votes each) are added:

1. ORNETTE COLEMAN
   DAVID MURRAY
   WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET (10)
2. STEVE LACY (9)
3. DAVE HOLLAND
   HENRY THREADGILL (8)
4. JOHN CARTER
   CECIL TAYLOR (7)
5. JACK DeJOHNETTE
   TOMMY FLANAGAN
   STAN GETZ
   WYNTON MARSALIS
   DON PULLEN
   EDWARD WILKERSON JR. (6)

A tabulation of record labels confirmed decisively the conviction that the major jazz company of the past

1. BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE (45)
2. COLUMBIA/PORTRAIT (26)
3. FANTASY/MILESTONE/CONTEMPORARY/PABLO (21)
4. ECM (20)
5. HAT HUT/HAT ART/HAT MUSICS (17)
6. BLUE NOTE
   CONCORD
   VERVE/EMARCY (14)
7. MUSICMASTERS
   NOVUS (10)

Finally, we have the top albums of the '80s, a quite different list from the musicians' tally—for reasons that can be readily ascertained in the ballots for Steve Lacy and the World Saxophone Quartet: The former's 10 votes were divided among nine records; nine of the latter's 10 votes went to the same record. (Note: Votes for entries in Carter's "Roots and Folklore"—*Castles of Ghana*, *Dance of the Love Ghosts*—were counted as votes for the series.) Because of ties, the list was extended to 12:

1. WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET, *Revue* (Black Saint) (9)
2. JOHN CARTER, "Roots and Folklore: Episodes in the Development of American Folk Music" (Black Saint/Gramavision)
   EDWARD WILKERSON JR., *Eight Bold Souls* (Sessoms) (6)
3. ORNETTE COLEMAN, *In All Languages* (Caravan of Dreams)
   JACK DeJOHNETTE, *Album Album* (ECM)
   DAVID MURRAY, *Ming* (Black Saint)
   CECIL TAYLOR, *In Berlin '88* (FMP)
   HENRY THREADGILL, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time) (5)
4. THE AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA/BENNY CARTER, *Central City Sketches* (MusicMasters)
   TOMMY FLANAGAN, *Thelonica* (Enja)
   PAT METHENY/ORNETTE COLEMAN, *Song X* (Geffen)
   SONNY ROLLINS, *G-Man* (Milestone) (4)

—G.G.

ORNETTE COLEMAN

LINDA ROSIER

STEVE LACY

LONA FOOTE

9/23/90

The Calendar Critics' Best Bets for the Rest of '90

How can you tell fall has arrived in eternally sunny Southern California? Well, one way is by the start of the autumn arts and entertainment season. This special fall preview section provides listings of events from today through the end of the year and our critics' picks for the best bets in film, pop music, jazz, stage, music and dance and the visual arts. (Some box-office telephone numbers may not be in operation yet.)

Jazz

Though the summer outdoor concert season is over, the outlook for jazz in the fall is promising.

Of particular interest are three concerts at UCLA's Royce Hall. The Turtle Island String Quartet will make a rare local appearance there Oct. 12. Pianist George Shearing, guitarist Joe Pass and singer Joe Williams will share the stage Nov. 4. Branford Marsalis, riding high with the album of his music from "Mo' Better Blues," will lead his group Nov. 30.

One of the Southland's most adventurous new big bands, the Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra—with John Clayton as conductor and bassist, his brother Jeff on saxophones, and drummer Jeff Hamilton as co-leader—will be at El Camino College Oct. 4.

At the Vine St. Bar & Grill, two distinguished Japanese-born artists will be heard: Pianist/composer Toshiko Akiyoshi will lead a trio Oct. 3-6, and trumpeter Terumasa Hino will head a small band Oct. 24-25. Poncho Sanchez's Latin band will be on hand Nov. 1-3. The Johnny Otis blues band will return Nov. 8-10.

Catalina Bar & Grill in Hollywood continues to attract world-class names. Louie Bellson's band will work there the week of Oct. 16; the elegant vocalist Susannah McCorkle will be visiting Oct. 30-Nov. 3. Others set for the room include drummer Tony Williams, Nov. 6-11; the Billy Cobham Quartet with Ernie Watts, Nov. 27-Dec. 2, and Richie Cole's Quartet Dec. 11-16.

The Silver Screen Room at the Hyatt Hotel on Sunset, and the Sunday brunches at the Holiday Inn on Highland, both booked by Los Angeles Jazz Society President Teri Merrill-Aarons, have several prospects in common. The dates below are for the Silver Screen and the brunches respectively: Ann Patterson Quartet, Nov. 22-24 and Oct. 14; Al Aarons Quintet, Oct. 18-20 and Oct. 28; the Cunninghams, Nov. 15-17 and Oct. 21; Charlie Chiarenza, Nov. 8-10 and Nov. 11; Larry Koonse, Oct. 25-7 and Nov. 4.

Birdland West in Long Beach will have singer Betty Carter, Oct. 4-6; organist Jimmy McGriff, Oct. 25-27, and saxophonists Benny Carter, Nov. 23-24, and Eddie Harris, Dec. 28-29.

—LEONARD FEATHER

STUART WASSERMAN

Ella Fitzgerald "taught me so much," says Tommy Flanagan.

The Poet of Jazz Piano Opens Tonight at Vine St.

■ **Jazz:** Tommy Flanagan stays out of the limelight. But he was accompanist and musical director for Ella Fitzgerald.

By LEONARD FEATHER

If the name of Tommy Flanagan is less celebrated than that of, say, Harry Connick Jr., the reasons have nothing to do with comparative talent. Flanagan, the Detroit-born pianist whose trio opens tonight at Hollywood's Vine Street Bar & Grill, may be the most universally respected artist in his field, but two factors have held him back: his extraordinary diffidence (it is almost impossible to draw a self-laudatory word out of him), and the fact that he spent some of the central years of his career touring as accompanist and musical director for Ella Fitzgerald (off and on from 1956 until 1978) and Tony Bennett (1966).

Flanagan, who recently won both the readers' and the critics' polls in Jazz Times magazine, has been called the poet of jazz piano. He has the rare knack of suggesting the assertive essence of be-bop (he was inspired by his masters, mainly Charlie Parker and Bud Powell) while retaining a gentle touch and an authoritative control of the idiom. Not without reason was his "Thelonica" voted one of the 10 best albums of the 1980s in the recent Village Voice critics' poll.

Calling from Portland, Ore., prior to leaving on a jazz cruise, Flanagan reflected on the career that began virtually in mid-life when he left Fitzgerald for the final time. "I have a little more freedom today, and at least I can stay home in New York now and then, playing clubs like Sweet Basil or the Village Vanguard.

"I still spend a lot of time on the road, but also on the ocean—I've played the Norway, the Seaward, the Royal Viking Star, among others, and that's a pleasant way to travel."

There have been occasional reunions with Fitzgerald, the last at a concert in her honor, "Hearts for Ella," at New York's Avery Fisher Hall last February, when many of her alumni gathered. "I was looking [illegible] Festival in The Hague this summer, but that turned out to be the

Charlie Parker and Harry (Sweets) Edison. He has earned the admiration of all of them, but it is his longtime employer, the First Lady, who has the most eloquent tribute:

"Tommy Flanagan," said Ella Fitzgerald from her home in Beverly Hills, "is a genius. Most of my musical education comes from the wonderful people who have worked with me, and Tommy taught me so much. He always knew instinctively what I was going to do; he gave me all the support I could hope for. If I'm feeling well, you know I'm going to drop in at Vine Street and listen to him again."

 9/23/90

From Paris Players, the 'Schizo' Music of Middle Age

By LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½

THE LEADERS

"Jazz In Paris 1988"

Rhapsody Films

The players, all in their 40s and 50s, play what their trumpeter Lester Bowie says is "not jazz, not blues . . . let's call it schizo music."

VIDEO REVIEWS

The first piece is a long vamp leading to a mysterious, edgy, minimalist melody. Pianist Kirk Lightsey, in a pleasant interlude, introduces his colleagues while lauding them to the skies. A fast, furious avant-bop tune finds Chico Freeman's tenor in passionate form, Arthur Blythe super-intense on alto, bassist Cecil McBee soloing with abandon and drummer Don Moye providing energy-driven backup. There are backstage scenes with the musicians, mainly Bowie, expounding their theories: Elvis and the Beatles are black music, European classical music has black roots. The finale is a very basic, non-schizo blues.

★

SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA

"Mystery, Mr. Ra"

Rhapsody Films

The true mystery of Mr. Ra is that he has been taken seriously by a cult following of reputable critics. His percussion-obsessed "Myth Science Arkestra" is heard off and on, but the center of attention is Ra, a bulbous man in flowing multicolored robes who tells us, "I am Ra, the living simplicity of an angel visiting planet Earth." He is aided by a narrator, who speaks French, but understanding French doesn't help. Ra plays cocktail piano behind a horrendously inept saxophonist; later another sax player lies on the floor and plays while kicking up his heels. Meanwhile, Ra's simplistic rap clichés, passed off as profundities, lead to a warning that nuclear war may be imminent, but if we listen to his music, the human race will be saved. Yes, and if you believe that, he has this bridge he wants you to buy. . . .

★★★½

EDDIE JEFFERSON with RICHIE COLE

"Live from the Jazz Showcase"

Rhapsody Films

Jefferson, though a nondescript singer technically, was the pioneer of vocalise—setting complex lyrics to recorded jazz solos—long before Jon Hendricks and others made it fashionable. His most famous work, "Moody's Mood For Love," is included, along with masterful vocalizations of Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul" and several bebop standards. Richie Cole's alto sax doesn't quite catch fire, but his solos are agreeable interludes. Two days after this 1979 Chicago club date, Jefferson was shot dead on a Detroit street—to this day, no one knows why.

"Big Ben": Poignant view of a lonely, expatriate sax giant.

Stephane Grappelli swings in "Live in San Francisco 1985."

The mysterious Sun Ra mixes simplistic rap and cocktail piano.

★★★★

BEN WEBSTER IN EUROPE

"Big Ben"

Rhapsody Films

The only fault here is brevity. Johan van der Leuken, who made this black-and-white film in Amsterdam, tried to compress into 31 minutes the life and times of the expatriate tenor sax giant (1909-73). In addition to poignant moments of Webster playing "My Romance" and other standards, this odd montage shows him playing along with a Fats Waller record, talking to his Dutch landlady ("She's like a second mother to me"), reminiscing about Duke Ellington's band ("You never get it out of your system"), shooting pool, visiting the zoo. Here is a masterful example of filmmaking that truly penetrates the heart of this big, sad, lonely bachelor.

★★

MOSCOW SAX QUINTET

"The Jazznost Tour"

View Video

The Soviet Union has produced some gifted and original jazz groups, but the MSQ, taped during a U.S. tour, is not one of them. At its best, this is a fair attempt to emulate Supersax ("Yardbird Suite," "Parker's Mood," "Donna Lee"), but the nadir is reached with "I Got Rhythm" (they sing the melody!), "In the Mood" a la Glenn Miller, and the ever-abominable "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Vocalist Lyubov Zazulina gives her impression of Ella Fitzgerald. Sax solos are at the U.S. high school level. An a cappella arrangement of Fats Waller's "Smashing Thirds," with flutes and clarinets replacing saxes, shows that the capacity for innovation does exist in this ill-focused unit.

★★★

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

"Live in San Francisco 1985"

Rhapsody Films

You might call this the Quartet of the Hot Club of France (the violinist), England and Scotland (the guitarists) and Holland (the bassist). They blend impeccably as the French genius applies his unique legato swing to old Django Reinhardt collaborations, jazz standards, even Stevie Wonder and the Beatles. Oddly, his piano playing, heard in two tunes, is unswinging and almost Jonathan Edwards-like in its floridity. The finale is a grand jam with mandolinist David Grisman and three of his sidemen.

★★★★

LEE KONITZ

"Portrait of an Artist as Saxophonist"

Rhapsody Films

This feature-length (83 minutes) color documentary offers a well-rounded picture of the alto saxophonist, who is best known as a product of the Lennie Tristano cool school. Seen in various settings in Montreal—teaching students, playing duets with the sympathetic pianist Harold Danko, transposing a Louis Armstrong solo to his horn, rehearsing, listening to a Stuff Smith record—he comes across as a witty and dedicated artist. A surprise highlight is his post-vocal unison duet with Danko

BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: John Clayton

John Clayton has just about everything going for him. As a bassist, who studied with Ray Brown, he has played every conceivable kind of job; he went directly from the Count Basie orchestra to the Amsterdam Philharmonic, where he was principal bassist for five years.

—Jim Britt

John Clayton

As composer and arranger, inspired and helped by Johnny Mandel, Henry Mancini and others, he has written scores of scores—for Gene Harris' Philip Morris Superband, for Doc Severinsen, for the Cologne Radio Orchestra, and perhaps most notably for the bandleading troika of which he is the most prominent member, as conductor of the Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra. He co-leads it with his saxophonist brother Jeff Clayton and his close friend the drummer Jeff Hamilton.

The orchestra is represented by two albums, one backing Ernestine Anderson on Concord Jazz and a splendid instrumental set on Capri. Clayton was interviewed just after his most recent triumphant appearance with his band at the Grand Avenue Bar of Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel.

1) FRANK WESS/HARRY EDISON. *Blue on Blue* (from *Dear Mr. Basie*, Concord). Wess, composer, tenor sax; Marshall Royal, alto sax; Snooky Young, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Ronnell Bright, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Gregg Field, drums.

BEFORE: It sounded like it was the new Concord record, Sweets and Frank Wess put the band together. I heard it on the radio and it sounded good. I heard Snooky Young, and Al Grey obviously playing a solo. I'm trying to figure out who the other tenor player is . . . someone right out of the Lockjaw Davis school; I'm trying to imagine who it could be but I'm not sure. I thought I heard Marshal Royal playing lead alto in the beginning.

The ensembles were very tight; Snooky and Marshal, I'm sure, pulled that together, they're incredible.

I thought the rhythm section could have used a lot more nuances; there were ups and downs in the arrangement that the rhythm section didn't really underpin and help along. Also I hate the bass sound, it's terrible. Whoever records bass nowadays doesn't know about microphones in front of instruments. They always go direct, and the bass has no warmth, no definition. It was a great record, but the bass destroyed it for me, and also the cymbals were driving me nuts, too many crashes. But the tempo didn't move and it was swinging, I'm glad of that.

Four stars for the ensemble; Al Grey five stars. For the overall recording, three.

AFTER: I'm glad that they got together; I think the musical collaboration was a truthful one and an excellent idea. Personally, I'd like to see both of them doing something under their own names that doesn't have Basie's name on it, even if it's Basie influenced, because they've both grown so much since their association with him. I'd love to see them do another one and just do what they want, even use the same musicians, and not use the Basie name.

2) GIL EVANS. *Bud & Bird* (from *Bud & Bird*, ProJazz). Evans, composer; Chris Humble, alto sax; Gil Evans, piano; Mark Egan, bass; Danny Gottleib, drums; Shunzo Ono, trumpet; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone; recorded 1986.

BEFORE: I don't know what band it is, but an educated guess would be Gil Evans, perhaps one of the later bands, after his death. But . . . I hope not! Because I love Gil Evans. This ensemble was great in the beginning and this was a band of a lot of good musicians, but the electronics totally destroyed it. They were swimming, they were loud, the drummer I think equated busyness with being hot or swinging. The rhythm section didn't play with or off of the soloists; they were in their own world. The rhythm sounded mushy and I don't think the groove ever settled.

It's a terrible mix. When the bari came in with the trumpet you heard 80% trumpet, 20% baritone.

I wasn't crazy about it, although I loved the idea and the beginning was great. So, I'll give one star - no, make it no stars for the rhythm section, because I couldn't believe throwing in that rock feel, which was not a good funky rock feel, but just your basic book rock and roll.

Four stars for the soloists, although it was hard to listen to them with all the stuff around them. One star for dynamics. The biggest relief for the ear came when just the acoustic instruments were playing at the end. Two stars overall.

AFTER: Again, I think it's a pity for those great musicians that the rhythm section destroyed the music they were trying to make. I also didn't think the arrangement showed off Gil Evans.

I know he was intrigued with what Miles was doing, and also the Jimi Hendrix stuff, but I was in love with his direction as an arranger during the era with Miles, and also the things he did on his own in the '60s. I loved that stuff.

3) OSCAR PETERSON. *Reunion Blues* (from *Peterson and the Bassists*, Pablo). Ray Brown & Niels Pedersen, bass; recorded live at Montreux 1977.

BEFORE: That was easy. Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Niels Pedersen. I loved hearing this group together and I think it was a great idea.

Again, this bass sound - if you've heard Ray Brown play with no amplifier, if you've heard Niels with no amplifier, you really really understand what you're missing with this group. If they did to other instruments what they do to bass in recordings, no one would accept it — piano, drums, trumpet, anything. It would be called a bad recording. Anyway, I love Niels' playing and Ray's playing.

I wish they would have had a little time to work out some arrangements instead of a whole record of jam. I'd prefer a percentage of certain things that sounded like they got together and thought about it. That's probably my only criticism regarding the whole project.

If I had my druthers, I would prefer solos that build, with fewer notes at the beginning; otherwise the ear gets tired. Less with Ray Brown than Niels; Ray Brown constructs solos more like the horn players that I like to listen to.

Stars, I'd say four across the board. It didn't have that extra sparkle, magic, to push it over the edge.

AFTER: I did know it was live. Ray played this for me a long time ago. He felt Niels gave a stellar performance and his own was, you know, less, which I totally disagree with! I talked to Niels about it once, and he also disagreed.

4) COUNT BASIE. *Blues Backstage* (from Compact Jazz, Verve). Frank Foster, composer, tenor sax; Henry Coker, trombone; Gus Johnson, drums. Others as guessed. Recorded 1954.

BEFORE: *Blee Blop Blues*, right? By a guy who only wrote one tune for Basie. Can't think of his name.

LF: A. K. Salim?

JC: That's right. I recognized the band from the first bar. Sonny Payne on drums, Freddie Green, Count Basie, Eddie Jones. I heard Joe Newman, and obviously Benny Powell; Marshal Royal playing lead; the tenor solo, I'll guess; Frank Wess. But Frank Foster at times played in the style of Frank Wess.

That's one of my favorite charts; a classic performance. The recording is not up to today's standards, but it's the first recording I've heard today of a natural sounding bass. That's a five star record for me.

AFTER: Blues Backstage? Gus Johnson? Really! Is my face red!

5) SUN RA. *I Dream Too Much* (from *Reflections in Blue*, Black Saint). Sun Ra, keyboards, vocal.

BEFORE: My first question is — is that a joke? I don't know if the musicians or the arranger or anyone was serious. The intonation didn't sound serious. There was some thought put into this, but the synthesizer, or whatever it was at the beginning, was an ugly color. My first guess would be Sun Ra. I can't imagine another band that would do this sort of thing with that many acoustic instruments.

The singer — I didn't hear any feeling, I didn't hear any love from him or the band; his intonation was bad too. It just sounds like they were making fun of music I love. No stars.

AFTER: Sun Ra just won the *Down Beat* Critics' Poll as the No. 1 band in the world. What does that tell you?

You have to look at the people that buy that magazine and vote. You have to look at the recent influences *Down Beat* has had that have turned a lot of people off. Their commitment to mainstream acoustic jazz is much less. People with my tastes find it less and less interesting to buy.

6) RAY BROWN. *Imagine* (from *Jazz Cello*, Verve). Brown, cello. Recorded Ca. 1960, Russ Garcia, arranger.

BEFORE: Great, great, period. It's five stars. It's Ray Brown with a big band. I think Ernie Wilkins did most of the arrangements. I think Al Cohn did some too. Those are two of my favorite arrangers. I think that any aspiring arrangers, composers should listen to this or any Ernie Wilkins, Al Cohn works to get some lessons. The unusual thing about this recording is that Ray Brown was playing cello and he tuned it in fourths like a base instead of fifths, the way it's normally tuned, which is what Oscar Pettiford used to do and Ray, I'm pretty sure, got the idea from Oscar Pettiford. It's fantastic and a good sound. This is another example of well recorded acoustic instruments. I'm so big on that. I want things to sound like they do in real ife.

AFTER: Oh, I sure did forget about Russ. Sorry Russ!

7) HENRY THREADGILL. *Good Times* (from *You Know The Number*, Novus). Threadgill, composer, saxes; Frank Lacey, trombone; Rasul Sadik, trumpet.

BEFORE: I can see myself playing this music now in a Dashiki, plaid bellbottoms and high heel shoes on. I don't think the musicians were successful in trying to say what they were trying to say. This was not working, because they were not in command of their instruments. They were just not up to par.

There has got to be a lot more homework done. They ran out of solo ideas. Tone is bad, saxophone tone, trombone tone. The drummer couldn't get away from that one volume the whole time. I thought the composition was kind of trite. This performance I give two stars. I have no idea who it is.

AFTER: Recorded in 1986! This is a disappointment. I think we have pushed music to a greater limit, compositionally, performance wise than this. They should start listening to Duke Ellington to get some more composition ideas, about form and melody, even if it is this kind of melody.

8) CHARLES MINGUS. *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me* (from *Mingus Revisited*, EmArcy). Yusef Lateef, Joe Farrell, Booker Ervin, tenors.

BEFORE: Great. I really liked that. Sounds like Charlie Mingus, and he played great. Another great example of wonderful bass sound. The instrumentation sounded like three tenor saxophones. Trumpet, trombone, piano, bass, drums. Here is an example of Mingus' strong personality, leader of the band, pushing the grop so hard that it would only work in his band.

I give this four and one half stars.

AFTER: Oh, that's great. I didn't know any of those tenor players. They weren't in Mingus's band though, I think only Booker was.

10-90

LEONARD FEATHER

Spike Lee's *Mo' Better Blues*, which opened in early August to generally favorable reviews, marks a step forward in its treatment of jazz musicians in a feature movie.

The advantages are numerous. Unlike *Bird* and *Round Midnight*, its story line does not show musicians' lives ruined by chemical dependency. Instead of a period picture it is set in the present. Unlike *Bird*, which boasted a superb soundtrack because of Charlie Parker's revitalized presence and unlike Dexter Gordon, who was far beyond his creative years when he played Dale Turner, *Mo' Better Blues* has a track consisting largely of newly recorded music by the Branford Marsalis group, with Terence Blanchard on trumpet, as well as orchestral passages mainly written by Will Lee, Spike's father.

The story deals with Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington), a trumpeter whose problem is not drugs or booze but his total obsession with music, at the expense of two women in his life. The plot falls apart badly at the end, but many scenes, particularly those in a dressing room at a club, show the musicians speaking and acting with total realism.

—David Lee

Denzel Washington (Bleek Gilliam) and Joie Lee (Indigo Downes).

Only one musician, the drummer Jeff (Tain) Watts, is seen onstage in addition to taking part in the recording. However, Blanchard was so diligent in teaching Washington to look like a trumpeter (he also studied with Oscar Brashear and Bobby Bryant) that by the end of the shooting he could actually play. Similarly Donald Harrison coached Wesley Snipes on saxophone, with comparable success. (Harrison did not play on the track.)

Branford wrote three tunes and Will Lee two for the quintet. Blanchard contributed one original composition and arrangement for the large ensemble, *Sing Soweto* his first experience in writing for strings.

As if all this first rate newly recorded music were not enough, there are snippets of old records by Mingus, Miles and Coltrane. (*A Love Supreme* which is included, was to have been the title of the film, but Alice Coltrane objected after seeing the profanities in the script.)

Spike Lee was clearly inspired by a genuine love of jazz in putting *Mo' Better Blues* together. It's too bad he settled for a semi-illiterate title, and worse that anti-Semitic overtones were inserted in the persons of two stereotyped Jewish characters who operate the night club; these characterizations have rightly drawn protests from Jewish groups.

Spike Lee's character in the movie (he plays Washington's weak-willed, gambling prone manager), becomes less and less believable toward the end; nor are we ever shown how Washington, after losing his chops as a result of a fight defending Lee, is mysteriously able to reorganize his life without the horn-playing that had once been his entire raison d'etre. But overall, *Mo' Better Blues* offers reassuring evidence that jazzmen can be shown in a major motion picture with honesty and credibility.

Conference on World Affairs

The 23rd annual Conference on World Affairs, held on the University of Colorado campus at Boulder, provided the perennially wild mix of experts on everything, talking about a no less diverse assortment of topics, with jazz playing its customarily prominent role.

The week-long convention included a concert, organized this year by Dave Grusin (Spike Robinson, who has regularly run these events, was in London recuperating from an illness). Grusin, whose brother Don was also on hand, joined with him for a few of their very rare joint public appearances, with Dave generally on piano and Don on keyboards and synths.

Two important newcomers were added this year: Eddie Daniels and Peter Appleyard. Daniels proved just as eloquent on various panels (such as "The Success Game: Its Rewards and Delusions") as on clarinet. Appleyard had stirred up a loud controversy during a panel on "Rap and Other Underground Music" when, reacting to a rap record played (but not performed) by Don Grusin, and rich in obscenities, he said: "That is one of the worst pieces of garbage I've ever heard." It turned out there were quite a few rap fans in the audience.

There was no cause for argument at the concert, which the Grusins opened with *Punta del Sol* and *Jack's Theme*, the latter from Dave's score for *The Fabulous Baker Boys*. Joined by Daniels, with two first rate local musicians, Peter Huffager on bass and Mike Marliere on drums, Dave played *Blue Waltz*, the Daniels theme on which he and Dave were featured in the clarinetist's *Blackwood* album.

Rob Mullins, a fast-rising figure on the Los Angeles pop and jazz scene, took over the piano for a wild 5/4 piece from his recent straightahead album, followed by a very busy, long-metre *Lover Man*.

Peter Appleyard was the surprise hit of the evening. His *Sophisticated Lady* showed him off as an eloquent ballad interpreter, but it was his later appearance, when he offered impressions of other vibes players, that drew a standing ovation.

Appleyard is uncanny. Not only does he sound like Terry Gibbs, Red Norvo, Milt Jackson and Lionel Hampton; he even has their body English and facial mannerisms down pat. I had never seen him do this before, though he says it has been part of his act for 20 years.

Ben Sidran took over to close the first half with *Have You Met Miss Jones*, which he changed to *Have You Met Ted Joans* in homage to the poet from Timbuctu who was in town as a panelist. Sidran is an engaging entertainer and competent pianist, but it was a questionable idea to bring on his friend Steve Miller, who tried to sing *Born to be Blue* — a song that might even challenge the chops of Mel Torme, who wrote it — and forgot the words, switching to guitar on the last eight bars.

The Sidran set was best represented by his lyrics to an old Frank Rosolino tune, *Blue Daniel*.

Leonard Feather

Eddie Daniels and Peter Appleyard.

The Grusins' best groove was reached when the two brothers eased into a slow, sneaky gospel-tinged waltz — vaguely based, Don reminded me, on *What a Friend We Have in Jesus*. Spirited and spiritual fun, reminding us of their admirable eclecticism.

Johnny Mandel was on hand for a piano solo on his own *A Time For Love*, followed, with the addition of Eddie Daniels, by *The Shadow of Your Smile*.

—Leonard Feather

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JAZZ REVIEW

Pianist Leviev Dominates a Violin-Less Katoomi

What was billed Tuesday at Le Cafe was Katoomi; what was heard turned out to be the Milcho Leviev Trio.

Karen Briggs, the violinist who gives the first syllable of her name to the group, was absent owing to illness in her family; drummer Tootie Heath and pianist Leviev, the other two-thirds of that hybrid name, were also limited by the presence of a substitute bassist, albeit a splendid one, Tony Dumas.

Leviev, who recently played in his native Bulgaria with Katoomi, is a pianist and composer of awesome talent. Tuesday he seemed determined to make up for Briggs' absence, flaunting his technique to a sometimes disturbing degree. By overplaying his hands, he created a set that had flashes of sheer brilliance, along with unsettled and unsettling passages in which beauty gave way to bombast and ingenuity to inconsistency.

When the trio worked as a unit, notably in the bop standards "Night in Tunisia" and "Anthropology," it was superb. But too often Leviev wandered off on his own, or disguised such songs as "Emily" so heavily that nothing remained of their classic charm. It took him almost three minutes to plow through his dirge-like first chorus of "Prelude to a Kiss."

Dumas was consistently imaginative in his long, sometimes chorded solos. Heath, often playing gently with brushes, was a model of fastidious percussive support.

One can only hope that Katoomi, when reassembled, will give a more rounded idea of what Leviev is capable of both as leader and soloist.

—LEONARD FEATHER

9/27

JAZZ REVIEW

Thielemans Beguiles Catalina Crowd

Jean (Toots) Thielemans, the veteran virtuoso from Belgium who opened Tuesday at Catalina Bar and Grill in Hollywood, is a man of several talents, as guitarist, whistler, composer and harmonica player.

They have given him an entree into many areas, from commercials (Old Spice) to records with Quincy Jones, and even pop dates with Paul Simon; but a small jazz group remains his preferred setting.

As the man who brought to the chromatic harmonica the same acceptance in jazz that Larry Adler had earned for it in classical music, Thielemans improvises on it with such clarity of vision, such dexterity and tonal beauty, that one reacts to the message without ever being concerned about the modesty of the medium.

Playing pop and jazz standards—"I Can't Get Started," "Days of Wine and Roses," Thad Jones' "Three and One"—he interspersed his set with sentimental comments about his days with Benny Goodman, George Shearing and most notably Jaco Pastorius, to whose "Three Views of a Secret" he brought a warmly personal touch.

He expressed justifiable pride in his sidemen. They are the sensitive, harmonically imaginative pianists Michel Herr—a fellow Brussels native, who played his own award-winning composition "Labyrinthe"—and the Italian bassist Riccardo Del Fra, whom he turned loose on a deeply moving treatment of "I'm A Fool to Want You."

For a finale, as always, Thielemans switched to guitar and offered his whistling-and-guitar-unison version of his most famous composition, "Bluesette." When the audience insisted on more, he introduced a new and delightful original, "Song for My Lady," then picked up the harmonica to close with "Ne Me Quitte Pas."

In the world of jazz, Thielemans remains one of a kind, an artist of unique musical and personal charm. An hour under his spell is a rare and rewarding experience. He closes Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

10/4

JAZZ REVIEWS

Ighner Takes the Slow Lane

Benard Ighner, one of the most misspelled names on the vocal scene, is also one of the most misguided singers ever to waste a splendid talent. The evidence was clear Tuesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

Opening with the Miles Davis waltz "All Blues"—hardly a blockbuster, but a fair-enough vehicle for his deep, resonant baritone—he slowed things further with "The Look of Love," using a somewhat stiff trio backing, then hit pop bottom with "People." How can a composer capable of writing "Everything Must Change" waste himself on these banal lyrics at this dreary tempo?

After his own "Little Dreamer," which at least had a beat of sorts, he slowed it down yet again for an almost soporific "Dindi," then accompanied himself at the piano for "Everything Must Change."

Ighner then brought on his sister Sandra, a most attractive woman with a warm, appealing voice, but did she change the tempo, or offer one of her brother's songs? *Au contraire*—she offered those brand-new items "My Funny Valentine" and, on her own, "Lover Man"—at the same largo tempo.

Not until 55 minutes into the show, as his closer, did Ighner offer the kind of song he should have been using occasionally all along: he woke us all up with "Stormy Monday," which had a good feel. The trio swung; the room came alive.

Ighner is one of those people who need people—to advise him on how to put together an act.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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TURTLE ISLAND STRING QUARTET

BY LEONARD FEATHER

In the May 1990 issue of ***JazzTimes,*** the Critics' Poll included a new category: String Group. The winning combo was the Turtle Island String Quartet, with the Uptown String Quartet also cited in the "Emerging Talent" division.

That such a category could exist was remarkable in itself when one takes into consideration the relatively slow expansion of the jazz world's instrumental artillery. For instance, as late as the 1940s it would have been impossible to have a flute category, since the flute world in jazz consisted simply of Wayman Carver.

The Turtle Island String Quartet marked the arrival of a new concept. Obviously strings had been used intermittently in jazz for several decades, but on a different basis. When Artie Shaw caused a sensation by launching a band in 1936 that included a few horns and a string quartet, the idea seemed revolutionary, but it was limited by the fact that the string players in question were not improvising jazz musicians. Their parts were confined largely to melody passages pleasingly harmonized, or backup to the solos.

The only string players who came to prominence in jazz were the violinists who worked alone. Although most had some classical training, they made their way into jazz through a gift for ablibbing. Joe Venuti, Eddie South and Stephane Grappelli were the pioneers, followed by Stuff Smith, Svend Asmussen, Ray Nance and a few others.

That, essentially, is how matters remained until the past decade, when a new breed of eclectic musicians emerged who had the capacity to bring together the classical, jazz and other disciplines nobody else had yet combined.

It could be argued that the Kronos Quartet, founded by David Harrington in 1973, was the original pioneering group, but their role was limited by the fact that they were all basically gifted classical artists, without any experience in extemporized performance. When their music called for improvisational jazz, an outsider was added: thus Jim Hall and other guests helped give this adventurous foursome the occasional jazz personality it sought.

Nevertheless, David Balakrishnan, the violinist who with fellow violinist Darol Anger and cellist Mark Summer cofounded the Turtle Island String Quartet, feels that Kronos deserves full credit for paving the way. "Back around 1984," he points out, "they were performing compositions by Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk. They were, in fact, the first string quartet to play jazz arrangements, which in turn made it easier for us to expand on the concept and stimulate people's awareness of the possibilities."

The Turtle Island phenomenon, no matter what the virtues of Kronos, was something else again. Here were four musicians who collectively could reflect the traditions of the classics, of bluegrass, jazz, folk, rock, world music — thanks in large measure to their talent for ad libbing.

"The kind of thing we have been doing," says Balakrishnan, "is no longer a fad or a novelty. More and more, you find musicians who are creating a new, wider world in which we have a common ground."

— Marvin Collins, Impact Visuels

David Balakrishnan Mark Summer Katrina Wreede Darol Anger

The TISQ may not have been the first to achieve this goal, but it unquestionably was the first to bring it to general public attention via records. Balakrishnan's arrangement of Dizzy Gillespie's *Night In Tunisia* earned a Grammy nomination after its appearance in the group's first, self-titled album (Windham Hill 0110).

"Around the same time," Balakrishnan recalls, "There was a group that called itself RES-Q, an acronym for Really Eclectic String Quartet. They used bass instead of cello. One of the violinists was Joel Smirnoff, who's now with the Juilliard String Quartet. Matt Glaser was the other violinist, and originally Mariam Rabson played viola.

"Matt Glaser and Darol Anger and I took part in an album called *Jazz Violin Celebration.* We did a concert together, and around that time Mark Summer moved to the Bay Area; he continued his clasical and chamber playing with the Oakland Symphony, the Oakland Ballet, the Almaden String Quartet and other groups.

"Before we heard Mark, we thought we might have to do some over-dubbing to get the sound we wanted. Mark had been playing with the Winnipeg Symphony; Darol met him at the Winnipeg Folk Festival in 1985. After his arrival on the West Coast, and given the willingness of Irene Sazer to switch from violin to viola, this in effect marked the birth of the TISQ."

Balakrishnan was raised in Los Angeles, but after college (a master's degree in composition from Antioch University West), he moved to the Bay Area, where he worked with the Dave Grisman Quartet, played some gigs with Stephane Grappelli, and became part of a legendary unit known as Saheeb, along with Darol Anger and Barbara Higbie. Throughout those years he concerned himself with every aspect of the music scene.

Darol Anger, studying at the University of California at Santa Cruz, immersed himself primarily in the active jazz and bluegrass worlds in Northern California. He was a key figure in the establishment of what came to be known as Dawg Music when, in 1975, he became a charter member of mandolinist Dave Grisman's Quartet. Anger had a series of album credits that included a solo outing entitled *Fiddlistics,* a duo set with Mike Marshall from the Grisman group, and *Tideline,* with Higbie, for Windham Hill in 1982. This last collaboration led to the numerous guest appearances with Suzanne Vega, Holly Near and Henry Kaiser.

Irene Sazer had years of classicial training before moving to the Bay Area. Armed with a degree from Peabody Conservatory, she talked about jazz with her teachers there but ran into considerable resistance. Sazer worked with the Baltimore and Oakland Symphony Orchestras.

Last year, when Sazer decided to go out on her own, she was replaced in September 1989 by Katrina Wreede, whose background was as varied as that of other members. A professional string quartet player since the age of 15, she played principal viola with the San Jose Civic Light Opera, was first chair in various new music groups, pit bands and symphonies, then became a key figure in the Bay Area Jazz Composers' Orchestra. Along the way she studied jazz harmony with Balakrishnan. A promising composer, she is represented in the quartet's new album by *Mr. Twitty's Chair.*

The name of the TISQ derived from an American Indian term for North America and is indicative of the group's desire to create a pan-idiomatic American image. How well they achieved this goal became apparent to me when I first heard them in person, at a community center in Los Angeles; they were out on a brief tour to follow up the success of their first album.

Balakrishnan's *Night In Tunisia* established their sensitivity in a straight jazz idiom; Darol Anger displayed the quartet's adaptability to Nashville roots in his composition *Grant Wood.* There was a touch of New Age in a salute to Ralph Towner of Oregon. With Mark Summer occasionally plucking the cello strings like a jazz bassist, the quartet attained a swinging intensity normally beyond the reach of a string ensemble.

Except for one number that employed a prerecorded percussion part, there was no rhythm section in the conventional sense, yet there was an innate rhythmic essence to Oliver Nelson's *Stolen Moments,* the funky *Street Stuff* by Anger, and Irene Saxer's arrangement of Lee Morgan's *The Sidewinder,* a 24 blues with Summer playing both arco and pizzicato solos while the other offered riffing support.

I remember wondering at the time whether the TISQ might be a little too subtle to make its mark in a noise-oriented society, but events since then have shown that this was not the case.

By the time I first heard the group, its second album (*Metropolis,* Windham Hill 0114) had just been released. Once again there was an innovative mixture of jazz classics adapted to the group's requirements and originals such as Balakrishnan's *Mr. Bumbles.* To hear two violins, a viola and a cello applying themselves to John Coltrane's *Naima,* Duke Pearons's *Jeannine* and Horace Silver's *Ecaroh* was an incredible experience; never had these compositions been reinterpreted with such ingenuity. One cut even employed a drummer, Steve Smith, in Bruce Williamson's *Four on the Floor.*

Al Balakrishnan has pointed out, in selecting material for the quartet, the musicians look for works involving characteristics that have something in common with the orthodox literature of the string quartet. He cited the harmonic relationship of *Naima* to Ravel and Debussy.

As a consequence of the publicity and acclaim that resulted from the impact of

— Marvin Collins, Impact Visuals

"The primary accomplishment of these groups is that they have enabled string instruments to pass into a free and exciting phase."

the albums, the TISQ found an unexpected reward during the past year in the form of a call to play the score for a motion picture, *A Shock To The System,* starring Michael Caine.

"It was surprising," said Darol Anger, "and an interesting challenge for us, because we didn't write the sound track ourselves. It was composed by a young guy named Gary Chang who was a fan of the group.

"It was quite an unusual score. Usually you expect to get a total of around 15 minutes of music, but we did about 40 minutes. In a sense we were off the hook, because we were reading someone else's music; but it turned out to be a great experience, as Gary really understood how the group works."

The quartet's latest album (*Skylife,* Windham Hill 0126), marks a substantial departure from the policy that governed its predecessors. With two exceptions, it consists of original works; the title number and one other by Balakrishnan, three by Anger, a collaboration by the two, the original by Katrina Wreede, and two works by Summer.

The question suggests itself: doesn't this choice of repertoire possibly present a problem, in that the familiarity of works by Gillespie et al offered the listener an opportunity to relate to the performances? The use almost exclusively of unfamiliar works my render the results somewhat less accessible.

Balakrishnan does not go along with this assumption. "In some ways," he says, "this music may be more rather than less accessible; the use of a body of original works represents a logical extension, an evolution for us and an experience the audiences will appreciate. We feel that in *Skylife* the energy and expressiveness that we can communicate in our live performances is very well represented, even though this was a studio recording. We were able to keep the structures and the harmonic language simpler and concentrate on developing a rhythmic intensity that will bring across the full emotional expressiveness of our music."

Anger agrees. "To me," he says, "the new album marks a valuable advancement in the evolution of the group's vocabulary."

The two non-originals in the album, however, are of particular interest. One is Balakrishnan's arrangement of Chick Corea's *Senior Mouse.* The other, which may well become the most talked about cut of them all, is an arrangement of *Crossroads,* a blues classic composed by Robert Johnson, who recorded it not long before he was murdered in the late 1930s.

The Turtle Island interpretation was inspired by the Cream recording (on *Wheels of Fire*). *Crossroads* has special meaning for Anger, who wrote the arrangement; he recalls that when he was 13, he sat in his room pretending to play guitar on a tennis racquet to this ancient blues.

Balakrishnan says that the predominance of original works in the new album does not connote any plan to move away from jazz standards. "There are so many other things we have in mind — for example, I'd love to do something with Wayne Shorter's *Nefertiti."*

The quartet has several other projects in the planning stages, among them a dance and music collaboration with choreographer Margaret Jenkins. Meanwhile, the four Turtle Islanders maintain a regular schedule. "We usually rehearse from three to five days a week," says Balakrishnan, "and we work as a unit three or four months a year. And, of course, we all have our other commitments individually."

In the wake of the Turtle Island's success, other groups patterned along similar lines have found it easier to establish themselves. The Uptown String Quartet, profiled in the August ***JazzTimes***, has worked on its own in addition to playing in conjunction with the Max Roach Quartet, (Roach's daughter Maxine is the Uptown's violist). The Greene String Quartet, two of whose members have superior jazz qualifications, has made a strong impression, as has the Black Swan Quartet, whose members include Abdul Wadud on cello and Reggie Workman on bass. In sum, the commotion stirred up by the TISQ has begun to show the makings of a full fledged trend.

Call it new acoustic music, or American vernacular music (a term favored by the TISQ members), or simply world music. The primary accomplishment of these groups is that they have enabled string instruments to pass into a fresh and exciting phase. At this new plateau, all classical values are retained while newly explored territory gives their creations an often spontaneous and always innovative significance. The term "with strings," which for too many years seemed to mean little more than a bunch of players sawing away at whole notes behind a saxophonist, will never be the same again.

JazzTimes

10/7/90 JAZZ

'Mo Blues' and Hard Bop From Branford Marsalis

★★★
BRANFORD MARSALIS ET AL.
"Music From 'Mo' Better Blues' "
Columbia

This album by the Marsalis quintet, with Terrence Blanchard in the trumpet role played in the film by actor Denzel Washington, is an amalgam of hard bop, R&B and other diversions and will appeal mainly to those who have seen the film. The title cut, and the ballad "Again Never," both composed by Spike Lee's father, Bill Lee, stand

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out. There are two versions of W.C. Handy's antique "Harlem Blues," updated and sung by Cynda Williams, the actress/vocalist who performed the songs on screen. Caveat: fast forward through "Pop Top 40," an out-of-context pseudo-pop affair, and "Jazz Thing," a simplistic pocket history of jazz in rap form. —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★
ANDRÉ PREVIN
"Uptown"
Telarc

Previn edges even closer to prissy territory on this album, but he is in fine form in this, his second comeback-to-jazz celebration. Bassist Ray Brown is on hand again, and this time the guitarist is the long-respected Mundell Lowe. The subject matter helps: six Harold Arlen songs, seven Ellingtons, and one Duke-associated pop tune, "Five o'Clock Whistle." Previn nudges his way obliquely into a sensitive "Come Rain or Come Shine," and achieves a spiritual beauty on "Come Sunday." Except for the slightly hasty "It Don't Mean a Thing," everything swings with the utmost ease. —L.F.

★★★★
TERRY GIBBS DREAM BAND
"Volume Four: Main Stem"
Contemporary

This Gibbs CD is surely the livest live session on record. Here are 17 men and a woman (pianist Pat Moran) who think as one, captured with brilliant sound (by the late engineer Wally Heider) at the Summit, the Hollywood nightspot that now houses the Club Lingerie. The leader's vibes are ingeniously woven into the arrangements by Bill Holman, Shorty Rogers and Al Cohn along with booting contributions by such soloists as trombonist Frank Rosolino, reedmen Joe Maini and Richie Kamuca and drummer Mel Lewis, all sadly no longer around, as well as by trumpeter Conte Candoli and saxman Bill Perkins, who are still vitally among us. —L.F.

★★½
CYBILL SHEPHERD
"Vanilla"
Gold Castle

At her best, actress/singer Shepherd has revealed a genuine talent with a jazz sensitivity; however, this reissue of a date made in 1979, after she had returned home to Memphis, is weighted down by a ragged band—Fred Ford and his Beale Street Orchestra. Except for the inane title tune, most of the songs are jazz/pop standards. Still, there is a rare value here in the person of the late Phineas Newborn, a jazz piano giant, and his rhythm section—his brother Calvin (guitar), Jamil Nasser (bass) and Bill Tyus (drums). Shepherd is in good voice on "My Ship"—where Newborn has the first chorus to himself and where the band is too subdued to be disconcerting. Questions: Whatever became of that fine album she made backed by Stan Getz? Why doesn't she return now to the studios, to make the superior jazz session of which she is capable? —L.F.

Michael Brecker: everything from mainstream jazz to world music

KEN LUBAS / Los Angeles Times
Terry Gibbs: a dreamy Dream Band session.

★★★½
VINCENT HERRING
"American Experience"
Music Masters

Herring, now 25, taped these sessions in 1986 and 1989 with two different but equally compatible hard bop groups. Heard recently in Nat Adderley's quintet, he has emerged as one of the most passionate new voices on alto and soprano saxophones. He is represented as a composer along with Charles Lloyd, Horace Silver and his pianist Bruce Barth. The earlier cuts, made when he was only 21, reveal that he had already reached a rare plateau of maturity. Herring has come a long way from the streets of Manhattan, where he was playing outdoors as recently as 1984. —L.F.

Sun Ra

Stephane Grappelli

Jazz triumphs, and embarrassments, caught from Lester Bowie to Mr. Ra

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz music lovers will find the following videos ready for distribution:

• **THE LEADERS: "Jazz In Paris 1988," Rhapsody Films.** The players, all in their 40s and 50s, play what their trumpeter Lester Bowie says is "not jazz, not blues . . . let's call it schizo music." The first piece is a long vamp leading to a mysterious, edgy, minimalist melody. Pianist Kirk Lightsey, in a pleasant interlude, introduces his colleagues while lauding them to the skies. A fast, furious avant-bop tune finds Chico Freeman's tenor in passionate form, Arthur Blythe super-intense on alto, bassist Cecil McBee soloing with abandon and drummer Don Moye providing energy-driven backup. There are backstage scenes with the musicians, mainly Bowie, expounding their theories: Elvis and the Beatles are black music, European classical music has black roots. The finale is a very basic, non-schizo blues. ★★★

• **SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA: "Mystery, Mr. Ra," Rhapsody Films.** The true mystery of Mr. Ra is that he has been taken seriously by a cult following of reputable critics. His percussion-obsessed "Myth Science Arkestra" is heard off and on, but the center of attention is Ra, a bulbous man in flowing multicolored robes who tells us, "I am Ra, the living simplicity of an angel visiting planet Earth." He is aided by a narrator, who speaks French, but understanding French doesn't help. Ra plays cocktail piano behind a horrendously inept saxophonist; later another sax player lies on the floor and plays while kicking up his heels. Meanwhile, Ra's simplistic rap cliches, passed off as profundities, lead to a warning that nuclear war may be imminent; but if we listen to his music, the human race will be saved. Yes, and if you believe that, he has this bridge he wants you to buy. ★

• **EDDIE JEFFERSON with RICHIE COLE: "Live from the Jazz Showcase," Rhapsody Films.** Jefferson, though a nondescript singer technically, was the pioneer of vocalese—setting complex lyrics to recorded jazz solos—long before Jon Hendricks and others made it fashionable. His most famous work, "Moody's Mood For Love," is included, along with masterful vocalizations of Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul" and several be-bop standards. Richie Cole's alto sax doesn't quite catch fire, but his solos are agreeable interludes. Two days after this 1979 Chicago club date, Jefferson was shot dead on a Detroit street. To this day, no one knows why. ★★★½

• **BEN WEBSTER IN EUROPE: "Big Ben," Rhapsody Films.** The only fault here is brevity. Johan van der Leuken, who made this black-and-white film in Amsterdam, tried to compress into 31 minutes the life and times of the expatriate tenor sax giant (1909-73). In addition to poignant moments of Webster playing "My Romance" and other standards, this odd montage shows him playing along with a Fats Waller record, talking to his Dutch landlady ("She's like a second mother to me"), reminiscing about Duke Ellington's band ("You never get it out of your system"), shooting pool, visiting the zoo. Here is a masterful example of filmmaking that truly penetrates the heart of this big, sad, lonely bachelor. ★★★★

• **MOSCOW SAX QUINTET: "The Jazznost Tour," View Video.** The Soviet Union has produced some gifted and original jazz groups, but the Moscow Sax Quintet, taped during a U.S. tour, is not one of them. At its best, this is a fair attempt to emulate Supersax ("Yardbird Suite," "Parker's Mood," "Donna Lee"), but the nadir is reached with "I Got Rhythm" (they sing the melody!), "In the Mood" a la Glenn Miller, and the ever-abominable "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Vocalist Lybov Zazulina gives her impression of Ella Fitzgerald. Sax solos at the U.S. high school level. An a cappella arrangement of Fats Waller's "Smashing Thirds," with flutes and clarinets replacing saxes, shows that the capacity for innovation does exist in this ill-focused unit. ★★

Lee Konitz

• **STEPHANE GRAPPELLI: "Live in San Francisco 1985," Rhapsody Films.** You might call this the Quartet of the Hot Club of France (the violinist), England and Scotland (the guitarists) and Holland (the bassist). They blend impeccably as the French genius applies his unique legato swing to old Django Reinhardt collaborations, jazz standards, even Stevie Wonder and the Beatles. Oddly, his piano playing, heard in two tunes, is unswinging and almost Jonathan Edwards-like in its floridity. The finale is a grand jam with mandolinist David Grisman and three of his sidemen. ★★★

• **LEE KONITZ: "Portrait of an Artist as Saxophonist," Rhapsody Films.** This feature-length (83 minutes) color documentary offers a well-rounded picture of the alto saxophonist, who is best known as a product of the Lennie Tristano cool school. Seen in various settings in Montreal—teaching students, playing duets with the sympathetic pianist Harold Danko, transposing a Louis Armstrong solo to his horn, rehearsing, listening to a Stuff Smith record—he comes across as a witty and dedicated artist. A surprise highlight is his scat-vocal unison duet with Danko. ★★★★

Videos are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to five (a classic).

11-hour PBS series on Civil War available from Time-Life Video

ALEXANDRIA, Va.—Time-Life Video, a division of Time-Life Books Inc., headquartered in Alexandria, announced it will offer videocassettes of the 11-hour PBS series, "The Civil War," which began airing nationwide last Sunday.

"The Civil War" Video Collection, available to consumers exclusively from Time-Life Video, can be ordered for $24.99 per cassette, plus shipping and handling. The series is not available through video stores or other mail order channels.

For more information, or to order, write Reader Information, Time-Life Customer Service, P.O. Box C-32068, Richmond, Va. 23261-2068.

Produced and directed by the award-winning filmmaker Ken Burns, "The Civil War" was five years in the making, with over 16,000 photographs from 160 different collections, battlesite cinematography and newsreel footage from Civil War veterans.

90

10/5

'Listen Up': A Vivid Life of Quincy Jones

By LEONARD FEATHER

Unquestionably, Quincy Jones is a logical subject for a documentary. Compared to his rise from trumpet player to composer, arranger, bandleader, record company executive, movie score composer, megahit record-maker, film producer and multimedia conglomerate, Horatio Alger's heroes were underachievers.

"Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" attempts—in 111 minutes—to chronicle this saga, but even this is part of a multiple sales pitch: You've seen the movie, now buy the book; you've read the book, now purchase the soundtrack.

Directed by Ellen Weissbrod, "Listen Up" is rich in anecdotal nostalgia, heavy in its parade of celebrities, poignant in its examination of the pain, cost and humiliation of racism. Before he was able to climb up to the gold and platinum rungs on the ladder of success, establishing Michael Jackson on record as the first global black hero, Jones paid many dues. He was jailed at 14 simply for being black, thrown off the band bus at 16 by Mrs. Lionel Hampton because she thought he was too talented too soon, stranded in Europe at 27 for believing in an orchestra he led and refused to abandon, victim in the 1970s of two almost-fatal brain aneurysms.

It is a fascinating story with a million details, and this is the principal problem. The kaleidoscopic treatment involves not hundreds but perhaps a thousand fragments, most of them from one to 10 seconds long. The camera never rests; the viewer has no chance to breathe. Statements are abandoned in mid-sentence; songs are left unfinished.

Yes, we do see Ella Fitzgerald, Lionel Hampton, Clark Terry, Dizzy Gillespie, Ray Charles, Frank Sinatra, Sarah Vaughan, Miles Davis, Alex Haley, Jesse Jackson, Sidney Lumet and others, but most are on screen briefly before the continuity breaks off again.

Only a handful among the dozens of speakers voice more than a few passing thoughts: Clark Terry, who tells us Quincy was a great trumpeter; Billy Eckstine, who says he was a terrible trumpet player but has other amusing and cogent comments; and best of all, Jolie Jones, Quincy's eldest daughter, whose honesty and eloquence almost steal the picture.

The three failed Jones marriages are dealt with very briefly, one in a short voice-over, two in on-camera flashes, but just as Quincy has said of his own father—"He was a real sad dude with women"—Jolie Jones sums it all up: "My father was a lady's man."

The chronology is erratic. We see Michael Jackson, a figure of the 1980s, before Lesley Gore, whose hit record produced by Jones was his first passport to fame—in 1963. We get a glimpse of Langston Hughes (where? when?), but he is not identified.

The memorable tour of the Middle East with a band Jones assembled for Dizzy Gillespie in 1956, which could have made an entire documentary in itself, is glossed over in 90 seconds. Only in a closing scene, where Jones was celebrating his 57th birthday last March, surrounded by children and grandchildren, is there a real sense of timing and relaxation.

The producer has seen fit to punctuate "Listen Up" with doggerel (a.k.a. rap) recited by Melle Mel, Flavor Flav and others, no doubt in an attempt to win the young audience. That this was done at the expense of more archival material, longer and more detailed examination of Jones' career, is the film's second-greatest flaw. It is an exact parallel to the 1989 Jones album "Back on the Block," which attempted to give us too much of everything and offered not enough of anything.

Nevertheless, for its moments of truth and insight, "Listen Up" is a valuable document that deals, sometimes more wildly than wisely, with a most extraordinary life.

Susannah McCorkle appeals to cabaret listeners and jazz fans.

11/1/90

JAZZ REVIEW

McCorkle: Seamless Panache

There may be more than one living singer who can bring together the songs of Irving Berlin, Bessie Smith, Zoot Sims, Dave Frishberg, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Cole Porter, but none is likely to do so with the seamlessly logical panache that Susannah McCorkle brought to them during her opening show Tuesday at Catalina Bar and Grill in Hollywood.

McCorkle interprets every lyric as if she had written it herself—which, in several instances, she did. Unhappy with the original English version of "Manha Dae Carnavale," once known here as "A Day in the Life of a Fool," she introduced her own far superior lyric, "Sunrise." Another of her several Brazilian songs was Jobim's "Living in a Dream," sung bilingually, again using her own words for the English version. Her Portuguese is better than Astrud Gilberto's English.

Concept, content and consummation are flawlessly interwoven, whether the vehicle is an old Billie Holiday ballad or a witty feminist tract such as "The Ballad of Pearlie Sue" (words and music by Gerry Mulligan).

An intelligent vocal artist requires a backup group to match. McCorkle has it in the fine pianist Lee Musiker, the sensitive drummer Sherman Ferguson and the fluent bassist Dave Carpenter. But it is Susannah McCorkle's enviable blend of musicality and wit, coupled with her diversity of repertoire that should make Catalina's a mandatory stop for every other singer within a 50-mile radius. She closes Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

10/13

JAZZ REVIEW

Bop Veteran Red Rodney at Catalina's

Red Rodney, currently leading a quintet at Catalina's, is a creator and an innovator in a world presently populated by younger musicians who, not having enjoyed his wealth of experience, are busy researching and trying to re-create.

Rodney has this advantage because his credentials go all the way back to his celebrated stint with Charlie Parker; he was portrayed (and played on the sound track) in the movie "Bird," whose director, Clint Eastwood, was in the audience cheering him on at his opening Tuesday.

The bop idiom in which Rodney was a vital participant never seems to go stale when it is presented with the confidence and continuous sense of invention this 63-year-old survivor brings to it. Whether on trumpet or fluegelhorn, he reveals in every solo an innate understanding of this demanding form.

His repertoire today is a healthy blend of early bop standards such as "Little Willie Leaps" (Miles Davis, 1947) to a recent piece by Rodney's ex-pianist Garry Dial, "In Case of Fire," and a work dedicated to him, "Red Snapper," written by fellow trumpeter Bobby Shew.

He is aided immensely by the presence of a startling new talent. Chris Potter plays tenor sax, soprano sax and alto sax in a style as assured and intuitive as anyone can be at age 19. For his solo specialty he played none of the above; replacing Frank Strazzeri at the piano, he offered a version of "Everything Happens to Me" that was understated and unconventional but never unimaginative. It seems safe to predict that by 2000, when Potter will be 29, he will be a major force in jazz.

With Strazzeri, bassist Jimmy Hoff and drummer Paul Kreibich as his supporters, Rodney was in sensitive rhythmic company. These men clearly share his understanding of a music out of which many giants emerged but too many are now long gone.

The quintet closes Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

10-14-90

Melba Liston: Tribute to Jazz Pioneer

By LEONARD FEATHER

Melba Liston is smiling.

That she can summon the resources to smile is a near-miracle, given the story of her roller-coaster life in music.

Sitting in a wheelchair at the Los Angeles home she shares with her octogenarian mother and an aunt, Liston is surrounded by mementoes: photos with Quincy Jones, in whose band she toured Europe in 1960; with a group of fellow trombonists at Birdland in 1955; with Cole Porter, with ex-New York Mayor Edward Koch, with Dizzy Gillespie.

She has neither played trombone nor written any music since a stroke five years ago. This afternoon, at the Proud Bird Ballroom on Aviation Boulevard in Los Angeles, a tribute to the Kansas City-born composer will bring together dozens of her admiring friends: Lorez Alexandria, Clora Bryant, Buddy Collette, John Collins, The Cunninghams, Teddy Edwards, Sandy Graham, Harold Land, O.C. Smith, Horace Tapscott, Cedar Walton, and her closest collaborator, the pianist Randy Weston.

This super-session will provide funds that should give her a chance to renew, with the help of computers, her interrupted composing career, and even buy a new trombone. Her horn was stolen before she left New York and moved back last January to Los Angeles, where she lived for 20 years from the age of 11.

Melba Liston is one of a kind. She became the first woman to break into the all-male horn sections of name bands—Gerald Wilson, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie—while building a name as a brilliant composer/arranger. But the dues were heavy: in 1950, tired of the paucity of opportunities for women, she took a job with the board of education and, except for weekend gigs and some movie-extra work, did nothing else for four years. Then Gillespie, in whose band she had played a few years earlier, brought her out of retirement to join the historic first-ever U.S. State Department-sponsored jazz tour.

"That was an amazing experience," she recalls. "We were in Iran, Pakistan, Lebanon, Syria, Turkey, Greece—in some of those places they were used to just seeing women behind a veil, so here I'd step out front in this fancy evening gown while the band backed me in my arrangement of Grieg's 'Anitra's Dance,' which I called 'Annie's Dance,' or Debussy's 'Reverie,' and they were kind of surprised.

"I only got into trouble once—I went out one day to go bike riding, wearing pedal-pushers, and some women teamed up behind me and made me go back to the hotel and put on a dress."

Quincy Jones, Phil Woods, Ernie Wilkins and Benny Golson were in that band, which quelled anti-American demonstrations wherever it went. Later there was a Latin American tour. "The people there were much richer. On the way from the airport we'd hear boos, but when we got into town and met with students who knew us, everything was fine."

In 1958 she recorded her first album as a leader, "Melba Liston and Her Bones," for MGM (not yet reissued on CD), flanked by six other trombonists. Then came an offer from Quincy Jones to act as musical director for his orchestra in "Free and Easy," set to open in Amsterdam and tour the continent. The band members had speaking roles on stage and were dressed in colorful 1880s costumes.

LORI SHEPLER / Los Angeles Times

Melba Liston has survived a roller-coaster life in music.

"It was a big hassle for Quincy, because the show flopped and fell apart. He kept the band together in Europe at his own expense for almost a year after that; it was rough for him but we sure had a ball over there."

The 1960s found Liston floating in and out of jazz. As befalls many composers, she took whatever job came along, whether it meant writing a chart for Eddie Fisher or free-lancing at Motown, where her work might be used by anyone from Marvin Gaye to the Supremes. But there was the occasional prestigious gig, too: arranging for the Buffalo Symphony, co-leading a band with trumpeter Clark Terry or scoring an album

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10/18

JAZZ REVIEW

Bellson Leads All-Star Quintet

Because most of Louie Bellson's Los Angeles appearances are made at the helm of a full orchestra, his six-day stand this week at Catalina Bar & Grill in Hollywood is something special, with the virtuosic drummer leading an all-star quintet.

For his front line he wisely chose Pete Christlieb, whose tenor saxophone has been a vocal point of the larger Bellson groups since 1967, and trumpeter Conte Candoli, who like Christlieb is moonlighting from the "Tonight Show."

Their opener was the old Charlie Parker riff "Now's the Time," not the most demanding of themes, but a good enough point of departure for some brisk blues blowing by all hands.

It was an opportunity to appreciate Bellson's rhythm section partners: Andy Simpkins, a bass player with phenomenal technique and ideas to spare, and Frank Strazzeri, one of the most dependable of the Southland's bop-based pianists.

A muted Candoli tackled "Darn That Dream" with appropriate delicacy, after which all five men dealt with the demanding tempo of "Shaw Nuff," a tune that virtually launched the be-bop era. Christlieb and Candoli met the challenge of the speedway pace, limning the tricky melody as if joined at the chops. Bellson used this as his own showcase in a fiery finale to the set, which he dedicated to the memory of Art Blakey.

—LEONARD FEATHER

97

Music in Vernacular by Turtle Island Quartet

■ **Jazz:** The no-borders, all-music string quartet plays tonight at Royce Hall.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Violinist Darol Anger: the new music "was quite a challenge."

Mark Summer occasionally plucks his cello like a jazz player.

Some call it new acoustic music; others refer to it as world music. The Turtle Island String Quartet, to whom these and other phrases have been applied, prefers the term vernacular music.

Call it what you may, this group, which performs tonight at Royce Hall, has been the catalyst for an unprecedented category: The no-borders, all-music string quartet. These four musicians—violinists David Balakrishnan and Darol Anger, violist Katrina Weede, and cellist Mark Summer—collectively can claim experience in classical music, jazz, bluegrass, folk, new age, rock and pop.

"We weren't the first string quartet to play jazz works," says Balakrishnan. "Six years ago the Kronos Quartet played tunes by Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk." But, he could have added, when improvisation was called for, the Kronos had to bring in outsiders like Jim Hall and Eddie Gomez or Ron Carter to provide an ad lib touch. The Turtle Island Quartet, on the other hand, comprises four built-in improvising musicians.

It was the quartet's approach to jazz standards that earned a Grammy nomination for Balakrishnan, in the instrumental arrangement category, for his chart on "A Night in Tunisia," in the quartet's first album for Windham Hall Records. Jazz standards also dominated the second set, "Metropolis."

These successes emboldened the group to step into even more unfamiliar territory. Last year they performed the score of a Michael Caine movie, "A Shock to the System." As Darol Anger says: "This was quite a challenge, as it was all new music, written by a fan of ours named Gary Chang."

The latest album, "Skylife," is largely an in-house creation, with six originals by Balakrishnan and/or Anger, one by Weede, and two works by Summer.

"We've found that people are really responding to the fresh material just as they did to the familiar jazz standards," says Balakrishnan. "We'll be playing several of them at Royce Hall."

The success of the Turtle Island Quartet (its name was taken from an American Indian term for North America) has paved the way for other such units: The Greene String Quartet, the Uptown String Quartet (with Max Roach's daughter Maxine Roach on viola), and the Black Swan Quartet, which includes a bassist. The readers' poll in Jazz Times Magazine this year instituted a category for string groups, something that would have been impossible a few years ago. (Turtle Island won, while the Uptown Quartet came first in the "Emerging Talent" sub-category.)

A year ago the first personnel change took place in Turtle Island: Irene Sazer, who had switched from violin to viola in order to give the group an orthodox string quartet instrumentation, decided to strike out on her own and was replaced by a full-time violist, Katrina Weede.

"I quit the symphony business three years ago," says Weede. "It just wasn't doing anything for me, and I decided that jazz would. I already knew Mark Summer and Irene, and I started taking lessons with Dave. I got into a scene where everyone was doing this; I needed to find a true creative outlet."

Weede was born in Michigan but raised in Los Angeles. She studied at Cal State Northridge and played for seven years in the American Youth Symphony. "We used to perform a lot at Royce Hall, and I would fantasize about being a soloist and walking out on that stage. David felt the same way, 'cause he went to school at UCLA; so our dreams have been realized."

Since "jazz violist" is virtually an oxymoron, Weede has turned to other instruments for her sources of inspiration. "My hero this week is Sonny Rollins. It changes from week to week. I spent a long time transcribing Lester Young solos off the records, and I've just started working on some Coleman Hawkins stuff."

Weede has graduated into writing for the group; her "Mr. Twitty's Chair" was a highlight of the recent album. She has since made an arrangement of Horace Silver's "Calcutta Cutie."

Although Mark Summer occasionally plucks his cello in the manner of a jazz bass player, the quartet has functioned without a conventional rhythm section. This situation, however, will soon change. "We're going to collaborate with Billy Taylor," said Balakrishnan, "playing his 'Homage,' a 30-minute suite, with Billy on piano as well as his bass player and drummer."

From New York, Taylor elaborated: "It's in three movements, dedicated to the memory of four great string players I worked with: the violinists Eddie South and Stuff Smith, and the bassists Oscar Pettiford and Slam Stewart.

"I originally composed it for the Juilliard Quartet, and I'll be premiering it with them in January; but later it will be performed with the Turtle Island Quartet in Massachusetts and San Francisco. I've already rehearsed with them and they are just extraordinary musicians."

"This is a new experience for us," says Balakrishnan. "After rehearsing with Billy's trio I realized how great it would be to do some more work with a jazz rhythm section."

Meanwhile, without rhythm attached, the Turtle Islanders continue to make their own contribution to history by demonstrating that the phrase "with strings," finally has a new, positive meaning and a durable future.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 11/3

Jazz Reviews

Brazil's Sonia Santos a Sensation at La Ve Lee

La Ve Lee, the Studio City hideaway that counters its Mediterranean cuisine with a Brazilian musical menu, has come up with another of its periodic discoveries in the sensational person of Sonia Santos.

This dynamo from Rio, a striking Afro-Brazilian woman in a zebra gown, arrived with a long list of credits as a singer, actress and composer. Though hemmed in by the tiny area open to her, she remained constantly in motion—arms, torso, flashing eyes—as the trio of keyboard virtuoso Antonio Adolfo furnished an infectious background, with drummer Aziz Bucater driving home every accent of the often complex rhythms while Antonio Santana devised intricate patterns on a fretless bass.

A theatrical performer (she was in the show "Oba Oba"), Santos communicated a rare sense of *felicidade* without over-dramatizing. A couple of the tunes such as "Mas Que Nada" stemmed from the early wave of Brazilian sounds; others seem to be of more recent origin. At the first show Thursday only one song, "Ela," was partly in English, as were her announcements; everything else was strictly Portuguese.

The trio played an opening set that included some of Adolfo's works from his recent album. "Hillside Train" was a spirited piece in the long tradition of locomotive music, but retaining the African undertow. "Juliana" established a consistently contagious beat, with jazz-inflected solo work on the leader's electric keyboard.

Santos and Adolfo will remain in the room Thursdays through Saturdays for an indefinite run.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 10/19

Drummer Pays Homage to Buddy Rich

The Wednesday night session at downtown Los Angeles' Grand Avenue Bar offered a 15-piece band led by a drummer, Paolo Nonnis, in what was billed as a tribute to Buddy Rich.

Always a superdrummer, Rich was better known for his personal virtuosity and his small group triumphs than for his orchestra. He was a colorful leader with a colorless band. The Nonnis ensemble, which includes five Rich alumni, was no more distinctive. In fact, "The Three Faces of Eve" had nothing on this band, which changed personality with every tune.

As a unit, it is first rate; lead trumpeter Bob Clark carries a brilliant brass section, the charts are read well and there are at least two soloists of value in trombonist Alan Kaplan and tenor saxophonist Hal Melia.

Most of history's great bands—Ellington, Akiyoshi, Gerald Wilson—have depended on the penmanship of just one or two writers to establish a unified personality. Rich never had this; Nonnis' references to "classics" from the Rich book were ironic, since aside from the "West Side Story" medley Rich's band left few if any memorable works.

This leader drives his men well. To assert that Paolo Nonnis is no Buddy Rich would be like claiming that Paul Conrad is no Picasso. The bases touched included Latin ("Samba de Rollins"), blues (a revamped version of Count Basie's "One O'Clock Jump") and occasionally a number that cooked without reference to other sources ("Just in Time"). Too often, though, one was tempted to think "Seems to Me I've Heard That Riff Before."

Ghost bands per se are a problem. A band playing homage to a leader who played drums and could neither read nor write music is doubly dubious. It might be as well for this ambitious and talented artist to find a Paolo Nonnis style, rather than use a departed giant as a crutch. —LEONARD FEATHER

LEONARD FEATHER

The mallet summit brought together Terry Gibbs, from left, Lionel Hampton, Gary Burton and Red Norvo.

JAZZ REVIEW

For Hampton, Norvo, Their Ship Has Come In

■ Two other masters of the vibraphone help deliver good vibes at a jam session aboard an ocean liner.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Musical battles, in which horn players trade improvised ideas, have long been a tradition in jazz, but none was ever comparable to one that took place last weekend. The occasion was the eighth annual Jazz Festival aboard a liner, cruising between Miami and the West Indies. The event was a vibraphonists' summit meeting.

Of all the instruments in the family of music, only the vibraphone is the virtually exclusive property of jazz. Moreover, of the few giants the mallet family has produced, all are still living. This too is true of no other instrument.

To have four of the most influential vibes stars together under one roof, or, rather, on one deck, set an extraordinary precedent. Even Red Norvo, the legendary and universally respected pioneer who played with Benny Goodman, who launched the entire mallet movement with a series of classic recordings, was on hand, but officially just as an honored guest. A stroke he suffered a few years ago put an end to his playing career, which had also been impeded by severe hearing problems, and, early this year, a fractured hip that all but immobilized him.

Meanwhile, previous Goodman sideman Lionel Hampton had

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jazz artists hired for the floating festival and put together a big band, several of whose members were on board as leaders in their own right (trumpeter Jon Faddis, trombonist Al Grey, pianist Kenny Barron).

Hampton and Norvo, born within weeks of one another in 1908, were the only mallet masters of the swing era. Then came be-bop and the arrival of two young virtuosi, Terry Gibbs and Milt Jackson. Jackson was not there, but Gibbs (yet another Goodman alumnus) showed up on the Norway, with a quintet co-led by the clarinetist Buddy De Franco. Their collaborations suggested a bop counterpart of the Goodman small units, but with a fresh, vigorous level of energy and excitement.

A third generation of vibes was represented by Gary Burton. Still in his 30s, active for many years as a teacher at Berklee College in Boston, Burton took the instrument a step farther with his subtle use of four mallets, intricate harmonies and adventurous compositions.

Burton appeared several times with his own quintet, but to climax the week a "Vibraphone Spectacular" was mounted, for which three sets of vibes were ranged across the stage. After Burton and Gibbs had each contributed a solo, they pooled their talents for a no-holds-barred duel on "Night in Tunisia." Next came a blues battle on Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time," during which Gibbs' versatile young pianist, John Campbell, picked up a pair of mallets and added his own good vibrations.

Then came the moment that would prove to be the dramatic climax of the show. "We have a very great artist in our midst," said Gibbs. "Although he had a stroke and hasn't been playing, his right hand is still good, and we'd be honored if Red Norvo would join us."

Easing himself out of his wheelchair, the paterfamilias of the mallet family used a cane to work his way to the center vibraphone. Flanked by Gibbs and Burton, he picked up two mallets and swung gently into "When You're Smiling."

As he reached the last chorus, Gibbs and Burton galvanized the group with rhythmic punctuations for a finale that brought the crowd to its feet. Norvo, seemingly overcome with emotion, was on the verge of tears.

This was not the end of the show. Lionel Hampton followed with a routine of joke cracking, vibes playing and jamming, but nothing, it seemed, could follow the return to the public eye of a much-loved pioneer who had not faced an audience since 1986.

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11/4/90

JAZZ

Benson, Mathis Pay Tribute to Count Basie, Ellington

★★★
GEORGE BENSON

"Big Boss Band"
Warner Bros.

Had it not been for commercial considerations, this collaboration with the Count Basie Orchestra could have been at least a four-star venture. As it is, almost every cut involves Benson's latter-day Johnny Mathis vocals. Some of Frank Foster's charts for the band are splendid, and a couple of Benson's scatting-with-guitar forays work well. Two cuts are not even by the Basie band at all; one is a funk blues studio group, the other a Robert Farnon string ensemble.

—LEONARD FEATHER

George Benson . . . turns in latter-day Mathis-like vocals.

★★★★
BENN CLATWORTHY

"Thanks Horace"
Discovery

The London-born Los Angeles-based tenor player makes an imposing debut with his quartet. His melodies (he wrote five for this session) seem to move in all the right directions, and the two composed by his brilliant young pianist, Cecilia Coleman ("Alma," "Woody"), are no less valuable in this alternately soothing and burning collection. Fine backup work is provided by bassist Dave Carpenter and drummer Kendall Kay. West Coast jazz acquires an invigorating new coloration with this admirable group. —L.F.

ALBUM REVIEWS

★★★½
JOHNNY MATHIS

"In a Sentimental Mood"
Columbia

Will this fall between the cracks? There is no rock or rap or fusion, not even much jazz, yet on its own terms Mathis' tribute to Duke Ellington succeeds. Recording in a church in England using two orchestras, one with strings and one regular big band, Mathis captures the essence of the songs whether in ballad vein or swinging, as he does on "What Am I Here For?" and others. Bill Berry's trumpet and the baritone sax of Ronnie Ross provide the best of the jazz moments. There is a long orchestral overture, and although he is heard on 13 numbers, Mathis steps back while five songs (including "Caravan" and "Perdido") are performed as instrumentals (mainly as piano solos by Fred Hersch that fade out somewhat pointlessly). On balance this is a well-crafted attempt to reach the classic-pop audience. —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW

11/10

Chiarenza Returns to First Love

Charlie Chiarenza, best known as the boniface who ran Alfonse's for almost five years, has returned to his first love—playing jazz guitar. He opened Thursday for a short run (through tonight) at the Silver Screen Room of the Hyatt on Sunset.

If he is out of practice, there were few signs of it as he wove his fluent way through "Wave," "Just Friends" and other standards. His sound is relaxed, his harmonic ear keen.

Chiarenza lays no claim to Joe Pass-like perfection, but he provides an eloquent lead voice for this unusual trio. The most intriguing aspect of the group is the presence of Frank Marocco. "Jazz Accordion" sounds like a contradiction in terms, yet Marocco brings to this unwieldy instrument all the requisite values. The single note lines of his solos are equivalent to those of a typical bop pianist. He is no less adept in his use of chords to back up Chiarenza's choruses, or to establish the melody on "Sophisticated Lady."

Marocco even does double duty, providing a lively ongoing bass line. He has few competitors in this realm and may well consider himself the monarch in a very small kingdom.

Completing this unpretentiously agreeable unit is the dependable drummer Nick Martinis, who established an easy going bossa beat on "Change Partners."

Much as one misses the great nights at Alfonse's, it is good to welcome Chiarenza back on the scene in a role he had all but abandoned.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★★ 11/11
MADELINE EASTMAN

"Point of Departure"
Mad Kat

All the elements fall into place on what should become a classic: singer, repertoire and back-up band—a quartet with Tom Harrell (trumpet) and Mike Wofford (piano). Eastman deals sensitively with the Brazilian "Little Boat," scats (and adds her own lyrics) to Joe Henderson's "Inner Urge," overdubs herself on Bobby Hutcherson's "Little B's Poem" and revives a poignant Billie Holiday vehicle, "No More." On "I Only Have Eyes for You," she plays witty games with tempo, meter and phrasing—at one point turning it into Charlie Parker's "Scrapple From the Apple"—and closes with "Calling You," the lovely theme from the film "Bagdad Cafe." If you can't find this gem, try the label: Box 253, San Francisco 94101-9991.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★ 11/11
JON HENDRICKS

"Freddie Freeloader"
Denon

Guest artists abound on this session. George Benson is in splendid virtuosic form, singing Hendricks' words to what was originally a Cannonball Adderley sax solo on the title cut from Miles Davis' classic "Kind of Blue" date. On the same track, Bobby McFerrin sings the Wynton Kelly piano solo, Al Jarreau handles lyrics to Miles' solo and Hendricks himself tackles the John Coltrane passage. Hendricks' vocals with the Count Basie band on "Fas' Living Blues" and "The Finer Things in Life" are delightful. Wynton Marsalis has solos on two cuts and Manhattan Transfer, aided by multiple overdubbing, is gloriously effective on "High As a Mountain," based on Miles Davis-Gil Evans' "Song Number Two." Few weak numbers here, showing Hendricks remains the supreme master of vocalese.

—L.F.

95

Life with Feather...

The jazz cruise news

by Leonard Feather

At this writing, I am just back from a jazz cruise aboard the Regent Sea, from Vancouver to Los Angeles with a stop in Victoria. A few weeks from now, I expect to be where I have been every October since 1984, on the Norway, from Miami to the West Indies.

On the West Coast jaunt, which has taken place annually since 1986 and runs from Sunday through Friday, I was active as producer and emcee of the show. On the Miami cruise, which lasts a week, I am a passenger; Hank O'Neal and Shelly Shier are the producers.

The jazz cruise has become a large-scale phenomenon over the years. It began in 1974, when one or two such events were staged every year, out of New York, on the Rotterdam. This lasted until 1979. Today, in addition to the Norway and Regent Sea sailings, there are regular weekly jazz happenings from April through October on a smaller scale (usually just one trio or quartet) on the Royal Viking Star from New York to Bermuda. There have also been longer cruises, also with one name group or singer on the Royal Viking Sea, heading for Alaska from Vancouver.

Jazz cruises are now an international business. Next spring, producer Ron Ringwood will present his fifth annual International Festival, with some 50 artists from around Europe, as well as several American musicians (Buster Cooper, Herb Ellis, Red Mitchell, Clark Terry, Claude Williamson) sailing on the S/S Azure Seas, from and to Venice, May 18-25, with calls at the Greek Islands, Venice and Turkey. Contact Fantastic Travel, 6400 S. Eastern Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89119.

Juanita Brooks Photo by Leonard Feather

For many artists...Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Williams, George Shearing, Dick Hyman, Red Holloway, Roger Kellaway, Gary Burton, Tommy Flanagan and countless others...the weeks they spend afloat every year have been growing to the point where they constitute a regular chance to enjoy a paid vacation...after all, on many of these trips they only work a couple of nights and are free to enjoy the ocean air, the casino, the movie theatre or the constantly daily round of meals.

This is, beyond much doubt, the ideal set of conditions for both performers and passengers. The chance for the latter to interact socially with the former has always been a central factor; moreover, it is difficult to resist the opportunity to spend a few days away from such mundane disturbances as the telephone, the doorbell, the bad-news-papers and the junk mail.

The Regent Sea cruise this year was, according to many passengers, the best ever (they were able to state this, as many of them were repeaters; some had been on all five voyages). The surprise hit was **Juanita Brooks**, a singer from New Orleans whom I had heard for the past two years on the Norway. She is 5 ft 11 in., stunningly handsome, sings great jazz standards, then fractures the audiences when she turns to gospel with *Amazing Grace* and *Ain't Gonna Study War No More*. Why she has never played a club in Los Angeles, and has no recording contract, is a mystery.

Ernie Andrews, not much to my surprise, also did a superb job with his pop and blues standards. **Tommy Flanagan's** trio displayed the leader in elegant form, **George Mraz** superb on bass, plus the dependable **Larance Marable** on drums.

Marable also played in the ad hoc house band, with **Nat Adderley** (who is a riotously funny raconteur, as well as a superb 1960s Miles Davis style cornetist), **Red Holloway** on alto and tenor (also, one night, on raunchy blues vocals), the perennially delightful **Gerald Wiggins**, and **Bob Badgley** on bass.

So good were the vibes that Holloway voluntarily sat in with Andrews one night, as did Adderley with Juanita Brooks. On the final evening, the band was joined by both singers, engaging in a witty exchange of blues lyrics, some of them made up on the spur of the moment.

This was a most congenial group of

Gerald Wiggins, Ernie Andrews, Bob Badgley, Nat Adderely, Red Holloway
Photo by Leonard Feather

passengers, some 90% of whom were black (last year it was closer to 40%), all of whom seemed to be on board strictly for the music. We made one stop in the charming city of Victoria, B. C., where the flutemaster Paul Horn, who lives there, met my wife and some friends and took us to his gorgeous home for lunch. Paul may be on the next cruise; Regency Cruises, which operates three main ships (the Regent Sea, Regent Star and Regent Sun), plans to double its schedule next year, with a Los Angeles to Vancouver run from April 28 to May 3 and a reverse ride southbound on September 29 through October 4.

Tentative lineup for April: **Marlena Shaw, O. C. Smith, Dorothy Donegan, Red Holloway, Stacy Rowles, Delfeayo Marsalis, Dwight Dickerson, Paul Humphrey, Richard Reid, Paul Horn** and maybe more. For September: a "Tribute to the Duke" cruise, with such Ellington alumni as **Herb Jeffries, Louie Bellson, Bill Berry, Buster Cooper,** and **Rolf Ericson**; also **Dizzy, Marshall Royal, Juanita Brooks, Gerald Wiggins, Andy Simpkins,** and **Paul Humphrey.**

Obviously, I may seem biased, having been in charge of these shows, but it is a statement of fact, rather than opinion, that these ocean rides have been a treat for almost everyone involved. I hope soon to be able to offer a report on the first of this year's two Norway cruises, which will have a vast cast, including the Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra, the Lionel Hampton All Stars, the Cheathams' Sweet Baby Blues Band, and dozens more.

Jazz on the ocean may not be the only way to go, but I have yet to find an ambience that is more consistently rewarding.

TV REVIEW

A Grab Bag of the Newport Jazz Festival on Channel 28

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"Newport Jazz '90," airing at midnight tonight on KCET Channel 28, promises less than it delivers. Although a dozen artists were presented during this year's festival, only five are seen here. Wynton Marsalis, Phil Woods and McCoy Tyner are among the regrettably missing.

Of those who agreed to be televised, George Benson, the Count Basie Orchestra and the Elvin Jones Jazz Machine qualify as straight-ahead jazz. The Basie band opens and closes the hour, playing two instrumentals and backing George Benson on two others.

The band pieces, both long familiar, are performed with the ensemble's customary verve and precision, and with an admirable illustration of Frank Foster's powerful tenor sax. Benson goes through his familiar scat-and-guitar unison routine on "Green Dolphin Street," then works with the band on an instrumental, better played than balanced (the band overwhelms him at times).

The Zawinul Syndicate, a crowd-pleasing quintet, plays "Carnavalito" with a heavy rhythmic accent on the first and third beats that is the antithesis of swing. A drummer blows a whistle and the bassist encourages hand clapping. It's a far cry from Zawinul's old Weather Report, which will be remembered long after this group is forgotten.

Elvin Jones' one long number is consistently engaging, with Sonny Fortune on tenor sax, Pat La Barbera on soprano and James Williams on piano, all urged on by the leader's indomitable drumming.

Tito Puente offers a verbal and musical pocket history of Afro-Cuban jazz and salsa, with the singer Celia Cruz joining his band for a typically effervescent excursion.

Though the three-day event was no doubt more stimulating than this brief grab bag, there was clearly no sense of ambition and adventure of the kind that dominated the pioneering Newport festivals in the 1950s and '60s. Today the main action is in and around Manhattan, where the festival runs for 10 days; the Rhode Island celebration seems like an afterthought, with the New York tail wagging the Newport dog.

11/17

LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

MJQ: It's Modern With a Few Moths

Where is the M in the MJQ? Thursday evening, at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, John Lewis took his Modern Jazz Quartet through a program of music so impeccable in its craftsmanship, and so set in its long popular ways, that it seems curmudgeonly to complain.

If jazz is, as has often been said, the sound of surprise, this group, comprising the same four men who faced the public together in 1955, is the antithesis: the sound of no surprises. Lewis is a composer whose skill is beyond question; some of his works, such as "Django," have shown a good shelf life. But the problem of predictability is a nagging constant.

Whatever spontaneity could be discerned was largely due to the solos of Milt Jackson, but anyone who has heard him leading his own quartet (with Cedar Walton, Billy Higgins and John Clayton) knows that in that setting he truly came alive, whereas in this format he is largely under wraps.

Jackson even cleaned up Gershwin's Uncle Tom grammar by announcing "Bess You Are My Woman Now." One almost expected to hear it followed by "It Doesn't Mean a Thing If It Hasn't Got That Swing."

This sense of propriety governed the music itself. The first half consisted largely of pieces from the group's Ellington album, with Lewis solemnly turning pages of manuscript paper as if he hadn't been through these motions a thousand times before.

A new Lewis work, "The Majesty of the Sun," was typically well designed, but the "explosions" referred to in his announcement never arrived; one listened in vain for a hint of solar energy.

The three-part suite "A Day in Dubrovnik" brought a greater measure of interest, as did the encore, Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," one of the few pieces that had the quartet loosening up, with Percy Heath's bass and Connie Kay's drums in a more propulsive groove.

John Lewis needs a radical change of setting. In the context of the 1990s, for all his academic excellence, the MJQ is an anachronism. A more orchestral canvas might be the answer. One hates to see the evening sun go down on a group that was, in its day, a vital force in generating enthusiasm and respect for its innovation.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz 11/26

Song Choices Limit Duo at Lunaria's

Lunaria's, one of the more attractive of the new jazz supper clubs (on Santa Monica Boulevard at Beverly Glen), played host over the weekend to a pair of recent Southland settlers, Steve Wilkerson and his wife, the singer Andrea Baker.

Had he not been based for many years in Tulsa, Okla., Wilkerson by now might have been hailed by critics as one of the ruling masters of the tenor saxophone. As he made clear in a skittering volley of choruses on "Lester Leaps In," he can build extraordinary tension and excitement; however, his second number, "In a Sentimental Mood," displayed the subtlety and soul of which he is no less capable.

Wilkerson's rhythm team provided the appropriate impetus, with Tad Weed's piano revealing another underrated post-bop talent, fortified by the bass and drums of David Stone and Ralph Penland.

For the last half of the set, Andrea Baker was featured in a group of songs that just missed the mark, due to a combination of factors: the four songs were all tales told a thousand times, she seemed a little nervous making her Los Angeles debut, and two numbers included the kind of 1940s scatting that now sounds nearly a little quaint. Her one ballad "You've Changed," came closest to hinting at the personal charm she has shown on records.

A more original repertory seems essential to both Wilkerson and Baker. There is more to life than the over-traveled "A Train," and "How High the Moon." Next time, let them show what life is like on Jupiter or Mars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Saxman Wallace Searches for a Style

11/23

Tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace, whose quartet opened Tuesday at Catalina Bar and Grill in Hollywood, has been a recording artist for 13 years and, along the way, has been likened to everyone from Coleman Hawkins to Sam Rivers.

That he is a performer of ferocious power is beyond debate. The larger question is whether he has been able to bring to his eclecticism a consistently personal sound and style.

On his opening night, the first number, a series of blues variations, ran to a full 15 minutes. It start with a long a cappella cadenza and ended with an angular unison theme in which the guitarist, Steve Masakowski, played the equivalent of Don Cherry to Wallace's Ornette Coleman.

Along the way, though, there were lengthy explosions in double time suggesting the ideas explored so successfully by Lew Tabackin and Sonny Rollins. Wallace also shares Rollins' propensity for picking out highly unsuitable tunes, such as "Tennessee Waltz," which he ought to give back to Patti Page.

His pianoless group from New Orleans—Masakowski, bassist James Singleton and drummer John Vidacovich—hardly measures up to the company he has kept on records (Dr. John, John Scofield, Eddie Gomez, Elvin Jones). The drums at times seemed unrelated to the up-front activity.

Wallace deserves credit for his ability to build a fiery sense of intensity, but at 44, he remains the eternal searcher after an individual persona. He closes Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Remembering a Forgotten Jazz Giant

■ **Tribute:** Pete Rugolo, the veteran arranger and band leader, will be honored tonight at the Grand Avenue Bar.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Pete Rugolo may well be the most unfairly forgotten man of jazz. An attempt to rectify that injustice will be undertaken this evening when some of his most brilliant arrangements, for Stan Kenton and for his own orchestras, will be performed, by a band under the direction of trumpeter Paul Cacia, in a Rugolo tribute at the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore.

Ironically, to the extent that Rugolo is known at all to younger jazz fans, it is not for his music, but for the fact (mentioned in Miles Davis' book) that during a sojourn as A&R man at Capitol Records he produced the memorable "Birth of the Cool" Davis sessions.

There is much more to his story. He was Kenton's main arranger during its first era of success (1945-9); he led a band on a record date that had Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Fats Navarro, Buddy De Franco, Lennie Tristano and Dizzy Gillespie as the sidemen; he wrote music for Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, heard in one of the two Armstrong pictures he scored. He led his own orchestra at Birdland and at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom with Herbie Mann, Kai Winding, Julius Watkins and 18 others; he recorded albums in the 1950s using such West Coast heavies as André Previn, Maynard Ferguson, Pete Candoli, Shelly Manne, Shorty Rogers and Frank Rosolino. His track record clearly is too good to be forgotten.

There is another irony: a half century before the recent brouhaha about Mills College allegedly going co-ed, Rugolo was there in 1938-9, studying music with Darius Milhaud.

"I was the first boy there," he says, "but Dave Brubeck and his brother Howard and several other men came in soon after me. We all wanted to study with Milhaud."

A score he mailed to Kenton during Army service landed him a job with the band. His original works during those years included many written for individuals or groups within the orchestra: "Artistry in Percussion," "Theme for Alto," "Safranski," "Fugue for Rhythm Section," as well as such originals as "Interlude," "Blues in Riff," "Collaboration" and "Cuban Carnival," and all the best arrangements of standard songs for Kenton's vocalist, June Christy, one or two of which will be sung tonight by Cacia's wife, Janine Cameo. (Some of Rugolo's old Kenton colleagues such as Laurindo Almeida, Buddy Childers and Bob Cooper will be in the band this evening.)

MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times

'I would like to get back into jazz but I don't know who to call, how to go about it.'

PETE RUGOLO

Leaving Kenton, Rugolo took the job with Capitol. "Bebop was getting hot, so I signed up Dave Lambert, Babs Gonzales, Buddy De Franco, Lennie Tristano, and of course Miles. I also found Harry Belafonte and made his first records—they bombed."

While on the West Coast recording Nat King Cole, he was approached to score a jazz-oriented film, "The Strip." "Louis Armstrong was in it; the company liked my work, and I wound up on the coast full time, writing movies, including a lot of musicals for Joe Pasternak.

"I stayed with films through the '50s, but still had time to arrange and conduct record dates for Nat Cole, Billy Eckstine, June Christy, Peggy Lee, Mel Torme and others. In 1954 I had my own band of East Coast musicians for a while, but I soon decided the road was not for me.

"The switch to television began with 'Thriller,' the Boris Karloff series, in 1960. From that point on I was so busy writing 40 minutes of music every week, for all kinds of TV series, themes and pilots, that I had no time for anything else."

Rugolo's television career earned him two Emmys for "The Bold Ones" and "The Challengers," and several nominations. But despite his use of jazz elements wherever they were suited to the films, his jazz image was behind him. By the time he finished his last regular series, "Family," in the early 1980s, a young generation had come along that knew nothing about his early accomplishments.

"I would like to get back into jazz," he says now, "but I don't know who to call, how to go about it. I've been writing a few things for Paul Cacia."

Always diffident about his own gifts, he insists that his old albums didn't sell. "Mitch Miller was in charge at Columbia Records and he made me do all those crazy novelty things; then when I was at Mercury, stereo had just come in and they had me doing ping-pong charts with a double sized band. But I guess they could put together a decent CD out of some of the better things I managed to slip in."

Better yet, they could put Pete Rugolo back where he belongs: leading yet another all-star orchestra and a fresh set of arrangements to display, for a new audience, a talent that has been too long neglected.

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RANDY LEFFINGWELL / Los Angeles Times

Chris Potter, a 19-year-old reedman and pianist, is mainly self-taught. He began playing with adult groups when he was 12.

JUDI BOTTONI

Ellis Marsalis, musician and university teacher, and his drummer son, Jason, in their New Orleans home. The 13-year-old is the fourth son of the family to become deeply involved in music.

Baby Boom on the Bandstand

A generation of teen-age prodigies is taking its place alongside the graybeards of improvisation

By LEONARD FEATHER

On a recent evening at Catalina's, Hollywood's jazz center, the music was provided by the trumpeter Red Rodney, 63, survivor of the bebop wars and best known for his stint in the 1940s with Charlie Parker.

But sharing the front line with Rodney was a vigorously inventive saxophonist, Chris Potter, 19, who played tenor, alto and soprano sax with a similar degree of maturity. Later, Potter presented an imaginative solo at the piano.

Potter is the latest example of a growing trend in jazz: the seemingly premature arrival at professionalism of musicians who play with astonishing conviction.

Among the more notable youths are Geoff Keezer, the pianist who made his record debut last year, at 18, with the late drummer Art Blakey; Los Angeles pianist Eric Reed, 19, who joined Wynton Marsalis a few months ago, and Jason Marsalis, the 13-year-old drummer who, like his brothers Wynton and Branford and Delfeayo, seems bound to reach the big time before he is out of his teens.

The growing number of second-generation performers provides one of several explanations for the proliferation of influential (and ever younger) jazzmen: Some of these artists were exposed to the music from birth.

"A lot of what happens is due to being in the right place, and having the right genes," said Dave Brubeck. "In our family, the music tradition runs back on both sides. My son Dan, the drummer, made his first record with me when he was 11, and two years later he was with his elder brother Darius in the Two Generations of Brubeck group. When Darius was 10, he wrote a composition for trumpet and showed it to his teacher, who sarcastically told him, 'Tell your father he wrote a great piece.' He didn't want to believe that Darius wrote it himself."

Of course, Brubeck received early influences himself. "My mother, who was a classical pianist, believed in prenatal influence. And she even put our cribs next to the piano while she was teaching."

Another case of early indoctrination is that of Jacob Armen, the Glendale child whose father placed a jazz tape by his crib. "At eight months he could keep perfect time with his hands. When he was 18 months old I played the piano and he accompanied me on the drums; four months later he made his public debut with my orchestra at a church."

Armen displayed an innate feeling for the odd meters (5/4, 9/4 etc.) that are part of his Armenian heritage. Trumpeter Bill Berry, with whose band the youngster kindled a sensation at the Monterey Jazz Festival when he was 7, said: "His time sense is incredible. He proves that there must be more to it than talent or study—it may be something genetic."

Rodney feels that "youngsters are getting a far better musical education, because the professors are much more jazz-oriented," he says. "There are also books and play-along records that are invaluable tools. It's much easier now to come out of school proficient and ready for a professional career."

Rodney may be right. Where once the typical college teacher might eject his student from the classroom for daring to play jazz, today that professor may be a respected jazz artist. Max Roach, Benny Carter, Marian McPartland and dozens more have been part-time or full-time university instructors. The National Assn. of Jazz Educators, founded in 1968, has been a vital catalytic force.

Neither teen-age wonders nor child prodigies are brand new. Buddy Rich, a year or so out of his cradle, was in vaudeville in 1919, billed as "Traps, The Boy Wonder." Stan Getz played saxophone in name bands such as Jack Teagarden's at 16, in 1943. But those were the exceptions. From the 1970s, it has become less extraordinary to find youngsters turning pro at a early age; stories like former "Arsenio Hall Show" drummer Terri Lyne Carrington playing drums with Clark Terry at 15, or even Wynton Marsalis playing professionally at 14.

Gary Burton, dean of curriculum at Boston's Berklee College of Music, says: "Young players with real talent are able to get started a decade sooner, in their teens, instead of waiting until their late 20s as so many did when I was coming up. I was lucky—I began recording for RCA in 1961, when I was 18. Today that wouldn't be surprising, because now more than ever, record companies will take a chance on an unknown; they're willing to invest big money in the hope of finding the next teen-age sensation.

"Some students today are even better than the teachers. When Makoto Ozone arrived from Japan 10 years ago, what could we teach him? But he wasn't coming for piano lessons; he wanted to learn about composition. All the members of my own group today are former Berklee students who had become thoroughly qualified for professional work before they were out of their teens."

In some cases, though, education does not provide the answer. Consider the case of Chris Potter, who never studied with famous jazzmen and is self-taught as a pianist. He learned to read music after he took up the saxophone at age 11. He had lessons locally in Columbia, S.C., for a couple of years, but stopped in his mid-teens; when he was 12, he began playing with adult groups. He practiced, but never a lot—two or three hours a day at one time, but now, he admits, "There are days when I don't even take the horn out of its case."

Potter's story flies in the face of Rodney's "jazz-oriented teachers" explanation: "I don't like the way music is generally taught," Potter says. "You press this button, you get that note. I always preferred to figure out for myself how the sounds were produced. From my earliest memory I would just sit at the piano and teach myself about chords and harmony. That, to me, is the way jazz works."

Ellis Marsalis, paterfamilias of the Marsalis jazz family and a skilled pianist with a long background as an educator (he is presently director of jazz studies at the University of New Orleans), made a significant point: "There is not nearly the stigma attached to jazz today that there was when I was growing up. The number of white youngsters even trying to play jazz—and this was in New Orleans, which was a comparatively liberal city—was negligible.

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Prodigies

Continued from Page 9

There is a completely different attitude today."

The youngest of Marsalis' six sons, and the fourth to become deeply involved in music, is Jason. "He's now 13," said his father, "and he occasionally plays drums on jobs with me. To tell you the truth, Jason played on a gig with Delfeayo when he was about 6."

How come so good so young? There's no clear answer. But one conclusion can be drawn: the naysayers who lament the attrition of talent every time a great contributor dies need have no cause for concern. Today, more than at any time in the history of the art form, jazz is a young person's game. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Parker Tapes Come Out of the Trunk

■ Jazz: Record company issues primitive recordings made by an avid fan of the legendary saxman.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Charlie Parker has been gone longer than he was with us, yet every few years his name resurfaces. In 1955 it was the "Bird Lives" graffiti. In the '60s and '70s it was memorial concerts and tributes. In the '80s, countless posthumously issued albums.

Now, 35 years after his death at 34, it's the story of a dual legend: "The Dean Benedetti Recordings of Charlie Parker."

Dean Benedetti's recordings, long the subject of rumors, have been called the jazz world's counterpart to the Dead Sea Scrolls or King Tut's tomb. It was known that Benedetti, a saxophonist obsessed by Bird's music, had recorded him many times at clubs in Hollywood and New York, using a cheap portable disc cutter and a primitive reel-to-reel tape machine. What nobody seemed sure about was whether these gems still existed after Benedetti's death in 1957.

At last, the secret is out. Mosaic Records, a mail-order company specializing in boxed sets of rare items, disinterred the collection, which had been lying half-forgotten in a trunk acquired by Benedetti's brother Rick, and bought it in 1987.

Charlie Parker

"Rick had put the stuff in a closet," says Charlie Lourie of Mosaic, "because his brother's death was too painful to relate to; also perhaps he felt it could be something of value he could leave to his son.

"In 1980, Bob Porter, the jazz scholar, won a Grammy for his production of a Parker reissue album. Rick noticed this and called Porter, but Bob was so skeptical about the existence of the collection that he didn't get around to seeing Rick for a year or two.

"Eventually Porter contacted me and Michael Cuscuna at Mosaic, and we called in Phil Schaap, who's a great audio engineer. All this time nobody had even listened to the records, but when Clint Eastwood was preparing to do the 'Bird' movie he heard some of them. Clint decided the sound quality wasn't good enough for him, but in August of 1988, Schaap went to work on the gigantic job of converting all those shredding acid tapes and fragile, paper-based tapes into usable material."

Schaap labored for nearly a year on eliminating the sonic waste of clicks and pops. The Benedetti gold mine was finally whittled down to some 278 snippets, from a few seconds to five minutes long. The album contains some seven hours of the alto sax legend's improvisational genius, spread over seven CDs or 10 LPs (Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Conn. 06902).

How does it stand up musically? Despite the endless editing, the sound quality inevitably is pre-digital, pre-stereo, prehistoric. The 1947 Hollywood recordings are weakest; those made a year later in two New York clubs are better recorded and tend toward longer cuts.

There is more to it than Bird's horn; here and there are glimpses of him announcing or directing. Even Benedetti is heard briefly, playing sax or piano, and a few other solos crop up, but Benedetti basically was concerned with the whole Bird and nothing but the Bird.

Many songs keep recurring, and although Parker never ad libbed on them the same way twice, it's less than a delight to hear the "52nd St. Theme" played 19 times. Still, "The Benedetti Records" can be recommended unreservedly to Bird-lorists for selective, non-continuous listening. Moreover, the 48-page booklet is a masterpiece of historiography, with Parker's solos transcribed, rare photos, and microscopically detailed essays by Schaap, Porter and Jim Patrick.

A Triumph at Doheny for Daniels and Garson

The recital Friday by clarinetist Eddie Daniels and pianist Mike Garson was more than your run-of-the-mill concert. It was a one-in-a-million triumph.

Consider the setting: The stunningly handsome Pompeian Room of the Doheny Mansion at Mount St. Mary's College, where jazz had never before been heard. Consider the repertoire: From Carl Maria von Weber and Francis Poulenc to David Raksin, Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins.

The mainly classical first half was no novelty in itself: Benny Goodman was playing Mozart and Bartok in the 1930s. However, the chamber music setting (under the auspices of the Da Camera Society), and the incorporation of both disciplines in the same concert, lent this occasion a special cachet.

Weber's "Duo Concertante," a demanding work by any standard, was performed impeccably by Garson, whose part was particularly demanding, and almost flawlessly by Daniels. The Poulenc "Sonata for Clarinet and Piano" succeeded even more fully. Separating these works was a medley of David Raksin's "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Laura," played with minimal ornamentation, to the delight of the composer, who was in the audience.

After intermission, the two men simply improvised. If it is true that jazz, with its need for instant creation, is the harder of the two art forms to master, Daniels and Garson were just the men to prove it. Without rehearsal, they moved spontaneously from random abstractions to a series of pop and jazz standards.

Daniels, who several times levitated the salon with an unaccompanied chorus or two, has become the total master of one of the most challenging musical instruments. He creates fascinating lines that swing implacably, often laced with wit and surprises. Garson, though seemingly coming more from a classical place, was the ideal partner; his solos were as inventive as his interaction with Daniels was intelligent.

The audience, demanding encore after encore, reacted with a standing ovation and seemingly would have stayed all night. Many, it seemed, were concert-goers who had seldom before listened seriously to jazz on this level. One can only hope that with the ice now broken, this splendid room will be the setting for more such dual-purpose ventures. —LEONARD FEATHER

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Clarinetist Eddie Daniels, pianist Mike Garson offered mix of jazz and classical at Doheny Mansion.

Leonard Feather's
BEFORE & AFTER

This month's artist: TOOTS THIELEMANS

TOOTS THIELEMANS

Jean Baptiste (Toots) Thielemans is truly *sui generis*. He has four significant talents, as harmonica virtuoso, guitarist, whistler, and composer.

It is the last of these that has brought him his greatest measure of fame, since his *Bluesette* (which he introduced on a Stockholm session in 1961, playing and whistling the melody in unison) has become one of the most-recorded jazz standards; he now refers to it as "my social security."

Toots took up the chromatic harmonica at 17 in his native Brussels. Later, influenced by Django Reinhardt's records, he became a self-taught guitarist.

After touring Europe in 1950 with Benny Goodman, he emigrated to the U.S., and from 1953-59 was on the road with the George Shearing Quintet, playing mainly guitar with an occasional harmonica specialty. Later, playing and whistling, he was heard on many records with Quincy Jones, Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie and others.

Touring recently with an admirable trio (the Belgian pianist and composer Michel Herr, the Italian bassist Riccardo del Fra), he displayed the clarity of vision, dexterity and tonal beauty that have long been his hallmarks. Not having a vast collection of harmonica records, I decided to diversify in my choice of records for a B & A interview during his week at Catalina's in Hollywood.

1. **HARRISON/BLANCHARD**. *Infinite Heart* (from *Black Pearl* Columbia). Donald Harrison, saxophone, composer; Terence Blanchard, trumpet.

BEFORE: I don't know...this kind of material has a theme that is pleasing to the ear but easy to forget.

The saxophone player, I'm sure it's an alto, had a few bursts where it was like Stan Getz playing. The trumpet I didn't recognize.

It wasn't music that goes to the jugular vein, but seemed good for easy listening to me at this point in my evolution. I would rate it fair to good; I'd listen to it.

AFTER: They're new guys; I've heard them play better things, more interesting. In fact later this year I may be a guest with Benny Golson, at a European concert where Blanchard may be playing, and Mulgrew Miller.

They probably listened to the producer and went, OK, let's go for that kind of sound.

2. **STEPHANE GRAPPELLI**. *Three Little Words* (from *My Other Love*, Columbia). Grappelli, piano. Recorded 1990.

BEFORE: After listening and having become a more mature person, I don't feel entitled to say anything is good or bad. I can only say it does that for me or it doesn't do that for me. This gentlemen, or whoever the person was that played...I need much more consistent harmony; he has a nice little stride touch, I don't know who it is. It sounds like an old record- an old gentleman, somebody my age playing! Someone who stopped listening or evolving into a more progressive way of thinking; a pre-bebopper, certainly, so that's already 50 years. Would I listen to the record or purchase it? I don't think I would. Not *this* particular track. Don't tell me it's a genius that we all love!

How would I rate it? I got no pleasure from it. I don't know, 1 1/2 maybe. On the basis of this. I don't know what the musician is capable of.

AFTER: OH, well! He *is* my age...that's why he plays the violin, I guess!

I love Stephane; he has a unique sound on the violin. It's hard for me to be impartial because part of my growing up was listening to Django. It was my first source of information for the guitar, in the '40s.

I knew he played (piano) but I thought he played a little better than that! You hear touches of Debussy, some stride, in what he played there; but no, he is not a modern harmonist.

3. **BARNEY KESSEL**. *Salute to Charlie Christian* (from *Jazz Guitar Classics*, Prestige). Kessel, guitar and composer; Arnold Ross, piano; Harry Barbasin, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Recorded 1953.

BEFORE: It was a minor piece, kind of like that other one (hums a few bars) - was it by Milt Jackson? It started with the famous lick by Jo Jones, with the hi-hat. There are a lot of Charlie Christian-isms on the guitar. It doesn't quite sound like a Gibson electric guitar...the way they phrased the theme...it might be a European guy who listened a lot to Charlie Christian or something like that!

Anyway, I appreciate the attack of the fellow, I always appreciate somebody who can attack the notes with great accuracy. He had a powerful touch - but again, I don't know if I'd put the record on.

My thinking, my approach today, is either I've got to get an emotional charge from a record or I've got to be able to learn something. That's why I listen to Ray Charles, then Herbie Hancock or someone I feel I can absorb something from, even if I have to run the tape slower. I have some slow tapes of John Coltrane solos, Miles.

My first recordings of Charlie Christian were after the war, with the septet. In the beginning I thought this might even be one of those closet recordings that come out, but I don't think so.

The rating, a bonus for the good attack on the guitar, which I envy because I don't have such a powerful punch. Two stars.

AFTER: Oh jeez. Well, I am honest, you know? The phrasing on the theme didn't knock me out.

I know all those people, and heard them at that time. It was the period when I played with George.

Of that school of players, the first non-Django guitar players that I listened to were Teddy Bunn, Al Casey and Dick McDonough, Eddie Lang. Charlie Christian interested me more than moved me, I had great respect for him, and then Wes Montgomery was my (favorite).

4. **ANDRE PREVIN**. *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* (from *Uptown*, Telarc). Previn, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Ray Brown, bass.

BEFORE: Oh jeez. (*Laughter*). Who is it? That's a tough one. I know the song of course, *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea*. When we started to play standards in Belgium, we called *les saucisses*, the sausages. There was *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Tea for Two*.

I don't know if I'd buy it. The guitar player was doing some interesting stuff. I thought I heard Andre Previn; I don't want to stick my neck out but maybe Joe Pass. It's like, after so many years with Quincy Jones, "Man, I go for the goosebumps." If you receive something emotionally - that's the way I function; if a musician gives me a hard-on, an erection in my ears or skin, or feelings or something, then I try to go after it!

I'm not ashamed to go up to a musician and say, what was that harmony, show me how you did that, held your hands, whatever...

The ratings system I don't like. All I can say is, it's music I would listen to in the car. I wouldn't buy the record, but I know there might be some good musicians on it.

AFTER: Aah! I know Mundell, he's a fine player. Well, the first time I was close to something!

LF: Did you think Andre swung?

TT: Not by the standards of what's happening today.

You know Leonard, I went through a period where I tried to make a living by touring a little less and working in the studios. I put my jazz life on the slow...how do you say, the back burner? And I made some records that might still today hurt the credibility I was close to getting as a jazz musician. In the last few years I haven't done that except for the ocassional lucrative jingle or film score.

I'm trying to draw a parallel with Andre. You cannot just say, "This week I play jazz." That's bullshit. You have to *live* jazz. Like you have to live classical music, I'm sure.

5. **ART FARMER**. *Affaire d'Amour* (from *Ph.D.*, Contemporary). Farmer, fluegelhorn; Donald Brown, composer; Clifford Jordan, tenor sax.

BEFORE: I didn't get much of a charge off of that. It really didn't swing. On today's scene there are really so many great swinging rhythm sections. At that tempo it couldn't swing!

It's easy to write a complicated bebop melody, but one that stays with you...like that Blanchard piece was good material to play on, but you wouldn't remember it. And this didn't do it for me.

The tenor player had a big sound. The pianist...I don't know. It's cruel to rate it; again, I'd keep it on in the car but that's it.

AFTER: Huh, Donald Brown, I played with him; he's a good musician. I played with Rufus too; man, I didn't recognize him! My goosebumps didn't do nothin' on that.

6. **RON McCROBY**. *Cherokee* (from *The Other Whistler*, Concord). McCroby, whistler; Bill Mays, piano; Steve Laspina, bass; Akira Tana, drums. Recorded 1984.

BEFORE: Well, that should be the whistler, Ron McCroby. I congratulate him, he really has chops, boy. It was fast, I couldn't do that. He makes whistling his instrument. It's like singing was for Slam Stewart. He would never sing alone unless he was shouting to Slim Gaillard or something. I'm not that great (at whistling), it's just the combination with the guitar.

I did one years ago for Command where I went into the Indian bag on *Cherokee*; on this it sounds more like they went to China!

The bass player had a spectacular solo. A lot of stars for the chops, but again, would I buy it?

What I'd like to say is, many people have more technique than I have, but, nevertheless, I feel entitled to say that if I had the chops and knowledge this man did, I would play other music, or my choice of notes would be different. I respect everybody, I would never say anybody is bad, or better.

AFTER: Oh, I played with Steve LaSpina! Bill Mays, I was thinking maybe it was him.

7. **BIRELLI LAGRENE**. *Passing Through the Night* (from *Foreign Affairs*, Blue Note). Lagrene, guitar, composer; Koono, keyboards; Jeff Andrews, bass; Dennis Chambers, drums; Cafe, percussion.

BEFORE: I liked the guitarist very much. If the rest of the album is like that...that's a piece of solid information for me. He has good feeling, he builds. I love the guitar player.

In Belgium I have a group that's a little more "commercial," with synthesizers, Michel is my keyboard player and does that very well, and I have an electric bass player who's another clone of Jaco Pastorius, Jaco's his idol, and the drummer plays a little like Steve Gadd.

I would give the guitar player a very good rating; I'd like to hear more from and about him. I don't think it's Lee Ritenour. I've always had a lot of respect for Lee, and lately he has made a great jazz record. Like he stepped out of the closet! "Stolen Moments." I heard a track on the radio, and I'd like to publicly congratulate Lee for coming out of the closet.

Anyway, I'd give this four stars.

AFTER: Birelli? Wow! Dennis Chambers is the hot guy in New York now I think...Birelli is an example of someone who had Django with his baby food, and here he played more music than I've heard him play before. I hope the rest of the album keeps that level.

France is a large market. Miles Davis plays more there than in the States. JT

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ENTERTAINMENT / THE ARTS / TV LISTINGS

CALENDAR

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1990

Los Angeles Times

POP MUSIC REVIEW

Singing the Praises of Frank Sinatra

■ **Tribute:** Society of Singers awards the crooner an Ella for lifetime achievement.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"There Will Never Be Another You" was the song Ella Fitzgerald dedicated to Frank Sinatra Monday at the Beverly Hilton, and it was clear that she was speaking for the 1,200 Sinatraphiles who jammed the International Ballroom.

As the recipient of the Ella, a lifetime achievement award given by the Society of Singers, Sinatra reminded us that he has transcended his role as a singer; his work has been woven into the fabric of 20th-Century American society. He has elevated popular singing to its highest form as a lasting contribution to our culture.

Impeccably produced by George Schlatter, the swiftly paced two-hour show, which will air on CBS Dec. 16 at 9 p.m., started, in effect, at the top. An announcer introduced conductor Henry Mancini, who introduced organization president Ginny Mancini, who introduced Ella Fitzgerald, who introduced Sinatra. The first lady of jazz—who last year was the initial recipient of the Ella award—then dueted delightfully with him on "The Lady Is a Tramp."

During the dinner time pre-show, the two were seen together in a 1967 TV clip of the same duet, shown on one of two big screens that provided the audience with ingenious "This Is Your Life" Sinatra visuals in reverse chronological order. A comparison of the two performances did no harm to either singer; there may have been a slight downward change in their range,

Please see SINATRA, F7

ANACLETO RAPPING / Los Angeles Times

Henry Mancini, Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald at tribute: His work has been woven into the fabric of modern American society.

ALL EYES ON BLUE EYES: The tribute to Frank Sinatra by the Society of Singers at the Beverly Hilton was rich both in nostalgia and vocal maturity. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F1**

SINATRA

Continued from F1

but overall the years have been quite decent to them.

At a party before the show, Fitzgerald mused, "I hit a high note at rehearsal that surprised everyone. I hope I can make it tonight." And, of course, she did.

Three male singers walked off with the honors. Tony Bennett, in a tune worthy of his talent, "How Do You Keep the Music Playing," by Michel Legrand and the Bergmans, was in stunning voice, with an

■ **RELATED STORY:** E2

incredibly powerful ending. Herb Jeffries, who sang "Flamingo," has progressed far beyond the youngster who sang the same song with Duke Ellington 50 years ago. And Joe Williams, who will hit 72 the same day Sinatra makes 75 (next Wednesday), had everyone, including the honoree, finger-snapping along with "Alright, Okay, You Win."

It was a decade-jumping soiree. Nonagenarian George Burns followed Jack Jones ("At my age you can follow anybody") in "Young at Heart." Harry Connick Jr., 70 years Burns' junior, was out of his depth in this star-rich company; he forgot the words, stopped the band, put on his glasses, resumed and struggled to the end of his song, which was "More." Which was more than enough.

ANACLETO RAPPING / Los Angeles Times

Tony Bennett: In stunning voice at gala honoring Frank Sinatra.

If a few of the speeches or vocal tributes tended to gush a little too much, why not? Since Sinatra has afforded most of the participants a half-century of listening joy, a touch of extravagance was hardly out of line. Peggy Lee and Jack Jones wrote and sang special lyrics; Fitzgerald's humble praise was well met by Sinatra's brief words of acceptance.

A thread that ran through much of the show was the Tommy Dorsey band, represented by everyone from Joe Bushkin, the ex-Dorsey pianist, who played warm-up music, and Tony Danza and Gretchen Wyler, who jitterbugged to the Dorsey hit "Opus One," to the various Dorsey singers.

Jo Stafford was joined by the Hi Lo's (simulating Dorsey's Piped Pipers), in "I'll Never Smile Again," and Connie Haines joined the Manhattan Transfer for a reprise of "Snootie Little Cutie," which she and Sinatra sang with the Pipers and the band in 1942.

As was made clear in the "Ladies Who Sang With the Bands" segments (repeated from last year's show), trivia abounded in the 1940s, but so did songs like "A Sunday Kind of Love," splendidly rejuvenated by Fran Warren, who sang it in 1946 with the Claude Thornhill band.

Tony Martin, one of several singers who performed from a table, exploded into fulsome Italian melodrama with "O Sole Mio." Kitty Kallen sang into a temporarily dead mike, the evening's only noticeable glitch. Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme were in good humor and voice in two songs co-written by Sinatra, "This Love of Mine" and "I'm a Fool to Want You."

The evening ended with most of the singers on stage to join voices in Johnny Mercer's "Dream."

Jazz

Hank Crawford Serves Up a Blues Set at Marla's

Hank Crawford, the Memphis-born, emotionally-charged alto saxophonist whose name has become a virtual synonym for soul, was in town Friday and Saturday leading a quartet at Marla's Memory Lane.

Crawford's voluminous, boisterous sound, honed long ago in the bands of B. B. King and Ray Charles, manages to turn almost any song into a blues, even if it is a conventional 1930s ballad like "My Romance," his opener at Friday's first show. But the blues form itself is his forte, as he made stridently evident in the next three numbers: A fast blues with busy drum and keyboard solos by Don Littleton and Bobby Pierce, and a slow, sensuous blues called "Uncle Funky" in which Crawford's keening tones seemed to scream in agony.

A shuffle-rhythm blues followed, with a curious solo by Leroy Ball, whose electric bass has a cat-on-a-hot-tin-roof sound. Then it was back to standards, with a hard-nosed electric funk groove applied to "I Can't Get Started." Whatever Crawford may lack in subtlety, he compensates for in infectious projection.

Opening for the quartet was a trio whose combined age is less than Crawford's. Karon Harrison, 14, who studied drums under Billy Higgins, was joined by 16-year-old Jason White, a Cedar Walton protege, at the piano, and Christy Smith (an older man, possibly even past his teens) on electric bass. This promising group managed to stay within the parameters of jazz, playing "Blue Bossa" and "Solar" to show its credentials.

—LEONARD FEATHER

12/9/90 JAZZ

A 5-Star Yule, Except for 'Boogie Woogie Santa Claus'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ever since October, Christmas compact discs have been accumulating on my desk, many of them with frequently overlapping repertoires.

A survey of 10 typical jazz-oriented albums revealed "The Christmas Song" and "Silent Night" in the lead with seven versions each, "God Rest Ye" with six, "Little Drummer Boy" with five and several others with four. After one has been listening for an entire day, the mind might numb were it not for a few exceptional items, listed below on a downward sliding scale:

★★★★½

INNER VOICES

"Christmas Harmony"

Rhino

Organized and arranged by Morgan Ames, Inner Voices might be called the women's answer to Take 6. The group, singing a cappella on all but four of the 17 songs, is aptly named: the innate vocal soul of the participants (Ames, Clydene Jackson Edwards, Carmen Twillie and Darlene Koldenhoven) emerges in a holiday spirit of incomparably blended beauty. Every type of song is here, from the religious ("Ave Maria") to pop ("White Christmas") and blues ("Merry Christmas Baby"). Al Jarreau guests on "Cherry Tree Carol." One half star off for including "Boogie Woogie Santa Claus," but in this rap-wracked world, these women are a strand of four pearls rising above a sea of mud.

★★★

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Yule Struttin': A Blue Note Christmas"

Blue Note

Half of the 14 tracks are piano or guitar solos by, inter alia, Eliane Elias, Joey Calderazzo and Benny Green; Stanley Jordan, John Hart and John Scofield. There is also a rumping, stumping "Jingle Bells" by Count Basie and his band, presumably never before issued, taped at Birdland in 1961. The rest are small-group cuts with Dexter Gordon, Chet Baker, Rick Margitza et al. A curiosity is a recently discovered Thelonious Monk tune, "A Merrier Christmas," presented as a Benny Green piano solo, then as a Dianne Reeves vocal. Suddenly, too, Monk is revealed as a lyric writer, and we've heard worse.

TAMMY LECHNER Los Angeles Times

Singer Joe Williams

(We've heard "Boogie Woogie Santa Claus.")

★★★★

JOE WILLIAMS

"That Holiday Feelin' "

Verve

With backgrounds ranging from simple piano (the remarkable Ellis Larkins on three tunes) to dectet (with several fellow Basie alumni), Williams offers one of his rare low-key collections. There is a loose, effortless "Winter Wonderland" and a calypso-flavored "Kissing by the Mistletoe." It will be hard to conceive of a more felicitous blend of melodic elegance (Thad Jones) and lyrical imagery (Alec Wilder) than "A Child Is Born," its mood set by an exquisite Norman Simmons piano chorus.

★★½

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"A Jazzy Wonderland"

Columbia

A disparate set, fluctuating from perfect to perfunctory, this is awash with Marsalises; it's a veritable Wynton Wonderful. That, in fact, is his selection; his father, Ellis, plays "This Is Christmas" as a piano trio item; brothers Branford (heard in two cuts with Harry Connick Jr.) and even trombonist Delfeayo (with trumpeter Marlon Jordan on "Little Drummer Boy") contribute to this family affair. The prodigious young organist Joey De Francesco doubles on trumpet on "Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town." The rest, aside from Tony Bennett's "White Christmas," is expendable except for admirers of Nancy Wilson, Kirk Whalum and a couple of other popular favorites.

Of the countless Christmas reissues, several from the Capitol catalogue stand out:

Nat King Cole's "Cole, Christmas & Kids" is mainly aimed at the under-12 set that is worth your while if only because he was the first ever to roast chestnuts on an open fire on behalf of the team of Mel Torme and Bob Wells, composer and lyricist of "The Christmas Song." The production booklet is carelessly done: Pete Rugolo's name is misspelled, and one tune is listed as "Brahm's (sic) Lullaby." We all know old Johannes Brahms, right?

Peggy Lee's "Christmas Carousel," like the Cole, was recorded between 1949 and 1960. It includes five attractive Lee originals. "Ella Fitzgerald's Christmas" with Ralph Carmichael's orchestra and chorus, and Lou Rawls' "Merry Christmas Ho! Ho! Ho!" both stem from 1967.

"From the Creative World of Stan Kenton Comes . . . A Merry Christmas!" possibly wins the longest Christmas album title honors. It harks back to the days (1961) when the band included several hybrid instruments called mellophoniums. As with so much Kenton, this album an acquired taste.

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

F4 MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1990

WEEKEND

Jazz

Ann Weldon's Downbeat Lasts the Whole Show

Ann Weldon, the TV and movie actress who still occasionally sings, made one of her local appearances Friday with a one-nighter at Lunaria's.

Despite her visual charm and a strong, appealing voice, Weldon's gig seemed like a classic example of being in the wrong place, with the wrong act, at the wrong time. Her attitude didn't help: A couple of remarks indicated that she was not too happy to be here.

Ironically, Weldon offered substantially the same show that was reviewed favorably five years ago, but on this occasion nothing seemed to work; not even "I'm a Woman," with which she has been known to elicit laughter and applause via the pre-feminist lyrics.

The ambience was that of a Las Vegas lounge act, an impression fortified by three backup singers, all cousins of Weldon, who sat perched on chairs doing nothing, except once in a while when they would clap hands or ooh and aah or echo her lines. Toward the end of the show, the trio took over for a number on its own. It didn't help.

Weldon had a few superior songs for the small group of inattentive patrons: "Something Cool" and Duke Ellington's "Tomorrow Mountain."

But her Marvin Gaye medley, with its gloom-and-doom lyrics about radiation and other cheerless topics, fell flat, as did the next number, which she introduced with a preamble about a friend who was murdered and someone else who was paralyzed from the neck down. (No, she did not follow this up with "Strange Fruit.")

The backing by pianist Andy Howe on keyboards, Kevin Brandon on electric bass and Tony Lewis on drums accentuated the downbeat mood.

Still in the act are James Taylor's "Don't Let Me Be Lonesome Tonight" and Jackson Browne's "Running on Empty." The latter title seemed like a metaphor for most of this disheartening show.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Graham Raises the Standards 12/24

Giorgio's Place is one of the Southland's less accessible jazz locations, but once found, in a large office building in Long Beach, it offers such rewards as the voice of Sandy Graham, who was on hand Friday and Saturday.

Long a local presence, Graham is a poised and ingratiating performer whose jazz inflections are immediately apparent. Making occasional and effective use of a personalized vibrato, she brings individuality to a generally well-selected group of standard songs, none of them excessively familiar.

Opening with "You and the Night and the Music," a 1934 Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz collaboration, Graham sustained the rhythmically compelling mood that had been established in a preliminary instrumental set by the Vicki Von Eps Trio. Von Eps, an engaging soloist and intelligent accompanist, was hampered by the overloud bass of Bob Saravia. Tony Inzalaco on drums completed the threesome.

Graham gave warmly sensitive readings of "Good Morning Heartache" and "Lover Man." Her closer was an unlikely selection: "Ace in the Hole"—not the old barroom ballad but a much hipper song from a 1941 Cole Porter show. She brought to it an effervescence that marks all her up-tempo forays.

Graham has a long track record as a first-rate purveyor of seldom-heard songs. It is high time to find room for her on the record scene, provided that unreconstructed singers still have a place in that money jungle.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Sandy Graham: Giorgio's Place, Arco Tower, 300 Ocean Ave., Long Beach. Dec. 31, Jan. 4-5. (213) 432-6175.*

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Between the Covers: From the Obscure to the Popular

by LEONARD FEATHER

In the past months, several jazz-related books have reached the stores, some of which are worth keeping in mind.

JAZZ SINGING
By Will Friedwald
(Scribners: $29.95; 477 pages)

Friedwald, at 29, is young enough to have total dogmatic belief in his every statement. Highly opinionated and not always accurate (he credits Fats Waller's song "Black and Blue" to Eubie Blake), "Jazz Singing" could more accurately have been titled "Jazz and Pop Singing," since many pages are devoted to obscure pop figures such as Al Bowlly and Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards, along with Doris Day and Dick Haymes.

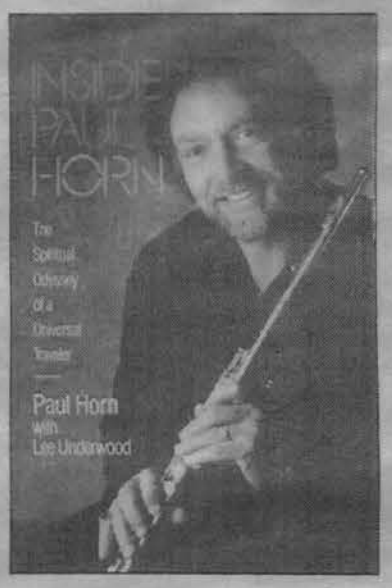
Friedwald later rambles on at length about Betty Carter and Mark Murphy, but dismisses Helen Merrill in one line, then consigns Cleo Laine and the Manhattan Transfer to the dust heap. Irreverent and iconoclastic, Friedwald nevertheless is readable, informative and witty. You may even enjoy indulging in mental arguments with him and will wish you could reply to some of his more outrageous statements.

REMINISCING IN TEMPO
By Teddy Reig
(Scarecrow: $29.50; 204 pages)

Subtitled "The Life and Times of a Jazz Hustler," the story of Reig (1918-1984) was fleshed out after his death by Ed Berger and by friends who recall him with affection. A fringe character, almost literally larger than life at 350 pounds, Reig went to jail in 1942 for possession of marijuana (a big scandal in those days). Later he became a close friend of jazzmen, producing records with Basie, Bird, Belafonte and others. With its nostalgic recollections, mostly of Harlem, this is a useful social document marred by its brevity and its omissions. For example, Reig worked with Birdland owner Morris Levy, whose organized crime connections, detailed in the recent book "Hit Men," are ignored here.

DRUMMIN' MEN
By Burt Korall
(Macmillan: $24.95; 381 pages)

The author, briefly a drummer himself, informatively examines what he calls "The Heartbeat of Jazz (in) The Swing Years," with affection. Seven drummers are spotlighted: Chick Webb, Gene Krupa, Ray McKinley (the only one still alive), Jo Jones, Sid Catlett, the greatly underrated Dave Tough, and Buddy Rich. Seven others are dealt with briefly. Korall enlivens his essays with plenty of quotes from admirers of his subjects. This will appeal not only to drummers but to anyone interested in the social and musical overtones of the role played by percussionists in jazz. Drummer Mel Torme's foreword is delightful.



INSIDE PAUL HORN
By Paul Horn with Lee Underwood
(Harper Collins: $19.95; 284 pages)

Well known in the 1960s as a Los Angeles based sax-and-flute soloist, Horn wrote the first jazz mass, then became involved in a spiritual odyssey and was a student of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. He ultimately opted for a life of serenity and seclusion, though he still travels the world from his home in Victoria, B.C., where he's been based since 1970. Though the second half of the book is concerned with Horn's travels rather than with music, the story, reflecting his evolution as a global thinker and his sensitive self-awareness, is of absorbing interest.

POETS OF TIN PAN ALLEY
By Philip Furia
(Oxford: $22.95; 322 pages)

What Alec Wilder did for melodies in his classic "American Popular Song" (see below), Furia now does for the lyricists. It is odd that a work so microscopically analytical of Berlin, Porter, Ira Gershwin, Lorenz Hart and the rest should be unaware (like Friedwald) of the difference between *who* and *whom*, yet Furia is on firm ground most of the way. The balance between historical detail and examinations of specific songs is well maintained, resulting in a volume that devotes, for example, 20 valuable pages to Johnny Mercer.

It is unfortunate that Furia chose to segregate what he calls "jazz lyricists" into a separate chapter (there is no such animal). He all but ignores the magnificent work by Andy Razaf ("Honeysuckle Rose," "Ain't Misbehavin' ") while crediting Irving Mills—a manager and publisher (mainly associated with Duke Ellington) who was never seriously regarded as a songwriter—with lyrics to which Mills himself probably would not lay claim (he employed many collaborators).

AMERICAN SINGERS
By Whitney Balliett
(Oxford: $9.95; 244 pages)

Written between 1970 and 1984, these 27 essays exemplify the insightful grace of Balliett's prose. Though some of the singers are obscure (Hugh Shannon, Mary Mayo) and one deals with a pianist who rarely sings (George Shearing), each piece justifies itself as a stylistic gem. Regrettably, no dates are given, and several deceased subjects (Helen Humes, Alberta Hunter) are discussed in the present tense. At its paperback price, this is an essential purchase.

FROM BLUES TO BOP
By Various writers
(Louisiana State U. Press: $24.95; 295 pages)

This is, perhaps inevitably because of the sporadic use of jazz as a subject for fiction, a highly uneven collection. Edited by Richard Albert, it includes a few valuable pieces: Langston Hughes' "Dance," James Baldwin's "Sonny's Blues," and an evocative work by Josef Skvorcky, best known for "The Brass Saxophone."

In Brief:

"American Popular Song" by Alec Wilder, $29.95, 536 pages, now with a foreword by Gene Lees, has been reissued by Oxford and remains the definitive work on the great innovators from 1900 to 1950 . . . **"As Thousands Cheer,"** by Laurence Bergreen, $24.95, 658 pages) is the well-researched (with no help from the subject) biography of Irving Berlin, who detested jazz but many of whose songs became jazz standards . . . **"Meet Me at Jim and Andy's,"** by Gene Lees (Oxford, $8.95, 265 pages) is a paperback reprint of 13 brilliant essays by Gene Lees, culled from his monthly Jazzletter. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

POP MUSIC REVIEW 12-19-90

Voices Stuck in Yule Groove

How many seasonal songs are enough? At what point does the Christmas cup overflow? These questions presented themselves when an At My Place one-night stand was presented by Inner Voices.

These women, singing mainly a cappella but occasionally backed by one or two taped instruments, have become identified with Christmas. Morgan Ames, who organized the quartet, and her colleagues—Carmen Twillie, Darlene Koldenhoven and Clydene Jackson Edwards—have set their careers as busy studio artists. Only at this time of year is their almost magical blend put on public display.

Singing material from their recent Christmas album last Wednesday, they communicated as tellingly as ever their stunning musicianship, whether applied to standards ("Silent Night," "Ave Maria"), one or two originals (Koldenhoven's "The Angels Sing") and new lyrics by Ames to traditional songs.

Twillie's deep contralto and Koldenhoven's celestial soprano stood out among many delights. Yet as the hour wore on, the inescapable fact became clear: This repertoire is by definition self-limiting. Many of the lyrics tell a single story in different words; the melodies tend to harmonic monotony. The seldom-heard verse to "White Christmas" is surprisingly amateurish.

Inner Voices should not allow its glorious groove to become a rut. What's needed is material that will enable these artists to spread their capacious wings in songs that can remain valid from January through November.

Inner Voices will be heard Thursday at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks.

—LEONARD FEATHER

'Marksman' Mark Whitfield Keeps His Eye on the Target

■ **Jazz:** The guitarist, who was weaned on Ellington and Basie, finds that re-creating past sounds makes him a good living in the present.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"When I left school and went to New York," said the 24-year-old guitarist Mark Whitfield, "I had accepted in my heart that I was going to play jazz, and live in a small apartment in Brooklyn and just be poor for the rest of my life. Anything else that happened would just be a lucky break."

As luck would have it, something else did happen. Three years ago, when the Berklee College of Music alumnus was jamming at a New York Club, George Benson heard him. Before long he was on tour with organist Jack McDuff (Benson's first band leader) and, through Benson's intercession, had a contract with Warner Bros. Records. His first album, "The Marksman," in which he is backed by Wynton Marsalis' rhythm section, is selling briskly.

Last week, after a grueling but gratifying 3½-week tour of Japan dueting with Carmen McRae, he came home to his not-too-small apartment in Baton Rouge, La., where he lives with his wife and 8-month-old son. Over the weekend, he arrived in Los Angeles to play his first two Southland dates, Tuesday at Elario's in La Jolla and tonight at Nucleus Nuance in West Hollywood.

Whitfield is a maverick who shuns fusion, opts for straight-ahead jazz, and whenever possible avoids amplifiers. "I'm having a guitar made," he says, with a microphone mounted on the inside and using a wireless set-up, so I won't need an amp at all. That natural sound blends better with the other acoustic instruments."

Raised in Lindenhurst, Long Island, Whitfield came to jazz by natural causes: Two parents who loved the music, raised him on Ellington and Basie records, and once took him to hear the Count Basie Band, where upon he fell in love with Freddie Green's acoustic rhythm guitar.

"My high school band director was also a jazz fan and had played in big bands. A teacher in Seattle, where I lived for a year after my parents moved there, had played with Earl Hines. He gave me my first Charlie Christian record. I was 15."

Playing in the school band, he won two Berklee prizes and was offered a full scholarship, moving to Boston to study there in 1983.

The experience was a mixed blessing. "The school's emphasis has changed to fusion. Out of the 1,000 or more guitarists who passed through Berklee during my four years there, I doubt that more than 10 or 15 put a serious effort into playing straight-ahead."

Much of his jazz wisdom came from the records of George Benson and such long-gone masters as Charlie Christian and Wes Montgomery. His mind and fingers remain planted firmly in the mainstream. He scorns the theory that equates fusion with progress, or his own creative style with nostalgia.

"This is a spontaneous music in which nothing is ever played the same way twice; except the style may seem nostalgic to people who grew up with it, but for me it's new. What the fusion players are doing—John Scofield, Mike Stern, guys like that—I wouldn't call an improvement in any way on what Wes Montgomery did back in the 1960s. They are good musicians, but they don't represent any advance."

Whitfield realizes that the music he has embraced encompasses a broad range of tastes. He has begun to develop as a composer; six of the nine cuts in the album are his own, and at least two, "Medgar Evers Blues" and "The Marksman" (the title cut) shows substantial promise.

In the wake of his discovery by Benson have come other delights, among them a record date for RCA with Cleo Laine that found him in the company of trumpeter Clark Terry and saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom. Betty Carter has sat in with his group. Carmen McRae, who first heard him last summer at the North Sea Jazz Festival in Haarlem, plans to bring him back to Los Angeles in February to play with her at Catalina's.

Half a century has passed since Charlie Christian, in his historic sessions with Benny Goodman, set the course for modern jazz guitar. Mark Whitfield is one of a welcome minority whose roots go clear back to those catalytic recordings.

Mark Whitfield: Tonight at Nucleus Nuance in West Hollywood: (213) 939-8666.

Guitarist Mark Whitfield: "This is a spontaneous music in which nothing is ever played the same way twice; except the style may seem nostalgic to people who grew up with it, but for me it's new."

TONYA A. EVATT / Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW 12/22

All Stars Retrofit for the '90s

Nostalgia can be a powerful weapon, but it needs a little sharpening to lift it out of the realm of mere sentimentality. The Lighthouse All Stars, opening Thursday to a packed house at Catalina's, made it very clear that they are aware of this necessity.

Officially a cooperative, the eight-piece group is in effect co-led by Shorty Rogers, who plays the fluegelhorn and has written or rewritten most of the library, and alto saxophonist Bud Shank.

Two other front-line members (Conte Candoli, trumpet, and Bob Cooper, tenor) were associated off and on in the 1950s, mainly at the Hermosa Beach club that gave the group its name. Bill Perkins' baritone sax (doubling on soprano and tenor) rounded out a horn section that enables Rogers to bring a fresh and more vigorous impetus to the band.

West Coast jazz in the Lighthouse years came under fire for its alleged hyper-coolness and lethargy. If that was a half-truth then, it is utterly false today. These five artists, all born in the mid-1920s, convey a consistent sense of power.

They are aided by a new rhythm section, its members all slightly younger. Stan Levey, now a successful photographer, has given way to Larance Marable, a driving but never over-assertive drummer. Howard Rumsey, the bassist who founded the group, has retired, and Monty Budwig is playing more bass than anyone dreamed of in the old days. Pianist Pete Jolly, who did work with Rogers back then, fills the bill ideally.

The Rogers tunes range from "Fun," a cheerful theme full of dancing triplets, to "Martians Go Home," a simple eight-note blues riff, and a colorfully arranged tune named for the Lighthouse itself, "Casa de Luz."

Shank's ballad mood was tellingly represented in "Lotus Bud," which he and Rogers recorded in 1954. Cooper, always a master of timing with an impassioned sound, proved a tough man to follow.

The Lighthouse keepers plan to record, tour and make the European festival scene. Though they have had previous reunions, this one is for real, and as the audience made clear Thursday, the enthusiasm is mutual.

■ *Lighthouse All Stars: Catalina Bar & Grill, 1640 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood, through tonight. (213) 466-2210.*

—LEONARD FEATHER

12/23/90 L.A. TIMES

JAZZ

Awarding the 26th Annual Golden Feather Awards

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the 26th annum, the time has arrived to consider the hits and misses, the triumphs and trials of what well may have been the most active year in jazz history.

The activity may not have been at a new peak qualitatively, but in terms of the number of people involved at every level—as professionals or students, musicians or critics—the year was surely without precedent.

Many of the precedents were set in that prime focal point of jazz activity: Japan. For a recent appearance by Miles Davis at Blues Alley in Tokyo, the club slapped on a door charge of 40,000 yen—about $292. Some of that profit presumably must trickle down to the leader and even to his sidemen.

Other people and places offered evidence of the continuing innovative urge. The following winners of this year's Golden Feathers come readily to mind:

MAN OF THE YEAR: Dizzy Gillespie. At 73, the composer-trumpeter-traveler can probably count more airports on this year's schedule than any musician has ever before accumulated. He hopped over the Berlin Wall during its demolition, played one night stands in Moscow and Prague, wrapped his first major movie acting role ("Winter in Lisbon"), and played dates in Argentina, Brazil, Cuba, Chile, Denmark, England, France, Greece, Israel, Italy, Japan, Namibia, the Netherlands, Newfoundland, Puerto Rico and Switzerland. Honors have been showering on him like confetti, climaxed by the Kennedy Center Award earlier this month. Through it all, he has graciously spread the word for a music he has come to symbolize. Best CDs are on Pablo and Verve.

VIRTUOSO OF THE YEAR: Eddie Daniels. Dual-handedly, this man has brought the clarinet back to its rightful place with a series of albums that displayed his astonishing emotional and technical power. At a recent Los Angeles concert, teamed with pianist Mike Garson, he opened with Poulenc and Von Weber, closed with Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins, proving that classical listeners are now receptive to the serious presentation of jazz—and vice versa. Several albums in diverse idioms on GRP Records.

SMALL GROUP OF THE YEAR: The Harper Brothers Quintet. Drummer Winard Harper, 27, and trumpeter Philip Harper, 24, offered renewed evidence that in an era almost overwhelmed by funk and fusion, unhyphenated acoustic hard bop shall not perish from the earth. "The Harper Brothers" and "The Harper Brothers: Remembrance" on Verve Records.

VOCAL GROUP OF THE YEAR: Inner Voices. Organized by Morgan Ames, this four-women a cappella unit is a female counterpart to Take 6 in the beauty of its blend and the ingenuity of its arrangements. Only one album, a Christmas set just released on Rhino.

YOUNG MAN OF THE YEAR: Ryan Kisor. No, you have not heard of him, but it won't be long. He is the astonishingly fluent 17-year-old high school student from Sioux City, Iowa, who last month won first prize at the Thelonious Monk Institute's Louis Armstrong Trumpet Competition, held at the Smithsonian in Washington.

SUSAN SPANN / For The Times

Dizzy Gillespie: Man of the year graciously spread the word.

FATHER OF THE YEAR: Ellis Marsalis. Need we say more?

ALBUM OF THE YEAR (Instrumental): Stan Getz, "Anniversary" (EmArcy). The tenor sax, always a supremely adaptable horn, was never more sublime than in Getz's hands during this live session at a Copenhagen club. Incomparable backing by Kenny Barron, piano; Rufus Reid, bass and Victor Lewis, drums.

ALBUM OF THE YEAR (Vocal): Carmen McRae, "McRae Sings Monk" (RCA Novus). With 15 Thelonious themes, set to ingenious lyrics furnished by Jon Hendricks and others, and with a singer who knows Monk inside out, this could scarcely miss.

RECORD COMPANY OF THE YEAR: Mosaic. Devoted to painstaking reissues in high-class, high-priced box sets, this mail order outfit has earned a unique reputation. This year it made available most of the classic Commodore Records catalogue, and last month the legendary Charlie Parker tapes preserved by the late Dean Benedetti. No, your local store won't help; try 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Conn. 06902.

JAZZ MOVIE OF THE YEAR: A tough call. "Mo' Better Blues" boasted a splendid sound track, but the plot fell apart. "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" was a farrago of three-second sound-and-sight bites that seemed to equate rap with jazz. It seems only fair to hold the award for "Benny Carter: Symphony in Riffs." Though to date it has been shown mainly in England and awaits a wide release here, it is just what a one-hour documentary on a jazz giant should be: musically and historically valuable.

BIG BAND OF THE YEAR: The surviving big bands seem to consist of two classes: those that work year-round and are aimed mainly at the nostalgia crowd, and those that work sporadically because their music is ahead of the public's attention span. In the first category are the ghost bands of Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey et al.; also the not-quite-ghost bands led by Frank Foster and Mercer Ellington under the names of Count Basie and Duke Ellington.

The second group comprises part-time orchestras led by, among others, Louis Bellson, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Bill Berry, Bill Holman, the Frank Capp/Nat Pierce Juggernaut—all heard too seldom in-person or on records.

The award goes to a band heard even less frequently, the admirable Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra. Ignored by East Coast critics who never check out the Los Angeles scene, this ensemble owes its success to the multiple talents of the bassist-composer/arranger-conductor John Clayton, and to his partners, brother Jeff Clayton (saxes) and Jeff Hamilton (drums). They have only two albums out, one backing singer Ernestine Anderson, and a far more representative instrumental set, "Groove Shop" (Capri).

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It was a year when modest talents too often earned immodest rewards. Harry Connick Jr. is now a giant record seller and a motion picture actor, while Eric Reed, a major pianist now with Wynton Marsalis, and Kenny Colman, one of the finest singers in the Sinatra tradition, go all but unnoticed.

Again, blue notes abounded during a year that said adieu to Sarah Vaughan, June Christy, Emily Remler, Pearl Bailey, Major Holley, Lee Castle, Al Sears, Mel Lewis, Dexter Gordon, Art Blakey, Walter Davis Jr., Bill Hardman and too many others. But as long as the Ryan Kisors and other players (and singers) of his generation continue to flow out of the colleges and conservatories, our hopes for the future remains strong. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

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Jazz Cruise to Carib

by Leonard Feather

すばらしき船上ジャズ祭

2,000人の乗客を乗せて，マイアミから一路カリブへ。7万トンの豪華客船ノルウェイ号がジャズ・クルーズに出航した。ライオネル・ハンプトンから秋吉敏子まで総勢60余名のミュージシャンとすごす1週間。今年はライオネル・ハンプトン〜ゲイリー・バートン〜テリー・ギブスらのバイブ・サミットが呼びもの。このジャズ・クルーズの模様をレナード・フェザーがフォト＆リポートしてきた。

文・写真：レナード・フェザー（本誌特客積演）

近頃のジャズ祭はどこへ入っても一群のアーチストをローテーションでまわしているとしか思えない個性にとぼしいものになってしまった。そんな中でタッタひとつ異彩をはなっているといえるのが，汽船「ノルウェイ号」の船上で催される“フローティング・フェスティバル”だろう。排水量7万トンを誇る，この海上に浮かべた小都市（「ノルウェイ号」は，毎年10月下旬になると2千人近い乗客をのせてマイアミを出港し，カリブ海のサン・マルタンやセント・トーマスの港をめざしてゆく。

もっとも，《なぜカリブ海か？》《なぜジャズなのか？》という疑問をお持ちの方もおられるかもしれない。ちょっとした謎解きの手初めとして映画「真夜中のカウボーイ」でダスティン・ホフマンの演じたラッツォというチンピラが，映画の終わり近くで高熱に冒されながら「暖かいフロリダに行きたい」と再三呟いていたことを，思い起こしていただきたい。フロリダがアメリカ人全般というか，特に東部の人々にとって人気のある避寒地であるというのは周知の事実である。しかし，フロリダよりもう少しだけ旅費は張るがその分優雅な気分にひたれる場所として，特にニューヨークのシャレた人種に受けているのがバハマや，このセント・トーマス，サン・マルタンをふくむ東カリブ海である。これはニューヨークっ子ばかりでなく，イギリス人などでも長期休暇を取ってカリブの島でのんびり過ごしたり，あるいは釣りなどする人も結構いるようだ。

ニューヨークっ子たちが厳しい冬の間カリブ海に避難してくるというパターンは，すでに20世紀のはじめから確立していた。もちろん，当時はごく一部の上流階級の人間に限られていただろうが……。

ところで，『セント・トーマスと聞いただけでピンときたよ』とおっしゃる向きは，なかなかお目が高い。ソニー・ロリンズが「サキソフォン・コロッサス」で取り上げた自作曲〈セント・トーマス〉こそ，この「ノルウェー号」がこれから向かおうとしている寄港地である。そして，ロリンズの母親はこの島の出身といわれている。それに，先日なくなったレナード・バーンスタインの書いた傑作ミュージカル「ウエストサイド・ストーリー」の底流をなしていたのはニューヨークに住むプエルトリコ人たち。このプエルトリコという米国領の島も，カリブ海の東，すなわちドミニカと，セント・トーマスなどをふくむバージン諸島の間に存在する。つまり，カリブ海のあたりから米国，なかんずくニューヨークへ出てきている人間の数というのも相当に多いのである。ちなみに，ここでカリブ海の地理を復習していただくと，まずマイアミの東側に点々と位置する小さな島々（その中にはナッソーのあるニュー・プロビデンス島も含む）がバハマ諸島である。

そして，カリブ海最大の島といえば，これは誰でも知っているキューバ。マイアミから，その南西に位置するバハマまでは直線距離で230マイル程度だ。

カリブ海で2番目に大きいのが，

▲7万トンの豪華客船ノルウェイ号。あまりに大きくその優雅な船体が写真に入らず残念。

ンツ』の話に戻るのですけど，いわゆるスタンダード・ソングは，「ハウンテッド・ハート」1曲だけしか入っていませんよね。

LR　そうだね。スタンダード・ソングは演奏したかったのだけれど，他の人がたくさんレコーディングしている曲はいやだったんだよ。〈ヒアズ・ザット・レイニー・デイ〉といった曲のようなね。〈ハウンテッド・ハート〉という曲は，いい曲で，それほど多くは演奏されていないから。

——とてもいいバラードになっていると思います。

LR　ありがとう。そしてね，他にもいろいろ曲を捜していたのだけど，アルバム全体から見て何が足りないかと考えてみたら，自分の曲を入れたほうがいいということに気づいたんだよ。そこで，〈アップ・タウン〉や〈24thストリート・ブルース〉といった曲を作ったんだ。

——アルバム・タイトルにもなっている〈ストールン・モーメンツ〉については？

LR　オリバー・ネルソンのあの曲は，アルバムに何を入れようかという時に，真っ先に思いついた。オリジナル演奏と聴き比べられるのは，ちょっと怖かったけれどね。プロデューサーも，ぼくが“ジャズ・アルバム”を作るのに，「ストールン・モーメンツ」(いつしか過ぎ去った時間)というのは，アルバム・タイトルとしてもいいと言うから。

——今度のアルバムを聴いていて，リトナーさんとジャズ・シンガーのデュオ・アルバムを聴きたいなあと思ったのですけど。そういう計画は？

LR　偶然だなあ，そんな質問を受けるなんて。ぼくも，そのことは考えていたところで，まだ誰にも話してはいないのだけれど，ダイアン・シューアか誰かと一緒にデュオ・アルバムを作れたらいいなと考えているんだよ。曲によっては，トリオにしてもいいかなあ。ギター・プレイヤーは，歌手の伴奏にチャレンジしてみたいものなんだ。バーニー・ケッセルがジュリー・ロンドンの伴奏をしたアルバム「ジュリー・イズ・ハー・ネーム」のようなね。この頃，ギター・プレイヤーがジャズのアルバムをいろいろと発表しているのだけれど，ぼくに関していうと，さあこれからだ，という感じだ。フュージョンの分野はともかく，自分のジャズ・ギタリストとしてのスタイルはまだ出来ていないから，ジャズのあらゆることにチャレンジして行きたいと思っている。

——ブラジリアン・タッチの音楽は，しばらくは演らないのですか？

LR　そんなことはないよ。ぼくは，3週間前にカーメン・エリーサというブラジルの女性と結婚したばかりで，ブラジルは，ぼくの胸の奥にまで入ってしまっているからね(笑)。

そうか，そうだったのかあ。『ストールン・モーメンツ』のなかで〈ワルツ・フォー・カーメン〉という曲を捧げていた女性と，結婚したのかあ。ジャズ・ギタリスト，そして，新しい生活の両方のスタートを切ったリー・リトナーのこれからには，とても期待出来ると思う。

●インタビュー＝吉村浩二

●リー・リトナー　1952年7月18日ロスアンジェルス生まれ。6歳からギターを始め，南カリフォルニア大学在学中に，クラシック＆ジャズ・ギターを学び，ジョー・パスにも師事している。74年にデイブ・グルーシンと出会ってから，グルーシン・ファミリーのミュージシャンらと自己グループ結成，数々のセッションを経て，“フュージョン・ギターの第一人者”の評価を得る。近作「ストールン・モーメンツ」ではジャズの本格的な活動に乗りだす。

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在すること（たとえば前の晩アル・グレイのカルテットを聴いたとして，次の朝，日当たりのいいプールの脇でアル・グレイ本人とブレックファストを摂ったり，船内に数あるバーのどれかで酒を酌みかわしたりという場面を，この「フローティング・フェスティバル」以外のどこで想像することができるだろう）。

もちろん，ふだんでは実現できない顔合せの楽しみもある。ライオネル・ハンプトンはたった3人のミュージシャンを連れただけでマイアミ埠頭に姿を現わした。しかし，おなじ船に乗り合せたアーチストをつぎつぎにくどき落とし，ついには二十数名からなるオーケストラ（そこには，アル・グレイやジョン・ファディス，ケニー・バロンもまじっていた）を組織。そのメンバーで臨んだ『サーガ・シアター』でのステージでは，沸き返るようなスタンディング・オベイションを頂戴していた。

ところで，今回の船上ジャズ祭でもっとも記憶に残ったのは，現在活躍中のバイブの巨匠4人を一堂に会して行なわれた「バイブ・サミット・ミーティング」と題するイベント。『サーガ・シアター』の幕があがると，そこには3台のバイブラフォンがほどよく配置されている。まずゲイリー・バートンがリリカルな4マレットのプレイを披露すると，テリー・ギブスはお得意の冗舌なビ・バップ・スタイルを炸裂させて応酬。その後2曲で2人がデュエットするのだが，その2曲目にきた時，それまでピアノを弾いていたジョン・キャンベルが不意にピアノの前から立ち上がり，マレット2本を握ると，バートン～ギブスに勝るとも劣らぬ素敵なバイブ（レーション）を生み出したのには恐れ入った。

そして，恍惚の一瞬がきた。ギブスが，来賓という資格でここに招かれていたレッド・ノーボ（4年前脳卒中の発作をおこしてから，演奏できなくなっていた）に向って，もう2，3の音をつけ足してくれないか，と頼んだのである。やおら車椅子から立ち上がった彼（数か月前に肋骨を折り，いまは車椅子を使っている）はステージ中央のバイブに歩み寄り，右手に2本のマレットをつかんだ（いまなお左半身が不自由なのだ）。ノーボがユッタリと〈君微笑めば〉を演奏しはじめると，バートンとギブスの2人が両脇から彼を鼓舞していく。この感動的な場面にさいして，ノーボ自身は涙をこらえるのがやっと。片や総立ちになったオーディエンスにとっても，この1週間の航海でもっとも記憶に残るスタンディング・オベイションになった。


▲バディ・デフランコ(cl)とミルト・ヒントン。


▲ジャム・セッションで顔を合せたヒントンとレッド・カレンダー。


▲テリー・ギブスとゲイリー・バートンのデュオローグ。

その後に出てきたライオネル・ハンプトンは持ち前のジョークを飛ばしながら，バイブ・ソロとジャム・セッションをくり広げたが，思いがけないノーボの演奏のあとでは，すべてが色あせて見えたのは気の毒というほかない。

このほかにもいろんな見もの，聴きものがふんだんに揃っていたが，ミルト・ヒントンが最後の夜のためにオーガナイズしたジャム・セッションもそのひとつ。トロンボーンが6本にトランペットが7本（チータムのブルース・バンドのトランペット奏者ノーラン・スミスとジョン・ファディス，それに秋吉バンドのトランペット・セクション全員）も勢揃いする壮観なシーンも目にすることができた。その後ステージ上で展開されたのは，キーター・ベッツが手配したベース・デュオのシリーズで，ミルト・ヒントンとレッド・カレンダー，トニー・シャーとビリー・ジョンソンという組合せ。最後はベッツ自身が堂々たるフラメンコのソロでしめくくっていた。

客席の中からジャム・セッションに飛び入りする者も何人かいた。いまなおチャーミングなボーカルを聞かせるメイビス・リバースやアーニー・ウイルキンスの弟でトロンボーン奏者のジミー・ウイルキンス。アル・グレイ・バンドのメンバーで卓越したギタリストのジョー・コーン（アル・コーンの息子）はトランペットで参加した。また，乗客がアーチスト数名に質問をぶつける「ミート・ザ・スター」というセッションも，午後の時間帯に都合3回持たれ，その時のようすは後刻，船室内のテレビでも放映されていた（ジャズ映画のビデオならありとあらゆる作品が揃っていて，いつでもそれらを視聴することができた）。

端的にいって，このフローティング・ジャズ・フェスティバルの質的充実度は，陸の上で開かれているどんなジャズ祭とも比較にならないものだ。だから7日間の航海をおえて船がマイアミに着いた時は，あと数時間もすれば2番目の航海が（ミュージシャンの顔ぶれが大半入れ替わって）出発すると知っているだけに，スンナリこの場を立ち去る気になれなかった。この船上ジャズ祭が現下のジャズ・シーンで最もホットな関心を集めている催しであり，また，最も大きな利益を生んでいるというのもわかる気がする。カジノとバーの売上を別にした，客室からの売上だけでも週に3～4百万ドルに達しているらしい。

船上ジャズ祭はビジネスとしてもビッグだが，一般の乗客にとってはまたとない音楽的なごちそうであり，また出演者として参加した男女ミュージシャンにとってはギャラ付きのセミ・バケーションと取ることもできる，という側面のほうが重要ではないだろうか。　（訳：和田政幸）

JAZZ REVIEW

Poncho Sanchez Adds a Dash of the Blues to Salsa Mix

With nine albums to his credit, and as many years leading his own group, Poncho Sanchez, who opened Thursday at the Vine Street Bar and Grill in Hollywood, has become one of the most dynamically dependable symbols of Latin jazz.

Like most bands of its kind, his eight-piece ensemble is built essentially around the percussion section. With the leader on congas, Ramon Banda on timbales and Jose (Papo) Rodriguez on bongos, the three-horn front line often plays a secondary role.

With David Torrez now serving as pianist and musical director, much of the music is composed or arranged by him. The tunes, a mixture of old-time salsa numbers and Latinized jazz pieces, sometimes lean toward blues-like elements and boppish figures.

Sanchez has two remarkable soloists in the trombonist Art Velasco, who dominated the Duke Ellington standard "In a Sentimental Mood," and the trumpeter/fluegelhornist Sal Cracchiolo, a powerful performer with range and chops to spare.

Typically, in some of the more traditional mamboesque works, Sanchez and a couple of his sidemen will burst into good-humored vocals that are higher in spirit than artistry. But the band comes vividly alive when the leader is brewing ingenious cross-rhythms on his congas. During one 6/8 number, he stood up and attacked them with sticks, and in the final "Bien Morena," he made astonishingly facile use of a cowbell.

Gene Burkert lends an ethnic touch with his flute solos, doubling adequately on tenor and alto sax. David Torrez's most significant role at the piano is that of supplying hypnotic, repeated figures during the percussion interludes.

Although this may not be a seriously innovative idiom (one of the blues-like numbers was a ringer for "Fascinating Rhythm"), it does build enough rhythmic tension to maintain a generally engaging level of vitality and excitement.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Poncho Sanchez, Vine Street Bar and Grill, 1610 Vine St., Hollywood, (213) 463-4375, through Sunday.*

Hendricks' Take on 'Freddie Freeloader'

'Jon Hendricks: The Freddie Sessions," airing tonight on Channel 28 at 11:50, is one of those rare documentaries that can be characterized as musical, entertaining and educational.

Produced and directed by Jeffe Feuerzeig, a 26-year old independent filmmaker, the 29-minute show is based primarily on the title cut of "Freddie Freeloader," Hendricks' recent CD on Denon Records. As Hendricks explains, Freddie Freeloader was a bartender in Philadelphia noted for his generosity in offering free drinks to his musician friends.

His name became the title of a tune written and recorded in 1959 by Miles Davis. Through the art of vocalise, of which he is the preeminent exponent, Hendricks has recreated the record vocally, setting words to what were originally ad lib jazz solos.

Switching back and forth between black-and-white and color, the film shows Hendricks singing John Coltrane's tenor sax solo, Al Jarreau lyricizing the Miles Davis passage, Bobby McFerrin interpreting Wynton Kelly's piano solo in words, and George Benson firing off a wild chorus that was once a Cannonball Adderley improvisation.

All four singers meet this daunting challenge in peak form. Hendricks' narration tells us how he came to know the other three (McFerrin was once a member of his vocal quartet), introduces each segment with a brief and witty scat interlude, and helps us to share in the joy of creativity that permeates this unique production.

Hendricks also joins with Jarreau and Benson to sing a lyricized version of Thelonious Monk's "Rhythm-a-ning," there is a vintage shot of the original vocalise trio (Hendricks, Dave Lambert and Annie Ross) singing "Cloudburst" at the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival, and the rhythm section that backs all the "Freddie" soloists is introduced, with the superb Tommy Flanagan at the piano, the brilliant Czech bassist George Mraz and drummer Jimmy Cobb (who played on the original Miles Davis record).

Vocalise words go by so fast that the listener would be well advised to have the album on hand; it includes a printout of all those mile-a-minute solos. But with or without total comprehension, "The Freddie Sessions" is a rare blend of good music, good humor and all around good vibes.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Frank Morgan Charts New Territories for '91

"Isn't it great to be alive?" said Frank Morgan to his audience Tuesday evening at Catalina Bar and Grill in Hollywood. His Happy New Year attitude was reflected in his work throughout a set that revealed new advances in the evolution of this nonpareil alto saxophonist.

When Morgan came back to prominence in the late 1970s, his debt to Charlie Parker was almost constantly in evidence. Today, though that basic influence is still detectable, he takes his horn into new territories, seemingly more secure about his own identity.

Surprisingly, the show opened (and closed) with a gentle, mysterious ballad, "Lullaby," penned by his pianist, George Cables. For his second number, Morgan negotiated the modal labyrinth of Wayne Shorter's "Footprints," scaling tonal walls and climbing down them in a constantly adventurous solo, then standing by during Cables' admirable solo but adding occasional stabbing notes like exclamation points.

There were two blues, both Parker-inspired: "Billie's Bounce," with drummer Albert (Tootie) Heath indulging in witty four-bar exchanges, and a slow, pleading "K.C. Blues," with invaluable support by the veteran virtuoso bassist Andy Simpkins.

Even when Morgan played one of the more overworked standards—"Night in Tunisia," "All the Things You Are"—he would find some new avenue through which to approach and modify it. His phenomenal technique was never abused; in fact, now and then he would switch back from a restless improvisation to an almost straight reminder of the melody.

In short, Morgan provided the sound of surprise, which, some observers feel, is what jazz is all about. At 57, he is still experimenting, still bringing to his listeners a sense of that *joie de vivre* that seems to drive him today more passionately than ever.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Frank Morgan Quartet: Catalina's, 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood. (213) 466-2210. Through Sunday.*

▲バイブの巨匠が勢揃いした，まさに歴史的な写真。左からテリー・ギブス，ライオネル・ハンプトン，ゲイリー・バートン，レッド・ノーボ。この4巨人が一同に会したのは初めてとのこと。

キューバの東にあるドミニカ。ジャマイカはキューバの南方に位置し，キューバやドミニカに比べるとかなり小さい。

ドミニカの東にあるのがさきほどのプエルトリコ。その東隣りがバージン諸島となる。残りの島々は，「ノルウェイ号」の目的地のひとつであるサン・マルタンがバージン諸島のすぐ東（セント・トーマスとは100マイルくらいの距離）。そこから100マイルほど南東におりてくると英領アンティガ，その50マイルほど南西におなじく英領モンセラット島がある。あとは，ひたすら南へ下るだけだが，仏領ガダループ，バルバドス，グレナダなど大小の島々が存在している。無駄話はさておき，「ノルウェイ号」に乗船した2000人の内訳は，大半がジャズ・ファンの乗客と，このフェスティバルのプロデューサー，ハンク・オニールとシェリー・シアの2人が集めてきた60人近いミュージシャン。

1983年からスタートしたこの船上ジャズ祭，年を追うごとにスケール，内容とも充実の度をましてきている。今年の場合には，1週間連続の船上フェスティバルが2回計画され，筆者はその第1回分に乗船したが，あまりにも中味が濃すぎてドギマギするような喜びに浸されたのは近来にない体験であった。たとえば，ある夜の出し物はこんな風だった。ゆったりした舞踏場のような『チェッカーズ・キャバレー』ではルー・タバキンをフィーチャーした秋吉敏子オーケストラの比類なき演奏。客席数800という，なかなか立派な『サーガ・シアター』ではラルフ・サットンとジェイ・マクシャンの2人が“売春宿ピアノ・プレイヤーの最後の生き残り”というタタキ文句で出演していた。

他方ナイト・クラブ的雰囲気をもつ『クラブ・インターナショナル』ではケニー・バロンとジョン・イートンの2ステージ。そしてロウワー・デッキにある『ノース・ケイプ・ラウンジ』には，テナーのドン・マッキャスリンやウォルフガング・ムスピールといった，ブリリアントな若手をサイドに従えたゲイリー・バートン・クインテットが出ていた。

これだけの出し物が1晩のうちに提供されたわけだが，おなじ日の昼の部では「ピアノ・スペクタキュラー」と題された，キーボード奏者が入れかわりソロないしはデュオで演奏するステージも見ることができた（このステージでのハイライトはケニー・バロンと，カナダ出身の卓越した若手ピアニストで，今回のクルーズにはジョン・ファディス・カルテットの一員として参加していたリニー・ロスネスの共演）。

その他にも，ジョン・キャンベル（筆者が前の日に聴いていたテリー・ギブス～バディ・デフランコの双頭バンドのメンバー），ジニー・チータム（夫のジミー・チータム，そしてバックのブルース・バンドと共に乗船していた），ジュニア・マンス，デレク・スミス，それに夜の部で“売春宿のピアノ弾き”ぶりを発揮することになるジェイ・マクシャンとラルフ・サットンらがステージを賑わせた。それでは，他のジャズ祭ではけっして味わうことのできない，“フローティング・フェスティバル”独自の特色というのをご紹介しよう。そのひとつは，このジャズ祭ではその時の気分次第で，あるグループのメンバーが別のグループに参加したり，ということが頻繁におきること。もうひとつは，一般乗客とミュージシャンの間に社交的なつき合いが存

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12/30/90 JAZZ

Triumph of 'Form' Over Daunting Odds

★★★★★

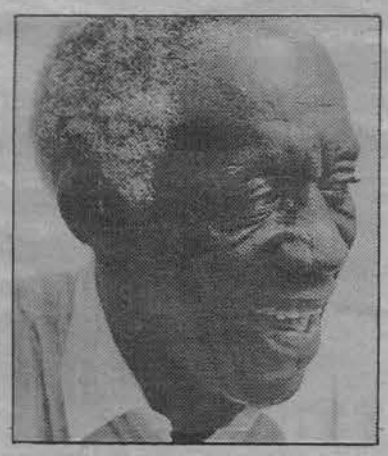
TOM HARRELL
"Form"
Contemporary

Constantly evolving as a composer and soloist, the former Phil Woods sideman illustrates how much can be achieved with two-part harmony: his own trumpet or fluegelhorn and Joe Lovano on tenor or soprano sax. A ringer, Cheryl Pyle on flute, is added for "January Spring," a complex and challenging piece in which everyone, including bassist Charlie Haden and the Panamanian pianist Danilo Perez, 23, plays a valuable role. Neil Tesser's notes deal sensitively with Harrell's emotional problem (a diagnosed schizophrenic, he seems to come alive only when he puts the horn to his lips). Rather than pity him, as Tesser points out, we should admire him and marvel at the creativity that has defied such daunting odds. —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★

ART BLAKEY
"Chippin' In" *Timeless*
"One for All" *A & M*

Made in February and April, with his last band, these were Blakey's final albums. The leader's personality and the group's character remained almost unchanged through the decades. In both albums there is one tune from the old book (by Wayne Shorter or Gigi Gryce) along with new works or arrangements by such gifted sidemen as the 19-year-old pianist Geoff Keezer, trumpeter Brian Lynch (a splendid writer and soloist), and saxophonists Dale Barlow (from Australia) and Javon Jackson. There is no qualitative difference here; both CDs remind us of the irreplaceable character of our loss, and of the unique spirit Blakey was able to generate. —L. F.



Art Blakey: His immutable spirit comes through on two final CDs.

JAZZ REVIEW

1/7/91

Gibb's Fine Set Marred by Poor Set-Up

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Marla Gibbs just doesn't appreciate herself.

That was the problem with her show Friday night. Though she has changed the name of her room from Marla's Memory Lane to Marla's Jazz Supper Club, the truth is that even on Fridays and Saturdays, when jazz is indeed on hand, she presents it as if this were a Las Vegas lounge.

This was one of the celebrated TV star's rare appearances as a singer, but delaying tactics kept the audience waiting while the Gerald Wiggins Quintet played an extended introductory set—four long tunes—followed by two magicians. Ironically, if Gibbs appeared at one of the Hollywood jazz rooms she would not be treated in this manner. When she finally appeared her set was only 45 minutes long.

This having been said, let it be made clear that Gibbs the singer is a total charmer, as easy on the ears as on the eyes. Backed by pianist Wiggins' excellent group, she allowed solo space for the leader as well as for trumpeter Oscar Brashear and guitarist Doug MacDonald.

Gibbs' choice of songs left no doubt that her debt is to jazz, and to the women who helped create it vocally. On songs such as "All of Me" there was even a hint of Billie Holiday in her slightly nasal timbre.

Gibbs' experience as an actress enables her to bring to each song a clear understanding of the lyrics. This was most evident in a haunting treatment of "Lazy Afternoon."

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L.A. Times 1/6/91

Jazz Veterans of the '90s Hit Their 80s

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the December, 1990, issue of down beat magazine, the results of the annual readers' poll revealed that one musician—Benny Carter—was voted No. 1 in two categories: composer and arranger. (Four months earlier, he was also elected Musician of the Year in the magazine's critics' poll.)

What's so remarkable about that? Well, down beat readers, who are mainly in their early 20s, might be expected to vote for one of the many musicians closer to their own generation. The victorious Benny Carter will be 84 in August.

Carter's recording career has covered every decade of this century except the first two, as these recent releases indicate: "McKinney's Cotton Pickers 1928-30, featuring Benny Carter" (RCA Bluebird), "Count Basie Orchestra, Kansas City Suite, Music by Benny Carter," 1960, and "Benny Carter/Phil Woods" (Music Masters), 1990.

Carter is the most visible and distinguished of the jazz survivors. His enduring success as an alto saxophonist, composer and bandleader offers a reminder that while more and more teen-aged musicians have taken prominent roles in the scene, others whose careers began in the 1920s have remained musically active.

Among these mostly octogenarians, who have often shown that age has refined rather than reduced their expertise: Lionel Hampton, 82, the "Vibes President"; bassist Milt Hinton, 80; the French violinist Stephane Grappelli, who will be 83 this month; and Danny Barker, the New Orleans-based guitar and banjo virtuoso, 81.

How these artists have remained vital contributors to jazz is a tribute to both the loyalty of their fans and to the sustaining talent of the artists—provided, that is, that one's lifestyle has been reasonably stable.

Through the media—films, TV, books—we have heard disproportionately about the Bix Beiderbeckes, Charlie Parkers and Chet Bakers who died tragically young. However, the men who continue to ply their trade in their 70s and 80s, reminds us that jazz is a continuum in which the arrival of the new does not connote the disappearance of the old.

A typical case history is that of trumpeter Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham, who will be 86 in June.

A veteran of name bands (Chick Webb, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Cab Calloway, Benny Carter), he later toured Africa with Wilbur de Paris and with Herbie Mann, worked with Benny Goodman in the 1960s, and since then has been an active New York free-lancer.

"I've played these Sunday brunches at Sweet Basil every week for over 10 years," he said. "I've played the Dick Gibson jazz party every Labor Day weekend

RON SCHERL / for The Times

Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham, 85, in his New York apartment.

and I went to France last spring."

Cheatham will never say, as ragtime composer and pianist Eubie Blake once did, that if he knew he'd live this long, he'd have taken better care of himself. "You could say I've been very lucky. I'm in good health," he said. "I have a wonderful wife, two grown children, four grandchildren. I never fooled around much with liquor. I take vitamins. I still practice my horn, even if it's only 10 minutes a day."

It's most remarkable that Cheatham's best recordings are those he has made in recent years. Maturity has brought to his style a flexibility and fluency and a personal edge to his sound.

Pianist Art Hodes, who was born in Czarist Russia in 1904, was raised in Chicago and became a passionate spokesman for traditional jazz and blues. Hodes—who had his own radio show, record company and magazine in the 1940s—still works in Chicago and recently released a new CD.

Most of the senior jazz men tend to work with younger musicians, out of choice as much as necessity, but others band together with men of their own generation. In New Orleans, several old-timers still gather at Preservation Hall, as they have since 1961. Clarinetist Willie Humphrey, a long-time regular, celebrated his 90th birthday there Dec. 29.

A unique group of veterans is the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, which was organized in 1973 by Dr. Albert Vollmer, an orthodontist for whom jazz is a hobby. This New York-based ensemble has played colleges and festivals from Oberlin and Pepperdine to Oslo and Pori.

"The players, in their 60s, 70s and 80s, are in great shape, musically and physically," Volmer said. "Our oldest member is bassist Johnny Williams, who was born in Memphis in 1908 and has worked with everyone from Louis Armstrong and Benny Carter to Coleman Hawkins and Teddy Wilson."

Also featured in the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band is drummer Johnny Blowers. Born in 1911, Blowers was a regular in the Eddie Condon gang in Greenwich Village in the 1940s. Around the same age is the band's admirable vocalist, Laurel Watson, one of the jazz world's half-forgotten might-have-beens. "I was with Count Basie in 1945," she said, "and with Duke Ellington a couple of years later, but I was unlucky—I never recorded with either of them." These days, Watson still works fairly regularly with the Harlem band or with pickup combos of her own.

Singers, for whom one might expect youthful glamour to be an essential attribute, have a good chance of a lengthy career. Cab Calloway, born in December, 1907, still makes the rounds of concert halls and clubs. Adelaide Hall, who sang the memorable wordless vocal on Duke Ellington's 1927 record, "Creole Love Call," has lived in London for many years and recently sang on her own BBC special.

Hall, born in New York in 1909, is one of several older expatriates. "Champion" Jack Dupree has lived and worked in England or around the continent for 30 years. Dupree, a blues singer and pianist, was born in New Orleans in 1910 and was raised in the same Colored Waifs' Home as Louis Armstrong. The saxophonist Benny Waters, who'll turn 79 this month, has been Paris-based for some 40 years and works regularly.

What keeps these artists going? The answer would seem to be the creative spirit, coupled with a healthy attitude and a comparative lack of vices. (Although alcohol, tobacco and marijuana were the drugs of choice in the 1930s, none of the performers mentioned seems to have had a serious problem, or was ever hooked on hard drugs.)

There has already been one centenarian in jazz: Eubie Blake died in 1983, five days after his 100th birthday. He was the first, but the evidence seems to indicate that he may not be the last. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

★★★★

DICK HYMAN

"Plays Fats Waller"

Reference

Hyman is the ideal candidate to bring Waller's music to life. Included are several tunes the composer never recorded as piano solos (some had vocals, or were played on organ), and one that he never recorded at all ("Stealin' Apples"). Hyman is also able to stretch out tunes to 6-7 minutes while Waller was corseted by the approximate 3 minute limit of 78 RPM discs. It is a measure of his artistry, as pianist and composer, and of Hyman's own incomparable empathy, that the results are as close as anyone living can get to the originator himself. —LEONARD FEATHER

ENTERTAINMENT / THE ARTS / TV LISTINGS

CALENDAR

Los Angeles Times

TUESDAY
JANUARY 8, 1991

AL SEIB / Los Angeles Times

Pianist Monty Alexander, drummer Jeff Hamilton, bassist John Clayton Jr. at Dunbar: Like a visit to a haunted house.

REVIEWS

DUNBAR JAZZ: A matinee by pianist Monty Alexander, accompanied by bassist John Clayton and drummer Jeff Hamilton, at the Dunbar Hotel on Central Avenue brought back memories of when that area was a show business cynosure in the 1930s. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F1**

The A Train to L.A. History

Echoes of Ellington and Other Black Entertainers Fill the Air at Dunbar

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Officially, the concert given Sunday afternoon by pianist Monty Alexander, bassist John Clayton and drummer Jeff Hamilton at the Dunbar Hotel on Central Avenue in Los Angeles was the latest in the Da Camera Society's series of "Chamber Music in Historic Sites."

Actually, it was more like a visit to a haunted house, one whose history goes back to Prohibition days and is closely related to the social evolution of Los Angeles.

The performance was a dazzling display by three artist whose work interwove magically. Alexander dominated, with a series of well planned arrangements marked by stride interludes, changes of key and tempo, bowed bass solos, ballad medleys and a two-fisted attack on "The Work Song" that stunned the crowd in the sparsely decorated room.

Beyond the music, though, listening to Alexander quoting from an Ellington theme, you could look up at the balcony and see, in your mind's eye, Duke himself at a piano on the mezzanine, working out an arrangement for tomorrow's show.

The Dunbar is remembered by many Angelenos as a social mecca where, during its heyday in the 1920s and '30s, black celebrities who were denied lodging in Hollywood and Beverly Hills found a hospitable place to stay and mingle. Located at 41st Street and Central Avenue, it opened in 1928 in an elaborate ceremony; later that year it was host to the NAACP's first West Coast-based national convention.

Musicians such as Ellington and Count Basie, dancers such as Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, comedians such as Eddie (Rochester) Anderson were among the Dunbar's frequent residents in an era when Los Angeles was so segregated that there were even two separate musicians unions.

The hotel was founded when black businessman Dr. John Somerville, moving trouble finding a place to stay and decided to build a hotel where African-Americans would be welcome. It was then known as the Somerville Hotel.

The early years are recalled by Almena Lomax, who with her husband Lucius Lomax Jr. [illegible] offices in the Dunbar.

"My father-in-law, Lucius Lomax Sr., a very successful gambler, bought the hotel after the Depression and renamed it after the black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar," Almena Lomax said Sunday. "Over the years, it became a hangout where all the show people stayed, as well as writers like Langston Hughes and W.E.B. Du Bois.

"But the stories about great jazz musicians working there are nonsense," she said. "The only time they had entertainment at the Dunbar was very briefly in 1935, when Nellie Lutcher played piano in the lounge; then they dropped the policy, because the hotel was its own drawing card."

Nellie Lutcher confirmed Lomax's recollection: "I was there for eight weeks, working from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. for two dollars a night plus whatever people would put into the kitty. I had just arrived here from New Orleans, and it was at the Dunbar when I first began to sing. I was 19 years old. After I left, they didn't have anyone else."

MARIANNA DIAMOS

As late as 1987, vandals had destroyed much of the African-American museum adjacent to the Dunbar.

Nevertheless, great music and musicians were not far away. Right next door on Central near 41st Street was the legendary Club Alabam, founded in the early 1920s by the drummer and band leader Curtis Moseby. The Alabam was a focal point of Los Angeles' nightclub and jazz scene, with a spacious dance floor and a big show featuring a line of dancers a la the Cotton Club.

Lee Young, the drummer who led a band at the Alabam in 1939, remembered: "The fellows in the band—Charles Mingus, Art Pepper, all of us—would hang out between sets next door at the Dunbar, which was then owned by my father-in-law, James Nelson. He had acquired it from his cousin, Lucius Lomax. Between the club and the hotel you'd see movie stars and all the big show business names of the day."

"I stayed at the Dunbar," says singer Herb Jeffries, "while I was starring in those six-day quickies, the first all black

DUNBAR

Continued from F1

Rides the Range' and 'Bronze Buckaroo.' I stayed there again when I was singing with the Duke Ellington orchestra. Everyone was around the Dunbar."

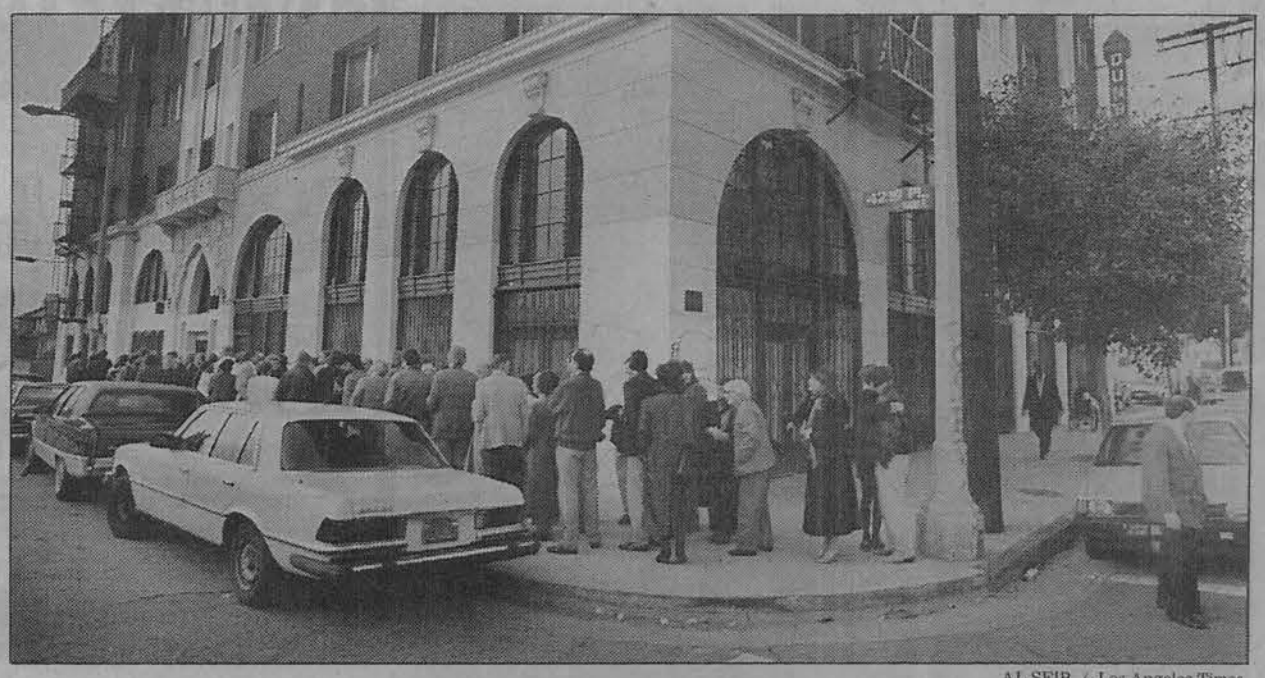
Gerald Wilson, the composer and bandleader, has fond memories of the Dunbar. "When I was with Jimmie Lunceford, the entire orchestra would check in at the hotel. It was very well-run; they wouldn't allow any loud stuff. They had a fine dining room; it was the best place for us in town."

Business was brisk during the 1930s and during World War II, but in the next decade conditions changed.

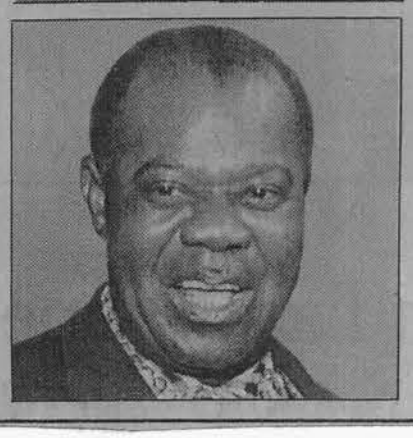
The black musicians union amalgamated with the white Local 47 in 1953. Restrictive covenants preventing white homeowners from selling to blacks were soon outlawed. Hollywood opened up; Duke Ellington was staying at the Chateau Marmont on Sunset Boulevard instead of the Dunbar. Gradually, the hotel (along with the Clark and the Watkins, two other hotels in black areas) felt the pinch as segregation slackened off.

Bernard Johnson purchased the Dunbar in 1968. Through his efforts, in 1974, it was declared a Los Angeles Historical Cultural Monument, but it didn't help business; later that year, the hotel folded. It reopened last year, with help from Mayor Tom Bradley and the Community Redevelopment Agency, as a senior citizens' home on the upper floors, and supposedly an African-American museum on the main floor, though there were no signs of a museum on Sunday—only a still-dilapidated lounge and mezzanine, and a reminder, through Alexander's trio, of the musical glory that was once so much a part of neighborhood.

Where the Club Alabam stood next door is a trash-filled empty lot. All the other bars and clubs and barber shops that huddled near the Dunbar are gone too. But for just two hours on Sunday, there was a vibrant chance to recall a time when the Dunbar represented a unique part of the Southland's African-American experience.



AL SEIB / Los Angeles Times



The old Dunbar Hotel on Central Avenue in Los Angeles played host over the years to such entertainers as Duke Ellington, right, Nellie Lutcher and Louis Armstrong.

1-13-91

★★★★

DUKE ELLINGTON

"Latin American Suite"

Fantasy

Only 37 minutes long, recorded in the evening of the maestro's career, this collection of seven unrelated pieces (it's not really a suite) celebrated Ellington's first South American tour. Some of it suggests Latin dance music steeped in Ellingtonality, without much variation in the rhythms. Still, the supremely, unmistakably Ducal orchestral textures, the gently pervasive factor of His Grace's piano and the occasional touches of Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Hodges et al combine to make up for a thematic level that sometimes falls below optimum standards. No other ensemble ever produced voicings as memorably personal as Ellington's, even this late in his creative life.

—LEONARD FEATHER

1-13-91

★★★

JEANNIE & JIMMY CHEATHAM

"Luv in the Afternoon"

Concord Jazz

The Cheathams with their "Sweet Baby Blues Band" work the same territory familiarized in four earlier albums, this time with the addition on three cuts of guitarist Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown. Basically, it's the leaders (piano/vocal and bass trombone, respectively) who dominate, introducing five new originals, along with a welcome change of pace when Jeannie Cheatham tries out a ballad, "Trav'lin' Light." Surprisingly, "Don't You Feel My Leg," once a comedy vocal blues, is changed here into a rather conventional 32-bar instrumental. —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW

McRae: A Class Act at Catalina's

Carmen McRae has reached that stage of her career at which such terms as *legend* and *survivor* are often applied. More importantly, as she demonstrated during her opening show Tuesday at Catalina's, she remains precisely what she was when her audiences called her *youthful* and *promising*—a jazz-directed singer of exceptional class.

When a ballad mood is called for, she suffuses it with all the requisite tenderness, as she did on "Where Do You Start?" This product of Johnny Mandel and the Bergmans is the best of all the breaking-up-is-hard-to-do songs.

When a scat interlude seems called for, she scats with flair, as on "Street of Dreams." If wit is wanted, she can apply her keen sense of humor as in "At Long Last Love." And when melisma is appropriate, she will multiply those syllables with taste and discretion. She can even deal with schmaltz and bring to it the personal poignancy she displayed in "Old Folks."

Late in the show came three items from her Grammy-nominated CD of Monk tunes, most notably Thelonious' elegant "Ruby My Dear." As a closer, she hinted at her forthcoming Vaughan tribute album with an exquisite Carroll Coates song called "Sarah," dedicated to the Divine One.

MICHAEL EDWARDS / Los Angeles Times

Carmen McRae—a jazz-directed singer of exceptional class.

What becomes a legend most? A flawless backup trio, as McRae made clear in her funny, affectionate tribute to pianist Eric Gunnison's group, with Mark Simon on bass and Mark Pulice on drums. The threesome played an invigorating opener.

If we have to talk about survivors, may they all be as loyal to their longtime art as this wondrous, sui generis woman. She closes Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz notes

LEONARD FEATHER: TIMES JAZZ CRITIC FOR 25 YEARS!

To be saluted Sunday at Vine St.

The famous jazz critic known around the world for his insight will be honored this Sun. Jan. 20th with a special salute from the LA Jazz Society and Vine St. This, celebrating his 25th year as the LA Times Jazz Critic. Marlena Shaw will introduce the presenters, to inlude Teri Arons - LA Jazz Society, Michael Woo - City Council, Earl Palmer - Musician's Union & a representative of the mayor's office. Grammy winner Joe Williams will entertain. To Leonard Feather, FIVE STARS! ★★★★★

Sunday, Vine St. Res. Info.: (213) 463-4375

1/17

WEEKEND REVIEWS

Jazz

Barbara Morrison Grows at Lunaria's

Barbara Morrison, who was Friday's vocal visitor to Lunaria's, is no stranger to the Southland, having worked with the Johnny Otis ensemble off and on for some 15 years. Now a protégée of Dionne Warwick, she is showing signs of developing into more than an occasional local presence.

Her opener, "If I Lose This Dream," revealed a strong sound, jazz-conscious phrasing and timbral assurance. Her ballad artistry (which she displayed in the early years with Otis) was engagingly revealed in a tribute to Dinah Washington, "You Go to My Head."

Morrison seems equally at home in a broad range of idioms, from pop to R&B to blues, but this last unquestionably is her forte. On "Down Home Blues" she attacked the lyrics in a manner slightly reminiscent of Ernestine Anderson, and she dug in even deeper during the comedy blues "Getting Along All Right," with its hilarious lines about the ice man, the meat man and the coal man who did her favors.

Morrison's closer was a tour de force built on what is truly one of the definitive blues ballads, "At Last," composed in 1942 but timeless in its melodic and lyrical impact.

Although she might be well advised to find more original material and to use fewer songs associated with other singers, Morrison is personable enough to deserve exposure on records, and with a jazz accompaniment not unlike the trio that backed her Friday: Randy Randolf on piano, Richard Hall on drums and Dave Enos on bass. They not only provided her with just the right impetus, it also set the mood with their cooking instrumental openers, "Blue Bossa" and "Song for My Father."

—LEONARD FEATHER

THEODORA LITSIOS / Los Angeles Times

Barbara Morrison: blues talent at home in a wide range of idioms.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

2/19

JAZZ REVIEW

Broadbent, Foster Team Well on Piano, Sax

Central Park West, the Brentwood bar and grill where good sounds are on tap Thursday through Sundays, confines its presentations to duos and trios. How much can be accomplished within these limitations was well defined Sunday when pianist Alan Broadbent appeared with alto saxophonist Gary Foster.

Clearly this instrumentation could have benefited from the addition of a bass player, yet the two men seemed remarkably self-sufficient. Broadbent often supplied the equivalent of a bass part with his left hand, though at times he would burst into rich two-handed chording.

Both men were clearly influenced by Lennie Tristano, a composer and pianist prominent in the 1950s. Broadbent studied with him not long after arriving in the United States from New Zealand; Foster's style is strongly reminiscent of Lee Konitz, Tristano's long time alto sax partner.

Two Tristano pieces, based on the chords of "All the Things You Are" and "Pennies From Heaven" were among the duos most effective performances as they played the tricky lines in unison. Two compositions by Tadd Damerom, "If You Could See Me Now" and "Hot House," also worked well.

Broadbent's exceptional blend of creative finesse and technical prowess were well displayed in two of his own tunes, "Another Time" and "Don't Ask Why." Another highlight was "Sweet and Lovely" in which his right hand delved into blues-like chords while the left maintained a walking bass pattern.

—LEONARD FEATHER

L.A. TIMES 1/20/91 JAZZ (SYNDICATED)

A Flourish of Trumpets for Sandoval

By LEONARD FEATHER

SUSAN GREENWOOD

Sandoval: "I had to do it. . . . Go back? No way, never, man. They'd put me in jail for sure."

These are high-flying times for Arturo Sandoval. Ever since he defected from Cuba last July, good luck has rained on the virtuoso trumpeter.

A protégé of Dizzy Gillespie and arguably the most astonishing soloist to emerge in the past decade, he has a prominent role on the David Grusin sound track of the movie "Havana." Last month a worldwide audience saw him as a member of the United Nation ensemble (locking horns with Jon Faddis) playing "Night in Tunisia" on the Kennedy Center Honors TV show. He has formed his own seven-piece group in Miami; his first album for GRP Records, "Flight to Freedom," with Chick Corea as guest soloist, will be released shortly.

"I wanted to settle in America a long time ago," he said the other day, calling from his apartment in Hialeah, Fla. "There was one big problem, man. I didn't want to leave without my wife and my son, who's now 15. So early last year, when the Cuban government had me set for a long tour of Europe, I asked them to trust me and let me take them along for a couple of months.

"They said they'd think about it; then they told me it was OK to go. Well, the very day after I left, I walked into the U.S. Embassy in Rome and asked for political asylum."

Within weeks, he was in New York as the central figure in a celebration at the Village Gate, where he was welcomed by Bill Cosby, singer Celia Cruz (who left Cuba 30 years ago), and others whom he had met back in the 1970s. He added his skyrocketing sounds to the bands of Mario Bauza (an early innovator in the Afro-Cuban tradition) and Tito Puente. His blend of salsa and bebop overwhelmed the crowd.

Born just outside Havana in 1949, Sandoval studied classical trumpet. Like Wynton Marsalis, he has earned credits in two musical worlds, playing with symphonies in London and Leningrad, teaching at the Cuban Ministry of Culture's Music School, but also helping to develop the Afro-Cuban jazz fusion in which Gillespie had played a pioneering role.

The two men met when a 1977 jazz cruise brought Gillespie, Stan Getz, Earl Hines and other U.S. jazz men to Havana. Sandoval was then a member of the explosive jazz-cum-rock-cum-Cuban band Irakere, which gave a recital for the visiting Americans.

"Dizzy came back to Havana several times, and I was in America, first with Irakere and later with my own band," says Sandoval, "so we kept in touch. In 1982 we both happened to be in Helsinki, so we made an album together. Later, he asked me to join his United Nation band—15 musicians from seven

Please see Page 83

Trumpeter Arturo Sandoval

Continued from Page 75

countries. I played with him all over Europe—everywhere except America, where I couldn't get a visa."

For his previous visits he had gained entry through the power of either CBS Records (who recorded Irakere) or the office of the mayor of Chicago (he played at two of that city's annual jazz festivals), but the red tape involved in securing a visa just couldn't be unknotted this time. Sandoval, already frustrated by life in Cuba, decided the moment had come to work himself free.

"Conditions are just terrible there for a musician. You work for the government, and they pay you a ridiculous salary every month; for that you have to do everything—records, TV, concerts. Even when I traveled abroad they would give me a very small sum to eat on, nothing else. And it's impossible in Cuba to buy musical instruments or anything else.

"While I was in the army they caught me listening to Willis Conover's Voice of America jazz show, accused me of being pro-American, and threw me in jail for 3½ months. It's not the Cuban people who are at fault—they love jazz—it's just the government."

Before settling here, Sandoval was reunited with Paquito D'Rivera, the saxophonist who worked with him in Irakere (and recently with the United Nation band). D'Rivera defected a decade before Sandoval; last year they made an album together in Germany.

"Right now, though, I have my own band, the one you'll hear on the album. They all live in Miami, but the guitarist was born in Cuba and the sax player is from Venezuela."

Dizzy Gillespie, with whom Sandoval has maintained frequent contact, feels that his protégé will be able to spread out his musical canvas in this country. "So much of the music he loves was created here," he says. "It's great that he's in the States now and able to do whatever he wants."

As his recordings have revealed, Arturo Sandoval is a maverick. Though he has mastered the idiom in which Gillespie was the chief protagonist, at times he incorporates stratospheric notes that recall the late Cat Anderson of Ellington fame. His style is a mixture of salsa-oriented grace and powerful crowd-appealing technical prowess, along with the traditional verities of bebop.

He still has mixed feelings about leaving his homeland. "That was a difficult decision, but I had to do it.

"Go back there? No way, never, man. They'd put me in jail for sure. My main worry now is that my parents, my sister and other people in my family are still there. I have an uncle here in Florida who's trying to invite my mother and sister over, but as of now they won't let them out. I'd like them to have the same advantages I have now. I just want them to feel free like me." ⊏

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Good Vibrations From Hutcherson, Vibraphone

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Bobby Hutcherson is in a rare situation in the jazz world. He plays an instrument that has produced only a handful of true originators.

World-class vibraphonists have included Red Norvo and Lionel Hampton in the swing era, Milt Jackson in the bebop vanguard, Gary Burton with his impressionistic sounds of the '60s, and Hutcherson, mainly since the '70s, though he has been recording as a leader for more than 25 years.

As observers will note when he shares the bill with singer Betty Carter this evening at Royce Hall, Hutcherson in full flight is an astonishing spectacle, his mallets moving at a pace that defies the eye to follow his long, impetuous phrases. Yet, he is capable of the most sensitive balladry, and of adapting himself to Latin and Afro-Cuban idioms, as he showed not long ago in the brilliant CD "Ambos Mundos," on Landmark Records.

"I've always enjoyed experimenting with different ideas," said Hutcherson, who lives outside San Francisco. "The Bay Area has a large Latin community; also my wife, Rosemary, is Mexican, so that is a factor. At Royce Hall, though, I'll be working with a fine straight-ahead rhythm section: Llew Matthews on piano, Tony Dumas on bass and Tootie Heath on drums."

A measure of the respect in which he is held can be found in the roster of sidemen who have played on Hutcherson's recording sessions over the years. Among them are Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Harold Land, McCoy Tyner, Chick Corea and Branford Marsalis.

Why do musicians of every age group consider this native Angeleno, who turns 50 on Sunday, the vibes giant of this generation? Among other reasons, he is admired for combining efficiency with passion, vitality with sensitivity, and with the use of every idiomatic device from fast bebop lines to hypnotic modal drones.

Another aspect, virtually unique, is his occasional use of the marimba. "It's a beautiful instrument," he said. "It has that earthy wooden sound, as opposed to the metallic timbre of the vibes. I used it on my very first album for Blue Note Records, 'Dialogue,' and I've been using it off and on ever since.

"I keep a marimba set up in my garage and practice it, because it helps me play more evenly. My producer, Orrin Keepnews, says I'm the only person who can play the marimba, which has a staccato sound, and make each note lead right up to the next one so that it seems legato, which is the way jazz is supposed to sound. Orrin asked me how I do it, and I really don't know—I guess I just think that way and it happens."

His reputation as a composer has been another central facet of Hutcherson's success. One of his early works, "Little B's Poem," has become a jazz standard. Recently, he has been moving into new areas. "I find that more and more I'm composing from the piano, and doing a little more piling on of the chords," he said.

SUSAN SPANN

Vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson shares the bill with singer Betty Carter tonight at Royce Hall.

Essentially, this means that his recent works are more adventurous both in harmony and form, and more intricately structured, tending to move away from the standard 12- and 32-bar patterns of the past.

Not that Hutcherson wants to break away completely from his bop roots. "The other evening I saw Charlie Parker in that one and only movie of his, and I was reminded what a tremendous amount he left for us all to think about."

Some of the post-bop qualities have surfaced in the Timeless All Stars, a sextet with which Hutcherson has worked occasionally for several years.

"The All Stars have a new album that's due out soon," he says. "Right now, though, I'm looking forward to going to New York for a quartet record session with one of my favorite pianists, Tommy Flanagan. Yes, I'm going to take my marimba along, and for a couple of tunes it will be just the two of us. I can hardly wait for that."

2/10

★★★

MARK WHITFIELD

"The Marksmen"
Warner Bros.

Add another name to the fast-growing ranks of the youthful, roots-loyal jazz elite. Whitfield is a 24-year-old guitarist who achieves the rhythmic smoothness of Jim Hall, the emotional resources of his mentor, George Benson, and more than a hint of the Charlie Christian blues tradition. He is also capable of harmonic complexity, as in "Medgar Evers Blues." His backup trio, featuring pianist Marcus Roberts, clearly put him at ease or stimulated him, whichever was required. —LEONARD FEATHER

2/18

Jazz

Manning Quintet

Inn Arty's, the Pasadena restaurant where acoustic jazz has proliferated recently, played host Friday to a quintet led by tenor-saxophonist Chuck Manning.

Manning and Swiss trombonist Isla Eckinger constitute an appealing front line with their tenor-and-trombone blend. Manning's sound is bold and his rhythmic sense keen. Eckinger suggests a latter-day counterpart of the bop pioneer J.J. Johnson. The results achieve a valid personality that is fortified by the use of original material rather than the same old standards.

Although this group—with Jack Ranelli on drums, Jim Szilagyi on piano and Derek Oleszkiewicz on bass—won't set the world on fire with radical innovations, it generates enough heat to suffuse the room with a warm, winning glow.

—LEONARD FEATHER

The Satchmo-Monk Connection

◀今回のコンペの審査員を務めたナット・アダレイ、レッド・ロドニー、ライアン・カイザー（第1位）、ブレンダ・ボスバーグ（第3位）、クラーク・テリー、スヌーキー・ヤング（左から）。

米ジャズ界の登竜門

ルイ・アームストロング・コンペティション 報告記

米ジャズ界には数多くのコンテストがあるが，今年で3回目を迎える
「ルイ・アームストロング・インターナショナル・ジャズ・トランペット・コンペティション」
（前2回はセロニアス・モンク・コンペティションでピアニストを対象としていた）が
昨年11月18，19日ワシントンD.C.で行なわれた。
アメリカ・ジャズ界で最も信頼のおける新人の登竜門になりつつある
このコンペティションの模様をお伝えしよう。

レナード・フェザー（本誌特約寄稿家）

by Leonard Feather photo by Michael Wilderman

LOS ANGELES TIMES

POP MUSIC REVIEW

Sinatra Still Chairman of the Board

■ His career can be measured in decades. The Long Beach concert showed his sound withstands the test of time.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

He's still the king of the hill, the top of the heap. From the first notes of his sold-out concert Sunday at the Long Beach Arena, Frank Sinatra put any possible doubts to rest.

Like his career, Sinatra's songs can be measured not in years but in decades. Several times he alluded to the quality of the works he performed by Arlen, Gershwin, Cole Porter and their ilk. "For me," he said, "there ain't no other kind of music."

Maybe it's true that they just don't write songs like that anymore. But it's also true that they don't write songs like "Mack the Knife" anymore, which is just as well. The bottom line is that these are old-shoe songs; the shoes fit comfortably and they have not worn thin.

The Sinatra sound continues to resist the ravages of the years. Crediting his arrangers as always (mainly Don Costa and Nelson Riddle), he cruised convincingly and effortlessly as ever through "For Once in My Life" and "I've Got You Under My Skin," elicited mid-chorus applause during "New York, New York," chose "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry" as his "saloon song," drank a toast to his liquor company sponsor, and cracked a couple of new jokes ("Did you know that Saddam spelled backward is Mad-Ass?").

The only changes in his routines are the slight alterations he tends to make in the lyrics, usually to good effect, though there was one exception: changing "My heart stood still" to "My heart it stood still" spoiled the flow of that line.

He closed with "America," for which the crowd stood and sang along. Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme then joined him for what could have been a succinct and pleasant finale, but the medley of unrelated songs far outlived its welcome. Estimable as they are, they can't follow a Sinatra set even when he's sharing a stage with them.

In their own opening act, Lawrence and Gorme offered, singly or jointly, material of much the same vintage as Sinatra's. Lawrence was strongest in "I've Got to Be Me," Gorme in "If He Walked Into My Life." They wound up with a medley of big-band hits that relied heavily on Glenn Miller novelties, relieved by the seldom-heard lyrics of "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Don't Be That Way."

Because they also mine the classic-pop vein, Lawrence and Gorme were logical choices to launch the show, but it was no problem for the Chairman of the Board to take the evening and wrap it in his very hip pocket. He makes us all feel young, leaving no doubt that for him there are still songs to be sung, bells to be rung, a wonderful fling to be flung.

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Jazz

Few Surprises at Biltmore Bar Party

The Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar, deserted by many jazz fans since its change of policy two months ago, came back to life briefly over the weekend when Bill and Betty Berry, with Satoru and Yoriko Oda, presented an international jazz party featuring American musicians with a sprinkling of visitors from Tokyo.

The Japanese performers, all of whom were heard at the Friday-evening session, could hardly have represented the best their country has to offer. Arguably the most impressive, and the youngest, was Seiji Okamura, a 35-year-old guitarist whose fleet, well-constructed lines owed more to Charlie Parker than to Charlie Christian.

During the same set, Eiji Kitamura, familiar through many visits to U.S. jazz festivals, played his facile, familiar brand of old-school clarinet, with only an occasional hint of his awareness that life no longer ends with Benny Goodman.

Bison Katayama on drums teamed competently with the superlative bassist John Heard and the party's guest of honor, Hank Jones, whose piano trio set was one of the evening's two hits. The other was a long, spectacular trombone solo by Bill Watrous on a tune he mockingly retitled "When Your Liver Has Gone."

Terry Mishushima, though she has been singing professionally for 30 years, scarcely reached the level of an American high school band vocalist. The other singer, Ayako Hosokawa, has spent some years in this country and was far more original, despite a repertoire that included "Mack the Knife."

Satoru Oda on tenor sax displayed little originality in conception or execution. His co-producer, Bill Berry, was in typically spirited form, notably in a muted cornet solo on "Autumn Leaves."

The problem with the session was its paucity of surprises, either in the over-familiar selections or in the presentation. Significantly, when Hank Jones played his brother Thad's exquisite melody "A Child Is Born," it was a relief to be brought into the second half of the 20th Century.

—LEONARD FEATHER

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Pianist Hank Jones' trio was a highlight of show at the Biltmore Grand Avenue Bar jazz party.

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"MUSICA JAZZ"

INTERVISTA

MARCELLO TONOLO

«PER UN JAZZISTA IL CONCERTO È PIÙ IMPORTANTE DEL CONSERVATORIO»

Benché validamente impegnato nei ranghi della Keptorchestra quanto in quelli del quartetto Italian Jazz Repertory, il pianista veneto è ancora relativamente poco noto al pubblico. Lo apprezzano però i colleghi, compresi i molti americani con cui ha lavorato e scambiato esperienze.

CARLO PIERONI

di Claudio Donà

Suo fratello Pietro, sassofonista, nonostante abbia quattro anni di meno, è forse più conosciuto. Eppure il pianista Marcello Tonolo vanta un'altrettanto lunga milizia jazzistica e un ricco curriculum professionale. Accompagnatore fra i più sensibili e richiesti del jazz italiano negli ultimi dieci anni, apprezzato soprattutto da molti sassofonisti americani di passaggio in Italia, Marcello (nato come Pietro a Mirano, in provincia di Venezia, nel 1955) è persona misurata e modesta e le sue doti di musicista rispecchiano un poco anche queste sue qualità caratteriali. Ha partecipato a molti riusciti long playing, pur registrando soltanto un album nella veste di leader. Davvero un'eccezione di questi tempi.

«Il mio unico disco come leader è "*D.O.C.*", inciso nel 1986 per la Splasc(h) di Peppo Spagnoli, e per il momento non ho altri analoghi progetti in cassetto. Tengo invece moltissimo ad alcuni gruppi con cui lavoro stabilmente da numerosi anni. Questi sono l'Italian Jazz Repertory (N.d.R.: un bel disco alle spalle e un altro in cantiere) che, benché noto come il quartetto di Gianni Cazzola, ha in verità una gestione quasi paritetica, e la Keptorchestra, big band fondata da Giannantonio De Vincenzo e formata per lo più da musicisti veneti. Siamo finalmente riusciti ad incidere qualcosa di veramente buono: potrebbe essere il nostro esordio discografico...».

Hai abbandonato definitivamente il progetto di un tuo trio?

«Non del tutto, anche se non è al centro dei miei interessi in questo momento. C'è troppa mania di protagonismo oggi in Italia. Ogni jazzista vuole dirigere un gruppo ed incidere a proprio nome. Ma poiché i buoni musicisti non sono mai moltissimi, ecco che allora le formazioni sono più o meno sempre le stesse... Preferisco concentrare i miei sforzi su progetti già esistenti e collaudati, non mi piace mettere in piedi a tutti i costi un gruppo a mio nome, magari in occasione di un lavoro ben remunerato».

Ci racconti i tuoi inizi?

«Ho cominciato a suonare il piano fin da piccolo, come mio fratello, spronato dai genitori. Ho studiato privatamente e poi mi sono iscritto al conservatorio, dove ho completato il quinto anno di pianoforte. Quando ero al liceo, come un po' tutti i ragazzi della mia età, ho scoperto il rock. Nel 1970 formai il mio primo gruppo. In seguito si aggiunse anche mio fratello Pietro, che allora suonava il violino. I nostri modelli erano Frank Zappa e Jean-Luc Ponty. Poi ci fu sempre più jazz. Pietro passò dal violino al sassofono. Allora non si trovavano molti spartiti, ed eravamo costretti a ricavare gli accordi e

noi all'epoca non avevamo da offrirgli altro che l'idea di fare un disco dimostrativo da far circolare nell'ambiente, per cercar lavoro.

Devo confessare che Charlo e io eravamo un po' giù di morale, quando una sera al Donte's venne ad ascoltarci un personaggio molto popolare: Barry Manilow. Gli piacemmo e ci offrì di registrare un brano nel suo disco in preparazione: fu un mio pezzo (scritto con Eddie Arkin): *Big Fun*. Addirittura, ne fece la sigla del suo programma televisivo sulla rete Cbs, chiamato appunto *Big Fun On Swing Street*, facendoci partecipare stabilmente, accanto a ospiti come Gerry Mulligan, Diane Schuur, Carmen McRae. Non eravamo mai stati così «importanti»!

Finalmente, potemmo permetterci anche un manager, Bill Traut, il quale fece circolare il nostro disco dimostrativo e, soprattutto, ci presentò a Morgan Ames, una personalità nel campo: aveva lavorato per la Grp e prodotto il disco di Diane Schuur con la Basie Band, e che decise di «produrre» anche noi per la Cypress Records.

Era la grande occasione che aspettavamo. Chiamammo a collaborare molti dei nostri splendidi amici, come David Benoit (del cui gruppo faceva parte mio marito, il batterista Tony Morales) e Russ Freeman dei Rippingtons. Spendendo un quinto del tempo e del denaro impiegati per il nostro primo disco, facemmo tutto a dovere. Il nuovo album «*In Full Swing*» (definito da *Jazz Times* «un'eccitante miscela di pop-cum-jazz» ed elogiato da altre riviste) finì subito in alto nella classifica della musica più trasmessa.

Ancora una volta, però, il trio cambiava volto. Ecco che nel 1988, dopo più di sette anni, Charlotte Crossley se ne andò, e sapete chi arriva, quell'estate, con Augie Johnson e me? Brenda McFerrin, sorella del grande Bobby. Ma è stato soltanto con il disco successivo, «*The End Of The Sky*», sempre prodotto da Morgan Ames per la Cypress, che Full Swing ha preso il suo assetto tutto nuovo, e definitivo: accanto a me ci sono ora Angel Rogers e Tim Stone.

Tutti e due vantano, ciascuno per proprio conto, un curriculum cospicuo. Angel ha girato con il cast di *Dreamgirls*, ha cantato sullo sfondo di album di Stevie Wonder, Dizzy Gillespie e Anita Baker, fra gli altri, ed è, in questo ultimo disco del nostro Full Swing, la voce guida per tre brani. In altri tre, *lead* è Tim, equilibratissimo cantante che in passato ha collaborato a dischi di Smokey Robinson e di Jennifer Warnes (tra cui «*Famous Blue Raincoat*», che vendette 750 mila copie nel mondo).

Quanto a me, che oltre a cantare mi sono presa il gusto di scrivere i versi delle canzoni (in questo disco, tutti!), non mi sono mai dimenticata la musica in cui sono cresciuta: dopo tutto, lo dico con orgoglio e amore, Billie Holiday è stata la mia madrina. Al jazz non ho mai voltato le spalle, anche se nelle scelte mi sono sbizzarrita: *Another Life*, per esempio, è un brano basato su un pezzo strumentale che si ascolta nella colonna sonora del film *Star Trek IV*. Mi sono divertita anche a congegnare qualche titolo strano, come *2 Good 2 Be 4gotten* che non dovrebbe essere un rebus nemmeno per chi mi legge in Italia.

Quest'ultimo brano nasce dalla collaborazione di Russ Freeman, uno dei tanti fedeli amici che mi hanno aiutato: David Benoit, Grant Geissman, Brandon Fields, Eric Marienthal, naturalmente Eddie Arkin e ancor più naturalmente Tony Morales, che ha collaborato alla produzione, ha scritto cinque arrangiamenti e suonato in molti dei brani.

Ha detto di noi un autorevole giornale come il *Los Angeles Times* che sembravamo «una perenne damigella d'onore alle nozze dei gruppi vocali californiani» ma ha potuto aggiungere: «Adesso finalmente Full Swing sembra sul punto di attraversare trionfalmente la navata della chiesa per avviarsi alla celebrità». Che dire? Noi tre siamo pronti. E (vi confesso un mio sogno) che bello sarebbe se il nostro viaggio toccasse anche l'Europa... ●

FEB. 3 1991

Marcus Roberts: From Marsalis to Morton

By LEONARD FEATHER

Many young musicians have to go through years of scuffling before earning the recognition due them. There's been no such struggle for Marcus Roberts.

Discovered by Wynton Marsalis in 1982, when he won an International Assn. of Jazz Educators Convention contest in Chicago, he joined the Marsalis group in 1985. Today, at 27, he is an educator himself, recently an artist in residence—playing and teaching—at Jacksonville (Fla.) University in his hometown.

Roberts now has overlapping careers as leader of his own band (heard last year in the luminous, blues-rooted album "Deep in the Shed"), as composer, and, as solo pianist on his brand-new release "Alone With Three Giants" (both on Novus/RCA). Tonight, he will share the stage with pianist Ellis Marsalis at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena in solo and duo performances.

Roberts credits much of his success to the influence of Marsalis' son Wynton. "Those years on the road with him were the most enriching experience of my life," he said recently. "Wynton is a remarkable man; he can forge a unit out of any group of musicians, encourage their development both musically and personally. Working with him as a sideman gave me a stability I could never have had if I'd tried to have my own band first.

"To this day, though I'm no longer with his band, he's always ready with advice for me or for anyone who needs his help."

The help of another, and younger, Marsalis—Delfeayo—has also been invaluable. All three Roberts Novus/RCA albums—his debut was 1989's "The Truth Is Spoken Here"—were produced by the 25-year-old, who also plays trombone.

Of his new release, Roberts said, "I wanted to pay tribute to three pianists who are connected in terms of stylistic development." There are 15 cuts: Six are compositions by Duke Ellington, who rose to prominence in the 1920s; six are by Thelonious Monk, a figure of the '40s. But Roberts' third choice was curious. Instead of choosing Earl Hines or Fats Waller, both truly dominant piano forces of the 1930s, he selected three tunes by Jelly Roll Morton, who among other

BILL SIKES

Marcus Roberts rehearses with his group in Jacksonville, Fla.

wild statements claimed that he "invented jazz in 1902." Roberts naively states that Morton was an influence on Duke Ellington.

Ellington's view, shared by many musicians during Morton's lifetime (he died in 1941), was somewhat different: He once stated that "Morton played piano like one of those high school teachers in Washington; as a matter of fact, high school teachers played better jazz. Among other things, his rhythm was unsteady." Ellington added that Morton was far outclassed by such East Coast pianists as James P. Johnson (Fats Waller's mentor) and the legendary Willie (The Lion) Smith, who actually was an influence on Ellington.

Told about this, Roberts said: "I hate to disagree with Ellington, the genius of American music. I didn't have a lot of respect for Morton's music either, until I learned how to play it. What got me into Jelly Roll was my participation in an event they had honoring him at Lincoln Center. It struck me as being very well-organized music; also, if you listen to the early Ellington records, it's clear that whether Duke studied Morton or not, other pianists whom Duke listened to surely did. So be it by osmosis or directly, you can hear the New Orleans style in his compositions as well as his piano.

"I realize it's important for me to listen to Earl Hines and the people Duke admired, but it takes a long time to absorb all of recorded jazz history. That's something I'm going to spend the next few years doing."

Roberts' heavy involvement with impressions of other pianists, at a relatively early stage in his career, would seem to work against the development of his own personality. How, amid all these Duke and Monk and Morton acknowledgements, can there be a Marcus Roberts style?

His carefully worded answer made logical sense. "To me, the style is there right now, just because I'm the one who's playing. I'm quite content with the level of identity that is already present.

"To me, there are many different levels of personal identity. It's not just the basic notes that are being played. There are several other variables. One is the touch; another is the way you use the pedal; then there is your concept of how you want to use each register of the instrument, how you improvise, the different moods you create.

"In 1982, when I was in college, I asked Count Basie that question: When did he start working on becoming Count Basie? He told me, 'I didn't really work on it. Certain things I liked, others I didn't, and over a period of time the question of who I was came up more and more, but it was never a conscious thing with me.'

"I've always remembered that. The bottom line is, if you hear me play *any* piece at this point, my own or someone else's, nobody else is going to play it just the way I do. That isn't to say that what I'm playing is necessarily great, but given those variables I listed, I'm not going to sound like anyone else in the world. That's my personal feeling, and I'm happy with it." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

2/1/91

Mallet Master Richards at P.O.V.

Let us now add the name of Emil Richards to a long list of musicians who, because much of their time is spent in anonymous studio work, tend to be ignored as creative artists.

The vibraphonist's performance Wednesday at MK's P.O.V. in Toluca Lake (formerly Alfonse's) was startling. Within two minutes he had built up a head of improvisational steam that put him in a class with the jazz elite. Playing the "Flintstones" theme, he drove relentlessly through several choruses of long, undulating lines, with a hard, metallic sound well suited to his linear, boppish style.

Immediately apparent was the support given by his rhythm section, most notably a pianist Dave Mackay, an old friend who grew up with him in Hartford, Conn. and has worked in many of the same bands. Mackay's sensitivity to Richards' every move was a key factor.

Scarcely less effective were the bass work of Joel DiBartolo, best known as a member of "The Tonight Show" band, and the drummer Joe Porcaro. The group sound was particularly full on Freddie Hubbard's "Little Sunflower,"—almost too full when Richards banged away at a tambourine during the piano and bass solos, though he redeemed himself with his brilliant four-mallet work in the closing passages.

A version of Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz" eased subliminally from 3/4 into 4/4 time and back. Next came an utterly charming Dave Mackay original, "Here," written in 5/4 time and displaying the composer's highly personal touch and use of chords.

Clifford Brown's "Jordu" and Thelonious Monk's "Well You Needn't" rounded out this well-chosen set, during which the quartet's mutual empathy and sophisticated rhythmic sense of values never let up for a moment. Richards should find more time in his schedule for these infrequent jazz gigs; he is too commanding a player to remain in the studio shadows.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Reviews

2/16

Scott Hamilton Quintet: Where's the Fire?

Some 14 years have passed since Scott Hamilton came to prominence as a tenor saxophonist who, unlike the young musicians of the day, was inspired not by John Coltrane but by the early pioneers such as Ben Webster.

At Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena on Thursday, Hamilton, now 36 and no longer a boy wonder, displayed the same values. His sound is warm, he swings, his harmonic ideas are commendable, yet the passion of a Webster or the explosive fire of an Illinois Jacquet just isn't there. Hamilton was like a sculptor building small statues with borrowed clay.

Moreover, the 1990s are bringing to the forefront such younger musicians as Branford Marsalis who are adept not just in one style but in almost any, including that which Hamilton emulated.

What was missing Thursday was a group of outstanding artists to inspire him to fresher expressive heights. His sidemen, who have all been with him for many years—Chris Flory on guitar, John Bunch on piano, Phil Flanigan on bass and Chuck Riggs on drums—do not furnish that inspiration.

Many of the songs followed a predictable pattern: theme and ad-lib variations by Hamilton, guitar solo, piano solo, bass solo, four-bar exchanges between Hamilton and Riggs, return to the theme. At times the audience seemed more excited by these routines than the musicians themselves.

It's too bad that Hamilton's early potential has not been realized. If he had another horn player—a trumpet or a second saxophone to stimulate him and provide more of a sense of organization, as was the case on some of his best recordings—his in-person group might gain some of the enthusiasm it now lacks.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Lew Tabackin—Creative Power at Vine St.

Lew Tabackin might be said to have two dual personalities: as a saxophonist and flutist, but also as the key soloist in Toshiko Akiyoshi's big band and as leader of his own trio. Wednesday evening at the Vine Street Bar & Grill he brought renewed evidence of his creative power in the intimate three-man setting, with bassist Jay Anderson and drummer Bill Goodwin as his capable partners.

On tenor sax, Tabackin has the ability to shift from a hard-driving ferocity to melodic basics within the context of a single chorus. At one moment he may suggest the grit and gristle of Sonny Rollins, at another the tender splendor of an early idol, Ben Webster.

There were hints of Webster's famous solo on "Chelsea Bridge," which began with a long unaccompanied series of cadenzas. This Billy Strayhorn masterwork has difficult blowing changes, but there seems to be no song too complex for Tabackin's master brush strokes.

On several tunes he opened, and often closed, with a solo foray that offered no indication of what composition he had in mind. The Duke Ellington "Serenade to Sweden" is a tranquil melody to which the trio was faithful for the first 16 bars, but it inexplicably erupted into a staccato waltz beat for the bridge of each chorus.

Tabackin's flute, always the medium for some of his most beguiling expressions, was heard only once, on his own minor waltz "Desert Lady," with Anderson furnishing an attractive bass vamp undercurrent. The piece, which achieved a quasi-Asian quality, was inspired by a Japanese movie.

Tabackin's capacity for swinging and a totally personal manner was buoyantly illustrated on a cooking version of "Three Little Words." The group closes tonight. —L.F.

VI RACCONTO IN CONFIDENZA IL MIO «PIENO SWING»

La cantante e «lyricist» Lorraine Feather, figlia del più famoso critico di jazz (come madrina ebbe Billie Holiday!), ci descrive il suo trio vocale Full Swing. Per settimane l'ultimo disco, «The End Of The Sky», è stato significativamente in alta quota nelle classifiche americane di vendita.

Le attuali voci di Full Swing. Da sinistra, Angel Rogers, Tim Stone e Lorraine Feather.

di Lorraine Feather

Agli amici italiani del jazz posso confessarlo: quando nel 1980 entrai in quello che sarebbe stato il Full Swing, l'ultima idea in me era proprio quella di far parte di un trio vocale. E invece, ecco che ci sono tuttora! È una storia che mi piace raccontarvi perché abbiate un'idea di come vanno le cose nel mondo musicale americano. A quell'epoca, dunque, mi consideravo una cantante solista, e avevo già alle spalle due dischi, di cui uno a mio nome. Senonché, in un momento vuoto, venni a sapere che Richard Perry, produttore fra l'altro delle Pointer Sisters e della Streisand, voleva metter su una big band. Presi dunque una mia fotografia, un curriculum e i due dischi, e mi precipitai alla sua casa discografica, la Planet, dove come provino cantai due standard vecchia maniera.

Il loro progetto era quello di un trio, due donne e un uomo. Seppi che fra le tantissime candidate c'era Charlotte Crossley, che avevo ammirato a Broadway in *Jesus Christ Superstar*, così le proposi di allearci e unire le nostre forze per non perdere la nostra grande occasione: ci preparammo per conto nostro, e devo dire che mio padre Leonard sapeva benissimo quale fosse il repertorio giusto per una big band tipo Swing. Dopo una nuova audizione, il posto fu nostro.

Per settimane si cercava il terzo vertice del trio, la voce maschile. Fin che si scelse Steve March, figlio di Mel Tormé e figlio adottivo di un divo della Tv, Hal March. Scovammo molti bestseller degli anni Trenta, ma anch'io scrissi diversi testi per il disco, che uscì un anno dopo: disco e trio portavano lo stesso nome, «*Swing*».

Che emozione! Potevamo rimirarci su un grande cartellone pubblicitario sul Sunset Boulevard di Hollywood (davanti al quale ci fotografammo a vicenda) e su pagine intere inserite nei giornali specializzati. Ma c'era un grosso problema: le radio che trasmettevano musica pop non avevano alcun interesse per le big band, e anche le poche stazioni che passavano il nostro disco ricevevano poi le lagnanze degli ascoltatori perché non riuscivano a trovarlo nei negozi. Nemmeno l'Elektra, distributrice del catalogo Planet, pareva dell'idea che la Swing Era fosse sul punto di ritornare...

A noi per la verità arrivavano informazioni ben diverse. Cantando al Rainbow Grill di New York o alla WTTV di Chicago, scoprivamo che alla gente piaceva quel certo feeling che il nostro trio aveva. Fummo invitati al Kool Jazz Festival, alla Carnegie Hall, con Mel Tormé e la Count Basie Band, andammo perfino in Brasile e in Giappone (dove fummo votati tra i primi cinque gruppi vocali dell'anno nel referendum del diffusissimo *Swing Journal*).

Poco dopo la distribuzione dei dischi Planet passò alla Rca, che ripubblicò sì il nostro album, ma imponendo che cambiassimo il nome: «Swing», dicevano, era poco qualificante. Ne suggerii infiniti altri, finché accettarono Full Swing. Ma anche la nuova edizione vendette poco, il nostro contratto non venne rinnovato, e Steve March decise di tornare a fare il cantante solista. Ma Charlotte (o Charlo, come la chiamano gli amici) non voleva arrendersi, e io meno di lei.

Fummo un po' nei pasticci per trovare un'altra voce maschile. Nel 1983 andammo al festival di Monterey con Bruce Scott, e ci tornammo l'anno dopo con Arnold McCuller (l'uno cantava con Jon Hendricks, Arnold con James Taylor), poi se ne andò anche Arnold e tornò Bruce Scott. Il nostro lavoro si svolgeva soprattutto nei club. Intanto io avevo scritto e messo a punto una serie di testi per brani come *Chelsea Bridge* di Billy Strayhorn (da me ribattezzato *September Rain*), per altri capolavori ellingtoniani, per diversi standard resi immortali dal jazz. Senonché la nuova direzione imboccata non era quella che Scott immaginava, ed ecco che se ne va anche lui. Arrivò allora Augie Johnson, suggeritoci dai famosi Johnson Brothers ma (ci credereste?) nemmeno parente: era bravo, aveva ottenuto una nomination per il Grammy con il gruppo Side Effect, ma

PEARL BAILEY
LA «COMÉDIENNE» DEL JAZZ

Con l'espressività di gesti e di mimica la cantante recentemente scomparsa faceva di ogni sua interpretazione un «racconto in musica». Ma proprio la versatilità impediva di valutarne la grande importanza.

Pearl Bailey con Don Redman, il famoso arrangiatore che fu direttore musicale della cantante nel corso dei suoi fortunati e prolifici anni Cinquanta.

di Luciano Federighi

È stata l'autentica erede di Ethel Waters. Un'attrice naturale, capace di dominare palcoscenico e set con un magnetismo che nasceva dalla popolaresca semplicità, espressività e arguzia di gesti e mimica, e dal loro impeccabile *timing*: e una cantante di forte personalità, dal suono, dal colore inconfondibili, per la quale l'esperienza della recitazione era più che parallela, era parte integrante della sua arte vocale. Ironicamente, proprio come era accaduto per la Ethel Waters matura, sono state questa poliedricità e la sua vitalità di donna di spettacolo a tutto tondo, a portare a una valutazione un po' riduttiva, frettolosa, dell'importanza di Pearl Bailey (scomparsa il 17 agosto all'età di 72 anni) nella vicenda del canto jazzistico e afroamericano in genere.

Non una figura-guida, una «capo-scuola» e un modello come Dinah Washington o Sarah Vaughan, Pearl è stata comunque una delle grandi individualiste del dopoguerra: con la sua voce corposa e compatta, scura, quasi livida nelle pieghe più profonde ma cordiale, calda e sanguigna, dalle strette, informali pennellate di vibrato, dalle inquiete, colloquiali modulazioni tonali e dai densi e sorridenti *growls*, ha aggiornato una poetica da vaudeville nero, da «blues classico» (mediando la Waters, appunto, con Bessie Smith), a contatto con l'estetica delle grandi orchestre Swing che l'hanno svezzata. Il suo forte — da cantante-attrice — era il racconto in musica. Pearl leggeva la melodia ridisegnandola «con sottili variazioni di fraseggio e intonazione» (Arnold Shaw), sempre in un rapporto serrato con l'interpretazione — comica, rusticamente filosofica, allusivamente sensuale, francamente erotica — che dava dei versi: e questi lei amava dilatarli e commentarli con una trama di amene interpolazioni parlate, in un pigro ma puntuale *drawl* sudista. «Se mi limitassi a cantare una canzone così com'è», diceva, «non avrebbe nessun significato».

Pearlie Mae Bailey era cresciuta a contatto con i diversi aspetti, profani e sacri, della più schietta cultura afroamericana (il padre era reverendo in una chiesa *sanctified*, e da lui Pearl avrebbe ereditato certo bonario spirito predicatorio). Giovanissima soubrette, alternava il ballo al canto, nei piccoli club di Washington e della Pennsylvania dove si esibiva e, per un breve periodo, come metà femminile di un duo «song-and-dance» aggregato all'orchestra di Noble Sissle. Entrata nella formazione di Edgar Hayes, attiva nei grandi teatri neri dell'Est, l'Apollo, il Royal, lo Howard, Pearl iniziò a concentrarsi sulla voce, e quando tra il '43 e il '44 divenne un'attrazione della band di Cootie Williams, i suoi tratti espressivi erano già ben formati, come rivelano i due titoli incisi, il gustoso *Tess' Torch Song* e *Now I Know*, scritti da Arlen e Koehler per il film *Up In Arms*.

All'esordio come solista nei club newyorkesi, il Village Vanguard, il Blue Angel, seguì un nuovo importante sodalizio con Cab Calloway: ed è in questo periodo, intorno alla metà degli anni '40, che Pearl mise a punto la sua routine di «comédienne» canora, documentata dai primi, fortunati dischi per la Columbia, *15 Years (And I'm Still Serving Time), Tired* (il suo *theme song*, con quel tono di indolenza bluesy), *St. Louis Blues, Row Row Row;* dalla prima apparizione cinematografica, nella rivista di «tutte stelle» *Variety Girl;* e dal personaggio comico interpretato nel musical teatrale a cast negro *St. Louis Woman*, del '46. Due spiritose canzoni dello splendido *score* di Harold Arlen e Johnny Mercer, *Legalize My Name* e *A Woman's Prerogative*, si legarono allora, definitivamente, al suo nome e al suo stile.

Broadway l'avrebbe ancora acclamata in *House Of Flowers* ('54), una collaborazione tra lo stesso Arlen e Truman Capote, occasionale quanto squisito paroliere, e nella versione «all black» di *Hello, Dolly!*, per la quale, nel '68, la Bailey ricevette il premio Tony. E Hollywood avrebbe messo a frutto la sua formidabile presenza e comunicativa (quella «luce calda e maliziosa nei suoi occhi», come nota John S. Wilson) nel *Carmen Jones* di Otto Preminger (sempre del '54), in *That Certain Feeling*, in *St. Louis Blues* e *Porgy And Bess*, in *The Landlord* (del '71). Una delle prime star nere della televisione americana, Pearl continuò a frequentare anche i templi dello spettacolo afroamericano e a registrare prolificamente, ancora per la Columbia (c'è una session del '50 diretta da Gil Evans), per la Coral *(It Takes Two To Tango*, nel '52, fu un grande successo), la Mercury, e soprattutto la Roulette: nella ventina di album realizzati per questa etichetta a cavallo tra anni '50 e '60, perfettamente integrata dagli arrangiamenti di Don Redman e dall'orchestra di Louis Bellson (suo marito sin dal '52), da solisti come Charlie Shavers e dal fedele pianista Lloyd Phillips, la cantante ha lasciato le prove più mature e scintillanti, spaziando con humor e feeling dal Cole Porter più «piccante» di *Let's Do It, The Physician* o *Love For Sale* a rivisitazioni dei classici arleniani, da canzoni «per soli adulti» (così erano intitolate alcune popolari raccolte) agli antichi blues di Handy e a temi del musical contemporaneo. ●

Grammys Cap Gillespie's Dizzy Pace

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last year Dizzy Gillespie seemed to be bucking for a new honor as Most Traveled Jazz Musician. A schedule that would have taxed the resistance of a man half his age (he turned 73 last October) kept him in and out of airports in some 30 countries. On the few occasions he returned his home in Englewood, N.J., it was usually to change his clothes and be off again.

The situation reversed itself abruptly soon after 1991 began. For the first time in his 55-year career, John Birks Gillespie took five weeks off.

The sabbatical was involuntary, triggered by a cataract operation. Last week, ready to resume playing (he opens Tuesday at the Vine Street Bar & Grill), the bebop pioneer sounded rested and cheerful.

"Before, I never went more than three days without putting the trumpet to my lips," he said. "But I'm happy that the operation went well; now I can see what's in front of me just fine. I still haven't touched the horn since I came home, but I'm sure everything will be all right."

Last year was memorable for several reasons: Gillespie became one of the five Kennedy Center honorees, and that night heard his United Nation Orchestra play his most famous composition, "Night in Tunisia," with Jon Faddis and the Cuban Arturo Sandoval taking over for a wild two-trumpet finale.

He also completed his first major acting role in a movie. "The Winter in Lisbon," filmed in San Sebastian and Lisbon, is the story of Bill Swann (Gillespie), an embittered American musician who leaves the country, fades into obscurity in Europe, but is rescued by a young pianist (played by Christian Vadim, son of Roger Vadim).

The film, which doesn't yet have U.S. distribution, features Gillespie playing trumpet on camera in several nightclub scenes. He also composed the score (arranged and conducted by Slide Hampton, who plays trombone in the United Nation Orchestra), and acquits himself creditably as an actor.

One scene, in which Gillespie's character talks poignantly about his reasons for leaving America, sounds so much like Gillespie that it seemed improbable any screenplay writer could have supplied those words. "You're right," Gillespie says. "I ad libbed that whole scene—I didn't even know I was gonna do it!"

Nominated for a Grammy award for an album he made with drummer Max Roach, Gillespie appeared at the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival in Moscow, Ida. and this weekend he was due at the Black Filmmakers' Hall of Fame ceremonies in Oakland, where, for a change, he was scheduled to *give* rather than receive an award, for "Didn't He Ramble," a film about marching bands (which he narrated).

This week Enja Records is releasing "Live at the Royal Festival Hall," taped in London by the United Nation Orchestra, which Gillespie has fronted off and on since 1988, and in which he takes special pride, since it reflects his view of music as a unifying force. Its personnel includes three Brazilians, a Puerto Rican, three Cubans, a Dominican saxophonist, a pianist from Panama, and six Americans.

Gillespie has had a special relationship with Cuba, having been there several times in recent years. During one visit, for the Fifth International Jazz Festival of Havana, he filmed a documentary, "A Night in Havana," in which he explored the relationship between African-American and Afro-Cuban rhythms. He even had Fidel

MONICA ALMEIDA

Bebop pioneer Dizzy Gillespie in the Engelwood, N.J. offices of his record label: "This has taught me a lesson. I'm happy that the operation went well; now I can see what's in front of me just fine."

RADIO

MUSIC AND DANCE

Castro on camera (but not speaking); in some scenes he performed with such Cuban masters as the trumpeter Arturo Sandoval.

Sandoval and the saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera having defected and become U.S. residents and members of the United Nation group, Gillespie says "Yeah, I don't know how they feel about me in Cuba now."

With or without Havana on his schedule, he has enough work to keep the airlines solvent: appearances with symphony orchestras in Canada and the U.S.; the European tour in April, Hawaii in May, the Playboy Festival and other dates with the United Nation band in June, Spain and Italy and Yugoslavia in July, Mexico in August, South America in September, more than two weeks in the U.S.S.R. in October, a celebration of his birthday (for the third time) aboard the Norway Oct. 21 during its jazz cruise, a tour with the powerful South African singer Miriam Makeba in November, two weeks in Tokyo and Fukuoka nightclubs in December.

He'll be back in Los Angeles May 23 for a tribute written in his honor by another old friend, the trumpeter Clora Bryant, to be premiered at UCLA.

It'll be good to get on the road again," he says. "I imagine I'm getting on Lorraine's nerves."

The Gillespies have an unusual relationship that must work, since it has lasted more than a half century. The reclusive Mrs. Gillespie ("She has real mother wit and keeps my ego at a minimum") has not been seen at any of her husband's appearances in decades—not even at the Kennedy Center. When their golden wedding date came up last May 9, he was in East Berlin. He simply called her up, as he does every day wherever in the world he may be. The Gillespies have no children.

If Dizzy is more than normally confident about his ability to play after a long absence, it can be attributed in part to a technicality: he has acquired a new mouthpiece for his horn. To hear him tell it, this has worked for him like a magic talisman.

"Claudio Roditi, the Brazilian trumpeter who's in my U.N. band, had it made and gave it to me. One night in Paris he said 'try it out. Play a low C.' I did, and it surprised me! Then he said 'play a G,' and I kept going up, and every note sounded bigger. It was like the difference between writing small letters and capitals. I was playing all capital letters!

"One night I came out and hit that high C real loud—BAH! BAH!—and Arturo Sandoval said 'No, no! don't do that much, old man—that's *my* job!' So now I got three of these mouthpieces—one for Lorraine to keep, two to have with me on the road. So I guess I won't have any mouthpiece trouble for the next 25, 30 years."

A foresightful observation by a 73-year-old giant who has never looked back. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

L.A. Times
2/17/91

25 Years of High Notes

Memorable moments and the greatest gigs—reminiscing on a quarter-century as The Times' jazz critic

By LEONARD FEATHER

Associated Press

Associated Press

Associated Press

Jazz throughout the years—Clockwise, from top left: On his 70th birthday, Duke Ellington is congratulated by President Nixon after receiving the Medal of Freedom in 1974; Hoagy Carmichael of "Stardust" fame in 1969; Louis Armstrong in one of his final appearances in Las Vegas after a long illness; last year's "Hearts for Ella" benefit draws together Quincy Jones, Ella Fitzgerald, Bobby McFerrin and Lena Horne, and Pearl Bailey flashes "I love you" in sign language at the JVC Jazz Festival in New York.

Twenty five years is a sizable slice in the history of any art form. In the case of jazz, it represents one third of the music's recorded history. Since the byline above first appeared regularly in these pages a quarter-century ago, vast changes have taken place on every level.

In 1966, the term "fusion" was all but unknown, though the first significant jazz-rock group, Blood, Sweat & Tears, was only two years away. John Coltrane's influence was dominant, as the saxophonist explored a vast new terrain of dissonances, reaching unheard-of levels of density and intensity. He was a recipient in the first "Golden Feather Awards" column.

Duke Ellington was "Man of the Year" in that survey and Denny Zeitlin, the psychiatrist and avant-garde pianist who, then as now, was commuting between keyboard and couch, was also saluted.

Miles Davis was still playing recognizable songs ("'Round Midnight," "Stella by Starlight"); his electronic, rhythm-oriented tidal wave, still four years off, would duly win him every award short of the Davis Cup.

Jazzmen were still falling over themselves recording Beatles tunes—Gerry Mulligan even made an album called "If You Can't Beat 'Em, Join 'Em." But if one trend stood out in the late 1960s and throughout the '70s, it was the globalization of jazz. A music clearly of African-American origin was taken up by artists from (or in) a dozen countries.

By 1967, Josef Zawinul from Vienna, pianist with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, had provided the group with its biggest hit, "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy." In the next few years, two British musicians, bassist Dave Holland and guitarist John McLaughlin (Mahavishnu), began an association with Miles Davis; the phenomenal Danish bassist Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen toured with Bill Evans, Dexter Gordon and the Canadian pianist Oscar Peterson.

Some of the most adventurous orchestral sounds of these 25 years have been produced by European-based bands. The American drummer Kenny Clarke and the Belgian composer Francy Boland headed a multinational ensemble from 1960-73. The Swiss composer-pianist George Gruntz, director of the Berlin Jazz Festival for the past 17 years, has led a big band with American, German, Italian and Canadian sidemen that toured the United States in 1987.

CAROL BERNSON

ELENA SEIBERT / Los Angeles Times

Such developments are due in large measure to U.S. jazzmen who have left no country untouched by their impact, either through Voice of America radio shows or, increasingly more often, through overseas tours. Some of my most memorable recollections of this tumultuous quarter-century have been gathered during extensive travels in the U.S. and overseas.

Among the events documented in Calendar have been roughly 50 jazz festivals, from Monterey to Montreal and Montreux, as well as some 20 jazz cruises, and miscellaneous (sometimes strange) sights and sounds encountered around the globe:

WEST BERLIN, 1967: A formidable force, in Europe as at home, is the Los Angeles trumpeter Don Ellis, whose gimmicks (echoplex amplified trumpet, odd meters) earn wild applause for his band; but mixed with it are some loud boos—a reminder that Berlin is notorious for the rudeness of its jazz audiences.

In 1968 Ellis, playing a trumpet cantata written in 11/4, 5/4 and 3/4 time, again draws clapping and catcalls. Maynard Ferguson also elicits cheers and jeers; Sonny Sharrock, contorting himself into a pretzel and making his guitar sound like an amplified avant-garde banjo, draws still louder hostility. Overall, the crowd's reactions reflect a deep concern for the upheavals that are changing the arts.

WASHINGTON, 1969: The first of three invitations to the White House, and the most memorable because of the occasion (Duke Ellington's 70th birthday) and the way in which President Nixon has chosen to celebrate it (the maestro is awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom, the highest civilian award).

Gathered in the East Room, we hear the President ask us to "raise our glasses to the greatest Duke of them all." After an all-star jam session and a solo by Ellington, the President says: "I haven't played piano since I've lived here; however, I'll try if you'll join me—but please, in the key of G." We all sing along as Nixon plays "Happy Birthday."

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25 Years of Jazz

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NEWPORT, R.I., 1969: Producer George Wein has decided that the jazz festival needs an infusion of rock. Along with Miles Davis, Red Norvo and Charles Mingus, he presents Jethro Tull, Frank Zappa and Sly & the Family Stone. During Sly's set, a rainstorm begins, gate crashers use battering rams to break down fences, cherry bombs are hurled into the crowd, beer bottles are flung at cops and state troopers. Violinist Stephane Grappelli tries to restore order but is unheard in the uproar.

HOLLYWOOD, 1969: Calendar headline: "Tin Pan Alley Has Passed Hoagy By" and a quote from Hoagy Carmichael: "If I were an unknown, and if I brought my 'Stardust' or 'Georgia' or 'Lazy River' or 'Rockin' to a record company today, as unfamiliar material, I wouldn't get past the front door."

LOS ANGELES, 1970: Louis Armstrong, who was near death a few months ago, has not resumed playing his horn but is well enough to take part in a "This Is Your Life"-style birthday celebration at the Shrine Auditorium. In front of a New Orleans French Quarter backdrop, Louis joins emcee Hoagy Carmichael in a vocal duet on "Rockin' Chair," which they recorded in 1929. (Satch will play again, with Pearl Bailey in Las Vegas, but will live only two days beyond his next birthday.)

HONOLULU, 1970: The Royal Hawaiian Band plays its annual Christmas concert in Kapiolani Park. Kid Ory, the trombonist who in 1921 in Los Angeles made the first black jazz combo record session, retired here some years ago. Frail and no longer able to play, he is called out of the audience. "This is our tribute to Mr. Ory," says the narrator. Ory, whose career began in New Orleans in 1907, is frail; he looks like a patriarch Indian chief. Onstage, he sings a chorus of the composition that became his social security: "Muskrat Ramble." He recorded it with Louis Armstrong in 1926. This was his final appearance; he died here in 1973.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., 1971: A musical high in the foothills of the Rockies as businessman Dick Gibson presents his ninth annual jazz party (the first of 20 to be covered here). With 40 handpicked musicians and 200 guests, Gibson offers vibrant evidence of the durability of mainstream jazz, and of the lack of any generation gap. A highlight of the Labor Day weekend is a duet in which the legendary stride pianist Willie (The Lion) Smith, 73, wearing his usual battered derby and chomping on a cigar, shows total compatibility with the drummer assigned to him—Duffy Jackson, aged 18.

VENICE, ITALY, 1972: By bus, train, plane and finally gondola, the Giants of Jazz (among them Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and Art Blakey) arrive at the ornate, 180-year-old Teatro La Fenice. Among the most impassioned listeners is Romano Mussolini, jazz pianist and youngest son of the late dictator. "Monk's solo on 'Just a Gigolo' was a masterpiece of melodic simplicity," he says. "I drove six hours from Rome to get here and see my old friend Dizzy, but for moments like this I would drive much longer." Mussolini, who says his father "was a Fats Waller fan," leads a quartet that includes the Italo-American clarinetist Tony Scott.

NICE, 1974: At the first annual Grande Parade du Jazz, held in Cimiez Park, a bust of Louis Armstrong is unveiled by Princess Grace of Monaco. James Baldwin and Josephine Baker are present to take in the swing, bop and jazz-rock sounds.

COLORADO SPRINGS, 1976: A memorable moment at Dick Gibson's party. Eubie Blake, 93, who wrote his first tune in 1899, plays his elegant ballad "Memories of You" as a duet with the young trumpet prodigy Jon Faddis. They have never met, but it's instant empathy. "When Jon Faddis was born," Gibson tells us, "Eubie was 70 years old." (Later, Blake says: "If I'd known I was going to live this long I'd have taken better care of myself.")

TOKYO, 1977: Japan has 400 jazz coffee shops (50 are in Tokyo). They have names like Dig, Dug, Lady Day and Birdland; all are stocked with big libraries of LPs. In 1976, 1,300 jazz albums were issued in Japan—twice the U.S.

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25 Years of Jazz

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figure. The cultural crosswinds that have made Japan the world's second most active jazz center are so powerful that many Americans form groups just for tours here.

Swing Journal, the world's biggest jazz magazine (350 pages each month, in Japanese), presents the Gold Disc Award to Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin for their "Insights," by their Los Angeles orchestra. The Silver Award goes to bassist Charlie Haden, a prophet more honored in Nippon and Europe than at home, for an album he made with Ornette Coleman and Alice Coltrane.

HAVANA, 1977: A jazz cruise from New Orleans with Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Earl Hines, David Amram and Ry Cooder brings American tourists from a U.S. to a Cuban port for the first time in 16 years. As we clear customs, a mass of fans screams: "Dee-zee!"

The Ministry of Culture stages a recital for musicians and press at which we hear Las Irakeres, a fine multicultural ensemble. (Years later two members, the saxophonist Paquito d'Rivera and trumpeter Arturo Sandoval, defect to the United States.) That evening the Americans are joined by many of the Cubans for a jam on "Manteca." All the world loves a love-in; here is the international language at work again. Dizzy will return here several times, once to make the documentary "A Night in Havana."

WASHINGTON, 1978: An outdoor matinee at the White House brings together dozens of world-class jazzmen to celebrate George Wein's 25th year as a festival producer. President Carter's speech reveals his true understanding of the music. Two unforgettable moments: Seeing Charles Mingus in the crowd (we all know he is mortally ill with Lou Gehrig's disease), the President walks over to his wheelchair and embraces him. On a lighter note, for the finale, Gillespie and Max Roach coax the President into joining in their vocal on "Salt Peanuts."

SYDNEY, 1980: You can't travel far enough to find a shortage of jazz artists. Akiyoshi and Tabackin, unable to bring their own band, recruit a bunch of Australian musicians who play their music with striking competence. Dave Brubeck, Les McCann and other U.S. and Australian participants do well, but the most luminous moments of the weeklong festival are provided by Terumasa Hino—a Tokyo-born, New York-based trumpeter—in his lyrical "Blue Smiles," a posthumous tribute to fellow-trumpeter Blue Mitchell.

LOS ANGELES, 1981: From a review of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers at the Maiden Voyage Club: "Blakey's new trumpeter has it all—the bell clear sound, perfect timing and phrasing, the passion, and, surprisingly, the maturity. Surprising, because Wynton Marsalis is all of 19 years old."

WASHINGTON, 1981: Lionel Hampton is saluted at the White House, but with words rather than formal awards, at an afternoon ceremony presided over by President Reagan. That evening, instead of attending Hampton's concert at the Kennedy Center, he sends Vice President Bush.

TEL AVIV, 1982: Israel is more than ready for the jazz tour by Jon Hendricks, Les McCann, Larry Coryell et al. The young people here treated Chick Corea, Stan Getz and other visitors as heroes.

The concerts are in legendary settings that inspire the artists: an oceanside amphitheatre originally built by Herod the Great; another amphitheatre near Beit Shan, said to be 6,000 years old. At the Sultan's Pool in Jerusalem, 7,500 fans jam into the site; Jon Hendricks draws a reaction with the mid-Eastern sounds of "Caravan."

SACRAMENTO, 1986: The 13th annual Dixieland Jubilee hires 800 musicians from 14 countries. The sidemen in the Scottish Society Syncopators wear kilts. The Louisiana Jazz Band (hailing from Denmark) sings "Ace in the Hole" with a Danish accent. Also here: Custer's Last Band, the Sons of Bix and cornetist Wild Bill Davison, 80, this year's festival emperor.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1990: At a "Hearts for Ella" benefit for the Heart Fund, honoring Ella Fitzgerald, classical violin virtuoso Itzhak Perlman surprises everyone by playing jazz with Oscar Peterson and Bobby McFerrin.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1990: In a spontaneous gesture, Pearl Bailey brings Wynton Marsalis onstage at Avery Fisher Hall for a soul-stirring duet on "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It will turn out to be her last performance.

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These are just a few of the people, places and happenings that have been covered in almost 2 million words of reporting. I have omitted mention of the countless jazz books, movies and TV reviews, nor did it seem desirable to include a long necrology.

It seems wiser to focus on, say, Ryan Kisor, the astonishing 17-year-old trumpeter who ran off with top honors last November at the Thelonious Monk Trumpet Competition in Washington. Jazz has had a gloriously eventful past, but youngsters like Kisor offer hope that a challenging future may lie ahead. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

Lionel Hampton's Mission to Moscow, Idaho

■ Musicians, students and fans pay tribute to the vibraphonist at festival at the University of Idaho.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

MOSCOW, Idaho—Lionel Hampton is a big name around the world, but nowhere more so than here. The University of Idaho is the site of the Lionel Hampton School of Music. Last week, the annual Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival was presented on campus.

In effect, this has been two festivals: every evening, a concert by seasoned pros, and during the day an endless stream of college and high school instrumental and vocal groups competing for honors. With a different group of visiting competitors on display every 20 minutes in numerous classrooms (one doesn't envy the task of the judges), the campus population of 10,000 doubled for the week.

Amateurs and pros joined forces at times, as when University of Idaho's student symphony, with Hampton as guest soloist, did a splendid job of interpreting the vibraphonist's "King David Suite," an extended work which he wrote in 1957 and premiered in Israel. His solos and the orchestrated passages interacted with great melodic charm.

At later concerts in the vast Kibbie Dome, where attendance ranged from 3,500 to 7,000, Hampton was enthusiastically ubiquitous. He played in a "World Jazz Night" Wednesday, backed up numerous singers and groups Thursday and Friday and led his own New York big band Saturday.

The most adventurous sounds were provided by Dr. Denny Zeitlin, the psychiatrist/pianist, teamed with the bassist David Freisen. Their darting dissonances lent new aspect to Sonny Rollins' "Airegin."

There were invigorating sets by Phil Woods on alto sax, by Los Angeles' own Bobby Shew (his trumpet was backed by the university's 19-piece jazz band), and by Pete and Conte Candoli, who may be just brothers but who played like identical twins, with pinpoint precision and wit. The father-and-son trombone team of Al and Mike Grey was reinforced by Joe Cohn, one of the most inspired young guitarists since Joe Pass.

The greatest excitement was generated by a trio composed of pianist Gene Harris (in a wildly funky outing on "Summertime"), drummer Jeff Hamilton, front and center on "It Don't Mean a Thing," and bassist Ray Brown, revitalizing "Lady Be Good." All three earned standing ovations.

During the World Music Night, Paquito d'Rivera's sextet (three Cubans, a Brazilian, an American Indian and the brilliant Panamanian pianist Danilo Perez) stirred up a heady Afro-Cuban mix. D'Rivera switched from alto sax to play clarinet alongside Hampton in a tribute to Benny Goodman. On Friday, Dizzy Gillespie joined with the D'Rivera group, whose members work often in the trumpeter's United Nation band.

Two Soviet groups (a Coltrane-ish quartet and a John Mayall-type blues unit) were foolishly short-changed when both, after traveling halfway around the world from one Moscow to another, were limited to 15-minute sets—hardly enough to judge them by, though the blues quartet clearly was a crowd pleaser.

Dianne Reeves applied her strong, assured sound to a superior set that included a song by McCoy Tyner and Sammy Cahn. Ethel Ennis, an underrated singer from Baltimore, was also impressive.

Overall, there was too much crowd-milking among some of the singers. Commercial concessions marred an overlong set by Clare Bathe, a Broadway-type stylist. Marlena Shaw, a striking woman, needs to cut down on the comedy, rap and scat to make room for some straight-ahead singing. Billy Eckstine, now gray bearded but dapper and personable, ran through his 1940s and '50s hits smoothly enough to bring the crowd to its feet.

The most startingly successful of several student groups was the University of Idaho's "Big Bones Band"—25 trombones and a rhythm section. Many students during the week secured close-up glimpses of their idols when Gillespie, Stanley Turrentine, Hank Jones and others not only performed but also took part in daytime question-and-answer sessions.

It was a joy to hear thousands of youngsters screaming at the arrival on stage of men like Gillespie. The festival offered rewarding evidence that only one thing is needed to encourage and enlarge a youthful audience for jazz: in-person exposure to the music they so rarely hear on radio and TV.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

WEEKEND REVIEWS

Jazz

Sit-ins Join Craver's Party at Chadney's

Singer Sonny Craver was the main attraction (though, as it turned out, not the only one) on Friday, the first evening of his two-night stand at Chadney's.

Heard some years back as the vocalist with Count Basie, Craver has certain characteristics in common with a better-known Basie alumnus, Joe Williams: He is an adept interpreter not only of the blues but also of standard pop songs and ballads.

His sound is strong, his phrasing jazz-oriented. There's an occasional problem when, in projecting himself more powerfully than he needs to, he lets his intonation lapse. "My Funny Valentine" in particular came out a trifle sharp. But on the up tempos—"Hello Young Lovers," "All Right, OK, You Win"—he sustained a good groove without faltering.

Sit-ins being a fairly common occurrence at Chadney's, it was no surprise when Craver brought Barbara McNair out of the audience. What did prove surprising was her performance. Singing the verse and chorus of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," McNair displayed a warmth, as well as a full, rich contralto sound, superior to anything heard in her movie star days.

Also guesting at the show was Brian Sweeney, playing some down-home blues harmonica, in, appropriately, Craver's "Down Home Blues."

Before the Craver set, his back-up trio—Bobby Pierce on keyboards, Johnny Kirkwood on drums and the outstanding bassist Stan Gilbert—offered attractive mainstream renderings of "Candy" (coupled with "Perdido," to which it bears a strong harmonic resemblance) and "A Child Is Born," with Pierce bringing out all the inherent beauty in the Thad Jones perennial.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½
DON GROLNICK
"Weaver of Dreams"
Blue Note

A pianist and composer whose works are an intense blend of mystery, suspense and driving post-bop, Grolnick leads a septet that offers the brothers Brecker a chance to do some of their finest

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work ever: Randy's trumpet on the ballad "Persimmon" and Michael's tenor sax throughout. The ensemble is fortified by Bob Mintzer's bass clarinet, at his somber best on "Taglioni" and "Five Bars." As an arranger, Grolnick makes a chaotic, Monkish mockery of "I Want to Be Happy." His own elliptical piano is front and center in the title tune.

—LEONARD FEATHER

old friends

Historian: Improvising takes passion, practice

By STEVE THOMPSON
Staff Writer

Leonard Feather nods his head with approval as the tenor saxophonist from a Portland college blows his musty last note.


FEATHER

"He's very promising. That was fine improvising," notes the man who may be the world's most renowned jazz historian and critic. "He seemed to have some ideas of his own, not just imitating someone else."

The University of Idaho campus seems to be overflowing this week with similar potential, Feather, 76, said in an interview. Jazz has rebounded from a low point 10 to 15 years ago. It has recaptured the imagination of audiences and players.

But the social roots of jazz have changed over the years, acknowledges Feather, who has written several jazz history books and has written about jazz for the *Los Angeles Times* for 25 years.

Jazz musicians these days are more likely to come out of college recital halls than off the streets. And enthusiasts are more likely found among the comfortable middle-class than among the downtrodden or rebellious.

"Nowadays, most musicians coming up are a lot more schooled, at least technically, than previous generations," Feather says. But that doesn't mean jazz is losing the spark, the soul or the spontaneity that separates proficient instrumentalists from the great improvisers.

"Some of the great improvisers are just great musicians who have something innate. Some can study and work on the techniques and develop that individuality. And others can study music and technique in college for six years and they never come close."

Where does the spark that makes jazz improvisation great come from?

"That's like asking what made Picasso great. I can't answer that," he says.

But Feather, a jazz pianist who came to New York from London in the 1930s to be closer to American jazz, knows greatness when he hears it. And some of his best friends have been behind that magic: Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington and many of the older musicians who joined Lionel Hampton here this week.

Feather accompanied Holiday on her only European tour before her drug-hastened death in 1959. Holiday found audiences there that doted on her. The same was true of Ellington, he says.

"In this country, even people who admired Duke Ellington looked down on him as a talented colored guy. You go to Europe, he's universally respected as an artist. They look up to him," Feather says.

Feather says that personal experience with hardship, which helped drive early jazz and blues, isn't vital to the art form. But neither can it be learned exclusively in the classroom.

Students must know and understand the history of jazz and they must listen to generations of jazz recordings to develop the passion of a great improviser, he says.

Jazz Reviews

Gillespie Leads a Serviceable Unit at Vine St.

Looking regal and colorful in his dashiki and fez, Dizzy Gillespie is dominating the bandstand at the Vine Street Bar & Grill.

The group he is leading here is not his United Nation Orchestra, but the quintet with which he usually travels. Looking well and evidently rested after a long layoff, the seminal bebopper seemed to be in good shape; long, well-controlled runs issued from his legendary bent horn in the intimate room.

Pacing himself carefully, he moved from trumpet to piano to supply backgrounds for a guitar solo by Ed Cherry, occasionally played percussion, and scatted his way through "Oo Pa Pa Da" (now in its fifth decade and perhaps overdue for retirement).

Occasionally Gillespie picked up a "rhythmstick," a curious wooden contraption lined with small tambourines.

His partner in the front line is tenor saxophonist Ron Holloway, an able soloist with a full, commanding sound. Cuban drummer Ignacio Berroa and electric bassist John Lee round out the group, which, though serviceable, will not go down in history among Gillespie's greatest units.

A surprise element was Jon Faddis, the Gillespie protégé and longtime friend, who sat in on Tuesday and Wednesday, was set to play


MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times
Dizzy Gillespie: lessons from a master at Vine Street Bar & Grill.

the "Arsenio Hall Show" with his mentor Thursday, and may well be on hand again this evening. Both trumpeters were heard with mutes in Gillespie's "Brother K," which now includes lyrics sung and written by Gillespie. The two then played a delightful musical tennis match in "And Then She Stopped."

Watching these men on stage, one is impressed by the fact that far from being envious of Faddis' "Anything You Can Do I Can Do Higher" technique. Gillespie watches him in paternal admiration. His pride is understandable; after all, younger men like Faddis symbolize the incalculable influence Gillespie has exercised on jazz for almost a half century.

He closes Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Icelandic Guitar Player Gets Hot at Lunaria's

Icelandic guitar players are not exactly a dime a dozen. Thus, the recent appearance at Lunaria's of Jon Pall Bjarnason, a product of Reykjavik's Music College, was indubitably a first.

Although Bjarnason has been in this country for several years, it was only last year that he formed a jazz group and recorded it for a Canadian label. The quartet heard at Lunaria, using the same personnel, left no doubt about the leader's natural sense of swing and linear creativity.

Bjarnason at his best is a relaxed, unpretentious performer. His "Darn That Dream" was the only number that gave him an immediate chance to state a melody in the first chorus—a task usually given to reedman Ray Pizzi—and create interesting variations in the second before Pizzi took over.

Pizzi's presence at times seems to overwhelm Bjarnason, if only because he often plays the opening theme and then solos on various instruments. He seems most at ease on flute; once, on the old Charlie Parker tune "Moose the Mooche," he made effective use of a bassoon.

Completing the group were the ubiquitous Andy Simpkins, whose virtuosity on upright bass seems to keep him busy eight days a week, and Lew Malin on drums.

Bjarnason, hidden too long in commercial jobs, is a welcome addition to the local jazz scene.

—L.F.

■ *Bjarnason and Pizzi play Thursday at Legends of Hollywood, 6555 Hollywood Blvd, Hollywood.*

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nationality of a sideman meant nothing to him. He took particular pride in the presence of Valery Ponomarev, the trumpet virtuoso who was Wynton Marsalis' predecessor. Ponomarev had only been away from the Soviet Union a few months when Blakey hired him; he remained in the band for more than four years.

In the later editions, the international and interracial element became more common; Benny Green was a notable discovery, as was the brilliant Geoff Keezer, who took over the piano chair from Green at the age of eighteen. The final Messengers band also included the Australian tenor Dale Barlow, the superb ex-Akiyoshi trumpeter Brian Lynch, and the bassist Essiet Okon Essiet, whose parents were from Nigeria.

In those last years Blakey was plagued by a problem few of his audiences knew about: he had become deaf (which might explain his painfully out of tune vocal of "For All We Know" on the Windham Hill album *Bluesiana Triangle*). "He could hear enough to get by," Brian Lynch recalls. "He said he could follow the music by the vibrations. Sometimes, if what he was listening to sounded too tinny to him, he'd turn off his hearing aid."

Blakey kept the flame alive even when age had taken its toll. *Chippin' In*, the Timeless album, exemplifies the extent to which he was able to update his repertoire without ever losing the perennial Messengers essence. Except for a drum solo track and a Wayne Shorter tune, everything in the album was composed or arranged by one of the members: three by Brian Lynch, an original and a chart on "Love Walked In" by Javon Jackson, "Aquarius Rising" by Frank Lacy (who at the time was Blakey's trombonist and musical director), the teenaged Geoff Keezer's brilliant arrangement of Billy Strayhorn's "Raincheck," and a Keezer original, titled "Brain Stormin'."

"Yes, sir, I'm going to stay with the youngsters," Blakey once said. "It keeps the mind active." What is remarkable about that statement is that he made it when he was 36, and his sidemen were only eight or ten years his juniors. Of course, he continued to make it when the musicians were young enough to be his children or grandchildren.

Art Blakey was a magnet who drew into his orbit several hundred aspiring artists, many of whom went on to international acclaim (from Clifford Brown to Keith Jarrett to the Marsalis brothers). Looking back at his accomplishments, one wonders whether he will be better remembered as a definitive modern drummer or as a leader of men.

Something else Blakey said, also many years ago, bears repeating: "I try to show the young musicians the way that I have learned to go in music and the ideas that I believe people will go for. I believe you can do this without compromising — you can deliver good music, well performed, modern, but never so far ahead of the public that they are lost, or so far away from the rhythm that jazz itself is lost. That's the way I feel about music."

Blakey lived up to those principles perhaps more consistently than anyone else I can bring to mind. We will all miss those dynamic press rolls, the romping sock cymbal, the pep talks to the audience, the will to succeed that governed one of the most extraordinary careers of the past half century.

I was reminded of the enormous legend he left us, with the arrival of the December issue of Swing Journal (*the* Japanese jazz magazine). Blakey was on the cover and inside were the kinds of investigations one looks for in vain in any American publication — eight pages of photos of his funeral (one of them a two-page close-up of Blakey in his coffin) followed by an eight-page section that showed the album covers and printed the personnel, in English, of 106 Blakey albums. Some, inevitably, are easier to find in Japan than in his own country, but enough survive here, and are being transferred to CDs, to reassure us that Art Blakey's contribution is not likely to be ever forgotten. ●

RETROSPECTIVES FROM 40

sessions co-starring Harold Land on tenor and alto player Pony Poindexter, both of whom are overshadowed by the immortal guitarist. ●

the UPRIGHT

BY DEBRA BRESNAN

WHETHER REVERBERATING WITH ECHOES of the past or giving a hint of the future, the acoustic bass holds a revered place at the center of the jazz universe. This cranky, cumbersome instrument is loved for its unique voice, which creates a timeless beauty and richness that cannot be ignored, especially when it's in the spotlight. And it's the innate sense of interplay, with a love for the whole, that is the key to the acoustic bassist's success once he has made the decision to lead. □ Perhaps more than any other instrumentalist, acoustic bass players are aware of the dependence performers have upon each other. Most often placed to the side, bassists have usually been support personnel. But, while still crucial in the role of time-keeper, the acoustic bass is now present — prominent even — as a melodic instrument as well. And bassists are approaching the leadership role differently than might be expected. Upright bass players are, by their own admission, a group that resonates to a different tone. □ With over 1,000 releases to his credit and almost forty of those as a leader, Ron Carter is one of the most recorded acoustic bassists in jazz history. But he is one bassist who determined early in his career that he wanted to lead with his unique voice. When he made his move into a leadership role, he turned to the piccolo bass — an instrument one-half the size of a full-sized bass — and tuned it to stand out in an ensemble setting. With the enhancements now available in recording technologies and audio equipment, the warmth and sound of the acoustic bass has more presence, thus

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERMAN LEONARD

is that Blakey's music was totally African in origin. He did indeed go to Africa some time in the early 1950s, adopted the Muslim name Abdullah Ibn Buhaina, and played with tribal drummers who may have learned more from him than they taught. Essentially, Blakey was the product of an Afro-American culture and had developed the main attributes of his style during the Eckstine years: the time-keeping on the ride cymbal, the rock-steady basic beat beneath snare and tom-tom complexities, the practice of placing an elbow on the snare to vary the pitch, of course the crossrhythms (the three-against-four and who knows how many others), and at times sensitive brush work.

Unlike Roach, Louis Bellson, and other drummers who had substantial credits as composers, Blakey was a limited musician, academically. I have yet to talk to anyone who saw him read a drum part. But if he couldn't read music, did it really matter? It is said that on one important all-star record date he had another drummer run through the drum parts for him — his ear was so quick and his mind so retentive that this was all he needed.

"All Art required," recalls Horace Silver, who co-led a Jazz Messengers unit with Blakey between 1953-55, "was to hear a chart once or twice, and he'd catch on. I remember, when I was playing at Birdland, he'd come and sit in, we'd play something he hadn't played for two or three years and he'd remember all the breaks."

Blakey from the beginning was an inspiring — some would even say coercive — performer who invariably gave his all, and expected nothing less from his men. He particularly enjoyed working with other drummers. On one 1957 album, *Orgy in Rhythm*, his tidal-wave snare drum rolls found themselves in the company of Jo Jones, Specs Wright, and Arthur Taylor, and an Afro-Cuban rhythm section with Sabu Martinez and others playing bongos, timbales, tympani, maracas, cencerro, and tree log.

Such experiments aside, Blakey preferred to retain a unit that had what became the basic hard bop sound, dominated by two or three horns. But it was not until 1958 that the band started to develop a clearly defined personality through the use of compositions by some of his more gifted sidemen, notably Bobby Timmons and Benny Golson. One session that year produced four future standards: Timmons' "Moanin'," Golson's "Along Came Betty," "Blues March," and "Are You Real." Soon after came Wayne Shorter with "Lester Left Town." Then, in 1961, Blakey assembled what I tend to regard as the most memorable of all the Messenger units, with Shorter, Freddie Hubbard, Curtis Fuller, Cedar Walton (all of them composing), and Jymie Merritt or Reggie Workman on bass.

The early 1960s produced a series of standards that remained in the Blakey book no matter how frequent the turnover of personnel. Typically, the Horace Silver piece "Mayreh," first recorded in a 1954 Birdland date, can be heard again in the new Soul Note album *I Get a Kick Out of Bu*, recorded in 1988 with musicians who were not even born when Blakey and Silver first taped the tune. The Messengers thus was both an ongoing source of renewal and a fascinating continuum. The last time I heard Blakey, at Birdland West in Long Beach, he was using a similar mix of new and very old themes.

The turnover in the Messengers was generated sometimes because of a sideman's desire to make a change, but there were occasions when Blakey himself would resolve to wipe the slate clean. Thus in 1965 he came up with an entirely new version of the band, in which Keith Jarrett and Chuck Mangione were key figures. Perhaps because it recorded for the short-lived Limelight label, this band is not as well remembered as it should be. Mangione, in addition to playing in a style that reflected Clifford Brown and Miles Davis, contributed such valuable originals as "Buttercorn Lady," "Recuerdo," and "Between Races." He stayed with Blakey until 1967.

Observers who have implied that Blakey resorted to white sidemen out of desperation, because blacks allegedly were in short supply, have forgotten that his record for integration went back a quarter century. Though he was involved with an African-American idiom, the color or

the MESSENGER

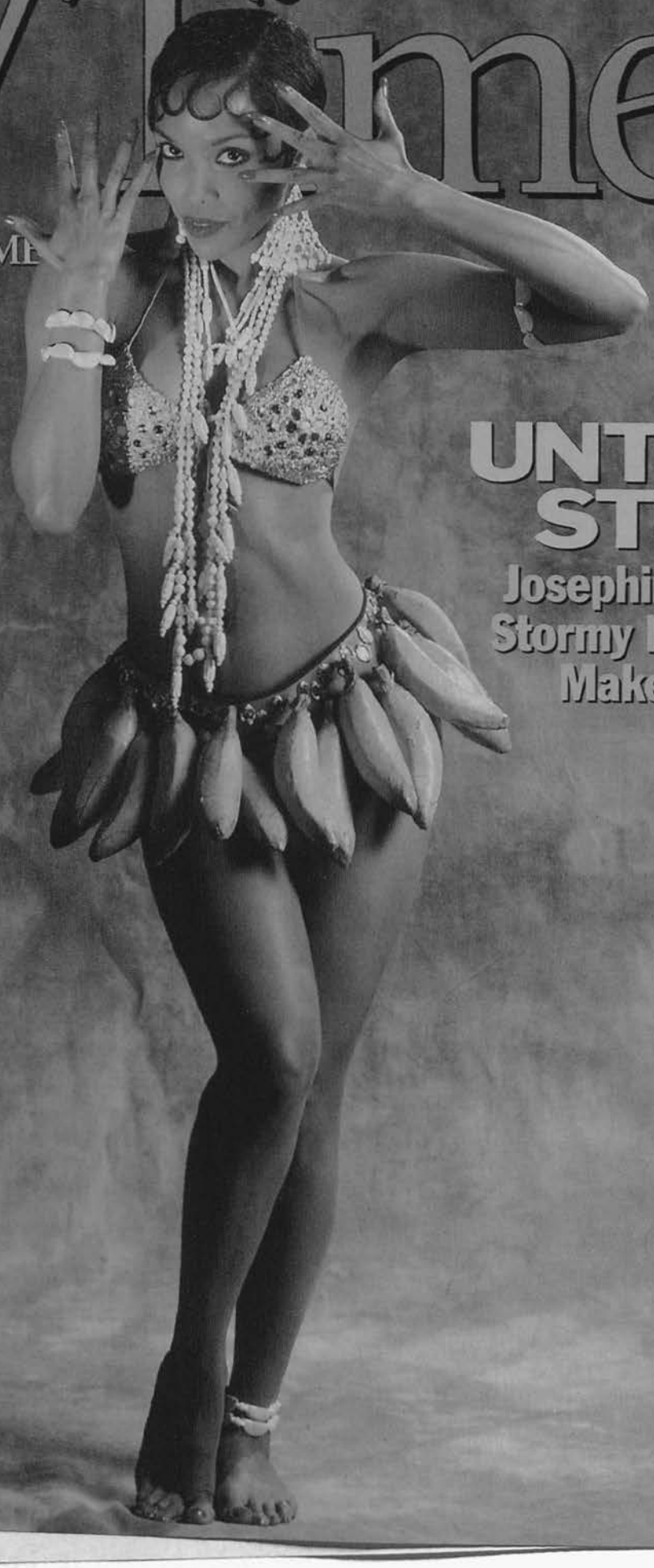
WHETHER ON OR OFF the bandstand, Art Blakey was a tireless propagandist for the music to which he was consumingly devoted. There is a story, and I don't think it is just apocryphal, that Blakey once attended a funeral, and, during a lull in the service, after all the eulogies had been given, he stood up and said, "Well, if everyone is through, I'd like to say a few words about jazz." □ Every time I heard the Blakey band, he preached his gospel, telling the audience that this was American music. (He never seemed to hyphenate the adjective, preferring to put it on a national rather than a racial basis.) "No America, no jazz," he would add. "There's no other music like this anywhere. Anyone who doesn't check out this music has missed something important." □ A statement along these lines was quoted in the notes for the Timeless CD *Chippin' In*, recorded last February after he had turned seventy. This disc and another taped two months later, *One for All* on A&M, remind how, even in the final years, when it was becoming more difficult to maintain steady personnel, the Jazz Messengers were delivering a message not substantially different, in terms of compositions, soloists, and overall impact, from the groups Blakey led back in his earliest days with Blue Note Records. □ Art Blakey is regarded as a pioneer bebop drummer, but those of us who knew him in the pre-Messenger era remember other aspects. Certainly he had absorbed many of the characteristics of the new jazz movement and had listened to Kenny Clarke and Max Roach. But when he joined Dizzy Gillespie and other boppers in the Billy Eckstine band of 1944, he was playing shuffle rhythms — and Dizzy promptly turned Blakey's head in the new direction. □ Another myth

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Exclusive Copley/Colony Guide March 10–16

TV Times

LOS ANGELES TIME



THE UNTOLD STORY

Josephine Baker's Stormy Life Finally Makes It to the Screen

STEVE FONTANINI

HBO's 'Josephine Baker': The Naked Truth

BY DANIEL CERONE
TIMES STAFF WRITER

Josephine Baker, described by Ernest Hemingway as the most sensational woman anybody ever saw or ever will, became the sultry, controversial rage of Europe in the 1920s after leaving the United States at 19 to escape racism. When she died in her sleep at 68, she was called one of the most successful black entertainers of her time and a civil rights leader of historical stature.

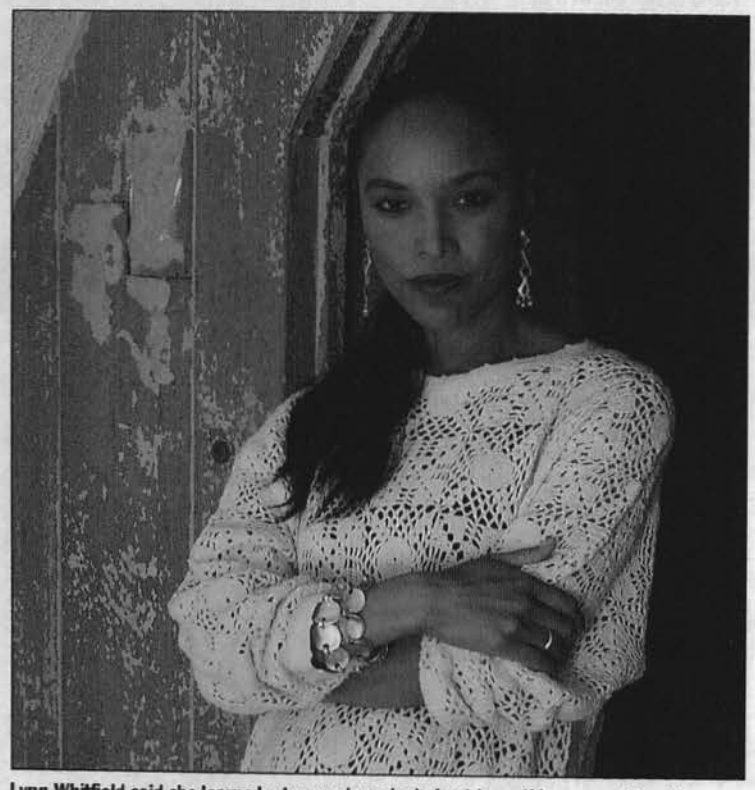
America never opened its arms to Baker—a sad, recurring strain in the bittersweet ballad of an irrepressible talent. In the years since her death in 1975, Hollywood too has been slow to warm up to Baker as a dramatic subject, despite the undeniably dramatic events in her life.

"I think that it's been very difficult for the industry to really have a strong enough belief in who Josephine Baker was, even though they could see the vastness of her story," said Lynn Whitfield, star of HBO's extravagant movie "The Josephine Baker Story," airing Saturday. "I mean, this is an epic life."

Whitfield, 30ish, says whole generations of audiences today are unfamiliar with who Baker was—her childhood in an old railroad boxcar, her unabashed sexual freedom on stage in her trademark banana skirt, her status as one of the wealthiest black women in the world, her multiethnic "Rainbow Tribe" of a dozen adopted children, and her eventual financial ruin.

"You know, being a black woman in this country and knowing about people through the folklore, through the word of mouth, through the family, you understand the tragedy of anonymity in America that occurs to so many black people who have accomplished so much. Because the history books simply weren't geared to telling our stories," Whitfield said.

There have been plans for other



STEVE FONTANINI

Lynn Whitfield said she learned a tremendous deal about herself by recognizing the causes of Josephine Baker's unhappiness. If it weren't for the role in "The Josephine Baker Story," Whitfield said, she wouldn't have allowed herself to marry the film's director.

Baker projects—a feature film from Dolly Parton's Sandollar production company and a Turner Network Television movie starring Diana Ross, who received an Oscar nomination in 1972 as jazz singer Billie Holiday in "Lady Sings the Blues." But while the $8-million HBO movie, which a spokesman called the cable channel's most ambitious movie to date, is ready for telecast the others are still stuck in early stages of development.

"I think the feature film industry is not ready at this point to put all their energies into a project that features the life of a black woman," said Whitfield, who was so determined to play Baker that she produced her own screen test. "And in terms of television it was a tough story to tell because it required nudity. ... If you take that out of the story you take out a huge chunk of what gave Josephine the momentum she had. That would have been a tough network sell. It really took cable TV coming to its maturity to make this movie."

(HBO shot two versions of Whitfield recreating Baker's "Banana Dance" and "Danse Sauvage." In one version Whitfield was semi-nude and in the other she was covered up for future syndication and foreign markets.)

The critical success or failure of "The Josephine Baker Story," which co-stars David Dukes, Ruben Blades and Louis Gossett Jr., falls on Whitfield's slim shoulders. The responsibility is heavy for a relatively unknown actress who has played mainly character parts in film ("Silverado") and television (the ABC miniseries "The Women of Brewster Place"). HBO says that hundreds of actresses auditioned for the role. Whitfield, a dancer but not a singer, was passed on at first and then called back after several months of unsuccessful auditions.

"It was her acting," British director Brian Gibson said. "There was a certain monotony watching the other actresses audition for Josephine. They sort of got the main points. They got the energy and the upishness and the political commitment. But the performances became compulsive or repetitive or self-righteous, a lot of things Josephine wasn't. Josephine had all these subtle harmonics around her, and Lynn managed to capture those."

Whitfield had to strip down in several ways to play the title role.

Physically, she had to drop her inhibitions—and her clothing—to present Baker's unabashed sexual freedom—posing as a statuesque nude for an artist, dancing seductively on stage wearing next to nothing and losing herself in the lusty embrace of her first husband (Blades).

Mentally, she had to let go and make herself vulnerable to the emotions that Baker embodied, which Whitfield summed up as "innocence, narcissism, heroism, self-indulgence and anger." It was partly because Whitfield made herself so vulnerable in rehearsals that she fell in love with her director and married him in July, a week after shooting wrapped in Budapest.

"More than any time before in my career, there were great demands of tremendous intimacy between myself and my lead actor," said Gibson, whose credits include NBC's "Drug Wars: The Camarena Story," an Emmy winner for best miniseries last year.

"Josephine was a very open, vulnerable character," he said. "And early on in rehearsals we both realized that we had to be very open to one another in a way that goes way beyond what a formal director and actor might share. That was the basis; we couldn't have any secrets."

Whitfield said, "We had to respect each other, and listen to each other,

Josephine Baker (Lynn Whitfield) died nearly destitute in her adopted country.

and support each other. I think many of the qualities that are necessary for a creative partnership we learned and carried off into marriage."

In addition, neither the director nor his actress had shot nude scenes before. When asked at what point he fell in love with Whitfield, Gibson laughed and said, "During the banana dance."

Whitfield and Gibson were interviewed at their lavish, Spanish-style home in Hollywood Hills. In person, seated at her kitchen table eating corn flakes, Whitfield's petite body seemed in marked contrast to the towering character she portrayed on the screen.

"I was disappointed when I first heard about the role," Whitfield said. "The first thing I said was, 'I don't think I'm right for this part.' You know, she was tall and a dancer and a singer."

Still, citing a shortage of leading roles for black women, especially ones of such impact as Baker, Whitfield desperately wanted the part. So she tacked up ads on USC and UCLA bulletin boards for film students, had a friend design some costumes, turned to another friend to choreograph dance numbers and then videotaped her own screen test, all for about $3,000.

"I had a vision of who Josephine was, and I wanted to make sure that vision was captured," Whitfield said.

When she won the role, Whitfield wanted to do Baker justice by reintroducing her to new American audiences. Baker gave Whitfield something lasting in return.

"I learned a lot from what I would consider to be her human flaws, her inability to be truly intimate," Whitfield said. "She was very capable of being intimate with an audience, but being intimate with one person was difficult for her. I think I had a touch of putting my life on hold until my career was where I wanted it to be.

"Had I not done Josephine, had I not felt the real brunt of some of the decisions she made as an older woman, had I not dealt with myself, I probably wouldn't have gotten married. ... I learned from who she was, the wonderful parts and the tragic parts, so that I could make some adjustments in my life, so I wouldn't end up 68, having lost everything, with no man, with children who are distant, and with no career."

"The Josephine Baker Story" premieres Saturday 8-10:15 p.m. on HBO.

AMERICA'S SNUB WAS PARIS' GAIN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"Jazz Cleopatra" was the name given by Phyllis Rose to her 1989 biography of Josephine Baker. The title was a little misleading: Baker's association with jazz as we generally understand the term was all but nonexistent.

Nevertheless, when Baker joined "Shuffle Along" in the summer of 1922 (it had concluded a 14-month run in New York and was about to go on the road), the show was said to feature "jazz dancing," and Baker, all of 16 at the time, already was a superb performer.

Eubie Blake, who with Noble Sissle wrote the score for the show (it produced such hits as "I'm Just Wild About Harry"), once told me: "She was spectacular. There were routines worked out for her, but she would forget them and improvise wild steps of her own, some of which were hilariously funny. She had the audience screaming and yelling."

When the show reached St. Louis, Baker went home to see her mother, and reportedly was horrified at the filth she now realized had been her background. She didn't see her family again for 14 years.

In the chorus of "Shuffle Along" she had made $30 a week; in her next show, "Chocolate Dandies," she was one of the highest-paid artists at $125 a week. After working for a while at the Plantation, a club at 50th Street and Broadway featuring an elaborate black revue, Baker was offered a chance to play in a show in Paris.

The troupe sailed Sept. 2, 1925, on the Berengaria. Josephine Baker at 19 was free from the racism she had been unable to escape at home; soon she was on top of a world in which she had too long inhabited the bottom rung of the social ladder.

Although the ads for "La Revue Negre" showed grotesque stereotypes of black men, Josephine Baker was generally treated with deference. True, she was partly a curiousity to Frenchmen who had no contact with blacks, but before long she had transcended the limitations and found herself the toast of an entire country. Her banana skirt in the Folies Bergere was scandalous and savage to some, sensual and seductive to many.

Baker's romances and marriages, her adoption of a large interracial family of children, her every move made news. She was the first black artist to become a world-class show business figure by moving to Europe. She mingled with other expatriates like Bricktop and the poet Langston Hughes; she studied French, partly by reading her press clippings.

Exactly what was Baker's contribution to the arts? Basically she was an instinctively brilliant entertainer, as I observed on first seeing her in Paris in the late 1940s. Her stage presence and command of the audience were spellbinding.

Baker, though never primarily a singer, recorded off and on. Coincidentally, a lavish two-CD set covering 50 songs she recorded between 1926 and 1936, with an illustrated booklet, has just been issued on Elysee Records DJZ-2-614.

She came back to the States several times, with little success in 1936 and 1948, but in 1951 she was well-received in New York, Chicago and Boston theaters, making up to $11,000 a week. On May 20, 1951, I saw her at Harlem's Golden Gate Ballroom, where the NAACP was honoring her with a "Josephine Baker Day" testimonial.

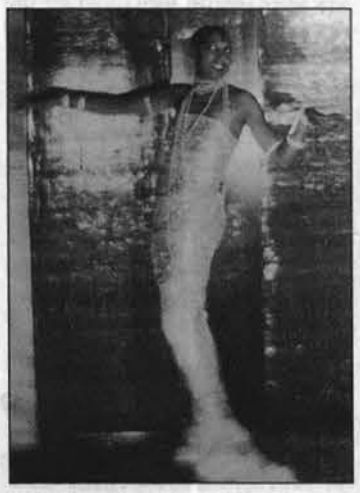
Her last chance at enduring success back home was ruined through an incident that year at the Stork Club. The owner, Sherman Billingsley, was notoriously hostile to black patrons. When Baker visited there and complained of being mistreated, she became the object of violent attacks by Walter Winchell, a powerful gossip columnist who was a close friend of Billingsley. Winchell's incessant denigration of Baker (about whom he had previously written enthusiastically) had a devastating effect: Her U.S. bookings were canceled, her hopes for an American movie career destroyed.

The last time I saw Baker she was at the 1974 unveiling of a bust of Louis Armstrong in Nice. Baker, who had been asked by her friend Princess Grace to star in a gala for the Monacan Red Cross, was at the Nice Jazz Festival to see the princess perform the ceremony. She had only a year to live, but at 68 she was almost as imposing a symbol of glamour as when she had first conquered Paris almost half a century earlier.

She was a brave woman, as firm in her opposition to fascism during World War II (she was awarded the Legion d'Honneur) as in her flouting of Jim Crow at home. In America she made a recurring issue of breaking down color lines in night clubs and restaurants, but in France such problems never presented themselves.

Onstage, she was a figure of unique stature; offstage, she was a fighter for just causes. Ironically, the Walter Winchells and Sherman Billingsleys of the 1950s are long gone and forgotten, but the Josephine Baker legend lives on.

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.



At 19, Josephine Baker left the segregated stages of the United States to dance and sing her way to fame in Paris. She returned to New York in 1951 but an ugly incident with a racist bar owner and gossip columnist destroyed her hopes of a U.S. film career.

BAKER, G. RAY HAWKINS GALLERY

LOS ANGELES TIMES 3/14/91

JAZZ REVIEW

Mose Allison Retraces His Routes

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Mose Allison, the country-style sophisticate from Mississippi, came back to the Vine St. Bar & Grill, doing essentially what he has done almost continuously for 35 years: singing about life the way he has seen it and playing piano the way he has heard it, but adding his own imprimatur along the way.

As always, before singing he opened with a series of piano solos on Thursday, segueing from one to the next, playing quasi-blues and crypto-blues, shifting tempos and meters, tossing out reverberant, rolling tremolos, with a bass player (Larry Steen) and a drummer (Paul Kreibich) who have clearly traveled this route before.

When old man Mose (he's 63 now, a bit grayer and balder but otherwise unchanged) suddenly holds a vocal tone near the end of a phrase, his companions, suspended for a while in midair, watch him to see just when to come back in. It's one of Allison's gimmicks and he uses it well.

His Southern roots are never out of earshot. At one point he is a country boy deploring the evils of city life. Later, in "Tell Me Something I Don't Know," he is a cynic almost to the point of nihilism; in "Living in a Fool's Paradise" he is a moralist, and in "I'm Not Discouraged, I'm Just Mad" he's an ecologist.

Switching between his own songs and material from other sources (even including Nat King Cole), he interlarded every number with a rambling piano solo that defied stylistic evaluation: neither ancient nor modern, neither swing nor bop, just pure, unadulterated Mose.

An old pop song from England, "Sleepy Lagoon," with an odd loping two-beat, was the only incongruous interlude. For the most part, though, Allison was able to bring conviction to the old Willie Dixon line that clearly reflects his philosophy: "I Live the Life I Love and I Love the Life I Live."

■ *Vine St. Bar & Grill, 1610 Vine St., Hollywood, (213) 463-4375. Through Saturday.*

3/18

Jazz

Frishberg Unique With Piano, Vocals

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Dave Frishberg's songs and Jeannine Frank's Parlor Performance series were clearly made for each other. Saturday evening in a Santa Monica living room, a few dozen people gathered, not to eat or drink or socialize, but simply to sit and listen in an intimate setting to an entertaining and unique pianist and vocalist.

Frishberg had a mike at the beginning of his set, but promptly discarded it when he realized that direct communication would suffice. He warmed up with a few piano solos, all inspired by songs Billie Holiday recorded in the 1930s. Nostalgia is second nature to him; he can draw emotion out of anything from a baseball hero who flourished before World War I to a cornetist who died 60 years ago.

Starting with his ultimate insult song, "I Can't Take You Nowhere," he moved into such familiar territory as "My Attorney Bernie" and "Wheelers and Dealers," bringing his tart, nasal sound to bear on his wryly witty messages, but also occasionally on songs that are contrastingly poignant. In the latter category were "Marilyn Monroe," set to a melody by Alan Broadbent, and the tender "Dear Bix."

Frishberg by now has such a loyal following that many in the audience seemed familiar with his repertory, but repeated hearings entail a shared pleasure. As for his piano solos, a medley of Billy Strayhorn songs again reflected his encyclopedic knowledge of early master works. As a pianist he is similarly distinctive; his self-accompaniment is no less ingenious and technically adroit than his solo work.

JAZZ REVIEW

3/22

Kenny Colman Works His Way in Classic Pop Mode

Kenny Colman sings on weekends at the intimate Monteleone's supper club in Tarzana. His album, backed by the London Philharmonic, is still unreleased in this country.

Long an occasional local presence, Colman enjoys the admiration of Frank Sinatra, who endorsed his album and has rightly likened him to Tony Bennett, and the few so-called saloon singers now active.

Colman has his own way within the classic pop tradition. He varies the melody more often, showing a musicianly sense of harmony. His jazz-inspired up-tempos such as "Amor" (with a fiercely driving background by drummer Harold Mason) are spirited and compelling, but it is on the ballads that he reaches rare heights. "When Joanna Loved Me," a superlative wedding of words and music (by Bob Wells and Jack Segal) and Johnny Mandel's "I Wish I'd Met You" defined his peerless command of the genre.

Though there isn't room to bring in the London Philharmonic, Colman gets along handily with a rhythm quartet led by Frank Collett at the piano, with solos by John Kurnick on the guitar, and Monty Budwig on bass.

Except for an over-operatic finale on "I Couldn't Live Without You for a Day," his entire performance justified the faith shown in him by so many powerful admirers, leaving one to wonder why the big break is still around the corner after too many years.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Monteleone's, 19337 Ventura Blvd., Tarzana, (818) 996-0662.*

L.A. TIMES 3-25-91

MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times

Dick Hyman emphasizes Ellington in an intimate recital at Le Cafe.

Jazz

Hyman: A Pianist to Treasure

'We should designate this guy a national treasure," said one listener after a solo piano recital Friday by Dick Hyman at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks.

Indeed we should. Hyman is a phenomenon whose taste, imagination and limitless technique have enabled him to become, if not a totally personalized stylist, a unique encyclopedist whose work brings together characteristics of many of the giants who preceded him.

One hears in him many runs that imply his assiduous study of Art Tatum, stride passages a la Fats Waller, right-hand octave sequences such as Earl Hines originated and elaborate introductions of the kind nobody since Erroll Garner has devised. The genius of Hyman brings together these qualities and his own melodic and harmonic concepts to create a fascinating whole.

Because he is out here to record an Ellington album, the Duke and Billy Strayhorn took up much of his time at the two Friday sets. Hyman chose two of the hardest pieces Ellington ever wrote: the partly atonal "Clothed Woman" and the witty "Tonk." The latter was originally a piano duet by Ellington and Strayhorn (and that's how Hyman will record it, by overdubbing the second part), but even as a solo it captured the special charm of this melodic multiple layer cake.

"Prelude to a Kiss" (played partly as a waltz), "Warm Valley" and "Lush Life" took on new life under Hyman's professorial scrutiny. Even "Caravan," normally a bore, acquired a fresh, zesty character.

Hyman's left hand is a marvel; at times it will play a counter-melody no less central to the performance than his right hand variations on the theme. His re-harmonization of Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born" and Harold Arlen's "Devil on the Deep Blue Sea" brought out this aspect.

Two nights in a small room in Sherman Oaks seemed to be the limit of this New Yorker's rare visits. Next time he deserves a concert hall, or at least a club large enough to attract his admirers, who include every other pianist in town.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW L.A. TIMES 3/28/91

Sunshine From Ray Brown Trio

'We really appreciate your coming out in this weather," said Ray Brown—and thereupon launched his trio into a stomping treatment of "You Are My Sunshine."

It is possible for any group to exceed, in overall achievement, the already considerable sum of its parts, particularly when those parts are Brown, Gene Harris and Jeff Hamilton. Such was the conclusion swiftly reached when this group, which plays together only occasionally, opened for a week at Catalina Bar & Grill in Hollywood.

Maturity and inspiration, leavened with a touch of wit, governed the performance Tuesday as Harris, a pianist who recently completed a tour leading his own big band, showed his blues-rooted credentials in an arrangement of "Paradise," a song Pola Negri introduced in a 1932 movie.

Ray Brown, who has long inspired countless bass players around the world, functions no less admirably as a rhythm section component than in his solo outings; the former aspect was flawlessly displayed in his ensemble work on just about everything, and the latter in his breathtaking solo on "Sophisticated Lady."

Hamilton, who has shown his value as an orchestral drummer with John Clayton, adapts himself just as sympathetically to an intimate setting. His use of brushes, at which he has always excelled, came to the forefront in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," introduced as a duet with Brown playing the melody and Harris laying out. Hamilton shone again in "Buhaina, Buhaina," and concluded the set with bristling blues by Brown, "Bam, Bam, Bam."

Instinctively cohesive artistry achieved by this threesome has few if any equals in contemporary acoustic jazz. Given the strong attendance on the rainy opening night, this visit, through Sunday, should provide full houses as the week nears its end.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

3-31-91

ALBUM REVIEWS

★★★½

CHICK COREA

"Akoustic Band Alive"

GRP

It's beyond quibbling that this is a group of skilled artists; one can only wish it were more of a piano trio and less of a three-man collective. On the tunes where he plays the first chorus alone ("Sophisticated Lady," " 'Round Midnight"), Corea is fascinating, his harmonic imagination darting all over the themes. But on almost every cut he has found it mandatory to allot extensive time to drummer Dave Weckl, whose flim-flam buoyancy is a mood-breaker. Are energy and intensity essential to this genre? And great though John Patitucci is on upright bass, a little less of him would have left more time for the leader to stretch out. There are two charming Corea pieces, the 1975 "Humpty Dumpty" and the later "Morning Sprite." Less theatricality and more pianistic virtuosity could have turned this into a five-star session.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times

Chick Corea . . . generous with solos on his new album.

4/6/91

JAZZ REVIEW

Abene, Harvey Share Lunaria Bill

That Lunaria's has become one of the best Los Angeles venues for both instrumental and vocal jazz was evident Thursday night, when pianist Mike Abene shared a bill with vocalist Jane Harvey.

Abene, a New Yorker who has played and arranged for such varied artists as Maynard Ferguson and Liza Minnelli, has a compositional and harmonically potent approach to the piano. His opening tune, a Rodgers and Hart standard, was reworked with such complexity that an appropriate new title might be "I Didn't Know What Tune It Was."

Backed by Tom Warrington on bass and Tony Inzaloca on drums, Abene worked his way through the exotic paths of Billy Strayhorn's "Passion Flower," bringing new insights to its inherent melodic beauty. Another, simpler Strayhorn song, "My Little Brown Book," gave Abene a chance to display his more orthodox swinging style.

For the second set, Abene did a superb, though daunting job of backing Harvey, who can invest her relatively small voice with a grand passion. She showed admirable taste in her choice of tunes, including a pair of songs by Joe Raposo and a couple of lesser-known Cy Coleman compositions.

Too bad her set was marred by unprofessionalism. After singing eight bars of "We'll Be Together Again," she inexplicably stopped and cut the show short, alleging it was in the wrong key. To these ears it sounded just fine.

—LEONARD FEATHER

4/8

Turtle Island Quartet Stands Alone

"American Vernacular" is the term coined by the Turtle Island String Quartet to define what it does. A concert Saturday in the Smothers Theater at Pepperdine University left no doubt that this group's ability to bring about a confluence of bluegrass, jazz, country, classical and world music has set a standard beyond the reach of its few contemporaries.

The violinists David Balakrishnan and Darol Anger, violist Katrina Wreede and cellist Mark Summer defy classification. All are versed in the art of improvisation; all are first-rate composers and arrangers; their collective backgrounds extend from folk to symphony and light opera.

Whether working on their own pieces (Summer's "Ensenada," Balakrishnan's "Skylife," Anger's "Dexteriors") or sublimating standards (Coltrane's exquisite "Naima," Chick Corea's "Senor Mouse"), the quartet brings to each a rare unity, harmonic subtlety, and more often than not the ability to out-swing almost any other unit, despite the absence of a rhythm section.

Wreede's solos revealed an extemporaneous mastery rare, perhaps unique, in the annals of the viola. Anger's long introductory workout on "Night in Tunisia" led to a high-spirited, witty duet (or duel) with Balakrishnan.

The growing popularity of this instrumentation has established a pattern now followed by several similar groups, but in the multifarious idiom they have all but invented, the Turtle Islanders remain the ne plus ultra.

—LEONARD FEATHER

4/6

LOS ANGELES TIMES

WEEKEND TV

Continued from F9

im are quizzed about whether the United States has betrayed Iraq's Kurds on "Newsmaker Saturday," 10:30 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. CNN. . . .

Former Navy Secretary John Lehman joins "The Capital Gang" in a discussion of Iraq's civil war, the possible presidential aspirations of Virginia Gov. L. Douglas Wilder and the economy at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. CNN. . . .

L.A. City Councilmen Hal Bernson and Michael Woo address the furor over Police Chief Daryl F. Gates on "News Conference," 4 p.m. (4).

SUNDAY

"Straight Answers" speaks with Domingo Rodriguez about the Los Angeles School District's citizenship education program, 6 a.m. (9). . . .

"Sunday Today" reports on cable executive Steve Brill, a video of Cole Porter's songs that benefits AIDS research and an exhibit of the treasures of Catherine the Great, 7 a.m. (4)(36)(39). . . .

Sen. Orrin Hatch (R-Utah); Atty. Gen. Dick Thornburgh and Rep. Charles Schumer (D-N.Y.) look at the President's crime bill on "Newsmaker Sunday," 7:30 a.m. CNN. . . .

"Sunday Morning" reports on Connecticut's $2.4-billion budget deficit and the state government's proposed measures to overcome it, the long-awaited musical "Miss Saigon" and jazz critic Leonard Feather, 8 a.m. (2)(8). . . .

National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft guests on "Meet the Press," 8:30 a.m. (4)(36)(39). . . .

"The McLaughlin Group" talks about U.S. policy toward Iraq and its Kurdish rebels, upcoming legislation in Congress and the popularity of the Grand Old Party, 9 a.m. (4), 5:30 p.m. (50). . . .

Nelson Mandela, deputy president of the African National Congress, is among the guests discussing U.S. intervention abroad on "Face the Nation," 9:30 a.m. (2)(8). . . .

"Business World" airs at 9:30 a.m. (7)(42), 11 a.m. (3). . . .

Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, Turkish President Turgut Ozal and Kurdish spokesman Barham Salih examine post-war Iraq on "This Week With David Brinkley," 10 a.m. (7)(10)(42), 11 a.m. (3). . . .

"American Interests" looks at the proposed free trade policy with Mexico, 10 a.m. (28). . . .

"Signs of the Times" examines student-against-student violence in Los Angeles schools, 11:30 a.m. (11). . . .

"Our Planet" explores alternative energy sources, 11:30 a.m. (9). . . .

"The West" checks out the market for shark fins, wolf-dog hybrids and Hunter S. Thompson, 3:30 p.m. (4), 5 p.m. (36). . . .

"60 Minutes" reports on reputed organized crime kingpin John Gotti's flamboyant defense attorney, Midwest farmers whose livestock have been killed by electricity escaping from old and worn power lines and a Philadelphia football coach who is hunting down and ridding his neighborhood of drug dealers, 7 p.m. (2)(8). . . .

"Exposé" investigates gun smuggling and the rise and fall of top lawyer Harvey Myerson, 8 p.m. . . .

"Real Life With Jane Pauley" looks at an animal researcher who tries to spare his subjects pain and a female American flight surgeon who was captured by the Iraqis during the Gulf War, 8:30 p.m. (4)(36)(39). . . .

"Jesse Jackson" examines drugs and teen-agers, 11:30 p.m. (8), midnight (9).

—STEVE WEINSTEIN

JAZZ REVIEW

Horn Gets Lyrical at Cinegrill

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Shirley Horn has arrived—and not a moment too soon. With an album that has been No. 1 on the national jazz charts for seven weeks, the 57-year-old singer-pianist has reached the place such musicians as Miles Davis felt she should have occupied two or three decades ago.

At the Cinegrill, where she opened Tuesday night, Horn devoted most of the first half hour to a display of her keyboard artistry. She knows how to invest any song with a blues undercurrent, when to hammer out incisive octaves and how to build dynamic tension.

A trio led by a pianist of Horn's caliber should be just that. Instead, she treated her musicians (Steve Williams on drums and Charles Ables on bass) as if they were equal partners. As a result, "Change Partners" and "Hi Fly," which could have been compact five minute piano solos, went on and on as she deferred to the sidemen.

When she began singing, her capacity for extracting every ounce of meaning from a lyric was exquisitely in evidence. There were vocal hints of Carmen McRae (on whose recent album she played piano) and even of Billie Holiday, whose old hit "Fooling Myself" she revived. A certain edge to her sound gives it the unique dimension that has established her as one of today's definitive jazz singers.

She reached far back for some of her selections. In "Baby Won't You Please Come Home," a 1922 hit, she started rubato, slowly easing into tempo. On the line "When you left you broke my heart" you could almost feel the fibrillations. From there she segued into a pleading "Soothe Me."

Horn could benefit by tightening up the act. But whatever the minor flaws, this is an exciting and exceptional talent whose success is richly deserved. She closes Saturday.

4/15/91

Jazz

Calloway, Nicholases Lift a Dull Show

MINDY SCHAUER

Cab Calloway's 30-minute set includes "Minnie the Moocher."

Was this really the Pasadena Civic Auditorium on Saturday, with Cab Calloway and the Nicholas Brothers as the stars of a show paying homage to the famed Cotton Club of yesteryear?

Where were the glamorous, "tall, tanned and terrific" black Cotton Club dancers? In their place were eight blond white women who opened the show with a vocal on "Bringing in the Sheaves" and proceeded to dance a nondescript Charleston.

And where was the Calloway band, which in its day presented some of the great black jazz artists? Instead, an all-white orchestra tried to tackle an antiquated 1928 Duke Ellington arrangement.

What was astonishing about this show was not simply that aside from the stars and one other singer it was entirely white, but rather that for most of the first hour it seemed designed for Saturday night at the Grand Theater in Podunk. There was even a banjo player who played "Malaguena" and ended by playing the banjo behind his neck.

Things took a rapid turn for the better with an old Nicholas Brothers film. Their dancing-down-the-stairs routine brought an ovation that was redoubled when the brothers themselves walked on stage. Fayard can no longer dance, but brother Harold's singing and tapping are still a delight, as was his song and dance routine with Mary Rupert.

Marilyn Wolton, the show's other token black, a sizable woman with a voice that squeals, soars and plunges, sang a blues "Caravan" and "My Man" to good dramatic effect. Jimbo Ross, a jazz violinist, was the outstanding soloist in the otherwise lackluster orchestra.

Calloway did not appear until more than two hours into the show. Elegant in gray tails, he belted out some of his perennials in a 30-minute set, winding up with that definitive example of ersatz scat, "Minnie the Moocher." Is it just drivel? Is it 60 years out of date? Maybe, but according to the singing-along audience it ain't necessarily so.

—LEONARD FEATHER

5/10

JAZZ REVIEW

Sandoval Is Full of Surprises

Incredible is literally the word for Arturo Sandoval, who opened Wednesday night at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

Imagine a trumpeter who can produce cascades of sound that conjure up images of Maynard Ferguson, Cat Anderson, Rafael Mendez, Dizzy Gillespie and Jon Faddis. Add to this a fluegelhorn virtuoso who can bring legato lyricism to "Body and Soul." These are just two of the cards this amazing defector from Cuba has up his capacious sleeve.

When not busy with one of the horns Wednesday, he filled time with anything from a keyboard to a cowbell. On one tune he sat at the piano and outplayed Mike Orta, his own excellent pianist.

Surprise was a constant element. Just when you thought Sandoval was reaching for that high note at the end of "Night of Tunisia," he eased into a slow, funky blues. Following a wild plunger-muted solo, he suddenly switched to a hilarious scat interlude a la Jon Hendricks, complete with harp and percussion effects.

Sandoval by now has absorbed so many Afro-American elements that the Cuban character has become secondary, but what he has to offer transcends all national boundaries. Though his stratospheric forays may be too much for some ears, he is truly one of the virtuosic phenomena of this or any other decade. He closes Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

L.A. TIMES 4/2/91

ELENA SEIBERT

Renee Rosnes

RENEE ROSNES

Breaking Down the Barriers

Pianist Renee Rosnes' success is remarkable on many levels. She's one of the few Canadian jazz artists to achieve international acceptance. More important, she's one of the few women instrumentalists to emerge in recent years with her own group and her own albums.

"Yes, I've been pretty fortunate," Rosnes says. "I haven't come face to face with any problems, though I've heard that a lot of women have. Sometimes you have to prove yourself a little more [as a woman]. Being white and female, maybe I don't look the part [of a jazz musician], and it might take a little extra to have people take me seriously."

At 29, Rosnes has been taken seriously, as evidenced by the number of top artists who have hired her. Among them: saxophonists Wayne Shorter and Joe Henderson. Her ideas are at once complex, melodic in conception and execution. Born in Regina, Saskatchewan, Rosnes arrived in New York in 1986 with the help of a grant from the Canadian Council of the Arts. Within a year she joined Henderson's quartet, performing in Europe, the United States and Japan. "She is lyrical beyond her years," Henderson has said. "It's very rare for a musician of her generation to display so much depth."

Since then, she's worked in a wide range of settings, touring with trumpeter Jon Faddis, trombonist J.J. Johnson and saxophonists James Moody, among others, and recording with Faddis, saxophonist Gary Thomas and the New York group O.T.B., of which she's now a member.

Despite the pace, Rosnes has found time to occasionally lead a trio or quartet that includes her husband, drummer Billy Drummond.

She finds leading her own group especially rewarding. "As a leader," she said, "I can appreciate the freedom I need to stretch out and express my own ideas."

—LEONARD FEATHER

130

L.A. Times 4/28/91

"Ellington Cotton Club Orchestra," "The Okeh Ellington": two in a blizzard of the master's works.

New CD Releases Continue Ellington's Legacy

By LEONARD FEATHER

"The first night I joined Duke [Ellington] I was confused and scared," cornetist Bill Berry recalled recently during a panel on Ellington at the University of Colorado's Conference on World Affairs.

"He had seven trumpet players up there! I thought, 'Do I have the job or am I auditioning?' The music was in disarray. I couldn't find my part, didn't know what to play.

"But the next night he had just four of us on trumpets, and out of that chaos came the most beautiful order. I realized I was working for a genius. Those years with Ellington were the greatest experience of my life."

Even more than Berry's words, however, the real testimony to the legacy of Edward Kennedy Ellington—who was born 92 years ago Monday in Washington—is that his music and influence are considered so significant in 20th-Century culture that there would be a symposium on them at a world affairs conference. The 184 other conference panels were devoted to such social issues as war, feminism and the law.

It's no wonder, then, that within the jazz world, there's a continuing stream of albums, books and videos by or about this uniquely gifted composer, bandleader and pianist—by far the most celebrated figure in the music's history.

In the past two months alone, 14 Ellington albums have been released on compact disc. One—"Ellington Never-Before-Recordings, 1965-72," on Musicmasters Records—comprises never-before-released recordings from 1965 to 1972. Four of these cuts, from the latter years of this period, are a welcome reminder of Ellington's use of the organist Wild Bill Davis, who also contributed two compositions.

The rest of the albums help chronicle Ellington's orchestra, from its beginnings in the late '20s until the maestro's death in 1974. The earliest sounds are found on "The Okeh Ellington," which is available on Columbia Records and features music from 1927 to '30. Among these 50 tracks are definitive recordings—in fact, two or three versions each—of such classics as

Please see Page 58

ELLINGTON

Continued from 57

"Black and Tan Fantasy," "East St. Louis Toodle-oo" and "The Mooche."

Most important of the 14 albums are four Prestige CDs taken from historic Carnegie Hall concerts in the mid-'40s. The first of these—"Carnegie Hall 1943"—contains the only existing performance of "Black, Brown and Beige" (subtitled: "A Tone Parallel to the History of the American Negro") in its 45-minute entirety.

It was an evening few of us in the room could ever forget. At last Ellington was liberated. He was out of the Harlem cabarets. He was not confined to repeating show scores. He was not in a ballroom playing for dancers. He was on stage introducing his empyrean extended concert work before an audience of dignitaries in an evening that raised money for the Russian War Relief.

Along with the suite are 21 short Ellington or Billy Strayhorn works, some world famous ("Mood Indigo," "Rockin' in Rhythm"), others long forgotten (Strayhorn's "Dirge").

Because none of New York's eight newspapers had a jazz writer, Duke's masterpiece was either ignored or condescended to by a few confused classical "experts." Discouraged, the maestro never performed the whole work again, but he went on to later produce "The Perfume Suite," "The Liberian Suite" and a long series of others.

This Carnegie series on Prestige (the other years covered are 1944, 1946 and 1947) represents the most valuable set of performances in the annals of orchestral jazz.

Other albums—also all recommended—are "Ellington Cotton Club Orchestra: Jungle Nights in Harlem, 1927-1932" (RCA Bluebird), "Ellington Orchestra Featuring Paul Gonsalves 1962" (Fantasy), "Ellington's Small Bands 1967-70" (Fantasy) and "Happy Reunion: Ellington Septet/Quartet" (Sony Music).

Ellington can be seen on "Memories of Duke," a just-released 85-minute video (A*Vision, $19.98) that was filmed during the band's 1968 tour of Mexico. It features performances of a dozen of the composer's standards and the rare "Mexican Suite," which featured Duke more prominently at the piano than was his custom.

You can also read about the jazz legend in Mark Tucker's "Ellington: The Early Years" (University of Illinois Press, $34.95), a book that ends where some biographies begin—in 1927, when Ellington opened at the Cotton Club. Painstakingly researched, it offers valuable insights into the Washington and New York music worlds of the early 20th Century.

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Jazz

Dori Caymmi's Family Tradition

The sounds of Brazil filled the small room upstairs Friday at Le Cafe, when Dori Caymmi brought his guitar, his voice and his reminiscences to a small, appreciative audience.

A product of the second samba generation (his father, now 76, was a bossa nova innovator in the 1960s), the younger Caymmi himself now in his late 40s, is a master of mood evocation. His first song, "The Harbor," began with a sonorous pedal tone on the guitar, leading to dramatic finger-style runs, spread chords and the gradual swelling of sound as Greg Karukas added his synthesizer.

Caymmi's voice, magnified by an echo effect, took over as the rhythm of Claudio Slon on drums and Jeff Watts on bass eased the group into a firm beat.

The series of songs that followed—often with long instrumental introductions or interludes—was notable less for what Caymmi sang than for the charm with which he delivered his messages, whether in Portuguese, occasional English or in some indefinable wordless chant. Karukas used a flute-like synthesizer sound for several of his solos.

Essential to Caymmi's act is his between tune banter—about his father's home ("They called him the poet of the ocean"), the mixing of black and Portuguese cultures, Brazilian food, and English-Portuguese translation problems. He all but transported the listener to the scene where this seminal music began three decades ago. Caymmi returns to Le Cafe May 17-18.

—LEONARD FEATHER

5/8/91 LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

Laurel Massé Short on Individuality

Although years have slipped by since she left Manhattan Transfer, the "formerly with" subtitle remains the sole identification of Laurel Massé.

Her performance Friday at Lunaria's offered little that has not been typical of her gigs: a hodgepodge of jazz, pop songs and the occasional novelty. In this last category was "Cow Cow Boogie," which earned a big hand, perhaps on the strength of its new lease on life thanks to an airline commercial.

Massé tends at times to sing in such a dead-on-the-beat manner that all hope of swinging is abandoned. "I Fall in Love Too Easily" and "They Can't Take That Away From Me" were straight pop renditions. Only "Paper Moon" and "Doddlin" were strictly jazz-oriented. The latter, taken directly from Annie Ross' version of the Horace Silver song, with lyrics by Jon Hendricks, was notable for solos by Dean Rolando on piano and John Leitham on bass, who, with drummer Harold Mason, make up Massé's excellent accompanying team.

Will Massé ever be able to shuck her "formerly with Manhattan Transfer" image? Not until she has found a stronger and more personalized sound and style.

—LEONARD FEATHER

L.A. TIMES 5/5/91

SUSAN SHACTER
Faddis: Gillespie-inspired virtuosity.

★★★½
JON FADDIS
"Hornucopia"
Epic

While nobody is likely to relate to the entire album, this is an effective reminder of the trumpeter's Dizzy Gillespie-inspired virtuosity. Diversity reigns. Faddis stretches the sonic limits on a supercharged "High Five," pays homage to Miles Davis on "Dewey's Dance," raps, albeit trivially, with Gillespie on "Rapartee" and displays his admirable ballad horn in "Forevermore."

Shuttling his selections between straight-ahead and funk, Faddis is clearly aiming at providing something for everyone. The supporting rhythm team is solid, with Renee Rosnes a major contributor on piano, and, briefly, synthesizer and organ. —LEONARD FEATHER

In Brief

★★★ **BETTY CARTER "Droppin' Things"** (Verve). At her best, Carter is a first-rate lyricist; her "Thirty Years" substantiates this. Her tonal eccentricity will never change, nor will her proclivity for scatting, of which she contributes more than a fair share. Yet surprisingly, many of the best moments here are instrumental passages featuring Freddie Hubbard (trumpet) and Craig Handy (tenor). These are live cuts at a New York club except for a medley that highlights pianist Geri Allen.—L.F.

★★★ **JOHN HICKS, CECIL McBEE, ELVIN JONES "Power Trio"** (Novus Records). This tasteful blues and ballads set has been liberally splashed with the influences of McCoy Tyner and John Coltrane, though it avoids simple derivation. Hicks is a Tyner disciple in sound and feeling, Jones—an incredibly swinging trapsman—was Coltrane's primary drummer. Two Coltrane tunes—the burning blues, "Cousin Mary," and the atmospheric "After the Rain"—help evoke the hornman's aura, though Duke Ellington is also saluted with "Duke's Place" and "Chelsea Bridge." —Z.S.

★★½ **CLAUS OGERMAN "Claus Ogerman featuring Michael Brecker,"** GRP Records. A promising combination that never quite comes together, with Ogerman's Gil Evans-like orchestral textures doing little more than providing a blanket of sound for some very long-winded Brecker tenor saxophone solos. Despite the presence of such contemporary jazz luminaries as Randy Brecker, Marcus Miller, Eddie Gomez and Vinnie Colaiuta, the album has a poorly directed lack of focus that makes many of Ogerman's all-original pieces appear to be wandering in circles. "Boulevard Tristesse," featuring Robben Ford on guitar, is one exception. —DON HECKMAN

★★½ **BEACHFRONT PROPERTY, "Beachfront Property,"** Cexton. These nine voices rarely reach the level attained by the Manhattan Transfer or Jon Hendricks' quartets. True, their white-bread blend is very pleasant and the a cappella passages are splendidly executed, but the scatting on "The Flintstone's Theme" is abysmal and the pseudo-blues in "Hurry on Down" is a pale shade of blue. Few waves are made on this beachfront.

—L.F.

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MO' BETTER CRUISES

Star-studded jazz liners get hot on the high seas

By Leonard Feather

STACY ROWLES WAS nervous. Not that the young L.A. trumpeter lacked confidence. Like the other musicians and passengers on the four-day jazz cruise, she had flown from Southern California to Vancouver to board Regency Cruises' *Regent Star* back to L.A., and clearly this was a sympathetic crowd of true jazz believers.

MICHAEL KELLNER

No, what worried Rowles was that Dizzy Gillespie was in the audience, and with Gillespie listening, how can you not be nervous?

Her fears were unfounded. Halfway through the show, Gillespie, in a totally unplanned gesture, jumped onstage, horn in hand, and played a gentle obbligato to her solo on "My Funny Valentine." As the duet ended to a standing ovation, the bebop pioneer embraced Rowles and handed her a bottle of champagne.

It's this kind of spontaneity that makes a jazz cruise such a singular experience. Indeed, there's no predicting what will happen when you join a boatful of musicians for a few days on the high seas. Which may also explain why jazz cruises have quickly become a multimillion-dollar phenomenon.

No wonder. Where else can you spend several days among like-minded music buffs, with sunshine, gambling and almost round-the-clock meals tossed in?

But even more to the point, during a landlocked festival you just see and hear your idol onstage; on a cruise, after the show you may well wind up having drinks with the saxophonist of your choice, sharing a breakfast table with Rowles or even, if you dare to challenge him, take on Gillespie in a chess match. (Warning: Diz is a whiz.)

A jazz cruise is perhaps also the only situation in which musicians do more than their contracted share: They sit in with one another or organize jam sessions that go on until dawn. For them, the cruise is a paid vacation. Many bring along spouses and friends. Consequently, the artists tend to be accessible—and compassionate when the need arises, as was observed during an incident involving Joe Williams, the veteran ex–Count Basie vocalist.

Williams was in the crowd one evening during a "Passenger Talent Show," usually an event that brings out the worst in otherwise lovely people. As one hapless lady struggled her way through "Lush Life" (a tough song even for hardened vocalists), Williams walked onto the stage, put his arms around her, sang the rest of the song with her and then ambled off, his mission of mercy completed.

Jazz cruising, as we know it, actually began in 1974 with a series of jaunts out of New York on Holland America Line's SS *Rotterdam*. (Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson headed the all-star cast for the maiden voyage.) The notion was popularized in 1983 when Hank O'Neal, a former FBI agent–turned–impresario, and his wife, Shelley Shier, a former actress from Canada, of New York–based HOSS, began booking weeklong cruises on the Norwegian Cruise Line's SS *Norway* every October out of Miami to Saint Thomas and other Caribbean ports.

HOSS' first venture was modest: Only 23 performers took part, and barely 20 percent of the voyagers were aware it was a jazz cruise. But so fast did the notion catch on that by last year, O'Neal and Shier doubled their fall jazz-cruise schedule to include two consecutive seven-day outings (this year, from October 19 to 26 and October 26 to November 2), the SS *Norway* had hired 129 musicians and 95 percent of the passengers came strictly for the music.

Though the ship leaves from Miami, "Los Angeles accounts for at least 25 percent of the guest list on the SS *Norway*," says Pam Page of Jazz Club at Sea, a Houston-based travel agency that books thousands of passengers annually on these proliferating jazz cruises. "It's so easy for Angeleans because the round-trip fare to Miami is included." The average fare per person this year is $1,500.

Recently, HOSS has been expanding in several directions: It has added a Dixieland cruise (May 4 to 11) and an R&B cruise (December 14 to 21) to the SS *Norway*'s lineup. And it's also booking minifestivals on several other vessels, including NCL's *Westward* (seven-day cruises from New York to Bermuda through October) and Royal Viking Line's *Royal Viking Sky* (four consecutive two-week cruises from Vancouver to Skagway, Alaska from June 22 to August 4).

Local Big Band fans, too, can now head for the high seas. Last month O'Neal and Shier dispatched the *Royal Viking Sky*, with the Harry James Orchestra (led by trumpeter Art Depew), from L.A. for a trans–Panama Canal trip, winding down in Fort Lauderdale. A similar itinerary involves forthcoming excursions on the *Royal Viking Sun*, with the Les Elgart Swing Band (November 10 to 27) and the Glenn Miller Orchestra (November 27 to December 14).

Of course, it must be said here that the SS *Norway* has been called a floating city: At 70,000-plus tons, it's the biggest moving object on any body of water, and with newly added cabins it can now absorb up to 2,200 jazz-hungry patrons. Clearly, some fans would opt for the intimacy of the 20,000-ton Regency Cruises ships, which have made one jazz passage annually since 1986 from Vancouver to L.A. This year, however, their schedule has doubled. Last month the *Regent Sea* set out from L.A. to Vancouver, with a stop in Victoria, with such singers as Marlena Shaw, a glamorous ex-Basie vocalist, and Rev. O. C. Smith, who made the charts in the '60s with "Little Green Apples" and "That's Life" and is currently with the Science of Mind Church in L.A. Also on hand were world-class saxophonist and composer Benny Carter, as well as Paul Horn, whose quintet was a staple at the old Shelley's Manne Hole in Hollywood. Among those in the band were saxophonist Red Holloway, trumpeter Rowles and trombonist Delfeayo Marsalis. (He's not as famous as his older brothers Wynton and Branford, but watch out!)

In September, the lineup flying from L.A. to Vancouver for a *Regent Star* southbound voyage to San Pedro features a tribute to Duke Ellington, with such Ducal alumni as singer Herb Jeffries ("Flamingo"), drummer Louie Bellson, trumpeters Bill Berry and Rolf Ericson, trombonist Buster Cooper and New Orleans jazz-blues-gospel queen Juanita Brooks.

Having participated in some 20 cruises (as a passenger, producer, talent coordinator or emcee) over 17 years, I have become the voice of seagoing experience and am persuaded that no better conditions exist in which to enjoy music than away from the mundane distractions of junk mail, UPS deliveries and phone calls at home or, if you go out, traffic jams and parking lots. And whichever you do, there's always the bad news on TV and in the papers. (Significantly, even during our stops in port hardly anyone bothered to look for a newspaper.)

As a woman who was making her fifth cruise a couple of years ago noted: "In 'Basin Street Blues,' there was a line that went 'Heaven on earth, they call it Basin Street.' Well, for me, this is heaven on *water*."

Tell it to Red Norvo. This past October, the SS *Norway* held its "Vibraphone Spectacular," with Terry Gibbs, king of the bebop vibes, and Gary Burton, the former teen prodigy who's now with the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Lionel Hampton was due on last, but before his appearance Gibbs said, "We have a famous man in our presence, and I would like to ask Red Norvo to join us."

Norvo, you may recall, is the pioneer mallet wizard of the pre–swing era who goes back to Paul Whiteman days. He had been unable to display his virtuosity on the vibraphone since suffering a stroke in 1985. But Norvo, 82, now rose slowly from his wheelchair, reached for the center vibraphone onstage and, picking up two mallets with his right hand, eased into a chorus of "When You're Smiling."

Urged on by rhythmic comments from Gibbs and Burton, Norvo completed the tune, and as these magic moments ended, it seemed the whole world was smiling with him. Norvo was clearly moved by the standing ovation. Since returning home, he has had offers from two record companies, both willing to take a chance on a soloist with one good hand. ■

MUSIC

MUSIC

5/13

JAZZ REVIEW

Peggy Lee Basks in Warm Reception at Raymond

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

■ The singer was in her glory in rare appearance at the newly renovated Pasadena theater.

It was the perfect conjunction of elements: the right artist with the right repertoire in the right location. Peggy Lee was in all her glory Friday for a rare concert appearance at the newly reborn, delightfully Art Deco Raymond Theatre in Pasadena.

Three different kinds of applause were offered before or during the show. First, there was the applause of impatience as the capacity crowd grew restless until the performance started 40 minutes late.

Within a short while another kind of reaction had set in—the applause of recognition.

Moments after her accompanying group (a six-man combo sometimes assisted by a string section) played the introduction to some perennial Lee specialty, the anticipatory reaction would begin. But third and most significant was the applause of appreciation.

This was a warmly affectionate audience that compounded the good vibes generated by the star, culminating in a jubilant reaction during which, for the only time, the singer—who is in a wheelchair because of a variety of illnesses—rose to her feet.

Her lack of mobility, far from inhibiting her, seemed to work to her advantage as she wheeled around, turning to the musicians as they soloed.

MINDY SCHAUER / For The Times

A lack of mobility didn't hamper Peggy Lee during a triumphant set.

The songs ranged from the 80-year-old "Beale Street Blues" (part of a stunning blues medley) to such recent originals as her own "Boomerang." This was one of a dozen Lee originals—her own lyrics, with melodies by her or with collaborators such as Victor Young ("Where Can I Go Without You"), Johnny Mandel ("The Shining Sea") or Emil Palame ("A Circle in the Sky," brilliantly arranged by her ex-pianist Mike Renzi).

Long known for her exquisite balladry (who else can bring such evocative grace to "The Folks Who Live on the Hill"?), Lee by no means confined herself to love songs. There is no he-and-she theme in such storytelling tunes as "Is That All There Is," "I'm a Woman" or "He's a Tramp."

Along the way, Lee reminisced about everything from Basie's band (she heard it as a teen-ager) to Bogart's boat (she sailed on it).

In the super-efficient back-up unit led by bassist Max Bennett, three solos stood out: Jeff Jorgenson on saxophones, David Silverman on piano and, most particularly,the admirable guitarist Brian Price, who played "Beale Street" as if he had never left there.

Is that all there is to a concert? Someone sits at center stage, sings 32 songs and earns a standing ovation? If the someone in question is Peggy Lee, that indeed is all there is, and all there need ever be.

ELEGANT LEE: Peggy Lee performed a stylish, warmly received concert at Pasadena's Raymond Theatre. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F2**

JAZZ REVIEW

5/14

Australia's Morrison Debuts at Central Park West

James Morrison, a multi-instrumentalist from New South Wales, recently recorded an album for which he overdubbed four trumpets, four trombones and five saxes. Clearly, this is not a trick that can be repeated in person, nor did his local club debut Thursday at Central Park West offer much by way of compensation.

Between his Australian accent and the conversational buzz (this has to be one of the noisiest rooms in town), it was hard to follow what Morrison was saying or playing. A plump, balding figure who looks more than his 28 years, he cruised through a few tunes on trumpet and fluegelhorn before taking up a trombone, the horn he handles best.

After making effective use of the upper register on "But Beautiful," he acquitted himself creditably on trombone and piano in a blues. Overall, though, since it is no longer a novelty to hear a capable jazz artist from some remote outpost, the results were less than spectacular. Accompanying guitarist John Pisano, drummer Jeff Hamilton and bassist John Leitham)—having never played with Morrison before—were confined to blowing on standard tunes.

Morrison will need far better conditions if he is to make any impact in this country. He closes Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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5-12-91

McRae Salutes Legacy of Sarah Vaughan

★★★★
CARMEN McRAE
"Sarah—Dedicated to You"
(Novus/RCA)

Finding a follow-up to last year's stellar "McRae Sings Monk" collection was not easy, but this homage from one great singer to the memory of another strikes just the right note.

Sarah Vaughan, a superb stylist with extraordinary vocal command, came to national attention with the big bands of Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine in the '40s. Vaughan, who died last year, went as a solo artist to even greater acclaim in jazz and enjoyed a few pop hits in the '50s, including "Broken-Hearted Melody."

From the opening a cappella verse of "Poor Butterfly" to the closing "Sarah"—a posthumous tribute written by Carroll Coates—McRae salutes the legacy of Vaughan, not by echoing the late singer's style or phrasing, but simply by applying her own ingratiating touch to such material as "Misty," "Tenderly" and "It's Magic."


NOVUS


MAINSTREAM RECORDS

Carmen McRae, above, pays tribute to Sarah Vaughan, right, in "Sarah—Dedicated to You."

Singer-pianist Shirley Horn—McRae's surprising choice as the album's pianist—is an ideal accompanist. McRae, in her liner notes, says that she asked Horn to sing on the album, but Horn declined. Can we now hope to hear McRae play piano on Horn's next album?

—LEONARD FEATHER

NEW RELEASES

In Brief

★★★½ Wynton Marsalis, "Standard Time Vol 2—Intimacy Calling," Columbia. Backed by just a rhythm section, Marsalis tackles material by Gershwin, Kern, Porter and himself in a pop-oriented program that could easily have lapsed into jazz Muzak. But the general level of creativity stays well above that danger line. On "Yesterdays" and "I'll Remember April," Marsalis achieves a rare peak of emotional expression.

—L.F.

★★★★ Charlie Haden Liberation Music Orchestra, "Dream Keeper," Blue Note. The third volume of politically inspired music by the bassist's folk/jazz big band is far more buoyant in tone than the previous and somber "Ballad of the Fallen." The pieces—from jaunty Salvadoran rumbas to pure church gospel—are brilliantly arranged by Carla Bley and performed with spirit by Haden's all-star, 17-piece unit.

—DON SNOWDEN

★★★ Roy Hargrove, "Public Eye" Novus/RCA. On his second solo album, the 21-year-old trumpeter reveals that he's developing into a substantial mainstream soloist with a unique voice. A bold, sizzling sound and a tuneful melodic swagger spark Hargrove's investigations of classics such as "September in the Rain" and originals including the no-nonsense "Spiritual Companion."

—ZAN STEWART

★★★½ Steve Lacy & Mal Waldron, "Hot House," Novus/RCA. Soprano saxophonist Lacy and pianist Waldron's uncompromising repertoire includes Herbie Nichols' "House Party Starting" and Thelonious Monk's "Friday the 13th." Lacy's every note has purpose, and Waldron slips and slides through his solos with a rhythm that almost literally breathes and pulsates.

—DON HECKMAN

★★½ World Saxophone Quartet and African Drums, "Metamorphosis," Elektra Nonesuch. This is the first WSQ recording with Arthur Blythe—he replaced founding member Julius Hemphill, who left the group last year—and with outside musicians. Sometimes the three African drummers are smoothly integrated with the horns, but more often they seem grafted on.

—D.S.

★★★ Jack Lemmon, "Getting Some Fun Out of Life," LaserLight. The actor is a pleasant singer and a capable pianist who knows his jazz. On the four vocal cuts—the best of which is the Fred Astaire-accented "Sure Thing," Ross Tompkins replaces him at the keyboard. Lemmon tends toward florid piano runs, but is capable of fine harmonic conception and shows talent as a composer. Tommy Newsom, making a rare appearance on baritone sax, leads the fine backup band, which includes trumpeters Snooky Young and Conte Candoli.

—L.F.

★★★ David Friesen, "Departure," Global Pacific Records. Bassist Friesen's partnership with German guitarist Uwe Kropinski results in an impressive group of world class improvisations. Singer Flora Purim and percussionist Airto Moreira add variation to several numbers, but the interaction between Friesen and Kropinski is the album's raison d'être.

—D.H.

JAZZ REVIEW

Harpers Salute Blakey Spirit

The Harper Brothers—Winard, 28, on drums and Philip, 25, on trumpet—have grown in stature and size since their appearance here a year ago at Catalina Bar & Grill, Hollywood.

A return trip there Tuesday revealed their current personnel, with the alto sax of Justin Robinson now fortified by the tenor sax of Javon Jackson. Also new to the group are the adaptable and supportive Ray Gallon on piano and Harry Anderson on bass.

The brothers' new album, "Artistry," is dedicated to Art Blakey, whose unified and dynamic approach the group resembles even more closely with this fortified front line. Jackson's muscular tenor reflects the perennial Blakey spirit, while the two leaders suggest a slightly toned-down yet consistently energetic counterpart to their source of inspiration.

Philip Harper displayed his most lyrical side in "Beulah," a song written by older brother Danny and named for their mother. A Wilbur Campbell original, "Sticks Tricks," infused the feeling of early bop as Justin Robinson suggested neo-Bird-like lines on alto while Winard Harper moved seamlessly from sticks to brushes to mallets.

Philip Harper's lightly Latinized "Dakini," named for his daughter, and Winard's "Artistry," involving an ingenious duo passage by trumpet and bass, emphasized the family-like closeness of this solid ensemble, to which the new pianist has adjusted himself expertly. Winard's muted horn on his own "In God We Trust," a gentle waltz, offered yet another aspect of the sextet's versatility. The set ended in a clap-along-inducing atmosphere of near-chaos before subsiding into a neat fade-out on a bass vamp.

Truth seekers who believe in the durability of acoustic jazz can hardly fail to react with joy to the values these artists embrace. Their slogan could well be *Post-Bop, Ergo Propter Bop.* They close Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

TV REVIEW

5/24

The Genius of Stanley Jordan

Genius is a word too often tossed around in musical circles, but it has been applied rightfully to Stanley Jordan, the guitar virtuoso whose first televised concert will be aired at 7 tonight on the Bravo cable channel. "Stanley Jordan" was taped during his appearance last year at the Theatre St. Denis during the Montreal Jazz Festival. (It will be repeated at 12:30 a.m.)

A Princeton graduate, Jordan developed a revolutionary technique that enabled him to tap on the guitar strings with both hands instead of plucking and strumming. As a result, he devised harmonic concepts normally impossible on the instrument, frequently sounding like two or three guitarists.

For those who have never caught Jordan in person, the program will serve as a startling eye-and-ear opener. Beginning with "Flying Home" (not the famous Lionel Hampton swing anthem but a Jordan original), he plays unaccompanied here and on other tunes, but is sometimes aided by the nimble bassist Charnett Moffet and the drummer Tommy Campbell.

Switching between jazz and pop standards (from the Beatles and Marvin Gaye to John Coltrane), Jordan is most impressive when he plays two guitars—one, mounted on a stand, for tapping out his lightning single-note melodic lines, and the other slung around his shoulder, for chordal backup. The results are spectacular—and not as a mere gimmick but as a legitimately innovative approach.

He offers, in short, a stunning example of the power of the tap in an age too often dominated by rap.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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5/26

SUMMER Splash III

offers jazz dance and ballet, plus pieces by modern dancers Betzi Roe, Shel Wagner, Eartha Robinson and Meri Bender.

JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

A common thread running through most of the summer's major events is big band jazz, now undergoing a major renaissance.

Although Stan Kenton's will strictly forbade the formation of a Kenton ghost band, scores of players, composers and singers who were associated with him will gather Thursday through next Sunday at the Hyatt Newporter for "Back-to-Balboa," involving 15 concerts, along with panel discussions and film screenings. (The Kenton band made its debut at the Balboa Ballroom on Memorial Day, 1941.)

Unlike Kenton, Duke Ellington left his band alive and thriving. Under Mercer Ellington, it will be heard June 15 at the Playboy Festival at Hollywood Bowl. Overlapping with the Playboy event is the annual Ellington Convention, June 13-16 at the Pacifica Hotel. This too has nostalgic overtones, with a retrospective of Duke's famous musical show, "Jump for Joy," including Herb Jeffries, who sang in the original show 50 years ago. The Bill Berry big band will be on hand, along with numerous Ellington authorities expounding on the maestro's unique role in the history of the art form.

The Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra, featuring Lew Tabackin, will offer a more contemporary view of the orchestral scene June 16 at the Hollywood Bowl, when Playboy will also present Dizzy Gillespie's United Nation Orchestra.

A series of big-band nights, Mondays at the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel, will offer a virtual cross-section of big band jazz styles: Bill Berry (July 1); Capp/Pierce Juggernaut (July 8); Bob Florence (July 22); Ann Patterson's brilliant, all-female Maiden Voyage (July 29); Gerald Wilson (Aug. 5); Bill Holman (Aug. 12), and the forward-looking Clayton/Hamilton ensemble (Aug. 19).

ATLANTIC

A 30-piece ensemble will give Charles Mingus' "Epitaph" its West Coast premiere at Hollywood Bowl Aug. 28.

Other big-band sounds, all at the Hollywood Bowl: the Basie, Artie Shaw and Harry James bands on July 31, and the West Coast premiere of Charles Mingus' "Epitaph," an ambitious work with Gunther Schuller conducting a 30-piece ensemble Aug. 28.

A Triumphant Return for Gerald Wilson

In his first concert appearance after an illness that kept him sidelined for more than seven months, Gerald Wilson showed an audience during the Playboy Jazz Cruise that he remains one of the greats of jazz.

Though he and his ensemble didn't even have a chance to rehearse for the appearance on the "California Hornblower" during a three-hour spin Sunday around Los Angeles Harbor, the composer-arranger seemed in splendid shape as he and the musicians relived the past with such timeless works as "Blues for Yŋa Yŋa."

Wilson's sound is unmistakably his own, particularly when he dips his pen into Mexican-flavored musical inkwells. "Carlos," one of his bullfighting specials, is a vehicle for the brilliant trumpet of Oscar Brashear, a craftsman whose first five notes immediately proclaimed his tonal mastery.

Wilson's ensemble, with its six saxophones, full brass team and admirable rhythm section, delivered the charts with an impeccable finesse that belied the long layoff. Everyone in the band is a soloist, but a few stood out: Louis Taylor (tenor sax), Thurman Green (trombone), Brian O'Rourke (piano), Danny House (alto sax) and a phenomenal high-note trumpet specialist, Bob Clark.

During the last set, Wilson coaxed Snooky Young onto the stand (both were once members of the Jimmie Lunceford trumpet team) to join him in the vocal on "Margie." But this was no mere nostalgia trip; music by Wilson, whether written decades ago or last week, just hasn't heard of the inroads of time.

—LEONARD FEATHER

6/14

JAZZ REVIEW

Parade of Singers Offer Tribute to Joe Williams

LAS VEGAS—"For the Love of Joe," a tribute to Joe Williams staged Wednesday in Artemus Ham Hall at UNLV, was the third in a series of events organized to help the Society of Singers toward its goal of establishing a retirement home for singers.

Aside from two opening tunes with Henry Mancini conducting Dick Polumbi's house band, and a spectacular drum number by Louie Bellson, this was essentially a parade of singers—more than a dozen of them. The show also included two comedians (George Kirby and Marsha Warfield), a dancer, filmed greetings and actor Greg Morris as emcee.

The emotional evening produced several climactic moments, including Della Reese's majestic "Come Rain or Come Shine" and O.C. Smith's version of his old hit "Little Green Apples," which he invested with freshly vigorous charm.

The most touching number was "Amazing Grace" sung by the youngest artist, Diane Schuur, who began a cappella and then accompanied herself on piano. She dedicated the song to the memory of the late Stan Getz, who helped launch her career.

So much for the plus factors.

On the negative side, there were several errors of commission and one glaring error of omission. The producers, seemingly motivated by a Las Vegas show-biz mind-set, overloaded the show with Vegas-type performers.

Thus we had Vikki Carr belting her fortissimo way through "It Must Be Him," Keely Smith evoking unneeded memories of 1950s Vegas days, Bob Anderson imitating Sammy Davis, etc. Yet Marlena Shaw, whose duet with Joe Williams helped earn them a Grammy nomination last year, was in the house but wasn't invited to sing.

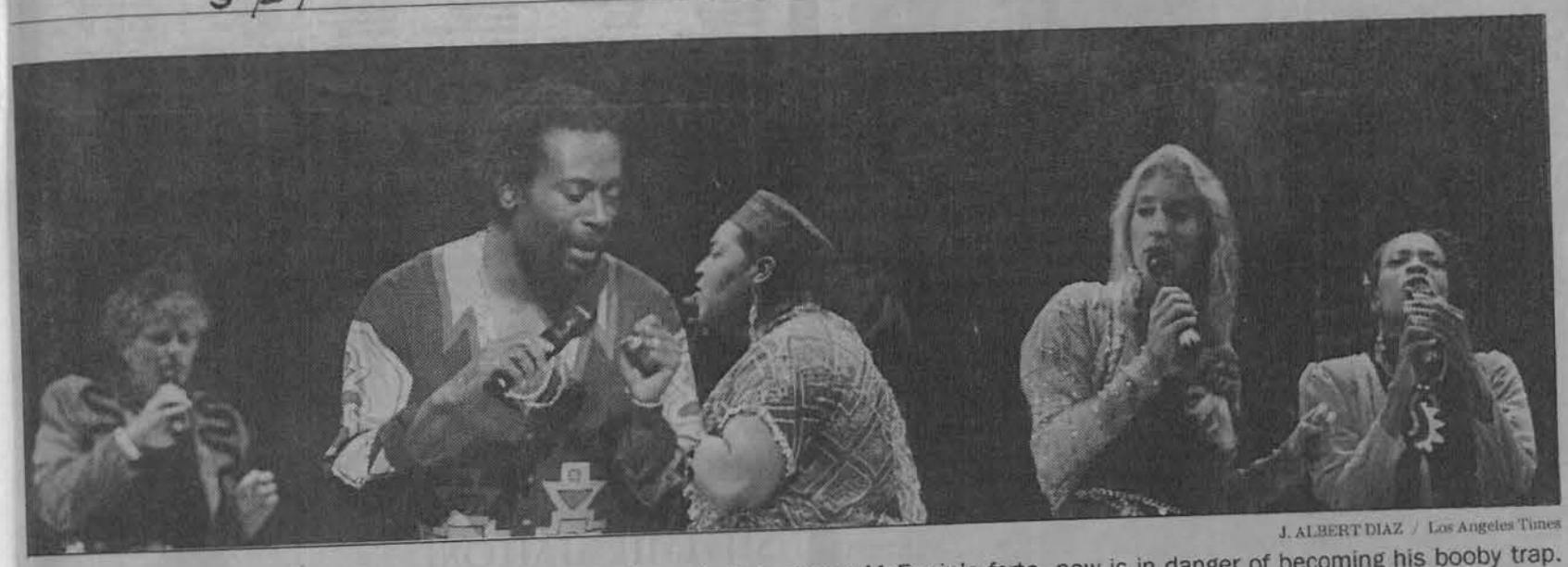
Why exclude her and allow Al Hibbler to perform? Not only is his voice shot, but he was so nervous that he was barely able to finish his song.

The evening peaked with Williams singing the exquisite "Here's to Life," accompanied by the composer, Artie Butler, at the piano, followed by a blues—a perfect ending to a generally satisfying evening.

—LEONARD FEATHER

1350

5/27



J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Bobby McFerrin leads his 11-member Voicestra: Wordless singing, always McFerrin's forte, now is in danger of becoming his booby trap.

Jazz

History of Singing, According to McFerrin

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Bobby McFerrin, whose Voicestra played to little more than half a house Saturday at the Universal Amphitheater, has undergone one of the most complete reversals of direction in the annals of vocal jazz. From "Don't Worry, Be Happy" and the other solo masterpieces, he has moved on to the Voicestra, an 11-piece group that he heads and which attempts, in two hours, to cover just about the entire history of singing.

When the voices work in harmonized lockstep, their blend is magnificent. At other points they subdivide into various permutations; sometimes the women seem to simulate a reed section while the men play the roles of a brass team.

McFerrin was not content simply to present the Voicestra for the fine ensemble it is. Too often there were attempts to touch old bases, from "Ave Maria" (splendidly done by Christen Falke, with McFerrin's gentle arpeggios as counterpoint) to "Chicken," a trivial scat piece from an early McFerrin album, complete with a painful passage of yodeling.

So eager was the leader to stress his artists' versatility that the breakdown of the show was roughly 30% comedy, 40% entertainment and at most 30% sheer vocal beauty. Who else would dare to start one piece with "The Lord Is My Shepherd" and end it singing "Ting-a-Ding-a-Ding-a-Da" ad nauseam?

Wordless singing, always McFerrin's forte, now is in danger of becoming his booby trap. The art of scat is a self-limiting form, in which there are no lyrics to which to give meaning; his unaccompanied passage near show's end was played strictly for comic values, with outrageous quotes from a dozen sources.

Along the way was a series of dramatic monologues, including a rambling reminiscence about touring Mississippi in 1925 with Ma Rainey. Another was a freedom piece that did little more than cite the Rev. Martin Luther King verbatim. Also unoriginal was the interlude in which several of the singers staggered around and bumped into each other, in the manner of the dolls on the clock tower at Munich.

Perhaps inevitably, the show ended with a hip-shaking, roof-raising rap number, to which the crowd reacted like the wolf pack at the Arsenio Hall show. It would be fascinating to see McFerrin offer a recital in which he could take his singers, himself and his audience seriously; his present direction is hopelessly unfocused.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 5/26 JAZZ

Sensitivity a Stranger to Courtney Pine

★★½
COURTNEY PINE
"Within The Realms of Our Dreams"
Antilles

Described in the liner notes as "Britain's first major jazz artist of African descent," Pine has arranged two traditional African themes, composed four originals, borrowed from the bop era for Miles Davis' "Donna Lee" (it's wrongly credited on the album to Charlie Parker) and dipped into the Ornette Coleman repertoire for "Una Muy Bonita," engagingly blending saxophone and piano.

Should producer Delfeayo Marsalis have offered saxophonist Pine some tranquilizers? Restraint and

NEW RELEASES

Pine are almost total strangers, as we clearly hear from the exercise-like lines, the long strings of eighth notes sans dynamic variety, the unbridled use of technique and velocity on both soprano and tenor saxes.

Too often he plays as if being paid by the note. On "Delfeayo's Dilemma," Pine is under better control. In general, he could learn a lot by studying the sensitivity of his pianist, Kenny Kirkland. The rhythm section—fleshed out by Charnett Moffett on bass and Jeff Watts on drums—is a buoyantly effective component throughout. The overall impact of the album is of more interest for the diversified material than for Pine's execution.

—LEONARD FEATHER

CRAIG McDEAN

Saxophonist Courtney Pine . . . paid by the note?

5/26

★★★½ **Dianne Reeves,** "I Remember," Blue Note. Reeves is at her unpretentious best on Sondheim's "I Remember Sky" (Billy Childs on piano), on the Brazilian "Like a Lover" (only Kevin Eubanks' guitar as accompaniment), and on McCoy Tyner's "You Taught My Heart to Sing" (with pianist Mulgrew Miller). "Afro Blue" is spirited but sports too much percussion, while the aging "How High the Moon" is updated with an ingenious arrangement.

—L.F.

★★★ **Ellis Marsalis,** "The Ellis Marsalis Trio," Blue Note. Borrowing bassist Bob Hurst and drummer Jeff Watts from son Branford, the Marsalis paterfamilias cruises pleasantly if unspectacularly through four well-crafted originals and several standards. The pianist comes closest to showing his true potential on the solo track, "I Thought About You."

—L.F.

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6-1-91

Stan Kenton Fest Opens in Newport

■ **Jazz:** 'Back to Balboa,' a reputed celebration of the modern maestro, contained very little of his music.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL FOR THE TIMES

"Back to Balboa," a celebration dedicated to the memory and music of Stan Kenton, got under way in Newport Beach on Thursday as about 700 Kenton fans descended on the Hyatt Newporter Hotel, just minutes away from where the Kenton orchestra made its debut at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa, 50 years ago this weekend.

The demographics of the audience that attended a series of panel discussions and concerts, most of them held outdoors on the hotel grounds, were easy to spot: overwhelmingly white and middle-aged, and fanatically loyal to the maestro who, during his 38-year career, attracted the respect of the musicians who worked for him, along with the devotion of his followers.

Kenton, who died in 1979, was a much revered composer, pianist and bandleader

Please see KENTON, F4

KENTON

Continued from F1

whose impact in the 1940s and 1950s inspired worldwide admiration and, for a while, tremendous commercial success. His band served as a launching pad for numerous notable jazz musicians and arrangers—including Maynard Ferguson, Neal Hefti and Bill Russo.

Among former Kenton associates on the panels were Howard Rumsey, who played bass in the original band, and Pete Rugolo, the arranger who gave the ensemble its identity during the late 1940s.

Anita O'Day, the first singer to help the band achieve hit records, kept the crowd laughing with anecdotes during one panel session, reminiscing about the time a 17-year-old saxophonist was frustrated by Kenton's failure to give him any solos.

O'Day persuaded the leader to allot the musician eight bars, which he managed to stumble through. After giving a playful impression of that solo, O'Day delivered the punch line: "And that kid . . . was Stan Getz."

The surprising thing about the opening day events was the conspicuous absence of Kentonesque music.

ROBERT LACHMAN / Los Angeles Times

Diane Varga sings with Buddy Childers band at Kenton tribute.

Of the three bands heard, trumpeter Buddy Childers, who was with Kenton for 11 years, used originals and standards written in later years by him or by his brilliant young saxophonist, Matt Catingub.

The other bands, led by composer Tom Talbert and Shorty Rogers, both played tunes by Duke Ellington—in fact, in announcing Duke's "I'm Gonna Go Fishing," Rogers pointedly referred to Ellington as "*The* Genius of Jazz"—but neither offered a single Kenton piece.

Talbert's appearance was at odds with the concept that this would be a tribute to Kenton and the great talents his band generated. A lesser-known figure who worked minimally for Kenton, he played mainly recent, self-composed music that was closer to Gil Evans than to any of the styles associated with the larger-than-life figure he was supposed to be honoring.

Rogers (who played indoors Thursday evening at the Balboa Pavilion) offered several simplistic tunes inspired by the Count Basie band. They were of interest mainly as a starting point for such spirited soloists as Mike Fahn on valve trombone, Bob Cooper and Harold Land on tenor saxes and, in Dizzy Gillespie's "Manteca," Paul Humphrey on drums. The only work that came close to suggesting Kenton's bravura was an intriguing alto sax concerto featuring Lanny Morgan.

The rest of "Back to Balboa"—a celebration sponsored by radio station KLON and running through Sunday—promises to hew closer to the subject, with Kenton composers reviving various works.

JAZZ REVIEW

6-4-91

An Emotional Tribute to Kenton Legacy

■ The four-day 'Back to Balboa' celebration marks the 50th anniversary of the debut of his orchestra.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"Back to Balboa," the four-day pilgrimage to Kenton Mecca, ended Sunday evening on a triumphal note. This was more than a tribute to the memory of Stan Kenton; it was proof of his vital legacy.

Ironically, the celebration at the Hyatt Newporter hotel marking the 50th anniversary of his orchestra's debut in nearby Balboa was also a reminder that there never was a Stan Kenton style.

Whereas others, like Ellington, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Gerald Wilson, derived a sound and persona directly from their own pens, Kenton, who did very little composing except in the early years, hired more arrangers than most orchestras have musicians, underwent more changes of direction and projected more images than most bands have lives. Thus the band's personality often changed from tune to tune.

The tribute's producer, Ken Poston, wisely sidestepped this problem by giving many of the writers their own sets, achieving a consistency that the Kenton bands sometimes lacked.

It is easy to recall that some of this music in its day seemed turgid, pretentious or trivial, easy to remember Kenton's sometimes inflammatory social statements.

True, but also true, and more relevant,

Please see BALBOA, F6

BALBOA: An Emotional Tribute to Kenton

Continued from F1

we have Kenton to thank for bringing us composers Pete Rugolo, Bill Holman, Marty Paich, Manny Albam, Bill Russo; trumpeters Maynard Ferguson, Buddy Childers, the Candoli Brothers; trombonists Frank Rosolino, Eddie Burt and Dick Nash; saxophonists Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Lee Konitz, Bill Perkins, Art Pepper, Jack Nimitz; drummers Shelly Manne, Mel Lewis, Stan Levey; guitarist Laurindo Almeida.

The list is endless, and most of the active survivors were here, busy proving that they and the charts have thrived like old wine. Marc Cantor's old Kenton band shorts and Shelly Manne's 1948 home movies were filmed frosting on the live cake.

It was a heroic weekend, and if one has to pick out particular heroes they would be Holman, Rugolo and Shank. Each was presented in several settings (one was the 22-piece alumni band that drew 2,500 to the Saturday night concert) and served on panels that were consistently witty and informative.

Rugolo was seen leading a 13-voice choir of students from Cal State Long Beach, singing his arrangements of "Night Sound" and "Eager Beaver." Rugolo's skill was presented even more joyfully when, on Saturday evening, he took the alumni band through some of the most durable works: "Intermission Riff," "Machito," "Concerto to End All Concertos," and his famous updating of "The Peanut Vendor."

Anita O'Day sounds good singing composer Pete Rugolo's work.

Bill Holman, a product of a later era (the 1950s), symbolized the Kenton band that truly swung, thanks in large measure to Holman's arrangements of standards ("Stompin' at the Savoy," "Stella by Starlight") and originals ("In Lighter Vein," venturing Lee Konitz on alto sax).

While most Kenton solos have sustained their creative level, alto saxophonist Shank has extended and transcended his. During a lunch-hour quartet date with a perfect rhythm team (Mike Wofford, Sherman Ferguson, Bob Magnusson), he reached a breathtaking peak.

The festival's daytime ambience was ideal. Concerts at the Hyatt Newporter's amphitheater brought crowds, even at 11 a.m., to sit in the sun absorbing the sounds of Buck Florence's Orchestra, interrelating "Artistry in Rhythm" into his arrangement of "All the Things You Are."

The lunchtime jams found fans ranged around the big pool area and thrilled by various all-star quartets. The evening affairs, in a vast parking lot, were less than comfortable as the weather turned cool, but the music offered its own compensatory warmth.

Ferguson, in addition to a guest shot with the alumni, brought in his own Big Bop Nouveau Band for his Sunday matinee—a bit more bop than nouveau, but rich in solo talent, such as French pianist Christian Jacob and the awesome Mike Fahn, who has single-handedly brought the valve trombone into the 1990s.

The final concert Sunday evening, covering the bands from 1956 until the end, came close to matching Saturday's excitement. Chris Connor, her jazz contralto enriched and deepened with the years, dedicated "All About Ronnie" to her predecessor, the late June Christy. William Russo's lively and infectious "23 Degrees North 82 Degrees West" was the highlight of a dazzling chiaroscuro set. Lennie Nihaus conducted his ambitious "Atonal Adventure," with five French horns augmenting the brass section. Marty Paich offered a powerfully kaleidoscopic arrangement of "My Old Flame."

The balance sheet showed pluses far outnumbering minuses. This emotionally charged and historically unique event, organized by KLON with the Kenton estate, reflected credit on everyone: producer Poston, the participating musicians who made so much out of not too much rehearsal time, and finally, of course, to Stanley Kenton, whose presence hung almost palpably over this splendid celebration of a memorable career.

6-1-91

ROBERT LACHMAN / Los Angeles Times

Diane Varga sings with Buddy Childers and his big band at the "Back to Balboa" festival at the Hyatt Newporter.

O.C. JAZZ REVIEW

There's Something Missing

Newport Beach Celebration of Stan Kenton Contains Little of His Music

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL FOR THE TIMES

NEWPORT BEACH—"Back to Balboa," a celebration dedicated to the memory and music of Stan Kenton, got under way in Newport Beach on Thursday as about 700 Kenton fans descended on the Hyatt Newporter hotel, just minutes away from where the Kenton orchestra made its debut at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa, 50 years ago this weekend.

The demographics of the audience that attended a series of panel discussions and concerts, most of them held outdoors on the hotel grounds, were easy to spot: overwhelmingly white and middle-aged, and fanatically loyal to the maestro who, during his 38-year career, attracted the respect of the musicians who worked for him, along with the devotion of his followers.

Kenton, who died in 1979, was a much revered composer, pianist and bandleader whose impact in the 1940s and 1950s inspired worldwide admiration and, for a while, tremendous commercial success. His band served as a launching pad for numerous notable jazz musicians and arrangers—including Maynard Ferguson, Neal Hefti and Bill Russo.

Among former Kenton associates on the panels were Howard Rumsey, who played bass in the original band, and Pete Rugolo, the arranger who gave the ensemble its identity during the late 1940s.

Anita O'Day, the first singer to help the band achieve hit records, kept the crowd laughing with anecdotes during one panel session, reminiscing about the time a 17-year-old saxophonist was frustrated by Kenton's failure to give him any solos.

O'Day persuaded the leader to allot the musician eight bars, which he managed to stumble through. After giving a play-

Please see FESTIVAL, F6

STAN THE MAN

"Back to Balboa" was more than a tribute to Stan Kenton's memory; it was proof of his legacy. The four-day event with Pete Rugolo, above, leading Kenton's Band, was also a reminder that there was never a Kenton style. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F1**

FESTIVAL: Very Little of Kenton's Music

Continued from F1

ful impression of that solo, O'Day delivered the punch line: "And that kid . . . was Stan Getz."

The surprising thing about the opening day events was the conspicuous absence of Kentonesque music.

Of the three bands heard, trumpeter Buddy Childers, who was with Kenton for 11 years, used originals and standards written in later years by him or by his brilliant young saxophonist, Matt Catingub.

The other bands, led by composer Tom Talbert and Shorty Rogers, both played tunes by Duke Ellington—in fact, in announcing Duke's "I'm Gonna Go Fishing," Rogers pointedly referred to Ellington as "*The* Genius of Jazz"—but neither offered a single Kenton piece.

Talbert's appearance was at odds with the concept that this would be a tribute to Kenton and the great talents his band generated. A lesser-known figure who worked minimally for Kenton, he played mainly recent, self-composed music that was closer to Gil Evans than to any of the styles associated with the larger-than-life figure he was supposed to be honoring.

Rogers (who played indoors Thursday evening at the Balboa Pavilion) offered several simplistic tunes inspired by the Count Basie band. They were of interest mainly as a starting point for such spirited soloists as Mike Fahn on valve trombone, Bob Cooper and Harold Land on tenor saxes and, in Dizzy Gillespie's "Manteca," Paul Humphrey on drums. The only work that came close to suggesting Kenton's bravura was an intriguing alto sax concerto featuring Lanny Morgan.

The rest of "Back to Balboa"—a celebration sponsored by radio station KLON and running through Sunday—promises to hew closer to the subject, with Kenton composers reviving various works.

ROBERT LACHMAN / Los Angeles Times

Buddy Childers works the fluegelhorn at "Back to Balboa."

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L.A. TIMES JUNE 2 '91 JAZZ

An Essential Biography of a Tenor Titan

By LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½

"THE SONG OF THE HAWK"

By John Chilton

University of Michigan Press ($32.50)

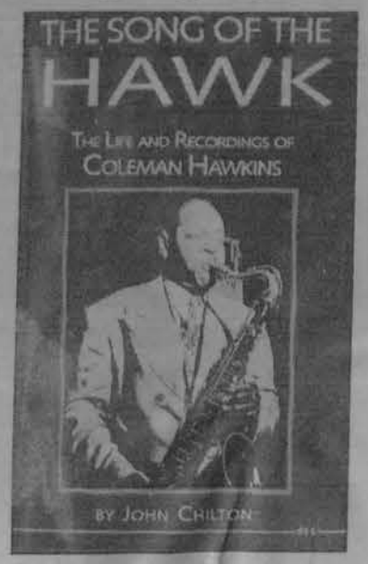
British author Chilton's top-level work is a biography of Coleman Hawkins, the first—and for a decade the only—world-renowned virtuoso of the tenor saxophone.

Hawkins' life, from 1904 to 1969, took him from obscurity to triumph

MIXED MEDIA

to tragedy. Originally a key soloist in the Fletcher Henderson orchestra for 10 years, Hawkins recorded an improvisation on "Body and Soul" in 1939 that became a best-seller and enabled him to lead his own big band for a while.

He seemed to have everything: a super technique, an impassioned ballad style, a personable manner.



Yet his glory was short-lived: The band broke up and other tenor players—notably Lester Young—began to dominate the scene. The rest of his career consisted of small-group jobs, tours with Norman Granz's "Jazz at the Philharmonic" and visits to Europe.

Hawkins kept up a bold front, but his drinking problem ultimately undid him: He became a helpless alcoholic, consuming up to two bottles of cognac daily. The immaculate image vanished as this onetime idol became a shrunken figure, collapsing on the bandstand and finally, in a TV show none of us who saw it will ever forget, was so out of control that he had to play sitting down and retained barely a shred of his old brilliance.

Why did this respected artist drink himself to death? Why, in interviews during his final weeks, did he say he had lost interest in everything? Chilton fails to address these questions. But "The Song of the Hawk" is essential reading for the younger jazz student who may not understand Hawkins' seminal contribution.

★★★½

MARCUS ROBERTS

"Deep in the Shed"

Novus/RCA Video ($16.95)

Despite an identical title, this is not a video version of the CD. Taped in New Orleans, this package involves different treatments of the same Roberts compositions, plus two pieces, borrowed from his first album: "Blue Monk" and Ellington's "Single Petal of a Rose."

The personnel are also slightly changed: The mysterious trumpeter listed on the album as E. Dankworth (a pseudonym for Wynton Marsalis) is absent, and no trumpeter replaces him. It is interesting to see, in non-speaking, non-playing roles, the 13-year-old Jason Marsalis and the 82-year-old New Orleans guitarist Danny Barker.

Overall, the performance is marginally less effective than in the original treatments. Though Roberts' talent is exceptional—he ranks among the most gifted pianists to emerge in past couple of years—the hype surrounding him has been a trifle excessive.

In Brief

★★★ **Miles Davis,** "Miles in Paris," Warner Bros. Video ($19.95). Taped in late 1989, this uneven hourlong session includes such recent Davis tunes as "Amandla" and "Tutu," his now familiar treatment of Michael Jackson's "Human Nature" and, briefly over the closing credits, "Mr. Pastorius," named for the late innovative bassist Jaco Pastorius. Davis plays mainly short, muted solos sporting clipped phrases.

★★★★ **"Waiting for Dizzy,"** Gene Lees, Oxford University Press ($22.95). The author has command of the essentials for writing about jazz: a love for the music, sympathy for the creative artist and a gift for expressing both in elegant language. Lees deals with 14 musicians, from Emily Remler, the guitarist who died of a drug overdose at age 32, to Spiegle Willcox, the trombonist who is still active in his 80s. Like his previous collections of essays culled from his monthly Jazzletter, this is sensitive and delightful reading.

★★★ **"Boy Meets Horn,"** Rex Stewart (edited by Claire Gordon), University of Michigan Press ($22.95). The cornetist/composer/author—best known for his years from the mid-'30s to the mid-'40s with Duke Ellington—was a perceptive observer of the jazz scene and of racial discrimination. His years with Fletcher Henderson and Ellington are well documented, but amazingly, there is not one word about the Stewart composition that gave the book its title, nor about the author's unique "half-valve" effect it popularized. The book ends abruptly in 1948; a sequel was planned, but he died suddenly in 1967. □

Ratings are on a scale of one star (poor) to five (a classic).

6/7/91 LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

Harpist Henson-Conant Reveals Rare Eloquence

It's a tough job, but somebody has to do it. Play the harp, that is. As long as it's being done, the responsibility may as well be left to Deborah Henson-Conant, who has a unique command of this unwieldy instrument and was here Wednesday at Bon Appetit.

Though she has an album out, it does her no justice, cluttered as it is with four or five accompanying instruments. At Bon Appetit, Henson-Conant, much of whose material is self-composed, had complete freedom, backed only by percussionist Joe Mekler.

The harp has proved almost impossible as a jazz vehicle for other players. Henson-Conant, though, is an exception. She bends notes in the blues manner; her repertoire even includes "Blue Monk." Rarely does she resort to those sweeping arpeggios that have always been a harpist's cliché.

Using her left hand sometimes like a bass line, her right occasionally for music-box effects, she also sang now and then, even bringing a Joan Baez-like folksiness to a piece that evolved subtly into "Summertime." Her accompanist Mekler is all over the lot with bongos, congas, snares, cymbals and one small drum which, placed around his neck, is beaten with both sticks and nose.

Henson-Conant's slogan is "talking hands." Indeed, her hands and voice alike speak with an unprecedented eloquence. One can only hope that her next visit will not be confined to a one-night stand. —LEONARD FEATHER

It's Time to Jazz Up Playboy's Festival

Too-safe booking, awkward scheduling have stifled the Hollywood Bowl event

By LEONARD FEATHER

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

Playboy jazz: Fine moments, potential for more.

The Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl was an idea that was long overdue. Until its arrival in the summer of 1979, Los Angeles boasted no annual, multi-day celebration featuring a variety of jazz artists and styles—and the 17,000-seat venue seemed the natural site. The Bowl

COMMENTARY

offered a setting that could make such an ambitious affair financially feasible.

Looking back on the festival's 12 years, it's clear that producer George Wein—who continues to be in charge of the event, which will be held Saturday and next Sunday—has played his hand conservatively.

For every historically or artistically valid act, Wein has presented an artist with a pop-oriented stance to help guarantee strong box-office appeal. This practice goes all the way back to the first festival, which starred both 70-year-old Benny Goodman and folk-pop singer Joni Mitchell, who performed songs from her jazz-accented "Mingus" album.

Other evidences of pop influence in the Playboy festivals included the time in 1980 that keyboardist Herbie Hancock brought enough hardware onstage to start a guerrilla war (and played as if one were just beginning) and the presence on the bill the same year of pop-leaning singer Angela Bofill, whose inclusion in a jazz salute was as logical as having Grandma Moses in an exhibition of Impressionist art.

Still, the memorable moments in the festival outweigh the expendables. There was even a good side to Hancock's 1980 appearance: the introduction of a 19-year-old trumpeter named Wynton Marsalis. And who can ever forget Joe Williams bringing the ailing singing great Helen Humes onstage in 1981 for her final performance?

Through the years one also remembers the manic reaction to Weather Report's wild version of "Birdland," Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, Wild Bill Davison's Dixie cornet and the big-band sounds of Doc Severinsen's "Tonight Show" Orchestra and of Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage.

Yet we should expect highlights over 12 years.

Today, let's look at ways the festival could be strengthened. These aren't costly, pie-in-the-sky proposals; in fact, they don't involve any fiscal risk. They could, however, do much to make jazz's most celebrated annual weekend even more rewarding. Specifically:

■ Split the program the same way Billboard divides its jazz charts, devoting one day to more traditional artists found on the magazine's "Top Jazz Album" sales list, and the other to artists more typically found on its "Top Contemporary Jazz Album" ranking. So the audience that comes this year to hear, say, singer Dianne Reeves, drummer Elvin Jones and the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington would not be obliged to sit through Spyro Gyra, Tower of Power and the Neville Brothers. And vice versa.

■ Instead of running eight continuous hours—or more—without a break, plan at least a half-hour intermission, possibly about 6:30 p.m. (The festival begins in the early afternoon.) This could help reduce the noise from conversation and restless shuffling around that inhibits concentration during the late afternoon.

■ Rather than restricting the lineup to "name" singers, the festival could give valuable exposure each year to other excellent singers who may not have the same marquee value. Possibilities: Madeline Eastman, Sandy Graham, Sue Raney.

■ Use more imagination in putting together unexpected musical teams. The ad-hoc vocal quintet of Tim Hauser, Jon Hendricks, Janis Siegel, Dianne Reeves and Bobby McFerrin in 1985 was an instant hit—as was the piano pairing of Japan's Makoto Ozone and France's Michel Petrucciani the same year.

■ Emcee Bill Cosby has a substantial knowledge of jazz, yet he limits himself each year to simply calling out the artists' names, which anyone can do. A brief explanation of the upcoming act's place in the jazz scene could be valuable to the less initiated listener.

■ Stop using artists who parade around the Bowl . . . or play the guitar behind their backs . . . or encourage conga lines. This cheapens the entire festival, equating schlocky entertainment with music.

■ Instead of making commercial concessions to ensure that the festival will be sold out a month or two in advance, why not elevate the creative level by booking less commercially visible, yet still viable performers. The result is that you may only sell out two or three weeks ahead, but a sellout is still a sellout, right?

By making these changes, Playboy would do even greater service to jazz and its audience in Southern California. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Playboy Jazz Festival

I have never had the desire to attend the Playboy Jazz Festival, for the exact reason Leonard Feather outlined: too much pop music ("It's Time to Jazz Up Playboy's Festival," June 9).

The music industry is willing to compromise the integrity of an established idiom just to sell records. It is an insult to the jazz community for the record labels to call certain types of music "jazz." Any musician who understands chord progression and harmony knows that Kenny G, for example, is nothing more than instrumental pop music.

Is it fair to mislead the public like this?

DAN ST. MARSEILLE
Orange

O.C. JAZZ REVIEW

An Emotional Tribute to Kenton Legacy

■ The four-day 'Back to Balboa' celebration in Newport Beach marks the 50th anniversary of the debut of his orchestra.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEWPORT BEACH—"Back to Balboa," the four-day pilgrimage to Kenton Mecca, ended Sunday evening on a triumphal note. This was more than a tribute to the memory of Stan Kenton; it was proof of his vital legacy.

Ironically, the celebration at the Hyatt Newporter hotel marking the 50th anniversary of his orchestra's debut in nearby Balboa was also a reminder that there never was a Stan Kenton style.

Whereas others, like Ellington, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Gerald Wilson, derived a sound and persona directly from their own pens, Kenton, who did very little composing except in the early years, hired more arrangers than most orchestras have musicians, underwent more changes of direction and projected more images than most bands have lives. Thus the band's personality often changed from tune to tune.

The tribute's producer, Ken Poston, wisely sidestepped this problem by giving many of the writers their own sets, achieving a consistency that the Kenton bands sometimes lacked.

It is easy to recall that some of this music in its day seemed turgid, pretentious or trivial; easy to remember Kenton's sometimes inflammatory social statements.

True; but also true, and more relevant,

Please see BALBOA, F3

BALBOA Tribute to Bandleader Stan Kenton Ends on Triumphal Note

Continued from F1

we have Kenton to thank for bringing us composers Pete Rugolo, Bill Holman, Marty Paich, Manny Albam, Bill Russo; trumpeters Maynard Ferguson, Buddy Childers, the Candoli Brothers; trombonists Frank Rosolino, Eddie Burt and Dick Nash; saxophonists Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Lee Konitz, Bill Perkins, Art Pepper, Jack Nimitz; drummers Shelly Manne, Mel Lewis, Stan Levey; guitarist Laurindo Almeida.

The list is endless, and most of the active survivors were here, busy proving that they and the charts have thrived like old wine. Marc Cantor's old Kenton band shorts and Shelly Manne's 1948 home movies were filmed frosting on the live cake.

It was a heroic weekend, and if one has to pick out particular heroes they would be Holman, Rugolo and Shank. Each was presented in several settings (one was the 22-piece alumni band that drew 2,500 to the Saturday night concert) and served on panels that were consistently witty and informative.

Rugolo was seen leading a 13-voice choir of students from Cal State Long Beach, singing his arrangements of "Night Sound" and "Eager Beaver." Rugolo's skill was presented even more joyfully when, on Saturday evening, he took the alumni band through some of the most durable works: "Intermission Riff," "Machito," "Concerto to End All Concertos," and his famous updating of "The Peanut Vendor."

Anita O'Day, heard during the Rugolo segment, looked and sounded too good by far for any 71-year-old woman who has lived such a trauma-marked life.

ROD BOREN / For The Times

Anita O'Day's performance at "Back to Balboa" tribute to the late Stan Kenton belied her 71 years. At right, Pete Rugolo puts alumni band through its paces with such works as "Machito" and "Peanut Vendor."

Bill Holman, a product of a later era (the 1950s), symbolized the Kenton band that truly swung, thanks in large measure to Holman's arrangements of standards ("Stompin' at the Savoy," "Stella by Starlight") and originals ("In Lighter Vein," venturing Lee Konitz on alto sax).

While most Kenton soloists have sustained their creative level, alto saxophonist Shank has extended and transcended his. During a lunch-hour quartet date with a perfect rhythm team (Mike Wofford, Sherman Ferguson, Bob Magnusson), he reached a breath-taking peak.

A daytime surprise was the completely efficient reading, by a student ensemble including 14 strings, of "Nostalgico," composed and conducted by Manny Albam. A complex, well structured work, it was written in 1979 in the best post-Neophonic spirit; Kenton would have been delighted.

The most provocative of all Kenton's writers was Bob Graettinger, who died young in 1957. He was a Bartók student whose "City of Glass," controversial in 1948, still sounds pompous and heavy-handed, overwrought in the most pretentious of Kenton's multiple images. But some of Graettinger's works played ingenious tricks with old tunes, of which "Autumn in New York" came off best. The manic-depressive treatment of "April in Paris" led one fan to shout: "No more times!"

The festival's daytime ambience was ideal. Concerts at the Hyatt Newporter's amphitheater brought crowds, even at 11 a.m., to sit in the sun absorbing the sounds of Buck Florence's Orchestra, interrelating "Artistry in Rhythm" into his arrangement of "All the Things You Are."

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The balance sheet showed pluses far outnumbering minuses. This emotionally charged and historically unique event, organized by KLON with the Kenton estate, reflected credit on everyone: producer Poston, the participating musicians who made so much out of not too much rehearsal time, and finally, of course, to Stanley Kenton, whose presence hung almost palpably over this splendid celebration of a memorable career.

Remembering Stan Getz by Leonard Feather

スタン・ゲッツの死を悼んで

レナード・フェザー(本誌特約寄稿家)

スタン・ゲッツの，5年間にわたる（ガンを相手に）雄々しい闘いにピリオドが打たれたのは6月4日，カリフォルニアはマリブーの自宅においてだった。それは，その報に接した人すべてに少なからぬショックを与えた。関係者の気持としては，病状も安定していると聞いたし，近頃はすこぶる好調なプレイを見せていたから，その数奇な運命に彩られた華々しいキャリアを，今度はこのまま半永久的に続けて行ってくれるのだろう，とタカをくくっていた部分があったからである。

テナー・サックスという楽器は，ジャズの可能性を押し広げてくれた幾多の名プレイヤーを輩出している……1920年代から30年代にかけて最初の革新をもたらしたコールマン・ホーキンス（1904—1969）。去る3月に他界したバド・フリーマン。そしてレスター・ヤング（1909—1959），ジョン・コルトレーン（1926—1967）……が，そうした名手たちはすでにことごとく彼岸に去っている。そして今，スタン・ゲッツの名も，そうした人々の占める名誉ある一角に書き加えられるだろうということは，疑いの余地がない。もちろんこれだけの栄誉を，ゲッツはやすやすと手に入れたわけではない。サイドマンとして修行を積んでいた一時期（15歳でこの世界に飛び込んだ彼は，ジャック・ティーガーデン，スタン・ケントン，ベニー・グッドマンらのバンドを転々としている）には，シニカルな評論家から『レスター・ヤングのたんなるクローン』とバッサリ殺られたこともあった。

スタン・ゲッツを彩る数々の名演伝説

やがて，いまや伝説となった，かのウディ・ハーマン楽団在籍時の輝かしい演奏と，彼のゆるぎない個性を不滅のものとして打ち立てた〈アーリー・オータム〉の名演がおとずれる。彼と同世代の人間にとってゲッツの生み出したスタイルは，ビ・バップ期の攻撃的サウンドに対する確固たる技巧の裏付けをともなうクールな反応としてうけ止められた。新たなムーブメントの主導者となった彼は，彼の切り開いた道をそのまま踏襲しようとするプレイヤーたちとの共演も拒まなかった。名高い「ファイブ・ブラザーズ」セッションなどは，ゲッツ一派ともいうべきクール派テナーの4人，アル・コーン，ズート・シムズ，アレン・イーガー，ブリュー・ムーアを引きつれての録音である。こうして名声を確立した彼のもとへは，自己のカルテットを率いてのレコーディングや楽旅の機会が豊富に訪れた。しかもそのカルテットで，彼は将来のビッグ・ネームとなる才能を星の数ほども育てている。彼のもとから巣立ったピアニストにはホレス・シルバー，ルー・レビー，ハンク・ジョーンズ，チック・コリア，ジョアン・ブラッキーン，それに1974年以降折りにふれてバンドに加わっているケニー・バロンらがいる。さらにゲイリー・バートンやスタンリー・クラーク，トニー・ウイリアムス，アイアート・モレイラらも，かつてゲッツのサイドを務めた人々である。

1950年代のゲッツはおおむね異郷の地で暮した。しばらくストックホルムに滞在した後，3年間コペンハーゲンに腰を落ちつけたが，この時期は彼にとって酒とドラッグの深みに落ちて行く日々でもあった。病気のためにしばしばシーンから退くことを余儀なくされたにもかかわらず，彼の人気は少しも揺らぐことがなく，50年代の10年間を通じて，ありとあらゆる人気投票で首位の座をほぼ独占した。そして1961年の春，ようやく帰米を果たしたのである。

アメリカに戻った直後，彼は2つの輝かしい勝利を手中にしている。その1つはアルバム「フォーカス」……スタンは，エディ・ソーターの秀逸なアレンジを得たこのアルバムこそ，自身のキャリア中もっとも優れた達成の1つ，という考えを変えたことはなかった……の制作であり，もう1つは1962年におけるボサノバとの出会い……ギタリストのチャーリー・バードから〈デサフィナード〉

AN APPRECIATION

6/9

Tenorman Getz—He Paid His Dues

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The tenor saxophone has produced a long line of seminal figures in jazz, including Coleman Hawkins (1904-1969), the first pioneer in the 1920s and '30s, Bud Freeman, who died at 84 a few weeks ago, Lester Young (1904-1959) and John Coltrane (1926-1967). Stan Getz, who died Thursday of liver cancer, belonged in this company.

Acceptance on this level did not come easily for Getz, whose career started at 15. He quickly graduated to the name bands of Jack Teagarden, Stan Kenton and Benny Goodman. For some time, while paying his dues as a sideman, Getz was written off by some critical cynics as a mere clone of Lester Young.

Then came his legendary stint with the Woody Herman Orchestra and the elegant, languorous contribution to the record of "Early Autumn" that established forever his own firm identity. For many of his contemporaries the style he developed represented a coolly virtuosic reaction to the more aggressive sounds of the bebop years.

Getz became the spearhead of a movement, even recording with others who tried to blaze the same trail. In a "Stan Getz Five Brothers" session, he played with Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Allen Eager and Brew Moore, all cool tenors in

Please see GETZ, F11

HIGHLIGHTS

GETZ TRADITION: Tenor saxophonist Stan Getz's death ends a tradition of excellence in playing and musical leadership, which had continued despite his five-year cancer battle. An appreciation by Leonard Feather. **F1**

GETZ

Continued from F1

what became known as the Getz tradition.

As a prominent musician, he was recording and traveling regularly as leader of his own quartets, which included some future giants. Among his pianists were Horace Silver, Lou Levy, Hank Jones, Chick Corea, JoAnne Brackeen, and off and on since 1974, the great Kenny Barron.

For Getz, the 1950s were largely expatriate years—sojourns in Stockholm, three years based in Copenhagen. At that time there was an escalation of his problems with drugs and alcohol, which he eventually conquered. Though he was too often sidelined by illness, his acceptance by jazz audiences never flagged, winning him virtually all the jazz polls throughout the decade. Early in 1961, he returned to the U.S.

In a little over a year Getz scored two triumphs. The first was an album called "Focus," which he always considered one of his all-time accomplishments, enhanced by the superb arrangements by

Stan Getz: The acoustic beauty of his sound never lost its luster.

Eddie Sauter. In 1962 he branched into bossa nova, when guitarist Charlie Byrd introduced him to "Desafinado" and the other samba hits. Their album led to a mass march on bossa nova by anyone who could cash in on the craze. Though that style provided Getz with a new lease on mass popularity, he eventually grew weary of it, tiring of requests for the same tunes year in and out.

After several more Brazilian-oriented hits—most notably "The Girl From Ipanema" with a vocal by Astrud Gilberto—Getz broke away from that typecasting and went on to produce a series of consistently tasteful albums in other styles. He experimented briefly with fusion, but it was out of character. The acoustic beauty of his sound never lost its luster.

Last June at Carnegie Hall, hearing Stan Getz for what was to be the final time, I was moved deeply by his wrenchingly emotional playing. Lou Levy summed it up eloquently: "No matter when you played with Stan, he would bring you up to a different creative level. It could be the Montmartre in Copenhagen or a little club in the Valley—for him every night was Carnegie Hall."

LOS ANGELES TIMES

6-13-91

JAZZ REVIEW

Gilberto Charms at Catalina's

Ipanema seemed a long way away when the Astrud Gilberto Sextet took to the bandstand Tuesday night at Catalina's.

The singer, who rose to fame in 1963 as vocalist with Stan Getz on the Grammy-winning "The Girl From Ipanema," was not on the scene. Her six musicians spent some 15 minutes investigating, from many angles, a composition by the drummer Duduka Da Fonseca.

Trombone by Richard Coffey, eerie synthesized chime effects, solos by the guitarist Paul Ricci and by Gilberto's talented son Marcelo on electric bass were cast in a sort of avant-garde-cum-Brazilian-cum-jazz fusion, heavy on percussion, with a climactic conga solo by Valtinho.

When Astrud Gilberto appeared, the whole ambience changed as she cruised through "One Note Samba" and some of her other 1960s hits. Her small, tentative voice, wasted on American pop songs ("That Old Feeling") and drowned out by the band on her on "Reconciliation," was best served by Jobim's "The Waters of March," and by a delightful composition of her own, "Flora," dedicated to Flora Purim.

Along the way there were numerous instrumental interludes: fluent work by trombonist Coffey, and a lengthy solo by Fonseca on the *berimbau*, entirely on two notes and soporific enough to be called "Two Note Slumber." This is, however, a skilled, multifaceted band that generally served Gilberto well.

She saved two of her best for the last: "The Girl From Ipanema" (in Portuguese and English) and "Agua de Beber." Gilberto is about as far away from a Streisand as it is possible to get, but her shy, almost schoolgirlish demeanor has a special modest charm. It will be audible here through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

などのサンバのヒット曲を教えられたことがキッカケ……であった。バードとゲッツの2人が共同プロデュースしたアルバムは，これ以後ボサノバ・ブームに便乗してひと稼ぎしようとモクロムあらゆる人々をこの音楽に吸い寄せる結果となったが，それと同時に再びゲッツの人気を盛り立て，また来る日も来る日も同じ曲をリクエストされることで，いささかゲッツを苛立たせる原因にもなった。ひきつづき数曲のブラジル系ヒット曲（なかでも有名なのが，アストラッド・ジルベルトのボーカルが付いた〈イパネマの娘〉）を飛ばしたあと，ゲッツはこの決まりきった役どころに別れを告げ，それまでとは趣きを異にした領域で，一連の優美なアルバムを発表していった。一時期フュージョンに手を出したこともあるが，これは彼の性に合っていなかった。そして，アコースティックな美に包まれた彼のサウンドは，終生その艶やかな光を失うことがなかった。

ゲッツが授けてくれたとっておきの音楽

去年の6月，筆者はカーネギー・ホールで，結果的に筆者にとって最後となるゲッツのステージを見たが，とりわけ感動したのがエモーションを絞りだすようにして演奏された〈ブラッド・カウント〉という1曲であった。この曲は作者のビリー・ストレイホーンにとっても最後の作品であり，このステージの1年後，スタン自身をたおすことになるのと同じ病を患っていたストレイホーンが，病の床で書き残した曲である。そんな由来をもつ〈ブラッド・カウント〉をプレイする時ゲッツの胸をよぎっていたのがどんな思いだったか，余人には知る術もない。

その時，筆者は当のコンサート評でこう書いた。『デクスター・ゴードンが去り，ズート・シムズが去り，アル・コーンが逝って，偉大なテナー奏者と呼べるプレイヤーはめっきり減ってしまった。ゲッツこそは，一連のこよなくクリエイティブな血筋の最後につらなる者である』と。だが，その最後の砦が落ちたいま，私たちの愛する音楽にゲッツがもたらしてくれたのと同等な，とっておきの才能を授けてくれるプレイヤーは誰ひとり見当たらない。

ゲッツの才能とはどういうものであったか，そのことを，ルー・レビーの言葉は端的に，そして雄弁に語ってくれる。『スタンといっしょにプレイすると，いつだって……コペンハーゲンの「カフェ・モンマルトル」だろうが，カリフォルニアの小さなクラブだろうが……普段とはまったく違ったクリエイティブなレベルに押し上げられた。彼にとっては，毎晩がカーネギー・ホールに出ているようなものだった』と。

スタンは自分の成し遂げた業績について，卑下することも，的外れなウヌボレも持っていなかった。誠実に，リアリスティックにそれを見透していた。かつて彼は筆者にこう洩らしたことがある。『おおよそのところ，ジャズというのは黒人の音楽だ。だが，黒人と同じくらいオリジナルなジャズを演じられる白人というのが，時たまポコッと出てくることもある。その数は多くないが，自分がそのひとりだということは私にはわかっている』と（その時彼は，『あなたの好きなテナーマンは？』という問いに対してジョン・コルトレーン，ソニー・スティット，デクスター・ゴードン，ソニー・ロリンズ，それにゲッツの5人を挙げていた事実をつけ加えてもよかったのだと思う）。

スタンは，つづけてこう言った。『人々が自分のことを思い出してくれるなら，どんな仕事で思い出してくれたとしても構わない。私はジャズ界に身を置くことができてラッキーだった。そのおかげで世界中を旅することができ，いくらかの知恵も身につけることができた。私はこの音楽の一端を形作ったことを誇りに思うし，自分の子や孫たちにも，そうした人間としての私を誇りに思ってほしいと思っている』。（訳：和田政幸）

L.A. TIMES 6/16/91

JAZZ

Early Bessie Smith, Vintage Cole Porter

★★★★★

BESSIE SMITH

"The Complete Recordings Vol. 1"

Columbia

In these, her earliest recordings, Smith was inhibited by primitive, pre-electric technology. She actually had to aim her voice at an acoustic horn. Smith was also bogged down by pedestrian accompanists—such as Clarence Williams, a shrewd businessman but a dismal pianist, and bandleader Fletcher Henderson, who wasn't as skilled in 1923 as he would be in later years.

Yet Smith's commanding, hypnotic, preaching blues con-

RETROSPECTIVE

tralto retained its impact. A few songs are non-blues—"My Sweetie Went Away" and "Baby Won't You Please Come Home." Two are duets with Clara Smith—no relation, and no match for Bessie. But the lyrics throughout mirror the blues subjects of the times—hard times and heartache. Among the titles: "Cemetery Blues," "Boweavil Blues," "Jail-House Blues," "Mistreating Daddy."

Bessie Smith's commanding contralto comes through even in primitive '20s recordings.

These 38 tunes, available in two-CD or two-cassette sets, are the first step in a series of albums that will cover Smith's entire 160-song output, a body of work that runs through 1933.

—LEONARD FEATHER

6-17-91

WEEKEND REVIEWS

Jazz

Wolff Aims Low at Bon Appetit

Michael Wolff's quartet may have been described in Friday's listings in The Times as an acoustic group, but it turned out to be about as acoustic as the electric chair.

In a set at the Bon Appetit, the pianist-composer was joined by John B. Williams, his "Arsenio Hall Show" colleague, on electric bass; Freddie Ravel, a synthesist who on one occasion blew through his mouth to alter the funky sounds with a breath control; and Chester Thompson, a technically adroit drummer.

Wolff reminisced about his days with Cal Tjader (whose 1954 mambo "Guarchi Guaro" ended the set) and—after a few jokes about growing up Jewish in Mississippi—he sang a lyric borrowed from B.B. King. Wolff is no King. His no-nonsense blues piano was effective until it doubled and quadrupled its way into an all-nonsense chaotic climax.

As a composer, Wolff was well represented by a beguiling waltz, "Goodby Too Late," but others, heavier on energy than melody, could have been written by anyone with a 10th of Wolff's talent, in about as long as it took to play them. Clearly he was aiming not at the fans who saw him with Art Farmer at the 1982 Playboy Jazz Festival, but at the Arsenio crowd.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★ 6-23-91

BILLY CHILDS

"His April Touch"

Windham Hill Jazz

Childs—whose sideman roles have included several years with Hubbard in the late '70s and early '80s and appearances on many albums, such as the latest by clarinetist Eddie Daniels on the GRP label—here heads his third and most adventurous date.

Except for a fast trio run-through of McCoy Tyner's "Four by Five," these are all Childs originals. They reveal his ambitious and often successful attempts to establish himself as a serious composer. The serene, impressionistic title tune, with its mood and tempo shifts, achieves a classic beauty with the help of the versatile Bob Sheppard on soprano sax (elsewhere he plays alto, tenor and flute).

Childs' most ambitious writing finds three horns intricately interwoven on "Miles to Go Before I Sleep." Throughout, though, his role as an imaginative improvising pianist remains central to the success of this well-conceived project.

—LEONARD FEATHER

In Brief 6/23

★★★★ **Stan Getz, "Serenity,"** EmArcy. Recorded in 1987 at Copenhagen's Cafe Montmartre, this companion volume to the award-winning "Anniversary" offers consistently sensitive readings by a flawless quartet—with Kenny Barron, piano; Rufus Reid, bass, and Victor Lewis, drums. They play three standards, Barron's "Voyage," and Victor Feldman's elegiac "Falling in Love." At every level—tone, time, phrasing, undiluted passion—Getz sustains the artistic and emotional peak he reached in his last years. —L.F.

PLAYBOY

Continued from F1

youths, all in their late teens or early 20s, were led by the very dominant tuba player Philip Flazier. After opening improbably with a Charlie Parker tune, "Au Privave," they moved on to the Armstrong hit "It's a Wonderful World," and wound up with the novelty blues "Rag Mop." That they play out of tune somehow adds authenticity to their infectiously primitive Bayou polyphony.

More valid by today's standards was the Harper Brothers Sextet, reviewed here recently and again offering the best and brightest in post-bop sounds. The trumpet of Atlanta's Philip Harper furnished a reminder that you don't have to be from New Orleans to make it on today's youth jazz scene. The Harpers tossed in two welcome guest stars, veteran organist Jimmy McGriff and the excellent Los Angeles singer Ernie Andrews.

The Mercer Ellington Orchestra got off to a rough start, with a bass sound by J. J. Wiggins that almost overwhelmed the entire 17-piece ensemble. The balance improved later as Mercer Ellington pressed the reggae button with "Queenie Pie," a charming calypso he cowrote with his father. Tommy James played the steel drum effects on synthesizer.

The set grew in strength as the maestro dipped back into Duke's early efforts, providing Patti Holley with a chance to recapture the spirit of wordless blues singing in "Creole Love Call" and the scat chorus on "Hot and Bothered," two pieces Duke recorded 63 years ago.

The Ellington finale was a sweet, "The Three Black Kings," also completed by Mercer from odds and ends left over at his father's death. Spectacular use was made of a stylish dancer, Cerise Johns.

Ray Charles seemed curiously disengaged as he closed the opening day's program in the two-day festival.

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Los Angeles Times 6-17-91

HIGHLIGHTS

REVIEWS

JAZZING IT UP: The 13th annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl offered an abundance of vocal sounds along with some bristling instrumentals. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F1**

Miriam Makeba, left, spins Africana, and Mercer Ellington, above, leads his orchestra in a variable performance at the first day of the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl.

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

Playboy Festival Sings With Diversity

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

From the first strains of choral pop vocal by the Long Beach Polytechnic High School Jazz Ensemble to the final indigo rideout of Ray Charles and the Raeletts plowing their way through "What I Say," the 13th annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl on Saturday seemed to be broadly based on one principle: When in doubt, sing.

Of the 10 acts in the 8½-hour affair, five were essentially vocal. Three others introduced guest singers. But within these parameters there was enough diversity to remind us of the rich stylistic and idiomatic range of jazz singing, from the Louis Armstrong growl of Kermit Ruffin, with the Rebirth Brass Band of New Orleans, to the Africana of Miriam Makeba; from the primordial 1920s scatting of Patti Hollie with the Mercer Ellington Orchestra to the contemporary balladry of Dianne Reeves, dedicating "For All We Know" to the memory of Stan Getz.

As has always been inevitable, the early acts worked for a few thousand attentive listeners. But by the time the almost 18,000 capacity had been reached, the beach balls were bouncing around the Bowl, the sun was setting and the crowd was becoming a tad restless. That meant the crowd gave comparatively short shrift to South African singer Makeba, her three backup singers, her rhythm quintet and even to Dizzy Gillespie, who made a brief cameo appearance in her last two songs. Ironically, Dianne Reeves, who opened later with two African-flavored songs, was better received.

The Long Beach choir, 20 strong, proved two points: Group singing requires rehearsal and obedience, but solo vocals call for inspiration and talent. Singing jazz standards of several decades (Gillespie's "Oo Pa Pa Da," Chick Corea's "Spain") they succeeded in keeping the solos to a minimum and blending impressively in challenging arrangements.

Group vocals also dominated in a somewhat strange offering under direction of emcee Bill Cosby. Despite the presence in his band of such potent soloists as pianist Mulgrew Miller, saxophonist Jimmy Heath and the promising young trumpeter Rebecca Franks, Cosby concentrated on gospel vocals by Mavis Staples, Clint Holmes and a 12-piece choir.

This odd mix did not prevent alto saxophonist Bobby Watson from making a potent impression. His solos left little doubt that within a year he will be on the jazz magazine covers. Cosby, who conducted, did not play drums until later in the evening, when he sat in during an innocuous set by Spyro Gyra.

Elvin Jones, who spent six formative years as drummer with the John Coltrane Quartet, presented a powerful group highlighting two tenor saxophonists, one of whom was Coltrane's son, Ravi. The visual image of his father, he is a rapidly maturing, well-organized soloist on tenor and soprano, contrasting with the more energy-oriented sounds of his partner, Sonny Fortune.

At the other end of the instrumental spectrum the Rebirth Brass Band suggested a spinoff of the Dirty Dozen Band, heard here at an earlier festival. These New Orleans

Please see PLAYBOY, F4

JAZZ REVIEW

Winners, Losers at Day Two of Playboy Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

On a thumbs-up, thumbs-down basis, the second day of the Playboy Jazz Festival Sunday at the Hollywood Bowl was an 8-to-3 victory.

Two of the three downers were the opening and closing acts. Henry Gibson Jr., a keyboardist leading a trio, was on at 2 p.m. as winner of a talent award that should have been a dubious achievement award. Among other, noble gestures, he played a hand-held keyboard behind his neck. Seven-and-a-half hours later, there were the Neville Brothers.

Audience communication climax? There was that magical moment when Wynton Marsalis, topping off an hour of serious music, jumped into a simplistic, Dirty Dozen-type Dixieland ditty with a beat so infectious that within moments, the just-under 18,000 capacity crowd became a sea of waving handkerchiefs and hats.

Surprise climax? Welcome to the newest instrument in jazz—the banjo. True, it was here in the 1920s but crept silently away until Bela Fleck came along playing avant-garde banjo (oxymoron though that may be), using simple minor riff melodies along with wildly futuristic sounds.

Among his sidemen was Roy Wooten, playing what looked like a weird string instrument but was in fact synth-axe drumitar. Using his fingers as drumsticks, Wooten drew from this box noises that may, as he said, indicate where percussion will be in 2050.

Virtuoso climax? It came early, on the heels of the hapless Henry Gibson. Arturo Sandoval, the Cuban defector now living in Miami, is a trumpeter who has every idiom at his command, with the technique to match. He repeated his recent Vine St. Bar & Grill triumph, and reappeared later as a sideman with Dizzy Gillespie.

Creative climax? The Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra, featuring the leader's compositions as well as piano, and the peerless tenor sax and flute of Lew Tabackin, was a marvel throughout. Frank Wess on alto evoked memories of Johnny Hodges with Akiyoshi's "Fading Beauty." Lewis Nash, the band's new drummer, kept the 5/4 beat consistently alive through "Feast in Milan."

Anticlimax? You had that too, when Tower of Power took over. One critic described this group in 1983 as "a near forgotten relic." Alas, he was wrong. The 1970s rock band that sings, "What is hip?" but never knew the answer is not only still around, it drew a standing ovation from an audience that promptly yakked its way through a John McLaughlin Trio set. The guitarist's complex music requires close attention, but by now it was Twilight Talking time, which always arrives here soon after 6 p.m.

Jazz Futures was the name of an ad-hoc group of musicians from 18 to 30 that made a stunning impact mainly by harking back to the Art Blakey genre of the '50s and '60s. Marlon Jordan and Roy Hargrove on trumpets, Benny Green on piano and Mark Whitfield on guitar stood out. Are all these young men trying to tell us that hope for the future lies in allegiance to the past?

Ruth Brown showed how much a great backup band can help a singer. With Bobby Forrester's organ, two saxes and rhythm, she mixed new items with 1950s hits. At 63, she retains the assurance of her blues years.

Wynton Marsalis by now has become the grand old man of the great young Turks of 1980. Both the trumpeters in Jazz Futures are among his many proteges. Marsalis now boasts a four-horn group that has enabled him to convey much of what happened before, during and after the 1960s Miles Davis image with which he was long identified. Some of his charts have an early Ellington flavor. His trombonist, Wycliffe Gordon, even resembled Duke's legendary Lawrence Brown.

The leader's own command of the ballad form was represented in an elegant reading of "Stardust." Aside from some overblown tenor by Todd Williams, the other soloists, notably the 20-year-old pianist Eric Reed, acquitted themselves admirably.

Dizzy Gillespie's United Nation Band, with sidemen from Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Brazil and other distant points, came together in a mainly Afro-Cuban bag. There was even a move into a semi-classical mode when the pianist Danilo Perez teamed with the Cuban Paquito d'Rivera on clarinet.

Pacing himself carefully, Gillespie shared trumpet honors with Arturo Sandoval, whose range must be close to 99 octaves, and Claudio Roditi. As always, there was a long workout on "Night in Tunisia," which Gillespie wrote almost 50 years ago.

From Gillespie we were hurled into the Mardi Gras madness of the Neville Brothers, who represent the antithesis of both the other New Orleans groups at the festival. They have neither the crude charm of the Rebirth Brass Band nor the pure authenticity of Marsalis. There was no justification for closing a jazz festival with this act.

Still, the balance sheet worked out much to the credit of producer George Wein. Perhaps by next year he can be persuaded that a financial sellout may be achieved without the selling out of any musical principles.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie and Arturo Sandoval: On the credit side of Playboy Jazz Festival balance sheet.

LUCKY 13: The second night of the 13th Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl provided a few disappointments, but among the many impressively climactic moments were the Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra with the pianist, above, and Lew Tabackin on tenor sax and flute. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

LOS ANGELES TIMES Mon 6-24-91

JAZZ REVIEW

Top Talents at N.Y. Fest

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—The jazz renaissance came into focus here over the weekend with the opening of George Wein's ambitious, 10-day JVC Jazz Festival.

The quantity and diversity of sounds set to take place through next Sunday is beyond question. Of the 34 events, mostly in mid-town Manhattan but some as far afield as Stanhope, N.J., and Waterloo Village, N.Y., several provide "safe" talent in predictable shows (Miles Davis and B. B. King), while others offer new and adventurous artists in intimate settings geared to their as-yet-untried audience appeal.

In the latter category was Geoff Keezer, presented Saturday as one of a series of solo piano recitalists in Weill Hall, a small, elegant room next door to Carnegie. Keezer is one of the most astonishing symbols of his generation, a new broom sweeping away the cobwebs of yesteryear.

Just seven months out of his teens, he displayed a technique that would be amazing in an artist twice his age. He all but floods the ear with streams of polyphonic dissonances, top-speed two-handed parallel lines, and original works intermingled with sublimations of such standards as "Blue Monk."

It's remarkable that someone of his tender years combines so much wisdom, expertise and creativity. True, at times the barrage of ideas tends to become a battering ram. Keezer needs to rein in his work, as he does now and then: He brought an almost hymnal reverence to "For All We Know."

In the same hall the day before, Ralph Sutton, who at 68 could be Keezer's grandfather, cruised through an amiable set of works mainly in the stride tradition. At ease playing Fats Waller chestnuts ("Viper's Drag," "Honeysuckle Rose"), he seemed less comfortable translating Cole Porter into his own terms.

The first session at Carnegie Hall itself exemplified the use of established talent strengthened by an overall concept. "An Evening With Mel Torme" on Friday consisted entirely of music by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn.

A big-band set led by the ex-Ellington trumpeter Clark Terry never quite got into gear. The band seemed under-rehearsed, the sound balance was off, the arrangements lacked fire. Terry played one solo holding his fluegelhorn upside down, pushing the valves upward—to what point? The one highlight was a tenor sax solo in which Frank Wess emulated the famous Ben Webster chorus on "All Too Soon."

Everything came together when Tommy Flanagan's Trio took over. With Lewis Nash on drums and bassist George Mraz, pianist Flanagan brought ebullient charm to an imaginative program that included such Ellington arcana as "Sunset and the Mocking Bird."

Torme opened the second half playing drums with the band on "Rockin' in Rhythm," and somehow he brought everyone to life. His vocal set was a masterful collection, reflecting his serious study of the Duke's work in all its aspects, from amusing trivia such as the seldom-heard "Riff Staccato" and "Tulip or Turnip" to songs from extended works—"I Like the Sunrise" from the "Liberian Suite"; "The Blues" from "Black, Brown & Beige," and "Reminiscing in Tempo," which Torme first heard as a 9-year-old Ellington fan in Chicago and for which he himself later wrote the admirable lyrics.

Gerry Mulligan joined Torme as the surprise guest. With Terry and the band, they put a thousand new twists on "It Don't Mean a Thing," climaxed by an incredible Torme-Mulligan scat-and-baritone sax duet. "Perdido," the encore, was only a hair less exciting.

Saturday evening offered a three-way choice: Wynton Marsalis and the Jazz Futures group (reviewed here last week at the Playboy Festival), a Latin program with Tito Puente, and a blues show presented at the Ritz, a ballroom on 54th Street.

The Ritz show began with a dismal '60s-style blues-rock group, led by Elvin Bishop, then added insult to injury by placing the contemporary alto sax star Arthur Blythe in this crude setting. The Harper Brothers, instead of leading their own band, were teamed with blues organist Jimmy McGriff. But this kind of inept booking seems to be the exception at the festival. Superior sessions, no doubt, lie ahead.

Associated Press

Jazz Futures members Wycliffe Gordon, left, and Wes Anderson flank Wynton Marsalis, sitting in with the group at New York's JVC festival.

JAZZ SHOWCASE: The opening weekend of the ambitious, 10-day JVC Jazz Festival in New York City was brightened by the contributions of such acclaimed newcomers as pianist Geoff Keezer and such veterans as Mel Torme. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F5**

JAZZ REVIEW

Smooth Sailing for Mixed Maiden Voyage

There was a moral somewhere in the band Maiden Voyage's appearance Monday at the Blossom Room of the Roosevelt Hotel. Normally this has been a 17-piece all-female orchestra, but for various reasons there were six subs—all male, borrowed from the bands of Bill Holman and Maynard Ferguson, among others.

Despite a lack of rehearsal time, this ensemble impeccably read (in several cases sight-read) the demanding charts, displaying a rare array of gifted soloists, and rarely falling short of its high standards.

Moral: If six men can help out Maiden Voyage, why can none of these 11 talented women ever land even a subbing job in the all-male bastions of Holman and Ferguson?

The sax section alone is well worth raiding, with leader Ann Patterson fluent on saxes and flute, Sharon Hirata a tenor player of growing originality, and Jennifer Hall impressive on clarinet, alto sax and flute.

The trumpeters Ann King and Stacy Rowles are horns of distinction. Judy Chilnick often lends a personal stamp by doubling in the melody line on vibraphone.

Bobby Shew's composition "Blue," written in memory of the late trumpeter Blue Mitchell and played hauntingly by Stacy Rowles, was a highlight, as was Betty O'Hara, who in "God Bless the Child" showed four-fold gifts—arranger, vocalist, valve trombonist and cornetist. Buddy Childers on trumpet and Bruce Lett on bass held up the male contingent splendidly. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

6-27-91 Thu

JVC Festival Pays Tribute to 'Sassy' Sarah, Cheatham

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—Salutes to trumpeter Doc Cheatham, an engaging figure on the jazz scene for more than 50 years, and the late Sarah Vaughan, a premier vocal stylist in jazz and pop, were among the highlights as the 10-day JVC Jazz Festival hit full stride this week.

Curiously, there was a shortage of songs closely linked to Vaughan during "Friends of Sassy," the Tuesday tribute emceed by Bill Cosby at Carnegie Hall.

Joe Williams, however, brought his personal touch to "Misty" and "Perdido," and Roberta Flack lent her light, engaging timbre to "Tenderly."

But where were the Brazilian songs? The Gershwins? Where was "Send in the Clowns"?

It fell to Shirley Horn to sing Carroll Coates' attractive song "Sarah." Pianist Bob James, a former Vaughan accompanist, recalled life on the road with her, then played his own "Wings for Sarah," felicitously interweaving "Poor Butterfly."

Billy Eckstine, with whom Vaughan sang in the Earl Hines and Eckstine orchestras, was in good form, but he too stayed mainly with his own songs—"I Apologize" and "Jelly Jelly."

George Wein, the festival producer, told an anecdote about Vaughan in a Boston club singing "The Lord's Prayer," which was then performed by the opera star Florence Quivar to end the concert. Because Quivar

Please see FESTIVAL, F4

JAZZ TRIBUTES: A spirited, affectionate program honoring trumpeter Doc Cheatham and a somewhat less-inspired tribute to the late Sarah Vaughan were among the special events featured in the ongoing, 10-day JVC Jazz Festival in New York City. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F1**

FESTIVAL: A Tribute to 'Sassy,' Cheatham

Continued from F1

employed a different melody that lacked the majestic glory on Vaughan's recording, what could have been a stunning finale was oddly anticlimactic.

The night before at Town Hall, the tribute to Cheatham was wryly subtitled "86 and Still Blowing Strong," a reference to his octogenarian status.

This affectionate program set its sights high and achieved its objective on several levels: High notes, high spirits, high regard for the subjects.

Although Cheatham himself appeared several times, the main playing was left to his juniors, who ranged from Harry (Sweets) Edison, 75, to Wynton Marsalis, 29, along with Dizzy Gillespie, Jon Faddis, Byron Stripling, Marcus Belgrave and Ruby Braff—seven steps to trumpet heaven.

The hornmen appeared in several groupings, the most startling of which was a threesome that comprised Marsalis, Stripling and Faddis. Separately and jointly, they re-created and elongated the classic Louis Armstrong recording of "West End Blues," starting with a note-for-note duplication of Satchmo's opening cadenza before moving onward and upward.

Marsalis, his style still evolving, has found a new way of working out complex, between-the-cracks rhythms so dazzling that they brought bursts of mid-solo applause. Stripling was more orthodox yet commandingly assertive. Faddis topped it off with superson-

SUSAN RAGAN / For The Times

Billy Eckstine pays vocal tribute to Sarah Vaughan at JVC fest.

ic tones that were not simply grandstanding; every altissimo note was flawless in pitch, tone and sequential logic. Armstrong would scarcely have believed him.

Cheatham, a modest man of considerable charm and a natural melodist whose solos and vocals conquered balky mikes, returned to join the entire company for a joy-inducing jam on "Struttin' With Some Barbecue." The whole evening summed up what the best jazz today is all about: Tradition stirred in with evolution and inspiration.

"Bobby Short's New York," heard Sunday at Carnegie Hall, lived up fitfully to its self-congratulatory premise. When Short, a congenial host, was at the piano singing "Drop Me Off in Harlem," he captured the essence of a New York that used to be; in his stand-up songs, particularly when he dueted with Ruth Brown or Margaret Whiting and attempted to dance, he seemed affected and ill at ease.

Whiting, a tireless pop singer, brought proud conviction to "I Happen to Like New York." Brown suffered from the absence of her own band, which served her so well at the Playboy Festival, and from fluffy songs like "Let Me Off Uptown," ill suited to her down-home R&B style.

The surprise show-stealer was trumpeter "Sweets" Edison, whose muted "Lover Man" and obbligatos to Short on "Harlem Butterfly" and "I Got It Bad" brought a needed touch of soul to counterbalance the nostalgia. The festival continues through Sunday.

7/22/91

MINDY SCHAUER / For The Times

Conductor James Newton performs opening flute solo in "Jazz at the Music Center" series.

Jazz

Fine Start for 'Music Center' Series

The only complaint that should be filed against "Jazz at the Music Center" is that it started many years too late. If Friday's concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion was an augury of things to come, this venue will make up for lost time.

Three contrasting idioms were represented: repertory music, small group sounds and colorful, contemporary big band effusions.

James Newton conducted the CalArts Jazz Ensemble (a mix of students and local professionals) in an introspective retrospective devoted to the music of Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. Ellington revivals too often lean on overfamiliar material. Newton, however, is a chance-taker: Of the six works played, only "The Mooche" is common currency.

Two themes from the Strayhorn-Ellington Shakespeare suite "Such Sweet Thunder," one from an Ellington sacred concert and a Strayhorn piece from "The Queen's Suite" were rendered with sensitivity on ensemble and solo levels alike. If the precise flavor of the originals could not be duplicated, at least their unique character in terms of form and texture was captured.

The final piece was "Black," the opening movement from Ellington's longest and greatest work, "Black, Brown and Beige." An arrangement by Daniel Nielson, Newton's pianist, faithfully retained the variously jubilant and sorrowful spirit of the work.

Newton, a virtuoso flutist, only performed an opening solo, but his conducting and his contribution to the charts were exemplary.

Les McCann's quintet played a few originals such as "Batyan" and "Morning Sun," followed by his perennial vocal ballad "With These Hands" and his no-less-durable "Compared to What."

McCann's piano and singing pleased the crowd, but it was his alto player, Keith Henderson, who almost destroyed the hall with a manic, explosive yet intelligently crafted solo style. Beyond question he was the sensation of the evening. Jeff Elliott played brilliant fluegelhorn with his right hand and a small keyboard with his left.

Gerald Wilson, reviewed here recently during the Playboy jazz cruise, delivered a similar set, embellished by the hall's fine acoustics. He added three typically self-assured vocals by Ernie Andrews.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz

Herman Band, Cheathams Bolster Series

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The second "Jazz at the Music Center" concert was more successful musically than on the levels of economics, acoustics and organization.

There were barely 1,000 paid admissions Friday at the 3,200-capacity Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Again there were sound problems. Jeannie Cheatham, singing with the Sweet Baby Blues Band co-led by her trombonist husband Jimmy Cheatham, was audible on ballads but battled to be heard on upbeat tunes. However, this entertaining group drew the only standing ovation.

JIM MENDENHALL / Los Angeles Times

Jeannie Cheatham sings with Sweet Baby Blues Band . . .

The stage-wait difficulties that plagued the first concert a week earlier were repeated Friday while stagehands set up for the Cheathams; surely an added intermission would be better than sitting around watching nothing.

As for the sound men, engineers today seem capable only of working on rock and fusion groups.

The Woody Herman Band, a solidly musical crew, triumphed over sonic arts; at times the drummer made the piano inaudible.

Frank Tiberi, who joined in 1969 and took over leadership shortly before Herman's death in 1987, has built this into more than just another ghost band. The young players were no less capable of bringing new life to "Apple Honey" and "Woodchoppers' Ball" than of handling Joe Zawinul's "Carnavalito" or Chick Corea's "Samba Song."

For this occasion, Tiberi brought in three ringers who graced the Herman bands of the 1940s (trumpeter Pete Candoli), '50s (pianist-arranger Nat Pierce) and '60s (trombonist Bill Watrous). As he made clear in a dazzling solo on "What's New," Watrous should be leading his own band rather than working as an addition to an apparition.

The opening hour by Buddy Collette's Sextet, despite the distinguished careers of Collette, guitarist Al Viola and pianist Milcho Leviev, was strangely static, coming to life only in the final number when Collette brought out cellist Fred Katz (his teammate in the 1956 Chico Hamilton Quintet) for a witty piece called "The Walker." Though the sound balance may have been to blame, the rhythm section rarely established a unified beat during this long, low-key set.

. . . co-led by her husband, trombonist Jimmy Cheatham.

GERI ALLEN

Gifted Pianist Draws on Past for Growth

Normally you'd expect a pianist to name another pianist in citing his or her primary influence.

But Geri Allen, described by bassist Charlie Haden as one of the most original pianists to enter jazz in the last 20 years, cites a trumpeter, a drummer and a saxophonist.

"I was raised in Detroit, where I went to Cass Technical High School," she said, detailing her

JAZZ FACES

novel path. "My mentor there was the trumpeter Marcus Belgrave, who had a group called the Jazz Development Workshop. Under his guidance, I learned about all the great traditions, from Duke Ellington onward.

"Later I enrolled at Howard University in Washington, D.C., where a master drummer from Ghana got me interested in the ethnomusicology of African-based culture. I earned my BA in jazz studies from Howard, then went to the University of Pittsburgh, where the great saxophonist and composer Nathan Davis was teaching. In fact, when I received my master's in ethnomusicology, the subject of my master's thesis was [saxophonist] Eric Dolphy."

After arriving in New York in 1982, Allen studied piano with Kenny Barron under a National Endowment for the Arts grant. Soon after, she landed a record date with saxophonist Oliver Lake's quasi-reggae-funk band, Jump Up, and became a founding member of the progressive and eclectic M-Base Collective of Brooklyn, N.Y.

ELENA SEIBERT / For The Times

Geri Allen: "Under [trumpeter Marcus Belgrave's] guidance, I learned about all the great traditions, from Duke Ellington onward."

Allen, who has recorded with such top figures as Haden, Wayne Shorter and James Newton, is typical of a young generation of musicians who ignore musical boundaries. She draws on a richly diverse aesthetic that takes in traditional jazz, gospel, folk, funk, free jazz and African influences.

Her latest, "The Nurturer," on Blue Note Records, is a compelling example of Allen's multifaceted gifts. She is involved in a variety of musical situations, from solo performances to appearances with duos, trios and quartets, but she says she's concentrating on composing.

Eager to share her knowledge, Allen teaches part time at Boston's New England Conservatory. What she can offer students is just what her own teachers gave her: an awareness that to play a vital role in today's music, one must look back and study the origins of the art form while moving forward into challenging new territories. This is the open secret of the growth process, and Allen understands it well. —LEONARD FEATHER

1991

JAZZ REVIEW

Singer Haynes Loses Battle of the Buzz

"Things Ain't What They Used to Be" was one of the songs interpolated into a Duke Ellington blues medley Tuesday night by singer Stephanie Haynes at the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore Hotel.

The title was all too appropriate, for in this room, which once attracted jazz-attuned crowds, the sound of applause has largely given way to the buzz of conversation, the clashing of knives and forks, the rattle of ice cubes in glasses. The patrons, in short, are paying attention only to one another.

Haynes has been a regular on the Southland scene in recent years, consistently displaying a confident sound, an attractive vibrato and a musical sensitivity capable of applying intelligent alterations to such familiar themes as "It Could Happen to You," Luis Bonfa's "The Gentle Rain," and Buddy Johnson's "Save Your Love for Me."

Her backup duo consisted of the stylishly sympathetic pianist Karen Hammack, daughter of the late band leader Bobby Hammack, and the bassist Jack Prather, who doubled as vocal duetist and composer of occasional songs such as "Dizzy, So Dizzy."

Though Haynes is vocally superior, her personality was not strong enough to overcome the conditions in the room. She belongs in an intimate setting such as Le Cafe, where things might be as they ought to be.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 7-3-91

JAZZ REVIEW

New Verve Sparkles at JVC Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—Looking back over the ambitious JVC Jazz Festival here, one cannot help but be encouraged by a continuing profusion of talented young musicians that should assure jazz of a healthy future.

The youth movement was splendidly catered to during the 10-day event, which concluded over the weekend, when trumpeter Jon Faddis produced "Be-Bop: 40 And Younger" at the 500-seat Equitable Auditorium.

Discounting Dizzy Gillespie, who seemed to make unbilled guest appearances almost every night, most of the participants were born long after the be-bop movement was in first flower.

That be-bop has survived the inroads of fusion, New Age, electronic and other movements was illustrated by the total ease with which pianist Mulgrew Miller handled Bud Powell's "Celia," Faddis updated Tadd Dameron's "Hot House" and the Vancouver-born pianist Renee Rosnes winningly adapted Monk's "Four in One" to her personality.

Three saxophonists—Billy Pierce on tenor, 21-year-old Christopher Hollyday and the inflammatory Bobby Watson on altos—took the 1940s bop perennial "Donna Lee" at a death-defying tempo during a blowing riot in which everybody won, but Watson triumphed during last week's concert. The rhythm section, with 19-year-old Christian McBride on bass, sustained the relentless beat with muscular power.

Watson reappeared in a more ambitious but far less successful setting, "One for Dexter" at Avery Fisher Hall was billed as "An Evening of Music, Drama, Film and Dance, Dedicated to the Spirit of Dexter Gordon."

Awkward stage waits and an inexplicable shortage of tenor-sax solos were among many shortcomings in a long, tiresomely pretentious production. Not that there was a total absence of fine music: Wynton Marsalis was in rare form on an early Ellington tune, "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo." The rarely heard marimba was Bobby Hutcherson's vehicle in an admirable quartet version of "Love Letters."

Nevertheless, the only memorable moments were on screen, including clips from " 'Round Midnight" and a film made during his final public appearance in 1988 that reminded us of his warm personality.

In the Weill Hall piano series, the Danish soloist Neils Lan Doky offered angular, jagged effects suggesting an introduction to a theme that never arrived.

Ellis Larkins drew a full house and a standing ovation as he made clear that at 68 he remains the supreme spokesman for a kinder, gentler piano. The final Weill soloist was Barry Harris, who at 61 alternates first-rate be-bop on Bud Powell and Monk tunes with dubious vocal material from a show he hopes to write for Barbra Streisand.

"Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz" at Avery Fisher Hall was a live counterpart to her long-running series on National Public Radio. Hosting graciously, playing solo or teaming with her guests (a couple of whom played duets with other guests), McPartland showed a consistent harmonic and rhythmic flair, whether teamed with Renee Rosnes on "Solar" or joining with Dave Brubeck on Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way."

For a crowd-pleasing finale, four pianos were assembled in an eight-pianist roundup on "Perdido." Completing the octet were John Bunch, Tommy Flanagan, Mulgrew Miller, George Wein and Sir Roland Hanna.

The final Carnegie Hall concert featured two groups, Mari Okubo and her sextet, followed by Ornette Coleman & Prime Time. Backed by a band that overwhelmed her much of the time, Okubo sang nervously and tonelessly for 45 minutes (in Japanese? English? Portuguese?), prompting so many walkouts that the bar was soon as full as it normally becomes at intermission.

Coleman is either one of the greatest living jazz men (in the view of certain critics) or the most overrated ever to become a major cult figure. The truth is closer to the second viewpoint; however, Coleman's alto sax is masterful compared to his ludicrous scratching and scraping on the violin.

Coleman's present band is less chaotic than his previous version of Prime Time. He has the Indian percussionist Badal Roy and a promising guitarist, Chris Rosenberg. He also has enough adulation in print to assure him of a standing ovation merely for walking onstage. That's jazz business.

BE-BOP BABIES: The youth movement was splendidly catered to during the 10-day JVC Jazz Festival in New York. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F5**

JAZZ REVIEW 7/25

International Cast Offers an Engaging Set

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

That jazz has become an international language is no longer news, but seldom has there been a more engaging illustration of the point than can be found this week at the Catalina Bar & Grill under the name of the George Robert Quintet.

Robert, a Swiss-born alto player who now lives in Vancouver, Canada, is the nominal leader, though the star clearly is his featured soloist, trumpeter Clark Terry. In the rhythm section are bassist Isla Eckinger, a Swiss who now lives in Los Angeles, pianist Dado Moroni from Italy and Swiss drummer Peter Schmidlin.

This is, however, no pickup group. The lines played in unison and harmony by Terry and Robert at Tuesday's opening left no doubt that they have spent many nights on the same bandstand. Their arrangement of "Mood Indigo" takes an ingenious form in which every soloist starts slow, then doubles up, then quadruples, before falling back into the original slow beat, creating an infectious sense of tension and release.

"Over the Rainbow" began with Terry scatting—an idiom to which his contribution has been as original and immediately identifiable as his trumpet or fluegelhorn. From there it went into an up-tempo bop line that gave the song a completely de-Garlandized character.

Robert's alto displayed a clean, clear sound and was consistently inventive. The rhythm section was supportive and cohesive, with Moroni in particularly fierce form on "Tepee Time," a blues with a bridge.

Regardless of its diverse origins, this mainstream-cum-bop unit is infectiously successful in getting its cheerfully personal message across. The quintet closes Sunday.

the South African soloist also sang in his gruffly appealing voice and gave generous space to his sidemen, some of whom were heard on his "Uptownship" album.

Variously described as performing jazz-funk, high-life Afro-beat and township bop, Masekela's current group mixes elements from his previous bands, with some valid jazz as well as African and calypso touches.

Sharing the front line on alto sax was Morris Goldberg from Cape Town. He and the Nigerian percussionist Remi Kabaka, with Richard Cummings on keyboards, helped the group coalesce into a valid unit.

As the set reached its "Home to Soweto" climax, part of the crowd stood, clapped and cheered. Masekela encored with an impassioned statement about conditions for blacks in South Africa.

Earlier, Teddy Edwards, long a Southland staple, led his sextet on tenor sax and showcased his own attractive melodies and lyrics, with trumpeter Conte Candoli and trombonist Jimmy Cleveland sharing a strong front line.

Edwards introduced Lisa Nobumoto, a striking singer who turns what could be a negative—her slightly harsh and nasal sound—into a personal plus. Nobumoto's distinctive phrasing and timbre could earn her a significant role on the upcoming vocal scene.

In a strange error of judgment, the L.A. Jazz Choir opened the show. The 12 singers blend well, [illegible] for which director Gerald Eskelin [illegible]phony No. 40 characterized by warm textures and breadth of line and broad pacing. Particularly enjoyable was the way the woodwind parts emerged relaxed and softspoken, not brightly highlighted. The non-observance of the finale's second repeat, leaving one of Mozart's more startling harmonic effects unheard, proved the only blemish.

Masekela Septet Gives a Stirring End to Series

The short jazz series at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion ended Friday on a dramatic note with a stirring performance by Hugh Masekela's septet.

Playing fluegelhorn and cornet, the South African soloist also sang in his gruffly appealing voice and gave generous space to his sidemen, some of whom were heard on his "Uptownship" album.

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In a strange error of judgment, the L.A. Jazz Choir opened the show. The 12 singers blend well, for which director Gerald Eskelin deserves credit. However, the arrangements are corny to the Nth degree (N standing for Nothing New), and the choreography was laughable. To paraphrase a famous denial: If this choir represents jazz in 1991, then grits ain't groceries, eggs ain't poultry, and Mona Lisa was a man.

8/5 —LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Reviews

Frank Capp Returns to Power Juggernaut

The restorative powers of jazz were handily demonstrated on Monday when drummer Frank Capp, only weeks after major heart surgery, resumed his place at the helm of Juggernaut, the ensemble he has co-led with pianist Nat Pierce since 1975.

This was the second in a series of big-band nights in the Blossom Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. Capp and Pierce are half of a driving rhythm section that includes Chuck Berghofer on bass and John Pisano playing rhythm guitar in the Freddie Green tradition.

With "Moten Swing" as the Count-down, the Basie spirit hung buoyantly over the large, somewhat reverberant room.

Other reminders of the legendary Basie book were "Little Pony," now a tenor sax battle for Rickey Woodard and Pete Christlieb; "Shiny Stockings," taken at just the right loping pace, and "Dickie's Dream" a solo vehicle for just about everyone in this star-rich gathering.

Pierce remains the undefeated champion of the Basie impersonators; in an extended blues solo his idol's choice of notes, subtle beat and elliptical humor were flawlessly limned.

Bob Summers was the centerpiece in "I Remember Clifford," his phrases exceptionally long and intelligently constructed. Bill Green's soprano sax brought volatile life to an up-tempo blues. Barbara Morrison, the band's regular vocalist, showed equal charm and authority in ballads ("If It's the Last Thing I Do") and blues ("Never Make Your Move Too Soon").

The Blossom Room still has a sound problem to deal with; additional drapes are needed to make the room less live. Nevertheless, an enthusiastic, near-capacity crowd left no doubt that the series (six more Monday sessions are due) is affirming the existence of an audience for this noble, durable music.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Cunninghams Get a Workout at Lunaria

Don and Alicia Cunningham, who will be a Tuesday-night fixture at Lunaria in West Los Angeles through Aug. 27, have been around the block too many times to let unexpected problems slow them down. The ability to deal with obstacles helped them Tuesday evening, when they had to share a single microphone.

With Don Cunningham switching from percussion to alto sax to vocals, while his wife played piano and shared in the singing, this was not so much a working set as a sprinting match.

The opener, "Calypso Blues," was a pleasant adaptation of Nat King Cole's legendary bongos-and-voice recording.

After a couple of standards on alto sax, played with modest technical equipment but no lack of personality, Cunningham swiftly made his way from stage left to stage right to share the mike with his wife for a vocal duet on Duke Ellington's "What Am I Here For?"

Working without the usual rhythm section, the duo seemed most at ease with jazz standards such as Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite." At one point Cunningham traded phrases with himself—four bars of scat alternating with four on sax. And his wife is a quietly engaging singer who might be well advised to double more often in Spanish or Portuguese instead of scatting so often.

—L.F.

POST-OP: The Basie spirit hung buoyantly over the Blossom Room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel as drummer Frank Capp, only weeks after major heart surgery, resumed his place at the helm of Juggernaut, the ensemble he co-leads with pianist Nat Pierce. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

JAZZ WORKOUT: Don Cunningham switched from percussion to alto sax to vocals, while his wife, Alicia, played piano and sang in a set at Lunaria that saw the duo adeptly conquer technical trouble. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

JAZZ REVIEW

Torme Time Again at Hollywood Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

It's Jazz at the Bowl time again, and to a great extent that phrase has become synonymous with Mel Torme. On Wednesday evening, the jazz world's pre-eminent singer-composer-drummer made his 15th consecutive summer appearance at the Hollywood Bowl.

Since this was basically the same all-Ellington show presented last month at Carnegie Hall and reviewed in these pages, it need only be added that Torme again was in peak form before the crowd of almost 13,000, perhaps even a bit stronger this time thanks to the flawless support of the Bill Berry L.A. Big Band.

The guest role played in New York by Gerry Mulligan was taken over by Bob Cooper on tenor sax, giving Berry a chance to stretch out after being virtually wasted in the opening set by the Lighthouse All-Stars.

Berry's set also was Ellington-directed, opening with "Harlem Airshaft," one of the Duke's most concisely evocatively orchestral works. "Things Ain't What They Used to Be" became a blues vehicle for, among others, trombonist Buster Cooper and trumpeter Rolf Ericson, both Ellington alumni.

Billy Strayhorn, who is becoming more and more a sine qua non of every Ellington performance, was touchingly represented in "Blood Count," his final composition, best known through Stan Getz's poignant performances in his last years, and splendidly handled here on alto saxophone by Jackie Kelso.

For the fourth tune, Berry announced "Rockin' in Rhythm," which he said would be introduced "by the drummer." As the audience slowly realized, the drummer was none other than Torme, who drove the band as no other vocalist-turned-percussionist could.

Take 6, the gospel group that just earned another gold record, offered a short set in which could be detected signs that commercial success has effected a few changes in their performance attitude.

There were a few too many comic gestures and a little more self-conscious showmanship than was seen in their act when they made their lightning ride to prominence a couple of years ago.

Nevertheless, such works as "Get Away Jordan" and "Spread Love" are always a joy, and the a cappella blend is like nothing else on the contemporary scene. There was a strange incongruity, when they inserted "The Star-Spangled Banner" in mid-set, to their incorporation of such exquisite harmonic ideas to correspond with lyrical lines about bombs bursting in air.

The Lighthouse All-Stars played an opening set bogged down by tired arrangements. Despite the presence of Bud Shank on alto sax, Conte Candoli on trumpet and others whose backgrounds are long and distinguished, the group seldom came alive.

TORME TIME: In his 15th consecutive summer appearance at the Hollywood Bowl, Mel Torme was in peak form in an all-Ellington show, stronger even than in a recent Carnegie Hall performance of the same set, thanks to support from the Bill Berry L.A. Big Band. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F20**

8/9

JAZZ REVIEW

Fitzgerald Interprets Essence of Song at Hollywood Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

During the Ella Fitzgerald concert Wednesday evening at the Hollywood Bowl, guitarist Joe Pass played Harold Arlen's "My Shining Hour." It could have been the theme song for the entire evening. Shining hours for Fitzgerald, for Pass, and for the 17,941 Fitzgerald faithful.

Yes, she moved slowly, helped by the arm of her pianist Mike Wofford, and yes, she sang seated on a high stool, but, once in place, her performance called for no comparisons and no apologies.

This elegant, gracious lady, who made her first record in 1935 with Chick Webb's band, has retained the qualities that established her more than half a century ago as the definitive jazz and pop singer.

Her jazz credentials were promptly evidenced as she opened with her sublimation of a trivial 1930s ditty, "Goody Goody." There was also her wordless version of the "Sanford & Son" theme, and a cheerful be-bop runaround on "Lemon Drop."

As an interpreter of ballads and pop standards, she brings out all the melodic and lyrical essence in "Get Out of Town" (with subliminal help from Wofford) for a bilingual treatment of "Agua de Beber." Her range is unimpaired; she can still swoop through two octaves (downward or upward) within an eight-bar stanza.

It has been suggested that Fitzgerald's talent stops short of the blues, yet in "Alright, Okay, You Win" and her long workout on "St. Louis Blues," she made it clear that no idiom is a foreign territory to her. From Cole Porter to Charlie Parker, she has been there and back.

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

Ella Fitzgerald at the Bowl: Sti definitive after all these years

Emotionally, she surprised no and then. At one point in "Goo Morning Heartache," she almo shouted the title phrase, bringin to it the exact mix of anger an resignation the lyric calls for.

Wofford's trio offered the ide setting, with bassist Keter Bet (her sideman since the 1960s) an the discreetly sympathetic drum mer Bobby Durham.

Pass, a frequent Fitzgerald part ner, is the ultimate guitar virtuos swinging implacably on "It's Wonderful World" and investin "Summertime" with shifts of moo key and tempo. His brief solo a was followed by a few duo num bers with Fitzgerald that brough the evening to a peak of spontane ity.

L.A. Times 7/21/91

★★★★

CLEO LAINE

"Jazz"

RCA

Laine's credentials as a jazz singer have been debated, but there is no question about the value of the company she keeps here—and no disagreement over the way the highly regarded musicians help steer her in the right direction.

Toots Thielemans on harmonica and Gerry Mulligan on baritone sax are heard in vocal versions of their own tunes "Bluesette" and "Walking Shoes." Clark Terry revives Ellingtonian memories with "Just a Sittin' and a-Rockin'." The other guests include Jane Ira Bloom on soprano saxophone and Mark Whitfield on guitar.

Arranger-saxophonist John Dankworth is a key factor, as always, in his wife's success, as she applies her smoky timbre and broad British A's to "Midnight Song," "I Told You So" (an intriguing song by Duncan Lamont) and the Dankworths' own "Won't You Tell Me Why." This set has unusual jazz-to-pop crossover potential. —LEONARD FEATHER

In Brief

★★★★ **Steve Kuhn, "Oceans in the Sky,"** Owl Records. Like a musical Midas, pianist Kuhn makes wondrous melodies of whatever he plays, whether it's the tender "The Music That Makes Me Dance" or a frisky, muscular take of Kenny Dorham's "Lotus Blossom." He can be provocative without being distant, or he can be uncompromisingly romantic, as on the luscious "Theme for Ernie." Bassist Miroslav Vitous and drummer Aldo Romano are the buoyant rhythm partners. —Z.S.

★★★★ **Milt Hinton, "Old Man Time,"** Chiaroscuro Records. This two-CD package is virtually an aural autobiography as the bassist, now 80, surrounds himself with many peers, friends and former colleagues in a loving tribute. In tapings from various sessions, Hinton plays, sings and raps with Doc Cheatham, Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Williams, Cab Calloway, Lionel Hampton and Danny Barker. The notes are unique: hosannas from 57 other bass players. —L.F.

★★★½ **Brian Lynch, "In Process,"** Ken Records. Recorded just a few days after the death of Art Blakey, in whose band Lynch had played, this album finds the trumpeter in the forward-looking yet hard-bop-rooted company of fellow Blakey alumni. The four Lynch originals offer encouraging evidence of his development as a composer, though his best solo work is heard on the standards "I Should Care" and "So in Love." —L.F.

7/29

TV REVIEW

'Vaughan' Is Divinely Done on PBS

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

'Sarah Vaughan: The Divine One," to be seen this evening at 9 on KPBS Channel 15 and at 10 on KCET Channel 28, is part of the "American Masters" series and will unquestionably bring it added luster.

Tracing the story of an artist who began as a teen-age band vocalist with Earl Hines but went on to acclaim as the owner of one of this century's most glorious voices, producers Toby Byron and Richard Saylor and director Matthew Seig manage to avoid most of the traps that too often limit the impact of these musical biographies.

There is an ideal balance between music and conversation, between old black-and-white clips and later color shots in many settings. Instead of mouthing clichés, the speakers (occasionally including Vaughan) have something of value to say. Most eloquent are her pianist, George Gaffney; singer Joe Williams; her long-ago boss, Billy Eckstine; her mother, Ada, and very notably her daughter Paris, who is articulate and analytical.

The
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"Sarah Vaughan: The Divine One" is a riveting hour on the late singer, shown early on in her long career in 1949 and later in 1980.

her weakness for hanging out, boozing and smoking reduce the beauty of her performances. Her offstage manner could be less than divine ("I can out-cuss Popeye the Sailor Man," she tells Dick Cavett), but musicians loved her because on the road she was like one of the boys.

Here is Sassy at the piano singing "Once in a While"; Sassy in
lim and pretty, singing
tee," and later in a sym-
setting for "Someone to Watch Over Me." Later comes a duet with Eckstine and, of course, for a heart-rending climax, "Send in the Clowns."

This riveting hour shows just how Vaughan evolved, visually and vocally; it will leave the viewer with a mixture of joy that this wondrous memento exists and sorrow at the loss of which it reminds us.

■ *"Sarah Vaughan: The Divine One" also will be broadcast at 9 p.m. Tuesday on KOCE Channel 50.*

Her Key to Success

At 57, singer-pianist Shirley Horn wins acclaim for 'You Won't Forget Me'—thanks to some guests and her own accompaniment

By LEONARD FEATHER

Success in music tends to arrive early—if ever.

For every artist who achieves hit records and international acclaim after the age of 30, there are dozens who find success not long after turning 20. Harry Connick Jr., the Marsalis family and Joey de Francesco come to mind.

That's what makes Shirley Horn's current success one of the most dramatic stories of the year in jazz.

Horn, 57, has long enjoyed the respect of her peers, having been praised by such notables as Quincy Jones and Miles Davis. But the singer-pianist did not come close to a hit before her latest Verve Records album, "You Won't Forget Me," which topped the national jazz charts for seven straight weeks.

The album—which features guest appearances by some of the hottest names in jazz, including Davis, Wynton and Branford Marsalis and harmonica virtuoso Toots Thielemans—has also been hailed by critics. Don Heckman, in his review for The Times, called her a "superb pianist" and "arguably one of the finest jazz singers in the world today."

BERNIE BOSTON / Los Angeles Times

Singer-pianist Shirley Horn: "I need to hear my own chords and set my own tempos—in fact, nobody knows how to play for me except me."

that the Village Vanguard hire her to open for him. Later, John Levy, then managing George Shearing and Joe Williams, was sufficiently impressed to persuade Mercury Records to sign Horn. She recorded three albums for the label, beginning in 1963.

Horn got into singing professionally by accident one night when an inebriated patron in a Washington club asked her to sing "Melancholy Baby." She continued to slowly add vocals to her performances, though she considered herself primarily a pianist.

But the singing so impressed Mercury executives that they turned "Loads of Love," her debut for the label, into a strictly vocal showcase and hired other pianists to accompany her.

"They put me in this little closet with a microphone, and I nearly went ape," she recalls. "It was truly a petrifying experience. The pianists they chose were good, but I need to hear my own chords and set my own tempos—in fact, nobody knows how to play for me except me."

Her next album, "Shirley Horn With Horns," produced the same year for Mercury by Quincy Jones, was also recorded with

Shirley Horn

Continued from Page 56

until 1989; it went largely unnoticed.

The current upswing began later in 1987 when she signed with Verve Records. Her first album, "I Thought About You," was recorded in May of that year at the Vine St. Bar & Grill in Hollywood. Ron Berinstein, owner of the club and producer of the album, remembers the sessions with fondness.

"It was one of the most amazing experiences I've ever had with a recording artist," says the man who has also produced albums by Joe Williams, Marlena Shaw and Nina Simone. "She has a perfect sense of time. If we repeated a tune, even if she might have varied the tempo from slow to fast to medium, it was exactly the same every time. It was as if she had a metronome buried in her heart. And yet she would sound beautifully spontaneous."

"I Thought About You" and the follow-up album, 1989's "Close Enough for Love," produced by Verve vice president Richard Seidel, did moderately well, building a foundation for the breakthrough this year with "You Won't Forget Me."

Though Horn's own talent is what eventually hooked listeners, the presence of Miles Davis, the Marsalises, et al. certainly helped draw attention to the album.

Horn smiles at the mention of Davis' participation in the album.

"I called him and said, 'Listen, you have to do this because I want it,'" Horn says. "He moaned and groaned and hemmed and hawed, then I said, 'You must do this because you love me.' So he did it."

Asked to comment on her changed career, Horn is typically direct:

"How do I feel? Tired, of course, but it's worth it. I'm just happy to be sitting at that piano. In my career, the thing that's been important to me has not been money or prestige but that I had the respect of other musicians." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

8/8

AN APPRECIATION

A Truly Unforgettable Voice

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The voice of Jeri Southern is a sound that's hard to forget.

Southern, who died Sunday of pneumonia—a day before her 65th birthday—came up in an era when there was still a place for her kind of low-key artistry. Both as a pianist and a singer, she could be mesmerizing. Everyone from Frank Sinatra on down knew and raved about her.

Her recording heyday was the 1950s, when she made the single "You Better Go Now"—her only real hit—along with the albums "Southern Hospitality," "Jeri Sings Cole Porter" and "When Your Heart's on Fire," which was recently reissued on a Decca CD. As former Times arts editor Charles Champlin recalled: "That smoky sound and that special way with lyrics made her just perfect for intimate clubs. She was one of the true originals."

Southern, who was from a small town—Royal, Neb.—was a schooled musician with 15 years of classical training, a brilliant composer who planned to have her original work for viola da gamba recorded.

In general, though, Southern did not possess a strong drive toward success. Public appearances were anathema to her. Her shyness led to total withdrawal. By the mid-1960s she was staying home, teaching voice and piano.

A few months ago, she called me to enthuse about a young protégé, David Silverman, then singing and playing at the club in Burbank. After seeing him perform, her enthusiasm seemed justified.

"What's so ironic," Silverman said yesterday, "is that Jeri had finally decided to go back into the studio to make a piano solo album of songs by Arthur Schwartz. She even had the studio booked."

Jeri Southern: 1926-1991

Added Mel Torme, another of her fans: "I had enormous admiration for her. She was one of those people like Shirley Horn, Sarah Vaughan and Blossom Dearie. In other words, along with a fine singer we truly lost a wonderful musician."

8/14

JAZZ REVIEW

Holman Gives Old Standards a New Look

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

For the next-to-the-last session in the successful series of Monday big-band nights at the Roosevelt Hotel's Blossom Room, Bill Holman reassembled the orchestra he has led, all too intermittently, over the past couple of decades.

Once a serious name-band tenor sax player, Holman gave up the horn to concentrate on composing and arranging, which he handles with a rare combination of ingenuity, verve and wit.

All those qualities—and more—are needed to take a nondescript old tune like Alfred Newman's "Moon of Manakoora" and convert it into something extraordinary, through a deft use of voicings, shifts in rhythms and melodic lines, and spirited solo interludes.

Holman's sense of humor lifted "Just Friends" out of the ranks of most overworked standards, turning it into one of his perennial crowd pleasers with a chart written almost entirely for the brass and saxophone sections to play in unison.

His reworking of Frank Rosolino's waltz "Blue Daniel" and Sonny Rollins' "Airegin" displayed the same idiosyncratic personality. Another Rollins piece, "Saint Thomas," became a little too clever by losing the West Indian flavor along the way.

The Holman originals—"No Joy in Mudville," "Primrose Path," and an inspired slow blues called "I Didn't Ask"—brought this brilliant writer's essence clearly into focus.

Each horn section featured at least one outstanding soloist: Bob Summers on trumpet and fluegelhorn, Bob Enevoldsen on valve trombone, plus three more Bobs in the sax section—Cooper on tenor, Efford on baritone and the underrated Militello on alto.

The Monday series ends next week with a show featuring the John Clayton-Jeff Hamilton Orchestra.

8/16

TV REVIEW

Sounds of Brazilian Pop on Bravo

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Milton Nascimento, the multitalented, Rio-born singer and songwriter, brings his highly personal brand of expressive Brazilian sounds to an hourlong presentation at 7 and 11:30 tonight on the Bravo cable channel.

Taped at the 1990 Montreal Jazz Festival, where the crowd in the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier received him by acclamation, Nascimento leads a seven-piece band, heavy on percussion, along with keyboards and electric bass.

The program consists of his original works of the caliber that brought him his first fame at the 1967 International Pop Song Festival. Singing, occasionally whistling, humming or simply lapsing into a la-la-la-la finale, he accompanies himself on guitar at times but relies heavily on the band, sometimes leaving the guitar in order to strut around.

Singer-guitarist Milton Nascimento will be heard tonight on Bravo.

The arrangements blend elements of jazz, salsa, miscellaneous Latin America forms and world music. Nascimento leans more on personality than vocal orthodoxy, though in the less hectic numbers, such as "Cais" (for which he plays keyboard) and the fast waltz "San Vincente," his charm is sufficient.

Wayne Shorter, his old friend on whose "Native Dancer" record he was featured in 1974, shows up with his soprano sax for the sixth tune and remains on stage, building from simple starts to dramatic climaxes.

8/15

JAZZ REVIEW

Linda Hopkins' Cinegrill Blues

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The crowd at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel's Cinegrill wouldn't let her go, and singer Linda Hopkins didn't want to leave. So, her opening show Tuesday stretched from an hour to 90 minutes, with three encores.

Hopkins, who has a million-watt smile and indefatigable energy, took off her shoes after the first song, perhaps the better to plant her feet in the soil of the blues. From "Drown in My Own Tears" to "Route 66," she put the age-old idiom through its every pace.

"Deep in the Night" began with an impassioned monologue. Salutes to such colleagues as Aretha Franklin ("Dr. Feelgood"), Ray Charles ("What'd I Say") and the Cheathams ("Meet Me With Your Black Drawers On") were delivered with the effervescence, bravado and the occasional falsetto squeals long associated with the singer, who is making her first local appearance in three years since her tenure in the Broadway musical "Black and Blue."

Hopkins performed poignantly on a gospel roundup of "Amazing Grace" and "Precious Lord"—delivered with a reminder of her faith and roots. On "Shake a Hand" she toured the room, shaking hands.

Other encores reflected her Bessie Smith influences. One, "Ginger a Pigfoot," was so spontaneous that the band didn't know it, so she had to work it almost a cappella.

Aside from that lapse, her quartet—Bobby Pierce on keyboard, Robert Kyle on tenor sax, Leroy Ball on bass and Gregg Field on drums—was perfectly attuned to all requirements.

She plays through Saturday.

8-18-91
L.A. TIMES

POP MUSIC

Nat King Cole Was an Unforgettable Pianist Too

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nat King Cole's music is back on top of the nation's record charts, thanks to daughter Natalie's interpretations of many of her father's hits from the '40s and '50s.

But only one side of her father's music is saluted on "Unforgettable," her current album: the singer of such smooth, mostly pop-flavored ballads, including "Mona Lisa," "Smile," "Nature Boy," "Lush Life" and "Too Young."

There is another, equally significant side to Nat King Cole. Decades ago, he was one of the seminal jazz pianists of his day.

Far from subsiding, the debate over the heart of Cole's talent and appeal has resurfaced—not only on the strength of his daughter's album but also in the pages of Leslie Gourse's book "Unforgettable: The Life and Mystique of Nat King Cole." The book, just published by St. Martin's Press, sets the pianist-singer's career in a much-needed perspective.

It's not unusual for great instrumentalists to be overshadowed by their later vocal success. Jazz artists from Louis Armstrong in the 1920s to Cole in the '40s and George Benson in the '70s achieved vast followings by playing down their original roles as instrumentalists.

Born Nathaniel Adams Coles on St. Patrick's Day, 1917, in Montgomery, Ala., Cole (he dropped the *s* from his name when he was 19) was the son of the Rev. Edward James Coles Sr., deacon of the Beulah Baptist Church. His three brothers were all musical. One, Ike, plays piano briefly on Natalie's current album. Another, Eddie, was the bassist and leader of a band in which Nat made his recording debut, playing piano, in 1936. Freddie is also a pianist and singer and has appeared in the Los Angeles area.

The family moved to Chicago when Nat was 4. By age 12, he was playing organ and singing in a church where his father was the pastor. After studying music in high school, he played with local groups before leaving on tour at 19 to lead the band in a revived version of Eubie Blake's musical show "Shuffle Along."

Whereas he studied the piano zealously, his singing was almost incidental. The very first trio records for a small label in 1938 (reissued on Savoy) reveal a casual, jazz-inflected voice that improved over the years in relaxation and phrasing. He could swing through a few choruses of "Route 66," then bring a gentle beauty to "For Sentimental Reasons."

Los Angeles Times

Nat King Cole in 1964: An award-winner as a pianist.

As a pianist, Cole displayed a rhythmic buoyancy recalling the incisive Earl (Fatha) Hines, whom he had idolized during his teen years. Cole won the coveted Gold Award in the Esquire magazine 1946 jazz poll and the Silver Award in 1947. His piano-guitar-bass trio also claimed Down Beat magazine's award for best small combo from 1944 to 1947.

Both of Cole's talents are featured in a recently released five-CD set, "The Jazz Collectors' Edition: Nat King Cole—the Trio Recordings," on LaserLight Records. Of the 78 cuts—most recorded in the early to mid-'40s—27 are instrumental, while the 51 vocal numbers all include piano solos. On "After You've Gone," "Swinging the Blues" and even a non-vocal version of "Sweet Lorraine," Cole is revealed as a soloist of indomitable vitality.

The oft-repeated story that Cole began singing when a drunk in a bar requested "Sweet Lorraine" is probably apocryphal. True, after he was stranded in Los Angeles when a show with which he had been touring folded, Cole worked mainly as a pianist in clubs in Southern California. "I played every beer joint from San Diego to Bakersfield," he once said.

But he eventually discovered that his vocal talent was the fastest and easiest route to success. Cole's tender, soothing vocal quality transcended all racial considerations. He helped prove, along with Billy Eckstine, that a black could sing love songs that had mass appeal.

After the popularity of such tunes as "Nature Boy" (1948) and "Mona Lisa" (1950), Cole began to be featured in orchestral settings, and the trio slowly faded into the background. Still, he continued to play piano. As late as 1956 he recorded—with his trio, a drummer, and four jazz soloists—an album reissued by Capitol on CD as "The Complete After Midnight Sessions."

As a singer, Cole had a magical power, but as a pianist, he was near genius. It's important that we don't forget this less-heralded aspect of his artistry. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

8/18

★★★

NAT ADDERLEY

"In the Bag"

Jazzland

In this 1962 New Orleans session, cornetist Nat and brother Julian (Cannonball) Adderley recorded with three musicians whose work mirrored the blues essence found in so much of the music from this rich region: the earthy tenor sax soloist Nat Perilliat, drummer James Black and pianist Ellis Marsalis, father of the then-20-month-old Branford and 7-month-old Wynton.

Delights are plentiful on this unpretentious blues-funk-bop mélange. Black wrote two of the tunes; another New Orleans jazzman, clarinetist Alvin Battiste, contributed a pair, and Nat Adderley brought in four. One of these, a ballad called "R.S.V.P.," he co-wrote with Marsalis, whose hard-cooking piano here is fully mature.

Except for two short, pseudo-funk items at the end—originally released in a failed attempt to land a hit single—these are high-grade examples of a brand of small-group jazz that was the hot idiom of its day. Almost three decades later, it still sounds spirited and fresh. —LEONARD FEATHER

8-18-91

★★½ **Andre Previn & Pals, "Pal Joey,"** Contemporary. This was the third in a series of show-tune jazz albums by the team of Previn and drummer Shelly Manne—the first, "My Fair Lady," was the No. 1 jazz LP of 1957. The Richard Rodgers tunes in "Pal Joey" yielded only two standards—"I Could Write a Book" and "Bewitched." The other tunes, mostly unfamiliar, have little value as jazz vehicles, but Previn and Manne, with Red Mitchell on bass, do a capable job of upgrading them. Previn's slow, easy take on "It's a Great Big Town" reminds us that jazz was, and today still remains, more than a tongue-in-cheek sideline for him. —L.F.

Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to five (a classic).

JAZZ REVIEW

9/23

Sonny Rollins Leads Sonic Assault on Redondo Beach

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"I can feel my hearing going," said one respected saxophonist in the audience at the Strand in Redondo Beach, where tenor-sax veteran Sonny Rollins was providing an assault on 500 pairs of eardrums.

Rollins, one of the giants of jazz in the 1950s and '60s, has evolved into an ear-piercing musical jokester who seems to delight in putting on unsophisticated audiences. It took him an hour Thursday to get through three tunes, including "Why Was I Born," for which he was the sole soloist, plowing through a dozen choruses and "Duke of Iron," one of his calypso themes.

Ten minutes into "Someone to Watch Over Me," Rollins embarked on an endless series of unaccompanied, unrelated, stream-of-self-consciousness quotations, tossing in everything from "Oh Susannah" and "On Top of Old Smokey" to "Le Marseillaise." Using a sound enhancer (if that is the word for it) attached to his horn, he displayed no dynamic contrasts whatsoever.

Electronics having been so significant in musical circles during the last two or three decades, it is sad to find it abused in this manner, doubly so when the abuser is an artist of Rollins' stature.

His band includes such superior soloists as Clifton Anderson on trombone, Mark Soxkin on piano and Jerome Harris on guitar, but their solos did not quite atone for the overkill and over-comic indulgences of their leader.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 8/21

Jazz Reviews

Clayton-Hamilton Band Ends Hotel Series

The eighth and final session Monday in the big band series at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel's Blossom Room succeeded on every level: a record-breaking crowd, a superlative ensemble—the Clayton-Hamilton Orchestra—and a couple of surprises, notably pianist Dudley Moore sitting in, and emcee Steve Allen playing one of his own songs with the band.

John Clayton conducts, writes all the arrangements, and occasionally picks up his bass to play a bowed solo; his "Li'l Darlin' " was a gem. His partners, brother Jeff Clayton on saxes and Jeff Hamilton on drums, are central figures in a group that reflects the band's separate and collective values, whether in an entirely orchestrated chart like "Heart and Soul" or a vehicle for wild improvisation, such as "Blues Blowers' Blues," for which all five reed players were featured on tenor saxes.

In the Duke Ellington tradition, Clayton writes to fit the personalities of his soloists. "Sashay," a tune by trumpeter Oscar Brashear, provided a perfect framework for the horn man, whose solo was a model of spontaneity, beautifully buttressed by Clayton's scoring.

Similarly well suited was the arrangement of "Georgia," showcasing Rickey Woodard on tenor. "Take the A Train," with Jeff Clayton's alto front and center, was amusingly slowed down; had it been any slower it would never have reached Columbus Circle.

Clayton's rarely perceptible feet of clay surfaced in a boringly overarranged, drum-heavy version of Hoagy Carmichael's "Little Old Lady." More to the point was a "Body and Soul" designed to present Bill Green on soprano sax.

The success of this series (which will be resumed a few months hence) would seem to prove that the big band form is as viable as ever, particularly when men of Clayton-Hamilton's stature are involved.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Walter Norris Is Cookin' at Culver City Bakery

The Bakery, a large new room at 3221 Hutchison Ave. in Culver City where singer Ruth Price will produce concert-style presentations, was the scene Sunday evening of an extraordinary recital by the pianist Walter Norris.

Had he not been based in Berlin since 1977, where he is a teacher, Norris by now might well have been acclaimed as a world-class virtuoso.

Possessed of a demonic technique and a rare harmonic imagination, he divides his time between the original works, mocked by the ever-shifting iridescence of his chordal concepts, and versions of standard tunes that he elevates to new levels of sophistication.

One should not expect from Norris any hint of bop, stride, swing or any other standard idiom, but rather the visionary, impressionistic products of an imagination that may owe more to Debussy or Ravel than to Tatum or Waller.

Typical are such pieces as his own "Thumbs Out" or "Waltz for Walt," written by Minako Tanahashi-Tokuyama, who studied with him in Berlin.

More accessible for some listeners were " 'Round Midnight," with its rococo runs and counterpunches, and a florid rubato version of John Coltrane's "Naima."

There were moments when Norris needed to loosen up a little; his elaborations on "All the Things You Are" would have benefited had he allowed this 50-year-old jazz standard to swing. Nor did it seem necessary to pluck at the piano strings, an effect that almost never works.

Nevertheless, Norris is a consummate artist whose absence from these shores, except for the occasional visit to record an album, has established him as the music world's most unjustly ignored expatriate.

—L. F.

The Other Side of André Previn

8/26/91

SAN DIEGO—Once a jazzman, always a jazzman.

That was the conclusion to be drawn from the sold-out concert at Copley Symphony Hall on Saturday, when André Previn, who has spent almost all of the past quarter-century far-removed from the worlds that brought him fame, presented his only West Coast jazz concert of the year—a benefit for the La Jolla Chamber Music Society.

This was Chapter 3 on the pianist's jazz comeback trail. His first instrumental jazz album in more than two decades was so well received last year that Previn recorded a second, with Ray Brown on bass and the perennially elegant Mundell Lowe replacing Joe Pass on guitar. The third album will be a live recording of Saturday's concert, with Lowe and Brown again on hand.

From the opening "But Not for Me," it was clear that Previn—who was musical director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic from 1986-89—has not lost the delicacy of his jazz touch, and is seldom bereft of that swinging element without which, as Duke Ellington informed us many decades ago, it don't mean a thing.

The three men, all now in their 60s and products of the swing-to-bop transitional years, jelled consistently on such up-tempo cookers as "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Sweet Georgia Brown."

The solo numbers in a ballad medley—"Darn That Dream," "Here's That Rainy Day" and "Polka Dots and Moonbeams"—were played respectively and respectfully by Lowe, Brown and Previn.

The second half brought another medley, "The Bad and the Beautiful" and "Laura," by David Raksin, who was in the house.

A surprise entry was a pair of John Green standards, "Out of Nowhere" and "Body and Soul," played gracefully by Tom Stevens, a trumpeter with the Los Angeles Philharmonic whom Previn had overheard playing jazz.

Whether in his occasional solo numbers or in spirited unity with his colleagues, Previn left no doubt that regardless of those long years of conducting, he and the mighty Boesendorfer were made for each other. Those sly, momentary shifts of melody into a "wrong" key are a typical Previn trait.

In fact, a mental search for influences—does he suggest traces of Oscar Peterson . . . Bill Evans . . . Herbie Hancock?—brought one to the pleasant conclusion that he simply sounds like André Previn.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★½ James Moody, "Honey," Novus/RCA. At age 66, Moody remains a cheerfully creative innovator. He makes a surprise switch to soprano sax on several cuts, showing the same mastery he has long displayed on other horns. "It Might as Well Be Spring" is a duet on alto sax with the propulsive pianist Kenny Barron; "Look Into My Eyes" pairs Moody's tenor with Todd Coolman's bass.

—L. F.

8-26-91

Unforgettable, Too

Cole's Tribute Twice as Vivid in Person

BY LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Unforgettable.

It seems like an obvious opening description for Natalie Cole's concert at the Universal Amphitheatre, but it is more than just the hit song from her new collection of her father's songs. It describes the very experience of having been at the concert.

What was so impressive on the record, as a romantic and joyful celebration of her father's music, came across twice as vividly in person Friday night.

Cole left no doubt that this is the music she believes in, and will continue to sing now that she has shown the size of the audience it can attract. This event was sold out well in advance; as one observer commented: "It has attracted people my age, and people like my daughter and my grandson too."

Opening, as she did in the album, with "The Very Thought of You," Natalie ran the Nat King Cole gamut from 1943 ("Straighten' Up and Fly Right") to 1964 ("L-O-V-E").

Strikingly attractive in a white gown, she matched her visual charm with a voice that was flawlessly suited to each song: richly romantic on the ballads ("For Sentimental Reasons," "Tenderly," "Autumn Leaves"), strongly jazz-oriented on "Route 66" and "Avalon." She even scatted for a few moments here and there.

The presentation inevitably leaned on memories, but Cole confined her remarks to brief recollections: How Billy Strayhorn brought "Lush Life" to her dad, how Dinah Washington and Etta James shared his success with their own versions of "At Last."

She also spoke briefly about the King Cole Trio, and for a few tunes was backed by a group not unlike her father's: George Gaffney on piano, Harold Jones on drums, John Chiodini on guitar, Jim Hughart on bass.

Too often, Cole had the support of an enormous orchestra. Sometimes the dozens of strings, saxes, brass and rhythm, conducted by Charles Floyd, seemed appropriate, but there were passages in "Nature Boy" and a few others where the syrupy strings were a mite too glutenous.

Nothing, however, could lessen the impact of Natalie Cole, who, like her father

Please see COLE, F6

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Natalie Cole leans on memories at Universal Amphitheatre but limits her remarks to such brief recollections as how Billy Strayhorn brought "Lush Life" to her dad.

JAZZ

COLE: Unforgettable Concert at Universa

Continued from F1

decades ago, is completely at home in every setting. As her finale, she traded phrases with Nat himself as he was seen in a film clip of "Unforgettable" and in snapshots with his wife and family, including baby Natalie. The standing ovation elicited by this unique duet led to an ingenious medley, one that linked her version of a Nat Cole hit, "Too Young," with her own hit single, "Inseparable."

For half an hour before Cole's set, a small group led by Pete Christlieb on tenor sax, with Conte Candoli on trumpet, played a few boppish tunes that never managed, despite capable performances, to make an impression on a crowd impatient to hear the star.

Cole quite simply established this as a memorable evening. What Linda Ronstadt did well enough as a side venture, Cole has done to perfection on what promises to be her main street from now on.

It is astonishing that the No. 1 jazz album in the country reached No. 1 on the pop charts earlier this month—has anyone but Bobby McFerrin ever achieved that dual victory?—and doubly rewarding that this top slot is owned by someone we can now claim as the No. 1 singer.

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Natalie Cole matches visual charm with a voice suited to each song.

9/15

Appealing Raney

Raney: An overlooked singer.

she is one of our most overlooked and under-appreciated singers.

The backing on this album is notable, not only for the presence of ace pianist Alan Broadbent but also for the addition on several

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REVIEWS IN BRIEF
New releases by David
Badd, Donna Summer a

★★★½

SUE RANEY

"In Good Company"

Discovery

Singer Raney's strength is as a ballad specialist, and on several tunes here—including "My Foolish Heart" and " 'Tis Autumn"—she displays that tenderly appealing side of her artistry.

Raney does have a couple of vocal quirks: a tendency to scoop tones upward and a habit of adding *h*'s to certain words (*and* becomes *hand*). Yet at her best

In Brief

★★★★ Geoff Keezer, "Here and Now." Blue Note. The 20-year-old pianist, who at 18 joined Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, is developing as composer and interpreter. He names John Coltrane and Wayne Shorter as inspirations for his originals and pays homage to Ellington with Duke's "Agra" from the "Far East Suite." Keezer's group includes the promising Steve Nelson on vibes and Keezer's former Blakey partner Donald Harrison on alto sax. —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★ Elmo Hope, "Trio and Quintet." Blue Note. Hope (1923-67) was a promising pianist cut from the Bud Powell mold whose life was destroyed by heroin. The 10 trio cuts represent him well—he wrote most of that material. The quintet dates—one in 1954 with Frank Foster in some boldly assertive tenor, the other in 1957 with a West Coast group including Harold Land—are lucid, punching exercises in the best hard-bop tradition of the day. —L.F.

Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.

LOS ANGELES TIMES/CALENDAR

8/24

JAZZ

L.A. Times 8-25-91

Eclectic 'Blues' From Wynton Marsalis

★★★★

WYNTON MARSALIS

"Soul Gestures in Southern Blue"

Columbia

NEW RELEASES

In the introduction to the incredibly prolix liner notes by Stanley Crouch, this three-CD set is called a "blues cycle." A better description: a richly rewarding series of compositions, all but three by Marsalis, notable for the evocative, suspensefully moody character of the music rather than any strong blues essence. Except for a few tracks, he concentrates on harmonic ventures that are alien to the realm of the blues.

Marsalis recorded these three discs—"Thick in the South," "Uptown Ruler" and "Levee Low Moan"—in 1987-88 (the delayed release is unexplained). He exercises firm control over the general tone of the collection and seemingly over the improvisational approach of his soloists, notably pianist Marcus Roberts and tenor saxophonist Todd Williams.

ED HILLE

On Wynton Marsalis' three-CD "blues cycle," sensuality and sensitivity permeate a richly rewarding series of compositions.

It's been said that in recent years, Marsalis has been looking back from his early Miles Davis image to swing and traditional directions, in the process bypassing be-bop. At the time these three discs were recorded, Marsalis had yet to make that stylistic change.

Both as composer and trumpeter, Marsalis is at a contemporary peak here. He's very eclectic, using diverse meters (3/4, 5/4, 7/4) and modes. He even borrows from a Beethoven string quartet theme. He dips into 12-tone usage on one piece and builds another on a basic chord that moves through 12 keys.

Marsalis worked with unprecedented detail in conceiving and organizing this project. Examples: the subtle textures of "Harriet Tubman," the gliding in and out of quasi-blues structures on "Eleven"—one of two numbers in which Elvin Jones plays drums—and the much-needed contrasts of the cheerful "Down Home With Homey," one of the few fast-tempo compositions.

As a trumpeter, Marsalis has learned what to do with his singular gifts. Instead of velocity we often hear the virtues of simplicity. Sensuality and sensitivity dominate where technical sensationalism once sometimes intruded.

In assessing "Soul Gestures in Southern Blue," one would be wiser to ignore the "blues cycle" premise and accept these discs on other merits, such as the compositional statements and improvisational forays that epitomize the creative sophistication of the past decade. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Mingus' 'Epitaph' Premieres at Hollywood Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The West Coast premiere of Charles Mingus' "Epitaph," heard Wednesday at the Hollywood Bowl as performed by a 31-piece orchestra with Gunther Schuller conducting, has been variously advertised as Mingus' "symphony," a "monumental work" and a "lifetime composition" that took him 30 years to complete.

That it fits none of these characterizations is not surprising when one considers the extent to which it was adapted, revised, added to and subtracted from over the years by Schuller, Andrew Homzy and possibly others. "Memos From Mingus" might have been a more apt title for the work, supposedly 18 or 19 sections long and running to more than two hours in its original form.

As heard Wednesday, it consisted of 80 minutes and nine parts, whose relationship to one another in most cases was either nonexistent or difficult to determine on this single hearing.

Originally known as a master bassist, Mingus became a composer who, had he been well disciplined and more versed in the art of orchestration along the lines of Duke Ellington, whom he idolized, could well have produced a cohesive masterpiece. What Schuller presented was as short on interrelationship as it was on memorable themes.

Soon after the main statement came a passage billed as "Started Melody," actually a complex series of variations on the chords of "I Can't Get Started." This led to a revision of "Better Get It in Your Soul," a single track from a 1959 Mingus album.

Later came "Monk Bunk, and Vice Versa," its main theme strongly reminiscent of Thelonious Monk's "Well, You Needn't." Next was "Wolverine Blues," which was actually composed and recorded by Jelly Roll Morton in 1923, the year after Mingus was born.

Which, then, was this—symphony or synthesis? Perhaps more compilation than composition? Yet there were moments, particularly in a passage that seemed to be called "Interlude," when skill and beauty was displayed in the writing and arranging.

Scattered through the work were many improvised solos by Craig Handy on saxophone, Joel Locke on vibes and Kirk Lightsey on piano, among others. One movement even involved a recitative, "This Mule Ain't From Moscow."

Mingus, who died in 1979, evidently had a dream of becoming the next Ellington. Had he lived and concentrated more fully on organized personal creativity, perhaps his unfinished dream might have come closer to realization.

Opening for "Epitaph" was a trio set, possibly the weakest ever presented by one of the finest saxophonists of the contemporary scene, Branford Marsalis. With no piano, a great but often excessive drummer and compositions of little or no melodic interest, Marsalis fell far below his normal high standards. Attendance was 10,634.

SUNDAY 9-1-91 L.A. TIMES

BARBARA DENNERLEIN

German Organist Pumps You Up

Barbara Dennerlein, the exceptional 26-year-old organist from Munich, Germany, has long been a champion of the Hammond B-3, but it wasn't until she added synthesizers to the instrument a few years ago that she was able to reproduce all the sounds she heard in her head.

"I am a great Hammond fan, but it's always been my dream to blend its sound with the synthesizer," Dennerlein said in an interview from Germany.

"For a long time this was not possible—you had to use them separately—but now I use a MIDI, and it enables me to get more of a contrabass sound on my bass pedals," she said, referring to the musical instrument digital interface that enables her Hammond and her synthesizers to, in essence, talk to each other.

Dennerlein took up the organ at age 12. "When I started to play organ," she said, "I always used the foot pedals [to play a bass line]; I never played the bass line with my hands the way some musicians do."

Her approach can be heard on her recent "Hot Stuff" album on Enja Records, a release in which she explore such genres as Latin, jazz, rock and funk. Her combinations here are revelations. On the 10-minute title tune, she pumps out extraordinary effects, achieving a new level of dynamic and tonal variety.

"The synthesizer by itself doesn't work—there is no heart, no soul," said Dennerlein, who cites organist Larry Young as her chief influence. "But this way it really comes off."

SSIRUS W. PAKZAD

Dennerlein: Hammond meets synthesizer on "Hot Stuff."

Dennerlein's previous Enja release, "Straightahead," found her more in a mainstream jazz mode and featured trombonist Ray Anderson.

The organist, who has recorded several albums on her own European-based Bebop Records label and who has toured extensively on the Continent, has yet to find substantial playing opportunities in the United States.

"I have only worked three nights in the United States, in late January," she said.

But her engagement at Sweet Basil in New York's Greenwich Village paid unexpected dividends.

"George Benson came in and became a big fan," she said of the guitarist. "He invited me out to his home in New Jersey, and we jammed together. Wonderful!

"Now I also have an agent in America, and I expect to come over again soon and stay longer. There are so many great musicians over there, people I'd like to meet and play with."

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 9/5/91

APPRECIATIONS

Charlie Barnet: Swinging Jazz Pioneer

Charlie Barnet, who died Tuesday in La Jolla at 77, was one of a kind. Nobody who ever worked for him derived anything but joy from the association, because Barnet had the happiest, loosest, wildest band of the whole swing era.

Perhaps more important, he was also a pioneer in integration. As Barnet observed in his autobiography, "The Swinging Years," "Benny Carter, already famous as a saxophonist, was also an accomplished trumpet player, and he would sit in with our trumpet section. . . . So you could say that ours was the first mixed band. Benny Goodman had not gotten into that yet." This was in 1934.

In 1940 Lena Horne was his band singer for several months. At one point Barnet had five black sidemen; when he appeared in the movie "Jam Session" they were allowed to record the sound track, but on camera five white actors sat in their places.

Barnet also had the first white band to play the Apollo Theater in Harlem.

Many thought he had the swinging-est white-led band of them all. He and Duke Ellington were mutual admirers; Barnet's recording of Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm" rivaled the Ellington version in popularity.

After several years of modest success, he recorded "Cherokee" in July, 1939. It became a huge seller, and for the next few years Barnet was riding high, hiring top sidemen—Billy May was his chief arranger and trumpeter—and composing some of the best music himself.

In later years, financially secure and happily married at last, Barnet formed and broke up bands occasionally, the last time in 1966. He lived quietly in Palm Springs.

Though his years in the big time were brief (he broke up his original band in 1945), his achievements were unique. As he wrote, his was "a somewhat revolutionary band that tried to widen the rhythmic and harmonic scope of already-existing patterns, not destroy them and degenerate into an unmusical sound and lyrical gibberish."

Happily, his recordings are still around to justify the pride he took in those truly swinging years.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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L.A. TIMES, SUNDAY 9-1-91

Our Picks for the Bes

Calendar critics make their picks for the fall season's best bets in pop music, jazz, stage, music and dance and the visual arts.

JAZZ

Just before the season ends at the Hollywood Bowl, two jazz-related soirees are scheduled there. On Sept. 10, under the title "The Sights and Sounds of Peter Sellars," bassist-composer Charlie Haden will lead his award-winning Liberation Music Orchestra, sharing the bill with Lawrence Foster conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

The following evening, what was originally planned as a recital by Stan Getz and Carmen McRae has been restructured as a result of Getz's death and McRae's recent illness. Now billed as "Friends of Stan Getz," the program will feature singer Astrud Gilberto (of "Girl From Ipanema" fame) and vibraphonist Gary Burton, both of whom worked at one time in Getz's group. Completing the show will be the Dave Brubeck Quartet and singer-pianist Shirley Horn.

Branford Marsalis, the saxophonist and eldest sibling of what has become virtually the royal family of jazz, will be on hand with his quartet Oct. 9 at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, and will return Dec. 7 for a one-night stand at the Strand in Redondo Beach.

"Jazz to End Hunger," an all-star benefit with proceeds benefiting the nation's hungry and homeless, will take to the stage Oct. 19 and 20 at the Greek Theatre. The cast will include the Count Basie Orchestra directed by saxophonist Frank Foster, Maynard Ferguson's Big Bop Nouveau Band, George Duke, Jon Hendricks, Tom Scott and others.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Bassist Charlie Haden comes to Hollywood Bowl Sept. 10.

SWINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES: Promoter Dick Gibson brought 56 top-class musicians to Denver for his 29th annual jazz party. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F6**

JAZZ REVIEW

Boys' Weekend Out in Denver

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

DENVER—Labor Day weekend traditionally has been the time when the jazz epicenter of the universe can be found in Colorado. From noon Saturday until late Monday, more than 50 jazz artists, most of them world class, and more than 500 fans were ensconced in the Hyatt Regency, where Dick Gibson presented his 29th annual jazz party.

Though formality may reign in the ballroom where the 32 hours of jamming takes place (Sunday evening is always black tie), the ambience on the bandstand is totally loose. Every 45 minutes an ad-hoc group, handpicked from the 56-man pool, digs for tunes that strike a common chord, and the A Train starts rolling or a blues begins cooking.

Does familiarity breed contempt or contentment?

For most listeners, clearly the latter. Many of these patrons have made this an annual pilgrimage, as have the musicians; only five of the 56 had never played the party before. Pianist Ralph Sutton performed at the first party in Aspen in 1963 and has missed only one; for bassist Milt Hinton this was No. 27.

For this critic, who has attended all but the first eight events, there was a sense of *déjà vu* (and *déjà entendu*). When performers fail to exercise imagination, the tried and true can become trite and trying. However, Gibson's games of musical chairs involved such successful ploys as putting seven saxophonists on the bandstand at once, or six trombonists, to do battle on some old be-bop standard by Monk or Gillespie.

Piano duets are invariably a highlight: Roger Kellaway and Roland Hanna had never played together before, yet the head of steam they worked up on Miles Davis' "All Blues" gave dazzling new meaning to the term "jazz waltz." Gerald Wiggins, a first-timer here, dueled with Sutton on an antique ditty called "Nagasaki."

Two other newcomers, 36-year-old Rickey Woodard from Los Angeles on tenor sax and Jesse Davis from New York on alto, exemplified a youthful, invigorating spirit. At 25, Davis was the only participant under 35.

Peter Appleyard, the vibraphonist from Toronto, joined with Kellaway for a lyrical treatment of John Lewis' "Django" that projected more warmth than Lewis' own version with the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Agreeable surprises were furnished by pianist Eddie Higgins in a charming Brazilian tune, "Carinhoso," and by Jerome Richardson on alto sax in "Where Is Love?," a song from "Oliver."

Even some of the time-worn songs came alive, as when violinist John Frigo sublimated "Summertime," Benny Carter (still a giant at 84) enlivened "Misty," and Ray Brown's bass walked its way through "Strike Up the Band."

For Gibson's 30th anniversary celebration next year, certain changes could stir up needed new interest and reverse the red ink trend of recent years. The problems are due to the mortality rate among customers (and musicians); the inroads made by scores of other jazz parties spawned by his initiative; the near-total neglect of female musicians, and of the countless younger artists in Los Angeles and New York who have escaped Gibson's attention.

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9/6/91 LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

Hofmann Adds Classical Touch to Catalina Show

Just back from a major Eastern tour, the San Diego-based flutist Holly Hofmann made a rare local appearance Wednesday at Catalina Bar & Grill.

Combining jazz values with her classical training, Hofmann fired off volleys of inspired ideas with a well-controlled vibrato and an innate rhythmic sensitivity.

Her unconventional repertoire included such works as Duke Ellington's "Mount Harissa," from his "Far East Suite"; Victor Young's 60-year-old "Street of Dreams" updated as a samba, and Bobby Shew's "Red Snapper." She brought an exquisite beauty to Willard Robison's ballad "Old Folks."

Her rhythm section was consistently effective, both collectively and in solos. Pianist Key Akagi, who recently ended a long stint with Miles Davis, seemed to be celebrating the joy of returning to pure jazz, his solos radiating rhythmic ebullience.

Harvey Newmark, a greatly underrated bassist, was featured in several remarkably virtuosic forays. Jimmie Smith, who nowadays spends half his time running a nightclub in Tokyo, displayed his perennial good taste on drums.

Hofmann's brief visit offered a reminder that she is on her way to becoming one of the major forces in jazz flute.

—LEONARD FEATHER

9/19/91

Jazz

Mixing It Up at Marla's

The club with two names (Marla's Jazz Supper Club, Marla's Memory Lane) and two policies (jazz, comedy) blended its dual identity successfully over the weekend with the veteran trombonist Benny Powell supplying the music and a surprisingly transformed Reynaldo Rey furnishing the jokes.

Powell, a Basie alumnus and later a Southland resident in the '70s, grew up in the shadow of J.J. Johnson, whose fluency and strong melodic sense he reflects. Paired with Herman Riley's bold tenor sax, he alternated on Friday between original works and his arrangements of such standards as "I'll Remember April" and Ellington's "I Got It Bad." Near the end of the latter, his remarkable range found him virtually in the tuba register.

An excellent four-man backup team included Lanny Hartley at the

JAZZ L.A. TIMES OCT. 13

When It Comes to Music, He's No Actor

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the course of a chameleonic 33-year career, Dudley Moore has had many images: a satirist, a stage actor, a movie star, a composer of film scores, a classical performer, a pop musician . . . and a jazz pianist.

These activities are not listed chronologically; indeed, they can't be, since they have frequently overlapped. What matters is that this protean Briton has invested all of these endeavors with the same life-affirming enthusiasm and estimable talent.

Consider his current schedule. The Los Angeles Theatre Center production of "Lay of the Land," a comedy about middle-aged marrieds in which he stars, is in previews and due to open Wednesday. Later this month, his new album, "Songs Without Words," will be released on GRP Records.

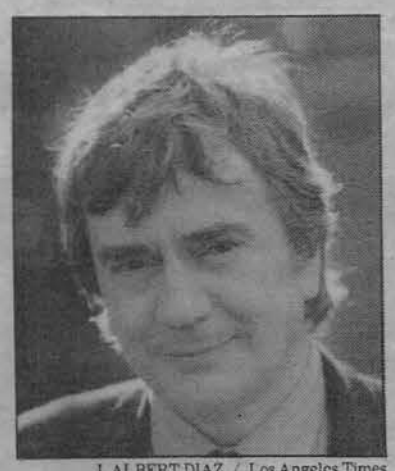
Moore has also completed work on his latest film, "Blame It on the Bellboy," a comedy to be released by Disney Studios under the Hollywood Pictures banner. (No release date has been set.) Also on Moore's agenda are some British TV commercials he has been assigned to write.

Despite his success as an actor, jazz and pop music have stayed close to Moore's heart. It was jazz that brought him to the United States in the late '50s, as an obscure sideman with the Vic Lewis Orchestra. He had joined the band in 1958 after having been graduated from Oxford with a BA in music and a B.Mus. in composition.

"It wasn't the best way to see America," Moore recalled during a recent interview. "Instead of working the jazz clubs we played at military camps. After the tour, I stayed behind and got a job playing piano at the Duplex, an intimate jazz room in Greenwich Village. I did all right there. In fact, Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic Records heard me and offered me a deal, but I was too anxious to get back to England, so I just went home."

For a while, Moore had to struggle. "I did anything to make a living," he said. "I wrote toothpaste jingles that played in the West Indies . . . composed an original ballet . . . worked for a while as resident composer at the Royal Court Theatre. They put me on a retainer, so at least I could keep myself in corn flakes."

His fondest recollection of those days is the year he spent in the John Dankworth Band, featuring singer Cleo Laine. "That was a grand experience, playing John's charts and hearing Cleo under all sorts of conditions," he said. "We've remained good friends. We got together again in Los Angeles in 1982 and made an album, 'Smilin' Through.' "



J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Dudley Moore: "I did anything to make a living."

Music moved to the back burner when the pianist formed his memorable partnership with Peter Cook for their satirical revue "Beyond the Fringe." "I didn't actually stop playing," said Moore. "During the London run, I had played jazz trio numbers at intermission time."

"Beyond the Fringe" spun off such fringe benefits as Moore's recording career, which has produced more music albums (primarily jazz) than comedy albums by a current margin of 17 to 13.

Moore's talents in comedy and music go back to his childhood. Born in Dagenham, a West London suburb, he took piano lessons at 6, and later studied violin, harpsichord and organ—he won an organ scholarship to Magdalen College at Oxford.

His first jazz hero was the legendary Erroll Garner, whom he first heard on a record when he was 16, and whose lag-along beat has been part of Moore's pianist persona ever since.

His only direct encounter with his idol was disastrous. "One night he came to a club where I was working," Moore recalls. "I was so eager to impress him, and so nervous, that I dropped a bottle of Coke on the keyboard. Everything from middle C down to G was ruined. I looked at this mess and tried to play—then when I looked up he was gone! That was the only time I ever got near him, and basically I just wanted to get on my knees and tell him how much I admired him."

Since settling in Los Angeles in 1975, he has earned his greatest fame with such films as "Foul Play," "10," "Arthur" and others. Still, he hasn't put a stop to his musical involvement.

In 1981, he joined with the Los Angeles Philharmonic for a Gershwin tribute. Six years later, at Carnegie Hall and at the Hollywood Bowl, he performed some of his film scores along with the Beethoven Triple Concerto. In 1987 and 1989 he led a jazz trio, with Ray Brown on bass, at the Loa Club in Santa Monica. Visitors to the 72 Market Street Club in Venice, of which he is part owner, may find him sitting in on the occasional

L.A. Times 9/8/91

Strayhorn Still in Ellington's Shadow

By LEONARD FEATHER

Somewhere tonight a band will play "Take the A Train," and odds are most people in the room will think that Duke Ellington wrote the tune that was his famous theme.

Wrong.

The sole composer was Billy Strayhorn.

Somewhere else tonight, a vocalist will sing "Lush Life"—which Natalie Cole features on her hit album "Unforgettable" and Kenneth Branagh sings in the current movie "Dead Again"—and think the words are so convincing that they must be at least a touch autobiographical:

A week in Paris will ease the bite of it

All I care is to smile in spite of it . . .

Romance is mush, stifling those who strive

I'll lead a lush life in some small dive.

Wrong again.

Both the intricate melody and the world-weary, Noel Coward-y words were written by Strayhorn when he was 16 and had never been closer to Paris than Pittsburgh, Pa., where he was working as a drugstore soda jerk.

In recent years, Strayhorn's name and music—from "Lush Life" to "Satin Doll"—have been trumpeted in concert halls around the world. His songs have been featured on hundreds of albums by such artists as Ella Fitzgerald and Frank Sinatra.

But like so many great songwriters whose chief impact was made before the '50s rock revolution, Strayhorn is little known to today's young record buyers. And his reputation is even more obscured by the fact that he has remained so deep in the shadow of the man who also discovered him: Ellington.

Strayhorn—who died at 52 in 1967—had only two jobs in his life: One was at that Pittsburgh drugstore, the other was with Ellington, whom he joined in 1939 as assistant arranger, co-composer and occasional pianist.

A small man at 5-foot-3 and 135 pounds, Strayhorn became the pre-eminent *eminence grise* of jazz, an intellectual who looked that part with his big horn-rimmed glasses.

Billy Strayhorn was born in Dayton, Ohio, was raised in Hillsborough, N.C., and Pittsburgh and was a precocious teen-ager who spoke fluent French, subscribed to the New Yorker and played Grieg's A-Minor Concerto with the school orchestra for his graduation recital.

He was almost 20 before jazz captured his ear. The young writer heard the Ellington orchestra in concert and found the music as challenging as Stravinsky. Strayhorn went backstage to meet the maestro and played a few of his own songs—including "Lush Life"—for Duke at the piano.

Ellington asked for copies of the songs, but Strayhorn hadn't yet written them down. He did, however, accept the bandleader's offer to look him up if he ever came to New York. A month later, Strayhorn went to see Duke at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. At first impressed mainly by his lyrics, Ellington now learned of the youngster's gift for arranging and put him to work writing charts for small groups led by members of the band, such as reedman Barney Bigard.

Soon after, the full orchestra recorded Strayhorn's "Something to Live For," with the composer subbing for the leader at the piano. Within weeks, Strayhorn was a virtual part of the Ellington family, moving in with Duke's son Mercer and sister Ruth.

What was the reason for Strayhorn's success in capturing, even enhancing the flavor of Ellington?

It was due in part to his study of the way Ellington wrote arrangements to suit his band members' styles. Strayhorn also brought to the orchestra a certain sophistication that he had acquired through many years of formal musical schooling—in contrast to Duke's relatively casual musical education.

If at first Strayhorn was influenced by Duke, it was not long before the influence was mutual. There was an incredible affinity here; the ESP between these two remarkable men was so uncanny that even the band members could never discern where one left off and the other took over in a collaborative arrangement.

It was also significant that Strayhorn came to jazz with a classical background. His training was discernible in such orchestral works as "Chelsea Bridge," which reflected a Ravel influence.

Along with this talent, Strayhorn was able to contribute simpler pieces in what might be called the Fletcher Henderson tradition, updated from the '20s and '30s in such upbeat swingers as "Midriff," "Raincheck" and, of course, the classic song he wrote while riding the subway uptown from 59th Street to 125th Street.

The band recorded the song he named after that train—the A train—in February, 1941, and it proved so accessible and popular that Duke decided to use it as the band's radio theme. Soon after, Glenn Miller, Cab Calloway and others recorded it.

"Strayhorn was a tremendous help," Mercer Ellington recalls. "Pop was really stimulated by his presence. It worked both ways—Billy was inspired to show what he could contribute, while Pop, who wanted Billy to hear what he could do, started writing more himself."

Because of his offhand attitude toward success, and his colorful lifestyle (he liked nothing better than to hang out until dawn with dear friends like Lena Horne, then show up at the last minute for a recording session), Strayhorn never sought out his own recording assignments.

There is only one album by Strayhorn himself currently available on CD—"Cue for Sax" on Verve/PolyGram Records.

In 1951, when Mercer Ellington and I were running the Mercer Records label, we lured him into the studio for two sessions with a group of Ellington sidemen, but the results came out on a 10-inch LP that soon became obsolete. Later we recorded eight Ellington-Strayhorn piano duets (they were dynamite at two keyboards but played together only for fun at parties); those too have become unavailable.

Strayhorn became ill with cancer in 1965, but even then his inspiration was undimmed. From the hospital he sent Duke his final tune, "Blood Count" (played poignantly at every Stan Getz concert in the saxophonist's last years, when he knew that he would soon share Strayhorn's fate).

"Blood Count," today a standard tune, is included in a set of Strayhorn masterpieces recorded by the Ellington orchestra three months after the grieving maestro lost his soul mate of 28 years. The album, "And His Mother Called Him Bill," is now on an RCA Bluebird CD and ranks among the most stunning of all Duke's recordings.

In an accompanying eulogy, Ellington wrote: "He was a beautiful human being, adored by a wide range of friends. . . . He had no aspirations to enter into any kind of competition, yet the legacy he leaves, his *oeuvre*, will never be less than the ultimate on the highest plateau of culture (whether by comparison or not). God bless Billy Strayhorn." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

IRVING KAUFMAN

Billy Strayhorn, Lena Horne and Duke Ellington in 1947.

L.A. Times 9/22/91

JAMES MAHONE

Hooked by Intrigue of Improvisation

What do saxophonist James Mahone, guitarist Larry Koonse, bassist Scott Colley, trombonist Mike Fahn and pianists Cecilia Coleman and Eric Reed have in common? They've all won the Shelly Manne Memorial New Talent Award, given yearly by the Los Angeles Jazz Society to a young Southland musician.

Mahone received the award recently at the society's ninth annual banquet, largely on the recommendation of Joel Leach, the band instructor at Cal State Northridge, where Mahone once studied.

He has since been active as a member of the Black/Note Quintet, led by bass player Mark Shelby. The group will perform Friday and Saturday at Atlas Bar & Grill and can be heard every Sunday at the Jazz Etc. Supper Club.

Mahone, a 22-year-old native of San Bernardino, enjoys the Jazz Etc. engagement.

"We start around 4 every Sunday and keep going sometimes until past midnight," he says. "A lot of other players come in and play, and it's always crowded. At the club, you play a lot differently than when you are by yourself, practicing. You have a chance to think about stage presence and develop a rapport with the audience."

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Mahone: "I couldn't think of anything else I wanted to do."

One of Mahone's goals is to write more of his own material.

"I've composed about 15 songs," he says. "The band plays a lot of standards, but we try to emphasize original pieces so we can work on finding our own identity."

Mahone was a drummer before switching to alto sax. He credits the influence of giants like Cannonball Adderley, Charlie Parker and John Coltrane with channeling him into a music career.

"Those men showed me what could be accomplished," he says. "Then I started to improvise, saw how that worked and how endless the possibilities were, and it got me hooked—I couldn't think of anything else I wanted to do."

—LEONARD FEATHER

Charming Jazz or Is Jones Just Kidding Around?

★
RICKIE LEE JONES
"Pop Pop"
Geffen

This brave but misbegotten effort (due to be released Sept. 24) is the latest and lowest in the series of pop-to-quasi-jazz crossovers.

Rickie Lee Jones' timbre has all the maturity of a 12-year-old trying to sound grown up; in fact, she is well suited to "Dat Dere," the lyrics of which are in baby talk, and the aptly titled "I Won't Grow Up."

When she tries to sing adult songs, all

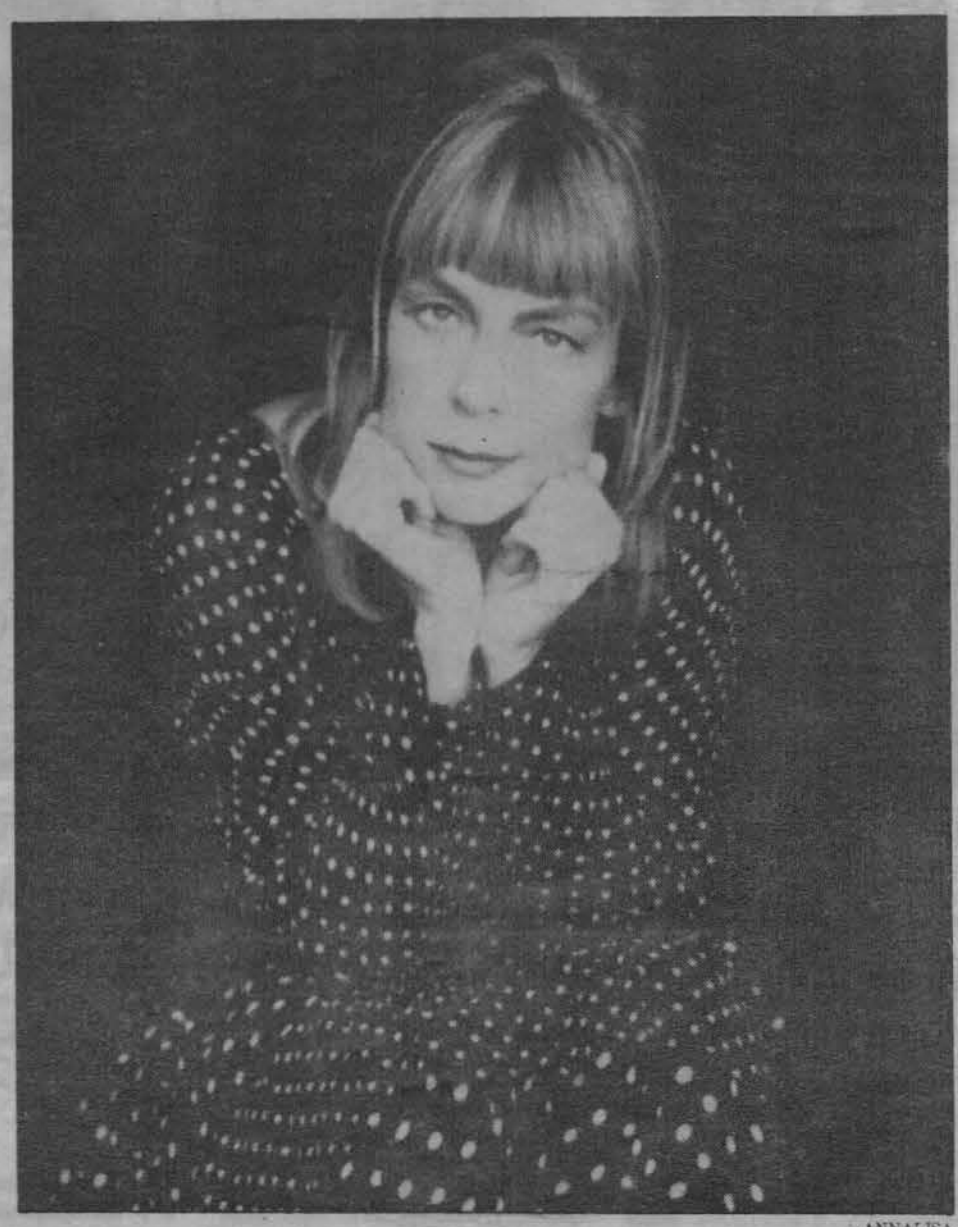
JAZZ REVIEW

her problems stand out like sore throats: the marble-mouthed diction with the Barbara Walters lisp, the awkward phrasing, the intonation lapses (listen to the line "My condition must be chronic" during "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most").

Does she have a bad cold or was that just a sinus condition, or is this her idea of sounding soulful? And why would she attempt harmonically rich songs such as "My One and Only Love" but surround herself with a thin, empty backing?

Robben Ford tries hard to hold things together with his acoustic, nylon-string guitar, and Charlie Haden's bass helps here and there, but the odd instrumentation—there is even a bandoneon on three cuts, played by Dino Saluzzi—just doesn't work. The best tracks (or the least contrived performances) are the last two, in which she abandons all hope of joining the jazz sorority and sings tunes by producer David Was and Jefferson Airplane-era Marty Balin.

Natalie Cole, you have nothing to worry about. —LEONARD FEATHER



ANNALISA

Rickie Lee Jones' "Pop Pop": Charming to one listener, forgettable to another.

★★★
RICKIE LEE JONES
"Pop Pop"
Geffen

Taking her cue from Peter Pan, Rickie Lee Jones gives her typically half-bohemian, half-childlike treatment to "I Won't Grow Up," one of a dozen selections on this thoroughly charming album of mostly acoustic, mostly standard songs. The obvious irony is that Jones is casting her de facto lot with a plethora of modern songstresses, from Ronstadt to Cole,

POP MUSIC REVIEW

who've earned their grown-up stripes by momentarily returning to a presumably classier pre-rock era.

Unlike most such willful grown-ups, though, Jones isn't going for something so suffocatingly classy, and if you've seen her interrupt her infrequent shows to dip into the classics, you know "Pop Pop" isn't a nostalgic genre exercise or just the fruition of a jazz wanna-be's frustrations. The emphasis is on the Sammy Fain, Sammy Cahn and Ray Henderson era, but Jones also ekes equal loveliness out of not-so-old hands Jimi Hendrix and even Marty Balin.

Whether this recording—co-produced by Jones and David Was with acoustic guitar, bass and occasional reeds dominant—will catch on with the generation of "Unforgettable" yups, or merely be a cult sen-saysh among the pseudo-continental coffeehouse crowd, remains to be seen. But with Jones' alternately weepy and teasing pipes providing these tunes a range of playful expressiveness they aren't usually afforded at the Cinegrill, "Pop Pop" works even better as an album than as a marketing phenomenon. —CHRIS WILLMAN

JAZZ REVIEW

10/4

Murphy at Ease at Vine St.

Mark Murphy, who opened Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, is a member of what seems to have become an almost obsolescent breed, the male jazz singer.

His specialties are vocalese and scat singing. He has written some of his own lyrics for the former, and obviously requires none for the latter.

Opening with "Stolen Moments," his 1978 adaptation of the Oliver Nelson instrumental, he moved from the vocalese opening to a wordless passage, holding on to one note as if for dear life before plunging into a volley of scat choruses.

"Moody's Mood for Love," which followed, has taken a new lease on life since the old King Pleasure version was used on a TV commercial. Murphy dealt with it sensitively, except for a few expendable attempts to vary the original.

Throughout his set he seemed more at ease delivering straight-ahead treatments of standards such as "Skylark" and "You Don't Know What Love Is" than in the sometimes overweening scat interludes.

Pianist Tom Garvin, who opened the show with an imaginative "Stella by Starlight," offered several reminders that along with his facility as an accompanist, he ranks among the Southland's most dependable soloists.

Murphy and his companions will be at Vine St. through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Flanagan Keeps Bop Tradition Alive

Pianist Tommy Flanagan, appearing through Sunday at Catalina's, has been described as poetic, graceful and eloquent—adjectives not usually attached to a committed bebopper.

For his admirers, who are legion, this is a main clue to Flanagan's success. After arriving in New York from his native Detroit, he was fascinated by the legacy of Charlie Parker, and by such bop pioneers as the pianist Bud Powell, for whom he sometimes subbed at Birdland. Through the years, his admiration for bop has remained undimmed, as was evident in his first show Tuesday.

One of his familiar devices is a 2-for-1 treatment of George Gershwin's "Embraceable You" intermingled with Charlie Parker's "Quasimodo," which is based on the identical chord pattern. Later, he played the works of other '40s giants, among them Dizzy Gillespie ("Tin Tin Deo") and J. J. Johnson (the exquisite ballad "Lament").

A longtime student of Ellingtonia, Flanagan lent his touch to a Billy Strayhorn medley of "Raincheck" and "Passion Flower"—the latter devoted mainly to a bowed solo by George Mraz, Flanagan's phenomenal bassist. Throughout the set, Mraz served as a third hand for the leader. Drummer Larance Marable also contributed sensitively to this trio-con-brio (he will give way Thursday to Flanagan's regular drummer, Lewis Nash).

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ REVIEW

Stan Getz Remembered in Bowl Salute

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The summer "Jazz at the Bowl" season ended Wednesday with neither a bang nor a whimper, but somewhere in the middle, with an unostentatious but generally satisfying program dedicated to the memory of saxophonist Stan Getz, who was originally scheduled to be the main attraction. Getz died in June following a long bout with liver cancer.

Shirley Horn, whose piano and voice are better suited to the intimacy of a room like the Cinegrill, where she performed last May, nevertheless managed to capture the attention of the crowd, or at least most of the 13,819 who had settled into their seats. Backed by her regular bassist, Charles Ables, and her occasionally intrusive drummer, Steve Williams, she was at her most relaxed in "I Got Lost in His Arms," with its understated vocal and piano solo.

Dave Brubeck fronted what has been his regular quartet in recent years, with the clarinet of Bill Smith in a prominent role. Smith is a maverick whose tone is reedy and unconventional, occasionally making use of echoplex effects.

Starting improbably with "Shine on Harvest Moon," Brubeck proceeded to themes from a couple of his forthcoming albums, one of which was a cheerful number written for a Snoopy cartoon. For this piece, dedicated to his grandson, he brought on Bob Militello, who distinguished himself on flute and, in the next tune, on alto saxophone (in a song honoring Getz, "Baubles, Bangles and Beads").

Inevitably, Brubeck ended with his warhorse "Blue Rondo à la Turk," opening in its tricky 9/8 beat and segueing to a more blues-oriented passage with clarinet growls.

After intermission, four Getz alumni took to the stage. Gary Burton's vibraphone has seldom been more inspiring than it was in Dizzy Gillespie's "Con Alma," or in the following solo vehicle, "My Funny Valentine." Almost equally impressive were the pianist Kenny Barron (shades of Bill Evans and Oscar Peterson), who worked with Getz for many years off and on, and his superlative bassist George Mraz. Completing this peerless group was another distinctive Getz graduate, the drummer Roy Haynes.

The quartet played only three tunes on its own, after which Astrud Gilberto took over, adding a guitarist who played so painfully out of tune that the entire ambience was shattered. Gilberto sang three songs in her small voice, the second of which, delivered in Portuguese and English, was of course "The Girl From Ipanema," which she recorded with Getz almost three decades ago.

This anticlimax aside, the evening was marked by a pleasant lack of pretension and a fine sense of separate identities among the groups presented.

9/27

Jazz Reviews

Mays, Wofford Take Improv Route

Piano duets are a problem. They either call for careful preparation or total spontaneity, with an intuitive input of mutual inspiration. As Mike Wofford and Bill Mays proved Wednesday at the Bakery in Culver City, the improvised route, in the right hands, can produce miraculous results.

Wofford, who lives in San Diego, and Mays, a visiting New Yorker, had never performed as a team. Aside from a few scraps of music, they had nothing to work with but their own fertile imaginations. It was evident from the first tune, "Monk's Dream," that this was going to be a memorable evening.

Mays, bobbing and weaving, his face going through odd contortions, played much the way he looked, with cascading runs, insistent trills and an uncanny ability to feed on whatever issued from the mind and hands of Wofford, who was relatively immobile but no less creative.

The program ranged from Coltrane to Gillespie to originals (they even sight-read each other's compositions). An ingenious ploy was the contrapuntal use of two blues themes by Charlie Parker, with Mays playing "Relaxin' at Camarillo" against Wofford's version of "Cheryl."

Two solo interludes found Mays reaching back for a very early and delightful Duke Ellington piano piece, the 1928 "Black Beauty." Wofford's solo selection was also a chestnut, the 1922 "Rose of the Rio Grande," which he tied into rhythmic knots.

The second set included a medley of "Stars Fell on Alabama," "Stairway to the Stars" and other celestial standards. For a finale, two celebrated members of the audience, Gerald Wiggins and Mike Lang, were added to the cast for a round of pianistic mixed doubles on "Cotton Tail."

—LEONARD FEATHER

Study in Contrasts at Catalina's

The rare double bill at Catalina's, which continues through Sunday, works well, mainly because of the striking contrasts between the two groups, alto saxophonist Christopher Hollyday's quartet and guitarist Mark Whitfield's trio.

Hollyday, who began his recording career seven years ago at age 14, has evidently made a thorough study of jazz history, going through a Charlie Parker phase before establishing a more direct link with Jackie McLean.

For his opening set, starting with a furious assault on "Scorpio Rising"—a composition by the late pianist Walter Davis Jr.—Hollyday showed signs of moving away from the McLean image toward a more personal identity. His ballad mood was well displayed in McCoy Tyner's "Twilight Mist." He was excellently served by the sympathetic single note lines of pianist Brad Mehldau, the supple bass of John Webber and the support of a fiery drummer who, when it was called for, lived up to his name, Ron Savage.

The drums played an even more central role in Mark Whitfield's set. Actually, it seemed that drummer Troy Davis was the leader, so extensively was he featured both in solos and in sometimes excessive support of the guitarist.

Whitfield, who turns 25 next week, is capable of technically impressive devices. On the first of his several original tunes he kept a tremolo going with his left hand while playing an independent melody line with his right.

His other sideman, Roland Guerin, came up with a surprise in the form of an old-fashioned slap-bass solo. The group saved its best moments for last: "Freddie Freeloader," the old Miles Davis blues, began and ended with the three men singing in harmony.

—L.F.

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The Wonder—and Woe—of Buddy Rich

★★★★

'APS THE DRUM WONDER: IE LIFE OF BUDDY RICH"

By Mel Tormé

ford University Press ($21.95)

a close friend of the subject, a d writer and a talented drum- imself, Tormé is triply quali- to take on this biography. ining true to a promise, made

MIXED MEDIA

e drummer shortly before his n in 1987, to produce a well- ded picture, Tormé has done —warts and all.

drumming genius, Rich was a ical illiterate who could listen complex arrangement a single and play it as if he were an llent sight reader. He was also oul-mouthed, foul-tempered, letimes violent man whose ds were legendary. He fought h his wife . . . with Frank atra . . . with Tommy Dorsey . with his manager . . . with the ernal Revenue Service . . . and th the men in his band, whom he eated without mercy. His disposi- don was not helped by an abusive father.

Because Rich's childhood had been one long triumph—starting in vaudeville at 18 months, he became the world's highest-paid juvenile star—his later life seemed anticlimactic.

An inveterate pot smoker from age 16 (the book leaves open to speculation whether this contributed to the brain tumors that killed him), Rich often was frustrated by a chaotic adult career: He would lead a big band, lose money, become a singer, then a sideman, then lead a big band again.

Tormé points up Rich's occasional sentimentality, his role as a caring father and whatever other pluses he can dig up. But the end result is a raw, accurate and honest portrait of a gifted, sadly flawed human being.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★½

BILLIE HOLIDAY

"Lady Day: The Many Faces of Billie Holiday"

Kultur International Films ($29.95)

This attempt to squeeze yet another documentary out of an endlessly reworked subject suffers from three problems: It's too little, too late and too short.

These detriments are clearly evident when the package is compared with "The Long Night of Lady Day," a magnificent, thoroughly researched program made in 1986 by British director John Jeremy that is still making the TV rounds. Among the speakers featured in that 90-minute program were the late John Hammond, who discovered the singer; Artie Shaw, in whose band she sang, and the late Barney Josephson, who presented her at his Cafe Society.

In this 60-minute video, none of these participants are heard from. Instead, old clips of Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong and Holiday are trundled out again. Additionally, there's Ruby Dee more or less impersonating Lady Day by reading passages out of her ghosted, inaccurate biography, "Lady Sings the Blues." Pluses include Carmen McRae and Annie Ross reminiscing informatively about Holiday.

Of the 19 song excerpts by Holiday—some are very brief—she is on camera for just eight. Others play in the background while we see stills, the predictable shots of jitterbug dancers and, in one case, a tastelessly long series of headlines about her drug arrests.

For those unable to find "The Long Night," this show has to be recommended, if only because of Holiday's singing of the classic "Strange Fruit"—an unforgettable moment in the socio-musical history of American film. —L.F.

MARIANNA DIAMOS / For The Times

Biographer Mel Tormé, left, keeps his promise to friend Buddy Rich.

In Brief

★★ **"Yardbird Suite: A Compendium of the Music and Life of Charlie Parker," Lawrence O. Koch,** Bowling Green State University Press ($18.95). This scholarly work, which contains about 200 musical illustrations of Bird's improvised solos or compositions, is aimed primarily at those sufficiently versed in music reading to follow Koch's intricate analyses. The narrative portions add little to what has appeared in other Parker books. —L.F.

★★★ **"Goodbyes and Other Messages: A Journal of Jazz 1981-1990," Whitney Balliett,** Oxford University Press ($22.95). Of the 47 subjects dealt with at more than token length in this latest collection of Balliett's chronicles from the New Yorker, 30 are deceased. Still, such artists as Wynton Marsalis, Warren Vache and Tommy Flanagan are among the live and lively topics. The eulogies for Buddy Rich, Roy Eldridge and others bear rereading, as do even Balliett's most egregious prejudices. —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW

12/5

Reaves-Phillips in a Blues Groove

Sandra Reaves-Phillips, the stage and screen actress who appeared in the original Paris production of the musical "Black and Blue," arrived in town for her first local solo engagement as a blues, jazz and gospel singer, opening Tuesday at the Cinegrill.

From the first jumping blues, "Take Me as I Am," it was clear that the crowd was ready to do just that. A large woman with a manner that indicated a determination to please, Reaves-Phillips, who's appearing through Sunday, devoted most of time to the songs of the 1920s and '30s, with titles like "One Hour Mama" and "My Daddy Rocks Me" that were considered quite risque in their day.

Everything was put across with a 1,000-kilowatt projection, backed by a solid rhythm quartet under the direction of drummer Herschel Dwellingham. The powerful sound tended to stay at one dynamic level. Only on "Measure the Valleys," which she sang in the Broadway show "Raisin," was there an attempt at restraint and subtlety.

A tribute to "Great Ladies of Blues and Jazz" was more critical than complimentary, featuring a boisterous Ma Rainey, a drunken Bessie Smith, a temperamental Ethel Waters, and, in a tasteless bit, a coke-snorting Billie Holiday.

Reaves-Phillips seemed more convincing and comfortable when she returned to the blues grooves of "Snatch and Rabbit" and "Trouble in Mind."

Her concluding "Lean on Me," from a movie in which she sang this title song, found her in total command. A standing ovation was led by Della Reese, Linda Hopkins and other fellow vocalists.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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CALENDAR

Los Angeles Times

AN APPRECIATION

The Man and His Music

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The images of Miles Dewey Davis III were as numerous as the musical phases of his diverse—and legendary—career.

To some, the jazz giant who died Saturday at age 65 in Santa Monica was the restless innovator whose radical changes of direction took one jazz generation after another into uncharted territories.

To others, he was a renegade be-bopper who had sold out his musical principles—a theory propounded by Stanley Crouch last year in the New Republic, in one of the most violent attacks ever launched against him.

But the controversy surrounding Davis was not confined to his music. He was seen by some as a racist with contempt for the whole white world. To some women who knew him, he was a violent and unpredictable lover and hater, an incurable sexist.

To set these claims in perspective, it is appropriate to point out that last month, when he was made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor, Davis was referred to as "the Picasso of jazz." The analogy is significant, since Picasso was reviled by some as a reprehensible human being, yet his paintings have outlived any conceivable failings in his character.

What matters most about Miles Davis is that, in the course of a career that lasted almost a half-century, he was responsible for at least five revolutions in the concept and performance of jazz. This made him arguably the most influential figure in this art form since Duke Ellington.

The first of Davis' phases passed almost unnoticed. In an attempt to escape from the strictures of be-bop—much of which had been played by five-piece groups with very little written music—Davis became the nominal leader of a workshop group that was more ambitious in size (nine musicians) and performance (intricate arrangements interwoven with shorter improvised passages). The 1949-1950 recording sessions by these experimentalists were considered so unimportant by Capitol Records that some weren't even released until they were all collected in

Please see DAVIS, F8

ANACLETO RAPPING / Los Angeles Times

Miles Davis performs at the Hollywood Bowl in 1987.

DAVIS

Continued from F1

1957 under the title "Birth of the Cool."

After a fallow period, Davis recorded his acclaimed blues "Walkin'," around the same time in the mid-'50s, he introduced the stem-less Harmon mute, bringing to jazz a delicate sound heard in such memorable records as "Bye Bye Blackbird" and "'Round Midnight."

A third and even more vital innovation was his series of large-scale collaborations with Gil Evans, the arranger whom he always referred to as a genius and his best friend. Out of this in the late '50s and early '60s came "Miles Ahead," "Sketches of Spain" and "Porgy and Bess," all orchestral masterpieces—the most tuneful and subtle works of Davis' career. A further innovation during this period was his switch from trumpet to the mellower sounding flugelhorn, which consequently became a double for most trumpeters.

In 1958, it was Davis who, along with pianist Bill Evans and saxophonists Cannonball Adderley and John Coltrane, made the change from chords, which had dominated jazz, to the scales (modes) that eventually became common coinage, along with the vamps and drones that marked such works as "So What" and "Flamenco Sketches."

Could many of his fans tell a chord from a scale? Surely not, but

Davis' chordless recordings took on a powerful character in '60s.

it *sounded* right, and Davis had an uncanny ear for the right sound at the right time.

His chordless, tonally ambiguous small-group recordings took on a powerful character during the 1960s, when he assembled his greatest small combo, with Wayne Shorter on saxophones, Herbie Hancock on piano, Ron Carter on bass and Tony Williams on drums.

The fifth and final breakthrough was a move in 1969 from acoustics into the world of jazz/rock, electronics and funk. After his "Bitches Brew" album, his musical values would never be the same, but as he knew (and this was his reason for the move), his record sales would soar. He took to doubling on synthesizer, played pieces that were based simply on an electronic bass vamp rather than melodies. If he alienated many of his older fans, it was a fair exchange, because he acquired a new audience that enabled him to command up to five or even six figures for a one-night stand.

Thus Miles the revolutionary—roughly one major turnaround to a decade.

But what of Miles the man?

Probably the most hurtful event in his declining years was the publication in 1989 of "Miles: The Autobiography." A collaborator, Quincy Troupe, clearly played a major role in this portrayal of Davis as a foul-mouthed, wife-beating, white-hating, grudge-bearing, coke-snorting semi-illiterate.

When I questioned Miles on a vicious remark about Charlie Parker attributed to him in the book, he reacted in surprise. "Did I say that? What page is it on?" This and other comments left doubt about how much he had contributed to writing, or even reading, this farrago of inaccuracies. Although dismissed as trash by this reviewer and others, the book was widely circulated and may well have been taken at face value.

Troupe, however, was right on one central point: Davis found out early in life that it is not easy to be born black in America—not even when your father is a wealthy dental surgeon who owns 200 acres of land, not even when, instead of trying to escape from the ghetto, you spend your childhood riding horses.

An incident Davis never forgot began one evening in 1959 when, while playing at Birdland and standing outside the New York club between sets, he was ordered by a white policeman to move on. Within minutes he was hit over the head by a white detective and was dragged, bleeding profusely, to a police station. It took months for a judge to rule that the arrest was illegal.

Miles Davis, whom I knew well, did not suffer white fools or white racists gladly—or, for that matter, black fools and racists, who also felt the sting of his wrath.

Those who knew other sides of him saw an evil-image cult figure, yet, as Cicely Tyson said when she was married to Davis, "He uses that facade to protect his vulnerability. Beneath that false surface you see what a sensitive, beautiful person he is. Nobody could play the way he does without having a great depth of soul."

Tyson might have a different view today, but the only Miles Davis I knew was friendly and articulate. He was capable of speaking standard English, not the endless stream of curses found in the book. He was not easily offended; after I gave him a highly negative review in The Times, he brushed it off with a laugh—"You

Please see DAVIS, F9

DAVIS

Continued from F8

were right, Leonard; I was sick that night."

He enjoyed athletics, particularly boxing and swimming.

My best memory of him is a day in 1982 when he sat, comfortable in a wine-red gown and slippers, sipping Perrier in his suite at L'Ermitage in Beverly Hils. Even his rasping vocal cords had cleared up a little.

He grinned and told me, "I guess I had a voice lift. I stopped smoking and drinking. I drink about four gallons of Perrier a day. Cicely said I should swim every day, so I swim every day. I have to get plenty of exercise to fight off arthritis in these 56-year-old bones.

"A few months ago I had a stroke and couldn't move my hand, but Cicely took me to a Chinese acupuncturist and he cured me. Now I take some kind of Chinese herbs every morning; makes you strong. I owe it all to Cicely; if it hadn't been for her and that doctor, I don't know where I'd have been."

Many of us who knew him from the first New York years still sense in our hearts that—beyond all the controversy—the gentleness and humanity he showed during that period did indeed represent the real Miles Davis.

JAZZ REVIEW

Bigger Sound Not Better for Lundy

Carmen Lundy, who opened Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, was described in a review here last year as an uncompromising jazz singer.

But compromise has since set in. Though there were many bright moments during her opening show, Lundy, who closes Saturday, also appeared to be trying to enlarge her commercial possibilities.

If she wanted a drummer to supply her with heavy, slogging back beats, she has one in Michael White, who supplied hurricane blitzes during Lundy's lines about gentle breezes. Similarly, if she prefers the electric bass droning of Smitty Smith to the subtleties of a John Clayton, that, too, is what she has.

The less heard of these two, the better Lundy sounded. This was notable on such standards as "Moment to Moment" and "Dindi" in which much of the background was simply furnished by John Beasley on piano or synthesizer.

Such laid-back treatment would have helped songs like "Invitation" and "A Time for Love." But the trio's accompaniment managed to fit well on a few numbers, including her ultimate, "Time is Love," an ingenious Lundy composition in 5/4 time.

In general, it would help if Lundy realized that less is more. Several of the songs were presumably originals—though she didn't announce any of them.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AN APPRECIATION

The Man and His Mus

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The images of Miles Dewey Davis III were as numerous as the musical phases of his diverse—and legendary—career.

To some, the jazz giant who died Saturday at age 65 in Santa Monica was the restless innovator whose radical changes of direction took one jazz generation after another into uncharted territories.

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Writers Turn a Tin Ear to Miles Davis' Milestones

By DON E. WAYNE

Miles Davis was arguably one of the most important artists in any medium of this century on the grounds of his own artistry, his capacity not only to influence but also to actively train younger musicians and the impact of his music on creative work in other fields. The gentle fury, the special timbre and the telling silences that issued from his horn epitomized the conflict and contradiction that have long characterized American society and its cultures.


Wayne

The death of Davis was treated by The Times first (Sept. 29) as the passing of a celebrity in a front-page obituary by Burt A. Folkart that was sensationalistic and condescending. Next, "An Appreciation" by Leonard Feather (Calendar, Sept. 30) was ambiguous and self-serving. Where Folkart opened his piece with the hysterical assertion that "[Davis'] demonic habits sometimes overshadowed his genius for jazz," Feather soberly assumed the cultural authority to explain why we should really love and respect the memory of Miles Davis.

In so doing, Feather first quoted the French minister of culture to the effect that Davis was "the Picasso of jazz." In its European context, the analogy was indeed a compliment; but do we in the United States still need to legitimize genius solely by reference to European authority?

Feather went on to attack Quincy Troupe, who collaborated with Davis on the latter's 1989 autobiography, decrying the language of the book as "foul mouthed" and "semi-illiterate." Feather assures us that Davis "was capable of speaking standard English." I certainly have no doubt that this is the case. It is also probably the case that Feather's own long years of striving to mediate between a predominantly African-American music and a predominantly Euro-American audience may have prevented him from hearing what he didn't wish to hear.

Davis contested the dominant culture mainly with his horn, but also by refusing the polite decorum of linguistic assimilation. The fact that he could speak "standard English" is not in question; the question is why his assumption of status in American cultural history should depend on this criterion, why the language transcribed in the autobiography he endorsed and the language he speaks in the recent PBS radio program that Troupe co-produced should have to be subject to cultural standards over which Feather claims authority.

Folkart's shots and Feather's easy familiarity to the exclusion of other friends of Davis were a disservice to The Times' readership. Davis' personality and the culture in which it took shape are subjects too complex to be treated adequately in an obituary or an "appreciation."

The Times' writers would have done more to establish the historic importance of Miles Davis by restricting themselves to a discussion of his music and its tremendous cultural impact.

Wayne is associate professor and director of graduate studies, department of literature, UC San Diego. He has a longstanding interest in jazz.

JAZZ REVIEW

10/18

Hutcherson Quintet Hammers Out Great Vibes

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson, who co-led a group with tenor sax veteran Harold Land from 1967 to '71, was reunited with him Tuesday when they opened at the Catalina Bar & Grill.

Three members of this quintet are normally leaders in their own right: Hutcherson, Land and pianist Billy Childs.

With Tony Dumas on bass and Harold Mason on drums, they projected a strong sense of unity in the performance of works by Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk and Wayne Shorter.

Hutcherson, though best known for his exceptional agility, is no less impressive as an artist who in effect thinks with his mallets. From his opening solo on Shorter's "United," it was apparent that he would take no prisoners.

Childs, one of the most eclectic pianists on the Southland scene, and Land, whose sound is more brusque and jagged than in earlier years, kept pace with him successfully much of the time, though they seemed most effective when the tempo was not excessively demanding, as in Monk's "Pannonica."

A tune composed by Land during his early association with Hutcherson, "Peacemaker," was the saxophonist's most appealing vehicle. Childs managed to swing ferociously throughout the set, whether in 3/4 or 4/4 time.

The performance ended with Cedar Walton's "Bolivia," during which Hutcherson wielded his mallets demonically in a solo full of rhythmic contortions. A quasi-avant-gardist even in the 1960s, he continues to demonstrate his versatility and finesse on an instrument that has produced relatively few genuine masters.

The evidence will be on hand through Sunday.

More Ellington in KCET's 'Reminiscing'

12/1

Yet another Duke Ellington documentary? Improbable though it seems, this evening's special on KCET Channel 28 at 9:35 p.m., "Reminiscing in Tempo," manages to find aspects of the maestro's career that were not covered in the memorable two-hour show called "A Duke Named Ellington" a couple of seasons ago.

Produced and directed by Robert S. Levi, this was evidently a long time in the making, since two of the subjects interviewed—Duke's drummer, Sonny Greer, and his manager, Irving Mills—died in 1982 and 1985, respectively. There are valid comments on the Ellington mystique by composer Gunther Schuller, former jazz critic Barry Ulanov and, remarkably, Marian Logan, widow of Duke's doctor, Arthur Logan, who was also his closest friend. Her recollection of the night she told Ellington about her husband's death is a poignant moment.

Interspersed throughout the 90 minutes are segments by the band at various stages, wry and evasive comments by Ellington, and even a glimpse of Billy Strayhorn at the piano. One major error in the narration by Julian Bond is the claim that Ellington had a lifelong battle with the jazz critics; on the contrary, with rare exceptions, it was they who established him as major artist, first in France and England, later at home.

"Reminiscing in Tempo" to some extent duplicates previous programs on the same topic; however, it also supplements and complements them, and for this it is *ipso facto* a valuable document. (A companion CD, with the same title, has been released by Columbia Records, featuring 20 tunes.)

—LEONARD FEATHER

GRP Records

Dave Grusin

DAVE GRUSIN

★★★★

"The Gershwin Connection"
GRP Records

Instead of the elaborate, symphonic production one might have expected of a Grusin-Gershwin concept, this turns out to be a delightfully modest, jazz-oriented set, with Grusin's piano at its most graceful and tasteful. Except for a single orchestral cut at the end, and subliminal use of strings elsewhere, these are small-group performances, from solo to piano duet (Grusin and Chick Corea) up to quintet.

Clarinetist Eddie Daniels, saxophonist Eric Marienthal, guitarist Lee Ritenour, vibist Gary Burton and the eloquent trumpet of Sal Marquez are heard on two tracks apiece, with Daniels, in particular, contributing a beautiful reading of "Prelude II."

Surprises abound. "How Long Has This Been Going On?" here becomes a waltz, "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York" is gospel-tinted, and "My Man's Gone Now" is quasi-modal.

As Michael Feinstein's notes point out, this album reminds us of Gershwin's timelessness. Songs current in the 1920s and '30s take on a contemporary glow in the '90s.

—LEONARD FEATHER

10/20/91

In Brief

★★½ Dorothy Donegan, "Live at the 1990 Floating Jazz Festival," Chiaroscuro. Donegan, who several decades ago took some pointers from Art Tatum, must give some bass players nightmares. She changes tunes and tempos without warning, tosses in waterfall runs and fancy spread chords, concocts improbable medleys (one track goes from "Someday My Prince Will Come" to "Jitterbug Waltz" to "Tiger Rag") and even adds her vocal impression of Billie Holiday. Along with traces of Tatum you may detect touches of Oscar Levant, Liberace and even Jonathan Edwards; but that's all part of her game plan, which is aimed at entertainment. For the final, voice-only cut, Donegan reminisces amusingly about her career.

—L.F.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

10/24

Jazz Reviews

'Mostly Duke' Serves Up a Mixed Bag

Irony of the Month Dept.: Last week, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by Mercer Ellington, offered a splendid recital in a small, crowded nightclub—Maria's. On Tuesday and Wednesday, a far larger venue, the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, played host to an odd, ersatz entity billed as "Mostly Duke."

The show, embarking on a national tour, takes advantage of the Ellington name without ever displaying the late maestro's instrumental mastery. In fact, the only non-vocal Ellington music of the evening was "Cotton Tail," played with painful sluggishness by what sounded like a pickup band, under the nominal direction of Herb Jeffries, whose real role was that of emcee and singer.

Jeffries, who just turned 80, is amazing. He doesn't rely on nostalgia. His voice today is more commanding than it was decades ago when he sang his hit "Flamingo" with the Ellington Orchestra.

Barbara McNair made her way attractively through "Tomorrow Mountain," a lesser-known Ellington tune. She is in good voice these days, but when she ended with a so-called "Tribute to the Ladies of the Silver Screen," the corn grew tall. Barbara McNair saluting Doris Day? Come on!

The Mills Brothers' name has been part of the music scene through virtually this entire century. Death and retirement have reduced the group to a duo: Don Mills, 76, and original member, and his son John, 27. The material ranged from trivial to timeless.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Herb Jeffries: astounding singer but ineffective musical director.

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A Tough Act to Follow

Who can assume Miles Davis' leadership role in challenging the music's boundaries and inspiring change? Here are six candidates

JOHN FUNG / Los Angeles Times

By LEONARD FEATHER

More than any other musician of his generation, Miles Davis epitomized change. He ushered in one revolution after another: from hard bop to the magisterial collaborations with Gil Evans' orchestra . . . from chordal to modal music . . . and on to electronic jazz fusion.

Davis—who died Sept. 28 in Santa Monica of complications of pneumonia, liver disease and stroke—continued to surprise us right up until the end. At the Montreux Jazz Festival last summer, he caught everybody off guard by doing what he had always sworn he would never do: relive the past.

At Montreux, Miles spent an evening playing some of the Gil Evans masterpieces of the 1950s. As he listened to Quincy Jones conduct an all-star orchestra in a rehearsal of these Evans charts, Davis was overheard wistfully saying: "Nobody will ever write like that again."

Nobody will ever play like Miles again, either, which raises a central question: Who can assume his leadership role in challenging the boundaries of jazz—and in inspiring change?

It's a tough assignment.

For one thing, predicting the future in any art form is difficult, but it is particularly true in the case of jazz, because almost every new movement has sprung on us without warning.

Nobody, not even Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie themselves, could have foreseen in 1940 that within a few years they would symbolize a whole new idiom, known as be-bop. Miles was similarly unaware that his "Birth of the Cool" sessions in 1949 and 1950 would designate another stage of the music's evolution.

But there's a second issue here. Davis grew up in a very different time, when fame was based on aesthetic determination rather than potential profit.

Today a musician of modest ability can—with the power of a record company, a press agent and a manager behind him—go from unknown to superstar almost overnight. The cases of Harry Connick Jr. and David Sanborn come to mind.

There's a great element of luck here—meeting the right executive in the right place at the right time. The problem is that without that massive push, a great new artist may never be able to get the widespread attention necessary today to help lead a revolution.

The next artist, if any, in terms of a Miles Davis-like effect on the scene may play almost any instrument, may be of any race, may be male or female and may possibly be the product of Japan—Toshiko Akiyoshi remains a significant force internationally—or any other country, since this is now beyond question a world music.

A few artists in the United States show signs of having significant potential—though none is off to the dramatic start that Davis made.

Following are six candidates worthy of consideration.

Wynton Marsalis

The obvious choice, but not necessarily the most promising. After a decade in the spotlight, Marsalis—who will be 30 this month—has shown no single sense of direction. Believed at first to be a be-bop revivalist, he later took to playing tributes to Louis Armstrong, New Orleans street parade music and blues variations with avant-garde touches. He seems to be in search of an image.

Where Miles let his music speak for itself and disliked interviews, Marsalis, for all his brilliance, speaks with an arrogant sense of authority that ill befits his musical indecisiveness. Still, he has a technique and intelligence that could establish him as a major role model.

There is a tendency to assess musical achievement in terms of versatility and popular recognition. Marsalis has triumphed on both levels, by displaying his unquestioned talent as a classical performer and by simultaneously winning Grammy awards for both jazz and classical albums; he has also won numerous Down Beat polls. This certainly means that he will have a long and economically rewarding career. It does not, however, offer proof of a unique creative genius.

ELLEN JASKOL / Los Angeles Times

Wynton Marsalis: The obvious choice.

Branford Marsalis

Now 31, the oldest Marsalis brother has displayed expertise on tenor and soprano saxophones and as a composer. But he too seems uncertain about direction. After leaving Wynton's group to form his own quartet in the mid-'80s, he surprised the public (and horrified Wynton) by joining Sting's band for two major tours. He has also appeared as a comedic actor in several movies, most notably "Throw Mama From the Train" and "School Daze."

Amiable and broad-minded, Branford does not indulge in the proselytizing by which Wynton has become slightly notorious. In a 1989 interview with The Times he summed up the differences between his attitude and Wynton's: "Music means a lot more than just music to him, whereas music to me means music. I'm not trying to prove anything to anyone with my music—at least not politically or socially; only musically. I do have social observations that differ from Wynton's. Mine are more comfortable for people, while he, I believe, enjoys making them squirm."

For this, and for other reasons having to do with his artistry, Branford may ultimately have a better chance than Wynton of achieving durable aesthetic success.

DAVID McNEW / Los Angeles Times

Branford Marsalis: Amiable artistry.

Delfeayo Marsalis

Early in 1989, at age 23, Delfeayo played trombone in a student group from the Berklee College of Music, where he studied for six years. The band won first prize in a college band contest held by the National Assn. of Jazz Educators.

Shortly after graduating, Delfeayo found himself in fast company, working on a jazz cruise in a band headed by the veteran cornetist Nat Adderley. Playing with world-class musicians, he earned an uproarious ovation at every show.

Delfeayo spent three of his six years at Berklee studing record production. He had started at 17, producing an album of piano solos by his father, Ellis. After Berklee, he went on to produce albums by Harry Connick Jr., brother Branford, British saxophonist Courtney Pine, Polish pianist Adam Makowicz and others.

The skill he has shown in dealing with these diverse artists may be reflected in his playing, which is already marked by technical excellence, an inventive mind and frequent touches of humor.

He is also an aspiring journalist who has contributed literate liner notes to several albums. Despite his emphasis on these other activities, he may yet outclass his older brothers as a performer and engaging personality.

LEONARD FEATHER

Delfeayo Marsalis: Inventive, versatile.

ELENA SEIBERT / For The Times

Geri Allen: Exceptionally wide-ranging.

Geri Allen

The 34-year-old pianist from Pontiac, Mich., has developed steadily while going through a series of phases, from soul and pop to Miles and Monk. She has had several significant mentors—trumpeter Marcus Belgrave, a master drummer from Ghana, saxophonist Nathan Davis—who have

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10/27

Lady Sings the Blues and More in New Compilations

By LEONARD FEATHER

The stunning woman spotlighted on Columbia's "The Legacy" remains, 32 years after her death, the most seminal vocal force in jazz. Her ability to bend notes, to shift the melody subtly, to convey the joy of singing any song at all through a personal approach to phrasing is comparable only to that of Louis Armstrong, who along with Bessie Smith was one of her two idols.

There are dozens of trivial songs being sung by women in jazz clubs around the world that would have long been forgotten had Lady Day not made them a part of the jazz literature by putting her imprimatur on them.

A case in point, typifying the unique characteristics that set Billie Holiday apart from all female jazz singers before and since, is one of the earliest tracks in the Columbia set, the forgettable Tin Pan Alley tune "What a Little Moonlight Can Do." Her timbre is immediately recognizable as the product of a jazz milieu; nobody need be told that here we have a quintessential jazz singer.

On another level, she could bring to a song such as "Gloomy Sunday" an unmatched world-weariness that managed, without any radical melodic changes, to evoke the song's dramatic essence. Holiday was an instinctive artist who could cut deep into the heart of this plaintive dirge just as effortlessly as she could sublimate an insignificant ditty.

Of the 70 tunes on the three-CD, 3½-hour package, all but four stem from that special period—1935 to 1942—when Holiday was recording as a solo artist or with Teddy Wilson's orchestra. The personnel on the album is a virtual who's who of the swing era: Lester Young, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Bunny Berigan, Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, plus Goodman, Ellington and Basie sidemen.

Contrary to the pompous liner notes, few of the songs are real dogs. Who can argue about "A Fine Romance," "Summertime," "Easy Living," "Some Other Spring" or her own "God Bless the Child"? Besides, Holiday's every inflection made magic out of the least of her vehicles.

Three previously unreleased tracks recorded from a radio broadcast during her 1938 sojourn in the Count Basie Band are expendable, as is a snippet from a Duke Ellington film short in which she is heard for just 40 seconds. In addition, an odd Goodman radio guest appearance finds Holiday sharing vocals in such unlikely company as Martha Tilton, Johnny Mercer and Leo Watson on "Jeepers Creepers."

These flaws—including the surprise omission of her five fine 1940 studio sessions (featuring such songs as "Body and Soul," "St. Louis Blues" and a dozen more)—are forgivable. This one-in-a-century voice, in any context, is an unforgettable marvel.

Two years after Holiday's last (1942) date under her Columbia contract, she signed with Decca Records, where her producer, Milt Gabler, decided to broaden her appeal by transforming her from a jazz artist into a torch singer.

★★★★★
BILLIE HOLIDAY
"The Legacy (1933-1958)"
Columbia

★★★★
"The Complete Decca Recordings"
Decca

★★★½
"Lady in Autumn: The Best of the Verve Years"
Verve

New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.

The concept got off to a magnificent start with "Lover Man." At her suggestion, strings were used on this and other songs in the first four sessions. Several of those dates resulted in the most memorable music of her five Decca years. The singing, songs and arrangements are all superb in "No More," "Don't Explain," "That Ole Devil Called Love" and "Good Morning Heartache."

A decline in quality marked the later sessions, some with a big, brassy band and inept arrangements, others with small groups that lacked the profusion of great solos heard in the early Columbia days. One date includes both Lester Young and Buck Clayton but gives them no solos.

Some songs had been recorded in early, superior versions on Columbia. Two duets with Louis Armstrong involve trite tunes, such as the aptly named "My Sweet Hunk o' Trash," dubious for Satchmo's use of obscenities in some verbal banter (this was originally replaced with a cleaned-up version).

The best small-group item by far is the poignant "I Loves You, Porgy," backed by Bobby Tucker's piano.

The main problem with the two-disc "The Complete Decca Recordings" is that although there are 50 tracks, only 34 tunes are heard. To stretch the time, alternate takes are added.

There are no fewer than five versions of "Big Stuff" (one of which breaks down after 15 seconds) and two or three almost identical treatments of other songs. By deleting these and reducing the 34 items to 24, Decca could have had a five-star, one-CD compendium.

In the 1950s Holiday switched to Verve Records and returned to the small-band format she had used in the 1930s, with Oscar Peterson, Harry (Sweets) Edison, Benny Carter and other giants.

The tunes on the label's "Lady in Autumn" are mainly retreads of her earlier hits but with her vibrato now widened and her sound sometimes rasping. She was unhappy with these late sessions, yet as annotator Joel Siegel points out, "she could still summon up moments of affecting tenderness." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 11/5

JAZZ REVIEW

Rucker Is Pleasing at Bakery

Ellyn Rucker, the Denver-based pianist, arrived in town for a Sunday-night stand at the Jazz Bakery in Culver City. Rucker belongs in a middle ground, somewhere short of true jazz creativity but a cut above the typical lounge-act pianist. Her time sense is commendable, her ballad ("Spring Is Here,") is embellished by its succulent chords. At her best she makes a good case for a kinder, gentler piano.

In her choice of material, she avoided the trite standards in favor of such lesser-known works as "Sail Away" by the trumpeter Tom Harrell and "Funji Mama," a calypso piece by the late Blue Mitchell.

Halfway through her first set, Rucker began singing. Her nervous vocals had the air of someone who has been advised that the song here and there will spice up the act, but in her case it does little more than reveal an area that needs polishing. Again, though, her selection of songs was wise: Freddie Hubbard's waltz "Up Jumped Spring" and Mel Torme's "Born to Blue," as well as her own lyrics to Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way."

Much of the power of her best numbers was furnished by the bass of Tony Dumas, a local musician who, in addition to his admirable rhythmic support, turned in one excellent solo after another.

Rucker's pleasant if unspectacular performance may be strengthened Friday and Saturday, when she will be heard at Lunaria's with drummer Roy McCurdy added.

—LEONARD FEATHER

11/6

Turtle Island String Quartet at Royce Hall

The Turtle Island String Quartet, heard in concert Saturday at Royce Hall, has earned a deserved reputation for crossing idiomatic lines. But there is much more than that to its accomplishments.

This unique unit leaps over continents, decades and centuries. Within the parameters of a single arrangement the group may move seamlessly from Stephen Foster-like simplicity to John Coltrane-like complexity, from mainstream jazz to Eastern sounds, even Indian-tinted bluegrass.

The violinists David Balakrishnan and Darol Anger, violist Katrina Wreede and cellist Mark Summer all being gifted as composers, arrangers and improvising soloists, it is all but impossible to single out any member for special praise.

A slight edge might go to Balakrishnan for his solos—he is a Space-Age Stephane Grappelli—and for his original works such as the vaulting "Skylife," as well as his versions of standards by Django Reinhardt, Benny Goodman and Chick Corea. But then there were the charts by Darol Anger, their sources as diversified as Robert Johnson's "Crossroads" and Gershwin's "Fascinatin' Rhythm."

Wreede's improvisations on viola are the only outstanding jazz contributions on this instrument. Mark Summer, composer of "Gettysburg," used the cello for every purpose, from bowing and plucking to occasional slapping, or simply supplying string-bass style rhythm.

Here, in short, are four artists whose eclecticism is matched by their ability to cohere, whether in skillfully limned harmony or savage counterpoint. Other jazz-oriented string quartets are making valuable contributions, but Turtle Island by now is more than an island. It's an impregnable fortress to which nobody can come close.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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L.A. TIMES NOV 3

BENNY GREEN

A Modern Pianist Finds His Niche in the Big Pond

By LEONARD FEATHER

Benny Green is the prototypical modern jazzman.

For many years, the jazz musician was portrayed by the media as drinking, carousing, smoking everything available and relying on spontaneous creation without recourse to education.

In contrast to that outdated stereotype, the 28-year-old Green is serious about his music and has steeped himself in the history of its evolution. The pianist has no perceptible vices, speaks articulately and is eager to make a personal contribution, both as instrumentalist and composer.

"My father steered me in the right direction," says Green, a New York resident. "As a tenor sax player himself, he was inspired by Lester Young, and as a teacher he played me records of Monk, Bird, Billie Holiday and taught me the standard jazz repertoire. Along with my classical studies, which I began at the age of 7, I was able to improvise on the tunes I'd heard in his collection."

JAZZ FACES

As a teen-ager, Green played in high school bands and worked with jazz groups around the Bay Area.

"I free-lanced for a year in San Francisco," he says, "but when I heard these great musicians from New York visiting the local clubs, I realized that I was only becoming a big fish in a little pond. New York was the mecca where I could feel comfortable in a humbling atmosphere and meet a real challenge."

At 19 he headed for the big pond, where he soon ran into Walter Bishop Jr., the veteran be-bop pianist who had recorded with Miles Davis and Charlie Parker.

"Walter reminded me of the importance of not just imitating what he was doing and of working toward developing my own voice," Green recalls.

One night, when he was working with a singer in a Long Island club, Green was heard by Betty Carter. A few weeks later he auditioned for the vocalist, and he went on to build a solid reputation during four years on the road as her accompanist.

"Betty also taught me a lot about not simply emulating pianists I admired," Green says. "She also told me that regardless of how little exposure audiences might have had to our music, they could sense the underlying feeling behind what we were feeling."

In 1987, he joined drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, earning international respect during his 2½-year stay. He also worked in groups led by Freddie Hubbard, Ralph Moore and Bobby Watson. Now he's an established leader of his own trio, with two Blue Note albums to his credit. On the latest, "Greens," he is heard with his current sidemen—Carl Allen on drums and Christian McBride on bass.

Increasingly active as a composer, Green will play many of his compositions on his trio's next album, which will be recorded live at the Village Vanguard in New York.

"I enjoy the chemistry in this group, and I'm interested in furthering the tradition of the piano-trio format," Green says of the threesome, which recently completed a five-night stand at Vine St. Bar & Grill in Hollywood.

This is the most remarkable aspect of Green's work. He regards his trio as a congregation of equals, rather than an individual piano performance with bass and drum backing. Within this framework, he can take the music of such bop pioneers as Blakey, Horace Silver and Charlie Parker and update them beyond their status as archival figures, bringing them to contemporary life through his unusually sensitive use of the format at his disposal.

While working with some of the greats has elevated Green to the upper echelons of jazz, he nevertheless remains grounded in assessing his own potential.

JAMES HASTINGS

Green: Hearing some of the true masters playing "really put me in my place—but it also inspired me to keep on pushing ahead."

"All I had to do when I first got to New York was go around to the jazz clubs and hear some of the true masters playing," Green explains. "That really put me in my place—but it also inspired me to keep on pushing ahead.

"I have to go beyond the accomplishments of the great people I've listened to, and I realize that it's going to take a lifetime of work." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

11/10/91

★★★½

RAY BROWN

"Moore Makes Four"

Concord Jazz

★★★

GENE HARRIS

"Black & Blue"

Concord Jazz

The title of bassist Brown's album is a reference to tenor saxophonist Ralph Moore, and in many ways it's more the saxophonist's album since Moore is featured at length in a well-balanced collection of 1920s-through-'40s bop and pop standards.

Though supposedly inspired by John Coltrane, Moore is chordal rather than modal, and at times he sounds surprisingly restrained. Gene Harris on piano, Jeff Hamilton on drums and Brown on bass sustain the mainstream groove on Charlie Parker's "Quasimodo" and Dizzy Gillespie's "The Champ."

A quartet of a very different stripe is heard on "Black & Blue." Although Harris is the common element, he adjusts his style smartly to the more blues-oriented requirements here. Replacing the tenor sax is guitarist Ron Eschete, who is sympathetically funky.

The tunes are a fairly conventional cross section of blues, quasi-blues, crypto-blues and non-blues, even including Stevie Wonder's "Another Star." The high points make for greasy listening.

—LEONARD FEATHER

In Brief

★★★½ Toots Thielemans, "For My Lady," EmArcy Records. Harmonica virtuoso Thielemans appeared as a guest soloist on Shirley Horn's hit CD "You Won't Forget Me" (Verve Records) and reciprocates here by using her trio to accompany him in a vigorous and sometimes amusing display of his versatility (he doubles as guitarist and whistler). Tunes by Ellington, Gershwin, Oscar Pettiford, Jobim and Thielemans are represented, the leader as composer of the attractively simple (and simply attractive) title track. —L.F.

11/11/91

A Freshening Up of the Unique Sounds of Brazil

Just as it was in the days of the film "Black Orpheus," Brazilian popular music remains clearly recognizable as a first cousin of North American jazz. On Saturday at the Jazz Bakery, six musicians directed by pianist-composer Guilherme Vergueiro offered a bracing demonstration of what has changed and what has remained the same in this unique, Rio-borne idiom.

Where the bossa nova of the early '60s gave a major role to the guitar and often relegated percussion to a supporting part, today's group is more likely to dispense with the guitar and augment the drums with a second percussionist.

What has remained essentially unchanged is the singular melodic charm of the themes. Each set opened with a couple of duo num-

Kirkland Makes His Case at Catalina's

11/18

A capacity crowd was on hand at Catalina's to greet the quartet of Kenny Kirkland as the pianist—formerly with Wynton Marsalis—offered powerful evidence of his potential as a leader.

Kirkland's four years with Marsalis, and his subsequent experiences with Sting and others, have broadened his scope, which now encompasses elements of sophistication, along with touches of rock and other idioms that transcend his bop origins.

During one piece, presumably an original, he began unaccompanied in a romantic mood that mixed impressionism with incisive, rocking statements as the bassist Charnett Moffett moved in along with the drummer, Don Alias. The latter was a surprise entry, since he normally plays only percussion. But on this occasion (subbing on Wednesday for the group's regular drummer Jeff Tain Watts) he doubled on regular drums. Nevertheless, it was during two conga solos preceding and following a wild version of Monk's "Criss Cross" that Alias came close to stopping the show.

Completing the group was Kenny Garrett, playing alto and soprano saxophones. Best known for his stint with Miles Davis, Garrett made a distinctive and intensely passionate foil for Kirkland, ending on a note of triumphant hysteria as the set climaxed with Ornette Coleman's "When Will the Blues Leave?"

It was during this number that Moffett, who was working with Marsalis when he was only 16, played his only solo. Listening to Moffett, now 24, you could hear how some players have learned to use the upright bass more imaginatively in the past decade.

The group ended its five-day engagement Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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11/19/91

JAZZ

In the Mood for All of Glenn Miller?

By LEONARD FEATHER

There has been little in musical history comparable to the Glenn Miller mystique. Almost 47 years after his death—he disappeared over the English Channel in December, 1944, while flying to Paris to meet his Army Air Force Orchestra—Miller remains a hero to many.

A band bearing his name, its members born years after he died, still fills concert halls and ballrooms. (The Miller orchestra will appear Saturday at the Long Beach Convention Center and next Sunday at the Citrus College Arts Center in Glendora.)

The original, civilian ensemble had a short life. Its entire output on the old Bluebird label (35 cents in those days) is collected in this 13-CD package ($139, please). To hear each tune through even once takes up about 15 hours, not allowing for another hour or two to read the 140-page booklet.

What was it that established Miller as a pop music giant—the Michael Jackson of his day?

The answer might be found in Miller's reaction to a negative review by the critic John Hammond. "Why do you judge me as a musician, John?" Miller snapped. "All I'm interested in is making money." Indeed he was, and he found the perfect formula.

A strict disciplinarian, he ruled his troops like a martinet. Many sidemen disliked him and his music ("the coldest fish that ever lived," said saxophonist Hal McIntyre), though some respected him ("a brilliant man, an honorable man," according to cornetist Bobby Hackett).

Much of this personality is reflected in the music. What Miller himself may have lacked as a musician (Benny Goodman called him "a pedestrian trombonist") he made up for with an uncanny sense of what the young crowd wanted in those innocent times.

He promised listeners a little of everything—and delivered: the pleasing instrumental sound, using clarinet instead of alto sax to lead the reed section on such tunes as his famous theme "Moonlight Serenade"; occasional touches of watered-down jazz, but some of these, like Billy May's slow-tempo version of "Take the 'A' Train" came off exceptionally well; attempts to swing the classics (Ravel, Debussy, Beethoven, Verdi and Tchaikovsky are all represented), and, of course, the pop songs.

Of the staggering 287 tunes in this collection, no fewer than 230 have vocals. Miller usually employed seven singers. All were capable interpreters of songs that ranged from the superior ("Indian Summer," "Melancholy Lullaby," the latter composed and arranged by Benny Carter) to mundane.

Miller audiences were fed "Three Little Fishes," "Boogie Woogie Piggy" and—who can ever forget?—"Conchita, Marquita, Lolita, Pepita, Rosita, Juanita Lopez" (from the film "Priorities on Parade"), with vocals by Marion Hutton, Tex Beneke and the Modernaires.

Everything Miller recorded was impeccably performed, but some of his own jazz arrangements ("King Porter's Stomp," "Bugle Call Rag") lacked the luster of previous versions by Benny Goodman, Fletcher Henderson and the like.

Though the band was never racially integrated, Miller [illegible] a few talented black writers, notably Eddie Durham ("Slipt' Jive," "Glen Island Special").

Miller's biggest instrumental hit, "In the Mood," was his ingenious extension of a tune by Joe Garland, a saxophonist who had recorded it with Edgar Hayes. Similarly, "Tuxedo Junction," arranged for Miller by Jerry Gray, was a tune Miller had heard when his band played opposite Erskine Hawkins at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

This collection is hard to assess, since there are one-star cuts alongside others that rate 3½ or four stars. It is doubtful that even nostalgia will induce many tears of joy for "Papa Niccolini (The Happy Cobbler)" or "Ma-ma-Maria (Fee-dle, Ee-dle-lee)."

Yet the vast Glenn Miller legend is by no means built exclusively on trivia. Judicious editing might have reduced this to, say, a four-CD set. That could have made a good case for this orchestra as one that managed at times to set a high standard for the pop-jazz crossover phenomenon it tried so arduously to represent. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

★★½

GLENN MILLER

"The Complete Glenn Miller and His Orchestra (1938-1942)"

RCA Bluebird

New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.

AP / Wide World Photos

Glenn Miller in 1940.

JAZZ REVIEW

Art Farmer's Hybrid Sound

We've already heard the fluegelhorn. We all know the trumpet. The time has now arrived to greet the flumpet.

This hybrid horn is the recently adopted, specially manufactured plaything of Art Farmer, who opened an engagement Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill that extends through Sunday. Long torn between the mellow sound of the fluegelhorn and the brilliance of the trumpet, he found a manufacturer who developed the new instrument.

The flumpet (a switch to a more graceful name, Farmer says, is under consideration) managed to merge these requirements. On the slower tempos it tends toward the fluegel sound. At a rapid clip and in the higher range it takes on a trumpet coloration. Either way, it's an ideal vehicle for the personal brand of lyricism with which Farmer has long been identified.

With a repertoire that stretches from Kern to Coltrane, Farmer showed his mastery of the new horn. It is also capable of a splendid muted sound, as he demonstrated on Benny Golson's "Sad to Say," performed as a duo with pianist Mike Wofford.

Wofford was accorded his own interlude in mid-set, bringing his remarkable technique and stylistic elegance to "You Stepped Out of a Dream." His teammates were the always dependable Roy McCurdy on drums and the limber bassist Bob Magnusson, who soloed spiritedly—both plucking and bowing.

Farmer ended his set with "Cherokee Sketches," a jaunty variation on "Cherokee," written by a friend back home in Vienna, where the flumpeter has lived for 23 years. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Bare-Bones Marsalis at the Strand

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The theory that less is more was put to the test severely on Saturday when Branford Marsalis played a one-night stand at the Strand in Redondo Beach.

Best known for his numerous quintet and quartet recordings, first with brother Wynton and then with his own group, the saxophonist this year stripped down to trio size, no doubt on the assumption that the absence of a piano would afford him greater freedom.

On Saturday, however, the show scheduled for 7:30 p.m. had not started by 8:30 because the bassist, Bob Hurst, was missing. Marsalis decided to go ahead with the talent at hand, namely his drummer, Jeff (Tain) Watts. The duo proceeded with "St. Thomas," a tune so basic that the few chords were implicit without the bass. Playing tenor sax, Marsalis made superlative use of his vast improvisational vocabulary, though Watts with his "stumbling drum" style sometimes left doubt as to where the beat was.

Hurst finally arrived and the rest of the set provided a well-rounded picture both of the advantages and limitations inherent in this instrumentation. Marsalis, on soprano

Please see MARSALIS, F9

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Louie Bellson: The Drummer as Musician

By LEONARD FEATHER

The days when a 15-piece orchestra was referred to as "14 musicians and a drummer" are long gone.

That this jocular, often false image has given way to a new conception can be credited in large measure to the contributions of men like Louie Bellson, whose big band will be heard Tuesday through next Sunday at Catalina Bar & Grill in Hollywood.

What makes Bellson special is his overall musicianship. A gifted composer and arranger who has written everything from jazz instrumentals to ballets, he can incorporate his role logically instead of just banging away without regard to the dynamic or melodic structure of the work in progress.

"I can understand why critics are so low on drum solos," he said during a recent interview. "It's not fun to see a guy up there beating his brains out, and at the end of the solo you don't even known where the 'one' [the first beat of the bar] is."

"My father played all the instruments," Bellson recalled. "He knew I was ambidextrous and told me I could do whatever I wanted, but he said, 'Now you have to learn how to become musical.' So after rebelling against it, I studied harmony and theory. In addition to becoming a better musician, I had a lot of fun composing."

What also sets Bellson apart is his phenomenal technique and the imaginative uses to which he puts it, notably the employment of two bass drums, with which he can create volleys of incredible rapidity.

It was during Bellson's two-year stint in the early '50s with the Duke Ellington Orchestra that his double-pedal dynamism came to the fore, particularly on his composition "Skin Deep," the first recording ever to capture a drummer soloing on two bass drums simultaneously.

Oddly enough, the technique was also used, though never regularly, by a drummer who represented different values: Buddy Rich.

Rich's inability to read music was a source of frustration, Bellson believes.

"During the last few years of his life," Bellson said, "I saw him fooling around with the vibes or the keyboards; there was something in his head, but he didn't know how to express it. He told me: 'Yeah, I know what to do with the drums, but I wish I could spell out something musically.' "

In other ways, Bellson and Rich were alike.

"The main similarity was that Buddy and I both played like tap dancers—which he was, as a child," Bellson said. "He once said, 'I'm not really playing drums. I'm tap-dancing when I'm playing.' I often feel the same way."

Bellson's musicality has enabled him to lead a multiple life. From the time he left Ellington in 1953, just after his marriage to singer Pearl Bailey, he divided his time between traveling as a musical director, leading his own bands and writing music.

After Bailey's death in the summer of 1990, Bellson decided to cope with his grief by immersing himself in work. In the past year he has been overseas five times: in New Zealand and Spain on his own, working with local musicians, and through Europe this summer with Benny Carter and an all-star combo.

Bellson has long done his share of preaching what he practices, as teacher and performer in countless colleges. The National Drum Assn. voted him one of the country's top clinicians; he was praised for his ability to explain not only what he does but also how the roots of jazz drumming were planted by such masters as Chick Webb, Jo Jones and Big Sid Catlett.

Because the big band provides the best outlet for his music, Bellson prefers to work in that setting, though plane fares have all but killed the traveling-band concept. The drummer has found his way around this by drawing on three pools of musicians, in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

But because of the demands on Bellson's time, his only recent extended opportunity to write came about as the result of an illness that sidelined him in 1990, when he and Bailey spent six weeks together at their home in Lake Havasu City, Ariz.

"I decided to use that time by writing an extended piece for orchestra," he said. "It's called 'Tomus I, II and III.' [*Tomus* is Latin for a cutting or shred.] It starts with a celebration of the birth of Christ; Tomus II is the War of the Ages, and Tomus III is the commitment to peace.

"Pearl heard me fooling around with these themes on the keyboard and decided to write words to it. She wrote some great lyrics."

Lake Havasu City may be the site for the world premiere of Bellson's *magnum opus*. "The people there are already building a movable stage named after Pearl, and they eventually want to build a 7,500-seat theater of the arts in her name," Bellson said.

"Meanwhile, I just want to keep on playing good music. My mentors—people like the Maestro, Duke—told me never to prostitute myself. They showed me that if I do something constructive it will have longevity. That's the way I've been educated, and that's what I'll always believe." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

ROSEMARY KAUL / Los Angeles Times

"I just want to keep on playing good music," says Louie Bellson.

MARISSA ROTH / For The Times

Branford Marsalis at the Strand: A vast improvisational vocabulary.

MARSALIS: Trio at Strand

Continued from F1

or tenor, showed his mastery of rhythmic and tonal invention on his own "Citizen Tain," on an early Ornette Coleman piece and on Hurst's "Roused About," named for the late saxophonist Charlie Rouse.

Only on the one ballad, "Everything Happens to Me," was the piano conspicuous by its absence; a song of this type tends to lose its essence without a keyboard (or guitar) to stress its essentially harmonic nature.

Overall, the interplay within this tight unit was intriguing, though it was hard to avoid the inference that the senior brother of this gifted family will move on, in due course, to bigger and bolder adventures.

12-9-91

JAZZ

The Future? Well, You Needn't Worry

By LEONARD FEATHER

WASHINGTON—The annual competition sponsored here last weekend by the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz is a continuing reminder of the growing number of young musicians who are playing an increasingly vital role in shaping the future of jazz.

The winner in the 1987 inaugural competition was pianist Marcus Roberts, who went on to work with Wynton Marsalis and now leads his own acclaimed group.

Joey De Francesco, who at 15 was a finalist that first year, is now one of the most-talked-about jazz organists, with a series of Columbia albums.

Last year's winner, the phenomenal trumpeter Ryan Kisor—then a 17-year-old high school senior from Sioux City, Iowa—will release his first Columbia album soon. He and De Francesco were on hand at the institute's fifth annual competition—devoted to saxophonists—making guest appearances on the concert's finale last Sunday.

"These affairs have never been strictly for amateurs," Thomas Carter, executive director of the Monk competitions, said last weekend. "We received almost 300 saxophone tapes from all over the world, and most of them were from people who have had professional experience. The only limitations are a maximum age of 35, and no contestant may have an album out under his own name."

The competition is named for the late pianist and composer, whose son, Thelonious Monk Jr., is chairman of the institute. The competition was devoted to pianists for three years and last year to trumpeters.

In an emotional climax to this year's competition at the Smithsonian Institution's Baird Auditorium, 22-year-old tenor saxophonist Joshua Redman won the $10,000 top prize with a potently self-possessed three-tune performance.

Redman was selected from a field of six finalists by a panel of distinguished judges: Benny Carter, Jimmy Heath, Jackie McLean, Branford Marsalis and Frank Wess. The winner, a recent graduate of Harvard University with a bachelor's in social sciences, is the son of pioneer avant-garde tenor saxophonist Dewey Redman.

MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times

Pianist Marcus Roberts, winner of the first Monk competition in 1987, went on to acclaim.

Throughout the two days, astonishingly high levels of talent were displayed—not merely of technical expertise but in many cases a degree of creativity that would have put many seasoned pros to shame had they appeared in the days before jazz education.

Therein lies the secret. This music grows out of the schools and conservatories. Most contestants were college graduates.

For too long, what little jazz knowledge the typical student picked up in school was gleaned from teachers who were academics with relatively little empirical understanding. Today all that is changed. Significantly, the five judges here, while maintaining active sax-playing careers, have had frequent experience as teachers, holding classes and clinics at leading universities.

Typical was Eric Alexander, 23, the winner of the $5,000 second prize; he received a bachelor's degree in jazz studies from William Paterson College in Wayne, N.J., where the faculty includes a dozen jazz notables. Another competitor with a collegiate background was Finnish saxophonist Jari Perkiomaki, who trained at the Sibelius Academy's jazz department in Helsinki.

The African-American art form has become pan-American and global: Semifinalists came from Germany, the Soviet Union, Colombia, Chile, Poland and Australia.

Australia's Andrew Speight introduced his tunes with an accent as broad as the Sydney Opera House, yet when he tore into "Cherokee" on his alto sax, the only difference between him and 20-year-old Chris Potter of New York was in their relative stature on an overall scale of excellence. (Potter, now with Red Rodney's band, split the $3,000 third prize with Tim Warfield, 26, a member of Marlon Jordan's group.)

True, neither in the American nor the overseas entrants was there an epiphany, a sense that one of these youths had found a route to revolution. But one does not expect even once in a decade to find a new Charlie Parker or Lester Young. One should be satisfied that these youths offer reassuring evidence of spirit and dedication, on having modeled themselves on the right leaders. Some may yet move into higher ground, as have several former Monk contestants.

The worldwide media coverage of the Monk events (including a National Public Radio special due in late January) can hardly fail to provide a valuable propaganda medium for jazz and its young practitioners.

"When we hear talent like this, we know there has to be a place for jazz," said Frank Wess, speaking for his fellow judges. "Jazz has never been a mass-media business, but with young people like these to sustain it, you don't have to worry about the future." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Reviewed by Dy...

ANGELIC SOUNDS: The unique female Christmas vocal quartet known as Innervoices made its annual appearance at At My Place and left many listeners wondering why the group confines itself to seasonal songs. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F8**

JAZZ REVIEW

Innervoices: A Delight of the Season

Hallelujah! The Innervoices are back, which means that without checking our calendars we know that Christmas is upon us.

Thursday evening in the crowded confines of At My Place in Santa Monica, these four wondrous women performed their annual yuletide show. Carmen Twillie took everyone to church with her soulful contralto. Darlene Koldenhoven's celestial soprano took us to heaven. Clydene Jackson led us through blues territory with "Merry Christmas Baby," and Morgan Ames tied it all together with her luminous arrangements.

Separately or in their flawless four-way blend, the Innervoices held the crowd spellbound despite the limitations of the material. Ames has done her best to beef up some of the songs by changing the lyrics (as in "Greensleeves") or by eliminating them almost entirely ("Silent Night"). But it did not help to leap from the sacred to the idiotically profane, as in "Boogie Woogie Santa Claus."

There are, of course, some splendid Christmas songs. Obviously, "Ave Maria," the perennial chorus (but not the lame verse) of "White Christmas" and Koldenhoven's own delightful "The Angels Sang." The concluding "Hallelujah," complete with ingenious counterpoint, was stunning.

The foursome sang a cappella except for three numbers that had a pre-taped background. Al Jarreau guested on "Cherry Tree Carol" and David Campbell played the viola on "Some Children See Him," but the group needs no vocal or instrumental props.

What it still needs is year-round repertoire, as was demonstrated in the one non-seasonal item, the theme from "On Golden Pond" with music by Dave Grusin and lyrics by Ames. This unique unit is too valuable to leave itself unavailable (or at best untimely) during the other 11 months of the year.

Innervoices can be heard Friday at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, also on CBS-TV's "Sunday Morning" Dec. 22. —LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ

12/8/91

'Dingo': Sweet Swan Song of Legrand Jazz From Davis

By LEONARD FEATHER

RICHARD ROTHMAN

Miles Davis: His first film acting role provides a final triumph.

The scene: a movie set on an airstrip in the Australian desert. The temperature on this dusty day in 1990 is a stifling 105 degrees. The participants: a crew of 50, plus more than 100 extras—and thousands of flies.

As the cameras begin rolling, a short, unsmiling man steps out of a Boeing 707. The colorfully draped figure is Miles Dewey Davis, who is portraying fictional musician Billy Cross in the film "Dingo."

As Davis, in his first film acting role, starts playing the unabashed four-beat jazz that identified him decades ago, a young boy, Dingo Anderson, appears enchanted by the sound. The trumpeter tells him, "If you ever come to Paris, look me up."

"Dingo" stars Davis—who died at age 65 of complications of pneumonia and a stroke on Sept. 28 in Santa Monica—and Colin Friels, who plays the adult Dingo Anderson. The film—set for a one-week run from Friday through Dec. 20 at the Laemmle Monica 4-Plex Theatre in Santa Monica—offers proof that the most controversial performer in jazz was still able near the end of his life to reassert the artistry of his pre-fusion past.

Michel Legrand helped Davis immeasurably in his return to his early style. As the film's co-composer, arranger and conductor, Legrand was as essential a part of the musical power of the "Dingo" soundtrack as arranger-composer Gil Evans was to such Davis orchestral album masterpieces as "Miles Ahead."

Legrand wrote the simple, haunting theme that underlies much of the picture and that serves as the recurrent element in the soundtrack album, recently released by Warner Bros. Records.

"The [project] began for me," Legrand said in a phone interview from Paris, "when Miles called and said [Legrand imitating the famous Davis growl], 'Michel . . . I have to write a film score, and I want you to do it with me.' Well, when Miles calls, you take the first plane."

As Legrand soon learned after arriving in Hollywood in February, 1990, the script was written with Miles in mind, and the Australian director and co-producer, Rolf de Heer, persuaded the trumpeter to take the role of Cross. Davis, however, made his acceptance conditional on securing Legrand's help. The pair had worked together in 1958 on the acclaimed album "Legrand Jazz."

And how did Davis feel about playing straight-ahead jazz after his decade-long refusal to turn back the musical clock?

"I asked him that on the first day, out at his Malibu home," Legrand recalled. "He said, 'That's no problem, because the story begins a long time ago and I'll do what the script calls for.' So we sat and talked and drank and ate, and it was beautiful, but I finally said, 'Miles, we have to start prerecording next week.' So he'd play a phrase and put it on paper, but nothing much happened that day."

As the days went by, Davis didn't feel much like working, but Legrand coaxed him into action.

"I told him: 'I'll write down everything from those few notes we did last time, I'll prerecord all the band stuff, then next week you come in and we'll just overdub your part,'" Legrand said.

During the summer and fall, Davis went to Australia and Paris for the acting sequences. Last February, after editing was completed, Legrand and Davis met again for post-recording.

"He was in great shape," Legrand recalled. "Even if it was a very bright tempo, he played everything with such love. It was a wonderful experience."

Also important was the contribution of Chuck Findley, who recorded the trumpet parts for Friels' Dingo character.

As Legrand explained, director De Heer wanted "a trumpeter who not only was inspired by Miles but could also play like a wild animal—like the Australian dingos."

"So right away," Legrand said, "I thought of Chuck, who is so flexible, and he worked with me a lot in the studios. Rolf de Heer sent me a tape with all the animal cries in it, and Chuck played like—well, he played like a desert dog, barking and crying. There's a scene in the outback that is really beautiful."

Findley is heard again in the final half-hour of the film, after Dingo has finally caught up with his idol in Paris. Cross takes the younger man to a jazz club, where he sits in with a small band led by a trumpeter (whose role is played by composer Onzy Matthews but whose music was taped by trum-

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RANDY LEFFINGWELL / L.A. Times

SURVIVOR: Soviet saxophonist Alexei Zoubov, who moved to L.A. in 1984, survived by converting his house into a recording studio, which he rented out. Last August, everything was taken in a robbery. He's coping with the help of friends. And playing again—Zoubov will appear at Legends of Hollywood on Saturday. **F7**

Miles Davis

Continued from Page 60

peter Nolan Smith). The climax is a three-way jam. Cross, who had given up the horn after suffering a stroke, decides to join in.

The rekindling of the Davis-Legrand partnership could have led to other ventures, the composer said.

"I saw Miles just last July when he came to France to receive the Legion d'Honneur," Legrand said. "He called me and said, 'Michel, you've got to come here and hold my hand.' We talked about doing another record session together; in fact, we had started to work on it.

"He seemed so absolutely normal and fine and happy—then all of a sudden, just weeks later, I hear the news. But I am happy that everyone can see and hear him in this final triumph." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 12/12

RANDY LEFFINGWELL / Los Angeles Times

Saxman Alexei Zoubov: "I'm still trying to develop new ideas."

Beat Goes On for Russian Saxman

■ **Jazz:** Alexei Zoubov finds acceptance and gets help from his fellow musicians after losing everything in a robbery.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

You might say that the American dream turned sour for Alexei Zoubov.

The hard-driving Soviet tenor saxophonist, whose style reflects a wide range of influences from Joe Henderson to John Coltrane, came to prominence in Moscow during the post-Stalin jazz thaw, in a bop-oriented group called the Eight. Tiring of what was still a basically repressive totalitarian regime, Zoubov settled in Los Angeles in 1984.

Unknown here, he found it difficult to get established as a musician. However, Zoubov—who holds a master's degree in physics from Moscow University—eventually put his scientific knowledge to use by converting his Hollywood home into a well-equipped recording studio, which he rented out to other musicians.

Things seemed to be going well until last August when four men, one carrying a gun, marched into his studio, tied him up and robbed him of virtually everything he owned—including the sound equipment and even his prized tenor sax.

Four months after the trauma that left him in emotional and financial ruin, Zoubov, 55, shows amazing equanimity. "There has been much help," he says, "some from the local Russian community, and some by American musicians who played a benefit concert for me. I am deeply touched by the human compassion and spirit that has been shown. One friend spent $3,500 to buy me a new saxophone, so I'm playing again." Zoubov will appear at the Legends of Hollywood restaurant Saturday.

Despite his misfortunes, the musician is not disillusioned about the American experience. "Something like this could just as easily have happened in Moscow," says Zoubov, a likable, outgoing man who speaks with a thick accent.

Ironically, Zoubov's career in the Soviet Union had surmounted most of the usual obstacles. "I started playing with bands in the late 1950s," he recalls. "In 1960, I joined the Oleg Lundstrem Orchestra, a group of emigres who had the top swing band in Shanghai. When the Communists captured Shanghai in 1948, they came to Moscow.

"By the time I went with the band, it was doing variety shows which were part concert music and part jazz. Pretty soon, jazz became completely acceptable. I started to write arrangements and stayed with Lundstrem six years."

Zoubov soon found many other outlets, scoring symphonic music for movies, recording with the house band of the state-owned Melodiya Record Co., and leading several small jazz groups.

The decision to come to America was as much social as musical. "In 1979 I was married to an American who was working at the American Embassy," he says. "I was able to come with her to Los Angeles several times. I was actually scared about moving here; it affected me spiritually and emotionally, so that by the time I settled permanently our relationship had ended."

Now that *glasnost* has left him free to come and go as he pleases, there may be a return trip to Moscow along with his idol, saxman Joe Henderson. Meanwhile, he plans to go to New York to play a New Year's Eve gig with bassist Harvey Schwartz.

"I'm still trying to develop new ideas, new ways to present the music," he says. "It's not easy when you don't have your own regular group. You see, in Russia I was in the right place at the right time, all the time. Here I have to find the right place and time for myself. But I am respected by fellow musicians here, as I was there, and that means more to me than anything that has gone wrong."

12/13

JAZZ

3 New American Jazz Masters Named

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz has had its share of reputed halls of fame over the years, but they've been mostly promotional gimmicks that quickly faded. The only one that carries any weight is the American Jazz Masters series, an unofficial Jazz Hall of Fame sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts.

The 1992 honorees, to be announced today in Washington, D.C., are trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison, pianist Dorothy Donegan and singer Betty Carter. Each will receive a $20,000 award. Edison and Donegan are longtime Los Angeles residents.

The prizes are given to living U.S. citizens who, in the words of NEA Chairman John E. Frohnmayer, "helped write the history of jazz through their musical gifts and increased America's understanding of this U.S.-born musical genre."

Today's honorees bring to 34 the number of artists who have been cited since the program was started in 1982. They range from jazz superstars Miles Davis, Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald to such formidable but lesser-known talents as pianist Barry Harris, L.A. bandleader Gerald Wilson and trombonist-arranger Melba Liston.

Edison, 76, has a sound so personal that he can play eight quarter-notes in a row (as he sometimes does) and be immediately recognizable. He's best known for the bare-bones style he established during his years in the Count Basie band (1937-50) and later on countless Frank Sinatra records.

Donegan, 67, is a superbly equipped pianist whose reputation has been somewhat mitigated by her tendency to indulge in visual antics. Nevertheless, she is so gifted that no less a giant than Art Tatum took her under his wing.

Carter, 61, has been praised widely for her idiosyncratic tone quality and phrasing, though some musicians have been critical of her overstylized mannerisms. Whether she belongs in the company of such noted vocalists as, say, Carmen McRae (who has not yet been honored as a jazz master) or Fitzgerald is debatable.

So how good a job has the NEA done over the years in deciding whom to honor?

The list of 34 honorees shows little cause for complaint. Nobody should dispute the singling out of Davis, Fitzgerald, Clark Terry and others of similar caliber.

Yet the omissions are startling.

While Sun Ra, a keyboardist known for his comic costumes and gimmicky names (Sun Ra and His Myth-Science Solar Arkestra) was chosen for the very first award, true keyboard giants—Tommy Flanagan, Herbie Hancock, Jimmy Smith—have not been honored.

The awards are also unbalanced, instrumentally speaking. No fewer than 10 pianists have won, while clarinetists have been ignored (even the two undisputed giants, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman), as have male singers (Joe Williams, Ray Charles, Mel Tormé).

MICHAEL EDWARDS / Los Angeles Times

Dorothy Donegan

Max Roach and Kenny Clarke, the pioneers of modern jazz drumming, were rightfully recognized, but Buddy Rich and the still-active Louie Bellson were not.

Lionel Hampton deserved his award, but Red Norvo, his predecessor as a mallet-instrument ground breaker, has been bypassed. Woody Herman, whose contributions spanned 50 years, did not live to see himself honored; neither, incredibly, did Stan Getz.

And on it goes.

So who makes the selections?

Of the panelists, two are widely known jazz musicians—trumpeter Jimmy Owens and pianist-composer Amina Claudine Myers. The others are mainly educators and ethnomusicologists from campuses around the country.

Does this group of judges in fact constitute the ideal jury to pass on such vital matters? Not having talked to the jurors, one cannot arrive at a conclusive answer, yet it is arguable whether a jury leaning more heavily in favor of the jazz artists' peers, and less weighted with academics, might arrive at an even-less-debatable series of verdicts.

Whatever one's views on the admissions and omissions, the jazz world must rejoice in the mere fact that a government-sponsored organization has to date spent $680,000 to recognize the contributions of men and women who, for decades, were kept (figuratively and literally) in the deep shadows of America's art community.

Asked what she would do with her award, Donegan laughed and said: "The timing was great—I just lost two pocketbooks at the airport! Seriously, though, I'd like to find two deserving children—one white and one black—and help finance their education. So many kids nowadays need that kind of assistance."

Edison's response was more pragmatic: "I'm going to put it in a savings account and keep it for some lean days. Or I may use it to help me stay home more.

"I spend 250 days a year out of the country, and the last tour really did me in. . . . So maybe now I can take it a little easier." □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

12/16

Jazz

Siegel, Hersch in a Solid Outing

It takes one to know one. Ruth Price, who books the talent at the Jazz Bakery and who is no vocal slouch herself, had the bright idea of hiring Janis Siegel to make a solo appearance Friday and Saturday, backed by pianist Fred Hersch.

When not busy with Manhattan Transfer, Siegel works now and then in tandem with Hersch (they made an album in 1989). What lends special luster to their collaboration is that they avoid treading the well-worn path of tired and predictable standard songs.

A small woman with a voice that is pitch-pipe pure and sure, Siegel clearly was enjoying herself as Hersch provided a sympathetic and sensitive accompaniment. Some of the music (including Hersch's short solo performance during the second set) had vaguely New Age overtones.

Siegel leans toward such surprising and effective vehicles as Stevie Wonder's "Make Sure You're Sure" (from his score for the film "Jungle Fever") and a song from the Take 6 repertoire, "Gold Mine." She enjoys a challenge—there are few popular songs with intervals more daunting than "No More," the old Billie Holiday recording, but she tackled it with incomparable ease.

On the lighter side, there were medleys, for example a trio of tunes with "I" or "me" in the title. Siegel's jazz sensitivity came to the fore in an old Jimmie Lunceford novelty song, "Rhythm in my Nursery Rhymes," and in "Jackie," a tongue-tying vocalese with lyrics by Annie Ross, to a melody line by Hampton Hawes.

The highlight of Hersch's solo interlude was his version of "If I Should Lose You," subjected to a slow build-up that began with the melody played one note and one finger at a time. His own original "Heart Song" was an impressionistic piece that left no doubt about his exceptional harmonic and melodic gifts.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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A Flourish of Trumpets for 27th Golden Feathers

By LEONARD FEATHER

91 YEAR IN REVIEW

Only a determined pessimist could claim that the year now reaching its coda was anything less than a salutary one for jazz. The proof was everywhere.

Jazz albums, including many priceless reissues, reached reviewers at a rate of about 100 a month. And live performances were easily accessible via clubs, concert halls, festivals, cruises and parties.

For the 27th annual Golden Feather Awards, here are a few of the indisputable achievements:

Artist of the year: Arturo Sandoval. A flourish of trumpets for the Cuban hornman, who since defecting from Havana in July, 1990, has conquered most of the world—as a protégé of Dizzy Gillespie and as leader of his own group. Though basically a stratospheric trumpet and fluegelhorn phenomenon, Sandoval mixes in blues, bop and salsa elements, doubles on piano and sings hilarious cat vocals. He can be checked out on his own "Flight to Freedom" album on GRP Records or with Gillespie on the latter's "United Nation Band" on Enja Records.

Singer of the year: Shirley Horn. After 30 years in and out of personal focus, she finally scored a breakthrough at age 57 with "You Won't Forget Me," a Verve album certainly not hindered by the presence of such guests as Miles Davis, Toots Thielemans and Branford and Wynton Marsalis. Equally gifted as a pianist, she supplied the backup for Carmen McRae on "Dedicated to You," McRae's RCA tribute album to the late Sarah Vaughan.

Young artist of the year: A tossup between two pianists who are both Art Blakey alumni and are both signed to Blue Note Records: Benny Green, 28, whose latest release is a trio album, "Greens," and Geoff Keezer, 20, whose debut is "Here and Now."

Old artist of the year: Adolphus (Doc) Cheatham. As the centerpiece of a memorable concert at New York's Town Hall during the JVC Jazz Festival in June, the trumpeter remained unbowed, blowing beautifully at age 86.

Band of the year: The Clayton-Hamilton Jazz Orchestra. Led by a troika of bassist-arranger John Clayton, saxophonist Jeff Clayton and drummer Jeff Hamilton, this splendid Los Angeles ensemble has been all but ignored by the East Coast-biased critical in-group. Yet its "Heart and Soul" album on Capri Records is flawless.

Surprise of the year: Natalie Cole. Much more than a graceful tribute to her father, her "Unforgettable" album on Elektra demonstrated the singer's jazz potential. May she never return to the pop world that locked her in for so long.

Record of the year: Tommy Flanagan's "Beyond the Blue Bird" (Timeless Records). Another heroic contribution by the incomparable pianist.

Reissue of the year: "The Legacy" by Billie Holiday. This three-CD collection on Columbia Records is devoted mainly to Lady Day's epic years, 1933-1941. Gloriously indispensable.

BERNIE BOSTON / Los Angeles Times

SUSAN GREENWOOD

Golden Feathers go to hornman Arturo Sandoval as top artist and Shirley Horn, left, as top singer.

TV special of the year: "Sarah—The Divine One," a show on Sarah Vaughan that aired on PBS in July as part of the "American Masters" series. The special maintained a perfect balance between music and conversation, early black-and-white clips and later color shots of the subject, and comments by everyone from Vaughan's mother and daughter to fellow singers and musicians. This riveting hour ought to be rerun at least once a year.

Movie of the year: "Dingo." This film by Australian director Rolf de Heer—which has concluded a one-week run to qualify for Academy Award consideration—was Miles Davis' swan song: He was extensively featured as part of Michel Legrand's remarkable score. The film was the trumpeter's first and final movie acting role, in a strange setting (the Australian outback) with some of his best playing in decades, as well as a chance to remind us of his enigmatic personality.

Book of the year: "Traps the Drum Wonder—the Life of Buddy Rich," by Mel Tormé (Oxford University Press). A highly readable, generally honest portrait of a gifted though less-than-likable human being.

Blue notes of the year: It was a year heavy with losses. Among these, Miles Davis and Stan Getz stood out. Posthumous albums, however, will keep their memories very much alive. A Getz duo collection with pianist Kenny Barron will be out soon. The tape of Davis' performance at the Montreux Jazz Festival last summer, where he played material from his classic collaborations with arranger Gil Evans, is due next year. The adage holds true: "Every goodby ain't gone."

Other major goodbys: Swing bandleader Charlie Barnet, clarinetists Jimmy Noone Jr. and John Carter, singer-pianist Jeri Southern, guitarist Slim Gaillard, organist Richard (Groove) Holmes, saxophonists Bud Freeman, Sal Nistico, Al Klink and Buster Smith, trumpeters Jimmy McPartland and Buck Clayton and bassist Allen Jackson.

Outlook for 1992: The average age of the most promising new musicians will be lower than ever as they stream out of the conservatories. Meanwhile, the octogenarians—Benny Carter, Stephane Grappelli, Lionel Hampton and the above-cited Doc Cheatham—will continue to inspire us. □

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

12/24

JAZZ REVIEW

Like Father, Like Daughter

If there were such a category as lounge jazz, the music played at Drake's in Glendale by Jimmy and Stacy Rowles and Eric Von Essen would qualify as a splendid illustration of the genre.

As the only celebrated father-daughter team on the jazz scene, the Rowleses have worked together off and on for several years. Friday they were seemingly under wraps, but the implicit don't-disturb-the-diners mood did little to minimize their impact.

Stacy Rowles has always brought to the fluegelhorn a mellow, delicate sound. Jimmy Rowles, a pianist whose credits go back to the early '40s, is a master of the art of understatement. His single-note lines alternate with rich, sensuous chords in a manner that is totally his own.

Both are familiar with the repertoires of every era from swing to post-bop. The collaboration on the Ellington-Strayhorn "Star-Crossed Lovers" brought out all the poignancy of this melodic gem.

Von Essen, the trio's regular bassist, is the ideal match; his sound is clear but laid-back, his solos are consistently imaginative.

Occasionally Stacy Rowles will indulge her vocal talent, which is modest but serviceable. On this occasion she sang a little-known, 1935 song by Ray (Cherokee) Noble, "Why Stars Come Out at Night."

As much as anyone now creating meaningful music, Jimmy and Stacy Rowles illustrate a point that has long been evident: There is no generation gap in jazz.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *The Rowles trio will appear Friday at the Jazz Bakery in Culver City.*

JAZZ REVIEW 12/30

Rushen: Back to Her Roots

It's always news when a former jazz artist who has gone on to greener pastures returns to the scene of his first love. Or her first love, as was the case when Patrice Rushen put together an acoustic jazz quintet for performances Saturday and Sunday nights at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks.

Rushen's prodigious talent as a pianist was evident 20 years ago in Los Angeles when she won awards for the Locke High School band. As she moved later into electronics, fusion, singing, and eventually such prestigious jobs at musical director of the Emmy Awards, her jazz ability was all but forgotten—but certainly not lost.

She was in stunning form Saturday, recapturing the spirit of works by other pianists who were her childhood idols: Thelonious Monk ("I Mean You"), Horace Silver ("Song for My Father") and Herbie Hancock ("One Finger Snap"). She bopped her way through the Monk tune, then dug deep into blue funk on the Silver opus. Her articulation and phrasing at the keyboard was consistently powerful. This exciting re-examination of her past proved that your roots, once you've established them, can never be forgotten.

The totally unrehearsed group provided her with worthy company. Oscar Brasher is an eloquent trumpeter whose every solo was notable for its purity of sound and sensitivity of construction.

Benny Maupin, the ex-Hancock tenor player, came on far too strong in his overblown opening solo, but settled into a more controlled groove later.

Tony Dumas, as always, showed a supple, Brazilian style on upright bass, and drummer Ndugu Chancler offered support for the soloists that seemed to coincide with their every accent.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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