5-26

JAZZ

SHEARING SANS QUINTET: HE'S BETTER THAN EVER

By LEONARD FEATHER

On a recent evening at the Vine St. Bar & Grill in Hollywood, George Shearing offered what seemed, for some listeners, an unconventional performance.

He began by playing "Happy Birthday" for a patron—not your everyday "Happy Birthday," but a complex, minor-mode version as Bach might have written it. Next he sang a 1950 song, "Wonder Why," in his slightly tremulous but attractive voice. This eased into an instrumental version with the support of his phenomenal bassist, Don Thompson.

Later came a gentle waltz treatment of "The Shadow of Your Smile"; a vocal "Love for Sale" with more charm than chops (the song placed quite a demand on his range); a sprightly two-beat version of "Put on a Happy Face"; an incredibly swift demolition of Sonny Rollins' "Oleo," matched note for note by Thompson; yet another example of Shearing the singer, adding some of his own quirky lyrics to "I Can't Get Started," and then, as Thompson put down his bass and moved to an adjoining piano, a keyboard duet that started as a fugue and soon became "Lullaby of Birdland," Shearing's best-known original.

The audience, liberally sprinkled with pianists (among them Dudley Moore), refused to let him go. Shearing and Thompson encored with a brilliantly dovetailed piano duo version of John Coltrane's "Giant Steps."

All in all, it was as entertaining a show as the pianist had ever put on, but also, by all odds, a superb illustration of his musicianship. George Shearing today, eight years after the breakup of his famous quintet, is playing better than ever.

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The next day, he talked about th eventful years since he launche

TOM COPI

George Shearing, on playing without a group: "I'm playing a little better, simply because I'm addressing myself to being a pianist."

the duo format that has served him so well.

"I feel like I'm playing a little better," he said, "simply because I'm addressing myself to being a then the whole house burst apart.

"Well, P.S.: I had dinner at his house, he had dinner at my house, and we both said, almost in unison, 'Let's do an album!' I put it to Carl Jefferson at Concord, who never minds sticking his neck out, and he ate up the idea.

"On some tunes we have 10 strings, and we did all Cole Porter songs. I wrote some choruses out for Barry that make him sound as though he's improvising. I'm really happy about this venture; it's different and exciting."

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Shearing is serious about his singing, a departure in which he has been encouraged by his wife Ellie, herself a former group singer.

"She listens to me with the very fine ears of a professional singer, shows me how to keep the tone up, watch the intonation, support the voice from the diaphragm. I really did it in the first place because I love lyrics and feel it's very important to interpret them, phrase them just the way the writer had in mind."

As Shearing moves into these new areas—singing, playing piano duets, recording with Torme and in other new contexts—the old, long-maintained image of the George Shearing Quintet seems to be fading from the public mind. A new generation is emerging, in fact, to whom the quintet is not even a distant memory.

"That means," Shearing said, "that my later efforts haven't gone in vain."

Might he have given up the quintet earlier, had he had the chance to do it over? The answer came without hesitation.

"Yes, I really would have. For one thing, musically it was pretty much on automatic pilot for the last five years of its life; and there was the economic factor. Traveling on top-grade airlines, with a road manager, paying hundreds of dollars each for six people for a lot of the hops, sometimes having to pick up expensive hotel bills for the musicians too—it just wouldn't

pianist. To reduce yourself to being one-fifth of an entire group, as important as that may have been with all the intricate voicings I arranged for it, was effectively have made sense.

"In retrospect, I'm sorry we didn't stop at the 25-year mark. That would have been a logical time to go out in a blaze of glory."

The 29-year record of the Quintet involved a long series of distinguished sidemen, many of whom moved on to successful careers of their own. The original bassist, John Levy, left to become a manager (originally for Shearing, currently for Joe Williams, Nancy Wilson and others). Later there were such bassists as Al McKibbon, Israel Crosby and Andy Simpkins.

The original guitarist was Chuck Wayne, who is still active in New York. Toots Thielemans and Joe Pass later filled that chair. After Margie Hyams, the first vibraphonist, retired, there were Don Elliott, Gary Burton and Charlie Shoemake, among others. The late Denzil Best was the founding drummer; among his successors were Vernel Fournier, Stix Hooper and John Guerin. Shearing also had such Latin percussionists as Armando Peraza for additional rhythmic impetus during most of the quintet's life.

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Not having the quintet to support makes it easier to take a leave of absence. Don Thompson, a Canadian who also plays vibes and drums, will have no trouble killing time when George and Ellie leave July 23 on the Queen Elizabeth II for a monthlong vacation.

"When we get to Southampton," Shearing said, "we're going to rent a car, drive through Devonshire and Cornwall, just take our time, and then fly home on the Concord. I don't expect to have my hands on a keyboard once during those 30 days.

"Sure, I can do that. If Don Thompson were faced with that, he'd go out of his mind. When he comes to stay with us, he'll have a cup of tea, then get up and go to the piano. Now I love it when I play it, and I always will, but I can get away and spend time reading, working with my Braille word

limiting the full scope of being a pianist.

"As you know, I am now playing everything either with Don on bass or piano, or else on my own. The piano is a totally satisfying instrument; it takes care of the melodic, harmonic and rhythmic aspects, which is more than you can say of a horn or any other instrument."

The 1980s have been years of rare diversity. Recording for Concord, Shearing has made solo LPs and duo sets and has enjoyed a partnership with Mel Torme (in person and on records) that produced their Grammy-winning "Top Drawer" in 1984. Recently he completed a unique project, an album with the French horn virtuoso Barry Tuckwell.

"Wait till you hear this album," Shearing said. "He has to be the best French hornist in the world. He's Australian, but we met in London, where he lives, when we were both on the same bill playing with the London Symphony. They wanted us to do one number together as an encore. We played 'Long Ago and Far Away,' and when it ended there was a deathly silence for about two seconds—processor, listening to records. I don't have this irresistible urge to play."

One activity involving his word processor is the updating of his scrapbooks. He treasures letters from old friends.

"I had a very nice letter a few weeks ago from Gary Burton—gave me something great for the scrapbook. You know, what really pleases me when I look back at the quintet years is the number of times I've heard from guys telling me what an experience it was for them. I really am proud of these letters from my alumni—it makes me feel good, and I guess it will until the day I die." □

5-27

JAZZ REVIEW

DIXIELAND SHOW SCORES IN CAPITAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

SACRAMENTO—Pardon the paraphrase, but I have seen the past, and it works.

The statistics for the 13th annual Memorial Day Dixieland Jubilee were startling. As its sponsors, the nonprofit Sacramento Traditional Jazz Society, proudly point out, it is now the world's largest jazz festival, involving 40 locations indoors and out, close to 800 musicians, 100,000 patrons and bands from 14 countries. Typically, at noon on Saturday there was a choice of 28 places to visit and groups to check out.

The longstanding assumption that Dixieland is happy music was borne out during these four fun-directed days. As one observer said, "Even the cops are smiling." Seldom have so many derived so much pleasure from a very simple, old-fashioned musical genre, played with widely varying degrees of technique, artistry and showmanship.

Please see JAZZ, Page 9

ALLEN QUINN

Pianist Dick Hyman of the Peanuts Hucko's Pied Piper Quintet at Sacramento jazz festival.

5/30/86

JAZZ REVIEW

PERSON, JONES LOUNGE IN A '60s MOOD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Houston Person, the tenor saxophonist, has been teamed with singer Etta Jones since 1973. That's a long partnership by today's standards, and despite occasional changes of sidemen, the group sound remains essentially the same.

Wednesday evening, in their return date at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, the show consisted of 14 numbers, with Person and his organist David Braham spotlighted in the first five. With Cecil Brooks III rounding out the unit on drums, this was typical soul lounge music in a style that became popular during the 1960s. Person achieved a warm, rich sound on ballads that have stood the time test as successfully as his unpretentious way with the horn.

The surprise throughout was the organ solo work by Braham. Not many organists have succeeded in escaping from the trap of Jimmy Smith's long-established idiosyncrasies, but Braham has found a personal way to go. During one mid-tempo blues he shifted gears, tonally and rhythmically, to mix up the single-note and chordal passages ingeniously enough to build and sustain a mood of rare intensity.

Etta Jones, like Person, is a product of an old school. She comes across as an interesting mixture of Helen Humes (visually), Carmen McRae tonally and Billie Holiday in her phrasing. Slow-tempo pieces are her meat; she seemed at ease with "The Man That Got Away" and "I Want a Little Boy," which in fact was "I Want a Little Girl" after a sex-change operation on the lyrics.

On the upbeat pieces her tendency to lag one or two bars behind the beat became disconcerting. Holiday knew just how far she could take this ploy; Jones does it to the point where it becomes difficult for the listener, and possibly for her, to concentrate on the meaning of the words. The best way to deal with this is by trying to ignore the lyrics and just letting the sound wash over you.

Jones and Person close Saturday.

DIXIELAND BLUES

I'm glad to hear that Leonard Feather had a good time at the Dixieland Jubilee in Sacramento ("Dixieland Show Scores in Capital," May 27); that is, I *think* he had a good time, when he wasn't sneering at the audience—"a breed apart"—whatever that means. I don't want to shock him off his smug little throne, but he fits in perfectly with that "breed" (white, middle-aged, middle-class).

We know why he went to the Jubilee, of course. A year ago, Times readers complained (and rightly so) about the absence of reviews of this jazz festival. So the jazz reviewer sighed and penciled the 1986 Jubilee into his schedule of obligatory duties, no doubt with great reluctance. It would have been better for him to have sent someone in his place—someone who *likes* Dixieland music.

Yes, it is a simple, old-fashioned, traditional musical form. It is not progressive or sophisticated, and it does not try to be.

Yes, we wish there were more black musicians and fans there. It *is* their music, after all. But I doubt very much that they are deliberately excluded, as Feather suggests.

There are snobs of all kinds in this world: social snobs, intellectual snobs, musical snobs. Feather is a jazz snob. It's too bad, really. If he would just relax and lighten up a little, he might find himself actually enjoying this music.

SHERYL BUSTERNO
Blue Jay, Calif.

Here we go again. You sent the fox to guard the henhouse in the guise of Leonard Feather at the Sacramento Jazz Festival.

We Dixielanders will survive in spite of Learned Father's negativity in his reviews.

How about sending Charles Champlin up there next year?

DAVID D. KENNEDY
Hermosa Beach

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ: A FESTIVAL FIX BY THE NUMBERS

Continued from Page 1

According to Bill Gunter, who has led a hard life handling publicity for the festival and playing washboard drums in the Black Diamond Jazz Band, 90% of the participants play jazz only avocationally. The pros, he says, are icing on the cake. After 24 hours here, it became very clear how badly this icing was needed, in view of an often indisputably crumby cake.

The most serious problem by far was the almost total exclusion of black musicians, a policy unaltered since the jubilee began. Since this is a music of Afro-American origin and nearly all of its greatest creative artists have been black, it was shocking almost beyond belief that only about 1% of the players were black. In fact, the only black band was Joe Liggins' out of place, out of tune rhythm and blues group. Maxine Sullivan was heard briefly with one band and the Voices of Faith, a black choir, sang spirituals in a moving Sunday morning service.

The argument that black instrumentalists don't care to play early jazz just doesn't wash. Instead of spending thousands to fly over the English band that sang "Lambeth Walk," or the feeble groups from Australia, Israel and Scotland, the promoters could have improved the festival musically by hiring the black Dirty Dozen Brass Band from New Orleans, Jimmy & Geannie Cheatham's band from San Diego and the Los Angeles Legends of Jazz (soon to be seen at the Playboy Festival). They could also have dropped the dainty "Ace in the Hole" ladies in favor of such show-stopping black blues giants as Carrie Smith, Linda Hopkins or Koko Taylor.

Obviously, it was impossible to pass judgment on all the 102 bands, but a few examples should suffice.

After the 80-year-old cornetist Wild Bill Davison had been crowned this year's festival emperor in ceremonies held Friday amid much pomp, speech-making, ethnic costuming, parading and clowning, the following groups took part (I later heard most of them again in individual sets):

An Australian band played "Waltzing Matilda," but not, God forbid, as a waltz. The Louisiana Jazz Band (hailing from Denmark) wore T-shirts reading "Danish Dynamite" and sang "Ace in the Hole" with a Danish accent. A band from Guatemala, Paco Gatsby, mixed Latin and even rock rhythms with the Dixie essence.

The New Orleans Jazz Band of Hawaii, whose appearance was preceded by a six-pack of hula dancers, strummed its way through "Hawaiian War Chant." A trumpet-less band from Jerusalem fielded the weirdest rhythm section of the weekend: banjo, electric bass, drums and no piano, except when the trombonist put down his horn. They did not play "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen," an assignment that was left, oddly, to Sandro Benko's band from Budapest.

ALLEN QUINN

Cornet veteran Wild Bill Davison, crowned emperor of jazz.

The Jazz Band All Orchestra from Krakow, Poland, long a popular Sacramento feature, had a few exotic, offbeat moments but indulged in group comedy vocals and wore feathered red caps. Visual values are rarely overlooked here: the Scottish Society Syncopators from Edinburgh was heralded by flags, bagpipes and dancers in a Highland Fling. The sidemen wore kilts.

Whether the groups played themes indigenous to their countries, an inevitable similarity pervaded the performances. Some aficionados of old-time jazz make much out of minor distinctions: This group has two trumpets rather than one, that combo has a sax instead of a clarinet, a banjo or tuba instead of a guitar or bass. But "Sweet Georgia Brown" or "South Rampart Street Parade" played by one band is likely to be largely indistinguishable from the same tune served up by another. The differences were mainly those of competence, and of the extent to which a few groups deviated from the classic improvised sounds.

Wild Bill Davison, the emperor, with his wife, Anne as empress, at his side, blew enough horn to show those pesky 50-and 60-year-old kids how it's done. Peanuts Hucko, the Benny Goodman-style clarinetist, offered the most sophisticated music of all, aided by the incredibly virtuosic pianist Dick Hyman, a vibraphonist from Canada named Peter Appleyard, the bassist Bob Haggart and Gene Estes on drums.

One set fell apart when the singer, Louise Tobin, after a pleasant ballad, duetted with Hucko on the seemingly mandatory "Bill Bailey." Hyman reappeared in a series of immaculate solo sets spread over the weekend, devoted to Fats Waller and others.

Maturity was the name of the game again in the Jack Teagarden Memorial Band, another collection of union musicians and seasoned pros, led by the trombonist's sister, Norma, at the piano. Except for an excellent Teagarden-style trombonist, Rex Allen, all the members had worked with Teagarden. Their sets leavened the staler material with swing tunes and ballads. Don Goldie, a commanding trumpeter, was the casual vocalist on "Lazy River." George Van Eps, in his guitar solos, showed the same dexterity he revealed on records made 50 years ago.

An unlikely source of jazz was the Lawrence Welk alumni group, led by the eloquent trumpeter Dick Cathcart, with Henry Cuesta on clarinet and the exceptional trombonist Bob Havens, who soloed at length on "Lover," a song with descending chord changes that owe nothing to the New Orleans legacy.

I didn't get to hear any of the eight bands that claimed to play country or western jazz, one of them allegedly "in the tradition of Bob Wills." Nor did I hear Custer's Last Band. But I did hear The Sons of Bix, with the fine second-generation cornetist Tom Pletcher amiably reliving the 1928 Beiderbecke repertoire.

Chris Norris, incongruously flanked by the banjo and bass sax of the Golden Eagle Jazz Band, brought a pure, on-target sound to a classic Ma Rainey blues. The banjoist Bob Ringwald and his Great Pacific Jazz Band from North Hollywood did not feature Ringwald's ex-vocalist daughter, Molly, who is now 18, a movie star and this week's Time magazine cover girl.

Of the two big bands present, the one I heard, led by Stan Mark, seemed irrelevant and spent much of its time backing Helen Forrest.

The audience for the Dixieland Festivals is a breed apart: primarily a white, middle-aged, middle-class, middle-American crowd, addressed for the most part by senior performers. True, there was several youth bands, but the idiom does not come naturally to them; some of the most painful sounds were produced by a group of teen-agers limping through "Hello Dolly" and "Muskrat Ramble."

It is just as pointless to blame it on their youth as to state that some adult musician played well for a doctor or a lawyer or a fireman, or sounded fine for a non-union cat. (There were, however, some excellent young ragtime and stride soloists at the "Pianorama" hosted Sunday by Dick Hyman.)

To sum up: a wonderful ambiance, ideal weather, admirable organization with the help of 3,000 volunteer workers (quite a few of whom, ironically, were black), endless visual antics. The investment was in the high six figures, and the projected gross more than $1.4 million. All that's needed is more racial diversity and quality in the music.

When I left Monday having had my Dixieland Fix for the year, I felt sure I could get along for another 12 months without hearing "Royal Garden Blues."

6/?/85

JAZZ REVIEWS

FIVE-STAR, BLUESY BILL AT MEMORY LANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Maria's Memory Lane was the scene Friday and Saturday of such a powerful five-star bill that it was hard to figure out how such an expensive show could be assembled. Not surprisingly, it turned out to be a recording session for a Fantasy album. The strong blues orientation was supplied by Red Holloway, Jack McDuff, Shuggie Otis, Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson and Etta James.

Top honors went to Vinson, the singer and saxophonist whose very lack of effort works for him. He stands motionless, eyes closed, his voice a desperate croak, telling the same story he has repeated throughout his career, preaching the blues, then addressing the flock with his praying alto. The lines about his baldness get laughs from listeners whose parents may have heard them.

Although Vinson drew a powerful reaction, it was surpassed by the reception accorded to Etta James. Unlike Vinson, she used every device to keep the crowd amused, throwing her body around and injecting melodrama along with some genuine blues, its impact sometimes lessened by self-indulgent overkill. She brought back Vinson for a duet on "Teach Me Tonight," then removed her shoes and sang "Only Women Bleed."

Holloway's opening set on alto and tenor sax was predictably vigorous and adroit; his maturity was well served by organist McDuff, by bassist Richard Reid (because Reid supplied the bottom lines, McDuff didn't use the organ's bass pedals), and by drummer Paul Humphrey. This potent team was fortified by Otis, a former child prodigy, now 32 and still one of the young masters of blues guitar somewhat in the B.B. King tradition. His solo number moved into the spirit of the deep South as far as he could go without hitting the Gulf of Mexico.

JAZZ REVIEW

GRAPPELLI, SULTAN OF SUAVE, RETURNS

By LEONARD FEATHER

A year ago this week Stephane Grappelli graced the Southland with another of his incomparable soirees of suave, swinging sounds in an appearance, at the Beverly Theatre. Wednesday, he was back at the same location, with much the same repertoire, the same adventurously individual guitarist, Marc Fosset, the same dainty meandering medley at the piano (he still plays "Satin Doll") but, above all, the immutable beauty of his violin, over which he has the easy control that he demonstrated throughout his career.

There is an aspect of Grappelli's improvisational genius that is seldom discussed, though musicians know about it, and it is central to the uniqueness of everything that happens during a typical performance: He makes almost no use of syncopation, an element often assumed to have been indispensible to jazz throughout its history.

Rather than jump ahead of the beat he will play directly on it, or sway gently across it. Legato is the name of his game, and after playing it for more than a half-century, he has mastered it to the point where it is as natural to him as breathing, or as talking like Maurice Chevalier.

Fosset, his Parisian compatriot, is more complex rhythmically, yet his backing, after five years with the master, is as logical and sympathetic as his solos are inspired and unpredictable. He still does a humming-strumming routine on "I'll Remember April," a highlight of last year's concert.

The bassist this time around was a newcomer, John Burr, from New York. Though his solo work suffered now and then (as did Grappelli's) from excessive amplification, he is a technical master, for whom "In a Sentimental Mood" and "Blue Monk" were perfect frameworks. The latter, now more than 40 years old, was still the newest work of the evening; others stretch back as far as 1870 (the Grieg "Norwegian Dance").

When Grappelli picks up his bow, old becomes new and he carries his 78 years as if they were 33⅓. To repeat a remark made after his previous appearance here, he is not merely surviving but thriving.

6/8/86

JAZZ

MERRILL'S SHIP COMES IN—FROM EUROPE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Helen Merrill has arrived. Not merely in California, nor simply at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, where she opens Wednesday. She has arrived in the sense that she is finally accepted as a premiere chanteuse, reminding us that sudden public acceptance of a gifted artist and gradual, hard-earned approval can be separated by a line 30 years long.

Musicians have always known about Helen Merrill, the enchanting blonde with the smoky, gentle sound. Other singers bought her records—the classic albums she made with Clifford Brown, Gil Evans, Quincy Jones in the 1950s, with Thad Jones and Hubert Laws in the '60s, Dick Katz or John Lewis in the '70s.

Living in the United States or Italy or Japan, she has always retained her in-group acceptance, but the long-awaited breakthrough came only 18 months ago, after an LP she taped in Paris with the British pianist Gordon Beck ("No Tears, No Goodbyes," Owl 038) became a hit in France, in England and, to a degree lessened only by poor distribution, in the States.

After years of seeking work only fitfully, she now finds herself sought out for jobs. Arriving in Paris during a tour of France last March, she learned that her three concerts at the Theatre de la Ville had been sold out before she even left New York.

It was at that hall, in 1984, that the extent and durability of her reputation had belatedly struck her. "I went to the rehearsal with Gordon Beck," she recalls, "and the place was packed with photographers. It was as though the Queen of England had arrived—it took my breath away! I hadn't appeared in Paris in 20 years, and now I realized that I had a lot of fans in Europe. This was half surprising and half not, because I guess I was there all the time, sort of underground."

After the first concert with Beck, hailed as a nonpareil example of the voice-and-piano duo as a miniature art form, Merrill and Beck made the album. Its success, she says, started her thinking. "I decided to hire a publicist, and he in turn said I needed a manager. I was lucky enough to sign with just the right man, George Avakian, who had managed Keith Jarrett and Charles Lloyd and had produced sessions with everyone from Duke Ellington to John Cage. So the pieces of the puzzle began to come together."

K. ABE

Helen Merrill opens at Vine St. Bar & Grill on Wednesday.

Given her unique track record of collaboration with an unbroken line of jazz giants, why has Merrill encountered so few professional peaks and so many lulls? The answer is both geographic and personal. In 1959, she moved to Italy, where she had her own television series. Except for a brief, unproductive residency in Los Angeles in the early 1960s, she was in Italy or Japan until 1967, when she settled permanently in Tokyo and, married to a UPI reporter, resigned herself to a life of relative inactivity.

"I guess my husband felt I shouldn't work, and I was very obedient." She laughed and quickly added: "I still take the responsibility for my behavior. It's too easy to say, 'Oh, I can't do that because of somebody else, when in fact I am that somebody. I have met the enemy and it is me! With the help of a very good psychologist who nagged me to do what I should do, I decided to give it a shot." This happened after she and her husband had lived in Tokyo, then Chicago, then New York, where they separated.

Merrill's career began auspiciously with a job at Birdland, but she recalls that she was never cut out for show business. Born in New York to parents who had come here from Yugoslavia, she seemed ill-equipped for a life in music. "What I've done has always been very different, very uncommercial. My knees were shaking when I auditioned at Birdland, and I didn't have the outgoing personality."

During the middle and late 1950s, when she acquired a measure of popularity through a series of elegant albums produced by the late Bob Shad for Mercury, she says that the musical environment was not conducive to her advancement. "A lot of very awful music was becoming popular, and the '60s were a carryover as rock 'n' roll came into the forefront.

"Musicians came to my rescue. Even in California, where so little happened for me, I was able to work with Shelly Manne at the Manne Hole. Although I was never successful enough to afford my own permanent trio, I've always managed to work with the very best people in each area."

Merrill's approach to a song is consistently emotional and exceptionally adaptable. During her five years in Japan, she made a number of albums, one LP was devoted to duets with a shakuhachi flute virtuoso.

There has been a tendency among businessmen in the recording world to dismiss Helen Merrill as "too uncommercial." This is ironic, since her albums are constantly reappearing. Recently a four-volume box entitled "The Complete Helen Merrill on Mercury" (826-340-1), containing all her 1954-58 sessions for that label, was assembled in Japan and has since been made available in the United States. Another of her best albums, "A Shade of Difference," with Thad Jones, Dick Katz, Jim Hall and others, has just been reissued (Landmark 1308). Since it was made in 1968, this can be considered additional proof that a nine-day-wonder commercial artist might well be envious of the Helen Merrills whose products defy the decades.

A sign that she may be overcoming the constricting image is her upcoming appearance on "The Merv Griffin Show," along with Roger Kellaway. She will sing a song that was famous for years, though hardly anyone knew the title or the lyrics: "Remembering You," which closed every segment of "All in the Family," with music by Kellaway. Carroll O'Connor, who wrote the seldom-heard lyrics, will introduce Kellaway and Merrill on the show.

A significant and precedent-shattering booking has been lined up for September. She has been set for two concerts at the Festival of Contemporary Music in Strasbourg, directed by Pierre Boulez.

"One thing that continually surprises me about Europe, and hurts me about this country," she says, "is that everybody over there can do exactly what they want to do, and it's supported by the cultural ministry or the jazz fans or both. In America, they're so worried about thinking in commercial terms."

Fortunately, as it now turns out after all these years, holding out for one's own beliefs is paying off. Merrill now belongs in that elite handful that includes Fitzgerald, Lee, McRae and Vaughan. She may seem to be a tardy arrival in one sense, but today she can be rated as the late bloomer in full flower who may well turn out to be an evergreen. □

SMOOTH SAILING FOR MILES

A Yachtful of Friends Help Davis Trumpet His 60th Birthday

By LEONARD FEATHER

The time: May of 1976. The place: a gloomy, dimly lit brownstone in Manhattan's West 70s. Miles Davis is turning 50, but feels he has nothing to celebrate. For the past eight months, he has been in total retirement. For two years, he has endured one physical problem after another. To alleviate the excruciating pain in his left hip, he's been taking pain pills; to relieve bleeding ulcers, he was hospitalized after a concert in St. Louis.

He was operated on in New York for the removal of nodes on his larynx. After a final performance in September of 1975, he stopped playing and submitted to the long-delayed hip surgery to remove bone chips and implant a new hip joint.

After yet another operation, Miles Davis spends his 50th birthday bedridden. For the next five birthdays, he is seen by almost nobody, leaving the house very rarely. A few friends come to visit occasionally, at his home or in one of the hospitals, but his social life is as inactive as his musical career. Miles tells friends he is desperately bored.

There are a couple of abortive attempts to return to the recording studios, but the general feeling by now among his friends and fans is that he has given up, that they will be lucky even to see him turn 60 with or without a horn.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Miles Davis

During an absence from music that lasts almost six years, his most ardent supporter, increasingly offering him encouragement, is Cicely Tyson. They were together from 1966 to 1969; after that, she says, "I'd call him every year on New Year's Eve, just to make sure he was still alive! I kept telling him he had a lot more things to accomplish, and not to give up. Often he'd hang up on me, but I'd just call again."

Fade out . . . fast forward . . .

May, 1986. The place: an 85-foot yacht docked in Marina del Rey. Tyson, who married Miles Davis in November of 1981, is preparing a surprise 60th birthday gala for him. She wants to make sure that this will be a celebration nobody will forget.

Secretly, she arranges to fly in Miles' sister and brother from Chicago, his daughter Cheryl from St. Louis. They're on board, along with the world figures of politics, the stage, TV and music who now comprise the Davises' social circle.

By the time Miles arrives, there are 125 people on the boat, among them a steel band playing on the top deck. His surprise is genuine enough to force him, momentarily, to break out of the taciturn manner always associated with him. Miles smiles. He even removes his shades. He is greeted by Mayor Tom Bradley, Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, former Rep. Yvonne Brathwaite Burke.

Quincy Jones, once an aspiring trumpeter, is there along with Whoopi Goldberg and Eddie Murphy. Plus Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager, Roxie Roker, Lola Falana, Billy Dee Williams and Roscoe Lee Browne. Sammy Davis, Bill Cosby and Chick Corea are out of town but spouses Altovise Davis, Camille Cosby and Gayle Moran Corea are on hand.

Jazzmen who worked with Miles back in the '60s are among the celebrants: J.J. Johnson, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul and Tony Williams.

As the yacht pulls away from the pier to cruise around for four hours, Miles mingles freely among the deck-to-deck well-wishers.

□

The road to this moment had been marked by new traumas, even after Miles went back to the studios to prepare what turned out to be his first album release since his illnesses. During the first public appearance in 1981, he looked gaunt and arthritic. Not long after his marriage to Tyson, he suffered a slight stroke that left his right hand immobilized. The doctors told Tyson (but not her husband) that he might never regain use of the hand. She took him to a Chinese acupuncturist; what followed seemed like a miracle. The therapy cured him within months.

He gave up smoking, drinking, whatever else had impeded his progress. He began eating Chinese herbs, went swimming daily and started spending more time in California, away from the pressure of New York. There was one more bout with the doctors: In late 1984, he underwent a 10-hour operation for a hip prosthesis, caught pneumonia and was out of action for another six months.

Since then, it's been onward and upward.

Davis says that if he had married Tyson long ago, he would have been happy but she wouldn't have become a star. It might well be added that had they not stayed together he might never have made it to this occasion.

Herbie Hancock played "Happy Birthday" and Miles cut the cake. It was suitably inscribed with a reminder of one of his best-known compositions: "Sixty—So What?" □

JAZZ SOCIETY TO HONOR PIANIST JIMMY ROWLES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jimmy Rowles Day will be celebrated in Los Angeles on Sept. 14 when the Los Angeles Jazz Society will stage a concert in honor of the pianist proclaimed as the society's honoree of the year.

Rowles was the final choice among five nominees; the others were Louis Bellson, Conte Candoli, Bob Cooper and Teddy Edwards, all longtime bulwarks of the Southland jazz community.

"I didn't expect to win," Rowles said when the announcement was made Sunday. "I didn't deserve to. But I'm sure not knocking it."

In recent years, Teri Merrill-Aarons, founder and president of the Jazz Society, has produced, under the auspices of the Hollywood Arts Council, concerts saluting trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison and drummer Shelly Manne. Last year, when the society was founded as an independent entity, the winner was guitarist John Collins.

Like his predecessors, Rowles has divided a long career between jazz jobs and commercial work. Born in Spokane, Wash., he moved to Los Angeles in 1940 and, except for a few years in New York, has lived here since.

At a time when the appearance of a white musician in a black group was rare, he established his first jazz credentials with the team of Slim & Slam, then with the brothers Lee and Lester Young. In 1941 he was Billie Holiday's accompanist for five months, later playing on numerous record dates with her.

Rowles' band credits are almost endless. He's been with Woody Herman, Les Brown, Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman; he put in four years on the Bob Crosby band's radio series and became almost every singer's favorite accompanist, working with Peggy Lee, Julie London, Carmen McRae and dozens more.

The Los Angeles Jazz Society's September gala will recognize Rowles' accomplishments as pianist and composer. Among his best-known works are "The Ballad of Thelonious Monk," recorded by Carmen McRae, and "The Peacocks," to be heard in the upcoming movie " 'Round Midnight."

Like so many musicians in Hollywood during the great years of movie and TV studio work, he balanced two careers as his jazz work overlapped with such credits as "M Squad" and "Dobie Gillis." He was on call regularly with Henry Mancini and Neal Hefti; for three years he was on staff at NBC.

IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

Jimmy Rowles, shown in 1982 photo, will play at City Hall Friday.

Through all those years, he kept up his jazz reputation. Admired for his consummate harmonic imagination, he recorded with Benny Carter, Barney Kessel, Buddy De Franco, Zoot Sims and Sarah Vaughan.

Because of health problems, Rowles of late has been pacing himself carefully, working mainly around Los Angeles in the company of his daughter Stacy, who plays a lyrical fluegelhorn. Next month they will head for the North Sea Jazz Festival at the Hague; the following week they'll be par[t of] Woody Herman's 50th-annive[rsa]ry concert at Hollywood Bowl.

On Friday, Rowles, along [with] an all-star group known as [the] Legends of Jazz, will play a [noon] concert on the steps of City [Hall.] Sunday the same band will ap[pear] at the Playboy Jazz Festival.

GETTING TO HEART, SOUL OF HIS MUSIC

By LEONARD FEATHER

Rob McConnell, whose 22-piece orchestra from Toronto, the Boss Brass, will be in residence at Donte's through Thursday, feels lucky to be here, for several reasons.

Since his last Donte's visit 2½ years ago, he has won his first Grammy (in 1984, for his album "All in Good Time"); taken part in a new record session with Mel Torme (with whom he teamed Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl); and, most relevant of all, survived the heart attack that felled him in April, 1985.

He attributes his presence here to the support of his native land. "We could never have made it otherwise," he says. "The Canadian government gave us a substantial amount of money for this trip, and the Ontario Ministry of Citizenship and Culture also helped out considerably."

McConnell, 51, a brilliant composer and arranger who plays valve trombone, started his orchestra in 1968, but the men worked together only intermittently; all make their livings mainly as free-lance musicians in Toronto. His illness led to one of the longest intermissions in the band's history.

"I had to lay off for two months. No, I didn't use the time to do some writing—I used it to worry! I didn't touch my horn in all that time—but it was a blessing in disguise. I'd been smoking 50 cigarettes a day for 35 years and drinking whisky. Well, I've stopped, and I feel extremely lucky and grateful to be in good shape again. I lost 40 pounds after the illness, but I've gained back about half of it, and I have to watch myself carefully."

McConnell's orchestra has earned international critical acclaim and won a couple of Juno Awards (the Canadian counterpart to the Grammy), yet the band has only once made a cross-Canada tour, and has yet to work in New York, let alone visit Europe or Japan.

RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times

Bandleader Rob McConnell: "I feel extremely lucky and grateful to be in good shape again."

"I don't feel too bad about that," he says, "because it's such a big group. If there were just 15 of us it might be easier, but we need all these musicians to get the particular sounds we want.

"Not that our payroll is exceptionally high, but with 22 men who have to be treated like professionals, and who don't want to double up on hotel rooms, it's a problem. You can't just get a big rope and tie a bunch of 19-year-olds together and say, 'Hey, come on fellers, we're going on the road.' The youngest guy in our band, Steve Wallace, the bass player, is 30. Our oldest member is over 60."

Despite the lack of continuous work, the McConnell ensemble is remarkably stable; there have been no changes in permanent personnel since the last California trip. This is reflected in the spirit and cohesion the orchestra brings to its finely textured library of standard tunes and originals by McConnell and his fellow writers, Ian McDougall and Rick Wilkins.

The Canadian jazz scene in general is going through an upsurge that is reflected in the number of festivals taking place each summer. Next week the McConnell band will take part, along with Torme and Phil Woods, in the opening concert of the Toronto International Festival. The Montreal Festival begins June 27 and will run for 10 days with about 700 American and Canadian musicians.

"They all use Americans predominantly," says McConnell "because that's where the jazz people are. In fact, that's *who* the jazz people are!"

Such modesty is unnecessary. McConnell is speaking about the country that has given us Oscar Peterson, Gil Evans, Paul Bley, Maynard Ferguson, Georgie Auld and many promising young talents such as pianist Lorraine Desmarais. Not to mention the 21 gifted sidemen, many of them celebrated in their own right, who make up the ranks of the McConnell band.

Summing up his present situation, McConnell observes, "We're really pretty lucky. The album with Torme, which will be out soon on Concord Jazz Records, will get worldwide distribution; soon after, the orchestra will make an instrumental album that will probably come out on MCA. Who knows? We might yet wind up in Europe or Japan after all."

ROBERT GABRIEL

Lew Tabackin and Toshiko Akiyoshi front band at Disneyland.

JAZZ REVIEW

BIG-BAND BEAT, LIVE AND WELL AT DISNEYLAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

You have to hand it to the folks at Disneyland. Refusing to accept the myth that big-band jazz is moribund, they continue to assist in its survival. Typically, Saturday night three major stages were turned over to orchestral sounds, attracting a large and receptive crowd that spanned all the age groups.

At the Plaza Gardens, Buddy Rich unleashed his seven brass and five saxes in a series of pieces for which his own kinetic energy was, as always, the centripetal and unifying force. What the Rich band could use is a cohesive personality in its library; each number reflects the work of a different composer or arranger. This lack of identity is accentuated by the absence of spoken credits; such numbers as Horace Silver's "Sister Sadie" and a Mike Barone original, "Shawnee," went unannounced. Rich spoke only after "Walk on the Wild Side," a dramatic John La Barbera arrangement climaxed by the leader's dynamic demonstration of how to make a drum solo swing in 3/4 time.

The solo roster still includes Steve Marcus, the tenor dynamo who joined Rich in 1975; an impressively self-assured trombonist, Tom Garling, and Bob Dowlby, whose alto sax was accorded the prominence it deserved.

Over at Tomorrowland Terrace, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin were involved in a unique reunion. Only three members of the New York band had come west: Frank Wess on lead alto and flute, Jay Anderson on bass and Jeff Hirshfield on drums. All the others were members of the award-winning ensemble the Tabackins led during their 1972-82 Los Angeles residency.

It was a special pleasure to hear once again the delicacy of Gary Foster's alto in "Elusive Dream," Bobby Shew's fluent trumpet and Bruce Fowler's eloquent trombone on "Strive for Jive," and other old friends.

Still, the central elements of Akiyoshi's success as a leader are her own vividly personal compositions and arrangements, and Tabackin's dual personality. It is hard to believe that the driving, intense tenor in "Chasing After Love" and the unsurpassed lyricism of the flute in the Asian-flavored "Kogun" are the product of the same artist. Tabackin is one of the few virtuosos in recent jazz history to have mastered two instruments in contrasting styles.

On the River Stage the Count Basie Orchestra, its sound so well monitored that every chart crossed the water with crystal clarity, went through its paces with the expertise that derives from familiarity and collective creativit[y] ... was one number by Th[ad Jones] who recently quit as le[ader,] another by Frank Foster [who will] replace him next week.

The interim conductor [Eric] Dixon, who joined the sax [section in] 1962, but the announcem[ent was] made by the senior mem[ber, gui]tarist Freddie Green, n[ow in his] 50th year with the ba[nd. There] have been few changes [in person]nel in the last year, [but two] relatively recent arrival[s, ...]da and Melton Mustaf[a, proved] their mettle in open a[nd muted] trumpet solos on an [up-tempo] blues.

Tee Carson, who has n[ow held the] keyboard since Basie d[ied, gave] his solos just enough of [the economi]cal touch of the Count t[o suggest a] link, but without crossir[ng the bor]der into overt imitation.

Carmen Bradford, a s[...] vocalist, did her usual s[...] the end of a generally [...] set. With Frank Foster [...] doubt reinforcing the b[and as] soloist and composer/ar[ranger, the] orchestra may soon m[ove into a] vital new phase of its l[ong] life.

WRITING PROS

Continued from Page 1

of Need," which won an Edgar Allan Poe award from the Mystery Writers of America for 1972; in his own name he's written five novels, including "The Andromeda Strain" and "The Terminal Man" and three nonfiction books, including one on the artist Jasper Johns.

He received his MD and worked at the Salk Institute for a year but opted to stay with writing and, now, directing. Unlike the other panelists, he insists he could get along without writing—always assuming that the refrigerator is stocked.

Ib Melchior, the Copenhagen-born son of *Heldentenor* Lauritz Melchior, began as an actor with an English company which toured Europe and hit Manhattan just as the war in Europe broke out.

"Denon Jazz Sampler, Vol. 1." Denon. AAD (analog original). Taped between 1969 and this year, the 14 cuts total 72½ minutes of generally estimable performances. Highlights: Chick Corea as leader ("Waltz for Bill Evans") and sideman (with Eddie Gomez); Buddy Rich, rocking with a big band and swinging with a combo; Lee Konitz in a rare orchestral setting; Lionel Hampton at his small-group best; Art Farmer, Carmen McRae, Hank Jones; four cuts made in Tokyo with American and Japanese musicians. Unlike most samplers, this has something for most contemporary tastes without spreading itself too thin. ✓✓✓½

—LEONARD FEATHER

6/16

JAZZ REVIEW

FEST DOESN'T MEASURE UP TO BENNY

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Benny Goodman Memorial Festival began Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl. That, of course, was not the official title of the eighth annual Playboy extravaganza, but there were several reminders above and beyond the fact that Playboy had announced the dedication of the festival to the memory of Goodman, who died Friday.

Tapes of Goodman's music were played continuously while the crowd filed in, all reaching an artistic level too seldom attained by the live music that followed. Among the performers were the four singers known as Rare Silk, first heard here as a trio at the second festival when Goodman introduced them as his protegees in 1980. Later Mel Torme offered an eloquent tribute to the swing maestro.

It is doubtful that anything heard Saturday would have appealed much to that master of sensitivity and swing, except for the big band sounds of Rob McConnell and the infallible vocals of Torme backed by McConnell's orchestra and arrangements.

That McConnell got his message across was remarkable in view of the audience's behavior. The same crowd that had roared approval of a dismally sterile set by saxophonist George Howard (with emcee Bill Cosby sitting in) and an even duller, more rigid set by the Yellowjackets, chatted endlessly through McConnell's splendid performance.

This Canadian band, known as the Boss Brass, is equally strong in every department: creative writing (most of it by the leader), impeccable interpretation and half a dozen first-rate soloists.

As his announcements made clear, McConnell was uncomfortably aware of the situation. Typically, a superbly subtle guitar solo by Ed Bickert received no applause.

Torme, backed by the McConnell ensemble, brought the noise level down in a set drawn entirely from a forthcoming album he recorded with the 22-man band. Torme's masterful control was in evidence particularly during the ballads "September Song" and "A House Is Not a Home." A tongue-in-chops version of "Cow Cow Boogie" found two trumpeters doubling on harmonica and violin.

The Duke Ellington medley, composed of all the most obvious tunes, was diffuse and rambling. Torme ended with "I Hear Music," changing the lyrics to refer to his remembrance of Goodman, and ending wittily with a quote from Monk's "I Mean You."

Rare Silk has changed so radically that Goodman might have disowned it had he heard its new character. Perhaps the engineer was to blame, and possibly also the drummer, but the group was almost drowned out at times by its musicians, leaving most of the lyrics unintelligible. The silk has turned to rawhide.

Miles Davis, sporting fuchsia lame pants and an eight-piece band, played well with some in-

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BENNY GOODMAN: THE LEGACY OF A VIRTUOSO

By LEONARD FEATHER

Writing about Benny Goodman in the past tense somehow feels incongruous. Goodman, who died Friday at age 77, had always seemed to be a permanent, ineradicable presence: playing magnificently, leading a vastly influential orchestra, or recording, with the likes of Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton and later Count Basie, Cootie Williams, Charlie Christian and Georgie Auld, what were arguably the most durable small group sessions aside from Louis Armstrong's Hot Fives.

Later he would be variously retiring or returning, playing the occasional jazz tour or classical concert, showing up (as he did last summer in New York) to play with undimmed brilliance at the tribute to John Hammond, the man who helped organize Goodman's original 1935 orchestra (and whose sister became Mrs. Goodman in 1942).

Everyone has his own image of Goodman. Yes, there were those who resented his critical, steely-

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Los Angeles Times

FESTIVAL

Continued from Page 1

spired moments that transcended the predictable setting.

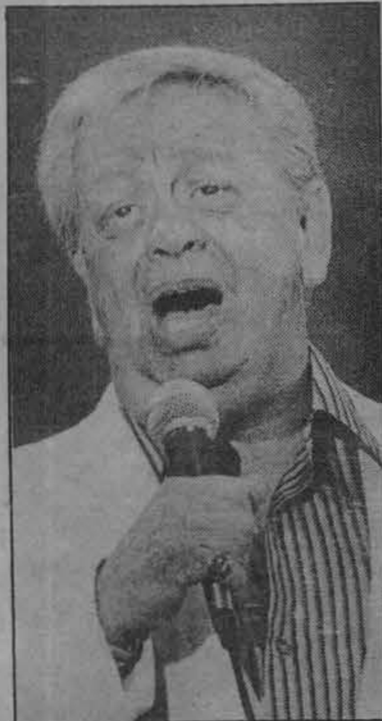
There were quite a few mellow, muted passages, and even a brief reference to "Milestones." However, one should no more expect Davis to stay connected to his past than look for him to give up flying jets and take the A Train. Among his side men, Bob Berg on saxes and Robben Ford on guitar were heard from in a long, generally well organized performance.

The afternoon opened with a brisk, brief outing by the Cal State Long Beach University Band, directed by John Prince. As so often happens with youth bands, the ensembles were more impressive than the solos.

Producer George Wein followed, playing agreeable Hines-Wilson-Waller piano and leading his Newport All Stars in a musicianly small-group swing set.

Warren Vache's cornet on "Over the Rainbow" suggested a fuller-toned Bobby Hackett; Norris Turney on alto sax and Harold Ashby on tenor, both Ellington alumni, kept the creative spark glowing.

Aside from one sax player, nobody listed for the Art Blakey Jazz Messengers showed up—not even Blakey himself, who had missed his plane. Oliver Jackson and Slam Stewart, the drummer and bassist from Wein's group, played with four men who are presumably Blakey's latest front line. Good trumpet by Wallace Roney and piano by Donald Brown relieved a generally lackluster jam session.



RANDY LEFFINGWELL / Los Angeles Times

Miles Davis, left, and Mel Torme, at Playboy Jazz Festival, dedicated to the late Benny Goodman.

The closing act, Andrae Crouch with his gospel group (six singers, five instrumentalists) provided an infectious confection of gospel, rock rhythms and jazz—an intriguing intertwining of roots and branches.

Directing and singing and occasionally playing piano, with his sister Sandra helping out in the percussion department, Crouch soon had hundreds of his congregation (a capacity house of 17,859) dancing and shouting and singing along.

Sunday's show will be reviewed Tuesday.

GOODMAN

Continued from Page 1

eyed "ray," but for every embittered musician there would be another for whom a pattern of mutual respect emerged.

It says something about the Goodman mystique that so many returned to work for him time and again. Sure, he demanded dedication and at least a measure of the artistry he brought to his own work; when it was given, he appreciated it, because nobody was ever more wrapped up in his music, and more concerned with creativity, than Benjamin David Goodman.

To some, the image is that of a catalyst, the man who made the Swing Era happen; but that was never a part of his game plan. His ambition was simply to organize a fine orchestra, with good soloists and the best arrangers, and to play in front of it as well as he could. He never foresaw becoming the king of anything, nor did he particularly care about wearing the crown that was symbolically thrust upon him.

To others, the Goodman image was that of an anti-segregationist, and in effect that is certainly what he was. But Goodman hired Wilson and Hampton and Fletcher Henderson and all the others simply because he related to them musically; he was not very political, not a social crusader by desire but rather by force of circumstances. Nevertheless, it would have been easy for him to refuse, out of fear, to hire black musicians when the pressure was on him to exercise that sort of pusillanimity.

What too many observers failed to take into account is that none of his activities as band leader or integrator could have developed had it not been for his primary gift as a supremely accomplished virtuoso.

In my collection are records he made in 1926, with Ben Pollack's orchestra, revealing that at 16 he was an exceptional jazz soloist. Other recordings, with his own groups or with Red Nichols, Joe Venuti, Adrian Rollini, all made during his late teens or early 20s, confirm the unique level of achievement he had reached long before the world learned about him.

My own special memories go back to a date at New York's RCA Studios when, as a young jazz fan from London, I had been invited to a Goodman Quartet session. A few nights earlier, Goodman had told me, "This is going to be the greatest thing we've ever done!" Gene Krupa had just left, and Dave Tough, a superlative drummer, had taken over, joining Goodman, Wilson and Hampton as they first ran through a tune the name of which Goodman couldn't recall. (It was "Sweet Lorraine.")

Next, Hampton began ad-libbing on the blues.

"Hey," Goodman said, "that's a thought. Why not make a blues?" Wilson pushed his hat back a little farther on his head and played gently, as if to himself. When the buzzer gave the cue to start, Goodman leaned back on his chair, which remained tilted up in that position throughout the take.

Then Hampton said, "Yeah, yeah! I could play the blues all day long!"—as a result of which they extended it to two 78 rpm sides, with a vocal by Hampton. Goodman was so inspired by Tough's gentle beat that he burst into a profusion of untypical compliments.

Benny Goodman was often characterized as a difficult and eccentric man; that is how he was seen by certain music publishers, song pluggers and assorted sycophants who courted his good will. Yet on a record session, particularly in such compatible company, he seemed warm, human and completely relaxed.

Another special memory for me is the Moscow opening. No real American jazz orchestra had played in the Soviet Union since the birth of swing, and one night in the spring of 1962, with Premier Nikita Khrushchev and his wife in attendance, Goodman presented a concert by an orchestra specially assembled for the tour. I had flown over for the occasion.

There were complaints from some quarters: Why was Goodman the first jazz musician chosen for such an event, rather than Duke Ellington or Louis Armstrong or Count Basie? The answer was simply that Goodman had gone after this assignment deliberately and eagerly; moreover, the orchestra was a genuine collection of the best and the brightest—Joe Newman and Joe Wilder in the trumpet section, Phil Woods and Zoot Sims and Tommy Newsom among the saxes, pianist Wilson and drummer Mel Lewis and Victor Feldman on vibes and the former Ellington vocalist Joya Sherrill.

That tour, like so many events during Benny Goodman's extraordinary life, showed the extent to which he had come to symbolize all that was and is best in American music, and the degree to which that impression had made its mark wherever the sound of jazz had penetrated.

First, last and always, he was a nonpareil performer whose artistry is our legacy and our legend.

~~THE WORLD AT SIX~~

6.30 p.m.
7.30 AT, 8.00 NT
MONTREAL INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL
Host: Katie Malloch
With jazz writer, critic, connoisseur Leonard Feather and studio anchorman Peter Downie.
See VOICE OVER.
Live from Montreal, coverage of the seventh Montreal International Jazz Festival, considered to be one of the major jazz events in North America.
The festival attracts a diverse array of jazz headliners and local musicians who take to street corners, outdoor stages, as well as clubs and theatres, and turn out everything from traditional Dixieland and big band swing to South American rhythms and avant-garde experimentation.
From Theatre St-Denis, blues and funk singer James Brown;
From the Spectrum, ethereal, spacy and creative jazz from Oregon;
From the Bibliothèque Nationale, pianist Lorraine Desmarais;
From the Spectrum, the musical *1926* about the Jazz Age;
From Theatre St-Denis, Tommy Flanagan and Hank Jones, piano duet, playing standards.
(approximately five hours)
Producer:
Alain de Grosbois, Montreal

~~11.30 p.m.~~ approx.
12.30 AT, 1.00 NT
NIGHT LINES
Host: Ralph Benmergui

RADIO GUIDE, TORONTO — for July 4, 1986

Jazz Afloat With Regency

Regency Cruises recently announced a "Jazz Festival At Sea" featuring some of the world's most renowned musicians, who will sail aboard the *Regent Sea*, departing Vancouver September 21 for a five-day cruise to Los Angeles.

Such noted musicians as Dizzy Gillespie, Dick Hyman, Joe Williams, the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars and host Leonard Feather are already booked for the cruise, and more musicians are expected to join. Rates range from $715 to $1,495 (per pers./dbl. occ.).

For further information, a free "Jazz Festival At Sea" cruise brochure and reservations, contact your travel agent or Regency Cruises Inc. (Cruise Travel Magazine), 260 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016.

Les «petites vues» sur Ellington

Leonard Feather, le plus célèbre des critiques américains de Jazz présente lui-même, ce soir à la Cinémathèque Québécoise, le programme annuel consacré à Duke Ellington.

Franco Nuovo

Outre les grands concerts, les spectacles dans la rue et les shows improvisés, le FJM propose aussi à ses festivaliers, rappelons-le, du ciné-jazz. Des «petites vues» sur les musiciens-vedettes y sont présentées tous les soirs, trois fois par soir. Et cette année comme à toutes les autres, une case toute spéciale est réservée à Ellington, ce compositeur, chef d'orchestre et pianiste disparu en 1974 qui s'est imposée pendant 50 ans comme une des figures dominantes de ce genre musical.

Aujourd'hui, Feather qui en est à sa deuxième visite au Festival de Montréal présente au public trois films sur Ellington tirés de sa collection personnelle .

Critique de jazz depuis les années 30, auteur d'une douzaine d'ouvrages et d'une encyclopédie, ce journaliste du Los Angeles Times dit avoir à peu près le même âge que Frank Sinatra. Voilà qui n'est pas difficile à croire quand on sait qu'il a débuté sa carrière au lendemain des années folles.

«Je ne parlerai pas beaucoup, assure Feather, je vais me contenter de faire la présentation des trois films. Je glisserai aussi un mot sur mon boulot avec Duke. J' ai travaillé à quelques reprises avec lui, en 42-43, en 48 et puis en 50-51 et 52. Je n'entrerai cependant pas dans les détails du personnage. Secret, il n'aimait pas qu'on envahisse son intimité».

Le public pourra donc voir trois réalisations consacrées à ce musicien célèbre: «Duke Ellington Story», d'une durée de dix minutes, réunis des extraits de longs métrages de la Universal des années 30-40. «Duke Ellington and his Orchestra» (35 minutes) couvre la période des années 50.

«Duke Ellington at the White House», un film couleur de 20 minutes a été tourné à l'occasion du 70e anniversaire du musicien célébré à la Maison Blanche.

Leonard Feather faisait d'ailleurs partie, au même titre que d'autres célébrités, des invités du Président américain ce soir-là. «C'était une soirée inoubliable, se souvient-il».

Enfin, le critique qui s'apprête à sortir un nouvel ouvrage en partie biographique intitulé «Jazz Years» tient à souligner l'importance du Festival de Montréal.

«Ce n'est que ma deuxième visite, commente-t-il, mais c'est assez pour constater qu'il s'agit de la meilleure organisation festivalière que je connaisse. Le Festival offre au public un vaste choix de spectacles. Quant à l'ambiance créée grâce aux rues fermées à la circulation, elle est des plus sympathique.

D'autres textes en page 26

LE FESTIVAL DE JAZZ

JAZZ

MAIDEN VOYAGE—ROUGH SAILING

By LEONARD FEATHER

A few weeks ago, at the Hyatt on Sunset in West Hollywood, Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage orchestra played to a crowded and enthusiastic roomful of music lovers. The ensemble spirit, the compositions and the soloists all represented big-band jazz at its highest contemporary level.

What the audience didn't know was that none of the members can make a living simply out of working in this exceptional ensemble. Acclaimed by viewers and reviewers at the Monterey, Playboy and Concord jazz festivals, playing every kind of job from a shopping mall opening to a Korean variety show, Maiden Voyage is still not a regularly working band. Sometimes they do not perform as a unit for weeks on end.

In fact, what has happened to the 18-woman orchestra, and particularly to the leader, during the six years since Patterson assumed leadership, symbolizes both the problems that face women musicians and the advances that they have finally made.

The Texas-born Patterson, who has mastered a dozen instruments—saxophones, clarinets, flutes, oboe, English horn—and is qualified to play them in the most demanding of settings, feels that the perennial discrimination against women is breaking down. Sexism still exists, of course, but less rampantly.

"I'm certainly getting more and better work than I was five or six years ago," she says. "Last winter, I played about seven woodwind instruments for three months in a show at the Mark Taper Forum. It was an avant-garde musical and we improvised a lot—very stimulating. I still do a fair amount of studio work, though that's certainly no living in itself—but it isn't for most male players either. Then there are what we call casuals—weddings, bar mitzvahs, dinner dances, fund-raisers; I get to play a lot of those. Even Maiden Voyage itself does some."

In a horn-by-horn rundown of the other members' activities, Patterson pointed up how varied are the opportunities and achievements:

"The trumpets—well, Louise Baranger, our lead trumpeter, works mainly with the Harry James band and free-lances around Los Angeles. Marissa Pasquale, who's a recent graduate of USC, works quite a bit with groups at Disneyland, where for a long time they hired no women musicians; she also has a day job. So does Stacy Rowles, but Stacy is now working with the all-female group Alive! and plays jobs fairly often with her father [pianist Jimmy Rowles]; in fact, next month they're doing the North Sea Jazz Festival in Holland and then the Hollywood Bowl with Woody Herman. Jodi Gladstone does casuals, teaches music in a private school and plays in a Latin band. Ann King manages to play music for a living: she's worked with Roger Neumann and some of the other good bands around L.A.

"The trombones: Betty O'Hara is now very active in TV—she works in the orchestra for 'Hill Street Blues,' 'The A-Team' and other shows, as well as playing jazz-group jobs. Betty has the luxury of turning down casuals, which I think is wonderful! [O'Hara, the band's senior member, has had a 40-year career, playing everything from fluegelhorn to double-bell euphonium.] Christy Belicki just graduated from USC; she has done some work at Disneyland too. Martha Schumann, who's a recent addition to our band, is still a student at Cal State Long Beach. Jackie Wollinger plays bass trombone, an instrument that's not much in demand; still, she works in a few bands locally and has a day gig.

"The saxes aren't doing badly. Kathryn Moses, who came here from Canada, is also a wonderful classical flutist and bassoonist; she was very busy in Toronto, and in L.A. she's getting established doing all kinds of work—casuals, studio jobs, especially on flute. Jennifer Hall, who plays alto with us, is a graduate student in classical saxophone at USC, just got her master's degree, and has a part-time day job at a woodwind repair shop. Cathy Cochran does gigs here and there, but not enough to be self-supporting, so she's been waitressing. Barbara Watts, our baritone sax player, is fairly busy mainly as a music copyist, for TV shows."

Completing the band is the rhythm section. Patterson's exceptional drummer, Jeannette Wrate, finds work on the women's music circuit (that is, with female groups that play folk or pop music with feminist lyrics) in addition to playing in the studios and teaching private students. The percussionist, Judy Chilnick, also is busy, dividing her time between shows, classical and pop studio work and concerts with the New American Orchestra. Liz Kinnon, the band's current pianist, who makes part of her livelihood composing and arranging, has managed to enter the lucrative jingle field.

The time when none of these women will have to supplement their income with day jobs may not be far away. Nevertheless, the outlook for Maiden Voyage as a unit remains clouded, despite its unique reputation. Normally, the orchestra draws on a diversified library of jazz arrangements—some by present or former members of the band such as Liz Kinnon, Betty O'Hara and the pianist Kathy Rubbicco, as well as by outside contributors including Nan Schwartz, one of the few successful women studio composers, along with Tommy Newsom, Bobby Shew, Sammy Nestico, Roger Neumann and numerous others.

"Overall," Patterson sums up, "things are quite a bit better for many of us, individually and collectively. We have reached a high standard of performance; there's a great deal of loyalty and dedication. Despite all the problems and the normal turnover you'd expect in any band, there are still seven of us who were here in 1980. Everybody wants to see it keep going—but of course, the big hang-up is getting a record deal."

Landing a recording contract for a big jazz orchestra is a problem unrelated to considerations of sex. Male bands have had the same difficulty; only Maynard Ferguson and a handful of others record regularly. Even the Ellington and Basie bands have done very little since their original leaders died; Toshiko Akiyoshi had to form her own company.

"There have been several opportunities to record," Patterson says, "but I've rejected them because they didn't involve paying the musicians. There are a lot of big bands with albums out that made them for free, to get the exposure. I'm not willing to do it that way."

Maiden Voyage could not record for less than $12,500, though by the standards of pop musicians, who may stay in the studios for weeks or months overdubbing and fiddling around with electronics, this is chicken feed.

The logical course for any group so well qualified, it seems to me, would be to set up a tour of Japan, where they would create a sensation, and where demands for their services in the recording studios are a foregone conclusion.

This is not simply the best all-female orchestra; it is one of the big bands most deserving of preservation on records. Once the records are out (in Japan first, let us assume, but some American company would be quick to pick them up as long as the initial expenses are avoided), airplay could lead to demand for their services.

As a result of Patterson's recent appearance with the orchestra and as a panelist at the convention of the National Association of Jazz Educators, and a follow-up article she wrote for Jazz Educators' Journal, there is now real interest in Maiden Voyage at the college level. "If only we could get an album out in the next few months, I can foresee some kind of college tour a year from now."

Meanwhile, other healthy signs presage better things. Next fall, Patterson will spend six weeks at USC rehearsing the college jazz ensemble, culminating in a concert of music written or arranged by women—among them Toshiko Akiyoshi, Melba Liston, Nan Schwartz, Betty O'Hara, Marian McPartland and Liz Kinnon. In January, Patterson will be in residence at Hamlin University in St. Paul, working with an all-female band, its personnel drawn from surrounding colleges.

Admittedly there is an element of self-separatism here, but the parallel is clear: At one time, black musicians, unwanted by white leaders, could only work in all-black bands. That form of segregation is slowly dying out; can its gender counterpart be far behind? □

ELLEN JASKOL

Ann Patterson, right, leads Maiden Voyage, a critically lauded all-woman jazz orchestra without a record deal.

BENSON INSPIRES MAGIC MOMENTS

PLAYBOY JAZZ FEST ENDS ON SOME HIGH NOTES

By LEONARD FEATHER

There were two magic moments Sunday evening at the Playboy Jazz Festival. Not that the 10½-hour Hollywood Bowl marathon had been short on special pleasures: The general musical level was several notches higher than Saturday's. But when George Benson added his guitar to an already bristling Herbie Hancock group, teaming with Branford Marsalis on tenor sax for a cooking blues riff, everything fell into place.

For all his commercial success, Benson remains an unregenerate giant of jazz guitar. His two solos on this number—the second of which he scatted on in unison—inspired the entire Hancock unit to new heights.

The second moment occurred when Benson went into the opening vamp of "On Broadway." His performance was less spectacular, but the crowd reaction was phenomenal. The 17,500-plus voices rose in a roar.

Benson was the first of several guitarists who dominated the evening. B.B. King, the ultimate blues alley cat, was in rare form, and generously left space for his guitarist Leon Warren. At the end of King's set, Stevie Ray Vaughan came on stage, presumably to show how much he had learned from the Memphis pioneer. It was a trifle anti-climactic and the audience began leaving in droves.

The day had started on a promising note when Kareem Abdul-Jabbar introduced Terra Nova, a vocal quartet that had won a talent search. Singing a cappella, the two men and two women blended like old pros in versions of "Stolen Moments," "Round Midnight" and a wordless piece written by one of the members, Randy Crenshaw.

The L.A. Jazz Legends, an ad-hoc septet of seasoned swingers, took off on a set of standards. Red Holloway's alto sax soared through a hellbent bebop line, and pianist Jimmy Rowles, after playing Benny Carter's "When Lights Are Low," tastefully inserted a passage from Benny Goodman's closing theme, "Goodbye," as a kicker.

The Capp/Pierce Juggernaut stayed mainly in a Basie groove, articulating each phrase as if it had originated them. Marshal Royal's "This Is All I Ask" stood out among a double handful of first-rate solos. Featured with the band were the dancer Honi Coles, faster on his feet than any other octogenarian around, and the commanding vocalist Ernie Andrews, whose version of "Parker's Mood" incorporated impressions of early blues singers.

Nina Simone began typically as she variously insulted, condescended to and courted the audience. After telling them repeatedly to be quiet, threatening to play a Bach fugue ("I'm a classical pianist, you know") and singing a calypso, the title of which she changed to "Run, Nina," there was a song entitled "Just a Stupid Dog" in which she reeled off the names of various record companies that have allegedly done her wrong. Simone also tried to coax her listeners into a sing-along in French, on which there were few takers.

Kenny G and his fusion band were accorded a tremendous reception, with the leader playing saxophones. Ironically, the alto sax of Mary Fettig, a guest soloist with singer Flora Purim in a Brazilian set by the group Azymuth, had more to say during her two solos, in terms of harmonic and melodic ideas, than Kenny G in his entire set, but she attracted little attention.

Maynard Ferguson, whose band these days is only 11 strong including himself, alternated between funk and straight jazz. The medley of 1940s jazz tunes under the heading "Bebop Buffet" came off reasonably well, with fine trombone by Alex Iles. The leader continues to put a strain on his blood vessels with his stratospheric trumpet.

For the adventurous-minded there was tenor saxophonist David Murray, whose themes, whether self-written or by his pianist John Hicks, were energetic and effective, though the blowing placed unfair demands on the instrument's normal limits of range and tone. The references in the program notes to Murray's alleged influences (among them such warm-toned pioneers as Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins) were mystifying.

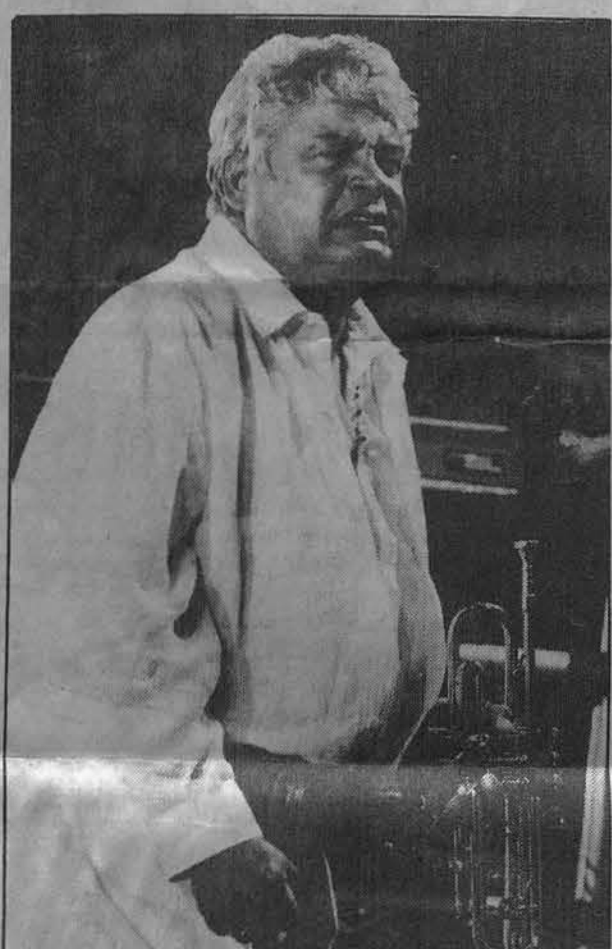
Murray has done his best work with the World Saxophone Quartet; in Sunday's setting, with Hicks, the excellent drummer Ed Blackwell and a dexterous bassist, Ray Drummond, his performance was uneven and, given the standard nature of the rhythm section, not all that avant garde.

The festival succeeded in pleasing most of the people much of the time. Its main problem still is the difficulty of maintaining musical quality while catering to customers who seek excitement, noise and energy. It's not a hazard that is likely to be overcome in the foreseeable future.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Branford Marsalis, left, George Benson contribute to Herbie Hancock group's bristling performance.

Nina Simone performs usual self-styled set.



Maynard Ferguson cooks up a funk, jazz stew.

6/21

BOSSA NOVA A LA JOBIM IN L.A. AT LAST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Antonio Carlos Brasileiro de Almeida Jobim, nicknamed Tom, was a founding father (some would say *the* founding father) of the bossa nova movement. He lived in Los Angeles for two years in the 1960s and again for two years in the '70s, yet his concert Monday at the Greek Theatre will be his first official public appearance here.

Although he recorded numerous albums, in the company of Frank Sinatra, Stan Getz and various fellow members of the Brazilian new-wave elite, Jobim's image was primarily that of a songwriter rather than performer.

"I used to go to bed at 6 p.m.," he said during a phone interview this week from Los Gatos, "then wake up at 1 and keep writing all night, to avoid the phone. Nowadays I have peace and quiet—I live in the Botanical Gardens area of Rio, with birds and monkeys and rattlers in the forest around me. I have a new life, with no drinking, no smoking."

In his old life, Jobim, a former architecture student, played piano in bars and nightclubs.

His first song was recorded in 1953, but the breakthrough came through his association with Vinicius de Moraes, the legendary diplomat, poet and lyricist, with whom he collaborated on the stage and screen versions of "Black Orpheus" in 1956 and 1958. One of his early writing partners, Luis Bonfa, shared the composer credits for the film, which won the Gold Palm at the 1959 Cannes Film Festival.

That was the year Joao Gilberto recorded Jobim's "Chega de Saudade" ("No More Blues"), a turning point in bossa nova. A second crucial event was the recording by

Please see JOBIM, Page 5

LEN LEHMAN

Antonio Jobim sees "healthy signs for music I believe in."

JOBIM RETURNS TO L.A.

Continued from Page 1

the guitarist Charlie Byrd, along with Stan Getz, of the "Jazz Samba" album early in 1962. Later that year, after the record had enjoyed phenomenal success, a planeload of artists was dispatched from Rio to Carnegie Hall for a concert.

"The Foreign Service sent us," Jobim recalls. "I was scared to death. I didn't want to come, I spoke no English, New York was freezing cold. The concert was a shambles. But I decided to stay in America."

Within a few years he had built up an incredible backlog of songs that have all become pop and jazz standards: "Desafinado," "One-Note Samba," "The Girl From Ipanema" (with de Moraes), "Quiet Nights," "Waters of March," "How Insensitive," "Wave," Triste" and dozens more.

There are at least a thousand recordings of the best-known Jobim standards. Though he claims that his naivete in dealing with music publishers cost him dearly, he has profited from the worldwide recognition of his unique gift.

Despite international stardom, after settling down in Rio he turned his hand to the seemingly mundane job of writing for soap operas. "But they are kind of serious there," he added, "or at least they pretend to be. We call them *novelas*. They are on a powerful network and they're exported to many countries, dubbed in Spanish and French."

Jobim also enjoyed success writing scores for Brazilian movies, most recently "Gabriela" in 1982. Since then he's been on the road more. "I played with the symphony in Vienna, worked in Italy, was in last year's Montreux Jazz Festival and in 1984 I played Carnegie Hall again, for the first time since that original 1962 concert."

For the Greek engagement he will present a 10-piece band. Traveling and working with him are his second wife, Ana Lontra, a singer; daughter Elizabeth, also a singer, and son Paulo, who, like his father, plays guitar, keyboards and flute.

Is there still room for the gentle, subtle music he came to symbolize?

"Well, it's true there is a lot of heavy metal in Brazil, as there is here; it can't be escaped, but I'm not discouraged. There is also a revival of the music I believe in—in Brazil, in England, all over Europe I see healthy signs."

De Moraes, his close friend and inspiration, died in 1980. "He was a great man—a true poet, who added so much to my cultural life."

As for his other early colleague, Luis Bonfa, Jobim says, "He bought a lot of land in the woods near Rio, and he just stays there listening to the birds. I said to him, 'Are you crazy? You play the hell out of the guitar and you don't want to work?' But he keeps his green card and still goes to New York every year."

With or without his old friends, Jobim is happy to be returning. "You know, at one time a lot of us Brazilians didn't like America—they said it was racist and capitalistic and imperialist—but I must confess I've changed my views. I think America is the best country in the world, and I sure have missed L.A."

A QUARTET PLUS ONE ARE WITHOUT EQUAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

The bassist John Patitucci and a quartet led by the valve trombonist Mike Fahn constitute such a formidable assemblage of talent that exposure to their music instantly restores one's faith in the survival of contemporary acoustic jazz.

Heard Sunday evening at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, this fivesome offered proof that man-for-man it is without equal among local groups of its kind. Patitucci, who works mainly with Chick Corea (and mainly on electric bass) is a phenomenal exponent of the upright bass and, not incidentally, a more than capable composer.

Playing in the rhythm section, tearing into Monk's "Well You Needn't" at bullet-train tempo, Patitucci looks and sounds as though he is having the time of his life. Playing solo, he tells melodic stories with a facility most guitarists would envy. Nor is his brilliance solely the product of technical skills; his own "Peace and Quiet Time" was a moody, exotic work in which the pianist Tad Weed, Patitucci on bowed bass, and Fahn blended with the tenor sax of Bob Shepherd to sustain a delicately impressionistic groove.

Fahn is another wonder worker. Slide trombonists are a dollar a dozen, but valve trombonists in jazz are about as common as identical snowflakes. Fahn combines the best qualities of the regular trombone with new concepts that have a trumpet-like fluency.

Weed's "My Love," with Shepherd on soprano sax, exemplified the group's ability to mold a work into a multifaceted concerto. Weed has all bases covered, from funky blues to the border of the avant-garde.

With the briskly supportive drumming of Peter Donald, the five men operated as though guided by extrasensory perception. Others may have concepts comparable to those displayed by Patitucci, Fahn & Company; few if any have the ability to state them with such consistent skill.

These men work together only occasionally (Shepherd is a regular member of Freddie Hubbard's group), but their success as a unit is worthy of preservation on records, and by all means at a jazz festival, where they can gain the mass exposure they deserve.

7/15

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

✓✓✓✓Excellent ✓✓✓Good ✓✓Fair ✓Poor

VIDEOCASSETTES

"All-Star Swing Festival," Vestron. $29.95. Taped live at Lincoln Center in 1972, this cornucopia brings us a roll call of giants. We are reminded of the many losses: Goodman, Ellington, Basie, Paul Desmond, Gene Krupa, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Bobby Hackett, Tyree Glenn. Still with us: Doc Severinsen, who emcees (and plays excellently on the closing Satchmo tribute), Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Dave Brubeck, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Tommy Flanagan. The tunes are predictable, with one exception, a romping "Ding-Dong Daddy" by the Goodman-Hampton-Wilson-Krupa reunion group. A priceless document. Information: (203) 968-4000. ✓✓✓✓

—LEONARD FEATHER

6/22/86 L.A. TIMES (Syndicated)

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THE ART OF EXCELLENCE." Tony Bennett. Columbia CK 30344 (compact disc) or FC 40344 (LP).

Found: a graphic artist who sings as well as he paints. This will come as no news to those who first became familiar with his vocal talents; in any event, Tony Bennett's return to Columbia Records after a 10-year absence is doubly welcome in that the market is now ripe for songs of this caliber and Bennett is in superb voice throughout.

Count the blessings in this London-produced set: Bennett caressing a series of handsomely crafted songs, some fairly recent, others older but never antique; the backing by pianist Ralph Sharon's trio and a large string ensemble billed as the U.K. Orchestra Ltd.; the brilliant recording and intelligent production, credited to Bennett's son Danny and to Ettore Stratta; the orchestrations by Jorge Calandrelli.

Tony Bennett returns to Columbia Records—and scores a hit with a five-star album.

Ray Charles is on hand, playing and singing in the wryly amusing vocal duet "Everybody Has the Blues." The unidentified alto sax on some tracks is Pete King. The CD version contains two songs not included in the LP, one of which, "So Many Stars" by Sergio Mendes and the Bergmans, is in itself an argument for buying a CD player.

For the art and the excellence, 5 stars.

(Note: "Strike Up the Band," by Bennett with the 1958 Count Basie band, has been reissued on a CD, Roulette RCD 59021.)

□

"HEAVEN." Phil Woods Quintet. Blackhawk BKH 50401. Five mature musicians, who have worked together for periods ranging from two to 12 years, are in peak form here collectively and individually. The hell-bent modernization of "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" plays tricky games with the melody; even the drum solo, by Bill Goodwin, makes logical sense. The title song, by Ellington, with Tom Harrell on muted trumpet and Woods switching from alto sax to clarinet, is truly celestial. With Hal Galper's piano and Steve Gilmore on bass rounding out the nonpareil rhythm section, and with Brubeck's "The Duke" and a Harrell original in this carefully selected program, the Woods group again proves its vitality and versatility. 4½ stars.

□

"THE CROSSING." Sheila Jordan. Blackhawk BKH 50501. Tom Harrell appears again here, as a member of Jordan's strong supporting cast. The others are her regular bassist Harvie Swartz, the admirable Kenny Barron on piano and Ben Riley on drums. Jordan sounds best as a ballad singer: "It Never Entered My Mind" and "You Must Believe in Spring" stand out, while the vocalese and scat effects on "All God's Children Got Rhythm" (also known as "Little Willie Leaps") sound like tired cliches. "Sheila's Blues," on which she shouts rather than sings her autobiography, is an unbecoming, pseudo-hip adventure. 3 stars.

□

"AFTER." Makoto Ozone. Columbia C40240. Any lingering traits of Oscar Peterson influence seem to have disappeared by now; in fact, Ozone now says he is interested in Chick Corea. An advantage of his new album is the presence, on three cuts, of a saxophonist, Bill Pierce, along with the incredible bassist Eddie Gomez, whose solos on "Cato's Revenge" and "Waltz for Ronko" are breathtaking. A drummer, Tommy Campbell, completes the group tracks; there are also two typically pensive piano solos. This could have been a five star album but for the overextended solo by Campbell. 4 stars.

□

"PARKER'S MOOD." Sadao Watanabe. Elektra 9 60475-1. Despite the sparkling piano of James Williams, and a bassist and drummer borrowed from Wynton Marsalis (Charnett Moffett and Jeff Watts), Watanabe's return to straight jazz after all those fusion-filled years just doesn't come off. Did he lose it somewhere along the way? Or did he never really have it as much as we thought? His middle-of-the-road, middle-of-the-ratings bebop alto seems to serve no purpose 31 years after Charlie Parker's death. There is simply nothing here to make the nerves tingle. Besides, Bird always played consistently in tune. 2 stars.

□

"AT MONTEREY, 1958." Billie Holiday. Blackhawk 50701. This was Monterey's first festival and Lady Day's last. Though her voice was shot and her grasp on the notes uncertain, some of the emotional impact survived. All 11 tunes in these 30 minutes of music had been done in numerous earlier and superior studio versions. Waldron's piano is subpar; Gerry Mulligan is very helpful on several tunes; Buddy De Franco is heard from marginally. Benny Carter's name should not have been used here, since he is virtually unheard. The plane flying over the fairgrounds during one song is so intrusive you feel like ducking. By the standards of an artist who at her peak 15 years earlier was the consummate jazz singer, this is 3½-star material.

□

"1 + 1 + 1." Kenny Barron. Blackhawk BKH 50601. The title misleads. "'Round Midnight" is a piano solo and the others are all duo cuts, with either Ron Carter or Michael Moore on bass. Both offer perfect support. Barron, truly a world-class pianist, has his own personal touch as well as an individual approach to such long-familiar works as "Giant Steps," "Prelude to a Kiss" and "In Your Own Sweet Way." A bonus is the inclusion of "Beautiful Love," the too-seldom-heard Victor Young melody, with engaging exchanges between Barron and Carter. 4 stars.

□

"MANHATTAN JAZZ QUINTET." ProJazz Compact Disc CDJ 602. Paradoxically, these five New York-based musicians are relatively unknown in the United States but have earned fame in Japan, both on records and in person. They are Dave Matthews, pianist, arranger, and composer of two pieces; Lew Soloff, the quondam Blood, Sweat & Tears trumpeter; George Young, tenor sax; the prodigious teen bassist Charnett Moffett (his solo on "My Favorite Things" is the album's shining moment) and Steve Gadd on drums. It's all unambiguously modern mainstream music, though not very long on invention or ambition. 3 stars. (Note: Soloff has his own, more electrically oriented CD, "Hanalei Bay."

□

"DREAM BAND." Terry Gibbs. Contemporary C 7647. Dashing and slashing their way through charts by Bill Holman, Bob Brookmeyer and others, Gibbs' 15 men were taped live at the Seville in Hollywood, reminding us in this hitherto unissued set that 1959 was a peak year for the second generation of the Swing Era. Gibbs' vibes, Conte Candoli's trumpet and various others are heard from, but the tough brass section and a tight sax team establish this as primarily an ensemble production, with Mel Lewis' drums a powerhouse undercurrent.

Some of the tunes are time-worn (how much can you do with "Opus One"?), but the spirit and the arrangements elevate the material to another level. 4 stars.

□

"WHATEVER WE IMAGINE." Janice Borla. Sea Breeze SB 2029. Backed by a chamber jazz quartet (vibes, guitar, bass, drums), Borla applies her mellifluous soprano to new or unhackneyed songs with intelligent lyrics and absorbing melodies (by Bobby McFerrin, Jeremy Lubbock, Horace Silver, Diane Snow). Her wordless passages mesh admirably with the vibes and guitar, and her jazz sensitivity is both educated and emotional. Only problem with this generally promising debut is the occasional intonation flaw, especially on the one standard, "Prelude to a Kiss." 4 stars. □

6/22

JAZZ

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS FOR RICHARD STOLTZMAN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Richard Stoltzman, who has been called "an artist of indescribable genius" (Washington Post), "a classical superstar" (New York Times) and "the greatest clarinetist of the century" (San Francisco Chronicle), was totally in awe of the late Benny Goodman.

Stoltzman's respect for jazz musicians is not really surprising. The son of a railroad man who played saxophone gigs on weekends, he himself played Dixieland while a student at Ohio State University.

"When I was a little kid," Stoltzman, 43, recalls, "my dad would stand in the kitchen for hours playing these Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster and Lester Young licks. I grew up learning all the jazz and pop standard tunes, and hearing great artists like Lester, Miles, Clifford Brown, Bill Evans, John Coltrane."

In an ironic twist on the conventional movie-script situation, Stoltzman's jazz loving father had reservations about his son's taking up classical music professionally. "He never discouraged me, but he just didn't think classical music was a logical pursuit except as an avocation."

The turning point for Stoltzman was a scholarship for a master's degree in music at Yale. While there, he began a 10-year association with the Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont. It was there that he met the pianist Peter Serkin; in 1973, they formed the chamber group Tashi. Stoltzman went on to win various awards, including a Grammy for best chamber music performance, and gave the first solo clarinet recital ever performed in Carnegie Hall. The concert was dedicated to Benny Goodman, who was present, and whom Stoltzman called "the first man to perform American jazz and European classical music with equal artistic quality."

The concert ended with a medley entitled "A Tribute to Benny," parts of which were written by pianist Bill Douglas and by another pianist-composer, Mel Powell, who as a young man was Goodman's pianist.

"It was through Peter Serkin that I had met Benny," Stoltzman says. "His father (Rudolf Serkin) had gotten Peter and Benny together so that Peter could learn some of the clarinet repertoire. Benny had heard about our Tashi group; this piqued his curiosity and he asked Peter if I could come over and see him.

"The first time I went over to his apartment, it was just to meet him—that was exciting enough in itself. Another time, I brought my friend Bill Douglas, and we played and improvised for him. He stopped us in the middle and said, 'What are you guys doing?' I said, 'We're improvising, Mr. Goodman,' and he said, 'Well, that sounds like Brahms or something.' I decided to take it as a compliment, though of course it was not his style of improvising.

"I imagined him to be above all this business of reeds and mouthpieces, but he was really curious about what kind of mouthpiece I used, what reeds. Then he brought out a bunch of these old 'spaghetti duets'—clarinet duet pieces by Italian composers like Gambini—and we'd play until he ran out of breath. I'd say, 'Don't you want to stop?,' and he'd say 'No, no, let's keep going!'"

As Stoltzman's reputation grew, so did his repertoire. He is intrigued by the work of Thelonious Monk and has performed Monk segments at some of his concerts, along with the virtuoso jazz bassist Eddie Gomez. "Blue Monk" is heard in his latest RCA Red Seal release, "Begin Sweet World," in which he is accompanied by Douglas, Gomez and synthesizer expert Jeremy Wall (RCA AMLI 7124).

A year ago, Clare Fischer arranged a Duke Ellington medley for him. "It's really much more than an arrangement. Clare created almost a symphonic work out of the tunes by Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. Clare is a greatly underrated writer. He also wrote a big-band piece for me, which I played with the UCLA band a few weeks ago, with Clare himself conducting."

Last January, Stoltzman took part, along with Gomez, Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett, in the Music Joy Festival held in Tokyo. Last May, Joe Williams sang and Stoltzman played "Mood Indigo" in the opening concert of the Boston Pops season.

What may turn out to be the most significant of all his jazz associations involves Woody Herman and his orchestra. They played a series of concerts together last year and will reunite in Herman's July 19 commemorative at the Hollywood Bowl, celebrating his 50th anniversary as a bandleader.

"My main reason for working with Woody," he says, "was that he wanted to revive the 'Ebony Concerto,' which Stravinsky wrote for him in 1946. Woody also had his ex-pianist, John Oddo, write a piece for me. I brought in an adaptation I had of Debussy's 'Maid With the Flaxen Hair,' and Woody already had in his book Copland's 'Fanfare for the Common Man' and Faure's 'Pavane,' which had slots in them where anyone could play, so I joined in on those.

"The Stravinsky, which we'll do at the Bowl, is not as easy a piece as I would have imagined, but it's still Stravinsky. It's like a Picasso impression of something."

Talking to Stoltzman about jazz is a refreshing experience; in sharp contrast to the condescension shown by so many classical musicians toward jazzmen, he is totally respectful and even acknowledges being nervous in their presence. He is, of course, one in a long line of artists who have divided their time between the two worlds, from Benny Goodman and Mel Powell to Andre Previn, Chick Corea, Wynton Marsalis and a growing number of others.

Expressing the hope that the barriers are breaking down, Stoltzman feels that too few classical musicians understand the serious disciplines jazz requires of its artists. "Jazz is very difficult for them to play, but also to listen to. I'm married to a wonderful violinist who was totally trained in the conservatory tradition. She's a beautiful musician, but after we'd been married about six months I realized that she didn't know anything about standard tunes, which I assumed everyone knew. She didn't know the changes, the bridges—nothing, zero! We talked about it, and she decided to buy a book of big-band music.

"It just isn't that simple to appreciate jazz; it takes a little work. A lot of musicians I hang out with in the classical world live lives that are totally caught up in that, and they don't know anything outside it.

"This new album of mine, for instance—I played some of it for a classical pianist I work with and he just said, 'I don't understand it.' He could relate to the Bach 'Air' and the Faure 'Pie Jesu,' but when it got into some other things it seemed to him not to be music, so rather than get utterly depressed, I took the record off."

The album, which includes six originals by Bill Douglas as well as "Blue Monk" and "Amazing Grace," is dedicated "to my Mom (and mothers everywhere) because she loves this record and finally has an album she can give to all her friends," and "to my Dad's memory—he would have loved 'Amazing Grace' and Eddie Gomez's soulful bass."

He is grateful to men like Chick Corea for being supportive. "When you've listened to great players like that on records for 10, 15 years, and you're on the same stage, you feel like 'What in the world am I doing here?' But on that concert in Tokyo, we did a Japanese waltz that Chick wrote, and 'Someday My Prince Will Come' and 'Alice in Wonderland' and a couple of Monk pieces. Chick paid me a real compliment. He said, 'Hey, you don't play bad for somebody in a tuxedo!'" □

STEPHEN SHAMES

Richard Stoltzman on classical musicians confused by his work: "It just isn't that simple to appreciate jazz; it takes a little work."

7/6/86

JAZZ

'WHAT'S NEW' NEVER GETS A CHANCE TO GROW OLD

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is reasonably common knowledge that John Green wrote "Body and Soul," Fats Waller "Ain't Misbehavin'" and Duke Ellington "Mood Indigo." Most of the great jazz and pop standards, in fact, are closely identified with their composers. Yet one of the most indomitable hits of all, "What's New," is a remarkable exception to the rule. Even some of the artists who have recorded it might have trouble recalling who wrote it.

"What's New" has lived at least four lives. Born in 1938 as "I'm Free," it became a Hit Parade favorite in 1940 as "What's New," lapsed into semi-retirement, returned in the 1950s through dozens of new recordings, fell into disuse again, and took on its newest and biggest lease on life in 1983 through Linda Ronstadt.

Bob Haggart, who composed the melody 48 years ago, is a still-active bassist, a gifted painter whose works have been exhibited, and a composer for whom "What's New" turned out to be a totally unexpected sinecure.

"I was with Bob Crosby's band at the Blackhawk Hotel in Chicago," he says, "and during intermission, while the plates were rattling, I'd sit at the piano and make up melodies. Well, one day I came across this idea.

"I took it out to a friend's house where a lot of us went on weekends. They had a primitive disc recorder there, and we'd make records and play them back. That was when I played this tune for Billy Butterfield, the band's featured trumpeter, and we decided it would be worth recording. I made an arrangement, and a week later the band did it on a Decca session, built around Billy."

The melody was unusual in that instead of the then customary A-A-B-A structure, it repeated the same eight-bar strain four times, simply shifting it up a fourth during the third statement. As for the original title, Haggart says: "I'd been married in March, and we were at the Blackhawk for six months starting in April. I'd been very lonesome, but now we were together, away from our families, and I was freed from the loneliness, so I decided to call it 'I'm Free.'"

Haggart wanted Johnny Mercer to write a lyric, and Mercer kept assuring him that he was working on it, though he confessed, "I keep coming up with 'Free as the birds in the trees,' but don't worry. I'll find something."

Meanwhile, Crosby's brother, Larry, sent a telegram to Haggart. It read: "Tune 'I'm Free' recorded by Bing. New title: 'What's New.' Lyric by Johnny Burke." "That was the first I'd heard of it—I'd never heard the lyric or even met Johnny Burke."

After the Bing Crosby recording came the deluge. During 1939, it was recorded by the Charlie Barnet and Benny Goodman orchestras, Hal Kemp, the Golden Gate Quartet

LEONARD FEATHER

Bassist/composer Bob Haggart: "I'm not retired—never had any intention of stopping."

and numerous others. "In 1940, it was on the Hit Parade," Haggart recalls. "Kate Smith sang it on her opening radio show in the fall; it stayed on the Top 10 list for three or four months, though it never reached No. 1.

"After that, it went into a lull that lasted about 10 years. Then a lot of jazz musicians and singers began to pick up on it. Zoot Sims recorded it in 1954; so did Helen Merrill, though I didn't even know about that until long afterward, when Marian McPartland told me about it and sent me a copy. It was a beautiful version, with Clifford Brown on trumpet."

Soon the recordings proliferated again: Stan Kenton in 1955, Billie Holiday soon after, Frank Sinatra in his "Only the Lonely" album in 1958 with Nelson Riddle's orchestra. This was, of course, the album that inspired Linda Ronstadt to hire Riddle and to record, among other songs out of that album, what became the eponymous title tune of her multimillion-selling LP. "And," says Bob Haggart, "I've been smiling ever since." (Johnny Burke never got to observe the song's latest incarnation; he died in 1964.)

Foreseeing a windfall of royalties that might get out of hand for tax purposes, the Haggarts decided on a write-off:

"We purchased a condominium in Key Biscayne, Fla., but we outsmarted ourselves, because it was a losing proposition and we can't sell it. Still, my ASCAP payments are well into a healthy four-figure sum every quarter."

Haggart's career has had many other facets. In 1940, with Bob Crosby, he initiated "Big Noise From Winnetka," a bass-and-drum duo in which he whistled and Ray Bauduc slapped his drumsticks on the bass. This has become a regular in his repertoire ever since, performed with any available drummer. Another of his more durable compositions, "South Rampart Street Parade," originally an instrumental, evolved into a standard after Steve Allen wrote lyrics for it in the mid-1950s.

After touring with the Crosby band from 1935-42, Haggart settled into the comfortable life of a free-lance New York musician, mainly at NBC, where he played on "The Tonight Show" from 1963-69. During the 1950s, he maintained his jazz image through a series of recordings for which he was co-billed with a former Crosby colleague, the trumpeter Yank Lawson.

Regular appearances at Dick Gibson's annual jazz parties led to the formation of what was called, at Gibson's suggestion, the World's Greatest Jazzband, again with Haggart and Lawson as co-leaders, and with Haggart's arrangements as the main determining factor in the nine-man group's distinctive, updated-traditionalist personality.

Playing Haggart's reworkings of old jazz standards ("Savoy Blues") and of current pop hits ("Mrs. Robinson," "Up, Up and Away"), the band toured the United States, Brazil and Europe, then began cutting down on its size, its work schedule and its originality, finally falling apart a few years ago. Meanwhile, the Haggarts began spending much of their time in Mexico.

"It was a great place to spend the winter, away from the snow and ice of New York. Besides, Windy and I had settled in a little town where there were two art schools, a lot of painters. I've always wanted to paint every day. Tony Bennett cut down on his bookings for the same reason.

"Aside from which, I was a local hero—the only professional musician in town. We put a band together called the San Miguel All-Stars; the band would play one dance a season, the whole town would turn out and we'd play all the old songs.

"Last year, we decided we'd had enough. I went to the San Diego area to do a gig with Bob Crosby, started looking around, and found our new home.

"I'm not retired—never had any intention of stopping. I'll take any gig that comes along if it seems like fun. I've been working with a group of fine musicians who are not full-time pros but play my kind of music. Tommy Pletcher, the trumpeter, plays beautifully in a Bix style. I've done three albums with these guys, using my paintings on the covers."

The original title of Haggart's now-renowned composition seems to apply more aptly than ever. Taking jobs when he is so disposed, playing golf, painting, and watching the royalty checks roll in, he might well be tempted to say once again, almost half a century later, "I'm Free." □

7/6/86

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ ARTISTS PLAN AID FOR U.S. HUNGRY

By LEONARD FEATHER

The jazz community, apparently ignored in the rash of music benefits during the past year, will be substantially represented by a series of related projects to be called Jazz to End Hunger.

Far from jumping on the hunger wagon, the producer and organizer Michael McIntosh says he conceived the idea at least four years ago, long before "We Are The World." Unlike Live Aid and similar ventures, it has been designed to feed the hungry throughout the United States rather than abroad.

Organizers announced details of the effort Thursday at a press conference at the Vine Street Bar and Grill in Hollywood. First out will be an all-star recording and a home video, both taped at a session in Los Angeles last February.

Among the 50 artists who took part were Bill Henderson, Mark Murphy and Sue Raney, who spoke at the meeting Thursday; Carmen McRae, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, Larry Carlton, Diane Schuur and Herbie Hancock, who were shown in clips taped at the session; also Ray Brown, Della Reese, Debra and Eloise Laws, Maynard Ferguson, Ray Pizzi, Mike Melvoin, Manny Morgan and Lorez Alexandria.

Released first on a single will be a new song, "Keep the Dream Alive," which McIntosh co-composed with Andrew Belling and Don Grady. Backing the vocal treatment on the single would be an instrumental version to be recorded in September in New York with musicians who, according to McIntosh, will represent "the cream of the East Coast jazz world."

To provide enough music to complete an album, additional unreleased jazz material will be supplied by several record companies. Also in pre-production is a television special that will be released in November, according to McIntosh, though no deal has yet been set with a network or station.

"We've had wonderful cooperation from everyone, he said. "The technical crew and studio donated their services. The singers, musicians and arrangers all worked without payment. All our royalties and other income from the song will go into the fund.

"Of course there's a need to eliminate hunger everywhere in the world, but we felt the time had come to do something for our people here at home—especially the children."

A research paper undertaken at Harvard Medical School, listing the American counties most severely hit by hunger, will be used as a guide in fund distribution.

According to Diane Lolli, national executive director of the Jazz to End Hunger projects, the money raised by sales of the single, album, videotape and TV show will be funneled through existing organizations.

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Pepper Adams is a big hit at the Festival International de Jazz in Montreal, reports Leonard Feather. Page 7.

ROBERT LEE Los Angeles Times July 4 1986

Milton Nascimento playing at the jazz festival in Montreal.

JAZZING IT UP GRANDLY IN MONTREAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTREAL—Call it what you will: A carnival, a festival, a party; by any name the seventh annual Festival International de Jazz de Montreal adds up to the largest and most diversified assemblage of jazz or jazz-related talent ever distributed around one city.

The statistics are a press agent's dream: 1,000 musicians over the 10-day span, offering at least 25 concerts daily, half of which are indoors at various theaters and clubs; the remainder are free concerts held on sidewalk stages. The $1.5 million (U.S.) budget is provided partly by commercial sponsors, partly by the Quebec Ministry of Cultural Affairs.

This year the number of areas blocked off to vehicular traffic has been increased, but this seems to have done little to alleviate the congestion. Along the Rue St. De-

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MONTREAL

Continued from Page 1

nis by mid-evening the street is so crammed with revelers—not to mention jugglers, clowns, fire-eaters, Canadian Dixieland street bands—that movement from one concert hall to another becomes a near impossibility.

Midway through the festival, on Canada Day (July 1), the national holiday, normally the action slows down, but this year an exception was made for Chuck Mangione. Playing at an outdoor setting on St. Catherine Street, he drew a crowd estimated by police at 22,000.

If Mangione was the most spectacular crowd collector among the free events, the honors to date for the most remarkable indoor concert must go to Milton Nascimento. The emotionally captivating Brazilian singer and showman packed the handsome Salle Wilfred Pelletier in the Place des Arts, Montreal's counterpart to the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

Like several of the presentations since the festival opened last weekend, this was a unique recital. Nowhere else has Nascimento offered a comparable series of surprises. Four numbers into the show he brought on Wayne Shorter. No stranger to Nascimento, who made a guest appearance on Shorter's "Native Dancer" album more than a decade ago, the saxophonist redoubled the energy of the soul-rock-bossa groove during his three tunes.

After intermission Nascimento introduced the guitarist Pat Metheny, who, as one observer told me, "is like a God in this city." Metheny, who has yet to miss a Montreal festival, added his vivid, throbbing presence to a samba and a ballad. Not long afterward, Herbie Hancock, hot and ready after a concert with his own quartet a mile away, merged with spellbinding control into this unconventional context, with a pair of electric keyboard solos that blended all the elements: Brazilian, jazz, West Indian, African and rock. The audience exploded into an ovation so uproarious that both Hancock and Metheny returned for an encore during which the entire jubilant crowd remained standing and swaying.

There were other groups that have never been heard in the Southland. The quartet known as Clarinet Summit made an LP two years ago, but has rarely been seen in person. Since John Carter lives in Los Angeles, the bass clarinetist David Murray in New York, Alvin Batiste in New Orleans and Jimmy Hamilton (a 26-year veteran of the old Duke Ellington band) in St. Croix, it took some effort to bring them all back together. The result, with its unorthodox mix of mainstream and avant-garde, was like a clarinet counterpart to the World Saxophone Quartet, though its impact was reduced by Murray's use of old-fashioned slap tongue effects.

Another rare sight was the Paris Reunion Band, nine black Americans who at one time or another have been Paris expatriates. Their neo-bop themes and solos, with the trombonist Slide Hampton and the soprano sax master Nathan Davis contributing the compositions, drew a standing ovation at the Spectrum, a room that is half theater, half cabaret with tables and bar service.

The Continental overtones of this group, and the unlikely appearance of such Europe-based virtuosos as the pianist Kenny Drew and the trumpeter Benny Bailey, typified the cosmopolitan ambiance that dominates much of the festival. Such artists as the French pianist Michel Petrucciani (now a U.S. resident but a world traveler) are particularly popular in this French Canadian setting, though there was similar receptivity for Monty Alexander, the pianist from the West Indies; for Bobby Enriquez, the flamboyant keyboardist from the Philippines; for Jay McShann, the Kansas City blues veteran; for Gerry Mulligan, in cool control leading a splendid quartet; and for a big band from Finland and various combos from other remote jazz havens.

LOS ANGELES TIMES, JULY 8 1986

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

MONTREAL'S SWEET AND SOUR SOUNDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

LARRY ARMSTRONG / Los Angeles Times

Michel Legrand and Ginette Reno at Montreal Jazz Festival.

MONTREAL—The 10-day Mardi Gras that calls itself Festival International de Jazz ended Sunday, leaving me with the recollection of a rare musical tour de force.

The problem all week was that from 7 p.m. on any day one had to choose among two or three overlapping concerts. This could be partly resolved by catching the first half of one show, then hopping a shuttle bus across town to hear what remained of another.

At the Place des Arts on Thursday, an older and more conservative crowd than usual was on hand to hear Ginette Reno, Quebec's queen of vocal pop, teamed with Michel Legrand. Reno, a very large lady with a belting sound to match, sang bilingually, alone or in duo with Legrand. It was intriguing to hear Legrand in his original "Tous les Moulins de Mon Coeur," followed by a second chorus in English by Reno ("The Windmills of Your Mind.")

Backed by a big ensemble with strings, Legrand wore his pop hat for this supposed jazz event, and Reno, though a great crowd pleaser, was only marginally more fitting for the occasion than Kate Smith might have been.

Escaping in time to reach the Bibliotheque Nationale while a recital by Rene Urtreger was in progress, I was delighted to find that the veteran French bebop pianist, sidelined for many years, is in splendid form again. His repertoire of pieces by Bud Powell ("Parisian Thoroughfare"), Rollins, Monk and Shearing showed an undiminished affinity for the idiom, with a powerfully driving left hand.

Tommy Flanagan and Hank Jones shared another stage for an incomparably elegant two-piano soiree. Montreal's own Lorraine Desmarais, who impressed me last year with her melange of impressionism and warm textures, left no doubt this time that she is the next international keyboard figure.

Pepper Adams enjoyed an overwhelming reception. Though his brave two-year battle with cancer has been widely publicized here in the French-language press, it was not mere sympathy that earned this reaction. His sound on baritone sax, like his speaking voice in the droll announcements, was as strong as ever, and the choice of material—his own works and others by Thad Jones and Harry Carney—was as admirable as the local backup trio led by the pianist Kenny Alexander.

Eons removed from the Adams mainstream were the abstractions of David Holland. The British bassist, whom Miles Davis brought to the United States and who now spends his summers teaching in Banff, drew a good crowd to the Theater St. Denis with a rather prolix quintet fortified by the Canadian trumpeter Kenny Wheeler and the rhythms of drummer Marvin Smith.

The disaster of the festival was an attempt to present Chet Baker with the Montreal pianist Paul Bley. After Bley had played for 20 minutes, often atonally and sometimes using the left hand only, Baker entered, looking ravaged. He sat on a high stool, and for a long time did nothing. When he lifted his trumpet, he could barely squeeze out a note. At times, his head nodding, he looked as if he might fall off the stool. His attempts to sing were no less embarrassing; then Bley mercifully walked him off the stage amid boos. As I left, Bley was trying to pick up the pieces alone, while outside, dozens of customers asked for and received refunds. One can imagine what such pitiful incidents do for the image of jazz.

Fortunately, there were many compensations, from the "new age" sounds of the group Oregon back to the basic blues of Memphis Slim and, for those whose ears were up to it, the soul agitations of the James Brown extravaganza.

The weakness this year was in vocal jazz. One would not mind the use of Veronique Sanson, Van Morrison, Michael Franks and other pop singers were there also a chance to hear, say, Sarah or Carmen or Betty Carter, Joe Williams or Bobby McFerrin or Dave Frishberg. Having established itself as the biggest event of its kind, Montreal must concentrate on remaining the best. Other jazz festivals have overextended their musical horizons for financial gain; it can only be hoped that Montreal, with its wonderful ambiance and unique track record, will never fall into that trap.

◆ Jazz

éphémères que nous sommes tous et à ces moments de beauté que des magiciens comme Pepper Adams nous ont offerts comme remède à la précarité des choses.

Évidemment, tout cela était émouvant et pas très loin d'un certain sublime.

Le veille, comme vous le savez à moins que vous ne soyez distrait en me lisant, le festival faisait relâche. L'occasion était belle d'aller à la Cinémathèque où cette année encore Robert Daudelin organise neuf soirées consacrées aux films de jazz. Ce mardi 1er juillet, Leonard Feather présentait en français des films sur Duke Ellington.

L'assistance est nombreuse et formée d'amateurs. Cela s'entend par les applaudissements et par les gloussements de contentement lorsque apparaissent quelques figures aimées, Paul Gonsalves ou Ray Nance par exemple. Les explications du grand critique américain sont brèves, claires. L'époque couverte va de 1940 à 1969. Parmi les pièces entendues, *Sophisticated Lady, The Mooch, Mood Indigo* et ce *In My Solitude* qu'il m'arrive d'entendre parfois à 22 h à la radio de Radio-Canada. Ces courts documents en noir et blanc ont le charme de la nostalgie, ce côté album de famille qui nous plaît tant lorsqu'on n'est pas en brouille avec trop de ses proches. Le document le plus récent, la réception du Duke à la Maison Blanche en 1969, est moins réussi. Pourtant, je le jure, je n'ai plus de rancoeur envers Richard Nixon qui, vers la même époque, aurait bien voulu mettre de l'ordre (politique) sur les campus américains.

La journée de relâche m'a également permis de visiter un peu les scènes en plein air. Chuck Mangione, près du Complexe Desjardins, je l'écrivais hier, a attiré à lui les petits enfants. Une musique que j'ai écoutée brièvement, je devais aller ailleurs rue Saint-Denis, et qui m'a semblé aussi peu essentielle que possible. Mais, enfin, cela n'est pas une critique puisque mon esprit était ailleurs. Par rapport à ses disques cependant une amélioration. Il faut dire que les pauvres...

Memphis Slim deux heures plus tard, rue Saint-Denis, réussissait à assembler une belle petite foule. Maintenant âgé de 70 ans, ce bluesman, dont le patronyme véritable est John Len Chatman, a plus de 50 ans de carrière. S'appuyant sur une frêle jeune femme, s'aidant d'une canne, il monte péniblement les gradins de l'estrade. Dès que ses doigts touchent les notes du piano électrique qu'on a mis à sa disposition, la magie s'opère. L'homme n'est pas vieux, il n'a pas d'âge. Il chante le blues qui est le sien, sarcastique, puissant. Les foules, il s'en occupe. Les boogie woogies fringants, les citations hirsutes et inattendues, les musts du répertoire, *How Long How Long, Beer Drinkin' Woman, In The Evening,* tout est au rendez-vous. Un spectacle populaire comme il doit l'être, sans offre au rabais. Le public suit et il est justement ravi. Memphis Slim paraissait lui aussi bien heureux, seule la présence des moustiques et d'une caméra de Radio-Canada semblant l'incommoder. En effet, il a cessé carrément de jouer quand il a vu qu'on le filmait pour, j'imagine, le *Téléjournal.* Lui aussi nous a fait l'honneur de dire quelques mots en français. Pas mal quand même dans une ville où ladite langue perd cha-

SECTION G

Inside: ART

The Gazette

ENTERTAINMENT

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1986

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JAZZ FESTIVAL: BLOW BY BLOW

By LEONARD FEATHER
Special to The Gazette

Jazz festivals, it would seem, are a dime a dozen nowadays. Time was when the Newport weekend was the only such event in the world; today it is theoretically possible, given the funds and the transportation, to go festival-hopping around the world for at least six months of every year.

However, two or three concerts do not a festival make. The term has been used too loosely.

After many years of first-hand observation in a wide variety of locales — Newport, Monterey, New York, Los Angeles, Nice, Montreaux, Perugia, Sao Paulo, Sydney, Tel Aviv, to name just a few — I concluded, during my first visit to Montreal last year, that no festival can outdo it in terms of musical variety, the choice of settings, and a genuinely festive ambience.

Following is a partial guide to this year's Montreal festival, in which I have limited myself to the attractions with which I am most familiar; with a few exceptions they are American artists whom I have known for periods ranging from a few years to the earliest days of my life in jazz.

They are a small proportion of the hundreds of talented performers who will grace the festival's many stages. I am sure there will be unexpected pleasures this year, as there were for me in 1985 when, for example, I heard Lorraine Desmarais and Oliver Jones for the first time. That, of course, is one of the joys of jazz; we are constantly delighted by the sound of surprise.

Leonard Feather is widely regarded as North America's most influential and respected jazz critic. In addition to writing a regular column for the *Los Angeles Times*, the British-born Feather is a composer, pianist, record producer and prolific author of jazz books.

His *Encyclopedia of Jazz* was praised by *down beat's* Nat Hentoff as "one of the major contributions to the literature of jazz." He is also the author of *From Satchmo to Miles, Laughter from the Hip, Inside Jazz* and *The Pleasures of Jazz*. A contemporary and friend of many jazz giants, Feather wrote this guide to the 1986 Montreal International Jazz Festival especially for *The Gazette*.

Friday, June 27

WOODY HERMAN
The Boss of jazz

Woody Herman is the man of the year, in one significant sense: on July 16, in a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, he will officially celebrate his 50th anniversary as a bandleader, introducing various alumni and special guests.

Having followed his career almost from the beginning, I have never ceased to wonder at his ability to come up with fresh, exciting young artists. His orchestra today consists mainly of men in their 20s and 30s, which is exactly the way it was when he started in 1936. As Woody likes to say, "The band stays young; only the boss gets old." But Herman's reputation as a survivor transcends any consideration of age.

It is significant that musicians who worked with the band only briefly, as Al Cohn did in 1948-49, have always retained their images as Herman alumni first and foremost. Cohn's reunion with Woody on this occasion will be the latest of many; like so many children of the various Herman Herds, he has always kept in touch with his ex-boss, who has probably launched more great tenor stars than Wimbledon has fielded tennis players.

FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL DE JAZZ DE MONTREAL

Jazz Calendar: G-4, G-5

Though he has often been likened to Bill Evans and McCoy Tyner, I suspect you will find he has found his own distinctive path.

Benny Carter has been a respected artist on the world jazz scene for well over half a century.

Though well known as a composer (*When Lights Are Low, Blues In My Heart*), as a band leader, as lyrical trumpeter and, in the earlier years, as a splendid clarinetist, it is as a master of the alto saxophone that he has been a uniquely influential soloist and an international influence. He will be backed by the specially assembled Reg Wilson Trio.

Monty Alexander was born in Kingston, Jamaica, in 1944, but came to the U.S. at 18 and eventually established himself as a major jazz figure, working frequently with Ray Brown and Milt Jackson.

Though his work occasionally reflects his West Indian background, he has been compared to Oscar Peterson and Ahmad Jamal.

The **Clarinet Summit** that will wind up the action on June 28 was an idea conceived by John Carter, the eminent Los Angeles-based avant gardist who had long felt that the clarinet was overdue for a comeback in jazz.

Of singular interest will be the presence of Jimmy Hamilton, whose masterful clarinet was a delightful component of the Duke Ellington sound from 1942 to '68.

Alvin Batiste from New Orleans and the commanding David Murray, switching from tenor sax to bass clarinet for this oc-

Monday, June 30

HERBIE HANCOCK
Chameleonic pianist

Herbie Hancock and **Wayne Shorter,** each appearing with his own quartet, are alumni of the Miles Davis 1960s quintet.

Hancock's sidemen for this date are all fellow Miles graduates: Ron Carter, Al Foster and, much more recently, Branford Marsalis. You can look forward to some straight-ahead jazz this time from the chameleonic pianist. As for Shorter's group, it marks a distinct change of pace from his long-standing Weather Report association with Joe Zawinul.

Gerry Mulligan, another quartet leader, has a Miles Davis link from their *Birth of the Cool* days, but has since stayed largely in the middle of the road with his baritone sax, which has earned him more consecutive poll victories than any other artist in jazz, all the way back to the 1953 *down beat* ballot.

Jay McShann once had an image as the leader of a big band best known for having introduced Charlie Parker to records, and for the blues singing of the late Walter Brown. In recent years McShann has enjoyed a renaissance as a singer and pianist

Pepper Adams: One of the few baritone sax men of distinction.

Wednesday, July 2

Pepper Adams, one of the few baritone sax men of distinction tc emerge in the post-Mulligan years, blew in from Detroit to become a respected and busy New York free-lancer and, for many years, a cornerstone in the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band.

It's hard to know what to expect of **Jaki Byard,** the protean multi-instrumentalist who will be playing solo piano. He covers the keyboard spectrum from ragtime and stride to avant garde, doing it all with grace and maturity.

David Holland, born in England in 1946, crossed the Atlantic at the behest of Miles Davis, with whom he played from 1968 to '71. He has since racked up numerous and diverse credits in the U.S. and Canada.

Here he presents what promises to be a stunning all-star acoustic group, with the great Toronto-born trumpeter Kenny Wheeler, Steve Coleman on sax, Robin Eubank on trombone, and the remarkable Marvin "Smitty" Smith on drums. Holland, of course, is a bass virtuoso of the first rank.

Thursday, July 3

CHICK COREA
Roller-coaster career

Chick Corea has had a roller-coaster career, leading acoustic and electric groups, Latin ensembles, and displaying his considerable classical chops. His electric group currently includes Dave Weckl on drums and the astonishing John Patitucci, who will, I hope, play up-

Friday, July 4

JAMES BROWN
Injection of soul

A mixed bag, with **James Brown** offering an injection of soul and **Oregon,** a multi-denominational group, supplying various contemporary sounds. My main interests will be Montreal pianist **Lorraine Desmarais** and the piano team of **Tommy Flanagan and Hank Jones.** Both reflect the values of the swing and bop eras and their teamwork is superlative.

Saturday, July 5

It took **Jean "Toots" Thielemans,** the Brussels-born guitarist, to convince the jazz world that the harmonica had a place in it. He played guitar and harmonica with George Shearing from 1953 to 1959, and since then has continent-hopped in an endless variety of settings.

Ellis Marsalis played piano at the first Montreal festival, but it has taken the fame of his sons Wynton and Branford to bring him the recognition he has long deserved. He's knowledgeable and skilful.

Steve Lacy and **Jane Ira Bloom,** both of whom will lead their own groups, represent two generations on an instrument that long seemed to be the orphan of the saxophone family.

Lacy was the first jazz soloist after Sidney Bechet to achieve recognition on the soprano, while Bloom impressed me at the Women's Jazz Festival with what was already a fast maturing style and great command of the instrument.

WOODY HERMAN
The Boss of jazz

Woody Herman is the man of the year, in one significant sense: on July 16, in a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, he will officially celebrate his 50th anniversary as a bandleader, introducing various alumni and special guests.

Having followed his career almost from the beginning, I have never ceased to wonder at his ability to come up with fresh, exciting young artists. His orchestra today consists mainly of men in their 20s and 30s, which is exactly the way it was when he started in 1936. As Woody likes to say, "The band stays young; only the boss gets old." But Herman's reputation as a survivor transcends any consideration of age.

It is significant that musicians who worked with the band only briefly, as Al Cohn did in 1948-49, have always retained their images as Herman alumni first and foremost. Cohn's reunion with Woody on this occasion will be the latest of many; like so many children of the various Herman Herds, he has always kept in touch with his ex-boss, who has probably launched more great tenor stars than Wimbledon has fielded tennis players.

Alive! is the somewhat uninformative name for a truly diversified and creative group, which I first heard several years ago at the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City.

Rhiannon, a most unconventional singer, and pianist Janet Small, stood out at that time, but since then the brilliant and lyrical flugelhorn soloist Stacy Rowles (pianist Jimmy Rowles' daughter) has been working with the combo, adding the needed horn element that had previously been missing. Founded in the San Francisco area, Alive! is a provocatively experimental unit.

Amina Claudine Myers, a product of the AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians), impressed me with Charlie Haden's Liberation Orchestra in Montreal last year, and more recently in a remarkable LP displaying her as pianist, singer and composer. What you can expect from Myers is the unexpected.

James Moody is a driving, powerful tenor player and a fine alto artist as well as a flutist who was among the pioneers on that instrument.

Though best known through several long associations with Dizzy Gillespie, Moody has been a major figure in his own right since he recorded, in Sweden in 1949, *I'm In The Mood for Love* (later translated into vocalese as *Moody's Mood for Love*).

Saturday, June 28

Michel Petrucciani amazed me the first time I saw him in Los Angeles, not just because of his diminutive stature, but because he represented a rare synthesis of ideas that owes as much to horn players such as Coltrane and Parker as it does to other pianists.

century.

Though well known as a composer (*When Lights Are Low, Blues In My Heart*), as a band leader, as lyrical trumpeter and, in the earlier years, as a splendid clarinetist, it is as a master of the alto saxophone that he has been a uniquely influential soloist and an international influence. He will be backed by the specially assembled Reg Wilson Trio.

Monty Alexander was born in Kingston, Jamaica, in 1944, but came to the U.S. at 18 and eventually established himself as a major jazz figure, working frequently with Ray Brown and Milt Jackson.

Though his work occasionally reflects his West Indian background, he has been compared to Oscar Peterson and Ahmad Jamal.

The **Clarinet Summit** that will wind up the action on June 28 was an idea conceived by John Carter, the eminent Los Angeles-based avant gardist who had long felt that the clarinet was overdue for a comeback in jazz.

Of singular interest will be the presence of Jimmy Hamilton, whose masterful clarinet was a delightful component of the Duke Ellington sound from 1942 to '68.

Alvin Batiste from New Orleans and the commanding David Murray, switching from tenor sax to bass clarinet for this occasion, complete what promises to be a uniquely exciting group.

Sunday, June 29

The **Paris Reunion Band** is an idea conceived by Prof. Nathan Davis, a saxophonist and a University of Pittsburgh teacher. The objective was to celebrate the spirit and the memory of two great expatriate musicians, Kenny Clarke and Bud Powell, who lived out most of their later years in Paris.

Most of the members either have lived in Europe for many years or have visited there extensively. Trumpeter Benny Bailey has lived in Sweden, Berlin and Geneva; Woody Shaw stayed in Paris in the early 1960s but now lives in New York. Johnny Griffin lived in Paris before moving to Holland. Slide Hampton was a staff musician with a Berlin radio orchestra before returning to New York. Kenny Drew settled in Copenhagen in 1964.

Jimmy Woode, an Ellington alumnus, has lived in various European capitals since 1960. Idris Muhammad, born in New Orleans, became a prominent jazz and pop drummer in New York in the '60s and '70s.

Bobby Enriquez has been called "the wild man of Mindanao." His rather florid piano style has been heard with Dizzy Gillespie and Manhattan Transfer.

David Murray is the most critically acclaimed saxophonist to have risen to prominence during the past decade. He has been heard in a variety of settings, has led his own big band, and has been a key figure in the World Saxophone Quartet.

This time around he leads his own foursome, with the excellent pianist John Hicks, drummer Ed Blackwell, and Ray Drummond on bass. Watch for some high-energy creativity here.

HERBIE HANCOCK
Chameleonic pianist

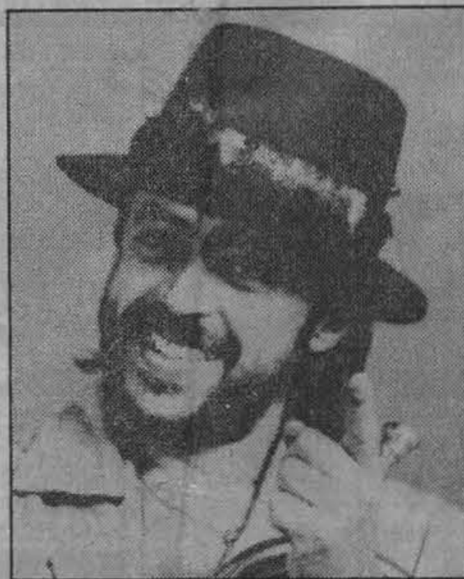
Herbie Hancock and **Wayne Shorter,** each appearing with his own quartet, are alumni of the Miles Davis 1960s quintet.

Hancock's sidemen for this date are all fellow Miles graduates: Ron Carter, Al Foster and, much more recently, Branford Marsalis. You can look forward to some straight-ahead jazz this time from the chameleonic pianist. As for Shorter's group, it marks a distinct change of pace from his long-standing Weather Report association with Joe Zawinul.

Gerry Mulligan, another quartet leader, has a Miles Davis link from their *Birth of the Cool* days, but has since stayed largely in the middle of the road with his baritone sax, which has earned him more consecutive poll victories than any other artist in jazz, all the way back to the 1953 *down beat* ballot.

Jay McShann once had an image as the leader of a big band best known for having introduced Charlie Parker to records, and for the blues singing of the late Walter Brown. In recent years McShann has enjoyed a renaissance as a singer and pianist leading small groups; he has become the quintessential Kansas City blues man.

Tuesday, July 1



CHUCK MANGIONE
Free outdoor concert

This was the day set aside to give jazz celebrants a breathing spell, but that's changed with the news this week that Chuck Mangione and his band will be performing on a special stage at St. Catherine and St. Urbain Sts. — across the way from Place des Arts — for a free outdoor concert on Canada Day.

All's quiet in the major indoor series, but yours truly will be on hand at the Cinémathèque Nationale at 6, 8 and 10 p.m. with a collection of seldom-seen **Duke Ellington** film footage and commentary — live, in my stumbling French.

CHICK COREA
Roller-coaster career

Chick Corea has had a roller-coaster career, leading acoustic and electric groups, Latin ensembles, and displaying his considerable classical chops. His electric group currently includes Dave Weckl on drums and the astonishing John Patitucci, who will, I hope, play upright as well as electric bass.

René Urtreger, born in Paris in 1934, has worked with hundreds of renowned American and French musicians since we first heard of him in the early 1950s accompanying Sacha Distel, Buck Clayton and Don Byas. After a long lull spent backing pop singers, he returned to jazz in 1977, and it is safe to predict he will prove to be a pleasant surprise for many listeners.

Montreal native son **Paul Bley** has worked with everyone from Charles Mingus to Ornette Coleman. His collaboration with trumpeter **Chet Baker,** whose career has been interrupted too often by personal problems, could prove interesting.

Jones. Both reflect the [illegible] and bop eras and their teamwork is superlative.

Saturday, July 5

It took **Jean "Toots" Thielemans,** the Brussels-born guitarist, to convince the jazz world that the harmonica had a place in it. He played guitar and harmonica with George Shearing from 1953 to 1959, and since then has continent-hopped in an endless variety of settings.

Ellis Marsalis played piano at the first Montreal festival, but it has taken the fame of his sons Wynton and Branford to bring him the recognition he has long deserved. He's knowledgeable and skilful.

Steve Lacy and **Jane Ira Bloom,** both of whom will lead their own groups, represent two generations on an instrument that long seemed to be the orphan of the saxophone family.

Lacy was the first jazz soloist after Sidney Bechet to achieve recognition on the soprano, while Bloom impressed me at the Women's Jazz Festival with what was already a fast maturing style and great command of the instrument.

Sunday, July 6

What better way to seal off the festival than by bringing together **Dizzy Gillespie** and the **Montreal Tout-Etoiles?** Gillespie is much more than a senior figurehead. As improvising genius and composer he has made a mark in modern music that has influenced the course of jazz for more than four decades. It is impossible to listen to this man without being aware that one is hearing a part of the musical history of this century.

The great Dizzy Gillespie: A fitting way to seal off the festival.

DEWEY ERNEY—A SINGER TO REMEMBER

7/21

By LEONARD FEATHER

The restaurant known as At Marty's, on Pico Boulevard, where unusual local experiments have been taking place lately, has come up with a winner in the person of Dewey Erney.

You wouldn't think it to look at him. With his formal tuxedo, black tie and his 40-plus appearance, you might easily mistake him for the maitre d'. Yet as soon as he eased unannounced into "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," it was evident that here was a singer with all the right qualifications.

Erney was accompanied throughout simply by a guitar. But *simple* is hardly the word for Ron Eschete, whose backing and frequent solos were as much a central component of the performance as Erney's spirited, confident interpretations of pop standards.

If you love Mel Torme or Tony Bennett, at the very least you will like Dewey Erney. Not that any deliberate resemblance can be spotted other than a shared respect for fine lyrics and great melodies.

Four of the songs in the show caught were waltzes. First came "Blusette"; then a preview plug for next Friday's vocal attraction, Gene Lees, via the admirable Lees lyric to Bill Evans' "Waltz for Debby." The third was "Tete's Tune," an original by Eschete to which Erney set convoluted words dealing with how hard it was to add lyrics to such an unsingable melody. The fourth waltz was an old Frank Rosolino tune, "Blue Daniel," with genius words by Ben Sidran.

Bernie's forte, though, lies in the great ballads, from "Angel Eyes" to "All the Things You Are," the latter cleaverly coupled with "The Song Is You." Often he yielded the floor to his partner, as in "Like Someone in Love," on which Eschete soloed in three of the five choruses. Given his "right arm," as Erney called him, and his own right vocal ideas, this is a powerful combination of which more should be heard.

BILTMORE HOTEL JAZZES UP ITS MUSICAL POLICY

7/24

By LEONARD FEATHER

Along with the expensive restoration under way at the Biltmore Hotel, a jazzwise new manager, Ed de Vries, has installed a musical policy that is bringing the midtown area its hippest sounds in years.

In the high-domed Rendezvous Court, where the sound quality exceeds expectations, pianist Marty Harris leads his trio Mondays from 5 p.m. to midnight and Tuesdays through Thursdays from 9 p.m to 1 a.m. Harris, a veteran on the local scene who for years was accompanist to Diana Ross, is an incisive and buoyant mainstreamer whose tastes lean to the better standards ("Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You," "If I Were a Bell") and an occasional swinging blues.

With the stalwart David Stone on bass and Dick Berk's always confident drumming, the trio furnishes agreeable music that will neither make heads turn nor turn anyone off.

Presently alternating in the Court is another pianist, Dick Shreve, whose shifts run Tuesdays through Thursdays from 5 to 9 p.m., Fridays and Saturdays 5 p.m. to midnight. Like Harris, Shreve has done his share of backing singers but is modestly at ease on his own, with the help of Paul Morin's bass and Danny Pucillo on drums.

At the hotel's Grand Avenue Bar still another jazz trio is performing, with the same instrumentation but led by John Leitham, a bassist. Leitham's fast-moving fingers enable him to deliver solos of remarkable agility—and, surprisingly, he does it all left-handed.

With him are Tommy Adams, a competent pianist and singer, and Jack LeCompte, a somewhat tentative drummer. The group, heard Mondays through Fridays from 5 to 9 p.m., must have been bothered by excessive noise in a room that has yet to build its retinue of loyal fans. Close attention, however, will reveal that Leitham is a composer of merit; his "Turkish Bizarre," written in 7/4 time, raised an interest level that had remained somewhat static during the conventional run of pop standards.

De Vries, who has a long track record of successfully promoting jazz at hotels around the country, hopes to enlarge the Biltmore's new jazz regimen by adding horns and, perhaps later, a Sunday jazz brunch.

HORNES OF PLENTY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Gail Lumet Buckley's embarkation on the story of "The Hornes: An American Family" began when her grandfather died and her mother, singer Lena Horne, asked her to put his trunk in storage in a basement. Opening it, she found an astonishing trove of photographs, letters, clippings, an 1884 letter from Benjamin Harrison, a 1910 Tammany election ballot.

"I started putting everything in chronological order," Buckley, 48, said the other day. "It all unfolded like a detective story—here is what was happening in 1875, there's what went on in 1895. And then to read black American history, as I did extensively, and put that in on top of it; this was an exciting experience."

In telling the "Roots"-like story of "The Hornes" (Alfred A. Knopf; $18.95), Buckley makes it clear "they were all stars to me. My mother just happens to be the star that everybody knows."

Although Lena, 69, and the author are the focal points throughout two-thirds of the story, Buckley has much more to relate than a dual biography. This profusely illustrated family history tells us more about Lena Horne—by examining her heritage—than was revealed in either of Lena's autobiographies, which were too cautious and were published too early in her career (in 1950 and 1965).

What might have happened if Horne, who had already "disgraced her family" by going into show business, had just been mildly successful, not very famous, and just an average show business person? Would she have been accepted by her family?

"I think," Buckley replied, "that she would have been the black sheep of the family, and would have given it up and retired back to the bosom of the black bourgeoisie. If she hadn't sensed her own ability as strongly as she did, she might have remained longer with my father and become another bored, unhappy housewife. She was too fastidious to remain just another chorus girl."

A somewhat startling response, yet typical of the frankness shown by Buckley as she toyed with her lunch in a Beverly Hills hotel and talked about the members of her family that form the basis for her literary voyage of self-discovery.

Because Lena broke up with her first husband, Louis Jones, when Gail was a baby, and because Gail was raised with Lena, while her brother, Ted, lived with Jones (Ted died of a kidney disease at age 30), she was able to learn firsthand some of the traumas in Lena Horne's life: specifically, a domineering mother who steered Lena at age 16 into the chorus line at the Cotton Club.

"Suppose her mother hadn't taken her, and she'd been raised in Brooklyn by her grandmother, who would never have allowed her to go on the stage? By now my mother would be a retired schoolteacher," Buckley said.

"I don't understand these 'Mommie Dearest' books, although I think Christina Crawford probably had an ax to grind. My grandmother was a very neurotic woman, yet Lena didn't want to see her that way. Being one step removed, I felt much more loyal to my mother, who was loyal to her mother in turn."

Other aspects of Lena's life and career that were underplayed or ignored in the Lena Horne books are dealt with frankly by Buckley. There was, for example, the celebrated contretemps when Ethel Waters, clearly jealous of Horne's youth and beauty, resented working with her on the 1942 all-black musical, "Cabin in the Sky." At one point, Buckley recounts, "She flew into a semi-coherent diatribe that began with attacks on Lena and wound up with a vilification of 'Hollywood Jews'. . . . Lena and Ethel never spoke again. And Ethel—because of her vocal anti-Semitism—was a very long time between pictures."

Buckley also reveals that for a while in 1941 Lena had a secret boyfriend, the then-married Joe Louis.

"I felt enough time had gone by to talk about these things; besides, both of those characters [Waters and Louis] are no longer with us. When I gave mother the manuscript I told her I'd cut anything she wanted me to, and she said she wouldn't cut a word."

Asked to comment on the book, Lena said in a seperate interview Wednesday, "I'm very proud of Gail. She did a job of brilliant research and I'm not saying that just because she's my daughter. She had a fine education and this book has brought it all to fruition. It's very honest—there are things in it that she and I couldn't say to each other.

"Of course, my dad and I were the black sheep of the family. I just hope we didn't do the house slaves too much disgrace."

Gail Lumet Buckley has written a "Roots"-style history of her family, the Hornes. Right, Gail and brother Teddy, children of Lena Horne, in 1944.

□

Like her mother, Buckley has spent her adult life among rich, glamorous, privileged people. She grew up to consider her stepfather, Lennie Hayton, "as much of a parent as my real father, Louis. Lennie was indulgent, devoted, fatherly and fun." She was with Lena and Lennie in Hollywood and Europe; she went to Radcliffe, worked as a volunteer on the Kennedy campaign, took a job with Life magazine, and for 14 years was married to film director Sidney Lumet. Either of her daughters (Amy, 21 and Jenny, 19) could make Lena Horne a great-grandmother in the next few years.

Again, like her mother, Buckley had to stop and look hard at her life and values. Lena's self-rediscovery followed the social turbulence of the 1960s. "Her remarriage, as well as her post-war politics, caused her to reexamine the bourgeois life style. She found it shallow and frivolous . . . black Babbittry."

Buckley's turning point was dealt with only glancingly in the book. "The editors cut it out, saying rightly that it was not part of this story; it belonged in a different book. The fact that I had a religious conversion. I became a sort of born-again Catholic. For some bizarre reason the Catholic church is ahead of everyone else in terms of social justice, though not on the subject of women, nor on sexuality.

"Sidney and I were not on the same wavelength, religiously or politically. I became a different person, and we had nothing in common. At 40, when I got a divorce, I had become committed to a different sort of value system than that of the movies. Then I met Kevin Buckley, who has exactly the same ideas as mine. He had lost his faith, as all good Catholics do. When he found it again he went to do a story at Lourdes—he's an editor and journalist—and after he came back we talked and found an incredible community of ideas."

□

Gail Buckley's own writing career began by accident. In fact, for a moment it seemed she might follow her mother on the stage; she won the best acting prize at the 1957 Yale Drama Festival in Moliere's "School for Wives." She shrugs it off:

"I wouldn't have been a good actress. I have a small talent for comedy, that's all, and I wasn't ambitious. In fact, my secret fantasy is to be the kind of person whose name everyone knows, but whose face is unfamiliar—and who has lots of money and a wonderful life. That to me would be the greatest form of celebrity—like the people who do the American Express ads."

□

Published last month, "The Hornes" reveals how, searching through her grandfather's trunk Buckley found photos of, and stories about, everyone back to her great-great-great-great-grandmother, Sinai Reynolds, born in Maryland in 1777 (her mother probably came here from Senegal), who in 1859 purchased her own freedom and that of her four slave children; and Moses Calhoun, Buckley's great-great-grandfather, who during the short-lived

LENA AND HER GRANDPARENTS

Left, Lena Horne in a publicity photograph taken for the 1942 movie "Cabin in the Sky." Above, a wedding invitation photograph for Edwin and Cora Horne, Lena's grandparents and author Gail Lumet Buckley's great-grandparents.

freedom of the post-Civil War decade became a restaurateur with a staff of five, and a prominent member of Atlanta's black middle class.

Calhoun's daughters were Lena, a statuesque beauty who went to Fisk University in Tennessee, and Cora, a college graduate from Atlanta University in 1881 when few women of any race were college graduates. Cora married Edwin Horn (he later added an "e" to the name), a schoolmaster and magazine editor, and an alternate delegate-at-large to the Republican National Convention in 1884.

By the turn of the century the Hornes had moved to Brooklyn. During the dark years of the segregationist Woodrow Wilson presidency they were active in the recently formed National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People.

The Hornes' son, Teddy, married Edna Scottron, among whose family were several pillars of the black Brooklyn community. Teddy's and Edna's daughter Lena Mary Calhoun Horne, now Lena Horne Jones Hayton.

Through the generations, most of the Calhouns and Hornes were stable, reasonably well-to-do people whose lives were the counterpart of those lived by middle-class whites; but with the reimposition of segregation they became politically frustrated.

"My great-grandfather, Edwin Horn, could have made a fine President," says Buckley. "He started out an idealistic young Republican, but ended up an embittered old Tammany man.

"Paul Robeson had a similar experience; he was such a charismatic figure that if he hadn't been black, he too could have become President. It's amazing what he achieved in the face of everything he had to go through. His life was a tragedy of American racism."

Lena Horne, Buckley recalls, knew Robeson well, admired him and was strongly influenced by him. "She was politicized early, to a degree, by Paul, and also by Barney Josephson, the owner of Cafe Society, who told her not to sing songs like 'Sleepy Time Down South,' which glorified stereotypes."

Stereotypes are still with us, Buckley adds, pointing with annoyance to a recent review in Time magazine of her book, implying that "inside every black princess, an empress of the blues is struggling to come out . . . like Bessie Smith." Buckley, who has in her about as much of Bessie Smith as Barbara Walters has of Ethel Merman, calls this "Ridiculous, stereotypical nonsense."

Succinctly, she sums up the change in her famous mother, who was brought up never to say "ain't" but later had no hesitation in using double negatives and "y'all" both onstage and off.

"Something happens to the third generation of any group. The first generation of the black bourgeoisie were the uplifters. Second came the cultural generation—suddenly there was the Harlem renaissance, the great artists of the '20s and '30s. The third generation was black Babbittry, in the sense that it had settled into what could have been the middle class of any color.

"My mother, however, reached the point where she had no more use for black debutante balls than she had for white debutante balls. She reacted against cocktail parties, playing bridge, that sort of thing.

"She's still politicized, still has her convictions, but I think she lost some idealistic illusions along the way, as a lot of us do. I'm still not disillusioned, though; I'm still a feisty radical, and I expect to stay that way." □

Shipboard Living, and All That Jazz

By LAWRENCE LESLIE

The jazz cruise phenomenon, which began in the mid-1970s with a series of voyages aboard the Rotterdam out of New York, is enjoying a resurgence.

The principal events this year will take place on the Norway. Two cruises have been scheduled, leaving Miami Oct. 11 and Oct. 18 respectively. This will be the fourth annual jazz celebration aboard the 70,000-ton liner. This year, in addition to the regular stops at St. Thomas and Nassau, another port of call has been set at St. Maarten.

Headlining the Oct. 11 festival will be Woody Herman, Cab Calloway and Anita O'Day. The Oct. 18 voyage will star Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Rich and the Milt Jackson Quartet. Appearing both weeks will be the singers Joe Williams and Maxine Sullivan; saxophonists Al Cohn, Buddy Tate, Flip Phillips, Bob Wilber and Scott Hamilton; trumpeters Ruby Braff, Harry (Sweets) Edison, Clark Terry and Warren Vache; trombonist George Masso, guitarist Tal Farlow, pianists Dick Hyman, Makoto Ozone, Eddie Higgins and Mel Powell; clarinetist Kenny Davern, drummers Mel Lewis and Jake Hanna, bassists Jack Lesberg, Steve Swallow and Major Holley, vibraphonist Gary Burton and violinist Svend Asmussen.

Another project, organized by Regency Cruises, will take place on the Regent Sea Sept. 21-26. Leaving from Vancouver and sailing to San Francisco and Los Angeles, the five-day voyage will present the Newport Jazz Festival All Stars, with pianist George Wein, bassist Slam Stewart and saxophonist Norris Turney; Dizzy Gillespie, pianist Mike Longo and Joe Williams. Times jazz critic Leonard Feather will offer screenings from his collection of rare jazz films.

The Royal Viking Line is also stepping up its musical activities. Al Hirt will be sailing today (July 27) on the Royal Viking Star, cruising from San Francisco to ports in Alaska and to Vancouver. Other similar plans are in the works.

The Sun Line's Stella Solaris will sail from New Orleans Jan. 23 with a jazz show including Joe Williams and the Harlem Blues & Jazz Band, featuring vocalist Laurel Watson. The cruise will call at Guatemala, San Andres, go through the Panama Canal and visit Costa Rica, Grand Cayman and the Yucatan.

So great is the interest in these and other cruises that an organization has been set up to act in effect as a clearing house and to offer discounts to members. Details can be obtained from Jazz Club at Sea, C/O Ace Travel Inc., 2211 Norfolk, Suite 400, Houston, Tex. 77098.

JAZZ REVIEW

PETERSON, BASIE BAND: NO FUSION

By LEONARD FEATHER

It sounded like a perfect mating for a concert: Oscar Peterson and the Count Basie Orchestra. Given Peterson's affinity for the blues and the band's eternal attachment to that idiom, what could be better than to bring them together?

Alas, it didn't happen Wednesday night at the Hollywood Bowl. After the orchestra had played its set, the stage was cleared of all impedimenta except the grand piano, which was what we heard for the balance of the show.

Not that Peterson isn't self-sufficient, as he has shown on countless occasions. However, his trio and quartet works, not to mention the occasional big-band albums, have ranked among his most felicitous accomplishments. It seemed a little like short-changing the 12,335 attendees not to team him with those 18 inspiring musicians.

Looking surprisingly heavy, but never allowing this to affect his bantamweight touch at the keyboard, Peterson opened gently with "Old Folks," the same song to which Stacy and Jimmy Rowles had brought such lyricism last week at the Woody Herman 50th Anniversary Concert at the Bowl.

The first chorus was packed with rambling, flowery cadenzas that separated the phrases and extended the melody almost excessively; then came the swing into an easy, steady tempo, which in due course was doubled up as the intensity built.

After many years as a Peterson follower one tends to take for granted the phenomenon of his technique, even to find in it here and there more motion than emotion. Still, when the vehicle was a blues (such as one of the movements from his "Canadiana Suite") or an occasion for some Fats Waller stride ("Honeysuckle Rose"), one's misgivings tended to evaporate.

Peterson's absorption in his work prevented him from sharing a surprise enjoyed only by the closer spectators: In the middle of a pensive passage, three small raccoons marched across the stage behind him and exited stage left.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Oscar Peterson demonstrating "phenomenon of his technique."

They never returned to take a bow.

The set ended with a long medley of songs by Billy Strayhorn (a rather too ornate "Lush Life"), Juan Tizol (a very busy "Caravan") and Duke Ellington (a boogie beat to "C Jam Blues"). Several times his left hand went on hiatus as he used it to mop his brow. The most spectacular moments came in one of those octave-unison passages played by the two hands in parallel motion; more affecting, though, were the luminous ballads such as "Waltz for Debby" and "Round Midnight."

The latter had already been played by the Basie band, during its generally well-rounded show, as a vehicle for the bass clarinet of John Williams. With Frank Foster as the new leader, it was clear that the orchestra will not simply rest on its laurels. Far more than his predecessor, Thad Jones, Foster featured himself as soloist (he is among the most adroit and inspired of tenor saxophonists), as composer (of the solidly swinging "Misunderstood Blues") and arranger (of "Autumn Leaves"). He also introduced a swaggering blues penned by the drummer, Dennis Makrel.

Foster is a personable conductor and amiable talker. At one point he paid a handsome tribute to Freddie Green, the guitarist, who next year will embark on his second half-century as a Basie sideman; the band then played Green's tune "Corner Pocket."

The solo opportunities were so well distributed that 11 men were heard from. The vocalist, Carmen Bradford, strained and faltered on "Foggy Day" but recovered nicely with two blues, "Dr. Feelgood" and "C.C. Rider."

The band wound up in a blaze of saxophonic glory as Foster, Eric Dixon and Kenny Hing traded tenor riffs on "Jumpin' at the Woodside." Clearly the Basie legend is in good hands.

JAZZ REVIEW

A MUSICAL FIELD DAY WITH SOME BASIE ALUMNI

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Sherman Oaks Rendezvous, where a jazz policy once flourished (when it was known as Carmelo's), then disintegrated (during its days as the Flamingo), is open again after six months of darkness. Now named Tracy's Dinner House, the restaurant on Van Nuys Boulevard north of Ventura has embarked on a seven-nights-a-week music regimen. For starters, Gregg Field, the young drummer who came to prominence with the Basie band, gave the Count-down Monday evening.

Playing to a near-capacity crowd in a room that now has a more agreeable ambiance, Field predictably stuck to a predominantly Basie-oriented program, with three fellow alumni in the lineup: Snooky Young, trumpet, and Bob Summers, fluegelhorn, whose styles offered a neat contrast between swing and bop directions; and bassist John Clayton, whose bass solos enabled him to do double duty, since the pianist never showed up.

The very phrase "pianoless Basie orchestra" seems oxymoronic, yet somehow it worked, mainly because the charts (by Neal Hefti, Sam Nestico and Clayton) set the mood and the reed section (including Danny House, borrowed from the present vacationing Basie band) achieved an admirable blend. Such valuable standards as "Cherry Point" (House on alto, Buddy Childers on trumpet) and "Splanky" (Bob Cooper and Terry Harrington on tenor saxes) made a firm imprint.

Before Field returns on Monday for an encore, the room tonight and Thursday will present the Step Sisters, a vocal group that backed Linda Ronstadt on a hit album; Friday through Sunday the Art Graham Trio will introduce as its vocalist Bill Terry, one of the room's three new partners.

7/21

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THIS IS THIS." Weather Report. Columbia C40280.

This is also the end of Weather Report as we have known it. The group's 15th album is its swan song. Wayne Shorter has long since gone off on his own, leading a quartet (also recently concertizing, and taping a live LP in Europe, with Michel Petrucciani and Jim Hall). Joe Zawinul's future albums will be labeled Weather Update.

Future Zawinul excursions probably will sound much like the first track on each side of "This Is This," since they make prominent use of a guitar (Carlos Santana), an instrument that will replace Shorter's saxophone in the new scheme of things.

In fact, there is precious little to be heard of Zawinul's 15-year partner. Over the years, his contributions have been growing, so to speak, shorter and shorter; here he seems to be totally absent on several tracks, and is prominent only on "Jungle Stuff, Part I," composed by the percussionist Mino Cinelu.

Santana contributes earthy emotion to "Man With the Copper Fingers." Zawinul's "I'll Never Forget You," dedicated to the memory of his parents, achieves a beautifully sorrowful mood.

The quirky line of "Update" and the hypnotic "China Blues" stand out in a set that doesn't quite achieve the creative level of his recent solo LP, "Dialects." 3½ stars.

□

"50TH ANNIVERSARY TOUR." Woody Herman Big Band. Concord CJ302. Recorded last March at San Francisco's Great American Music Hall, this is an almost flawless example of the current Herman Herd. Emerging as the unsung hero is John Fedchock, a superior jazz trombonist who also wrote all but one of the arrangements. It's a typically eclectic Herman set, with themes drawn from Ellington, Coltrane, Monk, Bob Haggart (a fine "What's New?") and Fedchock himself. "Conga" is a brisk Latin pace-changer, and Lou Donaldson's "Fried Buzzard" a vehicle for some funky cooking. "Epistrophy" is done partly in 6/8, building tension with Herman on soprano sax. Frank Tiberi, the band's veteran tenor sax soloist, and Lynn Seaton, playing bass and singing a la Slam Stewart, contribute valuably to this 4½-star session.

□

"SECOND SET." Dewey Erney. Sounds Great SG 5003 (Box 1941, Glendale 91209). Erney's quasi-tenor, quasi-baritone voice comes across as if it is second nature to him to bring the jazz essence to every melody. There are some ingenious melodic couplings, notably the medley of "All the Things You Are" and "The Song Is You." "Catch the Duke," written by Jack Prather, is an amusing lyrical grab-bag of Ellington titles. Sensitive backing by the trio of a first-rate guitarist, Ron Eschete, whose solo lights up "Everything Happens to Me." 4 stars.

□

"VOYAGE." Stan Getz. Black Hawk 51101. The quartet traditionally has been Getz's most easeful medium. Here he is in sterling company: Victor Lewis on drums, the Czech bassist George Mraz and, most particularly, Kenny Barron, who not only plays sensitive, swinging piano but also contributes two exquisite compositions, the title tune and "Dreams." As Getz says, his colleagues here "have the touch of pure classicists." So does the leader, whose tenor timbre and sense of discovery have seldom been more gracefully expressed. Victor Feldman's "Falling in Love" and the long workout on "Yesterdays" fortify this admirable set. 5 stars.

□

"SOFT LIGHTS & SWEET MUSIC." Gerry Mulligan/Scott Hamilton. Concord CJ300. Mulligan's brawny baritone seems to bring out in Hamilton's tenor a soul-force he has not always evinced on his own dates. All but two tunes are Mulligan originals in his classic melodic tradition. With the aid of a cohesive rhythm section (Mike Renzi, piano; Grady Tate, drums; Jay Leonhart, bass), they bring warmth and joy to every cut, reaching a peak of persuasiveness in "Port of Baltimore Blues," which is a virtual saxophonic tennis match using the blues form as a net. 4 stars.

□

"SPONTANEOUS INVENTIONS." Bobby McFerrin. Blue Note 85110. How long will it be before McFerrin's unique vocal acrobatics become a tiresome comedy novelty? There are danger signs here: almost all the 11 cuts are partly or entirely wordless, and the novelty of hearing him dash back and forth between the squeak of the top register and the grunt of the bass is wearing thin. Still, varity is inserted via guest soloists (Herbie Hancock in the blues "Turtle Shoes," Wayne Shorter on "Walkin'"). "I Hear Music" lapses into sing-along; "Beverly Hills Blues," a duet with Robin Williams, is played strictly for laughs. It was probably all tremendous fun if you were at the Aquarius Theatre last February, but for repeated listening it's 3 stars' worth, tops. The "Night in Tunisia" cut (with Manhattan Transfer and Jon Hendricks) was borrowed bodily from the Transfer's "Vocalese" album.

□

"PLAY OF LIGHT." Tom Harrell. Black Hawk 50901. Phil Woods is quoted in the album notes: "Harrell is the best musician I've ever encountered in 40 years of playing music." Strong words, hard to live up to, but Harrell's trumpet displays a rare sense of form, a fine-tuned harmonic ear, and his compositions set off these qualities to full advantage. He is also in the company of the muscular Ricky Ford on tenor, Bruce Forman on guitar and the late Al Dailey on piano (this was recorded 4½ years ago and inexplicably never before released). 4 stars.

"SHEWHORN." Bobby Shew Sextet. Pausa 7198. The double-belled horn enables Shew, in the opening cut, "Bilingual," to engage in a one-man dialogue between open and muted solos. The graceful Latin groove of "Dark Moments," the Brazilian be-bop of "Recife's Blues" and the Silver-toned minor mode of "A Chorus for Horace" are engaging elements. Good support here and there by sax, trombone and rhythm, with the valuable bassist-composer Bob Magnusson. 4 stars.

□

"THE PIED PIPER." Chico Freeman. Black Hawk 50801. Freeman and John Purcell between them play a dozen horns. Among them is the sopranino sax (misspelled "supranino" in the notes, and played out of tune by Freeman on "Monk 2000"). There are some great moments in this uneven quintet set: the 7/4 beat of the title tune, Freeman's attractive soprano sax on "Amor Sona Dor" and some extended jamming by Kenny Kirkland on piano and others on "Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise." Alex North's "The Rose Tattoo" becomes melancholy to the edge of gloom. Still, overall, 3½.

□

"SEE HOW IT FEELS." Brubeck/LaVerne Trio. Black Hawk 51401. Would you call it flexibility or inconsistency? Chris Brubeck plays bass but overdubs one or more trombones on some tracks; Andy LaVerne, who wrote most of the music, sounds like everything from a harmonica to an organ on his various keyboards; Danny Brubeck plays drums and percussion. There is some ingenuity in the writing and performance, despite an occasional lack of emotional depth. 3 stars. □

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Los Angeles Times

THE OTHER SOUNDS OF TEDDY WILSON

By LEONARD FEATHER

The passing of Teddy Wilson is a death in the family—our jazz family, in which the losses lately have accelerated at a terrifying pace.

So much is known about Wilson's life and times that one tends to neglect lesser aspects that were important, to him if not to the public.

The best remembered years, of course, were the four he spent with Benny Goodman, but there were significant developments before and after that widely publicized era.

It was not Benny Goodman, but Benny Carter who brought Wilson to New York. "I first heard Teddy," Carter recalled Thursday, "when I was touring with Fletcher Henderson's orchestra. We had a night off and I went to Woonsocket, R.I., to hear Speed Webb's band. Webb had this remarkable 18-year-old pianist, Teddy Wilson, and I kept him in mind. Two years later, in 1933, with some encouragement from John Hammond, I drove to Chicago with a friend and we brought Teddy to New York."

Wilson played on three sessions with Carter: a small band date that attracted serious attention to him as a new, original sound in jazz piano and two others with Carter's full orchestra. After the Carter band broke up, both he and Wilson worked in an orchestra led by Willie Bryant, a comedian and emcee; but this was only an interim job for both of them.

"Around this time I began writing arrangements for Benny Goodman," Carter said. "Oddly enough, I remember recommending Teddy to Benny—not as a pianist, which would have seemed impossible at the time, but as an arranger."

Wilson never did write any arrangements for Goodman, but after the two men jammed together one night in 1935 at Red Norvo's home, the empathy between them led to a record date and a concert appearance organized by the young Chicago critic Helen Oakley. Less than three months later Goodman, Wilson and Gene Krupa began the regular public appearances that helped break down segregation in jazz.

When Wilson decided in 1939 to branch out on his own, he organized one of the most unjustly forgotten orchestras of the swing era. Because its records are too few and too short to give an adequate idea of its accomplishments, I feel lucky to have heard the band in person on several occasions at the Golden Gate Ballroom in Harlem.

What incredible sounds those 14 men produced! Teddy Wilson was doing much of the arranging, either alone or in collaboration with Buster Harding, who played second piano in the band. Among the soloists were Ben Webster on tenor sax and Harold Baker on trumpet, both of whom would later earn fame with Duke Ellington.

Teddy wrote a beguiling theme song for his broadcasts, "Little Things That Mean So Much." He played songs written by his first wife, Irene Kitchings, most memorably "Some Other Spring," which Billie Holiday immortalized.

Nothing was at fault in the Wilson orchestra except the leader's personality. He simply could not be a Lionel Hampton extrovert. After barely a year he had to call it quits, and hardly anyone realized

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one has to go back to the original Goodman sessions, or, better yet, to the unique record dates he led from 1935 to '39 for Columbia's Brunswick label.

Wilson would handpick from six to nine sidemen from whatever great bands were in town. At one time or another Cootie Williams, Harry James, Buck Clayton, Jonah Jones, Bobby Hackett or Roy Eldridge might be on hand, along with Benny Goodman or Pee Wee Russell, Johnny Hodges or Benny Carter, Gene Krupa or Jo Jones, Lester Young or Vido Musso, and, on most of the sessions, Billie Holiday.

Those were the definitive small band records of the swing years and the ultimate proof that swing music was not strictly a big-band idiom.

Wilson later made hundreds of recordings, but none could quite reach the same level of achievement. If he had done nothing more in his singular career than produce that series of performances, then his name still would surely be etched in the history books.

WILSON

Continued from Page 2

how much of a heartbreak that was for him.

True, there were some good times ahead: leading a sextet at Cafe Society for four years, the various trios that followed and the three years on staff at WNEW radio station in New York, followed by many successful European tours. But he offered a virtual imitation of his earlier self, with less improvisation and many familiar, easy-to-recall riffs. He seemed to have lost the incentive to expand on the style he had created, or to explore new avenues.

Wilson's relationship with Goodman (unlike Hampton's, which remains friendly to the end) was less than cordial. Wilson rejoined Goodman only occasionally, touring the Soviet Union with him in 1962, but Wilson did so only when the terms met his rigid demands, and then with reluctance.

To recall Wilson in his prime, one has to go back to the original Goodman sessions, or, better yet, to the unique record dates he led from 1935 to '39 for Columbia's Brunswick label.

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JAZZ REVIEW

FOR REINER, PRACTICE PERFECTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Exactly three years have passed since Estelle Reiner, then a virtual newcomer, was reviewed here. At that time there was the curiosity value of a housewife converted to professional singing after 40 years of marriage to a famous actor-director. Today, no explanations or excuses need be offered; the years of honing a craft she had always loved but never practiced have paid off.

At the Gardenia in Hollywood, where she has worked once a week for most of the past year (she goes on summer hiatus after Wednesday's gig), Reiner reveals the same grainy, assiduous timbre on the vintage songs, from "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You" to a couple of blues by Helen Humes and Koko Taylor. The concept of a white woman of her age singing black material may be disconcerting in theory, yet Reiner, who knew Harlem in the glory days of the Apollo and Smalls Paradise, brings to these songs a conviction, a broad range and a sense of humor that allay criticism.

Surprisingly, she changes her tonal quality to instill in a ballad such as George Gershwin's "Stairway to Paradise" a clean, emotional purity. Her repertoire maintains an unusual balance between vintage pop standards—to many of which she adds the seldom-heard verses—and strongly jazz-inspired works. Her accent never lapses into phony ethnic effects: for every hint of Harlem there is a nuance from the Bronx.

Valuable, too, is her capacity for self-mockery, as in the Mexican mannerisms on David Frishberg's witty "El Cajon." Her only weakness is a tendency to overreach: on "Million Dollar Secret" she sang a chorus or two more than were needed and ran out of steam.

Indispensible to the jazz ambiance was a first-rate backup quartet with Tom Garvin at the piano, Gary Barone on flugelhorn, John Heard on bass and Mike Stephans on drums. Also helpful was a tall, bald man who helped move the piano and checked out the mike. This singer is indeed blessed; how many performers can claim to have Carl Reiner for a band boy?

Played With Disciplined Elegance

Jazz Great Teddy Wilson, Goodman Trio Star, Dies

By JERRY BELCHER,
Times Staff Writer

Pianist Teddy Wilson, whose disciplined passion demonstrated that jazz could be both elegant and exciting, died Thursday after making masterfully swinging music for much of this century.

He was 73 and had been ill for some time following intestinal surgery, said Times jazz critic Leonard Feather. Wilson died in New Britain, Conn.

Although he spent most of his career as soloist or leader of his own small combos, Wilson probably will be best remembered for his four-year stint with the Benny Goodman Orchestra at the peak of the Swing Era of the 1930s.

Associated Press

Teddy Wilson in 1955

Started in Trio

He played first in the Goodman trio, with Goodman on clarinet and Gene Krupa on drums, and later with the full band. The trio was later expanded to quartet and sextet, and featured such other jazz stars as Lionel Hampton on the vibraphone and Charlie Christian on guitar. In joining Goodman, Wilson disproved the notion that the American public would not accept a black man playing alongside white musicians.

Equally adept in a big band's rhythm section or as soloist, Wilson also was an outstanding accompanist to vocalists, most notably Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey.

But he shone brightest in small ensembles led by Goodman or himself.

Jazz writer John McDonough once described Wilson as "the ultimate chamber music musician."

Goodman himself once said: "What I got out of playing with Teddy was something, in a jazz way, like what I got from playing Mozart in a string quartet."

Wilson was born in Austin, Tex., on Nov. 24, 1912, the second son of James and Pearl Wilson, both teachers at Samuel Houston College.

The family moved to Alabama six years later, and the father became head of the English department and the mother the librarian of Tuskegee Institute, the pioneering school for blacks.

Wilson learned piano in grade school and played with a dance band in high school, where he also learned oboe, clarinet and violin. He went on to classical musical

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WILSON: Swing Era Pianist Dies at 73

Continued from Page 3

training for a year at Talladega College in Alabama.

Although Talladega gave him a lifelong love of classical music, jazz moved him even more deeply and in the summer of 1929 he moved to Detroit, where his trombonist brother Gus had already established himself. He began his professional career there as pianist with the Speed Webb band, moving on to Toledo, Ohio, and Chicago with the Milton Senior band.

In Chicago, he played with Louis Armstrong (1931-33,) making his recording debut with the legendary trumpeter. At Benny Carter's urging, Wilson left Armstrong to perform with Carter's Chocolate Dandies and later with the Willie Bryant Band in New York before joining the Goodman organization.

Carter on Thursday said of the old friend he had brought from Chicago to New York: "You can't describe Teddy's music . . . you had to hear it."

In 1939, Wilson quit Goodman to form his own brief-lived orchestra. Despite Wilson's crisp, sophisticated arrangements and the excellence of its players—trumpeter Roy Eldridge, tenor saxophonists Ben Webster and Chu Berry and clarinetist Buster Bailey among them—the band, for reasons undetermined, lasted only a year.

After the band's breakup, Wilson led sextets in New York until 1944. He rejoined Goodman in 1945 for the Broadway Show "Seven Lively Arts," and worked with the clarinetist frequently after that in special concerts, recordings and benefits.

Inspired and influenced largely by Fats Waller, Earl Hines and Art Tatum, the young Wilson drew from and refined their differing techniques to create his own unique approach to jazz. Once he found himself musically—and that was at a very early age—he stuck with his own style with little change over the decades.

Wilson's distinctive style brought order, logic and sophistication to jazz without any diminution of the music's fiery inner spirit.

Critic Feather wrote that Wilson "achieved a neat, quietly swinging symmetry, mostly single-note lines, that was revolutionary in piano jazz and influenced countless musicians during the decade after his rise."

Writer George Gelles noted that "Wilson is . . . no mere amalgam of other stylists but a primal [musical] force in his own right." Among others, Wilson influenced such stellar jazz pianists as Jess Stacy, Billy Kyle, Nat (King) Cole, Mel Powell and Jimmy Rowles.

Wilson, like Goodman, was a perfectionist, often practicing nine hours a day. On the bandstand, he was all business—calm, serious and unsmiling, never showboating.

In his biographical sketch of Wilson, Gelles quoted Wilson on his solemn professional demeanor:

"Very often people ask me, 'Why don't you smile when you play?' Now, there's no way on Earth anybody can play the piano the way I do and smile. Once you smile, you're dead. This is very serious stuff. It's almost like life or death playing. But when it's done properly, it does sound simple; sounds like anybody can do it."

During the 1950s, Wilson toured, played club dates and festivals, taught both privately and at the Juilliard School, worked in radio and television. He also played himself in the film "The Benny Goodman Story." That 1955 movie added impetus to his career and from the 1960s almost up to the time of his death he continued to tour throughout the world.

Wilson was one of the most-recorded jazzmen of his time. Some of his better-known records include "As Long as I Live," with Goodman; his solo versions of "Liza," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "These Foolish Things," "Someday Sweetheart" with the Goodman Trio, and "If Dreams Come True" with his own sextet.

Los Angeles Times 8/4/86

JAZZ REVIEWS

GETZ, GILLESPIE, BRUBECK SHOWCASE OWN STYLES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Saturday evening at the Universal Amphitheater, the show was stolen almost before it had begun. Given that Stan Getz was leading what may be the best of the countless quartets he has headed, and knowing that he would play selections from his recent five-star album, "Voyage," with the same group, it came as no surprise that he offered, if one may coin a rating, a six-star performance.

Never has his tenor saxophone been the conveyor of more eloquent passion, more deftly controlled power. Moreover, in Kenny Barron he has a totally sympathetic accompanist, and a pianist of such virtuousity that on "I Thought About You" Getz withdrew after the first chorus, letting Barron take over for a masterful display of harmonic invention and dynamic diversity.

Hardly less startling were the bass lines of George Mraz, who provided the sole backing in Getz's first chorus of "Yesterdays." Victor Feldman's tune "Seven Steps to Heaven," with a well-devised drum interlude by Victor Lewis, seemed like the perfect finale, but Getz chose to close with the elegiac Billy Strayhorn melody, "Blood Count," bringing a flawless hour to a delicate denouement.

In the unlikely event that anyone found Getz too low key, Dizzy Gillespie provided the logical contrast. The extent of one's satisfaction with a Gillespie show nowadays varies in inverse proportion to the years one has spent listening to him. For anyone who recalls hearing him as the immensely innovative bebop pioneer, it may be less than enthralling to hear his saxophonist making the baritone sound like an emotionally disturbed soprano, or watching him dismember a flute in mid-solo. Gillespie himself still "introduces the men in the band" (to each other), and it still gets a laugh after 30 years.

His trumpet? Well, after the saxophone and the piano and the bass solos you might hear a chorus or two, but nowhere, not even on "Night in Tunisia," was he featured exclusively or extensively. There were still some moments that recalled the grandeur of yore, and his record of past accomplishments does entitle him to coast, but it also justifies the listener's sense of being left unsated.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet closed. They were dressed formally, and why not? This was music for a tuxedo function. Some of it was soporific (a long, ruminative keyboard impression of Japan), some reasonably lively, especially when Chris Brubeck put down his electric bass and roared through a widely unshackled bass trombone solo on Fats Waller's "Black and Blue."

Bobby Militello, who handled the bass during this number, spent the rest of his time playing flute—quite inspiringly on a 5/4 blues—and alto sax. On the latter, during "Take Five," he went on the kind of note-chasing rampage in which the late Paul Desmond, who knew that less can be more, would never have indulged.

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JAZZ REVIEW

RICHIE COLE QUARTET AT MARINELAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the second of its series of weekend jazz celebrations, Marineland presented, on its outdoor Sky Tower Stage, the quartet of Richie Cole.

For years the saxophonist has used the slogan "Alto Madness" as an indication of the free-wheeling, sometimes satirical nature of his performances. On this occasion, however, the group's behavior was no more insane than the nearby killer whales seemed lethal.

After making it clear that he would just be playing "some basic jazz," Cole moved smoothly from Charlie Parker's "Confirmation" to a theme from a Disney movie, "When You Wish Upon a Star." Despite occasionally excessive embroidery, he retained the third-generation-bebop essence that has long marked his style (Parker and then Phil Woods were his direct antecedents).

Switching from Disneyland to Marineland, Cole tried Earle Hagen's "Fishing Hole," which turned out to be an apt vehicle for workouts by Mr. Ubiquity of the piano, Ross Tompkins, and the bassist Marshall Hawkins.

Tompkins took over for a typically incisive and swing-rooted solo number, backed by Hawkins and the discreet drumming of Billy Mintz. For a finale Cole brought on his special guest in the person of a second alto saxophonist, Yolanda Nickell, a.k.a. Mrs. Alto Madness.

The husband-and-wife duo also merged engagingly on a blues, "Red Top." Though not matching him for speed, Nickell gave Cole an impressive run for his money. She has a natural rhythmic sense, capable technique and a commendable reservoir of ideas.

The Cole group closed Sunday, but Marineland has another musical offering, on display daily at the Cliffside Theater: the short movie "Ocean in Jazz," a beautiful series of marine life stills, produced by Leonard Aube, very well coordinated rhythmically with a sound track to which Mark Isham, William Ackerman, Dave Grusin, Lee Ritenour and others contributed.

JAZZ MYTH NO. 11

It seems to bother Leonard Feather inordinately that Jelly Roll Morton has achieved the status of jazz giant ("10 Long-Playing Myths Versus the Facts," Aug. 3). Feather's justification for debunking Myth No. 6—"The first great jazz composer-arranger was Jelly Roll Morton"—degenerates into a personal diatribe against the artist and a eulogy for Don Redman.

Jelly Roll Morton died in 1941, so it is impossible to compare his accomplishments with Redman's after that date. Before then, and especially in the 1920s, I think Morton's compositions were more distinguished and his arrangements swung much more than Redman's.

Feather omitted one of the most obvious myths of all—that Leonard Feather is a reliable jazz critic.

HARRY HALL
San Gabriel

Where did Feather dig up this garbage about "Satchmo's" tour to the U.S.S.R. falling through because it might have been too successful and would've caused riots and pro-American sentiment? It so happens that the State Department asked him to tour the U.S.S.R., but "Satchmo" refused in protest to the treatment his people were getting here in the good old U.S.A.—so there!

ABEL PENA
Los Angeles

JAZZ 8/3/86

10 LONG-PLAYING MYTHS VERSUS THE FACTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Napoleon declared that history is a fable agreed upon. Henry Ford said history is bunk. The world of jazz, no more or less than other areas in the documentation of the arts, has been subjected to certain persistent myths, agreed upon in some instances or argued about in others. In any event, it seems appropriate to deal with several of the more widely circulated misapprehensions, some of them due to critical errors, others corrected by the critics but still misunderstood by the public.

Myth 1: Louis Armstrong enjoyed one of the greatest triumphs of his career when he toured the Soviet Union.

Fact: This could well have happened—but it never did. There were negotiations at one time to send Satchmo on a State Department tour that would have included the U.S.S.R., but the deal fell through, possibly, it is speculated, because he might have been too successful, causing riots and inspiring pro-American sentiment. The first Soviet tour in modern times was led by Benny Goodman; later Earl Hines, Duke Ellington, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis and a few others toured there successfully.

□

Myth 2: Charlie Christian was the first electric guitarist on record.

Fact: He was certainly the best known and has been called the founding father, but Eddie Durham, a trombonist in the Jimmie Lunceford and Count Basie bands, doubled on electric guitar and led a small Basie contingent in two record sessions on which he played several electric guitar solos, in March and September of 1938. Christian did not record until October, 1939, on a Benny Goodman sextet date.

Nor was Durham the first. According to Cary Ginell, a country music expert, fiddle bands in Texas and Louisiana were the first to employ amplified instruments. "The first was Bob Dunn," says Ginell. "He attached a crude pickup to his steel guitar at a January, 1935, recording session with Milton Brown and His Brownies for Decca. In September, 1935, Jim Boyd of Roy Newman's band amplified his guitar on 'Hot Dog Stomp,' the first real recorded example of a real amplified guitar. Other steel guitarists such as Leon McAuliffe, Carl Rainwater and Lefty Perkins all made records using amplified instruments before Eddie Durham.

"Les Paul acknowledged that the first amplified guitar he heard on record was by the Light Crust Doughboys guitarist Zeke Campbell. Please allow the country musicians their place in history."

□

Myth 3: Lionel Hampton was the first recorded jazz vibraphonist.

Fact: We all owe a tremendous debt to Lionel Hampton for bringing the instrument to the forefront. He played it on Louis Armstrong's record of "Memories of You" in October, 1930. Bob Conselman, another drummer who doubled, played vibes briefly on a Benny Goodman trio record called "Jazz Holiday" in January, 1928. Don Redman, the multi-instrumentalist, played vibes on a date with McKinney's Cotton Pickers in November, 1928.

□

Myth 4: Benny Goodman was the first to break the color line in jazz.

Fact: In Count Basie's autobiography, "Good Morning Blues" (Random House), he recalls a meeting in Harlem with Sonny Greer, later renowned as Duke Ellington's drummer. "Since I had last seen him in New Jersey, Sonny had been on the road with Wilmer Gardner, a band of white musicians." This was in 1924 or 1925. There were also many record sessions involving racially mixed groups, but the Goodman Trio (with Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa) and Quartet (Lionel Hampton added) became the first famous interracial units to face the public, in 1936.

□

Myth 5: The first American jazz festival took place at Newport, R.I., in 1954.

Fact: The first jazz festivals took place in 1948-49 in Nice and Paris; the first American event billed as a jazz festival was in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in 1951, with groups leds by Sonny Greer and others.

□

Myth 6: The first great jazz composer-arranger was Jelly Roll Morton.

Fact: There is a judgmental element here, yet in Morton's own time it was widely agreed upon that there was nothing modest about him but his talent. Duke Ellington (who rarely had a negative word about anyone), Mary Lou Williams, John Hammond and countless others agreed that Morton was a minor figure; since his death, however, the myth has been so sedulously reinforced by critics (and by a few authoritative musicians, such as Gunther Schuller) that it is now accepted as gospel.

Don Redman, unlike Morton, has not been the subject of books and endless scholarly essays, yet he might well have claimed the title assigned to Morton by so many experts. A child prodigy who played in a band in 1906 at the age of 6, Redman spent much of his adolescence studying every instrument in the orchestra as well as harmony, theory and composition. He became the first musician to write almost all the music for the first great jazz orchestra (Fletcher Henderson's, starting in 1923); the first black composer to contribute substantially to the library of a white band (Paul Whiteman's); musical director of one of the great black bands, McKinney's Cotton Pickers from 1927-31, and leader of his own superb orchestra from 1931-40.

Redman's "Chant of the Weed," his radio theme (he had the first black band to earn a sponsored radio series), was years ahead of its time in its use of harmony. He was the composer of such jazz standards as "Cherry," "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You" and "Save It, Pretty Mama" (one of several numbers he recorded as alto saxophonist and arranger on a classic Louis Armstrong date in 1928). He was a splendid alto saxophonist and an intimate singer of unusual charm. He died in 1964.

So distinguished are Redman's credits that it is absurd to mention Jelly Roll Morton in the same breath. More than any other artist, he reinforces, for me, the truth of Napoleon's and Henry Ford's statements.

□

Myth 7: Bessie Smith died because she was refused admittance to a white hospital.

Fact: Given conditions in the South in 1937, this very well could have happened. The myth was started by a story under John Hammond's byline in Down Beat and was reinforced in 1960 by Edward Albee's play "The Death of Bessie Smith."

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CONCERT AT BOWL

SAMMY DAVIS JR.: NOTHING BUT TALENT

By LEONARD FEATHER

As many of his 13,194 fans may have observed Wednesday night at Hollywood Bowl, Sammy Davis Jr. at 60 is a new and mellower man.

He gave the impression of having put some of the specious humility and show-biz bravado behind him. At one point he even admitted it: "I cut out the theatricality." What's left is the talent, the formidable dimensions of which have seldom been more brilliantly in evidence, outshining even the rings on his fingers. Explaining that he would be singing standards because he doesn't relate to the now music, he added: "For those of you who came here for heavy metal, I'm wearing it."

During the opening set by the Buddy Rich band (reviewed here last month at Disneyland) Davis put in a token appearance "just so you won't be able to go home and say we never did anything together." It didn't work too well, opening with "Ding Dong, The Witch Is Dead," a song by which Harold Arlen and Yip Harburg will never be remembered, but picking up somewhat with the much later and superior "Come Back to Me" by Burton Lane and Alan Jay Lerner.

Whatever it is that Davis has been doing, or not doing, to keep in shape, his voice was the better for it. As is his wont, he struck a balance during his own set between jazz material and the more theatrical items. Only occasionally, as in "For Once in My Life," was there too much exertion on everyone's part. More often there was discretion, as on "All the Things You Are," which he began by singing the bridge, with the rhythm section later adding a light Latin beat.

"Satin Doll" was backed for the most part simply by his bassist, James Leary. Later came a series of tunes—the verse of "Night and Day" and the chorus of "I've Got You Under My Skin" among others—for which his drummer, Clayton Cameron, provided the only accompaniment.

Everything worked, because of the ease and control with which Davis himself worked. His final "love" on "You're Gonna Love Me" must have been held for 15 seconds, the intonation never flagging. On a couple of numbers there were some unself-conscious scatting. For "By Myself" he slipped into tap shoes, drumming out a chorus with eloquent feet.

There were touches of the predictable nostalgia. "Mr. Bojangles" took you back, not to the Apollo so much as to the old Palace on Broadway, almost to the Will Mastin Trio.

Davis had plenty of help when it was needed: The horns of the Rich orchestra, his own rhythm section, and a string section 15 strong, all under the baton of Fip Ricard. The capable Ricard replaced the late George Rhodes, Davis' conductor for 30 years who died last December. For his closer, Davis dedicated Frank Loesser's "My Heart Is So Full of You" to Rhodes' memory.

As the concert ended, after an ovation that seemed to require an encore, Davis neatly evaded it. "There'll always be someone out there who'll say, 'He was good until that last number.' So thank you, and good night." It was the perfect ending to a delightful evening.

RANDY LEFFINGWELL / Los Angeles Times

Sammy Davis Jr., backed by bandleader Buddy Rich at Bowl.

GRAMMY AWARDS TO ACKNOWLEDGE 'NEW AGE MUSIC'

A new stage in the evolution of a contemporary musical form has been reached with the decision by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences to accord a separate category—effective in the voting for next year's Grammy awards—for "New Age Music."

The decision originated with recommendations by members and officers at several NARAS chapters around the country. Since there was general agreement that there's sufficient material and interest, the National Trustees recently approved addition of the category.

"There had been a certain amount of confusion at screening meetings," said Margaret Leverence, NARAS awards supervisor, "because some of this music wound up in the fusion field or in a pop category. This music is hard to define, but when you hear it you know what it is."

New Age, with its impressionistic and classical overtones, began to crystallize in the middle and late 1970s and was responsible for the success of Windham Hill Records. Among the best-known New Age artists are George Winston, Will Ackerman and Andreas Vollenweider.

—LEONARD FEATHER

CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA

TUNING UP FOR MORE JAZZ FESTIVALS

With the summer jazz festival season now in full swing, details have been announced of several major events to take place within the next two months.

The 29th annual Monterey Jazz Festival will be held Sept. 19-21 at the Monterey Fairgrounds, on the main stage as well as in two smaller venues.

Stephane Grappelli, Joe Kennedy and Claude Williams will trade choruses in a "violin summit" at the opening concert. Others to be heard during the weekend include singers Sue Raney, Linda Hopkins, Etta James, Dianne Reeves and John Lee Hooker, and the vocal group Rare Silk. Other groups will be led by the saxophonists Richie Cole, Frank Morgan and Charles McPherson.

Trumpeter/composer Bill Berry will again conduct the All-Star High School Band. Two groups from Japan, the Keio University Band from Tokyo and a vocal quintet called Time Five, will appear. Big-band sounds will be provided by the Frank Capp/Nat Pierce Juggernaut and the Bob Florence Orchestra.

Mundell Lowe, the festival's musical director, will lead his own quartet in addition to playing with the house rhythm section, along with Hank Jones, Monty Budwig and Vince Lateano. Information: (408) 373-3366.

Prior to Monterey, there will be several events in or near California.

The Pacific Coast Jazz Festival will be staged Aug. 31, at the Holiday Inn in Irvine. Organized by Fred Norsworthy of Community Services at Orange Coast College, the eight-hour event will be heard in four locations throughout the hotel. The lineup includes Gerald Wilson's Orchestra featuring Harold Land; the West Indian trumpeter Dizzy Reece in his first California appearance, playing with the Walter Bishop Quintet and the Robert Conti All Stars; Shorty Rogers' Giants featuring Bill Perkins; the Claude Williamson Trio; the Mike Fahn Quintet with John Patitucci; the Pepper Adams Quintet with Jack Sheldon, and several others. Information: (714) 432-5880.

Overlapping with the Irvine presentation will be the third annual Los Angeles Classic Jazz Festival, to be held Aug. 29 through Sept. 1 at the Los Angeles Airport Marriott Hotel. Opening-night attractions include Conrad Janis and the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, Wild Bill Davison and Maxine Sullivan. The Aug. 30 show will include the Sons of Bix from Denver, and traditionalist bands from San Francisco and Washington. Pete Fountain will appear Aug. 31; the final program will present Turk Murphy and bands from Argentina and East Berlin. Information: (213) 867-7501; (818) 340-1516.

A strongly avant-garde-oriented festival will be held at the Greek Theatre at UC Berkeley Aug. 30-31. The lineup has Arthur Blythe, Cecil McBee, Lester Bowie, Chico Freeman and Abdullah Ibrahim. Rounding out the bill will be mainstream and fusion artists Sarah Vaughan, Sonny Rollins, Rodney Franklin, Ahmad Jamal, Roy Ayers, John Handy, Tania Maria, Rare Silk and Pete Escovedo. Information: 415-642-7511.

The 18th annual Concord Jazz Festival will start this weekend and will be held mainly on four dates: a traditional jazz show at noon Sunday in the Todos Santos Plaza; a "Pops at the Pavilion" program with the Concord Pavilion Orchestra at 8 p.m. Wednesday; Ray Charles and Andrae Crouch at 8 p.m. Aug. 15; and Miles Davis, Michael Franks, George Howard, Freddie Hubbard, Richie Cole, Emily Remler, Larry Coryell and others at 3 p.m. Aug. 16, also at the Pavilion. Information: (415) 762-2277.

Another one-day marathon will be Jazz on the Rocks, the fifth annual convocation in a spectacular outdoor setting in Sedona, Ariz. This will start Sept. 27 at 9:30 a.m. and will continue until sunset. The talent roster will include Louis Bellson, Billy Eckstine, Ira Sullivan, Doug MacLeod, Dianne Reeves and Jazz Berry Jam. Information: (602) 282-1985.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ 8/10/86

NEW BASIE BAND LEADER STEPS IN, UPS THE BEAT

By LEONARD FEATHER

"After 22 years," said Frank Foster, "here I am back home to stay."

The scene was the Hollywood Bowl; the occasion, Foster's first major appearance since he took over direction of the Count Basie orchestra a few weeks ago.

A tenor saxophonist, composer, arranger and educator, with a Ph.D. from Central State University in Ohio, Foster is a logical choice to take over the reins of the orchestra, whose founder-leader died April 26, 1984. He was a regular member of the sax section from 1953 to 1964. During the 22-year interim his Countless credits took in stints with the Woody Herman, Lionel Hampton and Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestras, with the Elvin Jones Quartet, and frequent jobs leading various groups, the best known being a big band called the Loud Minority.

In addition, Foster received several major composing assignments, one of which is a source of special pride. "I was commissioned by the Jazzmobile organization to write a long suite—seven movements, running a full hour—for an all-star band at the Winter Olympics. I called it the "Lake Placid Suite." It wasn't very visible in the jazz world, but it was a great challenge."

Foster's best-known writing credits go back to his early Basie days. "My first charts for the band were 'Blues Backstage' and 'Down for the Count.' I guess the best known is 'Shiny Stockings.' I wrote some of the arrangements for Joe Williams' 'All right, OK, You Win,' 'The Comeback,' 'In the Evening' and 'My Baby Upsets Me.' "

Foster's academic accomplishments are impressive. He has been a music consultant to the New York City public schools, an assistant or adjunct professor at universities in and around New York, and has conducted workshops and seminars from New England Conservatory to Oakland University.

When his teaching assignments have not tied him down, he has traveled extensively. "I took my own band to the jazz festivals in Pori, Finland, and the North Sea Festival in the Hague—that was in 1978, and since this marked the first time I'd ever taken a large group to Europe, I guess that's a milestone of sorts.

THOMAS KELSEY / Los Angeles Times

Frank Foster was a member of the Basie band from 1953-64.

"Two things that really bug me are all-star jam sessions and tributes to Basie. I'm just sick of all-star groups! You go to Europe as a single and don't have control over what rhythm section will back you. The only thing good about it is that you get to meet a lot of people you haven't seen in a long time.

"As for the Basie tributes, a lot of them are nothing more than jam sessions using alumni. I've had it up to here with that sort of thing. My idea of a real tribute to Basie is a big band under my own direction, playing the music the way he would have wanted it."

With his new assignment Foster is now able to bring this objective to reality. After Thad Jones, the former Basie trumpeter who had been leading the band, played his last date with the orchestra on May 6, Foster happened to see the men one night during an interim period when the announcing was left to Freddie Green, the veteran guitarist.

"I became very indignant—the band wasn't being introduced properly; there was really nobody in charge. So I passed the word along that if any use could be made of my services, I was available."

A few weeks later a call came from the band's booking agency. A subsequent meeting was set with Aaron Woodward. "Aaron was a young fellow who lived across the street from Bill and Catherine Basie. He got very close to Catherine and, after her death, to Basie, who persuaded him to take over control of Count Basie Enterprises. He is sincere, a good person, and he's been doing a fine job of keeping the band together."

Because he had spent most of the past two decades based in New York, with relatively few long absences, Foster thought long and hard before making the decision. "I decided it's worthwhile to go on the road again. My children are both grown; my daughter is 19, and my son, who's 21, has a job with my wife's company, a black advertising agency. So it's not as if I'm raising two kids anymore; they act grown; in fact, they don't take our advice anyway, so, hey, I can leave. As for my wife—well, when we get too lonely, Cecilia can join me wherever the band happens to be."

The return to his alma mater is meaningful in several respects. He is among old friends: the trumpeter Sonny Cohn, the trombonist Bill Hughes and the saxophonist-flutist Eric Dixon were colleagues in the early 1960s Basie band, as was Freddie Green, who next March will complete a half-century in the orchestra.

"It's a fine mix—we have some talented young people too, in their 20s or early 30s: Dennis Makrel, our drummer; Danny House on alto sax, Byron Stripling on trumpet, Lynn Seaton on bass."

As has already become evident, Foster is doing considerably more playing and writing than his predecessor. Jones, though a commanding leader, was a reluctant and less than outstanding cornetist. "We'll also be featuring all the guys in the band—just about everyone is a capable soloist, and they deserve to be heard," Foster said.

□

A curious gap in the band's activities since Basie's death has been its absence from the recording studios. There have only been two guest cuts on the Manhattan Transfer "Vocalese" album, and an as yet unreleased LP backing the Paris-born singer Caterina Valente, for which Thad Jones wrote the arrangements.

But the orchestra recently taped a set without guests. It will be the first made specially for compact discs and the first to introduce, in two tunes, the regular Basie vocalist, Carmen Bradford.

"It's due for release in Japan, on Denon, next month," says Foster, "and soon afterward in the U.S. The company wanted a lot of old tunes, so we did new versions of 'Shiny Stockings,' 'April in Paris,' 'Corner Pocket' and so forth, along

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BASIE BAND

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with a few that are less well known, such as a couple of things I did back in the '60s that got lost in the shuffle, '4-5-6' and 'Misunderstood Blues.' "

Asked whether this indicated that the Basie band will have to remain mired in the past in order to survive, Foster was ready with a riposte. "Not at all—naturally I want to keep the great tradition going and retain the essential style of the band, but I do intend to expand on it, try some new directions.

"Among other things, I plan to introduce a couple of songs in 3/4 time. The band has never done any real jazz waltzes. Maybe that has been a challenge for some musicians who thought of the waltz in terms of 'Alice Blue Gown' or 'The Blue Danube.' But I had no problem, after a few days, when I tried it out, and I'm sure this band will be comfortable with whatever I write along those lines."

Jazz waltzes, yes; modal music and crossover charts, no. Foster is adamant about his intention to avoid electronic music in any shape. This has become such a vital point to him that a couple of years ago he wrote and published a persuasive monograph, "Jazz and the Electronic Revolution." In it, he made these observations:

"The high technology of the Western world has made fantastic strides in the area of so-called electronic music. . . . I can almost envision the day when all saxophones, trumpets, trombones, tubas etc. will be made into fancy looking table lamps. . . . I'm not making dire predictions for the fun of it . . . the American scientist and technician . . . is out to sound the death knell for jazz as I have known it."

Does he still feel that this fatality is imminent?

"Not," said Frank Foster, "as long as I'm around to do anything about it." □

Ahmad Says

Mr. Ahmad Jamal mentioned in the June-July issue that there are some "incompetent" jazz critics. I quite agree with him; a good point is Frank Spena, who interviewed Mr. Jamal.

If Mr. Spena had troubled to check the facts he would have learned the following:

(1) In all but the very first edition of the Encyclopedia of Jazz (which has been out of print more than 25 years, and which contained a few typos), Mr. Jamal's age was correctly listed: 7/2/30.

(2) Mr. Jamal is quoted saying that the book "refers to my religion, which I regard as personal and private." In *no* edition of this book did I ever refer to Mr. Jamal's religion.

(3) Mr. Jamal says "I had my lawyer contact Leonard Feather." The contact was made by Mr. Jamal himself, not by a lawyer.

(4) The following is a typical example of the praise I have given Mr. Jamal, whose work I have admired for more than 30 years: "Jamal's long absence (from Concerts by the Sea) has been widely regretted . . . While his talent has developed continuously, his audiences have grown in size and enthusiasm. Many in the crowd . . . (were) just learning to appreciate his singular artistry. He can take a basically simple work . . . and build it into an edifice of dazzling complexity . . . his ballads display a subtle harmonic sense . . . inner voicings greatly enriches the inherent beauty of 'Polka Dots and Moonbeams.' . . . Jamal's music is truly the sound of surprise . . ." and on and on, including praise for the sidemen. (Los Angeles Times, 7/31/82.)

If this kind of criticism has done "irreparable damage" to Mr. Jamal or to jazz, I wonder what kind would have done good?

Leonard Feather
Sherman Oaks, CA

JAZZ 12 Aug-Sept. '86

8/11

LEHMAN-MOSES

Some musicians are born leaders, while some seem better qualified to spend their careers working for others. The latter destiny would seem to be a suitable option for Sydney Lehman and Kathryn Moses, whose attempt to co-lead a quartet Friday at the Hyatt Sunset fell far short of the essential requirements.

Moses, an experienced artist with impressive credentials, is a woman of many parts, most of which just don't work well enough to justify the versatility.

She succeeds best as a flutist, particularly when playing an original melody by Lehman or a standard such as "Emily." As an improvising soloist she displays little harmonic or melodic imagination. Her tenor sax work barely gets a passing grade in four areas: tone, time, conception and execution.

Moses played alto sax on a tune by Mike Mainieri that simply sounded dreary. She also attempted a vocal, including a scat chorus, on "Without a Song." For the present, she would be well advised to stay with the flute. Too many axes spoil the act.

Lehman was not helped by the absence of a piano microphone, though it was clear that she too is a less-than-exceptional soloist who might fit very well into a big band but is diminished by the merciless glare of small combo prominence. Her original pieces, such as "Arroz Con Pollo" and "Then We Said Goodby," showed a nice flair for melody.

Luther Hughes, the bassist, also suffered from lack of miking. During his "Emily" solo, with the rest of the group offering no support, it was torpor time in the sparsely inhabited room. Because Sherman Ferguson showed his familiarity with the arrangements, his expert drumming supplied what little fire the group could occasionally generate. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

BUTLER: A MAN WHOSE TIME HAS COME

8/17/86

By LEONARD FEATHER

More than most artists to whom this overworked term has been applied, Henry Butler is a Renaissance man. He conjures up alternating but non-conflicting images: past and present, jazz and classical, R&B and gospel, solo and orchestral, instrumental and vocal.

Though he has been around for a while (he will be 38 next month), it seems that after years of treading water his time has come. The years of study at the Louisiana State School for the Blind, of hanging out with McCoy Tyner and other role models, of unnoticed jobs in obscure clubs, have finally led to the one essential step: He is now a recording artist.

PENNI GLADSTONE

Henry Butler: "I'd like to do whatever I feel capable of, whether it's classical or jazz, gospel singing, composing or arranging."

His debut LP, "Fivin' Around" (Impulse 5707), presents him in several settings. His basic support comes from bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins, but here and there can be heard a flute or sax or oboe; on three cuts, Freddie Hubbard's trumpet; on two, a string quartet, and on one of the latter, Butler the classical singer applies his somber baritone to a very straight rendition of "I Want Jesus to Walk With Me."

If the album offers a multifaceted picture, the reason is clear: Butler has no desire to be pigeonholed in any one area. He is a composer whose influences range from Tyner to John Coltrane to Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk; an arranger who dared to convert Coltrane's break-neck "Giant Steps" into a ballad. Though New Orleans born, he is not just a New Orleans jazzman.

Lookin- back over his career, speaking very softly, Butler said: "I didn't even tell my parents when I first started playing. The school was in Baton Rouge, and I guess my teachers informed them that I was going to give a recital. I was the only musician in the family.

"When I went to Southern University, I switched my major from piano to voice. What happened was, I lost track of the traditional fingering system on the piano, and one day, when I played Beethoven's 'Sonata Pathetique,' some intern came along and said, 'God, where did you get that fingering?' I figured that might become a major problem, so I decided that instead of staying with classical piano I'd take up voice."

Singing with glee clubs and choirs, he built a repertoire of spirituals and oratorios, but also took part in a jazz studies program directed by clarinetist Alvin Batiste. "He was sort of guru to me—a very articulate teacher and demonstrator. I was young and rather mischievous; he had a lot of patience with me. He started a jazz institute at the University around 1970; we entered a few college jazz festivals and won some awards, which helped our confidence."

Another influence on Butler was George Duke, then Cannonball Adderley's pianist. "We were both well-versed in the classical terminology—George had written an opera for his master's thesis—so we understood one another right away." Butler studied with Duke and with Roland Hanna, a no-less-scholarly pianist, under grants from the National Endowment for the Arts.

For a while, Butler went to New York almost every summer, "just to hang out with people like McCoy Tyner, toil in the vineyard and try to develop my own language. I started doing serious jazz jobs around Louisiana as early as 1970, but in New Orleans all you hear about is going to New York. Well, I'm always happiest when I'm comfortable, and I couldn't find the kind of housing I wanted in New York. I sent a friend of mine to Los Angeles, and she found a house in about a week. This was in 1980, and a few months later I came out and began working in a little restaurant."

For a while, things seemed no better in Los Angeles than they had been in New Orleans or New York. "I spent some time at the Club Lingerie in Hollywood, playing New Orleans-style R&B with a lot of blues artists from back home."

The pivotal turn for the better took place one night at the Comeback Inn when pianist Milcho Leviev invited him to sit in for a few numbers, backed by Haden and Higgins. The word spread fast; Haden even went so far as to compare Butler to Art Tatum, posing a heavier burden than any living pianist can bear. But before long he came to the attention of the

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JAZZ

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record company, and things began to fall into place.

"Being able to sit in with cats like that was a hell of a thing for me. Before long Fred Myrow, the music director at the Los Angeles Theatre Center, booked me for my concert." That occasion enabled Butler to display his several talents. Myrow helped him in the transcribing of some string-quartet arrangements; Butler gave vent to his quasi-Robeson voice in four spirituals, introduced several original piano works, and ran the keyboard gamut from ragtime to funk.

This year, he has broken into the festival circuit, playing the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival and the JVC Jazz Festival in New York, both produced by George Wein, whose admiration for him could lead to many other openings.

Because his first album presents a somewhat unfocused image, plans call for him to follow it up with a more directly jazz-oriented recording. After his reputation has been cemented in that area, Butler says, "I'd like to do an entire classical album. I think the public is ready to accept things like that.

"I'd like to do whatever I feel I'm capable of, whether it's classical or jazz playing, gospel singing, composing or arranging. Fortunately my producer, Ricky Schultz, has confidence in my potential, so maybe eventually I'll have a chance to do it all."

He does not have to depend on others to transcribe his original works. "All through elementary and high school I was well versed in Braille music; I still use it for writing. Besides, the technology nowadays is getting to the point where it can really benefit me—I can write pieces using sequencers and all the electronic gear at my disposal, then have someone write it out so sighted musicians can read it. In fact, I'm seriously considering getting a computer that can actually print the music out for me."

The technical aspects of bringing Butler's music to the audience may be unusual, but what matters most is the emotional diversity in every performance. Playing chordally or modally or atonally, using extraordinary contrasts in volume and intensity, he is capable of testing to the limit the listener's powers of understanding and appreciation. But, as he points out, the broad-mindedness of many audiences today affords him that opportunity. This seems to be the decade of the Renaissance artist, which makes Henry Butler the man for this moment in time. □

Los Angeles Times 8/16/86

VOICE, HUMOR, STYLE—ROSS HAS IT ALL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Annie Ross, who opened Thursday and closes tonight at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, has evolved from a superior jazz singer into the consummate, state-of-the-art vocal performer.

From the opening "Cloudburst" to the closing "Jumpin' at the Woodside" (both are from the Jon Hendricks lyrical gold mine), the pace almost never let up. When it did, she might be relaxing with a wistfully understated "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square," or milking every witty line out of a unique "Ipanema" parody, written by Stephen Sondheim and Mary Rogers and cryptically titled "The Boy From . . ."

Humor is a pervasive element in a personality that radiates friendliness and warmth. Whether it's Marcos Valle's "Crickets Sing for Anamaria" (complete with a tin-whistle solo) or the old-timey "Six Feet of Papa," which suggests an updated Bessie Smith, or her own ageless lyrics to Wardell Gray's "Twisted," the laughs are never more than a beat away.

The jazz values are unimpaired and potent as ever. In the Hendricks words to Horace Silver's "Come on Home" she would turn the phrasing around and repeat words for emphasis, withdrawing notes here and depositing them there, drawing on a vocal bank account that never stopped paying interest.

She is a nonpareil jazzwoman; she's also the best gowned, best coiffed and the most amiable of jazz performers. At one point, asking her listeners if she should talk, she told us where to go to buy soft-shell crab.

She has an incomparable rhythm section, with everyone's favorite pianist, Gerald Wiggins; her nephew from Scotland, Domenique Allen, playing first-rate guitar and adding a few Hendricks-like vocal touches; Ralph Penland on drums, and Bob West, whose bass provided the backing for her laid-back opening on "Bye Bye Blackbird."

Technically, Ross still has it all together, even that daunting bottom note, the low B flat, on "Wave." In fact, the 1986 Annie Ross model is a more complete, more mature, funnier and more affecting artist than all the Annie Rosses through the years. It just doesn't get any better than this.

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MILES DAVIS MASTERFUL AT BOWL'S JVC FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Let us now praise Miles Davis. Had it not been for his strength in pulling Sunday's Hollywood Bowl concert out of the doldrums, the disastrous events of the first two hours could never have been counteracted.

Tommy Hawkins, the host, announced this at the JVC Jazz Festival, thus trivializing a word that is now applied to a single, non-festive concert. The opening group, starting 20 minutes late, called itself the Hidden City String Band, an odd name for a trio composed of one violin, a percussionist who played bongos and tabla, and a guitarist. Its three-tune 20 minute appearance offered too few chances to assess any latent potential.

Off with the string band, on with—nothing. For 40 minutes all we heard was hammering, feedback, silence, and an apology for the delay due to "technical difficulties"—an embarrassing touch, since Hawkins had promised "the very best in audio and video" and the sponsor was a company involved with sound reproduction.

Finally, on with Pieces of a Dream. The former trio, now a quintet equipped with guitar and synthesizers, trudged through 40 minutes of tepid tunes, flashy keyboard by James Lloyd, and lyrical drivel sung by the bassist, Cedric Napoleon. For a grand finale we were invited to take part in a sing-along, intoning the words "Say la la."

Miles Davis, a vision in black and gold lame, played as well as he has in years. His new guitarist, Robben Ford, relates personally to Davis much the way his predecessor, John Scofield, related to the band.

Davis was in such a cordial mood that during exchanges both with Ford and with the saxophonist Bob Berg he reached up and touched his partner's shoulder as if in a gesture of congratulation. His own playing—about 75% of it muted—was masterful. Twisting himself into the familiar question mark posture, he edged way over to stage right and at least once played while walking backward. His open horn passages were performed facing the drummer Vincent Wilborn Jr.

Spyro Gyra went through its hybrid, pleasant but sometimes sterile motions. Jay Beckenstein's alto sax has an easy, buoyant sound without much personality. The solos by the Cuban guitarist Julio Fernandez and particularly by Dave Samuels on vibraphone and marimba achieved a more improvisatory feeling than Beckenstein.

The band's vast popularity can be understood when one considers its accessible tunes and generally simple appeal, typified by the number featuring Kim Stone, the bassist. The title was "Bob Goes to a Store," which, he explained, referred to his dog. Beckenstein observed, in an interview in The Times on Saturday, "We're getting away with murder." I would stop short of that. A more accurate assessment would be larceny. Attendance: 16,941.

●コンサート当日のリハーサル、ロリンズの緊張は極限にまで達していたかのようだった。

●コンサート終了後、楽屋に引きあげてきてはじめてロリンズに笑顔が帰ってきた。

きな関心を示していることは知っている。私のエージェントはおそらく私がやろうと言い出すのを待っているのだろう。アメリカに帰り次第エージェントと具体的な話をしようと考えているところだ。おそらく来年にはアメリカのいくつかの都市でコンサートを開くことができると思う。まだ日本でのコンサートが終わったばかりで、誰も私が満足しているかどうかを知らない。私がこのコンサートをエンジョイし、結果に満足していることを彼らに告げれば、すぐにでも次のプロジェクトに向かって動き出してくれることだろう。

SJ　もしアメリカやヨーロッパのシンフォニーと共演することになった場合、今回とまったく同じものをやるつもりですか？

SR　さし当ってマテリアルは同じものでいこうと考えている。ただ今回初めて実際に音を出してみて、いくつか手直ししなければいけない部分があることに気が付いた。それをアメリカに帰ったら、ヘイキとまずやらなければならない。

SJ　ところで今回のコンサートであなたが得たものは何ですか？

SR　とにかくリハーサルの時間が少なかった。たった2日間しかなかったし、それも充分とは言えない時間だった。それにもかかわらずオーケストラのメンバー、スタッフたちが本当に良くやってくれたと思う。演奏することを通して人との和がこれほどまでに強いものであると感じられたことがうれしかった。彼らはグッド・ジョブをしてくれた。

SJ　読売日本交響楽団について感想を聞かせてください。

SR　チーム・ワークの良いホットなオーケストラだ。彼らには日本に来る前にスコアを送っておいたのだが、リハーサルの日にはすべて完璧な演奏ができるようになっていたことに驚かされた。絶対にもう一度共演したいと思うし、その時はもっと発展させた音楽が彼らとなら出来そうだ。彼らとめぐり逢えて幸せだったと考えている。

SJ　最後に、また日本でこうしたコンサートを行ってくれますね？

SR　もちろんだ。チャンスがあればまたやりたい。というのもコンサートを終わったあとの拍手が今も耳に残っているからだ。あのような暖かい拍手が私を勇気づけてくれるのだし、日本のファンの期待にはいつでも応えたいと思っている。

mes

8/23/86

JAZZ REVIEW

SUPERSAX SOARS ON BIRD'S WINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

With Charlie Parker's birthday imminent (he would have been 66 Thursday), this seemed like a fitting time to drop in on Supersax. Organized in 1972, this nine-man band still devotes most of its time to the preservation of Parker's improvised solos, faithfully transcribed off records and translated into harmonic terms for a five-piece saxophone section.

Med Flory, who organized the ensemble and wrote many of the arrangements, plays lead alto sax in this labor of love. He is one of five founder members who were on hand Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill. The others were Jay Migliori on tenor sax, Jack Nimitz on baritone sax, Conte Candoli on trumpet, and Buddy Clark, who co-founded the group and wrote some of the charts, on bass.

Clark, who left the band many years ago, returned Wednesday as part of a reorganized rhythm section, with George Gaffney at the piano, and a drummer who worked for Parker in the early 1950s, Larance Marable.

Flory stuck to tried and true Bird masterworks: "Yardbird Suite," "All the Things You Are," "Chi Chi," and a dazzling revivification of what was perhaps Parker's most unforgettable solo, "Just Friends."

But the dedicated spirit with which these men interpret his creations has long brought a delightful supplement to the pleasure of listening to the bard of bebop himself.

Just to hear the mid-air suspension of that legendary four-bar break leading into the second chorus of "Night in Tunisia" becomes a joy quintuplicated when Supersax plays it.

While nobody outbirds Parker (who ever did?), there were some buoyant post-Bird outings by Lanny Morgan on alto, and by Nimit: and Candoli.

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JAZZ 8/24/86

SUSANNAH McCORKLE HAS HER OWN WAY WITH WORDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Susannah McCorkle has two problems.

When she was earning recognition as a writer—one of her short stories won a college fiction contest held by Mademoiselle magazine; another appeared in an O. Henry collection of prize short stories—her literary agent, hearing about her latest singing engagement, cried out: "Singing? Why are you going off on a tangent?"

On the other hand, when she was busy performing at clubs and concerts but would devote her spare time to a new work of fiction or nonfiction, her musical adviser would comment: "Writing? That's just a schoolgirl hobby—why don't you concentrate on your music?"

Everyone should have such problems.

A tall blonde with a delicate, indefinable speaking voice—her mid-Atlantic accent was acquired during a decade spent in Europe—McCorkle is an intimidatingly bright lady who believes in being a well-rounded individual: "Why shouldn't people develop their minds in various ways?"

Back in the United States for the last eight years, she has six albums to her credit, an encyclopedic knowledge of the world of popular songs (she knows the lyrics and music to 2,000 songs) and a far better than nodding acquaintance with five languages. Tonight, and Tuesday through Thursday, she will sing (mainly in English, one assumes) at the Vine St. Bar & Grill. This is her first Los Angeles appearance.

Born in Berkeley on New Year's Day in a year she won't reveal ("Women can't do that!"), she graduated from UC Berkeley in 1968. "My mother also graduated from Berkeley. My father, who's retired now, was an anthropologist, and we moved around to a lot of college towns. My parents used to speak Spanish to keep secrets from my sisters and me, so I became intrigued by languages from a very early age. We were in Iowa when I was a junior in high school; they had a great language program there and I loved the grammar, the conjugating of verbs—everything about *every* language."

McCorkle was not your everyday college student. She graduated from UCB with a degree in Italian, for somewhat circuitous reasons. "It was expediency, in a way. Before college I had wanted to become a writer, and had some things published, but somehow I felt threatened by the English literature department there, which destroyed any visceral enjoyment of all books for me for several years. In fact, I lost confidence in myself as a writer, and kept dropping out and going to foreign countries—Mexico, and then Europe.

"I loved Europe so much that I found excuses to stay there. I picked up Italian very fast, because I'd learned other Romance languages and studied at the University of Padua. But it was important to my parents for me to graduate, so I went back home and chose the subject I could get through fastest. The Italian department used to call me *la signorina scontenta*, the discontented lady, because I was always complaining about their pedantic teaching."

Nevertheless, studying at Berkeley during the turmoil of the late 1960s was an exciting experience: "This was before drugs and terrorism—just reading and talking, and we really thought we could change the world. We're not on the barricades anymore, but I feel a lot of us have retained our idealistic values."

McCorkle speaks five languages and has an encyclopedic knowledge of popular songs.

□

Because of the attendant frustrations, McCorkle, disenchanted with America, left for Paris and spent a year there. "That's where I discovered Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, on cheap records from a French drug store. I had always been fascinated by my mother's musical comedy records, and I'm still intrigued by the idea of how much information and drama you can put across in a 3-minute song. But I had no desire to become a singer until I heard Billie Holiday. The first time I heard her on a record, it was a revelation. She sounded like a woman singing about herself, instead of someone playing a role in a show. No sentimentality, no theatricality—just feeling. I felt I'd like to take that approach, that directness, and apply it to all kinds of songs."

At first, though, her concept was limited to old Billie Holiday material. Moving from Paris to Rome, she went around to nightclubs looking for a job, but was refused. "I really was laughed out of it; people would say, 'Oh, you're such a well-brought-up young lady. You should have a real job with a car and an office.' So I gave up for a while and went back to writing my short stories." Because of her fluency in Italian, French, German and Spanish, she was also able to work as an interpreter and translator. But an Italian musician friend played Duke Ellington records for her and tried to expand her musical tastes. She sang a few times with small jazz groups, but soon, determined to give music her full attention, she moved to London.

"At that point I only wanted to sing Billie Holiday songs, but several musicians encouraged me to develop my own repertoire and style, saying 'You don't have to be a museum piece. Try to grow. Be creative.' So I stopped doing almost anything Billie Holiday had ever recorded."

It was in London that her own recording career began. With the help of pianist and arranger Keith Ingham she completed albums of the songs of Johnny Mercer, Yip Harburg and Harry Warren. She eked out a living at pubs and clubs—"Just two or three pounds a night, but if I sang every night I could just barely rent a room and buy some '40s clothes. I often got fired because they said I was too sad. They wanted more beery, cheery songs. But I always found another place to go."

Soon she was appearing at concerts and festivals, at Ronnie Scott's in London, or touring with the visiting American cornetist Bobby Hackett.

"By then I'd worked my way up as far as I could in England, and I had come to terms with being an American. So I returned to New York. In fact, I really started loving to be an American, because of the music, which I hadn't really heard fully when I was growing up—this great fusion of European sounds, of white operetta and black blues. It couldn't have happened anywhere else. I became a born-again convert: My religion was jazz and American popular song."

She practices her religion devoutly, touching all vocal bases. She is resourceful enough to turn "There's No Business Like Show Business" from an Ethel Merman outburst into a slow, coaxing ballad. She's witty enough to convey the full hilarious meaning of David Frishberg's "Blizzard of Lies" and adaptable enough to turn from "Poor Butterfly," vintage 1916, to the LeGrand-Bergman "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?" (1982), the title tune of her most recent album (Pausa PR-7195).

Recording through her own production company and releasing on Pausa, she is satisfied with the arrangement. "At least I have artistic control. I don't think there's a chance to get with a really big label, because this is not a vastly commercial kind of music."

True, but with a Susannah McCorkle in charge, it can be vastly satisfying to the discerning ear. □

JAZZ REVIEW

BOB BROOKMEYER AT ALFONSE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The valve trombone has produced barely a handful of specialists, of whom Rob McConnell and Bob Brookmeyer are the only living representatives of major significance.

The horn, though it facilitates long staccato runs where the slide trombonist gains only in the glissando department, has a somewhat somber, gray sound that does not hold up well under conditions of extended improvisation.

A composer and arranger of exceptional talent, Brookmeyer, who played Monday at Alfonse's in Toluca Lake, has always done his best work when squaring off against another horn (he enjoyed long, successful associations with Clark Terry and with Gerry Mulligan) or in a big band setting, as with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra.

In his present context, as the lone horn soloist with only a rhythm section to support him, he is unable to provide ensemble blends, reducing each tune to a predictable formula: theme, trombone solo, piano solo, bass solo, theme.

It took Brookmeyer a whole set to hit his stride. By the final number, his own "Madame X," the group seemed to have jelled and Alan Broadbent, whose piano had shown power and imagination throughout, was spectacular. The bassist, Eric von Essen, though nimble, seemed out of place, or perhaps unfamiliar with some of the material. Mike Stephans contributed the mandatory drum solo in the final number. (Can anyone remember when jazz sets ended without a drum solo?)

AURELIO JOSE BARRERA

Playful, soulful Sarah Vaughan: "Is your wife here tonight?"

JAZZ REVIEW

SARAH VAUGHAN ON THE LOOSE AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

How many singers can attract 35,000 people during two nights at the Hollywood Bowl, then return six weeks later and fill 12,904 seats?

As a replacement for the ailing Ella Fitzgerald on Wednesday evening, Sarah Vaughan showed that her box-office strength matches her vocal power.

Of course, singing an all-Gershwin program with a symphony orchestra, as she did in July, she no doubt drew an audience very different from this crowd, which came to hear her offer pop and jazz standards accompanied only by her rhythm section.

This occasion was as unpredictable as the Gershwin nights were formal. In fact, Vaughan was at her loosest—looser perhaps than she herself realized.

Not that there was any shortage of sublime moments. The Tadd Dameron ballad "If You Could See Me Now," which she first recorded almost 40 years ago, has taken on fresh melodic variations over the years. "Wave," the Antonio Carlos Jobim song that places upon many singers a demand that their range cannot match, was no problem for our grande dame of jazz; she not only hit the low note (an E flat) on the last syllable of "together," but even followed it by dipping down to a D. Later she began taking syllables on unforeseeable roller-coaster rides—up an octave here, down a seventh there—followed by a long series of apparently unplanned additional lyrics.

Looking as good as she obviously felt (she seems to

Please see SARAH, Page 10

9/4/86

MAUPIN-MADE BLUES AT THE CHINA TRADER

Back in the days when coffee cost a dime and the bar on the corner offered a free lunch, a certain part of New York's West 52nd Street was known as Swing Alley.

Now, a similar situation threatens to erupt within a stretch only a few blocks long, in the Toluca Lake segment of Riverside Drive. There, the Money Tree has long been identified with a policy of jazz singers and piano combos. In the last year, Alfonse's has converted to a full-scale jazz policy.

Only a block or two farther west, the China Trader some weeks ago brought back a musical regimen that was a staple in the late 1960s, when Bobby Troup was on hand.

Under the direction of Donna Lee, the former singer, the back room of the Trader now offers, Tuesdays through Saturdays, some of the same brand of jazz fare often heard across the street at Alfonse's (Jack Sheldon, Ross Tompkins, Sandy Graham). Tuesdays are given over to a blues singer named James (Popeye) Maupin.

Cast in the Joe Turner-Joe Williams mold, Maupin is a show-business veteran who mixes up pop standards with some of the blues classics that belong to Kansas City and Chicago history.

His tone well-suited to the blues, Maupin tends to indulge in the sort of sudden croaked notes that Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson does so well. On two or three songs he seemed not to have learned the lyrics, or to have inserted changes that would have been better left unmade.

Reportedly, horn players have been dropping by to sit in with Maupin. This may supply an energy level that was too often missing Tuesday, despite the always inventive Larry Gales, whose bass solos enlivened the proceedings.

—LEONARD FEATHER

SARAH VAUGHAN AT BOWL

Continued from Page 1

have lost around 30 pounds), Vaughan sang "All of Me" rubato, with Frank Collett at the piano, then turned to her bassist, Andy Simpkins, and repeated the words recitative-style, acting out such lines as "take my lips" so realistically that she added an aside: "Is your wife here tonight?"

Good fun is good fun; however, in "My Funny Valentine" she finally went over the edge. The antic sense of humor worked for a while but, given the inherent beauty of the song, eventually it became counterproductive. There was trouble, too, when she tried to start "East of the Sun" backed by Simpkins but had to stop and admit, "I don't know where you are."

Yes, she was in magnificent voice, and yes, she did a couple of shoo-bedoo interludes, and yes, she did wind up with "Send In the Clowns," a song that has a mysterious fascination even if you can't figure out what the heck is the meaning of those lyrics. Because of the kidding around, her show ran 15 minutes overtime, probably worrying nobody but the producer.

The evening had begun with a crystalline series of illustrations by Benny Carter of his undimmed mastery of the alto saxophone. Deviating from his customary repertoire, Carter applied his unique sense of symmetry and tonal luster to "Only Trust Your Heart," a song from one of his lesser-known movie scores, as well as to such exquisite Carter melodies as "Evening Star."

A bonus for veteran Carter watchers aware of his versatility was his trumpet specialty. Weaving his way seamlessly through two choruses of "Body and Soul," he evinced a tone and sense of phrasing just as personal as that of his alto. He was wise in his choice of sidemen; with Gerald Wiggins at the piano, John Heard on bass and Sherman Ferguson on drums, the swinging was easy, clear through to the calypso-like finale "South Side Samba."

The George Shearing Duo has been reviewed here too frequently to call for much additional comment beyond the observation that both Shearing and Don Thompson, his bassist and second pianist, were in peak form. Shearing's Tatum-like "Yesterdays," the funky gospelization of Irving Berlin's "What'll I Do" and the superhuman celerity of Thompson's bass solo on the old be-bop tune "Crazeology" were special gemstones in this necklace of sound.

033

8/31/86

JAZZ

AN ERA OF PICKINESS: A GUITAR LP SAMPLER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Clouded Crystal Ball Dept.: In the original 1959 liner notes for the Kenny Burrell reissue reviewed below, the writer bemoans the declining use of the guitar. Perhaps he was on target for that era, but today this is the most played, most purchased of all musical instruments, and any bunch of jazz records received for review will illustrate the wide range of uses made of the guitar in every area of jazz, as the following examples make clear:

"THE LIVING ROOM TAPES." Lenny Breau & Brad Terry. Living Room Records, Box 23251, Austin, Tex. 78735. The mystery of who killed Lenny Breau remains unsolved (he was found two years ago in a Hollywood swimming pool in what was ruled an apparent homicide), but the legacy of his work is revived in this collection of tapes made at the farmhouse home of a clarinetist friend.

Breau was a maverick, an *eminence grise* who developed a technique strictly his own, with overtones of country & Western in his blues (listen to "The Claw"). These tapes are casual, even sloppy, made for the musicians' own pleasure, and Terry's clarinet is merely pleasant, yet the album is a valuable relic of a career cut short when Breau was 43. 4 stars.

□

"THE TOUCH." Jimmy Stewart. Black Hawk 50301-1. No two cuts have the same instrumentation or musical direction. Stewart, a studio guitarist and teacher, covers enough territory to give us, in effect, impressions of Jim Hall, Jimmy Raney, Earl Klugh, et al. A chief aide is David Benoit, whose synthesizer sounds like a church organ on "Dreams." "Jim's Tune," the one unhyphenated jazz track, has Don Menza's tenor sax in a Stan Getz bag. Stewart is a capable all-around plectrist. 3 stars.

□

"STOMP JUMPER." Ron Eschete. Bainbridge 6264. A guitarist from Louisiana via Orange County, Eschete offers a potpourri of sounds, some pleasantly low-key, others offering a touch of Bo Diddley, a shuffle blues, a quasi-samba. David Benoit is on hand again here. One good acoustic-guitar ballad, "The Trouble With Hello is Goodbye." 3 stars.

□

"ON VIEW AT THE FIVE SPOT CAFE." Kenny Burrell/Art Blakey. Blue Note 84021. Burrell swung as unyieldingly 27 years ago as today. This New York tape from a long-gone club brings long workouts on "Birks' Works," "Hallelujah," "Lady Be Good" and "Lover Man" and, finally, a short, biti[ng] blues called "36-23-36" that down home, down South, just plai[n] down. Backing the guitarist are Blakey, who solos at length on one cut; an adequate tenor sax man named Tina Brooks, Ben Tucker on bass and Bobby Timmons alternating with Roland Hanna at the out-of-tune piano. 3½ stars.

□

"BYRD & BRASS." Charlie Byrd & The Annapolis Brass Quintet. Concord Jazz 304. A fine musician with impeccable credits, Byrd never was the world's swingingest. Here, his acoustic guitar is teamed with a brass unit that normally plays chamber music. The unamplified Byrd sounds too often are lifeless, despite valiant attempts to enliven things via the arrangers (mainly Tommy Newsom, whose reworking of "Frankie and Johnny" as "Franz und Johann" in jazz waltz guise is good fun). 2½ stars.

□

"MUSIC OF BILL EVANS." Kronos Quartet. Landmark 1510. The guitarist Jim Hall is one reason for the fortunate outcome of this follow-up to the string quartet's unique album of Thelonious Monk tunes. Hall is heard on "Walking Up," "Turn Out the Stars" (partially a guitar improvisation) and Evans' rhythmically convoluted "Five."

Other reasons why the concept works: Tom Darters' intelligent scoring of Evans' enlightened compositions; lead violinist David Harrington's interpretation of several Evans piano solos and, by no means least, the presence on "Waltz for Debby," "Very Early" and "Nardis" of the phenomenal bassist Eddie Gomez, who spent 11 years with the Evans trio.

Orrin Keepnews, whose company this is and who wrote the informative notes, can take pride in another flawless production. 5 stars.

□

"LONG LIVE THE CHIEF." Count Basie Orchestra. Denon 33CY1018. The guitar is heard only subliminally here, but what would the Basie band be without Freddie Green?

This is the orchestra's first full album since Basie's death in 1984. Recorded June 24 of this year, it has two advantages: digital sound, which brings the band to you as nearly live as is possible in a normal-sized living room, and the fact that, being on a compact disc, it contains 13 tunes and more than 63½ minutes of age-proof music.

Eight of the numbers are new ("Bus Dust" by the drummer Dennis Mackrel, "Hey I See You Over There" by the trombonist Dennis Wilson), or old but unfamiliar ("4-5-6" and "Misunderstood Blues" by the band's present leader, Frank Foster).

The writing, consistently skillful, leaves space for just about everyone to solo, from the pianist Tee Carson to the tenor saxes of Foster, Kenny Hing and Eric Dixon. Lynn Seaton, on bass, does a one-upmanship job on Slam Stewart by scatting instead of humming along with his solo in "Good Time Blues."

The brass shouts collectively and individually; note particularly the trumpet solos by Melton Mustafa and Bob Ojeda. Danny House, 25, one of the youngest members, sounds astonishingly mature in an alto sax blues solo.

Carmen Bradford, the Basie vocalist, finally gets to be heard on record. "Foggy Day" is a throw-away, but she digs deep into her Bessie-Aretha-Dinah soul for "Dr. Feelgood."

It's rewarding to deduce that even posthumously, William Basie represents the ultimate in healthily swinging big-band jazz. 4½ stars, and hail and farewell to the Chief.

□

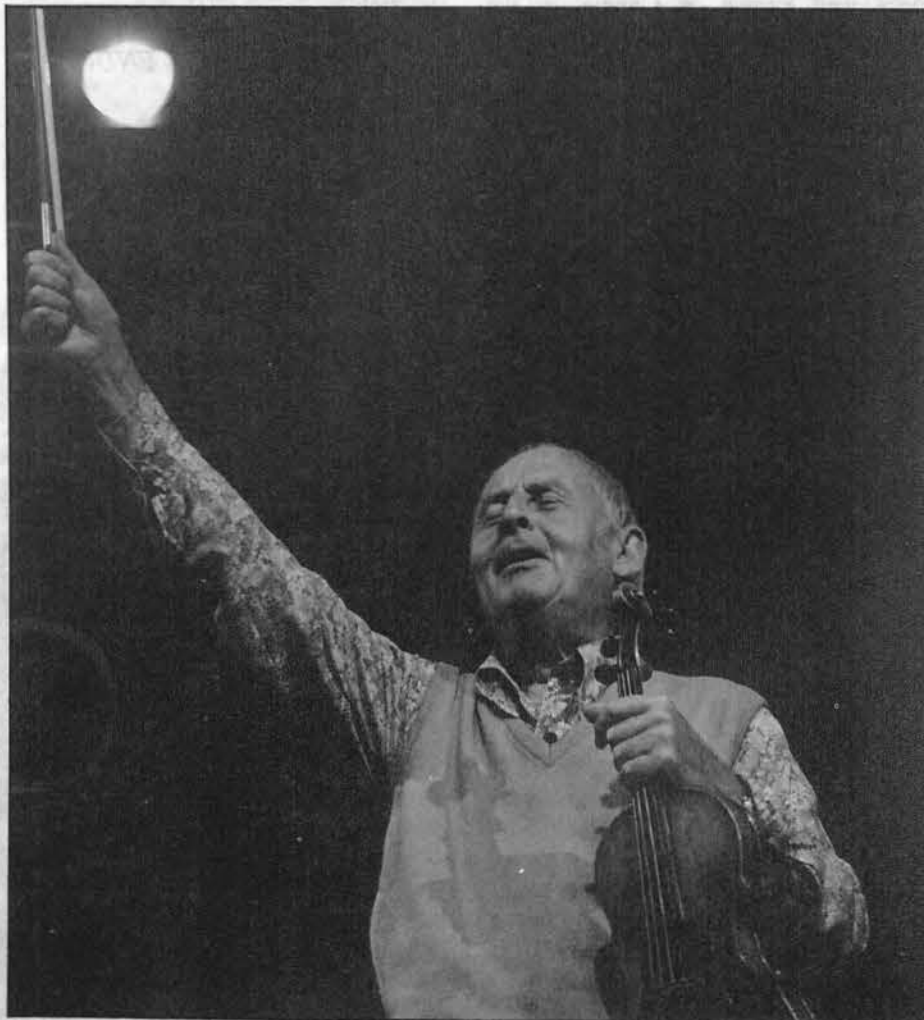
"VELVET SOUL." Carmen McRae. Denon 33C38-7970. This CD offers 72 minutes of music, 19 songs and McRae at her endearing best in some 1972-73 sessions. Her supporting cast, incompletely listed, includes Joe Pass or Bucky Pizzarelli on guitar, Zoot Sims on tenor (in John Green's memorable "You're Mine, You"), Ray Brown on bass and, on some tunes, horn and string sections. The repertoire is a marvelous patchwork, from Gershwin and Sammy Cahn to two each by Sacha Distel, Blossom Dearie and Stevie Wonder. Pre-digital sound and uneven backing notwithstanding, 4½ stars for a set that belongs in every jazz collection worth the name. □

AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

Nat Adderley was reported in a serious condition at Howard University Hospital in Washington, D.C. after undergoing triple bypass heart surgery. Also on the sick list is **Jimmy Heath**, who reportedly suffered a heart attack after flying to Holland for the **North Sea Jazz Festival.**

The summer jazz season is now in full swing, with many events lined up in or near California. A new venture is the **Pacific Coast Jazz Festival,** an eight-hour marathon that will take place Sunday, August 31, at the Holiday Inn in Irvine, an hour's drive south of Los Angeles. This will be an all-acoustic festival, which producer **Fred Norsworthy** says will include no electronic music or fusion jazz.

Bob Brookmeyer will make a West Coast appearance with an all-star rhythm section: **Victor Feldman, Bob Magnusson** and **Tootie Heath. Dizzy Reece,** who has never appeared on the West Coast at all, will make his debut appearing in the **Walter Bishop Quintet** with **Harold Vick** and the **Robert Conti All Stars.** The **Gerald Wilson** big band will make a rare appearance. The alto saxophonists **Frank Morgan** and **Charles McPherson** will team up for a quintet set. Also featured will be the **Claude Williamson Trio, Shorty Rogers' Giants** featuring **Bill Perkins, Pete Jolly, Monty Budwig** and **Sherman Ferguson;** the **Pepper Adams Quintet** with **Jack Sheldon;** and an excellent new group led by the valve trombonist **Mike Fahn,** with **Bob Sheppard** on saxes, **Tad Weed** on piano, **Peter Donald** on drums and the amazing **John Patitucci** on bass.



DAVID REDFERN

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI *to be seen in the 29th annual Monterey Jazz Festival..*

During the same weekend, August 29 - Sept. 1, the third annual **Los Angeles Classic Jazz Festival** will be presented at the Los Angeles Airport **Mariott Hotel.** The first day's attractions will include **Conrad Janis** and the **Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band; Joe Liggins** and the **Honeydrippers; Wild Bill Davison** and **Maxine Sullivan.** Subsequent shows will present the **Sons of Bix** from Denver, **Pete Fountain, Turk Murphy,** and traditionalist bands from San Francisco, Washington, Argentina, and East Germany.

Still another overlapping event will be the 24th annual jazz party staged by **Dick Gibson,** at the **Fairmont Hotel** in Denver, August 30 - September 1. Gibson is flying in trombonist **George Chisholm** from England and drummer **Ed Thigpen** from Copenhagen. Among the 58 other musicians scheduled are many of the old regulars and an occasional newcomer. For example, **Georgie Auld** will join a list of tenor saxophonists that includes **Flip Phillips, Al Cohn, Buddy Tate, Scott Hamilton, Spike Robinson, Plas Johnson, Bob Cooper** and **Pete Christlieb.** New to the party will be the baritone saxophonists **Haywood Henry** and **Nick Brignola,** also singer **Ernie Andrews.**

The 29th annual **Monterey Jazz Festival** will take place September 19th - 21st. **Stephane Grappelli, Joe Kennedy** and **Claude Williams** will take part in a violin summit. There will be two groups from Japan: **Time Five,** the vocal quintet, and the **Keio University Band.**

Jiggs Whigham, the expatriate trombonist, will be flying over from Germany for his Monterey debut. **Bruce Forman** will appear in a quartet with **George Cables.** Among the singers will be **Linda Hopkins, Rare Silk, Sue Raney, Etta James** and **Dianne Reeves.** Other Monterey participants will be the **Benny Golson/Art Farmer Jazztet, Bill Berry, Richie Cole,**

Continued on next page

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AMERICAN NEWS *Continued*

Charles McPherson, Red Holloway, Frank Morgan, John Lee Hooker, Tito Puente, the big bands of **Bob Florence** and **Frank Capp/Nat Pierce,** and a house rhythm section comprisi ng **Hank Jones, Monty Budwig, Vince Lateano** and the festival's musical director **Mundell Lowe.** Lowe will also appear with his own quartet featuring **George Gaffney, Andy Simpkins** and **Paul Humphrey.**

A single day marathon concert will be the fifth annual get-together known as **Jazz on the Rocks** in Sedona, Arizona on September 27 from 9.30 am to sunset. The outdoor event will present **Louie Bellson, Billy Eckstine, Ira Sullivan, Doug McLeod and his Blues Band** and **Dianne Reeves.**

The **Count Basie Orchestra** recently recorded a compact disc album for Denon. Although it had previously cut two tracks with **Manhattan Transfer** and an LP with **Caterina Valente,** this will be the band's first primarily instrumental album since Basie's death, also the first under the direction of **Frank Foster.** There are two tracks featuring **Carmen Bradford,** who has been the band's singer for the past couple of years, but the rest of the material includes new versions of *April in Paris, Shiny Stockings, Corner Pocket* and two lesser known Frank Foster pieces, *4 - 5 - 6* and *Misunderstood Blues.* Foster has committed himself to doing considerably more writing and playing than the late **Thad Jones** did as the band's previous leader.

Guitarist **Grant Geissman,** well known for his work with **Chuck Mangione, Full Swing** and others, has recorded a new album for TBA records, with **Pat Coil** on keyboards, **Gordon Goodwin** on saxophones, **Jimmy Johnson** on bass, **Greg Bissonette** on drums and others.

Horace Tapscott, acclaimed by music critics as one of the most vital grassroots forces in American music, conducted a tribute to the late **Eric Dolphy** at the **Watts Tower Music Festival** in Los Angeles.

Tapscott's personnel included drummers **Sunship Theus, Donald Dean, Fritz Wise;** saxophonists **Charles Owens, Dadesi Wells, Jesse Sharps, Fuasi Roberts** and **Kafi Roberts;** pianist **Nate Morgan;** bass players **Roberto Miranda, David Bryant** and **Jeffrey Littleton; Oscar Brashear** on trumpet, and trombonist **George Bohanon.**

The Arkestra's repertoire included *Les,* composed by **Dolphy** for **Lester Robertson,** and a **Roy Porter** composition, *Jessica,* performed by Dolphy when he was with the **Roy Porter Big Band** in the 40s.

Ella Fitzgerald is recovering at **Memorial Medical Hospital Center** in Niagra falls, New York, after suffering what doctors describe as congestive heart failure. Her condition is causing more of a delay than was expected in the resumption of her work. She has canceled all bookings until further notice, including a late August concert at the **Hollywood Bowl,** for which she was replaced by **Sarah Vaughan.**

Meanwhile Ella's drummer for the past year, **Gregg Field,** who originally came to prominence in the **Count Basie Orchestra,** organized his own big band for two gigs at **Tracy's Dinner House** in Sherman Oaks. This is the restaurant that was once well known as **Carmelo's,** the jazz club, and later as the **Flamingo.**

Field's personnel included several other past or present Basie musicians: **Snooky Young** on trumpet, **Bob Summers** on flugelhorn, **John Clayton** on bass (he also contributed some of the arrangements), and the Basie band's present lead alto saxophonist, **Danny House** (Basie's men are presently on vacation). Others in the band were **Bob Cooper** and **Terry Harrington** on tenors, **Buddy Childers** on trumpet, and **Bill Tole** on trombone.

Mark Isham, the **Windham Hill** recording artist and multi-instrumentalist (synthesizers, trumpet) is returning briefly to his jazz roots. Isham, who composed the score for the recent film *Trouble in Mind,* has organized a quartet for a concert tour in mid-August.

Milcho Leviev is organizing an all star group for two concerts at the **Los Angeles Theatre Center.** The members will include **Oscar Brashear, George Bohanon, Mundell Lowe, Andy Simpkins, Paul Humphrey,** and the **L.A. Jazz Choir** under the direction of **Gerald Eskelin.** Entitled *Milcho in Blue,* the concerts will feature the keyboard artist in several new compositions. He is also making local appearances with **Frank Morgan, Bob Cooper,** and the **Gerald Wilson Orchestra.**

Chuck Mangione and his brother, the pianist **Gap Mangione,** will celebrate the 26th anniversary of their first recordings, **The Jazz Brothers,** by launching a five week tour that will reunite three members of Chuck's original group: the brothers and tenor saxophonist **Sal Nistico.** (Actually their first session was made August 8th, 1960.) The tour starts in mid-August in New York and ends September 21st at **Concerts by the Sea** in Redondo Beach. Completing the group will be the bassist **Gordon Johnson,** from Chuck's current touring group, and the New York drummer **Adam Mussbaum,** who has been working with **Gil Evans.** They will play acoustic hard bop in the style of the original combo.

Henry Butler, the blind pianist from New Orleans whose first album has just been released on Impulse, is lining up nightclub and concert dates. Working regularly with him are **Charlie Haden** and **Billy Higgins.** In addition, some tracks on the album feature **Freddie Hubbard, Azar Lawrence, Steve Kujala** on flute, **Jeff Clayton** on oboe, and a string quartet.

THE SONG HAS ENDED

Joseph Vankert *(Joe)* Thomas, the tenor saxophonist of **Lunceford** fame, died August 3 at his home in Kansas City. He had been in frail health for some months. Last April, after coming out of the hospital, he was given the first **Award of Distinction** to be offerd by the **Kansas City Jazz Commission.**

Born in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, Thomas worked with **Horace Henderson** and **Stuff Smith** before joining the **Jimmie Lunceford** orchestra in 1933. He was a key soloist and occasional singer in the band until Lunceford's death in 1947, after which he and the pianist **Eddie Wilcox** took over leadership of the orchesra for a while.

Thomas lived for many years in Columbus, Ohio, before moving in 1952 to Kansas City, where he enjoyed financial security as director of a funeral parlour. He continued to play occasionally, recording an album with **Jay McShann** and recently completing an LP entitled *Pretty Eyes,* not yet released. He also appeared in the 1940s on a **Barney Bigard** record session teamed with the other, unrelated **Joe Thomas,** who played trumpet.

035

REMEMBERING TEDDY WILSON

by LEONARD FEATHER

Teddy Wilson's life ended, chronologically, on July 31 when, at the age of 73, he died of cancer in New Britain, Connecticut. But his life as a vital force in music had ended many years earlier. A few years of achievements, triumphs and awards were followed by decades of relative oblivion.

Teddy Wilson made history twice. He was almost beyond question the most influential pianist of the middle and late 1930s, following **Earl Hines** (who had been a primary influence on him). Second and no less significantly, he was the first black musician to appear regularly in public as part of a world-renowned jazz group, both of whose other members are now gone: **Gene Krupa** died in 1973 and **Benny Goodman** only six weeks before Teddy.

Although he first gained a measure of recognition as the pianist with **Louis Armstrong** on a few records in 1931-3, it was through **Benny Carter** that he earned true acceptance as an original and compelling new artist whose neat, sedate, symmetrical lines, often in single note runs, established a style that would influence pianists everywhere. With Carter, too, he made a few small group records, specially for the European market (produced by **John Hammond**, one of Teddy's earliest admirers).

After an interim period in a variety of jobs, he teamed up with Benny Goodman as the result of a chance encounter at the home of **Red Norvo** and **Mildred Bailey. Helen Oakley** (now Helen Oakley Dance), a young and adventurous jazz student, arranged to bring Benny and Teddy together for a concert she organized in January of 1936 at the **Congress Hotel** in Chicago. **The Goodman Trio** (first recorded in July 1953) became an official public entity less than three months later, in April 1936.

The events that followed Wilson's four years with Goodman were notable more for their artistic accomplishments than for commercial success, which continued to elude him. The big band he organized after leaving Benny was simply one of the best I ever heard; moreover, it offered Teddy a chance to display his considerable talent as an arranger. When I heard the band at the **Golden Gate Ballroom** in Harlem, early in 1940, he had **Buster Harding** as second pianist and assistant arranger, **Ben Webster** on tenor, **Doc Cheatham** on trumpet, and a superb rhythm section with **Al Casey, Al Hall** and **J.C.Heard.** But Teddy's somewhat introvert personality did not equip him for the role of bandleader, and soon afterward this wonderful orchestra, which never had a chance to stretch out representatively on the few 78s it made, was forced to break up.

Teddy at least had a reasonable measure of security for the balance of the decade. From 1940-44 he worked mainly at Café Society downtown or uptown, leading a sextet that included, at one time or another, **Bill Coleman, Benny Morton** and **Jimmy Hamilton.**

After the break-up of the sextet, his career seemed to have no special direction. There were numerous reunions with Goodman, three years on staff at a New York radio station, seven years as a part-time teacher at **Juilliard School of Music in New York,** and, starting in the early 1950s, fequent appearances in Europe. For the most part, during the last 35 years of his life, he worked mainly with a bass player and drummer.

The achievement for which he is most likely to be remembered is the unique series of **Brunswick** recording sessions with various ad hoc groups, usually from seven to nine pieces strong. The sidemen for these 1935-9 dates were drawn from all the leading swing bands of the day: at one time or another, **Roy Eldridge, Harry James, Buck Clayton, Jonah Jones, Bobby Hackett** or **Cootie Williams** would be the trumpeter. Others who worked as Teddy's sidemen on these unforgettable occasions were **Benny Goodman, Johnny Hodges, Lester Young, Gene Krupa, Jo Jones, Benny Carter,** and **Pee Wee Russell.** On most of the dates, there were vocals by **Billie Holiday.**

Teddy made innumerable recordings after that Brunswick series, but none quite measured up to the collective level of acheivement attained on those classical sessions.

During the past 15 years I had seen Teddy only occasionally, most often at **Dick Gibson's** annual jazz party in Colorado. He had become a close friend of Gibson. By now it was clear that his days of glory had ended. His private life had been something of a shambles; there were five marriages and severe alimony problems. Teddy's playing sometimes sounded as if he had been reduced to giving an imitation of his early self, yet occasionally there would be flashes of the indiviual genius that had established him, a half century ago, as one of a handful of giants in his field.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES 9/7/86

JAZZ

MUSICIANS ARE THE LIFE OF THE GIBSONS' PARTY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Trombonist George Chisholm, Maddie Gibson, sax player Buddy Tate, Dick Gibson at Gibsons' 24th annual jazz party in Denver.

Associated Press

DENVER—In the summer of 1963, Dick and Maddie Gibson decided that Denver was a fine place to live except for one problem: They were starved for jazz. Gibson, a 38-year-old ex-Marine from Mobile, Ala., had been working here for three years as an investment banker. Many of the Gibsons' new friends, they soon learned, felt similarly deprived.

They rented a hotel room in Aspen, Colo., hired 10 of their favorite jazzmen and treated Denver's hip elite, at $50 a person, to a solid weekend of improvised sounds. It worked so well, with 212 aficionados on hand, that the Gibsons decided to make it an annual affair. The jazz party was born, with results beyond its parents' wildest dreams.

Last weekend, the 24th annual Gibson bash—held, as always, during the Labor Day holiday—illustrated the growth of his modest concept. Instead of 10 musicians there were 63, some arriving from England and Denmark. The guests (no longer just Coloradans, they fly in from a dozen countries) numbered about 600, the maximum allowed, each paying $210 for the privilege of hearing 30 hours of music over 56 hours.

What Gibson has spawned is a sort of cottage industry. Today, there are at least 47 jazz parties all over the country, as well as ones in Holland and Jamaica. Gibson hires the musicians for 14 of them, and most of the others employ what he likes to refer to as "our musicians." His 1963 brainstorm has generated millions of dollars for the performers and has created for them an ambiance unlike any to be found at the more formalized theatrical concerts or festivals.

After a roller-coaster life as a businessman, Gibson devotes his time almost exclusively to jazz. He and Maddie stage half a dozen jazz concerts a year at the local Paramount Theater. They are major shareholders in radio station KADX, which they and 16 other partners took over in 1984 and converted to an all-jazz policy.

Gibson's party formula allows great latitude to his charges, most of whom he now knows as personal friends rather than employees. They arrive not knowing the full cast details, or whom they will be playing with during which sets. Although Gibson runs a very tight ship, juggling his people around like a master puppeteer, once on the bandstand in the Grand Ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel (where the last five annual parties have been), they are essentially on their own, at least in terms of what to play. Though given a schedule showing who will be the featured soloists, they use no arrangements and, with rare exception, no music stands; Gibson's idea of jazz is the kind that comes straight from the heart, not from manuscript paper.

This is, however, no nostalgia trip. "Most of our men," he said, "are eclectics who, in the spirit of the party's great fluidity, will fit into a traditional or swing or bebop setting." Typical among the world-class names this year are trumpeters Sweets Edison, Joe Newman, Bill Berry, Snooky Young; trombonists Al Grey, Benny Powell, Urbie Green; saxophonists Georgie Auld, Flip Phillips, Benny Carter, Marshal Royal, Pete Christlieb, Phil Woods; clarinetists Peanuts Hucko and Dick Johnson (leader of the Artie Shaw band); pianists Roger Kellaway, Ross Tompkins, Jay McShann; bassists Bob Haggart, Ray Brown, Milt Hinton; drummers Ed Thigpen, Butch Miles, Gus Johnson, and guitarists Bucky Pizzarelli and his son John.

Of the 63 players, 10 were first-timers. Two—pianist Ralph Sutton and bassist Major Holley—took part in the first jam in 1963. To a growing degree, the party is a family reunion. You see it in the bear hugs exchanged by New York and Los Angeles musicians ("Long time, no see"), the socializing among musicians' wives (this year, no less than 45 jazzmen brought their wives along), the taking and showing of photographs. Gibson encourages the feeling with unbusinesslike gestures: typically, his personal guests this year included Louise Sims, whose late husband Zoot was a party regular, and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, who has been battling cancer and was under doctor's orders not to play. In the weekend's most poignant moment, Davis borrowed a horn and played with amazing vigor on the final number of the closing session Monday evening. He received an overwhelming ovation.

□

As always, the weekend was interspersed with standing ovations, most of them justified. Gene Harris, who lives in Boise, Ida., played blues piano as if he had just arrived from New Orleans. Joe Pass and Herb Ellis, reunited for the first time in a decade, turned their guitar virtuosity into a rare display of empathy and inspiration. Trombonists Urbie Green and Bill

JAZZ REVIEWS 9/15

JIMMY WITHERSPOON DISHES UP BLUES

The everlasting blues drifted into town on Friday and landed at Marla's Memory Lane in the person of Jimmy Witherspoon. One could not have hoped for a more eloquent messenger of the blues muse.

Except for his opening ballad, "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?" Witherspoon simply delivered every blues variation known to humankind. His demeanor variously saturnine and mischievous, Witherspoon can bring fresh conviction to hoary verses. You hear in his gutty timbre all the dues accumulated from his birth 63 years ago in Arkansas, through the hard times, the good years with Jay McShann and Count Basie, and the trauma of throat cancer that almost killed him six years ago.

Remarkably, the illness served only to expand his range; several songs Friday ended on a powerfully held low note. The blues are not merely second nature to him, they are the breath of life.

Still, no Witherspoon performance can be accused of perfunctoriness. His every gesture was meaningful; at one point he simply pursed his lips for eight bars, as if about to start singing, then burst into "Cherry Red" as organist Roy Alexander energized the groove.

Guitarist Gene Edwards and drummer Maurice Simon Jr. completed the backup trio.

—LEONARD FEATHER

HOME TECH

9/16

Continued from Page 1

the violinist seems content to let the music unfold without the aid of significant artistic insights. ✓✓½

—MARC SHULGOLD

"Bill Henderson Sings (Best of)." Suite Beat. AAD. The distinctive, uncompromising jazz voice of Henderson (now better known as a TV and movie actor) is well served by these 14 cuts in which he deals sensitively with Carmichael, Arlen, Loesser, Rodgers & Hart, Kern and others. Recorded between 1958 and 1961 for the long-defunct Vee Jay label, he is in pristine form, with the backing of groups led by Ramsey Lewis, Jimmy Jones or Tommy Flanagan; a few cuts have large orchestras. There are slight slips of intonation, but the personal vibrato and keen sense of phrasing are compensation enough. ✓✓✓

—LEONARD FEATHER

Watrous interacted subtly on "When Your Lover Has Gone." George Chisholm, the English trombonist, told an off-color joke but followed with a superb solo on "Just Friends."

Every year there is a surprise, perhaps an unannounced singer (Joe Williams, Sarah Vaughan) or even an entire band. Because he had booked drummer Frank Capp, pianist Nat Pierce and most of the members of Juggernaut, the band they co-lead, a few ringers were added and Juggernaut played a blustering Basie-inspired set (plus an Ellington medley by their singer Ernie Andrews) that had the room in an uproar.

□

The man behind all this looks less like a jazz promoter than a former football star, which he is. Gibson joined the Marines at 17, was seriously injured in the South Pacific and spent nine months in a hospital. "When I got out, they discharged me to die—I was down to 127 pounds. But I refused to die, got back up to 175, and went to the University of Alabama on a football scholarship."

The years have brought him up to 249 pounds; at 6-feet-1½, he is still an imposing figure.

Looking back over the party years, he takes special pride in having brought out of retirement such veterans as the late Joe Venuti, whose violin graced many of the parties held in Colorado Springs during the 1970s; vibraphonist Red Norvo and singer Maxine Sullivan.

"Of all the magic moments the parties have produced," he said, "the one that stands out in my mind is Eubie Blake's appearance with trumpeter Jon Faddis in 1976. Eubie was 93, and John had been born when Eubie was 70. The duet they played of Eubie's song 'Memories Of You' was spellbinding."

Ironically, although the occasion was preserved on film, the feature-length documentary shot during that party has never been released to the public, not even in the form of videos. "It won an award at the Canadian Film Festival," Gibson said, "and we heard that it had more screenings than any other film at a festival in London. In spite of which, we don't have a sale, and the negative is still in a vault. A very frustrating experience."

The pre-eminent ingredient at the jazz parties is talent, often bordering on genius. As Gibson points out, such commodities are in increasingly short supply; consequently, the average age of the players has risen. "Our musicians are not just excellent performers; they are great individualists, and unfortunately a large percentage of them have died off. We've lost not only men like my close friend Teddy Wilson, the great saxophonist Budd Johnson, the trombonists Trummy Young and Vic Dickenson, but also the world that produced them.

□

Nevertheless, there are encouraging signs, youthful performers who refuse to be branded with the cliches of the moment. Typically, at this year's party, bassist John Clayton, who has played in the Count Basie band and for five years with the Amsterdam Symphony, offered an astonishing display of virtuosity. The tenor sax of Scott Hamilton, the sensitive drumming of Jeff Hamilton (no relation), the guitar of the younger Pizzarelli in duets with his father, all revealed last weekend that jazzmen in their 20s or early 30s can absorb the roots and expand on the traditions of the music.

The trouble is that such men are exceptions here. Sunday, when Scott Hamilton blended with three other tenor saxes for a few tunes, the others—Al Cohn, Buddy Tate and Bob Cooper—were all old enough to be his father.

Though Dick Gibson is not a deliberately nonprofit person, much of what he has done over the last 23 years has had little to do with the way most businessmen work. He has been rich and he has been poor; he does not expect jazz to make him a millionaire, but he knows it has enriched his life in many special ways. Impresario types, not only in jazz but in all the arts, could learn from many aspects of his *modus operandi*. □

9/15

BENNIE WALLACE

Tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace has finally made his Los Angeles debut. It is ironic that after a triumphant tour of Japan and before a full week's booking in Seattle, Wallace only had a single night here, Friday at the Palace.

A thin line separates the eclectic from the erratic. Wallace straddled the line. Ferocious intensity alternates with long, complex ideas that leap all over the horn. Yet he's flexible both in tone and mood, as he showed in the schmaltzy 1944 tune "Twilight Time."

Wallace is given to long, unaccompanied outbursts. His cohorts—Mitch Watkins on guitar, Jay Anderson on bass and Jeff Hirshfield on drums—opted for volume and vigor. Watkins used a pedal and a guitar synthesizer for effects that occasionally threatened to cross the threshold of pain.

Except for "Brilliant Corners," which captured the quixotic essence of Thelonious Monk's tune, the quartet's repertoire was composed of Wallace originals: a fast blues, a variation on the chords of "Stella by Starlight" and "St. Expedito," a humorous set of solos built on two chords.

Whether his mood is lush and lyrical or implacably extrovert, Wallace is his own man. He has been compared to every saxophonist from Coleman Hawkins to Eric Dolphy, but has distilled out of these influences a personality that is quite distinct. —L.F.

8 Part VI/Thursday, September 11, 1986

STAGES FREE CONCERT

ACADEMY JAZZES UP MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The National Academy of Jazz, now 18 months old, staged a membership drive in the form of a free concert Tuesday in the main hall of the Musician's Union, Local 47, on Vine Street.

The well-attended evening began with a group that included academy vice president Frank Capp on drums, along with several other musicians who have been active in the academy: Terry Gibbs on vibraphone, Plas Johnson on tenor sax, Mundell Lowe on guitar and saxophonist Red Holloway singing the blues with surprising conviction.

Because of the hall's notoriously poor sound system, singer Sue Raney wisely brought her own microphone. Her set, accompanied by Bob Florence at the piano, led to an engaging climax with a new song they recently co-composed, "Flight of Fancy," with Raney ending on one of her typically pure high notes.

Not too much happened afterward until Ann Patterson took to the stage. That her alto sax solo earned a standing ovation was perhaps not remarkable, except that she accomplished this by playing a ballad, "Polka Dots and Moonbeams." Her appearance brought to a spectacular close an evening that increased the academy membership from 350 to 425.

According to academy president, television producer Jim Washburn, much of the academy's effort so far has been spent on setting up its status as a tax-exempt nonprofit corporation. That accomplished, the academy will now attempt to bolster its bankroll by soliciting new members nationally and abroad and by seeking grants and subsidies that the organization hopes will lead to a TV special comparable to the Kennedy Awards. Washburn remarked when the soiree came to a close: "We've only just begun to fight."

JAZZ 9/14/86

LIONEL REMEMBERS BENNY

By LEONARD FEATHER

These are not the best of times, in terms of survival, for the jazz community. This year has seen the loss of more valuable contributors than we are accustomed to expect. Most notably the passing of Benny Goodman and, only weeks later, Teddy Wilson, left Lionel Hampton as the sole survivor of the historic Benny Goodman Quartet. Gene Krupa died in 1973.

During a recent West Coast visit to play Disneyland with his orchestra, Hampton reminisced with sorrow and affection about Goodman. Not every musician who worked with the catalytic clarinetist found him easy to work with or even to talk about, but Hampton could find nothing negative to say about their relationship.

"I got along with Benny," he said. "I never gave him any trouble and he never gave me any trouble. I was always in there trying to do my best, and that was what Benny needed; he just wanted everyone to put in the same effort he did, all the time. If you let down for even a moment, he could sense it.

"I'm going to speak to (New York) Mayor (Ed) Koch about putting a statue of Benny right in Times Square. There should be memorials held for him wherever they can be staged, not only for his musicianship, but because he changed the whole system around. His social approach to the racial problem in the United States was a total first. When he hired Teddy Wilson and then me, America was very segregated. Blacks and whites had very little contact, social or civic. Everyone stayed in their own part of town. There was no integration in baseball, football—or in movies, where if you got a part it was usually a maid or a butler.

"The Benny Goodman Quartet made it possible for Jackie Robinson to get into major league baseball. This was such an important development that we just can't fluff it off or forget about it."

Though Hampton's sincerity is beyond question, there are those who have other views. Because of the pervasive racism among certain white musicians in the 1930s, Goodman at first was concerned about using blacks even on records, feeling it might antagonize his studio colleagues. Moreover, it was at John Hammond's urging that he heard and hired Wilson and Hampton. Nevertheless, whether for crusading reasons or simply because he admired their music, he did take those steps at a time when it seemed hazardous.

The route that led to an initial Hampton-Goodman meeting was circuitous. Moreover, it was more chance than design that led to his acquiring a reputation as a vibraphonist when that instrument was virtually unknown in jazz.

□

Born in Louisville, Ky., but reared in Chicago from the age of 7, Hampton studied drums and xylophone, playing drums in the Chicago Defender Newsboys' Band.

PETER BRUNNER

Lionel Hampton, sole survivor of the Benny Goodman Quartet.

"I went to California with my aunt," he recalled, "and after a while I landed a job as drummer with the house band at Frank Sebastian's Cotton Club in Culver City. After Les Hite had taken over as leader, the club brought out Louis Armstrong as their star attraction, and Louis confronted the Hite orchestra."

It was at an Armstrong record session with the Hite musicians that Satchmo noticed a vibraphone in a corner of the studio. "What's that instrument over there?" he asked Hampton. "Can you play anything on it?"

"I told him, 'Sure,' and I played one of Louis' own solos, note for note. Well, that really knocked him out, so he asked me to play an introduction on a new Eubie Blake tune he was planning to use that day."

The song was "Memories of You" and the vibes intro became a wellspring observed by fans and musicians from California to Copenhagen.

Hampton's reputation grew. He took part in a few movies with Hite, worked in a white studio band led by Nat Shilkret, and studied music at USC. He was seen as the masked drummer, in a scene with Louis Armstrong in the Bing Crosby feature "Pennies From Heaven."

By 1936 he was leading his own eight-piece band at the Paradise Club, Sixth and Main, in Los Angeles. By now he owned his own vibraphone, a gift from a wealthy uncle who had been the leading bootlegger in Chicago's South Side and also Bessie Smith's manager.

□

One night John Hammond dropped by to check out the band. Impressed, he returned soon after with Benny Goodman in tow.

"Benny sat in and we had a fantastic jam session," says Hampton. "As a result of this, the place began to be very popular. The manager gave me a raise—I think I'd been getting around $50 a week—and the club began charging a dollar admission.

"Then Benny started calling. One night somebody told me was on the phone in the back of club, and I said, 'You must kidding!' But my wife took call."

Gladys Hampton, a shrewd a determined woman who guided h husband's career, heard wh Goodman wanted. "It was a ha decision to make," Hampton r members. "People were clamorin to get into the Paradise. But Glady worked out a good deal for me, an on Nov. 11, 1936, I opened at th Madhattan Room of the Pennsyl vania Hotel in New York as a member of the Benny Goodman Quartet."

With Teddy Wilson already working for Goodman, there was some concern on the part of business advisers about his hiring a second black musician. "All their misgivings were soon forgotten," Hammond says. "The audience was overwhelmed, and of course Benny now had a new and vital personality working with him in addition to Gene Krupa."

The rest of the story is often-repeated history: Hampton's four years with Goodman were followed with a spectacular career touring the world with his own big band.

The Hamptons were ardent Republicans. Before Gladys' death in 1971 she and Nelson Rockefeller had become involved in establishing the Lionel Hampton Community Development Corp.

Hampton has since evolved into a real-estate tycoon, with numerous holdings in the United States and Europe. He has the Lionel Hampton Houses, 355 units, in Harlem, and the nearby Gladys Hampton houses, 210 units.

"We're now in the process of breaking ground for 355 homes in Atlanta, Ga., where I have 123 acres. We formed a corporation and people are working on it. I fly back and forth all the time."

Music remains his first love, though, and the Benny Goodman Quartet days are never far from his mind. "Just a few months ago I talked to Benny. I wanted to get him and Teddy Wilson and me together for a benefit concert at Carnegie Hall. I was getting ready to discuss it again. I got back to town on a Monday and thought I'd call him later in the week. On Friday someone called and told me Benny was dead.

There are those who believe that the genre of chamber jazz represented by Goodman's Quartet, along with the art of the clarinet in general, may be lost forever. Hampton demurs.

"I don't think Benny's contribution will ever be forgotten, and I want to do whatever I can to see that people remember what he accomplished." □

Los Angeles Times 9/16

L.A. JAZZ SOCIETY FETES PIANIST ROWLES

"Any girl singer in her right mind," said Carmen McRae, "would want to have Jimmy Rowles as her accompanist."

Harry (Sweets) Edison, before his trumpet solo, said, "I'd like to dedicate this next song to Jimmy, because it's how I feel about him—'There'll never be another you.'" These were typical of the compliments paid Sunday to Rowles when the veteran pianist was honored by the Los Angeles Jazz Society.

Held in a ballroom at the Hyatt Regency, the event included all the predictable tributes and proclamations, by Mayor Tom Bradley, Councilman Mike Woo et al., yet somehow it never lapsed into trivia. The speeches were not too long, Chuck Niles of KKGO was an articulate emcee, and everyone let music speak for itself.

It wasn't a moment too soon for the tribute. Rowles, 68 and not in the best of health, has a multiple background as studio musician, big band sideman (with Goodman, Herman, Dorsey) jazzman, and accompanist to every main singer from Sarah Vaughan to McRae to Peggy Lee.

Two of the society's previous honorees, guitarist John Collins and trumpeter Edison, collaborated on a notably empathetic set, with a group that included the spirited young bassist Scott Colley, who won this year's Shelly Manne Memorial Fund new talent award. (Manne also has been honored by the society.)

The society also presented awards to Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, the tenor saxophonist, who was in from Las Vegas to receive his lifetime achievement trophy; Gerald Wilson, recipient of a special jazz educators plaque; and Chuck Niles. —LEONARD FEATHER

RUTH PRICE AT VINE ST.

9/18

Ruth Price represents the ideal blend of jazz vocalist and cabaret singer. She is a compact, black-haired, bright-eyed woman with a rare taste for the arcane melody and the literate lyric, which she interprets in a light, buoyant jazz soprano on the upbeats and with poignant conviction on the ballads.

Heard Sunday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill (to which she will return Oct. 5), she displayed the same avoidance of the banal, the same lithe body movements, the same elfin charm that have been her trademark since the early days of Shelly's Manne Hole.

She opened with "Strange Music," assuring us that this indicated the shape of songs to come. What followed, though, was strange—not in the sense of weird, but merely unfamiliar, or at least unhackneyed: "Footprints" by Gene Lees and Rick Wilkins, "The Shining Sea" by Peggy Lee and Johnny Mandel, a waltz called "Have a Heart" by Johnny Mercer and Gene di Novi and Oscar Levant's "Blame It on My Youth."

She was well backed by George Jaffeney, piano; Tony Dumas, bass, and Ralph Penland, drums. Even their trio warm-up material was unconventional: Jaffeney played John Coltrane's "Giant Steps" as a relaxed bossa nova.

Everybody with an ear for quality sound deserves to hear Price at least once.

—LEONARD FEATHER

THE MAGNIFICENT M/V REGENT SEA

The Regent Sea is the epitome of comfort, elegance and spaciousness – a gleaming white, beautiful ship – well designed for ocean travel – with stabilizers and a bow thruster. (There even is a satellite communications system, with prompt ship-to-shore phones!)

The Regent Sea is big in size (22,000 tons) – with only 710 pampered passengers on each cruise – meaning there's room to spare from top to bottom, from stem to stern!

Your stateroom is one of the largest on any ship afloat; 95% are outside cabins, with a panoramic view of the sea; all have private facilities; 50% have both bath and shower; and 50 cabins have double beds.

A ship to remember!

From deck to spacious deck, no expense has been spared to make this *the* ship for cruise travel.

Just for starters, there are nine lounges and three bars on board, with entertainment happening almost around the clock – including music and afternoon tea; lectures and games and movies throughout the ship; a full casino with roulette, blackjack and slot machines; and a discotheque.

The Main Lounge has grand entertainment – and you might see anything from a Broadway mini-musical to a magician who can make just about anything disappear to a Las Vegas-style revue.

Dining is long and leisurely on board!

As for dining, our cuisine is continental, with the accent on French, with four major dining experiences planned each day. And, with an awareness of the "think fitness" generation, there always is a choice of selections of nouvelle cuisine.

Fitness also is found on deck. You can jog completely around the Sun Deck – seven times around and you've completed a mile! And our mini-spa has whirlpools, a sauna, gymnasium and massage room. Daily aerobic classes, too.

When you return from your cruise and your friends say with envy, "You look like a new you!" – you'll know they mean it!

Our European staff is at your beck and call!

The staff on board the Regent Sea is predominantly European, expertly trained to make your every wish a reality. And to assure this, there is a crew to passenger ratio of almost 1 to 2!

What more can we tell you? The ship has many hideaway corners where you can get away by yourself, just to enjoy the salt breeze, bright sun and blue sea.

You're in for a wonderful time aboard the m/v Regent Sea!

THE SHIP'S FEATURES AT A GLANCE

- 22,000 tons big
- 355 large cabins; 328 are outside
- 9 lounges, 3 bars
- Outdoor pool, large expanse of deck space
- Fitness deck, with whirlpool, sauna, fully-equipped gym and massage room
- 218-seat theatre
- Discotheque
- Computer Room
- Duty-free boutiques and photography shop
- Barber/beauty salon
- Card Room/Library
- Casino
- European staff

THINGS TO KNOW

Departure. The M/V Regent Sea sails from the Canada Place Pier in Vancouver on Monday September 22.

Reservation/Payment. Reservations may be made through any travel agent or Regency Cruises. To secure confirmed bookings, a deposit must be made of $200 per person. Final payment is due not less than 45 days before sailing. MasterCard, Visa, and American Express cards are accepted.

Cancellation Charges Waiver. Regency Cruises will afford the passenger an optional Cancellation Charges Waiver (CCW) at an additional cost of $30. The CCW will protect the passenger from the regular cancellation charges (listed below) if the passenger decides to cancel the cruise reservation, provided that *written* notice is received by Regency Cruises Inc., 260 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016, at least 24 hours prior to the passenger's scheduled embarkation on the vessel. (Cancellations within 24 hours of the scheduled embarkation will be subject to the cancellation charges described below.) The $30 fee for the CCW is not refundable, even if the cancellation is made prior to final payment of the cruise fare. If the CCW is elected by the passenger, it must be paid with the deposit. If the CCW has been declined, the cancellation of a cruise is subject to the cancellation charges as follows:

Cancellation Charges. If the cancellation is made in writing up to 45 days prior to departure, a full refund will be made. For cancellations made within 45 days prior to departure, the following charges apply:

45 – 21 days	$50.00 per person
20 – 3 days	40% of published rate
within 3 days	90% of published rate

Rates. Rates include ship accommodations and airfare as specified in this brochure as booked and paid for, all meals on board, sea transportation, and transfers to and from the ship and airport.

Your cruise fare does not include port charges, shipboard gratuities, laundry and pressing, shore excursions, gifts and beverages not specified on the normal menu.

Travel Documents. U.S. and Canadian citizens should carry proof of citizenship, such as a valid passport, naturalization papers, birth certificate. Aliens who are permanent residents in the U.S. need their Alien Registration card (I-151) and should check with their travel agent about visa requirements. All other persons must have valid passports and any necessary visas. No health or vaccination cards or tourist cards are required presently.

Baggage insurance is strongly recommended, as the Company's liability for damage, pilferage or loss of baggage is strictly in accordance with the terms of the contract clause of the passage ticket. Insurance policies are available through your travel agent.

Conditions. The transport of passengers and baggage aboard the M/V Regent Sea is under the sole control and management of REGENCY MARITIME CORP. hereinafter called R.M.C. Nothing contained herein or in any deposit receipt nor the acceptance of a deposit, shall be construed as creating a contract between the passenger and the carrier or REGENCY CRUISES, INC., hereinafter called R.C.I., which assumes sales and marketing responsibility for the M/V Regent Sea and is the operating agent for the carrier. The only contract shall be the passenger contract ticket when issued and delivered to the passenger. By acceptance of this ticket, the passenger agrees to the terms thereof.

R.C.I. and R.M.C. reserve the right to abandon any cruise for cause and to change the itinerary whenever conditions, in the opinion of the Master of the ship, render it advisable or necessary, in which case neither R.C.I nor R.M.C. will be responsible for any loss or expense caused by reason of such changes; and to withdraw the cruise before sailing date, in which case the amount paid by the passenger will be refunded; and to decline to accept or to retain any person as a member of the cruise, with or without cause, at any time.

It is understood and agreed that refund cannot be made to passengers who elect not to complete the cruise for any reason or cause whatsoever.

Notice is hereby given that R.C.I. acts only as agent for airlines, carriers, hotels, independent contractors and suppliers of shoreside services engaged in carrying, accommodating and providing various shoreside services to cruise passengers. R.C.I. and R.M.C. do not assume any responsibility nor shall they be liable for any loss, cancellation, cost, delay, irregularity, accident, injury or damage to person or property, damage, loss or theft of baggage and personal effects arising from or in connection with such shoreside services.

Ship's registry: Panama

FOR RESERVATIONS & INFORMATION

260 Madison Avenue
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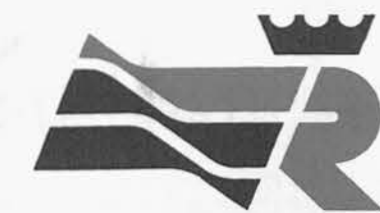
VISIT EXPO '86 IN VANCOUVER



REGENCY CRUISES

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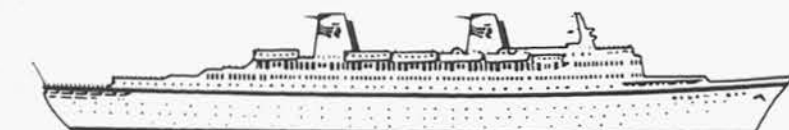
Sept. 21-26 1986

Vancouver to Los Angeles



JAZZ FESTIVAL-AT-SEA

Regency Cruises is pleased to present world-renowned Jazz musicians such as Dizzy Gillespie, Dick Hyman and Joe Williams on a 5-day Jazz Festival-at-Sea. This extravaganza takes place between September 21-26, 1986 aboard the magnificent M/V Regent Sea sailing from Vancouver, British Columbia (sight of EXPO '86) to Los Angeles, California. We will be conveniently docked overnight at the Canada Place Pier in Vancouver allowing you easy transfer to EXPO '86. Then on to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Your Jazz Festival-at-Sea begins with our spacious cruise ship, the M/V Regent Sea. When you step aboard you'll enter a world of elegance, gracious European service, fine continental dining and round-the-clock activities and entertainment. Relax in spacious staterooms, many with breathtaking views...enjoy the sauna, hot tub and gym offered by our health spa...dance in our sensational disco ...or participate in "high technology fun" in our computer room. Whatever your individual tastes, the M/V Regent Sea offers a versatile world of elegance and excitement on the high seas.

Joining Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Williams and Dick Hyman on board ship will be the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars and, as host, Leonard Feather.

Don't miss this unique opportunity to enjoy 5 days of Jazz, Jazz, Jazz in the comfort of the elegant M/V Regent Sea. Make your reservation today!

THE 1986 WORLD EXPOSITION in Vancouver, British Columbia

Featuring the world's most amazing displays of technology, and the most sensational entertainers, festivals and celebrations.

- A first in North America!! The U.S.A., U.S.S.R. and the People's Republic of China together on one site, along with 40 other nations.
- EXPO '86 will take place on 173 waterfront acres in downtown Vancouver next to the sparkling Pacific Ocean within glorious view of breathtaking mountains.
- EXPO offers the biggest & the best, the rare & the exotic, the majesty and mystery of the ancient past & the distant future.
- EXPO is entertaining & educational, fun & adventurous.
- Visit over 80 pavilions and enjoy the food, fun & culture of six continents.

5-DAY PACIFIC COASTAL CRUISE JAZZ FESTIVAL AT SEA

Day	Date	Port	Arrive	Depart
Sun.	Sept. 21	**Vancouver**	Overnight to Attend World's Fair	
Mon.	Sept. 22	**Vancouver**	–	5:00 pm
Thurs.	Sept. 25	**San Francisco**	8:00 am	1:00 pm
Fri.	Sept. 26	**Los Angeles**	1:00 pm	–

GUEST MUSICIANS

Dizzy Gillespie
The creative genius of Dizzy Gillespie needs no introduction. His colossal career covers jazz from the early 40's to today. His musical innovations and adventurism are renown.

Joe Williams
Joe Williams and blues are synonymous. From his start with Count Basie over 30 years ago to today, he is the "blues" personified.

Oliver Jackson - drums; **Slam Stewart** - bass; **Norris Turney** - saxophone; **Scott Hamilton** - tenor saxophone; **George Wein** - piano; **Warren Vaché** - trumpet

George Wein presents:
The Newport Jazz Festival All Stars A top notch group of mainstream jazz soloists with its leader, George Wein, is considered the super bowl of the jazz world.

Dick Hyman
A most versatile and brilliant jazz pianist, interpreting every idiom from ragtime to contemporary jazz.

Leonard Feather
"Mr. Jazz", the foremost authority on jazz, author of the Encyclopedia of Jazz and many other jazz books. A friend and confidant of all the jazz world.

In the event of cancellation due to circumstances beyond the control of guest musicians, management reserves the right to substitute other musicians.

JAZZ FESTIVAL FARES

Cabin Category	Deck	Type of Accommodations	Per Person Double Occupancy 5 days 9/21-9/26 Vancouver to Los Angeles	Per Person Double Occupancy 4 days 9/21-9/25 Vancouver to San Francisco
Regency Suite	Sun	Outside, Sitting Room, Bedroom, Large Double with Bath	$1495	$1435
Suites	Sun	Outside, 2 Lowers or Large Double with Bath	1345	1285
1	Upper	Deluxe, Outside, 2 Lowers or Large Double with Bath	1295	1235
2	Main	Deluxe, Outside, 2 Lowers with Bath	1225	1165
3	Upper	Superior, Outside, 2 Lowers or Large Double with Bath	1145	1085
4	Main	Superior, Outside, 2 Lowers or Large Double with Bath	1045	985
5	Main A	Outside, 2 Lowers or Large Double with Bath or Shower	945	885
6	B	Outside, 2 Lowers with Shower	865	805
7	Upper Main A & B	Inside, 2 Lowers or Large Double with Shower	765	705
8	Main A & B	Outside, Upper/Lower with Bath or Shower	715	655
3rd and 4th adult sharing cabin with 2 full fare adults			495	465
3rd and 4th child up to age 12 sharing a cabin with 2 full fare adults			445	415
Port, embarkation and transfer charges			28	28

Fare Notes
- All rates are in U.S. Dollars and are subject to change.
- Rates are per person, double occupancy unless otherwise noted.
- Single occupancy of a cabin in Categories 3 through 7 is 150% of the per person rate.
- Fly/Cruise programs are available from most cities, including single, third and fourth person.
- Regency Cruises will designate air carriers and routings for its fly/cruise programs.
- Airport departure taxes & overnight hotel accommodations due to airline schedules are not included in the rates.

Air add-ons for 5 day Jazz Festival cruise

City	Fare	City	Fare	City	Fare
Albany	$295	Hartford	$295	Orlando	$295
Albuquerque	175	Honolulu	275	Philadelphia	275
Allentown	295	Houston	275	Phoenix	145
Atlanta	295	Indianapolis	275	Pittsburgh	295
Austin	295	Jackson	295	Portland, OR	FREE
Baltimore	295	Jacksonville	295	Raleigh	325
Birmingham	295	Kansas City	295	Reno	145
Boise	115	Knoxville	295	Richmond	325
Boston	295	Las Vegas	175	Rochester, MN	295
Buffalo	295	Lincoln	295	Rochester, NY	295
Burbank	95	Little Rock	295	Sacramento	115
Cedar Rapids	275	Los Angeles	115	Salt Lake City	175
Charleston	325	Louisville	295	St. Louis	295
Charlotte	325	Lubbock	295	San Antonio	295
Chicago	245	Madison	295	San Diego	135
Cincinnati	275	Memphis	295	San Francisco	95
Cleveland	275	Miami	295	Sarasota	295
Columbus	295	Midland/Odessa	295	Seattle	FREE
Dallas/Ft. Worth	295	Milwaukee	295	Shreveport	295
Dayton	295	Minneapolis	275	Spokane	25
Denver	175	Nashville	295	Syracuse	295
Des Moines	295	Newark	275	Tampa	295
Detroit	295	New Orleans	275	Toledo	295
Ft. Lauderdale	295	New York	275	Tucson	145
Ft. Myers	295	Norfolk	295	Tulsa	295
Fresno	145	Oklahoma City	295	Washington, D.C.	275
Grand Rapids	295	Omaha	275	West Palm Beach	295
				Wichita	295

L I V E W I R E

bass). An improviser of stunning ability whose style answers to no-one, yet draws on the whole saxophone tradition of jazz, he and his quartet represent the state-of-the-art. Later he was joined by special guest Hamiet Bluiett, not an inconsiderable talent himself, but the effect was rather like having the best looking partner at a party all to yourself when somebody cuts in.

On Sunday, de-Stung **Branford Marsalis** with **Herbie Hancock**, Ron Carter and Al Foster opened the final day with aspirations of high seriousness and not a little pomp. Branford dwelt long and hard bringing the ethos of his saxophone romances to jazz, while Hancock, whose playing never seems to come from the innerman, was fashioned by his surroundings. The totality of their performance was less than the sum of the musicians involved, and the choice of material played no small part in dissipating their efforts. Al Foster, however, made up for years of socking it to 'em with Miles, demonstrating a formidable technique and impeccable taste. Then underground for **Art Blakey**'s revamped Messengers, with Wallace Roney continuing the production line of young trumpet starlets. Exciting yes, but not at the plateau of excellence achieved with Terence Blanchard as musical director. Now it's back to the backbeat, for the time being at least. Blakey, as ever, sweated each stroke with intuitive inspiration, and sounded timeless. But up in the Tuin Paviljoen, ex-employee **Wayne Shorter** stared down the barrel of his soprano, committing artistic suicide in a mid-70s fu-zack groove, his cerebral saxophone jousting the rhythms of rock.

Despite the orgy of Stateside talent, the festival highlight was provided by the home side's **William Breuker Kollektief**, the most exciting jazz act extant. "Jazz act" is used advisedly. Their eclectic bravura respects no boundaries; Harry James and Albert Ayler appear as musical bedfellows, polka and swing dissolve into a Mingus broth and it's all underlined with vaudevillean ham. They deserve international acclaim – until now it was the job of the avant garde to shake up the mainstream. But now substitute the Kollektief's unrepentant iconoclasm larded with humour and exuberance to underline the simple message that jazz is often at its best when the heart rules the head.

They effortlessly eclipsed the preening night-glo of **Carla Bley**'s sextet, impotent without instrumental resources – I mean, Steve Swallow may get on well with the bandleader, but there's a limit to how long you can feature bass solos. **Mahavishnu** were one of the four bands winding up the festival, and just their name evoked magical memories from the early days of crossover music. But the inner mounting flame has gone out; in its place John McLaughlin's high-tech energy playing, thrown into stark relief alongside Miles' man who never was, saxist Bill Evans, wandering in that infertile musical territory between nothingness and the bank balance in search of their shared goal.

Stuart Nicholson

Montreal Festival
MONTREAL

CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL, a carnival, a festival, a party. By any name, the seventh annual Festival International de Jazz de Montreal adds up to the largest and most diversified assemblage of jazz or jazz-related talent ever distributed around one city.

There were about one thousand musicians during the ten days, offering as many as 25 concerts daily, half of them indoors at various theatres or clubs; the others were free concerts held on sidewalk stages in several of the streets that were blocked to vehicular traffic.

I arrived on the second day, just in time to hear **Clarinet Summit**. Although this quartet made an LP two years ago, it has rarely been seen in person. Since John Carter lives in Los Angeles, Jimmy Hamilton (a 26-year veteran of the old Duke Ellington orchestra) in St. Croix in the Virgin Islands, Alvin Batiste in New Orleans, and David Murray (who played bass clarinet) in New York, it took some effort to bring them all together. The result, with its unorthodox mixture of mainstream and avant garde, darting off unpredictably from abstractions to quotes from "Honeysuckle Rose", was almost a clarinet counterpart to the World Saxophone Quartet, though its impact was reduced by Murray's use of old-fashioned slap-tongue effects.

The next day the highlight was the **Paris Reunion Band**, on the last night of its two-week American tour. The nine black Americans, who at one time or another had all been American expatriates, played neo-bop themes, with soprano saxophonist Nathan Davis and trombonist Slide Hampton contributing the compositions as well as some of the best solos. I was very taken also with the work of Benny Bailey, who shared the trumpet work with Woody Shaw. The rhythm section, with Kenny Drew, Jimmy Woode and Idris Muhamad, provided a relentless undercurrent for such works as "Klook's Thing" (Kenny Clarke conceived the idea of this band, but died before it could be put into effect) and "Jamaica Nights".

Reflecting the extent to which the festival has expanded, some of this year's concerts took place in a large pavilion at the Place des Arts. A number of them were borderline pop/jazz affairs: **Antonio Carlos Jobim**, the French singer **Veronique Sanson**, and a disappointing performance by **Michel Legrand** in a programme

NICK WHITE

DON CHERRY AND BABY TRUMPET

IAN CARR AND EBERHARD WEBER

9/21

JAZZ

WILLIAMS SPREADS HIS SOUNDWINGS AND SOARS

By LEONARD FEATHER

What Patrick Williams is doing with Soundwings, his new record company, makes no sense. Not, at least, from the old-line viewpoint of the merchants who run the recording industry.

From Williams' aspect, as well as that of the artists he is recording, it makes a great deal of sense. Fortunately, his attitude is shared by Larry Welk, president of Teleklew, a conglomerate owned by his father, the bubble king. The younger Welk is a jazz fan and a believer in the durability of valid music of all kinds. Teleklew is distributing Soundwings Records.

Williams, a successful motion picture and TV composer since 1968, discussed his project recently. With him was Bill Watrous, the trombonist whose album "Someplace Else" (Soundwings SW 2100) is one of the company's most daring ventures.

"It's been a time-consuming job getting our first releases together," said Williams. "It took me eight months to write the score for 'Gulliver.' That's an album narrated by Sir John Gielgud, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London, in a story by Larry Gelbart based on 'Gulliver's Travels.' I spent another two months writing 'One Night/One Day,' an album showcasing the saxophonist Tom Scott. The Bill Watrous assignment took three months, even though the actual recording—live and digital, with no overdubbing—only took one four-hour and one three-hour session."

Presumably Gielgud, Scott and Williams have all the security they need, but for Watrous the Soundwings experiment marked a pivotal point in a once-brilliant career that had been floundering.

"What happened basically," said Watrous, "was that synthesizers had begun to take over in the studios, replacing horns. I found that 1983 was pretty ugly, but 1984 was disastrous. Between May and September, I didn't get a single call, except for a weekend at Disneyland."

The situation seemed doubly ironic since Watrous, an all-around musician who had been on staff at CBS and ABC, had led his own band (the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge) and was equipped for any contingency, jazz or pop, found eight years after his move to Los Angeles, that things were grinding to a halt.

"Here I am with a lovely young wife to whom I had made elaborate campaign promises; I'm also a new father, and I'm sitting in the bathtub trying to get up the guts to put my head under the water and leave it there. Happily, around that time, Pat called up and gave me hope. He told me, 'I'm thinking about a plan that can change not only your entire career but the whole music

L I V E W I R E

of his compositions, dominated by a very large Canadian singer with a voice to match, **Ginette Reno**.

Closer to the essence of the festival was a unique evening with **Milton Nascimento**. The composer/singer/guitarist had his own group with him: Ricardo Silveira, guitar; Nico Assumpcao, bass; Luiz de Avellar, clavier; Robertinho da Silva, drums and percussion. However, this was like no other Nascimento concert. Less than half an hour into the show, he brought on **Wayne Shorter**, on whose *Native Dancer* album, more than a decade ago, Nascimento was first heard by American audiences. Playing both tenor and soprano saxophones, Shorter redoubled the energy and excitement and the soul-rock-bossa groove during his three tunes.

After intermission Nascimento introduced the guitarist **Pat Metheny**, who, as one observer told me, "is like a God in this city". Metheny, who has yet to miss a Montreal festival, added his vivid, throbbing presence to a samba and a ballad. Not long afterward, **Herbie Hancock**, hot and ready after a concert with his own quartet a mile away, merged with spellbinding control into this unconventional context, with a pair of electric keyboard solos that blended all the elements: Brazilian, jazz, West Indian, African and rock. The audience exploded into an ovation so uproarious that both Hancock and Metheny returned for an encore, during which the entire jubilant crowd remained standing and swaying.

Because of the Nascimento concert I had to miss Jay McShann's contribution to the "Pianissimo" series held every evening at the Bibliotheque Nationale. However, I did get to hear most of the **Gerry Mulligan** show, for which he led a well integrated quartet: Bill Mays, piano; Butch Miles, drums; and Michael Formanik, bass. Mulligan's blithe soprano, his bold baritone and even his vocal on "I Never Was A Young Man" were consistently delightful in a programme comprising his own compositions.

It was an interesting contrast, the following evening, to hear another baritone giant, **Pepper Adams**, in the same hall. Pepper's brave two-year battle with cancer has been widely publicised here in the French-language press, but it wasn't mere sympathy that earned him his overwhelming reception. The set, which included Thad Jones' waltz "Quiet Lady", a little-known Harry Carney piece called "Chalumeau", and Pepper's own "Ephemera", was consistently creative. His sound on the horn, like his speaking voice in the witty announcements, was as strong as ever.

The next evening, on a big outside stage across the street from the Place des Arts, I heard **UMO**, a surprisingly cohesive big band from Finland. Playing Gillespie's "Things To Come" with a precision and conviction that even the old Gillespie orchestra might have envied, the band also revealed some admirable soloists.

From UMO I hastened to the Bibliotheque, where **Rene Urtreger**'s piano was heard in Bud Powell's "Parisian Thoroughfare", a couple of Monk pieces, and George Shearing's "Conception". Urtreger, who was prominent in France in the 1950s and 60s, but fell into oblivion after trouble with drinking and drugs, is now back in good shape, playing convincingly in the bop tradition.

The audiences at Montreal seemed almost uniformly receptive to music of every idiom. Typically, **James Brown**, with a deafening demonstration of rhythm and blues in its most "showbiz" manner, had the crowd in a frenzy, while his musicians tilted their horns up and down, twisted their bodies back and forth, and a female backup singer moved around more than she sang. There were a few minutes of relative calm and a couple of adequate solos, but Brown himself, hollering at top voice throughout, has a hypnotic appeal that has nothing to do with the niceties of music.

Oregon was somewhat handicapped by the absence of its percussionist Trilok Gurtu, who supposedly had passport problems. However, the group's blend of jazz elements and impressionistic "new age" music moved along smoothly. **Lorraine Desmarais**, the Montreal pianist who impressed me so much last year, left no doubt that she would soon be internationally accepted. The delicacy and subtlety of her treatment of "A Child Is Born" was like nothing I have heard since Bill Evans. Her crisp articulation and imaginative textures, combined with the occasional use of power, were among the diverse aspects of her fascinating original composition "Obsession". In a more accessible vein, she brought humorous touches to "Take The A Train", breaking up the notes of the melody in unpredictable ways, and turned parts of her "All The Things You Are" into a fugue.

Obliged to return early to Los Angeles, I had to miss the grand finale, featuring **Dizzy Gillespie** with the Montreal Tout Etoiles (all stars). I didn't feel too badly about it, because there is no possible way to hear everything that goes on at Montreal.

Leonard Feather

Bracknell Festival

BRACKNELL

F R I D A Y

APOLOGIES TO CARMEL, Team Ten etc but the only noteworthy entry on Friday's start to the jamboree was the **Charlie Watts Orchestra**. An unexpectedly large crowd huddled under a threatening sky but the only cloudburst came from Charlie's Folly itself: this obese, rackety band can muster a terrific row when it's all up and blowing. Problem is, there's so many problems. You start to wonder what a band like this could *really* do when they dig into some of the makeshift arrangements, given proper rehearsal time and decent sound (both absent tonight). As it is, they are basically too much of a goodish thing.

BILLY JENKINS AS ELVIS

JAZZ

9/2

WILLIAMS SPREA[D] SOUNDWINGS A[N]

By LEONARD FEATHER

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Presum[ably] ... Williams ... need, but ... wings exp... point in a ... had been f...

"What I ... Watrous, ... had begun ... studios, re... that 1983 w... was disast[rous] ... September, ... except for ... land."

The situ[ation] ... ironic since ... musician wh[o] ... CBS and AB[C] ... (the Manha[ttan] ... and was equ... gency, jazz ... years after h... es, that thin[gs] ... halt.

"Here I am ... wife to whom ... campaign pro... father, and I'... tub trying to ... my head unde[r] ... it there. Happ[ily] ... Pat called up a[nd] told me, 'I'm thinking about a plan that can change not only your entire career but the whole music business.' And now here I am, thanks to him, on an album with my jazz quintet plus an 87-piece symphony orchestra."

Trombonist Bill Watrous—saved from a fate worse than synthesizers by new album.

Williams' three initial ventures for the label involved an expenditure far beyond what most new companies can afford. "I brought the albums in for a recording cost of just under $75,000 each," he said. "Sure, that's a lot of money, but look at it this way. The compact disc market, the audiophile potential, has a wide enough base now to justify making top-of-the-line, genuine quality product. People are looking for music that is ambitious, well conceived and beautifully recorded and performed. I'm obviously not looking to climb the R&B charts or anything like that, but if we can expand the public's listening experience, establish ourselves with a high-grade image and do reasonably well around the world, our LPs and CDs and cassettes will be selling many years from now. Durability is a factor too many people neglect to take into account."

The Watrous album, best categorized as third-stream music, involves a seamless fusion of classical and jazz elements. On the first side are Williams' "La Fuerza," two pop standard songs and Robert Farnon's adaptation of "Shenandoah," all with stunning performances by Watrous. (The CD offers a bonus track, Jobim's "No More Blues.") On the B side are a medley of "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" (theme song of the 1940s trombone pioneer Tommy Dorsey) and "Yesterdays," and adaptations of works by Massenet and Debussy.

Williams believes, and there is substantial evidence to support his belief, that along with the new demands made by the buyers of compact discs, there is a burgeoning demand for eclecticism in repertoire and performance. "The success of Wynton Marsalis has had a valuable impact. Here comes a new artist who records a jazz combo album, a pop-jazz album with strings, and a classical album, and finds a market for all three, and he wins awards and sells well in all these areas. So I said to Bill, 'Rather than doing a classical album and a jazz album, why don't we combine them?'

"Then the question arose: What was he going to play? After all, the repertoire for the trombone is not like the repertoire for trumpet, not nearly as extensive. Even though Debussy didn't write for trombone, however, we found that his music was adaptable.

"Aside from that point, I feel that there is a strong trend toward jazz musicians recording albums with classical overtones. Branford Marsalis is doing it now; Hubert Laws and others have done it—as a matter of fact, our next album will be built around Laws' flute. It seems there's a whole new world in which jazz has been integrated into conventional college music programs. The players are brighter,

Please Turn to Page 78

4 Part VI/Thursday, October 2, 1986

LEATA GALLOWAY AS A CABARET SINGER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Leata Galloway, currently at the Roosevelt Hotel's Cinegrill through Saturday and returning Tuesday through Oct. 11, was described here as "beyond category" four years ago. The characterization no longer applies; she can now clearly be categorized as a cabaret singer, with all the values implied by that term.

It's not that she has lost any of the obvious advantages that place her above run-of-the-mill nightclub artists. A small, striking woman with olive skin, black hair, a black gown and long black gloves, she made as much of a visual impression as ever. Her voice projects great power and smoky, sensuous timbre, along with a razor-sharp sense of phrasing.

What has changed is the apparent intent of her show, which now has all the earmarks, and eyemarks, of a prefabricated, packaged performance in which soul too often yields to slickness. One senses the influences either of a drama coach or of time spent watching someone like Liza Minnelli on the tube—the outstretched arm at the end of the song, the linking of tunes with a common word in the title.

Her opening song was "New Attitude," an apt summary of what has happened. The attitude, judging by Tuesday's audience reaction, should serve her well commercially, as may some of the rather vapid pop songs such as "One-Track Mind" and her own "When You Come to L.A." It was not until "Moody's Mood for Love" that real sensitivity, and a sense of humor, emerged. Even her "Lush Life" was a trifle too melodramatic to convey the sense that she fully understood the world-weariness of Billy Strayhorn's lyrics.

Galloway is a pleasure to watch and, at her best, a joy to hear. The pleasures could be augmented were she to strip away some of those come-to-the-cabaret effects.

In her trio were Andy Howe, keyboards and backup vocals; Mark Sanders, drums, and Al Criado, bass.

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JAZZ

8/28/86

GRUSIN, RITENOUR PLUG INTO FUTURE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dave Grusin and Lee Ritenour are not officially partners, yet the success of their many collaborative ventures during the past 15 years (mostly in the Hollywood film and recording studios) leaves no doubt about the significance of their association.

Grusin's has been a five-step career: pianist, arranger (and musical director for Andy Williams, with whom he toured from 1959-66), movie composer, record producer, and record company owner. He and Larry Rosen, once Andy Williams' drummer, are partners in the fast-rising GRP label, specializing in pop-oriented jazz.

Ritenour, who has a new album on Grusin's label, "Earth Run" (GRP S 1021), is best known as a guitarist who has played on at least 3,000 sessions, but he, too, is a composer with 100 writing credits and an imposing list of recent television and movie scoring assignments. Though he lags far behind Grusin, who has four Academy Award nominations (for "Heaven Can Wait," "The Champ," "On Golden Pond" and "Tootsie"), he is the pianist's junior by 18 years and may well turn out to be the Dave Grusin of the year 2000.

BRIAN GADBERY

Composer-musicians Dave Grusin, left, Lee Ritenour see diminished demand for the "real" thing in electronic future of jazz.

That particular year was on their minds as they recently found themselves discussing possible answers to an all-but-unanswerable question: What will music be like at the dawn of the next century?

"Let's assume," Grusin said, "that we're talking basically about jazz. I think it might be easier to predict in the classical field. One of the essential ingredients is that it has to keep moving. It can't become categorized and stagnate because that negates everything that jazz stands for.

"I see players like Wynton and Branford Marsalis, and the clarinetist Eddie Daniels, and I hear the technique of today's artists keep climbing and climbing; so the composers will be writing more and more challenging works for them.

"Composing will infiltrate digital technology more and more. Score pages may become defunct—if I could communicate to an orchestra what I want without having to write it down, that would be my dream—just plug in my head and do it direct. Young kids today are all into computers in a way that we never could be. That's what I see for the future in terms of tools. It's not that everything will be computerized or electronic, but rather that these developments will be adjuncts to creativity."

This led to another question that has been on the minds of innumerable musicians whose careers may depend on it: To what extent will synthesizers put conventional musical instruments out of business?

Ritenour replied: "It seems to me that the great virtuosos on traditional instruments will always be around. When Julian Bream plays the lute it's a wonderful sound, and I'm talking about a pretty old instrument.

"But I'll tell you, if I had a kid now, I wouldn't recommend that he pick up one of those instruments unless he was tremendously drawn to it. The demand is going to diminish. Still, orchestras will be around. In fact, I've noticed that even in my generation, and the new generation that we're working with right now, there are a lot of people who are sort of anti-electronic, who want to hear real virtuosity, good songs. Those basic values don't change."

Ritenour's words and his actions seem to be at odds. In his new album he plays no less than eight instruments, all guitars or guitar synthesizers, and most of them electric. How can this possibly be necessary, and how can the listener tell the difference?

Ritenour laughed. "I can tell the difference, and it's important to me. Dave and I are good examples of what's happening. He still uses the acoustic piano for his roots, but he employs state-of-the-art synthesizers for additional effects. I'm using this new digital guitar synthesizer, the Synthaxe, but I don't make wall-to-wall use of it on the album. I still have the acoustic guitar in there when it sounds right.

"It's amazing—when I was around 19 and just trying to break in, I had just two guitars and an

JAZZ FORUM

FEATHER IN LONDON

April visitor to London was leading American critic Leonard Feather. Main purpose of his trip was to deliver the manuscript of his autobiography, due to be published at the end of this year by Quartet Books. He also took time to check out the London jazz scene and subsequently reported on it in his syndicated column. Feather anticipates returning to London for the book's publication.

— K. H.

FORECAST FOR JAZZ

Composer-musicians Dave Grusin and Lee Ritenour speculate on the sound of jazz in the year 2000: lots of electronically made music, but a demand for the real thing. By Leonard Feather. Page 94.

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amplifier. Today, if you're a rhythm section player, especially a keyboard player or guitarist, you have to walk in the studio door with $25,000 to $50,000 worth of equipment. I don't like to discourage young people, but this is certainly going to be essential to the generation coming up."

Grusin pointed out that musicians of an earlier generation are acknowledging the electronic wave of the future: "Gerry Mulligan, who has been very vocally anti-electronics, called to tell me he had bought a Synclavier. I gave him a book for his birthday called 'Computer Wimp,' which you're supposed to read before you buy one, and now he wants to use the Synclavier to help his composing."

From electronics the conversation drifted to specific personalities. Stanley Jordan seems to have revolutionized young guitarists' thinking through the technique of tapping instead of strumming or plucking the strings. Will this supplant the orthodox guitar approach by 2000?

"We've been on many concerts with Stanley," said Ritenour. "Now, I'm fairly accomplished as a guitarist, but I'm really blown away by him. My only criticism is that it's become less a matter of what he's doing than of how he's doing it. This can become a little tiresome after a while, because he needs to get with someone who is as innovative compositionally as he is technically. Actually, Emmett Chapman with his 'stick,' and a lot of the rock 'n' rollers, have been using this idea for years. A lot of kids are studying the technique in school now, and it's almost becoming the new way to play, so by 1995 or 2000 perhaps that could happen."

If there is a future for tomorrow's jazz instrumentalist, the vocal outlook seems somewhat more cloudy. We have not been inundated with potential successors to Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan or Carmen McRae. But here Grusin has put his money where his beliefs are, producing and recording a series of LPs with Diane Schuur.

"Diane is the closest thing to a voice for the future. That's what encouraged me to work with her. She can relate to basics because she started listening at a very early age, so even though she's only in her early 30s, she has the strength of this enormous tradition that is second nature to her."

Neither Grusin nor Ritenour believes that the advent of "new age" music will be a central part of the future of jazz.

"I don't think it's much related to jazz," said Grusin, "except that sometimes it sets up an environment for improvisation. However, I heard a film score recently by Mark Isham, all electronic and sequenced with that hypnotic 'new age' thing, but there were definite Miles Davis roots. Isham wrote it for himself to play, but Miles could have played it."

Ritenour added: "I realize the new age music has found its niche with a lot of people, but I'm not a great fan of this kind of thing."

Many of Grusin's beliefs are reflected in his GRP products. When he recorded Dizzy Gillespie last year, he surrounded the veteran trumpeter with Branford Marsalis and other musicians in their early 20s. The album, "New Faces" (GRP 1012), had a contemporary flavor that seems likely to lend it some durability.

Of all his productions, Grusin names "Breakthrough" by Eddie Daniels (GRP 1024) as his chief source of pride. "I used to hate the clarinet when I was a kid and was obliged to play it. I never liked the way *anyone* played it until I heard Eddie. That's what we need for the future—someone who has a love affair with a particular horn. If the clarinet was ever a dead instrument, someone like Eddie can make a place for it."

"He reminds you that there will always be room for real virtuosity," said Ritenour. "Aside from that, the only prediction I can make for the year 2000 is that the whole world of music will be immeasurably stretched, technologically.

"Kids are learning music so differently. It's scary. They're learning some things so much better than we could when we grew up, yet they're leaving some things off in terms of the traditional values.

"As David said, maybe the whole form of learning how to read, write and create music will still be around in the year 2000. But I'm really not so sure about 2025." □

9/29

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEWS

WEATHER REPORT IN NEW GUISE AT GREEK

By LEONARD FEATHER

The first local appearance of Weather Update on its initial tour might have been expected to be a strong box-office attraction. Surprisingly, perhaps due to the threat of rain or because of some confusion about the group's name, attendance Saturday at the Greek Theatre was a dismal 1,600.

This is Weather Report in its new guise, with one notable change: Wayne Shorter is missing, his sax having given way to the guitar of Steve Kahn. The others are all familiar faces: Josef Zawinul on synthesizer; Victor Bailey on bass, Robert Thomas Jr. on percussion and, back in the drum chair, Peter Erskine.

The new quintet is not all that different, given that Shorter's role both as soloist and composer had diminished almost to the vanishing point and that guitarist Carlos Santana was a guest on the final Weather Report album. The basic sound has changed minimally.

Nor has Zawinul turned his back on a long and distinguished past. Included in the program were the earlier "Dr. Honoris Causa" and "Madagascar." Most of the material, much of it his own, was drawn from the recent "This Is This" set, from "Man With the Copper Fingers" (with Erskine in demonically vital form) to "Consequently," written by and featuring Bailey.

Zawinul is the arbiter of the group's personality. The leader remained in total command, spelling out dramatic themes and dreaming up vivid variations, building rich orchestral textures on his synthesizers and buzzing eerie vocal monotones through a vocoder.

Bobby Thomas sang his "Special Love," intoning the inane lyrics to dubious effect. Erskine provided an interesting solo on a tuned instrument that suggested a cross between steel drums and a marimba.

It's hard to predict what lies ahead for Weather Update. Though Shorter will be missed, the power of Zawinul's personality seems likely to sustain the popularity of the group. However, Steve Kahn, though a capable and versatile soloist, is not the central contributor that Shorter was for so long.

Opening the evening was John McLaughlin, leading a new Mahavishnu ensemble that relies mainly on the leader's chameleonic forays on electric guitar. His chief partner is saxophonist Bill Evans, whose whirlwind lines were at times too chaotic. On the slower pieces, he showed restraint on soprano sax but his tenor solos usually contributed to the farrago of volume. Toward the end, Jonas Hellborg tossed in an impressive bass solo. Jim Beard on keyboard and Danny Gottlieb on drums rounded out the unit.

Monday, October 6, 1986/Part VI 3

JAZZ REVIEW

GIBBS GETS BACK TO HER ROOTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The best-kept vocal secret in town is Marla Gibbs.

Since 1981, when the TV star assumed ownership of Memory Lane, the popular club at Martin Luther King Boulevard and Arlington Avenue, her singing appearances have been an occasional sideline. Friday evening at Memory Lane, accompanied by pianist Gerald Wiggins and a few members of the Gerald Wilson Orchestra, she left no doubt that this is an art she takes as seriously as her role in TV's "227."

Opening with "Caravan," a demanding song because of its profusion of long-held notes, she took it in stride, phrasing with the ease of a professional, her intonations secure, her assurance reflected in her graceful ease of movement.

Unlike so many actresses who sing, Gibbs does not lean to melodramatic excesses. She left no doubt that her roots are in jazz.

Gibbs was only one element in a long, three-pronged show. The Gerald Wilson Orchestra acquitted itself admirably as always.

In the Duke Ellington tradition, Wilson imprints on every piece his own personality as composer or arranger.

Wilson's textures are unique, with saxes doubling on piccolo and flute, and the brass riffing joyously on his best known hits. His soloists—at least a dozen—are men with tough credentials and personal sounds: Harold Land on tenor, Land's namesake son on piano, Milcho Leviev on keyboard, Ron Barros and Mike Price on trumpets, among others.

The band returned after Gibbs' set, closing out the show with a vigorous "Blues in C," in which Buster Cooper demonstrated how to have hysterics on the trombone. Along with great artistry, good fun is central to Wilson's philosophy.

9/30 Los Angeles Times

SHE RUNS METAPHYSICS CENTER

DELLA REESE IS FEELING A NEW SPIRIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Della Reese, the entertainer, has a new role: Della Reese, the metaphysician.

A near-tragedy in her life a few years ago led to her decision to take up the activity that now occupies much of her time. She is the founder and director of Understanding Principles (or simply UP), a metaphysical study center with a busy schedule of lectures, seminars, gospel nights and, every Sunday, a potpourri of R&B, jazz and pop with a long line of volunteer performers.

How did she happen to make this transition in her career?

"It all began in 1979," Reese said. "I was on 'The Tonight Show' when my brain exploded—I had two brain operations in 10 days. At that time, I didn't even know what an aneurysm was, although I knew Quincy Jones had one.

"I was lying there on that bed while I convalesced, looking back at what I had done with my life. I had done some marvelous things, but they were all for me or my immediate family. If I had died there and then, what could people say I had accomplished?

"So, after I recovered, I went to school and studied metaphysics at the Johnnie Colemon Institute in Chicago and got my certificate. I began teaching classes in my home, but eventually it became too crowded, so we moved up to this building last May."

"This building" is a high-domed, ornate, churchlike edifice on Riverside Drive, just west of Woodman Boulevard in Sherman Oaks. Judging by the sounds, though—the sing-along, clap-along responses to the jubilant voices of a choir—you would have sworn you were at a revival meeting. On a recent Sunday evening, just as she had on many other evenings in the last four months, Reese had her congregation in her spell.

Typically, the action began with Reese herself in a fast-paced medley of pop standards, segueing to songs by Lionel Richie and Paul Williams. For the rest of the long evening, a succession of singers took over, with Reese sometimes

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ELLEN JASKOL

Della Reese, Cheryl Nickerson in a gospel-singing session at the metaphysical study center.

REESE

Continued from Page 2

singing backup or joining in for a duet, or simply leaning over the second-floor balcony clapping on the offbeats as she watched the show progress.

Some of the songs were inspirational ("That's What Jesus Means to Me"), others a little melodramatic ("You'll Never Walk Alone" sung by Reese and Eric Strom); all were received warmly by a crowd that was as well integrated as the cast of performers.

Particularly impressive was the group known as Spirit, led by seven youthful singers, one of them a striking beauty named Cheryl Nickerson, suggesting a younger Aretha Franklin.

In a sense, the wheel has come full circle for Reese. Born in Detroit, Dellareese Taliaferro sang in choirs from the age of 6; starting at 13, she spent several summer seasons with the Mahalia Jackson troupe. For a while, after completing her studies at Wayne University, she led her own gospel group. Then came the years of solo singing, of appearances on Gleason, Sullivan, and albums for RCA, followed by her own syndicated TV series in 1969-70.

She's been able to juggle her metaphysical interests with her ongoing TV, movie and nightclub jobs. Still on the air in "Crazy Like a Fox" reruns, she recently completed the starring role in a TV movie for Dick Clark, "The Gift of Amazing Grace," an ABC-TV after-school special, with Tempestt Bledsoe of "The Cosby Show." She has planned to take a leave of absence from the study center to play club dates in Canada and back home in Detroit.

The rental on her Sherman Oaks building is high; she expects to move to another location soon, though she claims the expense doesn't bother her. "When I think of how much I threw away on things that weren't meaningful, I'm glad I can spend my time and money on people who come here to be helped.

"We use many sources of inspiration: God, Jesus Christ, Ernest Holmes' science of mind philosophy, Socrates, anything that helps us understand the principles of the universe."

Among her guest speakers have been Dr. Peggy Bassett and Dr. Tom Johnson, both of the Church of Religious Science, and the Rev. Mario de la Garza of World Goodwill Fellowship.

"Tuesday nights," said Reese, "I teach the basic concepts of metaphysics. Thursdays I'm doing a series of talks on 'The Millionaires of the Bible.' Fridays, gospel singers from around the city visit us, and Sundays, as you can see, we have singers of all kinds and we serve food, soft drinks and just sit around and have a good time.

"It's great to have a place where you can help people to help themselves. I can't recall anything that's made me happier than this."

JAZZ LP BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"ROUND MIDNIGHT." Sound track. Columbia SC 40464.

There has never before been a sound-track album quite like this, but then there has never been a movie quite like this. The authenticity is duplicated here by the artists, most of whom appear both as actors and jazz musicians in Bertrand Tavernier's film.

Herbie Hancock played multiple roles as actor, pianist, composer and conductor for the movie and producer of the sound-track album. That his pop ventures have not robbed him of an exceptional talent as a jazz pianist becomes clear in the opening title cut. What sounds like a muted, slightly out-of-tune trumpet here turns out to be the vocal acrobat Bobby McFerrin.

Dexter Gordon, who enacts the leading role as the Paris expatriate saxophonist Dale Turner, plays a "Body and Soul" as if he's searching for the missing note, indulges in a two-tenor chase with Wayne Shorter on "Una Noche Con Francis," backs Lonette McKee's beguiling vocal in "How Long Has This Been Going On?" and resurfaces in the New York scene with Freddie Hubbard to toss around Monk's "Rhythm-a-Ning." He plays soprano sax, not tenor as listed, on Hancock's "Still Time." The surprise hit is Jimmie Rowles' fascinating tune "The Peacocks," in which Shorter on soprano sax and Hancock distinguish themselves.

Chet Baker's wan voice and horn are the only weak link, in "Fair Weather." Bobby Hutcherson's vibes strike a rare empathy with Hancock in their "Minuit aux Champs Elysees" duet.

Whether or not one has seen the movie (and it seems improbable that any jazz student will fail to catch it at least once), the LP rests on its own merits away from the visual context. 4½ stars.

□

"THE COMPLETE BUD POWELL BLUE NOTE RECORDINGS (1949-1958)." Mosaic MR5 116 (197 Strawberry Hill Ave., Stamford, Conn. 06902). Since "Round

Dexter Gordon is heard o[n] "Round Midnight" soun[d] track LP. He also acted in fil[m].

Midnight" was based primarily [on] the Paris years of pianist B[ud] Powell (with overtones of Les[ter] Young), it is fitting that Powel[l's] greatest works have at last be[en] collected under one roof.

There are 58 cuts, many of the[m] alternate takes that shed new lig[ht] on the troubled genius of Powel[l], whose career was beset by mental illness and drug abuse and who died at 41. (Like Dale Turner's in the movie, his death was due to an ill-advised return to New York from Paris.)

A few items have Fats Navarro on trumpet and Sonny Rollins on tenor; a few are piano solos (alone, he interprets and varies a Bach solfeggietto in "Bud on Bach"), but most display him in the setting that was his custom, with bass and drums.

Such originals as "Un Poco Loco" and "Glass Enclosure" are masterworks; others are incomparable reminders of Powell's genius as the first and foremost giant of be-bop piano.

The production is perfect, with superb notes by the English critic Mark Gardner, many photos and an absorbing interview in which Michael Cuscuna and Alfred Lion (the founder of Blue Note Records, whose archives yielded this material) reminisce about Powell. Even at $45 this is a bargain, and at 5 stars it's underrated.

□

"THE COMPLETE VERSE RECORDINGS OF BUDDY DE FRANCO WITH SONNY CLARK." Mosaic MR 5 117. The preferred clarinetist of Art Tatum, Count Basie, Lester Young and countless other jazz musicians, De Franco was to the clarinet wh[at] Powell was to the piano. His quar[tet] in the period represented he[re] (1954-55) included Sonny Cl[ark], one of the best Powell disciples, [as] well as Gene Wright on bass [and] Bobby White on drums. Tal F[arlow]

TUNING IN TO QUALITY CLASSICS ON CASSETTES AND CD

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Many favorite Sinatra albums are being released on compact discs.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Frank Sinatra has finally arrived in the world of compact discs.

It's hard to say who will be more elated: Sinatraphiles who have been waiting to hear the singer in the purity of CD sound or the retailers who'll benefit from the certain sales rush.

Warner Bros. Records is releasing nine albums on CD from the nearly three dozen LPs Sinatra recorded for the company's affiliate Reprise label. The albums, recorded between 1960 and 1973, include "The Concert Sinatra," "It Might as Well Be Swing," "September of My Years," "My Way" and "Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back."

Though Warner officials wouldn't discuss specific figures, a source at the company said the number of units being shipped on each of the nine titles is "unprecedented" for catalogue items (previously released material).

The figure for each CD is believed to be equivalent to the initial CD shipment for a current Top 10 album, around 40,000 to 80,000. That means about 500,000 Sinatra CDs in the stores this week. Additional albums will be released periodically until all 34 of Sinatra's Reprise packages are in the stores. (Capitol, for whom Sinatra recorded some of his best known works in the '50s, is also expected to release some of them in CD, starting next year.)

And how about the music?

The release of these CDs is a timely reminder—amid the current fascination with his personal life—of what matters most about him: his artistry.

Two overall conclusions: Encouraged by the ability to control his recording career through his own company (Reprise), Sinatra in the 1960s was living through the golden years.

On the other hand, too often he seemed disturbed by the inroads of time. He was 45 when the first tracks on these nine albums were taped, and 57 at the latest session. Such albums as "September of My Years," and the nostalgic narration in his two-disc set "A Man and His

Please see FRANK, Page 4

〰〰Excellent 〰〰Good 〰Fair ✓Poor

VIDEOCASSETTES

"Louie Bellson and His Big Band." V.I.E.W. $39.95. This is not Bellson's regular orchestra, but a group assembled for a European tour and involving several American expatriates. Recorded in Switzerland, the tape offers a rare chance to catch extended glimpses of trumpeter Benny Bailey and alto

Please see HOME TECH, Page 3

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

Continued from Page 1

saxophonist Herb Geller. Regrettably, Howard Johnson—a fine saxophonist—solos only on some kind of penny whistle. Main attraction for most viewers is the extended percussion workout by Bellson on the concluding "Explosion." He's never had a bad band—some have been good, others better, still others the best. This one is good. Information: (212) 674-5550. 〰〰

—LEONARD FEATHER

low's guitar is added on the last three sides.

As Ira Gitler's notes point out, there is overwhelming evidence here that the criticisms often leveled against De Franco (he was "too technical," cold, unemotional) were nonsense. He used his phenomenal technical to bring to the horn all the creative fire and imagination called for by the then youthful art of be-bop. Clark also is in fine fettle, switching from piano to organ on several cuts. It's too bad De Franco's big-band sessions for MGM, which displayed his talents as an arranger, couldn't have been included. 4½ stars.

□

MEL TORME, ROB McCONNELL & THE BOSS BRASS. Concord 306. In his otherwise credible notes, Torme claims that his first exposure to McConnell's orchestra "literally blew me away." Luckily that was not the case, otherwise he would not have been around to tape an album that may figuratively blow his fans away.

Here is an inspired collaboration of two perfectionists. Torme is more than a vocalist; in effect, he is a full-fledged member of the band. This is best illustrated on "Just Friends," when the rhythm is suspended while the horns and Torme swing implacably through his wordless chorus, leading to an exchange between McConnell's valve trombone and the singer's scatting.

McConnell's arrangements, and the brilliance with which they are interpreted and recorded, are matched by the splendid choice of material on the A side: an old Illinois Jacquet instrumental, "Black Velvet," recast as "Don'cha Go 'Way Mad," the Bacharach-David "A House Is Not a Home," an exquisite "September Song."

Had the second side measured up, this would have been a 5-star set, but "Cow Cow Boogie," a tongue-in-cheek glance at a forgettable song, and more particularly the uninspired choice of tunes for the Duke Ellington medley (they were not selected by Torme, who would have found some less overworked Ellingtonia), take it down a peg. 4 stars.

□

"J MOOD." Wynton Marsalis. Columbia FC 40308. Yes, there is life after Branford. His brother has overcome the problems of a missing second horn, mainly by interacting sensitively with the pianist Marcus Roberts, and by developing still further the levels of collective diversity, the shifts of meter and tempo. In this generally low-key set, he is muted on the well-titled "Melodique" and on his father's tune "After." Jeff Watts, a master of the cymbals, is a 1980s counterpart to the Max Roach of the '50s, just as Wynton cherishes the values Miles Davis held dear in those days. 4½ stars.

□

"THE COMPLETE KEYNOTE COLLECTION." Billed as "334 Immortal Performances of the 1940s Including 115 Newly Discovered Gems," this 21-record boxed set, weighing in at nine pounds, can be obtained on Keynote 830 121-1. Having produced one of the first Keynote sessions (the original Dinah Washington date), I disqualify myself from reviewing or rating the album; however, the bulk of the credit must to to Harry Lim, who produced all but a few of the items in this cross-section of mid-1940s small group jazz. Some of the leaders are Barney Bigard, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Neal Hefti, Red Norvo and Lennie Tristano. The suggested list price is $210.

□

"A DAY ON CAPE COD: EARLY CAPE MORNING." Rykodisc RCD 30014; "BABBLING BROOK." Rykodisc RCD 30015; "SUNSET SURF" Rykodisc RCD 30016; "SUMMER RAIN." Rykodisc RCD 30017. Rkyodisc calls itself the "Record Company That Doesn't Make Records." True, in the sense that its products are all compact discs. It goes beyond that: On these four examples, it has produced sets with no music and no speech.

What's left? Well, the voices of nature. These passive, ambient digital sounds are designed, we are told, to provide a pleasant background for our everyday lives. Since each disc runs an hour, if your CD player is equipped with an automatic changer, you have here enough background non-music to keep you pacified all morning, or all evening.

"Early Cape Morning" consists entirely of melodious bird cheeps and chirps, in rhythms so unpredictable and complex that you can be sure no tape loop was used, much less a synthesizer. "Babbling Brook" is softer and more soothing, a mood-setter that lets you go quietly with the stream.

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JAZZ REVIEWS

AN UPDATED BILL BERRY STEPS ASIDE FOR SOLOIST

By LEONARD FEATHER

In a feat of logistics, Alfonse's found room to present Bill Berry's 16-piece orchestra Monday evening without squeezing the customers out into the street.

It was worth the effort. Berry, of course, has a band that is as strong as its repertoire, much of which was acquired during his long-ago association with Duke Ellington. Such compositions as "Blood Count" and "Big Fat Alice's Blues," both written by Billy Strayhorn for the alto saxophone of Johnny Hodges, enabled Marshal Royal, Berry's perennial lead alto virtuoso, to remind us just how closely he can approximate the beauty of the sterling Hodges sound.

Berry's muted horn provided the low key lead-in to a buoyant reading of the old Sweets Edison blues "Centerpiece." In further evidence that his Ellington association is far from exclusive, Berry turned Lanny Morgan's boppish alto sax loose on "Cherokee." This was followed by a Bob Ojeda arrangement of "America the Beautiful," in which the ideas and the solos (Bobby Bryant on trumpet, Jack Kelso on tenor sax) never quite flowed.

Other pieces furnished outlets for the trombonists Buster Cooper and Vince Prudente, both Ellington alumni, and for the always invigorating tenor sax of Bob Cooper.

Suddenly, half an hour into the set, it was no longer the band but the Jack Sheldon Comedy Hour, with Sheldon the singer (a hip, happy, humorous voice), Sheldon the trumpeter (confident and creative) and, for quite a while, Sheldon the monologuist, in anecdotes about his problems with drink, drugs and dieting. ("I also wanted to join Liars Anonymous, but they lied to me about where the meetings were held.") Sheldon wound up the set with "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me."

Since this is, after all, Bill Berry's orchestra, it is curious that he allots so little space to his own considerable ability as a soloist. It's no reflection on Sheldon or anyone else to suggest that in a band with a man of Berry's caliber at the helm, he is certainly entitled to equal time.

JACKIE COON PACKS THE CHINA TRADER

It was standing-room-only time Saturday evening at the China Trader, when Jackie Coon brought a hand-picked quintet into the Toluca Lake restaurant. Both the size of the crowd and the vociferous reaction indicated that despite his residency in Big Sur and the rarity of his appearances here, he has a strong local following.

Though Coon surrounds himself mainly with musicians dedicated to early jazz values, there is more to his success than an allegiance to the past. In the first place, the instrument of his choice is the fluegelhorn, which by its very nature, updates him. (One wonders how such cornet or trumpet giants as Bix, Louis and Roy Eldridge might have sounded had this horn been in general use in their day.)

Second, although he dishes up such 1920s ditties as "Avalon," "Shine" and "Riverboat Shuffle," his improvisations indicate an ear for harmonic changes and melodic patterns of a less dated nature. While treasuring the memory of his forefathers, Coon displays a fluency that manages, combined with the fluegelhorn tone, to produce an effect at once traditional and contemporary.

This objective was aided by presence Saturday of Tom Newsom, whose tenor sax is c to Al Cohn than to, say, Freeman. Another patently potently non-traditional elem was the bass of David Stone, w solos add an inventive compl unknown in the early swing y More conventional but spirited helpful were Ray Sherman, a nist of the Teddy Wilson sc and the steady, sturdy drum Gene Estes.

Alternating the old stor with such vehicles as "Broac and an occasional ballad (som's "She's Funny That was a high point), Coon dive further by putting down hi long enough to field a r vocal, verse and chorus, o Waller's "Keepin' Out of M Now."

One can safely infer that a as they are purveyed with a sure of confidence and origi the basic jazz sounds will s and the riverboats will conti shuffle.

JAZZ REVIEW

PETERSON AT WESTWOOD PLAYHOUSE

1/7/86

By LEONARD FEATHER

There is Oscar Peterson, and there is everyone else.

The pre-eminence of the virtuoso pianist/composer, a fact of musical life since he stepped across the Canadian border in 1950, was emphatically pointed up at Tuesday evening's Westwood Playhouse opening.

It was a great night for the British. With Peterson's fellow Torontonian David Young on bass and England's Martin Drew on drums, Joe Pass was the sole American on stage, his guitar the only conceivable match for the pianist's blinding expertise.

Physically, Peterson has become the Sidney Greenstreet of the Boesendorfer. A powerful and commanding presence, he seems at times to dare the keyboard to resist his onslaught, then minutes later caresses it with such delicacy that in effect every note becomes a grace note.

Though he has chosen for many years to devote much of his time to solo recitals, the company of men like Pass, Drew and Young makes for a stimulating challenge that brings out the best in him.

Not that the evening was lacking in moments of isolated splendor. "Who Can I Turn To?" began with a rococo piano solo in which the last note of one phrase and the first note of the next would be separated by a florid, dazzling run 40 or 50 notes long; then Pass took over for a finger-style solo that stressed the harmonic beauty of the song. A ballad medley composed of "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" and "Waltz for Debby" (the latter mostly in 4/4 time) again showed Peterson's self-sufficiency.

Still, more often than not it was the group effort that turned the recital into a swinging triumph. Pass, as always, was Peterson's third arm, the man with the magic plectrum (which he still stashes in his mouth while strumming rhythm parts while delineating a gently chorded solo). An improbable vehicle for Pass was "Holiday for Strings," in which decoration and elaboration added up to beautification.

This was an important night for Peterson the composer. His four-part suite written for Bach's 300th anniversary moved from a stately prelude to a stunning allegro, during which Pass and Peterson wove in and out of harmony and counterpoint, and thence to a brief andante followed by a rocking, irresistible series of elongated blues choruses.

His original ballad "If You Only Knew" evinced a mood of Kern-like melodic discovery, and his "Goodby Old Friend," dedicated to the late Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, provided the eloquent David Young with an elegiac solo vehicle.

The uptempos made the greatest audience impact: "Speak Low," spoken high, used as the opener; "On the Trail," which closed the first half on a trail few men could follow; and a blistering "Take the A Train" leading into a second Billy Strayhorn piece, "Lush Life," in which Peterson brought out the full splendor of this majestic melody.

If the entire program had a weak spot it was the slightly frantic "Caravan," a tune of limited value as a basis for improvisation.

Young and Drew pulled their weight throughout, the latter soloing only briefly and working mainly as a solid supporter with impeccable time.

Legend has it that when Art Tatum visited a club where Fats Waller was playing, Waller said "Ladies and gentlemen, I play the piano, but God is in the house tonight." It might be said that after Tatum made Oscar Peterson, He threw away the mold.

The group will be at the Westwood Playhouse through Nov. 1 (off Monday).

ELLIS IGNORES ALL THE TRENDY MOVES

By LEONARD FEATHER

At Donte's, which is due to celebrate its 20th anniversary Oct. 24 (it's the second oldest jazz room in town, after Memory Lane), the perennial verities still hold good, as was demonstrated Wednesday by the appearance of the Herb Ellis Quartet.

Ross Tompkins, the pianist in this ad hoc group, is known in local circles as "The Phantom," though the name could better be applied to Ellis, who plays only in his home town when he isn't in Europe or busy on some long cross country tour.

Fortunately, Ellis has ignored all the trendy moves. He plays only one guitar. He doesn't produce notes or chords by tapping the strings.

Ellis tends to inject a little of the blues feeling of his native Texas into tunes that are not basically blues-oriented. In a number such as "But Beautiful," he will start off showing great respect for Jimmy van Heusen's melody, but little by little, he will work his way up to a flurry of sixteenth notes, then wind his way down into a repeated blues riff while Chuck Berghofer's bass and Jake Hanna's graceful cymbals keep control of the beat.

When he is not busy dreaming up swatches of chords, Ellis' lines are less guitar-like than horn-inspired; here and there are hints of Sweets Edison or Dizzy Gillespie. Certain moments, though, could be achieved only on a guitar, as when he and Berghofer strummed four to the bar while Tompkins and Hanna briefly fell silent. It is at times like this that the maturity, the sensitivity and the innate artistry of this respected veteran truly come alive.

JAZZ 10/14/86

DOC'S RECORD-SETTING GIG

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's amazing—and yet, when you consider the way the recording industry is run, not so unlikely at that. The one orchestra on TV with a nightly audience running to eight digits, with the biggest potential market by far, was never represented on records until last month. At last, "The Tonight Show Band With Doc Severinsen" is not just a vision but an LP fact (specifically, Amherst Records AMH 3311).

In his dressing room at NBC, seated directly below a portrait of Bix Beiderbecke, Doc Severinsen told the story of his long, slow move to the recording studio with his regular band. (A fusion group he leads called Xebron was recorded a couple of years ago.)

"It's incredible how many record companies turned me down," he said. "I would sit in one of their offices and say, 'Wouldn't you be interested in recording "The Tonight Show" band? We have a tremendous audience, you know.' And they'd look at me as if I was crazy!

"I remember telling one of these guys, 'If there were any kind of push on any album by this band, we could sell 250,000 copies.' And he says, 'We're not interested in selling 250,000 albums. We're looking to break a *big* record.' Well, that was the end of that conversation. How do you talk to someone with an attitude like that?"

As it turned out, Severinsen didn't need the big companies who turned him down. Not long ago he was working with two musicians, Jeff Tyzik and Allen Vizzutti, on a fusion project for a small outfit, Amherst Records. One day the owner, Lenny Silver, mentioned that he would be interested in recording "The Tonight Show" band. By now, Severinsen had been so negatively indoctrinated that he told Silver what others had been telling him—"Are you crazy?"

Silver acknowledged that he was serious: "I think I could do a hell of a job with your band." Very soon, Severinsen says, "he got us into the best possible studio in Hollywood, with the best possible engineer, Mick Guzauski.

"At first, I was almost casual about choosing the tunes. I was so happy just to be recording the band at all. Everything we wound up using was pulled out of our regular library, with one exception: I felt I needed a trumpet ballad, so I asked Tommy Newsom to make an arrangement of 'How Long Has This Been Going On' somewhat in the Harry James vein. I didn't want to prove what I could do with the tune; in fact, it bothers me when someone takes what I would call a classic period piece and then throws a 1986 style solo into it."

What Severinsen has in the album primarily is a series of somewhat updated period pieces. "One O'Clock Jump" is a modernized treatment of the Count Basie and Harry James versions, rearranged by Newsom. "Skyliner," as arranged by Mike Barone, is a variation on the original Charlie Barnet recording. Similarly, "Flying Home" stems from Lionel Hampton and includes a harmonized replication of Illinois Jacquet's famous tenor sax solo.

"Tippin' In" is a showcase for Newsom's Johnny Hodges-like alto sax, with a chart inspired by an old Erskine Hawkins 78 RPM record. Jelly Roll Morton's "King Porter Stomp," featuring Snooky Young and Conte Candoli on trumpets and Pete Christlieb and Ernie Watts on tenor saxes, derives from the Fletcher Henderson chart that helped popularize Benny Goodman's orchestra.

"Johnny Carson deserves a lot of credit for our choice of material," says Severinsen. "A year ago he said to me, 'Why don't you guys play more things from the big band era? People would relate to that.' And since the album came out we've been getting requests to play some of these numbers on the show."

The album is by no means exclusively a nostalgia trip. There are two original pieces, Mike Barone's "Shawnee," with Doc on fluegelhorn in an excursion based on the harmonic changes of "Cherokee," and John Bambridge's "Sax Alley," a thunderbolt chase in which Christlieb and Watts do battle. Bill Holman, a master at making bricks out of sedimented straw, does so with his arrangements of "Begin the Beguine," with Severinsen displaying his phenomenal upper register, and "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You."

To satisfy those for whom the album wouldn't be complete without it, there's a brief nod to "The Tonight Show" theme, which is credited to Paul Anka and Johnny Carson as composers.

□

As might have been predicted by anyone but a major record company executive, the response to the album has been tremendous. At press time, 300,000 units had been shipped, and there was every likelihood that the record would enter the jazz charts, followed in the near future by the pop charts.

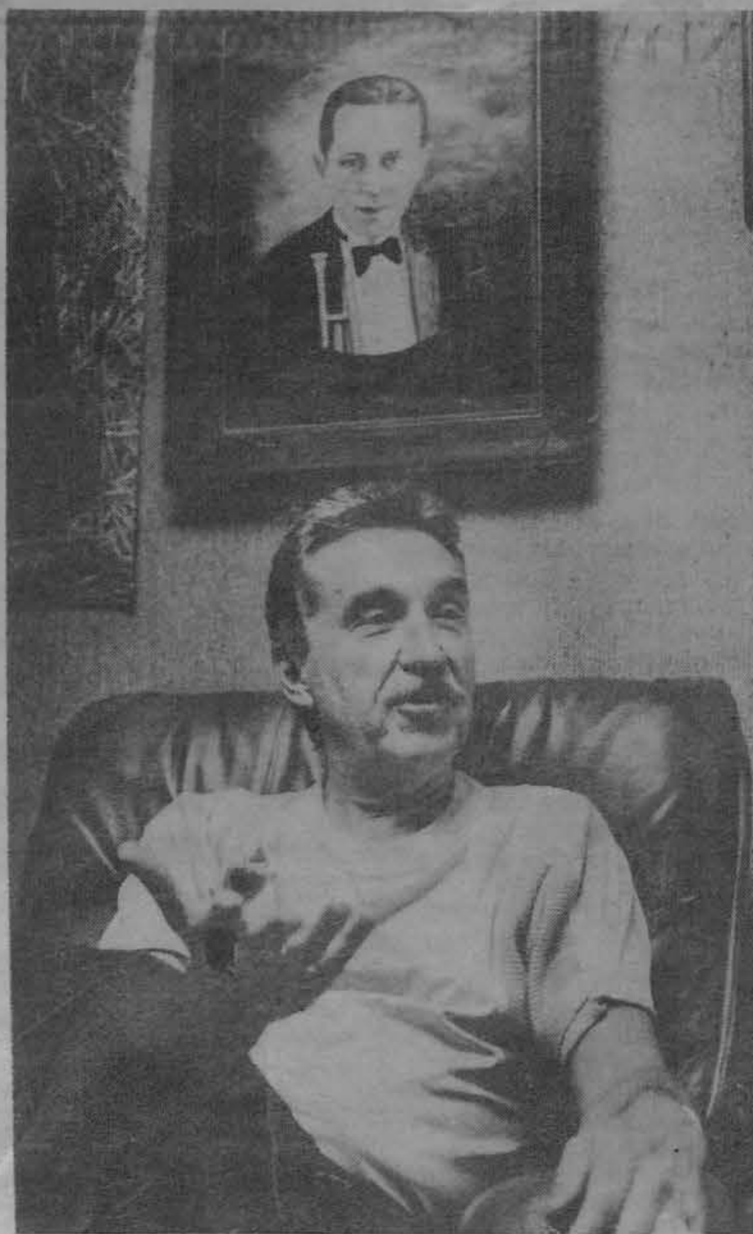
Severinsen says he's too busy and too happy to tell anyone "I told you so." "We're already working on Volume Two. Tommy Newsom has been preparing an arrangement of 'Jumpin' at the Woodside.' We have a new composition by Pete Christlieb—his first big band chart—called 'Three Ton Blues,' which indicates another direction in which we'd like to go.

"In the not too distant future I want to try some old rhythm and blues-type music—you know, like Buddy Johnson's old Savoy Ballroom band, maybe with a Hammond organ player and a percussionist added, or even Duke Ellington's 'Happy Go Lucky Local,' which had that kind of beat to it."

Surprisingly, plans to follow up the album's success with in-person appearances remain somewhat vague. Severinsen has built up a concert identity with Xebron, which, as a small group, presents fewer transportation problems. He does realize, though, that the moment has come for a decision.

"Aside from the Playboy Festival in 1983, and some private functions for NBC, the band hasn't done much in-person work. We did make a joint appearance with the Phoenix Symphony, which was pretty impressive—'The Tonight Show' band right smack in the middle of the symphony orchestra. We have some great material available for that kind of concert.

"But I would like to present the band in Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, that kind of thing. Yeah, it would be logical to take advantage of the album—but, as we all know, what's logical in this business doesn't always happen." □



PENNI GLADSTONE

Doc Severinsen, on "The Tonight Show" band's first LP: "It's incredible how many record companies turned me down."

JAZZ 10/21/86

REBIRTH OF THE CLARINET?

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is ironic that the year of Benny Goodman's death is showing signs of becoming a year for the first genuine renaissance in jazz clarinet.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the obsolescence of this distinctive horn after the swing era. It has been argued that the instrument is too demanding technically; yet in the 1930s, before jazz education existed, this seemed to present no problem that Goodman, Artie Shaw, Barney Bigard, Edmond Hall, Buster Bailey and others could not overcome.

Today, given the limitless opportunities to study any instrument at any of countless colleges where jazz is a subject for official study, the number of specialists might have been expected to multiply. Instead, the clarinet went into a decline from which it is only now emerging.

The bebop era produced only one completely accomplished soloist, Buddy De Franco, who was variously thought of as the Charlie Parker of the clarinet or as the Benny Goodman of bop. His career has been erratic. An attempt to form a big band produced musically impeccable results but found no market; for the last 35 years, he has made his living leading small groups, lecturing at colleges, making the occasional album (a five-LP set of his best mid-1950s works, reissued on Mosaic, was reviewed here last week).

For a while De Franco had no serious rivals, but the decision of saxophonist Eddie Daniels to concentrate on clarinet produced a startling album, "Breakthrough" (GRP 1024). Backed by a symphony orchestra and a jazz rhythm section, he played Jorge Calandrelli's Concerto for Jazz Clarinet and Orchestra, which takes up one side; the other is devoted to works by classical composers (C.P.E. Bach, J. S. Bach) and pop/jazz writers (Torrie Zito, Daniels).

Daniels crosses the line seamlessly between written parts and astonishing improvisation on a level that places him in a class with De Franco. That the album carries warm endorsements by Artie Shaw, Quincy Jones and De Franco himself is eloquent testimony to a virtuoso of the first order.

Like Daniels, Richard Stoltzman refuses to acknowledge any Berlin Walls between jazz and classical music. Though he is known primarily for his classical accomplishments, his appearances with Woody Herman's Orchestra (playing "Ebony Concerto," which Igor Stravinsky composed specifically for Herman) say something about his attitude, as does the inclusion in his recent album "Begin Sweet World" (RCA Red Seal AML 1-7124) of the great jazz bassist Eddie Gomez.

Artie Shaw, the world's greatest living clarinetist, is also, sadly, an ex-clarinetist who renounced the horn permanently 31 years ago. He has, however, done us a great service by bringing to prominence Dick Johnson, the clarinetist and leader of the revived Shaw orchestra. Johnson adheres largely to Shaw's style when playing the band's familiar arrangements, but now and then, especially in a jam-session situation, he will break out with improvisations that display a stylistic personality closer to De Franco. However, as a youth he idolized Shaw. He is well represented on three Concord Jazz albums, the latest being "Swing Shift" (CJ 1067).

In a more contemporary vein, John Carter has gained acceptance as a composer and clarinetist whose most striking venture into the avant-garde is "Castles of Ghana" (Gramavision 18-8603-1). Full of heady dissonances, percussion, vocal effects and extended orchestral passages, it leaves enough room for Carter to reveal, in a movement called "Capture," his amazing facility for jumping from one register to another with an ease that seems to extend the instrument's naturally capacious range.

Classical clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, left, with Joe Williams before their concert last May, has played with other jazz greats.

Carter is heard in the less formal setting of "Clarinet Summit" (India Navigation IN 1062), a unique mixture of traditional and original themes that finds him in the company of the New Orleans clarinetist Alvin Batiste, David Murray on bass clarinet and Jimmy Hamilton, best known for his 26 years with Duke Ellington.

Like his predecessor Barney Bigard in the Ellington orchestra, Hamilton was splendidly showcased, but the plethora of solo talents in the Ducal ranks limited his opportunities for exposure. For the past 13 years he has been living quietly on St. Croix, playing and teaching, returning only occasionally to the mainland.

Not to be bypassed in any survey of jazz clarinet are those artists who are known primarily as saxophonists. Most remarkably, Phil Woods, when not displaying his virtuosity on the alto sax, has revealed a fluency and creativity on clarinet that could earn him a second identity were he to concentrate on it more often.

Woods has embarked on his clarinet excursions too infrequently, though one track on the album "Three for All" (Enja 3081), a tune called "It's Time to Emulate the Japanese," finds him in admirable clarinet form. Surely the time for an all-clarinet Woods album is long overdue; he could do much to stimulate still further what appears to be a renaissance in the use of this valuable member of the instrumental family.

Among the other exponents who have doubled on various reed instruments are Bill Smith, who has used the clarinet with Echoplex effects in Dave Brubeck's Quartet; Anthony Braxton, who has dealt seriously with a dozen instruments, though his clarinet contributions have been relatively infrequent; and Kenny Davern, a mainstreamer heard often at the Dick Gibson jazz parties and other gatherings of swing-era eminences.

It has been argued that the sound of the clarinet is much too mild, too thin to compete in this era of honking saxophones and the thousand-watt thunder of amplified guitars. This theory cannot stand up under close examination; after all, the delicate blend of the Modern Jazz Quartet still finds audiences around the world, as does the subtle, understated vibraphone of Gary Burton.

Given the right setting such as De Franco, Daniels and others were accorded in their recent albums, the clarinet is still capable of generating enough excitement to stimulate the most demanding ear. With its dark, brooding chalumeau lower register, and its dancing high tones to provide contrast, this noble survivor of the swing days deserves the recaptured glory it now seems to be on the verge of achieving. □

JIMMY LI

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L. A. TIMES 11/9/86

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"20 YEARS AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD." Mel Lewis Orchestra. Atlantic 81655. Formed in 1965 in partnership with the late Thad Jones (who is represented here by his arrangement of "All of Me" and his own "The Interloper"), this impeccable ensemble is splendidly represented, mostly by writers who take full advantage of its cohesive spirit.

Bob Brookmeyer composed the intricate, stirring "American Express" in addition to writing the literate liner notes. Jerry Dodgion's "Butter," dedicated to the late Quentin Jackson, who played in the trombone section, is a brooding, haunting work with Ed Neumeister's plunger-muted trombone in the Jackson tradition.

There is much more to the band than expert writing: Kenny Werner's piano and Dick Oatts' saxophone among a generally first-rate roster of soloists, and Lewis himself, a never-intrusive drummer who has all hands cooking mightily in "C Jam Blues." 5 stars.

□

"WISHING PEACE." Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra. Ascent 1006 (Box 20135, New York City 10025). Akiyoshi's flair for creating excitement through textural and rhythmic values is well illustrated on "Feast in Milano," a 5/4 blues. Her arrangement of Lew Tabackin's elegiac "Unrequited Love" showcases the composer on flute.

The band's alternate flute virtuoso, Frank Wess, has the spotlight in the title work, which forms the second movement of a three-part "Liberty Suite" that takes up the second side. The opening movement is weakened by a marathon-running rhythm section that sounds empty without Akiyoshi's piano, but the work builds to a typically exuberant finale with flute leading the woodwinds, and Jay Anderson's bass. 4½ stars.

□

"IMAGES." Bill Meyers. Spindletop SPT 114. Led by the pianist-composer, with occasional solos by Ernie Watts and others, this elaborate album of orchestral works, designed as if for a movie sound track, will be of interest mainly to fellow composers who are concerned with the mechanics of this genre of contemporary (but tonal) writing, with a vast instrumentation (more than 40 synthesizers and a battery of strings and horns). The acoustic and electronic sounds are well blended and recorded. 2½ stars.

□

"WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON." Nonesuch 79137. When an avant-garde group tackles traditional material, either something valid on its own terms may emerge or the result may simply be the loss of whatever character the original possessed. Julius Hemphill's transmogrifications of the Strayhorn tunes "Take the A Train" and "Lush Life" use vastly altered chords but retained much of the basic flavor. David Murray's arrangement of "Come Sunday" is no less ingenious. But on "Prelude to a Kiss" and "In a Sentimental Mood," with Oliver Lake's alto sax running amok, it becomes the Wild Saxophone Quartet. "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart" will appeal only to those who have no emotional commitment to Ellington's artistry. 3 stars.

□

"MONEY JUNGLE." Duke Ellington/Charles Mingus/Max Roach. Blue Note 85129. On the other hand, ... original article, in a highly informal setting, playing several off-the-cuff blues and a couple of his melodic gems ("Warm Valley," "Fleurette Africaine"). Of the 11 cuts, taped in 1962, four have never before been released. Though sometimes short on form and planning, the results are long on inspiration. 4½ stars.

□

"FLIGHT OF FANCY." Sue Raney-Bob Florence. Discovery 931. The title tune is a most attractive new piece by Raney and Florence. This aside, it's a tribute to Alan and Marilyn Bergman, using a dozen of their lyrics, six of which have Michel Legrand melodies. Raney's lucent diction and occasional wordless vocal gymnastics are flawless, but the attempt by Florence to simulate an orchestra by using a roomful of synthesizers, sounds—what else?—synthetic;the calliope-like noises on "His Eyes, Her Eyes" and the whistle effects on "That Face" are as uninspired as the busy, unswinging background on "Sure as You're Born" and the borrowed Monk riff on "Nice 'n Easy." "Take Me Home," with a solo by Bob Badgley on acoustic bass, comes off well; "Make Me Rainbows" is a happy collaboration. For Raney, 5 stars; for the setting, 3; on balance, 4.

□

"THE PIANO ARTISTRY OF PHINEAS NEWBORN JR." Atlantic 90534. This was the first LP by Newborn, then newly arrived in New York from Memphis and hailed by Count Basie as a young genius, as indeed he was. Because illness has kept him off the scene during most of the past 20 years, this reissue is a doubly welcome reminder that at his best he was comparable only to Oscar Peterson. His whirlwind technique is astonishing, but so are the ideas they enable him to convey. Bud Powell's "Celia," Clifford Brown's "Dahoud" and Charlie Parker's "Barbados" are among the Newborn milestones; as for his "All the Things You Are," even if you own 57 other recordings, this just may be the definitive version. Perfect backing by Oscar Pettiford, Kenny Clarke and, on some cuts, brother Calvin Newborn on guitar. 5 stars. (Note: Newborn's "Harlem Blues" from 1969, with Ray Brown and Elvin Jones, is now available on a Japanese import compact disc, Contemporary JCD-690-7634, also a 5-star set.).

□

"SO WHAT." George Russell & the Living Time Orchestra. Blue Note 85132. It is sad that a masterpiece such as Miles Davis' "So What" could be trivialized as it is here. By having the original Davis solo transcribed for unison horns, Russell robs it of all its emotional impact. It's even sadder that a brilliant composer like Russell has been compelled by conditions in the music industry to convince himself that electronic riffs and a general absence of harmonic and melodic finesse are what is called for. Here are 21 musicians wasting precious studio time, led by a giant whose early work displayed tonal and dynamic beauties that are missing here. The guitarist Mark White stands out among an otherwise uneven group of soloists; the trombone and trumpet in "War Gewesen" are incredibly incoherent. 1 star.

□

"ROYAL GARDEN BLUES." Branford Marsalis. Columbia 40363. Oddly, the 1919 title tune, which wanders aimlessly through the ageless chords, is the weakest track in a generally excellent series involving various quartets. Three of the four pianists (Larry Willis, Kenny Kirkland and paterfamilias Ellis Marsalis) double as composers. The fourth, Herbie Hancock, is up to his pristine form on "Emanon" (a Wynton Marsalis original, not the Gillespie tune). "Strike up the Band" barely hints at the melody until the final chorus. Despite having been bitten by the rhythm-and-blues bug and stung by Sting, the saxophonist-leade leaves no doubt that jazz is hi home turf. 4 stars.

□

"STRAIGHTEN UP & FL RIGHT." Supersax & LA Voice Volume 3. Columbia 40547. Chal up yet another credit to the amazing Med Flory. The saxophonist-arranger-singer-actor now turns up as a lyricist, fitting words to ar impossibly complex Charlie Parker solo on "Ko Ko" and to his own melodies such as "Super Sax" (a autobiographical song), "Bambo and "Country." Flory also n writes his own soli passages for f saxes in addition to borrowing fr Bird and Coltrane. Though bland blend and vanilla sound the vocal quintet is totally lack in the guts of the saxes, there enough instrumental delights to rate a solid 4 stars.

□

"ABOUT CHARLIE." Gord Brisker. Discovery DS-923. Aid by the company he kept (t challenging trumpeter Tom Harrell, the pianist Cedar Walton Eddie Gomez and Victor Lewis on bass and drums), Brisker, a Los Angeles tenor saxophonist, establishes his credentials here without dominating the date. "Maui," an "All Blues"-type waltz theme, and Brisker's extended "Liberation Suite" in 7/4 show his compositional promise. The title song, written by Monique Aldebert, offers a bonus in her light, fragile vocal. 3½ stars. □

JAZZ

10/26/86

'IT'S NOT HOW YOU PLAY, IT'S WHERE . . .'

By LEONARD FEATHER

One evening not long ago in Los Angeles, Frank Morgan picked up his alto saxophone and played at least half a dozen choruses of "All the Things You Are" with such devastating skill, such seamless creativity, that he seemed to represent the ultimate peak of achievable artistry on the horn.

One might assume that by now Morgan would have been the subject of critical acclaim on the part of the leading jazz historians. True, his career has been interrupted many times by problems due to drug abuse, but for much of the last decade he has been heard in a

sional concerts and played on several albums as sideman or leader. Yet he is all but unknown to—and ignored by—the very writers who could give him the media recognition he deserves.

The reason is simple: Morgan lives and works in Los Angeles. He has never in his life played in, nor even visited, New York. The leading jazz critics, for the most part, live in New York and seldom visit Los Angeles.

That due acknowledgment of great artistry should be dependent on a matter of logistics is beyond all bounds of logic, yet this factor has played a significant part in the documentation of jazz accomplish-

ments.

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One musician whose talent is formidable, but who has long suffered from this form of exclusion, recently remarked: "It's not how you play, it's where you play it." Granted this is an oversimplification, yet one can understand his bitterness.

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Los Angeles musicians have an additional problem due to an elitist attitude on the part of New Yorkers—critics and musicians alike. The theory that West Coast jazzmen play in a laid-back, nonaggressive style, and that only beyond the Hudson can true grit and muscle be discerned, was prevalent as far back in the 1950s, when there was a tendency to equate Southern California with the sounds of a small clique of studio musicians whose work admittedly displayed these tendencies. Yet at the same time, musicians such as

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'RICHARD' OPENED DOORS

By JIM DAWSON

Today's popular catch phrases—Joan's "Can we talk?"

strolling minstrel band at Disneyland. "I hardly ever perform it

11/13/86

JAZZ REVIEW

ALMEIDA AT THE VINE ST. BAR & GRILL

By LEONARD FEATHER

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Tuesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, he offered little evidence of the rhythmic excitement and technical mastery once associated with him.

Though she had not been billed, Almeida's wife, the singer Delti (Dee Dee) Almeida, started the proceedings with two numbers and reappeared off and on, relegating the musicians to a backup function. Strictly an operatic soprano, she made an attempt at jauntiness with "Ridin' High," followed by Johnny Mercer's "Old Guitaron." More appropriate to her personality was "My Bill."

The instrumental numbers for the most part sounded conservative, deliberate and, all too literally, effortless. Possibly Almeida is out of practice; whatever the reason, his facility was not up to its pristine form. The material was heavy on gimmicks: Debussy and Mozart themes with a samba beat added, even an ill-advised attempt to wed Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," played by Almeida, with Monk's "Round Midnight" by the bassist Richard Maloof.

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JAZZ

10/26/86

'IT'S NOT HOW YOU PLAY, IT'S WHERE . . .'

By LEONARD FEATHER

One evening not long ago in Los Angeles, Frank Morgan picked up his alto saxophone and played at least half a dozen choruses of "All the Things You Are" with such devastating skill, such seamless creativity, that he seemed to represent the ultimate peak of achievable artistry on the horn.

One might assume that by now Morgan would have been the subject of critical acclaim on the part of the leading jazz historians. True, his career has been interrupted many times by problems due to drug abuse, but for much of the last decade he has been heard in a [illegible] sional concerts and played on several albums as sideman or leader. Yet he is all but unknown to—and ignored by—the very writers who could give him the media recognition he deserves.

The reason is simple: Morgan lives and works in Los Angeles. He has never in his life played in, nor even visited, New York. The leading jazz critics, for the most part, live in New York and seldom visit Los Angeles.

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The Morgan case is one of many. An all-female jazz orchestra known as Maiden Voyage, led by the saxophonist Ann Patterson and featuring such gifted soloists as Stacy Rowles on fluegelhorn, has displayed a performance level and a library of compositions and arrangements that are on a par with all but a handful of such bands on the contemporary scene. Yet none of the New York experts has written a word about this phenomenon, and the group has yet to make its first record.

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Expatriate American musicians have to deal with a greater handicap. Not long ago at Donte's in North Hollywood, I heard a remarkable guitarist named Jimmy Gourley appearing as the guest of Mundell Lowe and playing guitar duets with him as well as solos. His brilliance was indisputable, yet one looks in vain for any reference to him in almost all the history books. The reason is clear: Gourley has lived in Paris since 1951, and was in town only for a brief visit.

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Duke Ellington observed that the unequivocal formula for success is doing the right thing in the right place at the right time with the right people. This is an indisputable truth, whether applied to jazz or any of the other lively arts.

Francis Bacon once wrote: "Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, 'If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill.'"

Frank (Mahomet) Morgan will open at New York's Village Vanguard in December. And so it goes. □

11/13/86

JAZZ REVIEW

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11/17 Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

CHEATHAMS AT ALLEYCAT

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Alleycat Bistro, fast becoming the most adventurous new jazz room in town, took a calculated risk by bringing in over the weekend an eight-piece San Diego-based band led by pianist/blues singer Jeannie Cheatham and her trombonist husband, Jimmy.

The gamble paid off. Because of heavy air play for the group's two albums, the room was packed Friday evening as the Cheathams went through their cheerfully old-timey motions. Jeannie Cheatham, who came up in an era when blues giants, both pianists and singers, roamed the earth, reflect their influences, rocking through songs that are older than newsprint ("Roll 'Em Pete," "C. C. Rider") and a few originals that recall the values of vaudeville days ("Finance Company Blues," "Sweet Bab Blues").

Jimmy Cheatham writes the arrangements for the five horns and rhythm section, playing an occasional gruff chorus on a muted bass trombone. The principal soloists are trumpeter Snooky Young, one of the band's three Los Angeles members, and saxophonist Curtis Peagler, clearly a Charlie Parker partisan, though his tenor sax showed better discipline and intonation than his alto.

A nostalgic interlude was "Sweet Lorraine," played as a duo by clarinetist Jimmy Noone Jr. and bassist Red Callender. Using the horn's attractive lower register, Noone evoked memories of his father, who recorded the song almost 60 years ago and inspired Nat Cole to singing.

The three saxes had trouble staying in tune in the ensemble packages, but this was a small price to pay for the spirit and authenticity they generated. To paraphrase an old blues lyric: A man could go to college, and go to music school; if he doesn't play the blues he's still an educated fool. The Cheathams and their friends are nobody's fools.

JAZZ

MEL POWELL: AWAKE AND WELL AFTER 4 DECADES

By LEONARD FEATHER

CalArts professor Mel Powell, the Rip Van Winkle of jazz.

It is all but impossible to get a fix on Mel Powell.

To his students at CalArts in Valencia, he is the professor in whose classroom students are inculcated with an understanding of music through the centuries, from Palestrina to Poulenc to Powell.

To aspiring composers everywhere, he is the distinguished writer whose "Filigree Setting for String Quartet" in 1960 became a textbook piece and whose "Modules," introduced by the Los Angeles Philharmonic last spring, will be given its European premiere in 1987 by Pierre Boulez.

There is, though, another, all but forgotten side to this multifaceted artist: He is the Rip Van Winkle of jazz. In fact, Powell, who rose to national attention in the Benny Goodman Orchestra in 1941-42, exceeded Winkle's record of 20 years asleep: He recorded his last jazz session 31 years ago and, except for occasional flings at jazz, has been absent for four decades from the music that originally earned him national attention.

The event that brought this situation to an end was the fourth annual jazz festival aboard the Norway, this year subtitled "52nd Street Afloat." In the course of two weeklong voyages from Miami, he renewed old associations and made new friends, becoming a born-again jazzman. A series of coming-out parties found him in the company of the hip elite.

Digging in as if the time warp had not existed, he jammed with Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Rich, Ruby Braff, the Danish violinist Svend Asmussen; played two-piano duets with Makoto Ozone and Dick Hyman and accompanied Joe Williams. The heady mix of Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson and Earl Hines that had marked his early work with Benny Goodman was undiluted by the years.

Before each set, Powell would regale his audience with a prologue that often ran to 10 minutes. His professorial manner and precise diction were counterbalanced by a mordant wit and richly anecdotal style. Once, asked why he had chosen the cruise ship for his first jazz tour in 40 years, he said: 'It was quite fortuitous. You see, I resume playing jazz *every* 40 years."

□

Why was Powell away from jazz so long? He left it, he said, because much as he respects the jazz composers, he feels it is primarily a player's art form, so he turned to a composer's art.

But why did he choose this occasion to emerge?

"A couple of reasons," he said. "I was giving a lecture at CalArts in which I wanted to point out the rhythmic effectiveness in a Palestrina motet. I said, 'This hurrying, this anticipation of the beat, is very characteristic of American jazz.'

"Some kid then raised his hand and said: 'Prof. Powell, I'm curious. How did you know this about American jazz?' Well, I drew back in a state of shock. I replied: 'Your professor is an old-time ragtime player. The question should have been, How do I know that much about the 16th Century?'

"That incident shook me up, and along with it I had a series of calls from Hank O'Neal, who puts the Norway cruises together. I'd been doing what I was doing for a very long time; the idea of getting away and seeing old friends appealed to me. So it was a test, and sort of a lark."

□

Powell walks with difficulty; four years ago, a series of unexplained falls was eventually diagnosed as muscular dystrophy. His references to the disability (which causes no pain and has not affected

10/31/86 Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

IT SOUNDS GOOD WHEN O'HARA HORNS IN

By LEONARD FEATHER

If it has valves, Betty O'Hara will play it.

That was the lesson to be learned from the appearance of this remarkable woman Wednesday at Donte's. In the course of a single set, she brought her confident improvisational style to a muted trumpet, a valve trombone, a fluegelhorn, an open trumpet, and, most impressively, the double-bell euphonium.

O'Hara, best known as a member of the Maiden Voyage orchestra, also sings in a casually appealing manner. Her ballad mood was particularly moving on "It Never Entered My Mind."

She surrounded herself with compatible partners. The ubiquitous Tommy Newsom, on tenor saxophone, offered another reminder that he is far more than the mere butt of Johnny Carson's comic jibes. In addition to soloing splendidly, he read the ensemble parts on "Cascade of the Seven Waterfalls," a charming resilient tune O'Hara had brought in.

At the piano, Larry Muhoberac displayed such a crisply articulated style and such conceptually interesting jazz lines that it was hard to believe he spent nine years as Elvis Presley's musical director.

Completing the quintet were Jack Sperling, a long-respected drummer, and the supple, imaginative bass lines of David Stone. Given its ad hoc nature, this was a surprisingly unified group.

his hands) are invariably jocular: "I'm one of Jerry Lewis's kids."

Mobility problems aside, Powell differs little from the handsome young prodigy who graduated from high school at 14 and was praised at 15 by Art Tatum after sitting in with Sidney Bechet at Nick's in Greenwich Village.

He was 18, and had racked up credits with Bobby Hackett, Eddie Condon, Muggsy Spanier and a record date with Wingy Manone, when Goodman dropped in at Nick's one night and hired him. After a year, he joined Raymond Scott's CBS band briefly, until the draft claimed him. Wartime service did not interrupt his playing, since Glenn Miller tapped him for a piano-and-arranger role in his Army Air Force orchestra, which resided at length in England.

"Glenn had me writing not only for a jazz unit called Uptown Hall but also for a concert group using the string musicians. This made a sort of reversion to my youth, my eight years of training in so-called serious music."

Back from Europe and restored to civilian life, Powell went to 52nd Street to catch up with the new movements ("I found Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker utterly incomprehensible at first"). In 1946, he married actress Martha Scott (after 40 years, they're still together), put in time as a composer/arranger at MGM, then went back East and studied composition at Yale University, where he began a long and close association with Paul Hindemith.

"After I'd worked with Hindemith for three or four years as a student, he chose me to be his associate; I was a lecturer and assistant professor. Then Hindemith went home to Germany. I was the Young Turk on the faculty; students flocked to me because I knew all about Webern and the *dernier cri* people, while the older guys were still mainly involved with Stravinsky and Bartok. Schoenberg and atonal music were now of major interest. So the dean appointed me chairman of the composition faculty."

Powell was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1960. Though the next few years kept him busy composing, studying and preparing lectures, in retrospect he regards the Yale experience as less than completely fulfilling.

"I had a long run, about 15 years. It ended when some men came to tell me about an extraordinary complex they were building in Southern California devoted entirely to the arts. They wanted Aaron Copland to form the music school; he turned it down but recommended me. The timing was perfect."

Martha Scott, who had visited the West Coast for "Our Town" and other movies, shared Powell's enthusiasm. Kingman Brewster, the president of Yale, did not. On being told that Powell would leave in a year, he reacted with what Powell calls "this real Northeastern, Yankee view of Los Angeles. He didn't believe I'd stay, and even offered to keep my position open."

CalArts was founded in 1969, with Powell as the founding dean of the music school.

"The charming part, which seduced us all at first," he recalls, "was that whereas at Yale I'd be sitting at lunch with a physicist or a biologist, now it would be a playwright, a choreographer, a film maker." But political tensions arose. The trustees' viewpoint, he felt, leaned to the right while that of the students and faculty tended leftward. The original president and provost suddenly were out, leaving the group, in Powell's word, "acephalous." He was asked to become provost, "with five deans around—all deans being equal, but one a little more equal than the others."

Powell brought to CalArts several innovations, some of which he established, he says, because they were simply logical; for example, at a performance, students would play with teachers. "If a kid who's learning to play the violin finds himself sitting next to George Szell's former concertmaster, what better way is there to learn? It's equivalent to having a young trumpeter sitting next to Dizzy."

By 1976, he felt that his role as an administrator had been fulfilled. "Everyone was very happy except me, because I'd lost sight of my purpose for coming out here, which was not simply to be dean but to continue my career as a composer. So ever since 1976, I've been a member of the faculty and I have the Roy E. Disney-endowed first chair of music composition."

Throughout all the years at Yale and CalArts, there have been occasional brief flings in jazz: a series of record dates for Vanguard in the mid-1950s and jobs with Benny Goodman whenever Goodman was in a bind.

The only serious venture into jazz composing since his prewar days came about in 1982, after his daughter Mary insisted that he listen to the Maiden Voyage big band at a local club.

"There is something about a big swing band sound that is unlike anything else in the world, and these women amazed me. Here was this lead trumpet player (Louise Baranger), a pretty blonde who's sitting there popping out these high C's and D's. I reflected how many big-name bands that made zillions of dollars would have been blown off the stage by these people."

Powell arranged for the band to play at CalArts' Contemporary Music Festival, and for the occasion wrote a three-movement suite, "Setting for Jazz Band."

Aside from such isolated incidents, he remained secluded from the jazz world until last month. Now that the ice has been broken, will he consider a broader, bolder step back into jazz?

Powell hesitated. "I doubt it. Of course, it was an encouraging experience, and the things people like Dizzy and Clark Terry and Joe Williams said to me were memorable. But it really requires a different mind-cast; you have to turn one faucet off and turn on another. However, I will say this: I've already promised Hank O'Neal that I wouldn't turn down an offer for next year's cruise. So maybe instead of these 40-year gaps, we can cut it down to a year." □

MORGAN, CARTER

"/15

This is a good week for alto saxophonists. In addition to David Sanborn, Frank Morgan opened at the Catalina (he'll be there again tonight) and Benny Carter began a three-day run at the Vine Street Bar and Grill (also through tonight).

Morgan's unconventional setting (the Catalina is a seafood restaurant on Cahuenga Boulevard) dictated the use of a duo, with pianist Milcho Leviev as a one-man rhythm section.

The pair used such devices as dramatic, out-of-tempo explorations and changes of time or meter, punctuated by Leviev's stabbing left-hand lines. These passages coaxed Morgan into some explosively declarative statements.

Around the corner at Vine Street, Benny Carter displayed the same buoyant spirit and originality that marked his appearance at the Hollywood Bowl, reviewed here last August. Playing a few originals, some standards and a warmly seductive blues, Carter was in the mood to double on trumpet, always a welcome bonus. He was backed as usual by Gerald Wiggins at the piano and Sherman Ferguson on drums, along with the bassist Larry Gales.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MOORE PROTEGES

Phil Moore, the vocal coach whose classes have turned hundreds of nervous amateurs into confident professionals, went public Wednesday evening, presenting 15 of his students at the Alleycat Bistro in Culver City.

The long evening left no doubt that Moore doesn't try to cast all his charges into one mold. Some leaned toward contemporary pop, others to jazz with an occasional touch of soul. Most of the performers displayed good stage presence, though some were inclined to talk too much.

E. J. Sayles, a soulful young woman from Texas, was compelling in an old Savoy Ballroom song. Exetta Murphy showed promise, as did the sonorous, deep-throated Rose Mallet.

Several Moore protegees have reached the point where they clearly feel the meaning of the lyrics. This was true of the 19-year-old Laura Jones. Patti Van Santen showed a Stevie Nicks personality in "Lost Wages," in sharp contrast to Kathy Sanders, whose "Handy Man" harked back to the early Ethel Waters.

The overall impression left no doubt that Moore's guidance is valuable and that he's dealing with performers who could be stars of the future.

—L.F.

"Harvest Jazz Series: Dexter Gordon/Bobby Hutcherson." Sony. $29.95. The ambiance and music are fine on Hutcherson's half hour: an outdoor setting at the Paul Masson winery in Saratoga, with good sound and camera work—and featuring the vibraphonist backed by a strong rhythm team with Jessica Williams at the piano. Steve Allen hosts and is heard briefly on piano. Then comes Dexter Gordon (the Dale Turner character in the "Round Midnight" movie), slow and ponderous on a 10-minute "Skylark" but closer to his early

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HOME TECH

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spirit in an up-tempo blues. Both segments are diminished by interruptions in which the two leaders mouth small talk about their art; Gordon is even made to voice-over during one of his own solos.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times 11/5/86

ANN DOWIE

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral have been a vocal jazz duo since 1948.

JAZZ TEAM'S TALE OF A THOUSAND & ONE SONGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral are the longest-lasting team in jazz.

As a unit, they began their collaboration in Chicago, early in 1948, playing clubs like Jump Town and singing at concerts given by Dave Garroway. As a union, they exchanged vows June 27, 1949, after completing 14 months on the road with Charlie Ventura's small band. Except for eight months back with Ventura in 1953, they have been on their own ever since, bringing their special light, right touch to a thousand songs.

Interviewed by telephone in San Francisco just before their opening Thursday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, they dealt with the sempiternal question: How do they keep looking and sounding so young?

"I guess our fans are getting older and their eyesight isn't so good; that would explain how they think we look," Cain said.

"Nonsense," said Kral. "Jackie looks fabulous, as always. As for our music, we're doing essentially the same thing we always did, and that's what people want."

Cain added: "We enjoy our life; we love to travel, and when you're doing something for a living that really pleases you, this helps your disposition, your health, everything."

The Krals' track record has seen them through 30 albums, some of which are now cropping up as reissues. "I just heard," Kral said, "that two of the very first albums we made, for the Storyville label around 1955, are coming out again. That's good, because copies of those records have been changing hands at $75."

As always, the Krals' performances mirror their innate artistry: his as singer, pianist and arranger, occasionally as composer; hers as the perfect vocal teammate but also as a delicate ballad singer.

Over the years they have occasionally devoted entire albums to one composer. Among their best was a set of songs by Dory and Andre Previn, for Columbia in 1963. Lately, they have come up with such ingenious theme albums as "Bogie (Fantasy F 9643)," which contains songs either from Bogart films or relating in some way to his personality. Among the tunes are "Peter Lorre" "The Fat Man" and Kral's "Play It Again, Sam."

"Last year," Kral said, "we began putting together an Alan Jay Lerner collection. This was before he died, but sadly, he never got to hear us do it. Most of the music is by Frederick Loewe, and some by Burton Lane. We'll be doing this for our first show at Vine St., and our Bogie songs for the second set."

The road has been smooth for them through the decades, but there have been traumas. "The only time we really aged some," said Cain, "was when we lost our older daughter." (Nicoli Kral was 20 when she died in a car accident in 1973.) In another loss, Kral's sister, the respected singer Irene Kral, died in 1978.

Their younger daughter, Dana, has been heard recently singing on three network television commercials. "She's a great singer, but doesn't care much about making a career of it," Cain said.

"Roy's daughter by his previous marriage, Tiffany, has presented him with a little granddaughter. And Irene's daughter, our niece Jody Burnett, came to visit us last weekend; she's a cellist in Los Angeles who's been getting lots of studio calls from people like Lalo Schifrin. So she's carrying on the family tradition."

Their relatively quiet blend and sensitively fused empathy finds a loyal retinue of fans among those who prefer subtlety to stridency.

They have remained true to themselves, never giving in to the temptation to "modernize" their act. "Once, quite some years ago," Cain recalled, "we did an album of Beatles songs, and some people were disappointed, on the grounds that we had gone commercial. But that wasn't our intention; we simply thought the Beatles had some first-rate material and we used it. But since the consensus seemed to go against us, we haven't done anything like that since then."

Claiming that time pressures prevent them from visiting the stores to catch up on new records, they have few comments on other singing groups. "Manhattan Transfer, of course, is terrific," Kral said, "and Bobby McFerrin is almost a vocal group by himself. I've also heard a record by those excellent L.A. Voices, with Supersax."

Listening to those who have followed them will not affect whatever lies ahead for the Krals. Their style and direction, established almost 40 years ago, seems as firmly set today as when the critics first saluted them. Kral sums up their philosophy by repeating a time-worn but appropriate cliche:

Los Angeles Times 11/20/86

JAZZ REVIEW

MARSALIS PLUS FOUR AT WESTWOOD PLAYHOUSE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The career of Wynton Marsalis has entered a new phase. After a hiatus following the departure of his brother Branford, during which he led a quartet, the 25-year-old prodigal son of the trumpet has returned to the old format by hiring Don Braden, a saxophonist from Louisville.

Tuesday night, launching a six-day engagement at the Westwood Playhouse, Marsalis left no doubt that with or without a second horn to add a welcome (though infrequent) ensemble blend, he remains a commanding master of all he conveys. Today more than ever, what he conveys is a feeling for traditional values, enhanced by an all but incomparable technique along with a set of rules that guides his own compositions in a personal fashion.

The complaint sometimes lodged against him, that he talks like a rebel but in fact is only rebelling against dissent and unorthodoxy, is totally invalid. One has only to listen to a couple of his modally oriented works, or examine his unquestionably emotional treatment of a song such as Gordon Jenkins' "Goodby," to realize that his is a positive fight. It is less important to see him as an opponent of funk or fusion than to accept his restoration of principles to which he has brought a new and refreshing vigor.

There were moments during the two-hour, intermissionless recital Tuesday when his flow of ideas, backed by the demonic rise-and-fall of Jeff (Tain) Watts' drumming, the impassioned piano comping of Marcus Roberts and the supple undercurrent of Bob Hurst's bass, practically defied the ear to keep pace. Such an occasion was his long muted solo on "Cherokee," in which he rode the changes like a surfer battling an angry sea.

It may be a little too early to pass judgment on Braden. He showed great promise, exercising his strong chops more successfully on tenor saxophone than on the often refractory soprano, which was subjected to slight glitches of pitch.

Roberts has developed into a brilliant musician whose rhythmic constancy and dynamic diversity were no less impressive in his backup function than when he took over the solo spot for a "Sophisticated Lady" that found a new path through the very special harmonic maze of the Ellington standard.

Though the originals were all familiar through recordings by earlier groups ("Black Codes From the Underground," the attractive "Melodique" and the drums specialty "Chambers of Pain"), the new quintet no doubt will spur Marsalis into the building of a new repertoire.

Clearly he will not reject any works from the recent or distant past; one of the tunes that provided some of the most spirited blowing of the evening was Parker's 40-year-old blues, "Au Privave." Nevertheless, the set of rules Marsalis has formulated for himself as trumpeter, composer and leader, conservative though they may seem in theory, work out in practice as far from retrogressive. On the contrary, the creative level attained by him and his group may well represent, for many observers, the present-day state of the art of jazz.

LACY ATKINS / Los Angeles Times

Five-time Grammy winner Oscar Peterson: "Today, we have an era of mediocrity, with people being hailed overnight as geniuses."

and also that one's relationship with the instrument is somewhat impersonal. A pianist who plays the same instrument develops an intense, close relationship with it. That's why, at one point, I became unhappy about the excessive use of the Rhodes electric keyboard, because too many pianists were playing only that and forgetting about the acoustic instrument."

His interest in electronics began long before it became popular. "When I was younger and out on the road a lot, if I'd finished a gig at 2 a.m. and couldn't sleep, I might sit up until 7 in the morning, putting on earphones and working on these things. I was always an audiophile, so I had a natural curiosity about this—especially the humongous ease it gives the composer, the wealth of sounds it can suggest to an arranger." He laughed and added, half seriously, "That's how I spent my after hours time, and maybe that's part of the reason I didn't become a junkie.

Unmarried at present, Peterson has five grown children, all by his first wife, and a son, 8, who lives in Switzerland with the third Mrs. Peterson. None of the adult children is a professional musician.

Though he has spent much of his career in the United States, Peterson has never considered renouncing his Canadian citizenship. Montreal born, he came to New York to play at a Norman Granz "Jazz at the Philharmonic" concert in 1949, and began his extensive travels and recordings for Granz the following year.

"I came up in a great era. You couldn't have a better apprenticeship than I had, working in JATP alongside giants like Lester Young, Benny Carter, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster. Today you have just packaged goods, nothing like the battles that went on during those concerts.

"The spirit we had! I remember one night the saxophonist Sonny Stitt locked horns with someone and played unbelievably well. That night we were all sitting in the band bus waiting to leave; Sonny was the last to get on, and as he walked down the aisle of the bus, to a man everybody stood up and applauded. That's how it was when you threw the giants in with the other giants.

"It was awfully warm out there for piano players, too. I wouldn't call Erroll Garner a dud, or Bud

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11/16

JAZZ

THE DEDICATION OF OSCAR PETERSON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Oscar Peterson is living the good life. With 35 years of international success behind him, Canada's supreme gift to the world of jazz can pace himself according to his personal desires.

In his Beverly Hills hotel suite, he deposited his 270-pound frame ("The doctor's been after me to drop some weight") in a comfortable chair and talked about life in the not-quite-so-fast lane. His fluency at the keyboard is matched by his articulacy with words; clearly the autobiography on which he has been working will not require any ghost writer.

"I perform from four to six months a year now," he said. "A good third to a half of the jobs are solo concerts; on the rest, I have my trio—Martin Drew, the English drummer, and David Young, my bassist from Toronto—or, when Joe Pass isn't working his own solo guitar gigs, we make it a quartet."

For the past two weeks, Peterson has been in residence with the quartet at the Westwood Playhouse. Closing tonight, he'll go home to Mississauga, a Toronto suburb, to relax, write music and teach.

"I'm with York University in Toronto as an adjunct professor of music, which means I can go in whenever I want—usually during the winter. Constant travel can be so fatiguing, and conditions on the road are so much more difficult nowadays. I'm 61 and can't afford to be running around the way I once did."

Composing has become a gratifying outlet. "When you play an improvised line, it's gone the next moment. Writing gives me a chance to reflect, to see what I am creating, and perhaps understand myself a little better at a more leisurely pace than when I'm playing."

He has found a tremendous aid to composition in the use of synthesizers. Despite his perennial image as the symbol of acoustic jazz, he usually has as many as 10 of them in his home. In the hotel room were an Oberheim Matrix 12 and a MacIntosh computer.

That Peterson has achieved the electronic expertise necessary for manipulation of this equipment will come as no surprise to anyone familiar with the limitless range of his interests. They include astronomy, photography (he has done some brilliant work with cameras), painting, politics and virtually any subject that may come up in a conversation.

"My criticism of the synthesizer field," he said, "is that there are too many instruments—all the different concepts should be unified—

THE TICKET BOOTH

11/23/86

LIONEL HAMPTON EASES YOUNG COLIANNI'S START

By LEONARD FEATHER

"The world's most exciting young jazz pianist!" reads the headline on John Colianni's press brochure. Another pianist is quoted as finding him "Fantastic!" and he is credited by Downbeat magazine with "the grace of Art Tatum and the speed of Oscar Peterson."

It's too bad, because his sort of excessive hype can be counterproductive, leading to a skeptical attitude on the part of critics. The truth, however, is good enough: Colianni is a very promising artist, and one of that rare breed of youngsters whose roots go directly back to the piano pioneers: Tatum, Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller.

At 23, he has to his credit three productive years traveling internationally with Lionel Hampton, whose band he joined when he was 19. Since leaving Hampton last December, he has recorded a splendid eponymously titled debut album for Concord Jazz (CJ 309), and has worked solo, trio and octet jobs, earning warm praise from New York critics and musicians.

Last week, visiting Los Angeles to play a private party (he's also set to appear at Donte's Tuesday and Wednesday), Colianni explained his unconventional values: "My father played so many great records when I was very young—Tatum, Lunceford, Ellington—so I was brought up in that environment. By trade he's a lawyer and a writer of religious material, but he plays piano and was my first teacher.

"I was born Jan. 7, 1963, in Patterson, N.J. and raised in Washington, D.C. I never went to music school, but after my father's lessons I studied with Les Karr, who had been a student of Teddy Wilson and was a cousin of Dick Hyman. I met Dick on a jazz cruise in 1978, and he has given me a lot of encouragement; soon after we met, he gave me a bunch of albums he said I ought to listen to—James P. Johnson and Fats Waller among others. So that's why I was so steeped in the earlier styles.

"I admired Duke Ellington as a pianist, and actually got to meet him shortly before he died—I was about 10 years old.

"I didn't go to college; by the time I got out of high school, I'd worked local jobs in Washington. When I was in my senior year my family moved to Atlantic City, where I live now. On New Year's Eve of 1981, Hampton's orchestra was playing at the Golden Nugget. I knew a couple of guys in the band and dropped by to see them.

"It just happened that Hamp needed somebody, and I had been highly recommended. Soon after we met, he auditioned me at his apartment in New York and hired me on the spot. He was taking a chance, because I didn't read music too well at that point—but as I soon found out, he strays away from the arrangements so much that it didn't matter."

Colianni found Hampton as friendly as he is talented. "It's amazing how young and fresh his musical ideas are. He was helpful in many ways, advising me about stage presence, deportment and even letting me stay as a guest in his apartment for a month when I didn't have anywhere to live in New York."

Another advantage of the Hampton job was a chance to see and hear the world. "We went on tour right after I joined him and we'd go to Europe three times a year, to Japan, and all over the States. I got to meet all my heroes; during our first time at the Nice Jazz Festival, I met Oscar Peterson, Cedar Walton and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

"Some of Hamp's older alumni joined us on occasional dates: Arnett Cobb, the great tenor player, and the trumpeter Joe Newman. Arnett was very kind and encouraging."

That Colianni broke through as a white musician in a band led by a black artist a half century his

WILLIAMS WIDENS HIS APPEAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tony Williams is everybody's drummer.

Since he leapt to prominence as the 27-year-old prodigy with Miles Davis, whose quintet he vitalized from 1963-69, Williams has covered every musical base, from free jazz/rock (in his original Lifetime group with John McLaughlin) to improvisational forays that defied categorization.

Last June, he made a return to basics, organizing the straight-ahead jazz quintet that opens tonight for a three-day stint at the Palace Court.

"I don't feel I've played like this in about 15 years," he said the other day, returning from a record session that will preserve the group on a Blue Note album.

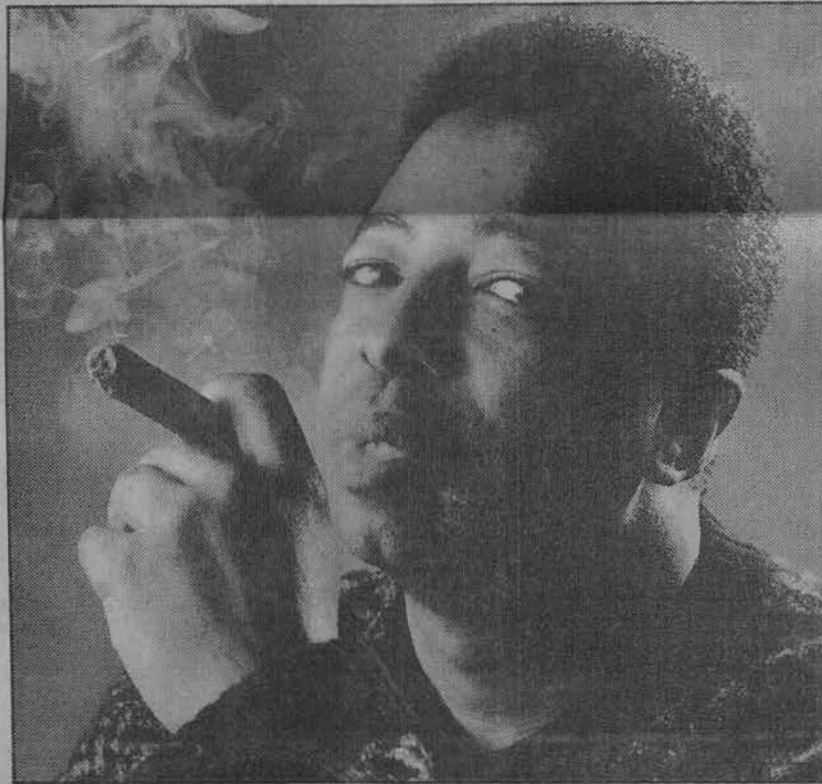
The nature of the band can be deduced from the fact that three of the four sidemen are alumni of the hard bop conservatory known as Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. They are Wallace Roney on trumpet, Billy Pierce on tenor and soprano sax, and the formidable pianist Mulgrew Miller. Completing the unit is the 19-year-old bassist Charnett Moffett, who played with Wynton Marsalis when he was 16.

"I didn't hear any of these guys before we rehearsed together," Williams said. "I just told people—friends, my agent—the kind of men I wanted. It's the first time I've ever had a group like this, and a chance to write music for it."

Williams has enjoyed substantial composer credits over the years, but mainly in the areas of pop, rock and the avant-garde. Now, he says, he will be able to use "the tools I've acquired by studying composition, which I've been doing for seven years, with a teacher from UC Berkeley. This is a good way to get back into the mainstream of music."

Williams may well be the most adaptable of all contemporary jazz drummers. Though capable of infusing a performance with tremendous rock energy, he is no less adroit at instilling a jazz work with a delicate sense of color and shading.

His move into unhyphenated jazz might seem risky, given the success he has enjoyed elsewhere. But he shrugs off these accomplishments: "I wouldn't say I had all that much success. I guess my biggest record, in terms of sales, was 'The Joy of Flying' for Columbia, which came out in 1979. But the music was all by other people; I didn't have a single song on it, and essentially this was why I began studying composition, because I didn't want that to happen, again."



PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

Tony Williams, due tonight at Palace Court for three days, may well be the most adaptable of all contemporary jazz drummers.

Williams had not had a regular group since 1980 prior to organizing the present combo. Before and since that time, he toured extensively with Herbie Hancock, often in the all-star VSOP unit that was, in effect, a reconstitution of the old Miles Davis group (Wayne Shorter, Hancock, Ron Carter) with Freddie Hubbard replacing Davis.

"But I've been doing all kinds of other things: Recorded with Yoko Ono—I was on her "Starpeace' album that came out early this year—and with Johnny Rotten. Soon, I'll have something out with Iggy Pop. These jobs are neither more nor less demanding than jazz gigs—they just require a different approach. I'm glad I'm called to do those things, because I enjoy them. For me, it's all music."

Living in Marin County for the last nine years, Williams has devoted considerable time during the past year to preparing the music for his jazz quintet. "We just recorded a piece of mine called 'Soweto Nights.' Some of the others are 'The Citadel,' 'The Slump,' and 'Civilization,' which will probably be the title number of the album.

The opportunity to play constantly again, with his own band, is particularly appealing now that he has some of his own works to contribute. "This is what I need, because I enjoy hearing my music performed and I still like playing the drums.

"We'll probably keep this group together indefinitely. We're going to Japan next year, Europe, and South America. We're almost at the end of our American tour, and I've enjoyed every minute of it."

FOR THE RECORD

Drummer Tony Williams came to prominence as a 17-year-old prodigy with Miles Davis. Due to a typographical error in Calendar Friday, he was mistakenly called a 27-year-old prodigy.

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JAZZ REVIEW

IGHNER'S SPECIAL RAPPORT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sondra Ighner has her audience—at least the male half—in the palm of her hand before she sings a note.

It's something in the way she looks: tall, high-cheekboned, the fashion-model type. And something in the way she moves: During the introduction to her first song, in the Room Upstairs at Le Cafe, her gentle undulations established a special rapport.

Her voice—somewhat high-pitched, soulful, penetrating—generally lived up to the promise implied by these preliminary moments. Along with a repertoire that takes in a few standards such as "It's All Right With Me" and "Lover Man," she incorporated a couple of songs by her celebrated brother Benard.

Clearly the genes are good in this family. In the middle of the set she lured her brother to the piano to sing "Everything Must Change."

Though she has worked extensively as a backup singer and as vocalist with Sergio Mendes and others, Ighner had some nervous moments. After forgetting the words in "Night and Day" she seemed ill at ease for the rest of the song, but soon got back on the track, displaying good stage presence and exceptional diction. Whether her English is matched for clarity by her Portuguese (she plays her set with "Love Dance" in that language) will have to be determined by better authorities.

Don Wyatt, a capable jazz pianist, led the accompanying trio in an overlong warm-up set. Alec Milstein on Fender bass and Lance Lee on drums rounded out the accompaniment.

Ighner may find her best outlets in rooms that exceed Le Cafe's limited capacity of 70 and supported by a more ambitious instrumental setting.

Dec. 2

COMPACT DISCS

"The Irving Berlin Songbook." Fred Astaire. Verve. AAD. Always an engaging singer, whose charm compensated for his lack of technical vocal strength, Astaire was in splendid company on these 1952 dates produced by Norman Granz, with such "Jazz at the Philharmonic" heavyweights as Oscar Peterson, Flip Phillips, Charlie Shavers and Barney Kessel. It was a bright idea to put 10 of Berlin's golden eggs into one basket, though quantity (only 35½ minutes) defers to quality. ✓✓✓½

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

JOE PASS: PRESENT AT FUTURE

By LEONARD FEATHER

What do you give a guitar player who has everything?

Perhaps that question should be amended, in the case of Joe Pass, to conclude "everything he needs." The California-based virtuoso has economic security, worldwide respect, a happy family life and a career schedule that now enables him to spend about half of each year at home.

One thing Pass doesn't think he needs, he confided the other day, is more guitars.

Told about a recent album in which the guitarist-leader used no less than eight different instruments, almost all electronic, he reacted in a manner compatible with the values of an artist who can offer an entire evening-long recital on a single modestly amplified electric guitar.

"It's hard to believe all that equipment is necessary, but it depends what you want. Back in the 1960s I tried out a guitar-organ; that was before synthesizers came into prominence. On one occasion at a place in New York that has all these electronic instruments, I made a little recording for them to test out a guitar synthesizer. Another time (guitarist) Pat Martino had some stuff hooked up in this store; they pulled some switches, and I sounded like an organ. I was really gassed, because I found myself sounding like Jimmy Smith.

"Then I asked myself, 'Why do I want to sound like an organ, or a flute, or a trumpet, if I play a guitar?' "

Pass admits that he has a problem: "It all has to be programmed, and I don't know much about the technicalities. If someone else plugged it in and did all that work and just let me play, maybe I'd try out some of those instruments."

One of the most engaging aspects of Pass' improvisations is that he approaches as closely as possible the acoustic sound that was, obviously, the basic nature of the instrument. He acknowledges that if it were not for the problems of being heard in a large hall, he might simply play acoustic. "The moment you switch to electric, the same chord will be changed; little nuances are altered as the notes ring out louder."

Since the only consequential innovation in jazz guitar in recent years has been the development of a note-tapping technique, popularized by Stanley Jordan, inevitably Jordan's name arose during the conversation. Pass reacted with obviously qualified approval.

"I've heard him on records, and I was on the bill opposite him once. It was OK. It's an interesting idea and he does it well, but there are problems. For one thing, it tends to be a high sound, because he's mostly playing in the upper levels. In some ways it almost sounds like a keyboard. You really can't dig in, and I don't think you can swing hard on it.

"I'm going to look into the 'stick,' the instrument Emmett Chapman invented, on which he uses that same note-tapping idea. Oscar Peterson has one; as a pianist, using both hands to produce notes and chords, he can use the same principle."

That Pass has not acquired an arsenal of instruments is not due to any shortage of time in which to master them. His schedule enables him to spend a lot of time at home in Northridge with his wife, 14-year-old daughter and 18-year-old son. ("Joey played rock guitar for a while. He wasn't bad, but he got tired of lugging all that equipment around and gave it up. I'm not sorry that he isn't going to be a musician.")

Though he is occasionally reunited with Oscar Peterson (their partnership began in 1973), Pass devotes most of his working weeks to solo recitals. A master of finger style (he uses the pick only for a rare flag-waver), Pass alone on stage is a riveting performer, weaving fascinating harmonic patterns on familiar songs and blues, supplying his own subliminal rhythm section. In effect, he is a one-man orchestra.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

"Jazz as we've known it," says Joe Pass, "is dying out. . . . I'm not that optimistic about the future."

He likes to drop in at the Guitar Institute of Technology in Hollywood, where, holding court, surrounded by a clutch of eager youths, he talks, solos, or duets with some of them.

"A tremendous number of guitarists are coming up. There are 750 full-time students at the Institute. On KKGO (the all-jazz station), you hear a guitar in every other track. Some are established guys like George Benson and Earl Klugh, but also new people who all sound alike. I don't hear much originality.

"Sure, there are some talented people who have gained a measure of prominence: Ron Eschete, who studied with me years ago, and who's teaching now at the Guitar Institute. There's a kid that plays with Chick Corea who's good—Scott Henderson—and he's more in the fusion direction. It's the kind of music where you don't recognize the tune and you never will."

Pass also speaks highly of a young protege, Frank Pontenza, and of Carlos Oliva, a Brazilian who studied with him at the Guitar Institute. In general, though, he is convinced that the number of potentially successful professionals is far outweighed by the hazards involved.

"All the kids they've been grinding out of the guitar schools, and out of places like Berklee in Boston—not hundreds but thousands of them—where do these guys go to work? There's only about a dozen jobs out there.

"Sure, rock 'n' roll brought the guitar to prominence, and young people figured you could make a lot of bread playing it. Some people never got past the first four chords, and still made a career out of it. But the fact is, there are too many guitar players.

"I talk to the students. I don't like to disillusion them, but I have to say, 'Hey, it's a tough business.' As for jazz, well, you might say that jazz as we've known it is dying out, regardless of what instrument you're talking about. There are few good people coming up like the Marsalis brothers, but overall I'm not that optimistic about the future."

He sees no problems, though, in terms of his own future. Asked what he expects to be doing 10 years from now, Pass said: "I'll still be working, still be developing ways of expanding my solo style. I hope to record some day with a full orchestra, which is something I've never done—maybe doing fine arrangements of tunes by Cole Porter and Jerome Kern.

"I hope I'll eventually phase out nightclubs entirely—I still work them occasionally. In fact, not long ago I was opposite George Shearing at Blues Alley in Washington, and one night I sat in with him. [Pass toured with the Shearing Quintet in 1965-66.] He's still a kick to play with—it feels less intense than with Oscar."

Pass is fortunate to have found himself frequently over the past 20 years in the company of giants. He recorded for Pablo with Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Milt Jackson, Dizzy Gillespie and, of course, countless times with Peterson. He has justified not only his presence among those pre-eminent peers, but also every award, from Down Beat polls to Grammy, in an illustrious career that has never been dependent on transitory fashions. □

12/9/86

JAZZ REVIEW

TABACKIN, AKIYOSHI HEAD QUARTET

By LEONARD FEATHER

It took quite a feat of logistics to bring together a quartet that played Sunday at the New Otani Hotel.

From Minneapolis, Lew Tabackin came to town with his tenor saxophone and flute, while his wife Toshiko Akiyoshi flew in from Honolulu. Their regular bassist, Jay Anderson, arrived from New York and was joined by Eddie Marshall from San Francisco, who has often played drums with Akiyoshi and Tabackin on their various small-group assignments.

Although by now the big band (with which they'll be back in town to play at At My Place on Feb.1) seems like their natural habitat, the Tabackins diversified this occasion by splitting the concert into a few quartet numbers, trios led by one or the other, with bass and drums, and a piano solo set.

Like Duke Ellington, Akiyoshi has long been so well known as a composer that her value as a pianist tends to be underestimated. It was clear, however, that she has been keeping in shape. Her own moody, 5/4 "Children in Temple Ground," her development of "It Was a Very Good Year" into a virtual mini-concerto and the harmonic sensitivity she brought to Ellington's "Come Sunday" all offered compelling evidence of her keyboard mastery.

Tabackin was in an adventurous mood, exploring some two-tone effects during one long unaccompanied flute solo, and lending his uniquely vigorous tenor manner (with his customary in-place dancing as a visual counterpart) to a semi-abstract treatment of Victo Young's "Love Letters." Thes were high spots in a set th sometimes suffered from the ab sence of the piano. Akiyoshi re turned for the finale, a dashir workout on the chords of "Indiana described by Tabackin as a tribu to the late Don Byas, one of h early tenor idols. Marshall ar Anderson filled their roles w enough to leave no doubt that the had played these routines befor All in all, a spirited reminder of tw major talents surmounting a min format.

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JAZZ REVIEWS

'MANY FACES OF BIRD' AT WILTERN THEATER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Wednesday's concert in the "Jazzvisions" series at the Wiltern Theater was a Charlie Parker retrospective called "The Many Faces of Bird." The alto saxophonists hired to bring this premise to life were James Moody, Bud Shank and Lee Konitz, all born in the mid-1920s and old enough to have heard Parker in person; and Richie Cole, who was only 7 when Bird died in 1955.

Perhaps for this reason, Cole, two generations removed from Parker and essentially a protege of Phil Woods (who in turn was Parker's direct disciple), seemed to take the evening lightly. He peppered his solos with quotes and comic staccato articulations, scatted along with Bobby McFerrin, and generally had a good time.

For pure post-Parkerism, Moody and Shank had the evening in their pockets, blending immense control and speed with melodic lines whose interest never flagged.

Konitz, whose ties to Bird were always tenuous at best, seemed vaguely out of place, though his non-aggressive blowing at least provided a sense of contrast.

Inhibiting the proceedings was that old devil sound balance. The faster the tempo, the muddier it got; in fact, on the opening, "Cherokee," Monty Budwig's bass was miked so loud that it could be heard in Culver City. Later, in the Latin-rhythmed-

McFerrin, reviewed here two weeks ago, played everything for laughs. For a while it was hilarious, but his singalong shtick in the encore was strictly Cab Calloway, vintage 1930.

Lou Levy's piano, when not over-miked, conveyed the right feeling, especially in an easy-going chorus on "Embraceable You." John Guerin offered the mandatory drum solo in the final number.

Except for one attempt by Shank and Konitz to play a Parker solo together a la Supersax, nothing remotely innovative happened. At times one longed for Moody to bring out his tenor sax, or for some other horn to break the monotony. (Even Supersax uses a trumpet player.)

At best this was a joyous evocation of Bird's spirit, but after an hour and 40 minutes it was just a little too much of an intermittently good thing.

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEWS

MARSALIS MAKES IT A FAMILY AFFAIR

WEDNESDAY NOV 26 1986

By LEONARD FEATHER

CA6-13-1

Three members of the extraordinary Marsalis family appeared Monday at the Beverly Theatre. One of them did not perform: forgivably, since he was a day short of 1 year old: Branford Marsalis carried his son on stage in order to explain his reluctance to play an encore: "I have to be up early to take him to Disneyland." He then completed a soprano-sax sign-off while cradling the baby under his arm. (musician)

Delfeayo Marsalis, Branford's 20-year-old brother, also took part in the final tune, playing well-intentioned bebop trombone in which his ideas kept chasing his chops, sometimes catching up.

The main event was Branford Marsalis' brand new quartet, making its second public appearance. From the opening piece, Herbie Hancock's "Number 72," it was clear that the 26-year-old saxophonist's integrity was in no way affected by his sojourn with Sting. He is still playing the same uncompromising music that marked his efforts with brother Wynton, and his versatility on tenor is more impressive now than ever.

At times, as in Wayne Shorter's "502 Blues," he suggested a latter-day Dexter Gordon, but on his own "Solstice" you could almost have closed your eyes and imagined yourself back with the John Coltrane Quartet, with Marsalis' pianist and drummer, Julian Joseph and Louis Nash, echoing McCoy Tyner and Elvin Jones while the excellent bassist, Delbert Felix, kept subtle but solid time.

The surprise of the show was "Body and Soul." Marsalis, who had only played the tune once before, brought to its harmonic grandeur a sensitivity that revealed a warmly affecting understanding of jazz basics.

On a couple of tunes he switched to soprano sax, showing his most contemporary and compelling side in a whirlwind "Limehouse Blues."

Saxophonist Branford Marsalis

That the Marsalis group was able successfully to follow Bobby McFerrin was an achievement in itself. The singer, on stage alone for 45 minutes, is an amazing audio-visual experience. Tapping his chest for rhythm, occasionally singing bitonally, he is a man of very few words: Of his 11 numbers only five involved the use of the English language.

To dismiss McFerrin as a scat singer would be like calling the Rolls-Royce a nice car. Laughing, whooping, diving from falsetto to baritone, inducing an amazingly successful sing-along, he held the crowd spellbound. Because he doesn't seem to take himself seriously, neither will the history books, yet as a musical comedian he has something for all ages.

THELMA JONES & TRIO

Monteleone's West, the popular restaurant on Ventura Boulevard in Tarzana, currently has a music policy that matches the quality of its cuisine, thanks to the presence of Thelma Jones and Karen Hernandez. Both artists are on hand for an indefinite run Wednesdays through Saturdays.

It is easier to analyze Thelma Jones in terms of what she omits than to assign a specific character to her. She screams not; neither does she belt. There are no time-consuming introductory raps, no pseudo-hip vocal or visual mannerisms; she simply serves up tasteful offerings from the worlds of jazz ("All of Me," "God Bless the Child") and pop ("Just the Way You Are") along with generous scoops from the soul bowl.

Though there were occasional reminders of Gladys Knight in her readings of the Al Jarreau hit "We're in This Love Together," Dionne Warwick's "Walk On By" and George Benson's "Greatest Love of All," Jones is her own woman, with Hernandez leading an intensely supportive trio.

A powerfully swinging, chord-conscious pianist, Hernandez has been a fixture at Monteleone's since May, when she ended her 10-year tenure at the Money Tree. As was revealed most conspicuously during her instrumental set, she has a strong affinity for blues colorations, even on such non-blues pieces as "Angel Eyes." The bassist Ernie McDaniel and drummer Mel Lee were her solidly sympathetic companions. —L.F.

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Celebrating Woody Herman!

by LEONARD FEATHER

The celebration of Woody Herman's first half-century as a bandleader took place July 16 at the Hollywood Bowl. (Actually it was a little premature, since the original band played its first date on the first Tuesday of November, 1936 — the same night FDR was elected to a second term.)

The evening was marked by visits to the distant and not-quite-so-distant past, by presentation of the present and indications of the future. For the first hour, the 1986 Young Thundering Herd sat onstage but remained tacet while leaving the performance to an all star band, mainly of Herman alumni, assembled by Nat Pierce.

For those who didn't hear "The Good Earth" or "Opus de Funk" in its pristine form, the revivals probably sounded fine; yet a number like "Blowin' Up a Storm," originally a head arrangement, inevitably lost some spontaneity when these men (none ex-members of the First Herd that devised it) had to read their parts.

Oddly, the band included Herman Riley on tenor and Buster Cooper with his long, played-for-laughs cadenzas on trombone. Neither is a Herman alumnus. Surely such genuine ex-Hermanites as Jimmy Giuffre (whose "Four Brothers" wasn't played) or Phil Wilson or Nat Adderley or Milt Jackson would have more logically belonged. (Woody's track record of hiring great vibes players certainly should have been acknowledged. In addition to Bags, at one time or another he had Red Norvo, Margie Hyams, Terry Gibbs, the late Eddie Costa, and Victor Feldman.)

Stacy Rowles is not an alumna, but her presence with her father Jimmy, who played in an early Herman band, provided some of the most exquisitely lyrical moments of the evening. Stacy's muted trumpet on the Larry Gales tune "Loco Motif" and her gorgeous fluegelhorn on Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom" were among the concert's few moments of subtle understatement.

After a rousing "Things Ain't" by the alumni, emcee Jimmy Lyons introduced a surprise guest: Rosemary Clooney singing "My Buddy." She was never a band member, yet Mary Ann McCall, who was with Woody for several years and sat in the audience, was not invited.

[illegible] inclusion of Richard Stoltzman was a brainstorm on Woody's part. After warming up with Debussy's "Maid with the Flaxen Hair" he took over what was originally Woody's role in the Stravinsky "Ebony Concerto," written for the band in 1946. This strange work in three movements is neither typical Stravinsky nor jazz by any stretch of the imagination, but the Young Thundering Herd played it expertly. Stoltzman stayed onstage to take part in Gary Anderson's emotionally charged arrangement of Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," which Herman played at his 40th anniversary concert in 1976 at Carnegie hall. Stoltzman, the renowned classical virtuoso, then revealed his able jazz chops, trading fours with Woody on a blues. Herman's and Stoltzman's obvious respect for one another was quite touching.

After intermission, it was the current band's time to shine on its own. Most of the arrangements were the work of John Fedchock, whose writing is as skilful as his trombone. He and Paul McKee traded bone passages on "It Don't Mean a Thing," as did the trumpeters Ron Stout and Mark Lewis (son of Cappy Lewis, who played in this brass section in the early 1940s). Mike Brignola's baritone was exemplary. The entire reed section, and Frank Tiberis's tenor especially, brought out the beautiful essence of John Coltrane's "Central Park West." "Battle Royal," though not one of the most distinguished of Ellington pieces, was an adequate vehicle for some "I Got Rhythm" blowing.

Next onstage was Stan Getz, by now probably the most famous and successful of all the Herman graduates. Opening with an unidentified samba, he eased into a superbly relaxed "Easy Living," then picked up the pace for a cheerful, loping original by Frank Tiberi.

Elegant though Getz's pieces were with the orchestra, he brought the evening to an emotional climax when he and Jimmy Rowles teamed for a Rowles original they recorded together some years ago, "The Peacocks." Stoltzman, who was listening offstage, was so impressed with the composition he sent word to Rowles that he wants to include it in his own concerts.

Arturo Sandoval, the Cuban trumpeter whom Woody said he had heard last year at Ronnie Scott's in London, opened with a surprising vehicle — Ralph Burns' "Bijou," originally a showcase for the trombone of Bill Harris. Sandoval came on like a combination on Harry James, Cat Anderson and Rafael Mendez — predictably, a great crowd-pleaser. He stayed on to take part in "The Godmother," a new work written especially for this occasion by Ralph Burns and dedicated to the memory of Woody's wife Charlotte. This was a strange piece, not at all typical of the early Burns originals for the old Herd, with Dave Carpenter switching from upright to electric bass. Frankly, I would just as soon have heard a revival of "Summer Sequence," or "Lady McGowan's Dream."

Ironically, in a number called "Conga," from Woody's current 50th anniversary tour album, the members of the Young Thundering Herd's trumpet section began screaming and screeching, as if trying to outdo Sandoval's pyrotechnics. Sandoval played timbales during part of this number, then picked up his horn again to return to the stratosphere while members of the audience formed a conga line to dance through the aisles and around the boxes.

For a finale, the young band and the alumni group joined forces for yet another variation on the blues. (In the light of Woody's original reputation as leader of "The Band that Plays the Blues" it was interesting to note how many of the tunes played in the course of this evening were based on the 12-bar format.)

All in all, it was a rewarding

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Al Cohn returns, for an evening, to the Thundering Herd on the SS Norway.

Ken Franckling

Celebrating Woody

22 ▶

celebration, though one could not help but be aware of certain remarkable errors of omission. One of them involved Woody's own participation. Although, of course, he played clarinet on several numbers, soprano effectively on the Copeland piece, and alto briefly in "Bijou," he never offered a single vocal all evening. Since his first gold record was "Laura," with a Herman vocal, one wonders why he couldn't have included this or something comparable. His other early big hit, even before "Laura," was the blues riff tune "Woodchoppers' Ball," which was also inexplicably excluded.

Easy though it is to split hairs about such minor flaws, the concert was an extrordinary tribute to the indomitable spirit and energy of Herman. At 73, having survived a series of traumas, the worst of which is an income tax jam (not of his own making) that has him in debt to the tune of at least $1,600,000, he still stays on the road, still keeps a first-rate band together, still wakes up eager to go to work — and, no less significantly, retains the love and respect of the countless hundreds of musicians who have worked for him throughout this momentous half-century. ■

Young Thundering Herd: Roger Ingram, Ron Stout, Scott Wagstaff, Mark Lewis, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Paul McKee, Kim Kugler John Fedchock, trombones; Dave Rieckenberg, Jerry Pinter, Frank Tibert, tenors; Mike Brignola, baritone; Joel Weiskopf, piano; Dave Carpenter, bass; Joe Pulice, drums. Added for "Ebony Concerto": Jo Ann Turofsky, harp; Rick Todd, French horn; Larry Honda, alto, clarinet.

All Star Alumni Band: Nat Pierce, piano & leader; Pete and Conte Candoli, Don Rader, Bill Berry, John Audino, trumpets; Carl Fontana, Dick (Slyde) Hyde, Buster Cooper, trombones; Dick Hafer, Med Flory, altos; Bob Cooper, Herman Riley, tenors; Jack Nimitz, baritones; Monty Budwig, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

JAZZ REVIEWS

TORME RESCUES NEW GENE KRUPA BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was non sequitur night, even more than nostalgia night, Tuesday at the Ambassador in Pasadena.

First non sequitur: Why, 13 years after his death, has the Gene Krupa estate suddenly sanctioned a band in his name? Second non sequitur: When one thinks of the Krupa band, certain names come to mind—Roy Eldridge, Anita O'Day, Buddy De Franco, Charlie Ventura. All are still around and at least occasionally active; none took part in this concert.

The drummer was Mel Torme's Donny Osborne, who did a splendid job; the side men were local musicians picked up for the occasion, playing arrangements that were never of more than mild interest, and that was 40-plus years ago. Perhaps the ultimate non sequitur was clarinetist Henry Cuesta reminiscing about how it was to play for that great bandleader—wait a minute—Lawrence Welk.

Mel Torme rescued this event from its dubious premise. After tributes to Harry James, Artie Shaw and Count Basie (he even scatted a Sweets Edison-style trumpet solo), the singer spoke warmly about his friendship with Krupa, then revived one of the better works from the band's old book, "What's This."

Witty comments were appended to his treatments of the title tune from "Round Midnight" and the perennial, somewhat overblown arrangement of "Blues in the Night." Understanding exactly what this staid Pasadena crowd wanted, Torme served it up with power and panache.

Sue Raney, a striking blonde whose voice is simon-pure, enlivened the first half with a clever number sung in unison with bassist Richie Maloof. Some of her other material was less than appropriate, though her very slow treatment of "Tea for Two" (complete with muted trumpet by her husband, Carmen Fanzone) came off well. But it was a mistake to sing "Boogie Blues." Raney is too ladylike to get down, too unlike Anita O'Day to attempt a song that was always the latter's property.

For a finale, Torme took over the drums (the same set played by Krupa at Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert) to ride his way admirably through "Sing Sing Sing." The band, dynamized by Torme's work and an intrinsicly potent chart, came to life about as much as a ghost group can.

JOBIM AT WILTERN

Monday evening at the Wiltern Theater, a large and appreciative audience was reminded of an important historical point. Overlapping and preceding an intrusion from the east in the form of the Beatles and a rock revolution, an invasion from the south brought us the gentlest, purest, least clamorous and most melodious music of that decade.

Antonio Carlos Jobim, who more than any other composer/artist was responsible for creating the definitive repertoire of the Brazilian new wave, was the central figure in this brief (80 minutes) and consistently delightful concert, produced with taste and obvious affection by Jack Lewis. This was the first of his "Jazzvisions" series, organized mainly for videotaping and for compact disc release.

Mel Torme

Jobim's presentation was masterful in its simplicity. All he needed was his self-written material, a small ensemble to play the arrangement, five female vocalists singing unison and occasional harmony and his guest, Gal Costa.

Jobim himself is neither a Frank Sinatra nor an Oscar Peterson; he sings and plays in the unpretentious manner called for by the songs. As he reminded us of one hit after another, with soothing swatches of color by flute, guitar, cello, bass and drums, one could only be astonished by the breadth and depth of his achievements.

Though he seemed to start at the top, with "One Note Samba," "Desafinado" and "Agua de Beber," it soon became clear that his fund of master works is all but endless, for he followed with "Chega de Saudade (No More Blues)," "Dindi," "Wave," "Triste" and several others.

Costa, evidently a big favorite with the local Brazilian community (her ovations were greater than Jobim's), is a modestly capable singer; like the star, she sang mainly in Portuguese but also in English. Strangely, though she performed "Corcovado" twice (once as an encore), she never used the English version, though the alternate title "Quiet Nights" and Gene Lees' lyrics are very much a part of the song's reputation in this country.

This was very much a family affair. In the vocal quintet were Jobim's wife and daughter; on guitar was his son Paulo, who sang one of his own compositions very pleasantly. Jobim Sr. saved some of his big guns for the end: "Waters of March," with his own English lyrics, may just be the greatest wedding of original and inventive words and music assembled by a single composer in the last 25 years. As if that were not enough, he encored with "The Girl From Ipanema."

At a time in our history when we are inundated with the sonic equivalent of mud wrestling, he makes music that comes across the footlights dancing. —L.F.

JOHNNY MANDEL KEEPS ONE STEP AHEAD OF FAME

12/12

By LEONARD FEATHER

Johnny Mandel's fame has not yet caught up with his talent. After almost 30 years as a composer for motion pictures (including "The Sandpiper," from which the love theme known as "The Shadow of Your Smile" won him both an Academy Award and a Grammy), the former name-band trombonist remains relatively obscure to those for whom Henry Mancini and Quincy Jones are household names.

Due to appear this evening at the Wiltern Theatre, where he will conduct a program of 1920s jazz and Gershwin music, arranged by Bill Potts, for the "Jazzvisions" video and compact-disc project, Mandel is as busy as any writer in town.

"I just finished work on a Loretta Young Christmas special to air Dec. 22 on NBC," he said the other day during a break from work at his Malibu home. "I've been hard at work on the music for a three-hour special about Lyndon Johnson, also for NBC. It's Grade A stuff.

"After Jan. 1, I'm going to work on 'Brenda Starr,' a movie with Brooke Shields. Things are going great for me, but I want to get a lot more work conducting, especially in the area of jazz."

Jazz has never been far from his mind during a career that began when he played trumpet for Joe Venuti's band, then trombone for several others. "I was lucky to be with several big bands at their peak: some of the best Georgie Auld bands and Buddy Rich bands, and most memorably Count Basie."

Johnny Mandel says he could "become the jazz Percy Faith."

The Basie connection came about after he had written some arrangements for the Count. "One day he had an opening in the brass section and called me. I thought someone was kidding—I said, 'Sure, you're Count Basie and I'm Snow White.' But he said, 'No, really. Meet me at the Woodside at noon; the bus leaves from there.' That was the start of one of the happiest years of my life; I never had a bad moment with that band."

Leaving Basie to settle in California, Mandel at first regretted the move. "I missed the band so much, and I was scuffling, just writing for singers and Las Vegas shows." When the big break came, in 1958, it was spectacular: he was assigned to do the music for "I Want to Live," the first movie to integrate jazz successfully into a score.

After that triumph, the phone rang more often. Mandel wrote TV underscore music for such shows as "Mr. Roberts" and "Ben Casey" as well as numerous movies, most notably "The Americanization of Emily" in 1964.

"That was sort of a turning point, because I'd been in the business 20 years but didn't realize I could write songs." His "Emily," with a Johnny Mercer lyric, was the first in a long series of exquisite melodies that seem likely to endure: songs written with such lyricists as Peggy Lee ("The Shining Sea"), the Bergmans ("Cinnamon and Clove"), Paul Williams ("Close Enough for Love" from the film "Agatha"), "Suicide Is Painless" (from "MASH") and "A Time for Love" with Paul Francis Webster, who was also his collaborator on "The Shadow of Your Smile." (These and others are in a first-rate album, "Sue Raney Sings the Music of Johnny Mandel," Discovery DS 875.)

"Very soon," Mandel says, "I want to do some writing and conducting for jazz musicians. I'm already set to write pieces for Hubert Laws, Bud Shank and Stan Getz, and for large orchestras.

"I want to go out and do an evening with people like that, playing some of my own stuff; I could sort of become the jazz Percy Faith or Nelson Riddle. Guys in that category aren't around now and I think there should be a demand for this kind of thing."

Mandel today has a degree of success far beyond anything he could have dreamed of when he was on the road in the Count's brass section in 1953. Yet you feel he is only half kidding when he says, "You know, there are times when I think I should never have quit the Basie band."

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

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"A Singer's Singer." Mabel Mercer. V.I.E.W. The British-born singer, born in 1900, became a Paris

Please see HOME TECH, Page 4

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

Continued from Page 1

favorite in the 1930s and the toast of New York's East Side starting in the '40s. Revered by her countless fans, she offers here a cross section of songs, most of them fairly obscure, in her almost parlando style. For many, an obvious feeling for lyrics compensated for her lack of technical skill. Jimmy Lyons' piano backs her well in this 42-minute, 17-song set taped at Cleo's in New York in 1981, three years before her death. Information: (212) 674-5550. ✓✓✓

—LEONARD FEATHER

12/14/86

JAZZ

A FIRED-UP BRANFORD MARSALIS FORESEES FUN

By LEONARD FEATHER

By now, it is very common knowledge that the name Marsalis does not connote a one-man family. As an outgrowth of Wynton Marsalis' extraordinary success, his brother Branford, one year his senior, now has a burgeoning career and a group of his own.

In Los Angeles recently for a concert with his own quartet, Branford Marsalis, 26, loose-limbed and affable, talked about the multifaceted career he has enjoyed since removing his tenor and soprano saxes from Wynton's group.

"People are saying Wynton fired me," he said, "but it wasn't like that. Wynton is such an incredible musician, and he demands high standards of his men. There are hardly any pianists who could replace Kenny Kirkland, and as for sax players—well, after Kenny and I took time out to work with Sting, he just didn't find anyone he was satisfied with.

"After making the album with Sting, Kenny and I went off in May of 1985 to do this movie with him. When we got back, expecting to rejoin Wynton, he had found another piano player, and told us: 'Look, I've got this other band now and I'm going to stick with it.'

"I wish he had made the decision and told us a little earlier. I had just gotten married and found myself out of work for a whole month."

Whether Branford was fired or effectively fired himself by working with Sting, there is no question that Wynton did not look kindly on the move; he has described the Sting film ("Bring on the Night") as "horrendous." As Branford concedes: "I grew up on pop music, more so than on jazz, and definitely more so than Wynton did."

He had had other offers to play rock or pop jobs, he says, but "when Sting called and told me he was getting this band together, it seemed like the perfect opportunity. I wasn't just walking into someone else's group; each of us became a leader in his own way. We had new numbers, new songs, a new sound; I didn't have to restructure my head, as I did when I was playing for Wynton or for Art Blakey, or making the record with Miles Davis.

Talented sax man Branford Marsalis: "I grew up on pop music, more so than on jazz."

"I certainly didn't do it just for the money; if that were my only motive, why would I go from making good money with Sting to losing $1,500 a night with my own band playing jazz, as I am now?"

During his nine-month tour with Sting, which ended last April, Branford knew that eventually he had to have his own group. "I didn't want to be playing rock 'n' roll forever. I like listening to it, but it's not all that enjoyable to play on a long-term basis."

Branford's personality contrasts sharply with his brother's. Though just as socially conscious and no less articulate when racial topics come up, he seems generally broader-minded. His analysis of Miles Davis (on whose "Decoy" album he played in three numbers) tells as much about Marsalis as it does about Davis.

"One minute, Miles says I sound like John Coltrane. Then when I don't want to join his band. . . . Am I gonna fall apart because of Miles? I know what I'm doing.

"I play music because I love it. Miles was quoted in an interview as saying that he loved music, too, but his actions don't match his words.

"All of a sudden, at one point, Miles was no longer playing jazz. He was over there with some platform shoes on, and an Afro and shades, doing his thing, and telling people every chance he got that jazz is boring, it's not happening. People who truly love music wouldn't do that. I have a lot of his later records at home and they have nothing to do with jazz."

Despite his musical reservations, Marsalis defends Davis' right to do what he has done. "Here's a trumpet player who has worked with all my heroes—Bird [Charlie Parker], Newk [Sonny Rollins], Coltrane, Wayne Shorter, Cannonball [Adderley]—so how do I have the right to say what Miles should be doing?

"I had a chance to talk with him when we made that record. He has an incredible mind. His persona will always be larger than life. But he's a very manipulative person; he manipulates the public and he manipulates weak musicians. Thanks to my father and mother, I was gifted with a very strong personality, so when I run into people like Miles I know how to handle the situation."

Clearly Branford has handled the situation by returning to the present jazz quartet format in which he feels comfortable. He bridles at implications that he sold out by going with Sting. "People compare me to George Benson or Herbie [Hancock], in terms of my decision to work for a while in a commercially successful setting. That just isn't so.

"George has his home in Hawaii; he doesn't listen to jazz any more, he's separated himself from that world. Herbie moves in and out of it because of the economic realities. He's still one of the greatest musicians in the world, and it amazes me that a man can play jazz so well but play it so little and so seldom. Emotionally, spiritually, he's not a part of the jazz world anymore."

That world can surely claim Marsalis as one of its citizens. "The music I'm playing is first-rate, but in every other sense, we're second-class citizens. With Sting's band, you jumped off the plane, jumped in the limo and went to the hotel. With our band, you jump off the plane, go to Hertz to get your van, load the equipment yourself and drive it to the venue."

Although the quartet takes up much of his time, it is not Marsalis' sole preoccupation. "Ever since 1983, when I was playing with Wynton, I've been getting offers to take other gigs, play on records with various people. Finally, I found myself missing gigs and double-booking, so I got a manager, which leaves that space in my head open for artistic matters.

"I've been getting sound track offers—for composing, and also for playing if I want to. I've even had offers for movie roles, man. If I feel I can handle it—mostly comedic stuff, not anything that requires serious acting—I'll be glad to do it."

Although Branford Marsalis' name has not yet equaled that of his brother in terms of international recognition, there is little doubt that his innate talent, both as saxophonist and composer, predestines him for fame. "I hope to take my group to Europe and Japan next year," he says. "I see a lot of fun ahead—along with a lot of good music." □

ROWLES: MUSIC TO AID THE PALATE

12/16

By LEONARD FEATHER

Some of the most agreeable dinner music in town is being purveyed Sundays and Mondays by Stacy Rowles in the restaurant/bar at Le Mondrian on the Sunset Strip.

Rowles has been here in recent weeks as part of an expanded, seven-nights-a-week music policy that brings David and Suzanne Miller to the room Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Making a two-piece group function meaningfully is no simple task, particularly when the instruments in question are a fluegelhorn and a piano. Nevertheless, Rowles brings her diversified experience effectively to bear on a program of jazz standards.

Her fluency both on open horn and muted trumpet overcomes the limitations involved in keeping the volume down to a certain level for the early sets. Whether in a driving groove on "I Love You" or lyrically understated while limning a waltz such as Johnny Mandel's "Emily," Rowles remains tastefully inventive in every tempo and mood.

Her pianist, Diana Krall, is a surprisingly talented foil, capable of keeping a steady, economical left-hand beat moving, often like a bass line; she's also a post-bop soloist whose maturity belies her age. Only 22, she moved here two years ago from Vancouver and has been studying with her partner's father, Jimmy Rowles.

One can hope it will soon be feasible to add a bass player, the absence of which became a slight problem at times. Yet, for the most part this is the kind of laid-back jazz that's guaranteed to aid the digestion. Rowles and Krall will return Sunday.

L.A. TIMES
12/17

N.Y. PROGRAM

A BLEND OF THE ARTS IN JAZZ NATIVITY

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Joy to the world in abundance was brought to a large congregation of music lovers Monday evening, when a jazz nativity, "Bending Towards the Light," was presented at St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue.

Composed, arranged, produced and conducted by Anne Phillips, this unique presentation involved traditional and original Christmas songs, a choir, a dancer, vocal soloists ranging from semi-operatic to scat, and a small, distinguished gathering of musicians.

So skillfully were these elements interwoven that it seemed logical to move from a hymn to a jazz bass solo, or for a trombone's ad lib chorus to be joined by the 10 singers.

Linking the musical numbers were biblical readings from St. Luke by the Rev. Edmund L. Browning, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church. Among the original songs were "Softly Falls the Gentle Night," with singer Helen Merrill as the Virgin Mary, Tommy Flanagan at the piano, and a graceful dance interlude by Loretta Abbott.

"What Child Is This" found Jackie Cain and Roy Kral at center stage as Guardian Angels in long white robes. In a colorful interlude, the Three Kings marched solemnly up the aisle of the great church in multicolored gowns and plumed hats. They turned out to be Doc Cheatham, the 81-year-old jazz trumpeter; Charles Cook, a tap dancer in the grand tradition, and Tito Puente, whose solo on the timbales was a vibrant highlight.

Dave Brubeck and his lyricist wife, Iola, contributed "God's Love Made Visible," with Brubeck taking over at the piano for a solo that even converted "Jingle Bells" into 5/4 time.

This inspirational performance, which had opened gently with "Silent Night" played by Bob Kindred on tenor sax and Gene Bertoncini on guitar, ended jubilantly with the entire cast in "Deck the Halls," "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Joy to the World."

"I worked for years on putting this program together," said Anne Phillips. "We hope we can bring it to churches all over the country." Her creation, always sacred and never profane, surely deserves more extended exposure.

L.A.TIMES 12/17/86

FEATHER WINS ASCAP AWARD

Los Angeles Times Jazz Critic Leonard Feather has been named one of 18 winners of the 19th annual ASCAP—Deems Taylor Awards for "outstanding music journalism."

Feather, who has been with the newspaper for 21 years, won the award for an article on jazz singer Billie Holiday, which appeared in The Times on March 30. The award was announced at a ceremony in New York on Tuesday.

JAZZ 12/21/86

WATTS THIS?

By LEONARD FEATHER

CHARLIE WATTS ORCHESTRA LIVE AT FULHAM TOWN HALL. Columbia FC 40570.

If Charlie Watts had not had the financial resources that stem from being the drummer with the Rolling Stones, he would not have had a prayer of persuading someone to record this.

Two problems: First, the sound is atrocious. Fulham Town Hall could have been Shea Stadium; one suspects that rock 'n' roll engineers were on hand who had no experience in balancing a jazz ensemble. Second, the group (it's 33 pieces weak) seems unmanageably big; what do you do with 10 saxophones, 11 brass, 3 percussion and 2 bassists?

Charlie Watts: A big bad jazz big band from a Rolling Stone.

If Watts had been wise, he might have split his self-indulgent trip into two bands, each 16 or 17 in size, and made two albums in a studio with some sense of sound balance. As it is, all that comes across is a farrago of ragged noises playing "Lester Leaps In," "Flying Home" and the like, with a few good solos mixed among a greater number that are disorganized and disheveled.

One can only pity Alan Cohen, who arranged and conducted this disaster, and the sidemen who had nothing to gain but some fast bucks and the chance to give Mr. Watts' ego a massage. There are two small-group cuts, one with two vibes players, the other two bassists. Though far from exceptional, at least they offer a few minutes of precious relief.

In an ironic touch, Watts is quoted in the notes as saying, "I bought the dream." The results show that money alone can't buy artistry; what emerged was a nightmare. □

Los Angeles Times 12/22/86

JAZZ AND DANCE REVIEWS

ALEXANDRIA'S UNCOMPROMISING STYLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Lorez Alexandria knows where the best songs are and has always known the perfect way to treat them.

As was revealed during her visit to Donte's Friday, she relies frequently (as in her albums) on Johnny Mercer; in fact, one of his titles, "Bittersweet," best evokes the essence of her sound. That hip tone quality, the unforced vibrato, the lagalong-and-catchup phrasing (at one point she swallowed up "I'm Beginning to See the Light" in a single bar) are vintage Alexandria trademarks.

"Tangerine," unconventionally delivered in waltz time, brought new luster to a somewhat dated ditty. "Namely You," by Mercer and Gene De Paul, as always provided a splendid wedding of lyrics and music.

Only during a somewhat lugubrious "My Shining Hour" did this generally vital set lag a little. For the most part Alexandria came across as the instantly recognizable and uncompromisingly jazz-oriented performer she has always been.

As a bonus, the trio of pianist Gildo Mahones, with Clarence Johnston on drums and the phenomenal Andy Simpkins on bass, provided not only a propulsive backup but a short and engaging introductory set.

Mahones found a new way to go with his arrangement of "What's New?"—partially in a doubled-up tempo and with vivid chording by the leader.

Regrettably, the pre-holiday lull limited the attendance; the club is now closed and will reopen Saturday with Poncho Sanchez.

"The Blues Roar." Maynard Ferguson. Mainstream/Mobile Fidelity (AAD). It's good to see Mainstream back as a CD product, and to hear Ferguson back to basics in this superior 1965 session with an augmented, no-nonsense jazz ensemble. Several Ray Charles blues and Joe Williams hits in instrumental garb are arranged by Don Sebesky, Mike Abene and Willie Maiden. The Dukish "Baltimore Oriole" opens with Ferguson in a rare relaxed mood. On "Ev'ry Day" he switches to valve trombone. Notable too are several fine alto solos by Charlie Mariano and a tuba playing the melody on "Night Train." ✓✓✓½

—LEONARD FEATHER

12/23

Los Angeles Times 12/25

JAZZ REVIEW

OPTIONS TO SPARE AT LINDA'S ON MELROSE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Linda's, a high-ceilinged room on Melrose Avenue west of Highland, is not quite like any other venue in town.

Several options are in operation here. For instance, if you are not into jazz, you have your choice—at least on Tuesdays, Thursdays or during the Sunday brunch hour—of hearing light classical sounds offered by a pianist, Tania Agins, and a cellist, Matt Cooker.

By the same token, if you are not a meat-and-potatoes person, you can also opt for the vegetarian menu. And if you don't care one way or the other about either the music or the food, there are always the paintings to inspect, for Linda's is also an art gallery. The works of a different artist decorate the walls, changing every six weeks.

The music policy also rotates, with various pianists and bassists. Sundays it's Gerald Wiggins, Tuesdays George Gaffney at the keyboard, both with Andy Simpkins as their partner. Wednesdays through Saturdays it's Tom Garvin, backed by John Heard.

Tuesday evening, when the classical session ended at 8, Gaffney took over on his own for a few numbers, Simpkins having been delayed. He offered a reminder of the extent to which a well-equipped soloist can be self-sufficient, particularly on such ballads as "A Child Is Born." But soon afterward Simpkins provided his usual powerful support.

As if all these elements were not enough, instrumental music gives way to vocal interludes when the owner, Linda Keegan, takes over now and then to offer a couple of standard songs in a casual, rough-hewn but attractive style.

The various choices provided at Linda's constitute an unconventional and attractive policy.

12/20 Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

THE ALDEBERTS: TWO-PART HARMONY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost 18 years have passed since Louis and Monique Aldebert, having moved to Los Angeles, developed their unique vocal duo sound and built their bilingual backlog of original songs.

At Alfonse's Thursday evening they offered evidence that although mass popularity has eluded them, they have not compromised. Monique, to whom the years have been kind, still has the irresistible smile, the red hair, the very feminine charm and a voice that sounds particularly effective when her husband backs her up from the piano with hummed tones, or more often unison and harmony vocals.

It is in songs like their own "Without a Friend" that this collaboration works best. Monique's solo numbers, though pleasant, didn't have the impact to quiet a slightly noisy room, and her decision to cross the English Channel for "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" was out of character. But when she and Louis joined voices on two Jobim numbers—"One Note Samba" in French, "Waters of March" in English and French—the group came alive, aided in no small measure by an exceptional drummer, Jack Le Compte, and a guest appearance by the hard swinging tenor saxophonist Gordon Brisker.

The Aldeberts have a third language, *le scat hot*, which they put to delightful use in another of their own pieces, "Mexican Waltz." They lean to soft consonants, with none of the sibilants that sometimes lend an irritating monotony to wordless jazz.

Louis Aldebert has developed into a first-rate post bop pianist. His two opening numbers, with Jack Grevet on bass and Le Compte on drums, set a solid groove despite the light sound of Grevet's electric bass.

In effect, the Aldeberts are the Gallic Jackie and Roy, though they have yet to match their track record of countless albums and cross-country tours. That they haven't traveled much is their misfortune; that Los Angeles remains their *pied-a-terre* is our good luck.

CALENDAR

LOS ANGELES TIMES DECEMBER 21, 1986

MARK MORRIS
choreographer

TINA BROWN
Vanity Fair editor

WYNTON MARSALIS
musician

JOHN BALDESSARI
conceptual artist

TASTE MAKERS

They influence taste in the arts. But what are the influences in their lives? Calendar presents its second annual panel of taste makers. Interviews begin on Page 3.

CAROLYN PFEIFFER
film producer/distributor

LINDA ELLERBEE
TV newscaster

PETER GABRIEL
singer/songwriter

ROBERT WILSON
theater director

WYNTON MARSALIS

SMASHING THE STEREOTYPES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Wynton Marsalis is a taste maker beyond his influence as a musician. You see it in his life style, his personal appearance and his influence on young people, particularly young black people.

Marsalis came to fame as a 19-year-old trumpet phenomenon from New Orleans, with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. In the six years since then, he has shattered, and wants to continue shattering, the stereotypic concept of the black musician.

He is interested in continuing his classical career (he was the first musician ever to win Grammys simultaneously for a classical and a jazz album), but is tired of hearing observers imply that this is a greater achievement than his jazz work.

"Why do people think classical music is harder to play?" he asked during a recent visit. "My playing the Haydn Trumpet Concerto is not equal to the task of Haydn's writing it. But Louis Armstrong standing up and improvising, composing on the spur of the moment—that was an achievement calling for very special criteria."

Marsalis' campaign to gain respectability for jazz extends to visual values. In an era of jeans and tattered shirts, he is immaculate onstage. The current Playboy devotes a full page not to his musicianship, but to a photo showing him in his wool/silk/cotton jacket ("about $250"), short-sleeved silk shirt, wool-silk pants with inverted pleats and Hollywood waist.

Nothing about Marsalis suggests what most Americans associate with the black experience. His early influences were those of a secure family ("We had a father—we were ahead of most black cats right there"). He had a splendid education not only at Juilliard, but in high school, where he was a National Merit finalist. Musicians of Count Basie's generation may have read the comics; Marsalis is more likely to be found engrossed in a book by Ralph Ellison.

"Right now I'm reading four books at once," he said. "Ellison's 'Going to the Territory,' John Chernoff's 'African Rhythm and African Sensibility,' C. A. Diop's 'Cultural Unity of Black Africa' and Thomas Mann's 'Doctor Faustus.' If I get tired of one of them, I pick up another."

His taste in food also reflects his background: In New York he likes to dine on soul food at Jezebel's, or drop in at the Quilted Giraffe on Second Avenue, where one of his old high school friends is the chef.

Marsalis' jazz compositions and performances have been branded by some critics as conservative. Marsalis bridles at these comments. "There's a whole school of so-called avant-garde musicians, and you don't have to have any craft requirements to become one; all you have to do is be black and have an African name or something. They're the *real* conservatives, the true conformists, because everyone rushes to join their ranks."

Growing up, Marsalis listened to what the other youngsters heard: Earth, Wind &

Please Turn to Page 8

WYNTON MARSALIS

Continued from 6th Page

Fire and other pop groups. Today he has little time for pop, funk or fusion, preferring to look to jazz roots: "I get my inspiration from Bird [Charlie Parker], from the early Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman and Charles Mingus. They're all interrelated and representative of true Afro-American culture. I want to work against the disrespect that's been shown toward this culture, be it by black people or white."

He plans to preserve his double life in music rather than combine the two elements. "You can't put them together. What has the so-called 'Third Stream' produced? If Duke Ellington had wanted to combine them, he had the ability, but he decided not to."

That Marsalis has become a cult hero and that his image has inspired black musicians who might otherwise have been detoured into pop is a source of satisfaction to him. Social and racial issues will always play a central role in his thinking; he has never forgotten that when he earned A's in a predominantly white school, the white students would resent him.

"As much as I'd like to tell you that people are all the same, we know it just isn't so. People have the same basic drive, but the conditions you grow up in determine how you behave," he said.

Because he grew up in conditions that offered him an outlook of unusual breadth, Marsalis lives contentedly in his two worlds; yet he is quick to reject a "world music" philosophy.

"It's arrogant to pretend that you play world music. That's only an admission that you're giving non-specific, second-hand treatments to different idioms," Marsalis said. "Great musicians spend their entire lives trying to understand the music forms within their own culture. I'll be satisfied if I can just reach that objective." □

JAZZ REVIEW

1/24/87

FOUR MASTER MUSICIANS PERFORM AT PALACE COURT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Four of the most remarkable musicians in-town could all be found under the same roof Thursday evening: alto saxophonist Frank Morgan, pianist Cedar Walton; bassist David Williams and drummer Billy Higgins, performing at the Palace Court. They had been working together as a unit off and on, long enough for Higgins to have learned every rhythmic nuance in the statement of each theme.

The set opened with Walton offering two original trio numbers, "Bremond's Blues" and "Fiesta Espanol." In the former, his bop-pish left-hand punctuation added urgency to the crisply articulate weavings of his darting right hand. In the Latin-tinged "Fiesta" he switched to forceful two-fisted chords. Fighting an inadequate keyboard, Walton won literally hands down.

Frank Morgan was then introduced to demonstrate how far he has moved beyond his original Charlie Parker sound. In fact, his opening number, "So What," was written two years after Bird died, and involved rhythmically convoluted passages that would have dazzled Parker himself. But Morgan's mastery of the ballad form was no less moving, as "Easy Living" made eloquently clear.

Going from strength to strength, Morgan poured out his soul in a slow blues heavy with going-to-Kansas-City grief. He returned to primal bebop values in a searing "Night in Tunisia."

David Williams turned "On the Trail" into a virtual concerto for bass that matched both Morgan and Walton in sheer audacity, technical finesse and invention. The masterful backup and solo contributions of Billy Higgins added just the right ingredient to pull this unique quartet together. This was, in short, state-of-the-art 1987 acoustic jazz. That the group could only stay in town two nights was regrettable; that it will return soon for a longer booking is a foregone conclusion.

063

12/28/86

JAZZ '86

RENAISSANCE TIME

A Year of Breaking Down the Dikes

By LEONARD FEATHER

Rob McConnell led the Boss Brass to new heights in 1986.

Dexter Gordon crossed over to film in " 'Round Midnight".

We will remember 1986 as the year when Billie Holiday became a star on Hollywood Boulevard.

When Duke Ellington became a 22-cent stamp.

When Miles Davis became 60, and the Woody Herman Herd turned 50.

When Weather Report became Weather Update.

When compact discs became the new medium for listening to music.

If for no other reason than the unprecedented efflux of records that broke down the dikes—vocal and instrumental, LP and CD, newly minted or elaborately reprinted—1986 has been an unprecedentedly successful year for jazz.

GOLDEN FEATHERS

Out of one side of their mouths, the businessmen assured us that jazz wasn't commercial; out of a hidden corner in their pocketbooks, they came up with financing for hundreds of improbable projects.

It has gotten to the point where records can be assessed by the pound. "The Complete Keynote Collection," a magnificent small-combo compendium comprising 334 swing performances, of which 115 are rightly described as "newly discovered gems," weighs in at eight pounds. So does "Thelonious Monk: The Complete Riverside Performances," a 22-LP set running to 153 items, including many unissued takes.

At a mere six pounds, "Benny Goodman: The RCA Victor Years" spans 1935-39 and is no less valuable with its 16-record storehouse of trio, quartet, sextet and orchestral sides, on RCA's newly revived Bluebird label. Also on Bluebird, "Duke Ellington: The Blanton-Webster Band" recalls, on four LPs, what were for many admirers the golden Ellington years (1940-1942). (RCA has also launched a label, Novus, for new LPs by Adam Makovich, James Moody et al.)

More practical for the non-millionaire jazz student is a superb series just issued on Atlantic. These one- and two-LP anthologies have such titles as "The Avant Garde," "Fusion," "Kansas City," "New Orleans," "Bebop," "West Coast" and "Soul." Many of these invaluable items were produced by two brothers, Nesuhi and Ahmet Ertegun, then Young Turks of the jazz movement (literally: their father had been the Turkish ambassador to the United States). The Atlantic items are available in a 15-LP, 6-pound box; however, I suggest selectivity, since these heavyweight entries are somewhat daunting in the dollar department.

The list is virtually endless. Fantasy and its related labels (Milestone, Prestige, Contemporary) provide a constant source of old and new treasures. Still going strong are Blue Note and the newly revitalized MCA/Impulse, where a big commercial push has been in motion for the pianist Henry Butler, guitarist Henry Johnson and others.

Columbia, of course, has been in there right along, breaking in such young talents as Donald Harrison and Terence Blanchard as well as the Marsalis family.

Independent labels such as Concord, Mosaic, Landmark, Black Hawk, Muse, Seabreeze and Discovery are ongoing sources where the reliance on quality never seems to be disturbed by the quest for mass sales.

Compact discs are proliferating to the point where some companies plan to release albums on CD only. The death rattle of the LP is not yet audible, but jazz collectors would be well-advised to concentrate on CDs whenever possible, both for quality of sound and for quantity (a recent Art Blakey CD on Delos contained 70 minutes of superlative sounds by the veteran drummer's current group). Carmen McRae's newest, "Any Old Time" on Denon, runs to just an hour, and the vibrant Phil Woods Quintet in "Gratitude," also on Denon, takes 71 minutes to play a program of eight pieces.

There's already such a phenomenon as a double-CD. Discovery, which has gone into the compact-disc field full tilt with a variety of West Coast eminences, offers the Mike Wofford Trio and Quartet in a two-CD package that includes the equivalent of three LPs.

In short, a golden feather is hereby awarded collectively to those producers in the record industry who, against all odds, have fought the good fight to produce this cornucopia.

Forward now to the individual awards, the result of considerable cogitation and many reluctant eliminations.

□

Musician of the Year: Branford Marsalis. Behind him are the tours with brother Wynton's group, the Sting experience (of which he says, "I enjoyed it, but I learned absolutely nothing"), and a record with Tina Turner. Ahead are more records and bookings with the dazzling quartet, of which his saxophone is the centerpiece, and the release of his classical album. Steeped in the tradition, yet never mired in the past, Branford Marsalis is an artist of extraordinary breadth and depth.

Band of the Year: Rob McConnell's Boss Brass. This 22-piece Toronto-based ensemble has yet to reach the plateau of international acceptance it deserves. Perhaps the jazz communities in Europe and Japan are skeptical about the value of a Canadian orchestra, yet McConnell's records (and his occasional visits to California) have left no doubt that his own arrangements and his lineup of soloists, coupled with the band's impeccable performance level, deserve greater exposure.

Movie of the Year: " 'Round Midnight." True, there has been negative reaction among some musicians who fear that the image of jazzmen as victims of chemical dependency may be aggravated by this story. I think, though, that it is safe to assume most viewers will be intelligent enough to know that the role played so brilliantly by Dexter Gordon is not intended as a generalization. What matters is that for the first time ever, musicians were hired to play and act as musicians; with the help of the director Bertrand Tavernier they did so with total conviction. If, as seems possible, Gordon wins an Oscar nomination, jazz will ultimately benefit, and other jazz-related films, dealing authentically with less downbeat aspects of the scene, may soon ensue.

Trend of the Year: The re-emergence of the clarinet. This was due mainly to an astonishing album by Eddie Daniels, "Breakthrough" (GRP), and to Richard Stoltzman's appearances with Chick Corea, Joe Williams, Woody Herman et al., as well as the "Begin Sweet World" album (RCA) in which he dared to segue from "Abide With Me" to Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk." John Carter, Alvin Batiste and, of course, Buddy De Franco continued to show their loyalty to an instrument that had been almost written off as a force in jazz.

Guest Spot of the Year: The Soviet Union's Ganelin Trio played in 15 U.S. cities and appeared on American television. That country's pioneer avant-garde group, led by the pianist Vyacheslav Ganelin, represented the first peace-shot fired in a cultural exchange that may find the Leningrad Dixieland Band visiting us next summer, and a group including Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter visiting the U.S.S.R.

Singer of the Year: A difficult choice. Dianne Schuur, by far the most heavily publicized and promoted, is a moving and confident performer, yet she still occasional-

Richard Stoltzman helped push re-emergence of the clarinet.

Saxophone player Branford Marsalis—an artist with depth.

ly lapses into Dinah Washington-isms that just don't work. Carmen Lundy, a no less promising newcomer, has an intriguing debut LP on Black Hawk, but tends to set the nerves on edge with her "Love for Sale" high notes. This leaves Susannah McCorkle, about whom no such reservations can be made. Her Pausa LP, "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?," is now on a CD, offering a timely reminder of a voice marked by intelligence, sensitivity and a personal sound. So, for McCorkle, the gilded plume. (But do check out Schuur's latest GRP album, "Timeless," now on a CD and by all odds her best to date.)

□

On the shady side of the street, a wilted feather to:

Dubious Achievement of the Year: The launching, 13 years after his death, of a Gene Krupa band, involving none of his several famous alumni. This is not just a ghost band. It's a skeleton.

Blue Notes of the Year: The toll was heavy, depriving us of many long valued citizens such as Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Sonny Terry, Thad Jones, Pepper Adams, Clyde Bernhardt and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis.

Prognosis: It can safely be forecast that 1987 will find the jazz consumer overwhelmed by a proliferation of compact discs, videocassettes and live music, most notably in the form of festivals and concerts by the hundred. Sure, a number of night clubs folded and, as always, some observers predicted the decline and fall of jazz, but isn't that a cry we have been hearing all our lives? □

Jazz Listings are on Page 63.

Los Angeles Times 1/6/87

JAZZ REVIEWS

NATIONAL ACADEMY'S 7-PIECE BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

The National Academy of Jazz, still confined to local events due to a shortage of funding, lent its name Sunday to a seven-piece band presented by UCLA's Student Committee for the Arts.

After an opening tribute to Chuck Niles of radio station KKGO, which aired part of the program, a familiar pattern was followed: opening number by the full group, a series of solo features and another ensemble piece to close.

Given the limitations inherent in a recital by musicians who had neither worked together before nor even rehearsed, it all came off better than might have been expected. The rhythm section—Mike Melvoin at the piano, Monty Budwig on bass, drummer Sherman Ferguson—provided a solid stimulus throughout.

If the evening yielded one special hero, it was Bill Watrous, a trombonist of rare talent whose "Insensitive" belied its title, and whose sublimation of "How Long Has This Been Going On" was the single most affecting performance. (He'll lead his own big band Friday and Saturday at Donte's.)

Red Holloway, the group's genial leader, offered a buoyant tenor sax number with an "All Blues" opening and a couple of "Blues in the Night" quotes. Ann Patterson, whose eloquent delineation of "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" deservedly drew one of the evening's best responses, switched from alto sax to soprano when she led the group through an upbeat "Secret Love." Bobby Bryant, the towering trumpet inferno, calmed down long enough to offer a pleasantly understated version of "I'm Glad There Is You."

The National Academy of Jazz, Niles announced, is planning an awards show, along more ambitious lines. Sunday's bash was not much more than an agreeable but surprise-free warm-up.

Paula Kelly

PAULA KELLY'S NEW ACT AT GARDENIA

How crowded was it at the Gardenia on Friday night? Well, Michael Jackson and Elizabeth Taylor couldn't have gotten in without a reservation. And why the crowd? Because Paula Kelly was breaking in her new nightclub singing act.

Paula Kelly the dancer, Paula Kelly the actress, could enjoy a triumphant career simply as Paula Kelly the singer. Slender, tender and tall, she's the ultimate sophisticated lady, a performer so gifted and so versatile that her show incorporated every imaginable element in contemporary singing.

From the opening "Moondance" with its eerie synthesizer and conga backing to the riotous blues medley toward the end, she was in total control. Nothing was predictable: On one tune she breathed in rhythm, in another she began midway through the chorus; on the 1922 Al Jolson tear-jerker "My Buddy" she segued to a touching "But Beautiful" while her musical director, Ron Abel, played "My Buddy" on the piano in counterpoint.

Moving with a dancer's grace to add visual delight, she sang "Besame Mucho" in commendable Spanish and "La Vie en Rose" in excellent French, "Moody's Mood for Love" in a language known as early vocalese and a riotously funny calypso number in which she sounded as if she'd just stepped off the boat from Jamaica.

Reminiscing about her upbringing in Harlem ("a little community settled by the Dutch"), she took the "A Train" on a slow, slinky uptown trip before easing into a sublimation of "Satin Doll." An obscure and exquisite song called "Lilac Wine" brought her and her audience to the verge of tears.

What kind of vocalist is Kelly? As Duke Ellington himself would have said, she is beyond category. What other trilingual singer could jump into those Esther Phillips and Joe Williams blues verses with comparable conviction?

Ron Abel, with Mike Smith on congas, Richie Ruttenberg on the synthesizer and Wade Short on Fender bass, played her arrangements with just the diversity of moods and sounds that this performance called for.

Paula Kelly the singer, who returns to the Gardenia on Friday and Saturday, has the most exciting act of its kind this town has seen in a long time. One can only speculate on how much the dancer and the actress will encroach on her singing time.

12/30/86

LAND-BRASHEAR QUINTET IN BENEFIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Donte's, normally in operation six days a week, opened its doors Sunday to host a fund-raiser staged by the International Assn. of Jazz Appreciation, whose officers aim, to provide jazz concerts and education for public schools.

Music for the occasion was provided by the Harold Land-Oscar Brashear Quintet. Land's tenor saxophone has been a staple for many years in the Gerald Wilson orchestra, with which he still works, but the small group setting gives him an extended opportunity to display a long-matured style.

Though lightly touched by the impact of John Coltrane, Land remains loyal to the principles of tonality and a hard-driving pulse that had taken shape long before the modal era. He is at his most compelling when he delineates the harmonic contrasts of such a superior theme as "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes."

Brashear's trumpet, sharing the melody statements with Land, helps establish the quintet's powerful personality. As a soloist he's comparable to Freddie Hubbard, though perhaps lacking a little of the latter's dynamic diversity. His searing horn provided some of the group's most vigorous moments.

Land's rhythm team is notable for the presence of his son, Harold Land Jr., whose solos within the context of the combo were more engaging than his somewhat florid solo number. Albert (Tootie) Heath on drums and Richard Reid on bass, veterans of the local scene, helped convey a brand of West Coast energy long claimed by myopic New Yorkers to be non-existent in the Southland. It's regrettable that groups of this caliber are seldom heard in the Valley clubs.

JAZZ REVIEWS

'MANY FACES OF BIRD' AT WILTERN THEATER

FRIDAY DEC 12 1986

By LEONARD FEATHER

Wednesday's concert in the "Jazzvisions" series at the Wiltern Theater was a Charlie Parker retrospective called "The Many Faces of Bird." The alto saxophonists hired to bring this premise to life were James Moody, Bud Shank and Lee Konitz, all born in the mid-1920s and old enough to have heard Parker in person; and Richie Cole, who was only 7 when Bird died in 1955. CA6-4-1

Perhaps for this reason, Cole, two generations removed from Parker and essentially a protege of Phil Woods (who in turn was Parker's direct disciple), seemed to take the evening lightly. He peppered his solos with quotes and comic staccato articulations, scatted along with Bobby McFerrin, and generally had a good time.

For pure post-Parkerism, Moody and Shank had the evening in their pockets, blending immense control and speed with melodic lines whose interest never flagged.

Konitz, whose ties to Bird were always tenuous at best, seemed vaguely out of place, though his non-aggressive blowing at least provided a sense of contrast.

Inhibiting the proceedings was that old devil sound balance. The faster the tempo, the muddier it got; in fact, on the opening, "Cherokee," Monty Budwig's bass was miked so loud that it could be heard in Culver City.

McFerrin, reviewed here two weeks ago, played everything for laughs. For a while it was hilarious, but his singalong shtick in the encore was strictly Cab Calloway, vintage 1930.

Lou Levy's piano, when not over-miked, conveyed the right feeling, especially in an easy-going chorus on "Embraceable You." John Guerin offered the mandatory drum solo in the final number.

Except for one attempt by Shank and Konitz to play a Parker solo together a la Supersax, nothing remotely innovative happened. At times one longed for Moody to bring out his tenor sax, or for some other horn to break the monotony. (Even Supersax uses a trumpet player.)

At best this was a joyous evocation of Bird's spirit, but after an hour and 40 minutes it was just a little too much of an intermittently good thing.

LAND-BRASHEAR QUINTET IN BENEFIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

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L.A. TIMES 1/11/86

Singer Jeannie Cheatham

JAZZ

CHEATHAMS HAVE A BOND WITH THE BLUES

By LEONARD FEATHER

ROBERT GABRIEL

Trombonist Jimmy Cheatham

The concept of a new, contemporary-style blues band may seem to some like an anachronism in these days of funk, fusion and electronics. No less contradictory is the idea that a jazz group of any kind could make a broad, perhaps international impact while based in San Diego.

Jimmy and Jeannie Cheatham have beaten the odds. The veteran bass trombonist and teacher, in partnership with his blues-singing pianist-wife, started to break away from the localized image with an album, "Sweet Baby Blues," for Concord Jazz, taped in late 1984. The reaction was strong enough to justify a second LP, "Midnight Mama," released last summer.

"Things are finally beginning to happen," said Jeannie Cheatham, a cheerful woman whose lyrics ("Finance Company Blues," "Meet Me With Your Black Drawers On") reflect her lighthearted approach to the blues tradition. "Last year, we played festivals around California—at Concord and Long Beach—as well as clubs in San Francisco and Los Angeles; we're booked back into the Alleycat Bistro in L.A. Feb. 13-14. We have had feelers for next summer for festivals in Nice, Barcelona and Montauban, as well as calls from Jamaica, where they want us to lecture and play at a university, and Winnipeg, for a big festival in July. As for the East Coast, well, it would be nice if we played New York—I'm sure we'd tear it up there."

Though the Cheathams have been married 28 years, their paths did not cross until both had enjoyed separate careers, hers mainly in Ohio and Canada, his in New York and Los Angeles. Born June 18, 1924, in Birmingham, Jimmy Cheatham was raised from the age of 3 in Buffalo. "At first I had no private study or formal training; I picked up a lot of knowledge from the older musicians in legendary bands like Jimmie Lunceford's—his band lived in Buffalo for a while—and McKinney's Cotton Pickers.

"I learned to pick out tunes at the piano, but it wasn't until I came out of the Army that I studied seriously, at the Conservatory of Modern Music in New York and then with Russ Garcia at Westlake College in Hollywood, where he had a course for scoring films and TV."

While at Westlake, Cheatham played with some of the young lions of the 1950s West Coast scene: Buddy Collette, Gerald Wilson, Wardell Gray. He composed a work for string quartet plus Collette on flute that was premiered at a Paul Robeson concert. "Then, in 1953, I returned to Buffalo and met Jeannie."

Jazz listings are on Page 72.

Jeanne Evans, whose experience with music had begun at her mother's Baptist church in Akron, Ohio, studied the classics for nine years. "I started going to Akron U., but there just wasn't enough money, so I lit out and took a bus to Columbus. Got a job playing piano for a week in a club, and stayed three months. I didn't bother with singing until years later; in fact, I played for a bunch of other singers."

This experience was better than a college course in the blues. Among the singers she accompanied were Al Hibbler ("I was in junior high, the youngest in a community band, 12 guys and me, when we came to Akron and we played with him at the Armory"), Jimmy Witherspoon and Wynonie (Mr. Blues) Harris in Columbus, Joe Williams ("in a terrible snowstorm, one night in Buffalo"), Jimmy Rushing, T-Bone Walker ("We were the house band in a place in Buffalo that hired all the blues singers: Bo Diddley, T-Bone, Big Maybelle—so this really gave me a chance to know the blues").

In Cleveland, she played for "The Queen," Dinah Washington. "Everyone in our band was down with the flu, and she brought chicken soup for us all—people said she was mean, but she sure was nice to us." Then there were dates with Odetta ("She was a grand old gal!") and Big Mama Thornton—"Really a buddy of mine; I played with her off and on for 10 years."

During a three-year period spent mainly in Canada, she recalls, "after our job was over Saturday night, all of us in the band would drive from Toronto, 90 miles in 90 minutes, to the breakfast-jazz set in Buffalo. That's how I met Jimmy."

Over the years, Jimmy Cheatham became more and more closely involved with academia, sometimes in tandem with his wife. "William Dixon, a composer, helped to get me a teaching assignment at Bennington College. Later, I followed Bill into a similar post in Madison at the University of Wisconsin."

In 1977, the Cheathams decided to visit Los Angeles. "Jeannie had never seen this part of the world, and our friend Buddy Collette suggested we come out and take a rest. Not long after, I got the call to take charge of the jazz program at UC San Diego."

In forming their band, the Cheathams took advantage of the presence in San Diego of two undervalued musicians: Charles McPherson, a brilliant alto saxman of the Charlie Parker school, and Jimmy Noone, son of the legendary clarinetist of the same name (1895-1944). The senior Noone, born in New Orleans, studied clarinet in Chicago with the same teacher as Benny Goodman. Noone *fils* clearly reflects his father's influence.

To round out the group, there were such Los Angeles stalwarts as Red Callender, on tuba and bass; Curtis Peagler on saxes, and Snooky Young from "The Tonight Show" band on trumpet. Along with their original songs, the Cheathams relive blues history with Pete Johnson's "Roll 'Em Pete," "Cherry Red" and "Piney Brown," all of early Kansas City vintage, and others whose origin goes back too far to be traced: "C.C. Rider," "I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water," "I've Got a Mind to Ramble."

Jeannie Cheatham's blues vocals find a happy halfway mark between the sonorously incisive quality of the Bessie Smith generation and the lighter blues of 1950s vaudeville days. Her piano has some of the indigo elements of early Chicago and Kansas City blues. With her husband's shouting bass trombones and aptly tailored arrangements, they bring back to updated life a genre that recalls the Apollo Theatre and Louis Jordan, as well as some of the pioneers with whom Jeannie paid dues as an accompanist.

They'll be in the studios Monday and Tuesday cutting their third Concord album, finding still more routes through which to bring an old idiom to a new generation.

"We're looking forward to doing much more traveling this year," says Jimmy Cheatham. "We've been very fortunate that up to now the musicians' schedule has been adaptable so we can hold the bank together. We just want to keep on operating, with our faith in the creator." □

Los Angeles Times 1/10/87

JAZZ REVIEW

HUTCHERSON EXPLORES MAINSTREAM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bobby Hutcherson, who opened Thursday at Concerts by the Sea and will be on hand through Sunday, is the most technically adroit and hardest swinging vibraphonist of his generation.

During the 1960s, when he came to prominence and began winning jazz polls, he delved into avant-garde experiments and showed a new direction by making extensive use of the marimba.

If his performance opening night was typical, he seems to have retrenched from those adventurous positions, relying now on the vibes and suggesting a latter-day Milt Jackson with post-bebop overtones. Perhaps this is a temporary situation related to his recent appearance, in an acting and singing role, in the movie " 'Round Midnight." In any event, Hutcherson's return to the mainstream is by no means a musical step backward, since his creativity within the parameters he now sets for himself is quite extraordinary.

Opening with "Some Day My Prince Will Come," he brought to his jazz-waltz treatment a phenomenal vitality, tempered by long tremolo passages used as bridges between choruses. His up-tempo virtuosity was even better displayed in the early John Coltrane work "Mr. P.C." Completing the set were a ballad, "Young and Foolish," in which his dynamic subtlety came to the fore, and a fast, slightly Latin "Star Eyes," in which he made all-too-brief use of his four mallet technique.

Backing Hutcherson were Lew Matthews, playing an electric grand piano that achieved a far cleaner sound than most artificial keyboards; the formidable John Heard on bass, and the dependable Larance Marable on drums. This kind of no-nonsense music has been in such short supply in recent years at the Redondo Beach room that the arrival of such a talented foursome was as welcome as the low turnout was regrettable. What does Hutcherson have to do to fill the club—sing and tell jokes?

1/15/87

DRUMMING UP INTEREST IN SMITH TRIO

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is a safe bet that in any trio nominally led by a drummer, the de facto leader will be the pianist.

Such is the case in a group billed as Jimmie Smith's State of the Art Trio, occupying the bandstand Tuesdays through Thursdays this month at the Alleycat Bistro in Culver City.

This is not to imply that Smith's role is unimportant; on the contrary, now as always, he displays at the drums a confident flair and a lack of flamboyance that sustain interest whether he's soloing or simply furnishing support for Vicki von Eps.

Newly returned from Boston, the Southland-born Von Eps dominates every tune as pianist, often also as vocalist. If the world were divided into two classes, the creatives and the derivatives, Von Eps would have to be classified in the latter group; however, since her sources seem to be the right ones on both levels, the results are never less than agreeable.

Her keyboard work mixes traces of bop and blues with touches of early Les McCann funk. There was a hint of gospel when she disinterred a 50-year-old Hammerstein & Romberg song, "When I Grow Too Old to Dream." As a singer, she displays a natural jazz feeling in her phrasing and in the hip vibrato that fans out at the end of certain tones. Her medley of Billie Holiday songs was neatly coordinated, her "Body and Soul" fittingly soulful.

Completing the trio Tuesday was bassist Al McKibbon, filling in for the indisposed Eugene Wright. On very short notice he took over and performed like the seasoned pro he is.

NORMAN GRANZ SELLS PABLO TO FANTASY RECORDS OF BERKELEY

Pablo Records, the Beverly Hills jazz-oriented company formed by Norman Granz in 1973, has been sold to Fantasy Records of Berkeley for an undisclosed sum.

"One reason I made the deal is that there are two sides to the record business: One is the creative end, which I love; the other is the business end, such as distribution, which I hate and became tired of," Granz said in a telephone interview from his home in Geneva on Wednesday.

Over the last 14 years, Granz had built an imposing catalogue of albums by Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Pass and Oscar Peterson—all of whom he manages—as well as Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Carter, Zoot Sims, Sarah Vaughan and many others.

Granz, who pioneered the jam session-concert concept with his "Jazz at the Philharmonic" (named after his first concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles in 1944), was the first to issue live-concert records, in the days when a single tune might take up several 12-inch discs.

He formed the Clef, Norgan and Verve companies, then sold their catalogue to MGM in 1961 for $2.5 million, and for 12 years remained inactive in the recording studios.

Fantasy will retain the Pablo name, which now becomes part of a conglomerate that includes Contemporary, Stax, Galaxy, Good Time Jazz, Prestige, Milestone and Riverside Records.

Eric Miller, active as an artists-and-repertoire man for Granz since the early 1970s, will continue to work for Pablo under the aegis of Fantasy, Granz said.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ REVIEWS

O'DAY LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT AT VINE ST.

Younger than Ella, a few years ahead of Sarah, Anita O'Day now belongs to that elite group of vocal jazz giants to whose names are appended either "the legendary" or "the late." Happily, she is firmly in the former group, as was revealed in a typical performance Thursday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, where she began a four-night stand.

Never was the cliche about using the voice as an instrument more applicable than in the case of this indomitable woman, whose recent illness and two-month absence from the scene evidently left her unscathed. Perhaps a few more notes than usual landed a bit south of the mark, but so what? You were expecting maybe Marilyn Horne?

Opening and closing as always with "Wave" (playing melismatic games with the second syllable of "together"), she instilled a couple of surprises into a set marked by predictable patches of Gene Krupa nostalgia. What began at the piano with Dick Shreve playing " 'Round Midnight" seemed to evolve into another song called "Midnight," which in turn was revealed to be the verse of a 1932 Victor Young ballad, "Street of Dreams."

Earl Palmer occupied a drum chair held for 30 years by John Poole, with whom O'Day recently ended her partnership. Completing the combo were the fine bassist Bob Maize and tenor saxophonist and flutist Gordon Brisker.

There may be those who, technically, can outsing Anita O'Day, but it will be a subzero night on Vine Street before anyone outswings her. —LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times 2/12/87

JAZZ REVIEW

LOA'S FIRST NIGHT: MUSIC, A FEAST OF CELEBRITIES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Loa's, the Southland's newest jazz club and restaurant, opened Tuesday evening. It was one of those celebrity-heavy, television-covered first nights best summed up in three words: Quincy was there.

Not surprising, perhaps, for both Quincy Jones and Ray Brown, who is musical director at the Loa, are old jazz pals and fellow alumni of the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra. The owner of the room, Mariko Omura and her partner, Hideyuki Nogami, got to know Brown when Omura was producing records with him for a Japanese company.

Brown's involvement with the venture will find him on hand initially through Feb. 22, returning for the month of March Tuesdays through Sundays. He will bring other major jazz artists to work in the room, but promises to be back with his own group at least four months a year.

The Brown unit, billed as "the world's greatest house band," places the veteran bassist alongside Gene Harris, the pianist, and Mickey Roker on drums. The pace was set with the opening number, a rocking "Night Train" that brought Harris' blues credentials powerfully into the foreground.

Harris displayed a slightly less flamboyant side of his personality in the easily swinging "Street of Dreams." Then it was Roker's turn to demonstrate that a song called "Soft Winds" can live up to its title even as a percussion feature.

The sound at the Loa is bright, perhaps a mite too bright, with Harris in control of a splendid nine-foot grand piano. Outside and in, the decor is somewhat barren, mostly in slate gray, black and white. The policy calls for a cuisine mixing Japanese with Nouvelle California.

The Loa is well situated: 3321 Pico Blvd. at Centinela Avenue, on the inland edge of Santa Monica. It has no license to serve alcohol at present, but in the meantime dinner can be accompanied by any of 15 non-alcoholic beverages named after everyone from Oscar Peterson and Miles Davis to Charlie Parker and B. B. King. Regrettably, there is at present no drink called Toshiko Akiyoshi.

1/23/87 Los Angeles Times

ANDREWS: ALL SUCCESS, NO TRIUMPH

By LEONARD FEATHER

To all outward appearances, Ernie Andrews has had a successful career. Consider the credits: three major hits during his early years ("Soothe Me," "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Make Me a Present of You"), 10 years of steady work with the Harry James band, standing ovations everywhere from the Monterey Jazz Festival to jazz parties and clubs, record sessions for at least 17 labels, and only last month a powerful impact during a two-week job in Japan along with pianist Jack Wilson.

Despite all these successes, a good argument could be made—and Andrews would be the first to support it—that the definitive, corner-turning triumph, assuring him permanent economic security, has not yet happened.

Recently, Andrews became the main figure in a documentary film, "Blues for Central Avenue," in which he reminisces with old friends about the long-gone clubs, many of which are now empty lots. The South-Central scene has faded; presently he is more likely to be found in a Hollywood club (he's at the Nucleus Nuance on Saturday).

"I've been singing all my life," he says. "I was born on Christmas Day, 1927, in Philadelphia; my parents sang in the Baptist Church. We moved to New Orleans, and in junior high I played the drums, studying music with the legendary trumpeter Bunk Johnson. I was baptized down in the bayou, in alligator-infested waters.

"After moving to Los Angeles at 17 I became an usher at the Lincoln Theater, and won several amateur contests singing there. Joe Greene, the songwriter, heard me and recorded me for his own G&G label, doing his songs. 'Soothe Me' sold over 300,000."

AL SEIB / Los Angeles Times

Singer Ernie Andrews: "I'm still going to keep on trying."

Despite the early success, he went from one record company to another; most of the products are long gone, though one first-rate album is still available on GNP Records: It comprises sessions by the orchestras of Benny Carter and Ernie Wilkins. The latter actually consisted of all the sidemen from Harry James' band, with which Andrews began working in 1959.

"Harry was good to me," he recalls, "but this didn't turn out to be the break I expected. We worked around Nevada; I lived in Las Vegas, and occasionally we'd go on a long bus tour of one-night stands. Harry never changed my material; every night at 10 p.m. you'd be sure to find me singing 'Too Close for Comfort,' and at 10:05 'Make Me a Present Of You.' I got bored, left for a while, gigged and recorded with Cannonball Adderley, rejoined Harry for a year and left him for good in 1969."

After four years in and out of Baltimore, Andrews returned to Los Angeles. He has worked here with Louie Bellson, Gerald Wilson, Teddy Edwards, and the Juggernaut band; he went to Cincinnati to record there with the Blue Wisp Big Band. This summer he expects to tour Australia with Nat Pierce and a small group.

In short, he keeps working, but there is no record contract and no set plan for his future. Did rock 'n' roll or R&B hurt his chances? He muses: "Well, I tried to make some changes, but you have to please yourself. Jazz is a very special talent; with rock it's mainly a matter of energy rather than skill and artistry."

Andrews' paradox is that he is able to elicit thunderous reactions, yet has never been in constant demand. Some who have followed his career for many years, and who wish him well, attribute the problem to his repertoire: Where once he had songs such as Joe Greene's that were almost exclusively identified with him, in recent years he has tended to borrow the material, even sometimes the actual sound, of Al Hibbler, Joe Williams, Jimmy Rushing and others.

"Ernie doesn't need to be the George Kirby or Rich Little of the blues," one admirer said recently. "He has a wonderful sound of his own, he's a superb ballad and blues singer, and he should be himself at all times."

From now on, Andrews hopes to keep the big band jobs at a minimum and concentrate on building his own image as a single. He blames nobody for any setbacks that have come his way. "Whatever happened to me, I did it to myself; but I'm still going to keep on trying."

DON TORMEY

Jazz pianist Dick Hyman will appear in Sherman Oaks tonight.

HYMAN HEARS HISTORY WHEN HE PLAYS

By LEONARD FEATHER

To call Dick Hyman a jazz pianist is akin to calling Woody Allen a comic. The two men, whose careers have interacted off and on for more than a decade, are so multitalented that any single categorization seems absurd.

The Hyman-Allen connection goes back through many years and films. At first he was hired mainly as pianist, on the tracks of "Manhattan" and "Stardust Memories," but, starting with "Zelig," he also composed and arranged. "That happened," he says, "after I directed a number known as 'The Bix Piece' for a dance routine by the Twyla Tharpe company, which I guess established my credentials with him for 1920s style music. This involved arranging, playing piano and considerable composing; I also wrote the lyrics for a song, 'Doing the Chameleon.'"

Next came "Broadway Danny Rose" (arranging, piano and little composing), "Purple Rose of Cairo" (full score, 1930s music, plus lyrics for "One Day at a Time"), then "Hannah and Her Sisters" (some piano work) and "Radio Days" (music supervisor). Most recently he has been at work on some new music for a Steve Landesberg film, "Leader of the Band," about a high school marching band.

Nevertheless, it is as a jazz pianist that Hyman, who appears at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks tonight, is best known, and has been hailed by his peers as the most astonishingly versatile and brilliant performer in this very crowded field.

Though he has the demeanor of a professor (which in effect he is, having given jazz history lectures/recitals at many colleges), Hyman can outswing any man in any house, in any style from ragtime and stride to the School of What's Happening Now.

Hyman has tackled just about every conceivable assignment since his debut playing at a Harlem bar in 1948. First came jazz experience with Red Norvo, Benny Goodman and others, then mainly commercial studio work through the '50s and '60s—musical director on radio for Arthur Godfrey, on TV for David Frost, staff jobs at NBC, some pioneering work on synthesizers, and countless pop piano records, one of which, "Mack the Knife," was a chart topper. (It was in the Top 10 for 15 weeks in 1956.)

He continued to perform at jazz concerts and festivals, and during the 1970s, as he recalls, "I made a deliberate effort to concentrate on the jazz aspects of my work, and not be quite so much all over the place. Years ago I wasn't comfortable playing in public; today I do so with great pleasure."

Hyman owes his encyclopedic awareness of jazz history to a record collection owned by his elder brother, which he played continually. Extensive classical training (and some studies with Teddy Wilson) prepared him for a career that led to dozens of albums, among them a complete set of the works of Scott Joplin (he also did the music for the movie "Scott Joplin, King of Ragtime'), a James P. Johnson and a Jelly Roll Morton LP, as well as an album dedicated to Louis Armstrong. For this, Hyman painstakingly transcribed Satchmo's solos and harmonized them for a trumpet section. He toured the Soviet Union in 1975.

Eager to disseminate his knowledge through every available medium, he wrote a series of witty and informative articles for Keyboard magazine and has presented his own annual mini-festivals of traditional and mainstream jazz in New York.

An insatiable perfectionist, Hyman can most often be found working out wherever he can find a piano. Though he admits to many influences, the legendary Art Tatum was "my primary idol—the guiding star—the unattainable." Hyman once played in a group that worked opposite Tatum, who soon afterward spoke approvingly of him during a radio show. ("I treasure the tapes of that interview!")

Hyman says his finest hours came with the recording of an album in which he interpreted the song "A Child Is Born" in the styles of Tatum and 11 others: Joplin, Morton, Johnson, Earl Hines, Waller, Wilson, Garner, Shearing, Cecil Taylor, Bill Evans and himself.

As any encounter with Dick Hyman makes clear, the difficult he'll do right now; the unattainable may take a little while. But don't bet against him.

JAZZ

1/18/87

KENNY COLMAN—QUITE A COMEBACK

By LEONARD FEATHER

"You're Kenny Colman? But I thought you were dead!" That reaction has been a common one wherever Colman has appeared during the last year. It's hardly surprising. In April, 1985, he was told he had six months to live. He had to tell his son and his aging father that he was dying. A benefit was staged to ease his final financial burden.

But Kenny Colman is neither dead nor moribund. He has bookings clear through next October. What happened to this confident Sinatra/Bennett-style classic-pop singer may well be without parallel in the annals of show business.

The crisis erupted after a 24-year career that had seen its share of ups and downs. Raised in Vancouver, B.C., Colman left Canada as a teen-ager. "I was a hockey player then—that was my whole life. Then I became a disc jockey. I worked for a TV and radio station in Bermuda. Later, I worked in New York at the Goodson-Todman office, creating ideas for game shows. Merv Griffin, who was the host of 'Play Your Hunch,' heard me sing and was very encouraging."

After sitting in at jazz clubs in Greenwich Village and Harlem, Colman became a full-time professional in 1961. For a while the prospect seemed rosy. "I was with Columbia Records in the mid-'60s; I became sort of their Jack Jones.

"I got to No. 99 on the chart with a song called 'A Great Big Hunk of Summer.' Back in Vancouver, I had my own TV series for CBC. I did the Johnny Carson show, Griffin, several times, and worked everywhere from the Vegas strip to Australia. But by then the Beatles and rock had taken over, and I could only go just so far."

There were plenty of steady jobs, some of them prestigious, but none of the fame he expected to ensue. The hit record was always just out of reach.

"Herb Jeffries produced a record for me a few years ago for some company, but I guess you can't get it now. I recorded some songs for United Artists that were never released."

Currently, he has no recording deal. The market for high-caliber saloon singers seems to be limited.

Frank Sinatra has been a consistent supporter, Colman said. "He's been so gracious. Over the years he arranged for me to headline at the Dunes in Vegas, to sing at the Four Torches in Chicago while he was appearing there, and to reopen Jilly's in New York in 1980."

Despite consistently good reviews and the help of Sinatra, Redd Foxx and others who had enabled him to get jobs, by 1985 Colman's career was floundering and his income was at a standstill. He was getting by on local jazz jobs, and staying with a cousin. "Then one evening, when I was working at Monforte's in the Valley, Joe Parnello, who was then Sinatra's conductor, noticed this little bump on my left temple. He called over a doctor friend, who advised me to have it X-rayed.

PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

Jazz veteran Kenny Colman was really singing the blues—a doctor had diagnosed terminal cancer, giving him six months to live. But, after months of anguish, the doctor was proven wrong. Colman is back, and he's singing better than ever.

"I did and was told there might be a problem. I checked into a local hospital. My sister had flown in from Canada; cousins from all over were waiting around the hospital.

"The oncologist said it was adenocarcinoma; I had at best six months to live and had better start chemotherapy immediately.

"I had a commitment for a cruise ship and insisted on honoring it. The doctor yelled at me. "You can't go anywhere. You are a sick man." But I took my son, who was then 13, out of school, and we boarded the ship. When we got to Acapulco I booked a gig to start in December, even though I was supposed to die by October."

Next came the anguishing task of telling his son that he was terminally ill. "I told him, 'Look, Chase, your Daddy's tough, a street guy. Sinatra always said that Kenny Colman is a warrior, and I am. I'll lick this; I won't let it beat me!"

The initial financial problems were assuaged by help from the widow of Bill Todman. But soon it became clear that he would have to take advantage of his Canadian citizenship and Canada's socialized medicine. He went home to Vancouver, but also, during one run back to Los Angeles, gave away most of his clothes, and his library of arrangements. In a car packed with the rest of his memorabilia, he returned to Vancouver and was fitted with a mold for the headgear required in radiation therapy.

"I had undergone more CAT scans and other tests in Vancouver, so I kept putting off the therapy waiting for the final results. In mid-June, I went to the neurosurgeon. He told me that in the considered opinion of his colleagues, I did not have a carcinoma. I had a much less worrisome thing called a meningioma—no cancer.

"No cancer! I screamed with joy. It was a glorious sunny Friday afternoon."

The good news, however, was severely qualified. Surgery would be needed to remove the tumor in Colman's left temple; perhaps part of his skull would have to be removed, his left eye might droop and his speech could be impaired.

"I decided to forget it," Colman says. "I didn't want to look like the Elephant Man and sing like Buddy Hackett. So I would take my chances, and leave things as they were."

Gradually, common sense prevailed, prompting Colman to send the conflicting reports to the City of Hope Medical Center in Duarte, Calif. "The head of neurosurgery there insisted I fly down to California. It sounded ominous.

"The doctors at Duarte said there was a tumor the size of an orange in my left temporalis; it was pushing into the bone of my skull, and nobody could tell the rate of growth. If I waited six months it might not grow at all, or it might necessitate removal of my left eye along with a segment of the skull.

"When everyone but the neurosurgeon had left, he said, 'I can get it all out. Your eye may droop a little, but that could correct itself in six months."

Surgery was set for Aug. 19, 1985. Colman spent the day before the operation with his son. "That night I went to a local jazz joint where Joe Parnello was playing and got loaded. A friend delivered me to the hospital, still feeling no pain."

After two weeks in the hospital and three weeks at a cousin's home in Woodland Hills, Colman returned to Vancouver "to psyche myself up for that December booking in Acapulco. For weeks I watched my hair grow back over my big red scar. Finally, I arrived at the Continental in Acapulco, and on opening night I was sick as a dog with the chills and fever—nothing to do with the operation, just a common tropical bug.

"I know this sounds corny, but I swear as I began to sing, the sunroof overhead opened up, a cool breeze swept over me and whisked away my fever, and I felt strong, in full control. I listened to the singing voice I hadn't used in six months, and it sounded good. It was the eeriest feeling. I had survived."

Four months in Acapulco led to five in Cancun. Last fall, Colman was back home in Vancouver. Final surgery a couple of months ago corrected the slight drooping of his left eye. With the help of Sinatra, he has secured a four-month booking in Monte Carlo next summer, working both in the main showroom and with a jazz trio in the lounge.

Of course, the lawyers have entered the picture. Colman is suing three doctors for the wrong diagnosis, and for the emotional agony he endured.

Colman is still far short of the goals he had in mind when he became a professional singer. "If it happens, it happens, but at least I find I'm more at peace with myself than I've been in a long time, and I think I'm singing better than I've ever sung in my life. The worst is over—maybe the best is yet to come." □

"Harvest Jazz: McCoy Tyner." Sony. $29.95. Tyner's piano weaves hypnotic rhythmic webs, conveying a sense of spiritual intensity. Very often the influence of his mentor John Coltrane is detectable. His quintet includes Joe Ford on alto saxophone and a remarkable violinist, John Blake. Best pieces are the last two, for which vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson adds his four mallets to the proceedings. The outdoor ambiance of the Paul Masson winery is attractive, but as usual there are absurd interruptions, with the musicians spouting cliches ("Music is a part of life") that serve only to break the mood. Information: (800) 847-4164.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ 1-28

LISA RICH: OUR SINGING AMBASSADOR TO CHINA

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Great Wall has been broken down, and Lisa Rich has stepped through.

Such was the effect of a recent trip that found the American singer, along with the Howard University Jazz Ensemble and a dance group called Dance Union, taking part in four performances at a theater in Peking. Their visit marked the first such program offered in China since the 1949 revolution.

"It was an amazing and enlightening experience for everyone," said Rich, a trim brunette who lives in Silver Spring, Md. "We were chosen as official 'Jazz Ambassadors' because we all live in the Washington area; Washington and Peking are sister cities and this was part of a cultural exchange."

Rich, now in Los Angeles for an appearance beginning Tuesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, was impressed by the welcome accorded the artists. "The U.S. Ambassador held a reception for us at the Hall of Peace. The mayor of Peking gave us a big banquet on opening night and came to the concert. Every show was sold out, though we hear that the city government handed out most of the tickets to local officials, so there were only a few hundred seats actually on sale, and they were scalped in the parking lot for huge amounts of money. Some of the people who couldn't get in to hear us were able to meet us at a big party given at the U.S. Embassy by the wife of the ambassador."

Aware of the necessity to leap over a cultural chasm, Rich conceived the idea—during a TV program—of taking a very basic song, "Frere Jacques," which she had been taught to sing in Chinese, singing it straight, then subjecting it to several improvised variations. "I did the same thing during the concerts and the audiences really related to it."

Eager to reach some of her listeners on a more personal level, Rich made friends, on opening night, with Zhong Zilin, a violinist who taught music history at the Peking Conservatory. "He said that jazz was never even mentioned in his courses, and out of a billion people maybe there were a couple of hundred who were even aware of its existence," Rich said.

AL STEPHENSON

Lisa Rich, on her trip to Peking: "I was afraid somebody would censor me, but I was always free to say what I pleased."

Accordingly, an exchange clinic was set up informally: Zhong brought six of the best singers from his college to his house to meet Rich and her pianist, Bob Hallahan. "I tried to explain what jazz is; they had no idea—all they get to do at college is sing Russian and Chinese arias that have the government stamp of approval," Rich said.

"I gathered that anyone who wanted to be a singer had to take a test; if you didn't pass the test you might wind up being assigned to become a maid, or whatever else they throw at you. When I heard this, I wept, thinking how lucky I am to be able to hear and perform anything I want."

The Chinese singers shared their music with Rich. "They sang some of their own folk songs into my tape recorder that were exquisite; they also sang some Russian arias that shook the room—outstanding, and very passionate."

□

That jazz seemed totally unfamiliar to the Chinese was no accident. As in the U.S.S.R., the authorities had banned the music as a supposed bourgeois symbol of decadent capitalism until they discovered that it was, instead, a people's music.

Rich fascinated her listeners at Zhong's party with her description of life in America, in particular the life of a singer. "I was afraid somebody would censor me, but I was always free to say what I pleased. In other areas, there was less freedom: I would never be allowed to get into a cab alone. They always took me everywhere. During our eight days in Peking, the only time we traveled at all was a two-hour bus trip, when we were taken to see the Great Wall."

According to such local sources as the Beijing Review, the reception accorded to the all-black Howard University Ensemble, which consisted of 17 undergraduate students, was somewhat cool, receiving only polite applause in a country where the tradition of applauding is very little known. On the other hand, the black dance group was generally well received during "Piano Works," a ballet that used taped music by Scott Joplin and Fats Waller. Rich feels the orchestra did not extend itself, as she did, to adjust its repertoire to this audience. "They were representing themselves rather than jazz; on one number, they had a guy playing harmonica. They were very good, though, for a college band, and as the nights went on they got better and better."

Improvisation, employed both by the musicians and Rich, was a major source of mystification. "At Zhong's party, I tried to explain this, because they were really confused. I said, 'OK, now here's a song by one of our most famous composers, George Gershwin.' And I sang a few bars of 'Love Is Here to Stay' about 16 different ways. Each time I did it, they would be agog, and their questions were phenomenal—sometimes unbelievably hip; yet they just couldn't believe that there would be two ways to sing a song."

Rich even told the probably apocryphal story of how Louis Armstrong invented scat singing because he dropped the music sheet at a record session and was obliged to proceed ad lib. "They loved it, and laughed; then I tried to show them how you could sing with and without words. When I told them, 'Let me hear what you like,' each one of them sang a song.

"It was an overwhelmingly emotional evening, particularly in view of how humble they were and how little they have. If the American jazz people I know, who think *they* are living in poverty, could see these people, it would come as quite a shock. These are the ones who are supposed to be doing well, yet

Los Angeles Times 2/3/87

JAZZ REVIEW

DANIELS TAKES CLARINET TO NEW LEVEL

By LEONARD FEATHER

By now it is an open secret that Eddie Daniels, who decided not long ago to concentrate his improvising skills on the clarinet after years as a respected saxophonist, is instigating a revolution.

Sunday evening, after a turnaway classical and jazz concert Saturday at Cal State Long Beach, Daniels arrived in Sherman Oaks for a one-night stand at Le Cafe that will not soon be forgotten, particularly by the many musicians in attendance. "My lip is sore just from listening," said one incredulous jazzman in the packed room.

Daniels, whose clarinet album "Breakthrough" last year attracted widespread attention, is not merely a technical wizard. He seldom lets his mastery of the horn carry him away; his idea-charged mind enables him to change directions, shift rhythmic patterns and weave convoluted melodic strands that transcend the flurries of 8th or 16th notes of which too many technically endowed soloists are guilty.

No less remarkable than his constant creative flow is the tonal quality of his horn, which stays mellow even in the upper register where some clarinetists tend to become thin and shrill.

Daniels has met his match in the phenomenal John Patitucci, a bassist of such power that his solos evoked near-disbelief. As a partner for Daniels he played the entire intricate bebop line of "Donna Lee" in unison with him at a tempo that had the audience gasping. Again, though, it was not a mere matter of speed per se; Patitucci is a supportive and sensitive rhythm section player at any tempo, from the relaxed "Star Eyes" to the Latin beat of "Wave" or the calypso groove of "St. Thomas."

Two other fine local musicians rounded out the group: Billy Mintz on drums and Tom Ranier, the pianist who specializes in dreaming up wild ad-lib patterns in parallel two-hand unison.

It is a rare event in jazz when one man can all but reinvent an instrument, bringing it to a new stage of its evolution. Daniels, by taking this bold step with a horn that fell out of favor after the swing era, would seem today to have the whole world in his two extraordinary hands.

Los Angeles Times 1/29/87

JAZZ REVIEW

SOLID SHOWS BY HOLLOWAY FOUR

By LEONARD FEATHER

At Catalina's Bar & Grill on Cahuenga Boulevard, the jazz policy is being gradually upgraded both in quantity and quality. Instead of solo or duo attractions, trios and quartets are now the order.

Typical of the new policy was the Red Holloway Quartet, heard Tuesday and Wednesday. Holloway, an ingratiatingly good-humored performer, opened with a lazily paced "Here's That Rainy Day." Switching from alto to tenor sax, he dispensed with the somewhat hackneyed theme of "Caravan," then got into some serious bop-directed blowing.

Because this is not a regularly working group, Holloway played none of his original compositions, confining himself to tunes with which his men were all familiar. Within these limitations he made out handily, particularly in a "Love for Sale" that moved from an out-of-tempo introduction to a brief waltz passage and onward to some powerful upbeat cooking. The long routine ended with liberal quotes from Dizzy Gillespie's "Manteca," which somehow made sense.

The unspectacularly pleasant backing was provided by Richard Reid on bass, Bruno Carr on drums and pianist Dwight Dickerson, whose solo number, "For Heaven's Sake," reminded us that such aging popular songs are worth lifting from obscurity.

It all added up to solid if not earthshaking music. Holloway is one of the Southland's proud possessions, an uncompromising artist whose personality shines through clearly on his horns.

JAZZ REVIEW

NINA SIMONE AT NUCLEUS NUANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

In a short-notice change of schedule, the Hollywood club Nucleus Nuance brought in Nina Simone to headline Thursday, relegating the Snooky Young-Bob Cooper Sextet to the role of a warm-up act.

Simone is a woman of many moods, some of them so somber that she could easily turn "Happy Days Are Here Again" into an elegy.

She was in a singularly outgoing frame of mind, and 15 minutes into her act was inviting the audience to sing along with her shuffle-rhythm rendition of an ancient Eddie Cantor ditty, "My Baby Just Cares for Me."

A far cry from "Porgy" and from the protest songs of the past, but it was not all on this trite level. At one point she left the piano and, accompanied by the intense drumming of Bruno Carr, applied her vocal power and visual body English to "Be My Husband."

Simone is a self-contradiction: As a pianist, she reveals her classical training with florid runs, yet her deep, rich vocal timbre shows relatively little evidence of orthodox study. Neither as pianist nor as singer can she be categorized as a jazz performer; primarily she is an evoker of moods, often verging on melodrama. After reminiscing about her years spent in Africa and in Switzerland, she sang a song about her daughter, with cryptic overtones.

Asking (in French) whether anyone in the house spoke French, and receiving virtually no reaction, she went right ahead and sang "Ne Me Quitte Pas."

To conclude what had been for the most part a spellbinding show, she again asked her listeners to join in, this time for a Trinidad carnival song.

There was none of the often-vented anger, yet what we heard and saw, as this sometimes solemn woman in the gold lame blouse went through her motions, was quintessentially Simone. When she smiled, even when she said, "Thank you for coming, you sweet things," it all somehow seemed in keeping with one of the most complex and fascinating characters in show business.

Nucleus Nuance is at 7267 Melrose Ave.

Los Angeles Times 2/4/87

JAZZ REVIEW

NEWSOM & CO. KICK INTO PLEASING GEAR

By LEONARD FEATHER

Happy Hour jazz is not a common concept; consequently, the policy launched Monday in the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore Hotel may be something of a gamble. Nevertheless, the large and enthusiastic crowd on hand for the first session augured well for this venture.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Tommy Newsom and his tenor sax, backed by Conte Candoli, left, and others, infuse the Biltmore Happy Hour with a new hipness.

The music, scheduled from 5 to 9, five evenings a week, will consist of the Tommy Newsom Quintet on Mondays, John Leitham's Trio with flutist Sam Most on Tuesdays, and trios led by Jack Sheldon, Gerald Wiggins and Vicki Von Eps on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays respectively.

Newsom, whose regular gig as associate conductor of "The Tonight Show" band has never prevented him from getting his jazz kicks away from his regular working hours, has three of his Carson companions with him at the Biltmore. It is no surprise to find the piano manned by Ross Tompkins, who seems to have first refusal rights on every job in town; nor is Conte Candoli's trumpet an unexpected presence.

Less frequently seen away from his nightly TV chore is drummer Ed Shaughnessy, who derived obvious pleasure from the ability to keep this unpretentious mainstream group on the move. Completing the fivesome is another sturdy rhythm section component, bassist John Heard.

Don't expect the unexpected from the music offered here. Just hope to find as much pleasure as the participants show in purveying it. The tunes are part of a long-honored repertoire: Sonny Rollins' "Doxy," Dizzy Gillespie's "Con Alma," played as a duet by Tompkins and the muted Candoli horn, and an old Al Cohn favorite, "Red Door."

Newsom's tenor saxophone, with its well-rounded sound and eclectic fountain of ideas, is the highlight of most numbers. He still ranks among the more underrated Southland jazz virtuosos.

The Biltmore venture will reach a wider audience starting March 3, when a live broadcast will emanate from the room every Tuesday at 8 p.m. on KKGO, with host Chuck Niles introducing guest soloists.

The sound quality in the room has been noticeably improved since the hotel inaugurated its jazz policy on a more modest basis last summer. With the Joe Parnello Trio also on hand (at the Rendezvous Court, Tuesdays through Saturdays), the junction of Fifth and Olive streets can now be officially certified the hippest corner downtown.

they don't have a kitchen, don't have heat in their homes—and this was late November. This guy had cement floors, and I saw the little bowls where he washed his clothes. He's the head of the music department, so by their standards he's a wealthy man. He pays 10 cents a month rent, and I gathered that people who have a good job make about $1,000 a year."

As is so often the case among artists who go overseas, Rich and her companions were accorded a most atypical treatment. "Every meal was like 20 courses—I actually gained weight!—yet I saw people walking down the street with hunks of meat that were probably going to have to last them a couple of weeks."

Despite the gained weight, Peking may not have been the most healthy environment; the air was so bad that most people wore gas masks, and Rich saw children with big bonnets covering their heads. "By the last day, I could hardly breathe; I couldn't inhale and felt as if I were having an asthma attack. It wasn't easy singing under those conditions."

Nevertheless, a highlight of the visit was a 5:30 a.m. trip to a park where, Rich says, "before people go to work they attend a Tai Chi class. Here were these 80-year-old women kicking their legs so high you couldn't believe it and going through these beautiful martial arts routines to Chinese music. They looked fit and incredibly healthy—I just don't know how they do it."

Despite the constant pressure of interviews, of television cameras following her when she attempted to go sightseeing, Rich felt that she had an opportunity to touch the reality of life in a country removed by a million psychological miles from her own experience.

"Before we left, I felt we had learned something substantial from one another. I tried to explain the spiritual aspect, that the reason why I sing is because it's sort of my religion, and they'd say, 'Spirituality? What is that?' and I'd talk about God, and again, 'What is that?' But it was wonderful sharing these concepts with people who were so unfamiliar with them. I came away with the sense that this incredible trip really touched my music and touched my life like nothing I'd ever known before." □

Feb. 1 1987 Los Angeles Times (syndicated)

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ahmet Ertegun and Herb Abramson founded Atlantic Records in 1947 as a 78-rpm label with a strong jazz/blues orientation. They were joined in 1953 by Jerry Wexler and in 1955 by Ertegun's younger brother, Nesuhi.

Because of the company's big-bucks pop image today there is a tendency to forget that these men for many years dedicated themselves to the preservation of the blues in all its forms. Thanks to a splendid research job by Bob Porter, four double-LP sets have been collated to bring some of their most fruitful sessions to a new generation. Available separately, they can also be found in a boxed set, "Atlantic Blues," on Atlantic 7-81713-1.

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"ATLANTIC BLUES: PIANO." Atlantic 7-81694-1. Atlantic caught these artists in one of four conditions: before, during or after their prime, and a few who simply had no prime. Ray Charles is in superb form in three early 1950s cuts, as are Jay McShann and Pete Johnson, the latter backing Big Joe Turner in "Roll 'Em Pete" and "Cherry Red." Eight of the 13 pianists double as vocalists; Floyd Dixon sings Louis Jordan style material.

Meade Lux Lewis, the first famous boogie-woogie pianist, was a bit over the hill in 1951, 24 years after his original recording of "Honky Tonk Train Blues." The later version is played too fast, as if he were on automatic pilot.

The first side is divided between an ailing Jimmy Yancey and a still powerful barrelhouse pioneer, "Little Brother" Montgomery. Conventional cuts by Dr. John, Professor Longhair and Willie Mabon (the latter co-produced by Mick Jagger, who plays a harmonica solo) drag the level down, but one of the least known pianists, Vann Walls, achieves a potent after-hours feeling. An interesting mix of primitives and comparative sophisticates; the latter, of course, could not have evolved without the influence of the former. 3½ stars.

□

"ATLANTIC BLUES: GUITAR." Atlantic 7-81695-1. Among the 24 tracks by 17 guitarists, spanning 1949-1982, T-Bone Walker, B. B. King and Cornell Dupree take the honors. Walker (1910-1975) brought some magic blues to Los Angeles during his last 25 years. One cut has him teamed with two other guitarists, R. S. Rankin and Barney Kessel.

As in the piano set, there are some introductory tunes by early, basic bluesmen: Blind Willie McTell, Fred McDowell and John Lee Hooker, all justifying their place in history, while in the case of Stick McGhee there is no evidence of originality or conviction either as guitarist or singer. Joe Turner, who's on all but the last of these four albums, shows up on "TV Mama" because Elmore James, who influenced Duane Allman and Eric Clapton, was on the scene and has a solo. (Allman himself is featured on the John Hammond Jr. cut.) The variety of 12 string, slide, electric and acoustic guitars, and the surprises such as Ike Turner, whose cut (with Tina) is fine until he gets into a melodramatic ending, add up to a 4-star collection.

□

ATLANTIC BLUES: VOCALISTS." Atlantic 7-81696-1. Again the span is broad, from classic (an ailing Sippie Wallace at 84, backed by Bonnie Raitt on slide guitar) to comic (Percy Mayfield in "I Don't Want to Be President") to urban and urbane (one Joe Turner cut has a be-bop trumpet solo). Among the 13 male and seven female singers, the most compelling and distinctive are the youthful, exuberant Aretha Franklin (in 1969), the timeless Jimmy Witherspoon, and the tinny, nasal yet oddly attractive whining of Lil Green. Otis Clay and Wynonie Harris suffer from feeble material; Mama Yancey, always more legend than reality, was wailing but failing, and LaVern Baker, in "Gimme a Pigfoot," shows that it took Bessie Smith to deal with a Bessie Smith song. Two cuts by Ruth Brown and one by Esther Phillips, and lesser known artists recorded in Muscle Shoals, Ala., Memphis and New Orleans, make up this uneven but historically valuable set. 4 stars.

□

"ATLANTIC BLUES: CHICAGO." Atlantic 7-81697-1. Oddly, only the first two artists (T-Bone Walker and Johnny Jones) were recorded in Chicago; in fact, the entire third and fourth sides were taped live at blues festivals in Ann Arbor, Mich., and Montreux, Switzerland. But the notes (admirable in all four albums) clarify Chicago's role in the evolution of the blues. The performances jump from droning one-chord monotony on the Junior Wells-Buddy Guy "Poor Man's Plea" to high energy vitality in Muddy Waters' "Honey Bee" and the rough, earthy Koko Taylor in her famous "Wang Dang Doodle." Howlin' Wolf is well represented in "Highway 49." Freddie King and Otis Rush sing and play in the B. B. King mold; Rush's "Reap What You Sow" is a spellbinding minor blues. As Luther Allison hollers: "If you don't like the blues you gotta have a hole in your soul." Many souls may be repaired by this well-chosen mix of the voices, guitars, pianos and harmonicas that typified the Chicago sounds between 1953 and 1982. 4½ stars.

□

"SET ME FREE." Esther Phillips. Atlantic 7-81662-1. Phillips' solitary cut on the "Blues Vocalists" album will leave many listeners hungry for more. These 25 tracks oddly omit most of her best work for Atlantic. With few exceptions ("Fever," and a remake of her teen-age hit "Double Crossing Blues"), the songs are as dismal as the treatment: bloated big band charts, string sections, vocal groups, all in the vain hope of finding an R&B hit. Esther has an even harder time surmounting this 1960s trash than Billie Holiday had dealing with 1940s pop. Why doesn't Atlantic simply reissue one of the classic LPs such as "Burnin'" or "Confessin' the Blues"? Zero for the producers and everyone else involved except Esther; 2½ stars just for the sound of her.

□

"LOST IN THE STARS." Joe Sardaro. Catch My Drift DR 1111 (11030 Moorpark, North Hollywood 91602). Hip but never overhip, Sardaro easily makes the jump from the 1920s ("Sugar") to the '80s ("How Do You Say Auf Wiedersehn"). Male pop jazz singers are a rare breed; despite erratic production (the harmony on the lovely title song seems disorganized) and a couple of dumb tunes like "Orange Colored Sky," he leaves no doubt about his potential. This must be a belated release, since the late Shelly Manne plays drums. Informal backing has Al Viola on guitar and Sam Most on tenor sax and flute. 3½ stars. □

LOWE LEAVES POST AT MONTEREY JAZZ

Mundell Lowe, the guitarist and composer who for the last three years has been musical director of the Monterey Jazz Festival, has resigned.

Lowe said Tuesday that he will be musical director for a festival in Del Mar, to be produced in the spring of 1988 by Jack Wheaton, and that he will begin work soon on seeking talent for the event. "I will have complete artistic control over what happens there," Lowe said. "I never did have that at Monterey."

Founded in 1958, the Monterey event this year will be presented for the 30th time. Jimmy Lyons, founder and producer of the festival, was in Montevideo on vacation Wednesday and was unavailable for comment.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Fifty Second Street Afloat

Two Views of the 4th Norway Jazz Cruise

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Fifty Second Street Afloat" was an apt title for the fourth annual Norway jazz cruise. A fair proportion of the participants — Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Jackson, James Moody, Buddy Rich, Maxine Sullivan, Buddy Tate, Woody Herman and several more, played somewhere along Swing Street during the glory years. Others reflected, in their style and spirit, a musical attitude that would have seemed very much in place there.

With the Rich band replacing Herman's, with Dizzy and Bags and Moody along but Cab Calloway and Anita O'Day no longer on hand, the second week may have had a slight edge, though there were so many surprises during both weeks that it was really a tossup. (I spent the full fortnight aboard.)

Dizzy joined us at St. Thomas, boarding just in time to celebrate his birthday on this ship for the third straight year. A concert built around him took place in the Saga Theatre, opening with Milt Jackson's Quartet.

Bags' set provided some of the most stimulating and advanced sounds of the week, thanks to his own audacious ventures and to the presence of Cedar Walton, whose imaginative chording and superb articulation generated as much motion as emotion. With Billy Higgins and bassist Dave Williams completing the group, the quartet played a couple of originals and a slow, circumlocutory "Misty."

With the help of Clark Terry, Joe Williams and producer Hank O'Neal, the official birthday salute was marked by the wheeling onstage of a large cake and the singing of "Happy Birthday" by the audience. Joe Williams took over for a moving "Good Morning Blues," partly hummed. The surprise of the evening was "Moody's Moody For Love" sung by Moody himself, and sung with humor and conviction.

Diz, Clark and Moody joined horns for a while, Clark taking principal honors with his impeccably clear, beautifully constructed statements. Dizzy, whose chops were not in optimum shape, still had his moments, and Moody was consistently admirable both here and in other settings throughout the week.

The jazz cruise is the only situation in which musicians actually look around for more work without extra pay. Given a captive audience and a captive cast, many of the artists voluntarily added themselves to sessions for which they were not scheduled.

Typically, Svend Asmussen (brought back after his triumph last year) rounded up all the guitarists for a sort of updated Quintette of the Hot Club of France. Howard Alden, a 27 year old with an encyclopedic knowledge of songs and styles, and

The four tenors: (L-R) Flip Phillips, Buddy Tate, Al Cohn and Scott Hamilton. photo by Ira Sabin

Henry Johnson, Joe Williams' guitarist, who comes out of a Wes Montgomery bag, were especially impressive, but Tal Farlow, Chris Flory (of the Scott Hamilton Quintet) and Gary Burton's 23 year old student John Dirac all acquitted themselves splendidly.

Gary Burton's eclecticism served him well. Appearing variously with his professional group (Makoto Ozone, Steve Swallow, Marty Richards, and the 19 year old Tommy Smith from Scotland on tenor), and his student combo (Dirac, Richards, Smith, the 20 year old Donny McCaslin on tenor and the vigorous and inventive Frenchman Christian Jacob at the piano), Burton divided his repertoire among originals (his own and Ozone's), pop standards, and such unlikely vehicles as Ellington's "Cactus Flower."

Mel Powell, in his coming out party after 30 years almost totally away from jazz, was consistently witty and ingratiating in his long announcements, inspiring in the undimmed creativity of his playing. Usually he had Jack Lesberg on bass and Mel Lewis on drums, but at one session on the second Friday he hosted a matinee for which Buddy Rich was called up out of the audience, sharing the stage with Dizzy, Ruby Braff, Kenny Davern and Lesberg. The session wound up with a seven minute total improvisation by Dizzy and Rich, digging each other with delightful spontaneity. Dick Hyman also was part of this matinee; he and Powell interacted magnificently on the old standard "When Did You Leave Heaven," even though their pianos were about 25 feet apart.

The role played by Chip Hoehler on these cruises can't be stressed too strongly. Though his band is a bit weak on soloists (only Fred Norman on piano and Hoehler on trombone are truly capable), the ensemble adapts to every situation. Following the inspired Benny Goodman tribute in the first week, Mel Lewis brought

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BY STANLEY DANCE

The s.s. *Norway's* fourth annual Floating Jazz Festival began on October 11th. It was superbly organized by producers Hank O'Neal and Shelley Shier, who aptly named this version *52nd Street Afloat*. At night, as on the Street, there was more going on than one pair of ears could possibly assimilate. Within 600 feet there were always two groups alternating in the Club International and two more in the Checkers Cabaret. On four of the seven nights, there were concerts in the Saga Theatre. Impromptu jam sessions went on till all hours of the morning, often until dawn and breakfast, and the evenings were somtimes ushered in by outdoor performances on deck for the benefit of film-making cameras. And by day it was hard to tear oneself away from the cabin into the Caribbean sunshine because of the constant stream of jazz movies, ancient and modern, on the ship's television.

The talent included two big bands: Woody Herman's and the first-class ship's band which, under Chip Hoehler's leadership, fulfilled so many essential duties. Al Cohn, Flip Phillips, Jake Hanna and Cab Calloway guested with Herman, Clark Terry, Bob Wilber and Anita O'Day with Hoehler. Wilber's sets, with his wife Joanne Horton as vocalist, were handsome and effective recreations of some of Benny Goodman's finest arrangements, pianist Fred Norman acquitting himself well on "The Earl." Terry provided one of the cruise highlights when he created a spontaneous"Norway Blues" in Kansas City fashion. He first played a riff on his horn for the saxes, moved on with another for the trombones, then to the trumpets, and ended by blowing exultantly over the whole roaring ensemble. His entire performance was a great personal success, and when he ended with a long, happy routine on "Mumbles," he had the audience on its feet. He was equally brilliant with with Buddy Tate in an earlier jam session. The two have an unshakeable rapport. While Tate was playing "Mood Indigo" on clarinet, Terry was singing the Ellington band's ribald lyrics into Major Holley's ear. Although the bassist was cracking up, he maintained his role so well that Tate, at the mike, was unaware of what was happening behind him.

Besides Terry, Ruby Braff and Warren Vache were on hand to take care of cornet and flugelhorn chores. Braff was his inimitable self and Vache showed himself extraordinarily familiar with a repertoire that ranged from New Orleans to contemporary. Besides Hoehler, a fine, inadequately featured soloist, there were George Masso and John Fedchock to define trombone directions. In addition to

Dick Hyman (L) and Mel Powell playing four-handed. Photo by Ira Sabin

Wilber and Herman, the clarinet was championed by Kenny Davern, who with Dick Hyman led a small group in an engagingly fresh look at a series of old Dixieland standards. Of the horns, however, the tenor tended to dominate the festival. Besides Buddy Tate, Al Cohn and Flip Phillips, there were Scott Hamilton and Bob Wilber, the last being well able to hold his own in this fast company. Each of these men is a formidable soloist, but when they came together they clearly stimulated one another in the friendliest manner. The fact that many of the musicians had played on several of the *Norway* cruises before probably accounted for an atmosphere of unusual warmth. The tenors were particularly quick to set up propulsive riffs behind each other, and Flip Phillips's drive, authority, and organizing ability were always impressive. The rhythm section Scott Hamilton inspired was individually and as a unit one of the festival's main anchors. It has been together a long time and it has a cohesion all too rare today. Pianist John Bunch is the group's veteran, but however young they might look, guitarist Chris Flory, bassist Phil Flanigan and that invaluable drummer, Chuck Riggs, took care of business in all kinds of contexts like thoroughly seasoned professionals. Backing Hamilton, they meshed together smoothly and well, but when Buddy Tate joined them it was remarkable how he could lift them to even greater swinging heights, just as he used to do with his own band at the Celebrity Club in Harlem. He even had Hamilton singing with him one of that band's saucy songs about the lady who sat on it and wouldn't give it away!

The tenors were certainly challenged by a remarkable group of pianists. Besides Bunch, there were Makoto Ozone, Christian Jacob (from Berklee), Dick Hyman, Norman Simmons, Ed Higgins and Mel Powell. The return of Powell to

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Stanley Dance

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playing jazz in public after many years was anticipated as a big event, and so it proved to be. He starred in a concert during which all the pianists played in pairs and as soloists. Ozone and Jacob began the proceedings together imaginatively, after which the former soloed before seguing into a blues with Dick Hyman, who then in turn took over as soloist, this pattern being repeated in a performance that ought to have been recorded. Far from appearing in any way rusty from his years off the jazz scene, Mel Powell at once impressed with his keyboard command and rhythmic assurance, sounding even stronger in the latter respect (especially on "Liza") than on his records of yesterday. An amusing speaker, he explained that he had never been nervous since making his debut at Nick's with Sidney Bechet, not knowing that Art Tatum was just 14 inches away. "You're going to be all right," Tatum assured him afterwards. Norman Simmons was in a tough spot behind Powell, but did well, and John Bunch followed, swinging hard with his regular guys, Flanigan and Riggs, in support. Ozone, who reappeared in a second concert with Powell, is a dazzling virtuoso — in and out of jazz.

What else? Maxine Sullivan, sounding fresh, relaxed and, as always, cheerful. Young guitarist Howard Alden fitting into all kinds of settings with competence and goodwill comparable to those of his senior, Tal Farlow. The ever-adventurous Gary Burton grooving fervently with nonchalant "Professor" Hyman (master of all styles), Steve Swallow and the genial Jake Hanna, who, with Mel Lewis and Chuck Riggs, provided the vital underlay of percussion on so many occasions. And last, but very far from least, Joe Williams.

Williams was in good form and spirits, whether at the head of his own fine quartet or just jumping up to sing a chorus on "Rosetta" with Ruby Braff's. The very last night he sang to a packed house in the Club International, laying on the people as uncompromising a sequence of down blues as anyone could wish for. The audience, mostly white, loved them and seemed completely enthralled by the singer's powerful personality. His backing group was admirable, too. Norman Simmons is an excellent accompanist, Henry Johnson an extremely exciting guitarist, Bob Badgley an inventive bassist, and Gerryck King a splendid drummer.

The one reservation I have is that solos and fours by bass and drums should everywhere be limited to one number per set. And finally, a cautionary note: if you go next year, as you should, do not let your wife step ashore at St. Thomas with money. ■

Bags, Dizzy and Buddy

Photo by Ira Sabin

Drummers: (L-R) Billy Higgins, Buddy Rich, Lee Gruber and Mel Lewis

Photo by Ira Sabin

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Leonard Feather

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in some Thad Jones charts, and after only one rehearsal, the band did a creditable job, with Lewis at the drums, on "Little Pixie," "A Child is Born" and other gems from the Thad-and-Mel years.

Bob Wilber, who had done so well leading the band on clarinet in the Goodman session, proved a master of chameleonic style changes; on tenor he suggested an Al Cohn/Dexter Gordon influence; on soprano he still reminds one of his apprenticeship with Sidney Bechet, and on clarinet, of course, the Goodman influence was obvious. He played all three horns during one set accompanying the ageless and charming Maxine Sullivan.

Joe Williams, singing with his own team (the elegant Norman Simmons on piano, Henry Johnson, Bob Badgley on bass and Gerryck King on drums), was no less affecting when he sat in with Gary Burton, Mel Powell, the Hoehler orchestra and others.

The Club Internationale (on the same deck as the Checkers Cabaret and one deck above the Saga Theatre) was the main hangout scene, with jams lasting until the early morning. One bristling set found four tenors battling it out: Buddy Tate, Al Cohn, Scott Hamilton, and a passenger, Eric Schneider, known to most of the musicians as a former Earl Hines and Count Basie sideman.

I'm sure I missed some of the great moments, since there were always two or three venues at which events were scheduled every evening. Not only that, thanks to the resourcefulness of O'Neal and his partner Shelli Shier, we could just stay in our cabins and see, on our TV screen, an incredible sequence of classic jazz programs from TV, movies and other sources.

The floating festival is a unique cornucopia of delights. Though it's expensive (cabin space ranges from $1100 to $5000, airfare included), it certainly is worth saving up all year to share in this incomparable experience. ■

An Eight-Day Short Weekend

By Ira Sabin

I have one complaint! The eight days felt like a short weekend.

Major Holley had a great PR campaign on line. He kept handing out brochures promoting the Zoot Sims benefit to fans after each performance. I'm going to get that cat on my team to sell *JazzTimes* subscriptions.

Then there were the two guys from Brooklyn who kissed and made up after a fight that lasted over 30 years. Shelli Shire spotted a mellowed-out Buddy Rich and Flip Phillips, gingerly walking to each other to embrace for over five minutes in a hard rap, bringing each other up to date on their kids.

His Lordship, Sir James Moody, and His Highness, John Birks, kept everybody's spirits on a high plane during dinner.

In addition to the musicians, there were many Jazz pros aboard including John Levy, Monte Kay, Lee Berk, Penny Tyler, Joe Segal, Chuck Niles and Howard Rumsey.

The annual NCL Jazz Cruise has become a gathering place for Jazz people the world over. The '87 edition will sail for five full weeks. The S.S. Norway, October 24th; M.S. Starward, November 1st; M.S. Skyward, November 8th; and M.S. Sunward, November 9th and 13th. Start making your plans now. Be there! ■

Clark Terry saw a yellow tail snapper swimming around the beach this big.

Photo by Ira Sabin

JAZZ 2/8/87

A MUSICAL LION PASSES FROM THE SCENE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The ultimate blue note was sounded Monday when Blue Note Records' founder Alfred Lion died in San Diego.

It was hardly unexpected; Lion was 78 and had been in ill health for years. In fact, when he sold Blue Note in 1966, he had been on the treadmill so long, and was so worn out from the effort, that he made the most radical change of life style imaginable, moving to Cuernavaca, Mexico, where his address was a closely guarded secret.

What had taken place between the first Blue Note session (a blues piano date on Jan. 6, 1939) and Lion's retirement almost three decades later was without parallel in the annals of recorded jazz.

Blue Note began on the smallest conceivable scale after Lion, impressed with Albert Ammons and other artists in the precedent setting "From Spirituals to Swing" concert at Carnegie Hall staged by John Hammond in December, 1938, decided that music of this quality needed to be preserved on records.

It is hard for anyone today to realize what a minuscule world the jazz community was in those days. The entire American recording industry consisted of three major companies—RCA Victor, Columbia and Decca—and the recently launched independent jazz label, Commodore, an offshoot of the Commodore Record Shop.

When Lion recorded Meade Lux Lewis and Ammons on that first day, he had almost no conception of how to get his records pressed and marketed. "I was Alfred's first customer," said Milt Gabler the other day, reminiscing about his own days as a recording pioneer at Commodore. "We bought 10 or 12 of the first Blue Notes, and he took a few dozen others around town. Later, when Alfred was drafted, we helped to keep the label alive and hired his partner, Frank Wolff, to work in our office."

The late Alfred Lion, Blue Note Records founder, right, with pianist Horace Silver in 1980.

Both Lion and Wolff were refugees from Nazi Germany; Wolff, in fact, arrived a year or so after Lion on what was said to have been the last ship out. In addition to helping with the production of their early sessions, Wolff was a brilliant photographer whose work still graces many of the Blue Note reissues.

It was strictly a Pop-and-Pop operation, though after the release of a Sidney Bechet record of "Summertime" the company began to gain the recognition and distribution necessary for survival. Lion's Army service, and the 1942-43 recording ban, put the label in limbo for a while, but by the mid-1940s the company was busily preserving some of the classic jazz of the day, making sessions with many of the New Orleans pioneers—Bunk Johnson, George Lewis—and swing giants such as Ben Webster, Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo and Edmond Hall.

In 1945, bebop began to take on importance and, although Lion preferred older styles, at the urging of saxophonist Ike Quebec he began recording Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Bud Powell and others.

Blue Note became a virtual repertory company in which many musicians who began as sidemen graduated to sessions under their own names. Horace Silver, heard as a member of Art Blakey's group, soon led his own quintet, which pioneered the burgeoning funk-soul-jazz movement.

"Alfred was totally dedicated," said Silver, who was with Blue Note for 28 years. "He was conscientious, he had good ears; he saw to it that everything about his product, from the recording to the artwork, the photography, the liner notes, was flawless. He established a tradition of dealing only with music he believed in, instead of basing his plans on how well a record would sell."

The list of men nurtured by Lion during the 1950s and early 1960s includes Jimmy Smith, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, Freddie Hubbard, Clifford Brown, Donald Byrd, Herbie Hancock and such avant-garde figures as Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy and Ornette Coleman. Every once in a while a hit would emerge: Silver's "Song for My Father," Art Blakey's "Moanin'," Lee Morgan's "The Sidewinder."

It was demanding work, under constant pressure. Some of the artists, notably Silver and a few more who became close friends, were reliable and consistent; others, suffering from the personal problems that were endemic to that period, were hard to handle and may well have contributed to the physical condition that finally convinced Lion the time had come to give it up once and for all.

Blue Note went through several phases, from appalling attempts to commercialize it to excellent reissue packages. But, by the early 1980s, it was half-forgotten. Salvation came in the form of a new takeover headed by Bruce Lundvall.

Lion, who some years earlier had moved back to San Diego from Mexico, agreed to come to New York in 1985 for a concert Lundvall planned at which old and new Blue Note artists would celebrate the company's born-again status. It was a nostalgic night. Onstage with Lion were Rudy van Gelder, the former optician who, as a sound engineer, had produced most of Blue Note's treasured products and had established the unique "Blue Note sound," as well as Reid Miles, who had been responsible for Blue Note's artwork; Art Blakey, reunited with some of his alumni; Stanley Jordan, the young guitarist who was to become Blue Note's most successful new artist under the reactivation program, and Herbie Hancock.

After the concert, Alfred and Ruth Lion went home to California. Last August, they were persuaded to leave again when a Blue Note Jazz Festival was staged on Mt. Fuji, Japan.

Last month, not having talked to him in a while, I called Alfred. He sounded weak, but some of the old spirit was still there. "That trip to Japan took a lot out of me," he said, "but it was so wonderful to see so many old friends again."

Hancock was one of the Blue Note graduates who went to Mt. Fuji. Learning of Lion's passing, he said: "Alfred was the first to hire and record me, just as he made it possible for so many other young musicians to spread their wings. It seems as though almost everyone who is anyone today owed something to the groundwork that Alfred and Frank laid.

"He was a German, from the old school, who had a gift, a real insight into the qualities that the great black artists of his day were exhibiting. The world of music won't be the same without him—I don't suppose we'll ever see his like again." □

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

Continued from Page 1

outgrowth of the tension between the idea of good times reflected in the early songs and the reality of life's darker moments. Sound: good. ✓✓✓

—ROBERT HILBURN

"Billie Holiday: From the Original Decca Masters." MCA (AAD). So many post-peak, 1950s Holidays have been reissued on CDs that this set is a needed reminder of her golden days (1944-49). The string settings on "Lover Man" and "Crazy He Calls Me" are discreet, though the brassy big band charts on other numbers seem pretentious and expendable. Moreover, contrary to the skimpy data on the leaflet, Lester Young is *not* a featured soloist on the first two cuts; nor is Buck Clayton on another, nor is Horace Henderson on a fourth. Still, it's vintage Holiday transferred to digital. ✓✓✓½

—LEONARD FEATHER

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2/15/87

JAZZ

A SONNY DISPOSITION

By LEONARD FEATHER

Recently, a record was released entitled "Alternate Takes: Sonny Rollins" (Contemporary C-7651). In it, the saxophonist was heard in six previously unissued versions of songs he taped in Los Angeles in 1957-58. Same occasions, same songs, yet the improvisations are so different from the original releases that the album is, literally, as good as new.

What the LP also points up is that Rollins' style was not substantially different from what we hear today (and what Los Angeles audience may hear tonight when he plays at the Palace). Jazz styles mature early in the lives of most great artists, and even during a career marked by as many erratic moves as Rollins' there have been few significant changes.

Now, as then, he picks the unlikeliest songs on which to add lib. Who but Rollins would blow his heart out on "Wagon Wheels," "Toot Toot Tootsie" and "I'm an Old Cowhand"? But we have learned to expect the unexpected from this maverick.

He is, after all, the man who abruptly went into a two-year self-imposed exile, during which he studied Rosicrucianism, and could be found practicing his horn in the solitude of the pedestrian walk on the Williamsburg Bridge overlooking the East River. The Mohican haircut, the second retirement from 1968-71, the visits to Japan and India for studies of zen, yoga and the theories of Ghita, all became part of the Rollins mystique.

It may seem mysterious, too, that Rollins has been absent from the recording studios for a year and a half; but the other day he dismissed the subject quite casually:

"I just haven't gotten around to it—it's as simple as that. I'm just lazy and I fell behind. But I guess I'll get into the studio to make at least one record this year."

Not that he is inactive. Currently, he is on a tour that will take him to colleges, clubs and festivals with his regular touring group: Mark Soskin on piano, Tommy Campbell on drums, Bob Cranshaw on bass and his talented trombonist nephew, Clifton Anderson.

For those who have access to the Bravo pay cable TV outlets, he can be seen Monday and Feb. 26 in "Saxophone Colossus," a documentary combining old footage (from a 1963 appearance) with new material shot in Tokyo and New York.

"The Tokyo part," he said, "shows the world premiere of my 'Concerto for Tenor Saxophone and Orchestra.' It was arranged and conducted for me by Heikki Sarmanto, a Finnish musician whom I've know a long time, and who has done quite a bit of classical writing.

"The rest of the film was shot last August in Saugerties, N.Y. in a sculptured rock quarry that made a wonderful setting. There was only one problem: during the performance I jumped from one level to another, misjudged the depth and landed violently, breaking my heel. I finished the number in a prone position, stood up and realized I couldn't walk, then they took me to the hospital."

Although the John Coltrane era came to an end almost 20 years ago (Coltrane died in July 1967), to this day Rollins and Coltrane are the tenor saxophonists whose names are invoked in every discussion of the major influences over the past three decades. (There was one memorable occasion when, in an album called "Tenor Madness," the two giants came together.)

Sonny Rollins: "What I do is so singular in nature. . . ."

Rollins conceivably might be even more firmly established in the public mind today had he followed up certain opportunities. While at Ronnie Scott's club in London in 1965, he was commissioned to write the sound track for the Michael Caine film "Alfie." There was no sequel to his initiative, but Rollins shrugs it off.

"I've thought about doing more movies, sure, but I've never had a really worthwhile offer. It's probably because what I do is so singular in nature; someone has to want my sound specifically. Besides, my music is really up-front music, not for backgrounds."

Two of the themes he wrote for the film, including the title number, are still in the "Great Moments With Sonny Rollins" LP (MCA-Impulse MCA 2-4127). Also in that album is "Hole 'em Joe," a typical reminder of the association Rollins has acquired over the years with calypso music. Though he has written several pieces that have become jazz standards—"Doxy," "Oleo"—the tune most closely associated with him is "St. Thomas," with its traditional island flavor.

Thanks to a track record of almost 40 years working for such legends as Bud Powell, Art Blakey, Miles Davis and Max Roach, Theodore Walter Rollins today is regarded by younger musicians as a revered father figure.

Rollins looks kindly on such relative newcomers. "Branford [Marsalis] is promising," he says. "I like his work very much; and there's another kid, Ron Holloway in Washington, who shows great promise. There's a player named David Ware, who has worked with Cecil Taylor and others in that bag; he could do well, but he's kind of offended by the music business and the shortage of good jobs."

Rollins has the opposite problem, deciding which jobs to turn down or accept. Back from Europe a couple of months ago, he may return there next month, taking his small group to Germany. In the summer he was introduced his "Concerto for Tenor Saxophone and Orchestra" to audiences in Italy and Switzerland.

"Oh, yes, I guess some American orchestras will be doing it next year, and I'm sure I'll record it eventually. It represents a change of pace and an area I enjoy getting into—occasionally. But it's a lot of work, kind of frustrating, and to tell the truth, I think I enjoy playing in my own small context best of all. The interchange of ideas, the improvisation all the way—that kind of freedom to me is what really matters most of all." □

2/17

"Bob Crosby Golden Anniversary Tribute." Crosby Music Agency. $29.95 plus $3 shipping. Intercutting of old clips enables the viewer to see such Crosby band veterans as Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson and Eddie Miller in color, with white hair, in 1985, and in black and white, with black hair, in 1937. The music has changed far less than the musicians; such staples as "Panama" and "That's a Plenty" have the same cheerful beat. Crosby does a couple of vocals; Louis Armstrong and Judy Garland sing in brief clips. Alumnae Kay Starr and Gloria de Haven reminisce. Best moment: "What's New" featuring its composer, Haggart, on bass, and Billy Butterfield's lyrical trumpet. Information: Crosby Music Agency, 7730 Herschel Ave., La Jolla, Calif. 92037.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/20

TODAY'S FARE AT AFI FEST

Following is today's screening schedule for the AFI Film Festival.

"SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS"

(U.S.A., 1986, 5:30 p.m.)

Directed by Robert Mugge, this 100-minute film begins in an attractive sculptured rock quarry where Sonny Rollins blows almost *ad infinitum* on a minor chord. After an on-screen analysis of his genius by three critics, it comes as a light shock when he peppers his solo with quotes from "How Are Things in Glocca Morra" and even "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Later he misjudges a step down in the quarry, lands on his back and plays "Autumn Nocturne" in a prone position. (It turns out he has broken his heel.) The balance of the footage take place in a Tokyo theater, where Rollins' "Concert for Tenor Saxophone and Orchestra," arranged and orchestrated by a Finnish writer named Heikki Sarmanto, is performed by the Yomiuri Nippon Symphony Orchestra. The music is finely crafted and the symbiosis works reasonably well. Sound and camera work throughout are generally excellent—except in a 1963 black-and-white clip of a Rollins short, so poor both in audio and visual quality that it should have been omitted.

—LEONARD FEATHER

GUITARIST EUBANKS AT PALACE COURT

The 29-year-old guitarist Kevin Eubanks is the Wes Montgomery of the space age. Though only 10 when Montgomery died, Eubanks clearly was inspired by his records.

Opening his two-night stint Friday at the Palace Court, Eubanks subjected an old Montgomery tune, "Trick Bag," to an elongated workout. Like his mentor, he scorns the use of a pick. Hitting down strokes with the thumb matched by four fingers pulling the strings on the up strokes, he achieves a phenomenal dynamism.

Eubanks built immediate tension with the support of Rael Grant on electric bass and Gene Jackson on drums. Suspenseful chords led to a series of bass and drum breaks; later, he alternated seemingly infinite strings of single-note lines with some of the most complex chording ever heard on the instrument.

Miles Davis' "Nardis" was upgraded into a lengthy display of three-way virtuosity. Jackson's total awareness of where the accents fall is commendable, but his inability at times to keep the clangor down is regrettable. When the backing did not obtrude, it was intriguing to observe his complex charting of an unpredictable path through the normally familiar territory of "Nardis" and of Herbie Hancock's "Dolphin Dance."

"Opening Night," a Eubanks original, offered a reminder that the trio setting has its limits; on the recorded version Branford Marsalis' saxophone was a vital element.

Eubanks' fast workout on a Charlie Parker blues, "Relaxin' at Camarillo," revealed a certain tendency toward harshness in his sound; he rarely mellowed out as he has on his LPs in a few acoustic guitar numbers.

Grant's bass work was most effective when he indulged in a cascading octave unison passage with Eubanks, a ploy that drew shouts and applause.

Although he suffers in person from the inability to duplicate his recorded achievements (some of which, in fact, involve overdubbing), Eubanks leaves no doubt about his stature as one of the two most important additions (along with Stanley Jordan) to today's guitar scene.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ-AND-POETRY WEDDING REVISITED

Billed as a tribute to Black History Month, the concert Sunday evening at El Camino College was organized by the eminent bassist John Heard. It was also announced as a multimedia show, since some of Heard's work as painter and sculptor was displayed on stage.

The wedding of jazz and poetry, v short-lived fad in the 1950s, w celebrated by Sherley Williams literature professor from UC S Diego, accompanied by the sple did bass work of Bert Turetzky, music professor at the same college. Williams' so-called "Bessie Smith" suite, a series of short poems with blues overtones, was notable only for earnest good intentions in a genre dealt with far more successfully several decades ago by Langston Hughes.

John Heard's group played five tunes, mostly based on well-worn, over-familiar standard routines. Despite a rich array of talents, among them Bobby Hutcherson, George Cables and Oscar Brashear, it was a cheerless set, poorly balanced (for the first couple of numbers Heard was unheard), enlivened now and then by Brashear's well-constructed solos. The closing "Night in Tunisia" found Benny Maupin's tenor sax subjected to the tonal distortions that have become a familiar solecism in the pseudo-avant-garde.

Joe Williams knew how to save the evening. Addressing himself to the premise of the concert, he talked about the heritage of the blues, sang several, talked about the spiritual and sang "Down by the Riverside," talked about Duke Ellington and Eubie Blake before singing their songs, then indulged in a narration that managed to say, in 10 minutes, what it took Alex Haley several hundred pages to express in "Roots." In short, he was in rare form.

Aside from Williams and his fine trio (Norman Simmons, piano; Bob Badgley, bass, and Gerryck King, drums) the most impressive things on stage during this flawed evening were the busts by John Heard of Ellington and Billy Eckstine. He is indeed his own one-man multimedia presentation.

—L. F.

PEGGY LEE: BALLOONS AND A BIG BREAK

By LEONARD FEATHER

An unfunny thing happened to Peggy Lee on her way through a week in Las Vegas. As she put it Tuesday, during her capacity-house opening at the Pasadena Playhouse, it was "a little accident but a big break." An on-stage trip resulted in a trip to the hospital with a fractured pelvis; but Lee has long since made a habit of rising above adversity. This time she achieved it by doing her show from a carefully camouflaged wheelchair, on a stage festooned with clusters of big balloons. She even got mileage out of her misfortune by using "Pick Yourself Up" as play-on music, and by opening her show with "I Won't Dance."

But Lee is chronically incapable of doing a poor show, upright or seated, clear-eyed or with shades, singing Gershwin's 60-year-old "'S Wonderful" (updated as a slow, teasing bossa nova) or a poignant new song, "Here's to Life," written for her by Artie Butler.

Everything was in place: the early hits, from "Why Don't You Do Right?" to the smoldering "Fever" and the wistful "Is That All There Is?" There were two songs from her score for "Lady and the Tramp," two poems, and two numbers from her short-lived Broadway show, "Peg." A sense that the whole evening seemed in large measure autobiographical was reinforced by such titles as "Just Keep Holding On."

Lee's stage presence blends just the right touches of preparation and informality. Though she complained of not being as close to the audience as she would have liked, this acoustically admirable theater brought everything across clear and close.

The heaviest applause, aside from the standing ovation at the close, went to her Billie Holiday tribute, composed of excerpts from "Good Morning Heartache," "Some Other Spring," and two Holiday originals, "Don't Explain" and "God Bless the Child." This was astonishing on two levels: because she has sometimes been compared to Holiday, the very different quality of her own natural sound destroyed this myth; but during the medley she kept switching back and forth between her own sound and style and Holiday's bittersweet timbre, capturing Lady Day with an almost uncanny accuracy.

Lee's reputation for surrounding herself with sympathetic and talented musicians remains untarnished. The pianist Emil Palame headed a flawless group that included two old associates, John Pisano on guitar and Monty Budwig on bass, along with Bob Leatherbarrow, whose vibes solo lit up "Baubles, Bangles and Beads," and the drummer Tony Morales, who supplied the ersatz terpsichore with a light-handed solo on "I Won't Dance."

The romantic warmth, the rhythmic sensitivity, the touches of humor and, above all, the indestructible vocal instrument that is Peggy Lee must rank among the rarest treasures of contemporary music. The evidence will be on hand through Sunday.

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1ST STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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HEADLINE: JAZZ REVIEW;
LOA'S FIRST NIGHT: MUSIC, A FEAST OF CELEBRITIES

BYLINE: By LEONARD FEATHER

BODY:

Loa's, the Southland's newest jazz club and restaurant, opened Tuesday evening. It was one of those celebrity-heavy, television-covered first nights best summed up in three words: Quincy was there.

Not surprising, perhaps, for both Quincy Jones and Ray Brown, who is musical director at the Loa, are old jazz pals and fellow alumni of the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra. The owner of the room, Mariko Omura and her partner, Hideyuki Nogami, got to know Brown when Omura was producing records with him for a Japanese company.

Brown's involvement with the venture will find him on hand initially through Feb. 22, returning for the month of March Tuesdays through Sundays. He will bring other major jazz artists to work in the room, but promises to be back with his own group at least four months a year.

The Brown unit, billed as "the world's greatest house band," places the veteran bassist alongside Gene Harris, the pianist, and Mickey Roker on drums. The pace was set with the opening number, a rocking "Night Train" that brought Harris' blues credentials powerfully into the foreground.

Harris displayed a slightly less flamboyant side of his personality in the easily swinging "Street of Dreams." Then it was Roker's turn to demonstrate that a song called "Soft Winds" can live up to its title even as a percussion feature.

The sound at the Loa is bright, perhaps a mite too bright, with Harris in control of a splendid nine-foot grand piano. Outside and in, the decor is somewhat barren, mostly in slate gray, black and white. The policy calls for a cuisine mixing Japanese with Nouvelle California.

The Loa is well situated: 3321 Pico Blvd. at Centinela Avenue, on the inland edge of Santa Monica. It has no license to serve alcohol at present, but in the meantime dinner can be accompanied by any of 15 non-alcoholic beverages named after everyone from Oscar Peterson and Miles Davis to Charlie Parker and B. B. King. Regrettably, there is at present no drink called Toshiko Akiyoshi.

TYPE: Concert Review

LEXIS NEXIS LEXIS NEXIS

Jazz from the cathouse to Carnegie Hall

By LEONARD FEATHER

Grover Sales' book, "Jazz: America's Classical Music," is generally regarded as one of the most succinct and accurate surveys of its kind. But Sales was not the first to offer this definition of jazz. Classical composers and conductors from Andre Previn to Gunther Schuller, involved with jazz as performers or historians, have been similarly convinced that this art form, once denounced as "nigger music" and long confined to brothels, dance halls and nightclubs, will be remembered as America's most vital and durable contribution to the music of this century.

Jazz was not born on Feb. 24, 1917, but its first step out of obscurity was taken on that day when the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, a five-piece group of white musicians from New Orleans, went into a studio in New York where they recorded "Livery Stable Blues" and "Dixie Jass Band One Step." Quaint though they sound today, the ODJB's first sessions helped disseminate, to what soon became a worldwide audience, a music created by Afro-American musicians. (Ironically, it was not until 1922, in Los Angeles, that a black jazz group, trombonist Kid Ory's Sunshine Orchestra, was finally put on record.)

The origins of jazz extend back as far as this century, probably much longer. Ragtime, popularized by Scott Joplin and believed to have been originally a banjo music that evolved during the 1890s into a structured piano music, overlapped into "ragtime band" performances that were looser and more improvised.

The black church, with its spiritual and gospel music, and the work song, all were interwoven and were at least first cousins of the blues.

Though marching bands, ragtime bands and the blues were active throughout the United States, black Creoles in New Orleans played a particularly important part in "jazzing up" the rags and blues. Among them were the clarinetist Sidney Bechet the trombonist Kid Ory and the pianist Jelly Roll Morton. The Creoles tended to be better educated musically than the relatively unschooled blacks, yet it was the latter, most notably Louis Armstrong, who made the most definitive leap into jazz.

Very gradually, with the use of more written music and of larger bands that called for arrangements, jazz became a mixture of composition and ad-libbing. One of the unsung heroes of the early 1920s was Don Redman, a saxophonist who wrote most of the music for Fletcher Henderson's band, in which Armstrong played for a year. The classic pattern of breaking down the orchestra into a brass section (trumpets and trombones), reed section (saxes doubling on clarinets) and rhythm section (piano, banjo or guitar, drums, and bass) was firmly set in the Henderson band. The compositions left enough solo space for Armstrong to establish himself as a creative force in music circles. By the time Armstrong left the band in 1925 to return to Chicago (where his genius was more fully framed in the famous "Hot Five" records), the Jazz Age was in full swing.

That was the year when Duke Ellington began recording, and when a cadre of white pioneers like the violinist Joe Venuti, the guitarist Eddie Lang and the cornetist Bix Beiderbecke began to come into their own. Though these men worked in the "symphonic jazz" ensemble of Paul Whiteman, it was in recorded small-group settings that they had a real chance to display their improvisational gifts.

By the end of the 1920s, Ellington had expanded his orchestra and was known to millions who had heard his broadcasts from the Cotton Club; Armstrong had scored in a Broadway show, "Hot Chocolates" (with a score by Fats Waller), and the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem became a cynosure for black dancers (and a few white jazz fans) as the great pre-swing bands of the day played there.

Black entertainment, in short, was very much in vogue in the United States, but for the most part it was treated, both by blacks and by the growing white audiences who patronized it, as entertainment or dance music. In Europe, on the other hand, records by American jazz artists were regarded more and more seriously, and were discussed at length in several music publications. As a result, there were triumphant transatlantic visits by Armstrong in 1932, Ellington in 1933 and even Joe Venuti and

Please Turn to Page 4

Scott Joplin

Billie Holiday

The Modern Jazz Quartet

Louis Armstrong

Duke Ellington

Lionel Hampton and Benny Goodman

Bessie Smith

Dexter Gordon, left, Stan Getz, Freddie Hubbard, Dizzy Gillespie

Miles Davis

Wynton Marsalis

From Cathouse to Carnegie Hall

Continued from Page 3

Coleman Hawkins (both all but unknown to the general public in the United States) in 1934.

The Depression made a deep impact, particularly in the recording industry, which reached a state of near-collapse. Bessie Smith, the "Empress of the Blues" who had been a tremendous seller since 1923, stopped selling, and an era noted for many great blues vocals recordings came to an end. A new genre of singing, using popular songs and very few blues, emerged in the 1930s with the rise of Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey and Ella Fitzgerald. Unlike the blues singers, they had a white audience.

The post-Depression years saw the rise of small-group swing music, most memorably in the 52nd Street clubs where the phenomenal pianist Art Tatum, the violinist Stuff Smith and groups led by Red Norvo and Wingy Manone held forth; and the coalescence of the early orchestral values in the guise of what was soon called swing music—big-band jazz, with Benny Goodman as the Pied Piper.

As a clarinet genius, Goodman became a symbol of what was now evolving from an almost unlettered folk music into a sometimes sophisticated blend of complex composition and do-it-yourself virtuosity. Coinciding with the advent of swing music was the belated and still limited recognition of jazz by the American media. Occasional magazine pieces were devoted to the swing phenomenon, and Down Beat magazine, launched in 1934, became the first U.S. publication devoted to jazz and dance music.

The Swing Era was the only period in jazz history when a form of jazz enjoyed mass popularity. Records such as Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine," Chick Webb's "A Tisket a Tasket" (with Ella Fitzgerald) and Goodman's "Sing Sing Sing" became best sellers.

Then jazz ran into two major impediments: from 1942-43 and again in 1948, musicians were stopped by their union from making records on the grounds that they were thereby limiting the performance of live music. This prevented some of the great works of those years from being preserved for posterity; it also provided an advantage to singers, who recorded with a cappella groups. But between the two bans, a generation of revolutionaries, determined to find their way out of what they saw as the dead end of swing music, began recording what became the definitive works of the decade. They were Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and a few others.

Violently attacked by most of the critics and even by some musicians, these be-bop pioneers established concepts for the playing and writing of jazz that ultimately made their way into (and are now considered a part of) the mainstream.

By the end of the 1940s the big-band dominance had faded.

Ellington had been responsible for many initiatives. His was the first orchestra to give concerts regularly (starting in 1943, annually at Carnegie Hall), the first to build miniature concertos around a particular soloist, and the first to present works that shattered the three or four minute barrier imposed by the 78 disc. His "Black, Brown & Beige," at the first Carnegie concert, running to 48 minutes and incorporating all the values of pure jazz without any pseudo-symphonic trappings, was a milestone.

The chief trends of the 1950s were the growth of the small combos' influence (the Modern Jazz and Dave Brubeck quartets, Gerry Mulligan's various groups), and the escape of jazz, at least partially, from the nightclub to the mass exposure offered by concert halls and (starting in 1954 at Newport) festivals. Jazz became an international phenomenon as George Shearing established his quintet; no longer was France's Hot Club Quintet assumed to have a monopoly on non-domestic jazz.

West Coast Jazz was a phrase often bandied about, and the source of much confusion .The worldwide interest in the music was catered to by the U.S. government as the Voice of America launched a nightly jazz record show, hosted by Willis Conover. The State Department authorized Gillespie to take an all-star band (organized for him by Quincy Jones) on tours of the Middle East and of Latin America.

Beginning in the 1960s, the jazz world splintered into so many factions that the term jazz became harder to define. "That's not jazz!" was a cry hurled at innovators just as Gillespie and Parker had been the objects of contumely two decades before. Miles Davis helped launch the transition from chords to modes (arrangements of a scale) as a basis for improvisation. Ornette Coleman broke loose from the structures of form and harmony that had governed jazz. John Coltrane and his disciples took music into a spiritual, often mystic area marked at times by Indian influences and by improvisations of unprecedented length. It was a far cry from the two-bar "break" of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band to Coltrane's 45-minute solos.

Some musicians certainly transcended the conventional definition of the jazzman. The pianist Cecil Taylor's atonal forays and staggering technical prowess were best classified as avant-garde. Long orchestral works by John Lewis, Gunther Schuller and others were sometimes defined as "Third Stream," the purported result of a confluence of two streams, classical and jazz.

Still later came the use of electronic instruments (with Miles Davis again pioneering, on his "Bitches Brew" LP), the joining of jazz and rock elements under the guise of fusion, and arrival of the impressionistic New Age music.

Listen to any jazz record made 70 or 60 or 50 years ago, then study some of the more successfully adventurous contemporary products. Whether your taste leans to classical music, jazz, rock, or all of the above, and regardless of your personal predilections within the jazz landscape, you will almost certainly agree that jazz has made extraordinary headway in the relatively short space of seven decades. Perhaps no less significantly, its identification by some scholars as "America's Classical Music" has at long last gained credence among all but the most stubborn of reactionaries. □

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Herbie Hancock Andreas Vollenweider Antonio Carlos Jobim Azymuth Djavan James Ingram Johnny Mathis
Joni Mitchell Kenny Loggins Kim Carnes Linda Ronstadt Lionel Richie Luther Vandross Michael Franks Miles Davis
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JAZZ

RACIST IRONIES OF FOUR 1940s BLACK MUSIC VIDEOS

By LEONARD FEATHER

In 1974, a book dealing with the treatment accorded to blacks in motion pictures was given the ironic title "Toms, Coons, Mulattos, Mammies and Bucks." As its young black author, Donald Bogle, saw it, those words effectively summed up the whole story.

Reminders of the past continue to show up. Recently a series of videocassettes have been released, all billed with unconscious humor as "Jazz Classics." The four videos consist of bits and pieces culled from Soundies (primitive video jukeboxes), Snader Telescriptions and segments from old TV shows or feature films. They date mainly from the 1940s and '50s and were shot in what might best be called Inglorious Segrecolor, or Jim Crow Black-and-White.

□

"LOUIS JORDAN AND FRIENDS." Jazz Classics JCVC 105. Shot in 1941-45, this comprises three Soundies and a short movie. Jordan, a tremendously popular entertainer who sang and played alto sax, performs in only five of more than a dozen tunes during the 46 minutes, of which "Ration Blues" and "Buzz Me" have stood the time test better than the dismal "Fuzzy Wuzzy" and the stereotypical "Caldonia."

Much of the footage cuts away from Jordan to show his surrounding bevy of brown-skin beauties or various dancers. This treatment nearly ruins such numbers as Meade Lux Lewis' boogie-woogie piano solos. Maxine Sullivan fares a little better on "Some of These Days." Nat King Cole's "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby" is a valuable sample of early Cole, singing and playing, but he is obliged to share the vocal with a squealing Ida James.

The rest is zero: corny choreography; antiquated Apollo-style comedy. Some of the dancing is first-rate; the camera work and sound are adequate. The attempt at a story line in the closing Jordan film short is monumentally inane.

Had this been shot with any respect for the integrity of artists like Jordan, Cole and Sullivan, it would be priceless. What little it does leave undamaged rates 2 stars.

□

"LOUIS ARMSTRONG AND HIS ORCHESTRA." Jazz Classics JCVC 102. Rarely was the cliche image of the foot-shuffling, chicken-licking, craps-shooting Negro more fully displayed than in some of Armstrong's early films; Satchmo simply did whatever the boss man wanted—but it is noteworthy that he did change, as this 33-minute collection reveals.

The first of two versions of his theme, "Sleepy Time Down South," presents his big band in cotton-picking garb in a stereotyped 1942 scene, with Louis singing about "darkies."

The second version is taken from a 1965 TV show with his six-band combo. The men are dressed in three-piece suits, and the word *darkies* has given way to *folks*.

The four band numbers remind us that Armstrong's ensemble could sound crisp and well-coordinated. Despite the many visual distractions, there are several stretches of unalloyed trumpet beauty and a few glimpses of Armstrong's superb drummer, Big Sid Catlett. But the offensive lyrics of "Shine" and the triviality of singer Velma Middleton's participation in "You Rascal You" are as depressing as the lazy, shiftless images of "Sleepy Time."

The emancipated Armstrong of the TV segment is rich in solo work by Louis, the trombonist and vibraphonist Tyree Glenn, the clarinetist Buster Bailey and the pianist Billy Kyle. There are two numbers without vocals: "Struttin' With Some Barbecue" and W. C. Handy's "Ole Miss." This portion elevates the rating to 3 stars.

□

"FATS WALLER AND FRIENDS." Jazz Classics JCVC 107. Here is the unkindest cut of all. Of 11 tunes squeezed into the 29 minutes, only four are by Waller; on none of them does he have an extended piano solo, and even when he is playing, the camera usually is on something else.

Waller was indeed a masterful entertainer whose singing nobody (least of all Waller) took seriously. What a memorable 29 minutes we could have had if all the irrelevancies had been thrown out: the mediocre female singers and dancers, one song by Bob Howard (the poor man's Fats Waller), even "Cow Cow Boogie" sung by a not-yet-ready Dorothy Dandridge in her teens. Waller's sidemen have brief solos (Al Casey, guitar; Gene Sedric, sax and clarinet; Bugs Hamilton, trumpet). In one filler item, there is some good blues guitar by Tiny Grimes. The producer evidently was afraid even to show Waller's light skin; he is obviously wearing dark makeup. 1½ regretful stars.

□

"CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS ORCHESTRA" Jazz Classic JCVC 103. Except in the earliest number, the 1935 "Jitterbug Party," Calloway was able to control his settings and limit the racist nonsense. As with Waller, though, the accent is on singing, limiting the band's role to occasional fleeting solos: the great tenor saxophonist Chu Berry (heard but hardly seen), the trumpeter Shad Collins and, in the three 1950 numbers shot after Calloway had cut down from a big band to a quartet, the trumpeter Jonah Jones. There are two versions of "Minnie the Moocher."

Calloway had one of the best (and best disciplined) big bands of the late 1930s and early '40s, but his voice, personality and showmanship were its raison d'etre; inevitably, they predominate. 2½ stars. □

2/24

FULL MARKS FOR LAINE, DANKWORTH

It takes a certain sense of security for a singer to begin her set with a ballad and end with another ballad. Cleo Laine is by all means secure enough.

It takes an exceptionally talented couple to perform a work as subtle as "Thee I Love," or to compose a song as sensitive as "Charms." Cleo Laine, the lyricist, and John Dankworth, her melodist mate, are that couple.

It takes an assumption of literacy on the part of one's audience to include a set of poems by Shakespeare, W. H. Auden and others set to music. At Royce Hall on Friday evening, the Dankworths again proved that they can attract such listeners.

Laine and Dankworth are articulate and humorous in ways that are as essentially British as their accents. None of this would matter, of course, if Lane were not possessed of vocal powers that seem to keep growing as the years (and her octaves) add up. The song she calls "Taking a Chahnce on Love" went through five keys, moving upward every time in a typical tour de force. She tosses off those unthinkably high notes as casually as if she were brushing lint off her gown.

Some of the repertoire Friday was long familiar: Spike Milligan's poem about British teeth ("Three Cheers for the Brown, Gray and Black"), some of the blithe unison scatting with Dankworth's saxophone ("Turkish Delight"). Others were relatively new, such as three songs from her 1986 Broadway musical hit, "Edwin Drood," and selections from the album that won her a Grammy award last year.

As she pointed out, 1986 was a singularly rewarding year for her. Dankworth said: "It wasn't too good a year for me. However, I did win the SANDY award—the Saxophone Assn. of North Dakota Yachtsmen."

Dankworth's role as arranger for Laine cannot be underestimated. Both he and Ray Loeckle doubled on various reed instruments and keyboards. Guitarist Larry Koonse contributed several attractive solos, with Jon Ward on bass and Jim Zimmerman on drums completing the group.

Both halves began with the Dankworth quintet, most notably in his own original, "Princess," and more forgettably in a reworking of Paganini's 24th Caprice that smacked a little of early Benny Goodman-Gene Krupa histrionics.

The Dankworths exude class, tempered with enough relaxation and humor to rein in an occasional tendency to theatricality. A standing ovation accorded them by the near-capacity house was precisely what these two brilliant Britons deserved.

—LEONARD FEATHER

4 Part VI Los Angeles Times
Friday, February 27, 1987

JAZZ REVIEW

THE SULLIVAN SOUND FILLS CINEGRILL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Grammys may elude Maxine Sullivan (another one got away Tuesday after her third nomination in five years), but there are still milestones to watch for.

Next August will mark the 50th anniversary of the recording of her first hit, "Loch Lomond." Meanwhile, at a silver-topped 75, weighing not much more than a pound for each of those years, she seems to be hardly slowed down at all, as was demonstrated Wednesday at the Roosevelt Hotel's Cinegrill.

True, there were problems on this opening night. She was still shaking off her cold, and at times her accompanist seemed to be shaking *her* off, by running away with the tempo. "Surprise Party," her perennial first number, never did settle into a groove.

Even under these less than perfect circumstances, the Sullivan sound remains one of those immutable wonders in which simplicity, understatement and a lightweight sound that matches her dimensions have always been the bench marks. Tilting her head up slightly, stirring the air gently with her left hand, she brings to each song a sense of security that tells you how little she needs to change a phrase in giving it her personal imprimatur.

The idea of stumping the audience by singing little known verses to well known songs is a good one, but after trying this with just one number ("I'm Crazy 'Bout My Baby") she gave it up. Why not include the attractive, seldom heard verse to "Ain't Misbehavin'"?

The trio, with Gildo Mahones on piano, James Leary on bass and Mel Lee on drums, just didn't quite have it together, suffering perhaps from that well-known nightclub condition known as first-set fever. By the time the second show was under way, with Sullivan picking choice selections from some of her countless albums, conditions had already begun to improve.

When things are not going right, it takes a little more effort to sound effortless. Sullivan, always the trouper, undoubtedly will be in total control before she closes Saturday.

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GUARDA CHI SPUNTA DAL MARE: IL PROFESSOR MEL POWELL

Sorprendente incontro a bordo del «Norway» con il brillante pianista di lontane orchestre di Benny Goodman e Glenn Miller. Proprio grazie al festival navigante ha rotto un silenzio di quarant'anni, spesi in una carriera universitaria ad alto livello.

di Leonard Feather

È pressoché impossibile farsi un'idea precisa di Mel Powell. Per i suoi studenti alla CalArts, l'università di Valencia, California, si tratta del professore che imprime in loro la comprensione della musica di ogni secolo, da Palestrina a Poulenc a... Powell. Per gli aspiranti compositori di ogni continente è l'eccellente autore di *Filigree Setting For String Quartet*, che nel 1960 divenne per loro un libro di testo, e di *Modules*, composizione presentata la scorsa primavera dalla Los Angeles Philharmonic e destinata ad avere la sua première europea nel corso del 1987, ad opera di Pierre Boulez.

Ma c'è un altro, non dimenticato aspetto di questo multiforme artista. È la «Bella addormentata» del jazz. In effetti Powell, che si impose all'attenzione nel 1941-42 nell'orchestra di Benny Goodman, ha battuto il record di sonno della damina della favola. Incise il suo ultimo disco di jazz 31 anni fa e, a parte qualche fugace ritorno al jazz, è rimasto assente per ben quattro decenni dalla musica che gli aveva procurato la prima fama nazionale.

L'avvenimento che ha fatto finire questa situazione è stato il quarto festival del jazz tenutosi a bordo del «Norway», che quest'anno aveva il titolo di «52nd Street Afloat». In quelle due settimane di crociera intorno a Miami egli ha rinnovato vecchie amicizie e ne ha allacciate di nuove: un vero jazzman rinato. Una serie di concerti lo ha ritrovato in compagnia dei grandi.

Buttandosi a capofitto come se il tempo non fosse passato, Mel Powell (che avrà 64 anni in febbraio) ha suonato sulla nave con Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Rich, Ruby Braff, il violinista danese Svend Asmussen; si è esibito in duo pianistico rispettivamente con Makoto Ozone e Dick Hyman; ha accompagnato il cantante Joe Williams. La geniale miscela di Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson e Earl Hines che contrassegnava i suoi primi lavori con Benny Goodman non appariva davvero annacquata con gli anni.

Ma perché Mel Powell è rimasto così a lungo fuori dal jazz? Lo aveva abbandonato, spiega, perché nonostante tutto il suo profondo rispetto per i compositori di jazz, egli ritiene quest'ultimo una forma d'arte per l'esecutore, e così si è rivolto a un'arte che fosse da compositori. E allora questo rientro?

«Stavo tenendo una lezione — racconta Mel Powell — e, volendo sottolineare l'efficacia ritmica di un mottetto di Palestrina dissi che quella velocità, quella anticipazione del *beat* era molto tipica del jazz americano, quando un ragazzo alzò la mano e mi chiese: "Professor Powell, mi scusi, ma come mai lei ne sa tanto di jazz americano?". Sbalordito, gli risposi: "Il vostro professore è un vecchio suonatore di ragtime. La domanda giusta doveva essere semmai: come mai io ne so tanto di musica del XVI secolo?" L'incidente comunque mi scosse, e dopo una serie di telefonate con Hank O'Neal, l'organizzatore della crociera sul "Norway", ho trovato divertente l'idea di ritrovarmi con i vecchi amici».

Powell cammina con difficoltà: quattro anni fa una serie di inspiegabili cadute portò infine a una diagnosi di distrofia muscolare. La sua allusione all'infermità (che non è comunque dolorosa e non tocca le mani) è sempre scherzosa: «Sono — dice — il figlio di Jerry Lewis».

Qui sopra: Mel Powell nel 1941, ventenne, nell'orchestra di Benny Goodman (vicini a lui sono i due cantanti Art Lund e Peggy Lee). Nella foto qui a fianco, da sinistra a destra, Glenn Miller, il suo «braccio destro» Ray McKinley e il sergente Powell in Inghilterra, durante l'ultima guerra. In alto: Mel Powell oggi, al suo rientro, nel festival sul «Norway».

A parte questo problema della mobilità, Powell differisce ben poco dal bel ragazzo prodigio che si diplomò al liceo a quattordici anni e a quindici fu elogiato da Art Tatum dopo un occasionale concerto con Sidney Bechet al Nick's, nel Greenwich Village. Aveva diciott'anni, e aveva raccolto buone referenze con Bobby Hackett, Eddie Condon, Muggsy Spanier e perfino in una seduta d'incisione con Wingy Manone, quando al Nick's comparve una sera Benny Goodman che subito lo ingaggiò. Un anno dopo Powell fu brevemente nell'orchestra CBS di Raymond Scott, fino a quando fu chiamato alle armi. Il servizio in tempo di guerra non interruppe la sua attività musicale, dato che Glenn Miller lo prese come pianista e arrangiatore nella sua Army Air Force Orchestra in Inghilterra.

«Glenn mi ha fatto scrivere non soltanto per un complesso jazz chiamato Uptown Hall, ma anche per una formazione da concerto che aveva una sezione di archi. Questo mi faceva tornare ai miei anni giovanili, agli otto anni di esercizi nella cosiddetta musica seria».

Tornato dall'Europa e restituito alla vita civile, Powell andava nella Cinquantaduesima Strada per conoscere i nuovi movimenti del jazz («Sulle prime trovavo Dizzy Gillespie e Charlie Parker terribilmente incomprensibili»). Nel 1946 sposò l'attrice Martha Scott (dopo quarant'anni, sono ancora insieme), divenne compositore e arrangiatore per i film della Metro Goldwyn, poi tornò sulla costa atlantica e studiò composizione alla Yale University, dove allacciò una lunga e stretta amicizia con Paul Hindemith. «Dopo avere studiato con lui per tre o quattro anni, mi prese come suo assistente. Poi Hindemith se ne tornò a casa, in Germania, e io rimasi e divenni il Giovane Turco della facoltà: gli studenti si affollavano alle mie lezioni perché io sapevo tutto di Webern e di tutta la gente *dernier*

cri, mentre i più anziani erano ancora presi soprattutto da Stravinsky e Bartok. Schoenberg e la musica atonale erano ora di maggiore interesse. Così il magnifico rettore dell'università mi nominò preside della facoltà di composizione».

Powell ottenne nel 1960 un Premio Guggenheim, ma benché quegli anni lo vedessero impegnatissimo a comporre, studiare e insegnare, oggi egli guarda all'esperienza alla Yale come a qualcosa di non completamente felice. «Fu un periodo lungo, circa quindici anni. Finì quando venne gente a parlarmi di uno straordinario complesso che stava costruendo nella California Meridionale, e che sarebbe stato interamente dedicato alle arti. Avevano chiesto ad Aaron Copland di formare la scuola di musica, ma lui non accettò e fece il mio nome. Era proprio il momento giusto».

Martha Scott, che era stata sulla West Coast per *La piccola città* e altri film, condivideva l'entusiasmo del marito. Non così Kingsman Brewster, il presidente della Yale University. Quando gli dissero che il suo professore se ne sarebbe andato nel giro di un anno, reagì in quello che Powell definisce un tipico modo, da parte della gente dell'Est, di giudicare la California: disse che avrebbero fatto fiasco.

La CalArts nacque nel 1969, con Mel Powell dean-fondatore della facoltà di musica. «L'aspetto positivo che ci sedusse subito tutti — ricorda — fu che mentre alla Yale io mi sarei trovato a tavola, all'ora di pranzo, con un fisico o un biologo, ora avrei potuto sedere con un drammaturgo, un coreografo, un regista cinematografico».

Sorsero però tensioni politiche. Le idee dei garanti della scuola piegavano verso destra, mentre quelle degli studenti e del corpo docente tiravano a sinistra. Il primo presidente e il rettore magnifico se ne andarono all'improvviso, e allora fu chiesto a Powell di diventare il rettore, «con cinque deans intorno, tutti eguali, ma uno un po' più eguale degli altri».

Powell apportò alla CalArts diverse innovazioni, di alcune delle quali egli dice che erano soltanto logiche: per esempio, il fatto che, nei concerti, gli studenti suonassero con i docenti. «Se un ragazzo che studia il violino si trova fianco a fianco con un grande concertista, ha in ciò la migliore scuola. È come se un giovane trombettista fosse in sezione con Dizzy Gillespie».

Nel 1976, però, capì che il suo lavoro come amministratore era compiuto. «Tutti erano soddisfatti tranne me, perché avevo perso di vista lo scopo per cui ero venuto qui, che non era quello di fare il rettore universitario bensì quello di proseguire nella mia carriera di compositore. Così da quell'anno sono membro del consiglio di facoltà e ho la prima cattedra di composizione».

In tutti gli anni alla Yale e a CalArts, ci sono stati brevi e occasionali tuffi nel jazz: una serie di incisioni per la Vanguard a metà degli anni Cinquanta e qualche concerto con Benny Goodman ogni volta che questi si trovasse in difficoltà. La sola seria avventura nel campo della composizione jazzistica venne nel 1982 dopo avere ascoltato in un club, dietro insistenza di sua figlia Mary, la famosa big band tutta femminile Maiden Voyage.

«C'è qualcosa nel sound di una Swing band che non ha eguali nel mondo intero, e quelle donne mi sbalordirono. C'era quella trombettista, Louise Baranger, una bella bionda, che sparava quei suoi do e quei suoi re sovracuti. Mi chiedevo quante famose big bands, che fanno dollari a palate, si sarebbero trovate a malpartito nel confronto con quelle ragazze».

Powell arrangiò per quell'orchestra, facendola suonare al CalArts Contemporary Music Festival, e nell'occasione scrisse una suite in tre movimenti, *Setting For Jazz Band*. Ma a parte queste isolate occasioni, rimase fuori del mondo del jazz fino a quest'autunno. Ma ora che il ghiaccio è stato rotto dalla prua del «Norway», non pensa a un più ampio e più deciso passo in quella direzione?

Mel Powell esita: «Dubito. Naturalmente, è stata un'esperienza incoraggiante, e le cose che mi hanno detto persone come Dizzy, Clark Terry e Joe Williams non le dimenticherò mai. Ma in realtà ci vorrebbe tutto un diverso atteggiamento mentale; bisognerebbe chiudere un capitolo e aprirne un altro. Comunque vi dirò una cosa: ho già promesso a Hank O'Neal che non lascerei cadere la proposta per la crociera dell'anno prossimo. Così, invece di aspettare altri quarant'anni, ci sarebbe un gap di dodici mesi soltanto». ●

CAREER ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS

HOLIDAY, MERCER: POSTHUMOUS HONOR

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz vocalist Billie Holiday and lyricist Johnny Mercer were given posthumous career achievement awards at the 29th annual Grammy Awards on Tuesday.

Holiday was honored with the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences' lifetime achievement award, while Mercer was given the academy's trustees award.

Holiday's life in music certainly was glorious. No singer since her time has failed to acknowledge her significance as the ultimate creative artist in jazz vocal history.

What was it about Lady Day that set her apart? She knew nothing of the mechanics of music, learned her songs by ear and brought to them a personal timbre, a poignant beauty that was beyond definition. She could sublimate the most trivial of tunes with a shifted accent, a slurred note, a subtle pulse.

It has been almost 28 years since Holiday died at age 44 of an overdose and was arrested on her death bed for possession of drugs, half-forgotten and almost broke.

Holiday was the vibrant voice of soul, in the truest sense of that greatly abused word. As a human being she was sweet, sour, kind, mean, generous, profane, lovable and impossible, and nobody expects to see or hear anyone quite like her ever again.

It is not by chance that the songs "If You Were Mine," "Too Marvelous for Words," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Day In Day Out," "Trav'lin' Light," "Mandy Is Two" and "Sentimental and Melancholy" all were recorded by Holiday and all had lyrics by Mercer. Holiday's path crossed with Mercer's often enough to provide the basis for a series of performances in which the words and her reading of them created a unique symbiosis.

Associated Press

Billie Holiday and Johnny Mercer, posthumous career awards.

Mercer, who died in 1976, was that rare individual in the songwriter's universe, a man of intelligence and sophistication whose wit and sensitivity were a constant delight, whether he was writing songs or singing them in a hip, engaging manner that graced his recordings with Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman and in a long series of his own sessions for Capitol.

The following is a list of recordings elected this year to the academy's hall of fame:

"And the Angels Sing," Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. RCA Victor. 1939.

"Bela Bartok: The Complete String Quartets," Juilliard String Quartet. Columbia. 1950.

"Blueberry Hill," Fats Domino. Imperial. 1956.

"If I Didn't Care," Ink Spots. Decca. 1939.

"Tosca," Maria Callas and others. Angel. 1953.

"South Pacific," Mary Martin, Ezio Pinza and others in original cast. Columbia. 1949.

JAZZ FARE A BIT BETTER AT '87 GRAMMYS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences' live Video and Light Show, as Tuesday's Grammy Awards program might well be called, didn't do any better or worse than it usually does in its treatment of jazz.

With the exception of the male vocal category, all the jazz winners were named in the pre-telecast program. However, from the standpoint of performance during the live TV hours, there was a conspicuous improvement in the quality of what was presented.

There were few surprises among the winners. Wynton Marsalis by now seems to have a permanent place in the minds of both the jazz and classical music voters. Unlike 1983 and 1984, when he won in both fields, this time, despite his victory in the jazz group category, he lost to Vladimir Horowitz in the classical voting and to Miles Davis among the jazz soloists.

That Marsalis (along with his brother, Branford, also a nominee for best soloist) was obliged to compete with the Miles Davis "Tutu" album offered another reminder of the irreversible myopia displayed by the nominating committee, which determined that Davis, after a decade playing mostly rock, still qualified as a jazz artist.

Regardless of its merits or shortcomings, "Tutu" should not have competed with such innovative efforts as Eddie Daniels' phenomenal "Breakthrough" or even with Dizzy Gillespie's "Closer to the Source," both unquestionably jazz albums. Davis was on the show—smiling—with Ruben Blades to present the best male jazz vocal Grammy to Bobby McFerrin.

Diane Schuur wins a Grammy as the best female jazz singer.

Predictable but debatable was Diane Schuur's Grammy for best female jazz vocalist. The album's merits are indisputable, but so is the fact that her powerful backers, such as Stan Getz and Dave Grusin, coupled with an appearance at the White House and the enthusiasm of Nancy Reagan, have played a major role in her success.

It was odd that keyboardist Clare Fischer, best known as an instrumentalist, was a winner on the strength of the vocal elements in his Latin jazz album, "Free Fall," though in the jazz fusion department he lost out to the Bob James-David Sanborn "Double Vision."

The decision to give New Age music its own category this year was a wise one. It would have been absurd for Andreas Vollenweider's winning "Down to the Moon" album to displace one of the jazz winners.

Although Doc Severinsen's big band award was no surprise, he reportedly was not invited to take part in the program.

No less surprisingly, Dexter Gordon, whose Oscar-nominated role in the movie "'Round Midnight" has made him the most-talked-about jazzman of the year, also did not take part (he is currently on vacation in Cuernavaca, Mexico), even though a "'Round Midnight" segment was shown, with Bobby McFerrin, Herbie Hancock, Buster Williams and Tony Williams.

The impact of the lifetime achievement award for Billie Holiday was somewhat lessened by the embarrassingly mannered rendition of "God Bless the Child" by Anita Baker. The film clips of Johnny Mercer singing, and the acceptance of his trustees award by his widow, Ginger, provided some touching moments.

For the student of jazz and related forms—given the McFerrin-Hancock appearance and a five-minute blues montage in which Willie Dixon, B.B. King, Albert King, Koko Taylor, Etta James and several others did "Let the Good Times Roll"—this was, at the very least, a Grammy show that tried to make amends for all the past sins of omission.

2

Letters To The Editor GUITAR PLAYER MARCH 1987

show-stealer is Rodrigo's "Invocacion y Danza." This should be required listening for any guitarist trying to play tremolo. But these are only minor quibbles that reflect *my* background and tastes. Keep up the good work for another 20 years!

Paul Zorovich
Bohemia, NY

Congratulations to Jim Crockett, and everyone else involved with *Guitar Player*, on its 20th anniversary. Even as a failed guitarist, I still find the magazine fascinating and useful. One small reservation: I read Jim Ferguson's list of essential jazz guitar albums and was very surprised that he omitted an important LP produced in collaboration with your magazine. It is called *Guitar Player*, consists of two LPs, and was made with the blessing and cooperation of Jim Crockett. It included sessions I produced specially for this unique compilation, among them what I believe were some of the best sides ever recorded by B.B. King and Joe Pass (one was Joe's only two-guitar overdub), as well as sessions with Laurindo Almeida, Lee Ritenour, Larry Coryell, Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, Irving Ashby, and John Collins. Guitar Player is still available on MCA [2-6002], and I'm as proud of it as any recording project I ever worked on.

Leonard Feather
Sherman Oaks, CA

2/26

FOR THE RECORD

In Wednesday's Calendar, it was incorrectly reported that jazz vocalist Billie Holiday died of an overdose. In fact, the singer died on July 17, 1959, of complications from liver and kidney infections, lung congestion and cardiac failure, exacerbated by years of drug abuse.

Los Angeles Times

CALENDAR

Television Listings

Wednesday, February 25, 1987

CC Part V

HOLIDAY, MERCER ARE HONORED

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz vocalist Billie Holiday and lyricist Johnny Mercer were given posthumous career achievement awards at the 29th annual Grammy Awards on Tuesday.

Holiday was honored with the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences' lifetime achievement award, while Mercer was given the academy's trustees award.

It would have been all but impossible for Holiday to have won a Grammy during her lifetime. The academy gave its first awards only a year before her death, when Lady Day was far past her prime. Fortunately, lifetime achievement tributes are not about what happened to an artist after the fall, but rather what was achieved during the spring and summer of a glorious career.

A posthumous career achievement award for Billie Holiday.

Holiday's life in music certainly was glorious. No singer since her time has failed to acknowledge her significance as the ultimate creative artist in jazz vocal history.

Holiday's singing career began by accident. Wandering through the Harlem clubs looking for a job, flunking an audition as a dancer, she was asked whether she could sing. She sang "Trav'lin' All Alone," was promptly hired and within a year had been heard by many celebrities, including Benny Goodman, with whom she made her record debut; John Hammond, who produced her long series of unforgettable sessions with Teddy Wilson, and Artie Shaw, thanks to whom she became the first black singer on tour with a white orchestra.

What was it about Lady Day that set her apart? She knew nothing of the mechanics of music, learned her songs by ear and brought to them a personal timbre, a poignant beauty that was beyond definition. She could sublimate the most trivial of tunes with a shifted accent, a slurred note, a subtle pulse.

When we met, she was making the first record date under her own name, with Bunny Berigan and Artie Shaw as sidemen. She turned "Summertime," then a new song, into her own bittersweet anthem; then, when she ran short of material, John Hammond said, "Billie, why don't you just sing some blues?" Out of that chance remark came "Billie's Blues," one of a handful of songs in an idiom which, despite the title of her book and of a horrendously inaccurate posthumous movie ("Lady Sings the Blues"), was not her main identification.

Nobody today can know the experience of sitting in a small 52nd Street club watching Holiday with just a pin spot on her, reducing a noisy audience to dead silence with "Porgy" or "Lover Man" or the song about a lynching, "Strange Fruit."

When I took her to Europe for what proved to be her first and last continental tour, on the few nights when she sang "Strange Fruit" in a concert hall, Holiday would abruptly leave the stage and, no matter how great the applause, would not return. Singing it took too much out of her.

The world knew far too well

Please see HOLIDAY, Page 3

HOLIDAY

Continued from Page 1

about the trouble she saw—the unending fight with drug addiction, with no-good men, with racist humiliations. One prefers to think of her beauty, no less physical than musical; of the Holiday who won all four Esquire gold awards, one of which she received from Jerome Kern here at the Philharmonic; or of the Holiday who had a musical love affair with Lester Young, the saxophonist who was the central figure on so many of her recorded masterpieces.

It has been almost 28 years since Holiday died at age 44 of an overdose and was arrested on her death bed for possession of drugs, half-forgotten and almost broke. But Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald and their peers will never forget. The lifetime achievement Grammy follows less than a year after Hollywood acknowledged her with a star on the Walk-of-Fame sidewalk.

Holiday was the vibrant voice of soul, in the truest sense of that greatly abused word. As a human being she was sweet, sour, kind, mean, generous, profane, lovable and impossible, and nobody expects to see or hear anyone quite like her ever again.

□

It is not by chance that the songs "If You Were Mine," "Too Marvelous for Words," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Day In Day Out," "Trav'lin' Light," "Mandy Is Two" and "Sentimental and Melancholy" all were recorded by Holiday and all had lyrics by Mercer. Holiday's path crossed with Mercer's often enough to provide the basis for a series of performances in which the words and her reading of them created a unique symbiosis.

Mercer, who died in 1976, was that rare individual in the songwriter's universe, a man of intelligence and sophistication whose wit and sensitivity were a constant delight, whether he was writing songs or singing them in a hip, engaging manner that graced his recordings with Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman and in a long series of his own sessions for Capitol.

Like Holiday, Mercer was *sui generis*. His loss was one that called not for replacement, since that is impossible, but rather for rejoicing that he was among us for a while.

Associated Press

Johnny Mercer in 1963

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JAZZIZ MAG. FEB. 1987

REACTIONS

First let me say that I generally enjoy *JAZZIZ*. It's one of the best magazines around. Keep that in mind as I make three criticisms.

1. You shouldn't have dropped the stars out of your record reviews. It takes away some of the plot, sort of like seeing a movie that lacks a title. There is such a thing as a good and a bad record and the stars often tell readers more about the writer's opinion than his or her entire review.

2. The TRPTS article is dumb. Giving only one sentence or even less to dozens of albums is almost worse than ignoring them. I didn't learn a thing from that page except that a lot of records have been released.

3. Stanley Clarke on the cover? He's done very little jazz in years and is almost as bad a choice as Andreas Vollenweider was last issue. You should have given it to Branford Marsalis.

All of this aside, I like *JAZZIZ*.

Jon Chambers
Thousand Oaks, CA

I was surprised to see that Jo Ann Guido found an anti-feminist implication in my remarks about who tried to make a lady or a man out of jazz.

My point was that the supposed attempts to "make a lady" out of jazz had an air of condescending, of patronizing jazz by implying that it needed to be more refined or "ladylike." If Whiteman had been accused of making a *woman* out of jazz there would have been no objection; on the other hand, if he had been credited with "making a *gentleman* out of jazz" it would have been just as offensive, at least to me, as the "lady" remarks.

It seems to me that people like Dave Grusin, Larry Rosen, Eddie Daniels et al have taken jazz a long way beyond the Paul Whiteman days, when improvisation was kept to a minimum. The artists in this area are the great women and men of our time, regardless of whether or not they are ladies or gentlemen.

Having had a 45 year track record of seeking out job opportunities for women musicians, and having consequently been invited to take part annually as host of the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, I don't feel there's much need to defend myself on my attempts to eliminate sexism along with racism in music.

Leonard Feather
Sherman Oaks, CA

JAZZ

DAVID BENOIT IS READY TO MEET THE MASSES

By LEONARD FEATHER

David Benoit's exact role is not easily qualified. Turn to the trade papers and you see such phrases as "lushly lyrical" or "crossover keyboardist." Listen to his latest albums and you hear a touch of fusion, a jazz cut with a purposeful rhythm section or an original orchestral work with strings. Read the critics and you find him compared to everyone from Joe Sample to George Gershwin.

The amiable Benoit (pronounced Ben-*wah*), who looks like a 25-year-junior model of David Steinberg but is in fact 33, has his own self-image. Raised on the records of Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans and Ramsey Lewis, at the same time admiring and hoping to emulate the compositional gifts of Henry Mancini, he has attempted to bring these influences to bear during a career that has zoomed during the past couple of years from relative obscurity to lofty levels on the jazz charts.

That he was ready for mass exposure occurred recently to Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen, who signed him to their GRP Records. Recently, he was teamed, at the intimate Civic Theatre in Hermosa Beach, in concert with Diane Schuur, accompanying her with his own quartet augmented by the L.A. Modern String Orchestra.

In a sense, the wheel of fortune had come full circle, since it was in Hermosa Beach that he grew up—as he points out, "I spent my formative years just five blocks from the Lighthouse when that was the great jazz club of its time."

He was just 6 when the Benoits came here from Bakersfield, where his father played guitar gigs on weekends and spent his days working on a teaching degree. After moving to Los Angeles and earning a doctorate at USC, he became a psychology professor and confined his music sessions mainly to jamming at home.

Many musicians have studied the classics before moving on to jazz. Benoit was one of those rare exceptions who reversed the pattern, first sitting in with his father, then beginning his studies, at 14, with a cocktail pianist. "He would teach me 'Someone to Watch Over Me' and all those old standards. It wasn't until later that I began learning classical reading and techniques, and eventually took a few courses in composition."

After completing his studies, Benoit moved to Hollywood, where he felt the action must be. "I began playing Top 40 tunes in clubs, just to make a living, throwing in a little jazz whenever I could.

"My first real jazz gig was at the old Parisian Room, accompanying Gloria Lynne. That was a great place to work, with Red Holloway, the saxophonist, in charge of the music. I learned a lot of tunes and stayed with Gloria off and on for five years." The job overlapped with other backup work for Lainie Kazan, the vocal group Full Swing and Connie Stevens. "During that time, I began writing music and making my own albums. It's funny, a lot of people think I've only made one record. Actually, 'This Side Up,' the one that did so well on the charts, was my fifth, but finally I'm getting noticed."

Record companies introducing a new artist tend to insist on established tunes. Benoit was again a nonconformist: He was allowed to stay mostly with his own compositions. If this limited his audience at home, it brought a strongly different reaction in what seemed a highly improbable area, the Philippines.

"When my agent called and asked if I'd like to go to Manila, I could hardly believe it. I took my small group over, thinking we'd be in some little nightclub. As it turned out, I was in a hall seating 3,000 with my name in huge letters in back of me, and they provided me with a full orchestra with strings and horns. Here in America I couldn't get arrested, and in the Philippines I was a star!"

MARIANNA DIAMOS

David Benoit: " 'This Side Up,' the one that did so well on the charts, was my fifth [album], but finally I'm getting noticed."

In a typical prophet-without-honor irony, Benoit returned home from his triumphant tour of the Philippines to find himself back on the old grind, playing weddings and performing at Donte's for an audience that barely outnumbered the musicians.

He has been back to the Philippines once, but the political instability made further visits impossible. Immediately after last year's revolution, he expressed his sympathies by including his own "Hymn for Aquino" in the "This Side Up" album.

Like most pianists of his generation, Benoit has been involved with other members of the fast-growing keyboard family. "I taught myself about synthesizers—I've got a DX 7 like everyone else—but any time I've worked with them in a complex way I've had somebody else help me out by doing the programming.

"As you'll hear in my first GRP album, 'Freedom at Midnight,' I prefer to keep my focus on acoustic piano. Synthesizers are OK as a tool to add a little color, but they make it hard to tell whether it's me playing or someone else. My own style comes through much more clearly on piano."

The concert with Diane Schuur was a climactic moment in his decade-long association with singers. "She had all these great arrangements from her last album, by people like Billy May and Johnny Mandel. It was sort of a payoff for the experience I gained when I worked for Lainie and Connie; they had charts by Billy May and Don Costa, and I learned a lot just by looking at the scores and then having to conduct the shows.

"When I first stated conducting, I used to get into real trouble when there was a problem at the orchestra rehearsal. Here I was at, say, the Hilton in Las Vegas, with mature musicians like James Moody in the orchestra, and here's this 23-year-old kid trying to direct them. They'd give me some strange looks. Anyhow, I learned the hard way; it was a neat education, and I didn't have that trouble conducting for Diane."

One of the original compositions in the new Benoit LP will be a piece for piano and strings, "Kei's Song." There is a story behind the title.

"In 1983, I did a tour of Hawaii with Tim Weisberg, the flutist. I saw this really pretty Japanese girl, Kei Sasaki, on the plane, and asked her to come to the concert. I told her later on I'd be going to Japan, which I did, although it was a non-working visit.

"We were married in April of 1985, but first I had to get permission from her father. I was very nervous. Her family lived in a really small house, in a nice area of town in the hills of Osaka, and I didn't know what to expect.

"Well, I walked in and I hear this music, and it's a record her father is playing by Chet Baker and Jim Hall! It turns out he's a total jazz fan—he has Basie, Brubeck, even Archie Shepp, and he has a big collection of CDs, which I'd never seen before. Also, he speaks English.

"Needless to say, we got along just fine. It's wonderful how many ways jazz can be helpful in bringing people's lives together." □

Los Angeles Times

OBITUARIES 3/4/87

Consummate Rhythm Guitarist

Freddie Green; 'Pulse' of Basie Band

By MARITA HERNANDEZ, *Times Staff Writer*

Rhythm guitarist Freddie Green, the "pulse" of the Count Basie orchestra for half a century, died Sunday in Las Vegas of an apparent heart attack. He was 75.

Green, acknowledged as having the longest held job in jazz history, had been in the band since March, 1937. His final performance with the band was with singer Tony Bennett Saturday night in Las Vegas.

A crucial player in what became known as "the all-American rhythm section," Green was also known as "Pep" and "Basie's left hand."

The consummate rhythm guitarist, Green, a quiet and unassuming man, seldom soloed. He believed that his role was to provide the steady pulse behind the band's soloists and ensembles.

Los Angeles Times jazz critic Leonard Feather, who was helping organize a surprise tribute for Green in Los Angeles later this month to celebrate his 50th anniversary with the band, called Green's death the "end of an era." He noted that Green was the last surviving member of a rhythm section that once included Basie on piano, Jo Jones on drums and Walter Page on bass.

"He was admired as the greatest rhythm man in the business and the pulse of the Basie band," Feather said. The tribute to Green, which was planned for the band's March 19 opening at the Wilshire Theatre, may now be turned into a memorial, Feather said.

Band member William Hughes, who described Green as "the main cog in the machinery," said his presence in the 17-member band will be sorely missed.

Green, born March 31, 1911, in Charleston, S.C., attended high school in New York City. Other than a few music lessons taken as a youngster, Green taught himself to play guitar. As a young professional, he made the rounds of Harlem and Greenwich Village clubs before joining Basie in 1937. And except for a few brief absences, he stayed.

Green recorded regularly with the Basie band and also as a free-lance musician with the Benny Goodman orchestra, Lionel Hampton, Pee Wee Russell and others.

"He was a reserved kind of man who didn't need the limelight, but who did his own thing and was happy doing it," said his son, Al, of San Diego. Green, who was twice widowed, is also survived by two daughters, Miriam Nicolls and Ruby Green, both of New York City. His funeral will be held at St. Peter's Church in New York City on Friday.

Los Angeles Times 2/28/87

2 MARATHON SESSIONS

VARIETY OF ACTS SET FOR PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

The ninth annual Playboy Jazz Festival will cut a wide swath both stylistically and geographically, according to details announced Thursday by producer George Wein.

Everything from traditionalism to the avant-garde will be represented, involving performers from New Orleans and New York to Britain and Panama. As usual, the festival will be presented in two marathon sessions at the Hollywood Bowl, June 13 and 14, with Bill Cosby as master of ceremonies.

Set for the first day, which will run from 2:30 p.m. to 11 p.m., are singer Sarah Vaughan; saxophonist Grover Washington Jr.; the Stan Getz Quartet; Joe Williams; the Count Basie Orchestra under the direction of Frank Foster; the Leaders, with Arthur Blythe on alto saxophone, Lester Bowie on trumpet, Chico Freeman on reeds, Kirk Lightsey on piano, Cecil McVee on bass and Don Moye on drums; Duke Dejan's Olympia Brass Band (from New Orleans); the Jeff Lorber Fusion group featuring singer Karyn White, and a 32-piece all-British jazz orchestra led by Rolling Stones drummer Charlie Watts.

The Sunday session, running from 2 p.m. to 10:30 p.m., will present Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra, celebrating Hampton's 60 years as a professional musician; the George Benson Trio; Kenny G, Ruben Blades, the Panamanian-born singer and composer, with his group, Seis del Solar; the Branford Marsalis Quartet; Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition; singer Etta James; guitarist Mundell Lowe's Quartet, and the winning group in the Hennessy Jazz Search.

Tickets are from $8.50 to $20 for each session. Send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box 1951, Los Angeles, 90078, or call (213) 450-9040.

There will be several free events leading up to the festival, starting with the May 3 appearance of guitarist Larry Carlton and the quartet of bassist John Patitucci at Los Angeles Valley College.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZMAN SHORTY ROGERS AND GROUP AIRED LIVE FROM THE BILTMORE HOTEL

Shorty Rogers, one of the most recorded jazzmen of a generation ago, has been making a comeback in recent years. Friday, he brought a newly assembled big band to Donte's; Tuesday, he led a quintet in the first of a series of live broadcasts on KKGO that will emanate weekly from the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore Hotel, hosted by Chuck Niles.

You could say the only thing missing Friday was Howard Rumsey on bass. Many of Rogers' and Rumsey's colleagues from the Lighthouse years were on hand: Bob Cooper, Bob Enevoldsen, Pete Jolly.

Despite this powerful personnel, the first two numbers sounded as though Rogers could have written them in his sleep: a fast blues that was given over mainly to a string of solos with no organized backing, and Rogers' 1953 opus "The Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud," with slightly sloppy work by the reed section.

The band came dramatically to life in an extended piece, in shifting moods and tempos that displayed Rogers' capabilities as a weaver of rich harmonic textures. Lanny Morgan was the featured soloist throughout, alternately reading and ad-libbing to compelling effect.

Next, an arrangement of "Un Poco Loco" translated the old Bud Powell piano solo into vivid orchestral terms—Rogers' fleet, legato fluegelhorn leading the way, the wit and wisdom of Paul Humphrey on drums and Monty Budwig's rock-steady bass.

The Rogers Quintet (with Bill Perkins, Budwig and Jolly from the big band and Roy McCurdy on drums) played the Biltmore gig Tuesday from 5-9 p.m.; the segment from 8-8:30 p.m was aired. Although Jolly's piano solo "Never Never Land" offered surcease, most of what emerged was a competent, conventional journey through jam session territory.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times 3/16/87

JAZZ REVIEW

LES McCANN IN TYPICALLY FINE FORM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Les McCann, a regular favorite at the Alleycat Bistro, was back there Friday and Saturday, pleasing the crowd as he always does with his blues-inspired playing.

Swiveling back and forth between the piano and an electric keyboard, he loomed larger than ever—literally. If his girth were the measure of his worth, he would now be at an unprecedented artistic peak.

He prefers, however, to stay with the formula that has served him for many years. Before going into tempo with his group (known as the Magic Band) he may noodle around with a long introduction that will sound variously like a gospel hymn or a Chopin prelude. Then the quartet, underpinned by the electric bass of Curtis Robinson, Jr., will get a boogaloo beat going, with Bobby Bryant Jr. on soprano or tenor saxophone.

The instrumental numbers were all unannounced. McCann sang a couple of vocals, one of which was rendered semi-audible by the drumming of Tony St. James. The second was a cheerful, unpretentious piece presumably called "T[illegible] Talking About You."

It took a full hour of treadi[ng] water until McCann finally ask[ed] the crowd, "Are you ready?," th[en] went into his ever-popular sing-along routine on "Compared [to] What?" But McCann is too talente[d] an entertainer to need to rely o[n] this almost 20-year-old hit; h[e] could benefit greatly from newe[r] and more provocative materia[l] which in turn could inspire his sid[e]men to more inventive performan[c]es.

JAZZ

CLARINETIST, CENTER STAGE

By LEONARD FEATHER

"I'm an obsessive, compulsive, crazy person," said Eddie Daniels. "Last night, I played a concert to a full house, got two standing ovations, yet I came away thinking of all the things I didn't like about myself. I got home and looked at my clarinet and said to myself, 'Damn! What went wrong with this, and that, and that?'"

If there are faults in Daniels' playing, his listeners have failed to hear them. He has become, in the past year, the Wynton Marsalis of the clarinet. His "Breakthrough" album on GRP, part of it with the 80-piece London Philharmonic, proved this by displaying him to dazzling effect in both classical and jazz settings.

The irony of his present celebrity status is that for years he made a living as a saxophonist, doubling only fitfully on clarinet; in fact, some critics have compared him not to Benny Goodman or Buddy De Franco but to Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane.

"The fact is I always liked clarinet best," said Daniels in his brash, New York-accented voice during a recent Los Angeles visit. "I began studying it at 12, three years after I'd started on saxophone, and it was clarinet that I studied at Juilliard, with Daniel Bonade, one of the great old French masters."

As a teen-ager he played sax and clarinet in the Newport Youth Band. "A lot of good people came out of that band. The drummer was Larry Rosen, who's now the R in GRP Records—my boss, right? I went on to get my bachelor's degree in education at Brooklyn College. It wasn't until 1966 that I graduated from Juilliard with my master's degree."

That he did not become a full-time musician immediately was due to parental influence. "When I started hanging out with jazz musicians, they thought that element wasn't healthy for their nice young Jewish boy. My mother associated it with drugs and that kind of stuff. So I became a schoolteacher. But now that I've made it as a musician she's unbelievably proud—'My son's the best!' My father came to hear me just before he died a few months ago, and that was a proud moment for us both."

Daniels began his brief teaching career at Westinghouse Vocational High. "That was a real blackboard-jungle type school, all boys, and I had to teach hygiene, which became sex education. They wanted to know about sex, so I would talk about it."

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Eddie Daniels: "I want to stretch the clarinet to its limits, put myself on the hot seat so I have to keep playing better."

Crossing from sex to sax, Daniels moved into the jazz world, starting on tenor saxophone with the clarinetist Tony Scott. "I tried to play clarinet with him too, but he said, 'Put that thing away. You sound too much like Buddy De Franco.' Actually, Buddy was my inspiration; he made me turn the corner away from Benny Goodman, and he was always supportive, telling me for years to get out of the studios and play clarinet on the road."

Less supportive was Thad Jones, during Daniels' six years with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra. "I had a ball playing tenor, but while we were taping a live album at the Village Vanguard I picked up the clarinet and snuck in a solo. Thad was very upset about it—but on the strength of that one solo I won the Down Beat New Star award on clarinet. That gave me the chutzpah to keep on doing it, even though Thad hated the clarinet."

During the Jones/Lewis incumbency, Daniels made the lucrative transition into the studio world, playing in the band on Dick Cavett's TV show from 1972 to 1974. He kept busy through the next decade, but ultimately came to the decision that took him out of the studios and back to the clarinet full time.

"What was happening in the studios became very clear to me. A lot of fine players, the cream of the crop who were making their living there, saw the synthesizers taking over, so that right now there is literally half the amount of work.

"Now, here was a chance for someone like me to come out with an acoustic instrument that hadn't been heard from that much and get the young people interested. It gives them a role model; maybe it will take a few of them away from the electronic revolution and back to this very primitive instrument, this piece of wood with holes in it, this wonderful thing called the clarinet."

One of Daniels' enthusiastic supporters in making his new move has been Mercer Ellington. Daniels has recorded on two albums with the Ellington orchestra, playing tenor sax only in the reed section but soloing extensively on clarinet.

He has consistently bridged the gap between the classical and jazz worlds, playing every summer at the Aspen Festival, and with such orchestras as the Cincinnati Symphony. Most significantly, in March, 1984, he premiered Jorge Calandrelli's "Concerto for Jazz Clarinet and Orchestra" with the New American Orchestra at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. He performed it again in 1985 at the Charles Ives Festival, and recorded it, along with compositions by C.P.S. Bach, Torrie Zito and himself, for the "Breakthrough" album.

That the clarinet has a logical place on today's music scene is obvious. That it remained in the shadows so long is inexplicable. In jazz, it produced such early giants as Jimmy Noone; in the Swing Era it was the chariot to fame for Goodman, Artie Shaw and others. Duke Ellington's orchestra was the setting for Barney Bigard and later for Jimmy Hamilton. The bebop years produced De Franco and Tony Scott. Daniels is simply picking up a torch that ought never to have been dropped.

He has had many honors along the way. Before joining Jones/Lewis, he went to Vienna, where he won a saxophone competition organized by the pianist Friedrich Gulda. He has been an annual winner of the NARAS Most Valuable Player award. Climactically, in December he won—by just two votes over De Franco—the Down Beat Readers' Poll.

"A lot of good things have happened as a result of the album," he says. "John Dankworth, who fell in love with it, had me play a Pops series; I've played with the London Symphony quite a few times, playing everything from Mozart to the things in the album.

"I want to stretch the clarinet to its limits, put myself on the hot seat so I have to keep playing better. At the concert last night I played Weber's Concertino for Clarinet and a piece by Prokofiev called 'Variations on a Hebrew Theme'; then the big jazz orchestra came on and I played 'Donna Lee' and a couple of big-band charts. Then John Patitucci and I played some bass-and-clarinet duos.

"It was a solid 2½-hour concert in which I had to play *everything*. That's what I want—to be put through the wringer. I want a job where they put you up against the wall and say, 'Put that clarinet in your mouth, go ahead and play Mozart, play every bit of the classical literature, and do it as well as anyone ever did it, or better, and then you gotta play chamber music and jazz. You gotta do it all.'

"I love it. It's a challenge. Life is only exciting when you're really challenged." □

Los Angeles Times 3/14/87

JAZZ REVIEW

McCORKLE'S ECLECTICISM AT VINE ST.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Susannah McCorkle is infatuated with words.

You don't have to know that she speaks four languages to realize this (though it helps). As she wove her way through a somewhat excessively eclectic program Thursday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, it became clear that she wants to tackle every lyrical obstacle.

A tall, attractive blonde who immediately puts you in a New York state of mind, McCorkle has a weakness for schmaltzy songs about show business. Her opener was "That's Entertainment," and she sang "There's No Business Like Show Business" as a dreamy waltz—a brilliant conception, though perhaps hardly as good an idea as simply not singing it at all.

She also displayed a propensity for humor, in a vocalese version of an Illinois Jacquet solo on "All of Me" and in a comic series of pseudo-*macho*-image lines on "Real Men Don't Eat Quiche." She does not, however, neglect the need for a gentle, soulful song once in a while, as in Rupert Holmes' touching "People That You Never Get to Love" or the old Lil Armstrong ballad "Just for a Thrill."

On these slower pieces, and in such relaxed moments as her bilingual version of the Brazilian "Triste," one has a chance to appreciate the melodic aspects of her talent: The purity of sound, the easy phrasing, the beautifully held high-note endings.

She makes smart use of her trio, often opening with just the bassist Steve Bailey ("If They Could See Me Now") or the drummer, Peter Donald, as in "Let's Do It." The latter must belong in the Guinness Book of Records as the song with the most extra sets of words, and it seems most likely that McCorkle knows them all. The pianist Tom Garvin leads the group efficiently.

McCorkle has such an ingratiating and gracious personality that she can even be forgiven for singing "The Trolley Song." Her all too hurried visit ends tonight.

SUE RANEY BRINGS IT ALL TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sue Raney, who came and went in two nights at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, brings together in a single performance the most desirable elements one looks for in a jazz-inclined singer. Guaranteed in any Raney show: overall concept, choice of material, sensitive interpretation and, for good measure, physical beauty.

On Tuesday evening, her first performance began and ended in a jazz waltz groove, starting with "How's That for Openers?" written by her pianist, Bob Florence, and closing with "Bluesette." Vienna was never like this.

Much of the set was devoted to material from her recent album of songs with lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman, along with the title tune of that LP, Florence's charming melody "Flight of Fancy" (lyrics by Raney). This is a virtual guarantee of quality, especially since the Bergmans' most frequent collaborator is Michel Legrand.

Raney has all the requisite jazz facilities at her command but wisely never abuses them, generally avoiding excessive shifts of melody or phrasing. She just applies her pure sound to such messages as "Take Me Home," a delightfully simple Bergman lyric to a simply delightful Johnny Mandel melody.

Less successful was what sounded like four songs that were non sequiturs; the reason for linking them, their common origin (they were all by Jerome Kern), might better have been explained in advance.

Raney is gifted with exceptional range, hitting unpredictable high notes with bull's-eye marksmanship, except for one that didn't quite make it. Admirable though most of these effects are, she doesn't have to keep proving she could do it. Just by being Sue Raney, she affords us enough pleasure; no extra frills are needed.

Los Angeles Times (syndicated) 3/15/87

whom have written paeans to their children and loosened up on the sassiness long enough to develop "vulnerability" streaks a mile wide.

And what of tough chick Patty Smyth? Her daughter rates a 20-second a cappella coda at the end of the album, the rest of which is filled with business as usual: ham-fisted, vaguely romantic and all-purpose inspirational, sing-along, corporate rock.

This time she's hooked up with the boys from the Hooters for production and co-writing credits, and though the formula remains much the same, the new team doesn't quite have the proclivity for great-sounding guilty pleasures as her previous producer Mike Chapman.

With a couple of exceptions (the ambitious "Give It Time" and "The River Cried" are strong and unique enough to sound is if they're on the wrong album), everything here is pretty well homogenized—even a

JAZZ

THE MANY LIVES OF MAXINE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Precious few singers still active today can claim to have been performing in public before the repeal of Prohibition. Maxine Sullivan can do better—she was singing before Prohibition.

"It's true," said the silver-haired woman during a recent Hollywood engagement. "My grandmother was always pushing me out front, and I remember singing 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles' at the Carnegie Library in Homestead, Pa., wearing my high-top shoes, in 1918."

Sullivan has three celebrations in the near future: her 76th birthday (May 13); the 50th anniversaries of her first recording ("Gone With the Wind" with Claude Thornhill's Orchestra, recorded June 14, 1937) and of her hit ("Loch Lomond," recorded Aug. 6, 1937).

She takes things a little easier now. Last year, working hard, still smoking and drinking, not sleeping enough—and sidelined at one point by pneumonia—she alarmed friends and her daughter, Paula, by her ever more frail condition. She stands at 4-feet-11 and at last count weighed in at 82 pounds.

"I've stopped smoking," she says now. "It was easy—I was in the hospital anyway. And I'm learning to turn jobs down. I have a couple of jazz cruises, like the Norway, lined up, but that's fun. There's a big charity event in London during the

IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

Singer Maxine Sullivan: "I keep getting rediscovered."

fall, and I'll be back here at the Hollywood Cinegrill, I guess. But I really knocked myself out last year, and I don't intend to do that again."

Sullivan has lived three vocal lives: as a child prodigy in her native Homestead, Pa.; as an adult star worldwide from 1936-57, and as a returnee who in 1967 emerged from a 10-year retirement.

"I keep getting rediscovered," she says. "Before I retired, I was playing jobs where a lot of young people had never heard of Maxine Sullivan, and the radio stations had none of my records." Today, she has more albums on the market than ever before; of more than a dozen recent recordings, three were nominated for Grammys.

Music came to Sullivan very early and quite naturally. "The family on my father's side was quite musical. They were from Coatesville, Pa., and in the early years of the century they migrated to Homestead, a very small town outside Pittsburgh.

"I was born Marietta Williams, after an aunt Marietta, who sang contralto. An uncle, Harry Williams, played drums in a band led by a man named Lois Deppe. The pianist in that band was Earl Hines.

"My father died in 1914, when I

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over

BILLY JOEL

t CBS with lots of connections.

"Well, I auditioned at every gin mill from 155th Street to the Onyx Club on West 52nd. I auditioned for Carl Kress, the guitarist who was a partner in the Onyx. Two days later, I went to work there."

Within a week, Thornhill had recorded her. But the definitive move was his idea of having her swing an old Scottish folk song. "Loch Lomond" was an immediate sensation, and it did not hurt at all that one radio station pulled it off the air, claiming it was irreverent to treat a respected theme in this manner. The uproar of publicity led to a big spread in Life magazine. Overnight, Sullivan was famous, the new heroine of the swing era.

After a long run at the Onyx, she was claimed by Hollywood, appearing with Louis Armstrong in "Going Places" and singing the title tune and three other numbers in "St. Louis Blues." Her first stage role was that of Titania in a modernized version of "Midsummer Night's Dream," retitled "Swingin' the Dream." Panned by the critics, it folded after 10 nights and is remembered mainly for having introduced a tune sung by Sullivan, "Darn That Dream."

By now, she was married to John Kirby, the bassist who led the band at the Onyx. Together, they landed a unique assignment, a CBS radio series called "Flow Gently, Sweet Rhythm." Kirby's sextet played delicate instrumentals, many of them based on classical themes; Sullivan sang folk and pop songs. It just may have been the best live jazz series ever presented in the radio days.

"We were on every Sunday afternoon for two years, and everyone from coast to coast was listening. Aside from late-night remotes, there weren't many black artists on radio, and Kirby's was the only band."

The next decade was one of continuous triumphs. Though the association with Kirby broke up (as did the marriage), she toured with many other bands: one-night stands with Benny Carter, vaudeville houses with Glen Gray, swanky hotel jobs such as the Ritz-Carlton in Boston.

The jobs came fast; the profits took a little longer. Typically, she was paid $25 for the entire record session that included "Loch Lomond," and received not a penny in royalties. When the music was published, the name on the cover was not Sullivan's but Benny Goodman's; he had jumped on the bandwagon and recorded it with a vocal by Martha Tilton.

Sullivan says she never had a chance to settle down and earn steady money until the Ruban Bleu, one of the great East Side supper clubs, hired her and kept her there off and on for six years. The international circuit opened up after her first trip to Britain in 1948. She has been back dozens of times, and has visited Stockholm every year for the last 12 years.

In 1950, she met Cliff Jackson, for many years the house pianist at Cafe Society. Their marriage was long and happy, ending only when Jackson died in 1970.

The last job during her first adult career was at a club in Honolulu. She came home feeling ill, underwent an operation and took stock of her life. "I had saved money; Paula was just coming out of junior high school, and it seemed to me that after 20 good years I ought to quit while I was ahead."

She had studied nursing, and for a while worked as a health counselor at schools. She also took up the valve trombone and fluegelhorn and played them on occasional gigs when she returned after hiatus.

"I'd had no idea of returning, but a musician friend talked me into doing two weeks in Washington. I thought everyone had forgotten me, but I ran into a lot of old friends there, people who'd known me from the Ruban Bleu days. Soon afterward I met Dick Gibson, and wound up doing eight weeks with Bobby Hackett and eight weeks with Dick's new group, which he called the World's Greatest Jazz Band."

By 1970, Sullivan realized that she was back working full time. Tours and records with the World's Greatest Jazz Band, clubs and jazz festivals and jazz parties kept her as busy as her telephone; she has no agent and no need for one.

"It's a great life," she says. "New things keep happening. In 1985, I went to Japan for the first time, with Scott Hamilton's Quintet, and made an album there with him. I've done festivals in Nice, Holland, Denmark; I've been to Ireland and Wales—I've just about done it all. No, wait a minute—I've never been to Paris. Anyone out there listening? Call me up!" □

3/25/87 Los Angeles Times

ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA TO PLAY AT QUEEN MARY JAZZ FESTIVAL

The Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by the late composer's son Mercer Ellington, will make a rare appearance in the Southland on May 15 as part of the annual Queen Mary Jazz Festival in Long Beach.

Spread over three days, the festival will include the Ellington ensemble in the first show, to run from 7:30 p.m.to 11 p.m. The concerts will take place in a 10,000-seat arena set up near the bow of the Queen Mary. As usual, they will lean primarily toward contemporary, fusion and Latin music along with some orthodox jazz.

In addition to Ellington, attractions on the first night will include singer Diane Schuur; the Rippingtons, with Russ Freeman, David Benoit and Brandon Fields, and Leslie Drayton & Fun.

Saturday's show, 4 p.m. to midnight, will offer Lee Ritenour, George Howard, Poncho Sanchez, the vocal group Rare Silk and the "Great Guitarist" combo with three plectrum veterans, Charley Byrd, Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel.

The final program on Sunday, also starting at 4 p.m., will present the Louis Bellson Big Band, Wishful Thinking, Spyro Gyra, the Yellowjackets, Alphonse Mouzon and Larry Carlton.

For ticket information, call the Queen Mary at (213) 435-3511, ext. 1254, or Ticketmaster at (213) 480-3232 or (714) 740-2000.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times 3/24/87

IT'S ALL RIGHT, ELLA'S BACK

For Ella Fitzgerald, as for her audience, it was an emotional evening Saturday at El Camino College. It was her coming-out party after a long illness due to a heart ailment, and the packed house clearly knew it.

Reassurance came swiftly: Her opening song had an apt title, "It's All Right With Me." It was all right—and more than that during the second half, when she followed a time-honored custom by teaming with the guitarist Joe Pass. Though the two of them were on stage together for only four tunes, the sense of spontaneity brought out the best in this totally compatible couple.

Fitzgerald offered superb high-note endings. A perennial sense of pleasure was derived and imparted during the first half (backed by Paul Smith on piano, Keter Betts on bass and Jeff Hamilton on drums) as she ranged through everything from "Wait Till You See Him" to "Agua De Beer" (in Portuguese) and the old Billie Holiday hit "Crazy He Calls Me." Her low notes on the first, slow chorus of "Ghost of a Chance" were full and assured.

Before she joined forces with Pass, the guitarist offered a superlative set on his own, working finger-style much of the time but also using the plectrum to dazzling effect.

Pass stayed on stage with the trio, adding his welcome beat to the encores. One had the sense that the evening could have gone on indefinitely, and that Ella herself would have been happy to oblige.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/20

TV REVIEW

THELONIOUS MONK TRIBUTE SLIGHTS THE MAN'S MUSIC

By LEONARD FEATHER

Innocents with little knowledge of how jazz works may be mystified as they watch "Celebrating a Jazz Master" this weekend on PBS, a Charles Fishman production taped last year at Constitution Hall in Washington and sponsored by the Beethoven Society. (It airs tonight at 10:30 on Channel 50, and Saturday at 10 p.m. on Channel 28.)

They will wonder what were the elements of greatness in Thelonious Monk that led such musicians as Herbie Hancock, David Amram and Wynton Marsalis to reminisce loftily about the new boundaries established, the legacy he passed on, the "elevation of the human spirit" (Hancock's verdict).

Their confusion will be understandable. The program opens (after introductions by Debbie Allen and Bill Cosby) with the amusing but irrelevant two-tin-whistles-at-once routine of David Amram, teamed with Dizzy Gillespie in a Gillespie tune. Later, the pianists Ellis Marsalis and Kenny Kirkland duet on "Just You, Just Me," with only momentary reference to a Monk song midway through.

Monk composed two great ballads: "'Round Midnight," splendidly performed by Gerry Mulligan with the Billy Taylor Trio, and "Ruby My Dear," well played by the pianist Walter Davis Jr. The best of his quirky, ingenious instrumental pieces, such as "Straight No Chaser" and "Misterioso," are not heard.

Instead, we have Herbie Hancock, Wynton Marsalis and Jon Hendricks improvising on traditional chords, with a brief nod to Monk only in their opening and closing statements, via the very basic "Blue Monk" and the simplistic "Rhythmaning." Ursula Dudziak, playing multiphonic synthesizer tricks with her voice, refers briefly to "Well You Needn't," a Monk riff tune based mainly on two chords.

There is good ad lib jazz aplenty here, but the actual proportion of playing time devoted to Monk's music is in fact very small indeed, though this will not be clear to listeners who cannot distinguish between an improvisation on the blues or "I Got Rhythm" and an original creation by the supposed central figure in this curious production.

It's too bad that a vastly superior documentary, "Music In Monk Time," has been unable to get on the air, despite having won numerous honors such as a bronze award from the New York Festival.

JAZZ REVIEW

SARAH, JOE, BASIE BAND IN TOP FORM

By LEONARD FEATHER

There was a near-capacity crowd at the Wilshire Theater Thursday, and the forecast indicated golden box-office weather for the entire four-day run (including two shows Sunday) by Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams and the Count Basie Orchestra.

It figures. With attractions of this caliber, it would have been as hard to arrange a financial disaster as to put on a mediocre show.

That Vaughan received top billing was predictable; that her performance took up the entire second half, and that nobody acted on the logical idea of having her sing a duet with Williams for a finale, was questionable. Still, she was in superb form, from the opening "Fascinating Rhythm" to a surprise encore for which she accompanied herself, excellently, at the piano.

There were the usual self-deprecating Vaughan jokes—about nervousness, about sweating, about not looking like Lena Horne. Nevertheless, in her gold lame gown and light brown wig she was attractive, and if the songs were the same ones we have heard so often before, to complain would be akin to griping that when you've seen one rainbow, you've seen them all.

The songs that rang truest were those where the variations were fewest. "Here's That Rainy Day," completely devoid of tricks, was a flawless gem. Her treatment of Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge" was guaranteed to affect all but the most shiver-proof of spines.

Singing what she called "the man's part" on "Misty," she reached down for low notes that Michael Jackson could only dream of.

There were also the predictable scat outings, and an overdramatized "If You Could See Me Now," during which her use of melisma (she broke the word *you* into about 11 notes) drew applause.

It was a rare treat to hear Vaughan backed not only by her regular trio (George Gaffney, piano; Harold Jones, drums, and Andy Simpkins, bass) but also by the horns of the Basie band.

Frank Foster led the Basie juggernaut through a 25-minute instrumental set that displayed all its collective and individual virtues. Middle-aged men who joined the band in the 1950s sat side by side with gifted youths who entered the ranks a few years ago.

It was sad, however, to hear that opening cadenza on "Li'l Darlin'" played on the piano by Tee Carson, rather than by the late Freddie Green on guitar. A touching moment on opening night was the presentation to Green's son Al, by guitarist Kenny Burrell, of testimonials from the Los Angeles City Council and from Mayor Tom Bradley, declaring Freddie Green Day. This was, in fact, organized before Green's death March 1 and was to have been a surprise for him.

Green has not been replaced; he was one of a kind.

The Basie set ended with a splendid "Jumpin' at the Woodside" spotlighting Foster, Eric Dixon and Kenny Hing on tenor saxes.

Williams sang Jimmy Rushing blues and Memphis Slim blues and Joe Turner blues; he sang blues ballads and, in a needed reminder of his expertise in the art of ballad singing, offered a warm and virile treatment of the 1954 song "Young and Foolish." To complete the beauty of this item, there was an arrangement by Johnny Pate, using three flutes, and a trumpet solo by Bob Ojeda.

That Williams is a nonpareil blues singer has been a given for 30 years. That nobody can outsing him on a tune like "Young and Foolish" is a fact that should be much more widely known.

Los Angeles Times
Part VI/Saturday, March 21, 1987

Los Angeles Times 3/31/87

JAZZ REVIEWS

WILLIAMS AT PALACE COURT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jessica Williams, a pianist and composer who has earned respect and a loyal following in San Francisco, came to Los Angeles for the first time, opening and closing Saturday at the Palace Court.

The conditions could hardly have been less encouraging. It did not help that Williams has no personality and announced no tunes; worse, there was no bass player, no drummer, and, except for a few stragglers, no audience. This left Williams alone at a piano for one, and at an indifferent piano at that.

Standing at around six feet, Williams has large, muscular hands that could explain a surprisingly hard-driving, virile touch, coupled with an exceptional facility for swinging. Here is an artist who obviously grew up at a time when the maintenance of a rhythmic pulse was quintessential.

Clearly a disciple of Thelonious Monk, Williams played a medley of his ballads, such as "Crepuscule With Nellie" and "Monk's Mood," as well as an engaging original, "Monk's Hat." In one of the better standards performed, "Why Do I Love You?" there was an intriguing cross-hands passage, with the right hand playing fluent ad-lib lines in the lower register while the left strummed chords an octave or two higher.

"Blue Tuesday" was another original reflecting this artist's quirkily personal style. Toward the end of the set, one sensed the loneliness of the long-distance soloist. Still, there was no doubt that given the right conditions, Williams could establish a Los Angeles following, though the Palace Court doesn't seem likely to provide the setting.

L. A. Times 3/22/87

JAZZ

DANKWORTH, LAINE IN A POETIC GROOVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz and poetry went through a shotgun wedding ceremony in the late 1950s but were separated soon after it was realized that the poets and the music were rarely compatible.

There was one memorable revival in 1964 when Cleo Laine recorded her "Shakespeare and All That Jazz" album (long out of print), with most of the music composed and performed by John Dankworth.

There was a certain logic here, since the Bard and the blues had a common element: iambic pentameter. Take, for example, a couplet from "Macbeth":

I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam Forest comes to Dunsinane

and compare it to a typical, age-old blues strain:

I love to hear my baby call my name
She calls so sweet and calls so doggone plain.

Regardless of meter, however, given a singer with the essential understanding of the verse, and an accompaniment with inherent melodic validity, the mating can indeed work, as the Dankworths have shown in a newer and even more ambitious venture, "Wordsongs" (Philips 830 460-1).

In this two-LP set, the first two sides are devoted to Shakespeare, mainly in updated treatments of materials from the old album. Though Dankworth wrote almost all the music, there are notable exceptions: Two sonnets have music borrowed from the Shakespeare suite "Such Sweet Thunder" by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn.

Completing the album is a grab-bag of wordsongs by T. S. Eliot, John Donne, William Makepeace Thackeray, e. e. cummings and others, including two latecomers by Spike Milligan, whose satirical "English Teeth" is a comic gem.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth's double LP, "Wordsongs," adds jazz to words from the likes of Shakespeare and T. S. Eliot.

Dankworth's themes (and solos on clarinet or alto sax) are unpretentiously apt throughout. As for Laine, whether displaying her leapfrog range on "Take All My Loves" or singing "Sun and Fun," Sir John Betjeman's song of a nightclub proprietress, she is stupendous. In "The Complete Works," a Dankworth device, she manages incredibly to swallow Shakespeare's entire play output, title by title, in 70 seconds.

Not all the vehicles work; W. H. Auden's "Tell Me the Truth About Love" is too cute by far, though it happens to have one of the best and most buoyant tunes.

In the upward curve of Cleo Laine's career, this is without doubt her *arc de triomphe*. 5 stars.

□

"JOURNEY TO THE URGE WITHIN." Courtney Pine. Antilles/Island 8700. Since the Dankworths' first successes, few jazz artists from England have come to prominence. Courtney Pine has become the symbol of an important young generation of black British jazzmen. Born in London of Jamaican parents, Pine escaped from the limitations he found in reggae and funk, studied furiously and began climbing the heights to jazz, as composer (seven of the 10 cuts), tenor and soprano saxophonist (four cuts each) and bass clarinetist (two).

No two numbers are alike in size, instrumentation, or concept. Several have wordless vocal effects. Though Pine says, "I think a black British style is going to evolve," what one hears is a heady mix of influences, principally John Coltrane (aptly, on "I Believe," the pianist evokes McCoy Tyner). Pine, who has already attracted enough interest to tour with Elvin Jones and sit in with Art Blakey, will probably be in the U.S. in June with Charlie Watts' band at the Playboy Festival. Meanwhile, he shows as much promise at 22 as Wynton and Branford Marsalis did at the same age. 4 stars.

□

"POWER OF THREE." Michel Petrucciani. Blue Note BL 85133. Recorded live at the Montreux Festival, this is primarily a duo encounter in which the French pianist is empathetically mated with the guitar of Jim Hall. Both display, in their solos and interplay, the power of three values: intelligence, eloquence and elegance. Important, too, are the guest appearances by Wayne Shorter, who in one calypso-oriented track shows a restrained, almost introvert aspect of his personality on tenor sax. 4 stars.

□

"PHANTOM NAVIGATOR." Wayne Shorter. Columbia 40373. It is odd that Shorter makes a more profound impression on the above Petrucciani set than in his own new album. This group bears a somewhat closer resemblance to Weather Report than did his previous LP; it is replete with various synthesizer and keyboard players, along with vocal touches. The creative level simply does not reflect Shorter's talents to optimum effect. 2 stars.

□

"TRIO MUSIC, LIVE IN EUROPE." Chick Corea. ECM 1310. As has often been the case in Corea's more conceptually valid ventures, this is less a piano album with rhythm than a series of performances by a sensitively integrated trio, with Miroslav Vitous' bass and Roy Haynes' drums as central forces. Only the drum solo piece, "Hittin' It," is expendable. The two Corea originals, three standards and Scriabin's "Prelude No. 2" combine authority with vision. 3½ stars.

□

"THE RED HOT BROWN TRIO." The Ray Brown Trio. Concord 315. Gene Harris, the pianist rescued by bassist Ray Brown three years ago from semi-obscurity in Idaho, has reestablished himself, in a series of albums under his own name or Brown's, as the epitome of swinging, technically flawless jazz. With able support by drummer Mickey Roker, he and Brown share the solo footage in this delightful live set taped at the Blue Note in New York. Among the many splendors: Harris' sumptuous chording and Brown's between-chorus vamping on "Meditation," Brown's bowed solo on "Love Me Tender," the ebullient blues groove set by all three in "Captain Bill." For the eternal verities emotionally expressed here. 4½ stars.

□

"BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET." Columbia 40379. Though taped in 1950-52, these 12 pieces had little or no exposure; in effect, they show a neglected phase of the Goodman career. He had Terry Gibbs playing vibes on all cuts and, on most, Teddy Wilson at the piano and Mundell Lowe on guitar. All are in good form, playing '20s and '30s standards, with Goodman's controlled passion reaching a climactic groove on "Undecided." Goodman takes a forgivable vocal on "Four or Five Times." 4 stars.

□

"NOTHIN' BUT THE TRUTH." Jessica Williams. Black Hawk 51301 CD. An underrated Bay Area pianist, Williams plays four originals: the bop-blues title tune, the minor waltz "Kristen" and a graceful tune called "Dog Days" that is, oddly, more Monkish than her dedicatory "Monk's Hat." There's also a pleasant "Round Midnight" with a light Latin beat and, perhaps best of all, a sensitive "Stars Fell on Alabama" with a bass solo by John Wittala. An intelligent drummer, Bug Spangler, completes the trio. This CD includes 43½ minutes of intriguing music. 4 stars. □

4/2/87

JAZZ REVIEW

PINKY WINTERS' TASTE FOR IMPECCABLE SONGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Entertainment for Tuesday's "not for members only" meeting of the Los Angeles Jazz Society, held at the headquarters of the Musicians' Union Local 47, was provided by singer Pinky Winters, with pianist Lou Levy and his sidemen, Nick Martinis on drums and Herb Mickman on bass.

Winters is one of those taken-for-granted artists who, while enjoying the respect of her peers, works only occasionally. True, she is not spectacularly gifted, nor does she aim at any strong jazz identification, but given her impeccable choice of material and Levy's always reliable backing (he is also now working for Frank Sinatra), the results have a flavor that can scarcely fail to please the jazz-trained ear.

Most of her songs are products of the days when Tin Pan Alley was a gold-filled lane: "Will You Still Be Mine," "It Might As Well Be Spring" and even "I Got Rhythm," which Winters validated by including the little known verse and by juxtaposing it with an old Irving Berlin number called "He Ain't Got Rhythm."

On a more contemporary note, her reading of the Johnny Mandel-Dave Frishberg song "You Are There" turned it into a poignant tone poem. Winters would have made a marvelous band singer had she not come up in an era when that was already an extinct breed.

3/29/87

NELLIE LUTCHER: THIS REAL GONE GAL IS BACK

By LEONARD FEATHER

It would not be fair to claim that Nellie Lutcher ever retired. For the ebullient pianist who wrote and sang "He's a Real Gone Guy" and "Hurry on Down" in her glory days, the term *semi-retirement* would, she grants, be more accurate.

What seems most noteworthy now is that for the first time in many years she is actively seeking work.

When the hit records of her songs broke through, Lutcher moved into the upper echelons of show business. Chic clubs on the Sunset Strip, Cafe Society in New York, the Paramount Theatre on Times Square and the Apollo uptown—she had all the work she could handle.

Then came the rock era and, for Lutcher, the well dried up.

"I remember when I made the decision to quit the road," she said. "I was booked into a room outside Montreal, a club that had established itself through rock. All the owners knew was, if you had a name they would book you. It was the worst possible situation; people were talking louder than I was singing. So I told my agent to just forget me."

By that time—the mid-1960s—her recordings had dwindled to a precious few. Somehow, though, Lutcher's name has remained fresh in the minds of nightclub owners and customers alike. In 1973, Barney Josephson, at whose Cafe Society she had worked in the old days, offered her a job at his Cookery in New York. Since then there had been the occasional club date or festival in California, but nothing of consequence until, through an agent friend named Alan Eichler, she was booked into the Vine Street Bar & Grill and more recently the Hollywood Roosevelt Cinegrill.

"Things seem to have turned around," she said. "I'm ready to go wherever there's an audience that will listen."

Lutcher bridles at the occasional printed suggestion that she retired to "go into real estate." It's true, she said, that she invested in a seven-unit building in Los Angeles. "I rented out five and kept two for myself; then came plans for the Santa Monica Freeway, right through my area, and I had to sell the building to the state. Since 1960 I've owned another building—six units, one of which I live in. And I have eight acres in Palmdale, but I'm just holding on to that, not building."

Very well, so she's not in real estate; however, she is also not in financial distress. It does bother her, though, that some of her best-known Capitol records are being sold in Sweden, where a lax copyright law allows recordings to go into the public domain after about 25 years. She earns no royalties from this. Meanwhile, Capitol let the same material disappear from its U.S. listings; a couple of years ago the enterprising independent Pausa label leased some of the best cuts for an album, "Real Gone" (Pausa 9024). She would like to return to the recording studios to revise and update her repertoire.

□

Lutcher's success as a singer on hit records was by no means preordained. She thought of herself as a pianist who came to California to advance herself as a composer and arranger.

MIKE MEADOWS / Los Angeles Times

Jazz singer Nellie Lutcher: "I'm ready to go wherever there's an audience that will listen."

Home was Lake Charles, La. "I was the third of 15 children. My mother wanted to be a pianist, but with that big family she didn't have time to fool around with it, so she was thrilled when I began studying. I was 6, and within two years I was good enough to play in church, where my teacher herself played.

"My Dad played bass in a band led by Clarence Hart, a saxophonist. One of his good buddies was the legendary trumpeter Bunk Johnson, who came from New Iberia, La. Bunk played in the band, and was in it when Hart asked my Dad if I could join him on piano. My mother didn't dig this at all, but Dad said he didn't think they should hold me back, so at 15 I began playing little weekend dance dates with Hart."

Lutcher's career was interrupted twice by marriage. "I don't want to talk about that or even mention names. My first marriage was just two months. I had a son by the second marriage; he's now in his late 40s."

She toured with the Southern Rhythm Boys, from New Orleans. "We got as far as Mississippi; then things got rough and the band broke up. That's when I started thinking about moving to California. My mother had relatives out here, and Hart had moved here.

"I thought about Mary Lou Williams and how successful she'd been, not only playing piano but composing and arranging. I wanted to better myself the same way."

Soon after arriving in Los Angeles she was hired to play at the Dunbar Hotel, then a cynosure for black entertainers. "I got $2 a night but you made great tips then. I did one or two vocals, but never thought about studying voice.

"I credit the public for everything that's happened to me. People kept saying 'We want to hear you sing!' They even put a glass on the piano for tips. I didn't consider myself a vocalist; I called myself a song designer."

□

After the Dunbar there were all the jobs she could handle. "Every obscure bar in town had live music. I kept going from one group to another; spent the World War II years with Dootsie Williams in San Diego—we played popular songs and sang quartet vocals."

The jobs slowly became longer lasting and more prestigious—a year or two at the Club Bali on the Sunset Strip, from there to the Club Royale at Florence and Broadway. "The leaders were two brothers, Wilbur and Doug Daniels, who'd worked on 52nd Street with the Spirits of Rhythm. They were marvelous entertainers."

They were also, it turned out, chronic troublemakers. The owner wanted Lutcher to take over as leader, but characteristically she bridled. "I didn't want it to appear as if I had undermined these guys, but the boss said he was firing them anyway, so I hired some men and took over.

"What a great job! I was there three years, with vacations and bonuses. Dexter Gordon worked with me; Lester Young's brother Lee played drums for me.

"I finally began to concentrate on my singing, and wrote a few songs. And one night Frank Bull, a deejay on KFWB, gave me a good spot performing live on a benefit show."

This was a catalytic moment of the kind that has changed many careers. Dave Dexter, a jazz-oriented young executive at Capitol Records, heard the broadcast. He also heard some songs submitted by Nellie's brother, Joe Lutcher, which she had sung on demos.

Dexter asked to meet the singer and a contract was drawn. On April 10, 1947, Lutcher recorded four songs, of which "Hurry On Down" was the biggest hit, ultimately selling close to a million copies. Under Dexter's guidance, there were 40 more numbers produced before the 1948 Musicians' Union ban on recording, which kept her out of the studios for a year.

"He's a Real Gone Guy" was a product of the second session; its mixture of a blues feeling and humor, with Lutcher's inherently witty piano style a perfect complement for her voice, also led to near-million sales. Recorded just under the wire was "Fine Brown Fame," which had already been a hit for the Buddy Johnson band, though in due course it became inextricably associated with Lutcher.

Though clearly a trained pianist and a singer who, for all the lack of training, established a personal sound and style, Lutcher gave the impression of never taking herself too seriously, whether updating a classic such as Dvorak's "Humoresque" or dealing with the utter schmaltz of "My Mother's Eyes." A few of her songs qualified as what passed for risque by 1940s standards ("Princess Poo-Poo-Ly," "Come and Get It Honey," "My New Papa Got to Have Everything"), yet in the final analysis it was all good, clean fun.

Today, as yesterday, Nellie Lutcher's attitude, reflecting her warm and generous personality, is a refreshingly cool breeze. It's good to know that the real gone gal is coming back again. □

075

MEMORIES OF YOU WITH BLUE NOTE
思い出のライオンとブルーノート

アルフレッド・ライオンがブルーノートを興したのは，遠く1939年のこと。ここではライオンそのものがブルーノートだった時代，そして「ワン・ナイト・ウイズ・ブルーノート」以後のライオンの思い出を綴ってみた。

Photo: B. Parent/F. Wolff/S. Uchiyama/D. Tan/H. Namekata/M. Hanamura

▲1959年，ブルーノートは独自にジャズメンに対してシルバー・ディスクの贈呈を行うようになった。第1回の受賞者は，名前に因んでホレス・シルバーが受賞した。左よりフランシス・ウルフ，アルフレッド・ライオン，ホレス・シルバー，レナード・フェザー。

アルフレッド・ライオン年表

1908 ●4･21 ベルリンの貿易商の家に生まれる。
1925 ●サム・ウディングの訪欧楽団，チョコレート・キディーズのベルリン公演を見てジャズに魅せられる。同楽団のSP「オー・カテリナ／シャンハイ・シャッフル」が最初に出会ったジャズ・レコード。
●この年，初めて渡米。数か月滞在し会計学を学ぶ。
1920S後半 ●ベルリンのファン集団ホット・クラブに参加。フランシス・ウルフと出会い親交が始まる。ウルフは熱心なコレクターで，同じストリートに住んでいた。
1930S前半 ●家業の関係でヨーロッパ各地及び南米に度々出張。レコード・コレクションを充実させる。
1937 ●パリのレジスタンス運動に参加したフランス系ユダヤ人の母親を追って渡仏。その後母親とともに永住のため渡米。
1938 ●12･23 ジョン・ハモンド主催の第1回「フロム・スピリチュアル・トゥ・スイング」コンサート開催。アルバート・アモンズ，ミード・ルクス・ルイスらシカゴのブギウギ・ピアノに初めてナマで接し感激，レコーディングを決意する。
1939 ●1･6 アモンズのソロ9曲，ルイスのソロ8曲，2人の連弾2曲の計19曲をマンハッタンの貸スタジオで録音。うちルイスの「メランコリー／ソリチュード」(BN 1)，アモンズの「ブギウギ・ストンプ／ブギウギ・ブルース」(BN 2)の2枚がブルーノートの記念すべき第1回発売となった。
●6･2 シドニー・ベシェの「サマータイ

▲セッションの合間にレコーディング・スタジオの片隅で一服するアルフレッド・ライオン。彼は極めて温厚な紳士だが，また，あくことのない情熱家でもあった。「It must be swing」が，スタジオ内における彼の口ぐせでもあった。

▲デクスター・ゴードンが主演した「ラウンド・ミッドナイト」をアルフレッド・ライオンは試写会で身を乗り出すように見ていたのが印象的だった。ゴードンのブルーノート吹込み第1作は「Doin' Allright」であった。

▲アルフレッド・ライオンはアート・ブレイキーを起用し，数々のリーダー・アルバムやセッションを録音している。まさに"ブルーノートの顔"がブレイキーだった。彼の作品の約半数がブルーノートからリリースされている。

▲アルフレッド・ライオンが50年代後半を通じて最も力を注いだアーチストが，ソニー・クラークだった。63年に彼が他界するまでライオンは一貫して彼にチャンスを与え続け，数多くの吹込みを行っている。

ム」録音。フランキー・ニュートン楽団収録中に生まれた偶然的な演奏だったが，結果的にBNの"first little hit"を記録。

1940 ●日本の音楽誌に数枚の試聴盤を発送。クラシック専門誌だったため取り上げられず，故河野隆次氏の手に渡る。

●10月 フランシス・ウルフ，ナチズム支配下のドイツから渡米しBNに合流。

1941 ●軍隊に召集される。BNは録音活動を休止し，ウルフがコモドア・レコード・ショップの一角を借りて販売を手がける。

1943 ●太平洋戦線より復帰。レキシントン街767番地に新オフィスを構え，レコーディングを再開。

●この頃，トランペッターのフィル・スタインの妹，ロレインと最初の結婚。ロレインは後に，「ビレッジ・バンガード」のオーナー，マックス・ゴードンと再婚する。

●タウン・ホールにシドニー・ベシエ，マックス・カミンスキーらを集めて最初のレーベル・コンサートを実現。

1944 ●7・18 アイク・ケベック初リーダー録音。彼はミュージシャンであると同時に，"BN第3の男"としてアシスタント・プロデューサーをつとめることになる。

1947 ●2・24 BN最初のバップ作品，バブス・ゴンザレスのスリー・ビップス＆ア・バップ録音。

●10・5 アイク・ケベックの紹介により，セロニアス・モンクの初リーダー録音。

●12・22 アート・ブレイキー初リーダー録音。Art Blakey's Messengers名義によるオクテット演奏。

1948 ●"バップの高僧"のキャッチフレーズで知られるキャンペーンの一環として，モンクを2週間「バンガード」に出演させる。

●モンクの「ウェル，ユー・ニードント」を皮切りに，仏VOGUEによるBNのフラン

L.A. TIMES 4/5/87

ALBUM REVIEWS

SINATRA'S BRIGHT YEARS SHINE ON CDs

By LEONARD FEATHER

"SONGS FOR SWINGIN' LOVERS." Frank Sinatra. Capitol CDP 7 46570 2. "IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS" 46571 2. "CLOSE TO YOU AND MORE" 46572 2. "SINATRA'S SWINGIN SESSION AND MORE." 46573 2.

The longer the perspective, the stronger the impression grows that the 1955-60 period, just before Sinatra left Capitol to form his Reprise label, marked the bright June and July of his years.

Though he was between 40 and 45 years old when these albums were taped, there is in his sound—and particularly in his beat on the up-tempos mainly represented by the first and last of these four CDs—a certain innocent flamboyance that is matched by Nelson Riddle's consistently brilliant charts. The digital process stresses this aspect even more powerfully than the original LPs.

"Swingin' Lovers" was one of the most admirable products of that era, with Harry (Sweets) Edison's muted trumpet often in evidence, and with one or two surprises, such as the trombone solo on "I've Got You Under My Skin" by Milt Bernhardt (not Juan Tizol, as listed in the book "The Revised Complete Sinatra").

"Wee Small Hours" is a landmark among "theme" albums. The title song, "Ill Wind," "Glad to Be Unhappy" and the best-ever vocal version of Ellington's "Mood Indigo" stand out among the 15 cuts on what is oddly listed as a "special abridged compact disc version." Actually, the contents are the same as on the original LP. Sinatra sings the seldom-heard verse to "When Your Lover Has Gone," backed by Bill Miller, on celeste, with the strings coming in for the chorus. "What Is This Thing Called Love" is taken at an uncommonly slow and easy tempo, with Sinatra hitting a couple of mellow low E's.

"Close to You and More" is so titled because three extra tunes were added for the CDs. "If It's the Last Thing I Do" and "Wait Till You See Her" are transfers from other albums, but the third bonus tune only had a token release, and you'll understand when you hear it. Though the song had to be written tongue-in-cheek, it's sung totally dead-pan with a straight arrangement, but the title, "There's a Flaw in My Flue," is the tip-off. Imagine such lines as "I used to sit by my fireplace and dream about you, but now that won't do, 'cause there's a flaw in my 'flue,'" and later such variations as "my flue has a flaw" and "smoke gets in my nose." Would you believe that Jimmy Van Heusen wrote this?

The main point of interest in "Close to You" is Riddle's resourceful use of the Hollywood String Quartet, a chamber unit that is featured fairly extensively.

"Swingin' Session" also has three additional tracks—all taken from other albums—along with the original dozen. The arrangements are strongly jazz-oriented, with three tenor sax solos. There are a few awkward moments on an instrumental passage in "It All Depends on You" that seems a hair too casual. More typical of this fast-moving set are "Blue Moon," "S'posin'," "Always," "Should I" and "Paper Moon." The set concludes with Sinatra's hip/square treatment of "Ol' MacDonald." This is the latest set of the four, made in 1960, but the chops and the charts are still very much together.

Sinatra and Nelson Riddle almost defy any rating system, but these ventures came close enough to perfection to average out at 4.99 stars.

□

"ANOTHER WOMAN IN LOVE." Maureen McGovern. Columbia 42314. Where do you place an artist who, though her performances here are unacceptable in today's pop market (even though she sings "popular" tunes by Kern, Arlen, Rodgers, Sondheim and Bernstein), is clearly not a jazz singer? You place her in this column, for fear of losing her. McGovern is, as Mel Torme aptly puts it in his notes, a soubrette. The purity and delicacy of her sound could not have been better exhibited than in the setting of Mike Renzi's piano, which is all the accompaniment she needs. Along with the standards come Blossom Dearie's "I Like You, You're Nice" and three songs with lyrics by Judy Barron, her co-producer's wife. Kudos to CBS for issuing a limited-appeal LP that deserves the mass exposure such projects rarely find. 4 stars.

□

JAZZ CDs AND LPs

"JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET." MCA/Impulse D-5883. "JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET: BALLADS." D-5885. "JOHN COLTRANE: IMPRESSIONS." D-5887. "JOHN COLTRANE QUARTET: CRESCENT." D-5889. Slowly but inexorably, the entire history of recorded jazz is being relived on CDs. The only missing link on MCA/Impulse's invaluable series is consistency of packaging. The first, for example, has no notes and not even a recording date (it was June 29, 1962). The quartet (with McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass, and Elvin Jones, drums) is augmented on the long opening title cut of "Impressions" by Eric Dolphy on bass clarinet and Reggie Workman, also on bass. Again, no notes, but definitive performances by musicians who took the giant step forward in the new, modal-exotic-oriented age. The 1961-62 ballad disc has the original, literate liner notes by Gene Lees and is, for neophytes, by far the most accessible of the four sets. A later stage of Coltrane's restless search for what lies behind the beyond is the 1964 "Crescent" collection, for which Nat Hentoff's notes have been retained. As the 20th anniversary of Trane's passing approaches (he died July 17, 1967), these catalytic performances become ever more valuable as evolutionary documents. Respectively 4½, 5, 5 and 4 stars.

□

"FOR CHARLIE AND BENNY." Kenny Burrell. Verve 831 078-2. This is an interesting premise: tunes recorded by early Benny Goodman combos with Charlie Christian on guitar. Though he is clearly a Christian-inspired guitarist, Burrell avoids any duplication of the old group sound: There is no clarinet, except when alto saxophonist Phil Woods occasionally plays it; only one cut has a pianist; only three tracks have vibes; vibist Mike Mainieri sounds nothing like Lionel Hampton, and "As Long as I Live" is accorded a Latin treatment. Burrell and Woods work well together, particularly on "Seven Come Eleven"—one of three previously unreleased cuts—where they are genuinely inspired. 4 stars.

"WESTLAKE." Bob Florence Big Band. Discovery DSCD 83x2. "LIVE AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA." Bob Florence Big Band. Trend TRCD 523. Both Bob Florence sets comprise originals by the pianist-leader; the live set engenders a particularly healthy beat, with fine solos by Bob Cooper and Pete Christlieb on tenor saxes. Florence has a penchant for jazz in waltz time, which takes up more than half the mileage on "Westlake." 3½ and 4 stars, respectively. □

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os Angeles Times 4/6/87

AZZ REVIEWS

SAXOPHONIST REDD NEEDS A BAND AID

By LEONARD FEATHER

Vi Redd, the alto saxophonist and singer who has long been part of the Southland scene, showed up Saturday at Marla's Memory Lane.

There was an almost interminable wait before she finally occupied the bandstand. Preceding her were close to a half hour of fortissimo jokes by the house comic, Reynaldo Rey, and an overlong, inept introductory set by Redd's four musicians.

Finally at 11 p.m., unrehearsed and without even a sound check, Redd began uncertainly. Her tendency to play sharp was particularly conspicuous during the first couple of numbers. But her funky treatment of "Wave" exemplified her ability to impart a blues feeling to the unlikeliest of vehicles.

Redd generally improvises around the melodies instead of playing freely on the chord patterns of her songs. This worked well on "Misty" and particularly on "Lover Man."

Her accompanists, in diminishing order of competence, were Mark Cargill, an interesting violinist, though something of a fifth wheel in this setting; James Polk on keyboards; Randy Goldberg (her son) on drums, and a bass player named Harvey Estrada who, incredibly, did not even seem to know "'Round Midnight." He spent part of the time simply laying out and the rest apparently trying to read his part. Surely, Redd can do better than this in putting a group together.

Some of the best moments were her vocals. Though battling a cold, she applied her husky, compelling tones to "If I Should Lose You" and "Wee Baby Blues" effectively enough to suggest that more of her time should be allotted to singing.

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A SAX MAN RETURNS

''Round Midnight' Puts Dexter Gordon Back in the Spotlight

By LEONARD FEATHER

Before his Oscar-nominated role in " 'Round Midnight," Dexter Gordon had not played his tenor saxophone in public in four years. Now, as a result of his new prominence, he's in demand around the world.

The spectacular upsurge in Gordon's fortunes has enabled him to set up a tour that will begin May 15, when he is set to head his own " 'Round Midnight" band with four men who were in the film with him: Cedar Walton at the piano, Bobby Hutcherson on vibes, drummer Billy Higgins, and French bassist Pierre Michelot. Together, they will play at a dozen European jazz festivals.

Conditions were very different during his previous tour, which led to Gordon's decision to give up life on the road and head south to Cuernavaca, Mexico, where he and his wife live in their own home about five months a year.

"We were working continuously," he said, "traveling night after night, often to places that had no real jazz orientation, and I just couldn't handle it. By the time we got home I was completely wiped out."

Working problems aside, his life style then was also in sharp contrast to Gordon's recent circumstances. Time was when, visiting Los Angeles for a gig at a small club, he would be holed up in a less-than-luxurious hotel in Hermosa Beach. Recently, in town briefly to attend the Academy Awards ceremony, he was set up by Warner Bros. in the Andres Segovia Suite of the Beverly Wilshire. If he wanted to go to the Lakers game, he was assured of VIP seats. For the first time he found himself on the fashion pages, discussing the clothes he planned to wear to the Oscars show. ("It's the outfit I wore at the New York Film Festival last fall—a sort of unusual tuxedo with a gambler's necktie," he told the press.)

It was inevitable that Gordon would be a towering presence at the Academy Awards. At 6 foot 5 inches, he has always been a prepossessing, soft-spoken figure with a ready smile. During an interview he spoke even more softly than Dale Turner, the character he played in " 'Round Midnight," with even longer pauses.

Gordon was in poor health and in retirement when Bertrand Tavernier approached him to do the movie. He denies, however, a statement by Herbie Hancock, the Oscar-winning musical director of the film (he also played the Paris nightclub pianist), that Gordon had "just gotten out of the hospital" and is "the kind of guy that never practices."

"Seems like Herbie has some kind of an attitude," Gordon said. "The fact is, I was never in a hospital, and I practice every day—always have.

"I didn't really know Herbie all that well. I had only made one session with him, when he recorded 'Watermelon Man,' back in 1962. Anyhow, when we started shooting in Paris, the first tune we had to play was 'As Time Goes By.' Herbie wanted to make a slick arrangement on it, but I said, 'Hey, this is supposed to be an informal jam session. Let's keep it simple.' So we did it my way."

□

Gordon's way, in the course of a career that stretches back to 1940, has been strewn with the obstacles that were endemic to much of the jazz community when he was growing up in his native Los Angeles. Being black was not the only problem—the temptation of narcotics came into his life early.

Ironically, his first acting assignment came about as a result of his difficulties. In the mid-1950s, he served a two-year sentence for narcotics violations in Chino, and while there took part in a low-budget prison movie called "Unchained," playing a musician. "I was seen but not heard," he recalls, "because at that time I wasn't even in the Musicians' Union, so my part on the sound track was played in Hollywood by Georgie Auld."

In 1960, Gordon appeared in the Los Angeles production of "The Connection," Jack Gelber's play about addicts. Then, because New York laws in those days prevented musicians with police records from acquiring a cabaret work card, he set out for Paris and settled, in 1962, in Copenhagen. Though there were several long return visits to the States, Denmark remained his home base for the next 18 years.

He was featured in a Danish version of "The Connection" on stage, and in a Danish movie. There were also what he says were cameo roles—bit parts in a couple of Swedish films. So he did not come to " 'Round Midnight" totally unprepared.

"It was a great surprise, though," he said. "Suddenly, one day Tavernier came to my apartment in New York. He said he was a jazz fan. He'd seen me working in a Paris club when I was a young man, and he had this idea for a movie about jazz.

"He had no script, and I had trouble believing that he was serious, or that he could pull it off. But I somehow believed in him—I'm an optimist. That's the only thing that's kept me alive.

IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

Dexter Gordon, on role in " 'Round Midnight": "Doing the film was great for my spirits. I got better as I went along; and believe me, I didn't find acting easy at all."

"My health wasn't good; my life style had caught up with me, and I had physical troubles—pancreas, liver, you know . . . I really wasn't functioning at all well. In fact, it's amazing that I'm alive." (At home in Mexico, Gordon stays on a regimen of herbs and hibiscus tea, with plenty of rest and regular massages.)

He objects to the claim by some critics that his nomination was unjustified because he was simply playing himself and "mumbled his way through the part."

"I was not playing myself; I was playing Bud Powell, with touches of Prez [Lester Young] and Ben Webster," Gordon said. (Powell was the deeply disturbed pianist who, like Dale Turner, went to Paris and lived there for some years, but died after trying a comeback in New York. Young, whose eccentric speech habits Gordon used in the film, died immediately after returning home from Paris; Webster, also a tenor sax giant, died in Amsterdam after years of expatriation.)

"Doing the film was great for my spirits. I got better as I went along; and believe me, I didn't find acting easy at all. I had to take direction, and we went over the script every day. If anything in the writing sounded wrong to the musicians, Tavernier let us change it. So it was a unique experience, and I was happy to be among all those smiling faces—Billy Higgins, Bobby Hutcherson, Pierre Michelot, and, in the New York scene, Freddie Hubbard and Cedar Walton, with Dale Turner coming back after his European successes, then getting back into his old haunts and habits."

"Don't you think," he was asked, "that if Bud Powell had never come back, he might have lived longer?"

"Yeah . . . he was protected in Paris. . . . I knew Bud since we were both kids coming up in New York—I was with Lionel Hampton's orchestra and Bud was with Cootie Williams. Bud was into drugs for a while, but I never considered him a real user. He was just emotionally disturbed, and when his brother, Richie, who was a fine pianist, too, was killed in a car crash, that threw him even further out."

□

An invaluable fringe benefit of Gordon's film success has been his first leap to the top of the best-seller lists. His Blue Note LP, "The Other Side of 'Round Midnight," a mixture of sound-track material and Paris studio recordings, is in its fifth week at No. 1 on the jazz chart in Billboard. Meanwhile, Herbie Hancock's album on Columbia, in which Gordon also takes part, has been holding at No. 4.

"The reason there are two different records," Gordon explained, "is that Herbie was under contract to CBS, so they got to put out the official sound-track album. My contract is with Blue Note Records."

Meantime, Gordon's movie career appears to be taking off, too. He has already received another script to look over. □

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I·N·D·E·X T·O *Music Courses This Spring*

Billie Holiday with Leonard Feather, circa 1948.

HISTORY & THEORY

Ear Training & Sightsinging, X 400B
Techniques of Musicianship, X 430B
+ The Jazz Years: From Then Till Now, X 456.3
Music: The Universal Language, X 495.1
+ Musical Colors and Shapes, 804.1
+ Music of Mexico: From the Aztecs to Los Lobos, 868.2

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+ Elements of Hit Songwriting II, X 401.6
+ Song Evaluation Lab II, X 409.2
+ The Art of Writing Lyrics, X 409.3

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Composing and Conducting to Picture II, X 498.1
+ Soundtrack Mania: The Rise of the Motion Picture Soundtrack, 864
Film Music Dialogues: David Grusin, 865.1
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+ Toward A Record Deal: Getting There From Here, X 459
Classical Guitar, 819
+ The Seth Riggs Vocal Technique: Speech-Level Singing, 888
+ Let's Voice It: Vocal Evaluation Workshop for Singers and Actors, 812.7

See also courses in Recording Arts and Sciences, pages 93-97.

+ *New course or instructor this quarter*

For information call (213) 825-9064.

Music

Early enrollment in music courses is advised due to space limitations. You may enroll in many courses at the door if space permits; check the class listing for restrictions. If you are considering enrolling at the door, please call (213) 825-9064 to confirm changes, location, and space availability.

History and Theory

†Ear-Training and Sight-Singing
X 400B Music 4 units $215
Designed for those involved in music who seek to improve their skills relating to the notation of what they hear or compose and their ability to sightsing with ease; a continuation of X 400A. Topics include aural recognition and notation of intervals, chords, progressions, and melodic, rhythmic, and harmonic dictation. Also, systematic steps to effective sightsinging; singing melodies with increasing melodic and rhythmic complexities; part-singing. *Prerequisite:* X 400A or consent of instructor. *Enrollment limited. Elective course in Professional Designation in Recording Arts and Sciences.*
• UCLA: 1420 Schoenberg Hall
Thursday, 7-10pm, April 2-June 18, 12 mtgs. **EDP** M8173B
Priscilla Pawlicki, MA

†Techniques of Musicianship
X 430B Music 4 units $215
Introduction to harmony and analysis including triads, inversions, chord progressions, four-part harmonizations, dominant-seventh chords, figured bass, non-harmonic tones and modulation. Practical application of material covered through harmonic analysis, exercises in composition, ear training, dictation and sightsinging. Designed for those who can read music and have a basic understanding of scales, intervals and simple chords. *Prerequisite:* Music X 430A or consent of instructor. *Enrollment limited. Elective course in Professional Designation in Recording Arts and Sciences.*
• UCLA: 1402 Schoenberg Hall
Tuesday, 7-10pm, March 31-June 16, 12 mtgs. **EDP** M8174B
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†Music: The Universal Language
X 495.1 Music 4 units $205
Music has universal appeal, yet as a language it is perhaps both the most expressive and least precise of all tongues. Understanding music does not center on music theory, but on developing concepts to explain what we already hear. High-quality recordings and frequent live demonstrations serve as a basis for a dynamic approach to experiencing the difference between hearing music and genuine listening. Major repertoire is drawn from the great central tradition of Western music from Bach to Stravinsky, but also includes references to early music, and contemporary styles. Special attention given to the relationship between European and American history and musical style. *Elective course in Professional Designation in Recording Arts and Sciences.*
✩Westwood: Choir Room, Westwood United Methodist Church, 10497 Wilshire Blvd.
Tuesday, 10am-1pm, March 31-June 16, 12 mtgs. **EDP** M8191B
Priscilla Pawlicki, MA

†The Jazz Years: From Then Till Now
X 456.3 Music 4 units $150
Leonard Feather's personal recollections of his long friendships with Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and countless others form the background for discussion of the jazz years then and now. Screening of rare film footage from Mr. Feather's private collection dealing with the artists of blues, swing, ragtime, bebop and modern jazz take place at each session. Several of the classes are followed by visits to local jazz clubs to hear in person some of the world-renowned musicians discussed during the course. *See page 84.*
• UCLA: 121 Dodd Hall
Thursday, 7-10pm, April 2-June 11, 12 mtgs. **EDP** M8201B
Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic for the *Los Angeles Times,* author of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz,* among many other books and composer, arranger, and producer of 225 recorded works performed by a wide range of jazz greats, from Duke Ellington and Cannonball Adderley to Louis Armstrong and Miles Davis

Musical Colors and Shapes
CEU Noncredit Program, see page C
804.2 Music 2.4 CEU $145
The third part of a live performance series exploring the history and nature of music through its stylistic elements, this course provides a wide-ranging look at the colors and shapes of music. The varieties of instrumental colors are one of the composer's most potent means of expression. Four evenings devoted to the primary families of the orchestra allow participants to see and hear instrumental development over the centuries. The ability to hear musical shape or architecture—the interrelationships through time between the parts of a piece of music—is one of the most satisfying experiences that await the listener, and depends only upon a willingness to learn new modes of hearing. Four evenings of performance illustrating musical shape guide the audience in acquiring the skills of musical memory. *Full-time students with ID may purchase single admissions for $5 at the door only.* *See page 83.*
• UCLA: 1100 Schoenberg Hall
Monday, 7-10pm, March 30-May 25, 8 mtgs. (no mtg. 4/20) **EDP** M8203B
Robert Winter, PhD, Professor, Dept. of Music, UCLA

Music of Mexico: From the Aztecs to Los Lobos
CEU Noncredit Program, see page C
868.2 Music .6 CEU $30
In this one-day program, live performance as well as recordings bring to life the great diversity of Mexican music, which ranges from Indian music of tribal societies in the earliest times to the art music of Mexico and today's influental pop music of such Mexican-American performers as Los Lobos. Presentations also cover the regional folk music and dances as well as the popular music of Mexico and its principal artists. *See page 85.*
✩UCLA: 1343 Schoenberg Hall
Saturday, 10am-4pm, May 2, 1 mtg.
EDP M8195B
Henry Diaz Cobos, Professor of Music, East Los Angeles College

Los Angeles Times 4/14/87

JAZZ REVIEWS

NEW AMERICAN HAS A LOT OF NEWS

There have been some changes in the life of the New American Orchestra. It has a new home (the Wadsworth Theater), a new size (down from the original 86 to 60 members) and a new, attractive admission price (free).

Sunday evening, in the first of three concerts scheduled for the Wadsworth, Jack Elliott conducted the orchestra in three works. The first and least of these was the premiere of Allen Vizzutti's "Gift of the Sun," which began in a haze of New Age music before fanning out into a skillfully written but emotionally sterile variation of the movie-music genre with which, despite its intermittent jazz associations, this ensemble has often been linked.

Michael Barone's "Theme and Variations" showed more melodic imagination. Barone used the string section for some oddly intriguing intervallic motions in the first movement. There were traces of jazz (an invisible and not very audible Bill Perkins on saxophone) in the second movement, and, as the work progressed, a better defined rhythmic impetus.

The evening came alive with a reprise of Manny Albam's "Concerto for Alto Saxophone and Orchestra," written for Bud Shank. This attempt to weave a jazz soloist into the body of a complex orchestral work is one of the more attractive ventures of its kind, and was enhanced by the continued growth of Shank. After three decades as a major name in jazz he seems to be reaching new creative peaks.

Albam's piece starts as a jazz waltz, later framing Shank in several settings, among them a splendid duo passage with the virtuoso bassist John Patitucci. A Latin sequence worked well, as did Shank's biting attack during the long a cappella conclusion.

Supersax, led by Med Flory, played the opening set, going through its long, familiar and always contagious Bird-dogging motions on Charlie Parker material. For two tunes, the group was joined by the New American Orchestra's strings. They sounded merely spliced on in "April in Paris," but were put to intelligent use in Roger Kellaway's arrangement of the concluding "All the Things You Are." This put the Vizzutti work in an unenviable spot; the vitality, swing and communicative zest of Supersax represented all the things "Gift of the Sun" wasn't.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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Leonard Feather

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TIMES/CALENDAR SUNDAY, APRIL 12.

Los Angeles Sentinel 4/16/87

CELEBRATING—Leonard Feather, top jazz critic for the Los Angeles Times and Gertrude Gipson, Entertainment Editor of the L.A. Sentinel, join the many friends of manager/former musician John Levy at the Hyatt Airport Hotel to celebrate John's (75th) birthday. John's personable wife Cora was the "hostest with the mostest" for the evening.

JAZZ TIMES APRIL 1987

THE JAZZ YEARS:
Earwitness to an Era

Leonard Feather's new autobiography is both the story of the critic's life in jazz and an anecdotal history of the music itself, with memorable stories about Louis, Duke, Billie, Miles, and dozens of other jazz legends. "We are all fortunate that he has chosen to share his rare experiences with us." —**Benny Carter**

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graphic interpretations of jack de johnette, sarah vaughan, andreas vollenweider, pat metheny and wynton marsalis by dano

AMERICAN NEWS

Leonard Feather

'Satchmo', a new musical show built around the life of Louis Armstrong, will probably open in New Orleans this summer. It was written by **Jerry Bilick**, who has also written some original music. Bilick spent considerable time with Armstrong's widow, Lucille, and talked to old friends of Satchmo's before writing the script. Auditions are now taking place for the cast, which will include two actors to play Louis Armstrong as a boy and as an adult. The play will open at the Waldorf Astoria, where Louis played shortly before he died, then flash back to Armstrong as as boy in New Orleans. **Maurice Hines** is doing the choreography.

Yet another jazz club has been set to open in Los Angeles. This is the **Loa** in Santa Monica, operated by Ray Brown, Hideyuki Nogami and Mariko Omura. Ray Brown is the musical director. For the opening ceremony he hired Gene Harris to play piano and Mickey Roker on drums. The room will feature small jazz groups regularly.

Also expanding its jazz policy is the **Catalina** in Hollywood, where attractions for February include groups led by Benny Carter, Curtis Peagler, Mundell Lowe, Horace Tapscott, Phil Upchurch, Thelonious (the group), singer Ruth Price, Bud Shank and Mike Wofford.

A tribute to **Thelonious Monk** has been prepared by the **Improvisational Musicians' Collective**, a new group formed by two Los Angeles musicians who are also teachers. They are **Bill Plake**, the saxophonist, and **Jeanette Wrate**, the drummer best known for her work with Maiden Voyage. They will both take part in a concert at Harbor College in Los Angeles, featuring Monk's music, for which the other musicians will be Ed Pias on percussion, Mark Miller on saxophone, George McMullen on trombone, Robert Zimmerman on trombone and baritone horn, and Bob Schilling on tuba.

Buddy Rich was hospitalized in late January at Mount Sinai Medical Center in New York for treatment of an undisclosed ailment. Rich, 69, requested that his condition and the nature of his illness be kept private.

Billie Holiday and **Johnny Mercer** have been selected as this year's recipients of the NARAS recording academy's Lifetime Achievement Award and Trustee Award respectively.

Prior to their European tour in late May, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin are preparing to appear in New York at a concert performing with a string ensemble for which Toshiko is writing and orchestrating the music. She will be touring in Japan in October with her trio. Tabackin's schedule includes trio dates in Europe and England during March and April, and in Japan for a month from April 30th to May 20th.

Dr Laurence Berk, founder and present chancellor of the Berklee College of Music in Boston, was honored at the annual convention of the National Association of Jazz Educators (NAJE) by the presentation of the Hall of Fame Award. Previous recipients were Quincy Jones, Marian McPartland, Dr Billy Taylor, Stan Kenton and David Baker.

David Benoit, the Los Angeles pianist and composer, has completed his first album under a new contract with GRP Records. Entitled **Freedom at Midnight**, the LP features guitarist Russ Freeman, bassist Abe Laboriel, Toto drummer Jeff Porcaro, percussionist Lenny Castro, and a string ensemble led by violinists Doug Cameron and Sid Paige.

Jazz was involved this year in the Golden Globe film awards. **Dexter Gordon** won a nomination as best dramatic actor for *Round Midnight*, and **Herbie Hancock** for best original score for the same film.

Bobby Hutcherson, who has an acting and playing part in *Round Midnight*, picked a local group to back him on a gig at *Concerts by the Sea*: Llewellyn Matthews, piano, John Heard, bass, and Larance Marable, drums.

The contemporary combo led by trombonist Mike Fahn, featuring the phenomenal bassist Johjn Patitucci, will make its record debut shortly, probably for the recently revived Mainstream company.

Pablo Records, the company formed by **Norman Granz** in 1973, has been sold to Fantasy Records of Berkeley, California, for an undisclosed sum certainly in the multiple millions of dollars.

Over the past 14 years Granz had built an imposing catalogue of albums by Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Pass and Oscar Peterson (all of whom he has managed for many years), as well as Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims and many others. He also acquired previously recorded masters by John Coltrane, Johnny Hodges and many more.

Granz, who pioneered the jam session-concert concept with *'Jazz at the Philharmonic'*, named for the scene of his first concert in 1944 before he began taking these shows on tour, also was the first to release live concert recordings, back in the 78 r.p.m. days when a single tune might take up several 12-inch sides. He formed the Clef, Norgran and Verve companies, then sold their catalogues for $2,500,000 to MGM in 1961, and for 12 years remained inactive in the recording studios. Living in Geneva, but still maintaining his offices in Beverly Hills, Granz had not been in the best of health lately and had recorded very few sessions during the past year.

Fantasy will retain the Pablo name, along with the others in a conglomerate that now includes Contemporary, Galaxy, Good Time Jazz, Prestige, Milestone, Riverside and Stax.

Benny Carter is composing his first-ever extended jazz work to introduce at a concert honouring him in New York February 26. His alto saxophone will be showcased in the setting of the repertory group known as the American Jazz Orchestra, under the musical direction of John Lewis.

The State of the Art Trio, led by the drummer **Jimmie Smith**, is now appearing regularly at the Alleycat Bistro in Culver City, California. The other members are the pianist Vicki Von Eps and the veteran ex-Brubeck bassist *'Senator'* Eugene Wright.

Vanguard Records, a well known classical and jazz label of the 1950s, has been acquired by the Lawrence Welk organization, which will release Compact Discs by Joe Williams, Mel Powell, Ruby Braff and others, originally produced by John Hammond.

MCA/Impluse Records has signed **Jack de Johnette**. He is recording his first session for the company with his Special Edition band. Mike Brecker has also been signed to the company as a leader, and has recorded with Kenny Kirkland, Jack de Johnétte and Charlie Haden.

Your correspondent produced a session in late January with a new group headed by the valve trombonist Mike Fahn and pianist/composer Tad Weed. Recording for the recently activated Mainstream/Mobile Fidelity Company, the group included the phenomenal bassist John Patitucci, Bob Sheppard on tenor and soprano saxophones, and Peter Donald alternating with Peter Erskine on drums. The group played high energy music, some written by Weed and Patitucci. It will be out soon on a compact disc.

The saxophonist **Curtis Peagler** is fronting a quartet featuring James Polk on piano, Stanley Gilbert on bass and Bruno Carr on drums. The quartet has recorded an album **For Basie and Duke**, on Peagler's own label See Pea Records.

Mercer Ellington is lining up a unique all star band for the Ellington orchestras first all-digital compact disc. Set to take part in the mid-February sessions are Clarke Terry, Lew Soloff, Ron Tooley and Barrie Lee Hall, trumpets; Al Grey, Britt Woodman, Chuck Connors, trombones; Norris Turney, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels (clarinet and tenor), Herman Riley, Charles Owens, reeds, also Branford Marsalis as guest on two tunes; Roland Hanna and Gerald Wiggins, piano; Wiggins' son, J.J. on bass; Louie Bellson and Rocky White, drums. The results will be released by GRP Records.

THE SONG HAS ENDED

Leonard Feather **Peter Vacher**

DON SLEET, the talented but ill-fated trumpeter who worked in California with Shelly Manne and many other groups, died of cancer on New Year's Eve in Los Angeles. He was 48.

Louis Armstrong's sister, **BEATRICE COLLINS**, 85, better known to all Louis' old friends as *Mama Lucy*, died Jan 12 in New Orleans. Though she was only two years younger than Satchmo, he treated her like a daughter and remained close to her even though she rarely left New Orleans.

I remember Mama Lucy from a visit to Louis' home in the early 1950s, when she cooked a superb gumbo for Louis and Lucille and me. I had met her once before, in 1949, when Louis appeared as 'King of the Zulus' in the New Orleans Mardi Gras parade. That was one of her proudest moments, and it was her last wish that she be buried in the dress she wore that day.

ALFRED LION, 78, the German refugee who in 1939 founded Blue Note Records in New York, died February 2 of heart failure. He had been in failing health for some years. He and his wife of 31 years, Ruth, had been living quietly in their home outside San Diego, though Lion emerged for a rare public appearance in February of 1985 to attend the Town Hall concert that celebrated the reactivation of the Blue Note label. He also visited Japan last August for a Blue Note Festival.

A jazz fan from his childhood in Berlin, Lion started Blue Note as a result of attending a John Hammond '*Spirituals to Swing*' concert at Carnegie Hall. On January 6, 1939 he recorded a series of 12" 78 solos by Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, and later a series of other traditional jazz sessions, the most famous of which was Sidney Bechet's *Summertime*, Blue Note's first real hit, recorded the following May.

Not long afterwards Lion's old friend from Germany, Francis Wolff, escaped the Nazi holocaust and arrived in New York, soon joining Lion as his partner, co-producer on many sessions, and photographer who made countless visual documents of the Blue Note recordings through the decades.

Blue Note in the early years was devoted to some of the giants of swing and boogie woogie, among them Earl Hines, Ben Webster, Teddy Wilson and Red Norvo. In the late 1940s, persuaded by the saxophonist Ike Quebec to take an interest in new developments, Lion and Wolff made a revolutionary change in their policy, recording Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Tadd Dameron, Bud Powell, Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Fats Navarro and many others of the new school.

The Blue Note artists of the 1950s and '60s were a unique document of developments in jazz. The company helped to bring to fame such artists as Horace Silver, Clifford Brown, Donald Byrd, John Coltrane, Lee Morgan, Kenny Burrell, Wayne Shorter and Freddie Hubbard. They later made avant garde sessions featuring Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Tony Williams and Eric Dolphy.

Blue Note was sold to Liberty Records in 1966 and Lion retired the following year to live in total seclusion in Mexico. Frank Wolff continued with the company until he became seriously ill; he died in 1971.

Liberty eventually became part of United Artists, which in turn is now part of the EMI/Capitol/Manhattan/Blue Note conglomerate. After several years in limbo, with little or no activity on the label, Bruce Lundval, a dedicated jazz fan and president of Manhattan/Blue Note, brought the company back on a big scale, reissuing countless records and signing many new artists, of whom Stanley Jordan became the first major figure.

The last survivor of the celebrated Bunk Johnson-George Lewis band of the 1940s, New Orleans-born pianist **ALTON PURNELL** died in Los Angeles on January 14. Purnell played the Femo Festival in Denmark last year but was obviously far from well. He returned to the US West Coast and various benefits were held for him but Purnell succumbed to a heart attack, ending a lengthy involvement with New Orleans-style traditional jazz. Born in 1911, Purnell played with a number of early pioneers but came to prominence with Johnson, later working with Lewis until 1957. Based therafter in Los Angeles, he toured Europe a number of times, notably with the Legends of Jazz and was always busy. A friendly, approachable man, Purnell's hard-driving style was much admired by traditionalists.

Trumpeter **THOMAS JEFFERSON** a Chicagoan by birth (June 1921) but a New Orlean for most of his life, died in his adopted city on December 1st, 1986. He was principally associated with the Bourbon St jazz bars but also toured with George Lewis and played with various brass bands. Jefferson's crisp, Armstrong-tinged style was always attractive, his lead playing and swingy vocals enlivening even the most commercial of bands. An enigmatic character, Jefferson visited Britain in 1975 and recorded here. Many commentators, musicians included, felt that Jefferson's potential was not fully realised.

JEROME DARR, the guitarist who toured Europe in the 1930s with the Washboard Serenaders and in the 1970s with the Jonah Jones Quintet, died in Brooklyn on October 29, 1986. He was 75. A fine soloist, Darr had worked with big bands and small groups, staying with Jones for some sixteen years.

9-19

PUTTING OUR MOUTHS WHERE OUR MINDS ARE

By LEONARD FEATHER

BOULDER, Colo.—The unique meeting of the minds here has been called the world's greatest think tank. Or, as movie critic Roger Ebert puts it, in a switch on Thorstein Veblen, "the leisure of the theory class."

Ebert has taken a week off in April every year for 19 years in order to attend the Conference on World Affairs at the University of Colorado, which just had its 40th annual conclave. It brings together more than 100 men and women—ambassadors and architects, educators and economists and editors, movie makers and musicians, scientists and sociologists—to exchange ideas both informally and at some 200 panel discussions, lectures or debates.

We can all be linked in ways that are only revealed under such rare and stimulating conditions. Subjects vary; they may be lightweight ("Upwardly Mobile Cuisine"), cryptic ("Television Movies—AIDS, Incest & Drugs"), provocative ("The Resurgent Condom") or as cerebral as a consideration of global survival.

The conference was conceived by Howard Higman, 71, a Boulder-born professor of sociology who recently retired from the University of Colorado but continues to mastermind the event. Higman and his 31-member committee invite guests who are expected to take pleasure in meeting not simply counterparts in their own areas but a broad range of concerned people.

The university does not pay participants to attend the conference. They or their employers pay the fare, and they are not reimbursed for taking part in the sessions. Instead of staying in hotels, all are billeted at a local home.

"We try to get people with many interests," said Elizabeth Weems,

COMMENTARY

who has been with the conference since its inception. "It's more stimulating for people to become involved in topics with which the are not normally associated."

If you are not taking part in a certain session at a given time, you may be torn between looking in on, say, 10 meetings at 2 p.m. or a dozen more at 4 p.m.

Typically, one afternoon—when I was busy discussing "The Uses and Abuses of the English Language" with such fellow panelists as Christopher Bigsby, professor of American Studies at a university in Norwich, England—I was unable to attend any of the following sessions:

"Third World Development—Women as a Force of Change," with, among others, Maureen Bunyan, the eloquent co-anchor of "Eyewitness News" at WUS in Washington; "Things to Come: Utopias and Dystopias" with such discussants as Carl Hodges, a key figure in the building of the Biosphere in the Arizona desert (where eight volunteers will be sealed inside for two years to determine the feasibility of manned space bases); "Surviving as a Musician," with composer Johnny Mandel and composer/saxophonist Bob Wilber, and other sessions dealing with the Democratic Party, the media ("Is TV a Public Service?"), college athletics, chemical warfare, education (with Peola Butler

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L.A. SENTINEL 4/16/87

JOHN LEVY CELEBRATES HIS 75TH

To look at him, you would never believe it, but when you've heard all of the famous musicians give their brief talks about John Levy, then you just might have to go for it..John Levy, a great person, concerned, caring and "strictly business," celebrated his (75th) birthday..His career started out as a musician, really getting recognized while playing as a bassist with the George Shearing Band, many, many years ago..Looking at those film clips at his elegant birthday party, it was easy to tell that John really had his craft together..His many friends were sent invitations to help surprise John with a birthday party, at the Hyatt Airport Hotel..Great music was provided by Gerald Wiggins, the Art Hillary Trio, Kenny Dennis and Al McKibbon, while guests were seated at the colorfully decorated tables and enjoyed a great dinner..Times critic Leonard Feather took over the emceeing and brought to the microphone John's long time friends..Bassist, Al McKibbens, John Collins, Clarence King, Benny Carter, and Harry (Sweets) Edison..John's wife Cora made all the arrangements and everybody had a great time..I said hello to young comedian Arsenio Hall, now a regular on "Solid Gold," and he talked about his recent imitation of Oprah Winfrey (with a mustache), which was hilarious on the "Solid Gold" show..Attractive Lois Gayle was there..Billie Harris, who was John's sceretary for years..Atty. and Mrs. Maceo Talbert..George Shearing's family..John's two pretty daughters, Samantha and Jolie..and it was really a blast watching John Levy "work out" on that bass with George Shearing in those clips.

Sorry I couldn't make it to Mae's birthday dinner..but I hear everybody

4-19

PUTTING OUR MOUTHS WHERE OUR MINDS ARE

By LEONARD FEATHER

BOULDER, Colo.—The unique meeting of the minds here has been called the world's greatest think tank. Or, as movie critic Roger Ebert puts it, in a switch on Thorstein Veblen, "the leisure of the theory class."

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The conference was conceived by Howard Higman, 71, a Boulder-born professor of sociology who recently retired from the University of Colorado but contin-

Dews, whose main speaking assignment was on "The Psychopoetry of Black America"), architecture and the Constitution.

□

Thus, Mandel, in addition to taking part in several music panels, also was on hand as a speaker on "Corporate Use and Misuses of the Media," on "Ethics in Business" and on "The Trend Toward Teen-Age Movies."

Ebert, in addition to offering a daily series of analytical examinations of the Robert Altman film "Three Women" with extensive Q&A sessions in the large Macky Auditorium, spoke at smaller classes entitled "What I Want to Do When I Grow Up" and "The Role of Sound Radio and Serious Writing" (*sound radio* is the British term for radio as opposed to TV).

On "Civil Rights and the Rights of Blacks," one of my assigned sessions, the panelists included LaDonna Harris, the president of Americans for Indian Opportunity, and Col. Robert Dews, U.S. Army (retired), husband of Peola Dews, who tried to convince us that his Army experiences proved that the opportunities for blacks are now better in the military than in civilian life.

□

The discussions attracted audiences (admission was free) of local citizens, conference participants and students in varying proportions. Nowhere was this more evident than at the "Is Rock and Roll Dead?" panel, for which teen-agers showed up in droves.

The panel's composition was hardly ideal. It included Bob Wilber, who began with a two-word answer—"No, unfortunately"—and proceeded to state that the music industry's profit motive is behind the entire rock movement. The young crowd didn't seem to relate either to him or to Sally Fay, a member of a musical comedy trio who, though she dropped such names as Cyndi Lauper, Talking Heads and Bruce Springsteen, was given to such oversimplifications as "People are still tapping their feet."

It took Langdon Winner to get close to the nitty-gritty. Now a professor of political science at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, he is the author of "Autonomous Technology" but has written for Rolling Stone. Winner pointed out that artists such as Van Morrison and Paul Simon are neither primitive nor adolescent, but deplored the layers of artificial gimmicks on MTV and asked: "Where is the immediacy of performance? The pulse of rock is strong, but its heart is weak. Why are you not all bored to death and hungry for something new?"

Surprisingly, toward the end of the session, in reply to a question "Is rock 'n' roll stagnant?," a show of hands revealed that the majority of the youthful audience agreed.

□

A larger crowd was on hand for the plenary session that brought together former astronaut Russell (Rusty) Schweickart and Soviet cosmonaut Vladimir Alekandrovich Dzhanibekov. Both spoke, with a series of slides as illustration, about the space experience. The Soviet speaker brought a sense of drama to the evening with his poignant expression of hope that space technology can be used to benefit human beings. This appearance was the first in a series of lectures he and Schweickart will make on a round the world schedule.

Ironically, this discussion, their first together, was to have taken place at West Point, but the appearance there was canceled "for security reasons." Security was no problem here, and the two men were able to socialize quite freely after their session.

□

That it was possible to present Schweickart and Dzhanibekov was characteristic of the initiative that seemed to pervade this conference, and typical of the resourcefulness of Prof. Higman. Born on this campus in 1915, he decided early in life that he wanted to learn everything. Among his special loves are cooking ("I couldn't afford a French chef, so I decided I'd better be one"), architecture, gardening (for the same reason—he couldn't afford an architect or a gardener), painting, arguing, drinking. As Elizabeth Weems said, "He's like a combination of Barnum and Bailey, Julia Child and Leonardo da Vinci." (Conference participants were given a Da Vinci logo button.)

Higman brought his brainchild into being because he sensed the need for intelligent outside influences in his own town. He joined the faculty in 1946 and began planning the conference the following year.

Now heavy set and walking with a cane, Higman may have slowed down physically, but his brain remains irreversibly active. Over the years he has enjoyed such debates as the one he moderated between Timothy Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, a speech by Eleanor Roosevelt and, perhaps less happily, an encounter with Marilyn Van Derbur, a former Miss America, then a CU senior, who goaded him into an attack on the FBI. He was rewarded with a stinging rebuke in the Rocky Mountain News by J. Edgar Hoover.

The conference has been accused of a left-wing bias. At this session, in fact, the most provocative speech I heard was given by Andrew F. Neil, the youngish, Scottish-born editor of the Sunday Times of London, who declared that the event has become "a haven for right-thinking left-leaning minds" and indicted us for "spending too much time pining for a better yesterday."

His accusations could not have been based on complete evidence, since there were so many sessions—on El Salvador, Nicaragua, Cuba, Ronald Reagan, nuclear war, national security and Muslim fanaticism, to name just a few—that no one listener could take it all in. Moreover, the political sessions, it seemed to me, provided heated disagreements among left, right and center.

When I tried to engage Neil in a discussion of his speech that evening at a party (the participants gathered at some local residence every evening), it was difficult to steer him toward the subject; he was too busy discussing the relative merits of Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins, or expressing his admiration for the Miles Davis-Gil Evans "Sketches of Spain" album. The extent to which an interest in jazz has pervaded the thinking community amazed me. It seemed as though one could throw a dart at one of these parties and be reasonably sure of hitting a jazz fan. □

V.I.P. ★ V.I.P.

U2 ★ GRATEFUL D
BILLY IDOL ★ DOOBIE BR
HOWARD JONES ★ KOOL &
HUEY LEWIS ★ PSYCHEDE

America. It was the band's debut

strongly reflecting the influence of bands like UFO, Rainbow and Deep Purple. That album helped establish the band as a promising newcomer in some countries, but not in

The second album, "Wings of Tomorrow," was better, even more

was very raw," Tempest admitted.

The group's debut album was released by a small label in 1983. "It

to pursue a music career.

was so intense in his late teens that he dropped out of technical college

the leader. His fascination with music started when he was 7 and

ple to remember) has always been

was too complicated for most peo-

adopted because his real last name

holm in 1982. Tempest (a name he

L.A. SENTINEL 4/16/87

JOHN LEVY CELEBRATES HIS 75TH

'o look at him, you would never believe it, but when you've heard all of amous musicians give their brief talks about John Levy, then you just it have to go for it..John Levy, a great person, concerned, caring and ictly business,'' celebrated his (75th) birthday..His career started out as usician, really getting recognized while playing as a bassist with the rge Shearing Band, many, many years ago..Looking at those film clips at elegant birthday party, it was easy to tell that John really had his craft ther..His many friends were sent invitations to help surprise John with a hday party, at the Hyatt Airport Hotel..Great music was provided by Ger- Wiggins, the Art Hillary Trio, Kenny Dennis and Al McKibbon, while sts were seated at the colorfully decorated tables and enjoyed a great din- ..Times critic Leonard Feather took over the emceeing and brought to the crophone John's long time friends..Bassist, Al McKibbens, John Collins, rence King, Benny Carter, and Harry (Sweets) Edison..John's wife Cora de all the arrangements and everybody had a great time..I said hello to ng comedian Arsenio Hall, now a regular on ''Solid Gold,'' and he talked ut his recent imitation of Oprah Winfrey (with a mustache), which was rious on the ''Solid Gold'' show..Attractive Lois Gayle was there..Billie ris, who was John's sceretary for years..Atty. and Mrs. Maceo bert..George Shearing's family..John's two pretty daughters, Samantha Jolie..and it was really a blast watching John Levy ''work out'' on that s with George Shearing in those clips.

Sorry I couldn't make it to Mae's birthday dinner..but I hear everybody

SHEARING AT VINE ST.

By LEONARD FEATHER

George Shearing has been doing for so long what he still does for a living that those of us who have been monitoring him for most of that time now know pretty well what to look for during one of his visits.

What is expected, and invariably delivered, is a canny admixture of superlative musicianship, several kernels of quasi-classical corn and intermittent portions of light verbal entertainment.

Typically, Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, where he opened with his bassist and duo-pianist Don Thompson, he dedicated to John Poindexter and Oliver North the song called "Don't Explain," but the performance of this old Billie Holiday favorite was exquisite, a masterful example of Shearing's gift for understatement.

Thompson's own "Up at the Crack of Don" (a Shearing title, of course) was an old-fashioned bebop ditty of the kind Shearing himself used to write in his early quintet days. Thompson's bass work transcended mere technique and offered quick-witted inspiration.

Classical infusions were numerous, from the Bach-like ending in "The Shadow of Your Smile" and the familiar Beethoven/Cole Porter shtick on "Night and Day" to a lieder-style version of "I've Got You Under My Skin" that seemed a trifle laborious. There was also a lot of kidding around when Shearing and Thompson went through their two-piano pseudo-fugue ritual on "Lullaby of Birdland," but compensation took the form of a blues interlude that brought true four-handed joy.

For all the gimmicks, Shearing still is at his best when he simply takes a tune with a strong harmonic pattern and digs into it in a no-nonsense manner. Thus, the high points were his solo piano on "Nobody Else but Me" and the two closing piano duets, Victor Feldman's "Seven Steps to Heaven" and John Coltrane's "Giant Steps."

Shearing and Thompson close Sunday.

4/21/87

Los Angeles Times

HOME TECH

TURN-ONS AND TURN-OFFS IN CURRENT HOME ENTERTAINMENT RELEASES

✓✓✓✓Excellent ✓✓✓Good ✓✓Fair ✓Poor

VIDEOCASSETTES

"Gibson Jazz Concert." Sony. $29.95. Produced in 1982 by Dick and Maddie Gibson at the Paramount Theatre in Denver, this breezy jam, with commentary, comprises standards (Phil Woods playing alto sax in "Body and Soul," Clark Terry singing and playing "I Want a Little Girl") and blues ("C Jam," "One O'Clock Jump"). Dave McKenna's personally crafted piano is well featured; Buddy De Franco's clarinet is heard, though briefly. Three of these master musicians have since died: Shelly Manne, George Duvivier and Budd

Please see HOME TECH, Page 3

Continued from Page 1

Johnson. Good recording and camera work; a bit too much talk for repeated listening. Information: (800) 847-4164. ✓✓

—LEONARD FEATHER

4/21/87

JAZZ REVIEW

NEW SPIRIT IN OLD BE-BOP FOR GILLESPIE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Any visit to town by Dizzy Gillespie is an occasion as rare and welcome as a rainbow, but his weekend at the Catalina Restaurant was something doubly special, as the capacity crowds clearly recognized.

Of the 1986 band, only bassist John Lee remains. There are, however, two returnees from earlier years: Guitarist Ed Cherry is back, replacing the pianist and adding a special warmth to the rhythm blend, and Ignacio Berroa, a powerful Cuban percussionist, is on hand again, bringing with him a dynamism that was urgently needed.

Most remarkably, the veteran saxophonist Sam Rivers, who came out of Boston to play with Miles Davis and Cecil Taylor in the 1970s, now brings to the quintet his personal blend of post-bop and post-post-bop ingredients.

This adds up to the best group the avant-courier of the trumpet has headed in several years. The company he now keeps has inspired him to performance levels closer to the Gillespie who blazed be-bop trails. His solos on a long opening piece, the Toccata movement from Lalo Schifrin's "Gillespiana" suite, as well as on his own "Night in Tunisia" and "Fiesta Mojo," had the spirit and much of the creative control that marked his most puissant early works.

Cherry had "Hi Fly" to himself, revealing a pulsing, potent sound and style that alternated between chords and long single-note lines. Lee's electric bass took over commandingly in "Tunisia," though the highlight, as always, was Gillespie's suspenseful, squeeze-toned closing cadenza.

No Gillespie show is without its humorous notes. This time Dizzy kept the clowning within bounds; in fact, his vocal on "Gee Baby Ain't I Good to You" had just the right mixture of soul and sass. It all added up to a heartening reminder that given the right setting, this great entertainer remains, first and foremost, an incomparable artist.

6/4

SANDY GRAHAM

Sandy Graham, who performed over the weekend at Alfonse's, is a slender, attractive and cheerful woman who sings in a no-nonsense manner that reflects her personality: unpretentious, agreeable and outgoing.

Conditions in the room were less than ideal. There was not enough light on her and not enough quiet (Friday nights always seem to bring out the talkers). Moreover, two of the three musicians accompanying Graham seemed never to have met her or each other. Bob Hammer appeared to be sight-reading the piano parts and Curtis Kirk was subbing for Jimmie Smith on drums. Only the bassist, Bob West, was a Graham regular.

Despite these limitations, Graham pulled it all together. Though not the most innovative of performers, she has a sound with the kind of agreeable edge to it that separates the jazzwomen from the girls.

Two of her songs were delivered at a tempo too slow to catch the attention of the crowd; however, her Billie Holiday medley of "Good Morning Heartache" and "Lover Man" brought out the emotional best in her.

Graham is something of a tune detective. She enjoys singing unfamiliar songs with familiar titles. Graham might consider building an entire show on this premise.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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Part VI Friday, May 1, 1987

JAZZ REVIEW

TROMBONE MEETS FLUTE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The trombone, a Cinderella in the jazz world these days, has produced no significant new voices in the last decade or so. To hear its potential fully explored, one must rely on such veterans as Slide Hampton, who on Tuesday evening made an all-too-rare local appearance, heading a group of Southland musicians at Catalina's Bar and Grill.

Though well established as a composer, Hampton had to depend for this gig on material familiar to the musicians hired to surround him. In fact, you could have bet 8 to 5 that in the first half-hour the band would play a blues, as well as the inevitable "Autumn Leaves." Which is precisely what happened.

Still, these chestnuts played by a soloist of Hampton's caliber take on the personal character of pure, raw be-bop; moreover, in Holly Hoffman he had an engaging partner to share the front line. Her flute provided a piquant contrast, particularly when she played the melody and Hampton offered filigree ad libs.

Putting a flute alongside a trombone might seem like tossing a terrier in a cage with a tiger, yet these two made it work, despite the occasional timidity evinced by Hoffman.

Bob Hammer at the piano and Larry Gales on bass completed the quintet. As is customary, Gales played most of his solos with a bow, displaying the technical skill for which he has long been known.

Next time Hampton is presented in town, it would be even more rewarding to hear him with an organized unit, playing his own music.

JAZZ REVIEW

THE 'UNKNOWN' ROBINSON AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Spike Robinson is beyond question one of a handful of contemporary giants of the tenor saxophone. Why, then, you might ask, have so few people heard of him? Why was there not a full house at Donte's on Wednesday evening?

One reason is that Robinson, now in his late 50s, was virtually retired from music until a few years ago. More significantly, he lives in Boulder, Colo., and has escaped the attention of the influential but parochial New York jazz critics.

Robinson is a product of the mold that brought us Zoot Sims and Stan Getz. His sense of time is fantastic, his tone supple; he develops ideas in long, flowing phrases that are subliminally marked by bent tones, tremolos and other concepts that in no way interrupt the continuity.

The group assembled for his two nights at Donte's consisted of Ross Tompkins at the piano (replaced by Marty Harris for the first set Wednesday), and the brilliant, frequently paired duo of John Clayton on bass and Jeff Hamilton on drums. Clayton's solos (one of which was bowed) were admirable; the drum solos were for the most part expendable, and too numerous.

Although Robinson is a master of every tempo, as was evident in the swinging "Seems Like Old Times" and a cooking blues called "Sippin' at Bells," some of his most alluring work was heard in the ballads such as "Emily" and "You've Changed."

Here, in short, is an artist who deserves exposure on a major record label, and attention from every serious student of the art of improvisation.

up for his group, Brecker does not plan to lose contact with the studio scene that has served him so well for so long. "I've just about done it all, from dates with Diana Ross and Sinatra to John Lennon and Julian Lennon," he says, "but I still spend about half my time in New York, and if I get a call for a date I'll usually be happy to do it.

"I did get sort of nailed as just a studio musician, but of course I have to turn some of that work down nowadays in order to be able to go out and play. But I feel lucky I can still have the best of both worlds." □

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5/3/87

JAZZ

BRECKER'S BLESSED EVENT

By LEONARD FEATHER

In these days of overnight stardom and overblown hype, it is noteworthy that Michael Brecker, a professional musician for 17 years, has just given birth to his first album as a leader.

True, there have been several Brecker Brothers recordings with Randy Brecker on trumpet, and six LPs with the group Steps Ahead, which he co-led with Mike Mainieri; but the new release simply titled "Michael Brecker" (MCA/Impulse 5980) finds him heading his own all-star quintet.

"I waited a long time to do this," said the 38-year-old saxophonist, "because I never really felt ready. I wanted to make a record that would represent a departure from Steps Ahead, with more of a straight-ahead jazz feeling to it. And Impulse [Records] seemed like the right place to do it, because that label, with all those great albums by John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins, had just the right image for what I had in mind."

Brecker's own image has been confused. For years he lived a double life, working lucratively in the studios with everyone from Chick Corea and Dire Straits to Bette Midler and Bruce Springsteen, yet maintaining an in-person reputation with his brother, with

Perennial sideman Michael Brecker has recorded his first album as a leader at age of 38.

MARIANNA DIAMOS

Mainieri, and not long ago on a European tour with John Abercrombie. He still works now and then with Randy, who is three years his senior. In the 1970s both brothers worked with Dreams, with Horace Silver and with Billy Cobham. "We were together off and on for so long that it got to a point where we needed to find more of our separate identities. I think this has worked out well for us both."

Even while his own album is being promoted, Brecker is competing with himself. He can be heard on two important cuts on the new Patrick Williams LP (Soundwings) and on a recent release by Eddie Gomez (Columbia). But the eponymous "Michael Brecker" set represents him best.

"Charlie Haden was the first person I called for my date. He's a phenomenal bassist, with an almost telepathic gift. And Pat Metheny in a way is similar to Charlie; he has that great lyric sense on guitar, and a strong personality that transcends the instrument.

"To complete the group I had Jack De Johnette, a drummer who is totally musical and swings amazingly; and Kenny Kirkland, who was with Wynton Marsalis and Sting, and who right now is my favorite pianist in every respect: I love his solos, his harmonic concept, and his section playing. Kenny's working it out so he can continue working with Branford Marsalis and with my group."

In the album, Brecker shifts gears between his jazz identity on tenor and two tracks in which he plays the EWI, the electronic wind instrument synthesizer. Referring to it as the "ee-wee," Brecker says: "It's a fascinating instrument. It has the saxophone fingering, and on the EWI itself only one note comes out, but I had it interface with other synthesizers so I could produce several notes at once." This polyphonic effect produces startling results on a cut called "Original Rays." "Because it's triggered by air, it can sound different according to who plays it. I won't say it gets as distinctive a sound as the saxophone, though, and after playing an electronic instrument for a while I do get tired; I feel the need to go back and vibrate the sax reed."

It was during his Steps Ahead days that Brecker discovered the EWI. "Steps Ahead began informally at Seventh Avenue South, a club that Randy and I owned from 1977-85. Mainieri called me and the drummer, Steve Gadd, to come in and play there. A Japanese producer was in the audience one night and invited us to work in Tokyo. Steps Ahead is on hold at the moment, because I'm involved in my own project, and Mike is busy building a studio in New York. But we still hope to do some more touring and recording next year."

For all his infatuation with the synthesized sounds of the EWI (which he says he will use more extensively on his next album), Brecker is deeply conscious that his roots go back to such acoustic idols as John Coltrane.

"I was lucky enough to hear Coltrane in person just once before he died. He played a concert in Philadelphia, with his wife Alice on piano. I'll never forget that experience—and thank God there's such a wide collection of reissues coming out now on CDs.

"I listened to so much Coltrane for so long that I finally realized the need to go back and delve into Charlie Parker, Miles and all the others who had preceded him: Clifford Brown, Louis Armstrong and an endless list of blues guitarists—Albert King, B.B. King, Jimi Hendrix.

"I always advise students to listen to people like Coltrane, Rollins, Joe Henderson, and even to copy their solos as a learning tool—I did that myself with some of Trane's solos, note for note—but only as one step in learning a language, before you go on to speak in your own voice."

Visiting schools to offer instruction at clinics, Brecker has found that too often the young musician tends to emulate his own style without taking the trouble to examine its sources. "Young players simply have to go back into history and listen to the best of what was created on every instrument."

Typically, Brecker has had to make some substitutions for the all-star cast heard on his album, yet the personnel for his road tour shows admirable strength.

"Kenny Kirkland is still with me, but the rest of the ensemble is different. I'm happy to have Mike Stern on guitar. My bassist, Jeff Andrews, was with Special EFX, and he's a great young up-and-comer; then I have a fine drummer, Adam Nussbaum.

"We make it a point to re-create everything on the album, live, and it's worked wonderfully so far. We played Fat Tuesday's in New York, some gigs in New England, and a week in Japan. We'll be in Los Angeles May 21 to work at the Palace. Later we'll be doing a lot of the big jazz festivals, from New York to Nice."

Despite all the work he has lined up for his group, Brecker does not plan to lose contact with the studio scene that has served him so well for so long. "I've just about done it all, from dates with Diana Ross and Sinatra to John Lennon and Julian Lennon," he says, "but I still spend about half my time in New York, and if I get a call for a date I'll usually be happy to do it.

"I did get sort of nailed as just a studio musician, but of course I have to turn some of that work down nowadays in order to be able to go out and play. But I feel lucky I can still have the best of both worlds." □

5/8/87

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5/5/87 Los Angeles Times

JAZZ VETERAN RED NORVO HONORED

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Jazz Heritage Foundation numbers among its good works the introduction of jazz to youngsters in schools and the presentation of tributes to musicians who have paid exceptional dues.

Kenneth (Red) Norvo, in whose honor the foundation mounted a ceremony Sunday afternoon at At My Place in Santa Monica, has enjoyed a career without parallel in jazz history. As the first artist to show the possibilities of playing jazz on a mallet instrument (first the xylophone, later the vibraphone), he led a series of brilliant bands and combos over a six-decade career. (One of his first recorded solos was Bix Beiderbecke's "In a Mist," in 1933.)

Many of the old friends who gathered to salute him were aware of the troubles he has seen: the tragic loss of a son and his wife, Eve Rogers; the traumatic problems with his hearing in the late 1960s that almost put him out of action forever, and the ongoing struggle to recover from a stroke suffered last year that left him paralyzed on his left side.

But these obstacles were barely touched on by the speakers, who preferred to dwell on Norvo's accomplishments, and on the respect in which he is held by jazzmen of three generations.

STEVE DYKES

Kenneth (Red) Norvo

LaRue Brown Watson, president of the foundation, said: "I have loved this man ever since we met. In 1954 he brought his band to play at my wedding to Clifford Brown."

Despite some absentees, there were many old friends on hand: the pianist Jimmy Rowles, the clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, the guitarist Jimmy Wyble, all of whom were Norvo colleagues; Terry Gibbs, the vibraphonist who became to the be-bop era what Norvo was to swing; Mavis Rivers, a longtime Norvo vocalist; Red's daughter, Portia Corlin, and her son, Kit.

Among those who had never met Norvo and expressed delight at finally meeting him was Milcho Leviev, everyone's favorite Bulgarian pianist, who provided some of the afternoon's best live music accompanying the saxophonist Thom Mason. (Watson announced that the foundation will sponsor a weeklong jazz camp under Mason's direction June 21 at Mira Costa College in Oceanside, to be attended by underprivileged children.)

Norvo, overwhelmed by the outpouring, confined himself to a few brief words.

"I was too busy crying to speak," he told The Times later. "I'm taking therapy every day, and playing with my right hand—in fact, I can do some scales and arpeggios I never did before. But the left hand is gradually coming back. I'm determined to play again."

5/12

JAZZ REVIEWS

SHIRLEY HORN AT VINE ST. BAR & GRILL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Is Shirley Horn a pianist who also sings? Or a vocalist who accompanies herself?

Actually, she's neither. Call her an accomplished musician who happens to be equally capable of expressing herself vocally or instrumentally.

Absent from these parts since the early 1960s, she arrived in town through the courtesy of the Vine St. Bar & Grill, where she will record an album live tonight and Wednesday. Listening to her break-in show Sunday, it seems hard to fathom why, during a 30-year career, she has remained largely unknown outside Washington, enjoying the praise of her peers while missing connections with the general public.

A self-possessed woman with a smoky vocal quality that is variously restrained and assertive, she can run a gamut of emotions, from subtle to sinewy, rising and falling dramatically in the course of a song such as Mickey Leonard's "Why Did I Choose You?"

Only once did she falter. "Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You," a great jazz standard, was too fast for her to squeeze in all the lyrics comfortably, even though her elastic phrasing enabled her on some songs to bunch a long string of words tightly together.

Her keyboard personality is impressively diversified, whether she is exploring an old standard like "Autumn Leaves" (one of her two opening instrumental numbers) or moving from elliptical single note lines to two-fisted chords during her beautifully sung and played treatment of Jobim's "Meditation."

It is no surprise that Horn and Ahmad Jamal have a mutual admiration society, as do she and Oscar Peterson.

Backing her were Charles Abels, who has been her bassist for 18 years, and her drummer Steve Williams, a four-year partner. This splendidly unified trio is central to Horn's success.

their unquestioned creativity with a somewhat larger portion of communication. —DON HECKMAN

CHARLES MCPHERSON AT CATALINA'S

Charles McPherson, who once toured in a show called "The Musical Life of Charlie Parker," brought his alto sax and his Bird-like credentials to Catalina's on Friday, backed by the Alan Broadbent Trio.

Based for some years in San Diego, McPherson has not merely remained true to his bop origins but has expanded on them, both as improvising soloist and as composer. This wasn't always evident, however, during his first set, which hewed to the conventional lines of the ad hoc jazz group.

When a performer has played (and an audience has heard) "All the Things You Are" and "Body and Soul" in myriad versions, it may seem that he has reached a point of no recourse. True, McPherson preceded "Body and Soul" with a long, convoluted and ingenious unaccompanied cadenza, but when he finally plunged into the melody there was not too much of the sound of surprise.

His own composition, "Jazz Mantra," the only original work heard during this first set, best indicated his true potential. With its pensive minor riff and modal moments, it seemed to bring out more adventive impulses in McPherson as well as in Broadbent, who blends bebop with impressionism, and in John Clayton, whose bass solos seem like melodies in their own right.

It was during the second show that McPherson's talent came into focus. No longer tentative, his sound bold and full, he brought his own values to three of his original pieces: "Horizons," with its shifting moods; "Illusions in Blue," a sort of 21st-Century variation on the blues with archly ingenious piano chording, and the rich, almost lushly evocative "A Tear and a Smile."

Having thus displayed his dual talents as composer/player, McPherson then felt free to tear into "Cherokee" at a breakneck pace. This tune has been the ultimate challenge for alto saxophonists ever since Parker's day, and it has seldom been rendered with more resolute vivacity. It ended with a drum solo by Charles McPherson Jr., the leader's 26-year-old son—still another addition to the swelling ranks of second-generation jazz men who are helping to indicate the shape of jazz to come.

—L. F.

British-Born Jazz Prodigy Victor Feldman Dies

Victor Feldman, a British-born prodigy who was a self-taught vibraphonist, percussionist and pianist, was found dead of an apparent heart attack Tuesday morning in his Woodland Hills home.

He was found by Trevor Feldman, one of his three sons and a drummer. With their father on piano, Trevor and his brother Jake, a bassist, became the Victor Feldman Trio.

The father and sons had been rehearsing Monday evening when Feldman complained of shortness of breath. He seemed all right after returning home, said Feldman's third son, Josh, business manager for the group, but he was found dead in the morning.

Feldman was 53 and taught himself to play drums by listening to his brothers as a boy in London. He was playing jazz at age 7, had made a record at 8 and began to study the piano at 9.

During World War II he was known in England as "Kid Krupa," after the American drummer Gene Krupa. He was a youthful guest star with the Glenn Miller Army Air Force Band and came to the United States after winning five magazine awards as Great Britain's top vibraphonist.

He settled in Los Angeles after touring with the Woody Herman band and began to work regularly with the Lighthouse All Stars from 1957 to 1959. He was heard on the old "Peter Gunn" TV series as part of Henry Mancini's band and in 1962 went to the Soviet Union as Benny Goodman's vibraphonist.

He joined Miles Davis and for him wrote "Seven Steps to Heaven." Leonard Feather, The Times jazz critic, said Davis wanted Feldman to become his regular keyboardist but Feldman did not want to leave his wife and family to go on the road. Herbie Hancock took Feldman's place, Feather said, and went on to establish an international jazz reputation.

In the ensuing years, Feldman crossed regularly from mainstream pop music to jazz and rock 'n' roll, accompanying Frank Sinatra, Neil Diamond, Steely Dan, the Doobie Brothers and Kenny Loggins, among others.

A memorial service will be held at 3 p.m. Monday at Pierce Brothers Valley Oaks Memorial Park in Westlake Village.

Victor Feldman

L.A. Times 4/26/87

JAZZ

CRAMMING 'N' JAMMING AT BOULDER CONFERENCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last in a two-part series.

BOULDER, Colo.—All it takes to bring jazz into almost any setting is one dedicated enthusiast. This city has long had just such a propagandist in the person of Betty Weems, a committee member of the recent Conference on World Affairs here ever since the annual conclave began in 1948.

Weems, a lifelong jazz fan, was able to persuade her colleagues and conference founder Howard Higman that what this event needed was a first-class concert and, with the help of Henry (Spike) Robinson, a locally based and greatly underrated tenor saxophonist, she was able to bring it to fruition five years ago, and annually since then.

There was a second secret weapon: Jazz has long been a force at the University of Colorado, where the conference was staged. The biggest and most popular class on campus is one on jazz history, which currently attracts 440 students to its twice-weekly seminars, conducted by Wayne Scott.

"Jazz was never a stranger to this campus," said Scott, who started a stage band (a euphemism for jazz band) at the university in the mid-1950s. In addition to the history class, Scott conducts a course in improvisation and lends his arranging skills to concerts featuring the works of everyone from Duke Ellington to Irving Berlin.

Scott's students provided a good foundation for the audiences at several panel discussions during the week. Some of the sessions had deliberately provocative titles: "Who Owns the Word Jazz?" and "Whatever Happened to the Blues?" and "Jazz is Not Dead, But . . ." Participating in these panels were Johnny Mandel, the former trombonist who gave up the instrument to become an award-winning film and TV composer and songwriter; Bob Wilber, the saxophonist/composer/arranger whose superb adaptation of Ellington's music for the film "Cotton Club" won him a Grammy; Ben Sidran, whose associations have ranged from London sessions with the Rolling Stones and Eric Clapton to U.S. albums with Phil Woods, Richie Cole and other jazz eminences; and this writer.

ED KOSMICKI

Ben Sidran, on critics: "I've found musicians feel very misunderstood by the writers."

Wilber, an eloquent and provocative speaker, launched the "Jazz is Not Dead, But . . ." discussion (the title was his own idea) by advancing a theory often promulgated by adherents of the old school: The golden age of jazz ended in 1946, when GIs returning home found a strange, incomprehensible music called be-bop on New York's 52nd Street that represented hostility and took the happiness out of the music.

As the other discussants were quick to point out, far from being hostile, Dizzy Gillespie and others in the new jazz movement of the day related well to their audiences; Gillespie was even accused of being too much the entertainer and showman. Moreover, the "unfathomable" be-bop not only was duly understood but, over the years, was absorbed into the jazz mainstream.

There have been many "golden ages" since 1946: the heady days of the first jazz festivals, from the mid-1950s; the numerous highlights in the career of Duke Ellington; the unforgettable era when Miles Davis was producing not only his series of albums with Gil Evans but also the combo dates with John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley and Bill Evans. For all we know, what is happening in our present tumultuous days may be looked on 20 years hence as another golden era.

Mandel, recently active in jazz again, has maintained close contact with its participants and proved to be an articulate spokesman, particularly on the panel concerning the word *jazz*.

"It's a very broad term now," he said, "like classical music. Stravinsky is quite unlike Mozart, yet both are categorized as classical. By the same token, fusion music and John Coltrane are lumped together as jazz. We are too hung up on terminology. Essentially there are two types of music: The kind you experience from the neck up, and the kind that moves you from the neck down."

Sidran has been heavily involved in the cerebral and gut-level aspects of music. Holder of a doctorate in history and sociology from the University of Sussex in England, he wrote a book, "Black Talk," that was hailed as one of the most penetrating examinations of black culture in the United States. But when Sidran sings his original songs at the piano ("Space Cowboy," "The Doctor's Blues" or a pseudo-history of jazz called "A Good Travel Agent"), he is a delightful entertainer in a mold somewhere between Dave Frishberg and Mose Allison.

During a panel discussing the value of criticism, explaining his career as a performer, Sidran said: "I was involved as a critic, and in historiography; then I decided to *become* the information instead of just commenting on it. I've found musicians feel very misunderstood by the writers.

"The late Pepper Adams, the saxophonist, once told me that a negative New York Times review of a concert he'd taken part in with Thelonious Monk caused a whole concert tour with Monk to be canceled. He never forgot that."

Sidran himself has been back in the critical fold as host of National Public Radio's "Sidran on Record." But performing seems to provide his most rewarding outlet, as he revealed in a concert, held as part of the conference, at the Glenn Miller Memorial Center Ballroom. (Miller, a big photo of whom adjoins the bandstand, studied at the University of Colorado but dropped out in 1923.)

Sidran and Johnny Mandel alternated at the piano, the latter playing some of his established hits ("Emily," "Close Enough for Love") and premiering a brand-new ballad, "Lovers After All." Bob Wilber, switching from saxophones to clarinet, offered a tribute to Benny Goodman in tandem with the concert organizer Spike Robinson.

Long a Boulder resident, Robinson provides a classic instance of the "it's not how good you are, it's where you are" theory. But there is much more than that to his unique story: Now 57, he became a full-time professional musician only 18 months ago after more than three decades as an engineer.

Born in Kenosha, Wis., Robinson studied clarinet and alto sax and led a band while in his teens, joined the Navy in 1948 and was shipped to Britain as clarinetist in a Navy band. During three years in England, he played with such British civilians as Victor Feldman and earned a local reputation. A post-Navy attempt to succeed as a musician in Chicago didn't work out.

"Things were tough, so I studied engineering under the GI Bill at the University of Colorado, and that became my career."

Though he continued playing off and on, Robinson never had the courage to give up on engineering and return to his first love until friends persuaded him that it was now or never. In November, 1985, after 19 years at Honeywell, he quit.

He has had his share of minor successes: a few visits to New York (Eddie Condon's) and Los Angeles (Donte's) and a return to Europe, where he is quite well known.

The audience attracted to Robinson's concert consisted in large measure of university students, along with faculty members and conference participants. Many, it can be assumed, had seldom or never been exposed to the sound of mainstream jazz; yet the room was packed, many were turned away, and there were two standing ovations. The message would seem to be that music like that of Robinson, Wilber and the others could find a greater audience, especially among younger listeners, were they not shielded from it by the incessant outpouring of teen-appeal music via radio and TV. □

Los Angeles Times 5/12

HOME TECH

"In the Idiom." Randy Brecker. Denon. In this all too rare appearance by Brecker as an uncompromising jazzman, he plays eight neatly arranged original works, with first-rate backing by Joe Henderson on tenor sax, pianist David Kikoski, Ron Carter on bass, and Al Foster on drums. "You're in My Heart" shows Brecker's original approach to ballad writing, with a beat. "There's a Mingus A Monk Us" lives up to its quirky title. All told, the 57½ minutes of music reflect the more purely emotional and less strictly functional aspects of the trumpeter's talent. ✓✓✓½

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times 5/10/87 (syndicated)

JAZZ

AN ORCHESTRA THE DUKE WOULD BE PROUD OF

By LEONARD FEATHER

Five days after his father died in May, 1974, Mercer Ellington flew to Bermuda with the orchestra he had inherited to fulfill an obligation Duke had sworn would be honored.

"I want to have a band Pop would be proud of," his son said on that occasion, and since then he has tried bravely to live up to a promise that might have seemed impossible to keep.

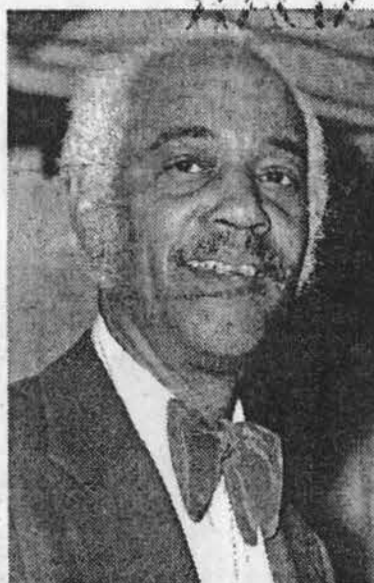
Next Friday, just 13 years after the father-to-son transition, the Ellington orchestra will perform during the opening evening of the Queen Mary Jazz Festival. This will be a rare opportunity—the first since Duke's death—for a Los Angeles audience to hear the band under concert conditions.

Keeping the Ellington name alive has been no problem; by now, it is engraved firmly in the history of 20th-Century music. Keeping the quality of the music unspoiled is another matter, one that has found Mercer Ellington dealing with the perennial question: How much should this timeless music be updated, if indeed it needs changing at all? How does one retain in the ranks of the musicians that unique sense of personal identity that became so much a part of the Duke's own genius?

Mercer, pausing during a tour, called from New York to bring the picture up to date. "We're actually playing more Ellington than we ever did before," he said, "and the joy of it is that the things we're playing are authentic. We even do a version of 'Solitude' with that quiet, trio-like sound, the way Pop did it originally. And Barry Lee Hall does the original version of 'Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me.'" (Hall, to whom the late Cootie Williams bequeathed his trumpet when they were brass section team mates, has become a key figure in transcribing the original Ellington arrangements from records.)

Longevity was always a hallmark of Ellingtonia, in terms of the music and the men who played it. In Duke's day, you could measure a sideman's tenure in decades. Though they were absent for various periods, such giants as Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney and Cootie Williams, all of whom joined the band in the late 1920s, were on hand for at least part of the 1970s.

"Nowadays, we measure in years rather than decades," Mercer said. "Our oldest inhabitant is Chuck Connors, who joined the trombone section in 1961. But we still have several others who were in the band with Pop: our singer, Anita Moore, and the drummer, Rocky White, and Barry Lee Hall." Mercer joined the band in 1965 as trumpeter and road manager.



Mercer Ellington: "We're actually playing more Ellington than we ever did before, and the joy of it is that the things we're playing are authentic."

The continuity is further maintained by the occasional presence of various alumni. Trombonists Buster Cooper and Vince Prudents, both now based in Los Angeles, will be on hand next Friday. A couple of weeks ago, clarinetist Jimmy Hamilton, a cornerstone of the reed section from 1942 to 1968, left his Virgin Islands home to play a gig with Mercer in Copenhagen, now the Ellingtons' second home. (Mercer's wife is Danish; he spends about three months of every year there.)

"That was a marvelous job," Mercer said. "They flew us over to play a battle of the bands, competing with this Danish Radio orchestra. It was a benefit for the Ben Webster Memorial Foundation." Webster, the tenor sax behemoth of Ellington's 1940s band, died in European expatriation.

"The band sounded great, but the Copenhagen writers were indignant; they panned the hell out of us."

Was that just chauvinistic jealousy?

"Absolutely," Mercer Ellington answered. "The truth is, we killed 'em!" He laughed with an air of total conviction. "You'll probably be able to find out for yourself, because they brought a half-dozen cameras in from Stockholm, and they're bound to make some kind of TV special out of it."

In addition to reviving the classic Ellington repertoire, Mercer has picked up at an important point where his father left off. Just before he died, Duke was working on a musical, "Queenie Pie," for which Mercer took over the balance of the composing.

"We finally got the show on stage last year, in Philadelphia and Washington. The band didn't take part in it, but I kept a close watch on the show. It was very successful, closed to standing room, and made good money, so we're hoping to take it on the road and wind up on Broadway."

Though Mercer Ellington's own career as a composer has been erratic, he has had his share of successes. The best-known work that bears his name is "Things Ain't What They Used To Be," though his talent is better represented by the colorfully textured "Blue Serge" and "Moon Mist."

"Lately," he said, "I've been making sure to do a little writing now and then; busy as I am with running the band, I like to contribute to the music. Right now, I'm trying to complete what I hope will be the ultimate arrangement on 'It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing.' I started to do it for the new album, but it didn't quite work. It swings, it sounds good, but it's not authentic. I'm going to keep on doing it, as they say, until I get it right."

Representation on records for the present orchestra has been inadequate. During the 10 years that followed Duke's death, Mercer made only two albums. Lately, though, this aspect of the band's work has taken on new life. "Hot and Bothered," a first-rate series of re-creations, was issued in 1984 on Dr. Jazz Records; an album with Diahann Carroll, singing her tribute to Ethel Waters, has just been reissued on compact disc (Bainbridge), and "Digital Duke," the band's latest venture, with Clark Terry and Louis Bellson (both graduates of the 1950s band) and two guest soloists—Eddie Daniels on clarinet and Branford Marsalis on tenor sax—will be released momentarily on GRP.

"I still believe in what Pop told me," Mercer said. "He was convinced that the whole basis of being in this business is staying on records. If we keep on doing what we're doing—and I'm very happy with the way this new album has turned out—sooner or later something great is bound to happen.

"Yes, we're making pretty good progress, and I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Meanwhile, I'll tell you one thing—I'm getting more pleasure out of it than ever." □

...he was permitted to or-
e, it was only for black-
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...ated, he went to New York
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In addition to his wife, he is survived by a daughter and two grandchildren. A memorial service will be held May 25 at 2 p.m at the American Federation of Musicians hall on Vine Street in Hollywood.

5/18

ROBERT GABRIEL

Anita Moore performs with Ellington orchestra Friday at Queen Mary Jazz Festival.

JAZZ REVIEW

HUMMING ALONG AT THE QUEEN MARY

By LEONARD FEATHER

It says something about the organizers of the three-day Queen Mary Jazz Festival, which began Friday evening, that their choice for a host was "Late Night With David Letterman" band leader Paul Shaffer, who is to a class jazz act what a tugboat is to the Queen Mary.

Sample Shaffer sally: "I wanna bring this cat on. He's played with a lotta cats. He's recorded with Marvin Gaye, so you know where this cat is coming from."

The cat in question was Leslie Drayton, a trumpeter who, after leading a superior but unsuccessful big jazz band, formed a seven-piece funk group in which, with soprano sax, synthesizers, congas, percussion and keyboards, he sounds like a poor man's Chuck Mangione.

Drayton still has his jazz chops, however, as he showed during a series of eloquent cadenzas in a blues, with bassist Charles Meeks doubling engagingly on harmonica.

Please see HUMMING, Page 7

HUMMING ALONG AT QUEEN MARY FEST

Continued from Page 1

Drayton battled a sound system that hobbled the entire evening. There was a continuous low-register hum; basses were over-amplified; rhythm sections during the Diane Schuur and Mercer Ellington sets were in aural disarray.

Ellington was at a double disadvantage. Despite the revolving stage there were long waits between sets. The band hit the stage at 11:20 p.m. and was not through until 1 a.m., by which time most of the audience had drifted away.

This was unfortunate for Anita Moore, Ellington's vocalist (on stage at 12:35 a.m.). Her rich, mellow, well-controlled voice has matured over the years. It was a rare pleasure to hear the lyrics to Billy Strayhorn's "Passion Flower," and the seldom heard verse of "I Got It Bad."

The contrast between Moore and Schuur was enlightening. Schuur has a splendid vocal instrument, as she made clear during such gimmick-free pieces as "Love Dance." A talented pianist, she accompanied herself during half the set. But her voice is like an engine that now and then overheats. The sudden forced high notes, the touches of ersatz Dinah Washington, the passion tried for in "Reverend Lee" by repeating the phrase "Do it to me" rapidly 24 times, were not substitutes for true emotion.

She sang "It Don't Mean a Thang" but rhymed it with *swing* rather than *swang*, which at least would have been consistent. (Anita Moore, of course, has no need to aim for a black sound; it comes to her naturally.) With careful guidance and less affectation, Schuur could be a focused, convincing jazz singer.

The Ellington orchestra achieved, when the engineers and the arrangements allowed it, enough of the *echt* Ellington sound to recall the Duke's unique legacy. Despite the use of six men recruited locally, the brass section came through with fiery cohesion. The saxes lacked the strong alto lead and unification that was long a part of the band's identity.

Barry Lee Hall on trumpet was true to tradition in his superb recreation of Cootie Williams' "Do Nothing Til You Hear From Me." Gerald Wiggins at the piano and his son J.J. Wiggins on bass beat the sound system and came across well.

The very early Ellington tunes, "Birmingham Breakdown" and "Hot and Bothered," were rendered with a quaintly charming authenticity. The low note was a reggae number in which the flutist dismembered his flute for comedy value.

Earlier, the Rippingtons displayed some of the more valid values of fusion music, blending alto sax, leader Russ Freeman's guitar, and keyboards (with David Benoit on piano) in a manner that suggested, at times, a more accessible and less abstract Weather Report. Benoit's "Sunset Island" stood out in an uneven set of originals.

Music of this genre is light years from the blues or from soul, yet on its own terms it is acceptable. Paul Shaffer took over Freeman's synthesizer for one number.

Attendance was 5,800. Capacity on the harbor (some 200 yards from the Queen herself) is 10,200.

Phil Moore, Composer, Vocal Coach for Entertainers, Dies

Phil Moore, a composer and arranger whose vocal coaching refined the talents of such extraordinary entertainers as Lena Horne, Dorothy Dandridge, Johnny Mathis, the Supremes, Diahann Carroll and Ava Gardner, died of a heart attack Wednesday.

His wife, Jeanne, said he was 70 when he died at Cedars Sinai Medical Center and that he had a history of heart problems.

Moore, the adopted son of George Moore, who managed boxing champion Henry Armstrong for years, was a child piano prodigy who came to Hollywood after attending the University of Washington and then working in speak-easies during the Prohibition era. He went to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but met the fate of most black musicians and composers of that time and was forced into ghost writing for white composers while holding the job title of "rehearsal pianist," said Leonard Feather, The Times jazz critic.

Songs he was credited with writing include "Shoo, Shoo Baby" and "I Feel So Smoochie."

When he was permitted to orchestrate, it was only for black-oriented films.

Frustrated, he went to New York and became the first black talent director for CBS radio and a chief arranger at NBC. He also formed a combo, the Phil Moore Four and enjoyed a lengthy run at Cafe Society. Later he became the first black to produce records for white-owned companies.

In 1974, Moore returned to the West Coast.

His talent for training singers first came to light through his long association with Lena Horne while they both were at MGM, but through the years he also composed, arranged, coached or wrote special material for Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland, Shirley Bassey, Tom Jones, Pearl Bailey, Roberta Peters, Louis Armstrong and Perry Como.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by a daughter and two grandchildren. A memorial service will be held May 25 at 2 p.m at the American Federation of Musicians hall on Vine Street in Hollywood.

mansion, a rented Porsche limo, a 50-foot limo ... with a Jacuzzi ... session with ... spree on ... tasting ...

HUMMING ALONG AT QUEEN MARY FEST

Continued from Page 1

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5-17

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The violin has given us at most a dozen significant contributors in the 70-year history of recorded jazz. Many of the giants have left us—Joe Venuti, Eddie South, Stuff Smith, Ray Nance—but a few survivors retain the perennial values, while the very few recent arrivals grope for a sound and style. Nowhere is this more evident than in the two albums reviewed below:

"STEPHANE GRAPPELLI PLAYS JEROME KERN." GRP 9542 (CD) or 1032 (LP). Most cuts on Grappelli's new recording find the veteran violinist accompanied sensitively and unobtrusively by a string ensemble. His ability to ad lib is in no way inhibited. He plays the verses to "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" (this and "Why Do I Love You" are excluded from the LP version) and "All the Things You Are." He doubles briefly on piano for "Long Ago and Far Away," and experiments with "Ol' Man River" by starting out backed only by drums, later modulating upward for added excitement. It's vintage Grappelli, and the orchestral setting is a rare plus factor. 4½ stars.

"SONYA." Sonya Robinson. Columbia FC 40251. Sonya Robinson is gorgeous; she was Miss Black America; she plays violin; she has the endorsements of Wynton Marsalis and Miles Davis. What more can you want? Plenty. Ironically, Robinson represents everything Marsalis has opposed, verbally and in his music. She comes equipped with keyboards, synthesizers, drum programming, congas and tightly tailored charts composed and arranged by Jean Paul Bourelly. Her solos sound more prepared than spontaneous, though she comes close to establishing a loose groove on the final cut, "Sun-Smile." A legitimate sound and good intonation are admirable traits; however, she has a limited concept of jazz improvisation. But watch: Given her credentials and backers, Sonya will soar on the charts. For the cover photo, 5 stars; for the music, 2 stars.

5-24

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"MY SHIP." MPS 8216664-2 (CD). "MORE GRAND PIANO." Concord Jazz CJ318. George Shearing. Both the CD (made in Germany in 1974) and the newly taped LP were recorded on nonpareil pianos by the veteran virtuoso, playing standard songs, many of which he elevates to a level of harmonic and rhythmic subtlety above and beyond what the composer themselves had in mind. On the CD are touches of Tatum in "Yesterdays" and "Tenderly," a *soupcon* of Erroll Garner and an easy swing in the upstream update of Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer." Forget about the waterfall effects in "My Ship" and the use of a "Marseillaise" introduction to "April in Paris." They're forgivable flaws in a 4½-star set.

The Garner influence is stronger in the Concord set, on "Dream" and "My Silent Love." The bass line in "Ramona" suggests a hint of Satie. Claude Thornhill's exquisite "Snowfall" is ingeniously interwoven with Berlin's "Change Partners." For pianophiles, 41 minutes of sheer bliss. 5 stars.

□

"FI FI GOES TO HEAVEN." JoAnne Brackeen. Concord Jazz CJ 316. After a long series of trio and solo albums, this brilliant pianist is well served by a quintet with Terence Blanchard on trumpet and Branford Marsalis on alto and soprano saxes. Four of the seven pieces are her own. "Estilo Magnifico," with its odd shifts of meter and melody, and the Ornette Colemanesque 1960s-style chaos of "Cosmonaut" are admirable vehicles for all hands. The title tune (what other album was ever named for a deceased Yorkie?) actually begins with a bark and includes a nursery rhyme quote, but Brackeen isn't kidding in most of her solos on this invigorating set. She even offers some new thoughts on "Stardust," sharing the footage with a cautious Blanchard, who had probably never played it before. Impeccable support by Cecil McBee's bass and Al Foster's drums. 4 stars.

□

"MARLENE VERPLANCK SINGS ALEC WILDER." Audiophile AP 218. VerPlanck has a unique background as a back-up singer for just about everyone and as a jingle maker for Winstons, McDonald's, Campbell's and scores more. Her emergence from the studio world has provided us with a luminous presence. She is, as many East Coast observers have long known, a peerless performer of quality songs, among which Wilder's ("I'll Be Around," "Give Me Time," "The Lady Sings the Blues") are too often neglected. Wilder wrote the melodies and, in two cases, the lyrics, though most of the words were provided by VerPlanck's pianist, Loonis McGlohon, or by William Engvick. The treatments are respectful, not jazz-decorated but gently appealing, with an effectively simple rhythm section backing. Fine production, with album notes by Engvick, Marian McPartland and other admirers, one of whom rightly calls VerPlanck a singer's singer and Wilder a musician's composer. 4 stars.

□

"TO DUKE AND BASIE." Clark Terry and Red Mitchell. Enja 5011. What's going on here? Billy Strayhorn's lovely melody "Lotus Blossom" has acquired a new sole-composer credit, B. Jones (who he?), a new title and lyric, "Thanks for Everything," feebly sung (and no doubt written) by Red Mitchell, who should stick to the bass (or piano, which he plays on this track). For the rest, it's a pleasant enough duo album, with Terry doing his muted-trumpet-in-one-hand-fluegelhorn-in-the-other trick, dueting with himself on "C Jam Blues." There's also a "Mumbles" tune on which both men sing amusingly. Recorded last year in Stockholm, where Mitchell lives, this could have used a little more support. 2½ stars.

□

"CROSSING OVER THE BRIDGE." John Dankworth. MCA D 5932. Dankworth conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in "Sing Sing Sing," a Benny Goodman rip-off with dated drumming and phrasing; "Every Time We Say Goodbye," a fine framework for Ronnie Scott's tenor sax, and "The Shadow of Your Smile," with Dankworth in good form on alto. But his sense of humor fails him for once in "Further Experiments With Mice," a too-cute variation on "Three Blind Mice," with a pun-heavy narration. "African Waltz" is just as terrible a tune today as it was when it won a Grammy as best jazz composition in 1961. On the whole, not very Dankworth. 2½ stars.

□

"TONY BENNETT JAZZ." Columbia C 2 40424. This two-LP set could have made a great single disc, simply by eliminating most of the early cuts. On the 1957 "Let's Face the Music," for example, Bennett's intonation was shaky and the arrangement dully derivative. By the 1960s, he was (as "When Lights Are Low" makes eloquently clear) more secure and confident. The best tunes are those on which he is backed by his pianist, Ralph Sharon, alone or with a small group. There are four good 1964 songs with Stan Getz, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Elvin Jones, and a memorable "Sweet Lorraine" with Joe Marsala on clarinet and Bobby Hackett on, of all things, a ukulele. Cover credits are absurdly misleading: Zoot Sims has only one 30-second solo; Nat Adderley has none at all; neither does Al Cohn, though he gets billing, while Art Blakey, who is very prominent on "Just One of Those Things," doesn't. The Basie band supports Bennett on two tunes, but it's not the Count on piano, it's Sharon, yet Sharon too is unbilled. 3 stars.

□

"MEANS OF IDENTIFICATION." Valery Ponomarev. Reservoir 701 (276 Pearl St., Kingston, N.Y. 12401). The Soviet-born, Clifford Brown-inspired trumpeter, who lost little time between leaving Moscow and joining Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (with whom he toured from 1976-80), makes a commendable debut as leader, with a hot, Blakey-style international group: the splendid black English saxophonist Ralph Moore, Japanese pianist Hideki Takao, and two Americans, Dennis Irwin on bass and Kenny Washington on drums. Ponomarev pays a tribute to his idol in "I Remember Clifford"; the other five cuts are his own well-crafted compositions. Aptly, he calls his quintet Universal Language. Well spoken, it has an Esperanto-like effect. 4 stars.

□

"BRIDGEWORK." Billy Higgins. Contemporary 14024. Two hard-hitting quartets: a 1980 group with pianist Cedar Walton and the too rarely heard Texas tenor star, James Clay; and a 1986 unit with Walton and Harold Land. The drummer-leader is well displayed in a duet with (and by) Land, "The Theme." Bassist Buster Williams wrote the intriguing "Decepticon." Of the two ballad tracks, "Old Folks," from the Clay date, works well, but 11 minutes of "I Hear a Rhapsody," with Land not at his best, is too much. 3 stars.

□

"THE SAXOPHONE SHOP." The Saxophone Choir. Soul Note 1129. This group comprises eight saxophones (according to the listing) or nine (if you believe the notes) and a rhythm section. Odean Pope is the composer, arranger and main soloist (on tenor). The fiery-furnace feeling of Pope, and the intense cross rhythms backing him, are heard to advantage in "Muntu Chant." "Elixir" offers ingenious writing, piano and bass solos. Pope's use of multiphonics and tendency to musical logorrhea lead to some inchoate moments, but the concept is adventurous and the execution generally commendable. 3½ stars. □

Los Angeles Times

THE JAZZ YEARS—EARWITNESS TO AN ERA by Leonard Feather (Da Capo: $25; 320 pp., black-and-white photographs) is a memoir in which Leonard Feather, The Times' jazz critic since 1966, reminisces about his career in music as historian, composer, lyricist, record and concert producer. The early chapters detail his discovery of jazz while growing up in London. Later passages deal with his close association with such artists as Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie, and his discovery of George Shearing, Dinah Washington and others whom he was the first to record. There are also chapters on racism and sexism, and on his tours of the Soviet Union, Japan, Israel and many other countries to visit jazz festivals.

5/24/87

FOCUS ON MUSIC

The Gift of John Hammond

Hank O'Neal

John Hammond with one of his recent musical discoveries, Stevie Ray Vaughan.

On May 25 - 27, Andre Bernard celebrates the unmatched musical contribution of record producer and social activist John Hammond. Our salute begins here with two sensitive portraits of Hammond by jazz critic Leonard Feather and composer Mel Powell.

A Dream of Jazz and Justice

BY LEONARD FEATHER

John Hammond's name is one that conjures up splendid images for anyone even remotely aware of his accomplishments. The longer one has known him, the more numerous and diversified those images will be.

It is no exaggeration to claim that had it not been for John Hammond, the world might never have heard of Billie Holliday, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, and a long line of others who, through his initiatives, came to prominence on records and eventually on the world music scene.

His reputation for the most part is associated with jazz, yet his discoveries have included Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen. He is renowned as a catalyst in music, yet he has been a lifelong activist in race relations. As a journalist he covered the Scottsboro Boys' trial for *The Nation* and the *New Republic*. He was for many years a member of the board, and vice-president, of the NAACP (which he eventually quit because he felt it was too conservative).

He has managed to combine his two principal passions, jazz and racial justice, by working endlessly for integration in music. It was through his efforts that Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, and Charlie Christian went to work for Benny Goodman. He arranged numerous interracial jobs for musicians in the early 1930's when such things were almost unheard of.

An accomplished violist who played in string quartets for pleasure, John was a member of a wealthy and socially prominent family. After studying at Yale, Hotchkiss, and Juilliard, he acquired ownership of a theater at Second Avenue and Fourth Street, where he put on black jazz concerts. His career as a recording director began in 1932, when he was 21, because the president of Columbia Records, then operating in receivership in the depths of the Depression, told him the company had been receiving requests from England for some jazz records.

John began by recording the Fletcher Henderson orchestra, charging nothing for his services. He went on to produce a series of classical jazz dates that were released in due course in the U.S. as well as in England.

The jazz community then was a tight-knit group of specialists; we all heard one another's lonely cries. When I stepped off the *Normandie* on my first visit from London, John was at the pier to greet me; within 12 hours he had taken me to the Apollo Theatre (where I met Bessie Smith) at the Savoy Ballroom. It was the start of a 50 year friendship; we had much in common in musi-

BEHIND THE SCENES

Seeking Comfort in the Newsroom

A producer's view of the daily miracle of All Things Considered.

Stan Barough

The producers, editors, technical directors, and administrative staff of *All Things Considered.*

Last month, Renee Montagne and Robert Siegel became the new co-hosts of NPR's award-winning evening newsmagazine All Things Considered. *Their appointments ended a period of transition, which began last September when former co-host Susan Stamberg resigned to become the host of Sunday's* Weekend Edition, *followed by Noah Adams's departure earlier this year. In the midst of these changes the show went on without a hitch—thanks to the talented staff of producer Art Silverman. This month, Art gives us a view of what it takes to bring it all together every night at five. Ed.*

The most often-asked question of an *All Things Considered* producer these days is: "How can you continue to do what you do—seven days a week—52 weeks a year—90 minutes a day?"

And the most often-given response from me is: "Mommy...it's getting dark again."

But it's not been as hard as you might imagine. Listen carefully to the last 30 seconds of any night's program. It's there you'll find the reason why: our amazing staff. Tape cutters, editorial assistants, editors, administrative assistants. Not to take an iota of glory and honor away from the voices you hear on the air, but showers praise upon the two dozen people who wake up every morning, rub the sleep out of their eyes and try to construct *All Things Considered* every evening.

The staff enters into a tribal ritual at 10am. We sit around the long wooden table in a room not much bigger than the table itself. This is a time to think sharp and be clever. We are expected to come out of this ceremony with the seeds for a crop we'll harvest some seven hours later.

Eventually ideas emerge. We'll call a reporter in Beirut to see how bad the fighting is. Good idea. We'll call someone at the Soviet Embassy and see if they watched the TV show *Amerika*. Good idea. We'll call a financial analyst about the economic consequences of major western nations' attempting to stabilize their currencies. Bad idea. It sounds boring. "But it's important for people to know!" says a proponent. "Can we do it well?" says another. No one looks up. We drop it, hoping we can figure out a way to say it well some other time.

The components of our daily adventure fall into place. A correspondent will cover a hearing about the arms-to-Iran-and-funds-to-the-contras story. One host will talk to a man who lives very close to an active Hawaiian volcano. Our other host will interview a baboon.

All day I add to a list; I subtract from the list. News happens, and more importantly, ideas happen. We hear ourselves asking interesting questions about what's going on in the world, and we suppose our audience will have those questions, too.

Eventually I draw a roadmap, our visual guide to the show. With a fat black marker I draw lines and write "slugs," the in-house names for individual parts of the show. I start at a line denoting "5pm" and work down to "6:30pm." It's a skill that involves third grade arithmetic, news judgment, penmanship, swordsmanship, and psycho-manipulations.

I play this arts and crafts project while the rest of the staff is practicing journalism.

For them, the day is chopped into 15-minute blocks: that's how long the average interview takes. (On the air, each interview will be much shorter.) A host moves into Studio 5 as someone yells, "Beirut holding on 2110." Editors and tape cutters follow. A quarter-hour later they all emerge, flush with triumph. "Amazing," says editor Marilyn Robinson. A reporter talked to us from her Beirut apartment as machine gun fire filled the air. "It needs five minutes," Robinson says. I grimace. "It was good," she says. "Five minutes for a lousy phone line to Lebanon? Will anyone understand it? Who wants five minutes on Lebanon?" I argue. "Believe me, it needs five minutes," says the determined editor. In the end, I believe her. She is right, of course. But the whole day proceeds the same way. Little fights, little victories, little defeats. Out of turmoil and pettiness, and all our sins a program emerges.

Two hours to air time, the tape is

Continued on page 33

John Hammond

Continued from page 9

neous as jazz itself, reflects both his immediate involvement as a listener and the vast knowledge that John commands about all aspects of the music, and about the musicians who shape the great chronicle of jazz.

Of course his own role in shaping that chronicle has made of John's personal history a glowing jazz legend. It is almost certain that neither Count Basie's band nor Benny Goodman's would have been quite what each band became had John Hammond not been there helping in a variety of ways. And it is evident, too, that the range of the man's insights is extraordinary—is in fact peerless. It was John, after all, acting on his flawless, singularly advanced judgments, who was largely responsible for first directing public attention, both as critic and record producer, not only to Billie Holiday on the one hand, but also to Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen on the other.

Many persons are better qualified than I am to document his accomplishments. Among those accomplishments, surely John's impassioned and effective activities in the socio-political arena as a champiôn of liberalism, particularly noteworthy in light of his Vanderbilt heritage, are in no sense marginal. But for my part, when I think of the years that were good to John,—happily they were many—I recall occasions when he and I collaborated. For instance, I remember his supervising a particular recording session in Chicago. The year must have been 1940. We—the Benny Goodman band—were playing nightly at the then-renowned College Inn, and from time to time we would make recordings during the day. I've said a "particular" recording session because it was the first time our new young singer had ever made a record, and John was patient, understanding, spectacularly sensitive regarding her extreme nervousness. At one point the trembling of her hands caused the sheet music she was holding to rattle beyond what the engineer could accept. I think that at that moment, any other record producer would have been undone. But with impeccable graciousness, as though the clock (that is, the attendant constraints, recording costs) were not to be considered at all, John called for an unprecedented twenty-minute recess. He came out of the control booth to join us, and during the break he radiated serenity and good spirits. It did the trick, just the thing needed to dissipate the accumulating tensions. Our singer recovered her poise and went on with her assignment. How nicely she carried it out, and how nicely she continued thereafter, can be judged when it is understood that the young lady was Peggy Lee.

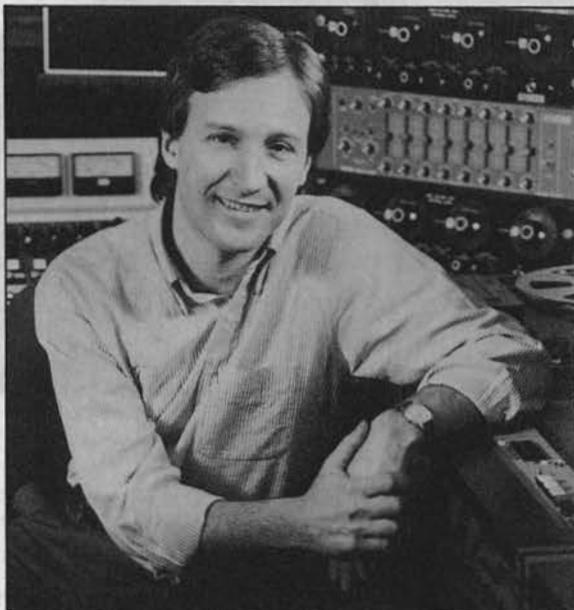
I remember, too, another "particular" recording session, many, many years later. It was John's idea to launch a series of recordings for the Vanguard label. So completely did I trust his intuition that I scarcely gave a second thought to what he had organized on my behalf. It turned out that I was to record with two different trios, one featuring Ruby Braff, the other featuring Paul Quinichette, with Bobby Donaldson as drummer for both groups. I arrived at the recording studio before John did and found that the engineer was somewhat alarmed by the fact that I had never before met—let along played with—either Bobby, Ruby, or Paul (none of them was well known at that time, and it may be that I hadn't even heard any of them play prior to this recording date). I explained that John Hammond knew more about compatibility of styles and things of that kind than I did, so there would be nothing to worry about. And when John arrived, he went to work with the kind of confidence expected where a producer is about to record a long-established ensemble. The happy ending to the story is that the engineer later told us, long after those Vanguard recordings had become out-of-print collectors' items, that they were—in his words—the "jewels" of his personal collection.

Pleasant, distant memories flow freely as I recall this great friend, a thoroughly good man whom I have known to be always just and compassionate. And it is especially pleasant to learn that today, John still energetically engaging in difficult social and political issues that bedevil the world, remains as unswerving in his generous-spirited ideals as he is in his refusal to tolerate shoddy music and in his insistence on a crew-cut hair style. Not even the Vanderbilts make 'em like that any more.

Seeking Comfort

Continued from page 10

still eight minutes long—not including the music. More bargaining. More fighting. Compromise. The seven-minute interview is taken into a studio. The tape cutter performs the intricate task of weaving together songs and talking. Chop, chop, chop. The swift razor blades fly.



Stan Barouh

All Things Considered **producer, Art Silverman.**

With a smile, another the radio artist emerges from the studio. "Problems," I say. "A White House story just came in a minute too long. The time has to come out of the folk singer." The tape cutter lunges forward. Chop, chop, chop. The producer is castrated.

Not really. But we've come close. Usually, the tape cutter nods his or her head, turns around, and rushes back into the studio to cheerfully comply with my command. Later I find fist holes in the walls.

See, I'm just the guy who has to make it all fit. That's all. A stupid and essential job. And as I said, it's this stuff that makes the program possible. I must give the staff credit for their continued professionalism.

And as soon as I can get out of this office where I've barricaded myself from them, I promise to recommend them all for raises. I may even let them take lunch breaks. Really. Do you guys hear me out there? Lunch breaks! And you can get home by 8pm! I promise!

SACRAMENTO: LENINGRADSKI OCTET

Continued from Page 3

toire from set to set. Although "Midnight in Moscow," the Russian song that became a U.S.A. hit in 1961, was performed at a press conference, tried and true American standards are the octet's diet for the most part.

A trio number during an indoor performance at Kenny Music Hall showcased the band's youngest member, the 29-year-old pianist, Constantin Ivanovich Dyubenko, in a "Honeysuckle Rose" that mixed stride and swing with touches of Earl Hines, well supported by the bassist, Yuri Borisovich Miroscnichenko, the group's senior citizen at 51.

Between sets, aided by an interpreter, Kuvaitsev told The Times: "Most of us played in big bands, and did much studio work, before we organized this group in 1980. We won awards at festivals in Tallinn, Leningrad and Prague. We have been on many TV and radio programs, and played all over Eastern Europe; we make albums in U.S.S.R. and other countries."

Voronin, looking around in wonderment, said, in halting English, "I never in my life thought I would meet these men like Dick Cary, Abe Most, George Van Eps. I know their records. I hear them on Voice of America, now I hear them in person! Is hard to believe! This trombonist, Rex Allen—he plays in true spirit of Jack Teagarden!"

At the music hall, some of the men recognized Dick Hyman, the pianist who toured the Soviet Union with a "Salute to Satchmo" show in 1975. Perhaps coincidentally, after Hyman finished his set of Jelly Roll Morton compositions, the Leningrad men opened with a spirited version of "I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll," with an authentic 1920s-style chorus by the blind clarinetist, Alexander Usyskin.

Why do these men cling to tradition? Perhaps for the same reason that motivated the Ganelin

ALLEN QUINN

Leningradski Dixieland Ensemble leader Oleg Kuvaitsev.

Trio, an avant-garde Soviet group that toured this country last summer, to play its exploratory music: They have heard their U.S. counterparts on records, cassettes and broadcasts, and found their source of inspiration.

"Ours is a democratic music that brings all of us close together," said Kuvaitsev. "There are many other bands like this in Soviet Union."

"Is another band in Leningrad," said Voronin, "with leader who plays soprano sax, Vitaly Smirnoff. Perhaps even better than our band!"

While Smirnoff clings to his gig in a Leningrad restaurant, the Leningradskis swing ahead, expressing themselves in the universal language that enables its listeners to forget international tensions.

The band will arrive in Los Angeles Thursday for a date that evening at the Airport Marriott Hotel, sharing the bill with Jacques Gauthe's Creole Rice Band. Friday at 8 p.m. it will give a more intimate show at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel's Cinegrill, splitting the show with Gauthe and Nellie Lutcher, in a benefit for the annual Los Angeles Classic Jazz Festival, which will be held Labor Day weekend. The Cinegrill's $125 ticket price will, of course, include vodka.

The Sacramento Jubilee, which ends today, has played host this year to some 100 bands, including groups from West Germany, Liverpool, Stockholm, Poland—among them, at last, a black unit from New Orleans, Harold Dejan's Olympia Brass Band. Judging by the enthusiasm and attendance, the nostalgia-and-straw-hats circuit is stronger than ever. To the credit of the Leningradskis, they appeared bare-headed.

Los Angeles Times

ALLEN QUINN

From left, Leningradskis Alexander Usyskin, Vladimir Voronin, Boris Ershov and Oleg Kuvaitsev.

JAZZ REVIEW

RED-HOT DIXIELAND BY RUSSIAN OCTET

By LEONARD FEATHER

SACRAMENTO—To look at them in their white T-shirts and slacks, or to listen as they cruised through "Royal Garden Blues" and "Sweet Georgia Brown," you would swear they were one of those true-to-tradition bands from San Francisco or Stockton or Vero Beach, Fla. Only the bilingual logos on their shirts gave them away: This was the Leningradski Dixieland Ensemble, making its American debut.

The scene was the big outdoor arena at 4th and J streets during Friday's opening salvo of the 14th annual Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee.

Despite the 20-hour flight from Leningrad, the eight men showed no signs of diminished vigor. However, as he faced the crowd of trad fans, television cameras and tape recorders, trumpeter Vladimir Voronin confessed: "I am nervous." There was no cause for concern; this typical, mainly middle-aged audience could hardly have been more receptive.

When the drummer, Alexander Ivanovich Skrypnik, sang his phonetically learned vocal on "It's Been a Long, Long Time," a standing ovation erupted. But the real showstopper was "Dark Town Strutters' Ball," complete with banjo solo by Boris Ivanovich Ershov (who later said that he admires Chet Atkins, Roy Clark and Eddie Peabody), followed by a chorus in which the leader, alto saxophonist Oleg Grigoriyevich Kuvaitsev, joined with Voronin and the first-rate trombonist, Anatoliy Chimiris, for a unison vocal.

"Spasibo!" cried someone in the front row, whose knowledge of the Russian word for "thank you" probably put him on a level with the Soviet jazzmen, whose English is minimal to zero.

During its four-day stay here on the first leg of a tour that will wind up June 14 at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington (it will play in Los Angeles Thursday and Friday), the band varied its reper-

Please see SACRAMENTO, Page 4

LEONARD FEATHER ha intervistato i due giovani jazzisti più

MARSALIS & MARSALIS:

Wynton: «Non sono un conservatore, chi lo afferma mi giudica soltanto dai miei vestiti...»

Caro Wynton Marsalis, accetteresti per te l'etichetta di conservatore, come ha scritto Francis Davis nel suo libro «In The Moment»? (1)

W.: «Oh no, io non sono un conservatore. La ragione che lo ha spinto a scrivere così sono i miei abiti. Quello pensa più in termini di immagine che di sostanza. La prima cosa che vorrei mettere in chiaro riguarda i cosiddetti stili jazzistici d'avanguardia. Noi sappiamo che Ornette Coleman incise "*The Shape Of Jazz To Come*" nel 1959. Albert Ayler è morto nel '70. Sun Ra sta facendo quel che fa fin dagli anni Cinquanta. John Coltrane è morto nel '67. Capisci quel che voglio dire? Chi ha sviluppato la loro musica, e in quale direzione? Mi sembra più da conservatore suonare in quello stile che non seguire quello in cui suoniamo noi. Ciò che Francis Davis deve capire è che quando io ero ragazzo, la decisione di fare il musicista di jazz non poteva essere considerata conservatrice, perché nessuno era veramente interessato a diventarlo. Nessuno della mia età lo era».

Quale genere di musica ascoltavi allora?

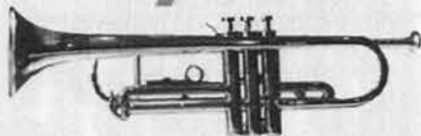
W.: «Quella che tutti gli altri ascoltavano: Earth Wind & Fire, Parliament Funkadelic. Se uno arriva a New York, trova tutta una scuola di musicisti che vengono definiti d'avanguardia, e in realtà non c'è alcun requisito di bravura per entrare nelle loro file. Tutto quello che ti serve è essere nero e avere un nome africano o qualcosa di simile! Non c'è neppure il bisogno che tu conosca lo stile in cui loro suonano».

Pensi forse che quello stile sia un vicolo cieco?

W.: «No, è che nessuno lo ha sviluppato. Io utilizzo certe componenti di quello stile, ma suppongo che scrittori come Davis non se ne accorgano. Ci vuole parecchio per sviluppare ciò che Coltrane faceva, oppure Ornette. È molto difficile. Ma quando senti suonare Ornette, la sua musica non appare slegata dalla storia della musica. Ci si sente dentro Charlie Parker. Suona il blues. E poi, quel commen-

(continua a pag. 16)

Wynton



pop e il rock... Io non li disprezzo affatto. Io disprezzo invece la manomissione del jazz. Voglio dire che sono del tutto favorevole agli arrangiamenti con gli archi di *"Hot House Flowers"*, ma non mi sogno di paragonarli a Beethoven o Bartok: dovrei essere pazzo. Ho fatto dei buoni arrangiamenti, ma mi spiace, sono un'altra cosa».

Nel libro si dice anche: «Marsalis non farebbe male a collaborare con compositori che hanno una concezione del jazz e della musica classica meno schematica della sua, e che non guardano alle due discipline nei termini yin e yang. Anthony Davis, per esempio». Un punto di vista interessante...

W.: «Non per me. Quella filosofia non ha mai prodotto grande musica. La musica classica possiede grandi compositori: Bartok, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. È stato Stravinsky il primo a impiegare nella sua musica il "backbeat", e ha detto in molte occasioni: "La mia musica è molto influenzata dal jazz". E Schoenberg ha utilizzato molti ritmi africani.

«Non si possono combinare jazz e musica classica così, come due forme. Sono già combinate. Puoi prendere elementi dall'una e dall'altra, se ne hai l'abilità. Che cosa ha prodotto la Third Stream? Quel che Davis dice funziona in teoria, come qualcosa che tu scrivi e sembra bello; ma non nell'applicazione pratica. Deve pensare che su queste cose si è ragionato da quando il jazz esiste. Da parte di gente come Stravinsky e di musicisti di jazz. È ovvio che se Duke Ellington avesse voluto fare quel genere di cose, ne avrebbe certamente avuto la capacità, ma aveva deciso di non farlo. La cosa fondamentale è che la musica è l'espressione di un ambiente.

«La prima volta che venni a New York, nel '79, tutti dicevano che nessuno suonava più il jazz. Poi venivamo noi a cercar di suonare, e dicevano: "Wynton non è Parker". No, non sono Parker. Sono il primo ad ammetterlo. Ma sono ben lieto di suonare nella stessa forma che potrebbe produrre qualcuno come lui. E anche il fatto che non sono nemmeno Miles è stato trattato in una quantità di maniere abbastanza strane. Noi cerchiamo soltanto di swingare. Io prendo molto da Miles, molto da Clifford Brown, molto dal gruppo di Ornette, da quello di Coltrane e anche da quello di Mingus. La musica è tutta legata.

Wynton e Branford Marsalis a Umbria Jazz nell'83. Allora facevano parte del gruppo «V.S.O.P.II», con Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter e Tony Willians.

«Avrei dovuto essere molto più umile quando mi sono affermato, ma era tutto talmente strano! Leggevo interviste in cui la gente diceva cose da non credere. Era come se la musica non li interessasse per niente.

«Quel che capisco adesso è che tutto è sempre esistito e sempre esisterà, e io non cercherò di evitare che esista. Io devo soltanto dargli uno sviluppo, per quanto è nelle mie possibilità, e in quella stessa forma; trovare musicisti intorno a me che siano interessati a suonare per tutto il tempo necessario, e documentare un po' di cose registrando. È fin banale dirlo, ma la musica è la sola cosa che sappia realmente parlare. Se io formulo un pensiero mio, e riesco ad articolarlo in musica, saprò rispondere su un argomento come questo, mentre non so rispondere con le parole. Francis Davis pensa che le tue convinzioni sociali possano portarti a capire la musica, e così, dato che io indosso certi abiti, sono un conservatore. Lui non sa come sono fatto io. Potrei andare in scena in mutande se avessi voglia di farlo.

«Un'altra cosa è che molta gente si dispera perché io non incido per un'etichetta come l'Island Records. Vogliono essere progressisti, e il progressismo richiede dei buoni selvaggi, qualcuno con cui essere paternalisti. I commenti che John Hammond fa su Duke Ellington nel suo libro mi hanno fatto una strana impressione. Dice che a lui non piaceva Ellington perché Ellington non voleva il suo aiuto. "E in ogni caso Count Basie suonava il vero jazz". Ciò che pensa Davis pare un'estensione di questa idea. Il tipo di non conformismo che egli adotta, deve "conformarsi" all'idea preconcetta che egli ne ha. È il tipo di persona che vorrebbe vederti con un berretto e occhiali di corno, oppure, negli anni Settanta, con un *dashiki*. I progressisti amano esser

LUISA CAIRATI

collegati con depravazione e povertà, perché ciò dà loro un senso di genuinità».

Ti è capitato, negli ultimi cinque anni, di dire qualcosa di cui poi ti sei pentito?

W.: «Vedi, questo è un punto importante che voglio farti cogliere. La mia filosofia era quella di uscire e combattere quello che io vedevo come tentativo di mancar di rispetto alla cultura afroamericana, lo facessero dei neri o dei bianchi. Sentivo che era un mio dovere fare certe dichiarazioni, e cercare di dar loro un certo effetto di *choc*. Così nelle interviste ero violento e volgare, e adesso quando leggo quelle cose, caro amico, non mi piacciono. Non mi pento di quel che ho detto, ma vorrei non essere stato così violento. Non è ragionevole. Non mi importa nemmeno essere stato aggressivo, ma parlare in un modo violento è sprecare una parola, come quando dissi: "Io non suonavo della merda che nessuno aveva mai sentito prima, ma almeno suonavo...". Lo sai, vero? È stupido. invece di distruggere avrei dovuto pensare di più a costruire.

«C'era chi diceva che Duke Ellington e la sua orchestra non sembravano dei jazzisti perché erano vestiti troppo bene nel 1933. Le idee sbagliate hanno sempre circondato la nostra musica per le contraddizioni della nostra società. Fin da quando ero un bambino volevo che la musica fosse una dichiarazione politica. Mi ha sempre dato fastidio in questo paese il fatto che la democrazia è una grande verità continuamente sbandierata, ma spesso non rispettata. Specialmente quando riguarda gli afroamericani. Ciò colpisce differenti persone in differenti modi, e quando ero giovane aveva grande effetto su di me, tanto da farmi tenere un atteggiamento del tutto ostile verso questo paese in generale. Poi ho capito: è ragionevole avere un atteggiamento ostile, ma uno deve pensare in termini costruttivi. Bisogna condurre la guerra in un'altra maniera. Dire il tuo pensiero e sperare che qualche giovane, e i musicisti, lo afferrino. Io non ho perso affatto il mio fuoco. Devo soltanto avere a che fare con la musica. E poi uno diventa anche stanco di parlare, caro mio».

Intendi tenere il tuo gruppo così com'è adesso?

W.: «Definitivamente. Ho sentito Don Braden a New York con Betty Carter. Sta per venire qualche tempo con noi, per sviluppare qualcosa. Ha ventidue anni. È anche intelligente, il che è sempre un buon segno. Sono felicissimo del modo in cui suonano Marcus Roberts e Bob Hurst. Ti fa davvero star bene sentire dei musicisti che elaborano le proprie cose e costantemente migliorano. Sono fiero di loro. E, ripeto, quando hai dei musicisti con la loro intelligenza, e con il loro feeling per la musica....».

Hai sentito il gruppo di tuo fratello Branford?

W.: «Sì, e mi è parso buono. Ho apprezzato il suo disco. Ci parliamo ogni tanto. Suo figlio compie un anno giovedì. Loro abitano in Brooklyn, io a Manhattan».

E tuo padre che fa?

W.: «Insegna al Virginia Commonwealth College. Si sono trasferiti da New Orleans. Sta lavorando bene, è contento. A New Orleans aveva soltanto due allievi. Non poteva essere soddisfatto. Adesso è in questa scuola a Richmond, appunto in Virginia».

E tu che programmi hai?

W.: «Mi accingo a fare un altro disco di jazz. Ne ho finito uno tutto di standard, che uscirà in questi giorni. In dicembre ne abbiamo fatto uno "live" al Blues Alley, con un quartetto. Poi ho, proprio ora, qualche tour di musica classica. È pronto un mio disco di assoli con la cornetta e ne ho completato un altro con la tromba "piccolo", sempre di classica. In quanto al nuovo disco di jazz che dopo tutto questo dobbiamo fare, i temi saranno dei blues. Sto cercando di suonare un bel po' di blues e di standards. Il sound del blues, la forma del blues... ecco quello che volevo dire con il mio ultimo disco, a proposito del blues in questa generazione. Quando il blues era la forma popolare, non dovevi impararlo, lo conoscevi. Se dicevi di essere un musicista, voleva dire che suonavi il blues».

Ci sono molti giovani musicisti, bianchi e neri, che hanno un feeling per il blues.

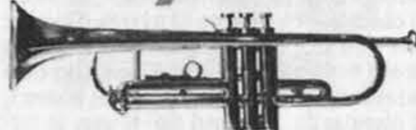
W.: «Il colore non c'entra niente. E, tu lo sai, i problemi razziali nel nostro paese non cambiano mai. Il solo modo in cui potrebbero cambiare sarebbe che la gente cercasse veramente di affrontare la realtà. Come quell'idea che bisognerebbe insegnare la storia nera ai ragazzi neri. Noi dovremmo invece insegnare la storia a tutti e nella maniera giusta. Non si possono separare i neri dai bianchi e i bianchi dai neri. È quel che Ralph Ellison diceva in quel suo grande libro: andare sul territorio.

«Lo sbocco per i musicisti bianchi e neri non è così grande come un tempo, perché l'industria musicale non è basata su alcun genere di esperienza americana. C'è altrettanta influenza inglese, e di ciò che là considerano musica. E adesso c'è l'avvento del "crossover", che è uno dei peggiori termini mai usati. C'era un tempo in cui, quando si facevano delle sessions, si solevano avere dei neri nella sezione ritmica. Adesso ci sono delle *drum machines*. Ecco ciò che oggi viene considerata musica, e noi non possiamo farci niente.

«Penso al suono vero dello strumento di Jimmy Garrison, di Paul Chambers... ecco la cosa più grande che io abbia mai imparato. Ma se tu cresci in una generazione che non sente mai e poi mai dei buoni suoni dal vivo, è difficile che tu riesca prima ad ottenere un buon suono sul tuo strumento, e poi a documentarlo su un disco.

«La tecnologia ha arricchito ogni musica, ad eccezione del jazz. I dischi di classica sono migliori, la musica popolare è migliore, il suono è più pulito. Ma nel jazz sono i dischi più vecchi a suonar meglio, come quelli che faceva Rudy Van Gelder. Tutti solevano suonare più acusticamente, e ogni cosa era spinta verso l'obiettivo di portare i suoni degli strumenti nelle orecchie dei tecnici. Adesso si fanno dischi jazz con una produzione orientata sul rock. Il suono della tromba è lucido e metallico, il basso ha un luccicante suono da violoncello, la batteria ha un sound sottile, senza colore, sordo, senza i piatti. Il piano ha quel suono abbagliante che si ascolta solo nei dischi. Possiamo sederci davanti a una consolle con migliaia di bottoni, amico mio, ma è più ►

Wynton



dura di quanto credi ottenere un'accurata rappresentazione sul nastro. Ma prima ancora bisogna che tu sviluppi il tuo sound, che è basato sul tocco o sull'approach.

«Io ho smesso di suonare il flicorno perché volevo sviluppare il suono della mia tromba. Sto ancora cercando di renderlo più aperto, più caldo. Agli inizi il mio suono era piccolo, non mi piaceva proprio. Ogni sera me ne venivo via dal lavoro in stato di depressione, dicendomi: accidenti, se appena potessi costruirmi il mio sound... E non sapevo come arrivarci. Ecco perché suonavo così vicino al microfono, per coprire il mio sound. La cosa più difficile è il non muoversi mentre si suona: se ti muovi, perdi il ritmo.

«Io non ascolto mai i miei dischi, a meno che non voglia criticarli. Anzi, odio ascoltarli. Se qualcuno vuole farmi un dispetto, non ha che da mettere su qualcuno di quei dischi! E questo è ciò che fa il mio giovane fratello Delfeayo. Parliamo, e lui si limita a pronunciare il titolo di quei dischi... Mi mette a disagio l'essere stato sulla scena con un grande come Art Blakey suonando in quel modo. Che cosa avevo in mente? Non suonavo la musica giusta e non pensavo le cose giuste».

Che cosa pensi di «Giants Of The Trumpet», lo show televisivo che hai fatto?

W.: «Avrei dovuto prepararlo di più. Ero nel bel mezzo di una gran quantità di impegni. Molto del testo mi è stato scritto, e io l'ho in parte cambiato. Voglio farne un altro perché riesca meglio.

«Comunque, i punti che in questa conversazione volevo sottolineare sono... prima di tutto, che è un errore dire che noi siamo dei conservatori, e che disprezziamo altri tipi di musica. Non è quel che facciamo. E poi, questa filosofia che è diventata dominante, questa filosofia di una *world-music*. Ma tu lo sai quanto bisogna conoscere della musica per fare una significativa affermazione in fatto di *world music*? Pensa a quanta arroganza c'è dietro una frase come: "Io suono della *world music*...". È l'ammissione di voler dare un trattamento non specifico, di seconda mano, a differenti tipi di musica. Ed è difficile che si ottenga della musica che funzioni concettualmente e sia buona come sound. La terza cosa è che noi ci rendiamo conto di questo: ogni cosa continua e niente manca di validità. La gente dice: "Ma tu non pensi che questa musica sia valida?". Il fatto che essa esista prova la sua validità. Non spetta a me sanzionarla».

Non saprei. Il male esiste: significa per questo che è valido?

W.: «Il male è un simbolo. Il punto è che bisogna educare, bisogna informare su quale sia il significato di ogni cosa. Ecco l'origine della Bibbia. Tutto in quel libro ha riferimento con qualcosa. Ci sono persone buone e persone che non lo sono. Ma se togliessi tutte le persone non buone, cambierebbe la natura del libro. Se qualcuno vuole andare in giro strisciando, rotolando, o facendo le boccacce, lasciatelo pur fare. Chi vuole farsi notare, e bestemmiare, e dire parole sconce, lasciatelo fare, ma fate sapere alla gente che cosa questo rappresenta. Lasciate che chi lo fa si faccia identificare per quel che è.

FABRIZIO BIAMONTE

«Un'altra cosa di cui mi sto preoccupando oggi è l'azione. Molto spesso noi ci lasciamo prendere dalla strategia, e la strategia non è azione. L'azione è tutto: ecco da dove vengo io. Io voglio soltanto documentare più musica, e suonare».

Che cosa pensi di quel che Miles ha fatto di recente?

W.: «Io penso che ci siano dentro dei valori, perché esiste un precedente in ciò che egli ha fatto nella sua vita. Lui non è la prima persona che abbia preso quella decisione. Non posso dir di più di lui, capisci che cosa significa. Voglio soltanto che la gente conosca i suoi primi dischi».

Pensi che la musica classica sia più difficile?

W.: «Ai più alti livelli della musica ci sono implicazioni dello spirito e del pensiero. Ecco perché i compositori sono venerati. Il mio lavoro di esecutore del concerto per tromba di Haydn non è pari a quello che fu il suo nel comporlo. E il mettersi lì a suonare quel concerto così come è scritto non può essere parificato a un Louis Armstrong che sulla stessa scena deve, prima di tutto, pensare, inventare ciò che suonerà.

«Quando si va a scuola di musica, non ti insegnano le opere dei compositori minori. Si studia Bach. Così non è possibile paragonare i più grandi musicisti classici con qualcuno come Duke Ellington o Monk. Quelli hanno creato un intero mondo di musica. I criteri sono del tutto differenti, credimi.

«La musica classica ci impone delle regole dal punto di vista tecnico. Charlie Parker ha imposto, a chi improvvisa, delle regole da un punto di vista mentale. Quando prendi in mano il tuo strumento hai un dialogo con quel che Charlie Parker ha fatto. Proprio come i compositori europei hanno fatto con Bach, Beethoven, Haydn.

«Lo sai, quando il mio gruppo si sciolse... Eh già, nessuno dei critici dice che questo è un nuovo complesso, né entra nel merito di come è difficile il vocabolario di questa musica. Mi piacerebbe vedere Jeff Watts e gli altri ragazzi ottenere maggiori riconoscimenti per quel che fanno, dato che suonano una gran percentuale di musica "avanzata". Non è roba da orchestra d'accompagnamento come per un cantante del tipo di Luther Vandross.

«Io sono felice, in ogni modo, di avere avuto la possibilità di presentarmi davanti alla gente e di dire qualcosa. Molti musicisti, benché abili, ci provano ma non ottengono mai quella chance. Spero soltanto di poter reggere a tanta responsabilità».

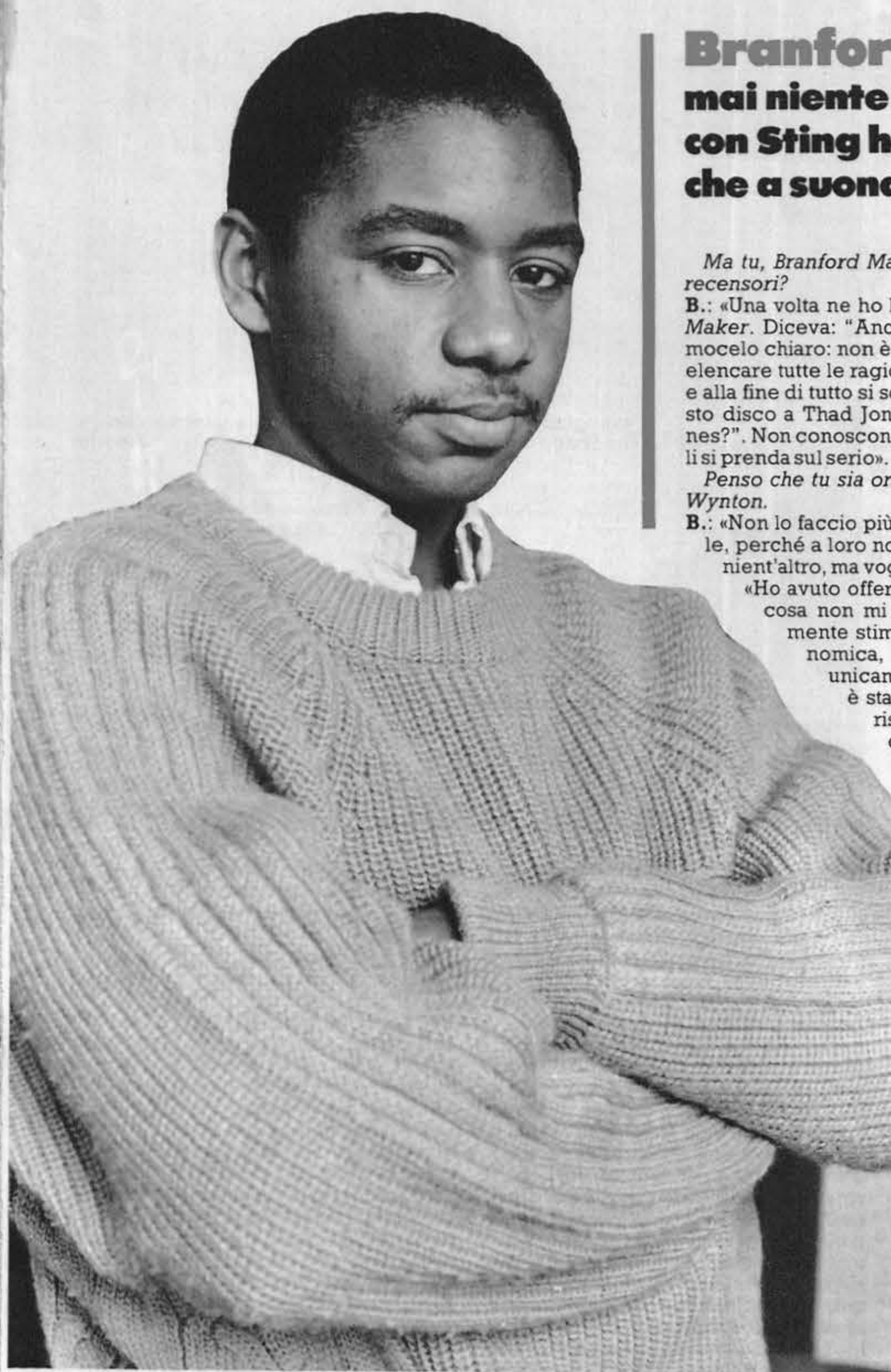
Leonard Feather

NOTA

(1) Si tratta di un libro pubblicato dalla Oxford University Press, in cui Francis Davis, giornalista del *Village Voice*, ha riunito una serie di profili e interviste con personaggi di jazz contemporaneo.

acclamati, ma anche bersagliati dalla critica

ADESSO PARLIAMO NOI!



FABRIZIO BIAMONTE

Branford: «Non faccio mai niente solo per i soldi: con Sting ho guadagnato meno che a suonare jazz...»

Ma tu, Branford Marsalis, ti preoccupi delle critiche dei recensori?

B.: «Una volta ne ho letto una, che penso fosse sul *Melody Maker*. Diceva: "Anche se questo Marsalis è bravo, diciamocelo chiaro: non è Evan Parker". Dopodiché si passava a elencare tutte le ragioni per le quali il disco non era buono, e alla fine di tutto si scriveva: "Comunque, egli dedica questo disco a Thad Jones, ma chi diavolo è questo Thad Jones?". Non conoscono chi sia Thad Jones, e si aspettano che li si prenda sul serio».

Penso che tu sia ormai stanco di parlare del distacco da Wynton.

B.: «Non lo faccio più con nessuno. Dico soltanto due parole, perché a loro non interessa niente della vicenda né di nient'altro, ma vogliono soltanto vendere giornali.

«Ho avuto offerte per fare rock and roll e pop, ma la cosa non mi interessava perché non era musicalmente stimolante. L'unica spinta era quella economica, e io per principio non faccio niente unicamente per i soldi. Un perfetto esempio è stato andare per denaro con Sting con il risultato di perdere 1500 dollari per sera con il mio gruppo, che fa del jazz!

«Vedi, quando si mette su un complesso nuovo, non importa il nome che hai: è dura. Gli organizzatori tendono a tener bassi i loro costi dicendoti che il pubblico non sarà mai convinto della tua bravura prima di averti conosciuto, così il primo giro è praticamente gratis, e loro lo sanno: ti tengono in pugno così, loro.

«Ma quando Sting mi ha chiamato e ha detto che stava mettendo su un gruppo, era proprio l'occasione giusta. Non sarei andato in nessun'altra band. C'erano nuovi musicisti, nuovi songs, un nuovo sound. Qualsiasi cosa volessi fare, nasceva lì in quel momento. Per suonare nel gruppo di Wynton, o in quello di Blakey, o per incidere con Miles, bisogna invece che tu ristrutturi il tuo cervello per pensare come il leader. Invece il gruppo di Sting era totalmente nuovo, e nessuno poteva sapere che cosa stesse succedendo. Ogni musicista diventava il proprio piccolo leader, in un certo senso, e io potevo creare dal

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niente le mie parti. Sarei stato un idiota a lasciar perdere, soprattutto pensando che io ascoltavo continuamente quel tipo di musica. Chi mi conosce sa che non è un segreto. Sono cresciuto con la pop music, più che con il jazz. Certo molto più di Wynton».

Che cosa ha detto lui quando ha saputo per la prima volta quel che stavi per fare?

B.: «Niente, quando ho avuto l'offerta: soltanto che qualsiasi cosa facessi, doveva essere ragionata. Poi, quando incominciammo a fare prove su prove, e divenne una cosa concreta, e ormai dovevamo lasciarlo, si rese conto di avere speso quattro anni della sua vita per creare un sound a un complesso che ora doveva scomparire».

Ve ne andavate in due, tu e Kenny Kirkland.

B.: «Eh, sì. Fu molto sconfortante, per lui. Wynton è un musicista incredibile, e dal suo gruppo esige moltissimo. Parecchi musicisti potranno contraddirmi, ma in pratica non c'è un bassista, non c'è un batterista, e forse due o tre pianisti soltanto che siano in grado di assolvere il compito. Gli ci è voluto molto tempo per trovare un sassofonista di cui fosse soddisfatto. Non è come nella pop music, dove il livello dei musicisti è diventato così basso che si possono avere quei giovanotti a un tanto la dozzina. Con l'eccezione di pochi gruppi».

Si diceva che Wynton ti avesse licenziato.

B.: «Be', non è che lui mi abbia detto, "Fuori dalla band", ma è stato un separarsi di due strade, perché io stavo iniziando questo tour di un anno e mezzo, e lui ovviamente non poteva prendersi dei sostituti occasionali. C'era un periodo intermedio, in cui si presumeva che noi avremmo dovuto fare il nostro lavoro fino al mese di luglio 1985, così in maggio ce ne andammo a fare questo film con Sting. Dovevamo rientrare nella seconda settimana di giugno e lavorare con lui fino alla fine di luglio. Ma quando tornammo, aveva già trovato un altro pianista, e decise di lavorare già in luglio con la nuova band. La gente può anche interpretare questo come un licenziamento, ma non fu così. Per me fu un guaio perché avevo declinato altre offerte, mi ero appena sposato, e mi trovavo all'improvviso senza lavoro, Ma questa è la vita e lui ha fatto bene a fare questa scelta. È negativo per il morale dei musicisti l'essere ingaggiati e poi sentirsi come delle riserve dal momento che si utilizzano ancora per un mese i musicisti di prima. Avrei soltanto voluto che lui si fosse deciso e me l'avesse detto un po' prima.

Branford Marsalis con il fratello minore Delfeayo, trombonista e apprezzato tecnico di registrazione. La foto è tratta dall'ultimo album di Branford, «Royal Garden Blues» (CBS).

«Nel momento in cui raggiunsi Sting, sapevo comunque già che alla fine del tour mi sarei messo per conto mio, perché capivo che non avrei suonato per tutta la vita del rock and roll. Mi piace ascoltarlo, ma non è altrettanto bello suonarlo a lungo. Ho letto un'intervista con Miles in cui diceva: "Suono musica perché mi piace la musica". Ma le sue azioni non sembrano corrispondere alle sue parole.

«Le condizioni sociali in America negli anni Trenta e Quaranta erano tali che per un nero del Sud andarsene era quasi una necessità, se voleva diventare un musicista, e il livello musicale era tanto elevato perché soltanto i migliori trovavano lavoro. Ma adesso trovi giocatori di football e di basket, dottori, avvocati e tanti altri che sarebbero potuto diventare musicisti di jazz e non lo sono diventati. E io sono sicuro quasi al cento per cento — perché no?, può essere un argomento di discussione — che tipi come Charlie Parker e Miles Davis, con le loro personalità, non sarebbero diventati musicisti di jazz se le cose fossero state differenti».

Ma il padre di Miles era un dentista...

B.: «Sì, ma era una piccola vittoria, perché era un dentista nero. Borghesia *nera*, non borghesia. Certo, aveva dei quattrini, ma era come essere di seconda categoria, capisci? Negli anni Quaranta, se eri un musicista di jazz, potevi essere davvero qualcuno, come Bird. Ma mio nonno, per esempio, fa- ▶

ceva un sacco di soldi come padrone di un albergo, e quelli della sua età non mi hanno mai detto: "Tuo nonno era uno degli uomini più ricchi di New Orleans". Mi dicevano: "Uno degli uomini *di colore* più ricchi...". Io non ne sarei soddisfatto, e neppure Miles, data la persona che è, perché è sempre come essere di seconda categoria, quel marchio che ti mettono addosso. Così decise di diventare un musicista.

«Ho letto una cosa interessante di Miles. Gli chiedevano se fosse venuto a New York per diventare un musicista, e lui rispondeva: "Sono venuto a New York per suonare con Charlie Parker". È un'interessante affermazione sul piano psicanalitico, se la studi. Charlie Parker era il dio, e Miles voleva far parte di quella scena, in cui egli recitava mirabilmente. Hai presente le fotografie? Il musicista in un angolo, con la sigaretta. Quello era Miles. Ma poi tutto è cambiato, e l'immagine di *bohème* che il jazz rappresentava, tutto a un tratto fu assunta dal rock and roll. Non con i Beatles, ma con i successivi gruppi come Sly Stone. E poi venne la droga, gli ultimi Beatles, Led Zeppelin. Un tempo si sentivano storie su Charlie Mingus che catturava una donna in un club e su quel che faceva con lei... e all'improvviso era il rock la nuova Bohème. Si sentiva di un gruppo come i Led Zeppelin che uscivano e di donne ne catturavano quindici, le picchiavano, le trascinavano in camera, mettevano a soqquadro un intero piano dell'albergo, ma la mattina dopo scendevano, pagavano tutto e passavano al successivo concerto. Erano trattati un po' meno da banditi perché potevano permettersi di pagare i danni che avevano fatto.

«Quando questo succedeva, all'improvviso Miles non suonava più jazz. Era là con delle scarpe colossali, un vestito afro e occhiali scuri, a fare le sue cose. Decisamente adesso non suona più jazz. "*Perfect Way*" di Scritti Politti? Ho quei dischi a casa mia. Non hanno nulla a che vedere con il jazz. Sulla stampa Miles frusta il jazz ogni volta che ne ha l'occasione. Dice che è triste, noioso. Gente che ama davvero la musica, come lui dice, non farebbe così».

Io non so se lui non ami la musica oppure se non sia la sua mente ad essere andata ora in così strana direzione...

B.: «È lo stesso Miles di sempre. Sa di prendere in giro il mondo, e che la gente ci cascherà. Io ho avuto modo di incontrarlo quando abbiamo fatto quel disco. Abbiamo parlato, e lui ha un cervello incredibile. Miles è un uomo molto seducente e il suo personaggio sarà sempre grandissimo. Manipola il pubblico, e i musicisti che lavorano con lui. Il jazz è fatto di grandi musicisti con deboli personalità, ciò che non è di Miles. Grazie a mia madre e a mio padre, io ho avuto in dono una forte personalità, così quando mi imbatto in gente come Miles, io me ne accorgo.

FABRIZIO SIAMONTE

Branford con Herbie Hancock a Palermo nell'86. Con loro erano Ron Carter e Al Foster.

«Negli anni Settanta lui disse in un articolo su *Down Beat* che Freddie Hubbard era un trombettista di merda e che l'uomo giusto era Woody Shaw. Freddie era totalmente sconvolto da ciò che Miles aveva detto di lui, e Woody andava in giro a ripetere a tutti che Miles aveva detto di lui che era l'uomo giusto. Ma se i due fossero stati delle forti personalità, non avrebbe avuto tanta importanza il discorso di Miles, perché avrebbero contato soltanto la musica e la relazione con il musicista. Miles una volta ha detto che io ero Coltrane, poi quando non sono andato con il suo gruppo ha detto che ero merda e che avrei dovuto imparare a suonare della musica sociale. E allora dovrei tirarmi da parte? Io suono musica perché la amo. Adesso lo si vede, perché i passi che ho fatto non hanno seguito la via normale e logica. Molti cercavano di paragonarmi a George Benson oppure a Herbie Hancock: "Farai come loro, sei come loro". Io ho scelto di suonare in un modo che fosse commercialmente positivo, ma penso di esser molto differente da loro. George non ascolta più il jazz: si è preso una casa alle Hawaii e si è separato da quel mondo. Herbie ne entra ed esce secondo le opportunità economiche. È ancora uno dei più grandi musicisti del mondo, e io penso che sia sorprendente come quest'uomo possa suonare il jazz così bene e nello stesso tempo suonarlo così poco. È capace di starne lontano per tre anni, tornare, e spazzare via chiunque su questo pianeta, ma emotivamente, spiritualmente, lui non fa più parte del mondo del jazz. Quando parla di musicisti, non sostiene mai dei musicisti di jazz. Quando viene a New York non va nei club per sentir suonare gli altri, non conosce nessun nome di giovani, non ha nessun disco di jazz in casa sua! Non dico questo per attaccare Herbie, perché gli voglio molto bene, e credo che sia nel diritto d'ogni uomo fare quel che crede meglio per lui.

«Ci sono molti musicisti, e non c'è bisogno di far nomi, che sono diventati degli alcolizzati, dei drogati, perché il mondo del jazz è pesantissimo. La musica è di prima classe, ma sotto ogni altro aspetto si è come dei cittadini di seconda categoria. Con il gruppo di Sting si saltava giù dall'aereo, si saliva in una limousine e si veniva portati all'albergo. Con il nostro gruppo, giù dall'aereo vai dalla Hertz, affitti il tuo mezzo, carichi l'equipaggiamento e guidi tu stesso fino alla prossima meta.

Così posso capire come dei musicisti oppressi da tutto ciò, o stanchi delle lunghe ore di attesa e della solitudine, e del fatto di non essere accettati, siano stati spinti verso altre cose. Così ora suonano generi di musica differenti, e sono convinto nel profondo del mio cuore che se essi suonassero ancora del jazz sarebbero tuttora degli alcolizzati o dei drogati. Se vivono a Manhattan, con tutto quel pantano lì attorno, ci cascherebbero dentro, perché la loro personalità non è tanto forte da far dir loro: "Io suono jazz, ma questa merda non mi avrà".

«Per questo non mi sento il diritto di dire quel che Miles dovrebbe fare. Che cosa potrei dire di un trombettista che ha suonato con tutti i miei eroi, Bird, Trane, Wayne, Cannonball? Io vedo certe contraddizioni nel suo stile, ma ci sono sempre state. Ha rubato pezzi altrui e ci ha messo sopra il proprio nome, non ha mai dato credito ai musicisti del suo gruppo, dice che lui ha insegnato a loro, ma che quelli non hanno insegnato niente a lui. In cuor suo sa quanto essi siano grandi, ma è difficile per lui rinunciare anche a una piccola parte della sua immagine per il pubblico.

«Non ho mai avuto eroi musicali che io abbia voluto emulare, a parte le loro note. Io li vedo musicalmente immensi. Mesi fa abbiamo fatto un concerto con Herbie, e c'era in cartellone anche Sonny Rollins: non sono stato capace di [illegible]lare con lui perché la sua musica mi s[illegible]chia troppo».

Come sta andando il tuo disco?

B.: «Non si vende, però sta andando bene alla radio. Molti dischi di jazz si fanno a costi dai due ai diecimila dollari. Noi ne spendiamo più di cinquanta perché siamo impegnati sul sound tanto quanto sulla musica. È stato uno choc per me scoprire che tutti quei grandi dischi di jazz erano stati fatti per caso. Quando si incontrano produttori e tecnici del suono gli si chiede come hanno fatto, che microfoni hanno usato per quel suono, eccetera. La conclusione è sempre la stessa: "Chi se ne ricorda?". Mio fratello Delfeayo è un tecnico audio, e io spesso lo chiamo e gli chiedo perché un disco abbia quel particolare sound, e lui lo sa! È la prima volta che ottengo delle risposte sul jazz da qualcuno con cui ho lavorato, al di fuori di quelle cose senza senso e incomprensibili sugli hertz e i megahertz. Parlavamo dell'incredibile sound di *"Filles De Kilimanjaro"*. Non penso che chi lo ha tecnicamente regolato ne sapesse la ragione. Lo studio era così grande che l'aria dell'interno cancellava l'eco. Sarebbe bello fare così, anche noi, ma non si trova uno studio abbastanza grande».

Hai intenzione di tenere insieme questo gruppo?

B.: «Non al cento per cento, perché ho altre cose che voglio fare adesso, offerte per colonne sonore, perfino proposte per recitare. Se è qualcosa di buono teatralmente e che non richieda un vero talento da attore, lo farò. Per le colonne sonore si tratta di comporre, e di suonare se lo si vuole. È impossibile farlo se hai un gruppo a tempo pieno, e del tutto impossibile, poi, se stai nell'orchestra di un altro.

«Io non esigo completa fedeltà agli altri del mio gruppo perché io stesso non sono del tutto fedele a loro. Gli dico di fare pure, di accettare altri lavori, li sostituirò, che non si preoccupino».

Dove andrai ora?

B.: «Andremo in giro per gli Stati Uniti. Probabilmente andremo all'estero. Io facevo così pochi concerti che mi potevo ricordare tutto. Ma quando ho incominciato a suonare con Wynton, nel 1983, e ho avuto offerte per fare altre cose, dovevo dire: rivolgetevi al mio manager. Avevo bisogno di un'altra persona per questo lavoro, perché cominciavo a dimenticare gli appuntamenti, o a fissare due concerti nella stessa serata. Adesso so a malapena dove sarò la settimana dopo: cerco di tenere, nel mio cervello, un posticino libero per qualcosa che riguardi l'arte. La mia vita è così cambiata in questi ultimi pochi anni...».

L. Fea.

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presenta
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