

12/9/84

JAZZ

JIM BENHAM: PROFITING FROM HIS DOUBLE LIFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The demands of a life in jazz—the performance schedules, the often inevitable time devoted to travel, the endless hours perfecting one's craft—have made it difficult for all but a few musicians to enjoy dual careers, succeeding both in music and in a totally unrelated field.

There are some notable exceptions. Dr. Denny Zeitlin, the San Francisco psychiatrist, is almost equally well-known as a creative pianist and composer. The veteran bassist Bob Haggart (who composed "What's New?") is a gifted painter whose works have been exhibited and sold. Ronnie Odrich, one of New York's outstanding clarinetists, is a dentist. The Los Angeles saxophonist Bill Perkins is a brilliant electronic engineer.

Most remarkable of all is the case of Jim Benham. Depending on where you stand, he is the chairman and chief executive of the Benham Capital Management Group, based in Palo Alto, a financial services organization that manages more than \$2.3 billion for more than 150,000 investors; or he is the second cat from the right in the trumpet section of the Full Faith and Credit Big Band, a 17-piece group that plays gigs in the Bay Area, recently completed a tour of one-night stands and records for Palo Alto Jazz, the company he formed in 1981.

Though he finds in music a pleasant release from the daily stresses of the business world, Benham is no mere jazz dilettante. Music has always been a part of his life, and of the life of his family for generations back.

"My ancestral heritage," he says, "goes back to the Mayflower. As for my musical heritage, it stretches at least into the middle of the 19th Century. My grandfather won a silver pitcher about 14 feet tall for leading the best band in the state of Indiana. He was a trumpeter. My father carried on the tradition; while he was in charge of the music under the tents at Aimee Semple McPherson's rallies, he would play the cornet with one hand and direct the crowd with the other.

"I was born Nov. 24, 1935, in Joliet, Ill. I was the sixth of 10 children, and we grew up with financial problems; in fact, my

mother had to take some of the money my father had given her for food and use it to pay for my first music lessons. I started playing when I was 12."

The dichotomy in his life began when he managed to enter college on a trumpet scholarship, but majored in finance and earned his master's degree in economics.

Originally he had classical ambitions, yearning for a chair in the National Symphony Orchestra, but a roommate at Michigan State turned him on to jazz.

"I began gigging around, and one year, around 1959, our college band won a contest to represent Michigan State in the Midwest Jazz Festival, held at Notre Dame with 32 bands. I was a winner there as best trumpeter."

Impressed by everyone from Miles Davis ("during his post-'50s bop period") to Maynard Ferguson, Benham continued playing, but the moment of truth told him that his future lay in the world of finance. Before long, he became a broker at Merrill Lynch and for most of his seven years there the trumpet remained in its case, until a chance incident triggered his interest anew.

"I got a call in 1970 from an old friend who had a gig in Los Gatos and wanted me to play it. Well, the rules of the stock exchange say that no member can be a member of any union. I applied for a dispensation, but by the time the rejection came back—three months later—I had already played the gig without a musicians' union card."

Benham's swift rise up the economic ladder began soon after when, having quit Merrill Lynch, he founded the Capital Preservation Fund. (He also promptly joined the American Federation of Musicians.) The fund, now the oldest and largest Treasury-bill-only money-market organization, is a member of the Benham Group; among its original founders were another trumpeter, Dent Hand (now general counsel to Benham), and Paul Robertson, an alto saxophonist who until last year was president of the Benham Group.

In 1975, three years after Benham and his associates had launched the fund, the idea for the band evolved. Dent Hand was



Jim Benham, chairman of Benham Capital Management Group, moonlights as a trumpeter in the Full Faith and Credit Big Band.

already leading a 12-piece group; Benham decided to go all the way by adding, among others, an ex-Stan Kenton trumpeter and two trombonists formerly with Maynard Ferguson and Woody Herman. A friend in Ferguson's band enabled Hand to borrow and copy that ensemble's library of arrangements.

Perhaps because Benham, Dent and Robertson would have been a slightly clumsy handle, it was eventually decided to name the band after a term common in their own world, (*Full faith and credit*, in case you're curious, is "an obligation under the constitution of one state to recognize and give effect to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of her sister states.")

Not much more than a casual rehearsal band at first, a mixture of businessmen, educators and professional musicians, it gradually coalesced into its present format, in which all but two members, Benham and Hand, are mainly involved in music. Before reaching this stage, Benham and Company decided to record an album with the orchestra.

"I had no idea of starting a

full-fledged company," Benham says, "until I played the record for Dr. Herb Wong, who had been recommended to write the album notes. Without his knowledge of the record business, his enthusiasm as a critic and historian of jazz, we could never have gone ahead."

Wong, like Benham, is a career-hopper of singular distinction. A respected ornithologist (he earned his doctorate in interdisciplinary studies), he is the author of many books on birds and on natural science, as well as children's books. A jazz fan from childhood, he has written extensively on the subject, has had a weekly jazz radio program for 25 years on San Francisco's KJAZ, and was recently appointed president of the National Assn. of Jazz Educators, an organization comprising 5,000 teachers and student musicians.

"I suggested the name for the label," Wong says, "and gave them a rundown of how the recording industry works. Then I was given the green light to begin scouting for talent. Jim Benham is amazing—a financial genius who's also a truly fine musician."

Wong lost no time in lining up

and recording such respected jazzmen as Pepper Adams, Terry Gibbs, Buddy De Franco, Richie Cole, Lanny Morgan, Victor Feldman, Tom Scott and a unique classical/jazz fusion group, Free Flight, that turned out to be one of the company's first substantial sellers.

After less than four years, Palo Alto has 50 LPs to its full faith and credit. The success of an R&B album by George Howard, now approaching a sale of 100,000 (extraordinary for an independent company), led to the spinning off of a second label, TBA, aimed at the urban/black contemporary market. This month, Palo Alto will introduce yet a third outfit, Tall Tree, with a catalogue of reissues, mainly leased from Capitol, by Cannonball Adderley, Woody Herman, George Shearing and an all-star group including Maynard Ferguson, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie.

"We're very happy with the way things are going," Benham says. "Full Faith and Credit costs \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year to sustain, and obviously wasn't intended to be a profit-oriented proposition. But Palo Alto had a million-dollar budget for 1984 and the projected loss will be less than six figures. That probably means that by the fourth quarter of 1985 we'll break even, and for us, to break even is to win."

Zealously protecting the orchestra from the aura of nostalgia that envelops too many of today's big bands, Benham wants no part of the "In the Mood" antiquarianism; he takes pride in such works as "Shadows," a 12-minute mini-suite by Jeff Beale, a 21-year-old trumpeter from the Eastman School of Music. With its shifting time signatures and complex rhythmic and harmonic nature, it provides a stimulating challenge for performers and listeners alike.

As Wong observed, "Jim Benham wants to succeed, and enjoy respect along with the success, in anything he undertakes—whether it involves Treasury notes or musical notes." □

JAZZ REVIEW

ART FARMER AT MARLA'S MEMORY LANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Art Farmer, one of the premier masters of the fluegelhorn, has doled out evidence of his talent all too seldom locally since he settled in Vienna in 1968.

Personable and impeccably attired as always, he was back Friday and Saturday at Marla's Memory Lane. Teamed with him was Clifford Jordan, a saxophonist who has been his partner on a U.S. tour for the last two months. To avoid an overly casual jam-session atmosphere, Farmer brought along some music, which he handed out to a locally assembled rhythm section.

From the opening number, Fats Navarro's "Nostalgia" (a variation on "Out of Nowhere"), it was evident that Farmer has lost none of his mature and personal touch.

He played muted on his first solo, but in Jordan's tune "Third Avenue," a post-bop theme, the beauty of his open sound came fully into play.

His rich tone and superb sense of melodic organization were most successfully conveyed in a long solo on the Duke Ellington classic "Warm Valley." Starting with a respectful statement of the melody, he moved into subtle variations on the second chorus and built to a climax while the rhythm men doubled the time on the third.

Clifford Jordan, long a respected tenor player, suffered at times from that eternal saxophonist's nemesis, the squeaky reed syndrome. On his solo specialty, "Quasimodo," the rhythm section started off in the

wrong key and at the wrong tempo. Jordan cut them short and started again, slower, playing competently but without much inspiration or originality.

Nor were the other members of the group too well organized. The pianist, Gildo Mahones, bassist Allen Jackson and drummer Albert (Tootie) Heath are all experts, but failed to cohere as a supportive unit for Farmer. One wishes that economic conditions enabled this master artist to keep an entire group together on at least a semi-permanent basis, but such is the expatriate life. After a gig tonight in Las Vegas, he will be off again, bound for a vacation at home among the birds and the bees and the Viennese.

1/5/85

ADDERLEY IN REUNIONS AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

By LEONARD FEATHER

Since Nat Adderley doesn't get around much anymore—not, at least, in this part of the country—the Florida-based cornetist was a particularly welcome visitor to Concerts by the Sea, where he began a brief run Thursday (closing Sunday), heading a group of local musicians.

The occasion was a double reunion. Roy McCurdy, the drummer, played for a decade in the quintet of the late Cannonball Adderley. Victor Feldman, the pianist, was another colleague of Nat Adderley in an earlier incarnation of that unit.

With the dependable Andy Simpkins on bass and a versatile reed man, Bob Sheppard, on tenor, alto and soprano saxes, the five men took a little while to settle in but were in full swing after a few numbers. Adderley, who has been on vacation for a few weeks, seemed hesitant at times, although his muted solo on "Bye Bye Black Bird" found him tackling the race-horse tempo without problems.

Often compared to the early, pre-electronic Miles Davis, he has

retained the characteristics that brought him to fame in his brother's band. Cannonball also was a witty, engaging speaker; Nat's badinage in his introductions had some of the same offbeat charm.

The ballads, with Sheppard's tenor showcased on "You Don't Know What Love Is" and Simpkins in prime form for "My Foolish Heart," reflected most convincingly the maturity of all hands. Feldman, one of the unsung heroes of jazz, brought a smile to Adderley's face when he soloed on "St. Thomas" and the blues "Unit Seven." The latter, which was Cannonball's closing theme for many years, served the same purpose here, with Sheppard in fluent form on alto sax.

As Adderley commented after one number, "That was creative, and I could still understand it." The same remark could have been applied to everything played by this confident combo. It was a pleasure to hear uncompromising jazz in the Redondo Beach room; however, fusion sounds will be back again Thursday, when Ronnie Laws takes over the bandstand.

JAZZ REVIEW

LOCKING HORNS WITH A SOPRANO SAX PLAYER

By LEONARD FEATHER

David Liebman, who came to prominence in the 1970s with Elvin Jones, Miles Davis and his own group, Lookout Farm, is in town for a four-day stint (through Friday) at the Silver Slipper Room of the Hyatt Sunset, then a Saturday-afternoon concert and workshop at CalArts.

Although Liebman during the years has played soprano and tenor saxophones, flute, alto flute and clarinet, on Tuesday he chose to confine himself to the soprano. This horn, with its shrill sound, is not easily played in tune, as was all too clear in the first number, an extended workout on Cole Porter's "You and the Night and the Music." The bassist, Joel Di Bartolo, also had trouble adjusting his intonation to the piano of David Roitstein. Peter Donald, an intense and intelligent drummer, held the group together.

Playing his own "Pablo's Story," a work marked by shifting moods and tempos, Liebman was in fuller control. Roitstein, whose earlier solo work had been tentative and limited, offered an impressionistic

introduction, and Di Bartolo showed a sensitivity he had lacked in the opener.

The group reached its peak in a little-known Thelonious Monk waltz called "Ugly Beauty." A compelling tune with its intriguing title, it was given a thoroughly appropriate interpretation.

The set ended with "Day and Night," Liebman's variations on the chords of "Night and Day." The tempo was frantic, but by now he seemed to have tamed this tiger of a horn. The rhythm section was cohesive, with Donald contributing a succinct and technically adroit solo.

Liebman is a sophisticated, experienced musician, but one had the sense that he could have benefited by diversifying more. For this listener at least, an entire set dominated by the soprano saxophone, even given the occasional passages of relaxation, is not the ideal listening experience, particularly when the artist is known to be a splendid tenor player and a more than capable flutist.

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FATHER-SON TEAM PLAYS AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the absence of a calendar, one sure sign that a year is about to end is the celebration at Donte's of Ted Nash's birthday. Nash has played there every Dec. 29 for nine years, having first worked the room at the dawn of his career, when he turned 17.

The product of a noted musical family, the young saxophonist, now a New York resident, came home to celebrate the holidays with his family and to spend two nights at the club under unique circumstances.

For the first time he had his father, Dick Nash, on trombone. Also unprecedented was the appearance of the drummer Mel Lewis, who turned the tables by appearing as a sideman; normally, he heads a big band in New York

with which Ted Nash has played for the last two years.

In the audience was Dick Nash's brother, the other Ted Nash, who like his nephew is a master of the reed family. Both brothers were prominent name band and studio musicians in the '40s and '50s.

No rehearsal was needed. The quintet, with powerful assistance from Lou Levy at the piano and Jim Hughart on bass, immediately fell into a natural groove.

With his son alternating between alto and tenor saxes, Dick Nash wove in and out of the ensembles and traded solos with Ted on such standards as "A Gal in Calico," Jobim's "Triste," and "Body and Soul."

Ted Nash, like many second-generation jazzmen, has absorbed the elements of the bebop generation along with enough contempo-

rary concepts to establish him, at 25, as an artist of redoubtable maturity. More surprising, to many, was the evidence his father offered of a facility and imagination for which he has rarely been given credit. It is clear that he grew up under the influence of J.J. Johnson and is a top echelon soloist in Johnson's own class.

Aside from the brilliance of the senior Nash, the most striking performance was that of his son playing John Coltrane's "Giant Steps" accompanied solely by Mel Lewis. Tenor sax and drums is an odd combination, but Nash and Lewis made it work with consistent energy and creativity. Instead of limiting their teamwork to this sentimental journey, the Nashes should record together, offering us yet another reminder that there is no generation gap in jazz.

HUBBARD'S GROUP TO OPEN NEW SEASON

After a long hiatus, the series of free monthly concerts at the Wadsworth Theater, presented by UCLA, the Musician's Union and KKGQ, will launch its second season Sunday at 7 p.m. with an appearance by Freddie Hubbard and his quintet, featuring the trumpeter with Bob Sheppard on sax, Billy Childs on piano, bassist John Patitucci and drummer Carl Burnett.

The second hour of the recital will be broadcast on KKGQ (105.1 FM) with disc jockey Chuck Niles serving as emcee.

The concerts will continue on the second Sunday of every month. Set for Feb. 10 is Henry Butler, the pianist from New Orleans.

Carmelo's, which is remaining

open despite owner Ruth Hoover's attempts to sell the club, will present an unusual attraction Jan. 19 and 26, when singer Anita O'Day will be accompanied by a big band assembled for her by Roger Neumann. She will also be heard in the

club with a small group Jan. 17-18 and 24-25.

Jazz will be heard at Carmelo's this month on Mondays (big band night), Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"Lush Life," but he blows it in several cases ("What's New for Linda? An Upbeat Encore," Nov. 25). Space does not allow a comprehensive analysis of his blurb, but one point screams out for comment.

Of course, many of us appreciate Frank Sinatra's classic phrasing in "It Never Entered My Mind": "... and order orange juice for one" (unified, unbroken, pause-free).

But wait a minute! Maybe Linda has done something new, something interesting—"... and order ORANGE . . . juice for one." (Oh my, a pause!)

Is it possible the hue of the juice looms larger for her than the juice itself, or the fact of ordering it, or the bleak despair of mouthing an out-worn phrase?

ORANGE. Hmmm . . . sun, warmth, life, day, fire, Vitamin C, energy, red and gold, royal (Sun King), USC, hell, devil.

This is not an attempt to slay sacred cows (neither those with blue eyes nor those with feathers); but the next time someone seems to strike a blow for artistic freedom, let's hope it can be done without his (her) wrist being slapped by a Feather.

JACKIE DUFORT AVRECH
Los Angeles

CRITICS OF A FEATHER

Leonard Feather should be given credit for writing a fairly balanced, if somewhat confusing, review of

WILL IT STAY ALIVE IN '85?

By LEONARD FEATHER

The year now under way holds out hope for those of us who remain committed to the perpetuation and evolution of the art of jazz. That, at least, seems to be the near-unanimous consensus of a cross section of participants who represent various facets of the community.

The question posed to each respondent was: How does 1985 look to you for jazz in general or for your particular area of interest?

Billy Taylor, pianist, composer, lecturer, educator, TV personality: I feel very up about '85. This is the first time in a long while that I've felt jazz is really getting the kind of attention from the grass-roots level that I wanted to see.

You tend to be so smothered by the media, by commercial radio and television, that you may become a little discouraged, but this past year, traveling around a lot has changed my opinion. In the schools and colleges, in a lot of communities in this country, there is a definite change. People have a deeper perception of what is happening.

There's a whole lot of love at every level that will continue to bring the jazz world closer together. More and more people really care about the music and are going to help keep it alive.

Carl Jefferson, president, Concord Jazz Records: I feel very good about the way things are going. This last year was our busiest yet, and we expect 1985 to be even better.

It's particularly encouraging to see more young people getting into jazz, both as enthusiasts and as performers. Of course, not all the fans can afford to go everywhere. Some of the high-priced artists working at places like the Fairmont in San Francisco are out of their reach economically. But they can buy their records.

I'm talking about the domestic market, but of course we need the great volume of business we're doing in Japan. And we need to keep encouraging fresh, exciting talents. There's a whole bunch of first-rate young players out there who have to be given an opportunity.

Carmen McRae, singer: Well, I don't know. . . . There certainly is a lot of room for good new singers, but where are the good new singers? I haven't heard any.

Jazz is an art that demands total dedication. You have to realize that it's not necessarily the greatest medium in the world for making money—but that's beside the point, or should be.

I've had a few youngsters tell me that they are jazz singers, but then I listen to them and it's not what I consider jazz. It's like I've said so many times—we jazz singers are becoming an endangered species! I hope I'm wrong, and please quote me on that—I hope I'm 140% wrong.

Quincy Jones, producer, composer, arranger, former trumpeter and jazz orchestra leader: I think we're seeing a dramatic turn-around, which Wynton Marsalis has become a symbol of. His double victory—the classical and jazz Grammy awards—was a reminder of a trend that has actually been taking shape for 10, 15 years.

Hubert Laws, a marvelous flute player, was the forerunner of this; he has been involved in classical music and jazz for a long time. Not long ago, I conducted a session on which he played some suites by Telemann. Musicians are more and more aware of each other's areas; the barriers are breaking down. I believe wholeheartedly in this development. One of my ambitions, which I hope to realize this year, is to write a concerto for piano, for Oscar Peterson to record.

I hear so many exciting young talents coming up: Stanley Jordan, the guitarist, and, of course, the Marsalis brothers. These people are a new breed, and they're going to be an important part of our future.

Ruth Hoover, owner, Carmelo's, Sherman Oaks: To me, it looks pretty grim. It was a very bad year,

and it just kept getting worse as it went along. I think people are going to be watching their dollars very closely and become very selective about where they'll go to spend them.

I just wish the jazz audience would come out more so that we could lower our prices. Of course, part of the trouble is that so many of the performers charge such high fees; we just can't afford to book them in a relatively small room.

One key to the potential success of jazz is that a lot of little restaurants are trying it out on a modest scale. Because of our payroll problems, we haven't had a chef lately, and you do have to have something else going for you, besides just the music, in order to maintain a full jazz policy.

(Since making the above statement, Hoover has announced that Carmelo's must be closed: "If we cannot locate a jazz enthusiast who is interested in maintaining a jazz policy, then the club will probably be sold for a restaurant.")

Horace Tapscott, pianist, composer: I believe the music will be reaching more ears in the year to come, in the area of the music people call jazz. Maybe it's because so many trees have been falling—so many giants lost to us this past year—that people are looking around to see what's left. But in any event, audiences are listening more intelligently.

Art Lange, editor, Down Beat magazine: I'm optimistic about the whole scene. It seems to me there's an awful lot of interest on the grass-roots level. Assuming the major record companies are not going to back our music as much as they should, well, there will be a lot of local initiatives. More and more artists are taking matters into their own hands: If they can't get paid by a big company to do an album, they'll just start their own labels and do it themselves. I think that's a healthy situation.

I've also noticed a lot of jazz societies, local groups of enthusiasts getting together and putting on concerts, spreading the good word about this music.

Another reason for feeling bullish about the future is that never before have there been so many diverse types and styles of music coming together under the jazz banner. There are still people around playing Jelly Roll Morton tunes; there are still bands using Basie and Ellington arrangements and, of course, we have all the contemporary additions. So it's become a very encouraging continuum.

A few personal addenda: There is

By LEONARD FEATHER

RUTH BROWN: THE VALUES STAND UP

I know what you must be thinking: That can't be the Ruth Brown I remember; if it is, they're gonna have to wheel her out.

But of course it was the same Ruth Brown, the woman who helped convert the 1950s into an R&B decade. A little heavier, but, as she added, also wiser now, after a long retirement to raise a family and an even longer struggle back up the hill.

At her Vine St. Bar & Grill opening Wednesday (she will close Saturday, her 57th birthday), Brown left no doubt that the values she brought to the black music of her day have stood up under the onslaught of rock and whatever

else has come around since then. Her powerful, emotional sound was on display from the first instant as she eased slowly into the bridge of "Secret Love," before applying her unique brew of soul and control to the energy-packed chorus.

Of course, all her biggest sellers were on tap: "Teardrops From My Eyes," "Be Anything," and the irresistibly infectious blues "5-10-15 Hours." Even the ballads such as "It Could Happen to You" were invested with a blues sensitivity and an occasional slow, sneaky glissando that is part of her perennial essence.

Facing an audience that included Linda Hopkins, Johnny Ray and Maxine Weldon, she reminisced about her first tryout at the Apollo

Theater, offered a ringing peace message and ended her set with a four-way tribute to Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Etta James and Ella Johnson. All four tunes were taken at the slow tempo that had tended to dominate her set a little too heavily. Even her encore was a ballad that dripped with sentiment, "What a Wonderful World." Yet Brown made it work.

Lloyd Mayers, who left New York and a job with Mercer Ellington to play this date, provided just the subtly attentive piano backing she needed. Terry Evans' guitar solos made one wonder why he is consistently overlooked by the critics. Allen Jackson's bass and John Kirkwood's drums rounded out a sympathetic rhythm team.

RUTH BROWN: THE VALUES STAND UP

no necessary conflict between the negative views of Carmen McRae or Ruth Hoover and the more positive outlook of the others. On the vocal jazz front, there have been a few significant newcomers, such as Bobby McFerrin, but it can be argued that they are the exceptions who prove the rule.

As for the nightclub situation, it is thriving in New York, largely because so many of the creative artists live there. In almost every other city, the clubs are suffering.

More and more, the future of jazz will be concentrated in the concert halls and at festivals at home and abroad. There will also be an upsurge of employment via cable

TV and the fast-growing area of jazz cruises.

The record industry, for all its preoccupation with mega-hits, will continue to be helpful as long as there are a few executives who realize that a small profit is still a profit, and that the great jazz recording artists have proven staying power.

What it boils down to can be summed up in Ruth Hoover's advice: Those who believe in jazz have to demonstrate their beliefs by coming out and supporting it. Somehow or other, as has been the case for almost seven decades, the doomsayers' predictions will be confounded and jazz will survive, in and far beyond 1985. □

1/13/85

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"ELLA FITZGERALD/DUKE ELLINGTON: THE STOCKHOLM CONCERT, 1966." Pablo Live 2308-242. Never before released, this finds both singer and orchestra in close to peak form in five works from the Ellington book and four standards: Jobim's "So Danco Samba," Porter's "Let's Do It," Ram Ramirez's "Lover Man" and Bacharach's "Wives and Lovers." Fitzgerald's own rhythm section, with Jimmy Jones at the piano, joins with the Ellington horns. Except for a too-fast "Cotton Tail" with over-familiar scatting, everything works, most notably a superb arrangement of the Billy Strayhorn-Ellington ballad "Something to Live For." 4½ stars.

"SYNDROME." Ellis Marsalis. Elm JS 4834. (Branwynn Music, 8318 Hickory St., New Orleans 70118.) It should come as no surprise that the musician who sired Wynton and Branford Marsalis is himself an artist of consequence. Actually, Ellis Marsalis has been heard on records before (including an album with his sons), but this set of nine pieces, six of which he composed, offers the most convincing evidence to date of his facility for creating a pensive, impressionistic mood (the title cut), an easy-stepping four-beat ("The Garden") or a carefully worked-out unaccompanied solo ("The Fourth Autumn").

The musicians heard with him, all presumably his students at the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, are James Black on drums, Bill Huntington on bass, and, on some tracks, the remarkable flute or piccolo of Kent Jordan.

Marsalis deals as sensitively with the works of others (Eddie Harris' "Deacceleration," John Coltrane's "Moment's Notice," Benny Golson's "Whisper Not") as with his originals. The final cut, a brief but

eventful piano solo, is an impressive tour de force.

No less than three Marsalises were involved here: the teen-aged Delfeayo, his fourth son, was the producer, and his third son, Ellis Marsalis III, served as a consultant. It is ironic that the eldest member of this brilliant family has come so belatedly to public attention. Better late. . . . 5 stars.

"EUBIE." Dick Hyman. Sine Qua Non 71017. (1 Charles St., Providence, R.I. 02904.) Dick Hyman was associated with the late Eubie Blake on several occasions (most memorably the Kennedy Center tribute attended by Blake just before his 100th birthday, for which Hyman was musical director). In this solo album, he performs 11 of Blake's compositions, of which only two became world famous: "Memories of You" and "I'm Just Wild About Harry." The latter is a typical marvel of Hymanesque virtuosity and imagination.

"Charleston Rag," which Blake wrote in 1899, is performed the way the composer would have liked to play it in his later years, when he became too frail to apply this much energy or accuracy to it himself. "It Was Well Worth the While" is of special interest, since this was Eubie's last published work: Hyman found the manuscript while rummaging around in Blake's basement.

Some of the tunes are of less than world-shaking interest, but Hyman sublimates most of them with his Art Tatum riffs, gear-shifts into Fats Waller superstride, and many strictly personal touches. As icing on the cake, there are affectionate and informative liner notes by Hyman. 4½ stars.

"IN HIGH PROFILE." Dick Katz. Bee Hive BH 7016. A respect-

ed pianist/composer who has racked up innumerable credits in New York (and who co-founded Milestone Records with Orrin Keepnews, annotator of the present album), Katz is presented here in two attractive settings: a trio, with Marc Johnson on bass and Al Harewood on drums; and a quintet for which the award-winning trombonist Jimmy Knepper and the tenor saxophonist/flutist Frank Wess were added.

This well-planned, hard-swinging, post-bop but pre-avant-garde collection ranges from originals to Gershwin, Coltrane, J.J. Johnson and Thelonious Monk. The trombone-flute blend is particularly beguiling. Knepper is so persuasive that one wonders why the trombone seems to have fallen out of favor as a jazz solo vehicle. As for Katz, he is neither Monk or Evans nor anyone else, having evolved a dazzling style of his own. 4 stars.

Tuesday, January 22, 1985/Part VI 7

ANITA O'DAY IN CONCERT:
CARMELO'S OR CARNEGIE?

By LEONARD FEATHER

Carmelo's was crowded on Saturday, and with good reason: For the third night of Anita O'Day's stint, instead of the quartet that had backed her on the previous evenings, a big band provided her accompaniment. In effect, this was a preview of a Carnegie Hall concert May 24, when O'Day will celebrate her 50th anniversary in the music business.

The 16-piece ensemble had been assembled by Roger Neumann, who, in Washington for an inaugural gig, was not able to conduct it. Instead, the singer led the band through its paces for the first few numbers, after which Buddy Bregman took over as conductor to direct five arrangements he had written for two of her record dates in the 1950s.

All of which would have been fine, except that there was literally no rehearsal. "I'll be hearing charts I haven't heard in all these years," O'Day said.

ing, the same ingratiating casual air, that have always been her trademarks. A surprise touch was the appearance of Graham Young, who played in the 1941 Gene Krupa band with which O'Day sang. Young played and sang the Roy Eldridge role in that band's biggest hit, "Let Me Off Uptown," and although neither he nor O'Day seemed too sure of their cues, it came off as nostalgic fun.

Bregman did his best to coordinate vocalist and band. "Honey-suckle Rose" was splendid, but "I Can't Get Started" lived up to its title as O'Day lost her way and the band stopped halfway through a chorus.

She will return to Carmelo's Thursday and Friday with a quartet, while the full orchestra, with Roger Neumann in charge, will be back Saturday.

If you would rather be sure of Grade-A O'Day, try Thursday or Friday; but if you're a gambler, Saturday might be a good bet.

POP MUSIC REVIEW

1/23

STEVE ROSS: SONGS IN CABARET STYLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Making his Los Angeles debut before a roaringly receptive audience, Steve Ross appeared Monday at the L.A. Stage Company West. (He'll be back there Monday.) The crowd included Liza Minnelli, whom he once accompanied, and many others who presumably had heard him at the Algonquin in New York or one of the other chic spots where his genre of cabaret singing has long been in vogue.

A tall, slender figure who wears a wing collar, Ross sang part or all of 47 songs. Because he leans toward vintage material by Berlin, Porter, the Gershwins and Noel Coward, he has been compared to Bobby Short.

At the keyboard, he is technically competent, harmonically limited; as a self-accompanist he's no Blossom Dearie. Vocally, he projects a theatrical high tenor; except when the song is strong enough to

carry him, he falls far, far short of Bobby.

The difference is that whereas Short seems to be saying "Weren't those fun days?" or "How our attitudes have changed," Ross at times takes himself back into the era and assumes its values. If there is anything more effete than the chorus of "Just One of Those Things," it is the verse of "Just One of Those Things." As for "It's D'Lovely," "Anything Goes" and "How About You," even the extra choruses of unfamiliar lyrics failed to remove the cobwebs.

Ross was at his best when his piano was subdued and his material less familiar or more recent. "Look Over There" from "La Cage Aux Folles" is a splendid song, as is Jerome Kern's seldom heard "All in Fun."

Humor is Ross' other long suit. He dealt deftly with a song about a sloth, and one about names ("If Giancarlo Menotti married Lotte Lenya, she'd be Lotte Menotti,"

etc.). Noel Coward's "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington" remains indestructibly witty half a century later.

No doubt about it, Steve Ross is a classy performer, the kind you would jump at to entertain at a party in the posher parts of town. But as a stage personality, for almost two hours of concentrated listening, he tends to wear thin.

His idol was Mabel Mercer, who was only at ease in an intimate room. Short's idol was Ivie Anderson, who could blaze across the footlights on a stage of any size. Therein, perhaps, lies the difference.

For those who had never seen an actual rehearsal, there was curiosity in hearing her stop the band in mid-tune and call out such instructions as "try it again from Bar 115," or "let's do that ending one more time." Others, having paid an admission fee for what they assumed would be a properly prepared set, may have felt otherwise.

Still, this indomitable survivor, looking incredibly younger than her 65 years, displayed the same individuality of sound and phras-

THE BLACKS, WHITES AND GRAYS OF 'COP'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Seeing "Beverly Hills Cop"—not as a reviewer but simply as a moviegoer who cannot get enough of Eddie Murphy—was an experience beyond my most optimistic expectations. For the first time in uncountable years, I literally laughed till I cried. To my mind, it is a film that has been perfectly written, acted and cast.

Now I find myself rising to the defense of "Beverly Hills Cop" in reaction to callers on a couple of radio talk shows who complained about the allegedly excessive use of profanity in the movie. To my astonishment, these sentiments were echoed in a myopic review

COMMENTARY

by no less an authority than Pauline Kael, she of *New Yorker*. Along with her shock at hearing words from which she has presumably been protected in the sheltered confines of her magazine, she implied in three separate references that "Beverly Hills Cop" is anti-white.

The matter of profanity is the less significant of these two issues, and one that has only minimal justification. We have come a long way since it was considered shocking when Rhett Butler said, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn," a line that had trouble getting past the censors. We have, in fact, reached the other extreme, at which characters in movies, God help us, speak just as many of us do in real life.

Granted, there are still millions among us who find certain words distasteful and would prefer they don't exist. But the profanity in "Beverly Hills Cop" simply reflects the speech patterns of countless Americans—among them great numbers of cops and others in every social stratum.

The early sequences, it's true, are liberally scattered with the *S* word, the *F* word and even that terrible 12-letter *M&F* word. According to Kael, Murphy has no funny material, merely "pitifully undistinguished profanity," regarding which we are "cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous."

She suggests that his lines consist of virtually nothing else, although in fact there is relatively little use of these words in the second half, when the dramatic action speeds up and the plot calls for dialogue more directly connected with it. Throughout the screenplay, there are countless brilliant exchanges that involve none of what Kael might characterize as "explicit" language.

□

The profanity issue, however, is far less relevant than the racial overtones, to which Kael reacts in prim and proper shock. She informs her readers that Murphy, in the title role, "outsmarts the white dumbos"; that in trying to find a room at an exclusive Beverly Hills hotel he pulls "an elaborate whitey-baiting number," and that he goes to this hotel "simply to get laughs for baiting whitey."

The issue of the street-smart Detroit black



cop in the Beverly Hills setting has a useful incongruity; however, nowhere has it been mentioned, in any of the print or radio discussions I have seen or heard, that the tradition of an underdog (of any color) outwitting dumb cops is one that goes back to the days of Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. You don't have to be black to get laughs outsmarting anyone. In fact, on some levels, blackness is not essential to Murphy's character. If he were white, certain scenes would have worked just as well.

There is the episode in which, to get a room in a posh hotel that is supposedly full, he indignantly poses as a Rolling Stone reporter, in town to interview Michael Jackson. Suddenly the manager finds that he has a cancellation: "It's a suite, but we'll give it to you at the regular single-room rate." Murphy smiles and inquires about the price. "That will be \$238 a day."

Imagine the same scene played by Woody Allen as a Rolling Stone reporter, wearing the same tattered sweat shirt, in town to interview Bruce Springsteen. Would this suddenly have lost all its humor?

Later, Murphy attempts to gain access to an exclusive club where the sinister art-dealer-cum-drug-smuggler, Victor Maitland

(played by Steven Berkoff), is lurching. Murphy assumes an affected manner: "I met Mr. Maitland a week ago; tell him I just came from my physician and found I have a herpes condition. I think he should see his doctor. . . ." The maitre d', hastily informing him, "I think you'd better tell him yourself," ushers Murphy into the room. Would that scene have been unfunny had Murphy been white?

(Actually the only group entitled to be upset about "Beverly Hills Cop" is the gay community. Bronson Pichot, working at the art gallery, comes on with a weird and wonderful quasi-effeminate accent and manner, further fueling what might be a legitimately negative reaction among homosexuals.)

□

The truth is that "Beverly Hills Cop" is one of the most sophisticated motion pictures ever made in terms of interaction between whites and blacks. Nowhere is the word *nigger* or any other racial epithet hurled at Murphy; never, in fact, is his race directly relevant to the plot. (*Nigger* to me is the true profanity. Richard Pryor abused it for years; I can remember walking out on one of his live

concert films when his constant repetition of it became tiresome and boring.)

The blaxplotation pictures, in which the black hero-versus-white villain concept was worked ad nauseam, happily are 15 years behind us. They were aimed strictly at the black audience, and black audiences soon tired of them. "Beverly Hills Cop" has an appeal that manages, like Murphy, to transcend race. Instead of a superspade-white thug situation, we have a story line in which some whites are villains, others amusingly naive folks, and at least two—notably Lisa Eilbacher—completely sympathetic. Moreover, one of the Beverly Hills Police Department's cops whom Murphy causes to look foolish is himself black—a point that Kael conveniently neglected to mention.

Another overtone that gives special meaning to the social advances implied here is the believable platonic relationship between Murphy and Eilbacher, an attractive blonde, cast simply as an old friend who grew up in the same neighborhood. When one pauses to reflect how many decades passed before white and black people of either sex could be shown together onscreen in a setting of social equality, the Murphy-Eilbacher team stands out as another step forward in the sophisticated treatment of race relations. In fact, it may be more progressive than Sidney Poitier's role in "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner," which some critics found naive, although it too, in its time, represented a bold move toward the emancipation of black characters.

One wonders whether the critics who find alleged anti-white attitudes in "Beverly Hills Cop" ever spoke out against the vicious anti-black stance taken in Hollywood all the way from "Birth of a Nation," a glorification of the Ku Klux Klan, through the stereotypical characters that people like Stepin Fetchit, Mantan Moreland and others portrayed, on through the Lena Horne movies, in which she was given singing, non-acting parts that could be snipped out of the footage when the films were shown in the South.

Did Kael or any other prominent white media critic ever complain about "black baiting"? I doubt it.

(The evolution of the black role in motion pictures has been chronicled thoroughly in Donald Bogle's perceptive, often bitter "Toms, Coons, Mulattoes, Mammies and Bucks" (Viking Press, 1973), an indictment of all the Hollywood stereotypes, and in Daniel Leab's "From Sambo to Superspade" (Houghton Mifflin, 1975). Anyone who has complaints about "Beverly Hills Cop" would be well advised to study these valuable retrospectives.)

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We've come a long, long way from those segregated days to reach a point at which a black actor has a leading part that could have been played by a white ("Beverly Hills Cop" was at various points to have starred Mickey Rourke and Sylvester Stallone). The Eilbacher part, for that matter, could as easily have been assigned to a black woman.

Unless you are hypersensitive about strong language, or about humor involving gays, there should be no reason to take issue with "Beverly Hills Cop," or to deny yourself the joy of seeing, in his most triumphant appearance yet, the true comedy genius of the 1980s. At press time the film had grossed more than \$100 million, with no end yet in sight. I must not be alone in my exuberant response. □

1/27/85

JAZZ

COLLEGE CHOIRS HAVE GRADUATED TO THE BIG TIME

By LEONARD FEATHER

In a report last week on the National Assn. of Jazz Educators convention, I pointed out how narrow the margin has become between full-time professional and college performers. Nowhere is this more true than in the case of vocal groups.

Jazz choirs in recent years have become more and more the province of colleges, semi-pros or non-profit organizations. Unlike the pros, they do not have to worry about how many singers they can afford; they can devote endless hours to rehearsal; they need not concern themselves with how many records they will sell or with the profit motive in general.

Two recent releases, from the L.A. Jazz Choir and Manhattan Transfer, show how this situation works out:

"FROM ALL SIDES." L.A. Jazz Choir. Stage 3 KM 12803 (5759 Wallis Lane, Woodland Hills 91367, \$10.55 including tax, postage). Gerald Eskelin, director of the L.A. Jazz Choir, can be proud of what he has accomplished in building this nonprofit organization, originally a college group. Though 34 singers are listed, only about 18 are used on any given track (there was, however, some overdubbing).

Milcho Leviev is invaluable as pianist and, on three of the best cuts, as composer/arranger: "Pavane for a True Musical Prince," dedicated to the late Don Ellis; the gentle, relaxed, "Sboguvane," written partly in Bulgarian but with a poem recited in English, and "For Fredric and Bill," dedicated to Chopin and Bill Evans. The latter, coincidentally, is represented as

composer on "Blue in Green."

Also well-conceived and impeccably performed are Eskelin's ingenious conversion of the trite "Jersey Bounce" to 7/4 time, and "Dream On," with a fluegelhorn solo by Jim Mooney.

The group is far stronger as a unit than in individual terms. The three scat singers on "Everybody's Boppin'" simply do not feel this idiom. Of those who sing words, only the honey-toned Vicky McClure on "Blues in Green" impresses. Lynn Carey is the composer and soloist on a jazz/rock trifle called "Jim, Jam, Jump" and "Love Is a Joy," which, like "What Is This Thing Called Love," is overloaded with tired bebop clichés.

"Tuxedo Junction" symbolizes what these jazz choirs need to get away from: big-band-era nostalgia. This cornball opus should have been retired decades ago from active duty.

Faults aside, seven of the 12 cuts succeed in displaying group jazz singing at a high plateau. 3½ stars.

"BOP DOO WOPP." Manhattan Transfer, Atlantic 81233. Caveat emptor: There are no new "Birdlands" here. In this collection of odds and ends, recorded in Tokyo, Sydney, Boston and Los Angeles, the Transfer has deliberately placed itself in a time warp. Several cuts are "dedicated" to the Four Vagabonds, the Harptones and other forgettable groups. "How High the Moon" is revamped Les Paul (at least there's a fine guitar solo by Wayne Johnson); elsewhere are recycled Louis Jordan, regurgitated Ink Spots and such dismal trivia as "My Cat Fell in the Well (Well, Well, Well)." For such talented people as singers/arrangers Janis Siegel and Tim Hauser and pianist/arranger Yaron Gershovsky to

waste their time on material of this caliber is inexcusable. Dismiss this as an interim album while we await what promises to be a knockout set written for the Transfer by Jon Hendricks. For "Jeannine," the only track that lives up to their level of achievement, one lone star.

"THE MAIDEN VOYAGE SESSIONS, VOL. 3." Art Pepper Quartet. Galaxy 5151. Yet another product of the late alto saxophonist's incumbency at the now-defunct Los Angeles club, this offers few surprises. Two of the three Pepper tunes have been heard before: "Mambo Koyama" with a different group on the same label, and "Valse Triste" with the same pianist, George Cables, in a live session at the Village Vanguard, on Contemporary. There is little to choose between the old and new treatments. On the second side is another original, "Landscape," somewhat Monkish in flavor, in which Pepper and eventually the whole group become a mite too hectic. "What's New" has some admirable Pepper balladry, and a bass solo by David Williams that the composer himself (bassist Bob Haggart) might envy. 3½ stars.

"VARIATIONS IN BLUE." Bill Barron. Muse MR 5306. Bebop lives, but it doesn't need to shout defensively about its survival, as is the case at times here. Five of the six compositions are the work of Barron, a tenor saxophonist (soprano on one number). He has a talent for writing angular, explosive hard-bop lines, but there is an occasional sense of extravagance in the unison ensembles (by Barron and the trumpeter Jimmy Owens) and in the solos, though Barron's

brother Kenny, at the piano, is consistently lyrical and inventive. 2½ stars

"CLASSIC MASTERS." Ronnie Laws. Capitol ST 12375. Chunka-chunka chunka-chunka... and somniferous nauseam.

Classi Webster tells us, means "of the highest quality or rank; having recognized and permanent value; of enduring interest and appeal." Here we find the ultimate degradation of this once-noble word, one that used to be employed only when it was genuinely deserved. Laws and his tenor sax, his voice, his DX7, make their trivial pursuit of nine numbers, most of them self-composed. Two, "City Girl" and "You Are Paradise," have never been released before, indicating that we have now reached the age of the instant classic. No stars.

"TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY HEART." Michael Urbaniak with Horace Parlan Trio. Steeplechase SCS 1195 (3943 W. Lawrence Ave., Chicago 60625). After a long involvement with fusion, the Polish violinist returns to jazz roots, stimulated throughout by the American pianist Horace Parlan and a Danish bassist and drummer. Taped last August in Copenhagen, these nine pieces (six of which he wrote) are carefully assorted: a melodic ballad, a lilting jazz waltz, several unabashed swingers, and two blues: the first slower and a mite sluggish, the second (aptly titled "Let's Do It Again") finely conceived and executed, with Urbaniak evoking memories of his early inspiration, the late Stuff Smith, and a Parlan solo rich in oblique, dancing lines. 4 stars.

JAZZ REVIEW

1/25/85

JOE WILLIAMS: NOTHIN' BUT THE BEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

No question about it, this has to be the year for Joe Williams—not unlike the many that preceded it, but simply more so. His "Nothin' but the Blues" album is up for a Grammy, and he's not hurting his chances of victory by performing as he did Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

It was 24 years ago this month that he left the Count Basie band after six formative years on the road. Since then he has broadened his scope immeasurably. Today he has a maturity and an easygoing presence that can cover, in one hour, virtually the entire range of popular music and blues.

Credit him for never forgetting that the blues idiom was, to quote his own words, "the bridge that brought me over." Opening with the classic blues ballad "I Want a Little Girl," he rocked his way through "Who She Do" and saved "Every Day" for the climactic closer.

Thank him for recalling Eubie Blake in the seldom-heard "I'd Give a Dollar for a Dime" and in the best-known Blake song, "Memories of You," in which he spanned two octaves without flinching.

Forgive him for singing "Satin Doll," one of the very few subpar Duke Ellington tunes and perhaps the only inept Johnny Mercer lyric.

Acknowledge him as a nonpareil master of ballads: The Duke's affecting "I Got It Bad" and Ray Noble's "The Very Thought of You" exemplified his warmth and total control. Even the oldest songs lose their mildew when Williams tackles them. His encore was "If I Could Be With You," from "Your Hit Parade" of 1926, which he equipped with a flawlessly pinpointed falsetto ending.

Laugh with him as his able rhythm section (Norman Simmons, piano; Bob Badgley, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums) supplied a kidding country-style backing to a hilarious new piece of material, "It's Not Easy Being White."

Williams' bearing throughout the show was one of complete relaxation. He works without theatricality, retaining a looseness that seems to say "I know I'm among friends." One of the friends Wednesday was Sarah Vaughan.

To borrow a line Ellington once applied to Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams is beyond category. The grayer he gets, the greater he grows; on a scale of 10, give him 11. He remains in command through Saturday.

JAZZ REVIEW

1/28/85

EDWARDS' RECIPE SOUNDS RIGHT FOR ROSALIND'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

They seem like compatible companions: West African cuisine and the Afro-American music known as jazz. Such is the menu at Rosalind's (1941 S. La Cienega Blvd.), where the Teddy Edwards Quartet has been providing the sounds every Friday and Saturday for the last couple of months.

Edwards, who has embellished the Southern California scene since the late 1940s, is an alumnus of name bands, singers and small groups by the hundred. A product of the be-bop era, he retains many characteristics of those days on the tenor sax, along with a degree of emotional involvement that has always brought the sound of distinction to his work.

Typical of his unspectacular but attractive approach Friday was the opening number, "It Could Happen to You," originally a ballad but dealt with here at a medium tempo as Edwards followed one chorus of theme with three of increasingly oblique variations.

Art Hillery, staying mainly with lean single-note lines, battled reasonably well with a somewhat balky upright piano. Bassist John Clayton, a Count Basie alumnus who was making his first appearance with this group, used his bow

for a solo rich in melodic invention. Larance Marable, the drummer, played a discreet role throughout the set, confining himself to brief occasional solos.

Taking his title from one of the chef's many succulent specials, Edwards turned up the thermometer for "Rosalind's Goat Soup Blues," bringing fresh touches to the traditional 12-bar framework.

"Misty" exemplified the engagingly sinuous personality long associated with Edwards in this slow, relaxed mood. "April Love," with a Latin pulse, and the busy, upbeat "No Name Number One," both composed by the leader, offered evidence that the group ought to concentrate more on his original works.

The restaurant's two-nights-a-week music policy will continue indefinitely and may be expanded if business holds up.

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JAZZ REVIEW

KELLY TRIES TO FOLLOW A CLASSY PATH

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Wednesday shifts at Le Cafe this month belong to Julie Kelly. Her presence and performance bring to mind the ongoing arguments about what constitutes a jazz singer, and whether any young artist can follow the path plowed by Ella and Sarah and Carmen and their contemporaries.

Kelly evidently has listened to the right people. Singing the rocking blues "Never Make Your Move Too Soon," she recalled the style and phrasing of Ernestine Anderson, who popularized it, while radiating a sense of joy and spontaneity. Her more subdued moments, heard too seldom, were best represented in "A Face Like Yours," composed by Victor Feldman (whose trio plays in the room tonight and Saturday).

Refreshing, too, is Kelly's choice of songs. Instead of worked-to-death standards, she chose material written by contemporary singers (Jude Swift, Shelby Flint) or by such musicians as Eddie Harris, whose old instrumental "Freedom Jazz Dance" now comes equipped with lyrics. The only items even slightly more familiar were Jimmy Van Heusen's "All My Tomorrows," written originally for Sinatra, and David Wheat's "Better than Anything."

A problem with Kelly is her occasional substitution of quantity for quality, or even for feeling. The human voice was invented long before the microphone and could still survive without it, particularly in a room only about 30x20 feet, yet at times she leaned on it as if she were in Dodger Stadium trying to reach the bleachers. Moreover,

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KELLY,

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Mike Joachim's sometimes obstreperous use of the bass drum tended to cancel out the good work by Steve Kaplan, on piano and synthesizer, and Gary Willis on electric bass.

There was an excess of scat

singing, none of it in the Bobby McFerrin class (but who is?). Kelly needs to relax more and try to prove less. Credit her with using original melodies and reasonably adult lyrics, and for revealing at least the potential to become one of tomorrow's important jazz singers. Listening to her, you are reminded that the breed is still alive.

THAD JONES TO LEAD BASIE BAND

Thad Jones, the trumpeter and composer who rose to fame in the Count Basie Orchestra before gaining additional renown as a maestro in his own right, is taking over direction of the Basie band effective Sunday, it was announced Tuesday.

Jones played and wrote arrangements for Basie from 1954 to 1963. In 1965 he organized an orchestra with drummer Mel Lewis as co-leader. This ensemble enjoyed international success and the partnership with Lewis lasted 13 years, after which Jones took up residence in Copenhagen, leaving Lewis as sole leader.

Recently returned to New York, Jones will assume the leadership of the Basie Orchestra that had been held by saxophonist Eric Dixon

since Basie's death last April. He will appear with the orchestra March 23 at El Camino College and March 26 and 27 at the Ambassador Auditorium, Pasadena. On the Pasadena dates another Basie alumnus, singer Joe Williams, will be teamed with the band.

—LEONARD FEATHER

BAND

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JAZZ REVIEWS

SHADOWFAX AT BEVERLY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Shadowfax, presented in two concerts Friday at the Beverly Theatre, reaffirmed to an intensely receptive audience its stature as the most original and creative new electronic group of the last decade. In its own very different way it is as exciting and provocative as Weather Report.

The key movers and shakers in the sextet are G. E. Stinson, on six- and 12-string guitars, and Chuck Greenberg, whose artillery includes Lyricon, soprano and tenor saxes, flute and piccolo, and who wrote (or co-wrote with Stinson) most of the original works played.

The music of Shadowfax defies ill boundaries. Elements of folk, rock, jazz, raga-like wails and Afro-Cuban touches mingle without ostling each other. The group is capable of ethereal moments, but Friday it was more pulsating than pastoral, with high-energy pieces in most of which a simple basic theme or mode was repeated hypnotically countless times, leading to new and challenging variations rather than to monotony.

Although such meters as 5/4 and 7/4 were used here and there, the band can swing traditionally, as its ghthearted blues encore made abundantly clear. The material was

drawn largely from such successful albums as "Shadowfax," "Shadowdance" and "Dreams of Children."

A recent addition to the personnel is Charles Bisharat, who uses a bodiless instrument equivalent to an electric violin. The drummer, Stuart Nevitt, is splendidly attuned to the band's multifaceted requirements, as is the auxiliary percussionist, Adam Rudolph. Almost equally percussive were some of the effects (among them what sounded like a bass marimba) produced by the brilliant synthesist David Lewis.

Opening for the band was Mako to Ozone. The 23-year-old pianist was ill served both by the sound system and the unnecessary lighting effects. His individual touch at the keyboard was blown up and garbled; the piano lid was almost shot, and his solos were overamplified through large speakers. Ozone's set, which began half an hour late, consisted of only four numbers: "Someday My Prince Will Come," Oscar Levant's "Blame It on My Youth," and two originals, "Crystal Love" and "Flight" from his album. A tremendously gifted artist with an unquestionably bright future, he deserved better treatment than was accorded him here.

THE BEAT GOES ON FOR PROS, AFICIONADOS ALIKE

By LEONARD FEATHER

DALLAS—The most remarkable fact about the National Assn. of Jazz Educators is that so few people are aware of its existence. Yet there are some 700,000 men, women and children involved in jazz education at every level, from elementary through post-graduate. The desire to study jazz is matched by the urge to teach it at thousands of schools and colleges at home and abroad.

Held this year in the halls of a Dallas airport hotel (next year, the site will be in Los Angeles), the 12th annual NAJE convention drew a record attendance of 1,600—educators and students, music publishers, instrument makers, anyone with an interest, altruistic or selfish, in seeing jazz survive and thrive in the academic world.

Some came to exchange views at seminars, some to teach at clinics, offer research papers, attend rare jazz film screenings or exhibit their wares. Well over 250 instrumentalists or singers took part in a lively series of performances, representing every idiom from traditional jazz, played by youths who took part in the fifth annual Dixieland Jazz competition, to avant-garde. The Black Caucus assembled a 15-piece band with such contemporary heavyweights as Oliver Lake, Cedar Walton, Ron Carter and Bill Barron.

"Any time you attend an event,"

said Herb Wong, the incumbent NAJE president, "whether it's a trumpet summit or a panel on jazz pedagogy, a student rap session or an international jam, you know you are missing two or three others that are going on at the same time. I'm sure this is the most comprehensive convention we've ever had."

Most of those who are playing or singing here volunteer their services; although NAJE does not pay them, some are sponsored, by musical instrument companies or corporate backers. Southern Comfort regularly subsidizes the Dixieland contests and a "Young Talent Award," whose three winners were under the aegis of saxophonist Bunky Green, now a jazz educator at the University of Chicago.

"We're in good shape when our future is in the hands of youngsters like them," said Green, as he presented 18-year-old trombonist Joe Jackson of Dallas; an astonishing 14-year-old alto sax virtuoso, Chris Hollyday, of Norwood, Mass., who tore through his Charlie Parker licks with the kind of wild abandon that can only be born of artful dedication, and a no-less-incredible 9-year-old drummer, Roli Garcia Jr. of Laredo, Tex., who offered an idea of how an earlier child prodigy, Buddy Rich, must have sounded at that age.

Among the participants in this crowded, multifarious scene was



Free-form jazz vocalist Bobby McFerrin sings with Phil Mattson's P.M. Singers at National Assn. of Jazz Educators convention.

Conrad Janis, who never lets his career as an actor (Mindy's father in "Mork and Mindy") interfere with his life as a trombonist. Founder of the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, he came here to emcee the Dixieland contest and to play a few choruses with the winning band, which turned out to be the Dixieland Jazz Patrol of the University of Minnesota.

Traditional jazz, which many of us thought was obsolescent decades ago, stubbornly refuses to die. Its faculty advisers allow their students to take a show-business stance: straw hats, suspenders and natty bow ties are the order of the day among youths who have delved into the music of their grandparents' era, and who now keep alive the music of Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver and Satchmo. The two non-winning finalists went overboard, one (the Lemon Street Stompers of Fullerton) with comedy antics, kazoo effects, and a Betty Boop vocal by Tricia McCarty, whose tailgate trombone was more tolerable than her singing; the other, the Riverboat Ramblers from Rio Hondo College at Whittier, went even further with a barbershop vocal quartet. The victorious Minnesotans not only indulged in no such nonsense, but also transcended the limitations of a repertoire that is obliged, by con-

test rules, to include "The Saints" and "Fidgety Feet."

Other faces in the crowd:

Pawel Brodowski, editor of *Jazz Forum*, published six times a year in Warsaw, in two editions, English and Polish. On his first visit to the United States, invited by NAJE, he spent a week in Washington, visiting the Smithsonian's jazz wing and meeting with USIA officials; in Dallas, he was trying to line up some talent for Warsaw's annual Jazz Jamboree next October. (Easier said than done, since the law says you can't take a zloty out of Poland.)

Rob McConnell, Canadian composer/bandleader/trombonist. Also pragmatist. He has a booth in the exhibit hall where his music is sold and his availability for college dates made known. "It was worth coming," he adds, "just for the kick of jamming with Jiggs Whigham."

Haydn (Jiggs) Whigham is a name that may ring a bell; you could have heard it when he played with Stan Kenton, or in the Glenn Miller ghost band. He is now director of the jazz department at the Music Conservatory in Cologne, where he has lived for almost 20 years.

This year, there was an official emphasis on vocal jazz, performed by representatives of newer trends. Among them were Bobby McFer-

ri, Dianne Reeves, Sheila Jordan, Bull Swing, Phil Mattson's P.M. Singers (three women, three men), the North Texas State University Jazz Singers (all 21 of them) and Elaine Elias (vocalist/pianist wife of trumpeter Randy Brecker, with whom she delivered some of her Brazilian specialties).

McFerrin and Reeves offer irrefutable evidence that a fresh breed of jazz vocal artistry is emerging. Together with Sheila Jordan, they engaged in a vocalise free-for-all, a sort of avant-blues, that was as spontaneously inspired as anything I have ever heard. McFerrin, who seemingly can produce any sound of which any human voice has ever been capable, also lent his singular gifts to the Mattson group, and played an articulate role in a panel on jazz singing.

Dianne Reeves, a tall, dark, handsome presence who seems to grow in maturity with each hearing, is a more strongly jazz-oriented artist than has been indicated by her recorded works (made by an over-eager producer looking for a pop hit). Having scored a smashing success at the convention, she will no doubt return now to the jazz world that desperately needs young blood.

Sheila Jordan, who sang one entire set backed only by her bassist, Harvie Swartz, is 55 and has been trying for 30 years to break through. At present, she divides her time between a day job, teaching jazz vocal classes at New York City College, and gigging with Swartz. Her stubborn loyalty to jazz was touchingly expressed: "I was born doing this, I'll die doing it; I can't think of devoting my life to anything else."

The line between professionals and amateurs (it would be more fitting to refer to them as pre-pros) has thinned almost to the vanishing point. Lee Konitz, the veteran of more than 75 albums, who came to prominence on records with Miles Davis and Lennie Tristano, says: "It's great to be here just for the chance to play with a big band, which is so hard to do in New York." He and the award-winning flutist Hubert Laws were guest soloists with the North Texas State Lab Band, one of a dozen big bands on that intensely jazz-active campus.

The story of NAJE's birth was told to me by Warrick L. Carter, dean of faculty at the Berklee College of Music in Boston and the association's president before Wong's election. He also plays drums occasionally, sitting in at a couple of sessions here.

"NAJE was a sort of spinoff of the Music Educators' National Conference," he said. "A group of teachers who were knowledgeable in jazz felt there was a need for their own separate organization. The following year, 1969, the association was formed."

Eugene Hall, who served as NAJE's first president, was the original pioneer in jazz education. Joining the music faculty at North Texas in 1947, he set up a program leading to what was euphemistical-

CONTO.

1/20/85

2/10

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THE GREAT SONGS FROM THE COTTON CLUB." Maxine Sullivan. Stash ST244.

In his book "The Cotton Club," Jim Haskins stated that "Harold Arlen is dead as well, but his life and career were long and successful."

Arlen not only is very much alive; he has written an endorsement for this newly recorded LP of 15 songs he wrote with lyricist Ted Koehler during their Cotton Club years. His unique gift for creating durable melodies (all 50 to 54 years old in this set) has never been more fittingly dealt with than by Maxine Sullivan, who sang at the club in

1940 shortly before it closed.

The gentle simplicity of her sound and style is as timeproof as the material, which includes not only the likes of "Stormy Weather," "World on a String," "Ill Wind" and "As Long as I Live," but three never heard on an LP before (best: "You Gave Me Everything but Love") and three never before recorded at all (weakest: "Primitive Prima Donna" with its stereotypical "jungle in my soul" lyrics).

Sullivan is well-served by pianist Keith Ingham's unpretentious small group backing, often with Phil Bodner soloing on clarinet, alto sax or flute. Production is fine, with notes by Edward Jablonski

and a cover photo of the actual 1934 Cotton Club Parade. "I'm crazy about it!" writes Arlen of this almost flawless collection. He is not alone. 5 stars.

"GOOD BAIT." Bobby Hutcherson. Landmark LLP 501. Orrin Keepnews' new label is off to a galloping start. "Good Bait" knits elements of the '40s (the title tune, and Monk's "In Walked Bud") with excellences of the '70s (McCoy Tyner's "Love Samba") and '80s, notably Branford Marsalis' distinctively mellow soprano and tenor saxes. The leader's vibes stand squarely in the middle, while George Cables' piano covers all bases. John Carisi's "Israel," Hutcherson's own engaging "Montgomery" and a hornless "Spring Is Here" round out this eclectic set. 4 stars. □

ly called a "major in dance-band work." "We didn't dare call it jazz in those days," he recalls. "Even as it was, the rest of the music staff wouldn't speak to me."

Hall remained at North Texas until 1959, when the job was taken over by Leon Breeden, who stayed for 22 years. Now retired, Breeden received a trophy here this weekend acknowledging his tireless contribution.

NAJE has its own magazine, *Jazz Educators' Journal*, published every other month. A glance through its pages reveals the enormous spread and breadth of activities in the field of jazz pedagogy. Men like Hall, Breeden and dozens less known but no less dedicated cannot be praised too highly for what they accomplished in the face of overt hostility and the conviction, on the part of most educators, that jazz was not music, or at least certainly not a subject worthy of a place on the curriculum.

Chuck Berg, a musician/educator/journalist from Kansas City, explained it best: "All those conservatory-trained, Eastman type educators finally saw the writing

on the manuscript paper: They realized that the kids will enlist more readily for a jazz course and may, in effect, help to carry the entire music department. Jazz is at least tolerated now, because it enables the curricula to survive."

Jamie Aebersold, a saxophonist whose play-along records for students are as well known as his Summer Combo Clinics, added a vital point: "We should encourage the youngsters to begin learning and improvising, and to study jazz history, at the earliest possible age. The creative urge is a natural desire that ought to be fulfilled at the start of their educational career."

NAJE is not content to keep its good works within the grooves of academe. During the convention, Wong announced that through an arrangement with the Disney organization, the first annual big parade of outstanding college bands will be heard at Disney's EPCOT in Florida June 1-9.

"That's what it's all about," he said. "We have to keep on spreading the word and spreading the work." □

POP AND JAZZ REVIEWS

CARMEN McRAE TOUCHES ALL THE BASES

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble, but Carmen McRae is here to stay. That at least was the prevalent hope Saturday when one of the jazz world's most enduring vocal sounds dominated the stage at the Embassy Theater.

A medal sister among the Three Graces of vocal jazz, McRae is a little older than Sarah, younger than Ella, with a talent as personal and commanding as either.

McRae has always had her own timbre, impeccable phrasing and a repertoire that spans the decades with consummate ease. McRae leaves no doubt that she has the meaning of lyrics in mind, that the words "but beautiful" must be sung with warmth and beauty, that the old Billie Holiday song "Getting Some Fun Out of Life" calls for a spirit of jubilation. Holiday was very much in mind during a sneaky, humor-laced blues.

There were gracious tributes to her first mentor, Irene Wilson, for whose song "I'm Pulling Through" she accompanied herself at the piano, and to Irene Kral, to whom she dedicated Bob Dorough's "Love Came on Stealthy Fingers."

There wasn't a base she did not touch, from James Taylor's "Music" to Thelonious Monk's "Straight No Chaser." Even some of the antiques—"The Man I Love," "How Long Has This Been Going On"—were embellished with their seldom-heard verses.

Her scatting in "Sunday" and "I Concentrate on You" was tasteful and free of shoo-be-doo excesses. Two of the best songs, Bobby Troup's "You're Looking at Me" and Oscar Moore's "Beautiful Moons Ago," were products of her Grammy-nominated album.

McRae always recruits accompanists on a par with her musicianship. She now has Alan Broadbent, whose piano chording was ideally supportive on "Old Folks," and her regular bassist and drummer, John Leftwich and Donald Bailey.

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JAZZ REVIEW

EXPERIMENTAL QUINTET AT THE COMEBACK INN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Credit the Comeback Inn in Venice with offering a showcase for experimental groups seldom heard elsewhere in town. A case in point is the quintet presented Wednesday under the direction of Vinny Golia.

A saxophonist and composer heard locally in a variety of settings, Golia here shared the front line with the trumpet and fluegelhorn of John Fumo. The opening tune moved from a series of funereal tones uttered by the horns in unison to a grim but determined 4/4 theme with the leader on soprano sax.

Much of what followed was less notable for what it expressed than for what too often was omitted: a tonal center, an emotional message, and the ability of the rhythm section to swing.

The second piece, a slow blues with Golia in a more accessible mood on baritone sax, revealed what the horn players might accomplish if they set out on a logical, structured path.

For the rest of the set it was freedom time, illustrating how eas-

ily too much freedom can twist itself into bondage. The main problem, aside from this, was a rhythm section whose members were so short on cohesion that at times they suggested uninvited sounds leaking in from three other rooms.

Alex Cline, the drummer, was the principal culprit, his time unsteady and his conception unsympathetic. Pianist Wayne Peet, at the old upright, at least had an excuse: He could blame the instrument. Ken Filiano, the bassist, is a first-rate musician, but it took his unaccompanied solo to reveal it, just as it took a duo passage by Golia and Peet, with the percussion silent, to show both men to advantage.

What would happen if Golia and Fumo were to join forces with a sensitive rhythm team and play some unpretentious material? Quite possibly something of value, though there were few chances to observe the evidence Wednesday.

Tonight at the Comeback Inn: pianist Henry Butler, Charlie Haden on bass and Billy Higgins on drums.

2/21

'BLUE NOTE' JAZZ CONCERT IS FRIDAY

Herbie Hancock will host more than 30 jazz musicians Friday at New York's Town Hall to celebrate the reactivation of the legendary Blue Note Records company.

The "One Night With Blue Note" concert will include Art Blakey, Kenny Burrell, Donald Byrd, Ron Carter, Walter Davis Jr., Jack de Johnette, Lou Donaldson, Curtis Fuller, Dexter Gordon, Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, Stanley Jordan, Charles Lloyd, Cecil McBee, Jackie McLean, James Moody, James Newton, Michel Petrucciani, Woody Shaw, Jimmy Smith, Grady Tate, Stanley Turrentine, McCoy Tyner and Grover Washington Jr.

A presentation will be made to Alfred Lion, who founded the company (now America's oldest active jazz label) in 1939. A portion of the evening's proceeds will benefit the Save the Children Federation for the African Emergency Fund.

—LEONARD FEATHER

DAVID LIEBMAN FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM TO PLAY

By LEONARD FEATHER

David Liebman is a musician whose credits should have assured him a place of respect and renown in jazz echelons. He put in three years with drummer Elvin Jones' quartet, a year and a half with Miles Davis, plus a decade off and on leading such small bands as Lookout Farm and, more recently, Quest.

Yet Liebman's reputation as saxophonist, composer and leader has been held up by conditions that do not relate directly to this talent. Like too many gifted jazzmen today, he finds it difficult to keep his group together on a year-round basis, and no less troublesome to establish it on records, even though a Quest album released not long ago received raves.

"Quest is still together, still a working band," he said recently during a visit to Los Angeles, "but I couldn't bring it out here. With my longtime partner Richie Beirach on piano, Eddie Gomez on bass and Billy Hart on drums, we're a unified group, capable of a high level of creativity. But how are you going to fly four musicians across the United States to work four or five nights for a few hundred dollars?"

"We're not a big-name group like Chuck Mangione or Chick Corea. So we're economically limited. With all due respect to the men I hired out here in L.A., nothing will beat working alongside musicians who are familiar with the material."

Liebman came to California on the strength of a college concert and clinic, which enabled him to flesh out his visit with four nights in a jazz room, the Sunset Hyatt. "When I do something like this," he says, "the reaction is surprisingly strong, because people are starved for talent from New York; maybe they've had one Sonny Rollins or Wynton Marsalis concert in the whole area in six months. It makes me feel good, but it's also debilitating, because the difference between what I do with a pickup group and what can be accomplished with my own band is

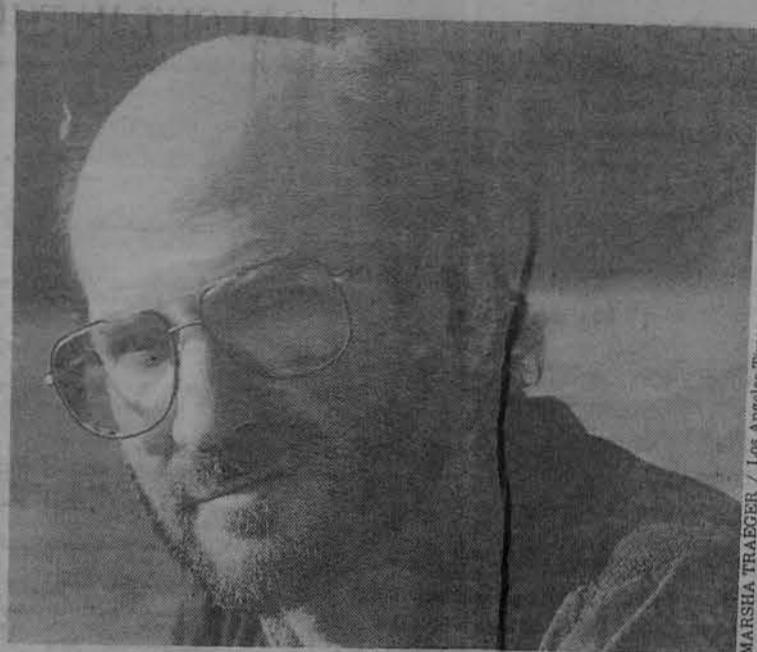
incalculable."

Among other distinctions, Liebman finds in his own quartet an endemic energy that he believes is characteristic of New York. "There definitely is such a thing as New York-style jazz. It's drummers' music—in New York we give the drummers rein to go crazy. I like the feeling of abandonment; there's a certain meeting of the minds in which the process is more important than the end result."

Brooklyn-born, Liebman worked with Charles Lloyd and Lennie Tristano in the late 1960s, but he first achieved national recognition during the years with Jones and Davis. He recalls with affection his year under Miles. "He never tried to influence me. We always had a good relationship. In the band he had at that time Al Foster, the drummer, and I were the only real jazz people; we knew his old records, while the other guys didn't now how great he was. He needed that anchor to the past, although he was trying to move into the future."

Liebman and Davis have kept in touch. In 1979, when Miles was ready to emerge from his long retirement, he called his alumnus. "Didn't even say hello; he just told me, 'Dave, I'm ready. Who you got?' I said, 'I got a kid lives around the corner, a young sax player named Bill Evans.' He said, 'What's he sound like?' I said, 'Well, he's my student. He sounds like me, and Steve Grossman, people who've worked with you.' So Miles asked for his number, and pretty soon Bill called me up and said, 'Did you ask Miles Davis to call me?' He couldn't believe it. He got the job right away and stayed three years."

In the Davis days, Liebman was



David Liebman: "There definitely is such a thing as New York-style jazz. It's drummers' music—in New York we give the drummers rein to go crazy. I like the feeling of abandonment."

alternating between tenor sax, soprano sax and flute. For the last four years, he has been concentrating almost exclusively on the soprano sax. "I feel that you can only do so much in life. If you can reach a point where just one instrument is second nature to you, where it's an extension of your body, then you've reached a very high level."

"It's very difficult to achieve a physical rapport with a whole bunch of instruments. It's like, how many women can you live with at once? How many houses can you live in? You can use the other horns now and then for variety and color, but, if you get really close to one instrument, that's better than just picking up any shoe along the way and putting it on your foot."

"That's where jazz crosses over from artistry into show-biz and entertainment. It's true, a show is enhanced by a variety of sonorities. Look what synthesizers have done; they've made it possible to sit through an hour of watered-down fusion music, because they achieve so many sounds—like Africa on one tune, India on another. This strikes

the imagination of the listener; he sees image, but to me that's not the essence of music, that's extra-curricular."

He grants that there are exceptions to this rule. "In the case of Ira Sullivan, he's an amazing musician who's fluid on trumpet, saxophones, flute and so forth, and he's a master of them all; but if I had my druthers, I'd still just as soon hear him only on soprano and maybe flute. Take Anthony Braxton. He has one thing to say, and it really doesn't matter whether he says it on clarinet or contra-contrabass or what he plays that counts."

Liebman's decision to concentrate on the soprano sax contrasts with his attitude during the early years. "I started out on tenor, with John Crane in mind. Soprano

came about because it was within the demands of a particular gig I landed, with a jazz/rock group called Ten Wheel Drive. With Elvin and Miles, too, my doubling or tripling was part of the show."

He points out that the long, thin horn fits him physically: "You'll notice that most of the great tenor players have been large guys—men like Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young. Also—I don't know whether or not this is just psychological—when I hear myself on soprano, I hear echoes of the ethnic sound, the Jewish cantor, the Semitic sound, the wail. If you want to talk about roots, those are certainly mine."

Liebman produced, in collaboration with his bassist friend Gene Perla, a recent album in which, ironically, he does not merely double but plays all the instruments. Entitled "Memories, Dreams and Reflections" (PM Records Inc., 20 Martha St., Woodcliff Lake, N.J. 07675), except for one cut (Eric Satie's "Trois Gnossiennes"), it was composed and arranged by Liebman, who plays soprano saxophone, flutes, piano, electric keyboard, Prophet V, Polymoog, drums, finger bells and is heard briefly as narrator. This is a remarkable achievement in both compositional and interpretive terms, although he admits in his notes that the solo flight is "the ultimate self-indulgence."

"But, when I'm appearing in person," he insists, "I still want to play the one instrument that's most meaningful to me, and I'd rather do it in the company of my peers."

Meanwhile, he was off to Hawaii to perform in a college clinic.

"Who will you play with?" I asked.

"Whoever's there. That's the way it is." □

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

EVENING WITH LAINE AND DANKWORTH

By LEONARD FEATHER

Spending an evening with Cleo Laine and John Dankworth, as an appreciative crowd did Saturday in Marsee Auditorium, El Camino College, is not unlike taking a whirlwind international tour in words and music.

The British singer and her husband, who now plays piano in addition to his numerous other duties (saxophonist, clarinetist, arranger), seem to take a special delight in jumping both idiomatic

and national borders. The Laine repertoire on this occasion took in jazz standards by Duke Ellington and Django Reinhardt, top material from the song books of James Taylor, Carole King and John Lennon and a touch of Mozart blended with be-bop in "Turkish Delight," one of several specialties for which her voice joined in elegant vocalise with Dankworth's alto sax.

Notwithstanding this diversity, it is the rich, octave-leaping Laine sound that brings an idiosyncratic character to everything she under-

takes. From the opening strains of "One," a harmonically adventurous song from "A Chorus Line," clear through to her finale, a 30-year-old English song called "It's a Pity to Say Good Night," her distinctive and distinctive way with words reminded us that after a decade of ocean-hopping, her Englishness remains part of her charm. Loyalty to her British roots is as important as her undimmed power and control.

Dankworth's group, in addition to staying in close communion with Laine, had something to say in its

own right. With Ray Laeckle on tenor sax, bass clarinet and flute; Larry Koonse in some inventive guitar work; John Ward on bass guitar, and Jim Zimmerman on drums, superior solos were scattered through the evening. Dankworth contributed a pair of well-conceived instrumentals.

Dankworth's raps between tunes are becoming a little too familiar. The same might be said of one or two of his solos, although many jazz artists, having once found a formula that works, have decided that you can't argue with success.

The surprise of the show was the extent and excellence of his work at the keyboards. Although not normally thought of as a pianist, he displayed serviceable technique and harmonically thoughtful ideas.

JAZZ REVIEW

NEW AMERICAN OPENS ITS SIXTH SEASON

By LEONARD FEATHER

The New American Orchestra's sixth concert season got under way Friday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion with conductor Jack Elliott in charge. As has become customary over the years, this grandiloquent ensemble provided valid evidence for the defense of its objectives, along with a little fodder for the prosecution.

The spoils of victory went to Milcho Leviev, the Bulgarian-born composer and pianist whose 35-minute, five-movement "Sympho-Jazz Sketches" took up the second half. Written a few years ago for Free Flight, a quartet he helped found, the suite in its expanded form was a challenge that the 80-plus musicians met with distinction.

At times this orchestra goes through motions that could as

easily be delegated to the Los Angeles Philharmonic, as in the evening's opening work, Lyn Murray's pleasant but dated "American Overture." Leviev's piece, on the other hand, put us on notice from the very first bar that this was something only the New American Orchestra could tackle.

Guest soloists Ernie Watts on sax and Ray Pizzi on flute and bassoon lent a needed touch of personality. Mike Melvoin's Stray-hornish piano embellished the third movement; bassist Chuck Domani-co and drummer John Guerin were the "Mr. Hip and Dr. Cool" for whom the fourth movement is named.

The final movement, "Free Flight," in a Latinesque 7/4, built to a dazzling climax with brass accents under Watts' driving tenor sax. Leviev knows this orchestra's capabilities as well as anyone who



ROSEMARY KAUL / Los Angeles Times

Diane Schuur sings with New American Orchestra at Pavilion.

Los Angeles Times

has written for it.

In "Themes and Variations," by Mike Barone, the pop, orchestral and jazz elements were well balanced, integrating solos by Dominick Fera on clarinet and Bud Shank on alto sax, along with some felicitous writing for strings.

Diane Schuur, warmly announced as making her first Los Angeles appearance (she has been seen here several times with Ed Shaughnessy's band) was visibly and audibly nervous during her four songs, none of which was in an up tempo. Despite traces of soul and gospel influences (even a hint of Dinah Washington) and two pure-silk high-note endings, she

was less successful than on her recent album. Dave Grusin was her pianist except on "Amazing Grace," for which she accompanied herself.

Schuur was well received, drawing a standing ovation. The promise that Shaughnessy found in her shows signs of being fulfilled, but a better balance of tempos and a less ambitious setting would have helped.

Production values were flawed by such irrelevancies as the raffling of a trip to Europe (this kind of thing cheapens the orchestra), and the failure to introduce either Leviev, who was present, or Bill Watrous, whose trombone was a highlight of the Schuur set.

2/21 SHOW AFFIRMS THAT B. B. KING REIGNS

By LEONARD FEATHER

How do you like your blues served up? Greasy or gritty? Fast and funky, or blue and sentimental? Instrumental or vocal? Male or female?

Whatever one's predilection, the B. B. King show has the recipe. At the Tuesday opening of his Concerts by the Sea engagement (closing tonight) he drew a standing ovation simply for walking on stage, and kept the capacity crowd in his thrall for better than an hour.

The career of the blues king has long moved in a steady direction. Occasionally a record producer has tried to change his image by steering him away from the idiom that has served him so well, but when he works a club for a crowd of obviously loyal aficionados, he heads for home base, singing and playing some of the same lyrics and licks that may well have delighted the parents of these same fans.

Although the impression was

created of an entire blues set, King mixes it up now and then by singing a 32-bar blues-ballad or by tossing in an occasional instrumental in which Lucille, his six-stringed alter ego, is the dominant voice.

Some of the songs ("It's Just a Matter of Time," "When I'm Wrong I'm Wrong") seemed new to this perennial King-watcher; but the old reliables, from "Every Day" to "Tain't Nobody's Business," were still on hand, the gutsy voice and florid guitar lines as infectious as always.

Surprisingly, King closed his set with two pieces belted out by the tall, slender, attractive Debra Boston, whose roots-conscious blues shouting is well accented by her sinuous gyrations. But when the audience refused to let the show end, King encored with "The Thrill Is Gone," vintage 1966.

King's six-piece band, led by the saxophonist Eddie Synigal, warmed up with two uptown Saturday night soul numbers, but seemed more at ease backing the star, with one or

two after-hours solos by Eugene Carrier on piano and organ, and Leon Warren on guitar. Here again there was a contrast between the rough-and-ready sound of the group and the more polished ensembles heard on one or two of those albums. In the studio the producer may give orders, but at Concerts by the Sea, when the lights go down low, only B.B. is king.

JAZZ

JOE WILLIAMS: EVERY DAY HE HAS THE BLUES—HAPPILY

By LEONARD FEATHER

It would not be accurate to call Joe Williams a late bloomer. After all, he was on CBS radio seven nights a week for 72 weeks, starting in 1937. Much later, during his years on the road with the Count Basie band (from December of 1954 to January, 1961), he earned a worldwide reputation. It would, however, be correct to claim that the past year, and the year now under way, represent a new peak for him on several levels.

He sang the title tunes for two recent movies, "All of Me" and "City Heat." He recently earned his third Grammy nomination; this year, though up against such strong competition as Mel Tormé and Carmen McRae, he seems to have a chance of victory.

Prestigious bookings seem to be falling in his lap. Last month he sang with the surviving Basie band (now led by Thad Jones) at one of the Reagan inaugural balls. Today he will take part in the "Night of 100 Stars" Actors' Fund benefit at Radio City Music Hall. After returning to Los Angeles for the late-February Grammy ceremonies, the following day he'll be a presenter at the Black Gold Awards show.

The gold ring Williams has grasped is inscribed "Security." He can tell you where he'll be as far away as December (the Fairmont in New Orleans) and can give you all the dates in between—the Playboy Jazz Festival in June, two weeks aboard the Norway's floating jazz cruise in October, and in March—not surprisingly, since golf ranks a very close second to music in his heart—the Panasonic Golf Tournament in Las Vegas, where he lives.

All this for a graying 66-year-old whose imposing 6-foot-1 presence and burnished baritone have ensured steady work, with guest spots on "The Tonight Show" often enough to keep him in the public eye (and diversified enough to

remind us that he is a commanding singer of ballads and popular songs as well as a nonpareil blues artist).

There is a strange irony to Williams' latest nomination, for an album called "Nothing but the Blues" on a relatively obscure, Japanese-pressed label, Delos Records, previously devoted to classical music. The truth is that Williams has been without a record contract for almost 20 years.

"The people I signed up with," he recalled, without rancor, "just didn't promote me. First Roulette, then RCA, and last, in the mid-1960s, United Artists. There was never a cardboard window display of a Joe Williams album anywhere in this country. But Delos had my likeness on display all over the place at an electronics show in Las Vegas. I said to myself, 'Wow, this is something new!'"

"The album happened when Red Holloway, the saxophonist, approached John Levy, my manager. We had a meeting with Ralph Junsheim, the producer, and decided to go ahead. Well, can you imagine refusing to do an album with Ray Brown on bass? Phil Upchurch on guitar? And a great organist like Jack McDuff? All people I had never recorded with before," Williams said.

"We finished the whole darn thing in two days, without a note of written music. Ray Brown did a marvelous job of working out the arrangements—verbally."

There were other ironies: Several of the songs were simply remakes of blues from Williams' Basie days. "Alright, Okay, You Win," "Goin' to Chicago" and the like. One track finds him sharing the vocal duties with another blues giant, Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson; another is entirely instrumental, featuring Ray Brown.

□

Over the years, Williams' work has acquired a veneer of sophistication that reflects the breadth of



Joe Williams: "There are almost no distinctive new voices that have an immediate recognizability."

his experience as a world traveler. Even the blues becomes internationalized at one point when, instead of the familiar line "one more time," he comes up with "encore, s'il vous plait." But it still sounds unmistakably like the blues.

"The nomination came as a total surprise to me," Williams said on a recent evening between sets during a turn-away engagement at the Vine Street Bar & Grill. "There were some helpful factors: For example, this is the first LP I've done that was laser-disc'd, digitally recorded. It's a great sound, and nobody told me what to sing."

Because of this freedom, he was able to accomplish what few jazz-related singers can do today: be himself. Too many recording artists, at the mercy of producers, are being deflected from the expression of their true personalities.

"There are youngsters out there singing good pop songs—and I mean popular as opposed to classical—who, if you have to categorize, can be classed as jazz singers; but there are almost no distinctive new voices that have an immediate recognizability."

"Bobby McFerrin is a promising

exception. Patti Labelle is a gospel singer by influence; Deniece Williams, Patti Austin—most of these girls came up with gospel groups. They have great sounds and they're damn good musicians, but they're not jazz singers.

"Someone who can really sound earthy is Ernestine Anderson—she really growled and got mean at the Monterey Festival. It was nice to hear what she did with some numbers that I've sung, like 'Ev'ry Day' and 'All Blues.'"

Williams heard Anderson, along with numerous others, in the process of taping a 13-week series. Entitled "Jazz Summit," it consists of live performances from last September's Monterey Jazz Festival, with Williams added as emcee for the radio tapes. Sponsored by SECA (the Southern Education Communication Assn.), the programs will air via satellite-linked public radio, starting in May.

Williams' origins go back to those prehistoric CBS radio remotes, heard during his debut engagement as singer with a small band led by the legendary New Orleans clarinetist Jimmie Noone, in a Chicago nightclub. (Born in Georgia, Williams had lived in Chicago from age 3.) There were several other local jobs, among them a couple of months with the pioneer boogie-woogie piano team of Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, and a stint with Coleman Hawkins, then known as "the body

and soul of the saxophone," after his 1939 recording. There was also a road tour with Lionel Hampton, but in those days the attention focused mainly on the female singer. ("Joe, you just sing the ballads," Hampton cautioned him, "and let Dinah Washington take care of the blues.")

An augury of better days to come was Williams' 10-week stay with a septet led by Count Basie at Chicago's Brass Rail. The following year Basie reorganized his big band, but aside from a long-forgotten female singer there was no replacement for Jimmy Rushing, whose intense, high-pitched blues shouting had helped raise the band to eminence during his long tenure (1936-50). Finally Basie sent for Williams to rejoin him.

During a single two-day marathon session, they recorded a series of blues hits that did as much for the band's reputation as Basie had done by rescuing Williams from years of semiobscurity. Overnight, the songs leaped from the ghettos to the history books: "Ev'ry Day I Have the Blues" (written by Memphis Sim), "The Comeback," "Alright, Okay, You Win," "In the Evening," "Teach Me Tonight," "Please Send Me Someone to Love," "My Baby Upsets Me" and Big Joe Turner's "Roll 'Em, Pete." They have remained a part of the Williams repertoire ever since, but along with them he has provided ample evidence of the ease with

which he can handle "Stella by Starlight," "Moonlight in Vermont" and other mood pieces that some observers might more readily associate with Frank Sinatra.

Cheerful, optimistic, exuding an ineradicable *joie de vivre*, Williams today is more familiar to the American public than ever before—not only aurally but visually, since an endorsement for Johnny Walker scotch put his face in full-page ads that have run everywhere from People to Sports Illustrated.

What helped to carry him through hard times, even brought him back after a nervous breakdown in the Chicago years, was a sense of himself—not as a black singer, nor as a blues singer, but simply as an artist doing with his voice whatever he cares to do. A sense of humor helps too. One of his newest songs is "It's Not Easy

Being White," written by Tommy Deering, a musician friend in Las Vegas.

It's about the struggle to "get your rhythm right," and about the fact that "nobody calls you brother but your mother's other son."

"Tommy is this fellow about 5 foot 6 with heels," Williams said, "a little white guy who looks like Caspar Milquetoast with a beard. That accounts for the line in the song about being 'too tall for a midget and too short for basketball.'"

Though Williams remains a master of the blues, a fitting theme song for him would be one written by his staunch admirer, Duke Ellington: "Jump for Joy." The youthful exuberance that marked his first works with Basie remains undimmed almost three decades later. □

JAZZ

CAPTURING LADY DAY'S LONG NIGHT

By LEONARD FEATHER

For 25 years after Billie Holiday died, there was never a successful attempt to capture for the screen some of the vivid beauty and dark tragedy that marked her 44 years. It took a British producer, John Jeremy, and his TCB Releasing Co. to assemble, in collaboration with the BBC, what is undoubtedly the definitive documentary.

"The Long Night of Lady Day" was presented to British audiences a few months ago. A friend in London sent me a copy of the sound track, but not until the U.S. rights were acquired by a cable company

called Bravo was I able to see it, and then only because a videocassette was sent to me; Bravo is hard to find in most cities (it has been aired several times lately for those with Bravo access in parts of the Los Angeles area). But "Lady Day" undoubtedly will be rerun and more widely disseminated in the months and years ahead.

In the American version, the footage has been cut from 90 to 60 minutes. Missing are an interview with Artie Shaw and the whole segment dealing with her humiliating experience as the first black singer on tour with a white band.

(Shaw tried his best to protect her from the indignities she suffered, but in 1938 that was a near-impossibility.)

Even in its truncated form, the documentary is a masterpiece, a deeply moving experience that deserves far wider exposure than it has had to date. It could bring to a generation too young ever to have seen Lady Day in person some sense of what it was like to grow up black in the 1930s, to achieve worldwide renown as the most exquisitely individual of all jazz singers, and to waste long, agonizing years on a losing battle against heroin addiction.

John Jeremy clearly did a superb research job, even going to the Federal Women's Penitentiary in Alderson, W. Va., to interview the secretary of the warden (Billie was imprisoned there in 1947-48); to the Apollo Theatre in Harlem to talk to the caretaker about her first appearance there; to Milt Hinton, who played bass on her final record date, and to others who played major roles in her career: John Hammond, who teamed her with Benny Goodman on her first record; Barney Josephson of Cafe Society, to whom Hammond introduced her; Milt Gabler, who signed her to Decca and produced "Lover Man"; Ray Ellis, producer of her last session in 1959, and others.

In my own brief deposition (Billie was a close friend and my



Billie Holiday, the subject of a definitive documentary.

daughter's godmother), I recall the grim day when, in the taxi on the way to Lester Young's funeral, she said, "I'll be the next to go"—as indeed she was, four months later.

Jeremy even includes a classic piece of footage from the short movie made by Billie with the Duke Ellington Orchestra when she was 19. In the segment that recalls her 52nd Street nightclub days are equally rare chances to see and hear Art Tatum at the piano, and the progenitor of jazz tenor saxophone, Coleman Hawkins.

Still, it is Billie Holiday's voice and unforgettable presence that bring this documentary vividly to life: in voice-overs, singing or reciting the lyrics of several tunes; in her incomparable "Fine and Mellow" scene from CBS-TV's "Sound of Jazz" in 1957 (with Lester Young, Ben Webster, Gerry Mulligan and Roy Eldridge among

others).

Most surprisingly, there are three songs I had never before seen her perform on screen: "Don't Explain," "I Loves You Porgy" and a gut-wrenching "Strange Fruit," the song Columbia would not let her record, because it was factless enough to deal with the subject of lynching. (Billie later secured permission to record it for Milt Gabler's Commodore label.) These obscure items were filmed late in her life, as part of a local jazz series Art Ford was running in New York. (The unidentified guitarist seen next to pianist Mal Waldron is Mary Osborne.)

Whether gaunt from self-destruction as she appears in some scenes, or healthy and stunningly beautiful as we see her in others, Holiday was never less than an awesome figure. Even the scenes from her only movie acting role, as the maid Endie in "New Orleans" with Louis Armstrong, show us something about her experiences and her unmatched talent.

Watching "The Long Night of Lady Day" reminded me again of the obscene disregard the Hollywood community has shown for this woman. While the likes of the Three Stooges are immortalized with a star on Hollywood Boulevard, Billie Holiday still is absent. Ironically, Diana Ross, whose reputation in movies was triggered by her portrayal of Holiday in "Lady Sings the Blues," has her own star, but she ignored my open-letter appeal to her, in these pages in 1982, suggesting that she help to secure one for Billie.

Happily, the original star still lives on film. If Bravo is available in your area, you can be sure of seeing this unique production soon; if not, you may simply have to move to a better neighborhood.

BAND VIDEOS: "Meet the Band Leaders" is the title of a series presented by Wally Heider, the veteran sound engineer and big-

HERB JEFFRIES, SON TO RUN CARMELO'S

Carmelo's owner Ruth Hoover announced Monday evening that the Sherman Oaks jazz club, long in financial difficulty and expected to close, will be taken over Friday by singer Herb Jeffries and his son Robert. Hoover will stay on as a talent consultant.

"There has been too much spirit put into this room to let it die," said Jeffries in a brief speech at the club Monday. "We'll keep the music policy going, including the big bands."

March bookings are now being lined up. They include the bands of Lenny LeCroix on Monday, and Louie Bellson on March 25. Singer Bena Scott will appear Tuesday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

band buff. Though devoted mainly to pop bands (Lombardo, Welk, et al.), it includes some jazz among the nine releases to date.

Vol. 101 comprises 45 minutes played by the Count Basie band in 1945, Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington both in 1965. The Basie segment, in a dance hall setting, finds the band in powerful shape. Along with the established hits ("April in Paris," "I Can't Stop Loving You"), there is a Billy Byers opus for Marshal Royal's suave alto sax, "Big Brother." Elsewhere, Eric Dixon and Sal Nistico engage in a tenor-sax battle, Basie plays some surprisingly busy piano, Sam Noto is heard on trumpet and Henry Coker on trombone.

In the more commercialized Hampton sequence, the leader plays vibes, piano and drums, takes

the vocal on "Cute," and displays several soloists who, except for the guitarist Billy Mackel, were unfamiliar to me.

Ellington comes off best. His incredible sax team is front and center for "Rockin' in Rhythm"; Cat Anderson is showcased in "Prowling Cat," Lawrence Brown's trombone decorates "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" (which Ellington inexplicably announces as "Amato"), and Cootie Williams' trumpet surfaces briefly.

Vol. 105, despite nondescript work by Larry Clinton, Jimmy Dorsey and Red Nichols, is historically worthwhile in that it includes the only existing footage on Bunny Berigan. His causal voice and uniquely lyrical trumpet are heard with the Freddie Rich band in 1936, in an all-too-brief tune, "Until

Today."

Also of interest in this volume is a long segment by Ina Ray Hutton and Her Melodears, the pioneer all-female band.

Stan Kenton appears twice in the series. On Vol. 104, following a few numbers each by Tex Beneke, Gene Krupa and Jerry Wald, his 1947 band plays five tunes, two with June Christy vocals. The 1965 Kenton ensemble is available only in a special cassette (Bonus B), to purchasers of five or more of the seven main releases to date.

Each item in this series, running from 44 to 54 minutes, on VHS or Beta, is priced at \$29.95, four for \$99.95 (plus \$3.50 for shipping and handling). For details, write Swingtime Video Inc., Box 3476, Hollywood 90078, or call 1-800-222-2990. □

JAZZ

BLUE NOTE HITS NEW NOTE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—To paraphrase the old song: There may be many other nights like this . . . but it seems unlikely. The concert staged at Town Hall Feb. 22 to celebrate the reactivation of Blue Note Records had no precise parallel in the annals of jazz.

It was at once a family reunion; a benefit, portions of the proceeds going to the Save the Children African Emergency Fund; a unique assemblage of distinguished musicians representing every idiom from bebop to the avant garde, and a "This Is Your Life" style tribute to Alfred Lion, the refugee from Nazi Germany who in 1939 founded what is now the oldest and most respected ongoing jazz label. For the last 18 years, the reclusive Lion had been the jazz world's most invisible man. His appearance onstage was tantamount to the return of Judge Crater.

Lion created Blue Note as a longtime fan, convinced (as he wrote in a 1939 pamphlet) that "hot jazz is expression and communication, a musical and social manifestation. Blue Note Records is concerned with identifying its impulse, not its sensational and commercial adornments."

But there was more to it than this claim of purity. Operating on a shoestring, with no staff and almost no money at the outset, Lion dealt with the musicians less as employ-

ees than as friends. At a time when most jazz was restricted to the three-minute limits of the 78 disc, he recorded mainly on 12-inch records, giving the artists four or five minutes to stretch out. He paid exceptional attention to sound quality. After he was persuaded in 1947 to move from New Orleans and mainstream jazz into the modern era, he produced a series of masterpieces by Bud Powell, Thelonious Monk, Tadd Dameron, Miles Davis.

With the advent of the long-play album, Lion plunged in with perceptivity and enthusiasm. Helped by Rudy van Gelder, an optician turned sound engineer, he developed what came to be known as "the Blue Note sound," with a brilliance and sparkle that made the horns fuller, the drums clearer, the whole audible message larger than life.

Most of all, though, the Blue Note name is associated with an almost endless list of musicians who were identified with quality, and with this company where the art form was paramount and sales became the welcome consequence of integrity.

Blue Note was a sort of repertory company or farm team. An artist such as Art Blakey would come in with his Jazz Messengers; in due course his sideman would create spinoff sessions as leaders in their own right. The list of ex-Blakey



From left, Bobby Hutcherson, Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson at Blue Note reactivation concert in New York.

trumpeters who became Blue Note leaders is staggering: Clifford Brown, Kenny Dorham, Donald Byrd, Lee Morgan, Woody Shaw, Freddie Hubbard.

At Town Hall, Blakey, 65, opened the program with a stunning set by a group of his alumni: Hubbard, trombonist Curtis Fuller, Johnny Griffin on tenor sax, Walter Davis on piano, Reggie Workman on bass. The band played "Moanin'," a gospel-tinged blues-funk tune that helped set a new/old direction for soulful jazz when he recorded it in 1958.

Though much of the concert,

which ran from 8 p.m. until almost 2 a.m., had a retrospective slant, there was a healthy balance between vintage sounds played by veterans and exploratory works by innovative artists. Bruce Lundvall, the president of what is now known as Manhattan/Blue Note Records, part of the EMI/Capitol conglomerate, set the tone in his keynote speech.

"When I was asked to revive this company," he said, "it was a challenge I couldn't refuse. We're not just bringing back the old catalogue, although there will be innumerable reissues—the first 21 are

out this week. We've also issued the first four albums of unissued, newly discovered material from the '50s and '60s; and there are four brand new albums by some of the artists we've signed up."

Lundvall introduced Herbie Hancock, who discarded his "Rockit" pop image to serve as an articulate jazz-wise emcee, and to double as pianist, playing his own mid-1960s works "Cantaloupe Island" and "Maiden Voyage" with a group that included Hubbard, bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams, all of whom were on the original recordings.

Among the younger participants, there was James Newton, the widely praised flutist and newly signed Blue Note artist, who played the role of the late Eric Dolphy in "Hat and Beard," alongside the vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson, a member of the 1964 Dolphy group that recorded it. But the sensation of the evening was a guitarist named Stanley Jordan, the fastest new starter in the Blue Note stable. Jordan has developed a technique that enables him to play less like a guitarist than a three-handed pianist, with a bass line and background chord-fills underlining his cat-on-a-hot-treble-clef melodic statements.

Every time the question is asked: "Where is the new jazz talent going to come from?" someone like a Wynton Marsalis or a Stanley Jordan will remind us that creativity is not dead. We heard this again later in a couple of solos by the exiguous (50 pounds, 3 feet tall) French pianist Michel Petrucciani.

Blue Note's shaping of jazz history was brought to mind again by Jimmy Smith. Almost unheard of until Lion discovered him in 1955, Smith recorded his debut album in 1956 and has been the most influential, imitated, perennial poll-winning organist ever since. With him at Town Hall were three old-time Blue Note regulars: Stanley Turrentine and Lou Donaldson on saxes, Kenny Burrell on guitar. Despite its strong association with hard bop, soul and other straight-ahead genres, Blue Note embraced every new movement, as we were reminded when a piano tuner fixed up the keyboard for Cecil Taylor. The veteran avant gardist proceeded to demolish the instrument with a series of demonic tone clusters, at the end of which the tuner's services possibly could

have been used again.

Because so many were lured away by lucrative offers from wealthier companies, the early sojourns of some former Blue Noters have been forgotten—by the public but not by the artists. McCoy Tyner joined Blue Note in 1967, Alfred Lion's final active year, but left in 1971 for greener pastures. Now he was back home, taping with such fellow graduates of the label as Woody Shaw, trumpet, and Jackie McLean, alto sax.

The sentimental climax of the evening came long after midnight when Lion, invited onstage by Lundvall, made what he swore was his first-ever public speech. Hail-

ing the second coming of Blue Note, he expressed his delight at the presence of so many old friends, at the emerging talents represented by Stanley Jordan and by another new Blue Note contractee, the saxophonist Bennie Wallace. Ruth Lion, his wife of 30 years, once the company's publicity director, spoke briefly, as did his old colleagues Rudy van Gelder and Reid Miles.

How easy it will be to run Blue Note in the commercially demanding climate of the 1980s, and as a small cog in a giant multi-corporate wheel, remains to be seen. Lundvall's sincerity cannot be questioned, but two years ago, at

Elektra Records, the same unbounded enthusiasm with which he started Elektra/Musician as a jazz label was frustrated by a lack of concern on the part of others in the company.

Blue Note succeeded, from the beginning until Lion finally sold the catalogue, because of a concern for excellence on every level rather than on pressure to make a marketable product. Can any company today operate on that premise?

That it has a new chance to succeed can be attributed to Lundvall's initiative. But when the bottom-line credit is apportioned, he would be the first to admit that, quite literally, the Lion's share belongs elsewhere. □

JAZZ REVIEW

RED MITCHELL MAKES A HOME STAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sweden's gain, America's loss since 1968, Red Mitchell is on one of his periodic visits to this country. This week he played five nights at Donte's, with different personnel each evening.

For some years Mitchell has

been trying his hand as a songwriter, and it was in this capacity that he opened Thursday's set at the piano, offering two original pieces. One dealt with the joy of communication; the other was entitled "The Genius to Compose." Mitchell's melodies are pleasant, but neither as lyricist nor pianist is he in a class

with Dave Frishberg, nor is his voice much more than serviceable.

Happily, he then moved over to the upright bass, an instrument he has mastered with a dexterity and imagination that have very few counterparts either in the Southland or in Stockholm. He was joined by trumpeter Conte Candoli, tenor saxophonist Plas Johnson, pianist Ross Tompkins and drummer Donald Bailey, all old friends and sympathetic colleagues.

Predictably, the same old standard tunes were brought out, but given the leader's formidable facility and the maturity and experience of his sidemen, the results rose above these limitations. The set reached its peak when Mitchell led the combo into a slow, sly blues for which his double-stopping, punctuated by quotes from an old Charles Mingus tune, seemed to inspire all hands to a higher creative level.

Though his Donte's gig ended Friday, Mitchell will resurface Wednesday when he and pianist Bill Mays begin a four-night stand at the Hyatt on Sunset.

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IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

INGING THE GRAMMY BLUES

LEONARD FEATHER

Something strange, paradoxical and mysterious has been taking place in recent years with the Grammy awards—and the entire posture of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. The situation came to a head with awards festivities Tuesday.

I read recent essays in various publications concerning the nominations, the qualifications of the nominees and their prospects for glory.

Three aspects of these articles stood out: so many guitar pluckers' sore thumbs:

□ First, there was no mention whatever of either classical music or jazz. Not even a derogative word, let alone a kind one. It was as if these two forms, which I had foolishly imagined were still a part of the world of music, had been erased from the faces of the earth.

□ Second, there was the segregationist use of the term "Black Vocal," as if this were a category. Though almost all the great R&B artists are indeed black, never has there been any Jim Crow rule excluding non-blacks or interracial groups from the R&B division. In 1981, an R&B Grammy went to David Sanborn, who is as black as the ace of diamonds.

□ Third, there was almost no use, in any of these pre-ceremony pieces, of the word *music* or *musical* or *musician*. There was not even a mention of a musical instrument; nor did any of the "experts" use a single musical term, even such elementary ones as *tone*, *tempo*, *meter*, *rhythm*. It was as if the writers

regarded the music itself as irrelevant. (Can they, one wonders, read or write music?)

On the other hand, what *did* they write about?

Well, the important matters, of course: Tina Turner's feminism, Bruce Springsteen's social activism, Prince's sexual or racial identity, the cultural overtones in the selections. One writer pointed out that the show this year would be "more entertaining to watch—clearly more fun than the Oscars."

Funny. I was under the impression that music was primarily designed to be listened to. But then, to paraphrase Tina Turner's song-of-the-year hit, what's music got to do with it?

If the media coverage is to be believed, musicianship is now a secondary factor; the entire Grammy game has become a sociological rather than a musical phenomenon, a celebration of pop and rock in which serious music has no part. Never mind that Beethoven and Brahms are still being recorded, even nominated; forget that Bizet and Mozart were up for best opera recording. To the pop-dominated press, they are nonentities.

□ Jazz fared even worse, ignored not only in the print media but on the show itself. Last year, jazz managed to snare 3½ minutes in a 3½-hour program; this time around, not a single jazz nominee got to play or sing a note. Not even Joe Williams, who at 66 won his long-overdue first Grammy.

News of the plan to omit jazz so angered



Joe Williams with his first Grammy.

THOMAS KELSEY / Los Angeles Times

some members of the Los Angeles NARAS chapter that a Jazz Concerns Committee was formed, and a memo sent to the board of trustees calling the exclusion "embarrassing, unacceptable, and an affront to jazz artists," and demanding that (a) every future telecast include at least one jazz performance by a nominee or non-nominee; (b) at least one Grammy be awarded to a recipient among jazz categories on every program; (c) a jazz-concerned advisory body be formed from the NARAS membership "to develop specific feature ideas, year by year, for presentation at telecast time to the show's production staff."

A petition along the same lines, passed around at the post-awards party, found musicians clamoring to sign. It read: "We . . . agree that jazz is a vital music, an original American art, the progenitor of much pop and rock music . . . a positive

force in contemporary culture. We are offended by the disappearance of jazz from the television show, and hereby petition that jazz be included by mandate in all future Grammy telecasts."

Ironically, if NARAS cares to examine what is amiss in its frantic search for maximum TV ratings (as opposed to the "artistic excellence" on which voting has always supposedly been based), it need only look to its own "Lifetime Achievement Awards," chosen not by the mass membership but by the National Trustees. Of the 12 awards, including this year's voting, four have gone to jazz artists, three to classical performers. No other form of music has earned more than two.

□ The Hall of Fame awards are even more significant. Voted on by a select committee of musicologists and historians, the 56 winners through 1985 include an astonishing total of 24 jazz recordings—more by far than any other branch of music (in second place: classical music, with 14).

Decades from now, will records by Cyndi Lauper, Prince, Frankie Goes to Hollywood, Pia Zadora and others among this year's nominees and winners be admitted to the Hall of Fame? Will Yes and the Cars become the recipients of Lifetime Achievement Awards?

True, it can be argued that sexual identities and social consciousness aside, some of the pop/rock nominees and winners actually happen to be respectable musicians. Obviously Tina Turner was magnificent, as were the gospel segments and the Leonard Bernstein tribute, but that brings us back to the basic question: What's music got to do with it? □

015

LETTERS ANNEX

GRAMMY GRIPINGS

It is sad that the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, an "Academy" purporting to give awards for musical excellence and quality as judged by musical peers, puts on such a patently commercial display year after year ("Singing the Grammy Blues," by Leonard Feather, March 3).

The press is, by and large, equally guilty of pure commercialism in its coverage of the Grammys. Thank God for the Leonard Feathers.

DEVRA HALL
Los Angeles

The producer should be given credit and take full responsibility for the worst Grammy show in its history.

It was unreal—like a nightmare. A lot of strange-looking people making stranger sounds for which they were honored and rewarded.

Poor Lenny (Bernstein), he seemed so out of place. But at least he was televised. Many of the awards had already been given out and simply announced.

Where were Joe, Ella, Johann (Bach), Sarah, Peggy, Ole Blue Eyes, Tony, Sammy or even Barry, to break up the monotony?

KAY DAVIS
Los Angeles

Why does the motion picture academy manage to award trophies to fine low-budget movies from time to time ("Rocky," "Chariots of Fire") while NARAS consistently equates "best-selling" with "best"?

Some kind of widespread industry stroke is going on, and I for one think it's contemptible.

STACY TOLENA
Verdugo Hills

Am I glad that I was there the year the Grammy show came of

age. I'm sure happy that I saw a show so alive, so exciting and so representative of what's going on in music today.

Sure it had its faults, but it would be hard to think of any other entertainment lasting three hours-plus that didn't have some valleys along with the peaks.

At least this one had those peaks. I loved the gospel medley, Cyndi Lauper, Huey Lewis' a-cappella opening and even the opera singer (not sure who she was).

DENNY SALVARYN
Westchester

Feather neglected to mention the most remarkable contradiction of all.

For the first time in its history, NARAS has a jazz musician, the pianist Mike Melvoin, as National President. In his unctuous, gushing speech, Melvoin plugged his daughter's membership in Prince's band and the fact that 140 million people worldwide were being shown "our gift of the heart" and "our feelings and love and concern" for all this supposedly great music.

What he neglected to mention was that 140 million people were being denied a rare opportunity to see and hear Joe Williams or Art Blakey or Pat Metheny or any of the other jazz artists who won (or were nominated) in this year's voting.

JIM SFORZA
Hollywood

EEEEckk!!!! John Denver, again? Come on guys, it's bad enough we have to watch this guy on the "Tonight Show" when Johnny's sick. But on the Grammys? Enough is enough!

I have the perfect solution; next year why don't I just host the Grammy Awards? Besides being witty, obnoxious, crass and conceited (the perfect ingredients for any big-time host), my voice doesn't even crack.

JENNIFER GOLDSON
North Hollywood



IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

Lionel Richie enjoyed himself at this year's Grammys.

GRIPING AT THE GRAMMYS

Leonard Feather's excellent article ("Singing the Grammy Blues," March 3) pointed up once again the attitude of the people responsible for the show's content toward jazz and classical music.

Clearly, the Grammy Awards program has deteriorated into nothing more than a commercial enterprise, aimed solely at record buyers, with little or no respect for the great throng of classical and jazz artists, who, because they do not generally sell thousands of cartons of "product," are considered unimportant and therefore not worthy of exposure on "The Grammy Show."

Perhaps it's time for two Grammy Award programs—one cast in the same mold as this year's and another devoted to the symphony and jazz recipients. In short, how about a little balance in the music universe?

MEL TORME, Beverly Hills

Torme won Grammys in '82 and '83. More Grammy letters, Page 85.

Los Angeles Times

U.S. Sec. Peace Talks Reagan Asks Visiting King to

By NORMANA
WASHINGTON—
on Monday to see
Jordan and possibly
Iraq, beginning his
visit to Washington and
States to resume its role as a
mediator and to throw its
weight behind the
President and the
Arab-Israeli conflict.
The other talks
started in secret

dispute
Germany
1945, ending
and the darkest
in history.
40th anniversary
of West Germany are
up in an increasingly emo-
tional debate about how they
should observe it.
Should May 8 be celebrated as a
day the German people were liber-
ated from the Nazi dictatorship
launched on the path
mourning
when?

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Sports Reporting:
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Randy Harvey*
Entertainment Reporting:
*Robert Hilburn, Robert Gillette
and Leonard Feather*

Business News Reporting:
Debra Whitefield
Business News Reporting
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*Tom Peckham and
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Los Angeles Times

A special kind of journalism.

Grammy Jazz Snub Cues NARAS Walkouts

By HENRY SCHIPPER

Two members of the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences — jazz critic Leonard Feather and award-winning vibraphonist Terry Gibbs — have resigned in protest from NARAS over the virtual exclusion of jazz from last week's Grammy Awards show.

NARAS, which is in charge of
(Continued on Page 40, Column 1)

Feb. 7 1985 DAILY VARIETY DAILY

Grammy Jazz Snub Cues NARAS Walkouts

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

putting together the Grammys, kept the jazz presence to an absolute minimum this year, with no jazz performances and no jazz winners invited on stage to receive their awards.

"Jazz is America's one indigenous art form and they fluffed it off," Feather complained in a phone interview yesterday. "They didn't give Joe Williams, who won his first Grammy at the age of 66, a chance to say thank you or sing a song. Or Art Blakey, who won his first at 65. Or Wynton Marsalis. They just read their names off at the end of the show like they were throwing away garbage."

Feather, long-time columnist with the L.A. Times, wrote a scathing critique of the Grammys in last Sunday's edition, which he said prompted calls of support from Sarah Vaughn, Mel Torme, Miles Davis, George Shearing and many others who were similarly outraged by the jazz-less show.

A real possibility exists, he added, for a jazz breakaway from NARAS,

with the formation of a separate organization and the staging of a separate awards event. Indeed, discussions are already in the works for use of the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion for a "Jazz Grammys" in 1986, he said.

"This is not just talk. This is what we're aiming for," Feather pledged. "The only alternative is to try and get a lousy three-minute spot on next year's three-hour show, which hardly seems worth fighting for. We're giving up on our attempts to make anything but a pop and rock organization out of NARAS, which is what it's become."

NARAS president Michael Melvoyn, a jazz musician himself, described Feather's resignation as "tragic and premature," and promised that "a big jazz feature" will definitely be included in next year's Grammy show.

"As a jazz pianist I find it embarrassing that there was no jazz this year," he added. "But we can't always have the same mix. If every musical community got its own spot, we'd have a six-eight hour show

Melvoyn also promised that NARAS would be responsive to demands from the organization's newly formed Jazz Concerns Committee, created in angry reaction to last week's Grammys, which has called for every future telecast to include at least one jazz performance.

164	60%	60%	60%
757	53%	53%	53%
2500	17%	17%	17%
126	21%	21%	21%
499	67%	67%	67%
2226	40%	39%	39%
143	12%	12%	12%
6	8%	8%	8%
252	11%	11%	11%
186	31%	31%	31%
1018	2%	2%	2%
71	60%	59%	59%
10	11%	11%	11%
34	13%	13%	13%
93	23%	22%	22%
730	13%	12%	12%
6	3%	3%	3%
1189	47%	47%	47%
978	44%	44%	44%
52	30%	30%	30%
1692	50%	50%	50%
638	58%	58%	58%
2035	32%	31%	31%
2436	10%	10%	10%

BOBBY SHORT'S SURVEY OF SALOON SONGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bobby Short is back in town—really in town this time, since his venue is the Embassy Theatre at 9th and Grand downtown, where, as he told us at his opening Thursday, he worshiped decades ago at the shrine of Duke Ellington's orchestra.

Perhaps this was not the ideal spot for the self-styled saloon singer. Attendance was below expectations and the sound system did less than justice to his voice. Yet even on a flawed night, Short radiates an elegance and *joie de vivre* that place him leagues ahead of anyone else who mines roughly the same classic pop repertoire.

Always the epitome of class (when he tells his bass player "One more time!" he says it in Portuguese), Short ran a gamut of some eight decades, from the turn-of-the-century "Under the Bamboo Tree" to Stephen Sondheim's evocative "Losing My Mind." He approaches vintage material with a proud sense of empathy that defies you to dismiss it as nostalgia.

One segment was devoted to songs from the 1932 stage version of Cole Porter's "The Gay Divorce." Another, recalling his appearance in the show "Black Broadway," took us back to long-forgotten works sung by Florence Mills and Bert Williams. If the lyrics are a little dated, Short handles them in a style that enables us to accept their quaintness.

Still, he is most completely in command when the material is fully worthy of his attention, whether mean and evil as in "Four Walls, One Dirty Window Blues" or sophisticated and subtle as in "I Can't Get Started."

The engagement closes Sunday.

JAZZ REVIEW

3/13

MATT CATINGUB BANDS IN DOUBLE BILL

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was double-feature time Monday at Carmelo's when composer and alto saxophonist Matt Catingub led what were billed as his Junior and Senior Big Bands.

The junior group consisted of 10 students whom Catingub has been instructing at the Dick Grove Music School. They are evidently learning well, but the instrumentation was awkward—only two brass against five saxes—and for the most part they sounded as if a couple of more years in the woodshed will prepare them for prime time.

Listening to them tackle two difficult sax-section passages was not unlike watching a group of colts negotiate a series of hurdles; you marveled at their failure to stumble rather than at their ability to achieve any grace or beauty.

Catingub's mother, Mavis Rivers, sounded a little tentative as,

holding lyric sheets, she read her parts to the last two numbers.

The 20-piece professional orchestra, flashing five of everything (trumpets, trombones, saxes, and a rhythm section complete with vibraphone and guitar), played it safe, using mainly material that Catingub wrote for an album two years ago.

Exuberant and well organized, the band sustained a better level of interest in the pieces that focused on his writing rather than the sometimes derivative up-tempo pieces in which two trombones or two saxophones locked horns for an overextended battle.

Catingub's talent was well framed in his own solo feature, "When You Fall in Love." Rivers was more relaxed and convincing in the big band setting, with five flutes decorating the background on "Don't Blame Me," which also featured a neatly devised mother-and-son passage for wordless voice

and alto sax.

Herb Jeffries, the club's new owner, sat in for an agreeable impromptu "I Got It Bad," sans arrangement. Jeffries will appear Fridays and Saturdays, starting this week. Coming Thursday: the adventurous pianist and composer Horace Tapscott.

NARAS Defends Track Record On Jazz Music

By HENRY SCHIPPER

Controversy over this year's no-jazz Grammys continues to simmer, with National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences last Friday defending its jazz track record.

Meanwhile, a contingent of angry cabaret musicians plans to picket a March 19 NARAS luncheon in Los Angeles to protest exclusion of jazz from the awards show.

In a statement released last Friday by Academy president Mike Melvoin, NARAS dismisses suggestions that NARAS is "cold-shouldering" jazz, as "simply at odds with the facts."

With the exception of the most recent show, Melvoin asserts, jazz performances have been a "regular feature" on the Grammys since 1977, with Wynton Marsalis, Miles Davis, Count Basie, Al Jarreau, Pepper Adams, Manhattan Transfer, Sarah Vaughn, Joe Williams and Oscar Peterson all taking the stage in those years.

"NARAS, from the very beginning in 1958, has always been aware of the importance of jazz," says Melvoin, noting that there are seven jazz Grammy categories, as opposed to four for pop and rock and five for rhythm and blues.

In addition, the statement goes on, four of 12 Grammy Lifetime Achievement Awards have gone to jazz artists.

Charge by jazz critic Leonard Feather (*Daily Variety*, March 7) that NARAS has become "a pop-and-rock organization" doesn't hold up, according to Melvoin, who observes that the Academy has expanded its gospel, classical, Latin, musicvideo and jazz Grammy categories over the years.

"Because NARAS has around 52 performance categories in various fields of music, it is impossible to represent each individual field within the allotted time of the tv show. But to suggest that NARAS is cold-shouldering an important American art form — jazz — is simply at odds with the facts," he says.

Feather, who wrote a stinging column recently in the L.A. Times about the Grammys, has resigned from NARAS in protest over its "insulting" handling of jazz. No jazz performance was included in the show, and no jazz winners were invited to accept awards on stage.

Many illustrious jazz artists — including Miles Davis, Carmen McRae and Mel Torme — have called Feather to voice displeasure with the show, and there is serious talk of a break-away from NARAS. Meetings are already in the works to stage a separate jazz-awards show at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion for next year.

Upcoming picket of the NARAS luncheon, which features a speech by Grammy producer Pierre Cossette, is being organized by cabaret pianist Mike Palter, who wants to see a cabaret/American theater music category added to the Grammy awards.

"It's a travesty that we don't have our own category," he says. "American theatrical music is an integral part of the American music scene. The Grammys should represent more than a pandering to mass taste."

3/12

BOB FLORENCE'S BIG BAND CONCERT

By LEONARD FEATHER

At a time when jazz is fighting for media exposure, the concert by Bob Florence's orchestra Sunday at Wadsworth Theater offered encouragement on several levels.

Sponsored by UCLA's Student Committee for the Arts along with Local 47 and KKGQ, the free event drew a capacity house and a predominantly youthful audience. The second half of the program was aired locally on KKGQ and nationally via satellite. The performance, representing the best that this impeccable ensemble has to offer, earned a standing ovation.

Free of clichés and tired standard material, the music was entire-

ly the product of Florence's pen. The palette he has to work with—five trumpets, four trombones, six saxophones, bass, drums and his own electric keyboard—enabled him to display his flair for taking generally traditional structures and sublimating them to adventurous writing.

At the rhythmic end of his sliding scale were "Bebop Charlie" and the briskly swinging "Carmelo's by the Freeway." On the more lyrical side was the effulgent beauty of "Bleuphoria," a work framed for the baritone saxophone of Bob Efford. Humor is a welcome element in some of Florence's compositions (the Sousa-like "Shape Up") as well as in his titles ("Afternoon of a Prawn").

Along with a cohesive brass section, variously restrained and shouting, and several stunning passages for the saxes, Florence displayed a powerful team of soloists. Men like Lanny Morgan on alto sax, Bob Cooper and Dick Mitchell on tenors, Warren Luening on fluegelhorn and several others were given ample room to flex their talents.

The strong rhythm section, with Nick Ceroli on drums and Joel Di Bartolo on bass, might have been even more effective had Florence doubled on piano, but this is a minor quibble. For the most part, here was an outstanding representation of mainstream big-band jazz at its exultant best, rhythmically buoyant and marked by an unflaggingly creative undercurrent.

JOE NEWMAN DELIVERS SOME NEW ORLEANS SOUL

3/18

By LEONARD FEATHER

Marla's Memory Lane, where name jazz artists appear every Friday and Saturday, played host over the weekend to Joe Newman, the New Orleans-born trumpeter who has not been seen around town in what seems like an eternity.

An alumnus of many big bands (Hampton, Goodman, but mainly Basie, with whom he racked up more than a decade of touring), Newman has always worked in what might best be called a neutralist-modern vein. Though a few years younger than Dizzy Gillespie, he reflects little of the bebop influence. Occasionally he drops hints of an earlier individualist, his fellow Basie graduate Harry (Sweets) Edison.

For this visit he was equipped with a local rhythm section that could hardly have been bettered for strength, enthusiasm and cohesion. At the piano was Ross Tompkins, veteran of 1,001 nights with

Johnny Carson, in whose solos can be detected traces of many influences from Earl Hines to Bud Powell and Oscar Peterson.

John Heard, the painter who doubles as bassist (or is it vice versa?), not only provided a solid underpinning but offered several fast-moving solos that reflected his total mastery of the instrument. Rounding out the group was Nick Ceroli, a drummer who works as efficiently in this small group setting as he had a few nights earlier with the big band of Bob Florence.

Newman at first seemed a little too casual in familiar standards such as "Satin Doll," but later in the set he dug in deep for a blues that brought out his New Orleans soul. He also delivered himself of a couple of Satchmo-gruff vocals.

Though it would have been more interesting had Newman provided this ad-hoc unit with a few original numbers (which they certainly could have sight-read), by jam-session standards the quartet came off propulsively well.

JAZZ REVIEW

3/29

TWO SIDES OF KENNY COLMAN

Currently working the Wednesdays through Saturdays shift at the Valley Steak Block in Encino, Kenny Colman remains what he evidently has been for some years, a singer with credentials and aspirations that reflect his affection for jazz.

Colman has something of a dual personality. The negative aspects predominated in the first half of his show Wednesday. Not until the last few songs did he concentrate on his considerable strengths.

In his opening "I Got It Bad" he displayed a tendency to cut off notes and phrases, as if he were singing in shorthand. More unsettling is his habit of taking a song such as "Here's That Rainy Day" at an excessively fast tempo, stripping the tune of what he deems to be its nonessentials (even when in fact they are essentials) and thus denuding a great melody of its beauty. The same problem arose in "You

Stepped Out of a Dream," from which he omitted the octave drops that are an integral part of its charm.

Colman comes across best when he relaxes, applying his appealingly breathy sound to a haunting theme like "When Joanna Loved Me" or "I Need You," a song from Mexico for which he supplied his own lyrics. He maintained this level in "Love Song" and in his powerfully intoned closer, "I'd Rather Leave When I'm in Love."

The less Colman tries to protest that he is a jazz singer, the more convincingly he will prove it. He was well supported by pianist John Hammond's trio, with Tom Warrington on bass and Mark Police on drums. Hammond leads a quintet Mondays, when the featured attraction is saxophonist Tommy Newsom of "The Tonight Show."

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

MAKOTO OZONE: A PROMISING FUTURE

By LEONARD FEATHER

By now it is no secret that Japan ranks second only to the United States—or conceivably second to none—in its appreciation of jazz. Many American musicians rely on Far East tours for a substantial portion of their income.

On a somewhat smaller though significant scale, Japan has also been a breeding ground for creative artists who have gained acceptance both at home and in the States. The best-known case is that of Toshiko Akiyoshi, who in the 1970s became the first Asian and first woman ever to win numerous international polls as the foremost jazz composer, arranger and bandleader. Others have succeeded on a less spectacular basis, but the future of the pianist-composer Makoto Ozone shows a degree of promise for which Akiyoshi has provided the most remarkable precedent.

When Ozone (pronounced o-ZO-nay) came to this country in the summer of 1980, he was 19, could scarcely read music, had never heard a Miles Davis or John Coltrane record and, despite Japan's mandatory six years of Eng-

lish in junior high and high school, was almost monolingual. Today he can claim virtually complete mastery of two languages, English and jazz, both of which he reads and writes fluently.

(He appears Wednesday in the Student Union at Cal State Northridge, 8 and 10 p.m.)

Since graduating last spring from the Berklee College of Music in Boston, he has recorded his first Columbia LP ("Makoto"), has played concerts and jam sessions with his Berklee teachers, accompanied singer Jon Hendricks, toured with trumpeter Bobby Shew and recently went home in triumph to Kobe for a vacation and a whirlwind round of interviews.

"Boy, was it ever a tough schedule! I did 30 interviews in four days," he said during an interview upon his return from Japan.

Ozone, who will turn 24 on March 25, is a second-generation virtuoso. "My father, Minoru Ozone, plays Hammond organ, also piano in the style of Teddy Wilson. Right after World War II, a lot of U.S. Army bands came to Kobe, and my grandparents, who had a

big house, would give parties there for them. That's where my father first heard jazz.

"He played organ on Japan's most popular program, sort of like 'The Tonight Show.' Right now he has his own jazz club in Kobe. He's 51 and was the first in our family to get into music."

Ozone Sr. never forced Ozone Jr. into anything, said the son, who except for a single year of classical study was self-taught, starting on organ at 4. His conversion to jazz piano began when his father took him backstage at the Festival Hall in Osaka.

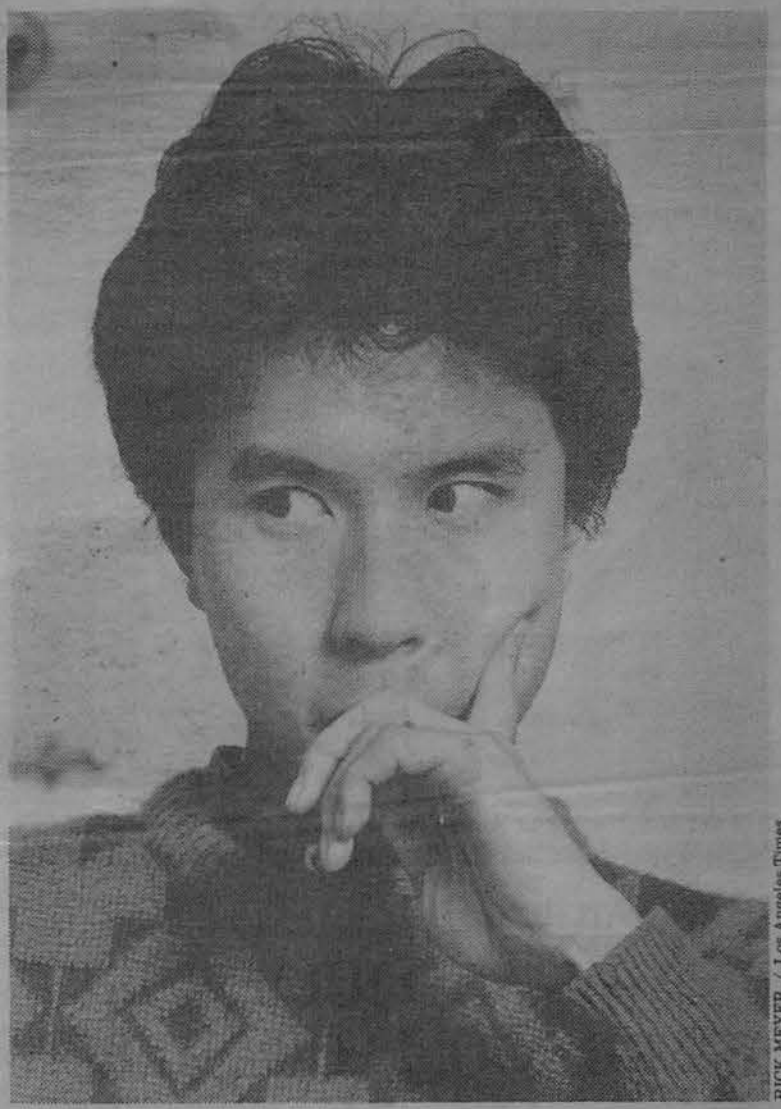
"Jimmy Smith, the organist, was there with Illinois Jacquet and some others, around this little piano in the dressing room. My father told me to go ahead and play the blues. I wound up playing four hands on one piano with Jimmy Smith. Illinois picked up his sax, Kenny Burrell began playing his guitar. That was when I told my father I wanted to go to the States and study jazz."

A year or so later, at 12, he switched permanently from organ to piano after seeing Oscar Peterson in a solo recital. "Oscar completely blew me away. For a long time I tried to play like him, because I was in love with his style. Later, at Berklee, my teachers kept telling me I had to develop my own individuality. Well, I'm trying."

Because of his father's swing-era background, young Ozone was deeply appreciative of Duke Ellington and Count Basie. His ambition during his teens was to become a jazz composer and arranger. With this in mind, he and his father rejected the idea of his going to Juilliard, where jazz education has always been limited to nonexistent. "But when we heard about Berklee, the jazz college, from students who had been there, we knew that was for me. I majored in jazz composing and arranging."

"Since I graduated, I've taken some of the things I wrote when I was in school and performed them with college bands. I'd like to develop my compositional and arranging ideas, although who knows? I might get back to just being a pianist. But I expect I'll keep on writing as long as the ideas continue to come out. I don't have any one influence, but I greatly admire Chick Corea as a composer."

At the piano, Ozone has developed an astonishing fluency, which, though it may have outpaced his originality as a soloist, nevertheless is bound to stand him in good stead when he evolves a personal style, as he undoubtedly will very soon. An album he recorded with Phil Wilson while at Berklee (Shiah Records, Whale Prods., 162 Broadsound Ave., Re-



RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times

Makoto Ozone's love of jazz was nurtured in Kobe, Japan.

The Times Wins 9 Top Awards from Greater L.A. Press Club

The Times has won nine first-place awards and seven certificates of merit in its 7th annual competition of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club.

The Press Club's top award for spot reporting went to the entire San Diego County Edition staff for its report on the McDonald's massacre in San Diego on July 18, 1984. Twenty-one people were killed and more than two were wounded in the attack.

The investigative reporting category was won by John Hurst for a series of five articles that capped a three-month investigation on the conditions in which youths are confined in the California juvenile justice system.

The first-place award for news writing went to Jill Stewart for a piece detailing Los Angeles County's denial of health care to the poor.

A sad look into the private life of Olympic diving gold medalist Greg Louganis won the top honor for sports reporting by writer Rick Reilly.

A two-part examination of how the media treated Democratic vice presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro by Dasha Shaw won the first-place award in reporting on the media category.

Tom Furlong and Bill Sing shared the honor for business news reporting for a series of 10 articles that explored the problems at Financial Corp. of America. Wrence Christon won the first-place award for entertainment reporting for a syndicated piece on the humor among teenagers in Selma, Ala., 20 years after that city's bloody civil rights demonstrations.

The sports and metropolitan staffs earned a special Press Club award for their in-depth coverage of the 1984 Olympics.

Valley Edition photographer Joe Vitti won the award for best spot news photo for a shot of a helicopter crew retrieving the body of a youth who was killed when his automobile went over a cliff.

The Times received a certificate of merit for overall coverage based on two days in December which were randomly selected by the judges.

George Reasons and Ray Hebert shared the certificate of merit in the investigative reporting category for their probe of possible conflict of interest dealings by city planning director Calvin Hamilton.

Elliott Almond, Julie Cart and Randy Harvey received an award of merit in the sports reporting category for a four-part series on the use of anabolic steroids by Olympic athletes.

A Calendar section special on the impact of American popular music around the world brought an award of merit for entertainment writing for Robert Hilburn, Robert Gillette and Leonard Feather. Other contributors were Charles Powers, Norman Kempster, Don Schanche, William Montalbano, Tyler Marshall and Bob Sexter. Free-lance contributors were Anne Geyer, Joar Borsten, Melton Davis and Jeff Spurrier.

The award of merit for reporting on the media went to Tom Rosentiel for a piece on the problems facing United Press International.

Debra Whitefield received an award of merit in business news reporting for a look at the ordeal corporations go through during merger battles.

For the fourth consecutive year, Among Ourselves has won a Press Club award, this year a certificate of merit for its coverage of how The Times covered the Olympics.

vere, Mass. 02141) shows him off to advantage as a free-swinging jazz soloist. On the Columbia record, though it is more recent and consists of his own compositions, he seems inhibited at times by the presence of Gary Burton, the vibraphonist who produced the album and whose impressionistic style he apparently was trying to assimilate.

Some critics have accused Ozone of trying to do too much too soon. Others have likened him to Keith Jarrett and Bill Evans, to whom, ironically, he has not listened. Satisfied with the company of Gary Burton and of the exemplary bassist Eddie Gomez, who also played on the Columbia album, he plans to tour Japan with them in April.

He hopes there will be no duplication of an incident during a previous return home. "The Nippon TV people sent a crew to Boston and Carnegie Hall to do a story about me. They interviewed me in English, so when the show was seen in Japan they added subtitles in Japanese. Well, when I went back to Japan, people came up to me and said hello in English—they thought I must be a nisei or sansei American! I guess it's a compliment in a way, because I always wanted to speak English like American people."

"I've come a long way since the day I arrived in Boston. When I arrived, I had to wait two hours for a taxi, because I was too afraid to speak up, worried that I'd make a grammatical error."

One project Ozone has in mind is a collaboration with the other young pianist who has stormed the

United States recently, Michel Petrucciani from France, who is two years Ozone's junior. They will join forces June 15 in the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. It is curious, though at this stage in the evolution of jazz not too surprising, that two of the most talked-about new influences in jazz piano have reached America from such distant points. They join a growing list that includes Adam Makowicz from Poland and, of course, Joe Zawinul from Vienna, among the innovative artists who have added a global spice to the jazz keyboard cuisine.

Coincidentally, an album thoroughly representative of Ozone's brilliance, recorded in late 1983 but released only last week, arrived handily in time for review:

"BREAKFAST WINE." Bobby Shew Quartet featuring Makoto Ozone. Pausa 7171. Ozone's own engaging composition "Shew-In," his understated solo on the title tune and on Dizzy Gillespie's "I Waited for You" and his handling of the hurricane tempo on "Alone Together" combine to offer an almost complete picture of his stylistic diversity. Shew's flugelhorn and muted trumpet are as elegantly inventive as ever. John Patitucci's phenomenal bass work sparks "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise." With Sherman Ferguson's sensitive drumming rounding out this admirable unit, empathetic vibes all around and attractive material such as Lyle Mays' "Waltz for Bill Evans," this is a five-star set. □

JAZZ BLUE NOTES

by Sam Sutherland
& Peter Keepnews



GRAMMY REPERCUSSIONS continued to reverberate through the Los Angeles jazz community last week, with both downbeat grumblings and some upbeat proposals vying for attention. Even as NARAS issued a more formal position paper defending its decision to drop jazz from this year's network awards telecast (Billboard, March 16), several vocal dissidents were capturing local ink through various protest efforts.

Although veteran writer, critic and historian Leonard Feather had helped fan the controversy with an angry Los Angeles Times editorial, and quickly thereafter resigned from the Academy, by mid-week he was minimizing his Grammy-inspired gesture to focus on a possible multi-media project that could provide an alternative means for honoring jazz players. "Right now, I don't think the thing is to knock NARAS," he remarked. "It's more important to try and do something positive."

Granted Feather's own dismissal of the Grammys' willingness to honor jazz adequately as "hopeless," the critic's current movements include preliminary talks with independent television producer Jim Washburn and the Los Angeles Music Center to develop either an all-star concert, or possibly a concert series. For Feather, such a venture could provide both a financial and ceremonial basis for a new jazz-oriented organiza-

tion, now tentatively dubbed the National Academy of Jazz, which he envisions as honoring players rather than recorded performances. As such, Feather suggests the project needn't be seen as challenging the Grammys, but rather providing a comprehensive platform for honoring jazz that the NARAS awards don't now offer.

Allen Colman of the Music Center confirms the talks, noting that the concert programmers there had already been eyeing possible high-profile jazz events well in advance of the Grammy furor. "It's almost like a merger of opportunities for several organizations," he

terpart.

While Feather's own post-awards bitterness cooled, however, other L.A. NARAS chapter members still fumed. Vibraphonist Terry Gibbs railed against the awards, dismissing this year's pop and rock performers as dominated by "no-talent freak acts." Mike Palter, a bassist who belongs to the chapter, said that while he wouldn't resign, he planned to organize a picket line for Tuesday's (19) Toluca Lake luncheon honoring telecast producer Pierre Cossette.

If this year's show indeed short-changed jazz, we'd have to confess

Grammy grumblings lead to plans for a new way to honor musicians

says.

Feather meanwhile claims support from a number of major jazz figures, among them Norman Granz, George Wein, Gene Lees, Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae, Joe Williams, Mrs. Shelly Manne, Benny Carter, John Levy, publicist Marty Morgan and Saul Levine and Chuck Niles of Los Angeles jazz outlet KKGQ. Should the new academy take shape, and both the Music Center and producer Washburn follow their current path, Feather sees a potential fall gala that could yield a public television or even commercial tv coun-

dismay over the more strident conclusion that a NARAS walkout by concerned jazz aficionados is an appropriate and productive solution. At a time when the Academy appears to have lived up to its promise to broaden its younger membership—a trend which certainly affords a workable precedent for a similar infusion of jazz loyalists—a large-scale defection would seem to defeat its own purpose. Only with active members determined to restore jazz to a more prominent role in future telecasts will the Grammys' ability to treat the music properly be tested.

BILLBOARD MARCH 23, 1985

4/3

CREACH FIT AS A FIDDLE AT THE NUANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Nucleus Nuance on Melrose Avenue is gathering strength as a magnet for show business notables, thanks partly to a policy that now leans often in the direction of straight-ahead jazz.

To kick off a month that will later find Henry Butler, Joe Farrell and Teddy Edwards on the Club Room bandstand, Papa John Creach took over Monday for a jubilant one-night stand.

The 67-year-old violinist has long since retrenched from the rock direction of his Jefferson Starship days. Standing firmly on his left leg while beating time implacably with his right, he runs through a program of jazz standards accompanied by a capable though stylistically diverse rhythm section.

The opening number, played by the backup trio only, was a blues in which the pianist, Roger Spotts, used a locked-hands technique reminiscent of early George Shearing or Milt Buckner. The drummer,

Albert (Tootie) Heath, is an explosive and vital representative of a younger school of thought, while the bassist, Louis Spears, a flexible soloist and solid rhythm component, strikes a balance between his two colleagues.

For the most part it is Creach who commands attention with his driving upbeat lines on "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" and his more legato though still hard-swinging approach to "Georgia on My Mind." So compelling were the impulses on the latter that a few couples took to the dance floor. The quality of the dancing was such

that this became, in effect, less a nuisance than a part of the act.

As the intensity of his solos grows, Creach tends to suggest more and more powerfully a reincarnation of the late Stuff Smith, a swing-era fiddler whose demonic attacks on the instrument have largely been unparalleled. Toward the end of the set he half-spoke, half-sang a blues so infectiously that his cohorts, feeling the spirit, reached a higher level of cohesion and fervor.

Coming to Nucleus Nuance Friday: "Birdland Revisited," with Sal Marquez on trumpet.

The jewel in Makoto's crown was "Endless Season," a suite he performed with vibes and bass on his Columbia album, sometimes suggesting a better structured and more accessible Keith Jarrett.

Ozone's closing pieces were "Coreography," dedicated to Chick Corea ("I told him I'd like to dedicate a tune to him even though he's still alive"), and Corea's own eulogy for a long-gone pianist, the sprightly, early-bop Bud Powell.

The critics, some of whom at first accused Ozone of excessive eclecticism, will soon be trotting out all the cliché adjectives—seminal, catalytic, dynamic, electrifying—and they will all apply. Beyond question Makoto Ozone is the most important new artist to have entered the jazz piano world in the 1980s.

JAZZ REVIEW

3/22

A WELCOME RECITAL BY OZONE

By LEONARD FEATHER

In little more than an hour, during a solo piano recital Wednesday in the Student Union at Cal State Northridge, Makoto Ozone charted an unpredictable course from neo-impressionism through the swing, bop, modal and avant-garde eras, into the present and beyond.

Ozone, who will turn 24 Monday, has made astonishing progress since his first appearance locally in January, 1983, when he was still a student at Boston's Berklee College of Music. If he has not found a recognizable personality, it is because his phenomenal technique enables him to leap across all stylistic boundaries.

In his more strongly jazz-oriented works he may indulge in changes of tempo and meter, in lush, brilliantly articulated right-hand chords, or in two-hand parallel unisons reminiscent of Oscar Peterson. All these traits were noticeable in his opener, "All the Things You Are." In a more lyrical vein, "Isfahan" was eloquently true to the spirit of Billy Strayhorn's composition.

A witty announcer, Ozone introduced his original works with informative anecdotes. His untitled tribute to Bach, composed last weekend in Berlin when he was the only jazz artist at a Bach festival, brought surging bass figures and tremolos to bear against majestic, Bach-like right-hand lines. Simpler and no less engaging was "Shew In," from his Bobby Shew album, which could well have been a product of the pen of Clifford Brown.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"STANLEY JORDAN." Blue Note 85101. The claim that Jordan, 25, is "redefining guitar technique" is no exaggeration, as is explosively illustrated in this well-balanced set of three jazz standards, three pop works (Lennon/McCartney, Rod Temperton, Jimi Hendrix) and three originals. By hammering the string against the fretboard with his finger, he produces a tone; he can even do this with both hands. On several of the tracks, it is hard to believe that no overdubbing or second guitarist was involved. Though self-sufficient (he is alone on "A Child Is Born"), Jordan is aided here and there by bass and percussion, notably by the prodigious teen-age bassist Charnett Moffett on Miles Davis' blues, "Freddie Freeloader." A versatile, adventurous debut by an artist unquestionably headed for fame. 5 stars.

"STAY TUNED." Chet Atkins. Columbia FC 39591. Atkins is teamed here with nine other guitarists, one or two of whom join him on all but the last two cuts. George Benson and Larry Carlton are on two apiece, Earl Klugh on one. Producer David Hungate, who avoids telling us who plays what when (a sure way to puzzle the pundits), rightly observes that Atkins "is a country guitar player like Mark Twain was a country writer." What have we here—pop, jazz, country? Nothing more or less than an undefinable, unpretentious, low-key collection of compositions, at least agreeable and at best quite charming ("Cosmic Square Dance," by and with Mark Knop-

fler). Atkins seals it off on his own with a brief, gentle "If I Should Lose You." 4 stars.

"THIS IS KEITH MacDONALD." Landmark LLP 503. Now pushing 60, MacDonald knew Bill Evans from their high school days and was his lifelong friend. On this belated debut album (produced by Helen Keane, who was Evans' manager), he seems far less adventurous harmonically than the association might lead one to expect. Playing seven standards and an infectious blues-waltz, he displays fine technique, occasionally using an Erroll Garner left-hand strum. He rates a welcome to the club, but hardly a 21-gun salute. 3 stars.

"YUSEF LATEEF IN NIGERIA." Landmark LLP 502. The Tennessee-born tenor saxophonist (he also plays five types of flute here) now lives in Nigeria, where he is a research fellow at a cultural studies center. Backing him are five percussionists distilling a brew of intricate rhythms (but generally with a basic 4/4 pulse) on an artillery of exotic instruments (idiophones, Tiv drums, Hausa and Yoruba kalangu) with vocal and whistling effects. As Lateef explains, this is dance music using Nigerian, Jamaican and other rhythms. Though Lateef detests the word jazz, his horns provide the link to Afro-American music. 3½ stars.

"PUT SUNSHINE IN IT." Arthur Blythe. Columbia 39411. Sales

of his earlier LPs having fallen below expectations, this gifted, deservedly praised alto saxophonist has now thrown in his lot with one Todd Cochran, who plays just about everything in sight—computer drums, synthesizer, synthetic bass, you name it—and one Bruce Purse, who wrote most of the music and co-produced. If overdubbing were artistry per se, and if time and energy were talent, this would be a five-star outing. Alas, the only work of melodic interest is the single tune from an outside source, "Sentimental Walk," from the film "Diva." Not enough true Blythe spirit here. 2 stars.

"SWEET BABY BLUES." Jeannie Cheatham with Jimmy Cheatham. Concord Jazz 258. An odd mix: Jeannie Cheatham's fine old-timey blues singing and piano, her husband's growling trombone, Snooky Young's trumpet, the bop-derived alto sax of Charles McPherson, and a sluggish rhythm section backing the inept, barely-in-tune soprano sax and clarinet of Jimmie Noone (son of the same-named New Orleans veteran). Problem: Every cut but one is a blues in C—something an alert producer should have corrected, since it makes for monotony. 3 stars.

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Neal Hefti's "Duet," their work is so intertwined that attribution is all but impossible. Foster's "Lypso Mania" is a coolly engaging West Indian breeze. 4 stars.

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of tune. The piano of Michel Pe-trucciani is effective on "Lady Day," and singer Bobby McFerrin tosses in some instrumental imitations on one tune. 2½ stars.

"SWING LOW SWEET CLARINET." Abe Most. Camard 12582 (17030 Otsego St., Encino 91316). One of the foremost exponents of post-Goodman-but-pre-bop clarinet, Most is in jubilant form here, thanks in large part to a lightly swinging rhythm team composed of Hank Jones, Monty Budwig and Jake Hanna. Brother Sam Most, a zestful flutist, joins him, and Abe himself switches to flute to make it a duet on the "Manha de Carnaval/Samba de Orfeu" medley. The cover painting is by bassist/artist John Heard. 4 stars.

"THE THIRD DECADE." Art Ensemble of Chicago. ECM 25014. "The Bell Piece," a collection of interesting gong and chime effects, avoids the painfully out-of-tune horn work that mars so much of this set. One cut offers conventional riffs buzzing around a tonic chord; another, trumpeter Lester Bowie's "Zero," is pseudo-early bebop. Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell are credited with playing, collectively, 37 instruments. Might not one apiece, totally mastered, have been preferable? 1½ stars.

Los Angeles Times

MIXING JAZZ, ANIMATION

Continued from Page 1

A problem that confronts the creators of animated shorts and the admirers who seek them out is a dismal lack of short subjects in most movie theaters. Hubley, engaged in a one-woman battle to reverse this trend, claims recent success in some New York areas.

"There are also plenty of other outlets for short subjects. They're shown in schools and at film societies, which are beginning to flourish in certain kinds of communities that are between a town and a small city. People who are working with the aging, or with small kids, will say, 'Let's start a film society,' and they'll go seeking out the best films in the world, including short subjects."

Asked whether this could cover expenses, Hubley laughed. "Oh, no! I just keep my overhead low."

The last film to be shown at the salute, "Tower," represents another step in the Hubley family tradi-

tion. "It has nothing to do with me—it was made entirely by my daughters: Emily, who's 27 and a professional animator, and Georgia, who's 25 and who also plays percussion."

Does this indicate any slowing down in Hubley's activities?

"Absolutely not," she says. "When John and I were married, we made two wedding vows. One was that we would always eat dinner with any of our children, except when we went out occasionally. The other was to make one independent film a year. Well, we completed 22 films between 1956 and 1975, so we did better than our goal, and since John died I've finished nine more films." For 11 years, Faith Hubley has also been teaching the visualization of abstract concepts at Yale University.

"Right now, I'm working on a feature-length animation, 'The Cosmic Eye.'"

"Oh, it's going to be a dandy film! I think you'll love it."

48 SHE GETS ANIMATED ABOUT JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

On the surface, animation and jazz seem like improbable bedfellows. One requires painstaking preconception; the other can be entirely improvised. Nowhere has the jazz been more skillfully combined with animation than in the films of the late John Hubley and his wife, Faith, who has continued in similar creative lines since his death in 1977.

A cheerful, extroverted New Yorker whose career goes back more than 30 years and 60 films, Faith Hubley is in town for a salute to the family's work at the Samuel Goldwyn Theater at 8 tonight.

Quincy Jones, Benny Carter and Dizzy Gillespie, all participants in various Hubley ventures, will be on hand for a panel discussion, along with animator William Littlejohn. A gallery exhibit of Hubley art will be displayed in the lobby areas from tonight through May 17.

John Hubley became an animator in 1934 at Disney, later working at UPA on "Gerald McBoing Boing" and the Mr. Magoo films. He met Faith Elliot in the late 1940s; they were married in 1955.

"We won three Oscars and four nominations," Faith Hubley said. "Not bad for independent film makers."

Among the 14 items to be screened tonight are the Oscar winners "Moonbeams" ("That's with the voices of our two sons, and a little Mozart") and "The Hole," a hilarious 1963 short with Dizzy Gillespie as a philosophizing ad lib narrator. "Dizzy is also in 'Voyage to Next,' which was nominated (for an Academy Award). He wrote the music and is an actor on the sound track, along with Maureen Stapleton. You'll also be seeing 'A Doonesbury Special' and 'Of Men and Demons,' which has music by Quincy Jones," she said.

Please see MIXING, Page 5



GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Animator Faith Hubley has won three Oscars in her career.



Thad Jones, right, conducts the Count Basie Band at El Camino College Auditorium on Saturday.

THAD JONES DIRECTS

NEW VERSION OF COUNT BASIE BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Southlanders were afforded the first glimpse Saturday night at El Camino College Auditorium of a new chapter in the sempiternal saga of the Count Basie Band, now directed by Thad Jones. As if our first exposure to the new leadership were not enough, the program closed with a surprise appearance by Manhattan Transfer.

So what have we here? Certainly not a ship without a sail, as many feared when Basie died last April. Like several of the present side men, Jones is a returnee to the ranks. A member of the trumpet section from '54 to '63, he matured during that time as a composer and arranger, although that role was more fully displayed from '65 to '78 when he co-led a band with Mel

Lewis. Although it is strange to see the band fronted by a conductor, Jones is an imposing figure. At the moment, however, he lends little more than his commanding presence. His announcing was stiff, and he played only two brief solos.

The news nevertheless is good: This is still one of the most time-proof of the remaining big bands. Its members cut a swath across almost the entire life span of a professional musician: A couple of men are in their early 20s; trumpeter and road manager Sonny Cohn is 60; Freddy Green, who joined the band on guitar in 1937, will turn 74 Sunday. These men, young or old, not all white, mainstreamers or boppers, achieve a cohesion that burns nowadays with

a lower but warming flame. Once in a while, as in the Frank Foster "Blues in Hoss' Flat," the old Basie spirit comes excitingly alive.

The band has maintained much of its pristine sectional and solo strength. In the reed team, Danny Turner is a more fluent and volatile alto player than Danny House, and Eric Dixon's tenor sax seems more vital than Kenny Hing's, yet all four are individualists of the first rank. The brass section, along with such solid perennials as Cohn and trombonist Dennis Wilson, has an exciting newcomer in Bob Ojeda, a trumpeter whose every solo tells a logical, well-developed story.

In the rhythm section, always the band's cornerstone, young Duf-

Please see BASIE, Page 5

BASIE BAND

Continued from Page 1

fy Jackson is back on drums after a four-year absence; a little too flashy at times, but generally the kind of team player every Basie band has needed. Cleveland Eaton's bass was heard to good effect in "Bug Out," a catchy riff tune by Eric Dixon. Tee Carson's piano suggests the Basie touch without slavish imitation. And Freddy Green is still Freddy Green.

Inevitably, some of the repertoire has worn out its welcome, but there must be those in every audience who would go away unhappy had they not heard "April in Paris" (a 1955 chart) or "Li'l Darlin'" (1957). Carmen Bradford's competence is beyond question, but four vocals? Surely a mite excessive, especially when Manhattan Transfer was waiting in the wings.

The Transfer, a quartet well steeped in Basie lore, clearly was in its glory bringing new luster, via

Jon Hendricks' lyrics, to "Bleedop Blues" and "Rambo," both of which the group will record Wednesday in tandem with the band.

Given some new Thad Jones music, the Basie orchestra during the coming months should make imposing new headway. Even now, if anyone dares to call this a ghost band, the answer has to be that it's the liveliest ghost in town.

The band will be at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena on Tuesday and Wednesday, with Joe Williams featured.

April 15, 1985

BOBBY KING LEADS QUARTET AT PALACE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Palace Court, where a weekend jazz regime was established a few months ago, played host Friday and Saturday to a quartet led by tenor saxophonist Bobby King.

A tall, heavy-set man with a sound to match, King handles the horn competently, although he abuses his technique and is given at times to those squeaking, squealing excursions, far above the instru-

ment's normal range, that, regrettably, have become fashionable.

The group was so evidently an ad-hoc unit that it was not clear whether the men were familiar either with King or one another. For the opening number, a fast blues, the lineup comprised the dependable William Henderson, piano, Joe McKinley, bass, and the excellent drummer Larence Marable.

From the second piece on, however, Marable was joined by a

second drummer and a Latin percussionist. Introduced simply as Frank and Gene, they added little to the proceedings.

King's most successful moments occurred during a slow, original work on which he played alto flute. Although it seemed doubtful that the sidemen had rehearsed, they felt their way through it without obvious problems. King seems to have enough talent to suggest he might produce something of value, given a more systematic approach.

'PEP' GREEN'S PULSE BEAT STILL STRONG

By LEONARD FEATHER

The longest held job in jazz history belongs to a quiet, unassuming guitarist who joined the Count Basie orchestra in March, 1937, and, with only brief interruptions, has been there ever since. Last year he broke the record of the saxophonist Harry Carney, who joined Duke Ellington in 1927 and remained until he died 47 years later.

Freddie Green has variously been called "Pep," "Basie's left hand," and the heartbeat of the band. He has almost never taken a solo. He believes that his function is to tie the rhythm section and the orchestra together, to supply the soloists and ensembles with a steady, dependable pulse—as he'll do tonight and Wednesday at the Ambassador Auditorium.

His life is so interwoven with the Basie story that sometimes it seems as though Green had no career before joining the band and none since then outside it. The facts belie this.

He had been a professional musician for several years before Basie heard him. Born in Charleston, S.C., March 31, 1911, he came to New York in 1923 to go to high school, and during that time taught himself the intricacies of rhythm guitar. "I started at different clubs in Harlem—places like the Yeah Man and the Exclusive Club. Then I moved to the Black Cat, in Greenwich Village. That was where a lot of guys came in to jam. We had a fine rhythm section, with Kenny Clarke on drums. I hadn't been there long when John Hammond started coming in and listening."

Hammond arranged for Green to audition in Count Basie's dressing room at the Roseland Ballroom.

"The band went to Pittsburgh, and I went along. I was around the



MARISSA ROTH / Los Angeles Times

Freddie ("Basie's Left Hand") Green plays guitar backstage.

band for a while just listening until one night they let me start playing." Green became a crucial part of what was soon called "the all-American rhythm section," with Basie's piano, Walter Page's bass and Jo Jones' drums.

Basie's first studio session with Green on hand was recorded 48 years ago today. During his first months with the band Green also took part in several small group record dates with Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson and Mildred Bailey, all under Hammond's supervision.

The next few years found him involved in several other side ventures: records with the Benny Goodman Orchestra, with Lionel Hampton, Pee Wee Russell and, most ironically, as a member of the first recording group ever to feature an electric guitar.

"I just played rhythm on the date, with a group called the Kansas City Five. The electric guitar—the first I'd ever seen—was played by Eddie Durham, whose regular job was as a trombonist with Basie. I never tried electric myself; the sound would interfere with the acoustic rhythm thing we had going."

Since he first joined up, Green has only twice been out of the band.

In 1950, Basie cut down for economic reasons to a six-piece group. The guitar had to be dropped. Green worked with Lester Young for a while, and Basie recalled him after a couple of months.

The other occasion found him taking a leave of absence early last year to tour Europe with an ensemble of Basie alumni. "I did it, of course, with Basie's blessing—he never complained about my doing anything. He was the easiest guy in the world to work for."

Finding young musicians who can recapture the spirit that infused the earlier bands has become a real problem. "They can make fast money elsewhere, and not enough of them understand our kind of music. But it's getting better, especially so since many schools and colleges began teaching jazz."

INSIDE CALENDAR

FILM: "The Secret of the Sword" reviewed by Charles Solomon. Page 6.

Capsule reviews of Filmex program. Page 8.

TV: Tonight on TV and cable. Page 9.

Freddie Green, heartbeat of Count Basie orchestra, is profiled by Leonard Feather. Page 7.



4 Part IV/Saturday, April 6, 1985

JAZZ REVIEW

OTIS' R&B EASTER AT VINE ST. GRILL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Gearing the show to this Easter weekend, the Vine St. Bar & Grill has installed a fittingly festive program with appropriately sacred overtones. The regular Johnny Otis presentation has been augmented by three gospel singers, all former members of the Clara Ward group.

It adds up to an elaborate 90-minute cross section of early jazz instrumentals played by a 12-piece band, period R&B vocals by Otis and three other singers and a gospel finale. Tables had to be removed to accommodate all this.

As Otis remarked before the opening number, "Welcome to the Squeeze Inn."

What does one look at or listen for in a production of this kind? If precision and originality are assumed to be the objectives, this is the wrong place to go. If, on the other hand, you are in the mood for lightweight entertainment, with arrangements based on hits of the 1930s and '40s played with more zestful abandon than careful musicianship, Otis offers it in large, voluminous portions. The louder it got in the room Thursday, the better it worked on the crowd.

This is not one of his more finely

tuned units, nor do the singers measure up to some of the discoveries along the path of his early track record—Esther Phillips, T-Bone Walker and Charles Brown, to name a few among dozens. The R&B songs, such as "I Pity the Fool," sung by Mighty Mouth Evans, and "Willie and the Hand Jive," sung by Otis, are too simplistic to have stood the test of time. Only in a fast blues number was there a happy, roof-raising exuberance. Melba Joyce supplied a few welcome relaxed moments with her agreeable treatment of "Mood Indigo."

Two saxophonists, Clifford Solo-

mon (in "Harlem Nocturne") and Fred Clark, came off best in a generally uneven parade of soloists. Otis brought some vitality to a long vibraphone finale on "Flyin' Home."

Capping the show, the gospel songs provided a telling reminder that this genre too is part of the blues family tree—a first cousin of jazz, perhaps even a great-uncle.

This Easter special closes Sunday, but the blues will be back Monday in the person of Etta James. Otis returns April 28, hosting a benefit to raise money for a headstone for the late Esther Phillips and to launch a memorial scholarship fund in her name.

THE ARTISTRY OF ZOOT SIMS

By LEONARD FEATHER

3/31

So now we are all, those of us who document the comings and goings of figures in the jazz pantheon, reminiscing about Zoot Sims and writing the posthumous comments that many of us knew, months ago, would soon be our sad obligation. The news of his passing March 23 in New York came as no surprise, only as a postponed shock.

Perhaps because it was here in Los Angeles that he was born, or because out here he became a member of Woody Herman's unique "Four Brothers" saxophone team, that West Coast musicians had a special affection for Zoot. But his personality—the dedicated artist, the wry sense of humor, the vulnerability—had made friends for him wherever his blissful yet exhilarating tenor saxophone was heard.

On an album a few years ago, he was billed as "John Haley Sims." Nowhere was his nickname mentioned. Perhaps it was a desire on the part of his producer and close friend, Norman Granz, to accord him a respectability that didn't jibe with a name you would expect to

find attached to some fictional character in a B movie about jazz. He acquired "Zoot" when, on one of his teen-age jobs, all the musicians found odd names inscribed on their music stands. "Unlike the others," he once told me, "my name stuck."

He was still John when the pianist Jimmy Rowles met him. "I was working at a place called Boston's, at Slauson and Van Ness," Rowles recalls, "when he sat in one night. He couldn't have been more than 15, and he looked more like a young farmer than a musician. He sounded like Ben Webster." Ironically, it was Webster, the towering Ellington saxophonist, whom Sims replaced in Big Sid Catlett's quartet in 1944. By that time, he had worked in four name bands, starting with Kenny Baker before his 16th birthday.

The scene of my first exposure to the singular Sims artistry was Cafe Society Uptown, a chic New York East Side room where he played in a short-lived group led by the trombonist Bill Harris. Over the years, he became a frequent and welcome presence, from New York with Woody Herman to Moscow,

LEONARD FEATHER



Zoot Sims in 1983.

where I heard him in a star-laden orchestra assembled by Benny Goodman, and to Colorado Springs, where he was the annual source of some of the greatest spontaneous joys at Dick Gibson's jazz parties.

It was at a Gibson gathering in 1969 that he met Louise Choo, a brilliant and charming woman who had a successful career of her own, working at the New York Times as confidential assistant secretary to managing editor Clifton Daniel. She seemed an unlikely partner for Zoot but, as she described it years later: "He was charmingly unpredictable. We had a dinner date at 21. He arrived late, and said, 'You know, I'm not very good at this—I don't talk much.' Well, with the first cocktail, he started talking about his family, and I couldn't get a word in for the next two or three hours."

They were married in 1970, and through the next decade Zoot's horizons seemed unbounded. There were reunions with Goodman and Herman; frequent teamings with Al Cohn, one of his "Four Brothers" colleagues; sessions from Scandinavia to the White House. But in late 1979, disaster struck in several forms: first a liver infection that felled Zoot, then a long, unidentifiable and shocking illness that almost killed Louise; she has been recuperating very slowly ever since. In 1982, Zoot fell gravely ill again and underwent surgery.

The couple seemed to reach a plateau in 1983; their problems were at least partly in remission. It was not until late that year that the ultimately fatal illness began to take its toll on Zoot, yet he rarely showed any signs of the pain he was suffering. His sense of humor

never deserted him.

Last Oct. 29, he celebrated his birthday aboard a jazz cruise.

After Mel Torme had sung "Happy Birthday," someone asked Zoot his age. "I'm 59 today," he said, "but I have the body of a 57-year-old man."

By then, everyone, Zoot probably included, knew that this could be his last birthday. Yet he continued to play, and well, until his friends wondered where he drew the stamina and the breath to keep going.

Where does Zoot Sims stand in the gallery of jazz giants? Long ago, he was called a spinoff of Lester Young, but obviously many other

influences, from Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins to Sonny Stitt and Al Cohn, played a part in his evolution. In the final analysis, he was his own man.

On soprano sax, in later years, he was as eloquent and effervescent as on tenor. His repertoire was limitless; he could take an old ditty like "The Shadow Waltz" and turn it into a transfixing bossa nova.

He was the real turtle soup, blessed with the power to lift up everyone in the room and bring a sense of exultancy that was forever Zoot and nobody else. Along with John Haley Sims, some of the spring season has gone from our lives. □

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of tune. The piano of Michel Petrucciani is effective on "Lady Day," and singer Bobby McFerrin tosses in some instrumental imitations on one tune. 2½ stars.

□

"SWING LOW SWEET CLARINET." Abe Most. Camard 12582 (17030 Otsego St., Encino 91316). One of the foremost exponents of post-Goodman-but-pre-bop clarinet, Most is in jubilant form here, thanks in large part to a lightly swinging rhythm team composed of Hank Jones, Monty Budwig and Jake Hanna. Brother Sam Most, a zestful flutist, joins him, and Abe himself switches to flute to make it a duet on the "Manha de Carnaval/Samba de Orfeu" medley. The cover painting is by bassist/artist John Heard. 4 stars.

□

"THE THIRD DECADE." Art Ensemble of Chicago. ECM 25014. "The Bell Piece," a collection of interesting gong and chime effects, avoids the painfully out-of-tune horn work that mars so much of this set. One cut offers conventional riffs buzzing around a tonic chord; another, trumpeter Lester Bowie's "Zero," is pseudo-early bebop. Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell are credited with playing, collectively, 37 instruments. Might not one apiece, totally mastered, have been preferable? 1½ stars. □

3/31

THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER SING A SONG OF HENDRICKS

By LEONARD FEATHER

They said it shouldn't be done. Nevertheless, the Manhattan Transfer, which when left to its own devices is without peer as a vocal jazz quartet, put its collective integrity together and began rehearsals six months ago for what could become the most durable album in its 12-year history.

The project involves a series of exercises in vocalese, an art form that they've dealt with several times before. Basically, vocalese (not to be confused with *vocalise*, wordless singing) is the setting of lyrics to what were once improvised jazz solos preserved on a record. Manhattan Transfer has enlisted the help of Jon Hendricks, the vocalese pioneer whose Lambert, Hendricks & Ross trio revolutionized the concept of group jazz singing in 1958.

Hendricks previously furnished the Transfer with lyrics for one of its biggest hits, "Birdland." His genius for verbalizing complex, almost unsingable streams of musical consciousness has now been applied to 11 songs, most of them newly equipped with words for this occasion.

Recently, Hendricks and Tim Hauser, who founded the Transfer, dropped by with Janis Siegel, the group's uncommonly gifted singer/arranger, who will set the vocal harmony parts, matching Hendricks' lyrics to the melodies of Clifford Brown, Benny Golson, Sonny Rollins and others.

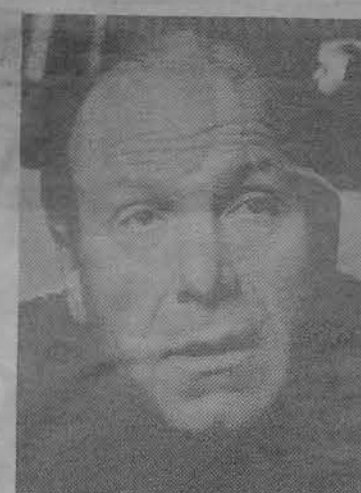
Working on the platter, guest stars and instrumentalists will be heard throughout the album. Diz Gillespie's "Night in Tunisia" will have vocal passages by Bobby

McFerrin, who co-arranged it with the Transfer's Cheryl Bentyne. Gillespie himself will play on Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring." A vocal arrangement by the Transfer's Alan Paul of an old Quincy Jones tune, "Meet Benny Bailey," will feature James Moody on tenor sax. Paul also arranged Ray Charles' "Rock House," with McCoy Tyner sitting in on keyboards. Richie Cole and Tommy Flanagan will solo on other cuts.

"This is an idea we've all been dreaming about for a long time," said Hauser. "I feel we get more gratification out of doing material like this than out of anything else we do."

"I think," Janis Siegel added, "the decision to do this came partly out of frustration at straddling the lines. It's been tiring trying to do so many differing styles and compete in this techno-pop world, where every week something comes out that sounds weirder than what you heard last week. So we decided, why not go back to what we've always wanted to do? We've had consistent success with our audiences doing these vocalese pieces, especially our collaborations with Jon. We recorded several of his lyrics before: 'Four Brothers,' 'Down South Camp Meeting' and, of course, 'Birdland,' which was a big hit for us."

"I met the Transfer six years ago," Hendricks recalls. "I've always regarded them as a group that primarily wanted to sing jazz, and whatever else they did was for reasons of financial security. I knew what their real aspirations



Janis Siegel and Tim Hauser of the Manhattan Transfer flank collaborator Jon Hendricks.

were, so when they finally told me they wanted to go ahead with this album, I said, 'Hah! At last! It took you long enough.'

One of the special joys involved in the undertaking was the use of two 1940s works originally recorded by the Count Basie band. For these tunes, "Blee Blop Blues" and J. J. Johnson's "Rambo," Manhattan Transfer joined forces with the current Basie orchestra, directed by Thad Jones, making a guest appearance with the band at a concert last weekend in order to break in the material prior to the session.

There is an indirect involvement with Basie on a third song, "To You," Siegel explains: "Thad Jones wrote the tune for the only session ever recorded by the combined Basie and Duke Ellington orchestras, in 1961. Since it was originally two big bands together, we thought we'd try it out with two vocal groups and cut it with the Four Freshmen; they sound like an instrumental ensemble in themselves. And we got Dick Reynolds, who did the writing for the Freshmen, to make up the arrangement."

"Doing tunes like that," Siegel said, "becomes a sort of meditation, if you define meditation as doing

something you love, totally concentrating on it and living in the moment. I enjoy singing rhythm and blues, and some pop music, but it's not as deep a satisfaction."

Rhythm and blues was more or less the basis for the group's most recent release, an oddly heterogeneous collection in which several of the tunes were dedicated to 1950s R&B groups. Atlantic released it because the Hendricks album was not ready and an interim set was needed.

Atlantic was founded in 1946. Ahmet Ertegun, the co-founder, and his brother Nesuhi, now president of the parent WEA International organization, were two young Turks (literally) who loved jazz and staged jam sessions in Washington. But time has wrought changes. Asked whether the company had given him a hard time about producing the new album, Tim Hauser unhesitatingly replied, "Yeah!"

After the laughter subsided, Siegel added: "And they're not over it yet." Hauser remembers: "The first time we talked to Ahmet, he just said, 'You can't do that! It won't sell!' So I said, 'You're wrong, man.' They told Linda Ronstadt the same thing before she made 'What's

New,' and of course it was a monster seller. We're not doing this just to sell a lot of albums; it's just something we all want to do."

Siegel: "They didn't like 'Birdland,' either."

Hendricks: "Right! I couldn't get them to put it out as a single; I screamed and yelled, to no avail. And when I told Nesuhi that this new album could be to the Transfer what 'Sing a Song of Basie' was to Lambert, Hendricks & Ross—still selling, 25 years later—he just looked at me and said, 'Oh, yeah? You think so?' I said, 'I know so!'"

Hauser: "The reactions to our in-person performances of some of these songs have been fascinating. People in their 20s and 30s, college audiences, too, they just wiggled out when we sang 'Joy Spring.' People haven't been exposed to music like this, but, when they have a chance to hear it, look out! There's a whole new generation waiting. Record companies tend only to look at what is already out there and hot right now; they say well, you should do that, because it sells. Anyhow, I'm grateful that Atlantic is giving us the budget to do this. They're not standing over our shoulders telling us what to do; they're just waiting until it's finished, and that's wonderful."

In addition to contributing all the lyrics, Hendricks will sing on some tracks. "When we do Sonny Rollins' 'Airegin,' Jon will take the same chorus he scatted on in his original Lambert, Hendricks & Ross version," says Hauser. "Then

Janis will sing the words Jon set to what was originally Zoot Sims' solo."

Once the album is completed, the Manhattan Transfer and Hendricks will go their separate ways. Hauser & Co. have been invited to perform at the U.N. General Assembly for a benefit for Ethiopia. Hendricks will reassemble his own vocal quartet for a stint in Brazil.

The only problem with vocalese is the speed with which the words go by, often making total comprehension a near-impossibility, though the spirit always comes across. "At the U.N.," says Hauser, "we're going to have the lyrics printed on a special sheet and hand them out to everybody there."

"Maybe we ought to do that for Sao Paulo," said Hendricks. "In English and Portuguese." He needn't worry—the hip Brazilians will undoubtedly get the message. □

Ellington discoverer Mills dies at age 91

Irving Mills, the legendary song publisher who discovered Duke Ellington, died yesterday at Desert Springs Hospital in Palm Springs at the age of 91.

Mills, the founder of Mills Publishing Co., which published the music of Ellington — for whom he sometimes wrote song lyrics — and many other jazz performers, died at 9:30 a.m. yesterday, a hospital spokeswoman said.

She added that Mills had been admitted to the facility on April 10.

"I think he is a person who is going to be remembered for his own contributions, and for his role as the man

— continued on page 8

Mills dead

continued from page 1 —

who guided the career of Duke Ellington, who was the most important figure in the history of jazz," said Leonard Feather, the Los Angeles Times jazz critic, who was also a close personal friend of Mills.

In addition to Ellington, Mills made key contributions to the careers of Cab Calloway and Ina Ray Hutton, Feather added.

Mills is survived by his daughter, Florence Seitz. Funeral arrangements are pending.

Howard Reporter 4/22

JAZZ REVIEW

A LEGEND AND HIS LATEST LEGIONNAIRES

By LEONARD FEATHER

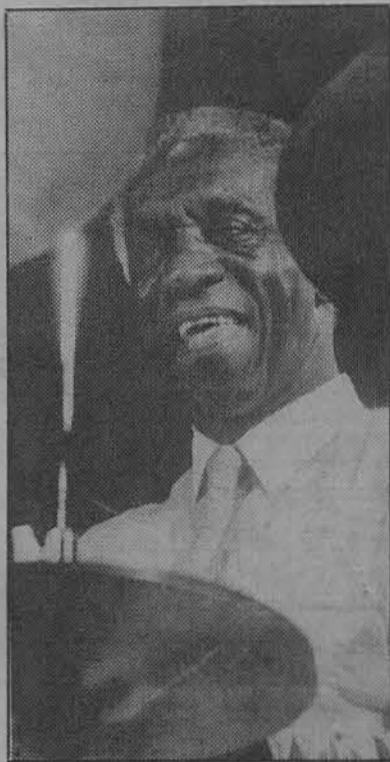
The biggest crowd Hop Singh's had seen in months was on hand Friday for the first of two nights welcoming Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers back to town.

Not for nothing has this group been called the University of Blakey. No sooner do his latest proteges leave than another group of discoveries comes along, bringing youth and emotional heat to the indomitable 65-year-old drummer's sextet.

The present students at Blakey U. are in their early 20s. Donald Harrison, alto saxophone, and Terence Blanchard, trumpet and musical director, are from New Orleans and studied with the father of Blanchard's predecessor, Wynton Marsalis. Completing the front line is Jean Toussaint, a tenor saxophonist from the Virgin Islands.

Blanchard is a worthy successor to Marsalis. Though less startlingly innovative, he displays his well-rounded education with a sound that alternates between symphonic orthodoxy and Gillespie-like squeezed notes. On fast tempos he builds in ferocity and intensity; in his ballad feature (a 17-minute exploration, with "Polka Dots and Moon Beams" as the beef in an improvised sandwich) he blended lyricism, melodic ingenuity and technical wizardry.

Toussaint's tenor suggests an



MONICA ALMEIDA

Art Blakey sends out a rhythmic message at Hop Singh's.

updated Dexter Gordon; the alto of Harrison, with its short, snapped-off phrases leading to explosive investigations of the horn's upper reaches, keeps driving without pushing.

Of the four unannounced pieces

in the first show, each at least a quarter-hour long, the first two were mainly points of departure enabling each man to investigate the crannies and crevices of the modal or harmonic structure. Only the final number, taken at an easy, medium gait, had the flavor of the illustrious early '60s Messengers.

Mulgrew Miller, a flexible and adventurous pianist, and Chicago-trained bassist Lonnie Plaxico combined with Blakey's ever-fierce presence to form an intricately polyrhythmic though occasionally too-dynamic team.

The set ended on a happy and surprising note. After Blanchard introduced the sidemen and the customary theme was played, the musicians suddenly tore into a chorus of "Struttin' With Some Barbecue," played authentically, not tongue in cheek. Nice to know that these youngsters have respect for their roots.

QUEEN MARY JAZZ FESTIVAL PLANNED

A strong lineup of fusion/jazz, rock and Latin names has been set for the Queen Mary Jazz Festival April 19-21 in a 10,000-capacity amphitheater alongside the Queen Mary in Long Beach.

The April 19 program, starting at 8 p.m., will feature Herbie Hancock, Stanley Clarke and his band, and Kenny G. and the G Force.

The April 20 show, starting at 2 p.m., will offer Miles Davis, Chick Corea, Jack DeJohnette, Steps Ahead, the Mighty Flyers, the Latin All Stars with Airto, Joe Farrell, Flora Purim, Poncho Sanchez and Dave Valentin, plus the Batucaje Brazilian Dance Troupe.

The April 21 presentation, at 2 p.m., will include Bob James, Don Randi & Quest, Special EFX, Al Williams and the Jazz Society, the L.A. Jazz Workshop and the Queen Mary All Stars with Michael Brecker, Stanley Clarke, George Duke, Allan Holdsworth, Freddie Hubbard and Lenny White.

Information: (213) 428-0787.

10 Part VI/Friday, April 12, 1985

LAND AND MARSH: RAPPORT ON SAX

By LEONARD FEATHER

We are all familiar with the members of the saxophone family. The alto sounds like this, the tenor like that, and so on up and down the line. Yet within these categories there are countless subdivisions determined by idiosyncrasies of tone, attack, phrasing and other nuances.

A fascinating case in point is the current juxtaposition, in the Hyatt Sunset's Silver Screen Club (through Saturday), of the tenor saxophonists Harold Land and Warne Marsh. Although both men were reared in Southern California, Land rose to prominence as a product of the hard-bop school while Marsh, in New York, came

under the cooler and more cerebral influence of Lennie Tristano.

The two had never worked together before, yet an immediate rapport was established at their opening Wednesday. From the outset it was clear that this was one of those "What are we going to play next?" evenings, yet the lack of rehearsal presented no problems. Common ground was established through such war horses as "I Love You" and "Star Eyes," with Land's full-throated, probing lines squaring off effectively against Marsh's less resonant sound and subtle phrasing.

A ballad medley, with Marsh featured on "If You Could See Me Now" and Land on "I Can't Get Started," displayed more similar-

ties than contrasts. In the latter, Bob Maize had a brief but brilliant solo and Art Hillery, subbing for Gildo Mahones at the piano, suggested a more technically adroit Horace Silver. Tootie Heath on drums rounded out a flawless rhythm section.

Both saxophonists shone on the closing "Oleo" at a challenging tempo. The tenor solos were gems, so well constructed that one wished Jon Hendricks could have been on hand to set lyrics to them. In general, the interaction between these two strongly personal stylists worked out to their mutual benefit. Sweet are the uses of maturity.

Harold Land will join trumpeter Oscar Brashear for a free concert Sunday at 7 p.m. at the Wadsworth Theater.

JORDAN DEBUT

Stanley Jordan, the widely praised new guitarist whose innovative technique is the talk of the jazz world, will make his Southern California debut with appearances at the Golden Bear, Huntington Beach, April 25, and the Palace Court, April 26 and 27.

Jordan, 24, took part last month in the Blue Note Records concert at New York's Town Hall. His recent album debut on that label has received unanimously enthusiastic reviews.

-L.F.

4/14/85

JAZZ

20 YEARS AFTER—THE EVOLUTION GOES ON

By LEONARD FEATHER

A casual glance through an old scrapbook the other day brought the revelation that the byline you see above first appeared in *The Times* April 14, 1965.

Two decades ago, jazz/rock was all but unheard of; fusion meant the process of liquefying or rendering plastic by heat. Synthesizers were not yet a part of our world; even electric keyboards were not much more common than computers.

On the other hand, voices of that day strike an oddly familiar note. Here is Stan Kenton, in April, 1965, declaring in a "Down Beat" headline that jazz is finished. In a black mood, he states at a panel discussion in Los Angeles that jazz has lost much of its audience to folk music; that the new jazz requires intolerably sophisticated listening. *Jazz is dead, he says Kaput.*

Kenton is long gone, as are Ellington, Armstrong, Coltrane, Bill Evans, Basie and many other giants; but the state of an art can never be judged by its necrology. If this were the way we judged classical music, or painting, or architecture, the losses over the last 20 years might give a no-less-gloomy impression.

What the naysayers tend to overlook is that for every great artist lost, another has emerged from some school or nightclub, perhaps in New York or New Orleans but just as possibly in France or Denmark or Japan, to make a deep impression and to rise to the top where, because of these grievous defections, there will always be room.

At the time of my first appear-

ance in these pages (the subject was Louis Armstrong, who had just returned from a triumphant tour of the Eastern European countries), the trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and the pianists Michel Petrucciani and Makoto Ozone, three of today's most promising creative jazzmen, were 2 or 3 years old. A whole generation of men and women now widely respected had yet to be heard from.

Women, in fact, were still subjugated to minor roles in instrumental music. Not until the mid-1970s would Toshiko Akiyoshi form what became the most innovative new orchestra of the modern era, the closest thing we have to a latter-day Ellington.

A fuller awareness of the role played by women in jazz did not become a *cause celebre* until 1978, when the first Women's Jazz Festival, in Kansas City, set in motion a bandwagon that soon became an international movement. By 1984 the two leading jazz composers, according to the international Critics' Poll, were Carla Bley and Akiyoshi, and the guitarist declared most deserving of wider recognition in that poll was the 27-year-old Emily Remler.

For blacks, the situation has changed no less dramatically. In April, 1965, the Civil Rights Act was still three months short of passage. Within the previous year one or two newspaper stories had dealt with the refusal of hotels (and not only in the South) to find room for Jean Turner, Stan Kenton's vocalist, and other black artists. With the gradual erosion of segregation's barriers, it became at

least marginally easier for a black musician to go on the road, or to appear on television in integrated settings often denied him. In that sense, April 1965 seems, indeed, like a very distant past. Though racism is hardly defunct, at least the removal of official sanctions has eased the pain in many cases.

Probably related to this development has been the return in recent years of a number of musicians who, discouraged by social and musical conditions at home, became expatriates. Many now visit this country with increasing frequency or have come back home on a permanent basis: Thad Jones, Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin, Art Farmer, Slide Hampton. Expatriate whites, too, have seen conditions improving: Phil Woods has long since been back among us, and Red Mitchell is around more frequently.

The collapse of many famous nightclubs gave rise to pessimistic speculation in the 1960s. Birdland's demise in 1964 was called the end of an era, as was the disappearance of Shelly's Manne Hole a decade later. But a glance through the New York club listings reveals an unprecedented 30 clubs dedicated to jazz of one genre or another, two or three times as many as in Birdland's last days. In L.A., for all the defections, the jazz club tallies are longer than they were in 1965.

Even if there were no nightclubs, the burgeoning concert and festival scene would be more than adequate compensation. Twenty years ago, we had only a handful of festivals: Newport, Monterey and a few overseas. Today Newport is one of dozens of festivals presented annually by George Wein, of which the 10-day extravaganzas in New York and Nice are among the most successful. Italy alone has more than 20, France and Scandinavia have dozens more. Japan is becoming an ever vaster market. Festivals aside, jazz concerts have multiplied continuously from Carnegie Hall to the Hollywood Bowl.

The recording situation continues to fluctuate. Although Colum-

bia alone among the big conglomerates has maintained a strong jazz image, the number of independents has grown incredibly. In 1965 there was no Concord Jazz, no Black Saint, Soul Note, Discovery, Palo Alto. Reissues, even on labels such as EMI/Capitol's Blue Note and Polygram's Verve subsidiaries, are at an all-time high.

A complaint often lodged on behalf of the jazz-is-dead argument is the alleged shortage of truly innovative and potentially influential new talent. Though a Gillespie or Parker or Coltrane



Who would have dreamed in 1965 that some day we would have a Louis Armstrong Stadium in New York, an Armstrong Park in New Orleans?

admittedly only arrives one to a generation or less, there is no reason to suppose that some of the jazzmen now in their early 20s will not become potent forces in shaping directions into the dawn of the next century.

In particular, the newcomers from New Orleans constitute a splendid refutation of the argument that these recent arrivals have nothing of lasting value to offer. It seems clear that powerful influences may yet emanate from the creative minds of such saxophonists as Branford Marsalis and Donald Harrison, or trumpeters as

gifted as Wynton Marsalis and Terence Blanchard—all products of Boston's Berklee College and/or the school in New Orleans where the Marsalises' father teaches.

The treatment of jazz in the visual media has undergone a slow but perceptible improvement during these 20 momentous years. Network TV still gives jazz minimal exposure, but, thanks to the arrival of cable television and the birth of innumerable educational or special-interest channels, documentaries devoted to particular artists or jazz-related subjects have become frequent events.

The outlets for jazz have increased still further with the arrival of new media such as compact discs, to which more and more jazz classics are being converted, and jazz videos, a growing number of which are enriching our VCR libraries with programs devoted to Gillespie, Roach, Hubbard, Mulligan and dozens more, along with specials devoted to the blues, Dixieland or some other phase of the music's history.

On a more general level, jazz in many senses has belatedly attained a measure of social respectability long denied it. Though this has no bearing on its artistic evolution, it has been unquestionably helpful in broadening its acceptance. Who would have dreamed in 1965 that some day we would have a Louis Armstrong Stadium in New York, an Armstrong Park in New Orleans? That Gov. William Allain of Mississippi, where lynchings once abounded, has proclaimed May 5-11 as "Milton Hinton Week" in honor of the native-born bassist's 75th birthday? That the first American to be awarded a presidential Medal of Freedom in the White House during the Nixon Administration would be Edward Kennedy Ellington?

Do such symbolic events, combined with all the other developments noted above, augur a productive future for jazz? Or is the documentation of them merely an expression of cockeyed optimism?

I have never been one to cry over the spilt milk of the good old days. On reflection, one finds the milk mixed with too much blood. Jazz, having gone through several golden eras since the 1920s, will continue to evolve as it somehow always has. In fact, not too many years into the future there may be good cause to believe that the good old days were those we are living through right now. □

4/16/85

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

BERRY BAND: IN THE SPIRIT OF THE DUKE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Saturday evening at 9:30, Bill Berry picked up his cornet and eased into a muted solo, tempo allegro, rhythm section briskly afloat. After three choruses, the remainder of the 16 musicians on the bandstand at Donte's came in to inform us all that this was "Cotton Tail," and that another session by the Ellington-inspired L.A. Big Band was under way.

Berry, who will commemorate the Duke's birthday along with fellow Ellington alumnus Herb Jeffries on April 29 at the Flamingo, is in his element when he brings back to life the music of the maestro. Moreover, he has just the right cast of characters. Who better than Marshal Royal to invoke the spirit of Johnny Hodges in Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count"? What soloists could bring more vital authenticity to the Ellington masterpiece "Harlem Airshaft" than Al Aarons on trumpet, Buster Cooper on trombone and Jackie Kelso on clarinet?

Not all the arrangements of Ellingtonian material were transcribed from the original. "I Got It Bad," with Ross Tompkins and Conte Candoli, was updated by arranger Bob Ojeda. A lesser-known work by the Duke, "Don't Ever Say Goodbye," acquired a character of its own with the help of Snooky Young's beautifully understated trumpet.

Later in the set, the music switched abruptly in character as

the band tackled "In the Mood," a sow's ear of a song if ever there was one. However, once they got past the theme it was simply a blues, enabling them to give it a modicum of significance. Finally trumpeter Jack Sheldon, with his mocking vocal style and comedy routines, broke up musicians and audience alike.

Berry concluded with an an-

nouncement of special interest: Donte's once again will be opening Sundays, starting April 28 with the Dee Barton Orchestra and continuing with various other big bands, including a return visit by Berry in mid-May. Meanwhile, at the Flamingo (formerly Carmelo's), Sunday evenings are now given over to—are you ready for this?—light opera.

10 Part VI/Friday, April 26, 1985



MICHAEL EDWARDS / Los Angeles Times

Wynton Marsalis performing at the Universal Amphitheatre.

JAZZ REVIEW

MARSALIS AND THE MJQ:
A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was a tribute to the appeal of Wynton Marsalis that he was able, sharing a bill with the Modern Jazz Quartet, to fill about half of the house Wednesday at the Universal Amphitheatre. Look at it this way: At the Chandler Pavilion it would have been an overflow crowd.

The contrast between the two groups could scarcely have been more distinct. A difference in titles provided a tip-off—the MJQ, still relying on the European harmonic background of jazz, played songs named for towns in Yugoslavia and the South of France. Marsalis opened his set with the cryptically

named "Black Codes From the Underground."

There is no attempt in this group to reject the past. In the course of a single set, Marsalis and his four teammates incorporate every valid development in the last 20 years of jazz, along with aspects that were already firmly in place before the leader was born 23 years ago.

For example, his one standard solo number, "For All We Know," was a gem of creative construction, bringing to this 1934 melody a timelessly personal beauty. Yet, at other points, he, his brother Branford on sax and pianist Kenny Kirkland, along with drummer Jeff Watts and the incredible 17-year-old bassist Charnett Moffett, left no

doubt that this group represents the true avant-garde, without any of the posturings of those who believe revolution must take precedence over evolution.

The Marsalises conveyed a sense of technical expertise without ever abusing it or losing the passion. Branford brings to the soprano sax a pure sound on this too often shrill and ugly horn; even at a breakneck tempo, freshets of invigorating ideas gush forth constantly.

Wynton, whether evoking the 1960s Miles Davis in a subdued new work, "Aural Oasis"; tearing off chorus after chorus at a wild pace in "Black Codes" or displaying his puckish humor in Monk's "Think of One," is the all-encompassing musical genius of this decade. Kirkland, whether investigating Tyner-like modes or Ravelian impressionism, is the ideal pianist for this unit.

The MJQ, organized nine years before Wynton Marsalis was born, has neither wanted nor needed to change much over the decades.

John Lewis as pianist strips his concepts down to bare-bones essentials while never failing to swing.

Milt Jackson's vibes bring to the quartet his perennially buoyant energy. Percy Heath's bass and Connie Kay's drums keep the conservative but compelling beat steadily under control.

It would have been refreshing to hear a blues, such as the old Jackson theme "Bags' Groove." But if Lewis prefers to air his melodic impression of Dubrovnik, that's his privilege, just as it's ours to hear it.

Los Angeles Times

The obituaries were premature: Jazz is alive, long live jazz

By Leonard Feather
© 1985, Los Angeles Times

Time plays strange tricks with memory. There are days when the 20 years I have been writing a jazz column for *The Los Angeles Times* seem to have passed like a lightning bolt, others when they are as distant as eternity.

What is happening in jazz now that was unknown two decades ago? Jazz-rock was all but unheard of; fusion meant the process of liquefying or rendering plastic by heat. Synthesizers didn't exist; even electric keyboards were not much more common than computers.

On the other hand, voices of that day strike an oddly familiar note. Here is Stan Kenton, in April 1965, declaring in

a *down beat* magazine headline that jazz is finished. In a dark mood, he states at a panel discussion in Los Angeles that jazz has lost much of its audience to folk music; that the new jazz requires intolerably sophisticated listening; that he came to this conclusion three years before but only now, in 1965, feels free to admit it. Jazz is dead. Kaput.

No doubt when sales of the Original Dixieland Band fell off in 1921 and the Victor Talking Machine Co. dropped the group from its label, the Cassandras began mourning the end of an era. Pessimism has been ingrained into journalism as long as it has been good for a headline.

Realism, on the other hand, demands a closer look that produces more sanguine conclusions.

Mr. Kenton is long gone, as are Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, John Coltrane, Bill Evans, Count Basie and many other giants; but the state of an art never can be judged by its necrology. If this were the way classical music were judged, or painting, or architecture, the losses over the last 20 years might give a no less gloomy impression.

What the nay-sayers tend to overlook is that, for every great artist lost, another has emerged from some school or nightclub—perhaps in New York or New Orleans but just as possibly in France or Denmark or Japan—to make a deep impression and to rise to the top where, because of these grievous defections, there always will be room.

The first column I wrote for *The Los Angeles Times* in 1965 was about Louis

Armstrong, who had just returned from a triumphant tour of the Eastern European countries. The trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and the pianists Michel Petrucciani and Makoto Ozone, three of today's most promising creative jazzmen, were then 2 or 3 years old. David Murray, who became one of the most influential saxophonists of the new wave, was 10. A whole generation of men and women now widely respected had yet to be heard from.

Women, in fact, were still subjugated to minor roles in instrumental music. Not until the mid-1970s did Toshiko Akiyoshi form what became the most innovative new orchestra of the modern era, the closest thing there is to a latter-day Duke Ellington.

A fuller awareness of the role played

by women in jazz did not become a cause celebre until 1978, when the first Women's Jazz Festival, in Kansas City, set in motion a bandwagon that soon became an international movement.

By 1984, the two leading jazz composers, according to the international Critics' Poll, were Carla Bley and Ms. Akiyoshi, and the guitarist declared most deserving of wider recognition in that poll was the 27-year-old Emily Remler. Such accomplishments were not open to women in 1965, regardless of their talent.

For blacks, the situation has changed no less dramatically. In April 1965, the Civil Rights Act was still three months short of passage. In the previous year or

See Jazz, pg. 4F, col. 1

Page 4F The Kansas City Star, Sunday, April 28, 1985

Jazz continued from pg. 1F

two, newspaper stories had dealt with the refusal of hotels (and not only in the South) to find room for Jean Turner, Stan Kenton's vocalist, and other black artists.

As segregation's barriers gradually eroded, it became at least marginally easier for a black musician to go on the road or to appear on television in integrated settings often denied him.

Recent days have seen the return to America of several musicians who, discouraged by social and musical conditions at home, became expatriates. Many now visit this country with increasing frequency or have returned home on a permanent basis: Thad Jones, Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin, Art Farmer, Slide Hampton.

The collapse of many famous nightclubs gave rise to pessimistic speculation in the 1960s, but a glance through the New York club listings reveals an unprecedented 30 clubs dedicated to jazz of one genre or another. Even if there were no nightclubs, the burgeoning concert and festival scene would be more than adequate compensation. And jazz concerts have multiplied from Carnegie Hall to the Hollywood Bowl.

The recording situation continues to fluctuate. Although Columbia alone among the big conglomerates has maintained a strong jazz image, the number of independents has grown incredibly. In 1965, there was no Concord Jazz, no Black Saint, Soul Note, Discovery, Palo Alto. Reissues, even on labels such as EMI-Capitol's Blue Note and Polygram's Verve subsidiaries, are at a record high.

A complaint often lodged on

behalf of the jazz-is-dead argument is the alleged shortage of truly innovative and potentially influential new talent. A Dizzy Gillespie or Charlie Parker or John Coltrane admittedly occurs only once a generation or so, but there is no reason to suppose that some of the jazzmen now in their early 20s will not become potent forces in shaping directions into the dawn of the next century.

In particular, the newcomers from New Orleans constitute a splendid refutation of the argument that these recent arrivals have nothing of lasting value to offer.

It seems clear that powerful influences may yet emanate from the creative minds of such saxophonists as Branford Marsalis and Donald Harrison, or trumpeters as gifted as Wynton Marsalis and Terence Blanchard—all products of Boston's Berklee College of Music or the school in New Orleans where the Marsalis brothers' father teaches.

The treatment of jazz in the visual media has undergone a slow but perceptible improvement during these 20 momentous years. Network TV still gives jazz minimal exposure, but thanks to cable television and educational or special-interest channels, documentaries devoted to particular artists or jazz-related subjects have become frequent.

The outlets for jazz have increased still further with new media such as compact discs, to which more and more jazz classics are being converted, and jazz videos.

On a more general level, jazz in many senses has belatedly attained a measure of social re-

spectability long denied it. Although this has no bearing on its artistic evolution, it has been unquestionably helpful in broadening its acceptance.

Who would have dreamed in 1965 that there would be a Louis Armstrong Stadium in New York, an Armstrong Park in New Orleans? That Gov. William Allain of Mississippi, where lynchings once abounded, would proclaim May 5-11 "Milton Hinton Week" in honor of the native-born bassist's 75th birthday? That the first American to be awarded a Presidential Medal of Freedom in the White House during the Nixon administration would be Edward Kennedy Ellington?

Do such symbolic events, combined with all the other developments I've outlined, augur a productive future for jazz? Or is the documentation of them merely an expression of cockeyed optimism?

I have never been one to cry over the spilt milk of the good old days. On reflection, one finds the milk mixed with too much blood.

Jazz, having gone through several golden eras since the 1920s, will continue to evolve as it somehow always has.

In fact, not too many years into the future, there may be good cause to believe that the good old days were now.

Jazz magazine makes its bow

The first edition of the *Kansas City Jazz Quarterly*, now circulating in the Kansas City area, offers articles and interviews on the Women's Jazz Festival, Jay McShann, Aaron Woodward, Doug Sertl and the Jazz Menagerie, the Kansas City Big Band Festival and the origins of Kansas City jazz.

The illustrated periodical is published by Jo Ann Genrich-Andre and edited by Gary D. Ross. Contributors include Ken Poston, Bruce Sherwood, Kirk Wintes and Dick Wright. Subscription rates are \$16 a year. Individual issues cost \$4. For more information, call 472-5622.

CHRIS T. MATHEW



Keyboardist Chick Corea and his trio provided one of the highlights of the Queen Mary Jazz Festival.

4/22

JAZZ FESTIVAL

A MIXED BAG AT THE QUEEN MARY

If you went to the Queen Mary Jazz Festival over the weekend expecting a jazz festival aboard the Queen Mary, forget it. For a view of the great lady you had to look over your shoulder while you sat in this vast, open-air dockside space, on an overcast day that grew bitterly cold as time went by.

If you were looking for a festive festival on the order of Playboy or Monterey, wrong again. The picnic-minded had a rude awakening: They weren't allowed to bring in their own food and drink.

Saturday's program lasted nine

By LEONARD FEATHER

hours, give or take a week. However, well over two of these hours were given to stage waits. It began with the Mighty Flyers and ended with the Latin All Stars, an Afro-Brazilian mixed-media montage with Flora Purim, Airto, et al.

The crowd (substantial though far from capacity) was unceasingly receptive, accepting music that was generally geared toward mass appeal. Ironically, the festival was dedicated to the memory of Zoot

Sims, yet nothing offered Saturday bore any relationship to the straight-ahead, swinging brand of jazz he represented.

The biggest disappointment was Steps Ahead, which showed promise a couple of years ago. It has since lost the great bassist Eddie Gomez, and has dropped the excellent pianist Eliane Elias in favor of guitarist Chuck Loeb. Saxophonist Mike Brecker and vibraphonist Mike Mainieri are highly competent, but are playing at a lower level in an obvious effort to reach

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Los Angeles Times

QUEEN MARY

Continued from Page 1

the pop market. The worst culprit was Peter Erskine, a well-qualified drummer who never came close to swinging, and who at one point seemed to be playing along with a click track.

The most pleasant surprise of the day was provided by the Jack de Johnette Quintet, with the leader doubling on drums and keyboards, and with the admirable bassist Rufus Reid. This group, focusing on three saxophonists, offered a hint of what the World Saxophone Quartet might sound like if it dropped one sax and added a rhythm section.

After a brief, agreeable solo guitar interlude by David Becker, Chick Corea produced his latest unit, an electric trio with John Patitucci on upright and electric bass, and Dave Weckl on drums. This new threesome, with its control and interplay, marks his most adventurous and intelligent use of electronics to date.

Using a multitude of keyboards, Corea took his audience through a labyrinth of intricate themes and variations. Patitucci is one of the true bass virtuosos of the 1980s; Weckl is a sensitive conveyor of percussive nuances.

After an interminable lull, Miles Davis materialized. Perhaps because his concepts nowadays call for an audio ingenuity that cannot be reproduced in person, there are facets of his *oeuvre* that are most effective in an album; yet all that mattered was that his chops were in fine shape, and that the quality and quantity of his contribution to each number exceeded that achieved at any other concert I had attended in recent years. That he finds Cyndi Lauper's simplistic "Time After Time" a fascinating song will remain forever a mystery. In a recent interview he said, "They aren't writing songs like 'Stardust' anymore." Perhaps he is just trying to prove his point.

4/21/85

JAZZ

ART BLAKEY: DRUMMING HIS MESSAGE OVER YEARS

By LEONARD FEATHER

For Art Blakey the clock never stops. At 65 the time-keeping, time-proof drummer maintains his Jazz Messengers, replacing one bright young discovery with another as the decades roll by. Other small jazz groups come and go; for Blakey, who first organized his band on a permanent basis just 30 years ago, the only coming and going takes place between his New York home and a list of one-night stands as large as the globe.

"Paris, London, Tokyo—they're all second homes to me," he said during a recent stopover in Los Angeles. "When I take the band back to Japan in December it will be my 49th visit. The first time was in 1960, when I had Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter. In Japan, we were as big as the Beatles before the Beatles."

Blakey's ability to discover and develop new talent has always been a source of wonderment among musicians. No sooner does one brilliant trumpeter or saxophonist quit than another arrives, not merely filling his shoes but taking the band's evolution another step along the way, beyond the straight-down-the-line hard bop that characterized the early Blakey combos.

Four years ago the talk of jazz circles was Blakey's 18-year-old trumpeter, Wynton Marsalis. His older brother, Branford, had joined the band on saxophone previously. When Wynton became the most praised and publicized newcomer to jazz, inevitably he left and soon formed his own group, along with Branford.

"I remember both at a public audition... they. "That was in... when Terence Blanchard was 18 and Donald Harrison was 20. They have a lot in

common with the Marsalis brothers. Both are from New Orleans; both studied with Ellis Marsalis at the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts. Both trained in all kinds of music—Terence studied Louis Armstrong and the European symphony masters; he played in the New Orleans Civic Orchestra. Donald, who plays alto sax, was an audition winner with the New Orleans Pop Symphony. He has listened to everyone from Sidney Bechet to John Coltrane and Wayne Shorter.

"Terence went to Rutgers to study classical trumpet, but while he was there he learned a lot from the saxophonist Paul Jeffrey, who's in charge of Rutgers' jazz program. So here are two youngsters with all the knowledge and the training, plus the talent and the ambition. After he'd been with me for a while I appointed Terence as my musical director."

Blakey is no less proud of his tenor saxophonist, Jean Toussaint, from the Virgin Islands.

The new Blakey musicians—studious, well-spoken and well-dressed—resemble the Marsalis family in this respect also. Blakey's pride in the unique achievements of Wynton Marsalis is mingled with some slight reservation about the brouhaha that has surrounded him.

"Wynton is still young, and they're putting too much pressure on him. He's brilliant, he's brash; they've been patting him on the back so often, giving him so much adulation, that it's kind of gotten out of hand and he's made some controversial statements that he may regret 20 years from now.

"If you see lilies blooming in the field, you should give them a chance to grow. People should leave Wynton alone and just let



MONICA ALMEIDA

Art Blakey, godfather to many musical greats who got their start in his group, the Jazz Messengers.

him develop."

A retrospective glance at the Messengers' track record brings to mind the memory of some Blakey alumni who indeed developed, as he hopes Marsalis will, though along varying lines. Four of the great trumpeters who recorded with Blakey in the early years are no longer among us; the best remembered is Clifford Brown, who was killed in a car crash at 25. The others died tragically young: Joe Gordon in a fire, at 35; Lee Morgan, shot and killed in a New York club at 33; and Kenny Dorham, who died at 48 after a long illness.

Of those who survived, Donald Byrd went on to produce a series of big-selling funk records; Chuck Mangione, Blakey's trumpeter from 1965-7, enjoyed comparable success in the pop field. Woody Shaw and Freddie Hubbard for the most part have stayed loyal to jazz.

Blakey's ear for talent enabled Valeri Ponomarev, a Kiev-born trumpeter only months away from the Soviet Union, to join the Messengers and remain for four years

in the late 1970s.

Ponomarev's origins prove a point Blakey has often emphasized: personal experience rather than geographical background determine a musician's evolution. "I was born in Pittsburgh," he says, "and people sometimes ask me what it had to do with my development. The answer is, nothing! I began playing there, but I had to work in the coal mine and the steel mill; playing music was a way to get out of there."

An early starter musically and socially, Blakey likes to recall that he was married and a father before he was 16; he has a daughter, Evelyn Blakey, who is now 48 and an accomplished gospel singer. At about 17 he left Pittsburgh with a small band of his own, but soon found himself stranded on the road and returned home. He worked briefly with Fletcher Henderson's band, then made his first impression in New York with a group led by another Pittsburgher, the pianist Mary Lou Williams, in 1940.

Blakey's first fame came in the unique, pioneering bebop orchestra

led by singer Billy Eckstine from 1944-47. "That was a phenomenal band! Everybody was in it at one time or another—Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, Sarah Vaughan. It's a shame the few sessions they made were so miserably recorded; you can't really hear what the band sounded like."

Blakey used the "Messengers" name on a 1947 date for Blue Note, but the by time he organized a band on a full-time basis he had worked with various other groups, including a year on tour with a quartet led by the clarinetist Buddy de Franco. "While I was with Buddy, Ellis Marsalis brought me to New Orleans, where he teaches, and where I did a clinic for his school. That was my introduction to the Marsalis family."

Having taken their message around the world, the Messengers finally achieved a long-deserved honor at home this year: Blakey's album "New York Scene," recorded live at a Manhattan club called Mikell's (Concord Jazz, CJ-256), earned a Grammy for best small group jazz.

"Winning awards is good for public relations, I guess, but what really pleases me most of all is having these great youngsters on the bandstand who are serious about their music. And the musicians really care about me; they like me. To me, that's the greatest thing I've got." □

MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER: Part 14 • FATS WALLER



ファッツ・ウォーラー ● 彼は自分にできること
以上のものを人々に与えようとした偉大な男だ。

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1st Annual JAZZIZ Readers Poll Results

- JAZZIZ AWARD** — 1) Miles Davis 2) Duke Ellington
MUSICIAN — 1) Miles Davis 2) Wynton Marsalis
ACOUSTIC GROUP — Wynton Marsalis Quintet
ELECTRIC GROUP
 1) Pat Metheny 2) Weather Report
ALBUM-GROUP
 1) Decoy-Miles Davis (Columbia)
 2) Modern Times-Steps Ahead (Elektra Musician)
ALBUM-SOLO
 1) Rejoicing-Pat Metheny (ECM)
 2) Hot House Flowers-Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)
ALBUM-OF ALL TIME — Kind of Blue-Miles Davis
ALBUM-WITH A CONCEPT
 That's The Way I Feel Now-Tribute to Thelonius Monk-Various Artists (A&M)
ALBUM-REISSUE — Assorted OJCs (Fantasy)
ALBUM-LIVE RECORDING
 1) Jazz Monterey-Various Artists (Palo Alto)
 2) An Evening With Windham Hill Live-Various Artists
COMPOSER — Caria Bley
ARRANGER — 1) Gil Evans 2) Rob McConnell
PRODUCER — 1) Norman Granz 2) Quincy Jones
RECORD LABEL — 1) Polygram 2) Elektra/Musician
PERSONALITY
 1) Wynton Marsalis 2) Marian McPartland
NEW TALENT — 1) Wynton Marsalis 2) Bill Evans
FESTIVAL — 1) Kool 2) Newport
LIVE PERFORMANCE
 1) Pat Metheny 2) Miles Davis
MOVIE SOUNDTRACK
 The Woman In Red-produced by Stevie Wonder (Motown)
CRITIC — Leonard Feather
VIDEO — Herbie Hancock-"Rockit"
ALBUM COVER
 1) Night-John Abercrombie
 2) Celebration-Koinonia
TECHNICAL MUSICIAN — Wynton Marsalis
LYRICAL MUSICIAN
 1) Chico Freeman 2) Pat Metheny
STUDIO MUSICIAN
 1) Steve Gadd 2) Marcus Miller
ACOUSTIC PIANO
 1) Oscar Peterson 2) McCoy Tyner
KEYBOARDS — 1) Josef Zawinul 2) Lyle Mays
TRUMPET — 1) Wynton Marsalis 2) Dizzy Gillespie
FLUGELHORN — 1) Kenny Wheeler 2) Clark Terry
TROMBONE — 1) Bill Watrous 2) J.J. Johnson
SAXOPHONE
 alto-Richie Cole bari-Gerry Mulligan
 soprano-Branford Marsalis tenor-Michael Brecker
CLARINET — 1) Buddy DeFranco 2) Benny Goodman
FLUTE — 1) James Newton 2) Dave Valentin
GUITAR — 1) Pat Metheny 2) Joe Pass
BASS
 acoustic-Eddie Gomez electric-Marcus Miller
DRUMS — 1) Jack DeJohnette 2) Elvin Jones
PERCUSSION
 1) Nana Vasconcelos 2) Airto Moreira
VIBES — 1) Milt Jackson 2) Gary Burton
VIOLIN — 1) Stephane Grappelli 2) Jean-Luc Ponty
MISC. INSTRUMENT
 1) Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
 2) Andreas Vollenweider (harp)
MALE VOICE — 1) Mel Tormé 2) Joe Williams
FEMALE VOICE — 1) Sarah Vaughn 2) Ella Fitzgerald
BIG BAND
 1) Count Basie 2) Maynard Ferguson
MOST VERSATILE GROUP
 1) Pat Metheny Group 2) Steps Ahead
MOST VERSATILE MUSICIAN
 1) Pat Metheny 2) Bobby McFerrin
MOST UNDERRATED MUSICIAN
 1) Lyle Mays 2) Grover Washington Jr.
BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT
 1) Herbie Hancock 2) George Benson
OTHER MUSIC — Stevie Wonder

NOTE: 2nd place was awarded when 2nd runner up was within 50 votes of 1st place.

Be A Part of Jazz History™

JAZZIZ

MAR/APR

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べきマスターが出来、ファッツが最後にユーモラスなコメントを付け加えた。これはほとんど彼のトレードマークみたいなもので、彼はあらゆる曲、すべてのテイクに、いろいろな短い言葉を付け加えている。

次の曲で行き詰まった。この1コーラスが25小節という変わった構成の曲「ユー・ウェント・トゥー・マイ・ヘッド」はウォーラーを手こずらせた。彼は何度も譜面をほうり投げて、「練習する時間をとらなきゃ、こんなのできない」と嘆いた。それでもなんとかこれを録音し終わり、結局このセッションでは全部で6曲が録られた。

本当は7曲演奏されたのだが、ファッツとコントロール・ルームの間に不幸な誤解があって、1曲ボツになったのである。それは「イフ・ユー・アー・ア・バイパー」という面白い曲だった（「バイパー」とは古い言いまわしで、マリファナを喫う人のことである）。セドリックとオートリーがすばらしいリフを取った。ファッツは再びチェレスタを右手で、ピアノを左手で演奏した。スタジオにいたみんなは、この演奏は最高だと感じていた。しかしベースにいた、レコードの売上げに関心を示す男たちだけは違っていた。歌詞の内容からして、これを発売すれば何か問題を起こすだろうと彼らが思っていることは明らかだった（ところが、おかしなことに、この曲の作曲者であるロゼッタ・ハワード自身によるレコードが、6か月前に発売されていたのである）。ファッツの気持ちを考慮して、とりえず「バイパー」のワックス・マスターが作られたあと、これの代わりに別のマイナーなポップ・チューンを録音することになった。それを仕上げるのがまたひどく苦勞で、結局、彼はいつものようにボーカルのバックでピアノを弾くことすらしなかった。1週間後、私はファッツに電話してあの曲はどうなったか尋ねた。「バイパー」のマスターは破棄され、もう一方のポップ・チューンが代わりに使われることになったと、彼は悲しそうに語っていた。

ウォーラーは、音楽であれ私生活であれ、とにかく規制されることに怒りを感じていた。彼が送っている野放図な生活は、幼い頃に受けた厳しいしつけのせいだと、彼はかつて語ったことがある。「父は聖職者だった。ダンス・ホールで夜を過ごすことなどあるまじきことだと考えていた。だから私はひとり外に出歩けるような歳になるとすぐに、やってはいけないと言われていたことを全部やったんだ。なんとまあ、あの頃はトラブルばかりだったことか。「私は若い頃、ハーレムの映画館でサイレント映画の伴奏でオルガンを弾いていた。スクリーンで、誰か人が死んだとかいうような悲しいシーンがあっても、私は酒のボトルをかたわらに、「スクイーズ・ミー」や「ロイヤル・ガーデン・ブルース」といった陽気な曲をスイングしながら弾いていた。マネ

ージャーからは苦情を言われたけど、かまうものか。上映中には誰も文句は言えないんだからね」。

「バイパー」のセッションから4か月ほどたった頃、ファッツはロンドンに発った。当時はイギリスのミュージシャン・ユニオンの規定により、アメリカのミュージシャンはイギリスでは演奏できず（アメリカでも同じような規制がイギリスのミュージシャンに対して存在した）、私の好きなアメリカのミュージシャンがヨーロッパにやって来ても、イギリスは素通りしてしまうことばかりだった。唯一の例外はミュージック・ホールやバラエティ・ショーを演ずるアーティストだった。こんな状況のなかでのファッツの来英は、1938年にあった出来事のなかでも最高に興奮させられたことだった。

高名な作曲家で、ファッツとは20年前に彼としてはおそらく最初に作ったナンバーであろうと思われる「スクイーズ・ミー」でコンビを組んだスペンサー・ウィリアムスは、この当時イギリスに住んでいた。ロンドン市内の鉄道の駅でファッツと再会したあと、スペンサーは彼や私たちを郊外のサンベリー・オン・テムズにある自宅に招いた。食事のあとファッツはピアノに向い、最近の彼の自作曲を披露した。それは驚くべきことにワルツ・ナンバーだった。私はその頃メロディー・メイカー紙上で、他のジャズ評論家と3拍子のジャズ作品の可能性について論争していただけに、これはうれしい驚きだった。当時ジャズがワルツで演奏されることはまったくなかった。ファッツは4年後に、この曲に「ギター・バック・ワルツ」というタイトルをつけて、 Hammond・オルガンと歌をフィーチャーして吹込んだ。この曲はスタンダードとなり、ジャズとワルツは相容れないという定説は打ち破られたのである。

スペンサーの家にいる時、雨がしとしと降りはじめた。窓の外を見ながら、ファッツはこう言った。「外を見てごらん。インスピレーションがわいてきた。日曜の午後、田舎の別荘、外で降っている雨……」こう言いながら、彼はピアノを弾きはじめた。スペンサーがそれに加わり、2〜3分後には、この曲「ア・コテッジ・イン・ザ・レイ」のスケッチが出来上がった。しかし、その後この曲がレコーディングされたという話は聞いていない。ファッツについて問題だったのは、覚えていることもできないほど彼の曲作りが速いことだった。彼は曲を思いついても、書きとめておくことすらしない時があった。

ファッツはミュージック・ホールの芸人として、バンドを連れず単身でイギリスに来たので、レコーディングの計画は何もなかった。しかしエド・カークビーと私が話を進めて、適当なバンドを編成して HMV（イギリスのビクター系列会社）に吹込むことが決まった。メンバーの人数をまかされ



▲ デンマーク人ミュージシャンを相手にユーモラスな表情をみせるファッツ・ウォーラー（左）。

た私は、次のようなミュージシャンを集めた。西インド出身のトランベッター、デビッド・ウィルキンス（彼はスコットランドのグラスゴーからセッションに馳せ参じた）。スコットランド出身の優秀なトロンボーン奏者、ジョージ・クリンホーム（私はこの前年、オランダで行ったベニー・カーターのインターナショナル・オーケストラの吹込みで彼を使ったことがあった。彼はファッツとの共演を喜ぶあまり、ハネムーンを中断して、ジャージー島から駆けつけた）。ほかにアルフィ・カーンのクラリネット、イアン・シェパードのサクソフーン、それにアラン・ファークソンのギター、レン・ハリソン（ジョージと同じくベニー・カーターのバンドで演奏した）のベース、ハイミー・シュナイダーのドラムスという、当時のイギリスの基準としては最高のリズム・セクションが参加した。セッションは混乱状態のまま終始した。ファッツのピアノでポップ・ソングを4曲録ったあと、スタジオを

変えて、彼は大きなパイプ・オルガンを弾いて「浮気はやめた」と私の曲「ドント・トライ・ユア・ジャイブ・オン・ミー」（数か月前にロンドンを訪れた19歳の美しいピアニスト兼歌手、ユナ・メエ・カーライルがこの曲を吹込んでいる。彼女はファッツの弟子であり、実際に彼そっくりの弾き方をする）を吹込んだ。ファッツはそれからオルガン・ソロを6曲（すべてスピリチュアル・ナンバー）吹込み、アメリカの歌手アデレイド・ホール（現在もロンドンで健在である）の伴奏に2曲つき合った。ファッツは幸せだった。「あのオルガンを弾いているうちに、私はハーレムのリンカーン・シアターでよく弾いていたウーリッシャーのグランド・オルガンを思い出した。とても楽しかったし、セッションもスムーズにいったよ」。

間もなくファッツはニューヨークに戻った。それから2年後（私もその頃にはニューヨークに住んでいた）、われわれはファ

ツの家で再会した。そしてビクター・スタジオで行われた吹込みセッションで、またもや彼は「スクラム！」という私の曲をとりあげてくれた。この曲にはやや素人っぽい歌詞がついていたが、メロディーを気に入った彼は、器楽曲として吹込んだのだった。彼との交友のなかでも最も楽しかった思い出のひとつに、彼がニューヨークの私のアパートを訪れた夜がある。彼は小さなアップライト・ピアノを弾いてくれ、飲んだり、レコードを聴いたりして、明け方5時頃まで、妻もまじえて愉快に過ごしたのである。それが彼と親しく言葉を交した最後だった。1943年、映画「ストーミー・ウェザー」の撮影のため、彼はウエスト・コーストに行った。撮影を終えて、彼とカークビーはニューヨークに戻るため汽車に乗った。汽車がカンサス・シティに入る頃、ファッツは息をつまらせ、あえぎはじめた。医者が見つかった時には、彼は息をひきとってしまっていた。過度の暴飲暴食が原因とい

うことだが、おそらくアメリカに生きる黒人の天才としての生活が彼に課したフラストレーションのせいでもあったに違いない。

彼の最後の、そして最もいたましい思い出は、1943年12月の肌寒くどんより曇った日にさかのぼる。その日、ニューヨークのアダム・クレイトン・パウエル師が主宰するアビシニアン・バプティスト教会で、ファッツの葬式が行われた。パウエル師の妻、ヘイゼル・スコットのオルガン演奏による「アバイド・ウイズ・ミー」がもの悲しく響いていた。教会は混雑していた。それは私が経験したなかでも、最も念入りな、最も人のたくさん集まった葬式だった。自分ができること以上のものを人々に与えようとした男、自分のもつ底知れぬ音楽的才能に気づかなかった男、世界中どこにも敵がいなかった男との別れにしては、あまりに悲しすぎた。（訳・猪俣光一）

4/28/85

JAZZ VIDEO BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THE MEL TORME SPECIAL." Mel Torme. Sony 96W50030. Recorded live at a San Francisco benefit concert, this 53-minute package has all the advantages one looks for in a video: good sound and camera work, an avoidance of excessive crowd-reaction shots, and above all, an impeccable artist in optimal form.

Torme cruises smoothly through a dozen songs, among them his own superlative ballad "Born to be Blue" and Jimmy Van Heusen's "Here's That Rainy Day" (in a medley with "Soon It's Gonna Rain"). His personality comes across on several levels as he analyzes his approach to singing, plays piano, explains the art of *le jazz scat* (he remains, for this listener, the thinking man's scatter) and engages in dialogue with the surprise guests.

Unbilled on the cover are three bonuses: George Shearing, serving as accompanist on "Love," talking about Torme, and joining him again for a snippet of "All God's Children Got Rhythm"; the Mel Lewis Orchestra, backing Torme on the rest of the show; and Jon Hendricks, whose vocal quartet introduces him at the top, and who takes on Torme in an aptly titled song, the old Basie hit "Down for Double."

Like all the items reviewed here, this is available on VHS or Beta. In terms of conception and execution, it is one of the most successful jazz videos released thus far. 5 stars.

□

"JAZZ AT THE SMITHSONIAN." Art Blakey. Sony 96W00047. Starting with a few apt comments about the origins of jazz (by the "Voice of America" commentator Willis Conover, who later interviews Blakey), this was taped, fortunately, when the brothers Wynton and Branford Marsalis were among Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

The 58 minutes go by fast as the group, with Bill Pierce on tenor sax, Donald Brown at the piano, and Charles Fambrough on bass, stretches out on Bud Powell's "Webb City," two other jazz instrumentals, and Kurt Weill's "My Ship," which is used as a vehicle for Wynton Marsalis. On the up-tempo, Blakey drives the sextet with a dynamism no sexagenarian drummer has a right to display. 4 stars.

□

"JAZZ AT THE SMITHSONIAN." Alberta Hunter. Sony 96W50046. Two years before her death last October at 89, Hunter was captured by the cameras for this unique document. Looking chic and dignified but sounding variously raunchy, funky and poignant, she alternates between blues and

rhythm tunes, treads in 1920s "risque" waters with Andy Razaf's "My Handy Man," and reminds us of her own stature as a composer. It is to her that we owe such classic blues imagery as "Got the world in a jug, got the stopper in my hand. . . ."

Hunter's self-assurance and audience rapport carry her through a few arid interludes such as the low notes on "Without a Song." Along with the Smithsonian recital, there is an interview conducted at the Cookery in New York, where she sang for most of her final five years. Though the concert would have been even more rewarding with, say, a seven-piece band (58 minutes backed only by Gerald Cook's piano and Jimmy Lewis' bass becomes a bit monotonous), this is an essential part of vocal jazz history. 4½ stars.

□

"ROB McCONNELL & THE BOSS BRASS." Sony 96W50004. Recorded digitally, with results that even a small TV speaker cannot spoil, the nonpareil Canadian

band manages to reveal most of its virtues in only three tunes and 25 minutes. The setting is Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach.

Among the ensemble marvels are an airborne horns-sans-rhythm passage on McConnell's "The Waltz I Blew for You" and the soli voicing for reeds in his arrangement of "Street of Dreams." McConnell pays tribute to Basie in "My Man Bill." Eugene Amaro on flute, Jimmy Dale on electric keyboard, and the warm fluegelhorn of Guido Basso sustain the orchestra on its unshakable plateau of excellence. 4½ stars.

□

"PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL," Vols. I & II. RCA/Columbia Pictures 91141, 60383. These long sessions (86 and 91 minutes) offer a lively cross section of the 1982 festivities at the Hollywood Bowl. The ambiance is well captured in frequent audience shots (among them Hugh Hefner's reaction to emcee Bill Cosby as guest drummer with Willie Bobo).

Vol. I has luminous moments by the Red Norvo-Tal Farlow trio, the Freddie Hubbard-McCoy Tynes quartet et al., but like most of the artists, they are seen in only one number apiece; on the other hand, Nancy Wilson gets to do three. The Lionel Hampton segment has the leader dancing and scatting, while

Zoot Sims is seen but not heard and Teddy Wilson has only a few seconds. 3 stars.

Less pop-oriented is Vol. II, taking in everything from the Weather Report-Manhattan Transfer collaboration on "Birdland" to Sarah Vaughan's spine-chilling "Send in the Clowns," and straddling the decades with Wild Bill Davison's Dixieland and Ornette Coleman's funk. Maynard Ferguson's tightly organized band, heard in Vol. I, appears again. Free Flight (captured before pianist Milcho Leviev left the group) soars on "Blue Rondo a la Turk," composed by Dave Brubeck, who appears with his own quintet in "Take Five" and "Symphony." 4 stars.

□

"STUDIOLIVE." Freddie Hubbard. Sony 96W50032. Offering a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the trumpeter recording his "Ride Like the Wind" LP, with arranger Allyn Ferguson conducting, this is somewhat overproduced. Chuck Niles' narration is articulate and informative, but the false starts and other "intimate" touches become distractions and time-wasters after the first viewing. Hubbard plays his own "Brigitte," Kenny Loggins' "This Is It," and Zawinul's ubiquitous "Birdland." The two large

groups (one with horns, the other with strings) tend to hem him in, but for the most part he rises above the settings. 3 stars.

□

"THE BILL WATROUS REFUGE WEST BAND." Sony 96W50006. There is no more inspired and fluent trombonist in jazz than Watrous, who here leads his crew in a session at Concerts by the Sea. The arrangements of "Space Available," "Slauson Cutoff" and "Birdland" are ingenious; Sam Nestico's ballad "Samantha" is eloquently stated. Though the band is a bit stiff at times, especially in the rhythm department, enough happens during the 24 minutes to sustain the interest. 3½ stars.

□

"THE JAZZ LIFE." Chico Hamilton. Sony 96W50052. Once the leader of a unique chamber jazz quintet, Hamilton here aims at the contemporary market with a no-horn unit—just two guitars and bass, along with Kathleen Aadaar, whose vocals are wordless and, because of inept miking, almost soundless. Often high on energy and intensity, but less frequently on melody and creativity, the session (live at the Village Vanguard) wears thin long before the 53 minutes are over. 2½ stars.

Part VI/Monday, May 6, 1985

JAZZ AND MUSIC REVIEWS

WOODY HERMAN AND CO.
ALL TOGETHER AGAIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

That Woody Herman was able, after a five-month hiatus spent leading a small group, to reassemble his 15-man orchestra with almost no changes in personnel says something about the respect with which he is regarded by his musicians.

Playing a one-night stand Friday at Hop Singh's, the band typically divided its time between lightweight and heavyweight material. On the frothier side were "Sonny Boy," still a vocal vehicle or the leader, and such familiar but always valid blues items as "Things Ain't What They Used to Be" and "Greasy Sack," the latter with Ron Stout growling agreeably through his trumpet and Lynn Seaton doing his Slam Stewart vocal-and-bowed-bass unison.

In the middleweight division was some sensitive writing by John Fedchock, with flute and sonorous brass, the sax team with Herman on soprano, in something called "Pools." Such chestnuts as "Four Brothers," after almost 40 years of use, played with such dynamic brio that you didn't notice the coffee stains on the manuscript.

Except for senior citizen Frank Tiberi, who joined up almost 16 years ago, this is an ensemble of youths, some of whom came to the ranks fresh out of college. Skilled and enthusiastic, they dealt intelli-

gently with what had been perennially the most demanding works in the book, Gabriel Faure's "Pavane" and Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," both arranged by Gary Anderson. The former makes provocative use of such horns as piccolo-trumpet, bass-clarinet and Tiberi's bassoon. The Copland, a bravura mix of jazz and classical elements, with Dave Richenberg on flute, was a dramatic closer for the first show.

As for the maestro, if he navigates a little less nimbly, he has surely earned the right to lie back a little and let others take the lead.



Woody Herman

033

Divided Soul

THE LIFE OF MARVIN GAYE by David Ritz (McGraw-Hill: \$16.95; 416 pp.)

By 1978, David Ritz shared a byline with Ray Charles on "Brother Ray," a painstakingly researched and starkly emotional document. In the light of that accomplishment, "Divided Soul" constitutes a severe anticlimax.

The story of Marvin Gaye has several elements in common with that of Ritz's previous subject: the

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

years squandered on drugs, the failed marriages and generally chaotic personal life. The central contrasts are that Gaye never climbed out of the abyss, and that he is no longer among us to help Ritz complete the story.

It also may be relevant that while Charles was beyond any doubt a genius, Gaye's talent, though widely admired, was at least open to question, though Ritz makes a flawed attempt to present him as an artist on the same creative level as Charles.

The picture he paints, nevertheless, is as sensationalistic as it is adulatory. Gaye is depicted as the megalomaniacal, self-centered, paranoid, masochistic, dope-addicted male chauvinist product of a generally brutal and violent family. His father, who shot and killed him in 1984 after an almost lifelong

series of confrontations, emerges as a shiftless, child-abusing, effeminate, alcoholic, unemployed ex-minister and a religious hypocrite.

Ritz makes little attempt to indulge in any successful analysis of the forces that drove these two. He offers a similarly ugly image of Berry Gordy and the Motown organization, which, he implies, was as democratic as the Gestapo. Although Gordy, in Ritz's view, was a ruthless manipulator, he did save Gaye at one point from suicide.

In a biography that deals with a black performer whose life was marked by so much that was bizarre and violent, a considerable degree of sensitivity is called for on the part of any author, black or white. That Ritz fails here after succeeding with Ray Charles may be related to a falling out when he and Gaye worked together on a song ("We fought over credit and money"), after which he was never again able to secure the singer's collaboration. Even when Gaye was cooperative, his reliability is open to doubt, since Ritz concedes that Gaye was high on pot during almost all their meetings. Ritz also was hampered by Berry Gordy's repeated refusals to be interviewed.

The details of Gaye's various rivalries and jealousies, the millions



Marvin Gaye

of dollars spent on cocaine, the bankruptcy, the attempt to kill his second wife and the final descent to the border of insanity make for unrelievedly dismal reading. Ritz seems to have been so much in awe of his subject that the most trivial details of Gaye's fights with his managers take on, for him, a significance they never had. Gaye is even quoted as saying "I don't compare myself to Beethoven" and then proceeding to compare himself to Beethoven.

In general stylistic level, the book falls somewhere between

People (which not surprisingly has acquired first serial rights) and the National Enquirer. There is evidence of hasty writing: In 1980, Gaye's wife stayed with him in Hawaii, then "returned to America." One chapter begins with this complete paragraph: "The wheels of fate were turning." Possibly in an attempt to give his work an air of pseudo-literacy, Ritz quotes Dante quoting Homer. This may not prepare the reader for the moment in Gaye's career when, as part of his on-stage act, "he started dropping his pants," or where "depression fell over him like a

worm-eaten blanket."

"Divided Soul" can be recommended only to those who find merit in this passage dealing with Gaye's murder.

"Flaming red heat spread over Marvin's chest; the bullet ripped through Marvin's heart, his body slumping from the bed to the floor."

Depression at this point fell over me, and my blanket is not even worm-eaten.

Feather writes on music and other topics for *The Times*.

Los Angeles Times 4/30

JAZZ REVIEW

SOUNDS OF SAXOPHONE SWEEP THE SOUTHLAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Saxophone fever raged through the Southland during the weekend. Among the visitors were two celebrated Count Basie alumni, Frank Wess and Frank Foster, at Marla's Memory Lane and Stan Getz at the Playboy Club.

Getz, heard Friday, led a quartet with Victor Feldman on piano, Feldman's son, Trevor, on drums

relate to unfamiliar material, the experiment came off generally well. Several of the tunes had a Latin flavor, recalling the golden era of Getz's romance with the bossa nova. The only non-Feldman piece was Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count," his final composition, written in the hospital. It required no knowledge of the circumstances to appreciate the sublime beauty of this work, to which the Getz timbre is ideally suited.

The Wess-Foster quintet, which drew a disappointing house Saturday, was most notable for the confident, intelligently structured solos of Wess on tenor saxophone and flute. This group too brought in some original music, such as Foster's strutting blues, "The Heat of Winter."

Each man played one solo number accompanied by the rhythm section (Phil Wright, piano; Pat Senatore, bass, and Carl Burnett, drums). The Wess specialty was a riveting flute treatment of "The Way You Look Tonight." Foster's outing on "Body and Soul," although aggressive and well controlled, was cheapened by too many quotations from other songs.

The two Franks wound up with a blue-streak treatment of a Duke Ellington line, "Battle Royal." Wess sounded positively possessed, drawing applause with his string of choruses. Foster, sensing a "Jazz at the Philharmonic" challenge in the air, met it reasonably well.

It is regrettable that these two reputable artists flew into town for just two nights, returning to New York while almost nobody knew they'd been here.



Stan Getz

and Bob Harrison on electric bass. Instead of merely picking up a local rhythm section and ad-libbing on the same old standard tunes, Getz commissioned Feldman to supply several compositions.

Because the limpid sound of Getz's tenor and his laid-back rhythmic pulse have a built-in charm that enables an audience to

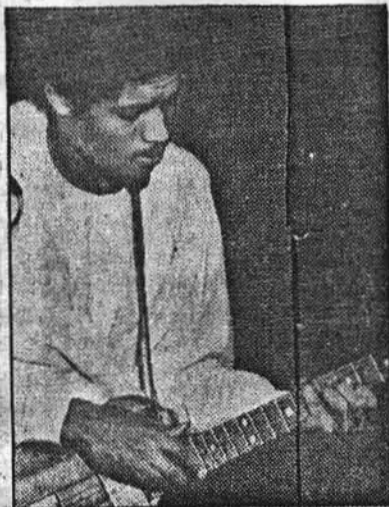
Los Angeles Times

4/29/85

JAZZ REVIEW

JORDAN HAMMERS HOME HIS TALENT

By LEONARD FEATHER



MASSA ROTH

Stanley Jordan

Something must have been deceiving us Friday evening at the Palace Court. Possibly our ears, perhaps our eyes, or maybe simply Stanley Jordan's fingers.

Making his Los Angeles debut, the 25-year-old guitarist, a Princeton graduate, confirmed what was so hard to believe when Jordan stole the show a few weeks ago at the Blue Note Records concert in New York's Town Hall.

The claim that Jordan has redefined the art of modern guitar is no

exaggeration. Press-agent hype is not needed to convince any listener that here is the most exciting new instrumental virtuoso to grace the jazz world since Wynton Marsalis first showed up as a teen-age wonder with the Art Blakey band.

In a sense, Jordan's accomplishment is even more remarkable, since Marsalis, for all his brilliance, built his work on the traditional technical values. Jordan, on the other hand, has revolutionized the manner in which his instrument is played.

What is it about this youngster

that has left every guitarist from George Benson to Bucky Pizzarelli slack-jawed in disbelief? Essentially, it is the ability to hammer the strings against the fretboard with his fingers, without plucking or strumming, thereby producing a note or chord with one hand, or the other, or both. By tapping both hands on the fingerboard simultaneously he can perform independent or interrelated parts.

In short, we have here the world's first one-man team of guitar players.

Please see JORDAN, Page 6

4/28/85

MILLS: A LIFE OF BEING IN THE SWING

By LEONARD FEATHER

Duke Ellington's Manager Dead at 91," the headlines read Monday.

Well, yes, that first and foremost, but there was a great deal more to the Irving Mills story. Among other things, he was the P. Hutton of the music world; when the songs he published were heard, everybody listened, whether it was "Mood Indigo" or "When You're Smiling" or "Solitude" or "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" or "It Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got That Swing."

He was also the Florenz Ziegfeld of Harlem, the man who converted the Cotton Club from a little-known uptown rendezvous to a world-renowned showcase for black talent.

On the day those headlines appeared, Gregory and Maurice Hines

and Lonette McKee were seen on KCET in "Backstage at the Cotton Club." What they had to say about black show business offered a far more comprehensive picture than that portrayed in the recent (but already nearly forgotten) movie in which they had leading roles.

The timing was oddly coincidental, for less than 48 hours before the airing, Irving Mills, once president of Cotton Club Productions, had died in a Palm Springs hospital.

Like most of the significant facts and principal figures of that era, Irving Mills was ignored in "Cotton Club." "When they started work on the picture," he told me in a television interview a couple of months ago, "Some people involved with it came to see me. I told them about my connection with the club, and of course I thought the

great productions we put on there, the revues and the music, would be the highlights. But they made a gangster movie, and the millions of people who never went to the club but saw the movie don't know the difference."

Irving Mills' career spanned 72 years. He was best known as the man who brought Duke Ellington and Cab Calloway to fame—at the Cotton Club. Impressed by the Ziegfeld shows, he convinced the Cotton Club owners that the same elaborate concept—gorgeous show girls, talented singers and dancers, a fine orchestra—could be improved on, using black artists.

"I got Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields to write the score for the first show, and brought in Duke's band to play it. We had 24 hours during the history of the Cotton



Los Angeles Times

Irving Mills in 1979.

Club, starting in 1927."

By 1927 Mills had been in show business 14 years, the first six as a song-plugger, singing in dance halls and theaters. In 1919 he started Mills Music, which would

become a multimillion-dollar publishing empire. But simultaneously he was producing what were then called "race" records, with Alberta Hunter and other blues singers.

He had a recording career of his own, producing sessions under a variety of names, such as Irving Mills and his Hotsy Totsy Gang. Members of that gang at one time or another were Hoagy Carmichael, who was on the date that produced his "Star Dust" in 1929; Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Joe Venuti, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Gene Krupa, Bix Beiderbecke—all sidemen at \$25 a session. Mills sang on some of the records and even on several of the early Ellingtons.

By the mid-1930s, Mills was riding high, managing the Duke, Calloway, an all-girl jazz orchestra led by Ina Ray Hutton, and building the Cotton Club's reputation to the point where, as he put it, "Playing there was for blacks what playing the Palace or the Ziegfeld was for whites."

In several respects, the rise of Irving Mills was a very American success story; this was underlined immediately after Pearl Harbor. "I had five sons who all joined the service in one day: two in the Army, two in the Marines, one in the Navy. I was appointed a captain in the California State Militia, and my wife, Bess, went to work for the USO."

Along with the move from New York to Los Angeles came Mills' first major involvement with motion pictures. In 1943, he helped to produce "Stormy Weather." The title song had been a hit for Ethel Waters at the Cotton Club; it now became an equally big hit for another Cotton Club alumna, Lena Horne, who starred along with Bojangles Robinson, Fats Waller and Cab Calloway. It was the first major feature film with an all-black cast and a jazz orientation.

Over the years, Mills' talent-managing activities receded, and by 1965 he had sold Mills Music; but retirement was not for him. He soon acquired another company and remained active, a reminder of a long-gone era.

In 1976, he lost his wife after 65 years of marriage. Over the past few years, his hearing began to fail him. Last week, as his health deteriorated and he had to be hospitalized, he drew his daughter Florence close to his bedside and said: "I've had a wonderful life. You've been a marvelous daughter; I love all my sons, I loved my wife. I don't feel my life can have the quality it has had, and I don't want it prolonged anymore."

That is what is called going out in style. □

Los Angeles Times

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JAZZ REVIEW

MASSE DISPLAYS FLAIR FOR VOCALESE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Laurel Masse, who opened a two-night stand Tuesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill and will appear tonight at the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach, is a "formerly with" person. That is to say, although six years have gone by since she left Manhattan Transfer, the association still dogs her footsteps.

With an uneven but often impressive solo album now in circulation, she should be able to establish a reputation without the image of the quartet looming over her. As she made clear at Vine St., Masse has plenty going for her. A tall

redhead with an amiable manner and an exceptional range, she breezed through 70 minutes of diversified material, mostly associated with the jazz world.

Except for one brief interlude of scat singing, Masse did not indulge in vocalise (wordless singing). On the contrary, she specialized in vocalese (sic), which is a bird of a very different plume, since it consists of words set to what were originally improvised solos on old jazz records.

Of her four ventures in this demanding idiom, two stood out: the jaw-breaking "Jackie," an old Annie Ross song to which she

applied flawless diction at a Kentucky Derby tempo, and "I Feel So Good," which used Eddie Jefferson's lyrics to a James Moody solo on "Body and Soul."

Masse was no less at ease in her ballad groove, applying a soulful touch to "Dindi" and "Easy Living." Two rather trivial pieces, "The Telephone Song" and "The Three Bears," were strictly entertainment-oriented, not designed for the serious attention of an adult audience.

Competent backing was furnished by a quartet with Dean Rolando on keyboards, Tom Mitter on saxes and a remarkable bassist, Dennis Carroll.

Los Angeles Times

JORDAN: GUITAR TALENT

Continued from Page 3

Of course, anyone who develops a virtually new approach of this kind (it has been tried before by a few musicians, but on a very limited basis) opens himself up to accusations of technical gimmickry. But the answer is in the listening. The Jordan phenomenon is essentially musical; he uses his almost pianistic touch-tone style as a means to an artistically devastating end. At times his left-hand chording has a quality less evocative of another guitarist than of Oscar Peterson.

During an opening show at the Palace that drew wild applause and a standing ovation, he covered enough territory to satisfy the most skeptical listener. His version of "Georgia" was a particularly soulful example of his facility for bringing out the full melodic and harmonic nuances of a song, while adding embellishments that reinforced its meaning.

Several compositions from his Blue Note album were included,

among them his original works "Return Expedition," which at times suggested a minor-mode rewrite of "Begin Them Again," and the fast blues "Fundance." The latter found his hands meeting, crossing, then dancing away from each other in an astonishing series of variations on the jazz world's oldest and most durable chord sequence.

"Moon River" was another illustration of his uncanny way with a simple melody. The changes were often unexpected, yet never without a special sense of logic.

Two other points worth mentioning: Whatever Jordan plays, he never fails to swing in the age-old jazz tradition. As if all the other virtues were not enough, he is a tall, personable figure with a winning smile and an articulate manner.

There are great times ahead for Stanley Jordan, and for audiences who will soon be calling for his presence wherever music is made. His arrival reinforces our belief in the bright new tomorrow of jazz.

035

FORECASTERS REPORT NO MORE WEATHER TILL 1986

By LEONARD FEATHER

The weather report, at least for the present, is that there is no Weather Report.

No panic, please. The world's foremost electric jazz group, the perennial award-winning quintet formed in 1971 by Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter, is not breaking up permanently. It is simply taking a long sabbatical while its leaders go their separate ways to work on individual projects.

When Zawinul and Shorter convened the other day to discuss the situation, the Viennese keyboardist-composer commented: "Hey, Wayne! This is only the second time we've met since New Year's, isn't it?"

Shorter, the saxophonist who enjoys a reputation as the composer of several works that are becoming modern jazz standards, explained: "We've been working on albums of our own. I haven't done one since 1975. Joe's last project under his own name was in 1970."

"The group will reorganize later," Zawinul said, "but it's important for the public to get a break from it for a while, and important for us to make our separate statements. Now is the time; if we don't do it now we may never do it! We're feeling young but getting up there, you know." (Zawinul will be 53 in July; the following month Shorter will turn 52.)

News of the temporary split comes at a time when Weather Report has a just-released album in the stores, "Sportin' Life" (Columbia FC 39908). Contrary to what has long been an annual custom,

they will not go out on a concert tour to promote it.

Shorter and Zawinul are planning several projects for the next year. Shorter's own album is well on the way to completion; Zawinul's will take a little longer.

"I went into the studio without any definite personnel," Shorter said. "I had a whole lot of pieces of my music scattered around and had to figure out which of them were valuable."

"I put a good rhythm section together. I decided to use Alejandro Acuna on drums, and on bass I chose Larry Klein, who's been playing with Joni Mitchell—he started out as a teen-ager in Freddie Hubbard's group."

"For the piano work, I wasn't planning to zero in on too much straight-ahead jazz; there was a lot of reading to do, and I picked Yaron Gershovsky. For several years he's been musical director for Manhattan Transfer. Jim Walker (flute) is also on the album to add color to certain melodies."

"As we began tracking together, I figured out a way to make this record sound a long, long way from the things I did in the old days of my Blue Note albums. I also worked with some voices: one is the wife of Alejandro Acuna; another is Dee Dee Bellson, the daughter of Louis Bellson and Pearl Bailey." (Bellson is one of the singers on the current Weather Report LP.)

Zawinul's new undertaking, like Shorter's, is for Columbia. Unlike Shorter's, it will present no person-

nel selection problem, since he plans to make it a one-man performance. "I have maybe 2,000 pieces of music, tapes that I've accumulated over the years; now, with Weather Report on the back burner, I can put them into some sort of organized form." Since Zawinul has been working with at least four keyboards and has three drum machines, he will sound considerably less than alone.

Recordings aside, the Weather Reporters-at-large have other plans on their agenda. "This summer," Zawinul said, "I'll do about 30 concerts on a solo tour, in Europe; then I'll come home and relax a bit before doing an LP with Wayne—not Weather Report, just the two of us. After that, I'll be back in Europe for another short tour on my own."

"Wayne and I are planning this album for the Columbia Masterworks label. The two of us are also going to Tokyo in January to take part in a classical festival. After that, early in 1986, we'll do another Weather Report album."

"I have an unusual project for the summer," Shorter said. "I've been offered a part—a minimal acting role, mostly playing—in a movie that's being shot in Paris in July. It's tentatively titled 'Round Midnight' with a screenplay by David Rayfiel and Bertrand Tavernier. It's a story centered around Lester Young and Bud Powell. Dexter Gordon will be in it, and Ron Carter and Tony Williams. I believe the central point of the film is some kind of battle of the bands. I come out of jail and challenge the local expatriates. Herbie Hancock is composing and arranging the movie and has an acting part in it."

"Hey, Wayne," Zawinul said, "I'm going to be in Paris too in July. You'd better drop by and check out my act!"

One point on which the co-leaders are in full agreement is the need to cut down on the constant grind of travel. Since he arrived in this country, Zawinul has seen a thousand American towns and cities, on the road first with Maynard Ferguson, then with Dinah Washington, followed by almost a decade with Cannonball Adderley before Weather Report was formed. During the same period Shorter also worked briefly with Ferguson and then put in four years of interna-

tional concert and club dates with Art Blakey, followed by the six with Davis.

They have grown families now. Shorter, who lives in Studio City, has two daughters, 23 and 13. Zawinul, long a resident of Pasadena, has a silver wedding anniversary not far away. "Anthony is 24—he's got a nice band—and Eric is now 19; Ivan is 17. I want to spend more time at home."

While the two co-leaders undertake their various ventures, Weather Report's sidemen are far from idle. "Weather Report still

exists," Zawinul said, "but the men all know that we don't have any plans to get together this year. Mine Cineju, our percussionist, has been working with Miles. Victor Bailey, the bassist, recently joined Steps Ahead. Our drummer, Omar Hakim, is working with Sting—he was just in Barbados making a record with him; he's also made two records with David Bowie and is doing some gigs with him."

"That's fine—but when we're all ready to go again, we'll be able to get back together, because Weather Report is our first love." □

S/S/85

4 Part V/Saturday, May 18, 1985

JAZZ REVIEW

CROWD NOISE A PROBLEM FOR EX-BASIE VOCALIST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Poor Dennis Rowland. For more than seven years he roamed the world as vocalist with the Count Basie Orchestra. Wherever he went, from concert to dance hall to festival, people seemed to be listening to him.

At Nucleus Nuance, where he is co-billed every Thursday this month with a quartet led by a fellow Basie alumnus, drummer Gregg Field, it's a whole different story. The entertainment room here rivals the Money Tree in Toluca Lake as the noisiest spot in town.

Such was the babble on Thursday that it was all but impossible even to hear Field announcing Rowland. The singer gamely went into his act, opening with Horace Silver's "Song for My Father." His agreeable sound and intelligent

phrasing came across as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

The upbeat "On the Street Where You Live," with a scat interlude, was aided by a strong rhythm section consisting of Field, pianist Joey Singer and bassist Carl Morin. The non-listeners applauded after each number as if they had been paying attention. During Rowland's ballad medley several couples decided to take to the dance floor, thus rendering him invisible as well as inaudible to anyone seated in the rear.

In his concluding "All of Me" Rowland finally seemed to be getting across well enough to command a measure of attention. The accompanying quartet, with Terry Harrington on tenor saxophone, was luckier in its set of instrumental numbers preceding his appearance.

Harrington was a surprise—a splendid, hard-driving tenor soloist with imagination and a consistent beat. Field's drumming is as well geared to this small group setting as it was to the Basie ensemble.

It is a safe bet that when they play Wednesday at the Flamingo Music Center, a music-oriented room, Rowland and Field won't have to contend with similar conditions. However, those who prefer the Hollywood scene to Sherman Oaks can catch them at the Nuance Thursday, and again May 30. Who knows? By then they may have this room under control.

LA MIA ORCHESTRA

Leonard Feather ha immaginato di poter riunire le grandi «stars» di tutti i tempi e di formare con esse una big band di sogno... Ma non basta (sognare non costa nulla, vero?): ha provato anche a ipotizzare e organizzare il contenuto del più bel disco della storia del jazz. Sottoponiamo questo singolare esempio di «fantajazz» ai nostri lettori e li invitiamo a confrontare le scelte dell'autorevole critico anglo-americano con quelle che avrebbero voluto fare essi stessi.



IDEALE È QUESTA

Dall'alto della sua possibilità di vagliare criticamente decenni di diretta pratica musicale e di attento ascolto, Leonard Feather ha già provocato su queste pagine un animato dibattito, allorché nel numero di agosto-settembre 1982 propose le migliori dieci canzoni di ogni tempo (e vedi anche la risposta di lettori ed esperti nel nostro fascicolo del gennaio di quest'anno). Ora il famoso critico anglo-americano, già pianista con Armstrong, già compositore eseguito da Ellington e Basie, già produttore di dischi e concerti che fecero storia, già autore di libri fondamentali, è andato più a fondo nel cuore del jazz e ha portato a compimento un'altra delle sue avventure del pensiero: questo lungo articolo ha permesso a Feather di tirare le somme di tutta la sua conoscenza e a noi di fare una delle più intelligen-

ti e stimolanti letture di questi ultimi anni. Scremando il meglio di ogni artista e di ogni epoca del jazz, Leonard Feather ha formato infatti l'ideale big band dei suoi sogni e ha addirittura ideato il disco che ne potrebbe sortire, immaginaria ma non astratta creazione intellettuale.

Pubblichiamo i due articoli riuniti (nella traduzione di Gian Mario Malto) e il lettore avveduto vi potrà trovare, oltre che un sensazionale esempio di «fantajazz», anche una lucida sintesi storica e critica, quasi un piccolo trattato *in nuce*. Discutibili le scelte? Ancora una volta il dibattito è aperto. E ancora una volta invitiamo lettori, critici, musicisti e addetti ai lavori a una verifica personale: se doveste scegliere voi l'orchestra del secolo, chi vorreste? Coraggio, mandateci i vostri pareri. Li pubblicheremo.

di Leonard Feather

Facciamo finta che il tempo si sia fermato. E che tutta l'energia vitale del jazz sia a mia disposizione, insieme ad ogni musicista che abbia avuto un posto nell'evoluzione della più valida arte indigena americana. E facciamo anche finta che io sia in grado di prendere qualsiasi fra questi artisti, ciascuno al massimo della sua potenza, per metterli tutti insieme in un unico complesso e registrare un album, un disco di sogno con la mia orchestra «all star» di ogni tempo.

Chi sceglie tra i giganti? Rispondere a questa domanda è stata una fonte di grande diletto, perché mi ha dato modo di concentrare l'attenzione su un gruppo di artisti per lo più non abbastanza familiari al pubblico. Ma è stata anche un'esperienza fru-

LA MIA ORCHESTRA IDEALE È QUESTA

strante per la necessità di escludere molti musicisti e cantanti che per molto tempo sono stati miei idoli.

Nel mettere insieme quest'unità immaginaria di supremi talenti, mi sono dovuto ovviamente limitare ai sessant'anni che sono convincentemente documentati da dischi. L'età non è stata considerata un handicap più di quanto l'attualità fosse un vantaggio. Nel compilare un elenco dei grandi pittori, omettereste forse Leonardo, Rembrandt e Renoir allo scopo di cominciare la lista con Picasso o Utrillo? Sarebbe impensabile. Per lo stesso motivo la storia della musica classica deve riandare a Bach e ancora più indietro: nessuno pensa che tutto il meglio incominci con Case o Stockhausen.

Al tirar delle somme, la mia orchestra consiste di 11 artisti viventi e di 15 oggi defunti. In generale, le testimonianze incise del loro contributo sarebbero state sufficienti, ma in ogni caso, con la sola eccezione di Bix Beiderbecke, morto nel 1931, io sono stato abbastanza fortunato da sentire gli altri in persona in un momento o nell'altro della vita. Di più, il mio apprezzamento delle loro doti è stato rinforzato per la maggior parte da esperienze empiriche; prima o poi, tutti tranne cinque dei 26, hanno partecipato a sedute d'incisione che io stesso ho prodotto, per lo più negli anni Quaranta o Cinquanta (le eccezioni sono rappresentate da Bix Beiderbecke, Count Basie, Joe Venuti, Benny Goodman, Bill Watrous).

Persuasato che il talento, anche fra i grandi, è qualcosa che ha l'andamento delle maree, ho scelto, non soltanto i musicisti, ma anche il periodo in cui essi hanno raggiunto il proprio zenith

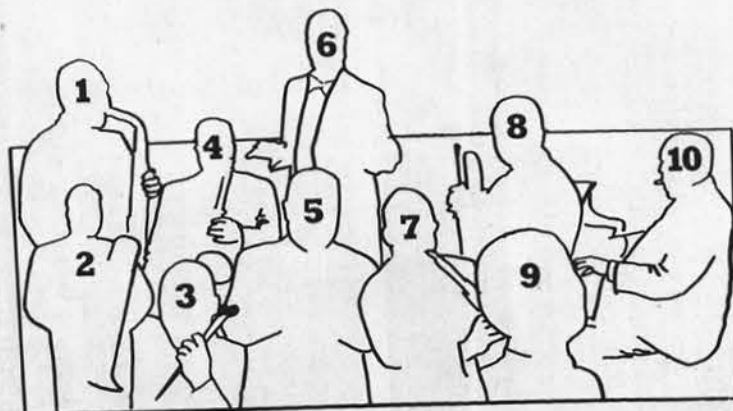
creativo. Naturalmente, ho dovuto prendere in considerazione qualità che essi tutti hanno in comune: vitalità, individualità di suono e stile, impatto emotivo e, più importante ancora, creatività spontanea, stimolante ed eccitante nei tempi veloci, lirica e seducente ma comunque egualmente imprevedibile nelle *ballads* e nei blues.

È questo il più vitale elemento singolo del jazz, tale da poter essere trovato anche nei più brillanti tra i musicisti classici, che, non importa quanto perfette siano le loro esecuzioni, stanno sempre interpretando qualcosa che è stato scritto nota per nota. Questo, in effetti, è stato per me il primario richiamo dell'arte quando per la prima volta ho ascoltato il *West End Blues* di Louis Armstrong, più di mezzo secolo fa, in un negozio di dischi di Londra.

La mia orchestra è di dimensioni normali secondo gli standards odierni di una big band: ci sono 21 elementi di base (la Rob McConnell's Boss Brass ne ha 22; Gerald Wilson e altri ne hanno spesso una ventina). I cinque elencati come solisti ospiti sono stati aggiunti o perché suonano uno strumento che non è essenziale componente di un'orchestra jazz, oppure perché non sono mai stati musicisti di gruppo (Beiderbecke era un mediocre lettore di musica ma un improvvisatore costantemente originale).

Come se la scelta dell'orchestra non fosse abbastanza difficile, ho deciso di scegliere le musiche e di sistemare compositori, arrangiatori e solisti per questo mitico disco fatto da questo mitico gruppo. Ma di questo parleremo nella seconda parte dell'articolo.

Tanto per incominciare con il leader, è inconcepibile che simile *ensemble* possa avere qualsiasi altro direttore se non Duke Ellington. Per tutta la carriera, egli ha mostrato un'impareggiabile abilità nel tirar fuori il meglio da chiunque abbia lavorato con lui. Non sto parlando solo dei risultati da lui ottenuti



Nelle due pagine precedenti: alcuni dei componenti l'orchestra ideale immaginata da Leonard Feather. 1. Charlie Parker; 2. Jack Teagarden; 3. Lionel Hampton; 4. Lester Young; 5. Louis Armstrong; 6. Duke Ellington; 7. Benny Goodman; 8. Miles Davis; 9. Billie Holiday; 10. Art Tatum.



Dizzy Gillespie

come compositore-arrangiatore (non occorre dire che la sua capacità di intrecciare affascinanti tessiture timbriche è stata raggiunta da pochi, e forse nessuno, di quelli venuti dopo di lui), ma piuttosto della sua maestosa presenza. Ellington sapeva imporre disciplina al più ribelle e scombinato assortimento di personalità, e il suo magistrale controllo sarebbe particolarmente utile nella formazione multigenerazionale della nostra *dream band*. Come si è sovente detto di lui, lo strumento che egli suonava meglio era l'orchestra.

La mia sezione di trombe incomincia con Louis Armstrong, così come il jazz stesso fece il suo primo grande passo sotto la sua guida. Giovani artisti come Wynton Marsalis citano Satchmo come la sorgente. Egli aveva un'insuperata purezza di suono, una fondamentale semplicità, e la capacità di creare un senso di spontaneità e di swing anche quando restava vicino alla melodia. Quando poi non c'era melodia, come nella tradizionale forma del blues, egli ne creava una tutta sua; era il Thomas Edison dell'improvvisazione, che accese la luce per tutti quelli che seguirono, e fortunatamente abbiamo un'altra invenzione di Edison, il fonografo, per conservarne una prova permanente.

Roy Eldridge è stato spesso chiamato l'anello di congiunzione tra Armstrong e Dizzy Gillespie, ma è stato molto di più. A ciò che Armstrong aveva dato, egli aggiunse molti elementi nuovi: frasi più lunghe, crepanti, ardenti, improvvisi movimenti all'insù e all'ingiù, gutturali suoni ringhianti e spesso un senso di intensità che sorpassava perfino quello di Armstrong. Benché la sua creatività fosse rimasta intatta fino a che un infarto pose fine alle sue esibizioni qualche anno fa, fu in-

torno al 1942, quando faceva parte dell'orchestra di Gene Krupa, che egli toccò il suo vertice.

Dizzy Gillespie, le cui prime prove su disco mostravano una sorprendente somiglianza con lo stile di Eldridge, trovò presto la sua strada e divenne un innovatore che, determinando la rivoluzione bebop, cambiò radicalmente il linguaggio del jazz. Fu come se avesse appreso nuove e più complesse regole di sintassi, e un vocabolario apparentemente illimitato, laddove i suoi predecessori parlavano *basic English*. Lui e Charlie Parker incisero una serie di dischi fondamentali nel 1945, ma la formidabile tecnica e la creatività di Gillespie continuarono a svilupparsi fino ai primi anni Settanta; così io sceglierei quest'ultimo periodo.

Miles Davis, figura continuamente cangiante per 35 anni, ha stimatori per ogni fase della sua carriera. Il suo contributo più importante è stato il passaggio da ciò che alcuni avvertirono come gli eccessi del bebop a una più frenata (leggi *cool*) maniera che fu meglio riflessa quando, trasferendosi dalla tromba al più dolce flicorno, egli incise tre memorabili dischi orchestrali con arrangiamenti di Gil Evans. Uno di questi, *Sketches Of Spain*, mostrò più eloquentemente la misura in cui una vaga bellezza poteva essere instillata in un assolo di jazz: per questa ragione io sceglierei il Miles Davis del 1960, anno in cui fu completato quel microscolco.

La scelta della sezione tromboni ha comportato dei problemi. Esperti degni di fede come Benny Carter mi hanno assicurato che Jimmy Harrison (1900-1931) è stato il primo vero grande trombonista del jazz, ma questi ha lasciato troppo poche testimonianze incise. Certo, Harrison e Jack Teagarden (1905-1964) si ammiravano a vicenda, e probabilmente erano molto simili. Teagarden mi si raccomanda per una qua-



J.J. Johnson

lità spesso cercata ma troppo di rado reperita nell'improvvisazione: un senso di disinvoltura, di legato *laissez faire*. I suoi assoli avevano un suono senza smagliature, a torto ritenuto facile, tanto nel suonare quanto nel cantare. Per di più, a differenza di tanti musicisti bianchi di ieri e di oggi, egli era un maestro del blues.

Un'intera generazione di trombonisti ispirati da Teagarden ha seguito la sua strada, ma io sarei per l'originale, preferibilmente quello attivo tra il 1947 e il 1951, allorché, girando con i complessi di Louis Armstrong, egli era al massimo della sua forza strumentale e vocale.

Un altro colosso del trombone fu J.C. Higginbotham, il cui suono poderoso, carico di energia, diede lustro ad alcune delle migliori orchestre della Swing Era. Ma lo si è dovuto accantonare in favore di Vic Dickenson, il quale possiede un'altra delle doti che io trovo più ammirevoli: il senso dell'*humour*. Lo stile riccamente ritmico e maliziosamente comico di Dickenson ha ornato il jazz da molto tempo prima che nascesse Bill Watrous, suo compagno di sezione nella mia *dream band*. Il mio anno «buono» per Dickenson è il 1957.

Watrous, uno dei più giovani dell'orchestra (è nato nel 1939), è stato incluso perché possiede una maturità che unisce il retaggio della Swing Era alle conquiste creative e tecniche che seguirono. La velocità non è certo una virtù in se stessa, ma Watrous ha fatto del suo apparentemente illimitato controllo dello strumento un uso sbalorditivo. Egli ha la facilità di infilare alcuni ritorni a velocità rompicollo in *Sweet Georgia Brown*, poi di voltar pagina e offrirli, in *Skylark* o in qualche altra seducente *ballad*, un esempio di come lo strumento sia capace di esercitare un sottile, genuino richiamo melodico. L'anno di Watrous è il 1984.

J.J. Johnson è stato per il trombone ciò che Gillespie era diventato per la tromba: il definitivo battistrada, il quale ha dimostrato oltre ogni margine di dubbio che il bebop non era al di là delle possibilità tecniche dello strumento. Quando si affermò per la prima volta c'era chi, ascoltando i suoi dischi, riteneva che egli usasse un trombone a pistoni: nessuno, credevano, sarebbe stato in grado di maneggiare una *coulisse* a quella velocità. Johnson si è ritirato per un certo periodo allo scopo di dedicare il proprio tempo alla Tv e alla musica da film, ma ora è di nuovo attivo come strumentista, sia pure saltuariamente. Lo inserirei volentieri sulla base di quanto ha realizzato in qualsiasi momento, dal 1946 ai giorni nostri.

La mia scelta di Benny Goodman (forse più come solista che quale vero elemento dell'orchestra) non è fatta in considerazione del suo successo come leader di big band, la storia della quale ha potuto mettere in ombra le sue virtù di clarinettista. Probabilmen-

DUKE LEADER BIX OSPITE

Questi i componenti della più straordinaria big band di tutti i tempi, secondo il «fantastico progetto» di Leonard Feather.

Duke Ellington, *Leader*
Louis Armstrong, *Tromba/Canto*
Roy Eldridge, *Tromba*
Dizzy Gillespie, *Tromba*
Miles Davis, *Tromba/Flicorno*
Vic Dickenson, *Trombone*
J.J. Johnson, *Trombone*
Jack Teagarden, *Trombone*
Bill Watrous, *Trombone*
Benny Goodman, *Clarinetto*
Johnny Hodges, *Alto/Soprano*
Benny Carter, *Alto/Tromba*
Charlie Parker, *Alto*
Coleman Hawkins, *Tenore*
Lester Young, *Tenore*
Harry Carney, *Baritono*
Art Tatum, *Piano*
Joe Pass, *Chitarra*
Oscar Pettiford, *Basso/Cello*
Big Sid Catlett, *Batteria*
Billie Holiday, *Canto*
Solisti ospiti:
Count Basie, *Organo*
Bix Beiderbecke, *Cornetta*
Lionel Hampton, *Vibrafono*
Lew Tabackin, *Flauto*
Joe Venuti, *Violino*

te più di chiunque altro nella mia orchestra, egli ha portato al jazz una miscela di istruzione classica e di spontaneità (questa derivata dal jazz), che lo ha messo in grado di produrre alcune delle incisioni di piccoli complessi che vanno ricordate. Egli dimostrò che l'intensità non era necessariamente dipendente dal volume di suono, ma che era piuttosto fatta di totale, estemporanea ispirazione. Alcune delle sue opere con il sestetto nel 1939-40, in compagnia di colleghi come Lionel Hampton e Charlie Christian, possono essere tuttora ascoltate senza alcun senso di nostalgia. Sono importanti oggi quanto saranno domani.

Goodman ha avuto molti altri meriti. I suoi primi trii con Teddy Wilson e Gene Krupa rivelarono la allora inesplorata possibilità di presentare il jazz come una nuova forma di musica da camera. E anche alcune delle sue opere con l'orchestra hanno superato l'esame del tempo, in gran parte per la forza dei suoi assoli. In questo, egli diede un importante contributo dimostrando di saper trarre artistiche miniature da alcune fra le più leggere canzoni popolari del momento, grazie alla sua personale abilità di migliorarle e grazie al talento di arrangiatori del calibro di Fletcher

LA MIA ORCHESTRA IDEALE È QUESTA

Henderson e Eddie Sauter.

Se non potessi avere Goodman, prenderei volentieri Buddy De Franco, che diventò il primo clarinettista di jazz della generazione bop, ma sulla base di tutti i servizi resi al jazz, il posto in orchestra è di Goodman (e, per inciso, egli sarebbe particolarmente ispirato dalla sezione ritmica con cui avrebbe a che fare). Il suo anno: 1940.

La sezione ance comprende i due indiscussi maestri dell'alto sax: l'eterno ellingtoniano Johnny Hodges (1906-70) e Benny Carter, nato nel 1907, e ancora attivo ed entusiasta sulla scena del jazz. Hodges era capace di battere chiunque in fatto di swing, allorché si sentiva in vena; tuttavia, molta della sua reputazione negli ultimi anni si fondava sui suoi risultati come maestro della melodia. Hodges aveva il potere di cantare con il suo strumento, e Charlie Parker una volta lo definì il Lily Pons del sassofono. In effetti lui, soltanto con un lieve giustato ascendente poteva ottenere più di quanto Groucho Marx ottenesse sollevando il suo famoso sopracciglio.

Ho dato a Hodges il sax soprano (uno strumento che suonava con pari risultati nei primi anni) ma si sposterebbe al sax contralto quando Benny Carter passasse alla tromba. Carter, probabilmente il più versatile artista che il jazz abbia prodotto, ha una qualità che si vorrebbe trovare in ogni jazzman improvvisatore: l'abilità nel fare una logica e completa enunciazione in ogni assolo, così da apparire insieme intuitivo e preparato. Egli è stato addirittura definito soave, grazioso, elegante, dolce: tutti questi aggettivi sono calzanti, ma è il suo senso della costruzione, più di qualsiasi altro attributo, ciò che gli dà il marchio dell'individualità. Benché si dedichi raramente agli ottoni, Carter palesa le stesse virtù negli assoli di tromba. L'anno di Hodges sarebbe il 1940; quello di Carter, sembrando egli fuori del tempo al pari di J.J. Johnson, potrebbe essere benissimo il 1984.

Charlie Parker (1920-1955) fu, con Dizzy Gillespie, uno dei due progenitori del bop, benché trascendesse tale terminologia per portare a un nuovo livello di maturità e complessità l'intera arte dell'improvvisazione. Qui ancora si deve ricordare che una tecnica fenomenale veniva utilizzata quale mezzo per giungere a un fine. Per me, l'irrefutabile prova di qualcosa che viene trascurata dall'ignaro nell'ascolto di una creazione istantanea: l'assolo «ad libitum» è una forma di composizione, forse la più alta e la più difficile. Sicuramente la più chiara dimostrazione di ciò è reperibile nei dischi dei Super-sax, in cui vecchie improvvisazioni di



Harry Carney

Parker sono trascritte nota per nota dai suoi dischi e armonizzate per cinque sassofoni.

La sfortunata vita di Parker fu stroncata (a 34 anni), ma egli lasciò un'eredità di dischi che ha fornito ispirazione non soltanto ai sassofonisti, ma ad ogni musicista di jazz che li abbia studiati. Alcuni studiosi ritengono che il suo talento abbia raggiunto il suo zenith nel 1949, quando, nella prima seduta di «Parker With Strings», egli suonò un assolo in *Just Friends* che spicca come un monumento eretto all'arte del jazz. Così, sia il 1949 per Bird.

Nessuno che abbia anche una superficiale conoscenza della storia del jazz sente il bisogno di farsi rammentare che il primo (e per molti anni virtualmente l'unico) influente tenorsassofonista fu Coleman Hawkins (1904-1969). Il neofita può chiedere, magari, chi fosse Coleman Hawkins e perché egli dovrebbe far parte di questa illustre compagnia. Ebbene, un'unica motivazione dovrebbe bastare: Hawkins fu il primo musicista di jazz che abbia dimostrato come prendere una popolare *ballad* e trasformarla in un personalissimo miniconcerto. Lo fece per primo in un disco del 1929, intitolato *One Hour*, poi occasionalmente con altre canzoni durante la decade successiva, ma fu *Body And Soul*, inciso nel 1939, a dare la piena misura della sua potenza. Per quella ragione, il 1939 sarebbe l'anno per Hawkins.

Lester (Pres) Young ebbe il suo momento in seguito. Sulle prime egli si imbatté in una dura opposizione, perché il suo *sound*, secondo i canoni che Hawkins aveva stabilito, era freddo e introverso, laddove tutti i solisti della scuola hawkinsiana erano caldi e peorentori. Ma Young (1909-1959) provò ben presto che c'era ampio spazio nel jazz per questa qualità *yin* accanto a quella *yang* di Hawkins. I grandi tempi di Pres furono tra il 1940 e il 1944, quan-

do lo si ascoltava con l'orchestra di Count Basie e con il proprio complesso.

Harry Carney (1910-1974), come Hawkins, detenne per molti anni il monopolio per lo strumento che aveva scelto, il sassofono baritono, a cominciare dal 1927 quando egli entrò nell'orchestra di Ellington. Da solo spinse al suo massimo potenziale il ricco, robusto suono di cui questo strumento così «virile» è capace. Fino alla metà degli anni Cinquanta, quando si affermò il più freddo Gerry Mulligan, non ci fu un altro artista del sax baritono che fosse altrettanto influente. I più luminosi anni di Carney cominciarono verso la fine degli anni Trenta, quando Ellington prese a metterlo con frequenza in primo piano, fino alla sua morte avvenuta nel 1974, dopo ben 47 anni trascorsi sotto la bandiera di Ellington (Duke morì meno di cinque mesi prima di Carney, che rimase nell'orchestra sotto la direzione di Mercer Ellington).

La mia sezione ritmica si è praticamente scelta da sola. Art Tatum, Oscar Pettiford e Big Sid Catlett furono tutti vincitori dell'«*Esquire Gold Award*» nel 1944, e di conseguenza apparvero insieme in un concerto (il primo di jazz che sia stato presentato) al Metropolitan e in dischi.

Quale commento si potrebbe avanzare su Art Tatum (1910-1956) che non sia già stato fatto mille volte? Fu il più grande improvvisatore. Come osservò un altro pianista della sua epoca, Mary Lou Williams, «Lui suona quello che chiunque altro tenta di fare senza riuscirci». Aveva un incredibile, leggeris-



Benny Carter

«THE DREAM ALBUM»: ECCO IL REPERTORIO SCELTO...

LATO 1

1. **Milestones** (compositore Miles Davis, arrangiatore Gerald Wilson)
2. **A Child Is Born** (compositore e arrangiatore Thad Jones)
3. **Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue** (compositore e arrangiatore Duke Ellington)
4. **When Lights Are Low** (compositore e arrangiatore Benny Carter)

LATO 2

1. **Giant Steps** (compositore John Coltrane, arrangiatore Billy Strayhorn)
2. **Fine And Mellow** (compositore Billie Holiday)
3. **Prelude No. 20** (compositore Chopin, arrangiatore Gil Evans)
4. **Farewell (to Mingus)** (compositore e arrangiatore Toshiko Akiyoshi)

simo tocco, un orecchio per le variazioni melodiche e armoniche, per frasi che fluivano a una velocità sbalorditiva, e una tenacia al di là dell'immaginabile. Era un fervente ammiratore di Vladimir Horowitz, che soleva andarlo ad ascoltare e che gli dava biglietti per il prossimo concerto (e Tatum era ammirato, non per cortesia ma proprio sul serio, da Leopold Godowsky, da Rachmaninoff e da Gershwin).

Tatum aveva una certa preparazione classica, ma i suoi idoli erano Fats Waller (anche se poteva essere più Waller di Waller suonando proprio nello stile «stride» tipico di quest'ultimo) e i *bluesmen* (anche se sapeva suonare il più commovente blues fra tutti loro). Tatum, insomma, era il massimo artista del jazz, capace di trasferire in un millesimo di secondo dal cervello alle dita e alla tastiera qualsiasi idea gli frullasse in testa. Il suo anno: 1944.

Il contrabbasso ha avuto una sorte bizzarra nel jazz. Per anni, le sue possibilità sono rimaste inesplorate, mentre i suoi praticanti si limitavano in gran parte a suonare solidi sostrati ritmici e a prendere assoli occasionali e tecnicamente limitati. Jimmy Blanton (1918-1942) cambiò tutto questo durante la sua breve milizia nell'orchestra di Ellington (1939-41), dimostrando che il basso aveva un potenziale mai neppure sognato quale mezzo per suonare melodie e per fornire fondamentali ritmici ben più complesse e sottili di quelle fino allora immaginate.

Blanton morì troppo presto per realizzare tutto ciò. Oscar Pettiford (1922-1960) partì da dove Blanton aveva dovuto smettere, e fu egli stesso un membro dell'orchestra di Ellington, saltuariamente ma per molti anni. Anche se i progressi nel suonare il basso sono stati, negli ultimi dieci o vent'anni, addirittura fenomenali, ho scelto Pettiford perché, più di chiunque prima di lui, ha espresso l'interiore musicalità dello strumento. Per di più, egli è

stato il primo a registrare come violoncellista di jazz. Fu nel 1950, l'anno per il quale io l'ho eletto.

Big Sid Catlett (1910-1951) è soltanto uno sconosciuto per il pubblico di oggi, ma il suo contributo è stato unico. Senza essere turbato dai mutamenti idiomati intervenuti durante gli anni di transizione dallo Swing al bebop, fornì quel genere di corrente sotterranea solidamente swingante che costituisce un *jazz drumming* ben più efficace di quello brillante e spettacolare associato a Gene Krupa, le cui incisioni con Benny Goodman appaiono sorprendentemente rigide secondo gli standard attuali. Catlett ha lavorato brevemente con Goodman nel 1941, ma fu conosciuto soprattutto per il suo lungo sodalizio con Louis Armstrong. Il suo anno è il 1944.

Alcuni, notando la mia scelta per la chitarra, potrebbero chiedermi: perché non Charlie Christian? D'accordo, Christian fece per l'allora nuova chitarra elettrica esattamente quel che Blanton aveva fatto per il contrabbasso, trasformandola da componente ritmico a vitale voce solista. Ma come Blanton fu stroncato agli inizi (era sui 25 anni quando morì nel 1942, dopo aver fatto dei magnifici dischi con Goodman). Se fosse vissuto a lungo, probabilmente si sarebbe sviluppato in quel che Joe Pass è oggi, cioè il maestro completo dello strumento, l'Art Tatum della chitarra. Di qui la mia scelta: Pass, 1984.

La mia cantante, Billie Holiday (1915-1959), diventata oggetto di culto dopo un film pateticamente infedele («*Lady Sings The Blues*», con Diana Ross), avrebbe meritato un migliore destino. Non riesco a pensare a un *sound* nel jazz, sia esso vocale o strumentale, che mi abbia commosso più profondamente di quello di Lady Day nei suoi primi anni.

Io ho uno sconfinato rispetto per Ella Fitzgerald, superlativa interprete di Gershwin, Ellington, Cole Porter, e

non sono meno consapevole della incomparabile maestria vocale di Sarah Vaughan. Tutte e due sono esperte cantanti *scat*; entrambe sono padrone di un'ampia estensione vocale. La Holiday, al contrario, non ha mai cantato una nota *scat* in tutta la sua vita e l'estensione della sua voce non superava un'ottava e mezza; molte delle canzoni che cantava erano musica leggera di secondo ordine; la sua voce negli ultimi anni non era molto più di un gracchiare sublimato. Eppure ci sono momenti nel jazz in cui tecnica e repertorio appaiono secondari, perché anima e passione costituiscono una sufficiente compensazione.

Qualsiasi cosa Billie Holiday cantasse era un grido dal cuore. La si dovrebbe studiare sulla base di uno qualunque dei suoi dischi fatti dal 1935 al 1950. Ma la mia scelta sarebbe il 1944, quando registrò *Lover Man*.

Lionel Hampton, il primo musicista che abbia introdotto il vibrafono nella famiglia del jazz, si era affermato con il quartetto di Benny Goodman nel 1936, ma fu soltanto dopo aver formato la propria orchestra, quattro anni dopo, che diventò un simbolo di eccitazione e di energia dinamica. Poiché nei momenti di miglior vena egli rimane eccellente a tutt'oggi, non andrei più in là della scorsa settimana per scegliere il suo periodo ottimale.

Bix Beiderbecke, come ho già detto, leggeva con fatica la musica, ma non posso pensare a un'orchestra ideale senza il suo tuttora ineguagliato lieve, allusivo lirismo. Ascoltare le sue incisioni del 1927-28 (non soltanto alla cornetta, ma anche, indimenticabile, al pianoforte nel suo *In A Mist*) vuol dire ricordarsi che in ogni stadio dello sviluppo di una forma artistica c'è sempre qualcuno che è di decenni in anticipo sul suo tempo. Pressoché la stessa cosa si può dire di Joe Venuti (1898-1978), il cui album «*Stringing The Blues*» registrato in coppia con il chitarrista Eddie

LA MIA ORCHESTRA IDEALE È QUESTA

Lang (parti del quale furono incise già nel 1926) basta a classificarlo come l'ineguagliabile violinista del jazz e l'essenza dello swing. Suonava con ancor maggiore disinvoltura, con ferocia alternata a gentilezza, fino ai suoi ultimi anni. Così, prendiamo il Venuti del 1978.

Count Basie è incluso quale *guest star* perché, pur essendo già occupato da altri lo sgabello del pianista, egli potrebbe contribuire con un assolo di blues all'organo nello stesso stile ellittico che esibiva al pianoforte. Basie è stato un allievo di Fats Waller, il pioniere dell'organo jazz, e ha continuato a suonare questo strumento, occasionalmente, nei suoi dischi. Un anno che offre buona testimonianza discografica, e che perciò io sceglierei, è il 1947.

Poiché nessuno dei sassofonisti da me scelti ha suonato anche il flauto, ho inserito nella mia orchestra ideale Lew Tabackin, il più giovane elemento (è nato nel 1940). Il flauto, strumento difficile, e uno degli ultimi venuti nel jazz, tende troppo spesso ad essere suonato da sassofonisti, per i quali esso è un mezzo d'espressione secondario. Tabackin, pur conosciuto come uno degli odierni giganti del sax tenore, mostra come combinare, al flauto, una disciplina classica, un giusto suono e una magica capacità di improvvisatore. È al suo zenith proprio adesso, o almeno lo era quando l'ho ascoltato pochi mesi fa. Dunque, diciamo che il suo anno è il 1984.

Nell'esaminare i personaggi allineati in questo pantheon, sono assalito non tanto da dubbi quanto dalla coscienza che inevitabili domande si porranno. I più anziani vorranno sapere perché la mia sezione delle ance non riesca a includere Sidney Bechet, che aprì la strada al sax soprano negli anni Venti, mentre altri, arrivati al jazz in epoca più recente, mi chiederanno ragione dall'omissione di John Coltrane e di Ornette Coleman. Tuttavia, avendo esaminato innumerevoli volte l'elenco (e avendo fatto parecchi cambiamenti anche faticosi nel corso del mio lavoro), non sento il bisogno né di mettermi sulla difensiva né di spiegare maggiormente scelte e omissioni.

Comunque la compilazione di una lista fatta seguendo giusti criteri, e con tante diverse epoche a mia disposizione, può essere più facile che comporre una orchestra immaginaria fatta di musicisti oggi attivi, che siano ancora in ascesa o siano arrivi relativamente recenti. Tale aggregazione sarebbe del tutto differente. Per esempio: la mia sezione trombe comprenderebbe Wynton Marsalis, Woody Shaw, Fred-

die Hubbard e Lester Bowie; tra i miei sassofonisti ci sarebbero Chico Freeman, Branford Marsalis e Scott Hamilton; il mio bassista potrebbe essere il grande danese Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, e così via. In realtà, quasi nessuno dei «grandi di tutti i tempi» da me scelti rimarrebbe in un complesso rappresentante il jazz degli anni Ottanta.

Il problema, in ogni modo, è ora quello di scegliere un repertorio per il mio mitico gruppo. Innanzitutto, per molti anni, la scelta di un appropriato repertorio per un complesso di jazz è dipesa dalle decisioni del leader. Il quale, a sua volta, frequentemente si preoccupava dei gusti del suo pubblico, ciò che poteva farlo propendere per pezzi popolari già familiari all'uditorio. Questa regola ha subito molte eccezioni: maestri come Duke Ellington e John Lewis (del Modern Jazz Quartet) hanno semplicemente offerto al pubblico materiale composto, il più delle volte, da loro stessi, con la speranza che il pubblico l'avrebbe accettato per i suoi meriti.

Questo atteggiamento è notevolmente mutato negli anni recenti. L'influenza dei produttori discografici, tesi a raggiungere il massimo delle vendite senza riguardo per la migliore qualità artistica, ha pesato su artisti che, con qualche sacrificio per la loro integrità, hanno optato per soluzioni di carattere pragmatico. In realtà, questo problema non è tanto nuovo quanto si potrebbe pensare: durante l'era delle grandi orchestre cioè si rivelava perfino in occasionali cedimenti di Ellington (che incise l'immortale *La De Doody Do*), di Benny Goodman (chi può dimenticare il suo *Ti-Pi-Tin?*) e molti altri. (Anche allora dietro le loro spalle c'erano i produttori...).

Alcuni artisti sono stati capaci di sublimare anche i peggiori temi, ma nel caso della ideale orchestra riunita nella mia immaginazione non ci sarebbe queste difficoltà, dal momento che la produzione sarebbe lasciata tutta nelle mie mani.

Supponiamo che, oltre a questi ventisei musicisti, io potessi rivolgermi a qualsiasi fonte per provvedermi di composizioni e arrangiamenti per realizzare un microscolco.

Un disco medio contiene oggi circa 25 minuti di musica su ogni facciata. La mia prima decisione sarebbe quella di orientare il programma su almeno quattro brani per lato, con la maggior diversificazione possibile nel carattere delle opere, differenziando climi e tempi, ma tutti abbastanza vicini alla *mainstream* per fornire un terreno comune d'intesa ai componenti la big band.

Una delle peggiori jatture capitate al jazz è stata la tendenza a estendere un dato brano a tale lunghezza che monotonia e noia inevitabilmente si fanno sentire. John Coltrane ha dimostrato



Big Sid Catlett

che tale prolissità può anche funzionare, ma il suo è stato un caso eccezionale. Quando Miles Davis stira l'esecuzione di una singola (e spesso anche assai semplice) composizione fino a due intere facciate, il risultato può anche non valere quanto egli ha spesso realizzato in cinque o sei minuti.

Per coincidenza, tanto Davis (come leader) quanto Coltrane (come partner) presero parte alla classica versione del nostro pezzo d'apertura, *Milestones*, composto da Davis e da lui inciso nel 1958. Allora parve innovativo, perché in luogo dell'usuale complessa ragnatela di accordi su cui tanti brani di jazz erano costruiti, il brano consisteva semplicemente in un *chorus* di quaranta battute, interamente costruito su due scale separate. Così fornisce un'ideale introduzione per qualsiasi gruppo di qualsiasi dimensione in qualsiasi disco.

Io vedo lo stesso Miles prendere il primo assolo, seguito da Dizzy Gillespie; poi Joe Pass offrirebbe un interludio tra gli assoli dei fiati suonando un *chorus*, dopodiché entrerebbe Benny Goodman. Qui Oscar Pettiford, il nostro bassista, potrebbe trovare un ideale mezzo per sovraregistrare un assolo di violoncello jazz. Per chiudere prima dell'insieme finale, l'ultimo interludio *ad libitum* sarebbe affidato a Charlie Parker. Tempo: sei minuti. Userei l'arrangiamento di Gerald Wilson, la cui big band è stata la prima a registrare il tema in forma orchestrale.

Thad Jones, durante i primi anni della sua condirezione orchestrale con Mel Lewis, compose e incise *A Child*

Is Born, indubbiamente uno dei più squisiti pezzi della letteratura jazzistica. È un valzer, ma non necessariamente un valzer jazz, poiché la struttura sia melodica sia ritmica è molto semplice. Il pezzo diventa un'entità jazzistica quando è suonato da musicisti che sono qualificati per tradurlo in quel linguaggio.

Art Tatum introduce la melodia, in questa immaginaria versione, seguito da Johnny Hodges al sax soprano; di tutti i giganti in questo complesso nessuno sarebbe altrettanto capace di render giustizia alla composizione di Jones. E poi, Bix Beiderbecke con la cornetta si divide un *chorus* con Benny Carter alla tromba, non senza un breve passaggio conclusivo preso insieme. Lo stesso Thad Jones, naturalmente, fornisce l'arrangiamento, che consiste soprattutto di sfondi per i solisti. Tempo: cinque minuti.

Ellington compose in origine *Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue* per la sua orchestra del 1937, ma il brano ebbe nuova vita, e divenne il più grande successo popolare della sua carriera quando egli lo resuscitò al Festival di Newport nel 1956. La ragione: Paul Gonsalves, l'incomprimibile tenorsassofonista di Ellington, lo portò avanti, senza interruzione per 27 ritornelli, mandando in visibilibio la folla. Dopo quella sensazionale impresa, Ellington diceva spesso: «Io sono nato al Newport Jazz Festival, il 7 luglio 1956». Certo è che la sua orchestra rinacque proprio allora.

Dal punto di vista del nostro album, tuttavia, ciò che è importante in *Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue* è che, ridotto alle sue essenzialità, esso altro non era, più o meno, che il tradizionale modulo di blues in 12 battute, al quale dava inedito splendore e complessità l'orchestrazione di Ellington. Nella nostra versione l'originale arrangiamento sarebbe conservato, dando però gli assoli non a uno solo ma a tre sassofonisti: Lester Young e Coleman Hawkins ai tenori, seguiti dall'ellingtoniano Harry Carney al baritono. Questo brano durerebbe sugli otto minuti, concedendo a ciascuno la possibilità di sviluppare bene il proprio discorso.

When Lights Are Low di Benny Carter ha per me dei ricordi particolari, in quanto produssi io l'originale versione, allorché Carter compose e registrò questo pezzo in una seduta organizzata a Londra. È diventato poi uno standard del jazz, ammirato per il suo fascino melodico e per la struttura armonica particolarmente flessibile. Naturalmente, Carter scrive l'arrangiamento per questa occasione e due dei suoi allievi, Miles Davis e J.J. Johnson, suonano i primi assoli, via via seguiti da Johnny Hodges, Art Tatum, Joe Venuti, Lionel Hampton e infine dallo stesso Carter (questa volta all'alto sax). Il tutto dovrebbe durare circa sei minuti per consentirci di rispettare il nostro program-

ma di venticinque minuti per la prima facciata.

Il pezzo d'apertura del secondo lato è *Giant Steps* di John Coltrane. Scritto nel 1959 e registrato dal quartetto di Coltrane, era innovativo nel suo uso degli accordi, che erano, secondo gli standard del tempo, rivoluzionariamente correlati l'uno all'altro. Avventurarsi sembrava a molti musicisti dell'epoca pari al saltellare su strettissimi massi per attraversare un profondo corso d'acqua. Ma questa sfida sarebbe facilmente affrontata da Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Pass e Charlie Parker, i nostri solisti alla ribalta in questi cinque minuti. L'arrangiamento è scritto da Billy Strayhorn, che fin dagli inizi della sua carriera di *alter ego* di Ellington mostrò come nessun trabocchetto armonico fosse al di là della sua portata.

Fine And Mellow potrebbe essere il più informale ma anche il più lungo brano dell'album. Originariamente un blues di Billie Holiday, potrebbe incorporare alcuni versi aggiunti, permettendo a Louis Armstrong di spartire con l'autrice la responsabilità del canto. Insieme a Lady Day ci sarebbero altri che si ascolteranno con lei nei dischi o in persona: Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman e, all'organo, il maestro del blues in persona, Count Basie (questa non differisce molto dalla formazione vista e udita con la Holiday in



Oscar Pettiford

un unico show televisivo chiamato *The Sounds Of Jazz*, parti del quale sono state recentemente mostrate in un documentario sulla cantante). L'arrangiamento sarebbe un «head», cioè fatto sul momento.

La mia scelta del *Preludio n. 20* di Chopin può sembrare fuori delle convenzioni, ma data la bellezza di quella melodia e la sottigliezza della struttura armonica, potrebbe essere stata composta da un jazzista per un'orchestra come questa. È stata azzardata come base per una canzone pop nel 1973, quando Barry Manilov registrò *Could It Be Magic*, attribuita a Manilov e Anderson, ma «ispirata da Chopin».

Non si fatica a immaginare Bill Watrous che suona la melodia, con un obbligato del collega trombonista Jack Teagarden. Poi Armstrong entra per un contenuto *chorus* con sordina; l'ultima parola l'ha Art Tatum prima che l'insieme faccia un'esposizione conclusiva nello squisito arrangiamento di (chi altri?) Gil Evans, la cui padronanza della tavolozza timbrica fu dispiegata nella già ricordata serie dei dischi di Miles Davis. Quattro minuti.

Sarebbe impossibile trovare una chiusura più toccante di *Farewell To Mingus* di Toshiko Akiyoshi. Lei e Lew Tabackin hanno inciso questo requiem con la loro orchestra. L'arrangiamento di Toshiko sarebbe utilizzato qui, con assoli di Tabackin al flauto, Coleman Hawkins al tenore e Harry Carney al baritono. Concedendo ampio spazio alla dimostrazione delle brillanti capacità della compositrice-arrangiatrice, si arriverebbe sui sei minuti per completare un'altra facciata di venticinque.

Si noterà che nel corso di questi otto brani, ognuno ha fatto almeno una e appena possibile due comparse come solista; Tatum ne ha tre. Soltanto Big Sid Catlett ne è escluso, ma per una valida ragione: gli assoli di batteria, anche se spettacolari e occasionalmente eccitanti dal vivo, sono inutili e invadenti su disco. È evidente che ad essi mancano due tra gli elementi essenziali del jazz: armonia e melodia. Certo, le circonvoluzioni della percussionista ritmica hanno esaltato le platee in ogni tempo, ma Catlett, che raramente faceva assoli e che si considerava innanzitutto un musicista di gruppo, probabilmente si limiterebbe con gioia a svolgere il suo ruolo nella sezione ritmica che è il fondamentale dovere di ogni batterista.

Avendo io «ascoltato» questo disco nel mio cervello, via via che lo metto insieme, posso soltanto invitarvi a fare la stessa cosa. Potrebbe essere necessario, per voi, familiarizzarvi con l'opera di alcuno dei partecipanti che vi fossero magari sconosciuti. Per fortuna, la profusione di dischi, nuovi o riediti, lascia scarsi dubbi sulla possibilità di reperire questo o quello in atto di suonare assoli significativi in una varietà di situazioni.

Leonard Feather

The most remarkable fact about the National Assn. of Jazz Educators is that so few people are aware of its existence. Yet there are some 700,000 men, women and children involved in jazz education at every level, from elementary through post-graduate. The desire to study jazz is matched by the urge to teach it at thousands of schools and colleges at home and abroad.

Held this year in the halls of a Dallas airport hotel (next year, the site will be in Los Angeles), the 12th annual NAJE convention drew a record attendance of 1,600—educators and students, music, publishers, instrument makers, anyone with an interest, altruistic or selfish, in seeing jazz survive and thrive in the academic world.

Some came to exchange views at seminars, some to teach and clinics, offer research papers, attend rare jazz film screenings or exhibit their wares. Well over 250 instrumentalists of performances, representing every idiom from traditional jazz, played by youths who took part in the fifth annual Dixieland Jazz competition, to avant-garde. The Black Caucus assembled a 15-piece band with such contemporary heavyweights as Oliver Lake, Cedar Walton, Ron Carter and Bill Barron.

"Any time you attend an event," said Herb Wong, the incumbent NAJE president, "whether it's a trumpet summit or a panel on jazz pedagogy, a student rap session or an international jam, you know you are missing two or three others that are going on at the same time. I'm sure this is the most comprehensive convention we've ever had."

Most of those who are playing or singing here volunteer their services; although NAJE does not pay them, some are sponsored, by musical instrument companies or corporate backers. Southern Comfort regularly subsidizes the Dixieland contests and a "Young Talent Award," whose three winners were under the aegis of saxophonist Bunky Green, now a jazz educator at the University of Chicago.

"We're in good shape when our future is in the hands of youngsters like them," said Green, as he presented 18-year-old trombonist Joe Jackson of Dallas; an astonishing 14-year-old alto sax virtuoso, Chris Hollyday, of Norwood, Mass., who tore through his Charlie Parker licks with the kind of wild abandon that can only be born of artful

The 1985 Convention Revisited

Leonard Feather



That's him! Rob McConnell



Ron Carter and Herb Wong taking care of business!



Richard Beltrach and Dave Liebman were Awesome!



Betton visits with Pawel Brodowski, Editor of Jazz Forum Magazine, Warsaw, Poland.

dedication, and a no-less-incredible 9-year-old drummer, Roli Garcia Jr. of Laredo, Tex., who offered an idea of how an earlier child prodigy, Buddy Rich, must have sounded at that age.

Among the participants in this crowded, multifarious scene was Conrad Janis, who never lets his career as an actor (Mindy's father in "Mork and Mindy") interfere with his life as a trombonist. Founder of the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, he came here to emcee the Dixieland contest and to play a few choruses with the winning band, which turned out to be the Dixieland Jazz Patrol of the University of Minnesota.

Traditional jazz, which many of us thought was obsolescent decades ago, stubbornly refuses to die. Its faculty advisers allow their students to take a show-business stance: straw hats, suspenders and natty bow ties are the order of the day among youths who have delved into the music of their grandparents' era, and who now keep alive the music of Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver and Satchmo. The two non-winning finalists went overboard, one (the Lemon Street Stompers of Fullerton) with comedy antics, kazoo effects, and a Betty Boop vocal by Tricia McCarty, whose tailgate trombone was more tolerable than her singing; the other, the Riverboat Ramblers from Rio Hondo College at Whittier, went even further with a barbershop vocal quartet. The victorious Minnesotans not only indulged in no such nonsense, but also transcended the limitations of a repertoire that is obliged, by contest rules, to include "The Saints" and "Fidgety Feet."

Other faces in the crowd: Pawel Brodowski, editor of Jazz Forum, published six times a year in Warsaw, in two editions, English and Polish. On his first visit to the United States, invited by NAJE, he spent a week in Washington, visiting the Smithsonian's jazz wing and meeting with USIA officials; in Dallas, he was trying to line up some talent for Warsaw's annual Jazz Jamboree next October. (Easier said than done, since the law says you can't take a zioty out of Poland.)

Rob McConnell, Canadian composer/bandleader/trombonist. Also pragmatist: He has a booth in the exhibit hall where his music is sold and his availability for college dates made known. "It was worth coming," he

adds, "just for the kick of jamming with Jiggs Whigham."

Haydn (Jiggs) Whigham is a name that may ring a bell; you could have heard it when he played with Sam Kenton, or in the Glenn Miller ghost band. He is now director of the jazz department at the Music Conservatory in Cologne, where he has lived for almost 20 years.

This year, there was an official emphasis on vocal jazz, performed by representatives of newer trends. Among them were Bobby McFerrin, Dianne Reeves, Sheila Jordan, Full Swing, Phil Mattson's P.M. Singers (three women, three men), the North Texas State University Jazz Singers (all 21 of them) and Elaine Elias (vocalist/pianist wife of trumpeter Randy Brecker, with whom she delivered some of her Brazilian specialties).

McFerrin and Reeves offer irrefutable evidence that a fresh breed of jazz vocal artistry is emerging. Together with Sheila Jordan, they engaged in a vocalise free-for-all, a sort of avant-blues, that was as spontaneously inspired as anything I have ever heard. McFerrin, who seemingly can produce any sound of which any human voice has ever been capable, also lent his singular gifts to the Mattson group, and played an articulate role in a panel on jazz singing.

Dianne Reeves, a tall, dark, handsome presence who seems to grow in maturity with each hearing, is a more strongly jazz-oriented artist than has been indicated by her recorded works (made by an over-eager producer looking for a pop hit). Haing scored a smashing success at the convention, she will no doubt return now to the jazz world that desperately needs young blood.

Sheila Jordan, who sang one entire set backed only by her bassist, Harvie Swartz, is 55 and has been trying for 30 years to break through. At present, she divides her time between a day job, teaching jazz vocal classes at New York City College, and gigging with Swartz. Her stubborn loyalty to jazz was touchingly expressed: "I was born doing this, I'll die doing it; I can't think of devoting my life to anything else."

The line between professionals and amateurs (it would be more fitting to refer to them as pre-pros) has thinned almost to the vanishing point. Lee Konitz, the veteran of more than 75 albums, who came to prominence on



Jazz V.I.P.'s at work (Matt Betton, Leonard Feather, Bill Lee, left to right)



Production chiefs at work and rest! Kaminsky and DiBussolo.



Jack & Charlie Teagarden's sister Norma swings with the jam group.



Herb and Matt present a birthday cake to Southern Comfort's David Higgins.

records with Miles Davis and Lennie Tristano, says: "It's great to be here just for the chance to play with a big band, which is so hard to do in New York." He and the award-winning flutist Hubert Laws were guest soloists with the North Texas State Lab Band, one of a dozen big bands on that intensity jazz-active campus.

The store of NAJE's birth was told to me by Warrick L. Carter, dean of faculty at the Berklee College of Music in Boston and the association's president before Wong's election. He also plays drums occasionally, sitting in at a couple of sessions here.

"NAJE was a sort of spinoff of the Music Educators' National Conference," he said. "A group of teachers who were knowledgeable in jazz felt there was a need for their own separate organization. The following year, 1969, the association was formed."

Eugene Hall, who served as NAJE's first president, was the original pioneer in jazz education. Joining the music faculty at North Texas in 1947, he set up a program leading to what was euphemistically called a "major in dance-band work." "We didn't dare call it jazz in those days," he recalls. "Even as it was, the rest of the music staff wouldn't speak to me."

Hall remained at North Texas until 1959, when the job was taken over by Leon Breeden, who stayed for 22 years. Now retired, Breeden received a trophy here this weekend acknowledging his tireless contribution.

NAJE has its own magazine, Jazz Educators' Journal, published every other month. A glance through its pages reveals the enormous spread and breadth of activities in the field of jazz pedagogy. Men like Hall, Breeden and dozens less known but no less dedicated cannot be praised too highly for what they accomplished in the face of overt hostility and the conviction, on the part of most educators, that jazz was not music, or at least certainly not a subject worthy of a place on the curriculum.

Chuck Berg, a musician/educator/journalist from Kansas City, explained it best: "All those conservatory-trained, Eastman type educators finally saw the writing on the manuscript paper. They realized that the kids will enlist more readily for a jazz course and may, in effect, help to carry the entire music department. Jazz is at least tolerated now, because it enables the curricula to survive."

Jamey Aebersold, a saxophonist whose play-along records for students as well known as his Summer Combo Clinics, added a vital point: "We should encourage the youngsters to begin learning and improvising, and to study jazz history, at the earliest possible age. The creative urge is a natural desire that ought to be fulfilled at the start of their educational career."

NAJE is not content to keep its good works within the grooves of academe. During the convention, Wong announced that through an arrangement with the Disney organization, the first annual big parade of outstanding college bands will be heard at Disney's EPCOT in Florida June 1-9.

"That's what it's all about," he said. "We have to keep on spreading the word and spreading the work."

Reprinted by permission from the Los Angeles Times from their Jan. 20, 1985 issue.

Leonard Feather has been a critically acclaimed jazz author, critic and journalist for over four decades. Mr. Feather has been active in almost every area of the jazz world. He has written for numerous magazines and newspapers, toured Europe with his own group and was awarded a "Grammy" award in 1964 for his notes for the album "The Ellington Era." His weekly syndicated newspaper column has appeared in more than 350 papers in the U.S.A. and abroad.

Views on the Return Flight - Post Partrum Blues

Dr. Charles T. Brown

Having returned by plane from 10 of the 12 National Conventions, I always have a thinking period or time of decompression between the furor and the excitement of the convention and the reality of home. Each time I have confronted my internal maker returning from a convention, I have been tempted to jot down my ideas for the magazine. This article is the consumation of that idea, an explanation of the feelings which always came over me in waves just after I leave the convention.

NAJE National Conventions are not reality. They represent a compressed experience which certainly enlightens and titillates, but of course one must process the input in such a way that it is useful. Most of the experiences at the convention are idealized in that few bands play that tightly on a day to day basis, few of us think that cogently lecture after lecture and seldom do we experience a situation in which everyone automatically accepts the

validity of the kind of thing we do in Jazz Programs. In that sense, the transition from that ideal environment of the convention to back home can be like getting the bends, exciting and crushing or at worst depressing and devastating.

The worst experience for me is usually the first rehearsal with my band. During the convention, I hear marvelous soloists, sections playing in tune and monster professional players. Don't get me wrong, my band is pretty good but regardless of how good they are, it is a let down. The timing of the convention is usually in the first week of school. Unlike the bands which play at the conventions my band will usually

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J.J. JOHNSON TURNS SETBACK INTO BLESSING

By LEONARD FEATHER

When Stacy Keach, the star of TV's "Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer," was jailed in England for cocaine smuggling last year, J.J. Johnson the composer suddenly found himself out of a job. But it turned out to be a blessing in disguise—at least for the admirers of J. J. Johnson the trombonist.

When he settled in California in 1970 after many years based in

New York, Johnson's ambition was to give up playing and concentrate on a career as a composer, arranger and conductor. To a great extent, he succeeded. There were movie scores for "Man and Boy," "Cleopatra Jones" and others; orchestration for "Shaft," and television assignments for "Barefoot in the Park," "Mod Squad," "Chase," "Harry-O" and, on a regular basis, "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" and "The Six Million Dollar Man," in which he replaced Oliver Nelson after Nelson's unexpected death.

On "Mike Hammer," starting in 1983, he split the composing chores with Earle Hagen, of whom he says: "Earle is sort of my mentor. I took a film-scoring class with him and we've worked together a lot."

With the abrupt suspension of "Mike Hammer," it was only logical that Johnson's trombone, which was his first and strongest identification during the New York years, would reenter the scene. He will make his first local appearance in some 20 years leading an all-star group at the Hollywood Bowl on June 15 at the Playboy Jazz Festival.

"I'm going back to playing on a

very selective basis," he says. "It's sort of a return to a venture I became involved with last year. George Wein came to town; we sat down and handpicked a group for me to lead on a tour of European jazz festivals.

"The group I'll be using at the Hollywood Bowl will be the same one I had then—Nat Adderley on cornet, Harold Land on tenor sax, Cedar Walton on piano, Richard Davis on bass and Roy McCurdy on drums. We'll be doing our own set and accompanying Nancy Wilson."

James Louis Johnson, Indianapolis-born, winner of the Esquire Award for New Star Trombonist in 1946, racked up so many credits over the next two decades that he became a virtual symbol of modern jazz on the horn of his choice. He won every Down Beat Readers' Poll annually from 1955-1973. There was a certain irony here, since there were times when the work was by no means as regular as the acclaim. In 1952, he took a job as a blueprint inspector for Sperry in Long Island, playing only intermittently until a two-trombone partnership with the late Kai Winding brought him back into the forefront. Quitting the day job, he recorded with everyone from Quincy Jones and Sonny Rollins to Miles Davis and Sarah Vaughan.

His potential as a composer was first prominently displayed when two commissioned works were presented at the 1959 Monterey Jazz Festival. Extensive travels alternated with frequent writing assignments throughout the 1960s. One memorable gig was the celebration in 1969 of Duke Ellington's 70th birthday at the White House, when Johnson was part of an all-star band playing the Duke's music. By then, his mind was made up, and the move west was barely a



MARTHA HARTNETT / Los Angeles Times

Jazz trombonist J. J. Johnson makes his first local appearance in 20 years on June 15 at Hollywood Bowl jazz festival.

year away.

It might have been expected that, as a black musician with a strong identification not only as a jazzman but as a virtuoso instrumentalist, Johnson could have found the obstacles insurmountable. "This town certainly is big on labels," he grants, "but I had encouragement from people like Benny Carter and Quincy, and meeting Earle Hagen soon after I moved out here was one of the best things that could have happened for me." Like Carter and Jones, he has made almost no use of jazz in his writing for films and TV series.

Certainly whatever reputation Johnson had at the time of his arrival here was based on his acceptance as a pioneer in bebop trombone. He brought to the instrument a facility that was unprecedented, enabling him to become to it what Dizzy Gillespie was to the trumpet or Charlie Parker to the saxophone.

His credits included the big bands of Benny Carter (1942-45) and Count Basie (1945-46), innumerable small group jobs among which the Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" band is the best remembered; tours with Norman Granz's "Jazz at the Philharmonic" and, starting in

1957, leadership of several small units that made a powerful impact at home and in Europe.

"In the first group," he recalled, "I had Elvin Jones on drums, Tommy Flanagan or Hank Jones on piano, and the Belgian flutist Bobby Jaspar. Soon after that, I had Freddie Hubbard with me, and then Nat Adderley, plus Albert (Tootie) Heath on drums."

To mention these names is merely to skim the surface of Johnson's 40-year career as a touring and recording artist. Cutting his first date as a sideman with Carter in 1943, making his maiden voyage as a leader in '46, he subsequently headed groups of every size and shape for Columbia, Verve, Impulse, RCA, A&M, and Pablo. Frequently, he doubled as performer and composer-arranger. There were innumerable reunion sessions with Kai Winding after their first partnership broke up in 1954.

In recent years, his appearances in the studios with horn in hand have occurred at the urging of Norman Granz, who lured him out of his Sherman Oaks home for several dates. Most notable are the 1980 "Concepts in Blue"; a 1983 two-trombone session with Al Grey, "Things Are Getting Better," and a duo date with guitarist Joe Pass (all on Pablo). "Concepts" was almost entirely composed and arranged by J.J.; an exception was "Coming Home," credited to his son, Kevin Johnson, who for a while enjoyed some acceptance as a drummer.

What the future holds for J.J. Johnson remains unclear. Last week it seemed possible that "Mike Hammer" (already back in reruns) would be resumed. "If that happens, I imagine Earle Hagen and I will divide the writing as we did before.

"In any event, when I'm busy writing it doesn't mean that I've stopped playing fever—or vice versa. I see no problem in continuing to enjoy, within reason, the best of both worlds." □

Flying for Feather

Renowned jazz composer Leonard Feather

will perform at 8 p.m. Saturday in the auditorium of the Tampa-Hillsborough County Public Library, 900 N. Ashley Drive.

Feather will play some of his own compositions on piano. Audience members will also be treated to an intimate glimpse of Feather when he shows films from his personal collection and reminisces about his many years in jazz and the musicians he has known.

Entrance to the auditorium may be made from the Tyler Street side of the library complex. Admission is free.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"CATWALK." Emily Remler. Concord Jazz CJ 265. Remler's great promise as a guitarist has been evident on her earlier albums, but "Catwalk" is a tri-level triumph as instrumentalist, composer and leader of what is unmistakably an organized group. Her seven original pieces reflect a rare intelli-

gence and sensitivity, from the blithe opener "Mocha Spice" and the waltz "Gwendolyn" to the energetic, Brazil-tinted "Antonio" and the ominous "Pedals." Her superb writing and playing is ideally complemented by the bassist Eddie Gomez, drummer Bob Moses and, on all but two cuts, the audacious trumpeter John d'Earth. Remler has a likely prospect for awards here. With or without any, this is a 5-star product.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Festival Is Favorite Of Fans And Musicians

Continued from 1D

O'Clock Jump," for which the stage was crowded with all hands on both nights. Alexander's work was inspiring to those of us who know of his incredible recovery from a paralyzing stroke. But as we all know, the galvanizing spirit of jazz can have the power to work such miracles.

The overall impression was one of mutual understanding, shared by a collection of musicians whose backgrounds and ages vary considerably (Torff at 31 was the baby), but who are linked by a common knowledge of the roots of America's one indigenous art form. That there was an additional source of joy in the opportunity to honor Milt Hinton made this festival a doubly pleasurable occasion.

6 Part VI/Tuesday, May 21, 1985

JAZZ REVIEW

NEW MIKE GARSON QUINTET IN LA JOLLA

By LEONARD FEATHER

LA JOLLA—To paraphrase Andy Warhol, everyone in Los Angeles jazz is famous for three days. That is about as long as any job lasts for a band in a local club; more often it's only a day or two.

Ironically, the San Diego area has a room that defies this short-term-gig tradition. Located in the penthouse Crystal Room of La Jolla's Summer House Inn, it holds onto its jazz attractions for weeks or months at a time. Typically, the new Mike Garson Quintet, which just wound up its first weekend there, was booked for six weeks, Thursdays through Saturdays; starting June 5 Wednesdays will be added.

Garson has hired two of the area's prodigal talents, the guitarist Peter Sprague and the bassist Bob Magnusson. Completing the group

are a drummer, Billy Mintz, and the singer Shelby Flint.

Looking like a Dave Brubeck sibling with his flowing white hair, Garson is a flamboyant pianist who plays far more convincingly in this setting than with less jazz-oriented groups. Except for the opener, Miles Davis' "Solar," everything played was a Garson original. His best invention was "One Kind," a witty oddity full of dissonant, Monk-like lines (it is a tribute to Thelonious), based on the chords of "Stella by Starlight."

Sprague can run a gamut from long, fluent passages *a la* Joe Pass to wild, upward moving tremolos. Some of his unison runs with Garson were amazing in their fluency and accuracy.

Everyone in the group seemed to be having a whale of a time; Sprague smiled constantly. Magnusson has few peers as a master of the upright bass. His support

helped reinforce the lyrical, neo-classical effects in Garson's "This Is What I Hear."

Is Flint a greatly improved singer, or does she simply benefit from this superior backing? Obviously both. Singing two attractive Garson originals and a Gershwin medley, she flexed her considerable range, hitting the highs with bull's-eye precision on "Liza" and plumbing the lows just as convincingly on "Someone to Watch Over Me."

The sound system, along with other elements in this intimate, chandeliered room—among them a spectacular rooftop view—can't help but contribute to audience appreciation and performance level alike. Why doesn't Los Angeles have a room along these lines, where gifted artists can settle in long enough to build a following? The answer is blowing in the ocean winds of La Jolla.

JAZZ REVIEW

5/20

ROGERS AND SHANK RETURN TO BEBOP ROOTS AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Back in the 1950s, Shorty Rogers and Bud Shank were as essential to the local landscape as the Brown Derby and Schwab's. Those landmarks are now gone; Shank, though only a part-time resident these days, still is a frequent presence with his alto sax and flute.

Rogers, once a youthful trumpeter with name bands, gave up on his horn many years ago, but in the last year or so, horn in hand, he has at least temporarily given up his screenwriting career and resumed blowing activity. Friday night he and Shank manned the barricades at Donte's for a reminder of the principles for which both have long stood firm—mainly the time-honored values of bebop.

Throughout the first set, Shank offered an imposing illustration of how to maintain one's early beliefs and build on youthful accomplishments. As was evident from the opening tune, an old Tiny Kahn blues, he achieves a tremendous blend of power, innovation and passion, along with the kind of unpredictability often characterized as the sound of surprise.

He has met his match in the pianist George Cables, a no less forceful personality who articulates each note as sharply as if the keys were bees and he was drawing away swiftly from their stings. On every tune, from Charlie Parker's "Ah Leu Cha" to the ballad "My Romance" and Rogers' original "Mia," he excelled both as a soloist and as a rhythm section component. In the latter capacity he was assisted by the always reliable bass work of Monty Budwig, and by a long respected drummer, Sherman Ferguson.

Rogers, though not an emotional improvising artist on the level of Shank or Cables, is in good technical shape, his fluegelhorn blending well with Shank's sax on the theme statements.

Because of the compelling im-

pact of its best moments, this quintet transcends the generally over-familiar basis of its material. For those who insist that bebop lives—and who among us denies it?—this group offers rewarding evidence of how effectively creation can fend off stagnation.

Jazz Festival Review

Jazz Festival Is Favorite of Musicians and Fans

By LEONARD FEATHER
Music Critic

We are blessed to be residents of Sarasota," said a contented customer filing out of Van Wezel Hall Thursday evening. His enthusiasm could well be understood; the fifth annual festival organized by President Hal Davis of the Jazz Club of Sarasota was succeeding on every level.

The premise for the three-day event was that of the jazz party, in which a select group of musicians (20 on this occasion) is assembled and used in various permutations. Informative narration by Davis tied the concept together. No organized bands or combos were hired; on the contrary, some of the musicians had never played together before.

Tenor sax veteran Bud Freeman, the senior participant, now in his 80th year, said of guitarist Herb Ellis: "I've waited 35 years to work with him." Their collaboration on "I



STAFF PHOTO/ROD MILLINGTON

Sideman Milt Hinton and drummer Alan Dawson.

Cover the Waterfront" was a highlight of the first evening.

The focal element of the festival

was Milt Hinton, an apt choice by Davis to symbolize the great sidemen, who, for seven decades, have

been the backbone of jazz. The bassist, whose upcoming 75th birthday was celebrated in a ceremony after the concert, enlivened the first two evenings with a pair of numbers that had been rehearsed; a two-bass blues number that found Hinton and Brian Torff indulging in creative interplay, and another piece, written by Hinton and arranged by Dick Hyman, in which six bass players merged their talents: Hinton, Torff, and four local symphony musicians. Progressing from arco (bowed) passages to pizzicato (plucked) sequences and ending with Hinton slapping the bass in nostalgic 1920s style, this was a unique inspiration and a delight from the first note to the final chord.

Less successful was an attempt, on the second night, to recreate the Cab Calloway band of which Hinton was a member for 16 years. For this, regular brass and sax sections were assembled, reading music from stands that bore Calloway's likeness; but they played only one

number, a simple riff tune called "Pluckin' The Bass." The idea should have been extended.

For the rest of both concerts, informality was the keynote. On the first night some of the men seemed a little below optimum form, perhaps because they had just arrived from distant points. Thursday, however, with everyone relaxed and ready, Davis put this formidable line-up of talents to resourceful use, with a set by the brass section followed by one called "Reeds and Rhythm." Glenn Zottola, who doubles on trumpet and alto sax, was featured in both groups.

Because "I Can't Get Started" seemingly has been used by every trumpeter since the Bunny Berigan version a half century ago, it was intriguing to hear it played successively by four brass virtuosos. Though Mel Davis, Joe Wilder and Warren Vache all distinguished themselves, Zottola took top honors with a beautifully constructed chorus notable for its lyricism and control. Wilder's finest moments came

in "Secret Love," gracefully outlined on fluegelhorn.

Al Grey and George Masso paired off for a trombone duel on "In A Mellotone." In the reed sequence, Peanuts Hucko scored points with his Goodman-inspired clarinet. Jerry Jerome (the festival's resident host) and Bud Freeman were in felicitous form on "The Sheik," and a third tenor player, George Kelly, brought the spirit of Coleman Hawkins to "Body and Soul." Phil Bodner, who subbed for the ailing Eddie Barefield, acquitted himself admirably on both sax and clarinet.

A musical-chairs sequence that found Ralph Sutton, Derek Smith and Dick Hyman changing places at three keyboards came off well, though all three (particularly the incredible Hyman) were more effective in their individual contributions.

The three drummers - Mousie Alexander, Alan Dawson and Bobby Rosengarden - switched places similarly during the closing "One
Continued on 5D

CAB CALLOWAY 'N' ALL THAT JIVE

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

By LEONARD FEATHER

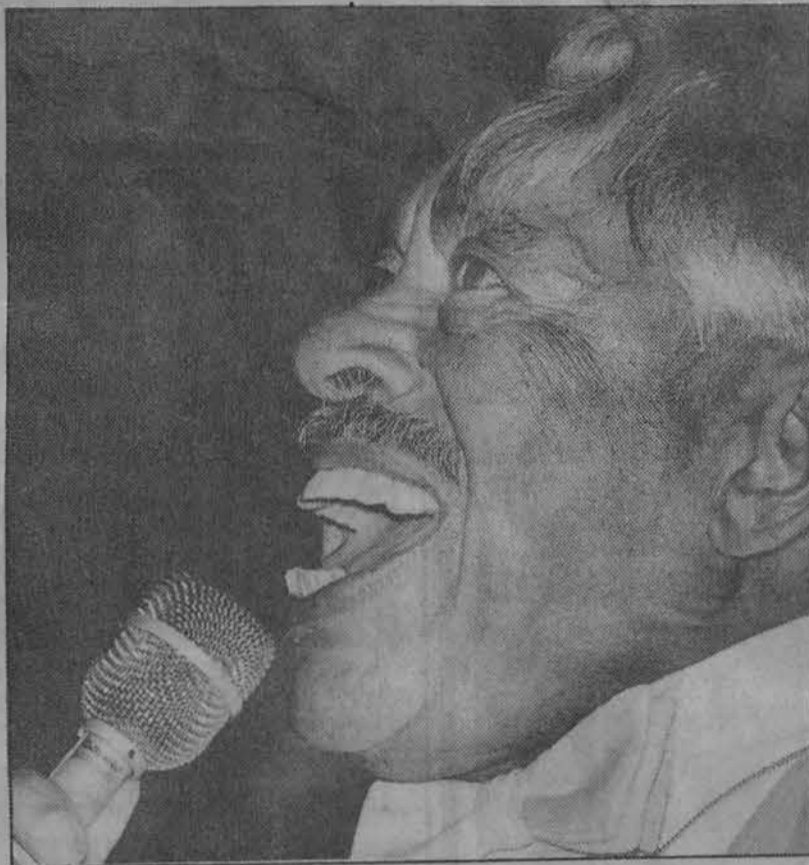
Hep hep. Scat-de-wah. Hi de ho. The jive is jumpin'. That, at least, was the impression given Tuesday when Cab Calloway, opening a six-day run at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, brought his imperishable impressions of 1930s hipsterism to an audience eager to be engulfed in nostalgic entertainment.

Most of his listeners were not born when Calloway first fronted a band in 1929. Many were not old enough to recall the start of his career as a stage actor in 1952, playing Sportin' Life in "Porgy and Bess." But they had all heard the records, or heard about the Calloway legend, and perhaps a few had seen the movie "The Cotton Club," in which actor Larry Marshall played Calloway.

Now, here was the real thing in person, silver-haired and dashing at 77, still capable of inducing sing-alongs to "Minnie the Moocher," his 1931 Cotton Club hit.

For the most part, the songs most strongly identified with him worked best. "It Ain't Necessarily So" is clearly his bag, not vocally demanding but somehow commanding with its cantor-like wails. "Stormy Weather," though mainly associated with female singers (Ethel Waters, Lena Horne), was originally written for him and provides a typical vehicle for his vocal melodrama, complete with pseudo-scat finale.

All this having been said, it may seem iconoclastic to evaluate the show artistically. Entertainment-oriented though it was, it consisted of songs by two performers, accompanied by five musicians, and



Veteran Cab Calloway, 77, performs at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

musically, it left more to be desired than lauded.

Calloway kicked things off with four numbers, among them a "Get Happy" that worked well enough for openers and a high-pitched opus that seemed to be some sort of paean to Los Angeles, with long-held notes that didn't quite make it.

His highness then introduced his daughter, Chris Calloway. A tall, striking redhead in a gold lame

gown, she worked her way dutifully through a curious mix of songs from Fats Waller to Carole Bayer Sager to Jon Hendricks. With a personality not unlike that of a Las Vegas lounge singer, she was minimally helped by a quintet under the direction of trumpeter Leslie Drayton. Throughout the show they sounded undermanned and undecided.

Chris was then joined by her father for his own "Jumpin' Jive." They worked well together, despite the song's embarrassingly synthetic use of 1939 jive terms such as "ikeroo" that were never really a part of musicians' argot.

Calloway senior then took over the small stage area to gyrate his way through the rest of the show. If he seemed less nimble than of yore, it could have been because he was constricted by the space.

The underlying problem is that Cab Calloway during his heyday was the leader of a first-rate jazz orchestra through whose ranks

Please see CALLOWAY, Page 9

CALLOWAY

Continued from Page 1

passed dozens of great musicians—Dizzy Gillespie, Ben Webster, Cozy Cole, Jonah Jones, Milt Hinton, et al.—who contributed invaluable to its overall impact, almost concealing the fact that for all Calloway's visual flamboyance and vocal extroversion, he was only peripherally a jazz figure, and as much an actor as a singer.

Under the present conditions, with only a small band that struggles to stay in tune, his strengths are undermined and his weaknesses exposed.

Scat-de-wah. Hi de ho. Ho hum.

Los Angeles Times 5/29

A NEW BRITISH INVASION, SWING STYLE, AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

That the youth movement in jazz has become international was demonstrated handily Monday at Donte's when the Doncaster Youth Band made its American jazz club debut.

Jazz education being almost nonexistent in much of England, and Doncaster being a small mining town in South Yorkshire, it was doubly astonishing to hear these young musicians give such a swinging account of themselves. Much of the credit goes to their conductor, John Ellis, a tireless teacher who has brought his 20 charges to a high level of efficiency.

They range in age from a 15-year-old bassist to a 21-year-old trumpeter, but most are in their late teens. With a propulsive rhythm team driven by David May on drums and pianist Garry Howe, they also boast a 10-piece brass battalion that blasted out the charts, many of them written by English composers, with consistent accuracy and sensitive phrasing.

The wind section, seven strong, includes two female saxophonists and two female flutists. The saxes, though a hair off the mark in their intonation, did justice to a British

blues piece, sharing the credits with Dennis Rollins. The trombone-playing Rollins brothers, Dennis and Winston, are among the band's maturest soloists, along with Mark White, whose lyrical flugelhorn lit up the Bob Florence waltz, "Lonely Carousel."

That these Britons have overcome educational obstacles well enough to place them at least on a level with the best U.S. college bands was made very clear, since the Doncaster group followed a well-organized set by the award-winning Chaffey College Jazz Ensemble, directed by Jack Mason. In spirit and buoyancy the Yorkshiremen gave the Yanks a run for their money. Some of the Chaffey arrangements were too complex for relaxed performance. The vocalist, Patti Warden, has a fine legitimate sound but was under-miked, and overwhelmed by the band. However, solo honors in this double-feature evening were shared by Chaffey's Brian Bettger on trumpet and Mike Zelazo on trombone.

The irony of the youth band phenomenon, both here and abroad, lies in the fact that these musicians are being trained for jobs that are almost nonexistent. One can only commend their success as amateurs while wishing it could be carried over into professional life.

CALENDAR

JAZZ

STANLEY JORDAN—GUITAR REVOLUTIONARY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Just 18 months ago, he was playing for small change on the sidewalks of New York. Today, Stanley Jordan presents a very different image: recorded in New York, applauded in Montreux, lauded in Tokyo, the 25-year-old guitar revolutionary and electronic wizard has become the No. 1 musical conversation piece of the year.

Slick opportunists will not be able to take unfair advantage of his sudden fame, as would have been the case with a typical new artist of esteryear. At one time, musicians went from job to job with little sense of direction, let publishers make their compositions for token fees, and signed recording contracts that capitalized on their naivete.

None of these misfortunes can befall Stanley Jordan. Before even tackling New York, he read up on the business end of music, worked on a guitar technique that promised to redefine the use of the instrument, formed his own record company and publishing firm, then shopped for the right recording executive, who in turn found him the right manager, who set up an audition with George Wein. Astonished by Jordan's innovations, Wein arranged for Jordan's brief but catalytic appearance at the New York Kool Jazz Festival last summer.

Self-possessed and articulate, Jordan recently explained his carefully organized plan of action.

"When I was about 15," he said, "I began to get a clear idea of where my music was headed. I imagined some day what I'd play would be different from anything I'd heard before. I couldn't figure out what instruments, what harmonies, but I figured, hey, if I can imagine it, I can play it. Since then I've pretty much dedicated my life to that."

Born July 31, 1959, in Chicago, Jordan was raised in Palo Alto, where his father, a pioneer in computer technology, now manages training programs for the American Electronics Assn. His mother, an English literature teacher, is now in Boston working on her Ph.D. His parents were divorced when he was 10, by which time he had behind him four years of classical piano studies.

"My favorite thing," he recalls, "was to make up pieces on the piano. My teacher would say, 'OK, that's very nice, but now let's get on with the lesson.' If she had encouraged me, I'd have made more headway sooner as a composer."

"I was around 9, when I started listening to pop music, and guitar seemed like the most exciting instrument. My influences were Jimi

Hendrix, Sly and the Family Stone, the Beatles, the Temptations."

He began playing guitar a year or two later. Soon he graduated to jazz because it presented more of a challenge. "I can't pretend that I knew everything Jimi Hendrix knew, but it was just a matter of time before I could have absorbed it, whereas when someone put on a record by Charlie Parker or John Coltrane, I found I was a beginner again. It's not that I ever abandoned my roots in rock or blues, but of all the styles from which I could draw in order to develop a music of my own, I found that I could get the most out of jazz."

□

Jordan credits his jazz awakening to Elroy Jones, a guitarist in San Francisco who tuned him in on the bebop standards by Parker and Gillespie. "A lot of my friends were busy trying to play the fastest licks, but Elroy made me realize I needed to put them together into a musical statement. That was when I began to become more mature as a player, and was able to learn something from the records of Charlie Christian and Wes Montgomery."

Like his father, Jordan had an intense interest in computers and wanted to gain knowledge that could be applied to a computer music program. "Since my mother was getting degree at Stanford, we lived right on campus. It seemed logical for me to go there, but when I didn't get accepted at Stanford, I found that Princeton had a computer program. I got in at Princeton and it seemed like a wise choice; it was close to New York, and I'd heard that anyone who's anybody in jazz comes to New York at some point."

By the time he graduated, he had determined his own way of tuning the guitar (in fourths—E, A, D, G, C, F) and the two-handed touch technique of hammering the notes instead of plucking or strumming.

The tapping technique did not originate with Jordan; a few others have used it, most notably Emmett Chapman, who in the 1970s invented the 10-stringed instrument, the Stick. However, no artist has carried the process forward on a scale as extensive as that developed by Jordan.

After graduation, he took a year's sabbatical. "I lived in the cheapest place I could find, in a basement, and sort of cleaned up my mental room—it was important to take certain things with me from my school years and leave behind what I didn't need to know. I spent a lot of time practicing, soul searching, determining which of the many areas of music I wanted to get into, and how to go about it."



MARISSA ROTH / Los Angeles Times

Jazz phenom Stanley Jordan: His two-handed touch technique of hammering the notes promises to redefine the use of the guitar.

After reading the book "This Business of Music" and examining the price schedule of a record pressing plant, he decided that it was feasible to produce his own album. Entitled "Touch Sensitive," it comprised guitar solos with no overdubs, though many listeners found this hard to believe.

"I was lucky to be able to raise the money, but then found I had to spend it in order to survive; then I

raised it again, and again, and in the end I was pretty heavily in debt."

While in Madison, Wis., he made three "reconnaissance missions" to New York. "I jammed in clubs, played in the streets, talked to musicians about whom I ought to meet in the industry, and the name that kept coming up was Bruce Lundvall. He was then running the Elektra/Musician label, and he was interested in signing me, but I

wasn't really ready.

"Every month, Bruce called to let me know he was still interested. He was a real music fan-businessman, just the kind of person I'd been looking for. While I was planning to move to New York, he found me a great manager, Christine Martin. I soon found a sublet in Manhattan.

"I was still doing a lot of playing in the streets, and when I asked Christine to get me some club work she said, 'I'm waiting to get you something big.' I told her, 'Christine, I'm starving! Give me anything!' But she was right. She persuaded George Wein to squeeze me in for 15 minutes at Avery Fisher Hall.

"It was a great night, with Wynton Marsalis and Maynard Ferguson, a lot of media people and serious listeners. I planned it out carefully and got a real good response."

□

The floodgates opened. Jordan was invited to the Montreux Festival in Switzerland, played a week at the Village Vanguard, and signed with Lundvall, who by now had switched to Capitol/EMI.

As his album makes clear ("Magic Touch," Blue Note 85101), Jordan uses his astonishing style not as a technical gimmick, but as a way of achieving a broad range of emotions in every genre from Beatles ("Eleanor Rigby") to blues (Miles Davis' "Freddie Freeloader") to Jimi Hendrix ("Angel") and jazz standards (Monk's "Round Midnight" and Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born"), along with three original works that reflect a variety of ethnic influences. The album is No. 1 on the Billboard jazz chart.

A conversation with Stanley Jordan leaves no doubt that here is an exceptionally mature young artist whose views and attitudes encompass objectives beyond the music itself. As he says, "Music was never my only interest. If I had gone to a pure music school I'd have been unhappy, because it wouldn't have given me a sense of how it relates to the world at large.

"What music is about is its role in society, in waking people up. The things I always loved the most, as much as I loved the classics, were the pop tunes that had the purpose of opening people's minds, of trying to improve the world. The more you know about other topics, the better the music you can create, because all things are related."

Jordan's future holds seemingly limitless possibilities. Already a book is under way that will explain his complex technique to young guitar students. Offers for concerts and festivals are pouring in from Japan and all over Europe. His has been the swiftest rise to prominence since Wynton Marsalis emerged from sideman status three years ago. □

POPPOURRI

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JAZZ

TIMING JUST RIGHT FOR FORGING AN ALLIANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz has always depended for its welfare not on the kindness of strangers, but on the altruistic interest of outsiders. On many occasions in the history of the music, it has benefited significantly from the presence of the right enthusiast, in the right position of influence, at the right time.

The timing and place couldn't have been better in the case of the newly formed National Academy of Jazz.

Coincidentally, just as the dust was settling last March in the wake of the brouhaha that erupted when the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences left jazz out of its Grammy awards program on CBS, it turned out that the Los Angeles Music Center had been looking for a logical plan to offer prestigious presentations of jazz.

Enter Jim Washburn. A Chicago-born television producer who grew up around jazz fans and musicians, he has been a lifelong aficionado. He was involved in the production of "Operation Entertainment," an ABC series that roamed the country for talent, with vibraphonist Terry Gibbs leading the orchestra.

During three years at Los Angeles' KCET, Washburn was producer and/or director of jazz programs involving Gibbs and Buddy De Franco, Nellie Lutcher, Supersax, the Brazilian group led by Oscar Castro Neves and others.

"I've had a long-standing association with the Music Center," he said the other day. "I was with ABC when they brought the Academy Awards show to the Chandler Pavilion 20 years ago. Allan Coleman, who's president of the Music Center Operating Co., and Gordon Jenkins Jr., the booking manager, began talking to me at least once a month before the Grammy awards show about doing something with

jazz.

"It was decided to use the Music Center's office facilities to bring together a group of interested parties—musicians, critics, disc jockeys, educators, businessmen—who could help to bring about the launching of a new organization. We wanted to dedicate it to the encouragement of excellence in music, with the eventual objective of staging a jazz honors ceremony."

More than 30 people attended each of the two meetings held to date. Among the musicians present were Mel Torme, composer Benny

enough material to make up an LP, the record was never released and the WJA, strapped for funds, died aborning.

The new alliance (now known as the National Academy of Jazz) seems to be in a stronger position, though funding is still being sought. With the support of the Music Center, which is holding open three days next Jan. 19-21 at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, chances are excellent that Washburn and others will be able to line up a television show—conceivably a sponsored network event, alternatively and perhaps preferably a public TV program.

The first point made at the initial NAJ meeting was that this group is in no way competitive with NARAS; on the contrary, several prominent NARAS members, among them Frank Capp, singer Sue Raney and writer Patricia Willard, have become enthusiastically involved with NAJ. Capp has been

work table. It deserves its own exposure, an opportunity to be heard in all its multifaceted glory. Surely an independent affirmation of its validity, vitality and universality can and must be accomplished without the commercial pressures that have restricted it.

That it can please a vast audience was proved, ironically, a few days after the Grammy show when, on ABC's "Night of 100 Stars," a superb 20-minute jazz segment was presented.

It began with a moving speech by Lena Horne, who invoked the names of Armstrong and other giants in an articulate salute to the contribution of jazz as an art form. Then came performances by Joe Williams, Mel Torme, Al Jarreau, Wynton Marsalis, Sarah Vaughan and Woody Herman, and a finale in which all six joined forces.

This stirring sequence, which according to Daily Variety "strongly bolstered the program's final hour," won the highest ratings of all segments of the three-hour show, easily beating the competition on the other networks. So much for the CBS representative who reportedly stated, at one Grammy planning session, that "when jazz comes on, people go to the bathroom."

Word of the new academy has spread rapidly. In New York, recording executive Bruce Lundvall, Dizzy Gillespie, producer Bob Thiele and his wife, singer Teresa Brewer, critics Dan Morgenstern, Ira Gitler and Gary Giddins, among others, have offered to lend it moral support and in some cases active participation.

At the latest NAJ meeting the plans for a projected awards ceremony became more specific. Instead of voting, there will be a consensus among the academy's principal activists that will lead to the selection of four "Lifetime Achievement Honors," much along the lines of the Kennedy Center awards. They will go to the outstanding instrumentalist, singer, composer-arranger, band or small combo, with a fifth award set aside for the outstanding new star of the year. □

Jazz should not need to beg for crumbs from anyone else's network table. It deserves to be heard in all its multifaceted glory.

Carter, vibraphonist Gibbs, saxophonist Ann Patterson, guitarist Mundell Lowe, drummer Frank Capp and composer Bob Florence.

It has long been common knowledge in the jazz community that a need has existed for some national group with a special interest in the welfare of this music, so long relegated to a Cinderella role in the media world of ever more commercialized sounds. A few years ago there was an attempt, also in Los Angeles, to form a World Jazz Assn. Several meetings were held; hopes were high, but financing was low. A concert was staged with the object of putting out a live album, the proceeds from which probably could have given the association a measure of economic stability.

Unfortunately, one major artist refused to agree to terms that would have allowed his portion of the show to be included in the album. As a result, there was not

appointed to an NAJ steering committee, chaired by Washburn, along with Carter, Lowe, writer-lyricist Gene Lees and others.

What does all this mean for jazz and for its well-wishers? About what the Country Music Assn. has meant to adherents of that genre, which was similarly formed on a non-competitive basis.

Whether jazz is or is not presented on the Grammy awards show need no longer be an issue. It has in any case never enjoyed more than tokenism in the past. In 1986, no doubt, there will be an improvement triggered by the uproar that followed its total exclusion this year, but subsequent programs almost certainly will return to the long-established policy of allotting jazz four or five minutes out of a program more than three hours long.

Jazz should not need to beg for crumbs from anyone else's net-

JAZZ REVIEW

JACKSON BIG ON THEATRICS

By LEONARD FEATHER

With singer/owner Herb Jeffries touring in Europe, the weekend slot at the Flamingo Music Center has been assigned to Joanne Jackson, an actress and singer whose credits include "The Wiz" and a tour with "Porgy and Bess."

A sizable woman, Jackson looks as if she has just stepped out of a gospel group. However, for the first half-hour of her long set on Thursday she established credentials of a very different order, staying with such pop standards as "Cabaret," "Deed I Do" and "Secret Love." The last song was preceded and followed, inexplicably, by a nursery rhyme montage that began and ended with "Three Blind Mice."

The owner of a strong voice, a ready smile and obvious self-confidence, Jackson gradually altered her emphasis as the 90 minutes wore on. From an excellent interpretation of the Sheena Easton hit "Wind Beneath My Wings" she shifted gears for a rousing rhythmic workout on "Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter."

Her gospelized "God Bless the Child" was the last unadulterated offering. A parody of "Hard Hearted Hannah" lacked the requisite humor, and a gradual breakdown of "Hallelujah, I Love Him So" found her lapsing into an embarrassingly tacky series of heavy-breathing effects. This pseudo-sexual emphasis led into a treatment of "Fever" that totally robbed the song of its low-flame intensity. You had the feeling that those larger-than-life portraits of Ella Fitzgerald and Judy Garland were looking down from the walls in shock.

Jackson's act needs editing—plenty of it. By now, she had abandoned any pretense of class. Her "Summertime" followed a pointless, endless introductory rap, but was saved when she invited Bob Jeffries to join her on stage for a second-chorus duet. A partner in the club, he has a robust baritone sound not unlike his father's. Jeffries then took over for a pleasant solo foray on "Misty."

Both singers were accompanied by a helpful rhythm group with pianist Gerald Wiggins as leader and Ron Anthony on guitar. Jackson will return Thursday for another three-night spell.

8 JAZZ PROGRAMS SCHEDULED BY BRAVO PAY-TV SERVICE

Bravo, the pay-TV service committed to regular scheduling of jazz, will offer 16 presentations of eight jazz programs during June, culminating in a weeklong celebration from June 21-28 during which a different show will be seen twice every week night.

Set for Saturday (4:30 and 8:30 p.m.) and Wednesday (7:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m.) are two segments of the ongoing "Jazz Counterpoint" series with Dr. Billy Taylor as host. They will feature Les McCann

and Dick Hyman, respectively, both engaging in conversation with Taylor as well as playing solos and piano duets with him.

The cable TV premiere of "Joe Albany: A Jazz Life" will air June 21 at 7 p.m. and midnight. The memorable documentary "Art Pepper: Notes from a Jazz Survivor" will have its American TV premiere June 26 at 7 p.m. and midnight.

A world premiere will be the recently produced "Mr. Drums:

Buddy Rich and His Band," set for June 28 at 7 p.m. and 11:30 p.m.

Other programs in the series are "Chick Corea & Gary Burton Live in Tokyo" (June 7 and June 24, 7 p.m. and midnight); "Herbie Manne's Flute & Percussion Theatre" (June 25, 7 p.m. and midnight), and "Gerry Mulligan Quartet at The Station" (June 14 and June 27, 7 p.m. and midnight).

—LEONARD FEATHER



レイ・ブラウン。(Photo:Na'atoy Clendaniel)

アレンジャー/コルネット=サド・ジ

子)

カウント・ベイシーこの1冊

ベイシーのすべてを知りたいという人にぜひ一読をオススメしたいのが、「カウント・ベイシーの世界」(スタンリー・ダuns著 上野勉訳:小社刊)。この本にはベイシーとレスター・ヤング、デューク・エリントンらのジャズの巨人たちとの出会いの様子や、著者が集めた30名以上にものぼるベイシー楽団出身者の証言が収められていて、ベイシーのすべてを本書で知ることができる。



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Cab Calloway: Warm & human.

HAIL CAB

Leonard Feather is surely entitled to his opinion regarding Cab Calloway's place in jazz history and his recent performances at the Vine St. Bar & Grill ("Cab Calloway 'n All That Jive," May 16).

But shouldn't Feather's piece, in the spirit of reporting the whole truth, have conveyed something of the warmth and humanity of this man, the celebratory tone of the evening, or at least the incredible stamina of this survivor of survivors?

At this point in Calloway's career, Feather's carping seems uncivilly mean-spirited.

SUE HANSEN
Sherman Oaks

4 Part VI/Monday, June 3, 1985 ★

JAZZ REVIEW

LISA RICH KEEPS THE FAITH AT LE CAFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The complaint has often been lodged that no young jazz singers are coming up to take over from the Fitzgeralds and Vaughans. Those who have the potential, it is said, are being steered away from jazz into more lucrative pop careers.

Every once in a while a singer such as Lisa Rich from Baltimore (she teaches singing at the University of Maryland) will come along to give the lie to this theory.

Teamed with pianist Clare Fischer for her local debut Friday at Le Cafe, Rich promptly revealed three powerful plus factors: a style that obviously evolved from listening to the right sources, a repertoire almost free of cliché standard

songs, and the attractive visual impression she creates, which puts her at an advantage.

When she offers a less-than-famous work it will be something of special value, such as Dave Frishberg's "Listen Here" or Fischer's "Morning." "Song Bird," a poignant tribute to the late Teddi King, sung almost *sotto voce*, later lost its charm through overextension; both the solo by Fischer and the reprise by Rich were excess baggage.

Among Rich's choice of older songs were such engaging, less-than-world-renowned works as Bronislau Kaper's "Invitation" and Leonard Bernstein's "Some Other Time."

For some unfathomable reason, Fischer and John Patitucci, both

superior musicians, chose to play almost the entire set not on the grand piano and upright bass at their disposal, but on an electric keyboard and Fender bass, which was suitable only to certain numbers and totally wrong for others. Moreover, whenever the tempo and temperature rose, Fischer punctuated in a staccato rhythmic manner as if playing in Morse code. This did nothing to underscore the singer's emotions.

The keyboard served Fischer well in a brief opening set that began with a very suave, sedate blues.

Rich, who will be in town for a while recording an album for Discovery, will be at the Vine St. Bar & Grill June 25.

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再出発した カウント・ベイシー・オーケストラ

“ベイシー逝く!!”の悲報が流れて、早1年が過ぎた。この間、黄金のベイシー・オーケストラは“ベイシーのいないベイシー・オーケストラ”としてリーダー不在のまま活動を続行していたが、遂にサド・ジョーンズをリーダーに迎えて本格的な“再出発”をはたすことになった。ここでは本誌特約寄稿家レナード・フェザーによるサド・ジョーンズとのインタビュー、並びに1周年を迎えたカウント・ベイシーへの熱い思いを綴る。

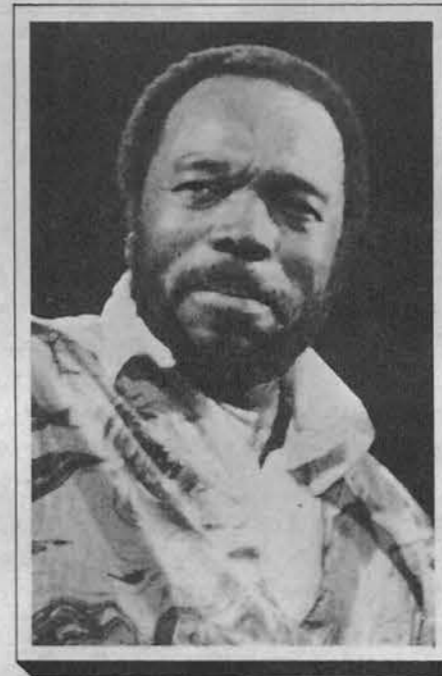
STARTING OVER BASIE

ホーン、サドとリユナルド・ジョーンズ/トランペット、ジミー・ジョーンズ/ピアノ、エディ・ジョーンズ/ベース、ジョー・ジョーンズ/ドラムス)に嬉々として参加した。

ハック、サド、エルビンのジョーンズ3兄弟が遂にスタジオで顔を合わせたのは、1958年の3月24日、私がMGMIにプロデュースしたセッションでだった。このセッションには、ベイシー楽団から先ほどのエディ・ジョーンズがベーシストとして加わった。サドはこのセッションで作曲

も手がけているが、この時すでに、彼はベイシー楽団にも譜面を提供するようになっていたのである。

しかし、残念なことに、彼のライティング・スタイルは、ベイシーのどちらかと言えば保守的な趣向にはやや進歩的すぎたようで、彼の書いた曲や編曲は頻繁には楽団のレパートリーにのぼらず、その真価のほどを十分には発揮できなかった。結局、サドの作/編曲者としての才能が陽の目をみるのは、65年の終わりにサドとメル・ルイスが、ビッグ・バンド結成という2人の夢を実現させてからのことだっ



●7年ぶりにアメリカへ戻り、ベイシー楽団のリーダーとなったサド・ジョーンズ。

た。

サド・ジョーンズ〜メル・ルイス・オーケストラの成功は、称賛に値する数々のアルバムや海外ツアー、そして何年間もニューヨークは『ビルボード・バンガード』の名物であった“マンデイ・ナイト・セッション”結果でも明らかであった。それでも長年の間には不満もつづいて、サドは78年にはオーケストラを辞し、コペンハーゲンに居を移してしまう。残ったメル・ルイスは、引き続きオーケストラを切り盛りしていくが、ボ

ブ・ブルックマイヤーなどの編曲を採用するなど、バンドのパーソナリティーは大きく変貌を遂げ、昔からのメンバーもほとんどが編隊を離れた。

サドがそれ以来、1度もメルのオーケストラを聞いていないというのには驚いた。彼とメルの間には意見の不一致があり、その共同関係の最後の方になると、2人の仲はかなり緊迫したものになっていたのだ。

今、アメリカのジャズ界のもっぱらの話題は、サドの帰還と、それにともなう彼の新しいリーダーとして

ベイシーとサド・ジョーンズ関係史

ベイシー楽団のトランペット・セッションに、サドの名前がみられるようになったのは、クレフの「The Band Of Distinction」あたりからだろうか。1954年のことであるが、ちなみに、この時のトランペット・セッションは、ウェンデル・カレイ、ルノー・ジョーンズ、ジョー・ニューマン、そしてサドというものすこいものであった。フランク・ウエスの推めでベイシー・バンドに入ったサドは、当時バンドで最年少であったという。52年あたりから正式にバンドの再編成に着手したベイシーは、若手のモダニストを積極的に登用したが、サドが入団したこの54年頃には、トロンボーンにヘンリー・コ

ーカー、ベニー・パウエル、ビル・ヒューズ。サクソフーン・セッションにマーシャル・ロイヤル、アーニー・ウイルクソン、フランク・ウエス、フランク・フォスター、チャーリー・フォークス。リズム・セッションはフレディ・グリーン、エディ・ジョーンズ、ガス・ジョンソンというまったく申し分のない顔ぶれが出揃っていた。ベイシー楽団は、それからの約10年間を、まさに破竹の勢いで追撃することになるのだが、サドは、いわば、この“黄金の時代”をほぼ10年間にわたって体験したことになるわけである。サドとジョー・ニューマンのトランペット・ソロは、V9時代の巨人のON砲が交互に出てくるようなものであった。いかなるようなスタイルのソロも楽々と受け入

れてしまうベイシーのリズム・セッションに乗って、サドは極めてモダンなアドリブ・プレイを展開したが、50年代後半になると、コンポーザーとしての才能もメキメキと頭角をあらわし、数々のモダンな譜面をバンドに提供するようになる。「Chairman Of The Board」(59年)は、フランク・ウエス、フランク・フォスター、そしてサド・ジョーンズという“バンド内アレンジャー”の競演盤であるが、サドはなかでも最も新しなベンをふるっている。ここには、後のサド〜メル・オーケストラの構想さえ感じ取れるものがある。そのサド・ジョーンズがベイシー・バンドに帰って来た。何かすばらしいことが起こるような予感がする。

(Swiftly 菅原)

のベイシー楽団への復帰である。これによって、彼の心づもりでは永久的だった国外脱出は、7年ぶりにピリオドが打たれた。また、63年に脱退したベイシー楽団へ復帰するということは、彼の楽歴が大きくひと回りしたということの象徴でもあると言ってもいいだろう。

この2月、ベイシー楽団は南カリフォルニアで数回の公演を行い、またマンハッタン・トランスファーとのレコーディングをはたした。私はその間数日間サドに付き合せて、エル・カミノ・カレッジのコンサート会場へ行ったり、ハリウッドにいるサドの友人が催したパーティーに出席して懐かしい顔をいくつも見たり、「カルメロス」に出演中のルイ・ベルソン(サドは彼のアレンジも手がけている)のところへ遊びに行ったり、またくだんのレコーディングを覗いたりした。

今年還暦を迎えたサドは、60~70年代にメル・ルイスのパートナーとして世界中を旅して歩いた時と比べれば、いくぶん貫禄がついたものの、その特長的な風貌は以前と少しも変わっていない。彼は、ゆったりしたよく響く声で、これからの新方向を解説してくれた。

「私がアメリカを離れてデンマークへ行ったのは、その10年前からずっと真剣に考えていたことだった

んだよ。ヨーロッパに移った理由は、私が行動を起こす以前にそうした、大勢のミュージシャンと同じ理由でね。音楽全般が、ことにジャズが、このアメリカでは泥沼にはまり込んでいるように思えたんだよ」

「でも、サド・メルはかなり成功していたんじゃないの？」と、私は思わず口をはさんだ。「日本やヨーロッパにもたびたび行ったし、ソ連の旅も大成じゃなかったの？」

「それは成功の計り方いかんだよ」、サド・ジョーンズは答えた。「確かに、バンドが成り上がったことには、それなりの意義はある。しかしね、それには支払うべきものもたくさんある。経済的な意味でね。私なんかは、外からの書く仕事をどんどん断ったおかげで、入ってくるのと失う方とどっこいどっこいだった。それは私が進んで、バンドを受容するが故にやったことだがね。ところが、いつのまにか、前に進むというよりも、ぐるぐるとただ同じ場所を回っているだけになってしまったんだよ。アメリカはポップやロックの嵐にすっぽり包まれてしまっていたからね。で、その旗頭というのが、実はアメリカのミュージシャンではなくて、イギリスの連中なんだ。こちらにはこちらの、豊かな実りある文化遺産というものがあつたのに、母国では正当に認識されていない」

「バンドそのものに問題があったわけじゃないん

われらが愛するカウント・ベイシー

●神原世詩朗(神原音楽事務所社長) 確かな年月は覚えていないのだが、ベイシーさんが何回目かの来日をされた時のことです。ちょうど同じ頃、クラシック界でピアノの女王と尊敬されているアリシア・デ・ラローチャも私の事務所が招へい中でした。日程の調整がつかず、別々に食事のご招待が出来ないので、思い切ってこの異色のお2人を同時にレストランへ、ということになりました。その時のベイシーさんのジェントルマン・シップは見事なものでしたが、座がうちとけて話が「十二支」に及び、「なぜ日本人は生まれた年に動物の犬だの猫だの名がつくのか? お前の動物はなんだ?」と

言われ、「一見“豚”風なのだが、“寅”なのですよ」と言って大笑いをし、小生の誕生日が6月1日だという話が出たのです。6月1日はNHK交響楽団とラローチャ女史のコンチェルトがあった日でした。私が舞台の袖で彼女の熱演を聴いていると、N響の舞台係の人が、「カウント・ベイシーさんが来ているよ」と驚いたような声で知らせてくれました。私がびっくりして後ろをふり向いて立ち上がりとうとする、私の肩に軽く手を触れて、「そのままジッとしている」というゼスチャーで口に指を当てながら、「ミセス・ラローチャの演奏に興味があつてね、ちょっと聴きにきたんだよ」というのです。そしてしばらく聴いてから、「あ、そうそう、今日はお前の誕生日だったな。おめ

でどう」と言ってポケットからキレイに包装された小箱を取り出して渡してくれました。そして、「彼女のピアノはスゴいなあ」と言うのと静かに立ち去ったのです。デュボンの黒光りするライターでした。もの忘れや落しもの名人の小生に、家内は厳命しました。「この大切なライターは持ち出し禁止」。それから数年経過した一昨年の5月。思えば最後の来日になった年でした。私は成田空港に出迎えに行つたのですが、この日はまた、指揮者のクラウディオ・アバドとロンドン交響楽団の着日でもあり、私も事務所の者も緊張していたのです。車が成田空港に着いた途端、私は軽い脳梗塞を起こし、その日のうちに東大病院に入院ということになってしまいました。幸いごく軽症



●マンハッタン・トランスファーのレコーディングでジョン・ヘンドリックス(顔)をださしめるサド。右はレナード・フェザー。(Photo:Nancy Glendaniel)

だ。いつも良いミュージシャンに恵まれていたわけだし、たった1枚、耐えがたいのがあるのを別とすれば、作ったレコードはどれも最上質の良いレコードばかりだ」

「その耐えがたい1枚というのは?」

「君なら言ってもいいだろう。77年の録音の「ライブ・イン・ミュンヘン」というLPだよ。それが

《グラミー賞》を取ったんだからね! あれで、ばかばかしいと思つてね。もうたくさんだという気になったんだ」

デンマークでは求めていた生活の安定が得られたのかときくと、サドはすかさずこう答えた。

「安定はさほど問題じゃなかったね。やっと、自分の周囲の人間が、私が単なる“ジャズ・ミュージ

だったので2週間で退院しました。ベイシーさんが小生の入院のことを大変心配してくれていたの、退院してすぐ食事の会を持ちました。その時に全快祝いとしていただいたのが、トレード・マークのキャプテン帽でした。メイド・イン・ギリシャ。私も3年前サンフランシスコで買いましたが、これは冬もので、ベイシーさんからいただいたものは夏ものです。魚つりやヨットが好きだということ、ベイシーさんはちゃんと覚えていてくれたのです。もう間もなくそれらのシーズンに入ります。風に飛ばされないように帽子にヒモをつけるか、上からタオルで頬かむり風にするか迷っています。恰好なんか、かまっていられません。本当に大事なもののからです。

●田崎ユリ(旧姓松山:通訳) いつのツアードだったか、公演が済んでベイシーさんがメンバーと部屋でカードを楽しんでいた。そこへリングを持っていったことがある。その時、私は得意になってリングの赤い皮を耳にみため、うさぎを作った。なんとなくかわいらしいし、きっと喜んでくれると思ったからだ。部屋に入ると葉巻の臭いが鼻をついた。空気の悪い部屋の中は、映画のシーンそのもの。ピアノの前のやさしいベイシー・スマイルはない。葉巻を口にくわえ、目はゆるぐ煙を避けながら、手に持ったカードを凝視している。そこにはドスのきいた大親分がいた。まったくうさぎは場違いであった。私はひどく気おくれしたが、リングのお皿をテーブルに置いて、そっ

と部屋を出ようとした。すると背中中、「What?」とストンキョウな声。私はびっくりしてふり向き、「これはうさぎだ」と説明した。ベイシーさんは身を切られるような素振りをして、「リングにナイフを入れるのは、かわいそうな気がする」とボツンと言った。私は愕然とした。このすこみのある雰囲気なかで、誰がこんな言葉を予測できましよう。まさにベイシーさん以外の人からは、聞けなかった言葉かもしれません。先日、子供にリングをむきながら、ふと思出した1コマである。

●中村誠一(テナー奏者) カウント・ベイシー楽団という、イメージ的に学生フル・バンドを思い出してしまうんだけど、僕が思うに、悪いけどベイシーのナ

シャン”じゃなく、1人の“ジャズ・アーティスト”なんだという事実を認めてくれるようになった。そういう尊敬の目で私をみてくれるようになったんだ」

「デンマークの放送楽団と仕事をしたり、音楽院に雇われたり。音楽院には5年間いたけれども、外の仕事を自由にとらせてくれたんで、スペイン、イタリー、フランス、ドイツ、スイス、スカンジナビアと、ヨーロッパ中をクリニックして回ったよ。フィンランドの放送楽団ともずいぶん仕事をした」(ラジオの生番組は欧州ではいまなお盛んであり、アメリカ、地元を問わずミュージシャン達にゲスト・ソロイストとして、あるいはコンポーザーとして数限りない仕事の機会を与えている)。

●
サド・ジョーンズの私生活にもまた一大変化があった。このインタビューの最中、彼に寄り添っていたのは、新妻のリズと、5歳になる遊び盛りの子、サド・ジョーンズ・ジュニアだった。

「この2人のお世話だけでかなり忙しかったんだよ。建設的な落ち着いた生活で、非常にうまくいっていたんだがね。それで去年の6月頃だったかな、ウィラード・アレクサンダーから電話がかかってきたんだ。ウィラードは、君も知ってる通り、ビッグ・バンドのブッキングでは、バンドの統率におけるベ

イシーと同じくらいの大きな存在だったんだよ。ベイシーが亡くなって3週間もたたない頃、彼から電話があってね。受話器をとった時、なんとなく彼がなぜ電話をしてきたのかピンときたんだけど、そうしたら案の上、おいでなすった。私にバンドのリーダーシップを引き継がないかというんだよ。「重大な決断だから、2、3日考えてもらって、また電話する」とウィラードが言うのでね。ワイフとよく話し合っ、次に電話があった時、承知すると言ったんだ。その翌月と翌々月は、ベイシーの養子のアーロン・ウッドワードともいろいろ話をしたんだよ。それからクール・ジャズ・フェスティバルのツアーでデトロイトまでくる途中、ニューヨークでちょっと降りて、ウィラードに渡してもらうようにバイオフィーと写真を何枚か置いていったんだ。また後で電話するって言ってね。ところが、デトロイトに着いてみたらとにかくあわただしいんだ。なにしろ私の育った街だから、昔の友達や親類に会ったりしているうちに、ウィラードに電話をすることなんかすっかりどこかへ忘れてしまっ、連絡してないことに気がついたのは、コペンハーゲンに戻ってからのことだ。それから電話すると、彼の秘書がびっくりして、「知らなかったの、アレクサンダーさんは死んだのよ」と言うんだ。あとで聞いたら、ウィラードは私が電話することになっていたその日に亡くなったんだよ。それから火のついたような大騒ぎ

ンバーは学生諸君に出来っこない。なぜなら、リズム・セクションがベイシーの“命”だからであります。学生諸君たちにあのリズムが出たら、僕は頭を丸めてジャズをやめてもいいと思っています。ところで、ベイシーのレコードは実にイイ!! 1年に1回ぐらい、ベイシーのコピーでいいからフル・バンドをやりたいと思っておるくらいであります。ベイシーのメモリアル・ホールがNYに建てられるそうですが、これは当然なんであると思うのであります。

●根津甚八(俳優) 私はとりたててジャズ好きというわけでもないのに、ベイシー楽団だけは東京でのライブを2回も聴きにいらっている。というのは、知る人ぞ知るかの菅原の昭二兄イから誘いの電話

もあつたし、日頃他のミュージシャンには滅方てきびしい批判をぶつける人が、御大は完璧と断言していたからです。だから、僕のようなシロウトは、ただ素直に足を運び、サウンドにたっぷり浸りきってスイングの真髄にナマで触れられた幸運にただ感激したものです。そして一流中の一流モンは、笑顔が実にいいなあ、と実感したものです。また、何をしても絵になるのです。極端な話、カウント・ベイシーが出てくれば、演奏なしでもいいのです。彼の足がわりの車椅子さえ美しく、舞台の袖から登場し、あの笑顔から始まって退場する時の後姿まで、ベイシーの一挙手一投足がジャズそのものだと感じ入っていました。

またまた登場の未発表ライブ

このところ相次いでベイシーの未発表ライブが登場しているが、さらにボリドールより2枚組の「カウント・オン・ザ・コースト」(Phontastic)の発売が予定されている。1958年、スウェーデンのライブが聴ける“超お楽しみ盤”。メンバーはジョー・ニューマン、サド・ジョーンズ、スヌーキー・ヤング(tp)、ベニー・パウエル、ヘンリー・コーカー、アル・グレイ(tb)、フランク・ウエス、フランク・フォスター、マーシャル・ロイヤル(sax)、ベイシー(p)、フレディ・グリーン(g)、エディ・ジョーンズ(b)、ソニー・ベイン(ds)他。内容は今さら申すまでもないだろう。(Swifty 菅原)



Photo: Mitsuhiko Sugawara

さ。ウィラードの死は音楽業界全体にとって衝撃だったんだ。彼はビッグ・バンドのマネージメントをほとんど一手に引き受けていたからね。でも、ベイシー・オーケストラじゃないけど、彼の事務所も生き残った。そうして、アーロン・ウッドワードとウィラードの事務所と何度か本腰を入れて話し合いをしてから、私は放送楽団と1月に、前々から決まっていた2週間の東欧ツアーに出たんだよ。そのツアーが終わってコペンハーゲンに戻ると、飛行機のキップが届いていたね。気持ちを直すのに1日しかなかったね。すぐシカゴに飛んで、シカゴ周辺で1週間、マジソンでカレッジ・バンドと3日、シカゴの「ジャズ・ショーケース」で3日やって——

それが7年間に渡るサド・ジョーンズの自由業最後の仕事だった。2月9日、ニューヨークに向けてシカゴをたった彼は、翌日にはベイシー楽団のフロントに立っていた。

「これに全時間をかける意気込みでデンマークを発ったんだ。文字通り背水の陣を敷いてきたというわけではないけれど、物事は中途半端にやっても意味はないからね。スケジュールもどンドン埋まってきたり、バンドはかなり忙しいよ。見通しは非常に明るいよ。超一流の人たちばかりだよ。63年に私が脱けた当時のメンバーも4人残ってる。実際の話、今のこのバンドは、現在あるビッグ・バンドの中でも一番良いんじゃないかな。それにもっと良く

なると思うよ。なんと言っても長いしね、互いによくわかりあってるし、自分達のやってることを信じているからね。それが与える力っていうのは、計り知れないほど大きいよ」

サイドメンの中には、正面に立って指揮するリーダーの姿にまだとまどいを覚える者もいるかもしれないが、サドはミュージシャンからも一般からも尊敬されている人物だから、この引き継ぎが楽団の信頼をさらに固くすることは必至だろう。目下のところ、まだ彼は思う存分吹きまくっているわけではない(数ヶ月前、彼は口唇にけがをした)、また、彼の手になる新曲がレパートリーに加わったというのでもないのだが、それらが解決をみるのもそう遠いことではないだろう。

なお、1985年5月現在のカウント・ベイシー・オーケストラのパーソネルは次の通りである。

トランペット=ボブ・オジーダ、ソニー・コーン、
ジョニー・コールズ、パイロン・ストライプリング
トロンボーン=デニス・ウイリソン、ビル・ヒューズ、メルビン・ウォンゾー、クラレンス・ベンクス
アルト・サクソ=ダニー・ハウス、ダニー・ターナー
テナー・サクソ=エリック・ディクソン、ケニ

ベイシーとエリントンの違いはいかに?

デュークとベイシーの違いを一言で言えば、その表現する音楽の重さの違いである。デュークの音楽は聴くものにとって時に気を抜けない重さがある。ベイシーの場合は気楽に楽しめる。重いから優れている、軽く楽しめるからよくない、という意味ではない。これは両者のジャズに対するイデオロギイの違いでもある。このデュークの音楽の重さは、「ファースト・タイム」(CBS)を聴くとよくわかる。(バトル・ロイヤル)や<ジャンピン・アット・ザ・ウッドサイド>などはジャンプ・スタイルでベイシー風だが、<トゥー・ユー>や<ワイルド・マン>(B.D.B)はぐっとデューク色が濃い。そのいちばん

大きな違いはサクソ・セクションのソリである。メロディー・ラインがサクソ・セクションのソリで演奏される時、私のいう重さがかかるはずだ。この重さゆえに、デュークを聴かない人がいるが、これは嗜好の問題であり、感性の問題である。また、デュークの音楽には、彼のバンドでしか出せないすこみというものがある。このすこみが時に重さとかぶさると、聴く方はもうただ見入られたようなものである。耳の弱い人や頭の不自由な人は、これに耐えられないのである。気楽にスイングしたり、のったりしてられないからである。では、デュークの音楽にはスイングがないのだろうか。大ありだが、その重さのために軽くのれないのである。デュークのリズム感の最大

特徴は、いわゆるシャッフル・リズムにある。つま先から揺り動かされるスイングではなしに、腰からグリーンとゆすりあげてくる。そのデュークのスイング感と、ベイシーのジャンプ感が、このレコードでは混然一体となって聴くものに迫ってくる。まったく雲か山か呉か越かの境地である。すこみと重さと軽快さが、一度に楽しめる。さすが、デュークとベイシーの共演レコードである。Tポーン・ステキを味わうように、両者のうまみをこのレコードで味わってみようではないか。(中島義昭)



●左からレナード・フェザーとマントラのレコーディングに参加したフレディ・グリーン、グランド・テイ・レイ・ブラウン。(Photo: Nancy Glendaniel)

ー・ハイング

バリトン・サクソ=ジョン・ウイリアムズ
ピアノ=ティール・カーソン
ドラムス=ダフィ・ジャクソン
ベース=クリブランド・イートン
ギター=フレディ・グリーン
ボーカル=カーメン・ブラッドフォード

リーダー/アレンジャー/ホルネット=サド・ジョーンズ。

(訳: 小山さち子)

ベイシー・オン・ビデオ

実はボクはカウント・ベイシーのビデオ・フィルムをたくさん持っているのだが、どれが正式に発売されているものかは、よく知らないで観ているのだ。そこで、これ1本だけはぜひ観ていただきたいというものを、真心を込めて紹介させていただく。映画からビデオ化された「KCジャズの侍たち」(東宝ビデオ)がそれだ。この映画をボクは、最初、東京・銀座の東映映画の試写室でわざわざ観せていただいた。次に、このフィルムを運んできていただいて、「ベイシー」でもファンの方々へ公開した。この時の店の雰囲気、映画の画面の雰囲気と一体となってしまっ、さながらの臨場感がかもし



出された。その後、このビデオ・フィルムを、ボクはある時は1人で、ある時はみんなで集まって、何度観たかわからない。観れば観るほど楽しい映画で、ジャズのドキュメンタリー映画の「最高傑作」といいたいほどである。ここに登場する控えめなベイシーは、ボクの知っているあのベイシーそのままなのである。(Swiftly 菅原)

カウント・ベイシーこの1冊

ベイシーのすべてを知りたいという人にぜひ一読をオススメしたいのが、「カウント・ベイシーの世界」(スタンリー・ダuns著 上野勉訳: 小社刊)。この本にはベイシーとレスター・ヤング、デューク・エリントンらのジャズの巨人たちとの出会いの様子や、著者が集めた30名以上にもほるベイシー楽団出身者の証言が収められていてベイシーのすべてを本書で知ることができる。



CALENDAR LETTERS



Stanley Jordan: Not electronic.

as sacrificing the crucial dynamic range possible through right-hand picking intensities: something akin to playing a piano only by plucking the strings, harp-like.

Harmonically, Jordan is, granted, a gifted heir to the Wes Montgomery crown, but is really closer to a reactionary than a revolutionary. Feather, in his gush of unfounded superlatives, is helping to propel the very hype-mill he warns against. Where is objective restraint when we need it?

JOSEF WOODARD
Santa Barbara

GUITAR REACTIONARY

Leonard Feather doesn't seem to know or care much about the welfare of the jazz guitar. Now that he's officially canonized Wunderkind Stanley Jordan as a "guitar revolutionary" and an "electronics wizard," some of us feel compelled to temper his hosannas with a bit of reality ("Stanley Jordan—Guitar Revolutionary," May 19).

As per the "electronics wizard" label, Jordan's pyrotechnical—and mightily physical—fingers-hammered-on-the-fretboard approach is perhaps the *least* electronic of the jazz guitar idioms of the past two decades.

Essentially, Jordan has lifted Emmett Chapman's concept (the 10-string Chapman Stick) and lost four strings in the bargain, as well

JAZZ ALBUMS IN BRIEF

Continued from 70th Page
and of the high caliber of music that Manne invariably aligned himself. 4 stars.

□
"THE GREAT WIDE WORLD OF QUINCY JONES." Mercury 195-J-32. This newly discovered 1961 tape of the Jones orchestra live in a Zurich concert offers abundant reminders of his stimulating work during those jazz years:

first-class material and charts, wisely chosen sidemen. In "Stolen Moments," the emphasis is on a 23-year-old Freddie Hubbard; Melba Liston applies her trombone to "Solitude," and the whole reed section, both solo and soli, builds the excitement on "Air Mail Special." Come back over here, Quincy! 4 stars.

□
"THE OLD DUDE AND THE FUNDANCE KID." Budd Johnson/Phil Woods. Uptown 2719 (276 Pearl St., Kingston, N.Y. 12401). Taped six months before Johnson's

death last October, this date reunited him with Woods, his colleague in the Quincy Jones band of the early '60s. A swing-era survivor who embraced bebop early, Johnson on tenor sax establishes a strong empathy with Woods' Charlie Parker-inspired yet individual alto. Both play movingly, together and apart, on "Street of Dreams." Woods wrote the loping title tune and the cooking "After Five"; Johnson contributed the intriguing 3/4 work "Confusion." Vital support by pianist Richard Wyands, bassist George Duvivier and Bill Goodwin on drums. 4½ stars. □

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LOS ANGELES TIMES/CALENDAR

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Jazz and classical music are married with pleasing results by the Kronos Quartet and jazzman Ron Carter: From left, David Harrington, John Sherba, Joan Jeanrenaud, Carter and Hank Dutt.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

KRONOS QUARTET TAKES TIME FOR MONK

By LEONARD FEATHER

"MONK SUITE." Kronos Quartet. Landmark 1505.

Producer Orrin Keepnews, who recently launched his Landmark label with an excellent Bobby Hutcherson album, has an even more impressive potential winner here. The San Francisco-based string quartet, augmented for jazz improvisational purposes by bassist Ron Carter, takes time out from Philip Glass and John Cage to address itself to the music of Thelonious Monk.

David Harrington, the quartet's founder and first violinist, told Keepnews that many of Monk's angular, eccentric tunes "sounded like string quartet music already." The original piano versions (among them Monk's treatments of two Ellington standards) have been transcribed, often note for note, in arrangements written with care and sensitivity by Tom Darter, a pianist and composer better known as the editor of *Keyboard* magazine.

Classical string players traditionally have had trouble with jazz phrasing, playing the notes a hair too soon or too staccato but, except for minor slips on two of the faster pieces, this problem scarcely arises. More significantly, the music takes on a rich, full beauty that brings a new dimension to what were, in some instances, fairly simple 32-bar riff tunes. But the best of Monk's works, such as "Round Midnight" and "Crepuscule With Nellie," were masterpieces to begin with. Certain to appeal to classical and jazz students alike, this is a 5-star special.

□

"THE BILLIE HOLIDAY SONGBOOK." Billie Holiday. Verve 823-246. Although Lady Day

at any time was *sui generis*, all but two of these 11 songs (six self-written) had been recorded many years earlier in far superior versions. By the 1950s, when the Verve sides were taped, her work was erratic, though still occasionally sublime. Included here are four cuts so displeasing to her (mainly because of the accompaniment) that she did not want them issued. Why, in any case, settle for a 1956 "God Bless the Child" when the original, made in 1941, is still available on Columbia? For serious Holiday students, 3 stars at the most.

□

"THANKS FOR THE MEMORY: SONGS OF LEO ROBIN." Susannah McCorkle. Pausa 7175. "ONE BY ONE." Dee Bell/Eddie Duran featuring Tom Harrell. Concord Jazz CJ-271. Leo Robin (1900-1984) was a lyricist capable of writing "My Ideal" and the title song, yet he was also responsible for "My Cutie's Due at Two to Two Today" and others better forgotten. The album suffers from its hazardous concept. McCorkle, a superior singer, has some fine moments, but nostalgia can't save some of this material. The accompaniment is correct but cold, save for Phil Bodner's reed solos. 2 stars.

On the other hand, there are singers who, unlike McCorkle, select their material and backing so successfully that everything falls into place. Producer/guitarist Eddie Duran deserves much of the credit, sharing it with Harrell's mellow fluegelhorn. Bell has a haunting, jazz-infected sound, her diction and phrasing flawless. She is trilingual ("Estate" is in Italian, "Zingaro" in Portuguese) and wrote enlivening extra lyrics for

such songs as "Don't Be That Way" and the early Bing Crosby hit "Please." The mix of old and new material is just right, as is the use on two tunes of an enlarged band. Who is this Dee Bell, and why do the notes tell nothing about her? (She's 34, from Terre Haute, Ind., and has lived in the Bay Area since 1978.) For Dee, 5 bells.

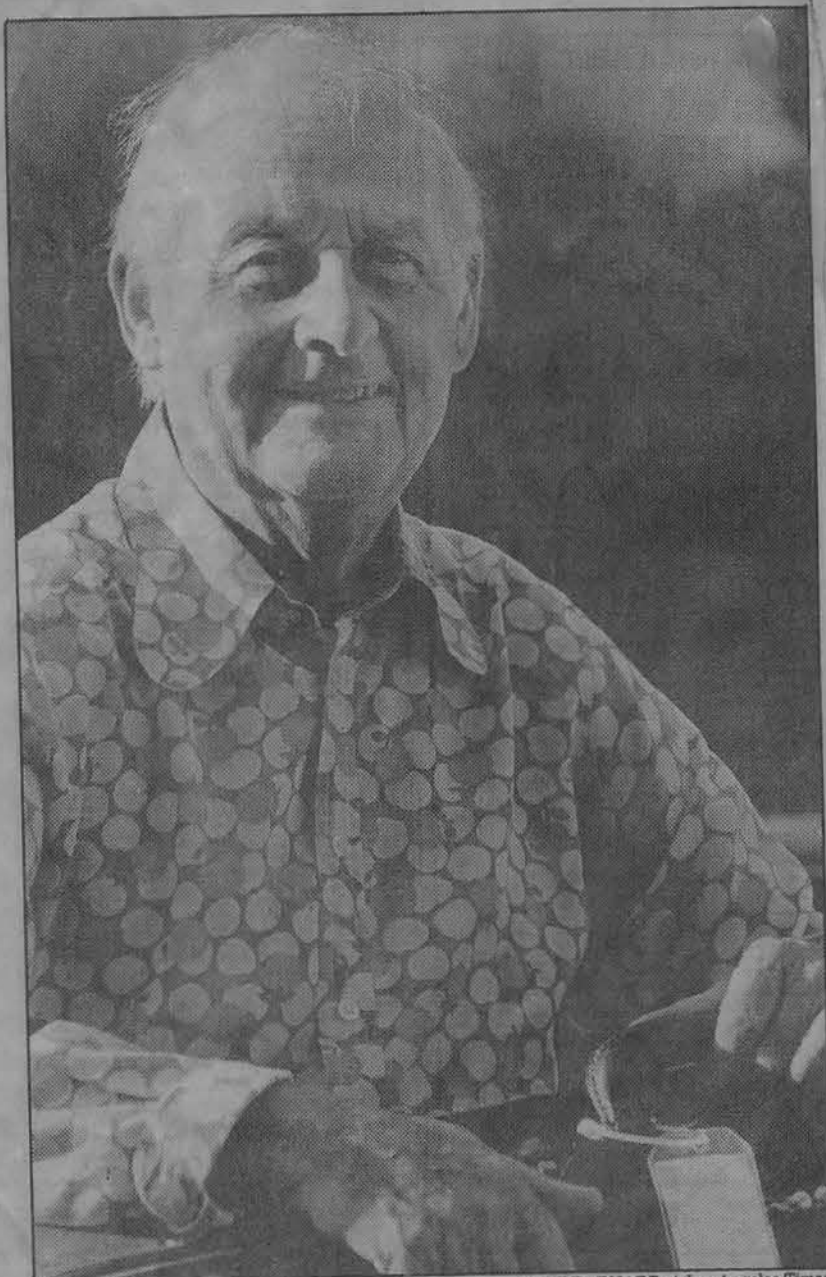
□

"THAT OLD FEELING." Cleo Laine. CBS 39736. Of course, nobody will buy this LP. After all, who is interested in a singer of a certain age singing 18 songs of which 16 go back through the decades? And with only piano and bass for accompaniment? This can appeal only where the ground rules call for good taste, simplicity and beauty, and when the singer and pianist happen to be Cleo Laine and Laurie Holloway. Special delights: hearing the rare verse of "I Got It Bad," also "Ain't Misbehavin'" converted to a slow, sly ballad. From the title tune through "Tenderly," "Imagination," "Alfie" and "He Needs Me" to the concluding Bobby Troup piece "You're Looking at Me," this is as effortlessly charming as the cover photo of the British subject herself. 4½ stars.

□

"REMEMBER." Shelly Manne Trio. Jazzizz 4004 (Box 148, Salem, OR. 97308.) A touching epitaph: this is the only recorded documentation of Manne's final group. Taped live at an Oregon concert (except for the title song, a waltz by pianist Frank Collett that he played with bassist Monty Budwig a few months after Manne's death) this is a welcome reminder of the exceptional gifts of all three men.

Please Turn to Page 7.
CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES



TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

French violinist Stéphane Grappelli is going strong at age 77.

JAZZ REVIEW

GRAPPELLI MAKES MUSIC SUAVE AND SWINGING

By LEONARD FEATHER

Formidable! Fantastique! Merveilleux!
How else to describe a 77-year-old French violinist who appeals to every age bracket short of the nonagenarians, who can draw a full house to the Beverly Theatre and mesmerize his listeners with an evening of unblemished, unremitting acoustic jazz?

So it went Saturday when the time-proof Stéphane Grappelli led his trio in a program of songs whose ages for the most part also were measurable in decades rather than in years. (The sole exception: "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," dressed up for the occasion as a buoyant bossa nova.)

If jazz had been born in France, this is how it might all have sounded: suave and sophisticated, its rhythms infinitely gentle yet quintessentially swinging.

When Grappelli first came to worldwide attention with the release, just half a century ago, of the first recordings by the Quintette du Hot Club de France, his elegance was the ideal foil for the torrential flow of Django Reinhardt's Gypsy guitar.

What Grappelli offers today is simply an extension of a style that was almost fully developed on those priceless 78s. His repertoire also has changed little: George Gershwin, Cole Porter and Duke Ellington standards, Fats Waller's "Honeysuckle Rose," W. C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues" and four of Reinhardt's melodies, among them the sublime "Nuages" and the hard-driving "Daphne."

Though he is a romanticist at heart, Grappelli has occasional time for humor, as in the train effects that opened and closed "Chattanooga Choo Choo." His shining moments were the second chorus-

VIOLINIST GRAPPELLI

Continued from Page 3

best of all, when he took over on his own to develop, at the end of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," a concerto-like, bravura series of cadenzas that lasted close to five spellbinding minutes.

His accompanists were John Sewing, the capable bassist from Holland, and the surprisingly audacious French guitarist Marc Fosset. To hear Fosset playing and humming and strumming and scating and screaming and groaning his way through "I'll Remember April" was a show in itself. He has been with Grappelli four years and has developed into an exceptional artist.

Grappelli, as is his custom, took to the piano for a strange interlude, rambling from an impressionistic introduction to "Three Little Words," "Louise" and "Satin Doll." It is odd that his tremendous jazz feeling on the violin does not appear even remotely in his almost cocktail-style keyboard work.

Soon, though, he was back where he belonged, wreaking four-stringed wonders on the instrument that made him famous, graciously thanking the light and sound men and playing a perfect "How High the Moon" as an encore.

With all the other pioneer giants of jazz violin long gone—Eddie South, Stuff Smith, Joe Venuti, Ray Nance—Grappelli is the sole relic of a very special chapter in the history of jazz. It was a joy to note, Saturday evening, that he is not merely surviving but thriving.

es, when he tossed the melody aside and moved with consummate ease and verve into relentless variations on the chord patterns; or,
Please see VIOLINIST, Page 4

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FROM SHIP TO SHORE WITH BERYL DAVIS

By LEONARD FEATHER

In a Sherman Oaks restaurant called Chez Siam, the entertainment is provided by a tall, vivacious British born blonde named Beryl Davis.

It's a somewhat unusual job for her. The ground never moves un-

der her feet; she ends her show in the same geographic location in which it began. A strange feeling, since for Beryl Davis, terra firma is almost terra incognita. During the past 10 years, she has spent her time singing across a million miles

of ocean. Literally.

Name a vast body of water (except the Arctic and Antarctic); and Beryl Davis has sung her way over it. Name a famous cruise ship; it has probably used her talents.

"It's hard to say how many

cruises I've done," she says, "because they vary from two or three days to several weeks. Think of this: I've been through the Panama Canal 73 times. To San Juan via the Canal is 5,000 miles there and 5,000 back, and takes four weeks. Right there you have 10,000 miles a month, and I'm on one ship or another 10 months a year.

"If I go to Australia, which I've done seven times, that's 8,326 miles one way—regular miles, not nautical—and it's about a six-week trip. And I've lost count of the times I've been down the Mexican coastline to Acapulco." (She has also lost count of the time she has sung "Happy Birthday," but it's probably 4,000.)

For Davis, to whom a cabin is now home and a moving liner the normal *modus vivendi*, it all began at a party when she ran into Brian Carter, who books entertainment for the Princess Line. "He asked me if I'd like to try a cruise, and said he could put me on one right away. That was the Island Princess, Christmas week of 1974. Last February, they had a big 10th anniversary party for me aboard her twin, the Royal Princess."

When she set sail on this new stage of her life, a long career lay behind her. She is truly your classic born-in-a-trunk type: Her father, Harry Davis, led a popular orchestra, her mother was a dancer, and their revue was on the road in Plymouth when Beryl was born.

"I began working in their act at 3, but later the truant officer caught up with me. I went to school and rejoined the show—for money this time—at 8."

At first, she was mainly a dancer, studying tap at the studio of Buddy Bradley, a black American. She continued to double as a dancer throughout the London years, eventually teaching at Bradley's. ("Years later I was in a show in Las Vegas with Louis Armstrong. To



TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Cruise ship singer Beryl Davis: "I feel I could gladly and easily stay on board 52 weeks a year."

my amazement, Louis' wife, Lucille, told me that during a visit to London she had studied with Buddy and me.")

Her first job away from her parents, and away from Britain, was in Paris, with Stephane Grappelli, Django Reinhardt and their Quintette du Hot Club de France. She was 12. It was with the Quintette that she made her recording debut at a London session in August, 1939. During the World War II years, when Grappelli remained in London, the two of them teamed up with a young pianist named George Shearing.

Davis had become one of Britain's eminent vocalists, not long out of her teens, when the next logical move seemed to be America. Arriving in New York amid a blaze of publicity that included a two-page spread in *Life*, she was heard on the radio version of "Hit Parade" (the other regular singer was Frank Sinatra), and during that time moved with the show to California. Soon afterward, she married the late Peter Potter, then

a leading Los Angeles TV personality, becoming a permanent presence on his "Juke Box Jury" show.

One of Davis' best-known associations was a vocal trio with Jane Russell and the former Tommy Dorsey singer Connie Haines. They had a sizable hit record in "Do Lord," toured intermittently for several years, and have been reunited often during Davis' occasional land-locked interludes.

Taking part in a floating show calls for the regimen of a workaholic. Normally, a year for Davis will include regular trips to Mexico from October through April, followed by three summer months back and forth to Alaska. "Let's take a typical week. We sail on Saturday, and that night we'll have a 'Welcome Aboard' gala show, which for me means maybe a 20-minute cabaret performance. Monday we do a big production, 'Hollywood Musicals,' in which I play an enormous number of different parts, such as a 'Sound of Music' set, or a 'Cabaret' sequence in the Liza Minnelli gear, and at the end of it is 'A Chorus Line,' which I love, because of my experience as a dancer.

"Tuesday night is French night—the food, the decorations, the show. We need a daytime rehearsal for that too, and two evening shows with elaborate choreography and costumes.

"Wednesday is big-band night—that's my main showroom evening, when I do a 45-minute cabaret act. Thursday, we have a show called 'Small World,' very cleverly done, singing about all the ports the line visits. Friday is the biggest show of all, 'Magnificent Adventure,' a sort of story of the songs of your life, decade by decade, from the Charleston era up to the space age.

"Of course, if we have a longer cruise there will be other shows—an Italian night, with menus to match, and so forth.

Though most of her voyages have been for the Princess Line, there have been some exotic ventures for others, most notably Royal Viking, for whom Davis opened up a new showroom on the Royal Viking Star.

"I went to Bremerhaven, Germany, to pick up the ship in the dockyard, then sailed back to Port Lauderdale. The big thrill for me was that the other guest artist was Oscar Peterson. After his regular performance he'd go into a little lounge every night, start playing for himself, and soon the room would be packed."

It was on the Royal Viking Star that Davis met Page Cavanaugh, the pianist whose trio is accompanying her at the Chez Siam.

Obviously, life at sea has its turbulent moments. Moving bandstands and sliding music stands are an occupational hazard. Another problem is the lugging of wordly goods from ship to shore to another ship. "I have a huge wardrobe, plus a music book with 77 full arrangements for the band. It's quite a sight to see me struggling to get on board, and a particular pain in the neck when you have to take the plane home."

Maintaining a private relationship can also be difficult; for Davis that was solved when the man in her life, Buck Stapleton, well known as a record promotion expert, gave up that career for several years to revert to his previous life as a drummer, leading a small group to accompany her on most of the shows.

After all these peripatetic years, doesn't she ever feel the urge to settle down?

"Absolutely not. This has long since become my real life. I feel I could gladly and easily stay on board 52 weeks a year.

"It's a funny thing. Every time we dock and I'm back here on land, you know what's the first thing I do? I go to the beach." □

MANILOW UNEDITED

"THE MAKING OF 2 A.M. PARADISE CAFE." Barry Manilow. RCA/Columbia. \$39.95. Time: 55 min. As an inside glimpse of a project that turned out to be more successful than the Cassandras predicted (the Arista album is still on the pop charts after 20 weeks), this will fascinate not only Manilow fans but also those who admire the company he keeps: Mel Torme, Sarah Vaughan, Mundell Lowe, Gerry Mulligan, et al.

The cover photo session, rehearsals and part of the actual record date are presented. Though the charm of Manilow's songs comes through, what is lost is the superb continuity of the record, on which one song segues into the next. Instead, we jump from one rehearsal to another; some songs are heard in bits and pieces, and because of the singer's lengthy voice-overs a 10-song, 43-minute LP becomes an eight-song, 55-minute video.

Some editing of the monologue would have helped. Manilow credits Johnny Mercer with "The Shadow of Your Smile"—how will the Bergmans like this?

—LEONARD FEATHER

"BETWEEN OURSELVES"
L.A. TIMES
HOUSE ORGAN

Feather: 20 Years of Free lance

Although he isn't really an "employee," so you won't see his photo on Page 6, Leonard Feather has been *The Times'* free-lance jazz critic for 20 years.

An internationally recognized authority on jazz, feather wrote his first *Times* jazz review in May of 1965.



JAZZ REVIEW

THEY ALL
DUG SHELLY
MANNE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Shelly Manne, who would have been 65 Tuesday, was the subject of a commemorative evening Saturday at the Los Angeles Press Club by Dan McKenna's Jazz Central, a nonprofit organization.

Nobody was expected except those who knew and admired Manne, and that was precisely who showed up. In other words, the large room was packed.

Florence (Flip) Manne, who shared the drummer's life for four decades, brought along an old Manne Hole banner for use as a stage backdrop. Jack Sheldon and Bill Perkins and Bob Cooper were ready for the opening set. At the drums was Frank Capp, who, except for the glasses, bore a disarming resemblance to the colleague he lost last September. Among the pianists were Frank Collett, of the last Manne trio, and Arlette Budwig, whose husband Monty was Manne's bassist.

Everyone present seemed to have some special relationship to Shelly—to his club or his career or his life. The bass player on one set, Dr. Ralph Gold, was Manne's personal physician. Bill Holman, who has spent most of the last 20 years at home writing arrangements, unexpectedly broke out his tenor saxophone, which he played in 1952 when he and Manne were both working for Stan Kenton. On hand also was Ruth Price, one of the



The late Shelly Manne in 1984.

Manne Hole's regular singers.

As often happens at these ad hoc sessions when the musicians' availability has to take precedence over compatibility, there were sluggish interludes. It seemed as though everyone wanted to be up there paying respect to Shelly, ready or not. Jimmy Rowles, just out of the hospital, had to leave early, but not before his daughter Stacy established one of the session's most lyrical interludes with her fluegelhorn delineation of "My Funny Valentine."

Because humor was one of Manne's best-remembered traits, it was fitting that some of the joys Saturday were dispensed by Tommy Tedesco. A frequent Manne colleague in their studio days, he played brilliantly on acoustic guitar, improbably converted Miles Davis' "Four" into a mandolin solo, and ad libbed some hilarious routines about the life of a musician. When he announced that he would now sing, the lyrics consisted simply of the chord names: "G Minor 7th to C 7th to F . . ."

Shelly would have dug that.

for you?" Well, I did, and we didn't get booed—people actually seemed to like it—so I kept it going for two or three years, until 1978. By then my band was getting bigger, because there was a certain sound I wanted to hear; but that also made it economically impractical. I disbanded, went back to New York and finished my fourth album, "Heart to Heart"—for which, by the way, Gil Evans wrote an arrangement, on a tune called "Short Visit." I'm very proud of that."

The past three years have been unprecedentedly eventful for Sanborn as leader, soloist, composer and even as actor. After the release of his seventh album, "As We Speak," he went to Italy to score the music for the film "Stelle Sulla Citta" (Stars Over the City).

"Straight From the Heart" has not yet gone gold, though the outlook is good. The previous album reached 400,000; the current release had passed 300,000 at press time, with a four-month run on the pop charts.

He will be touring through the summer, headlining on some dates and opening for Al Jarreau on others. "I'll probably play some college dates in the fall, then do some writing, go back in the studio and prepare the next album."

The content of his next album promises to be even more diverse than that of its predecessors. "I've been listening to a lot of opera, especially Puccini—there are so many beautiful melodies in his works—and I've been concentrating more and more on Brazilian music. Flora Purim turned me on to some sounds and made up a couple of tapes for me.

"I listen to the Police a lot. They have some very stark qualities. I like Weather Report too. In fact, if I have a true idol, it's Wayne Shorter. Real life-affirming. He's my favorite musician."

As his views make unmistakably clear, David Sanborn is the product of an environment that shaped him into an enthusiastic eclectic. His commercial success, as so often happens, had led to sometimes unduly harsh reactions from media reporters (present company not excepted) who have too often expected him to be someone he has never attempted to be, a jazz innovator.

An objective assessment of his work, particularly the latest album, leaves little doubt that if there is to be a jazz/pop fusion, it is in safe hands with Sanborn as one of its most popular exponents. □

A STAR IS DAVID SANBORN

By LEONARD FEATHER

The most consistently successful figure on the jazz fusion scene, aside from Miles Davis, is a 39-year-old saxophonist named David Sanborn, who says: "I don't consider myself a jazz player."

The public and the music business world evidently feel otherwise: in recent weeks he has been in the No. 1 spot on the jazz best-seller charts with his ninth album as a leader, "Straight to the Heart" (Warner Brothers 25150). Sanborn's first live album, it was filmed for future release and a video has already been shown on MTV.

Just 10 years have passed since the first Sanborn album, "Taking Off," established him as an artist with a keen ear for melodic nuances of an emotional nature that promptly found a broad market.

Much has been made in his publicity hype about Sanborn's roots in rhythm and blues. Other aspects of his background have all but been ignored, such as the reason for his having begun to play, and his association with the black avant-garde.

"I started to play the saxophone for therapy," he said, stopping off in Los Angeles during a recent tour, "because I'd contracted polio when I was 3. I spent a year in an iron lung, and was paralyzed from the neck down for a year after that. I did recover pretty much com-

pletely, but I have some residual muscle atrophy in my left arm and right leg, which kind of interferes with my left-hand articulation. I always told myself that was the reason I couldn't play bebop. Too demanding."

Born July 30, 1945, in Tampa, where his father was stationed in the Air Force, Sanborn was raised in St. Louis. "The first real exposure to music that impressed me was the Ray Charles band. I was knocked out by his saxophonists, David Newman and Hank Crawford—particularly Hank, who had such an immediate emotional cry. Right after that, when I was told to pick an instrument, I decided the alto sax was for me."

Later came such influences as Jimmy Forrest in St. Louis; Gene Ammons, whom he heard in Chicago, and such 1950s figures as Earl Bostic and Louis Jordan. "Later I heard Cannonball Adderley, and I'm still not over that. Aside from Charlie Parker, he was the quintessential alto player. Such fire! I was crazy about Phil Woods, a great ballad player, and Paul Desmond, one of the truly lyrical alto people."

Despite all these potent forces, it was in blues circles, playing with such R&B bands as Little Milton's and Albert King's, that Sanborn gained his formative experience. It was not until after he moved to Chicago in 1963 to attend Northwestern University that he studied



Saxman David Sanborn's "Straight to the Heart" has been topping the jazz charts but he doesn't consider himself a jazz player.

on a less informal level.

By this time, though, a cadre of black visionaries, most of whom also worked in St. Louis before moving to Chicago, had become part of Sanborn's evolution. "I

played in St. Louis with Lester Bowie, Hamiet Bluiett and several musicians who went on to found the AACM (Assn. the Advancement of Creative Musicians) in Chicago. In fact, I was in a group

that had three alto players—Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake and me—plus bass and drums. We played these very small coffeehouses, doing mostly Hemphill tunes. It was an interesting, provocative experience."

The eclecticism of these experiences prepared Sanborn well for his development as a player with strong rhythmic and harmonic credentials. For all his background in R&B and rock, and the early days in blues bands, he admits to having absorbed many jazz elements in terms of phrasing and stylistic mannerisms.

"Sure, I do improvise, but I consider bebop a language; it has a vocabulary that I just don't feel very comfortable with. Michael Brecker is a very strong bebop player, a complete saxophonist who covers a wide span of idioms. I think of myself more as a lyrical, emotional player."

Sanborn went back home to the blues when, during a visit to San Francisco, he was asked to join the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. This turned out to be a four-year stint, ending in 1971. He spent the next two years mainly with Stevie Wonder ("A tremendous influence—when I hear people imitating me, it's really stuff that I picked up from Stevie"). During that time he got to know Gil Evans; as an idolater of the Miles Davis-Gil Evans "Sketches of Spain" album, he was flattered when Evans asked him to join his orchestra. Sanborn's solos on the Evans album "There Comes a Time," and his tour of Italy with the band, helped establish him as a respected jazz artist.

From that point on, however, New York became Free Lance City as Sanborn was heard, in person or on LPs, with everyone from Paul Simon, James Taylor and David Bowie to James Brown, Bruce Springsteen and the Rolling Stones.

It was after the release of his second album, he says, that "I realized I had made my commitment to a career on my own. Until then I had thought I was destined to be the eternal sideman. But I was hired to play in James Taylor's backup band, and I asked him: "How about if I open up the show

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

1985

HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION

*It's not just coincidental that two of the first big-sound movies were *The Jazz Singer* and *King of Jazz*.*

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz and Hollywood. The two words do not suggest an immediate ham-and-eggs or Damon-and-Pythias relationship. We readily think of one, without thinking of the other. Yet the jazz impact on Hollywood has, in its subliminal way, achieved a valuable, even synergistic character that can be traced from as far back as 1917, to 1980s music videos by such artists as Weather Report and Miles Davis.

Jazz and the motion picture industry have grown up together. Both were born in the late 19th century, and both took tangible shape at approximately the same time, during the second decade of this century. It was in 1917 that the first jazz records were made, by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. If it seems strange that jazz could have penetrated the motion picture world a decade before Al Jolson's *The Jazz Singer* broke the sound barrier, the explanation is simple: it was also in 1917 that the Original Dixieland Band appeared—seen but, of course, unheard—in a long-forgotten feature film, *The Good for Nothing*. This accounts for the surprising dates in the title of a unique reference book, *Jazz in the Movies: A Guide to Jazz Musicians, 1917-1977*, written by David Meeker (Arlington House).

It's ironic that two of the first big-sound musicals were called *The Jazz Singer* and *King of Jazz*, the first, of course, with Al Jolson and the latter starring Paul Whiteman. Turning to such sources in search of authentic jazz would be somewhat like visiting Berlin to catch German measles, or going to London to buy an English muffin.

True jazz, as Meeker's book makes clear, has stemmed from extraordinarily diverse sources: Hollywood movies and short subjects, films made overseas, television tapes, even soundies, those short-lived visual jukeboxes of the 1940s. The Hollywood connection has persisted, too, in the recording studios, where countless professional jazz musicians have earned their livings grinding out commercial music by day, so that they could afford to play jazz gigs, often for token pay, by night. For many, jazz was a labor of love.

Assuming that "Hollywood" can be used loosely to denote the Los Angeles community at large and the movie colony in particular, there have always been those who, though not primarily known as musicians, have cherished a covert, sometimes overt affection for the art form. Not all these expressions of interest are displayed locally. Didn't Woody Allen turn down an opportunity to accept an Oscar because, he said, he preferred to make his regular Monday night gig playing New Orleans clarinet at Michael's in New York?

On the other hand, it was right here that the trombonist/actor Conrad Janis and fellow-thespian/banjo freak George Segal launched their free-wheeling Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band five years ago. And Dudley Moore, who rates not far below a "10" at the

THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION

Ellington, Basie and other jazz greats

appeared in countless early "music videos"

known as band shorts.

keyboard, may be heard sitting in at the piano in his own restaurant, 72 Market Street, whenever he's staying in town.

In fact, jazz as a vital Hollywood presence has owed a measure of the success it has enjoyed to the determination of certain dedicated aficionados who were able to insinuate it into major films. An early example was Mae West. In 1934 she heard that Duke Ellington was in town to make *Murder at the Vanities*, and insisted that he be hired for her feature, *Belle of the Nineties*, in which he had a better role both on and off-screen than he had enjoyed before.

Ellington had already made several films, but *Check and Double Check*, his first feature in 1930, was primarily a vehicle for the ineffable blackface comics, Amos and Andy. He had been better served the previous year in the 20-minute *Black and Tan Fantasy*, in which he was the central figure.

Hollywood connected with Ellington on many occasions, but not always for film parts that were integral to the plot. Black musicians used in Hollywood movies were often deleted from the footage when they were shown in the South. Racism was a central factor in holding back jazz, and in keeping it strictly segregated. In Lena Horne's first two major Hollywood films—*Cabin in the Sky* (1942) with Ellington, Louis Armstrong and Ethel Waters, and *Stormy Weather* (1943) with Fats Waller, Cab Calloway and soundtrack partly by Benny Carter—not a single white face appeared from start to finish.

Because he had never seen jazz treated by the cameras as an art form to be presented with dignity, Norman Granz produced the unique *Jammin' the Blues* in 1944. Directed by Gjon Mili, it was a masterpiece of laid-back swinging sounds by the likes of Lester Young, Harry Edison, Illinois Jacquet and Red Callender, along with the singer/dancer Marie Bryant. Though only 10 minutes long, *Jammin' the Blues* remains one of the most admired films in Hollywood history. But even here the color line remained a factor; the film was lit in such a way that the only white musician, Barney Kessel, could scarcely be seen.

The 1944 movie *Jam Session*, despite the presence of Louis Armstrong and other name bands, was a travesty. All five black musicians in Charlie Barnet's band (among them such giants as Oscar Pettiford and Trummy Young) were replaced by unknown whites onscreen. As late as 1950, when he made a short for Universal, Count Basie was forbidden to use his clarinetist Buddy De Franco on camera; DeFranco recorded the sound track, but Marshal Royal appeared in his place onscreen.

Eventually overcoming this problem, Hollywood succeeded in making such major features as *The Benny Goodman Story* (1955) with our 1985 Festival host Steve Allen in the title role, and with B.G. himself ghosting the sound track. (Trivia note: The pioneer Goodman arranger Fletcher Henderson was played by Sammy Davis Sr.) Though a crucial element in the real story, Goodman's breaking down of the color line was totally ignored; Teddy Wilson and other black musicians were at least allowed to be seen in an integrated setting.

Other screen bios included *The Five Pennies*, based on the story of cornetist Red Nichols, with the late Shelly Manne enacting an early giant of jazz percussion, Dave Tough; *The Gene Krupa Story*, with a screenplay overblowing Krupa's minor brush with the law on a pot bust, but with a fine soundtrack; *St. Louis Blues*, the life of blues composer W.C. Handy, played by Nat King Cole (with lines like "Don't play that jazz, son; that's the devil's music!"); and, of course, *Lady Sings the Blues*, Diana Ross's attempt to make something out of another grossly inaccurate screenplay, based on an almost equally distorted autobiography by Billie Holiday.

More important than these jazz biopics were the countless short films in which Hollywood put jazz to good use. They began as early as 1927, but it was between 1940 and 1955 that a producer named Will Cowan made hundreds of these proto-music videos for use as fillers in movie theaters. Ellington, Basie, Sarah Vaughan, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Red Norvo and Nat Cole made brief but priceless appearances

in these so-called band shorts, nestled between novelty acts, dancers and vocal groups. Billie Holiday's best Hollywood film was a Cowan short in which her memorable *God Bless the Child* was preserved. (Typically, for her only acting role in a feature, *New Orleans*, she was cast as a maid.)

According to film archivist Mark Cantor, "Looking for jazz in films is a real treasure hunt. So many great things were buried in out-of-print films, or obscure items such as the features made for the black public from about 1931 to 1951. Others have shown up in the unlikely places." A memorable case in point is the hilarious scene in Mel Brooks's western, *Blazing Saddles*, where, for no logical reason, Count Basie's entire band suddenly turned up in the desert, swinging away on *April in Paris*. (Ironically, they were miming to a soundtrack recorded earlier by an almost all-white band of studio musicians.) *Blazing Saddles*, of course, is memorable as the film in which black railroad workers could sing only *I Get a Kick out of You*.

Not long after the advent of television as a potent media force, KABC launched *Stars of Jazz*. The weekly series, with Jimmy Baker directing and Bobby Troup as host, ran locally for two and a half years and then for six months on the ABC network. Before leaving the air in 1956, it had played host to a pantheon of giants.

"On the first show," Troup recalls, "the stars were Erroll Garner and Stan Getz. Later we had Billie Holiday, Oscar Peterson, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie—the list was endless. Musicians loved the show; people like Dave Brubeck would come in and work for union scale. Yet after we went off, almost all of those priceless tapes were destroyed."

Jimmy Baker, a diehard fan, surfaced again when he worked on another significant series of taped programs, *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* Each half-hour show was devoted to one group: Cannonball Adderley, Shelly Manne, Stan Kenton, Jimmy Smith and 22 others. But again the Hollywood connection was severed when producer Steve Allen, faced with distribution problems,

THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION

One of Hollywood's best-kept secrets

has been the use of jazz artists to write movie sound tracks.

found only a few foreign markets and limited domestic exposure.

Johnny Carson's name might well be added to the roster of those who have demonstrated how to use their exceptional power as friends of jazz. Much of the jazz aired nationally during the past decade has been presented on Carson's *Tonight Show* via frequent appearances by Joe Williams, Dizzy Gillespie, Linda Hopkins and Pete Fountain, and occasional solo forays by members of the Doc Severinsen orchestra. Carson, a closet drummer, enjoys summering in Nice, where, unknown to the local gentry, he can perch himself anonymously by the bandstand digging the sound of Buddy Rich, his lifelong idol and a regular guest.

One of the best-kept secrets in Hollywood has been the use of jazz-oriented musicians to write motion picture soundtracks. Because of an ineradicable prejudice on the part of many producers who are put off by the very mention of "jazz," composers who have had this image tend to keep it under wraps when they are angling for movie assignments.

One of the first acknowledged jazzmen to compose for the screen was Benny Carter. A multi-talented genius—alto saxophonist, trumpeter, composer, bandleader—he began his Hollywood life in 1943, arranging and playing on the sound track for *Stormy Weather*. But like so many who followed him, Carter adjusted his writing to the demands of movies, which often precluded the use of jazz. Still, he was seen and heard during jazz sequences in several major productions: *Thousands Cheer* (1944), *An American in Paris* (1951), a memorable nightclub scene in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (1952) and *The View From Pompey's Head* (1955).

Carter then eased into television, composing innumerable segments of *M Squad*, *Ironside*, *Name of the Game* and other series until 1972, after which he concentrated on playing. His jazz imprimatur was particularly effective in a 1976 teleplay, *Louis Armstrong: Chicago Style*.

Another early starter in this field was An-

dré Previn. Just out of high school when he signed on as arranger at MGM, he was elevated at 19 to composer/arranger status. Like Carter, he had occasional chances to display his jazz roots, in *The Subterraneans* and a few other films. He even took leaves of absence to play jazz jobs with Shelly Manne. His jazz relationship was manifested in a few TV appearances in the '60s until he moved permanently into the symphony field as a conductor. Hollywood will see him again when he takes over the L.A. Philharmonic next year; it can safely be predicted that he will again turn up on the occasional jazz gig or TV show.

Lalo Schifrin's career has displayed a similar dichotomy. Once Dizzy Gillespie's pianist and arranger, he settled in Beverly Hills and moved into the studio world with consistent success. Of the countless movies or TV shows for which he has written scores, a few, such as *Bullitt*, *Dirty Harry* and *Mannix*, at times employed jazz materials. Schifrin names Gillespie and Stravinsky as his main compositional influences.

Quincy Jones's life followed the same pattern as Schifrin's in the 1960s; he too put his jazz knowledge to valuable use in *Sanford and Son*, an early Bill Cosby show and several films. One of Jones's best-known credits in his pre-Michael Jackson era was a show he helped to assemble honoring Duke Ellington, the CBS TV special *Duke . . . We Love You Madly!* in 1973, a year before the maestro's death.

Despite the worldwide respect he earned as a composer, Ellington himself was a late-comer to the gallery of screenwriters. He was finally invited to compose the score for *Anatomy of a Murder*, performed by his orchestra, in 1959. Of the few later assignments, only one, *Paris Blues*, enjoyed critical success.

J.J. Johnson was a bebop pioneer who became to the trombone what Gillespie and Parker were to the trumpet and alto sax. His return to public appearances is a welcome event at this year's Festival. In 1970 he came to Hollywood in order to put down his horn and pick up his pen. Among his credits have been orchestrations for

Shaft and music for TV episodes of *Mod Squad*, *The Bold Ones* and, most recently, *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer*. A gifted and experienced composer, he too has been sparing in his use of jazz.

Two relatively obscure but significant jazz-related movies had scores by the pianist Mal Waldron, who was better known as Billie Holiday's last accompanist in the late 1950s. They were *Cool World*, a story set in Harlem in the 1960s, with soundtrack using Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody, Yusef Lateef and others; and *Sweet Love Bitter* (1966), vaguely based on a Charlie Parker-type character (played by Dick Gregory, with Charles McPherson supplying the saxophone sounds). Also on the track was a 24-year-old pianist named Chick Corea. Watch for reruns at some impossibly late hour.

An improbable source of special jazz delights was the animated films of the late John Hubley and his wife Faith, who remains active in the field. Their collaborations with Quincy Jones on *Eggs* and *Of Men and Demons* made appropriate use of his talent. Benny Carter wrote the music for five Hubley shorts, notably *Adventures of **, in 1957, and *People People* in 1975. One of the Hubleys' most delightful ventures was the use of Dizzy Gillespie, not as trumpeter but as a hilariously ad libbing pseudo-philosophical narrator in *The Hole*, a 1963 gem. The use of jazz artists in animation goes all the way back to the Looney Tunes days, but the earlier works sometimes employed Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller and others in a racially derogatory manner.

Quite aside from motion pictures and television, jazz has had a reasonably healthy life of its own in person throughout the Southland. There have always been enough jazz clubs to satisfy a substantial audience. In the 1930s there was the club Alabam, operated by Curtis Mosby, who, incidentally, took part with his Kansas City Blue Blowers in the first feature-length film to employ jazz, *Hallelujah*, in 1929. Then there were Billy Berg's in the 1940s, the Lighthouse and the Crescendo in the

THE HOLLYWOOD CONNECTION

**We have come a long way from flickering
images of the Original Dixieland Band on a silent screen
to cheering capacity crowds at the Bowl.**

1950s, Shelly's Manne Hole in the '60s, and Donte's for almost 20 years. Most recently the Vine Street Bar & Grill in Hollywood has concentrated mainly on superior jazz singers.

Herb Jeffries, who in 1941 sang with the Ellington orchestra in a short-lived musical show, *Jump for Joy*, only recently assumed ownership of Carmelo's. He changed its name to the Flamingo Music Center (after a song he recorded with Duke in 1940), and is keeping the jazz flag flying in that Sherman Oaks retreat, singing there himself on weekends and bringing in name bands on Mondays.

The most ambitious large-scale in-person ventures have been few but significant. Stan

Kenton organized his 27-piece "Neophonic Orchestra" for a series of concerts in 1965-67 at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, using extended works and guest soloists. An indomitable crusader for the cause, Kenton found this project too expensive to sustain and abandoned it after three seasons. An even more elaborate undertaking was The Orchestra, now led by Jack Elliott (originally in collaboration with Allyn Ferguson). Formed in 1979 and now known as The New American Orchestra, this 84-piece organization has mixed jazz and symphonic compositions in varying proportions, with uneven though sometimes considerable success.

Closer to the core have been the more

orthodox jazz concerts at the Chandler Pavilion and the Hollywood Bowl, now presented at intervals throughout the year under the aegis of George Wein. Pre-eminent among them, obviously, are the Playboy Jazz Festivals, which have shown the ability of jazz to draw close to 36,000 attendees during two marathon sessions, thereby giving the lie to those persistent New York rumors that L.A. has no jazz audience.

We have come a long way from those flickering images of the Original Dixieland Band on a silent screen 68 years ago to the cheering capacity crowds at the Bowl. The Hollywood jazz connection may have been tenuous at first, but today, beyond doubt, it is more powerful than ever. ♪



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7819 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90036 938-7172

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JAZZ REVIEW

SINGING AND SWINGING
WITH 'SING, SING, SING'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Booking a jazz festival calls for more than a telephone and a list of established groups. Somewhere along the way there must be a new concert, a surprise factor to eliminate the possibility of tedium. Sunday at the Hollywood Bowl, during the second long Playboy Jazz day, there was just such a daring initiative, one that became the surprise hit of the festival.

Entitled "Sing, Sing, Sing," it consisted of four vocalists who do not normally work together: Jon

Hendricks, Bobby McFerrin, Dianne Reeves and Janis Siegel, supported by a rhythm section. Tied together by ingenious Hendricks material, the presentation linked every element endemic to jazz singing: the blues, ballads, scatting, soloing, group singing, vocalese and, above all, the ability to swing.

To name a few lingering memories, there were Hendricks' lyrics to Thelonious Monk's "Rhythm-n'ing," Siegel's gentle airing of the Dave Frishberg-Johnny Mandel ballad "You Were There" and

Tim Hauser, left, joins lineup of "Sing, Sing, Sing," from left, Jon Hendricks, Janis Siegel, Dianne Reeves and Bobby McFerrin.

Reeves' powerful "Love for Sale." In "Night in Tunisia," McFerrin simultaneously came up with a bass line, a drum part and a yodel, drawing gasps of incredulity; later he sang the bass part for Siegel on their duo treatment of "Easy Living."

The delights never stopped. Siegel and Reeves merged for a duet and traded off choruses in the hilarious old Helen Humes blues "Million Dollar Secret," leading to perhaps the most unlikely standing ovation of the day.

This vocal ambrosia was further sweetened when Tim Hauser, Siegel's partner in Manhattan Transfer, joined Hendricks and Siegel for an authentic re-creation of the

Lambert, Hendricks and Ross sound in "Come On Home."

The "Sing, Sing, Sing" foursome came back together for a long, palpitating windup on "It Don't Mean a Thing." The three standing ovations that greeted this triumphant hour offered proof that playing down to the crowd's most ignoble instincts is not the only route to success.

The other unquestioned victory during the 8½-hour program was Sarah Vaughan's. Although obliged to follow the pandemonium raised by Spyro Gyra (aka the Loud Family), she managed to quiet things down with her opening a cappella "Summertime," had fun

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PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

Continued from Page 1

explaining the erotic lyrics of "The Island," and closed, of course, by singing the number without which no Vaughan set is now complete, "Send In the Clowns."

Another Vaughan on the bill came from the opposite end of the sophistication spectrum. In the guitar and blues singing of Stevie Ray Vaughan, delivered at threshold-of-pain volume, one can detect roots in B. B. King and the Butterfield Blues Band.

To hear a genuine folk form thus extended into the electronic era arouses mixed emotions, especially since Vaughan's lyrics were barely intelligible and his material—with its endless three-chord repetitions—bogged down by monotony. But late in the set he played the guitar behind his back. Let's hear it for behind the back! Next time, why not pluck the strings with his teeth?

Earlier in the day, an avant-garde quintet led by the drummer Timothy Horner showed why it had won a talent contest (Hennessy Jazz Search). It was followed by the whip-sharp Fullerton College Jazz Band, with Jim Linahon conducting.

Chico Freeman, a second-generation tenor saxophonist, hewed to somewhat abstract lines with original works that might have gone over on a Monday night at Donte's, but to this lunch-munching Sunday afternoon crowd they seemed out of focus. The piano, as happened often during the festival, was overmiked; the fine bassist Cecil McBee was barely audible until he took over for a brilliant solo.

The Horace Silver Quintet had a place in this schedule comparable to that of the J. J. Johnson group

Saturday, representing an idiom about three decades old; unlike Johnson's men, however, they did little to update it. Still, with capable solos by Brian Lynch on trumpet and Ralph Moore on tenor sax, and with such sterling pieces of Silver as "Senor Blues," the band left no doubt that this hardy genre remains workable.

Ronnie Laws, leading the first of the day's two contemporary fusion units, offered renewed evidence of the visceral appeal of this music, despite its jejune melodies (or possibly because of them). Originally a respected jazz tenor saxophonist, Laws now plays reedy soprano, sings colorlessly and is assisted by his attractive and more vocally capable sister, Debra.

Spyro Gyra's presence was understandable. They sell a lot of tickets; fine. The band is very well prepared; good. Although the saxophonist Jay Beckenstein has rejected the term *fusion*, he admits that he and his band use a combination of R&B, jazz and other sources. What is a combination but a fusion? The trouble here is that the ingredients, instead of fusing, simply congeal and curdle.

Mr. Time himself, Buddy Rich, wound up the evening, reminding us in effect that his name too often is omitted from stories about the big band survivors.

He has been leading an orchestra most of the time since 1966, and despite its lack of a distinctive personality, it has his impeccable trademark drumming, a library of workmanlike arrangements, and a perennially potent Steve Marcus on tenor and soprano saxes.

The final festival statistics were heartening. Attendance each night was 17,901; the gross, \$645,000, was an all-time Playboy record. God bless the child that's got its Wein.

Saturday, June 15, 1985/Part V 5

GRIGGS: A TREAT FOR EYES AND EARS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nobody has ever accused Kathy Griggs of allowing her beauty to compensate for an indifferent performance. From the moment she took to the stage Wednesday at the Flamingo Music Center, it was clear that she intended to take charge, to conquer the crowd with her personal blend of vocal and visual charm.

A statuesque six-footer, handsomely gowned, Griggs has long been dealing confidently with a wide range of material and brought the throaty amplitude of her sound to bear on a well-paced program of

standards and originals.

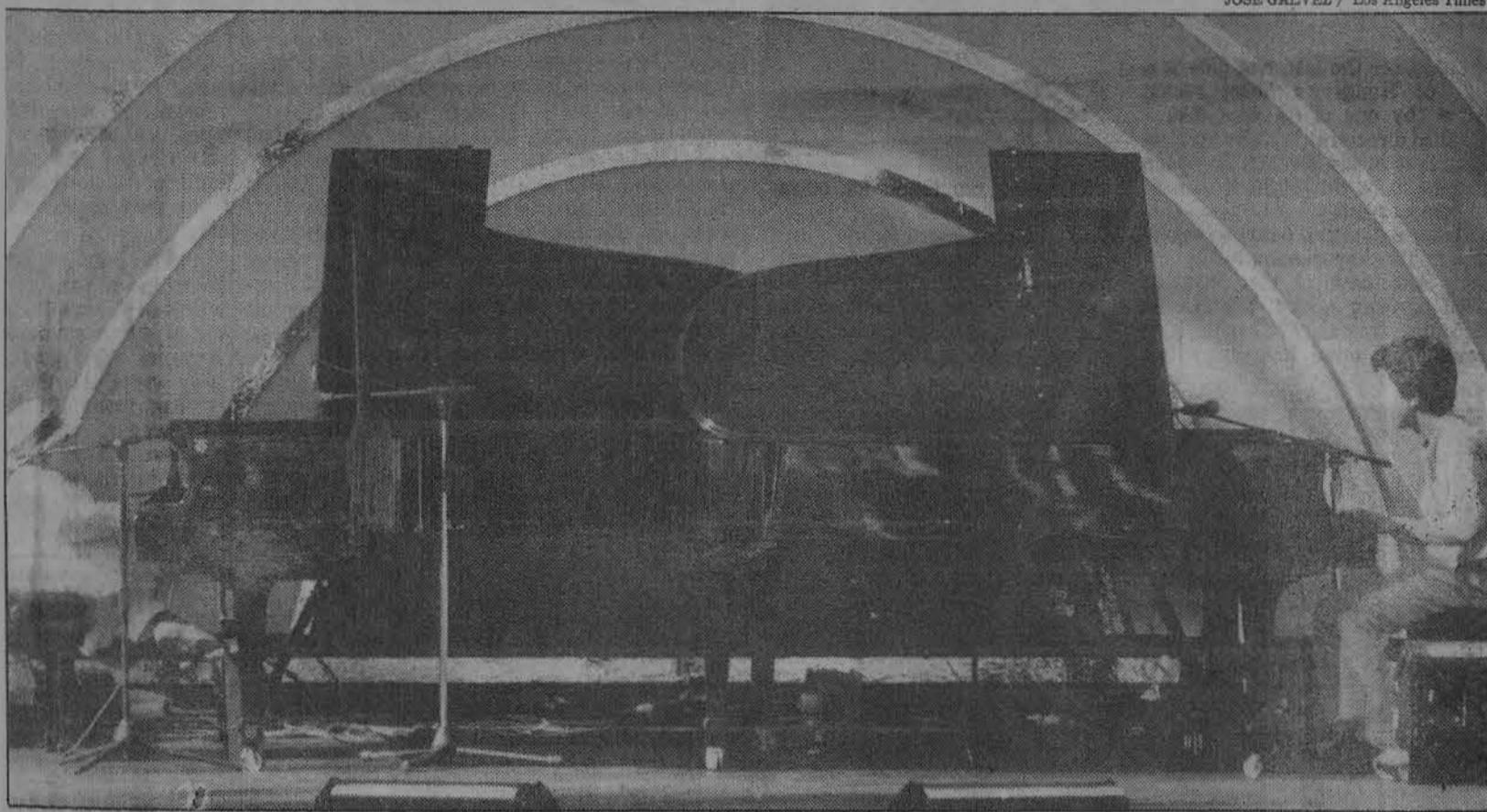
Of particular interest were three works by an underrated songwriter named Howlett Smith, whose "I'm Ready to Fall in Love" provided her with a buoyant opener. Later came Smith's best-known song, "The Grass Is Greener," followed by the striking lyrics and ominous minor theme of his "Fast Lane."

Of the more familiar pieces, "Love's Got Me in a Lazy Mood," an Eddie Miller tune with a Johnny Mercer lyric, was embellished by delicate harmonic lines. "Getting to Know You" was a mite too theatrical, with a handshaking walk

through the audience that leaned on informality as a crutch.

"Close Enough for Love" is ideally suited to her ballad mood, but the accompanying quartet, with a heavy Fender bass and a synthesizer player who sounded as if he were working on tuned milk bottles, undermined her performance with a glut of volume. This much sound works well enough for a "Feel Like Making Love," but there were occasions when Steve Haberman's piano alone would have sufficed.

Griggs closed with a touch of the blues, a genre in which she has always been at ease.



East meets West at Playboy Jazz Festival at Hollywood Bowl: Frenchman Michel Petrucciani, left, plays a set with Japan's Makoto Ozone.

JAZZ REVIEW

PART I

6/17

PLAYBOY FEST: GOOD NEWS FROM THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

First, the good news: Both days of the seventh annual Playboy Jazz Festival were sold out in advance, for an attendance of 37,000 plus.

Second, the even better news: Seldom has a more diversified program played to a more satisfied audience. Imagine, if you will, 15,000 fans rising to their feet, dancing in place during one of the more frenetic segments of the Miles Davis set. That didn't happen until 8:30 p.m., but during the preceding six hours there had been much to cheer about and little for which to apologize on the grounds of commercial expediency.

Perhaps accidentally, there had been a hint of the shape of things to come during the first hour. Maiden Voyage, the impeccable 18-woman orchestra, played its own set and shared its horns with the three singers known as Full Swing. One

of the songs played during the vocal portion was "Creole Love Call." The Duke Ellington arrangement and the lyrics were of very recent origin, but the kicker was that Duke Ellington composed this melody in 1927. That was how things went throughout the day as eras and idioms were often intermingled, sometimes subliminally.

Saxophonist Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage has been struggling for five years to establish itself. Today, armed with a repertoire that reflects the values of the swing era fortified by the perspective of the 1980s, it is at peak strength. With charts like pianist Kathy Rubbico's "Uptown New York," Dick Cary's witty "Sergeant Pee Wee," Bobby Shew's "Blue" (featuring flugelhornist Stacy Rowles) and "God Bless the Child"

with Betty O'Hara as arranger, singer, trumpeter and trombonist, Maiden Voyage is ready to take on any big band in the country.

A time warp of another kind was suggested by the Dirty Dozen Brass Band from New Orleans. Actually it is eight strong, with a rhythm section consisting of bass drum, snare drum and tuba. To hear the popping, poking thrusts of the tuba adding an old-time New Orleans flavor to bebop, funk and modern blues lines is a very special kick. Never before has "Blue Monk" or "Scrappe from the Apple" sounded like this.

There are no exceptional soloists, though Roger Lewis and Kevin Harris on saxes pulled their weight well enough. Essentially, though, it's Joseph Kirk's tuba, and the contrast between material and

interpretation, that gave this group its unique character.

The presentation of pianist Makoto Ozone and Michel Petrucciani, separately and together, a calculated risk taken by producer George Wein, worked to the advantage of both men. Ozone applied his crisp articulation and keen harmonic ear to his own "Crystal Love" and his latest work, a dedication to Chick Corea, "Coreagraphy." Petrucciani, who at 22 is a year younger, painted his sounds in somewhat bolder and more abstract strokes, wandering seamlessly in and out of "Some Day My Prince Will Come" and "St. Thomas."

The Frenchman was then joined by the Japanese virtuoso, and instant empathy ensued. Playing a blues and "All the Things You Are," the duo was stronger than the sum of its parts. Petrucciani,

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GOOD TIMES AT THE BOWL

ful use. John Scofield's voluble, impassioned guitar, completely loose and spontaneous, contrasted sharply with the strictures of Ritenour.

Davis was in a singularly affable mood; several times he ambled over to stage right, blowing almost directly into the cameras and even shaking hands with several photographers. This is the Miles Davis who turned his back on audiences?

It would have been hard for anything short of the second coming of Bird to follow Miles Davis, but Joe Williams knew precisely how to do it. Softening up the crowd with an easy ballad opener ("Confessin'"), he moved over promptly to the blues, and it was blues almost exclusively from that moment on.

Like the Dirty Dozen band, he included Miles Davis' "All Blues," which Davis himself hasn't touched in years.

A pleasant, uneventful set by the quartet known as Pieces of a Dream brought the marathon session to a close.

For the normally unflappable Steve Allen, who emceed, it was not his finest hour. He began by repeatedly mispronouncing George Wein's name; after the Davis set he made several questionable remarks, one of which (about the smell of the crowd) drew loud booing.

Perhaps both he and his listeners were conscious of the contrast between his style and that of Bill Cosby, who hosted five of the six previous festivals.

Continued from Page 1
who in the past has been carried to the piano (he suffers from a rare bone disease, is three feet tall and weighs 50 pounds), managed to walk on and off stage with the help of crutches.

The Lee Ritenour band, augmented by pianist Dave Grusin and a Brazilian singer, clumped through a series of contrived arrangements in the dull set of the day. The drummer could have taped his part and mailed it in, so repetitious was his leaden thudding.

The J. J. Johnson All Stars provided more evidence of the interweaving of stages of jazz history. Though the veteran trombonist and his other soloists—Nat Adderley on cornet and Harold Land on tenor sax—are products of the bebop and post-bop years, all three have rejuvenated and matured their styles. The set moved rapidly as the leader assigned solo numbers to each member, including pianist Cedar Walton. Johnson's trombone-bass duet on a blues, with Richard Davis, showed how well this unlikely instrumentation can work in the right hands. Land's number, "Invitation," earned a deservedly warm reception.

The band fared less well accompanying Nancy Wilson's vocals. Too often it almost swamped her histrionic performance.

Miles Davis came on stage wearing his "You're Under Arrest" cover outfit, using essentially the band heard on that album. Let nobody assume that the spell Davis casts on his audiences is due to the persona or the legend: He played as well as I have heard him since his pre-retirement days.

Sometimes it seemed as though the power of his impact worked in inverse proportion to the volume of the band, but despite rhythmic overkill now and then this was an example of energy put to meaning-



Emmett Chapman and his 10-string Stick, which sounds like several instruments at once, played by three or four men.

JAZZ

EMMETT CHAPMAN GETS ON THE STICK

By LEONARD FEATHER

I want to make my mark in the music world," says Emmett Chapman.

His ambition is understandable, as is a certain degree of frustration, since Chapman is a composer, instrumentalist, inventor and innovator who has been waiting many years for credit commensurate with his achievements.

What did he innovate? A way of playing stringed instruments, tapping with both hands simultaneously rather than plucking or strumming, leaving the hands free to play separate bass rhythms, chords and melody lines almost in the style of a piano. The guitarist Stanley Jordan has been hosannaed from coast to coast this year for doing just that with a guitar. Few writers have mentioned that Emmett Chapman began using that technique in August, 1969.

What did he invent? The Stick, an instrument with an unusual range (5 1/4 octaves), enabling the performer to apply this method to dazzling effect.

"I was always trying to play expressive, free melody lines," he says, "such as I had heard employed by John Coltrane and Jimi Hendrix and, at the same time, play harmonically and orchestrally like Bill Evans and McCoy Tyner—not easy to do on the guitar. I spent many days changing my solid body guitar to accommodate this meth-

od, did it for about 18 months, then built an instrument specially designed for it, which I called the Stick."

Chapman's child has gone through five prototypes. He began making them in 1974, six at a time, then in batches of a dozen. Working out of his garage, he increased production to batches of 25. Today, with demand coming from all over the world, he mass-produces them 75 at a time and claims a total sale of 1,900 Sticks, which sell for \$915, including case.

Exceptionally soft-spoken, somewhat defensive in manner, Chapman has been careful to prevent any imitation of what he has wrought. "The Stick" and "The Chapman Stick Touchboard" are registered trademarks. He is the author and publisher of a book, "Free Hands: A New Discipline of Fingers on Strings," complete with diagrams, photographs and essays.

The Stick sounds like no other instrument; rather, it sounds like several instruments at once, played by three or four men. Chapman has produced an album, "Parallel Galaxy," for which he is now trying to set up distribution. On it, he is joined now and then by his brother Dan on harmonica, by a drummer and by a "vocal effects" specialist named Josh Hanna, but even on the cuts that are played without accompaniment he creates an aston-

ishing multi-instrumental illusion entirely without overdubbing.

Of the Stick's 10 strings, the upper five, for melody and chords, are tuned in descending fourths; the lower five in ascending fifths (but with the lowest string near the middle of the fretboard).

Chapman regards his invention not as a novelty or gimmick but as a logical means of expression for musical ideas that have been evolving all his life. Born in 1936 in Santa Barbara, raised in the San Fernando Valley, he started playing guitar to back his vocals,

working trio jobs in small clubs to help pay his way through UCLA. Graduating in 1961 with a bachelor's degree in political science, he developed an interest in jazz, inspired by the guitar of Barney Kessel.

"As a child," he says, "I was exposed to music through my church, a gospel church where everybody sang and brought their instruments; also by my mother, who sang and played guitar. My inspirations have been Coltrane, Tyner, John McLaughlin and the musical language Jimi Hendrix

created on the guitar, but I didn't get interested in the instrumental part of playing guitar until I was in my middle 20s. I also listened to the more popularized classical works of Debussy, Stravinsky and Bartok."

Obviously, the popularization of the Stick may be inhibited by the entirely new demands it will place on guitarists. Joe Pass, the best-known and most gifted jazz guitar virtuoso of the past decade, recently remarked: "I admire and respect Emmett Chapman and what he has accomplished, but as far as I'm

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THE STICK

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concerned, it would be foolish for me to cast aside a technique I've

spent 40 years developing and start from scratch."

The guitarist who might seem the most logical choice as a Stick exponent is Stanley Jordan, who

has developed a similar technical approach using a guitar with strings so close to the fretboard that the tapping and touching are easily achieved.

"I met Jordan in 1977," Chapman recalls, "at a music-store clinic I held in the San Jose area. A year earlier, a friend of mine did a Stick clinic at the same store and spent some time with Stanley. He was interested in the instrument and I thought he was going to get one, but I guess somewhere along the way he decided not to."

"Do you think," I asked, "that what he is doing would have more possibilities for extension on the Stick?"

"Why are you asking me that? I wouldn't want to say what Jordan could do best. It'd be silly."

What Chapman does best is create a galaxy of sounds: some lyrical, others eerie, clangorous, some using Bach-like counterpoint, others Eastern sitar-like drones, walking bass, free form, all with the help of phasing, flanging, fuzz

and echo. "I can cross-fade," he says, "from straight Stick melody sounds into any combination of effects, by foot pressure on a pad; I can also fade into a built-in wah. Roughly half of my sound is processed, but I'm always fading back to the plain sound of Stick strings."

Chapman likes to think of his music as compositional improvisation: "Improvising is what I've always done best with my music—maybe that's why I haven't recorded before. I was always strictly a live player."

His album, on which six of the 10 works are his own, includes a heterodox version of "Waltzing Matilda" that sounds as if it must have been recorded in an Australian synagogue, and an "Eleanor Rigby" vastly different from the well-known version in the current

Stanley Jordan album. (Chapman hastened to assure me that he has played the song for at least 12 years.) His own compositions, according to the album, are intricate and intriguing, using a heady mix of meters, sound effects and melodic/harmonic experiments.

What the future may hold for Chapman and his Stick may depend on which musicians choose to adopt it. "Quite a few well-known groups have sidemen who are using it," he says. "Tony Levin, a fine bassist, plays stick most of the time with King Crimson and other groups. Kittyhawk has two Stick players. Alphonso Johnson has been using it with Santana, and played it on a European tour with Billy Cobham and George Duke.

"It's being used by Darryl Jones, who's known as 'The Munch,' and who has worked with Miles Davis and Sting. Jim Lampi in Paris is an incredible Stick player who's been demonstrating it on European radio and TV shows."

Chapman himself has been in growing demand as a performer (on Tuesday he's in concert at Donte's), teacher and lecturer. When not busy directing his production staff or devising new improvements for the instrument (he is perpetually refining it), he may be found soloing or conducting a seminar at some university music department or holding a workshop session in a music store.

What the Stick needs in order to establish it firmly in the annals of modern music is a sensational player who can draw as much attention to it by sheer force of individual

creativity as Charlie Christian did when he brought the electric guitar out of the shadows, or as such later pioneers did with other instruments: Joe Zawinul with the synthesizer, Chick Corea with the electric keyboard.

Perhaps that individual may turn out to be the inventor himself but, if not, he need hardly worry. Whoever it may be, if Chapman is not busy out there in the concert halls of the world, the full-scale establishment of the Stick will keep him no less occupied, stepping up production in the workshop back home. □

JAZZ REVIEW

SHOWERS OF SOUND DELUGE BIG APPLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The city is warm and reasonably dry, but it is raining music. The schedule for this year's Kool Jazz Festival, the fifth and last under the tobacco company sponsorship, called for 33 showers of sound in Manhattan over a 10-day span, six avant garde thunderstorms in Brooklyn and a rainbow of traditional to swing to bebop tone colors in outlying locations, both moving (moonlight boat rides) and stationary (six-hour picnics in Stanhope, N.J.).

For the media and some of the musicians, things began with a lawn party at Gracie Mansion, complete with an ain't-we-got-fun speech by Mayor Edward I. Koch, who respects any art form that

brings millions of dollars' worth of customers ready to bite into the Big Apple.

Koch was momentarily serious. This year's festivities, he informed us, are dedicated to Max Gordon, who at 85 has entered his second half century of upgrading the Village Vanguard. Gordon, who by now looks like the incredible shrinking man, but who still takes care of business at the club every night, accepted his citation and posed for pictures. Koch then sat at the piano next to Dave Brubeck and went through the motions of playing a duet. Jon Hendricks scatted; the crowd, having had its fill of beer and hot dogs, scattered.

Friday evening there were several options: at Avery Fisher Hall, Miles Davis (fresh from the Hollywood Bowl); at Carnegie Hall, Ella

Fitzgerald, hardly a stranger; or a trip on the Hudson Day Liner with Dizzy Gillespie. It seemed logical to go for something unfamiliar to us Angelenos: Walt Dickerson and Carmen Lundy at St. Peter's Church.

Dickerson, a vibraphonist who has strayed from the mainstream into abstractionism, played alone (except for a few occasional notes from a bass player), keeping the volume close to inaudibility. His 40 minutes consisted mainly of wasp-like, buzzing flurries separated by long pauses, as if he were wondering where to sting next. Self-indulgence is the trapdoor of the avant garde; Dickerson fell

through it.

Lundy, praised by New York critics, had poise, a capacious range, and a natural jazz feeling. Most of the songs were her own, but the lyrics were muted by the acoustics of the church. Why St. Peter's continues to be used for jazz recitals remains a cavernous mystery.

George Wallington, who played piano in the first bebop band alongside Gillespie and Parker, has emerged from a 25-year retirement. His solo performance Saturday at Carnegie Recital Hall was a meandering continuum of unfamiliar originals, hampered by the hiccupping bumps of his left hand. This style cries out for a bassist and drummer to urge it along.

Saturday evening at Town Hall the splenetic saxophonist David Murray, who did his best work with the World Saxophone Quartet,

**LEONARD FEATHER
Son instrument: sa
machine à écrire**

Une des légendes du jazz se trouve actuellement à Montréal, mais il ne donnera aucun spectacle. Son nom: Leonard Feather. Son instrument: sa machine à écrire.

Pierre Leroux

Feather est sans doute l'un des plus éminents critiques de jazz américains.

Mardi, il présentait à la cinémathèque québécoise quatre films de sa collection privée sur les années «be-bop» de 1948 à 1958.

Pendant une heure et demie, les amateurs ont pu frayer à nouveau avec les Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Billy Taylor et Julian Adderly.

Évidemment, ça se passe en vase clos et il faut un peu de courage pour déserrer le temps ensoleillé, mais le coup d'œil en valait la chandelle...

Le be-bop, à l'époque, avait révolutionné le jazz par sa polyrythmie et ses harmonies rafraichies.

Aujourd'hui encore, son empreinte est profonde.

Le film «Bop-Singing» avec ses classiques «Lemon Drop» et «Lolly Pop» était à la fois hilarant et révélateur de l'influence profonde que ce style a eu sur le jazz à cette époque.

Un quatrième moyen-métrage terminait cette soirée: «The Sound of Miles Davis» présenté de façon irrésistible par M. Feather.

«Je connais Miles

Davis depuis à peu près quarante ans. Il venait d'arriver à New York...», relate-t-il, comme un vieux conteur devant la cheminée...

Et à la fin, il demande à l'auditoire quels sont ceux qui préfèrent le Miles Davis d'il y a trente ans à celui d'aujourd'hui enveloppé dans un enrobage de rock.

La moitié du public lève la main. Et il leur donne raison.

Nostalgique Leonard Feather?

Il jure que non, mais déplore l'utilisation croissante des moyens électroniques aux dépens de la trame mélodique.

De plusieurs pièces contemporaines, il dit qu'un enfant de trois ans pourrait les avoir écrites. On ne compose plus comme avant...

Ce commentaire est peut-être l'héritage du jazz.

En revoyant ces vieux films, en relisant les vieux écrits, on souligne toujours au passé, comme si le monde du jazz allait s'écrouler.

Mais il s'en trouve toujours un pour aller plus loin, pour pousser cette quête et faire avancer le jazz.

C'est peut-être là la condition de survie du jazz: sa remise en question perpétuelle...

*Le journal de Montréal
Samuel Choulet 85*

Jazz that swings the magnet for boys in the band

(Continued from Page H-1)

panic," somebody said after we finally escaped. "It could be deadly. They should have traffic rules for pedestrians. Like one-way streets."

"If only one eighth of all this interest could be sustained throughout the year, everyone would be a lot better off," said Henke, watching the eager fans pressing at the club door.

He isn't alone. Bandleader Vic Vogel is out there telling anyone who will listen that good jazz happens year-round in Montreal.

"I'm closing the festival with my big band and Mel Torme," said Vogel. "But tonight I'm preaching the word that it doesn't end there."

• • •
The street is a place of jugglers and acrobats, pizza, beer and the smell of skinny cigarettes that are not rolled by Imperial Tobacco.

But mostly, it's music. André White is here with his quartet. His fellow jazzmen say White, 26, is one of the best drummers in the country.

He would be playing drums with Fred

Henke and guitar legend Sonny Greenwich at the Toronto jazz festival in a matter of days.

But — and this is a very rare thing — André White is also one of the best jazz piano players around.

"I try to get in an hour on each instrument every day," he said after a set on St. Denis St. "But I'm also taking an English degree at Concordia. I'd like to have something to fall back on."

He says he'd like to write about musicians someday.

• • •
Leonard Feather seemed nervous, which was a little surprising when you remembered he's been the most famous jazz writer in the world for decades.

Feather came to town from his base in Los Angeles to present some of his be-bop films at the Cinémathèque québécoise, and he seemed very fidgety, reading and re-reading his notes as the crowd filed into the small but super-posh theatre.

And then we found out what may have had him a bit on edge.

"You all know Leonard Feather," said the man who introduced the guest in French. "Frankly, I learned English read-

ing his notes on the backs of record jackets. With that in mind, I thought it would be only fair to ask him to present his films to us in French."

And Leonard Feather did just that, in French that was both careful and impeccable.

• • •
We heard them swinging half-way down the back alley. Someone had said the back door was the best way into Les Retrouvailles, where Bernard Primeau was working with his new band.

Some of the Cornwall musicians had enjoyed Primeau's work with Oliver Jones and Charles Biddle in recent times and wanted to hear him again now that he's off on his own in a new setting surrounded by five young musicians playing music arranged by Vic Vogel.

Bernie sounded looser and better than ever but Rémi Bolduc, his 23-year-old alto sax player, also caught the reporter's ears and eyes.

Earlier that day, Bolduc had been heard playing with a quintet called the Jazz Beards. The group was competing in the Bose Jazz Contest.

Their music was a bit "freer" than the reporter's favorite cup of tea but Montrealer Bolduc managed to swing and sound as if he grew up in the middle of a Harlem jam session.

"Where do all these terrific musicians come from?" wondered one of the fellows from Ontario.

Some of them — like Bolduc — come from the training they get in Vic Vogel's band.

• • •
Biddles. This is their last stop and they chose it well.

The musicians are Oliver Jones, Charles Biddle and Nelson Symonds.

The tune is *C Jam Blues* and if it swings any harder there is going to be structural damage to the building.

It is their kind of jazz. Make that *our* kind of jazz. Jazz that rocks and rolls and forever wears a smile on its face.

Hell, Oliver Jones even bought us a round of beer. What more could a jazz fan ask for?

"Some smoked meat at Schwartz's," somebody was heard to say as they headed for the Lincoln.

Want to giggle? Want some fun? The "Just for Laughs Festival" is the one!

From the 8th to 16th of July, you can laugh until you cry. Get there smiling, with a grin. Take the bus or metro in!



The C.T.C.U.M.
We're going your way!

MONTREAL GAZETTE JULY 6



REMEMBERING THE GREAT CLIFFORD BROWN

By LEONARD FEATHER

The premature loss of a great talent sometimes results in an overromanticized cult following, leading to a posthumous reputation beyond the bounds it might have reached had the artist survived. That seems to have been the fate of the talented but constantly overrated Jelly Roll Morton, to cite an egregious instance. But for every such example there will be a case such as that of the incomparable trumpeter Clifford Brown.

He was four months shy of his 26th birthday when his car skidded on the Pennsylvania Turnpike and went down an 18-foot culvert, early in the morning of June 26, 1956. Together with the pianist Richie Powell and Powell's wife, Brown was en route to a job with the quintet of which he and Max Roach were co-leaders. Brownie, Powell and his wife were killed.

This week, exactly 29 years later, the name of Clifford Brown is enjoying a resurgence of popularity unlike anything ever known in jazz since the Bix Beiderbecke legend started to burgeon in the 1940s.

Brown's compositions, particularly "Joy Spring," are attaining increased stature as jazz standards. A forthcoming Manhattan Transfer album includes not only "Joy Spring" but also the elegiac "I Remember Clifford," with Jon Hendricks' lyrics to Benny Golson's melody.

Clifford Brown's own recordings have been reissued regularly during the last three

years; by now virtually everything significant that he ever put on tape is available. Even the original memorial album released a few months after his death reappeared last week on Blue Note (BST 81526).

Very much aware of these developments, often playing an active role in catalyzing them, is LaRue Brown Watson, an attractive woman well known in Los Angeles musical circles. The June 26 date has a sadly mixed significance for her, since it is not only her birthday but also the anniversary both of her wedding to Clifford Brown and of the day she was widowed just two years later.

"The night it happened," she says, "was almost the only time I didn't go with Clifford to see him work. Our friends and relatives had never seen our son, Clifford Jr., so I left Clifford and brought the baby out to Los Angeles.

"Harold Land, the saxophonist who had worked in Clifford and Max's group, gave me a 22nd birthday party, but I had an odd, uneasy feeling, so I went over to my mother's house to check on little Clifford. The phone rang, and someone who thought it was my mother told me that Clifford and the baby and I had all been killed in an accident. They assumed we had been in the car, because we always traveled together."

The timing of Brown's death could not have been more ironic. He was being hailed as the possible successor to Miles Davis, who in the early 1950s had gone through the lowest point in his career. After kicking a four-year drug habit Davis had just started on the road to regeneration; meanwhile, Clifford Brown, with Roach, was landing some of the choice nightclub jobs and had won the Down Beat award as best new trumpeter of 1954. Critical attention to his work was as unanimously enthusiastic as the praise recently heaped on Wynton Marsalis.

Brown's professional life was brief but

Clifford Brown, left, his wife LaRue and drummer Max Roach at their 1954 wedding. Brown died two years later.

retoric. Born in 1930 in Wilmington, Del., he played in a high school band, worked in Philadelphia after graduating in 1948, then entered Delaware College on a music scholarship.

"It turned out that they didn't have a music department," LaRue Brown Watson says, "but he stayed there a year anyway, majoring in math. He was some kind of wizard with figures; he played a good game of chess. But next he went to Maryland State College, where they did have a good music department, and he learned a lot about playing and arranging."

Playing a local gig, Brown was injured in the first of three auto accidents that would truncate his career. After a year of recuperation, with moral support from Dizzy Gillespie, he resumed playing, with Chris Powell's group in Philadelphia.

That Brown's was no commonplace gift became evident early. Red Rodney, who had been Charlie Parker's trumpeter in 1950, recalls a visit from a young man who announced: "My name is Clifford Brown. I play trumpet and I'd like to talk to you and study with you." Brown felt he could gain something by taking lessons with the man who played with Bird, but after listening to him, Rodney assured him no such instruction was called for: "He knocked me out there and then! We became friends and dropped in on each other's gigs." Hearing him with Chris Powell, Rodney told friends that "Within a year this kid will be the talk of New York."

It happened just as Rodney predicted. By 1953 Brown had joined the trumpet section of Lionel Hampton's band, another of whose members was a promising 20-year-old unknown named Quincy Jones. After leaving

Hampton, Brown took off for California to join forces with Roach.

LaRue Watson says: "It was through Max that we met, and in the strangest way. My background as a music major was strictly classical; in fact, when I met Clifford I was working on a thesis called 'Jazz vs. the Classics,' negating jazz as an art form. While I was completing it I met Charlie Parker and Max Roach, who took a liking to me and told me about this youngster they wanted me to meet. I went with Max to the airport to meet Clifford. Well, we were off and running from the first moment—but I still didn't think he could play."

Her education came at the hands of her music teacher, who on being introduced to Brown said: "My God, is this who I think it is?" Asked what he thought of Clifford, he said, "This man's a genius!" "So I started listening more carefully," LaRue says, "and little by little I learned to appreciate the beauty of this music that Charlie Parker and Miles and Clifford were creating."

Soon after their marriage she learned that Brown's tastes were wide-ranging: "He idolized Fats Navarro—that was his heart. Dizzy Gillespie was like a father to him. But he also admired Harry James and Rafael Mendez, Coltrane and Miles, Eric Dolphy, Lee Morgan, and the great singers like Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughan. He had an all-encompassing love of music. I was his second love and math was his third."

Clifford Brown was not simply the inheritor of anyone else's mantle, but rather represented an extension of the concepts of his predecessors. He had a stunning capacity for weaving long, flowing lines, impeccably executed; an ear for harmony that enabled him to navigate without batting an eyelash the difficult bridge of "Cherokee." Though his tone and attack tended to be blunter and more emphatic, he put many of his contemporaries in mind of Fats Navarro, another ill-starred innovator, who had died in 1950 at 26. Unlike Navarro, whose days had been shortened by drug abuse, Brown was clean-living, as mature and well adjusted as he was studious and ambitious.

Had Clifford Brown lived, he would now be only 54—younger than Davis or Gillespie—and might well have achieved a measure of durable influence equal to theirs. Even today, hardly a day goes by, for those of us close to jazz, without some reminder: one of his recordings played on the jazz stations, or some young Brown-inspired novice playing a Brown composition, or a performance of "I Remember Clifford" recorded by countless trumpeters (Lee Morgan, Gillespie, Art Farmer, Donald Byrd) as well as by Sonny Rollins, Oscar Peterson, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dinah Washington, Carmen McRae.

The story, in fact, is far from its end. Clifford Brown Jr. went on to get his master's degree in telecommunications; at present he is program director at KBLX in Berkeley. "I'm so proud of him," says LaRue Watson. "Looks like his father, acts like him, same temperament—just without the musical talent, which can't be duplicated. He did play trombone a while, but just for kicks. In every other way, though, he's Clifford reincarnated."

There is also the matter of Clifford Brown III. "He's 3 years old," his grandmother reports, "and at 2 he picked up Clifford's old horn. Right off, I swear, he got three pure notes out of it. Maybe the talent just skipped a generation." □

L'avenir: le tiers monde et les moins de 25 ans...

■ Les espoirs les plus prometteurs du monde du jazz, à l'heure actuelle, reposent sur le tiers monde et l'émergence d'une nouvelle génération de vedettes de moins de 25 ans, affirme l'un des plus grands critiques de jazz aux États-Unis.

Leonard Feather se dit également impressionné par le talent de plusieurs des musiciens québécois qu'il a eu l'occasion d'entendre ces jours derniers, dans le cadre du Festival international de jazz de Montréal.

Sa première visite ici lui a fait réaliser, dit-il, « qu'il existe beaucoup plus de musiciens de jazz de premier ordre au Canada, particulièrement au Canada français, que je ne l'aurais cru. »

Auteur de 11 ouvrages sur le jazz, compositeur et producteur de disques, M. Feather a été invité au festival pour la projection de quatre films de sa collection personnelle. Les amateurs pourront notamment voir les seules séquences jamais tournées du légendaire saxophoniste alto Charlie (Yardbird) Parker en scène avec Dizzy Gillespie au mois de janvier 1952, trois ans avant la mort de Parker à l'âge de 35 ans.

L'auteur de *Encyclopedia of Jazz* fait le tour des spectacles qui s'échelonnent tout au long des 10 jours du festival montréalais.

— Presse Canadienne

LA PRESSE

THE VOICE 15-BEST JAZZ POLL

Compiled by Will Friedwald

The twist in this edition of the Voice jazz record poll is temporal. We asked that only records recorded in 1960 or later be included. We wanted to exclude the several 1959 titles—Kind of Blue, Giant Steps, Such Suite Thunder, Portrait in Jazz—that often appear in polls covering the music's entire history. Once again the participants were asked to make two lists—one of 10 records chosen for their historical influence, and another of five additional favorites. Once again we followed our own muses, some choosing only milestones (usually from the early '60s—next time we'll try a poll of 1970-86), others only favorites. Many noted a greater difficulty in compiling a list from the past 25 years than from the past 70, since the latter task lends itself more readily to a handful of consensus items. We've tried for and have not been successful in getting consistent catalogue numbers; with all the buying and selling and leasing going on, classic titles occasionally crop up on several labels. Most Impulse records, for example, were reissued with MCA catalogue numbers, and are presently available through a British company called Jasmine. You will note that an inordinate number of records, new and old, are available only as imports—notably reissues on French RCA and a variety of Japanese labels, as well as new music on Italy's celebrated Black Saint. In years to come we may yet find congressional lobbyists demanding economic sanctions against Japan and Europe for doing better by American music than America. G.G.

BOB BLUMENTHAL

The Boston Phoenix

TEN BEST:

- Albert Ayler, *Spiritual Unity* (ESP-1002)
- Ornette Coleman, *This is Our Music* (Atlantic 1353)
- John Coltrane, *Live at the Village Vanguard* (Impulse A-10)
- Bill Evans, *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (Riverside OJC-140)
- Herbie Hancock, *Empyrean Isles* (Blue Note BN 84175)
- Jackie McLean, *Let Freedom Ring* (Blue Note BN-84106)
- Roscoe Mitchell, *Congliptious* (Nessa N-2)
- Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic SD2-313)
- New York Art Quartet (ESP-1004)
- Cecil Taylor, *Unit Structures* (Blue Note BN-84237)

FIVE MORE:

- George Adams and Don Pullen, *Don't Lose Control* (Soul Note 1004)
- Air, *Air Lore* (Arista Novus AN-3014)
- Ronald Shannon Jackson, *Eye on You* (About Time 1003)
- George Lewis, *Homage to Charles Parker* (Black Saint 0029)
- Revolutionary Ensemble, *The People's Republic* (Horizon SP 708)

STANLEY CROUCH

The Village Voice

TEN BEST:

- Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, *Echoes of an Era* (Roulette RE-108)
- Ornette Coleman, *Ornette on Tenor!* (Atlantic 1394)
- John Coltrane, *Africa Brass* (MCA 29007)

John Coltrane and Duke Ellington
(Impulse A-30)

- Miles Davis, *Filles de Kilimanjaro* (Columbia CS-9750)
- Duke Ellington, *Afro-Bossa* (Reprise, Discovery DS-871)
- Duke Ellington, *The Far East Suite* (French RCA NL-45699)
- Dizzy Gillespie, *Perceptions* (Verve V6-8411)
- Charles Mingus, *Mingus at Monterey* (Prestige 24100)
- Modern Jazz Quartet, *European Concert* (Atlantic SD 2-313)

FIVE MORE:

- Thelonious Monk, *Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia CS-8964)
- Max Roach, *Percussion Bittersweet* (Impulse AS-8)
- Sonny Rollins, *Alfie* (Impulse A-9111)
- George Russell, *The Outer View* (Milestone M-47027)
- Wayne Shorter, *Speak No Evil* (Blue Note BN-84194)

STANLEY DANCE

Jazz Times

TEN BEST:

- Duke Ellington, *Afro-Bossa* (Discovery DS-871)
- Duke Ellington, *The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse* (Fantasy F-9498)
- Duke Ellington, *And His Mother Called Him Bill* (French RCA NL-89116)
- Duke Ellington, *The Ellington Suites* (Pablo 2310-762)
- Duke Ellington, *The Far East Suite* (French RCA NL-45699)
- Duke Ellington, *The Latin-American Suite* (Fantasy F-8419)
- Duke Ellington, *The New Orleans Suite* (Atlantic SD-1580)

- Duke Ellington, *Piano in the Foreground* (French Columbia 84419)
- Duke Ellington, *The Second Sacred Concert* (Fantasy F-8407)
- Duke Ellington, *Suite Thursday* (Encore P14359)

FIVE MORE:

- Count Basie, *Li'l Old Groovemaker* (Verve V6-8549)
- Earl Hines, *The Father of Modern Jazz Piano* (M.F. 77-1005)
- Earl Hines Plays Duke Ellington (Book of the Month Club 51-6525)
- Johnny Hodges, *The Smooth One* (Verve VE 2-2532)
- Jay McShann and Buddy Tate, *Crazy Legs and Friday Strut* (Sackville 3011)

FRANCIS DAVIS

In the Moment (forthcoming from Oxford University Press)

TEN BEST

- Art Ensemble of Chicago, *People in Sorrow* (Nessa N-3)
- Albert Ayler, *Spiritual Unity* (ESP-1002)
- Ornette Coleman, *Dancing in Your Head* (A&M 722)
- Ornette Coleman, *Free Jazz* (Atlantic SD 1364)
- John Coltrane, *Live at the Village Vanguard* (Impulse A-10)
- Miles Davis, *Filles de Kilimanjaro* (Columbia CS-9750)
- Duke Ellington, *The Far East Suite* (French RCA NL-45699)
- Charles Mingus, *The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady* (Jasmine 13)
- Henry Threadgill, *Just the Facts and Pass the Bucket* (About Time AT-1005)
- World Saxophone Quartet, *Revue* (Black Saint BSR-0056)

FIVE MORE:

- Anthony Davis, *Hemispheres* (Gram-avision GGR-8303)
- Art Farmer and Jim Hall, *To Sweden with Love* (Atlantic SD-1430)
- Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins, *Sonny Meets Hawk* (Japanese RCA RJA-2521)
- Jimmy Rushing, *The You and Me That Used to Be* (Victor LSP-4556)
- Cecil Taylor, *Garden* (hat ART 1943/94)

LEONARD FEATHER

The Los Angeles Times

TEN BEST:

- Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin, *Insights* (French RCA NL-45363)
- Benny Carter, *Further Definitions* (Impulse A-12)
- Miles Davis and Gil Evans, *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL-1480)
- Duke Ellington, *And His Mother Called Him Bill* (French RCA NL-89116)
- Bill Evans, *RE: Person I Knew* (Fantasy 9608)
- Dizzy Gillespie, *Gillespiana* (Verve V-8394)
- Herbie Hancock, *Speak Like a Child* (Blue Note BST-84279)
- Thad Jones and Mel Lewis Big Band, *Consummation* (Blue Note BST-4346)
- Sarah Vaughan, *Copacabana* (Pablo Today 2312-125)
- Joe Williams, *Nothing But the Blues* (Delos DMS 4001)

FIVE MORE:

- Ray Charles, *Genius + Soul = Jazz* (Impulse A-2)
- B.B. King, *Live at the Regal* (MCA 27006)
- Charles Mingus, *Great Moments with Charles Mingus* (MCA 2-4128)
- Anything by Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass (Pablo)
- Jimmy Rushing, *The You and Me That Used to Be* (Victor LSP-4556)

WILL FRIEDWALD

Freelance Critic

TEN BEST:

- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, *The*

- Big Beat* (Blue Note 84029)
- John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman, (MCA-29013)
- Kenny Dorham and Jackie McLean, *Inta Somethin'* (Pacific Jazz PJ41)
- Duke Ellington, *Featuring Paul Gonsalves* (Fantasy F-9636)
- Bill Evans, *The Complete Riverside Recordings* (Riverside R-018)
- Gil Evans, *Into the Hot* (MCA-29013)
- Stan Getz and Eddie Sauter, *Focus* (Verve UMV-2071)
- Warne Marsh with Hank Jones, *Star Highs* (Criss Cross 1002, Denmark)
- Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard, (Japanese Verve UMV-2057)
- Art Pepper Quintet, *Smack Up* (Contemporary S 7602)

FIVE MORE:

- Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie, *On the Sunny Side of the Street* (Verve 2304-049)
- Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, *The Swingers* (Affinity AFF-131)
- Pony Poindexter, *Pony Express* (Epic LA-16035)
- Pee Wee Russell, *Ask Me Now!* (Impulse A-96)
- Mel Tormé and Shorty Rogers, *Comin' Home Baby* (Japanese Atlantic P-6019A)

GARY GIDDINS

Rhythm-A-Ning: Jazz Tradition and Innovation in the '80s (Oxford University Press)

TEN BEST:

- Albert Ayler, *Spiritual Unity* (ESP-1002)
- Ornette Coleman, *Free Jazz* (Atlantic SD 1364)
- John Coltrane, *Live at the Village Vanguard* (Impulse A-10)
- Miles Davis, *Miles Smiles* (Columbia CS 9401)
- Duke Ellington, *The Far East Suite* (French RCA NL-45699)
- Charles Mingus, *Pre-Bird Mingus* (Limelight EXPR-1015)
- Roscoe Mitchell, *Congliptious* (Nessa N-2)
- Sonny Rollins, *Our Man in Jazz* (RCA LPM 2612)
- Cecil Taylor, *Conquistador!* (Blue Note BN-84260)
- World Saxophone Quartet, *Revue* (Black Saint BSR-0056)

FIVE MORE:

- Jaki Byard, *Jaki Byard Experience* (Prestige 7615)
- Benny Carter, *Further Definitions* (Impulse A-12)
- Thelonious Monk, *Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia CS-8964)
- James Blood Ulmer, *Odyssey* (Columbia BFC 38009)
- Sarah Vaughan, *Live in Japan* (Mainstream 2401)

IRA GITLER

Co-author with Leonard Feather of *The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '70s* (Horizon)

TEN BEST:

- Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, *Body and Soul* (Muse 5016)
- John Coltrane, *Crescent* (MCA 29016)
- Miles Davis, *In a Silent Way* (Columbia CS-8975)
- Duke Ellington, *The Far East Suite* (French RCA NL-45699)
- Dizzy Gillespie on the French Riviera (Phillips 600-048)
- Dexter Gordon, *Go!* (Blue Note BN-4112)
- Barry Harris Plays Tadd Dameron (Xanadu 113)
- Earl Hines, *Grand Reunion Vol. One* (Limelight LS 86028)
- Sonny Rollins on Impulse (Jasmine 2)
- Sarah Vaughan, *Live in Japan* (Mainstream 2401)

FIVE MORE:

- Bill Evans, *Conversations with Myself* (Verve V-8526)

FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL DE JAZZ DE MONTREAL

Jazz et petit écran

GILLES ARCHAMBAULT
Collaboration spéciale

L'une des initiatives les plus louables, et pourtant un peu occultée, du Festival international de jazz de Montréal est sans conteste cette série de films sur le jazz que met à l'affiche la Cinémathèque. Organisée avec intelligence, et en toute connaissance de cause, par Robert Daudelin, cette opération permet à l' amateur de voir des documents visuels qu'on ne projette qu'à de rares occasions. L'irremplaçable collection de Walter de Mohrenschildt nourrit très souvent ce programme.

Mardi soir, c'était un peu soir de relâche pour ce qui est des concerts. Il y avait bien Pat Metheny qui se produisait pour une deuxième soirée d'affilée et Bob Mover qui donnait un concert gratuit, rue Saint-Denis. Mais c'était bien peu à côté de la boulimie des jours qui précédaient et de ceux qui suivraient. La Cinémathèque cependant nous conviait à une séance d'extraits d'émissions de télévision présentés par Leonard Feather.

Leonard Feather est l'un des critiques les plus connus du jazz. Né à Londres, il vit aux États-Unis depuis longtemps. Pianiste, compositeur, il a oeuvré dans tous les champs de l'industrie de la musique de jazz. Que ce soit à titre d'animateur de radio et de télévision, de conseiller/rechercheur, de producteur de disques. Il a connu personnellement les plus grands du jazz. Si certains musiciens le contestent (et c'est normal), il jouit d'une solide réputation. C'est lui qui a signé depuis si longtemps les fameux « Blindfold Test », petit jeu au cours duquel il s'agit de trouver le nom de musiciens après l'écoute d'un disque, cette inoffensive distraction étant devenue dans le monde entier le passe-temps favori des aficionados.

Je lis Leonard Feather depuis 35 ans. J'étais donc curieux de le voir. Sachez qu'il a tout à fait l'apparence d'un sexagénaire *british*.

Voir page 8: Jazz

tion de Genève est contestée. L'ambassadeur israélien aux Nations unies a déclaré hier que le transfert des détenus libanais du camp d'An-sar, au Sud-Liban, vers la prison d'Atlit, était parfaitement en accord avec la quatrième Convention de Genève.

L'ambassadeur, M. Benjamain Netanyahu, dans une lettre au secrétaire général de l'ONU, M. Javier Perez de Cuellar, a souligné que ce « déplacement » avait été nécessité par les violences commises par certains libanais contre les forces de défense israéliennes dans la région.

Un délégué israélien à l'ONU a précisé que ces détentions étaient permises par l'article 78 de la Convention de Genève, et que leur rapatriement suivait l'article 49, qui stipule : « Les personnes évacuées seront ramenées chez elles dès l'arrêt des hostilités dans la région en question ».

La libération d'hier est la septième en une centaine de jours: 32 prisonniers ont été relâchés le 11 avril, 37 le 18 avril, 151 le 20 mai dans le cadre de l'opération d'échange entre 3 soldats israéliens et 1150 détenus Palestiniens et Libanais, 249 autres ont été relâchés le 30 mai, 8 début juin, 31 le 24 juin et 300 le 3 juillet.

◆ Jazz

qu'il parle l'anglais comme un Américain du beau monde, qu'il est courtis sans exagération et qu'il a présenté les perles qu'il avait rapportées de Los Angeles dans ses valises dans un français tout à fait correct. Il a également dit qu'il tenait le Festival de Montréal pour le plus grand festival du monde, ce qui fera bien plaisir à Alain Simard et à sa famille. Affirmation qui ne l'a pas empêché, à la représentation de 20 h, de s'impacienter au sujet d'un micro qui ne voulait pas coopérer. « I'm not getting any help » a-t-il commenté en s'adressant à je ne sais quel collaborateur selon lui fautif. Ses commentaires étaient clairs, mais n'apprenaient rien qu'on ne sache déjà. Mais enfin il y avait les extraits d'émissions de télévision...

Le premier, bref mais irremplaçable, nous offrait Charlie Parker en compagnie de Dizzy Gillespie. Les deux musiciens recevaient à cette occasion (1951) des distinctions honorifiques du magazine *Down Beat*. Il est bouleversant de voir et d'entendre Parker. Ce génie incontestable de la musique, tout genre et toute époque confondus, sait dire en 30 secondes ce que d'autres pourtant estimables ne disent pas en 30 minutes. Quand on songe que cette pellicule est l'unique trace que l'on ait sur film de Parker, inutile de dire que tous les spectateurs étaient fascinés. On ne pouvait pas ne pas comprendre que le jazz, c'est le jazz d'hier soir mais aussi celui de 1950 et de 1920. Le jazz, on l'oublie trop souvent, doit évoluer sans oublier le passé qui fut en son temps (et parfois le reste) révolutionnaire.

Suivit une émission de la série « The Subject is Jazz » (1958) consacré au bop. Parker était mort depuis trois ans, le bop était déjà dans l'histoire. Cannonball Adderley, Nat Adderley, Jimmy Cleveland, Ed Thigpen et Mondell Lowe y interprétaient des thèmes bop comme *52nd Street Theme*, *Confirmation*, *A Night in Tunisia* et *Round Midnight*. L'allure didactique de l'affaire — il s'agissait de décrire l'évolution entre le swing et le bop — ne nuisait en rien

au plaisir de voir et d'entendre ce très bon saxophoniste qu'était Julian Cannonball Adderley.

Un petit intermède, qui avait ses côtés démodés, nous proposait du chant bop en compagnie de Frank Rosolino, puis Shorty Rogers flanqué de Terry Gibbs faisant des vocalises avec Woody Herman. A l'époque, il s'agissait d'une certaine commercialisation du bop. Trente-cinq ans plus tard, cet aspect ressort terriblement. Mais enfin, voir Serge Chaloff (avec Herman) est tout sauf indifférent.

Pour conclure, une émission de 30 minutes sur Miles Davis, appelés *Theater for a Story*, réalisée en 1958. Miles en ces années-là avait pour compère John Coltrane. Une grande émotion de voir Coltrane jouer avec une telle force et une telle beauté solo dans *So What*. Après le quintet, ce fut le trompettiste accompagné par un grand orchestre dirigé par Gil Evans. Du travail magnifique. Après la projection, Leonard Feather demanda aux spectateurs quelle période de Davis il préférerait. Celle-là ou le Miles de 1985. A 18 h, on affirma sa prédilection pour le Davis/Coltrane; à 20 h, les avis furent plus partagés.

En bref, une belle incursion dans un certain passé qui n'avait pas que la nostalgie pour moteur.

★ Petit p.s. Leonard Feather ne se livre pas à une remise à jour de son *Encyclopedia of Jazz*. Trop de travail, pas assez rentable, prétend-il. C'est bien dommage vu l'importance de cet instrument de travail. Il faudra continuer à conserver des articles de magazine, des monographies, des pochettes de disques, etc.

SARASOTA SWINGS THE JAZZ CLUB FESTIVAL TRIUMPHS



Rebecca Wild Baxter
Sarasota Jazz: From Left, Ralph Sutton, Herb Ellis, Milt Hinton, Joe Wilder, Ralph Kelly and Al Grey.

by LEONARD FEATHER

Organized by President Hal Davis of the Jazz Club of Sarasota with help from his wife Evelyn and their devoted, altruistic corps of volunteers, the club's fifth annual festival was a triumph on every level — musically, organizationally, and in attendance. The first night was all but sold out; the second and third filled the 1200 seat Van Wezel Performing Arts Hall to capacity.

Since the club is strictly a non-profit outfit, this will enable Davis & Co. to do more good works such as the provision of scholarships. During the festival some of the musicians took part in an anti-drug public service announcement that will be provided to television stations.

Aside from the inherent value of the music itself, the club pulled off this Florida fling successfully because Hal Davis, a retired ad agency executive and life-long jazz fan, is thoroughly knowledgeable in every aspect of promotion. Since launching the club shortly after moving from New York to Sarasota six years ago, he has built it into a solid contingent of mostly middle-aged jazz fans who are devoted to the music of the mainstream, and who represent an often untapped reservoir of work for jazz musicians.

"We are blessed to be residents of Sarasota," said one contented customer filing out of the hall. His enthusiasm was easy to understand; he had spent an evening listening to sounds that were at once creative and accessible, performed by artists who obviously were enjoying the good vibes that radiated everywhere.

The format for the festival was not unlike that of the jazz parties, along Dick Gibson lines. A select group of 20 men (plus four local symphony musicians — more about them in a moment) was assembled and used in various permutations. Informative narration written and spoken by Davis tied the concept together. No organized bands or combos were hired; on the contrary, some of the musicians had never played together before. Bud Freeman, the senior participant (now in his 80th year), said of Herb Ellis: "I've been waiting 35 years to play with him." Their collaboration on "I Cover the Waterfront" was a highlight of the first evening.

Milt Hinton was the focal element of

the festival, chosen as "the living symbol of the thousands of jazz instrumentalists who have joyously created this original American music." This was, in fact, an advance celebration of his 75th birthday June 23. There were telegrams and citations from Ronald Reagan and others. A huge mock birthday cake with an actual bass mounted on it sat in the lobby (a real, edible one was provided on the final night).

Hinton enlivened the festival with the only numbers that had been prepared. One was a two-bass blues that found him engaged in mutually stimulating interplay with Brian Torff. A second, written by Hinton and arranged by Dick Hyman, found six bassists merging their talents: Hinton, Torff, and the four local symphony men, in "The Judge Meets the Section." Progressing from arco passages to pizzicato sequences, and ending with Hinton slapping the bass in nostalgic 1920s style, this was a unique inspiration and a delight from note one through the final chord.

On the second and third nights there was an attempt to recreate the Cab Calloway orchestra of which Hinton had been a member for 16 years. For this, regular brass and sax sections were assembled, reading their parts from music stands that bore Caloway's likeness. (It was the first time in decades that I had seen Bud Freeman and some of the others reading music.) They played only one number, a simplistic riff tune called "Pluckin' the Bass." It came off adequately but there was no follow-up; the idea should have been extended beyond the single tune.

The rest of the concerts were informal in a style typical of the mainstream phenomenon. On the first evening some of the musicians seemed a little below optimum form, perhaps because they had just arrived from distant points. The following night, with everyone relaxed and ready, Davis put this strong line-up of talents to resourceful use. The six brass soloists (Mel Davis, trumpet; Warren Vache, cornet; Joe Wilder, trumpet and fluegelhorn, and Glenn Zottola, plus Al Grey and George Masso on trombones) teamed for a set, followed by "Reeds and Rhythm," with Peanuts Hucko on clarinet, Phil Bodner on alto and clarinet, Jerry Jerome (a local resident and the festival's official host) on tenor, George Kelly and Bud Freeman on tenors, and Zottola switching from trumpet to alto sax.

Both these sets reflected the vitality and individuality of the participants. Because "I Can't Get Started" seemingly has been used by every trumpeter since Bunny Berigan put it on the map a half century ago, it was intriguing to hear the song played by four trumpeters, seriatim. Though the other three distinguished themselves, Zottola took top honors with a beautifully constructed chorus notable for its lyricism and control. Wilder's best moments came with a gracious interpretation of "Secret Love" on fluegelhorn. He is belatedly earning recognition as one of the long unheralded giants.

Al Grey and George Masso paired off for a trombone duel on "In A Mellotone." In the reed set Hucko scored points with his Goodmanesque clarinet, Jerome and Freeman were in felicitous form on "The Sheik," and George Kelly (remember the bandleader character in "Moscow on the Hudson"?) brought the spirit of Coleman Hawkins to "Body and Soul."

A musical-chairs interlude found Ralph Sutton, Derek Smith and Dick Hyman changing places at two keyboards. This came off well, though all three, particularly the always incredible Hyman, were even more effective during their separate contributions elsewhere in the festival.

The three drummers — Mousey Alexander, Alan Dawson and Bobby Rosengarden — switched places similarly during the closing "One O'Clock Jump," for which the stage was crowded with all bands on all three nights. Alexander's work was particularly inspiring to those of us who knew of his incredible recovery from a paralyzing stroke. (Davis has been sending him out on missions to speak to handicapped people — another example of the club's valuable extra-musical activities.)

The third and final evening had the best ambiance. The men, some of whom had brought along their wives for what was almost a paid vacation, with luxury accommodations at a beachside hotel, were in amiable spirits. Milt Hinton even indulged in a vocal on the appropriately titled "Old Man Time." Phil Bodner had worked out an attractive routine on Ellington's "Creole Love Call" with Al Grey, Zottola on muted trumpet, Peanuts, and himself on flute.

Joe Wilder, with considerable help

from the blues-drenched guitar of Herb Ellis, turned the "Battle Hyman of the Republic" into a gospel blues for fluegelhorn in one of the festival's most touching performances.

At one point Davis divided the musicians into two bands, each five horns plus rhythm, calling them Hinton's Hot Shots and Mona's Marauders (for Mona Hinton). After playing separately on "At Sundown" and "Jumpin' at the Woodside" respectively, they joined forces for an Ellington double-whammy, "Don't Get Around Much" with "I Let A Song go Out of My Heart" as a counterpoint. (Charles Mingus used this ploy on a date I produced in 1960; both tunes have the same changes, except for the bridge.)

Perhaps the most emotional, down-home music of the entire three-day affair was a Kansas City set with Wilder, Masso, Grey, Sutton, Ellis, Alexander and Hinton, playing a medium blues and a slow blues. Milt then offered a solo speciality on "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho." Invited by Davis to speak, he gave a touching response that brought a standing ovation.

There were two other standing ovations, neither of which I expected: for Derek Smith's devastating workout on "Love for Sale," and for Phil Bodner's long string of clarinet choruses on "After You've Gone." Until now I had never fully appreciate the extent of either man's talent.

In the course of this memorable evening, Hal Davis pointed out that there is now an American Federation of Jazz Societies, already numbering about 20, spread through most regions of the country, and expected to double in number over the next couple of years. These jazz fans tend to be well-to-do; they are willing and eager to devote time to, and spend money on, not only concerts but books, magazines and newspapers that deal with the genre of music they favor.

The president of this new federation is Ms. Lee Luckett. Representatives of any organizations interested in aligning themselves with the AFJS are advised to contact her. Providing better communication among enthusiasts around the country, more concert or jazz party jobs for musicians, the spread of this concept can do nothing but good.

A JAZZ FESTIVAL AT NEW ORLEANS NORTH

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTREAL—"This is the New Orleans of Canada," said the guitarist Barney Kessel. "Great music, great food, great spirits."

The comment, apt at any time, became doubly fitting last weekend with the launching of the sixth annual Festival International de Jazz de Montreal. Subsidized in part by the Quebec Cultural Affairs Department and other government agencies, this 10-day celebration, with its 158 presentations (many of them free outdoor concerts) rivals even New York's recent display in size and diversity.

Many of the chief attractions are those seen earlier in New York, or due later in the month at Nice and the countless other festivals around Europe. But Montreal has something special to offer.

Obviously you don't have to come here to catch the Miles Davis show or Tony Bennett; but along with an admirable set by Bennett came a chance to meet the Montreal Tout Etoile, a local all-star group. Claiming to be the creme de la creme of the city's jazz community, they comprise three whites and three blacks; among the latter is Rancee Lee, a personable and extrovert vocalist who sings in English and announces in French.

Oliver Jones, the group's pianist, studied with the sister of Oscar Peterson and has developed a strongly individual style. Dave Turner played alto sax with a fluidity that recalled Phil Woods.

One of the true surprises to date was a trio led by Lorraine Desmarais. A small woman who displays the Bill Evans influence in her lyrical keyboard work, she rose to local prominence last year after winning a talent contest. Now represented by an album on a Canadian label, she seems likely soon to cross many national boundaries.

Among the Americans represented, Jon Hendricks (announcing his show in French) made a

strong impression with his vocal quartet at the Spectrum, a large cabaret-style theater. Cecil Taylor, hailed in *La Presse* as "L'eternel Iconoclaste du Jazz," came in for a recital and drew a loyal following. Flora Purim, Lee Konitz, Pat Metheny, Ahmad Jamal and Mal Waldron also were well received.

In the cast of 800 are several Americans turned Canadian residents, notably the saxophonist Paul Horn and the blues singer Big Miller, whose imposing presence dominated one of the several open-air bandstands along the Rue St. Denis. A long stretch of this street, where much of the principal action is taking place in theaters and outdoors, has blocked off all vehicular traffic. Every evening celebrants by the thousands clog the area from wall to wall. Taped or live music spills out from many of the cafes, and as likely or not it will be Parker or Miles Davis.

Although a \$100,000 budget was allotted this year for ads in *Rolling Stone*, *Down Beat* and other U.S. publications, the proportion of French spoken seems to indicate that probably 75% of the festival fans are from Montreal or elsewhere in French Canada. "To judge by the enthusiasm here," one visiting musician remarked, "you'd swear everyone believes that jazz came up the St. Lawrence River and was born in Montreal."



NEWSLETTER

VOLUME TWO NUMBER FOUR

MAY-JUNE 1985

Noted Jazz Critic Writes Festival Review

Leonard Feather, one of the world's most noted jazz critics and author, attended all three nights of the festival, and his review was run by the Sarasota Herald-Tribune, quite a coup for the Jazz Club and the H-T!

Feather, who has written several editions of the *Jazz Encyclopedia*, which is every jazz writer's Bible, and several other books, including *The Pleasures of Jazz*, was very impressed with the format of our festival, and especially commented on the warmth of feeling communicated between the musicians and the audiences in Sarasota. His column is syndicated by the *Los Angeles Times-Mirror*.

On Thursday afternoon, Leonard presented his one-man show at the Theater of the Arts, in which he ran excerpts from old jazz movies, including two with Cab Calloway and Milt Hinton, played piano, augmented by Len Wyatt on bass and took the audience behind the scenes with the great names of jazz.

Nothing in North America compares with Jazz Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER
Los Angeles Times

MONTREAL — Until you arrive in this very civilized city, it is hard to imagine the very special ambiance that pervades it, particularly during the 10 days of the Festival International de Jazz de Montreal.

The scope and span of the festivities may be without equal, even in New York. The 158 presentations (more than 90 are free open-air events) encompass mainstream combos, big bands, fusion groups, reggae, blues, Cajun, bop, tango, a Zydeco group and a healthy avant-garde contingent.

In the three-block St. Denis area that has been closed to vehicles during the festival, the teeming masses at any given time are estimated at 25,000; among them are strolling musicians, clowns, acrobats, jugglers, firecrackers, dancers and, on the street-side stages, Canadian performers playing musical chairs around the clock. This is, in short, the most festive of festivals; moreover, these huge, euphoric crowds are as cheerful and orderly as the subways are clean and safe. Nothing like this could ever happen in New York.

No resemblance

Montreal is quite unlike Montreux, which runs 17 days but which devotes many hours to rock, pop, funk and American college bands. It also bears no resemblance to Monterey, where the three days remain loyally conservative. The differing stances of Montreal, Montreux and Monterey reflect both the business sense and the personal tastes of the promoters.

Alain Simard, the youngest of the major impresarios, was only 29 when he presented, in 1980, his first jazz festival, consisting simply of one weekend and half a dozen acts. With the help of Quebec's Ministry of Cultural Affairs and various other government departments, along with several commercial sponsors, the event has grown far beyond expectations; attendance this year topped last year's 250,000 to reach 300,000.

So much for the figures and the quantities; what of the quality? Among the Canadian groups it varies from conventional and derivative to experimental and surprising. Of course, big mainstream U.S. names were used as the main bait; this year, Simard booked dozens of them, from Louis Bellson, the Basie band, Tony Bennett, Dave Brubeck, Art Blakey and Chick Corea to Miles Davis, Ahmad Jamal, Lee Konitz, Sphere (interpreting Monk's music) and Mel Tormé.

Unanimous approval

Sounds of a more adventurous order were never in short supply. Pianist Mal Waldron teamed with bassist David Friesen, as did Don Pullen with George Adams; Max Roach was here with his quartet, playing with an unrivalled intensity; Cecil Taylor's appearance drew unanimous press approval, as did Mual Richard Abrams. Bassist Charlie Haden, though ailing, impressed a packed theatre with his Liberation Orchestra.

Of all the U.S. visitors, Pat Metheny, who has played the last five of the six festivals, seems by now to be close to adopted-son status. This year, augmenting his group with a gospel vocal quartet, he sold out the house so fast that a second concert had to be scheduled. "Montreal is one of the few places where I feel I'm a celebrity," he said.



Leonard Feather in Montreal: He's a fan of the city.

The young conversation pieces of 1985 are also on hand: trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, guitarist Stanley Jordan, pianist Makoto Ozone, and most remarkably, French guitarist Bireli Lagrene.

Like the Belgian-born Django Reinhardt, Lagrene is a Gypsy (but born in Alsace). He was playing concerts at 13, evoking memories with a style that drew strongly on Django. By now, however, he has expanded; after opening the show, backed by bass and drums, playing very musty standards and old Reinhardt tunes, he switched from acoustic to electric guitar and abandoned antiquity in favor of a world closer to John McLaughlin and Al DiMeola.

Hardly a shock

Lagrene succeeded on both levels; in fact, playing the Reinhardt tunes such as "Nuages," he improved on the original, drawing on his more advanced harmonic ear and a swinging jazz essence that Reinhardt, for all his brilliance, never entirely achieved. Since he has more than 50 years of additional jazz history on which to draw, this is hardly a shock. As soon as he determines which path to follow, or how to plow his own, Lagrene will be acclaimed as a worldwide force in jazz.

Among the Canadian musicians, the pianist Lorraine Desmarais is the likeliest contender for success south of the border. A small, two-fisted brunette, she brought to her work a synthesis of what sounds variously like Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner and Chick Corea influences.

There were also the Montreal Tout Etoiles, the all-star sextet that opened for Tony Bennett; Dave Young, the bassist from Winnipeg, leading a traditional piano-guitar-bass group, and the popular Jacques Loussier, still cashing in on his perennial "Play Bach" gimmick.

Canada, of course, has its quota of fusion bands. Among the most successful is Uzeb, a quartet that repeatedly sells almost as many records as Miles Davis in France.

One element leaves room for improvement. Of the dozens of shows I have seen here, only one was an organized, packaged pro-

duction with a specially assembled cast. *In the House of the Blues* was presented every evening at the Club Soda, a crowded, humid cabaret.

This was a good idea gone wrong. The history-of-blues scripts wandered back and forth in time, not always even factually correct (Helen Humes's famous "Million Dollar Secret" was credited to Ma Rainey and sung by a Rainey impersonator). Despite some excellent vocal work, the show was hampered by an overwrought emcee and by a tendency to turn songs that were once poignant and moving into cheap comedy vehicles.

Jon Hendricks used the same idea 25 years ago in his *Evolution of the Blues* at Monterey; Montreal would be well advised to let him stage it here.

More and better concept shows are needed here. Dave Brubeck offered his usual program with his regular quartet; in New York, he was the centrepiece in "The Musical Life of Dave Brubeck," with several alumni rejoicing him, Hendricks narrating, and Carmen McRae singing some of Brubeck's most attractive songs. It might be argued that since his Montreal show was sold out, any extra expense would have been wasted; however, a unique presentation along those lines might have filled three or four houses.

Use of French

One other suggestion: Except for Jon Hendricks, I can't recall that any American artist made more than token use of what is always a much-appreciated gesture — the use of announcements in French. As Paul Horn reminded me: "When someone speaks three languages, he's called trilingual. If he speaks two, he's called bilingual. If he speaks one, he's called an American."

However, for an extended examination of the many languages of jazz, with a soupçon of cosmopolitan atmosphere, Montreal would be hard to beat, even if you don't know how to say *merci*. The fine festive vibes here are unlike anything I have experienced elsewhere on the North American continent.

JAZZ

KEEPING A KOOL BALANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK--The final figures are not in at this writing, but the size of the crowds and the level of enthusiasm have spoken for themselves: the Kool Jazz Festival has once again shown the thriving state of the art and, for the most part, its economic viability.

Such external nuisances as the hotel strike in Manhattan apparently had little or no impact. More significantly, the attempt to stretch the boundaries of the word *jazz* beyond what have long been considered the normal borderlines has had a salubrious effect.

George Wein, who has master-minded this fast 10-day event and its various predecessors since the original festival in 1954 at Newport, R.I., now delegates the authority to various co-producers who in many cases suggest the concepts as well as helping to line up the talent and sometimes find their own narration. Though he still obviously has final control over everything that is heard, this system has played a significant part in the presentation of concerts that are only marginally definable as jazz.

Obviously, there has to be a reasonable quota of the familiar names: No jazz festival would be complete without the Sarah Vaughans, Gillespies, Brubecks and Fitzgeralds who have long been the backbone of the art. Nor is

it either surprising or unreasonable to look for such electric fusion specialists as Stanley Clarke, Bob James and Jeff Lorber. Ray Charles was on hand to satisfy the soul seekers; Wynton Marsalis and some of his colleagues represented the younger New Orleans generation.

It is only when one looks, say, at the Ray Charles bill and finds the Commodores listed as a supporting attraction that the time arrives for a little healthy suspicion. This group is an expression not of jazz but of contemporary black pop music. If they are to be included, why not Madonna? Or Prince? Why not contemporary black or white classical music by Leontyne Price or Itzhak Perlman? Just where and when is the borderline reached?

Some of this, presumably, has to do with the attempt to attract blacks, who despite their very substantial numbers in New York's population were disappointingly underrepresented at concerts honoring such giants as Ethel Waters and Wes Montgomery. It seems that including certain jazz/rock artists such as Miles Davis, and soul performers (obviously including the Commodores) is the only way to attract this segment of the potential audience.

Another factor that has to be taken into account is the influence of the media. New York in effect now has four daily papers: the Times, the News, the Post, and Long Island's Newsday, which has a growing Manhattan readership. The Times alone assigned four of its jazz experts to cover the often overlapping concerts. Newsday, on the day of the Ethel Waters tribute, ran a full page photo of Waters on the cover of its arts section and a two-page in-depth interview with Bobby Short, the producer. The Village Voice, with its two regular jazz critics, also carries valuable clout.

Wein, though he knows the importance of such publicity, has



Benny Goodman, 76, swung in for a surprise appearance at the Kool Jazz Festival at New York's Avery Fisher Hall June 29.

had a reputation for reluctance to bow to pressures. However, when the complaints have been loud and continuous, as in the case of constant accusations that he was neglecting the so-called "free jazz" or avant-garde, he began to acknowledge that an audience exists for this "outside" music.

The results have been inconsistent at best. This year a particular favorite of several critics, the saxophonist David Murray failed, despite all the drum beating, to draw more than half a house to the relatively small Town Hall. Like any impresario, Wein is not eager to stage concerts at a loss.

Something else happened at Murray's concert that had a special significance. Despite his avant-garde image, it was not until one number included a comedy dancer, and another satirized a corny old-time Dixieland theme, that the crowd came alive. Do the jazz audiences come to be educated,

informed, uplifted, or essentially just to be entertained? The answer is all too obvious.

While the musicians decide at what point to jettison their artistic principles in favor of exciting and amusing their listeners, Wein is constantly confronted by the problem of maintaining a delicate balance between commercial validity and artistic values. To his credit, he is presently offering vigorous examples of the relationship between jazz, Latin music, and Third World cultures in general, as in the Afro-Brazilian and Spanish nights this year.

At the same time, though, he seems to be moving back toward a rapprochement with rock, or at least with the jazz/rock fusion, as illustrated by Miles Davis, Lorber and others. It does not require too long a memory to recall that his booking of rock acts into Newport led to his having to abandon that city after the 1971 festival. Of course, the reasons for the Newport authorities' decision to stop the festivities was due not directly to the music itself, but to the ugly and uncontrollable crowds they attracted. The storming of fences, rioting and demolition of property, as some of the rock-attracted hooligans invaded the stage, was a product of social conditions prevalent in those turbulent days.

This year a few of the audiences were noisy, particularly when the attraction was the heavily amplified blues/rock of Stevie Ray

Vaughan; but there was no evidence that the Newport fiasco will ever be repeated. At most of the events I attended in Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, the ambience was more or less conservative, aside from an excessive tendency toward standing ovations.

□

Other dilemmas, more pressing than questions of crowd reaction, now confront the jazz world. Wein has expressed concern that there may not be enough attractive new talent coming up to replace those who are taken from us by death, illness or desertion. My own sense of this situation is more optimistic. Just as conditions seem to be at a low ebb, something new, surprising and stimulating always seems to come along.

Look at the record of the last two or three years, in which we have seen the rise to prominence of Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Makoto Ozone, Michel Petrucciani, Stanley Jordan, Emily Remler, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band from New Orleans and others who, though little known today, show similar potential for no less impressive accomplishments.

Just as certain as the emergence of new and vibrant young artists is the inevitable climb and fall of the old school. It seems improbable, for example, that the innovative stylists of the 1920s and '30s will have their counterparts in the shape of jazz to come. A symbol could be observed simply by visiting West 54th Street, where until a year or so ago two clubs, Jimmy Ryan's and Eddie Condon's (both with histories that went back, in other locations, to the 1940s) continued to fly the flag as the last bastions of traditionalism. But Ryan's has been torn down, and Condon's will yield later this month to the wrecker's ball.

To draw any gloomy inferences would be unjustifiable. Just as the pioneers who populated Ryan's and Condon's have given way to a new breed of creative musicians playing in fresher and more sophisticated idioms, by the same token the nightclub as a needed modus operandi is giving way to the concert hall, where the audiences and the rewards are incomparably larger.

Finally, there is one very real problem that has to be faced by Wein. This has been the last festival under his five-year agreement with Kool. Unless a new sponsor can be found, conceivably there could be no festival in 1986. But Wein has a record of landing on his feet. In the light of what happened after Newport (with his move to New York the festival became bigger and more comprehensive than ever), one can reasonably assume that the perennial "same time next year" promise still applies. □

Miles munches then sketches to reward his food samaritan

Miles Davis made a lot of people happy during his opening night concert at Théâtre St. Denis — but he made one fellow musician even happier the day after the show.

Davis's performance started at midnight, and by the time he got back to the Citadelle Hotel, where festival performers are staying, he was hungry. It was too late for room service, and the Davis entourage couldn't track down anyone willing to deliver food at that hour.

A member of Queen Ida's Bon Temps Zydeco Band, who also happens to be an avid Davis fan, came to the rescue.

"Would you like me to get you a sandwich?" he asked his hero.

"That would be really nice," Davis responded.

A few minutes later, Davis was munching away on the sandwich — smoked meat, of course — and everyone was happy.

The following day, the food samaritan was even happier. Davis, a respected artist when he isn't playing the trumpet, presented him with a signed sketch.

One of the festival's biggest success stories has been *In the House of The Blues*, which is playing to packed and wildly enthusiastic houses for an extended run at the Club Soda.

Cast members, unknown in Montreal only a few days ago, are getting used to being stopped in the street by fans and told how great the show is.

Do they appreciate the response? Do they ever. "This is just wonderful. What a great city you have here, I just can't believe the reception we're getting," *Blues* boss Val Ward said the other day.

Nothing's confirmed yet, but festival officials indicated yesterday that *In the House of the Blues*, due to end its run Saturday, will probably be held over for a finale performance Sunday. That's on top of the three midnight dates that were added weeks ago for the Chicago-based company when it quickly became apparent that the original eight-show run wouldn't be enough to satisfy public demand.

At least three Quebec musicians have made an impression with one



MILES DAVIS
A hero's sandwich

of jazz's most respected writers and critics, Leonard Feather of the *Los Angeles Times*.

Feather says pianists Lorraine Desmarais and Oliver Jones, and alto player Dave Turner, "deserve to be recorded in the U.S."

Desmarais, said Feather, is a "wonderful little woman playing piano and she really knocked me out. She sounds like she's listened to a lot of Bill Evans, but plays with more power, more strength. She's also lyrical ... a very fine musician."

Oliver Jones, he said, was impressive in the concert hall and at Biddles, where he's a regular.

"Although he started with Oscar Peterson's sister (Daisy), Jones has really developed a style of his own, a very percussive player with more of a bop influence. He's got an individual characteristic that I like very much, a very strong left hand too."

Feather's praise of Jones is echoed by another noted jazz writer, Gene Lees, former editor of *downbeat* magazine. What amazes Lees is that Jones has improved dramatically in recent years, entering the major leagues of jazz musicians long past the age when most players stop developing.

Feather sums up his first visit to Montreal this way: "I realize now

that there are a lot more first-rate jazz musicians in Canada, particularly French Canada, than I ever thought."

Almost everyone who loves music has somehow pictured themselves onstage performing with their favorite artist.

For some, the imagination conjures up a date with the Beatles, Stones or Miles Davis; for others it's Bowie, U2, or Wynton Marsalis.

For Zachary Richard, the Louisiana rock 'n' roller in town late last week for this year's jazzfest, the dream of choice was an onstage date with the Neville Brothers, legendary veterans of the New Orleans R & B scene.

Unlike our wishes though, Richard's came true during the Nevilles' stunning debut at the Spectrum last Saturday night.

"I won't say Zachary begged us for the chance to play with the Nevilles," said Festival organizer André Ménard after Richard had joined the Neville Brothers for a song late in their set.

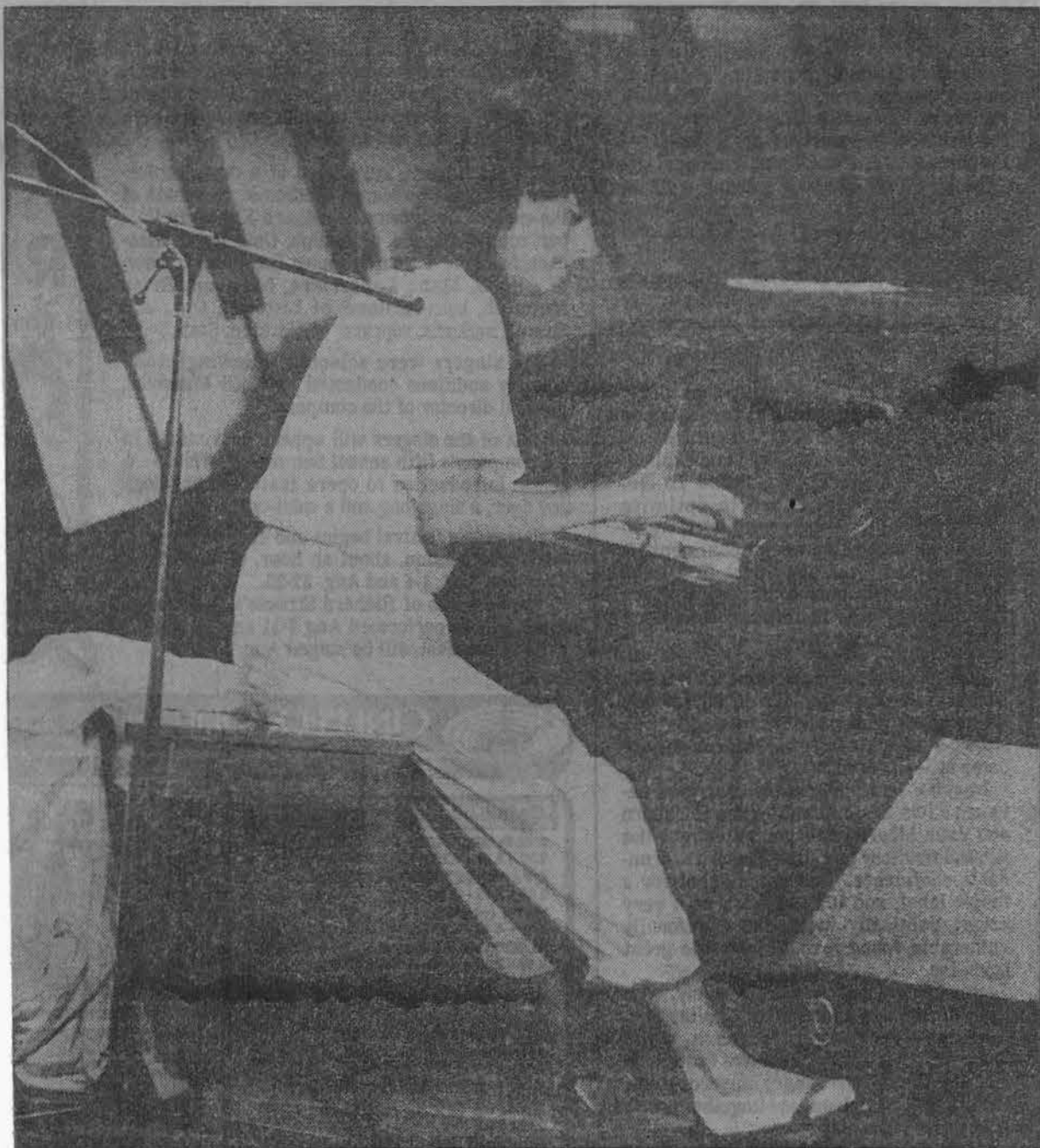
"But he told me that when he was growing up the Nevilles were as important to him as the Beatles were to everybody else. During the first part of the set he hung around the front of the stage, and the side stage doors, just hoping he might run into somebody from the band."

Richard was obviously thrilled, obviously in awe and even more obviously nervous as a cat when the Nevilles graciously introduced him to their set. It's nice to see stars in their own right — as Richard is here and in his native state — maintain the proper amount of respect for their heroes.

Said Ménard: "Even more than his own concert, this was the highlight of his trip. The next day he wouldn't leave town without a rough tape of the Nevilles concert and a photo of them all together on stage. He said his friends back home would never believe he'd really played with them if he didn't have a photo to prove it."

That was Richard, by the way, second from the right in the photo of the Neville Brothers that ran in last Tuesday's *Gazette*.

— Garry Steckles, John Griffin,
Canadian Press



Gazette, George Bird

Lorraine Desmarais in concert: Impressing U.S. critics with her piano virtuosity.

A fast start, and no letting up

We're only four days away from the end of this year's edition of the Montreal International Jazz Festival — and it certainly hasn't been a disappointment.

Things started off with a quiet bang on opening night with the appearance of **Sheila Jordan** and **Harvie Swartz** — in fact, it's doubtful anyone can top that performance. There was also the absolutely astounding bass playing of **Michael Moore** with the **Louis Bellson All Stars**. **Whitney Balliet** has called Moore "the best jazz bassist alive," and he may well be correct.

Other highlights of the first few days were the new **Bernard Priemeau Sextet** and the performance of **Lorraine Desmarais**, whose playing and trio impressed jazz authority **Leonard Feather**, and who now has her first LP on the market (with **Michel Donato** and **Camil Belisle**).

Of the street events, where rain has been a factor this year, the **Bob Rollins** and **Arlene Smith** appearances were, as expected, highlights, as was the booting tenor sax playing of **Jennifer Bell**.

There seems to be less jamming

Jazz Notes

LEN DOBBIN



than last year, but I did hear pianists **Makoto Ozone** and **Kei Akagi** and flugelhorn player **Jeff Elliot** (the latter two from the **Flora Purim** band). All three impressed, as did **Joel Forrester**, the pianist from the **Microscopic Sextet**.

Among the many visitors spotted were writers **Feather** and **Gene Lees** and **Win Hinkle**, a bassist all the way from Florida.

There's plenty of music to come with trumpeter **Joe Sullivan**, **Leo Perron**, **Gilles-Laurent Martin**, **Norman Zubis**, **Charlie Biddle**, **Panama Francis**, the **Widespread Jazz Orchestra** (who have a new record, *Paris Blues* out on Columbia), **Stanley Jordan**, **Art Blakey**, **Muhai Richard Abrams**, **Max Roach**, **Sphere**

Mongo Santamaria and **Mel Torme** with the **Vic Vogel** big band all still to come.

Around town, pianist **Michel Gagnon's** trio with **Roy Eastman's** fine bass can be heard at the **Hotel Citadelle**, which is where most of the festival musicians are staying. **Tony Kershaw** and **Boogie Gaudet** have been among the reedmen heard with the group.

First Light, a quintet from England is at **L'Air du Temps** (191 St. Paul W.) until Saturday. A first-rate drummer, **Horace Arnold**, brings his trio with **Dave Friedman**, vibes, and **Anthony Cox**, bass, into that spot next Tuesday.

The great blues band led by **Johnny Otis** is this week's feature in **Le Portage** of the **Hotel Bonaventure** while **Roland Lavalée**, **Skip Boy**, **Linda Niles**, **Reg Wilson**, **Boogie Gaudet**, **Arlene Smith** and **Cisco Normand** are among those due to be heard at the **Casablanca** (3964 St. Denis).

This week's **Jazz 96** features special guests **Sheila Jordan** and **Harvie Swartz**.

• *Len Dobbin's Jazz 96 is heard Sundays on FM 96 at 9 p.m.*

6-29

KOOL FESTIVAL CELEBRATES JAZZ WITH TRIBUTES

SATURDAY JUN 29 1985
By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—As the Kool Jazz Festival nears its end, one fact becomes unmistakably clear: The scope of this venerable event has grown to the point where anything involving a rhythmic pulse and improvisation can now be presented in the name of this umbrella term.

Pop, rock and fusion artists, soul singers, Afro-Brazilian stars and jazz neo-classicists vie for attention. There was even a Spanish ethnic night co-produced by Spain's Ministry of Culture.

Of the 10 concerts I have seen in the last five days, the most effectively conceived and executed have been the tributes—all of them to artists either deceased (Wes Montgomery, Bud Powell, Ethel Waters) or ailing (John Hammond). The final concert Sunday will be a

tribute to Louis Armstrong.

The most emotional moment came with the surprise appearance, at the Hammond salute, of Benny Goodman. George Wein's announcement of his name all but tore off the roof of the Avery Fisher Hall. Now 76 and retired, Goodman was in fine spirit as he paid his respects to Hammond, the talent scout who helped organize his 1935 band.

He played impeccably with a superb group of his peers, among them the pianist Dick Hyman, Sweets Edison on trumpet, and guitarist George Benson, whose festival gigs have completely restored his image as a jazz virtuoso. He even sat in briefly with Stevie Ray Vaughan, whose group took up the second half of the Hammond evening.

Benson's finest hour was his Carnegie appearance as one of the

guitarists in the Montgomery tribute (the others were Larry Coryell, Jim Hall, Kenny Burrell and Kevin Eubanks). After two numbers in the Montgomery octave-unison style, he loosened up and, backed by a powerful big band, tore into "Caravan" in a breathtaking chorus.

The Bud Powell night at Town Hall, though a few horn players were heard, consisted primarily of bebop pianists: Walter Davis Jr. playing muddled, roughhouse Powell, Tommy Flanagan playing polished Powell, George Wallington in decaffeinated Powell, Walter Bishop bopping convincingly and, best of all, the super-Powell of Barry Harris, who truly is the keeper of the flame. Powell himself was seen in a 1960 Paris film, at first fascinating but at 40 minutes too long. Producer Ira Gitler narrated the show informatively.

Ethel Waters was sentimentally recalled at Carnegie Hall Thursday in "Stormy Weather," produced by and occasionally featuring Bobby Short. Too little was said about the facts of Waters' life and the conditions under which she became the first black superstar.

Theatrically, vocally and instrumentally (Dick Hyman was musical director) the evening was richly evocative of Waters' era. Among the singers who set it all in perspective were the tall, stunning Rhetta Hughes applying her wide range to "Memories of You;" the hip-shaking Carrie Smith, the funny and nasal Nell Carter (but "Stormy Weather" should not have been assigned to her), and the

quietly dignified Theresa Merritt, whose a cappella spiritual, "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," closed the show. Topping them all was Waters herself in five rare film clips. The only sour note was a trio of lame, inauthentic numbers by Susan LaMarch, whose inclusion seemed like tokenism in reverse.

Wednesday at Carnegie Hall the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, with its entertaining mixture of tuba-propelled traditionalism and bop themes, almost stole the show from Wynton Marsalis and the other gifted youths in "Young New Orleans."

Marsalis now leads a quartet, brother Branford having gone off on his own; this reduced the tonal variety of the group. The leader's muted horn on "Lazy Afternoon" carried an emotional impact missing in too much of his set.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"BIRD AT THE ROOST; THE SAVOY YEARS." Charlie Parker. Savoy 2259.

The first of two volumes (combined, they will constitute all known WMCA airchecks of Parker's incumbency at the Royal Roost, 47th and Broadway), this two-LP set offers 100 minutes of pure, fundamental bebop. Several cuts ("Ornithology," "Slow Boat to China" and Bird's Christmas night airing of "White Christmas") run a minute or two longer than his 78 recordings ever could, allowing fuller rein for his numbingly perfect concepts of timing, development and melodic ideation.

As for Parker the composer, consider "Cheryl." This blues line took only 12 seconds to play, yet what writer today can say so much so ingeniously within this genre?

His quintet includes Miles Davis or Kenny Dorham and, on most cuts, pianist Al Haig, Max Roach on drums and Tommy Potter on bass. Davis is amazingly legato and, except for occasional slight flubs, completely in control; his solo on "Salt Peanuts" achieves a dazzling celerity he rarely employs today.

Radio was truly live in 1948-49; some of this music was aired between 3 and 4 a.m. The announcements by Symphony Sid, who spoke only basic bebop, add to the *Zeitgeist*. The notes by Phil Schaap, who produced this package for release, are long and engrossing.

No rating is adequate. Make it 5 stars and a garter.

"SEVEN STANDARDS 1985. Vol. 1." Anthony Braxton. Magenta 0203. Braxton for years has earned worldwide respect, chiefly as a composer but also as a multi-instrumental reed soloist; it was he who opened the floodgates for unaccompanied horn improvisation some 15 years ago. Even his most enthusiastic champions, however, have detected a rhythmic insecurity that has inhibited some of his improvisational recitals.

In attempting to roll back the avant clock by devoting himself to jazz and pop standards on alto sax, Braxton has stubbed his fingers. Forget his colorless, flabby tone; just inspect what he does with it. You want specifics? In "Joy Spring," there is an evidently unintended extra note at the end of the sixth bar in chorus one; in the second chorus, he becomes harmonically lost at the end of bar 4; he seems confused during the bridge of his third chorus, and by

the fourth he has resorted to squealing, sometimes euphemistically called multiphonics. And that's just in the first tune. Hank Jones' piano solo comes as a blessed relief.

It is ironic that almost four decades after Charlie Parker reached his zenith, Braxton has trouble expressing himself in an idiom Bird had patented. We have here the most disillusioning experience since Ornette Coleman's di-



Two-LP set of Charley Parker's WMCA airchecks at Royal Roost offers dazzling bebop.

sastrous "Embraceable You." If this be neoclassicism, God help us. For the admirable rhythm section (Jones, drummer Victor Lewis, bassist Rufus Reid), one lone star.

"SPEAK LIKE A CHILD." Herbie Hancock. Blue Note 84279. One of the best among 20 more Blue Note classics newly made available, this stems from a time when Hancock was ending his five-year association with Miles Davis. In the sextet he leads here, the three horns are used mainly for orchestral color, leaving the solo responsibility to Hancock, whose writing was influenced by Gil Evans and Oliver Nelson. "Riot" and "The Sorcerer" were originally written for and recorded with Davis. Hancock's evolution as a composer and pianist have seldom been more vividly captured. 4½ stars.

Other LPs in the new Blue Note cornucopia are by Bud Powell (the famous "Glass Enclosure" session), McCoy Tyner, Horace Silver, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Bobby Hutcherson and Thelonious Monk. All are of 4- to 5-star quality.

"YOU ARE THERE." Judy Roberts. Pausa 7176. With Roberts singing and playing various keyboards, this barely qualifies as jazz Muzak on some tunes, though at its best it's several notches above. On Michael Franks' "Alone at Night," she sounds like a female Franks; on "You Are There," she suggests Blossom Dearie's older sister. Best: the scat adaptation of Ahmad Jamal's famous version of "Poinciana," and the most jazz-oriented cut, also sung wordlessly, Horace Silver's "Finding Good Rules to Live By." 3 stars.

"STANDARDS, Vol. 2." Keith Jarrett. ECM 1289. Another unblemished, impeccable set finds Jarrett at his least pretentious, with Gary Peacock's bass contributing invaluable. "Never Let Me Go" and Alec Wilder's "Moon and Sand" tend to wander on a little too long, but Jarrett's own "So Tender" and the upbeat "If I Should Lose You" with boppish accents by Jack De Johnette sustain a groove throughout. 4½ stars.

FREDDY COLE: A VOCAL SIMILARITY TO BROTHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Let's put it this way: Natalie Cole's uncle was in town. And before any of the inevitable comparisons are made, let one point be clarified: Freddy Cole, the singer and pianist who was here all too briefly, Tuesday and Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, has a talent in his own right, one that should be far more widely known.

It was clear from the opener, "I Remember You," that Cole bears a vocal similarity to his unforgettable older brother Nat, more in quality than quantity. For the most part he kept his grainy baritone to a gentle level, reaching for few if any long-held high notes. It seems very doubtful that his timbre and style could be an affectation, for after the first few songs he had ingratiated himself with what was clearly as much a part of him as the family name.

When he did turn to some tunes of Cole origin, at first it was a different Cole, last name Porter, in a group that included "I Am in

Love" and "I Love Paris." As a pianist, while by no means the uniquely innovative artist his brother was, Cole accompanied himself serviceably and played some agreeable blues on the amusing "Home Fried Potatoes."

Next, perhaps inevitably, the Nat King Cole songs poured out in a mellifluous medley from "Ballarina" (faster than Nat sang it) to "Sweet Lorraine" (ah, memories!) and then two numbers written by Freddy Cole, "The King," a handsome tribute to Nat, and a witty yet somehow poignant tune called "I'm Not My Brother, I'm Me."

Cole closed with a long, well-chosen mixture of songs about New York. Backing him throughout the set were his regular guitarist and drummer, Jerry Byrd and Bernard Lannette, with Allan Jackson on bass. Now and then they produced echoes of that old King Cole Trio sound.

The bottom line: If you had never heard Nat King Cole, Freddy Cole would still be a very refreshing sound for these turbulent times.

7/26

MAGNIFICENT TRANSFER

By LEONARD FEATHER

"VOCALESE." Manhattan Transfer. Atlantic.

Although vocalese (the fitting of lyrics to improvised jazz solos) is about 40 years old, this unique LP, produced by Tim Hauser, marks the first time the word has been used for an album title.

Jon Hendricks, heard in guest appearances on "Night in Tunisia," "Airegin" and "Rockhouse," is the hero of this venture. In addition to fitting ingenious words to long, almost unsingable horn solos, he spent many weeks teaching them to the Transfer.

Janis Siegel was the vocal arranger on four numbers. Credit on the rest is divided between Alan Paul, Cheryl Bentyne and several others, including the Transfer's musical director Yaron Gershovsky.

The performances are as brilliant as the writing. On many tracks the words go by so fast that it's hard to follow them even via the printed lyrics. But the ensemble virtuosity and the dazzling parade of vocal and instrumental solos provide a stimulating experience even if your

only language is Urdu.

Atlantic made a mistake in not explaining the origins of these tunes and the procedure followed in their transformation. For example, "Killer Joe" and "I Remember Clifford" are both based on the original 1960 versions by the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jaztet. On "Joe" the Golson-Farmer and Curtis Fuller solos are sung respectively by Hauser, Bentyne and Paul. Bentyne and Siegel share the McCoy Tyner solo. On "Clifford," which includes the original Jaztet pianist, Tyner himself, it's Alan Paul who sings the Farmer solo.

"Rambo" and "Blee Blop Blues" were recorded in 1946 and 1952 by Count Basie, and it's the Basie band (with Gershovsky on piano) that backs the Transfer here. "Blee Blop," a fast blues (Hauser and Siegel sing the Lockjaw Davis part, Bentyne handles the Joe Newman), is the most jubilant track on the album.

"Airegin" was adapted from the old Sonny Rollins record for a 1959 Lambert, Hendricks & Ross album. Hendricks took the vocalese process one step further here: In addition to lyricizing the Zoot Sims and Russ Freeman solos, he even put words to what was originally a scat solo by Dave Lambert—sung here by Paul and Hauser in unison! There is really no limit to Hendricks' ingenuity, nor to that of Bobby McFerrin, who is all over the vocal landscape on "Night in Tunisia."

Because the pretty Thad Jones ballad "To You" was first recorded in a joint session by the Basie and Ellington bands, it is re-created here by two combined vocal groups: Manhattan Transfer and the Four Freshmen, a concept that came off modestly well.

Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring," from the old Brown-Max Roach record, is belttable for an eloquent muted chorus by Dizzy Gillespie. Brown's original solo is sung by Siegel, and the Harold Land solo by Hauser. Quincy Jones' "Meet Benny Bailey" (trumpeter Bailey recorded it in Stockholm), has some

strong tenor sax work by James Moody, along with Bentyne reliving the Bailey chorus. The Ray Charles "Rockhouse" is a more commercial track, with Craig Harris programming several synthesizers and Hendricks taking the only solo.

"Move" is the Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" tune, with Siegel and Hauser reproducing the Davis and Lee Konitz passages, plus a guest alto appearance by Richie Cole. As with most of the cuts, it's twice as enjoyable if you are familiar with the old record that was the source. But on its own merits, this is truly a five-star set.

□
"WILLOW CREEK AND OTHER BALLADS." Marian McPartland. Concord 272. McPartland came over from England raw, immature, showing more promise than realization. Today, she is as poised and compelling a pianist as can be found on the contemporary scene; in this unaccompanied set of splendidly chosen mood songs, she reaches new and poignant heights, in her own title song, in Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count" and in works by Brubeck, Jamal, Noel Coward, Kern and Gershwin. She even tackles Stevie Wonder's "All in Love Is Fair." 5 stars.

□
"THE MAJESTIC MILDRED BAILEY." Savoy 1151. Nobody remembers, but at one point Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey were all winning Esquire awards, all in the jazz vocal forefront. Because Bailey died in 1951 and her records have been deleted, her wafer-thin, caressing timbre and very personal elegance are all but unknown to 1985 ears. Her best work was recorded long before these majestic sessions, but one takes what one can find. Try to ignore the strings, the sexist lyrics ("Woman's Prerogative") and pseudo-West Indianisms ("All That Glitters Is Not Gold"). Concentrate on her gracious ballad treatments of "All of Me," "Born to Be Blue" and "Can't We Be Friends." Ellis Larkins' emollient piano upgrades several songs. For all its flaws (none of them Bailey's fault), 3½ stars. But why can't they bring back "Rockin' Chair," "Gulf Coast Blues" and all the real masterworks? □

AN EMPHASIS ON GUITAR FOR 11,000 AT THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

I know there's a lot of guitar players out there tonight," said Lee Ritenour Sunday at the Hollywood Bowl. No doubt he was right; among the 11,233 attending, there must have been many who were on hand to see Ritenour or John McLaughlin or Stanley Jordan.

One wonders how many were attracted particularly by Jordan's first Bowl appearance. His debut album has sold remarkably well, and his string-tapping technique has become a conversation piece. Yet he was relegated to the opening spot, preceding a lengthy celebration of funk and fusion.

Jordan played the only standard tunes heard all evening: "Summertime" and "Here's That Rainy Day." As always, his ability to create two lines simultaneously is dazzling. During one blues passage, so much was happening at one point that the crowd burst into mid-solo applause. Jordan's only problem is a sound that tends now and then to become a little tinny.

In terms of jazz creativity, this was by far the most satisfying music heard in an evening billed as "JVC Jazz" but frequently diverted into other areas that left the masses happy and a few purists pouting.

Ritenour may be the best equipped of the fusion guitarists and is certainly one of the most entertaining to those for whom that aspect is meaningful. In contrast with Jordan, who drew so much music out of a single instrument, he played three, one of them a digital guitar synthesizer from which he extracted a cathedral of sounds.

He was spokesman for the GRP All Stars, the other principal member being Dave Grusin, at the keyboards. Grusin's cheerful "Mountain Dance" was among the more involving moments in what seemed like a very long set.

Abraham Laboriel is a splendid bassist, but the sight of him and Ritenour jumping up and down as if on pogo sticks was sheer show biz.

Ivan Lins, a pop singer from Brazil, indulged in some wordless

vocalizing of no consequence. Diane Schuur, whose every gig in town seems to be announced as her first Los Angeles appearance, has a powerful voice, and a conviction that the way to build up excitement is by repeating the words "Do it to me" 28 times in rapid succession.

The latest edition of the Mahavishnu Orchestra has what looks on paper like an imposing lineup. On sax and flute is Bill Evans, who like McLaughlin is an alumnus of the Miles Davis band. With Mitch Forman on keyboard, Jonas Hellborg on bass and Danny Gottlieb on drums, McLaughlin offered a high-intensity set in which, too often, both he and his teammates performed as if they were being paid by the note. Some of the ugliest distortions ever to issue from any stage were heard during a Hellborg solo.

No matter what kind of guitar he plays, McLaughlin seems to retain the colors and textures found in the rock world. Nor does one look to him for finesse or lyricism, but rather for long strings of 16th notes in the Coltrane tradition.

The set, and the evening, ended with a big finale, "Pacific Express," featuring—you'll never guess—the drummer.

JAZZ REVIEW

TORME, SHAW
SHOW CARE
IN NOSTALGIA

By LEONARD FEATHER

No question about it, the Hollywood Bowl became Nostalgia City on Wednesday night. With Mel Torme reviving big band hits, the Artie Shaw orchestra reliving them and Supersax harmonizing Charlie Parker solos, the entire three hours was spent in a time warp.

Antiquity calls for very cautious selectivity, and on this occasion it worked. Torme clearly was having the time of his life, paying homage to Count Basie (a Sweets Edison imitation), Duke Ellington (his own apt lyrics to the exquisite "Reminiscing in Tempo") and Ella Fitzgerald ("Lady Be Good").

In faultless voice (when is he not?), he cruised cheerfully through a show that began with his own brisk arrange-



Artie Shaw conducts at Hollywood Bowl with Dick Johnson on clarinet.

ment of "Too Darn Hot" and ended, a little anti-climactically, with an attempt to re-create his old Meltones vocal group, using the L.A. Voices and, on one number, Supersax. Partly due to an imperfect sound mix, this didn't quite come off.

The Shaw band has tightened up impressively since its local debut in April of last year. The leader's contribution to the swing annals was unique. He was not only a phenomenally gifted

horn player but also a composer and arranger who wrote or co-wrote much of the band's library.

Though he now delegates the clarinet work to Dick Johnson, who handled it expertly, Shaw was very much a part of the performance. His announcements were informative and anecdotal, and several of the charts ("Nightmare," the orchestra's attractive theme song, and an arrangement of "Rose Room") were his own.

As Shaw rightly commented, some of the arrangements sound as if the ink had barely dried. Any 1985 writer would be proud to take credit for Eddie Sauter's 1945 treatment of "Summertime."

It is no longer safe to assume, as Shaw did, that certain tunes need no introduction. After both "Stardust" and "Begin the Beguine," a young woman near me asked her companion: "Now what was that called?" In fact, "Beguine," which Shaw has said he no longer particularly cares to include, could have been replaced by his own "Concerto for Clarinet," which would have provided a stunning climax.

Supersax opened the evening with its still valid renovations of old Birdlore. What better way to start a show than with Med Flory's Parkerization of "Just Friends"? The instrumental portion of this set, with "Ornithology," "Tunisia" and "Ko Ko," showed how well this concept has survived after a dozen years. But creativity went out the window when Flory became one-fifth of L.A. Voices, a vocal quintet with a bland blend. This segment only came alive when four members shut up and Sue Raney sang alone.

Los Angeles Times

7/31/85

BARNEY KESSEL: A GUITARIST OF SUBTLETY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Barney Kessel, once a leading Los Angeles studio musician but now a world figure, has been packing the Hyatt on Sunset's Silver Screen jazz room. The engagement continues for four more nights.

His steady development during the years now places him at the pinnacle of modern guitar artistry. He brings to a standard ballad more harmonic subtleties than the composers themselves envisioned; Richard Rodgers never had it so good as in Kessel's version of "My Romance."

Along with fluent, impassioned single-note lines, there are occasional rhythmically convoluted chordal inserts; brief pauses of a few bars, as if he were gathering

steam for the next burst of inspiration; funky blues chords that recall Oscar Peterson, in whose trio he once played, and, on a number such as Charlie Parker's "Moose the Mooche," a dazzling dexterity that brings to mind the apocryphal story of the bopper who allegedly said to Bird: "Slow down, man. I can't listen that fast!"

John Heard's bass solos, already gems in themselves, are embellished by Kessel's gentle punctuation. Drummer Nick Ceroli, completing the trio, remained discreetly in the background during Saturday's set, except for an occasional lively four-bar exchange with the leader.

As if Kessel's artistry weren't enough, he laces his announcements with homespun humor. "Our next number is 'St. Thomas,' writ-

ten by the great saxophonist Sonny Rollins, who named it for the home of his ancestors. Maybe some of you don't know that Sonny is from St. Thomas, Okla."

Three numbers in each set are played without accompaniment. "Brazil," "Manha de Carnaval" and the Lennon-McCartney "Yesterday" were ample illustrations of Kessel's self-sufficiency. Then the two sidemen returned to back him in Benny Carter's "When Lights Are Low" and Gershwin's "Summertime," the latter opening with a long introduction that showed how far Kessel can venture into Tomorrowland.

Kessel is not only as lyrical a guitarist as we have in jazz today, but also a rhythmic natural who can outswing any man in the house. Miss him at your peril.

GOOD TIMES ROLL WITH UNLISTED BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Incongruity is the name of the game every Monday and Tuesday at Mischa's, on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Despite the Russian name and cuisine to match, the band has a Southern twang, and its singer, this week at least, arrived direct from New Orleans. (But at least they play "Georgia on My Mind.")

This is the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, a semipro group formed for kicks in 1979 with one full-time musician, pianist Arnold Ross; everybody else led a double life.

Nowadays, the repertoire remains in its furrow of antiquity, the aroma of dilettantism is less conspicuous; actor George Segal, once the co-leader, has left, and there has been no replacement on banjo.

Of the six men heard Monday evening, three are genuine pros. True, leader Conrad Janis for millions remains Mindy's father, but throughout a long acting career his trombone has never been far out of reach. Drummer Eddie Graham put in several years with Earl Hines and knows his way around the traditional songbook.

Mike Silverman plays lead horn just well enough to convince you that his chops would be more dependable if it weren't for that darn time-consuming day job as a computer analyst. It comes as only a slight surprise to learn that the clarinetist, Joe Ashworth, is a fossil-fuels engineer.

Sheldon Keller on bass is conceivably the best TV writer/producer ever to back up a two-beat ride-out on "Tin Roof Blues."

In fact, he may be the only one. Arnold Ross, bravely battling a piano that should be donated to the Salvation Army, and Janis, an only slightly frustrated echo of Jack Teagarden, tend to elevate the level of the cheerful Dixie sounds.

Aside from the regulars, this good-time group has been attracting celebrity sitters-in: Tommy Newsom, Snooky Young, Marshal Royal, Jack Lemmon and Jackie Cooper.

Banu Gibson was heard on her two nights off from Disneyland, where she is leading her own group Wednesdays through Sundays. Though we could happily have dispensed with her Betty Boop imitation, she has the strength, the extroversion and the occasional growl you expect from ladies who sing "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out."

8/7

HENDRICKS—EVOLUTION OF A POET LAUREATE

By LEONARD FEATHER

When Jon Hendricks sings wordlessly, in the idiom traditionally known as scat singing, he becomes a human horn. When he sings words, specifically words he has set to improvised jazz solos (as on his new album with Manhattan Transfer, reviewed last week), he is a walking dictionary.

The 1985-86 season looms large and eventful for the vocalist who leaped from obscurity to fame with the fondly remembered trio known as (Dave) Lambert, Hendricks and (Annie) Ross. Hendricks nowadays is wearing several hats. On his own, he has narrated concerts for Dave Brubeck in New York and the Hollywood Bowl. With his regular group, which includes his wife Judith, his daughter Michelle, and a second male singer (most recently Avery Brooks), he plays nightclubs intermittently.

Most remarkably, he has taken to forming ad hoc units for special events. Along with Janis Siegel (of Manhattan Transfer), Bobby McFerrin (an alumnus of his own 1982 group) and Dianne Reeves, Hendricks formed "Sing, Sing, Sing," the surprise sensation of the Playboy Festival last June at the Hollywood Bowl.

Now comes news that Hendricks will be reunited with Annie Ross for the first time since the original trio broke up in 1962. "Annie and I

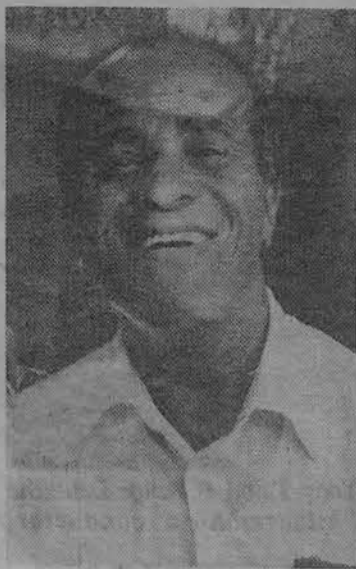
are going to do a date at the Chicago Jazz Festival Aug. 31," he says. "I may bring in a male vocalist, possibly Bruce Scott, who knows all Dave Lambert's old parts."

That, of course, will be a night for nostalgia, but Hendricks is not one to be caught in a time warp. Today, more than ever, he is eager to see his particular art form advance and evolve. During a wide-ranging interview the other day, he was his ever-ebullient self, reviewing the past, present and future of the vocal languages of jazz.

"As I said in my show, 'The Evolution of the Blues,' 'The first musical instruments were singers, they didn't have no choice; the original musical instrument was the human voice.' And wordless singing, in forms that preceded scat singing by countless centuries, has been around since music began.

"It was around in the time of Solomon's temple, when they had voices to worship God, but where women were not allowed to take part. Because they weren't allowed in at the time, in order to achieve the upper register sounds, flutes and other early reed instruments were used to take the place of women's voices.

"Have you heard the expression 'Mouth Music'? That's what they call it in Ireland. When I sang with



MARISSA ROTH

Jon Hendricks sees "an upswing" in the future of jazz.

the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem at the Village Gate, we did this song where they went 'Doodle-deedle-dum-deedle-deedle-dum-deedle-deedle-dodo-do, real fast, and I scatted along with them. Five years later, we repeated it at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin and got a standing ovation.

"I guess different ethnic groups have other names for it; the Hindus make their vocal sounds to the raga, an *om* sound, which is supposed to be the sound of the universe. It's all part of the wordless vocal family that's been handed down since sound began."

"How do you explain," I asked, "that some of the great singers of jazz have made no use at all of wordless singing? Billie Holiday never scatted. Neither did Jimmy Rushing or Jack Teagarden or quite a few others."

"True, but what they did melodically was equivalent to scating. If you took away the words, you'd find that the notes they sang were parallel to what a good scat singer would do.

"The important thing, whether you use words or not, is to try to

think like a horn, which I've always done. As you know, there's an age-old antipathy between musicians and singers. Musicians don't want to hang around with singers! So I tried to sound as much like an instrument as I could, in order to get the cats to accept me.

"When I was a young man growing up in Toledo, Art Tatum's home town, singers would walk up to him, the genius of the piano, and say condescendingly, 'Hey, I want to sing so and so in the key of F,' and he'd have to do it. They had no feeling for what this man was creating.

"That's why a lot of musicians do like Frank Sinatra; Frank listens to musicians and always gives them credit. Mel Torme, of course, plays piano and drums and writes arrangements, and he thinks like a musician when he sings."

The most musical of all the new vocal breed, in Hendricks' view, is Bobby McFerrin. "He was with our group for about a year, but I knew after a short time that I'd have to replace him; he was obviously star material. All of us in the group listened to him in amazement. He's a walking instrument."

McFerrin, clearly impressed by Hendricks before he developed a sound and style of his own, named his son Jon; Hendricks is the godfather. Another disciple, but one who took off in a different

direction, was Al Jarreau.

"Al used to hang around us when we were working at the Trident in Sausalito. He told me he wanted to be a singer, asked me questions about scating. Finally we began doing some things together. He was a good singer then, and he still is, but I'm sorry he went off in that commercial direction."

The problem of maintaining one's integrity has long been a source of concern to Hendricks. "Look how many great jazz artists today are making their living in the studios, doing music written for movies, music that has nothing to do with creative jazz. I can understand why people are obliged to do that. When I came to New York in the early 1950s, I had a family to support; I refused to sing music I didn't like, and as a result I worked in an office for nine years, until the Lambert, Hendricks & Ross thing began. Come to think of it, that was so boring that in retrospect I'd rather have been singing even something I didn't like."

Because he has at last attained a measure of security, with a global reputation, Hendricks nowadays can more or less call his shots. His plans for 1986 include a new show he is writing.

"We'll call it 'Reminiscing in Tempo.' It will differ from 'Evolution of the Blues' in that it won't deal with the whole art form but

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"THE INTERNATIONAL JAZZ GROUP." Arvell Shaw et al. Swing 8407. One of several never-before-released items just out on the valuable Swing label, this is a potential education, for younger listeners, in the art of swing music, normally thought of as a big-band genre but played here by a seven-piece combo. Budd Johnson is prominent, playing with his perennial ease and supplying five origi-

nal numbers. Other tracks were composed by, and are showcases for trombonist Vic Dickenson, a forgotten but brilliant trumpeter named Taft Jordan and bassist Shaw. A weak link is the uneven French pianist Andre Persiany. Were it not for the slightly dated and not-always-in-tune ensemble passages, one would never assume that this session took place almost 30 years ago. 3½ stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

8/3

FREDDIE HUBBARD GROUP AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

By LEONARD FEATHER

Freddie Hubbard's four-day visit to Concerts by the Sea (closing Sunday) will have been the first genuine jazz booking to work the room in quite a while, the policy having been given over largely to pop and fusion groups for the last year or two.

Coincidentally, Hubbard himself has experimented with crossover sounds off and on, but in more recent years he has fortunately stuck to the belief that integrity comes first.

Thursday's first set began with a dyed-in-the-groove, 1960s Blue Note Records mood with "Thermo," a tune written by Hubbard in 1962, when he was a Jazz Messenger for Art Blakey. With the propulsive drumming of Ralph Penland urging him on, Hubbard lost no time reaching peak performance level. The tenor saxophonist, Bob Sheppard, played competent early Coltrane, but proved himself more effectively

later in the set on soprano sax.

The club has just installed an electric Kawai keyboard, which Billy Childs handled very capably, achieving a clean, almost acoustic sound at times. Bassist Herbie Lewis was showcased in the rather conventional bop confines of Monk's "Well You Needn't."

The group gathered strength during Wayne Shorter's "Fee Fi Fo Fum," with Hubbard switching to the always mellower fluegelhorn. But a trumpet triumph followed when he applied himself to the beguiling 1946 Jule Styne melody "The Things We Did Last Summer." His two slow choruses were a model of sensitivity in the theme-and-variations tradition.

The quintet took the set out with "Love Connection," predictably a vehicle of Penland, whose long workout displayed not only his exceptional talent but also the splendid sound of his percussion equipment.

Opening for the group is comedian John Witherspoon.

rather with some of the main practitioners, particularly those who came to prominence in the swing era—Ellington, Basie, Benny Goodman, Woody Herman.

"They'll be dramatic spots, showing how the fast life in the big cities, during the post-World War II years, led to problems, with people finding new ways to get high. I've written a very poignant lyric to the J.J. Johnson tune 'Lament' that will fit into that sequence. So we'll be showing the social context of the music with appropriate songs."

Having witnessed huge crowds at festivals both around the United States and in Europe, Hendricks feels upbeat about the prospects for jazz. "We're really into an upswing after 25 years of being practically buried by rock. I can't understand how they use rock music when they work on the score for a movie that has any real significance to it. If you have a film that says anything romantic, how can you put a rock score behind it? Those songs are so banal—they all sound alike."

If these remarks sound a trifle reactionary, consider the source: a man who wrote the lyrics for the Grammy-winning "Birdland" (by Manhattan Transfer), as well as for "Cloudburst" (popularized by the Pointer Sisters among others), Miles Davis' "Four," about 30 songs out of the Count Basie library, for tunes by Antonio Carlos Jobim, Charlie Parker, Cannonball Adderley, Horace Silver, and for Randy Weston's brilliant "Pretty Strange" (recorded by Carly Simon). With that track record, his words cannot be taken lightly.

Not for nothing did Dizzy Gillespie dub Jon Hendricks "the Poet Laureate of Jazz." □

