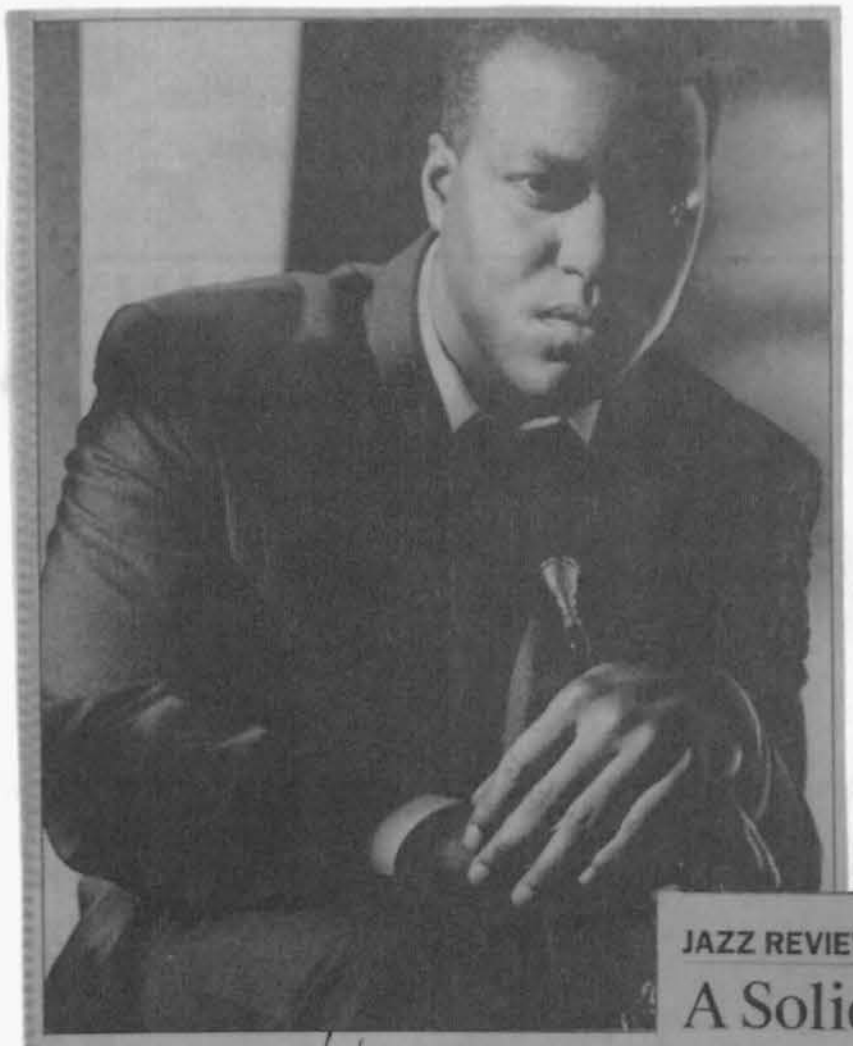
JANUARY 1, 1992

through

[August 1994]



WALLACE RONEY 1/2/92

Trumpeter Wallace Roney, the jazz front-runner in the stakes for stardom next year, had all the advantages of a complete musical education—first with private teachers, then as a student at such respected institutions as Boston's Berklee College of Music. Between studies at Berklee, he became a member of Art Blakey's legendary Jazz Messengers, developing new ideas that earned him a prominent role in 1987 with the band of Miles Davis' ex-drummer, Tony Williams. But his career reached a climactic point last summer when he was invited by Davis to join him in a historic horn duet at the jazz festival in Montreux, Switzerland. The Philadelphia native's recorded work, heard with Blakey, Williams and in several albums on Muse Records under his own name, reveals a clean execution, intricately woven lines and an intense, exciting style reflecting the influences of such early idols as Davis, Lee Morgan and Woody Shaw.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 1/11/92

# A Solid Set From Freddy Cole at Cinegrill

It was just like a family reunion Tuesday when Freddy Cole began his two-week stint at the Cinegrill. Everyone in the room, it seemed, was either a relative of Nat King Cole or a friend of a relative, here to welcome the youngest brother of the legendary singer-pianist.

The last of five siblings, Freddy Cole uses the group sound—piano, guitar and bass—that Nat was the first to popularize in the 1940s. Vocally, Freddy bears an astonishing resemblance to Nat, even in his pronunciation: *Wild* comes out as *would*.

All comparisons aside, the younger Cole's timbre, phrasing, control and material are attractive, whether you are the under-45 fan, to whom Nat Cole is only a dim figure on black and white TV, or the nostalgic listener for whom Freddy Cole marks a welcome return to an in-person sound long missed. (Nat Cole died in 1965.)

At the piano, there is very little similarity. The younger Cole's horn-like single note lines are well structured, but once, during a Cole Porter medley, he lapsed into a quasi-lounge style. Jerry Byrd on guitar and Delbert Felix on bass supplied good support and modestly successful solos.

Cole's strengths are his warm ballads—notably "Where Can I Go Without You"—and a few original songs such as his witty "Brandy" and the evocative "Quiet Storm."

Almost an hour into the show, after carefully avoiding any songs associated with his legendary brother, Cole plunged into "Straighten Up and Fly Right," continuing with everything from "Mona Lisa" to "Sweet Lorraine." With his niece Natalie sitting in the front row, he also sang "Unforgettable."

In the encores he played on the brotherly ties, first with humor, on the tongue-in-cheek original "I'm Not My Brother, I'm Me," and then with pathos, on the slightly mawkish but sincerely stated tribute, "He Was the King."

—LEONARD FEATHER

GEOFF KEEZER

# Teen Learns to Solo as Blakey Protégé

In September, 1989, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, the oldest continuously active small group in jazz, hired a new pianist, Geoffrey Graham Keezer. It was an honor for the 18-year-old alumnus of Berklee College of Music, particularly since this was his first real full-time job.

As it turned out, he was Blakey's final pianist. A year later, the 71-year-old drummer died in a New York hospital, without having had a chance to hear "Here and Now," the first solo album by the prodigy, which was recorded for Blue Note less than two weeks earlier.

Keezer, now 21, had not come to the Blakey assignment unprepared.

1/5/92

CHEUNG CHING MING

Keezer: Blakey's final pianist.

"I guess it was inevitable that I'd be in music," the Eau Claire, Wis., native says. "My parents were both music educators—my father was a percussionist teaching at college; my mother played French horn and was a high school music teacher. I studied with her and played in my dad's band when I was about 14."

At 17, Keezer began his studies at Berklee in Boston. "During that period I spent a lot of time in New York," he says. "One night James Williams, who had played piano with the Messengers in the late '70s, introduced me to Art Blakey. Art heard me and wanted me to join right then, but I had other commitments, such as finishing out my year in Berklee."

Encouraged by Williams (who would later produce "Here and Now") and Benny Green, his predecessor in the Blakey band, the teen-ager made rapid headway, with Blakey as a source of endless encouragement.

Asked whether he had learned from Blakey about music, about the piano, about life, Keezer says: "All three. In effect he taught me how to play solo piano just by leaving me alone on the bandstand at the end of the set. Experience is the best teacher. Until I got to know Art, I had never known anyone who had such a total commitment, such a deep involvement with what he was doing. He transferred some of that to me, I guess."

The Blakey incumbency introduced Keezer to the jazz world in the United States, Europe and Japan. Since the Messengers disbanded, he has been active in several areas as sideman, leader and composer.

"I've played with Art Farmer, a great trumpeter and a pleasure to work for," Keezer says. "I've gigged with my own group, using this fine young vibes player, Steve Nelson, who was on my album. And I've been experimenting with composition, trying to write some classical stuff—brass quintets, a mini-flute concerto. I guess you could say I'm mainly self-taught as a writer."

Keezer has been lucky to enjoy some instructive experiences at a stage when many musicians careers have barely begun.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Buddy Greco Returns to His Musical Roots

■ **Jazz:** The pianist calls the 'Salute to Benny Goodman' tour 'a chance to finally re-establish myself as a jazz player.'

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Life has come full circle for Buddy Greco.

After 60 albums, three gold records and a roller-coaster jazz and pop career that first hit big in the late '40s and early '50s when he toured the world as Benny Goodman's pianist and singer, he will embark Sunday on a 90-day tour of one-night stands in a "Salute to Benny Goodman" show.

"This is a chance to finally re-establish myself as a jazz player," Greco, a resident of Thousand Oaks, said during a recent interview. "Years ago, I had to make a choice during the '50s to stay with jazz or go commercial. Well, I felt jazz was dying at the time, so I went commercial."

Jackie Greco, the reigning Mrs. California 1992, is a central figure in his return to jazz. She sang backup on a few of his records, co-produced several later albums and is an ASCAP member who wrote "Hot Nights," the title tune of his 1987 album.

Grecco, 65, credits his wife with getting him back in touch with his jazz instincts: "I owe everything to her encouragement."

Though he will be appealing partly to a new generation of jazz fans, Greco has never been entirely off the scene. He simply opted for a lucrative but less prominent life doing what he calls "a glorified lounge act."

The "Buddy Greco's Greatest Hits" album, just issued on Total Records, shows the products of those commercial years. He traded the piano for synthesizers, playing "MacArthur Park" and singing everything from "The Lady Is a Tramp" to "My Funny Valentine." Las Vegas, Atlantic City, Monte Carlo—the whole supper club circuit was his for the booking.

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

Buddy, Jackie Greco. Grecco credits his wife with getting him back in touch with his jazz past: "I owe everything to her encouragement."

During those days, Greco was not known for an equable disposition. Quite frankly, he acknowledged, "I had a terrible reputation—a temper like Buddy Rich's. I went through three bad marriages. I became part of a Beverly Hills, rat pack-type crowd. My attitude and my whole life turned around when I met Jackie."

After the pair's marriage in 1977, Greco adopted her two children by a previous marriage. Together, they have a son, Jean-Paul, 12. Greco has three adult children from his first marriage.

Along with his decision to shift gears from pop to jazz, Greco last year decided the time had come to return to the recording studios to make an all-star jazz album.

"I thought I'd call up some friends and see how they felt about working with me," he said. "First I asked Grover Washington Jr. and he said sure, he'd love to do it. Then I called Toots Thielemans, Jack Sheldon and Ernie Watts, who all said yes, and then Buddy De Franco and Terry Gibbs."

With Alf Clausen (composer for "The Simpsons") as his arranging-conducting partner, the result was an impressive album, set for release on Bay Cities, a new jazz label, toward the end of Greco's tour this year. The record should provide a needed reminder of how Greco gained the admiration of such fellow pianists as Oscar Peterson.

This reputation was first earned as early as 1949 when Greco joined the Goodman orchestra, for the previous five years he had led a trio in his native Philadelphia.

Since Goodman was then going through his short-lived be-bop phase, Greco found himself in the company of such luminaries as saxophonist Wardell Gray and Zoot Sims, trumpeter Fats Navarro and guitarist Mundell Lowe. Most of the recorded products of that significant era have yet to be released on CD by Capitol Records.

The post-Goodman years, though removed from the forefront of jazz, were not without a few major rewards. In 1964, during the height of Beatlemania, he was the only American to take part (along with the Beatles) in a command performance for Queen Elizabeth II. There was a prestigious album with the London Symphony Orchestra, for which he wrote arrangements and played with 67 musicians. In 1967, Greco, Rich and George Carlin co-hosted "Away We Go," a summer replacement for "The Jackie Gleason Show" on the CBS television network.

The national tour, with Peanuts Hucko assuming Goodman's role on clarinet and leading the orchestra, will be at Pepperdine University in Malibu on Sunday, the Downey Theatre in Downey on Monday, the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena on Tuesday and Wednesday, at the Norris Theatre in Palos Verdes on Thursday and Friday, , and Citrus College in Glendora on Saturday. Louise Tobin, a former Goodman band singer who just happens to be Mrs. Hucko, will also be a featured singer on the tour.

★★★½
**PETER LEITCH**
"Trio/Quartet '91"
*Concord Jazz*

The Canadian guitarist, who grew up in Montreal but settled in New York in 1982, is becoming a major figure in an area not overly populated with new names—straight-ahead plectrum jazz without electronic gimmickry. A fellow Canadian, bassist Neil Swainson, plays a valuable role on this album, as does drummer Marvin (Smitty) Smith.

This is high-grade, low-key jazz, dealing with the works of musicians from several eras: Ellington, Thad Jones, Joe Henderson, Chick Corea. Leitch's fiery energy on "The Song Is You" contrasts with the lyrical romanticism of his original "Winter's Tale."

A fourth musician, trumpeter John Swana, is added on three tunes, but the trio is self-sufficient. Leitch's influences—Jimmy Raney and the late Belgian guitarist Rene Thomas—are apparent in this agreeably unpretentious set.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½ **Steve Turre, "Right There,"** Antilles. The trombonist's appearance in various settings—with violinist John Blake and briefly with the trumpet and tenor sax of Wynton Marsalis and Benny Golson—lifts this venture above the small-group norm. Ellington's "Echoes of Harlem," a duo cut by Turre (with plunger-mute) and cello (playing double stops), is remarkably self-sufficient. The album's only weak spot is an anticlimactic final track, a 1950s-type mambo by an entirely different band. —L.F.

★★ Various Artists, [illegible]

Peter Leitch: Canadian guitarist delivers high-grade, low-key jazz.

★★★ **Herb Ellis, "Roll Call,"** Justice. Ellis' guitar, backed by Mel Rhyne on organ and Jake Hanna on drums, evokes memories of groups with this instrumentation that proliferated in jazz lounges of the 1950s and '60s. It's a pleasant blend. The blues predominate—along with two Ellis originals, including his now-standard "Detour Ahead." Jazz violinist John Frigo, who co-wrote that song, guests. Rhyne, best known for his work on records with Wes Montgomery, makes a compelling partner for the always-cooking Ellis. —L.F.

1/6/92

**Jazz**

# Delightful Set by N.Y. Voices

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The five enthusiastic performers who call themselves New York Voices took over the stage of At My Place on Friday and conquered the room with a wildly diverse repertoire that left no taste unsatisfied.

For the pop-at-heart they offered Stevie Wonder's "Too High," with Sara Krieger as lead vocalist, and the Earth, Wind & Fire song "That's the Way of the World." For the message seekers they had "National Amnesia," in which they attacked poverty and starvation. Less pretentious and more lyrically significant were "Soon One Day," written by Caprice Fox, the lead singer, and "Now That the Love Is Over," featuring Kim Nazarian.

Fox and Darmon Meader are the most valuable contributors, the former displaying an adjustable vocal technique that swung with ease from contralto to soprano and from words to scat to vocalese. Meader writes the charts, sings, plays saxes and an Electric Wind Instrument, all capably.

In jazz territory the group borrows from distinguished sources: John Coltrane for "Giant Steps," Oliver Nelson for "Stolen Moments" (fitted with apt lyrics by Mark Murphy) and the famous Jon Hendricks adaptation of Duke Ellington's "Cotton Tail," taken note for note from Duke's instrumental—even Ben Webster's sax chorus was lyricized by Peter Eldridge.

Monk's "'Round Midnight" began with a long, pseudo-Monk piano solo by Andy Ezrin (who with bassist Randy Landau and drummer Tommy Igoe supplied the backup). From there, it built into a brilliant a cappella vocal, and eventually into a collective scat riot.

The quintet relies on every variety of nonverbal singing known to mankind: Ad-lib scat, contrapuntal scat, even hissing-and-hollering scat that became a bit overwrought. As entertainment the Voices are a delight; creatively, they ought to impose a scat-ute of limitations.

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Darmon Meader leads New York Voices in a diverse repertoire.

MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1992

**JAZZ REVIEW**

# Kessel's Experience Enlivens Show

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Barney Kessel, who brought a trio to McCabe's in Santa Monica on Saturday, has enjoyed a long and diversified career as a jazz and studio guitarist, with recording credits that go back to Charlie Parker and other giants of the 1940s.

Clearly an admirer of Parker and other bop pioneers, Kessel also was a disciple of Charlie Christian, although he tends toward a style more chord-oriented than Christian's. Using a plectrum, he brought a rare fluidity and perfectly executed harmonic lines to up tempos such as "Flamingo" and "The Lamp Is Low" as well as to such tunes as "Yesterday" and "Brazil," both played without accompaniment.

On almost every other number Kessel's innate and infallible sense of swing was buttressed by the admirable bass work of Bob Maize and by the sensitive drumming of

L.A. TIMES 1/12/92

JAZZ

# Winning Performances From Oscar Peterson Trio Plus G

★★★★
**OSCAR PETERSON**
"Saturday Night at the Blue Note"
*Telarc*

In a welcome follow-up to a successful first volume recorded in early 1990 at the New York club, the Peterson trio, plus drummer Bobby Durham, goes through the same swiftly swinging motions with impeccable results. Two of the cuts are blues; another is an elegant Peterson original, "Song to Elitha."

Guitarist Herb Ellis has never cooked more compellingly. Bassist Ray Brown supplies the same firm foundation he offered when he,

NEW RELEASES

JAZZ REVIEW 1/17

# Calderazzo: Skill Sans Finesse

Joey Calderazzo is a young pianist who recently sprang, seemingly from out of nowhere, into a Blue Note Records contract, which in turn earned him a week at Catalina's, where his trio will be ensconced through Sunday.

Clearly, no artist can be evaluated on the strength of the company he keeps. However, his commercial appeal may well depend on just such a factor. Calderazzo's album was helped by the presence of Branford Marsalis and other established heavyweights. But they are not performing with him in this engagement. However, he has formidable assistance in John Patitucci on bass and Dave Weckl on drums, both well-known through their association with Chick Corea.

It may not be fair to judge the pianist's performance Tuesday, in view of his last-minute arrival after an exhausting, delayed flight from New York. What he offered was technically impressive, but often his hammering hold on the keys cried out for a touch of dynamic variety.

In the ballad "My One and Only Love," the graceful melody was distorted rather than embellished. His aggressiveness was better suited to a McCoy Tyner piece that captured the flavor of the composer's own style.

A visit to Catalina's is more than justified if only for the chance to hear bassist Patitucci. Playing only upright bass, he put his incredible technique and finesse to magical use on solo after solo. Weckl, too, cut loose with the skill that has established him as the role model for young drummers.

If Calderazzo can relax a little, this could develop into an all-star trio before closing night.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 1/25/92

# Jazz Reviews

## Annie Ross Cooks at the Bakery

In town for an acting stint on the TV show "WKRP in Cincinnati," Annie Ross stayed over long enough to remind a capacity crowd Thursday at the Jazz Bakery that singing and songwriting were her first loves.

Still in superb vocal and visual shape, the red-headed, British-born innovator who burst into the front jazz pages in the late '50s as a member of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, seems more at ease than ever with her audience. Displaying her wit as a lyricist, she recalled some of the instrumental records to which she set words: Wardell Gray's "Twisted," Art Farmer's "Farmer's Market," and her surrealistic vocalese lyrics to Hampton Hawes' "Jackie."

Alternating with the jazz pieces were her readings of Bonfa's "The Gentle Rain," Neal Hefti's "Li'l Darlin' " and a wildly vacillating "Bye Bye Blackbird" that began pianissimo and ended triple forte. She even managed to infuse a charming freshness into "Tea for Two."

Ross is no stranger to the blues: Her version of "Goin' to Chicago," which she recorded three decades ago with the Count Basie Band and Joe Williams, mixed humor and blues-drenched drama.

Splendidly accompanied by Tom Garvin on piano, John Heard on bass and Harold Mason on drums, Ross left no doubt that in the area of pure, jazz-inspired singing, she remains the definitive exponent of the genre.

—LEONARD FEATHER

F6 MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1992

# Jazz Reviews

## Poncho Sanchez's Conga Line

Almost 10 years have gone by since Poncho Sanchez recorded his first Concord album as a leader. Not much has changed since then, as was evident during his concert Friday at Royce Hall.

In fact, the music of the burly conga master seems impervious to the march of time; there were many moments when the ambience suggested a trip to pre-Castro Cuba.

Harmonically, the eight-piece group has certain limitations; melodically, too, many of the tunes are quite basic. Thus the third element, rhythm, obviously is the predominant factor.

With Sanchez supported by Ramon Banda on timbales and Jose Rodriguez on bongos, the rhythmic impulses proved as engaging as ever to a crowd that wound up clapping along, shouting, standing, and rocking in rhythm.

Many of the tunes, some written by pianist David Torres, were stated in unison and occasional harmony by the three horns. Most of them involved a two-bar phrase repeated ad infinitum by Torres. Is this simply repetitious monotony, or hypnotic enchantment? Clearly the audience leaned toward the latter evaluation.

Among the more attractive works were "Typhoon" and "Monk," both by Torres, with Sanchez and Rodriguez creating multiple cross rhythms.

Freddie Hubbard appeared as a guest soloist. Plaintively effective on his "Sky Dive," he later brought both lyricism and bravura to "My Foolish Heart" on fluegelhorn. His trumpet numbers seemed less organized; in any case, this band is not the ideal setting for him.

The idiom represented here is essentially Latin dance music and entertainment. Assessing it as art would be a critical lack of judgment. —LEONARD FEATHER

2/2 ★★★★

**KENNY DREW JR.**

"Kenny Drew Jr."
*Antilles*

Here is an auspicious debut by an artist who is equally talented as a

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times
Sandi, Charlie Shoemake: First-rate artists and material.

pianist and composer. Drew Jr. is the son and namesake of the veteran be-bop pianist who was a high-profile member of the New York jazz community in the '50s and '60s.

Unlike his father, who was rooted in the bop tradition epitomized by Bud Powell, Drew Jr. is more eclectic in approach, reflecting such disparate influences as Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk. The leader pays tribute by performing a lovely solo version of "Monk's

JAZZ 1/26

# Stop and Bop With Tommy Flanagan

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tommy Flanagan is the pianist most likely to be named a personal idol by other jazz pianists, whether they be swing veterans or avant-gardists.

At 61, the Detroit native has a track record that explains both his artistic success and his belated rise to world-class fame. He is certainly deserving of the appellation that is also the title of his 1989 album: "Jazz Poet."

The elements of the style of the pianist, who on Tuesday will pass through town just long enough to offer a solo recital at the Jazz Bakery in Culver City, were drawn essentially from be-bop.

"That was the sound I grew up with," he said recently by phone from his home in New York, where he has lived since 1956. "My heroes and the most knowledgeable guys I've known in this music were Charlie Parker, Bud Powell and Dizzy Gillespie. I first heard Bud when he came through Detroit, playing piano with Cootie Williams' band, and I heard the early records by Bird and Diz. Those three were my idols."

After moving to New York, Flanagan was sometimes called to substitute for Powell at Birdland. He also played with such pioneer be-boppers as Miles Davis, J.J. Johnson and Oscar Pettiford.

Central to Flanagan's evolution was the fact that he owed his allegiance not to any one pianist but rather to a group of musicians representing a new and a challenging idiom. He became a master of bop, but along with this accomplishment came a melodic sensitivity drawn from another source, Duke Ellington.

"I had a chance to hear Duke's band when I was about 10 years old, and through the years I was always an admirer of his music and of Billy Strayhorn's," Flanagan said.

The confluence of these two diverse driving forces—Powell and Ellington—may explain why Flanagan developed into one of the jazz community's most elegant and eloquent interpreters of ballads and rhythm tunes alike. He can bring his own gracefully swinging personality to a standard song by Ellington, Kern or Rodgers with the same honesty and authenticity that he can apply to updating a piece by Parker or one of his other bop mentors.

If Flanagan has been slow in earning the universal admiration in jazz circles that he now enjoys, it could be simply because he spent many of his formative years in the background as an accompanist. He was Ella Fitzgerald's off-and-on musical director and pianist in

STUART WASSERMAN
Flanagan: Growing up with bop.

1956, again in 1963-65 and then for a full decade from 1968 until 1978, when a heart attack forced him to quit. There was also a spell backing Tony Bennett in 1966.

Leaving accompanying behind in the 1980s, Flanagan began working solo and with a trio. For the past 15 years he has been backed most often by the virtuoso Czech bassist George Mraz and by a drummer—most recently Lewis Nash. "Beyond the Blue Bird," an album by these three with guitarist Kenny Burrell, is the most recent and most rewarding example of Flanagan's keyboard poetry. Next week he will head north to tape a solo album for Concord Jazz Records at Maybeck Hall in Berkeley.

In recent years, Flanagan has been heavily in demand, perhaps too heavily, since he collapsed last summer and underwent quadruple-bypass heart surgery, followed not long after by an aortal aneurysm. Nursed back to health by his wife and manager, Diana, he now says he feels fine and will soon be heading for one of his several second homelands, Japan.

Asked whether he ever felt frustrated by the years of virtually marking time before he went out on his own, he offered: "No, it was all valuable experience. That's the kind of work that prepares you for whatever you feel like doing after it."

*Leonard Feather is The Times jazz critic.*

In Brief 2/2

★★★ **Lionel Hampton, "Live at the Blue Note,"** Telarc. With the current onrush of fine young cannibals dominating jazz, it's good to know that for every Geoff Keezer or Roy Hargrove there is a Hank Jones or Clark Terry still alive and active. For this New York club date, Hampton chose the latter pair, along with other swing survivors—"Sweets" Edison, Buddy Tate, Al Grey, Milt Hinton—for an unpretentious display of their timeless values. James Moody is on hand to sing the hilarious vocal version of his "Moody's Mood for Love" solo. The baby of the band is drummer Grady Tate, a mere 59.

—L.F.

# New Encyclopedia of Jazz Due

Leonard Feather is preparing a new edition of his Encyclopedia of Jazz in collaboration with Ira Gitler, to be published by Oxford University Press, New York, in late 1992 or early 1993.

Musicians who are represented on at least one CD, and who feel they are qualified to be included in the book, are invited to send biographical details to Feather at: 13833 Riverside Drive, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423. Please send the following information:

Month, day and year and place of birth; instrument(s) played; details of musical studies; other musicians in family; principal groups played with. Also, details of important recordings (CDs rather than LPs, whenever possible). Any important movie or television appearances; countries, other than your own, in which you have worked, with dates; any experience as a teacher (if so, state where, when and subjects taught).

Also, list any magazine awards, honors, doctorates etc.; two or three favorite musicians on your instrument (or if an arranger, two or three favorite arrangers); details of any jobs held outside of music; or any other items about background, ambitions etc., that would be of interest for inclusion.

Biographies should be very clearly written, in block letters, or typewritten, giving both full legal name and professional name, address and telephone number (these will be kept confidential).

FEBRUARY 18, 1992 F9

JAZZ REVIEW

# Fans Pack Callender Benefit

If any proof were needed of the affection in which Red Callender is held, it was stunningly evident at the benefit presented by the Los Angeles Jazz Society on Sunday for the ailing bassist at the musicians' union headquarters in Hollywood.

Wall-to-wall admirers jammed the room to what seemed like twice capacity as dozens of performers took to the bandstand, among them some who had known Callender as far back as the late 1930s.

Predictably, pianist Dorothy Donegan drew a standing ovation. Gerald Wilson's orchestra, rising above the swell of audience chatter, was in typically masterful form.

The Cunninghams, one of the Southland's most engaging vocal duos, sprinted down "Route 66" while the composer of that hardy perennial, Bobby Troup, took a bow from the sidelines.

Al Aarons, Harold Land and other longtime associates were followed by several specially assembled groups, notably an ad hoc guitar trio with Kenny Burrell, John Collins and Al Viola steaming their way through standards and blues. A surprise hit was the spirited bop trumpet of Sal Marquez, who, according to emcee Chuck Niles, will be a member of Branford Marsalis' band on the "Tonight Show" starting in May.

A fitting finale brought together such virtuosi as trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison, saxophonist Eddie Harris and bassist John Clayton.

Funding raised by donations at the door was augmented by sales of Callender's records and autobiography. In a touching moment, Michael Woo, the jazz world's best friend on the L.A. City Council, described an all-star jazz group (including Callender) that played at his wedding. Mary Lou Callender, the bassist's wife, accepted a scroll from Woo on behalf of the honoree, who is still confined to his home in Saugus.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Hale Group Needs to Get Its Act Together 2/1

"Can you imagine how this group would sound if we'd had a rehearsal?" Corky Hale asked her audience Wednesday at Lunaria's. And that was the problem—or the pleasure, depending on one's view.

Hale, who has turned from music to other pursuits, such as producing motion pictures, performs only a couple of times a year. For this occasion she hired members of the jazz group that plays Sunday mornings at the Science of Mind Church of the Rev. O. C. Smith.

The approach to this gig was casual in the extreme. Judged as a private party at her home for a bunch of friends, it would have been beyond reproach. But as a public performance, with its what-shall-we-play-next attitude, and with Hale forgetting the lyrics on her one vocal, it left something to be desired.

Hale tended toward floridity during her piano solos, and even during the excellent violin improvisations by Mark Cargill. The versatile Rafael Murphy doubled impressively on vibes and flute.

Predictably, when Hale played harp, the first show was most satisfactory. She is still the most harmonically sensitive and most jazz-oriented exponent of this impossibly difficult instrument. But next time around, how about a rehearsal?

—LEONARD FEATHER

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1992 F3

JAZZ REVIEW

# Berrys Showcase Talents of Japan at the Biltmore

It has long been a given that Japan is by far the most hospitable and enthusiastic importer of American jazz. However, the Japanese participants at the second annual International Jazz Party last weekend at the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore Hotel left no doubt that this is becoming a two-way street.

Hosted by cornetist Bill Berry and his wife, Betty, along with veteran clarinetist Eiji Kitamura and trumpeter Shozo Okuda, this was a unique event both for the audience and for the Asian musicians, most of whom had never visited the United States and were delighted at the chance to work alongside their American idols.

Hidaki Kon speaks no English, but his fluent, post-bop piano offered a powerful reminder of the cliché about jazz as the international language. Sharing the rhythm backup were the superb bassist John Clayton and drummer Jake Hanna, offering support to the peerless trombone of Carl Fontana and the hard-driving tenor sax of Bob Cooper.

The most original visiting player Friday was the guitarist Yoshiaki Miyanoue. Reflecting no one American influence, his "Caravan" solo was rich in melodic and rhythmic surprises. More derivative but entertaining was Yoshinori Asami, whose voice-and-bowed-bass duets with himself displayed him as the Slam Stewart of Japan.

While the tunes at this informal session were U.S. standards, the Sunday-evening concert was more formalized. Masao Ishii presented his Albatross Swing Jazz Orchestra from Nikko—technically an amateur group of 16 men and three women with an impressive six-piece sax section. Their collective precision far outstripped the solo work, though this problem was solved when such pros as Spike Robinson and Bill Berry played guest shots.

For the last set, Berry's own band took over—17 superlative musicians at the peak of their form. A surprise finale found both groups on the bandstand—36 musicians in a wild excursion on the A train.

What made the event most gratifying was its display of cross-cultural good vibes and international talent trades at a time when the two countries are engaged in so many angry extra-musical exchanges.

# 'Mr. B': A Survivor Sings Ballads of Love

By LEONARD FEATHER

Billy Eckstine's place in musical history is clearly important, yet somewhat ambiguous. Many who hear him today know him as a mature ballad singer whose good looks and imposing baritone have been a part of the traditional pop world since pre-rock days.

Eckstine, who opens Tuesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, is a survivor. A contemporary of Sinatra, Joe Williams and Ella Fitzgerald, he was the first male black singer to develop an international appeal through his interpretation of love songs.

There is, however, another side to the story. To countless veteran jazz students, his credentials—still reflected in the burnished sensitivity he brings to his vocals—were established during the '40s be-bop era, when he led one of the most dazzling all-star ensembles in the annals of big-band jazz.

"It didn't last forever," Eckstine says, recalling those days, "but we all knew we had a hell of a band."

Indeed it was.

After four years as vocalist with the orchestra of Earl Hines, Eckstine put together a band of his own that virtually encapsulated the entire be-bop era. At one time or another, between its formation in 1944 and its dissolution in 1947, the band included trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and Fats Navarro; saxophonists Charlie Parker, Sonny Stitt, Budd Johnson, Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon, and drummer Art Blakey.

By this time Eckstine, who had occasionally played trumpet with Hines, had become a fluent soloist on valve trombone. Still recognized as a major vocalist, Eckstine took pleasure in being just one of the cats. But that became a problem.

During the instrumental numbers, Eckstine's band was an immensely exciting modern jazz group. But many of his fans wanted to hear the leader sing "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Prisoner of Love" and other less adventurous songs associated with his romantic image.

The two identities were incompatible; moreover, Eckstine had trouble convincing his managers that his role as a bandleader was justified.

"One time the William Morris office sent someone to review us," recalls Eckstine, who now lives in Las Vegas. "He went back to New York with a report stating that the band had 'no love vein,' whatever that meant, and he suggested that I get a girl singer 'more complementary to my looks.' Well, as you know, our girl singer was Sarah Vaughan. Can you believe that?"

After the band broke up, Eckstine had some good years. "Mr. B," as he became known, played in Las Vegas and other prestigious spots. He recorded with lush string ensembles and with the Quincy Jones Orchestra. Today he still works regularly around the world, though rarely records.

The one constant in his career is Bobby Tucker, a gifted pianist who has been his musical director for a record-breaking 42 years.

BORIS YARO / Los Angeles Times

Billy Eckstine in 1986 in his Las Vegas home: No regrets.

Eckstine, who is twice divorced, has seven children, three of whom are in the music business. Ed, who is president of Mercury Records; Guy, who heads the label's jazz and classical music departments, and Gina, a singer in Las Vegas.

Asked whether he keeps track of the contemporary vocal scene, Eckstine offers an endorsement for Harry Connick Jr., whose credentials are sometimes questioned by jazz purists. "He's doing very musical stuff, he has a fine band, and he's associated himself with classy material," he says. "Sure, he's into the Sinatra thing, but that ain't bad, is it?"

In his recent rise to stardom, Connick has had a few advantages over the young Eckstine. He was a solo singer on a major label before starting his band and has been able to break into mainstream films—something that was off limits to black ballad singers in Eckstine's early years.

Nevertheless, Eckstine can look back with satisfaction on the critical acceptance earned in his big-band days, which led to awards from Esquire and Down Beat magazines. He doesn't regret the time and financial problems his orchestral venture cost him.

The fame that has accrued to him over a 50-year career continues to generate honors in which he takes particular pride. "In Pittsburgh, my home town, they're doing a big reclamation job in an area occupied by the Granada Theatre," he says, with pride. "They're tearing it down and putting up a big new building which will be known as the Billy Eckstine Building of the Performing Arts. Man, that really knocks me out!" □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

2/23/

JAZZ

# Message to Grammy: A Little R-E-S-P-E-C-T, Please

By LEONARD FEATHER

Like classical music, jazz has always been a Cinderella of the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences, the organization that awards the Grammys. As an art form that does not generate tremendous sales, jazz has been continually shortchanged by the academy—both in the voting and in its yearly TV shows, in which the winners are announced.

This year, the academy has once again seen fit to denigrate jazz to second-class citizenship—despite the plans to include Dave Grusin, Gary Burton, Eddie Daniels, John Patitucci and others playing a lengthy Gerswhin medley on the telecast Tuesday. Categories that stood alone in the past have been unnecessarily combined, and many worthwhile artists have been ignored.

In fairness, it should be pointed out that I am a former, and disaffected, member of the academy. After resigning many years ago, I was later talked into rejoining, when some members convinced me that I "could do more work from the inside." This turned out not to be the case, and when a few years ago jazz was totally left out of the TV broadcast, I quit again.

The main problem this year is that all three jazz vocal categories—male, female and group—which formerly were separate entities, have now been lumped together into one: best jazz vocal performance. To make matters worse, single tracks have been put in direct competition with entire albums.

As a result, single tracks by Mel Tormé and Natalie Cole are vying with albums by Take Six and Manhattan Transfer, though these entries have virtually nothing in common stylistically and clearly belong in distinct categories.

Additionally, many worthwhile projects were left out of the nominations. For example, Carmen McRae's excellent Sarah Vaughan tribute, "Dedicated to You," was an admirable follow-up to her memorable 1990 album of Thelonious Monk tunes, but the Vaughan album was not nominated.

The category best contemporary jazz performance is another anomaly. By and large, it is supposed to represent jazz-fusion—it was known as "best jazz-fusion performance" before being changed this year—though the nominations of singer Bobby McFerrin and Manhattan Transfer would hardly seem to fit into that slot. Since all currently performed jazz is ipso facto "contemporary," this category should be abolished.

Two other jazz categories—best instrumental performance, group, and best instrumental solo—overlap so badly that at least one nominee shows up in both slots. David Sanborn is nominated for his album "Another Hand" in the first category and for a track from that album in the solo category.

Logical choices here, either for group or solo, would have been Stan Getz's "Serenity" (the album, not a single track), Tommy Flanagan's "Beyond the Bluebird" and Tom Harrell's "Form." Again, these albums were not selected by the general academy membership, whose votes decide not only the nominations but also the ultimate winners.

Albums by Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra and Dizzy Gillespie's United Nation band were rightly included as nominees for best large jazz ensemble. However, among the noticeable omissions was the important Miles Davis-Michel Legrand collaboration for the soundtrack album of the film "Dingo."

Also left out, possibly because it is on a label that is not widely distributed, was the Clayton-Hamilton band's "Heart and Soul," released on Capri Records. This is arguably the best big band to arrive in the past few years.

Jazz reissues also deserve a separate category to make room for such masterpieces as Billie Holiday's "The Legacy" and Duke Ellington's "Small Groups, Volume One," both on Columbia.

NOVUS

Carmen McRae was one of many worthy artists left out of this year's Grammy sweepstakes.

Finally, it's pathetic that while new categories emerge for rap, gospel, etc., the jazz scene at the academy continues to shrink. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

He went to the publisher of Esquire magazine and proposed that instead of readers, a panel of experts should pick the best artists. The publisher not only agreed but began running monthly jazz articles and sponsored all-star jazz concerts that have since become legendary.

The experts picked numerous black musicians, including Tatum, and the concerts gave them exposure that began to shake the racial barriers.

A few weeks ago, Feather said he reviewed a concert and bestowed the highest compliment on the performer, Eddie Daniels, calling him "the Art Tatum of the clarinet."

The shame, as Feather noted, is that Tatum, like Vincent Van Gogh and other uniquely gifted artists, was "too far ahead of his time."

# Tatum was 'too far ahead of his time'

BY DAVID YONKE
BLADE STAFF WRITER

If Art Tatum had lived another 10 or 20 years, there would have been no limit to his success, according to jazz critic Leonard Feather.

The Toledo-born jazz pianist, who died in 1956 at age 47, would have received the highest praises and most prestigious awards, Feather said in a lecture last night at Ashland Avenue Baptist Church. The fifth and final lecture in the Toledo Celebrates Tatum series drew about 85 jazz devotees.

"So much *did not* happen to Art Tatum during his life that should have happened," Feather said indignantly. "It's so sad that all his awards are posthumous."

In his hour and 20 minute talk, spiced with several recordings by Tatum, the 77-year-old Feather shared his personal recollections of the artist and explained how racial barriers and disease kept him from the widespread recognition he deserved.

Feather, widely regarded as the world's foremost jazz critic, portrayed Tatum as not only one of the greatest pianists of all time, but an all-around gifted person with an encyclopedic memory and a genuine concern for his fellow man.

Tatum knew he was being denied opportunities because he was black, and although he may have been frustrated he was never bitter, Feather said.

And despite his imposing presence among musicians, Tatum was never a snob and went out of his way to make the others feel comfortable.

Feather recalled a night when a young drummer showed up for his first recording date and "almost had a heart attack" when he spotted Tatum. Afterward, the pianist put his arm around the youngster and told him he had done a great job.

Musically, Tatum created "the most exciting and spontaneous sounds I ever heard," Feather said, still shaking his head in awe at the memory of the live performances. In fact, after playing a 1956 recording of "This Can't Be Love" by Tatum, Feather said last night that he was "damn near speechless."

He recalled the "amazing" atmosphere of New York's 52nd Street in the 1940s, when on any given night the cluster of jazz clubs would feature stars like Tatum, Billie Holliday, Jack Teagarden, and Roy Eldridge. Cover charges were $2 and drinks were 75 cents.

At the time, Feather was perturbed that black musicians never won reader polls conducted by the influential jazz periodicals of the era, Downbeat and Metronome.

THE BLADE: TOLEDO, OHIO ■ FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1992

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JAZZ REVIEW

## Max Roach Mastery at Catalina

Max Roach, who opened Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill, has long been a historically significant figure in the annals of jazz drumming.

In recent years his interaction with a variety of groups, among them an all-percussion band and a string quartet, has diversified his image. But he remains generally identified with the two-horn unit he is now leading.

Both hornmen, Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet and Odean Pope on tenor sax, have been with him off and on for more than 20 years. Tyrone Brown, the bassist, also is a longtime associate.

The leader set a groove for the group, which continues at Catalina through Sunday, opening with a five-minute solo that managed to display—mainly on snare and bass drum with occasional cymbal accents—his mature technique, subtle timbral control, and mastery of rhythmic changes. This is nevertheless an equal-opportunity group, to which each man contributes something special and personal.

In Bridgewater's case it is the fluency, precision of phrasing, and a lack of exhibitionism. Pope offers a powerful post-Coltrane contrast with his deep, potent sound and his mastery of the circular breathing technique.

A piano-less quartet calls for strong support from the bass. In Tyrone Brown, Roach has the ideal person for the job. Brown's supportive beat, in every piece from Bridgewater's "Scot Free" to Tadd Dameron's "Good Bait" (played, surprisingly, as a waltz) was as impressive as his solos.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/5

## Mary Osborne; Jazz Singer and Guitarist

By BURT A. FOLKART
TIMES STAFF WRITER

Mary Osborne, one of the first female musicians to establish a place in the jazz hierarchy of the 1940s, died Wednesday morning in a Bakersfield hospital of cancer. The guitarist and singer was 70.

Times jazz critic Leonard Feather, in his anthology series "The Encyclopedia of Jazz," said she was inspired as a teen-ager by Charlie Christian, the famous jazz guitarist with the Benny Goodman band, who she had first heard in Oklahoma before he joined Goodman. She had been studying music with her father since her childhood in North Dakota, playing guitar, banjo and singing, but after the encounter with Christian, she began to concentrate on electric guitar.

She toured with the Joe Venuti, Buddy Rogers and Dick Stabile bands and later worked with Russ Morgan and Gay Claridge.

By 1945, she had become a favorite supporting artist on the recording dates of Mary Lou Williams, Mercer Ellington and Coleman Hawkins while also forming her own trio. Her early recordings on Decca, Victor and Aladdin records featured her stylish guitar and distinctive vocals. In 1948, she began a lengthy engagement at Kelley's Stables in New York where other musicians, including the pioneer jazz guitarist Django Reinhardt, first heard her.

For much of the 1950s, she was heard daily with the Elliot Lawrence quintet on Jack Sterling's CBS radio show and appeared on TV with Arthur Godfrey and others. Later, she recorded with the Louie Bellson and Gene Krupa big bands.

Feather, who produced some of her recordings, said she was known for her exceptional beat and aggressively swinging style and was "a ballad singer of unusual talent."

She settled in Bakersfield in 1967 and with her husband, trumpeter Ralph Scaffidi, formed a guitar and

Sign up

3/10

LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ REVIEW

## Koonses Play the Pier at Santa Monica

The father-and-son guitar team of Dave and Larry Koonse starred in a show Sunday afternoon at the pier at Santa Monica, one of a series of well-attended Sunday jazz matinees held in a canopied area that seats about 300.

Both are seasoned artists, with Larry playing most of the lead and solo roles while the senior Koonse furnishes sympathetic rhythm backup. Typically, in their opening tune, Kurt Weill's "Speak Low," Larry came through with a bright, energetically swinging solo before yielding to his father, whose choruses were on a low-key level in keeping with the title.

With the gentle lapping of nearby waves supplying a subliminal counterpoint, the group dipped into a tasteful repertoire that ran from Michel Legrand's "You Must Believe in Spring" to Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Triste," the latter showing both guitarists in a groove that built carefully in intensity. Lending consistently solid support were Paul Kreibich on drums and David May on bass.

Perhaps inevitably the set also included "How Deep Is the Ocean." More relevant were a subtle rendition of Bill Evans' "Blue in Green," and a trio number, with Larry Koonse, Kreibich and May. Their "All the Things You Are" was highlighted by a spirited guitar-and-drums exchange.

The pier series is being temporarily suspended but is expected to resume soon.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Shaughnessy Quintet Works Out at Bakery

3/23

Like several other members of the "Tonight Show" band, drummer Ed Shaughnessy leads a double life. The quintet he brought to the Jazz Bakery on Friday has been together for six years, touring when time permits, and recording an excellent album, "Jazz in the Pocket," on Chase Records.

Shaughnessy is not your ego-trip drummer who uses leadership as an excuse to show off his virtuosity. For the most part he does what jazz drummers were originally called on to do: keep a firm, swinging beat and play a supportive role.

The group has two of his "Tonight Show" colleagues, Bruce Paulson on trombone and Tom Peterson on tenor sax, as its front line. With the always-remarkable John Leitham on bass and the crisp piano of Tom Ranier, the fivesome is a virtual workshop, to which all the sidemen contribute originals or arrangements.

The two horns achieved a big, potent sound Friday as the men weaved in and out of unison and harmony. Shaughnessy was splendidly displayed in "Salt Peanuts."

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

# First-Rate Musicians Pack Hampton Fest

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

MOSCOW, Ida.—Where in the world are you going to find an 83-year-old jazzman playing the vibes, followed by a 10-year-old pianist playing the blues?

That was the course of events Saturday evening when Adam Platt, 10, of Bozeman, Mont., took to the stage after a Lionel Hampton set. It was part of the silver jubilee celebration of what is now officially known as the Lionel Hampton/Chevron Jazz Festival. The four-day extravaganza was packed with world-class musicians, coupled with amateur contests in which 10,000 students from all over the United States and Canada competed for honors—among them the prodigious Platt.

"I've never heard anything like him," said Clint Eastwood, here to receive a Jazz Hall of Fame award.

The festival has had a unique history. In 1968, the one-day event at the University of Idaho presented 15 student groups and just one professional. Since 1984, when Hampton first played here, the conservatory has been renamed the Lionel Hampton School of Music, and the concerts have grown ever larger and more international.

Paquito D'Rivera, the sax man from Havana, served up brilliant Latin-cum-Afro-Cuban music at its most advanced, played with sidemen from the Dominican Republic, Brazil, Spain and the United States.

Canada's eminent pianist Oliver Jones led the house rhythm section, swinging irresistibly with his trio, and backing up such instrumental guests as Herb Ellis, Herbie Mann, Gerry Mulligan (in fine muscular form) and the roof-shattering Jon Faddis, whose trumpet on "Westend Blues" had 6,000 fans stomping and cheering.

The powerful duo of Lembit Saaisalu, a tenor saxophonist from Estonia, and his regular partner, pianist Leonid Vintskevich from Kursk, Russia, played free-fall originals that took in everything from modal moments to highland flings and plucked piano strings.

Bass virtuosity was everywhere, from Los Angeles' phenomenal Brian Bromberg, dueting with Hampton's pianist Kuni Nikami, to Ray Brown, whose trio was a showcase for pianist Gene Harris (Idaho's own blues master) and Jeff Hamilton, who amazed the crowd by playing the melody of "Caravan" on his drums.

Trumpeter Roy Hargrove, 23, is the first serious challenger to Wynton Marsalis, applying technical finesse to a rapidly maturing and personal style. His quintet was illuminated by the sax flourishes of 22-year-old Antonio Hart.

Among the several singers selected by Hampton to appear, Carmen Lundy came through with flying, cooking colors in a brief set of standards, despite unhelpful backing by Oliver Jones. Dee Daniels, a striking 6-foot-2-inch Vancouver-based vocalist, earned a standing ovation for her offering of soul-fried jazz, first vocally and then at the piano, where she elicited Aretha Franklin gospelisms. Daniels' scatting was so easy and unforced that Al Jarreau, who followed her, seemed squirrelly and unsatisfying.

As for the ubiquitous "Vibes-President," there was hardly a set at which Hampton failed to show up. He even joined in with the Hargrove group on a Charlie Parker blues line. Saturday, his big band showed spirit and cohesion, playing a couple of new charts to compensate for the inevitable "Flying Home" observances.

The final evening produced a couple of surprises, including trombonists Al Grey, Mike Grey, Bill Watrous and Jiggs Whigham playing with a band of 40 student trombonists. Also, Lynn Skinner, the university's professor of music and festival co-producer, offered a graceful tenor sax reading of one of his own ballads.

The glut of talent at Moscow suggests that much could be gained by confining most of the amateur talent to matinees, instead of letting them take evening time away from seasoned pros, many of whom are limited to three tunes apiece.

That aside, the Hampton bash is one of those rare affairs that seemed to have been governed by the producers' musical tastes rather than by the consuming urge to sell tickets.



# Just Wild About Bill Davison: A Video to Trumpet

★★★★
**WILD BILL DAVISON**

"Wild Bill Davison: His Life, His Times, His Music"
*T.T. & T. Network* ($39.95)

By any yardstick, this is one of the most engaging documentaries in jazz video annals.

Much of the footage, filmed at trumpeter Davison's Santa Barbara home a year before his death in 1989, consists of interviews conducted by Tom Saunders, a sympathetic trumpet-playing fan. Davison, an amiable and gifted man, reminisces with delightful candor about his first record date, in 1924; his encounters with mobster Al Capone; the black Chicago club where he was embarrassed to find himself billed as "The White Louis Armstrong," and the 12 years of dues paid at Eddie Condon's Club in New York.

Davison comes across as the charmer he was, and as a man of odd hobbies—building model railroads, collecting hats—and bad habits: He drank voraciously until the doctors and his lawyer wife, Anne, stopped him in 1984. There are clips showing him playing at the Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee and at Condon's; his rendition of "Old Folks" is a touching finale to a fascinating journey through this century. Information: (800) 531-7444.—LEONARD FEATHER

MIXED MEDIA

★★★
**"PARIS-PITTSBURGH: A STORY IN JAZZ—THE LIFE OF NATHAN DAVIS"**

By Gisela Albus and Nathan Davis
*Gaia Text* ($30)

This is essentially an autobiography of Davis, a first-rate tenor saxophonist and a noted educator who is better known in Europe than in American jazz circles.

After a long expatriation, he returned to the United States in 1969 to take up a post as director of jazz studies at the University of Pittsburgh. This position was a source of special gratification, for Davis came up at a time when jazz was taboo at all educational levels. In his freshman year at the University of Kansas, he was not allowed to major in saxophone.

He surmounted this obstacle, gained a bachelor's in music education and, after military service with an Army band in Berlin, decided to remain in Europe. He thrived there, leading his own small groups and playing with the renowned Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland big band.

Davis draws a colorful picture of Europe in the 1960s and of the difficulties he later faced dealing with jazz-hating members of the faculty at Pittsburgh.

The book's format is unorthodox. Studded with quotes from numerous sources, mostly critics, it requires constant reference to the index at the back to find out who is speaking. Moreover, though the main text is in English, several quoted passages are in German without translation. The basic story, nevertheless, comes across vividly; Davis has good recall and has been in many of the right places at the right times.

Hard to find in the United States, "Paris-Pittsburgh" can be obtained from Gaia Text, c/o Evelyn Dusterwald, 654 Maryland Ave., Apt. 6R, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15232.

—L.F.

## In Brief

★★★★ **"No Minor Chords—My Days in Hollywood," André Previn,** Doubleday ($22.50). If you're looking for tales of Previn's '50s and '60s tenure as a free-lance jazz pianist who recorded more than 20 albums—he has recently revived that aspect of his artistry and has a new album out, "Old Friends"—you won't find much here. This delightful, reads-far-too-quickly volume finds Previn recalling his first career—that of composer, orchestrator and conductor of 45 feature films from 1949 to 1973, including such Oscar winners as "My Fair Lady" and "Gigi."

Still, there are brief, interesting mentions of trumpeter Chet Baker's Army stint; Previn's trio performances at the famed Blackhawk club in San Francisco and in Las Vegas, and his subbing for the renowned pianist Jose Iturbi in playing jazz variations on "Three Blind Mice" at age 16, when Previn began to work part time at MGM.

—ZAN STEWART

★★ **"There and Back: The Roy Porter Story," Roy Porter with David Keller,** Louisiana State University Press ($24.95). Porter, an ex-drummer in Los Angeles, goes beyond the familiar litany of alcoholism, addiction; imprisonment and regeneration to recount some useful memories of L.A.'s Central Avenue scene in the 1940s. The illustrations are intriguing; the editing is careless, containing such absurd statements as "Stan Kenton died in a Synanon house" (he died at Midway Hospital in Los Angeles) and "Donte's is still going

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times
Davison in 1982: Video captures the late trumpeter's charm.

pretty strong" (the club close almost four years ago). Readabl but expendable. —L.F

★★ **"Poncho Sanchez: A Night a Kimball's East,"** Concord Jazz Vid eo ($14.99). Taped at the club i Emeryville, Calif., with Sanche and two other percussionists a potent rhythmic centerpieces, this is a pleasant entertainment-oriented hour, almost a nostalgia trip to the Cuba of Batista's days. Here everything is on the move—from musicians to dancers to cameras. The arrangements and the performances by the horn player compensate in enthusiasm for general lack of originality. —L.F

*Items in this periodic survey of jazz-related books, videocassette and laser discs are rated on a scale one star (poor) to four (excellent).*

## Joe Pass Plays Wryly and Slyly

3/7

Guitarist Joe Pass' Thursday opening of his all-too-brief run at the Vine St. Bar & Grill (which closes tonight) brought to mind an axiom once propounded by the late drummer and wit Shelly Manne: Improvisation is the art of never playing anything the same way once.

The spontaneity of a Pass performance is an experience that gains in impact with each successive year. One never knows what may happen next—when he will change keys or at what point he will switch from finger-style chording to the occasionally used plectrum. He may even announce one tune, change his mind and play another.

Working unaccompanied, Pass took his audience on a tour that began in England ("These Foolish Things" was a British hit of the 1930s), moved to Brazil for a charming Ivan Lins original, then to Gershwin for "They Can't Take That Away From Me." His arrangement of Ellington's "Mood Indigo," played mainly in a series of light tremolos, was inspired, he said, by the voicing of Duke's original routine.

Though Pass at times seemed most comfortable with a richly melodic lament such as "Beautiful Love," he is as likely as not to switch abruptly to a blues, played on every level—shuffle blues, double-time blues, walking blues, strummed blues—and from there to a 500-yard dash on "Cherokee."

The touches of humor in his upbeat instrumentals have their counterpart in his wry, sly between-song announcements. Pass seems not to take himself too seriously, though the music he purveys is as serious and stunning today as it was back in the Donte's era, when he played in town almost every week. In the world of the electric (but never over-amplified) guitar, Pass remains the unsurpassed master.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

3/8

# Darius Brubeck Finds Home in Africa

By LEONARD FEATHER

Does American jazz have its roots in Africa—or does contemporary African jazz find its inspiration in America?

Darius Brubeck, who started a jazz department at the University of Natal in Durban, South Africa, almost a decade ago, believes the answer to both questions is *yes*.

Brubeck—who is pianist Dave Brubeck's oldest son and is named for classical composer Darius Milhaud, with whom his father studied—is a talented pianist-composer who first went to Africa in 1976 while performing on a tour with his father.

"It was just before the cultural boycott of South Africa was called [that] my father did a tour there," recalls the younger Brubeck, 44.

Brubeck later married Cathy Morphet, a New York resident who was from South Africa and had assisted his father as a liaison on the South African tour. During a return trip in 1982 to visit his wife's family, Brubeck looked up a professor named Chris Ballantine, whom he had met in New York. Ballantine headed the music department at the University of Natal.

That courtesy call proved a turning point in Brubeck's life.

"This is fortuitous," Brubeck recalls Ballantine saying when they got together. The university council had just given the professor permission to start a jazz course, provided he could find someone qualified to run it. He asked Brubeck to consider the post.

While being shown around the campus, Brubeck realized that the university had a strong integrationist and affirmative action policy. He applied for the position and was hired several months later.

LEONARD FEATHER / Los Angeles Times

Brubeck: Common ground in American and African jazz.

"There was no formal jazz education at all in South Africa, even though they had turned out

*Please see Page 78*

3/15 ★★★★

**ARTIE SHAW**

"The Last Recordings"

*MusicMasters*

Shaw, who swore off playing the clarinet in 1954, taped this two-CD set shortly before his retirement, using a six-piece unit that played a memorable engagement at the Embers nightclub in New York. In his typically articulate and entertaining liner notes, he explains why he quit and why he was so pleased with the results of these sessions.

His own contribution is, of course, the main plus. Shaw's impeccable technique, coupled with his warm, liquid sound, guaranteed the control-with-soul results. Nobody has outshone him yet.

Valuable also was his interaction with the sidemen, particularly the elegant pianist Hank Jones and the gentle guitarist Tal Farlow—who is replaced on seven of 20 tracks by Joe Puma. Joe Roland, the ex-Shearing vibes player, enabled Shaw occasionally to aim at the sound of the Shearing quintet.

This collection includes a dozen standards and eight unpretentiously serviceable Shaw originals. It all adds up to top-grade chamber jazz that's totally valid four decades later. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

## Darius Brubeck

*Continued from Page 61*

some major talents like pianists Abdullah Ibrahim [formerly known as Dollar Brand] and Chris McGregor," he says. "It was obviously a strong jazz culture, and it seemed like another injustice that it hadn't been recognized as an art form."

Brubeck and his wife settled into a house in Durban in January, 1983, and soon thereafter got a solid turnout for his first classes.

But Brubeck found out that, as elsewhere in South Africa, blacks were shortchanged at the university: The nation spends on black education less than one-quarter what it spends on white education. "The only way blacks can afford to be there is on scholarships," he says. "So Cathy and I have had to spend a lot of time raising funds for the students."

And what about the questions of jazz's roots?

"The conventional wisdom is a little off-base," he says, referring to the long-held notion that jazz is of African origin. "If you were to look for anything resembling jazz throughout the African continent that didn't have at least some kind of secondhand American context, you couldn't come up with that."

Still, there's a singularity about South Africa and its music that thrills Brubeck.

"South African jazz really does have authentic roots that are reflected in the playing, the compositions and the style of these musicians. South Africans . . . haven't had to become spiritually American to play jazz; they are still spiritually African."

During a recent visit to the Jazz Educators' Convention in Miami, the Brubeck group comprised Darius and brother Danny Brubeck on keyboards and drums; Chris Merz, a saxophonist who works as Darius' teaching assistant, and four students: Fezile Faku on trumpet; Lex Futshane, acoustic and electric bass; S'Thembiso Ntuli, tenor sax, and Sazi Dlamini, guitar.

The points that Darius Brubeck makes were richly borne out: This music transcends the categories of African or American. As South Africa moves irrevocably toward integration, the contributions of these young Africans—all in their 20s—will be more and more fully absorbed into the mainstream of world music culture. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

JAZZ REVIEW

# Donegan Charms With Creativity, Smiles

After decades of neglect by the media (she is not even listed in Grove's Dictionary of Jazz), pianist Dorothy Donegan is finally being discovered.

But at age 68.

What took her so long?

Perhaps Donegan, who's appearing nightly through Sunday at Catalina, had to shed the visual antics on which critics and audiences tended to concentrate. In her opening night set on Wednesday, she began with an obscure, exquisite Billy Strayhorn tune, "Lotus Blossom," which she neglected to announce, though its natural beauty came across in her florid yet sensitive elaboration.

The next hour consisted of a typically unpredictable series of standard tunes. Bass player Jon Burr had to keep alert to figure out whether the next tune might be "The Shadow of Your Smile" or "Here's That Rainy Day," or perhaps "Sweet Lorraine," which was easy to identify because she played the original Nat King Cole introduction.

Slashing, smashing and crashing her way through "Green Dolphin Street" and "Makin' Whoopee," Donegan came across as a consummate artist, even when she embarked on a tongue-in-cheek history of jazz that included impressions of gospel, Scott Joplin, George Shearing and Erroll Garner.

Her companions, who work with her more or less regularly, were bassist Burr, who had a couple of splendid solos, and drummer Ray Mosca, who took a tasteful chorus on brushes in "Will You Still Be Mine."

Significantly, the two men had smiles on their faces throughout the set. They were not alone. Donegan is one of the few piano virtuosos who can bring together creativity and entertainment in one irresistible package.

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/16

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Chick Corea, left, Bobby McFerrin: In search of laughter at any cost.

# Pop and Jazz Reviews

## A Trivial Pairing of McFerrin, Corea

Welcome to the Bobby McFerrin-Chick Corea Comedy Hour. Or should we call it "Trivial Pursuit"?

Whatever the title, Friday's performance at the Wiltern Theatre was an enigma. Here were two artists of rare and influential talent—a singer who revolutionized wordless vocalism and a pianist-composer with classical, pop and jazz credentials—spending an evening onstage in search of laughter at almost any cost.

This curious mating began by accident when McFerrin sat in once with Corea's trio and it went so well that McFerrin suggested they get together for some concerts. However, Corea's trio was not involved on Friday. Had he brought along superb bassist John Patitucci and drummer Dave Weckl, it could have added a much-needed element of variety.

Here are a few samples of what happened: McFerrin gurgling in an indeterminate language; Corea hitting the top of the keyboard, plucking the piano strings, shouting and growling, attacking the side of the piano with mallets; McFerrin imitating a foghorn in distress; Corea pretending to give him a haircut. And that was just the first 20 minutes.

After intermission, Al Jarreau dueted with McFerrin for a treatment of "Oral Blues" that brought a standing ovation. McFerrin invited about 20 fans to join him as he coached them into becoming an ad hoc choir, singing a riff that was repeated some 96 times.

To give the two men their due, there were several interludes that actually switched from comedy to music. McFerrin sat on the apron and began, unaccompanied, a long wordless series of yodels, harrumphs, moos and cries that represented the unique vocal personality for which he became justly famous. Corea, too, had several minutes of serious solo piano before

Please see POP, F5

Continued from F4

the comedy resumed.

Other highlights included a delightful version of Corea's "Spain," a wildly transformed "'Round Midnight," McFerrin singing and whistling on "Blue Bossa," Corea in puckish Monkish mood on "Straight No Chaser."

Is it demeaning for an artist of Corea's caliber to resort to so much nonsensical clowning? Possibly not, if one judges by the good time everyone enjoyed onstage and off. Still, one can hope that the partnership, whatever its pleasures and pains, will be remembered, if at all, as a whimsical detour.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★

**MARCUS ROBERTS**

"As Serenity Approaches"
*Novus*

Roberts' talent and keyboard technique are beyond reproach. He

KIRK McKOY / Los Angeles Times

Roberts: Undisputed mastery, but where will he take it?

is a master of stride, as is often shown here, and of the blues, which forms the basis of several of his compositions. What we need to know is: How does he plan to employ all this mastery beyond updating styles and sounds of the 1920s?

There are moments of great beauty within this collection's 19 cuts—eight of which feature guest soloists. But Roberts goes from the

3/22 NEW RELEASES

ridiculous—with "Cherokee," which starts out like left-hand piano practice, with him later tossing in silly pseudo-wrong notes—to the sublime, in the form of "Angel," a charming original.

Fellow keyboardist Ellis Marsalis does a good job of keeping Roberts in line on Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz," one of two piano duets, and Wynton Marsalis' muted horn lends character to "King Porter Stomp." A couple of the tracks, such as "Ferdinand Le Menth" (a misspelling of Jelly Roll Morton's real name, La Menthe) could as well have been retitled "Heavy-Handed Blues."

—LEONARD FEATHER

3/29

JAZZ

# For Stan Getz, a Triumphant Swan Song

★★★★

**STAN GETZ/ KENNY BARRON**

"People Music"
*Verve*

This two-disc set, completed at the Montmartre in Copenhagen exactly three months before Getz died last year, was a superlative

NEW RELEASES

swan song. Always an emotionally charged artist, he seemed more impassioned than ever, as if giving his all while it could still be given.

Getz insisted on equal billing for pianist Barron, who as accompanist-soloist consistently rewards. The choice of songs too left no room for improvement, among them Charlie Haden's lyrical "First Song," Benny Golson's "Stablemates" and "I Remember Clifford," Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes" and Benny Carter's title tune.

Valuable also are Barron's poignant liner notes, in which he describes the saxophonist's ability to overcome physical problems, and his generosity as a human being during those last days. The empathy between these two inspired men is vital to this climax to Getz's long, triumphant career.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MICHAEL LUTCH

Getz: No room for improvement.

## Michel Legrand in Grand Style

3/30

The windmills of Michel Legrand's mind must have been turning fast and loose on Friday at the Jazz Bakery. The result was a session so memorable that it should have been preserved on videotape.

In town to write the score for a new movie, the composer was presented for two nights at the Culver City room in his all-too-rare roles as pianist and singer.

Introduced by Alan Bergman, who sat with his wife, Marilyn, in the front row, Legrand turned the evening almost exclusively into a recital of Legrand songs for which the Bergmans had supplied lyrics.

Legrand's talent as a jazz pianist has been largely overlooked. He has listened to all the right people and absorbed all the right influences. His instrumental numbers were marked by authority, swing, touches of sly humor and the superb support of John Guerin on drums and the phenomenal bassist Brian Bromberg.

Vocally, Legrand makes up in Gallic charm and self-deprecation what he may lack in technique. He had help: The delightful Sue Raney, after a couple of solo vocals, joined him in seemingly spontaneous harmony on "Little Boy Lost." Even Allan Bergman took a vocal turn, nervously holding a cue card to remind himself of his own lyrics to "One at a Time."

Legrand capped himself and everyone else with a hilarious multipurpose version of "I Will Wait for You"—played in half-a-dozen keys, in 4/4, in 3/4, as a 1920s tango and finally in a mad accelerando. Incredibly, Bromberg and Guerin kept up with all this.

If he had never written a hit song in his life, Legrand could enjoy a successful career as a sort of latter-day Victor Borge.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Happy Blues From Charles Brown

3/26

Central Avenue came to Cahuenga Boulevard Tuesday when singer-keyboardist Charles Brown brought his blues-drenched quintet to Catalina, where it will be performing through Sunday.

Now in the middle of a major comeback at 69, Brown puts his stamp on this jubilant band from the first chord out of his piano and the first grainy tones out of his voice. As he moves from slow blues to blues ballad to jump blues, telling us about goin' down slow and crying last night and bad whiskey and living in a fool's paradise, you wonder: How can anyone sing so happily about such bad conditions? Why do you feel so good about someone so sad?

Brown's attack on the keyboard recalls the early Count Basie of Kansas City memory. His singing echoes Jimmy Rushing and T-Bone Walker, a groove that is emphasized by the soaring guitar of Danny Caron, who mixes Walker with B.B. King.

This is an organized, impressive-looking band. The sidemen as well as the sidewoman, bassist Rush Davies, wear tuxedo uniforms while Brown sports a Basie-style nautical cap and a glittering jacket.

With Clifford Solomon, an ex-Ray Charles band member, doing for the tenor sax what Louis Jordan did for the alto, and with drummer

**Please see POP, F21**

**Continued from F20**

Gaylord Birch furnishing just the right back beat, this group suggests a blend of Jordan's fondly remembered Tympany Five and the old Three Blazers, a group with which Brown launched the West Coast blues movement almost 50 years ago. In short, we learn, paradoxically, that an instant cure for the blues is the blues according to Brown.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Masterful Set From an Acoustic Mike Garson

4/2

The trio presented Tuesday by pianist Mike Garson at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks was the same group heard in his recent album, playing the same tunes, in a welcome display of acoustic jazz.

This was of particular interest for admirers of Stanley Clarke, who have seen him go through rock and funk phases, with Keith Richards and George Duke among others. They can rest assured that he remains a prodigious upright bass player when heard in a pure jazz setting. His delineation of the demanding theme on Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," in octave unison with Garson, and his flying-fingers solo on the same tune, were evidence enough of his undimmed mastery.

Garson, too, was in spirited form when the material was suited to him. His best moments were an opening blues, dedicated to his early idol, the late Wynton Kelly, "Song for Susan," an original named for his wife, and "Softly, As In a Morning Sunrise," which he played boldly, as in an evening rainstorm.

Garson is a powerful and gifted performer who needs to rein in his tendency to overstate. On some of his own works, among them "Song of the Soul" and "Admiration," his impressionistic side, as well as passages of somewhat excessive melodrama, came to the fore, abetted at times by the forceful drumming of Jimmy Paxson.

—LEONARD FEATHER

**Jazz** APRIL 6, '92

## A Provocative, Forceful, Set From Allen

From the first four bars of her first composition at the CalArts Modular Theatre on Friday, Geri Allen let it be known that she meant business. The 32-year-old composer and pianist has brought into focus her extensive musical education and a devotion to the swinging roots of jazz.

Rhythmically subtle and provocative, her original works wove in and out of the fringes of chords, modality, atonality—you never know quite where she is going, but the journey takes you into constantly adventurous areas. Here and there one can discern Monk-like touches, but basically she is her own person.

On one flaming, driving piece, "Dolphy's Dance," she played the theme in unison with both hands. More often, her left hand stayed within a relatively narrow range, opting neither for stride nor for simple be-bop punctuations but always seeking out new avenues.

Even her ballads, such as "Prayer for Peace," find challenging new approaches in the limning of a chord or the turning of a phrase. Allen is as true an original as this decade has yet produced. Her present trio, with Dwayne Dolphin on bass and Tani Tabbal on drums, seemed familiar with the material, though she stopped one time in mid-solo when Dolphin seemed to be losing his way.

Preceding Allen was a set by the Charles Mingus Scholarship winners and finalists. Their music, rooted in hard bop, brought some promising talents into play, most notably pianist-composer Greg Kurstin and trombonist Tom Ralls.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ REVIEW

# Rousing Tribute to Bassist Budwig

Sometimes the most commendable events in music are triggered by the least desirable circumstances. Such an occasion was an all-star tribute to the late bassist Monty Budwig, held Sunday afternoon on the Chaplin stage at the A&M Studios.

Budwig, who died March 9 of cancer, would have been proud to observe not only the huge turnout, but also the parade of artists who contributed their talent. Produced by Betty Berry, the show ran smoothly, from the opening set by her husband, Bill Berry, to the closing number by Supersax.

Tony Bennett flew in from New York for the occasion. Backed simply by a rhythm section with Ross Tompkins at the piano, he was in loose, easy form in a brief set of standards. Rosemary Clooney also benefited from an intimate setting that enabled her to contribute a relaxed, unpretentious performance.

Berry's big band dug deep into Duke Ellington's "Harlem Airshaft," with a reading that was uncanny in its fidelity to the original. His Ellington-oriented set was notable for the alto sax of Marshal Royal, the pepper-shaking trombone of Buster Cooper and the chance-taking tenor of Herman Riley, who clearly doesn't believe in safe sax.

The surprise of the day was Arlette McCoy Budwig, the bassist's widow. Replacing Pete Jolly with the Lighthouse All-Stars, she played "Night Blossom," offering impressive evidence of her talents as pianist, composer and arranger.

Frank Collett's piano trio set was notable for a blues dedicated to Budwig, highlighting the supple bass of John Gianelli. Terry Gibbs added a couple of damn-the-torpedoes vibes solos to this set.

A jam session produced no startling innovations, but when an ad hoc band includes Stacy Rowles on fluegelhorn, Teddy Edwins on tenor sax and Mundell Lowe on guitar, what you get, as expected, is sterling performances of such warhorses as "Body and Soul."

In sum, this was a rare display of good vibes, good music and good will. —LEONARD FEATHER

COUNTERPUNCH LETTER 4/27

# Critic's Up on Latin Beat

Regarding "Appreciating 'Latin Dance Music' as Art" (March 30): Anyone who has the slightest acquaintance with Leonard Feather's writing knows that he has not in the least slighted the component of jazz that has a Latin beat. Reviews and other comments that Feather has done regarding Chano Pozo, Machito, Willie Bobo, Mongo Santamaria and countless others attest sufficiently well to that fact. Similarly, Feather's comments about "Latin-influenced" artists such as Tjader and Shearing reflect his due sensitivity to that genre's place in jazz.

It is hard to imagine the failure to recognize that Feather's criticism of that particular session ("Poncho Sanchez's Conga Line" (Feb. 3) was just that and not intended as any kind of slight, nor did it evince any cultural bias.

I read the review and only concluded from his advice that he did not find the performance particularly moving nor especially evocative of jazz. Having seen Sanchez on other occasions—I did not see him on this one—I tend to agree that this is characteristic of his presentations.

JAMES T. DONOVAN
La Crescenta

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JAZZ REVIEW 4/16/92

# Bill Holman's Touch of Class

Bill Holman, whose on-again-off-again orchestra had a chance to display itself Monday evening at Catalina, is a master of the art of contradictions.

A Holman composition can make dissonance seem consonant, chaos sound logical. When arranging works by others, an insignificant tune ("Moon of Manakoora") becomes significant, pop-pap becomes classy jazz.

A commanding orchestrator whose work has embellished the bands of Kenton, Herman and others long gone, Holman is fortunate that he can now call on his own pool of first-rate Southland musicians. The teamwork is so admirable, you'd think these men worked together consistently instead of about once a month.

Most of the veterans are soloists. He has the perennially extroverted Bob Cooper on tenor sax, the lyrical Steve Huffsteter on trumpet, the distinctive Bob Enevoldsen on valve trombone.

Whether the vehicle is a quirky original like "No Joy in Mudville" or a reworking of Thelonious Monk's ballad "Ruby My Dear," the charts interweave rich textures with spirited solos.

Once well known as a tenor saxophonist, Holman did not play during the show.

Except for beating out the tempos and cutting off the ends, he had no need—and, in fact, no room in this confined space—to do any real conducting. He simply let these eminently qualified artists interpret his music in their own sympathetic way.

Underpinning it all was a rhythm section with Rich Eames on piano, Bruce Lett on bass and John Perett on drums.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Hargrove's Promise Unfulfilled—So Far 4/17

Roy Hargrove, the Texas-born trumpeter whose quintet opened Tuesday at Catalina, has his horn pointed in the right direction. That is to say, he aims at a career in uncompromising contemporary jazz.

At 22, Hargrove, who continues through Sunday, has developed enough technique and fluency to impress the casual listener. With numerous overseas tours to his credit, a major record company behind him and powerful friends like Wynton Marsalis, he is being promoted to a degree that may prove counterproductive.

His tendency to build to a climax after the first minute of a solo is a major problem. Moreover, though Hargrove has expressed admiration for Clifford Brown, his tone is light-years away from Brown's unique lyricism. Similarly, the alto sax of Antonio Hart, who professes to have studied everyone from Benny Carter to Charlie Parker, achieves the timbre of neither. His level of creativity is commendable, however, as is that of the pianist, Marc Cary, whose ferociously cooking solo on a long blues was the highlight of the set.

Rodney Whitaker is a capable bassist whose work would be more impressive if he had the tonal brilliance of a Ray Brown. Completing the group is 21-year-old drummer Greg Hutchinson.

The quintet's repertoire consists mainly of originals by Hargrove. One or two, notably "Spiritual Companion," showed a measure of melodic interest. But here again one wonders whether Hargrove, like his youthful companions, may not be quite ready for the big-time promotion now surrounding him.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ 4/19/92

CARMEN LUNDY

# From Gospel to Opera to Jazz

Carmen Lundy is a dynamic singer who has a personal sound, knows the ins and outs of phrasing and diction and is a talented songwriter, but her career has been one of frequent change.

The Miami-born singer, who recently moved to Los Angeles, started in gospel, making her debut at age 6 in her mother's Pentecostal church.

After an R&B phase in her teens ("At one time I thought I could never make it unless I sounded like Aretha Franklin!"), she enrolled at the University of Miami. By then, she had narrowed her focus to opera—but not by choice. "At that time, opera was the only vocal major in the music curriculum," Lundy says.

Her involvement with opera was short-lived. By her sophomore year, Lundy switched to a newly established major in studio music and jazz.

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times
Lundy: An ever-evolving career.

"Even though I had a fine classical teacher in high school, it was never my objective to pursue a career in opera," she says.

"When the university accepted a jazz vocal major, I changed," she says, explaining that she was attracted to the challenge that jazz presented.

After earning her bachelor's degree, Lundy moved to New York in 1978 and started singing in clubs, supplementing her income by teaching music. But eventually she found there were greater opportunities in Europe, where she lived from 1987 to 1989.

"I toured all over Europe for six months with the show 'Sophisticated Ladies,'" she says. "That was my introduction to major theater work." (Lundy had played Billie Holiday in an Off-Broadway play in 1978.)

Lundy also did her share of club work on the Continent. "I was in Italy and Scandinavia with Kip Hanrahan," she says. "That was a great experience."

Before going to Europe, Lundy made her debut album, "Good Morning Kiss," in 1987 on the Blackhawk label. "The only trouble was, the record company went belly-up," she says.

The singer, who appears Friday and Saturday at Lunaria in West Los Angeles, hopes for better luck when her new album, "Moment to Moment" on Arabesque Records, is released. "I hope I make some headway with that one," she says.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 4/22/92

# Three-Day Party Less Than Sum of Parts

The Intercity Jazz and Blues Party, a three-night concert series held over the weekend at the Pacifica Hotel in Culver City, was disappointing.

It was poorly attended and poorly planned, with interludes of recorder music, a painfully out-of-tune piano, and two major no-shows (Herman Riley and Wilton Felder) among the listed parade of saxophonists. Those who did show included Red Holloway, Curtis Peagler and Rickey Woodard. It all added up to much less than the sum of the promised parts.

It took a while for Friday's show to get going, with an electric keyboard, bass and drums providing filler music from a stage at the side of the ballroom. About 80 minutes into the show, Maxine Weldon woke up the audience with some powerful blues-and-ballad belting.

After an irrelevant interlude by Jess Bolero, an actor who did a Cab Calloway impersonation, the Juggernaut band took over, dominating most of the five-hour show.

As drummer Frank Capp pointed out, the room's cavernous acoustics made it hard for the men to hear one another. His co-leader, Nat Pierce, quickly discovered that the upright piano was a downright disgrace. If the orchestra was not in peak form, these were the chief reasons. Nevertheless, there were moments of discovery. Rickey Woodard, in a tenor sax battle with Gary Herbig, all but blew the roof off in a volatile exchange.

Nolan Smith paid tribute to the late trumpeter Clifford Brown with an impassioned "I Remember Clifford" that ended with a long, suspenseful series of cadenzas.

Much of the band's time was devoted to accompanying singers. Stephanie Haynes, normally heard with a trio, was in fine voice, aided by the orchestral backing. Ernie Andrews went through his long-familiar Ellington and blues medleys, the latter including Al Hibbler scooped tones and early Eckstine bari-tones.

Linda Hopkins, to whom the evening was dedicated, and Barbara Morrison, the concert's producer, brought the session to a pandemoniac climax dueting in "Meet Me With Your Black Drawers On."

Benny Golson, the composer and saxophonist, provided the weekend's only major surprise with a rare local appearance Sunday. This would have been a golden opportunity to hear him play a carefully planned program of his famous jazz standards, such as "Killer Joe," "Stable Mates," "Blues March." No such luck. He offered only one original ("Along Came Betty"), spent much of the time backing Barbara Morrison's vocals and wound up in a frenetic blues improvisation backed only by Paul Humphrey's drums.

Golson's tenor sax has not merely moved with the times, it's leaped ahead of them. He scarcely resembles the hard-bop soloist of his Art Blakey days. It will be a pleasure to hear him under the right conditions. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 5/1/92

## Pizzarelli Plays Nat Cole Songbook

Guitarist John Pizzarelli, whose trio opened Wednesday at Catalina, is the latest Nat Cole spinoff.

Pizzarelli's group, which closes Sunday, has the identical instrumentation—piano, guitar, bass—and, at least for the first half-hour, a repertoire straight out of the King Cole Trio book. As a singer, Pizzarelli has a lighter, thinner sound than Cole, closer in fact to Harry Connick Jr. As a guitarist he alternates between single-note lines in the manner of Oscar Moore (Cole's guitarist) and an even earlier style based on processions of chords that make effective use of his seven-string guitar.

Pizzarelli brought warmth and emotion to "This Will Make You Laugh," a dash of humor to such Dave Frishberg songs as "I Can't Take You Nowhere," and an infectious scat element when he offered Cole's 1947 "That's What" in unison with his guitar and Ken Levinsky's piano.

The set ended with a tasteful guitar solo number, "The Way You Look Tonight," and a crowd-milking attempt to re-create the old Benny Goodman warhorse "Sing, Sing, Sing." It adds up to totally derivative but generally pleasant music, guaranteed to familiarize young audiences with a dated but often delectable bill of fare.

—LEONARD FEATHER

5/18

## Improbable Pairing Pays Solid Dividends

The teaming of Roger Kellaway and Red Mitchell, which produced a rare evening of near-magical music Friday at the Jazz Bakery, is one of the most improbable partnerships in jazz.

This is a strange case of role reversal: Mitchell studied piano for nine years before switching to bass, while Kellaway was a New York bass player, then built a reputation as a formidable pianist.

They are an odd couple. Mitchell is mild mannered and given to self-effacing humor, whereas Kellaway's sometimes aggressive style involves everything from wild chord clusters to fierce dissonances that even make use of his elbows smashing against the keyboard.

What they have in common is their mutual pleasure in collaborating. Both explore the entire range of their instruments; Mitchell's use of chords, glissandos, fast moving triplet runs and constant melodic storytelling is the perfect match for Kellaway's unpredictable jumps from two-fisted chording to stride to single note lines of contrasting simplicity. The total spontaneity of these seasoned artists, especially when they were alternating ideas in solo flurries, was so masterful that it elicited whoops of joy from the audience.

This meeting of masterminds will be preserved next week when they reunite for an album. With Mitchell finally back on home turf after living 24 years in Stockholm, one can only hope that their partnership will be more than a sometime thing.

—LEONARD FEATHER



## Marquez at Vine St.

As a member of the Branford Marsalis band on the impending new "Tonight Show," and with a GRP album of his own due out soon, trumpeter Sal Marquez is surely on the way to achieving the recognition he deserves.

Marquez, who led his quintet in the latest of a continuing round of weekly appearances on Sunday evening at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, is seemingly influenced by the Miles Davis of the pre-electric days, and he brings to his horn an impressive level of fluency and control without resorting to direct imitation of his mentor.

Although the group's personnel varies little from week to week, the ambience essentially is that of a jam session, with little or no preparation or interaction between Marquez and Doug Webb, the tenor saxophonist.

The most impressive work during Sunday's show was "If I Were a Bell," in which Marquez made effective use of a muted horn. The old Frank Loesser song, with its attractive chord changes, seemed to bring out the best in Webb, as well as in pianist John Beasley, whose left hand punctuations were jaggedly unpredictable, and bassist David Carpenter. Jimmy Paxton on drums completed the propulsive rhythm team.

—LEONARD FEATHER



# Jazz Reviews

## Jack Sheldon Leads Big Band at Moonlight Tango

Jack Sheldon drew an overflow crowd Monday as he inaugurated a new name-group policy at the Moonlight Tango in Sherman Oaks, where a big band has played regularly once a week.

A staple on the West Coast jazz scene for 40 years as trumpeter, singer, comedian and actor, Sheldon has been the eternal sideman or small-combo leader. Clearly, though, this 16-piece ensemble is a logical setting for his eloquent boppish horn, his tongue-in-cheek vocals and weird sense of humor.

The band owes a special debt to Tom Kubis, who has supplied most of the arrangements, his own tenor saxophone, and a group of musicians, most of whom have worked under his direction. His reworkings of such standards as "Don't Worry About Me" and Thelonious Monk's "Well You Needn't" shed new light on old sources.

Sheldon is generous in his use of other soloists. His spirit of noblesse oblige was best exemplified in "Superman," a showcase for the bravura trumpet of George Graham. Mike Fahn on valve trombone and Danny House on alto sax were heard from briefly but effectively.

This is a very live room, in which the sound of a band at times tends to overpower Sheldon's vocals and even his horn. The packed and less than silent house was another somewhat inhibiting factor, though there was never any doubt that Sheldon and his sidemen (and two sidewomen in the sax section) found a special pleasure in bringing these energizing charts to life.

Steve Allen will lead an all-star band of Local 47 regulars on Monday. —LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 5/3/92 JAZZ

# Isn't It a Pity They Never Met Before?

★★★★

**SHIRLEY HORN**

"Here's to Life"

*Verve*

All the essential elements for a flawless production are in place in this ne-plus-ultra collection. Everything is first-rate: the singing, the lyrics, the melodies, the arrangements, the pianism. Horn interprets such exceptional songs as Artie Butler's title track, and her piano solos on several cuts, notably "How Am I to Know?" and "Return to Paradise," represent a new peak of achievement.

Johnny Mandel plays a significant role. He contributed not only the string-enriched arrangements but also three of the finest compositions—"A Time for Love," "Quietly There" and "Where Do You Start?" Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis guests on two tunes.

The mood is almost consistently low-key, but to toss in a couple of up-tempo tracks for the sake of variety would have been counterproductive. Horn and ballads belong to each other. Her sensitive understanding of the lyrics and her vocal range (notice the low B on "A Time for Love") have never been more handsomely displayed. The only song marred by contrived words is "Isn't It a Pity," which rhymes *salmon* with *backgammon*.

—LEONARD FEATHER

NEW RELEASES

★★½ **John Pizzarelli, "All of Me,"** Novus/RCA. Unlike George Benson, Pizzarelli didn't even wait to establish himself as a guitarist before becoming a singer. His soft, tentative voice is adequate for simple melodies like " 'S Wonderful," but at best he is a minor rival for Harry Connick Jr. and creatively has a long way to go. The accompaniments vary from small groups to strings to big band, with his father, Bucky, playing rhythm and briefly solo guitar. —L.F.

BERNIE BOSTON / Los Angeles Times

Shirley Horn: A first-rate collection from the singer-pianist.

# TV REVIEWS

## 'Miles Davis' Profiles an Artist in Decline

"Miles Davis and Friends," which the Bravo cable channel will show tonight at 7 and midnight, was taped in Paris during the trumpeter's final European tour. It is not, however, the reportedly memorable concert at which Davis, during a concert in Montreux, Switzerland, revived some of the classic works arranged by Gil Evans. There's the rub.

Taped a few weeks before that event, which will be seen later, this is primarily a representation of the electronic/rock/funk era through which Davis passed during his last decade. It also marks a reunion with several distinguished former sidemen, but the exciting prospects offered by their presence are seldom realized.

True, Herbie Hancock is on hand playing his own "Watermellon Man." Granted, the memorable "All Blues" is heard, with Chick Corea at the keyboard. But neither performance comes within blowing distance of the originals, recorded decades ago.

An ailing, gum-chewing, seemingly disinterested Davis is a shadow of his pristine self. Such pieces as "Human Nature" and "Jean Pierre" come across threadbare and perfunctory. Only on "In a Silent Way," with Joe Zawinul on keyboard and his old Weather Report partner Wayne Shorter on saxophone, is the level of the early treatment approached.

John McLaughlin on guitar, Dave Holland on bass, and the saxophonists Kenny Garrett, Bill Evans and Steve Grossman are among the fast-changing cast of characters in this uneven portrait of a superb artist in his decline. The most memorable aspect of "Miles and Friends" is the consistently admirable camera work. We can hardly wait for the Montreux tape to remind us that this was not really the end of the miracle Miles.

—LEONARD FEATHER

The Athenaeum

JAZZ LECTURE

## Leonard Feather

Internationally-known jazz writer, composer, and arranger Leonard Feather will give a lecture on his work at 7:30 PM on Saturday, May 16, at the Athenaeum. Tickets are available at $10 for members and $12 for non-members. Advance reservations are suggested, as seating is limited. Call 454-5872 to reserve or for information.

*Leonard Feather*

Long established as one of the world's most respected writers on jazz, Feather is the author of the *Encyclopedia of Jazz* reference books, his personal memoir *The Jazz Years*, and ten other books on jazz. Since 1965 Feather has written as the jazz columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, and his columns have been syndicated worldwide. He also contributes regularly to periodicals including *Esquire*, *Down Beat*, and *Jazz Times*.

For the past fifty years Leonard Feather has contributed greatly to the development of jazz as a composer and producer. Born in 1914 in London, Feather studied piano and clarinet at St. Paul's School and University College in London. He moved to the United States in the mid-'30s, at which time he wrote compositions for Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. In the 1940s he organized jazz concerts at Carnegie Hall. Feather wrote arrangements, blues songs, ballads, and jazz compositions that were recorded by jazz greats such as Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, and Sarah Vaughn. As a recording producer, he was the first to record George Shearing, Sarah Vaughn, and many more; he produced some 200 sessions with most of the leading artists in jazz. He also worked as producer, composer, and writer for radio and television programs on jazz.

Feather received the first journalism Grammy award ever given for his 1964 liner notes on the recording *The Ellington Era*. In 1983 he won *Down Beat* magazine's Lifetime Achievement Award, and in 1984 he was awarded an honorary Doctorate of Music from the Berklee College of Music in Boston.

# Basie, Lunceford Releases a Study in Contrasting Styles

By LEONARD FEATHER

REISSUES

With all due respect to Benny Goodman (and respect certainly is due him), if any one artist deserved the title "King of Swing," it was Count Basie. His orchestra in its formative years was a marvel of pulsating cohesion, in which the lack of complexity enabled the musicians to listen to one another sensitively in the quest for a subtly unified beat.

This three-CD, 63-track set encapsulates his band's first three definitive years, one disc each for 1937, 1938 and 1939.

Such was the looseness and seeming informality of this 13-man ensemble that it has often been wrongly assumed to have relied on "head" arrangements that were made up spontaneously on the bandstand. Actually, all but four of the 46 instrumental band numbers in this collection (there are 10 tracks played by the rhythm section only) used charts by such noted arrangers as Eddie Durham, Don Redman and Jimmy Mundy.

Every soloist has his distinct style. Lester Young's tenor sax with its dry, laconic sound marked a revolutionary contrast to the fuller, warmer tone of Coleman Hawkins that had long been the norm. Trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison, using humor-tinged bent notes and buoyant phrases, was immediately recognizable.

The rhythm section, with its rare sense of unity and reluctance to rely on excessive volume, was a sort of forerunner of the Modern Jazz Quartet in its rhythmic refinement. Basie's partners in that team were Freddie Green on guitar, Jo Jones on drums and Walter Page on bass.

Basie's aura of informality was unique among swing bands of the day. The chief reasons for this were his generous allocation of solo space to such giants as Young and Edison, as well as trumpeter Buck Clayton and trombonist Benny Morton. Invaluable too was the almost improvisational sense with which the sax and brass sections phrased every measure.

★★★★★
**COUNT BASIE**
"The Complete Decca Recordings"
*Decca*

★★★
**THE JIMMIE LUNCEFORD ORCHESTRA**
"Stomp It Off"
*Decca*

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.*

The blues, in various forms and at every tempo, was a recurrent theme and is central to the 10 tunes played by just Basie and the rhythm section. "One O'Clock Jump," the Basie theme that is played by the complete orchestra, may be the most durable instrumental blues of all time.

Surprisingly, many of Jimmy Rushing's commanding vocals were not blues-based; too often he had to sing such trivia as "Boo Hoo" and "Stop Beatin' 'Round the Mulberry Bush." Helen Humes has five vocals, mostly pop songs, but her blithe performances sublimate these.

There are six rare extra takes, two by the band and four by the rhythm group. All the evidence here reminds us that in the early years Basie was a two-fisted stride pianist with far more technique than he would display in his eventual "Plink-Plank-Plunk" simplicisms.

There was no sharper contrast between bands of the 1930s than the qualities that separated the Basie orchestra from that of Jimmie Lunceford. Unlike Basie, who was an easygoing leader and gave his men all the leeway they desired, Lunceford was a martinet who insisted on strict discipline.

Additionally, he conducted the band (which Basie rarely did), almost never played an instrument in public, used vocal group novelties and relied heavily on arrangements—often brilliant ones concocted by Sy Oliver, a member of his trumpet section, and Ed Wilcox, his pianist—rather than star soloists. This dependence on arrangements resulted sometimes in a slight stiffness; there was an occasional tendency to rely on notes played staccato, lacking the easy relaxation of a Basie performance.

This single CD covers a limited period (1934-35) before the orchestra hit its stride; many of the band's true masterworks were made several years later for Columbia Records and inexplicably have not been issued on CD. Still, the band at its best was sui generis, even in this early stage of its evolution. It managed for the most part to combine jazz validity, danceability and entertainment value in a manner achieved by no other swing band.

Oddly, six of the compositions were written by Duke Ellington, whose band surpassed both Lunceford's and Basie's in overall creativity. But these are not Ellington's arrangements, and for the most part they emerge as neither typical Duke nor typical Lunceford. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

## Trumpeter Leads Quintet at Vine St. 5/23/92

As a member of the Branford Marsalis band on the impending new "Tonight Show," and with a GRP album of his own due out soon, trumpeter Sal Marquez is surely on the way to achieving the recognition he deserves.

Marquez, who led his quintet in the latest of a continuing round of weekly appearances on Sunday evenings at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, is seemingly influenced by the Miles Davis of the pre-electric days, and he brings to his horn an impressive level of fluency and control without resorting to direct imitation of his mentor.

Although the group's personnel varies little from week to week, the ambience essentially is that of a jam session, with little or no preparation or interaction between Marquez and Doug Webb, the tenor saxophonist who shares the front line.

The most impressive work during Sunday's show was "If I Were a Bell," in which Marquez made effective use of a muted horn. The old Frank Loesser song, with its attractive chord changes, seemed to bring out the best in Webb, as well as in pianist John Beasley, whose left hand punctuations were jaggedly unpredictable, and bassist David Carpenter. Jimmy Paxton on drums completed the propulsive rhythm team.

In a more lyrical vein was an extended workout by Marquez on "I Can't Get Started," which has now survived almost six decades as a trumpet vehicle.

The group will continue its Sunday series indefinitely.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Mike Fahn's Heavenly Horn 5/26/92

Saturday evening in the Brasserie at the Bel Age Hotel, an attractive new jazz room, Mike Fahn offered what amounted to a master class in the art of playing the valve trombone.

In the entire history of jazz, only a handful of musicians have succeeded in achieving improvisational control of this demanding vehicle. Fahn seems to have all the requisites: a bronzed, burnished sound, technique and ideas to spare, with each note in the right place at the right instant, and a crisp attack that is peculiar to this instrument.

On most tunes he set up a mood with a long, a cappella introduction that led one knew not where; it might turn out to be "Alone Together" or "In a Sentimental Mood." As this series of cadenzas continued, the rhythm section would come in and Fahn presented the melody, followed by his own variations and those of his sidemen—chiefly Tom Ranier at the piano.

On one number, Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way," Fahn switched to the more orthodox slide trombone, but this clearly is not his true medium; he becomes just another capable soloist, whereas in his manipulation of the valves he is very close to being one of a kind.

The set came to a spectacular end as the quartet let loose with a furious rendition of "Billie's Bounce," with Fahn in phenomenal form, Trey Henry chording away in a splendid bass solo, Ranier taking over for a suspenseful, unaccompanied interlude, and the drummer, David Hocker, getting in his licks.

Given the right exposure, Fahn could well be responsible for a renaissance of a horn too long neglected in jazz circles.

—LEONARD FEATHER

15

★★★★ 5/31/92
**ARTURO SANDOVAL**
"I Remember Clifford"
*GRP*

Trumpeter Sandoval was a 6-year-old boy in Cuba when Clifford Brown, one of the key soloists in modern jazz, was killed in a car crash in 1956. Many years later the recordings of Brown (and of Dizzy Gillespie) inspired him. In this masterful updating of the legacy he brings his own personality to the works of the man who inspired him, along with much of Brown's own essence.

The latter quality has been captured on five tracks by transcribing Brown solos and harmonizing them for a trumpet "choir," with Sandoval overdubbing the parts. The breathtaking "Cherokee" best exemplifies this technical coup.

Sandoval's original "I Left This Space for You" and Benny Golson's lovely title tribute to Brown, along with such Brown standards as "Joy Spring" and "Sandu," sustain the same creative level, with a distinctive blend of craftsmanship and virtuosity. Ernie Watts is the featured saxophonist, and Kenny Kirkland plays several ace piano solos. —LEONARD FEATHER

**★★½ Ryan Kisor, "Minor Mutiny,"** Columbia. With no liner notes to explain who he is, and no chance to stretch out on standards as he did so heroically when, at 17, he won the Thelonious Monk 1990 trumpet competition, Kisor is at a double disadvantage. Weighted down by his often uninvolving compositions, he seldom reveals his brilliance. The muted solos are strictly hand-me-down early Miles Davis. Kisor shares space with John Coltrane's son Ravi on saxes and a rhythm section that features producer (read: overproducer) Jack DeJohnette, who must take some of the blame for what could have been a sensational debut. —L.F.

**★★★½, Rob McConnell, "Brassy and Sassy,"** Concord. McConnell's arrangements and valve trombone solos are centerpieces in another elegant 22-man set from North of the Border. Along with his own original, "Hey," and his beguiling treatment of "Embraceable You," there are touches of humor in Ron Collier's treatment of Charlie Parker's "Scrapple From the Apple" and much textural beauty in the other non-McConnell chart, Ian McDougall's "Blue Surge Suit(e)." There's also evidence that guitarist Ed Bickert and pianist Don Thompson still rank among Canada's most expressive jazz spokesmen. —L.F.

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.*

## Either Orchestra Explores Past, Present at Bakery

Not all the weekend's big-band sounds were heard at the Hollywood Bowl. On Friday at the Jazz Bakery, the Either Orchestra, modest in size (10 players) but striking in originality, offered a program notable for its refusal to conform to the norms of orchestral jazz.

Organized in 1985 in Boston, this is an established traveling band with three albums to its credit. The alternative implication of its name carries through to the music: Either the band is exploring the past, updating '50s and '60s works by Charles Mingus, Duke Ellington and Horace Silver, or it is addressing itself to '80s and '90s originals, mostly written by the saxophonist-leader Russ Gershon.

What sets this group apart, with its modest four brass and three saxes, is the ability to rise above these limitations by the use of voicings that give the ensemble its own textural image, with unusual instrumental combinations. Gershon's aptly titled "Pas de Trois," a prestissimo waltz, is just such an engaging sonic mix.

Though more notable for writing skills than solo virtuosity, the band boasts an expressive trumpeter in Tom Halter. Gershon doubled on tenor sax and soprano, the latter in a Johnny Hodges vein for an evocative version of Duke Ellington's 1963 "Timon of Athens."

More conventional were the plunger muted trombone solos, also the sometimes manic/depressive baritone sax of Charlie Kohlhase. Overall, the Either Orchestra strikes a splendid balance between archival approaches and state-of-the-art ingenuity.

6/15 —LEONARD FEATHER

ELENA SEIBERT / For The Times

Marsalis: "I expect to take an active part in the development of the ["Tonight"] show."

# Passing the Baton

## Branford Marsalis Sets New Tone for 'Tonight'

By LEONARD FEATHER 5/22/92
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

If anything is predictable about the role that Branford Marsalis will play when he and Jay Leno take up residence Monday on "The Tonight Show," it is this: He will not be "the new Doc Severinsen."

The program's new 31-year-old musical director is Severinsen's junior by 33 years. Severinsen's jazz solos, and the excellent music played by his big band, often reflect the values of earlier decades. Marsalis, a master of the tenor and soprano saxophones, plays in a state-of-the-art style, and will lead a looser, eight-piece group.

There's more to it. Because Ed McMahon is not being replaced, chances are that many of Leno's quips and comments will bounce off Marsalis, an eloquent and charismatic young charmer who has shown an ability to fit into any situation.

"Doc and I are from different times and different places," he said the other day. "I respect him and what he's done in his career. No, I've never met him. Naturally I harbor no ill will against him, and I hope he doesn't against me, but we have a new regime coming in."

To Ellis Marsalis, long known as New Orleans' most distinguished jazz educator (his protégés include Harry Connick Jr.), Branford is "No. 1 son." The reference is purely chronological, since the senior Marsalis has brought up his six

**Please see MARSALIS, F10**

# MARSALIS

**Continued from F1**

sons in an atmosphere Branford describes as "free of nepotism, and non-competitive. My parents never had a favorite son. There was never any of this 'Why can't you be like your brother?' stuff. They dealt with every kid on the kid's terms."

The "kids" in this most famous of all jazz families include Wynton, the all-purpose trumpeter who at 30 has unnumbered awards to his credit for jazz and classical recordings; Delfeayo, 26, best known as an album producer but also a gifted trombonist, whose first CD has just been released; and Jason, who at 14 is rising fast (he plays drums on Delfeayo's album).

More than any of his siblings, Branford has known the pleasures of career diversity. A commanding instrumentalist and an accomplished composer, he studied with his father, then in Boston at the Berklee College. He played in the bands of Art Blakey, Lionel Hampton and Clark Terry, spent three years in Wynton's quintet, recorded with the Duke Ellington Orchestra and with Miles Davis. Branford toured with Herbie Hancock and made a classical album, "Romances for Saxophone," with an English chamber group. He has had acting roles in several movies ("Throw Momma From the Train," "School Daze"), composed original works for the Spike Lee film "Mo Better Blues" and hosted a series of shows for National Public Radio during Black History Month.

Perhaps most notoriously, he toured with Sting in 1985 and '88. "Some people thought I sold out by going with a band," he says, "but all Sting wanted was to have a band that could interpret his music, and it was fun to do. Yeah, I had a hard time with my parents about going with Sting, but they understand me better now. In fact, the second time I joined Sting, my dad actually went to the show. It just took him a while, but my parents are definitely hipper than most parents. My dad is coming out here to catch my first 'Tonight Show.'"

Marsalis says he accepted the "Tonight" job because it represents a great opportunity, stability, tremendous exposure and a chance to develop his craft.

"Instead of traveling constantly, I'll be able to really work on my writing and playing. I don't just want to relax and rest on my laurels," he said. "I have a lot of friends who are actors, so I'll also do whatever I can to become a better actor before I take any more movie roles."

This new band is essentially an extension of the group Marsalis has led on tour. Pianist Kenny Kirkland worked alongside him in Wynton's band and with Sting; bassist Bob Hurst and drummer Jeff (Tain) Watts also have been regulars with Wynton and later with Branford. The guitarist, Kevin Eubanks, has a similar background.

"We went to Berklee together and played in Wynton's group," Marsalis said. "Kevin is important, because he's not only a great guitarist but he's a strong composer, and I won't be doing all the writing. I expect other people in the band to contribute."

Sharing the front line will be Sal Marquez, a trumpeter whose work on the soundtrack of "The Fabulous Baker Boys" made the impression that landed him the job, and Matt Finders, a trombonist. Marsalis: "Matt worked with me in the Clark Terry band, and he's been gigging in New York with a jazz repertory orchestra. He has a beautiful sound on the horn."

Completing the octet will be a percussionist, Vicki Randle. "I heard her when she was with Kenny Loggins; she played with George Benson, and she can do it all," he said.

And doing it all is just what's needed, he said, noting that the band will be required to play with the show's musical guests, who will "represent every kind of music: Shanice Wilson, the pop singer; the Black Crowes, a rock-type band; Curtis Stigers, this fusion sax player, and Kathleen Battle, the operatic singer who did that great TV show with Wynton recently. They'll all be on in the first week. And there are Latin bands like Tito Puente booked, and jazz groups like the Harper Brothers and Roy Hargrove, in fact, a lot of people who have never been on 'The Tonight Show.'"

Like the sidemen in the Severinsen band, Marsalis' musicians, most of whom have their own records out, or due out soon, will be heard around Los Angeles leading small groups. Marsalis will play jobs with a quartet or quintet, but not until he has settled comfortably into the new life.

Separated from his wife, Tess (they have a 6-year-old son), Marsalis has moved to a house in Beverly Hills. "I like it here. I love the weather. The food is fantastic."

"I expect to take an active part in the development of the show. I've made suggestions about who I think will make good guests, and we've had some very productive meetings. I think it's going to be a very dramatic departure in terms of TV talk-show guests, because the philosophy is no longer just 'Are they famous?' or 'Who are they?' but rather 'Are they good?' In general, it seems as though Jay Leno and I think alike."

If the plans for the new program work out along the lines Marsalis expects, the reaction is more likely to be subjective than comparative.

"Everyone with a brain, people who know anything about music," he said, "won't try to compare us—I mean, in terms of the transition from Doc to me. It's regrettable that people see this as a competitive situation, but Doc will go ahead with his own plans and I'll stay with mine.

"Moreover, if and when we are ever replaced, I doubt that we'll be angry; because whatever happens, I have a career. As great as this job is, it doesn't represent the ultimate in my musical ambitions."

JAZZ REVIEW 6/4/92

# Cedar Walton's Latest Lineup Retains Edge

Eastern Rebellion is the name used off and on since 1975 by a quartet under the direction of pianist Cedar Walton. As the evidence showed Tuesday at Catalina, the personnel and the geography have changed. Drummer Billy Higgins is the sole remaining original sideman and Walton now lives in Los Angeles.

What has not changed, fortunately, is the blistering hard-bop orientation of the unit, which is performing through Sunday. There is consistent interaction among the participants, whether they are involved in a beguiling Walton original such as "Roni's Decision" or a standard ballad such as "My One and Only Love."

The latter served as a showcase for Ralph Moore, a young tenor saxophonist whose technical prowess is evident, though he knows the value of holding back instead of performing as if being paid by the note. His opening chorus on the ballad was a rockable unaccompanied exercise that hewed close to the melody. When the rhythm section joined in he took off on a boldly inventive foray.

Walton, like Moore, knows the value of self-control, though he too is a superlative improviser. Both on his own pieces and on such works as Freddie Hubbard's "Little Sunflower," he displayed consistently incisive ideas both in single-note lines and in well-contrasted passages of rich chords.

Completing the group is a relatively unheralded yet exceptional bass player, David Williams, whose solo on "Mosaic" showed the entire potential of the instrument, with flawless intonation and melodic creativity.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Pop and Jazz

6/8/92

## Albam's Stylings Attract at Jazz Composers' Concert

Saturday evening at the John Anson Ford Theater, KLON presented the first in a series of five "Jazz Composers' Workshop" concerts, with Manny Albam as the initial attraction.

One of the foremost mainstream arrangers of the 1950s and '60s, Albam has always retained a swinging jazz quality in his writing, with frequent references to the blues. The 17-man ensemble he conducted at the Ford was in fact, as he pointed out, Bill Holman's orchestra, borrowed for the occasion, and applying itself diligently to such Albam reworkings of standards as "It's a Wonderful World" and "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You."

Rosemary Kuid / Los Angeles Times

Manny Albam leads a 17-man ensemble at the Ford Theatre.

An elegy to Thad Jones and Mel Lewis was the most striking Albam composition, painted in somber tones with hints of Ellington, but almost ruined by the repeated buzzing of a helicopter overhead.

The performances were more notable for the writing than as vehicles for soloists, although trumpeter Steve Huffsteter distinguished himself on the dark, mysterious "Like It Is."

After intermission the veteran alto saxophonist Phil Woods appeared as guest soloist in a series of Albam charts well tailored to his singular talents. One number, "Filigree," bordered on chamber music. "Lush Life" was a generally successful attempt to build new ideas on this overly familiar framework.

Woods switched to clarinet for "My Inspiration," an old Bob Haggart tune popularized by the Bob Crosby band in the 1930s. For someone who doubles so seldom on this demanding horn, he acquitted himself creditably. Still, it was on the alto sax encore, "Embraceable You," that Woods revealed everything from his Charlie Parker roots to his own bright-toned virtuosity.

Next in the biweekly KLON series will be the Gerry Mulligan Tentette, featuring Lee Konitz and Art Farmer, on June 20.

—LEONARD FEATHER

L.A. TIMES MAY 10 1992

JAZZ

# Memories on the Golden Trail of 'Star Dust'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Stardust, n: a vast multitude of various small stars mashed together in the night sky and suggestive of dust particles; a feeling or impression of romance, magic or ethereality.

"Stardust," n: a musical show, opening next Sunday at the Wilshire Theatre, celebrating classic American standards—its title taken from the lyric by Mitchell Parish to Hoagy Carmichael's melody.

That "Star Dust" is the most popular song of the 20th Century is scarcely arguable. It has lived through every decade from the '20s, starting as an obscure instrumental, growing slowly to fame in its vocal incarnation during the '30s, outlasting wars and musical revolutions, recorded by a thousand artists—vocally or instrumentally, with top sales honors going to Artie Shaw's non-vocal version (estimated to have sold 15 million worldwide since 1940).

What was it about "Star Dust" that triggered its staggering impact? Why is it a standard performed to this day?

The song has a complex, confusing history. In the upcoming show it is accorded what has long been the regular treatment, as a slow, ethereal ballad, starting with the famous verse ("And now the purple dusk of twilight time . . . steals across the meadows of my heart . . .") segueing into the nostalgic chorus (". . . When our love was new, and each kiss an inspiration" . . .).

It wasn't meant that way. Hoagy Carmichael (1899-1981) composed it as a snappy, upbeat fox trot. It was strictly a fast instrumental when he recorded it himself as a pianist or leader on a series of early versions, starting in October, 1927.

"It really didn't hit me when Hoagy played it for me," recalls Mitchell Parish, now a sprightly, still-active nonagenarian. "It was just another swing tune. But then Victor Young wrote an arrangement for Isham Jones' orchestra in the tempo it's known by today. That was what inspired me to write the lyrics, and in 1931 the vocal versions began to come out."

There was no particular breakthrough year, though Bing Crosby's 1931 version was of great value in popularizing the lyrics, a reflection of Tin Pan Alley's more romantic mood at a time when such ditties as "Piccolo Pete" and "Puttin' on the Ritz" were typical of that era's frivolous output.

Beyond question, Parish's words and the conversion to ballad format set "Star Dust" on the road, though it was not an overnight hit. Like another non-smash hit, "Begin the Beguine," it crept up to world-class renown on sheer simple memorability.

Nevertheless, once established, it gained separate strength as famous instrumentalists—Art Tatum, Fats Waller, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Goodman—found charm in its unusual structure. Unlike the typical A-A-B-A form, it had an A-B-A-C chorus, starting very basically on a minor cadenza that swooped down and up—built, as Artie Shaw has said, "very much like an improvised cornet solo by Bix Beiderbecke, who was Hoagy's idol."

Musicians also came to realize that "Star Dust" began with a verse that had its own identity. In 1961 Frank Sinatra recorded a version that simply took this verse as a song unto itself, omitting the chorus.

Along with all these virtues, another factor came into play that was totally unrelated to the forces that make hit songs today: As Parish points out, Walter Winchell, whose daily gossip column asserted tremendous power in the 1930s, fell in love with the song and quoted lines from it over the years.

Although, in the age of rap, literate lyrics might seem to be in minimal supply, there has never been a real shortage. After the time of Cole Porter and Irving Berlin came songwriters like Stephen Sondheim and such sensitive wordcrafters as Alan and Marilyn Bergman. The recent title tune of Shirley Horn's "Here's to Life," with words by Phyllis Molinary and music by Artie Butler, eloquently makes the case for continuing beauty in lyrics and melodies.

What would happen if Mitchell Parish were to take "Star Dust" to a publisher today as an unknown, unrecorded song?

"Well, they wouldn't want to hurt my feelings," he says, "so they'd just say it wouldn't sell records, it's too good for today's market. They'd get rid of me with that kind of compliment."

Fortunately Parish, at 91, refuses to accept those warped values. He believes that a class song, given the right exposure, will emerge from the pack. "Not that I don't like to keep up with the times," he adds. "Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead is a good friend of mine who appreciates the standards. He wants to write a few songs with me, so we might just do that."

Associated Press

Mitchell Parish: His words helped set "Star Dust" on the road to fame.

Whether or not that improbable collaboration comes about, it is unlikely that the work of the writer who gave us "Star Dust," "Deep Purple," "Sophisticated Lady," "Moonlight Serenade," "Sweet Lorraine" and about 700 more will be forgotten as long as the art of songwriting survives. □

*"Star Dust" copyright © 1929 Mills Music Inc. Used by permission.*

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

6/28/92

JAZZ

# Trumpeter Arturo Sandoval Steps Up to Jazz's Upper Register

By LEONARD FEATHER

Arturo Sandoval, at 42, may not be a Young Turk, but he could very well be the trumpet player at the top of the jazz scene by the time this decade comes to an end.

Since the sudden rise to fame of Wynton Marsalis 10 years ago, there has been an upsurge in the number of trumpeters who are proving to be trailblazers in jazz.

Marsalis, at first seemingly a Miles Davis clone, has become a virtual one-man trumpet history class; Roy Hargrove at age 22 and Marlon Jordan at 20 have both been hailed as potential successors to Marsalis, and the brilliant Tom Harrell is another virtuoso, though perhaps better known as a fluegelhornist. Sandoval, unlike the rest, seems to have carved out a niche of his own without comparative references.

Certainly his origin has played a vital role. Latin rhythms, which were slowly absorbed into U.S. jazz culture in the 1940s, were second nature to the young man who grew up in the Havana suburb of Artemisa. There he heard European classical music, as well as the indigenous sounds of Cuba and American jazz—first Dizzy Gillespie, then Clifford Brown, the young genius who was killed in a car accident at 25.

Visiting Havana on a jazz cruise in 1977, Gillespie met Sandoval, who was then a member of the Cuban jazz orchestra Irakere. As their paths crossed—the pair happened to meet in Helsinki, Finland, in 1982 and made an album together—Sandoval displayed not only the impact of the be-bop pioneer, but also the degree to which he had incorporated Afro-Cuban rhythms into the lexicon of jazz.

As Gillespie's protégé, Sandoval graduated to Gillespie's United Nation Orchestra. There he revealed his amazing command of the trumpet's upper register while the band toured Europe—but the residual Cold War with Cuba prevented him from visiting the United States. In May, 1990, he defected; today he lives in Miami and leads his own group.

SUSAN GREENWOOD

Sandoval: "Today I think I have found my own way to go."

What now sets Sandoval apart is the incorporation into his style of other elements beyond the be-bop and the high-note bravura. He is capable of lyrical, introspective improvisation. He has displayed exceptional talent as a pianist and could easily make his living at the keyboard. He also has a sense of humor (notably lacking in Marsalis and many of the young lions) that expresses itself in a wildly funny style of scat singing.

The lyrical aspects are particularly evident in "I Remember Clifford," his recent GRP Records album and a posthumous tribute to trumpeter Brown, who has been an even more central influence than Gillespie. On the collection, Sandoval did more than emulate Brown: On several cuts, he plays versions of Brown's original solos that have been harmonized for four trumpets, overdubbing all the parts to become a one-man trumpet choir.

"This is my own way of expressing my admiration for Clifford," Sandoval says. "You may hear little hints of him in my solos too, but today I think I have found my own way to go. I have my hero in Dizzy; I admire him and many others, but I imitate nobody."

Sandoval now shows a new maturity. When he was younger, he acknowledges, "I was always running, running, as if I had to play it all, and every night was like my last. I believe I have become more lyrical—as you get a little older you evolve; you think a little more about the music, about everything."

Clearly, along with the swaggering extroversion that once established him, Sandoval's virtues have coalesced into a persona that is arguably one of a kind among the most discussed trumpeters of the '90s. As surely as he remembers Brown and evokes Gillespie while distilling his own sound, musicians years into the future will remember Sandoval.

*Leonard Feather is The Tim jazz critic.*

# Son Keeps Jazz Legend's Legacy Alive

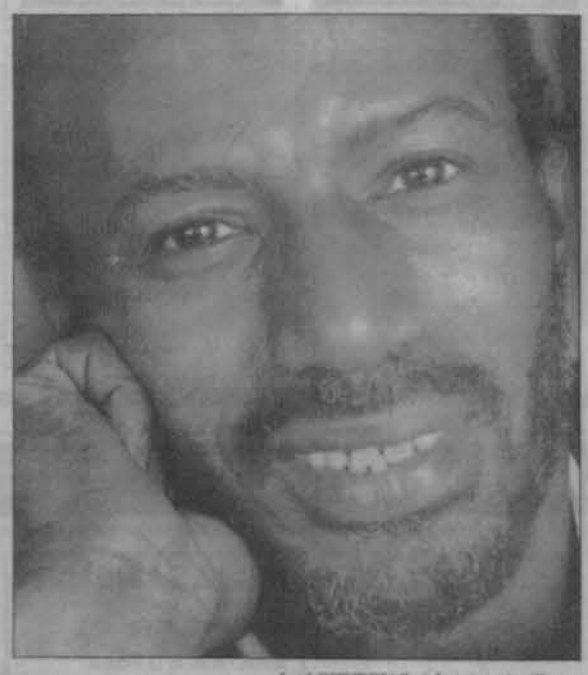
■ **Music:** Since its founding by T. S. Monk Jr., the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz fosters young talent through competitions.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Thelonious Monk has been dead 10 years; meanwhile, his son has been working diligently to extend his long-established fame. Toward that end, T.S. Monk Jr. has founded the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz, whose long-range aim is to foster young jazz talent.

A shadowy figure to some, the senior Monk is best remembered as a composer. His works, from ballads (" 'Round Midnight") to jazz originals ("Blue Monk"), are played more now than they were during his lifetime.

That Monk was also an eccentric and influential pianist can be confirmed by his records, or better yet, by the 1989 documentary film "Thelonious Monk: Straight No Chaser."



J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

T. S. Monk Jr. celebrates a return to "uncompromising jazz" with a new six-member group.

Five years ago, Monk Jr., who leads his mainstream jazz band Sunday at the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl, formulated the idea for an institute, to be launched in his father's name. The institute would present annual concert-competitions focusing on youthful artists.

The first contest, held in 1987 at the Smithsonian Institution's Bard Auditorium, was won by pianist Marcus Roberts—now an RCA/Novus recording star. Among the finalists was Joey de Francesco, an organist who today records for Columbia Records.

After three years, the competition shifted to trumpet. The winner, 17-year-old Ryan Kisor, has just released his debut album, also on Columbia. Last year, a saxophone competition was won by Joshua Redman, who has already had several recording offers.

"All these competitions were held in Washington, D.C.," Monk pointed out, "but this year we're moving to Lincoln Center in New York for a drum competition. It's gratifying to go to Lincoln Center, because my father lived just a block from there. The street where he kept an apartment for his entire adult life is now

Please see MONK, F7

## MONK

Continued from F6

officially called Thelonious Sphere Monk Circle."

Monk wants the institute to have a permanent home as a full-scale educational jazz conservatory. Original plans to install it at Duke University in North Carolina, his father's home state, have been scrapped.

"It's no longer feasible to have the institute there, because the state of North Carolina is in so much fiscal trouble," Monk said. "New York City can offer a lot of corporate sponsorship, so we may settle there. We're also talking to New England Conservatory, where they would incorporate us into their jazz program but make us autonomous. More important than the actual location is just to get the institute up and running."

Visiting Los Angeles recently, the 42-year-old Monk talked about growing up in the shadow of a near-mythical parent.

"My father was never told to take up music," he said. "He went his own way and decided for himself. He gave me the same freedom. But, of course, I grew up with all these great people around the house like Max Roach and Art Blakey, so quite naturally I gravitated into music."

**'It was a complete trial by fire. . . . He came into the living room one day and said: "Are you ready to play?" Immediately, he had me on a live TV show. That was 1970. I was 20 years old.'**

T. S. MONK JR.

Playing trumpet at first, studying piano for a while, Monk settled for drums after Roach gave him his first drumsticks and Blakey provided a full drum set. His career took a circuitous route, from teenage gigs with Top 40 dance bands to be-bop with his father, later to R&B and finally, recently, back to jazz.

"It was a complete trial by fire with Thelonious. He came into the living room one day and said: 'Are you ready to play?' " the younger Monk recalled. "I thought he was talking about practicing, but immediately, with no rehearsal, he had me on a live TV show. That was in 1970. I was 20 years old."

Monk worked with his father regularly for two years—"We were out here at Shelly's Manne Hole in 1972"—then played odd jobs with him until Thelonious Monk retired in the mid-'70s. During that time the younger Monk worked with a fusion band, Natural Essence, then joined saxophonist Paul Jeffrey before forming his own group, known as T.S. Monk, which he led from 1976 to 1983.

Along the way there were a few hit records, but Monk was not musically happy.

"I spent all those years learning to play the drums, and I really wasn't playing much drums with this R&B, so without any transitional period I just stopped doing it and kind of floated back into the jazz situation," he said.

He keeps busy with the group he organized last year, for which plans are expanding fast. His six-piece combo is set to play concerts from New York to Nice, France, and will have its first album, "Take 1," out on Blue Note Records next month.

After those years sidelined in rhythm and blues, will his music be uncompromising jazz?

"You better believe it," Monk said. "It's gonna be straight, no chaser."

JAZZ REVIEW

# Two Salutes Lift N.Y.'s JVC Festival

By LEONARD FEATHER 6/22/92
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—Unlike the sun-and-fun ambience of the Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl, musical celebrations here tend to be at the mercy of the elements. Intermittent drizzles on Friday, the first day of the annual JVC Jazz Festival, led to an abrupt curtailing of the jam session and garden party at Gracie Mansion, where the mayor traditionally hosts a prelude to the weeklong event.

This augury of a less-than-festive festival was contradicted Friday evening at Carnegie Hall, where a capacity audience was on hand to salute an ailing jazz giant in a program billed as "To Dizzy With Love." Dizzy Gillespie himself was missing (he is still at home recovering from the major surgery he underwent last March), but a taped message from him assured us that he will soon be back in action.

For the tribute concert, trombonist Slide Hampton assembled a 15-piece band consisting of protégés, colleagues or contemporaries of the be-bop pioneer, who will be 75 in October.

This could easily have been a tiresome exercise in nostalgia, but Hampton's rearrangements of such 1940s Gillespie compositions as "Birks Works," "Ow" and the gracefully melodic "Con Alma" gave them a fresh and engaging aspect. With Milt Jackson on vibes, James Moody on saxes, Hank Jones or Mike Longo on piano and other powerful soloists, a high level of

Please see JVC FEST, F6

## JVC FEST

Continued from F1

spontaneity suffused the evening.

The most telling evidence of Gillespie's influence was his "Tour de Force," played just by the five trumpeters. Each was notable for a personal trait—Jon Faddis for his incredible stratospherics, Freddie Hubbard for ferocity and fire, Wynton Marsalis for elegance and expertise, Claudio Roditi for finesse and phrasing, Red Rodney for tonal beauty and lyricism—yet all five showed how valuably the Dizzy style has fanned out into these stylistic subdivisions.

As is often the case during this festival, simultaneous concerts make for difficult decisions. Saturday there were two options. At the Equitable Auditorium, the title "Jazz for the Fun of It" suggested a welcome infusion of humor; however, the first set was performed by a Spike Jones-style band, complete with banjo, tuba, xylophone and jokey vocals. After 20 minutes of this it seemed wise to head for the door and hasten up Seventh Avenue to Carnegie Hall, where Bill Cosby was hosting a tribute to John Coltrane.

Pianist McCoy Tyner and drummer Elvin Jones, both alumni of Coltrane's 1960s quartet, offered impressions of that era with an accent on high energy. Tyner has advanced in harmonic imagination since those days, but his trio was hampered at times by the intrusive drumming of Aaron Scott.

Galvin Jones is vigor incarnate. His fearsome, visceral appeal was the centerpiece of his dynamic sextet in two Coltrane pieces ("Your Lady" and "Alabama") followed by Mongo Santamaria's "Afro Blue."

The saxophonists, who included Coltrane's son Ravi on soprano as well as Sonny Fortune and Lavon Jackson on tenors, differed less from one another, or from Coltrane himself, than the five trumpeters Friday had differed from their own source, Gillespie. For all his genius and influence, Coltrane tended to operate within a narrower dynamic and emotional range than the be-boppers. Surprisingly, the three saxes as a unit came off well in "Wide Open," a composition credited to Cosby; elsewhere, too often monotony reigned.

In a warm and eloquent speech, Cosby introduced a fourth saxophonist, Charles Lloyd, who has been in virtual self-exile for most of the last decade. "This man," Cosby said, "does not imitate anyone." He was correct. In an astonishing performance, much of it entirely unaccompanied, the white-haired Lloyd took his tenor sax into wild, uncharted territories. His strange body English—legs and torso in perpetual motion—provided a fitting visual counterpoint to his constantly surprising flow of ideas. Ironically, the so-called "Tribute to Trane" reached its climax with this soloist who owed least to him.

The outlook for the rest of the festival, which ends Saturday, is mixed. The critics have again grumbled that producer George Wein relies too heavily on the actuarial tables—he has several more salutes to deceased artists on the schedule; however, the results will have to be judged on a case-by-case basis.

6/14/92 JAZZ

# Variable Results From GRP's Big-Band All-Stars

★★★
**VARIOUS ARTISTS**
"GRP All-Star Big Band"
*GRP*

Since this 12-tune project involved an ad hoc band, with four different pianists and no fewer than eight very different arrangers, the results are as variable as might be expected. They range, in fact, from the sublime (Russell Ferrante's ingenious arrangement of Victor Feldman's "Seven Steps to Heaven") to the ridiculous (Tom Scott's pseudo-funk bleating on his tenor sax solo on Lee Morgan's "The Sidewinder").

NEW RELEASES

With the exception of "Manteca," drawn from a Dizzy Gillespie big-band version, the tunes are all enlargements of recordings originally made by small groups led by such luminaries as Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea. Perhaps for this reason, there is surprisingly little of such typical big-band sounds as a brass or saxophone soli passage.

Several of the soloists are better known for their fusion contributions than for straight-ahead jazz work. There are enough opportunities, however, for such worthies as Eddie Daniels, Gary Burton and Sal Marquez to stretch out. Saxophonists Ernie Watts and Eric Marienthal also have their engaging moments. Dave Grusin is effective as arranger and pianist on "Maiden Voyage."

Next time, how about keeping the personnel steady and hiring a single arranger to give the collection a sense of unity? Still, for its most creative moments, this experiment is worth investigating.
—LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

★★★★ **Tom Scott, "Born Again,"** GRP. The saxophonist asks the musical question: Was there life before fusion? Yes, indeed—and after, as he assures us by gathering such compatible colleagues as Randy Brecker, George Bohanon, Kenny Kirkland and John Patitucci in a set of finely crafted Scott originals. On the title cut, and on "Song No. 1," there is the added attraction of an entire woodwind section overdubbed by Scott. Let the skeptics be reassured, Scott hasn't lost it. —L.F.

7/3

JAZZ REVIEW

# O'Day Lights Up the Night at Vine St.

Anita O'Day, who returned Wednesday to the Vine St. Bar & Grill, is one survivor who has been left miraculously unscarred by the inroads of time.

At 72, she looks great, has essentially the same sound, almost the same trim figure, and much of the same repertoire, some of it going back to her days with the Gene Krupa band in 1941. Intonation? That hasn't changed either. When you go to hear Anita O'Day you don't expect Kathleen Battle.

What you do get is an unreconstructed, dedicated jazz singer, true to her pristine values, whether loping through "Honeysuckle Rose" with bassist Bob Maize, or cueing Bill Cunliffe for his piano solos, or telling drummer Jim Paxson "This next tune is in A-flat. Can you handle it?" (Nobody laughed. Not a very hip audience.)

Most helpful in her backing is Gordon Brisker, the tenor saxophonist and flutist who opened the show with a rolling workout on Benny Golson's "Stablemates."

O'Day moved up through the decades with the Beatles' "Yesterday," but soon segued into a stomping treatment of Jerome Kern's "Yesterdays." For "Let Me Off Uptown" Brisker took the male vocal role originated by Krupa's trumpeter, Roy Eldridge. O'Day's plea to the audience to get into a nostalgic mood seemed to work.

Nevertheless, in what she described as a workshop set later in the evening, she tackled two songs that were new to her, "Bluesette" and "A Song for You." She read her parts, directed the band, enjoyed the challenge and justified the experiment. Better a slightly hesitant but demanding version of a less antiquated work than the ten thousandth rundown of "Tea for Two." She will continue to try out fresh material through Saturday.
—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 7/8

# Son Pays Tribute to Mavis Rivers

Monday night was memorable at the Moonlight Tango. A memorial benefit saluting the late singer Mavis Rivers, who died a few weeks ago, served as a showcase for the multiple talents of her son, Matt Catingub. Rivers sang in his band in her last years.

Catingub is a punching, driving pianist whose attack at times verges on savagery, though he has moments of guarded simplicity. Later in the set he displayed his exceptional mastery of the alto saxophone. He composed or arranged most of the music for the 18-person orchestra.

He handled with grace the delicate job of introducing "I Got It Bad," explaining that this was the song his mother was singing when she collapsed at the Vine Street Bar.

His sidemen, with a few exceptions, such as the ubiquitous Bill Green (on baritone sax and the very Ellingtonian "Miss Ella"), were not drawn from the conventional sources. The lead alto saxophonist, Dr. Chris Stewart, practices emergency medicine for a living, but led the reed team flawlessly.

In a sense this was an evening of role reversal, since Catingub regularly works as accompanist for Toni Tennille. At the Tango she became his guest vocalist, the self-described "chick singer," in two songs that offered buoyant evidence of her swinging jazz inclination.

The set ended close to boiling point with a furious Catingub original called "Indian Riffs," based on the chords of "Cherokee." From the first beat to the final bar, this spirited show gave proof that Mavis Rivers had a son in whom she could take great pride.
—LEONARD FEATHER

7/5/92 JAZZ

# How Jazz Survived During Third Reich

★★★★
**"DIFFERENT DRUMMERS: JAZZ IN THE CULTURE OF NAZI GERMANY"**
By Michael H. Kater
*Oxford University Press ($24.95)*

This work, based on archival records as well as interviews with surviving witnesses (Nazis and Jews alike), provides startling new information that jazz, officially despised as the music of Jews and blacks and theoretically banned, continued to flourish under the noses of the Third Reich.

MIXED MEDIA

There are many memorable characters here, such as the Ghetto Swingers in the Czech concentration camp of Terezin, who performed for the SS and for "the cream of the concentration camp society," the capos and bloc wardens.

Most remarkably, there was the enigmatic Dr. Dietrich Schulz-Koehn, whom Kater interviews at length. A storm trooper at age 21 and a Nazi Party member four years later, Schulz-Koehn was nonetheless a crusading defender of American jazz.

Chosen by the Nazis to represent them at a Red Cross meeting in 1945, he was offered cigarettes in exchange for his camera but replied he'd rather have jazz records: "No, I want to hear what Basie, Goodman and Hampton are doing." His U.S. counterpart happened to be a fan; the ice was broken, and the records were offered.

The power of jazz as a symbol of opposition was pervasive. Typically, in Hamburg, a colony of young fans arose whose interests were swing music and the dance styles they had seen in American movies. These "Swing Heinis" or "Swing Babies" are coincidentally the subject of a recently completed movie at Hollywood Pictures called "Swing Kids."

Kater's superbly researched story is fascinating and horrifying, yet in a sense rewarding, since it shows the lengths to which young Germans would go to keep the faith with a music that was their common link. —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★ **"In the Mainstream: 18 Portraits in Jazz," by Chip Deffaa,** Scarecrow Press, $45. Deffaa, a young writer, has a surprising ear for jazz's distant past. All but two of his subjects are 60 or older; ex-maestro Andy Kirk is 94. Deffaa talks to such neglected artists as trumpeter Joe Wilder and particularly composer Bill Challis, who arranged for everyone from Paul Whiteman to Fletcher Henderson. In a few instances the musicians are deservedly obscure and the interviews correspondingly dull. The exorbitant price tag makes this a less-than-mandatory though often valuably informative selection.
7/5/92 —L.F.

NEW YORK MARATHONS 6/25



TRIBUTE

# STAN GETZ
1927–1991

BY LEONARD FEATHER

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

**Some found Getz arrogant, difficult. Yet as he matured, the soulful side of his nature was reflected in his personality as it had been in his music.**

He ranked as jazz royalty in his day; the pure, gossamer sound of his tenor sax dominated the scene during his years of triumph. But the career of Stan Getz, which began when he quit high school in 1943 at the age of 16 to join the band of trombonist Jack Teagarden, was a long roller-coaster ride that ended last June when, at 64, he died of cancer at his Malibu home.

Some found him arrogant, difficult. Yet more and more as he matured, the soulful side of his nature was reflected in his personality as it had been in his music.

His life was marked by long illnesses, expatriation, a fallow period around 1960 that temporarily brought an end to his string of *down beat* magazine poll victories; then, soon after, the bossa nova innovation that put him on the best-seller charts. Along the way there were two marriages that ended unhappily, two daughters, three sons, and the much-publicized battles with drugs and alcohol.

It will be the triumphs rather than the traumas of Getz's life that a gathering of his admirers will celebrate June 25 at Avery Fisher Hall. So much was accomplished during his glory years, so many gifted groups and sidemen came to prominence under his guidance, that it would take a week-long series to bring them all into focus.

Born in Philadelphia, he was raised in a poor neighborhood in the Bronx, where, he once recalled, "there was nothing to do but hang out at the candy store, or become a bum, or escape. So I got involved in music."

At school, a teacher showed him how to finger a Mozart minuet on the string bass. "We lived in a very small apartment. I went from school lugging this bass. My mother took one look at me and said, 'It's either you or the bass—there's no room for both.' "

He was not quite 13. Not long after that, Getz took up bassoon and saxophone. A quick study, he soon made the All-City High School Orchestra. One day a friend took him to a rehearsal of the Jack Teagarden band. They were looking for a tenor sax player; someone pointed at Getz.

"Okay, kid," said Teagarden. "It's $70 a week. Go home, get your tuxedo, dress shirt, and toothbrush; we're leaving for Boston this morning." Because $70 a week was big money, his father let him go. Nine months later, Teagarden disbanded and Getz found himself in Los Angeles. World War II was not the best time to find living space; the ads in the papers, he claimed later, stated: "No children, no dogs, no Jews." He found an apartment for $4 a month and lived on grape-nuts and apples until the next job came along—with Stan Kenton's brassy big band.

It was during his Kenton stint that Getz became aware of Lester Young, the Basie alumnus known as Prez. "The saxophone to me is a translation of the human voice, and Prez was the first player I heard to achieve that human quality, that true spirit of melody and beauty," Getz once said.

One day Getz asked Kenton his opinion of the Prez sound. "Too simple," said Kenton. Horrified, Getz promptly handed in his notice.

Several jobs later came the Woody Herman band of 1947–49, a turning point for Getz musically—he became part of the Four Brothers saxophone team and recorded the starkly beautiful "Early Autumn"—but also personally. The Herman band at that time was a hotbed of heroin. Soon after leaving Herman, he found that the success of "Early Autumn" had vaulted him to the top of the tenor sax heap; he was among the highest-paid jazzmen of the day. But the need for drugs was urgent. His problems mounted when, soon after, his three children were injured in a car accident.

The turbulent times had begun. His first marriage, already shaky, collapsed. In Hollywood, where he was filming *The Benny Goodman Story*, he met Monica Silverskjold and later followed her to Stockholm, where he promptly fell ill with double pneumonia.

The rest of his life was marked by a seemingly endless round of fits and starts: withdrawal from addiction, recuperation in Kenya, marriage with Monica, a two-and-a-half-year expatriation in Denmark, where the Getzes lived outside Copenhagen.

"I loved living there," he told me one day soon after his return. "I was tired of tearing around making money in America. The people in Denmark loved music, and I could relax and live comfortably."

But a strangely different scene greeted him back home. Getz found an atmosphere of hostility, heard musicians playing a barrage of notes in which he found no beauty. Getz would play a club and bomb, while down the street the aggressive, newly fashionable John Coltrane would draw packed houses.

He was hurt by the racial overtones he found around him. "I know very well that most of the great musicians have been black and that jazz is a music of African-American origin," he said, "but I'm equally sure that there are a few white musicians who have the right qualifications, and I'm happy to be one of them."

The situation changed after a meeting with the guitarist Charlie Byrd, who had just



SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

**He brought the bossa nova fully into the American jazz milieu.**

Kenny Barron, the pianist on that date, says: "We were bewildered; Stan sounded great to us. But I could understand the pressure he felt about recording without any kind of chemical help. That he would admit this to us enabled me to see him as a real flesh-and-blood human being, and not just a great musician."

It was during a reunion tour with Barron that Getz's health problems became serious. He had a mild stroke, and not long after was stricken with cancer. Still, a summer tour in 1990 had to get under way. To add to the problems, Barron's wife lost her mother. "Stan called me and said it would be a shame for my wife to be alone after such a traumatic experience," said Barron. "He invited her to come to France with me at his expense. It was a kindness I will never forget."

During that tour, Getz conceived the idea of a duo album. The following spring, he and Barron played for four nights at the Montmartre club in Copenhagen. Getz was playing superbly, as if giving his all while he still had it to give. But Barron noted that after each tune he was literally out of breath.

The two men parted soon after. "I called him in May just to see how he was doing," Barron says. "He said he was feeling much better and looked forward to our next tour, starting on the Fourth of July. That was the last time we talked. He passed away on June 6, 1991. I feel the music he left behind was very real and very special, in spite of all the pain—or perhaps because of it." •

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*Leonard Feather is the author of twelve books on jazz, including (with Ira Gitler) 'An Encyclopedia of Jazz,' due in a new edition from Oxford University Press. He is also the producer of the Stan Getz tribute concert at Avery Fisher Hall on June 25.*

SWING JOURNAL JUNE 1992

▲ジャズ・ボーカルの女王エラ・フィッツジェラルド（前列左）とピアニスト，ドロシー・ドネガン（前列右）を囲んでいるのは後列左からレナード・フェザー（本誌特約評論家），ハリー・スイーツ・エディソン（ts），ジェラルド・ウイルソン（tp），トム・ブラッドレイ（ロサンゼルス市長），ベニー・カーター（as）の面々。写真は，この5人がこのほど米芸術基金よりアメリカン・ジャズ・マスターズ賞を贈られたのを記念して，ロスカ庁舎内で撮影されたもの。エラが顔全体になっているのにびっくり！

ターのジャズ・プログラムの監修責任者はウイントン・マルサリスが務めている。

**ロス暴動の影響でハリウッド・ジャズ・フェスティバルなど中止**

本誌特約寄稿家レナード・フェザーが伝えるところによれば，史上最悪の先のロサンゼルス暴動は同地のジャズ・シーンにも少なからず影響を与えたという。最も大きなダメージを受けたのはジャズ・クラブの『ジャズ・エトセトラ』で，同店は火災で全焼したという。一方ロサンゼルスで有名な『カタリナズ』と『パイン・ストリート・バー&グリル』は4日間は営業中止を余儀なくされたが，かろうじて火災の難からは逃がれられたという。また，この時期に予定されていた人気歌手ハリー・コニック・ジュニアのユニバーサル・アンフィシアターでの5日間の公演がキャンセルになったのをはじめ，5月21日から24日にハリウッド・ルーズベルト・ホテルで催されるはずだった今夏最大規模の《ハリウッド・ジャズ・フェスティバル》もキャンセルされた。このフェスティバルにはベニー・カーターなどロサンゼルス在住の有力ミュージシャンが多数出演することになっていた。

**ウイントン・マルサリスが野心作《イン・ジス・ハウス》を初演**

去る5月27日，ニューヨークのエイブリー・フィッシャー・ホールで満員の聴衆を前にトランペットの若き巨人ウイントン・マルサリスが自己のセクステットでリンカーン・センターより依嘱された新作のワールド・プレミアを行なった。リンカーン・センターのジャズ・プログラム（別項参照）初年度のしめくくりとして企画

F8 THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1992 LOS ANGELES TIMES

# Jazz & Pop Reviews

## The Marsalises Keep On Coming

The First Family of jazz continues to spread its wings. Tuesday at Catalina, making its initial appearance outside New Orleans, the Delfeayo Marsalis sextet, which continues through Sunday, made its bow. A key figure in the 27-year-old trombonist's support group is the drummer, Jason Marsalis, 15, Delfeayo's youngest brother.

Just as surely as brother Wynton drew his main inspiration from Miles Davis, Delfeayo found his chief influence in J. J. Johnson, the father of modern jazz trombone. Dedicating his solo on "Misty" to the old master, he exhibited some of the same rhythmic nuances, often exploring even more adventurous areas with hectic flurries of triplets.

Marsalis shares the front line with a strongly contemporary tenor player, Mark Turner, and a more conservative, often plaintively compelling trumpeter, Antoine Drye. The set was wisely divided between original tunes from the leader's biblically oriented album

THEODORA LITSIOS / For The Times

Trombonist Delfeayo Marsalis and drummer Jason Marsalis are joined by saxophonist Mark Turner on Catalina bandstand.

("Pontius Pilate's Decision") and accessible standards, opening with Oscar Pettiford's "Blues From the Closet."

The rhythm section, sparked by the prodigious and propulsive teen-aged drummer, boasts an unconventional pianist, Victor Atkins, who demonstrated an ability to build from simple single-note lines to a powerful rhythmic chord-driven climax. Greg Williams, the bassist, may not achieve the same level of solo virtuosity but is a dependably solid timekeeper.

The three-horn front line was

**Please see JAZZ & POP, F9**

# JAZZ & POP

**Continued from F8**

well employed in "The Weary Ways of Mary Magdalene," putting dissonance to ingenious use.

An affable maestro who connected immediately with the audience, this latest Marsalis to burst to the forefront may soon achieve the respect earned by Branford and Wynton. A recent cartoon in the New Yorker may not be a joke. It showed a young boy waking his father: "Dad! Come here quick! They've discovered another Marsalis!" Indeed we have.

—LEONARD FEATHE

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JAZZ REVIEW 7/18/92

# A Double Dip of Guitar Artistry

For anyone interested in the evolution of jazz guitar, now is the time to pick up a wealth of information. All you need to do is catch the set by Joe Pass at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, then walk a couple of blocks to Catalina to study the artistry of Kevin Eubanks.

Aside from the fact that both play electric guitar, the two have nothing in common. Pass, 63, is the definitive no-nonsense virtuoso. Working solo, casual in the extreme, he plays whatever standard tunes come to mind—"Old Folks," "Indian Summer," a couple of Django Reinhardt tunes, a fast blues.

Working mainly without a pick, Pass displays the phenomenal technique that has made him the most admired and most recorded guitarist in jazz. On Thursday he was not quite in top form. Playing a new guitar, he seemed a bit ill at ease, but even a subpar Pass is a joy. In his eloquent hands, familiar melodies turn somersaults, disappear, return in a different key and take on a relentlessly swinging new life.

Eubanks, 34, represents a new set of values. His show was less a guitar recital than a glimpse of a triumphant triumvirate, in which the leadership passed from him to bassist David Holland to percussionist Marvin (Smitty) Smith.

The group took 80 minutes to play three extended works: Holland's "The Winding Way," an untitled Eubanks original, and the three-part title suite from Eubanks' recent album "The Turning Point."

For those who know him only from his fleeting moments in the Branford Marsalis band on "The Tonight Show," or from some earlier, commercial albums, this avant-garde group is a fresh experience. All three men are superb technicians. Eubanks ranges from the simplest and gentlest repeated phrases to intense chordal flurries. Smith uses everything from cowbells to mini-chimes and countless other unidentified flailing objects to create solos that are truly melodic.

If the trio's togetherness smacks of ESP, that would have to stand for Endless Sessions of Preparation. The "Turning Point Suite" was a marvelous, heady mix of thematic statement and wild spontaneity.

Pass closes Saturday, Eubanks on Sunday. The study in contrast they provide adds up to an educational and emotional experience.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 7/20/92

# Lee, Tormé Team at Bowl

Whose concert was it, anyway? The presentation offered Friday and Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl was on one level a double vocal bill starring Mel Tormé and Peggy Lee. It was also, no doubt for the benefit of subscribers, a partly instrumental affair with members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic opening each half playing agreeable but expendable works by John Williams, Frank Proto and Leonard Bernstein.

This dichotomy had the effect of reducing Peggy Lee's set to 35 minutes; however, she returned to close the evening with Tormé in three duets.

Having heard him last month at Carnegie Hall with five jazz musicians for backup, this reviewer can attest to Tormé's ability to reach optimum form without being supported, or at times saddled, by a large ensemble. In fact, his well-diversified show on Friday reached its peak in "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," a superb song for which he had just trio accompaniment.

The orchestra did offer helpful support on Tormé's own arrangement of "Stardust" and on "When the World Was Young," an exquisite French ballad with lyrics by Johnny Mercer. Oddly, this was one of two songs associated with Peggy Lee; in his tribute to Benny Goodman (which ended with his impressive workout at the drums), Tormé even included "Why Don't You Do Right."

Still, it was a memorable evening for Lee and her fans. Since a Pasadena concert in May, 1991, she had been inactive, due to a variety of ailments including a form of paralysis. Greatly improved now, she was able to walk onstage and sit down to offer glowing evidence that the Lee timbre, the Lee phrasing and the Lee sensitivity are undiminished.

All the tunes were either self-written or closely identified with her: "Things Are Swingin'," "I Don't Know Enough About You," "Is That All There Is." She closed by segueing from her own "Circle in the Sky" to a heartfelt "I'll Be Seeing You." How many singers can end a set with a slow ballad and draw a standing ovation? Lee can and did.

For the duo finale, Lee's song "I Just Want to Dance All Night" found Tormé supplying apt harmony parts. "Yes Indeed" (Tormé's arrangement) placed them in jubilant juxtaposition.

Attendance Friday was 11,018.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LORI SHEPLER / Los Angeles Times

Mel Tormé offers a well-diversified show at the Hollywood Bowl.

## Bravo's 'Birdland': From Major to Minor 7/24/92

"Birdland," a series of seven half-hour programs on the Bravo cable channel that starts tonight at 6:30 (with a repeat at 1:30 a.m.), is an unconventional series in that it was produced by the BBC. For this reason, it presents a rare variety of American and British participants, taped in London, New York and Los Angeles.

Tonight's installment opens with pianist Herbie Hancock and drummer Tony Williams paying each other profuse compliments, after which they join forces to perform "Maiden Voyage" ("the best song I have ever written," Hancock gloats). He is in superior form here, hewing to the unhyphenated jazz that first established him. Williams' composition "Sister Cheryl" sustains this creative level.

We then cross the Atlantic to meet Jason Rebello, 23, a pianist with a Cockney accent, who is introduced as a protégé of saxophonist Wayne Shorter. The latter's "Over Shadow Hill Way" finds Rebello as a graceful and promising if less than innovative soloist. Shorter's keening soprano sax, Terri Lyne Carrington on drums and Tracy Wormworth on electric bass complete the group.

Next Friday's show begins awkwardly with Ornette Coleman, the prime avant-gardist of the early 1960s, playing his strangely incoherent alto saxophone and doubling on trumpet and violin, two instruments he has yet to master.

Rounding out the program are American singer Cassandra Wilson and a British vocalist named Cleveland Watkiss, who seems to share with her the desire to cross new frontiers. Credit them for the effort, but they have neither the equipment nor the imagination to carry it off. Their duet on "Body and Soul," in which they try to avoid singing a single note of the original melody, would leave the late John Green wringing his hands. The couple's final duet, in which they improvise, humming and scatting and clicking in rhythm, is at least unpretentious fun.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Vanessa Rubin Sings With Savvy at Cinegrill 7/23

There is more to jazz singing than dodging the melody, or scatting the blues. Vanessa Rubin, who opened Tuesday and continues through Sunday at the Cinegrill, clearly understands this. She even expressed her credo in an opening waltz, "Music Makes the World Go 'Round," with lyrical references to Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane et al.

Rubin's confident assumption of the jazz banner is fortified by a musicianly sense of phrasing, flawless intonation and a total lack of unmelodic Cassandra Wilson-Betty Carter mannerisms. She scatted on a few tunes, but never to excess.

It is rare today to find a young vocalist handling standards like "I've Got the World on a String" and "All the Things You Are" with saucy, buoyant authenticity.

Her long blues medley rambled through a series of unrelated lyrics. A single song telling a consistent story would have been preferable. Rubin also uses too much melisma. She didn't need to break the first two letters of "Tenderly" into seven syllables. But these are minor flaws, as is her tendency to occasional extravagance. The closing "Summertime" was hectic and overwrought.

Rubin, who was capably backed by Aaron Graves on piano, Aaron Walker on drums and Tarik Shah on bass, is the latest in a long line of singers touted as the next Ella Fitzgerald or Sarah Vaughan. But she could become the first to validate these often unjustified claims.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★½ 7/26

**DAVID SANBORN**

"Upfront"
*Elektra*

One is tempted to spell Sanborn's initial with a dollar sign, so firmly does he remain in the clutches of static, stolid, stiff arrangements geared unmistakably to commercial values.

Marcus Miller is as much the culprit as the nominal leader. He is producer, arranger, composer, bass guitarist, keyboardist, bass clarinetist. Other musicians involved in this production must have found it tedious to be constricted by his charts. Randy Brecker's name appears in the credits on two cuts, but it's hard to hear where he is.

One tune, "Hey," has an incredible list of five composer credits. Another, "Bang Bang," is a collection of child's-play, pseudo-Cuban clichés. Perhaps as a sop to anyone seeking a touch of reality, an Ornette Coleman tune, "Ramblin'," is tossed in as the closing cut. It is marginally superior to what precedes it; nevertheless, the more you know about Sanborn's considerable true capability, the less will be the appeal of this exercise in funk futility.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 7/27

# Gibbs Gets Disneyland Dancing

Time was when jazz functioned primarily as a music for dancing. A reminder that those days are not entirely gone was the two-night gig at Disneyland's Plaza Gardens, when the veteran vibraphonist Terry Gibbs, leading his Dream Band, managed to blend ballroom requirements with quality listening.

Given the right tempos, it seemed on Saturday that the older the couples, the wilder the dancing. While the orchestra breezed through Al Cohn's arrangement of "Jump the Blues Away," one elderly pair flung each other around as if they were reliving the original jitterbug era.

Bill Holman's brio-packed versions of "Come Rain or Come Shine" and "I'll Take Romance" found some of the crowd standing on the dance floor listening. Toward the end of each set, Jack Sheldon contributed a couple of his engaging vocal-and-trumpet specialties.

Gibbs was his perennial exuberant self, raining notes on the mallets for "Fat Man," a blues riff tune scored by Manny Albam that caught the band's contagious, Basie-like fire at its spirited best.

Well buttressed by a rhythm section that boasted Lou Levy at the piano, Andy Simpkins on bass and Peter Donald on drums, the arrangements by Marty Paich, Tom Kubis and others were executed with finesse.

Regrettably, the Plaza Gardens band shows that at one time ran seven nights a week are now limited to Fridays and Saturdays, and jazz groups are in a minority.

—LEONARD FEATHER

BY LEONARD FEATHER

# The Big Band Sound

*"Man, I love to hear that big band sound."*

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU heard anyone under 50 express that fervent wish? Possibly never. Yet a good case can be made for the continued viability of orchestral jazz, even though reports of its death have been circulating ever since Glenn Miller disappeared over the English Channel.

Like the announcement of Mark Twain's death, these obituaries are greatly exaggerated. Even the Glenn Miller band is still around, possibly the busiest in the country irrespective of who leads it, and regardless of the fact that its present members were born after Miller died.

"When I was leading the Miller band," says clarinetist Buddy de Franco, "at first we drew mainly older audiences; but later, in the early 1970s, we had two audiences: one old and the other quite young. That holds true also for my jazz audiences today—the greyhairs, and the kids who want to know about Bird and Dizzy; not many in between."

As for the present state of the bands, he adds, "Don't forget there are now 30,000 of them in the schools and colleges. If they don't all turn pro later, at least they create an audience for this kind of music."

College bands aside, Ray Anthony, a Miller alumnus, is still around, after 46 years as a maestro. So is Les Brown, gigging in the Los Angeles area after well over a half century at the helm of his Band of Renown. Lionel Hampton still fronts a big band most of the time. Ghost bands like Tommy Dorsey's still play gigs. Artie Shaw, who stopped playing in 1954, is the leader of a band he almost never appears with, fronted by clarinetist Dick Johnson.

Shaw's can hardly be considered a ghost outfit, since he remains among us. Neither can the Count Basie band, which will enliven the Playboy Jazz Festival; leader Frank Foster and several sidemen were in the ensemble during its glory years. The same is true for Mercer Ellington's orchestra.

Still, the question persists: why is it no longer arguable, as it was from 1935 to 1950,

that big bands rule the music world?

In order to clarify the answer, it is necessary first to examine how the orchestra jazz phenomenon came into existence.

In the second decade of this century, the word jazz, and the music it denoted, came to prominence. It was performed largely by men who were musically illiterate (only one member of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band could read music). A few years later, several young artists came into the picture who had a superior musical education and could write as well as read music.

Don Redman, a saxophonist who was the first great jazz composer-arranger, juggled sectionalized charts back in the days when even two or three trumpets, one or two trombones, three saxophones and a rhythm section (usually piano, banjo, tuba and drums) constituted a big band. By arranging an interplay among these sections, with passages left free for improvisation, Redman (writing for the pioneering Fletcher Henderson orchestra) and others like him created a formula that marks most big band jazz to this day.

Composers and arrangers like Redman, Henderson and Bill Challis (a white writer who contributed to the libraries of Paul Whiteman, Jean Goldkette and many other white and black bands) found the orchestral palette an ideal vehicle through which to bring their writing to life. Duke Ellington's career might never have taken off had he not led a band, as was often said of him, he played piano, but his real instrument was the orchestra.

By the early 1930s, big bands had taken over the scene. Some were the so-called territory bands that roamed the Southwest and other regions. Count Basie gained early experience with the territory ensemble of Walter Page. Kansas City, where his own group started, was one of several urban centers that offered proving grounds (with valuable radio time) for the big band sound.

One of the more jazz-oriented white bands of the day was led by Ben Pollack, a drummer in whose ranks such future stars as Glenn Miller, Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman built up their youthful reputations. All eventually formed their own bands, none more successfully than Goodman, who symbolized all the virtues of the swing band: admirable, crisply played arrangements, a virtuoso leader and gifted sidemen.

Gene Krupa left Goodman to form his own band. So did Harry James, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson and others. That was the pattern in the big band era: you won your spurs working for an accepted leader, then went out on your own.

Bands in those days moved mainly by bus or train, since plane travel was relatively limited and expensive. Black bands that could afford it (Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington) tried to avoid the indignities of Jim Crow by renting whole railroad cars and sleeping in them when hotel accommodations were unavailable. In general, the life of a touring jazz orchestra presented certain hardships, but was not generally impracticable. Today, it is all but impossible except for a privileged few.

Several factors have played a part in bringing about this situation. One of them is plain economics: with train travel virtu-

ally obsolete, the astronomical cost of plane fares for a 17-piece orchestra playing one-night stands makes it totally unfeasible to mount a tour for all but the most secure Glenn Miller-type groups.

The impact of radio also was a vital component in the popularization of big bands. During and after the Prohibition era, it was not uncommon to be able to tune in to a series of late-night remote broadcasts by Duke Ellington from the Cotton Club, Earl Hines from Chicago's Grand Terrace, and many more. With the advent of television, live music on radio was virtually defunct by the late 1950s.

Then too, jazz was a utilitarian music for dancing; it was performed in nightclubs and ballrooms at a time when jazz concerts and festivals were nonexistent. Young audiences today look for a looser, louder and less-formalized music to dance to.

Fourth, the appeal of a big band job for a young musician lay in its chance to show a capacity for teamwork, for being part of a great brass or sax or rhythm section. For a young composer, it was the opportunity to hear one's charts performed by a tightly knit ensemble, as were Fletcher Henderson's in the Benny Goodman crew or Edgar ("Stompin' at the Savoy") Sampson's for the Chick Webb band.

Today, individualism has all but supplanted the team spirit. Take the case of Toshiko Akiyoshi, arguably the most gifted composer-arranger-pianist-leader since Duke Ellington (and, like him, winner of many *Down Beat* polls). Her West Coast band worked erratically from 1973 to 1982 but became the No. 1 band in the polls for several years. The band she and her husband, the brilliant tenor saxophonist and flutist Lew Tabackin, formed later in New York has found it even harder to set up a traveling schedule.

"We have trouble finding sponsors to come with a budget," Akiyoshi said recently. "Also, in a band like mine, the craftsmanship requires very high standards, and musicians demand high pay. Rather than being part of a group effort, musicians are more interested in being individuals. You have to have a certain camaraderie to produce fresh, creative music; I've been lucky to be able to do this at all.

"Having a current record is terribly important," she adds. "We hope things will improve when our CBS album comes out soon. We have a tour of Japan set for the band in October, but between now and then I'll be playing small group jobs."

The shocking fact is that during all of 1991, Akiyoshi worked a total of 30 days with her magnificent orchestra. Her genius is acknowledged by musicians, but not by the power-hungry brokers who control the recording industry, nor by the nostalgia-hungry ghost-band fans waiting to hear "In the Mood."

To the extent that there is any lifesaver at all for the traveling band, it is the Japanese market. Benny Carter, the saxophonist and composer who just may be the world's most talented all-round jazzman, said the other day: "For the past 15 years, I've assembled an orchestra to take on a tour of Japan. This summer I'll be going there with 17 musicians and a singer. The audi-

*Continued on page 89*



**Big Band Sound**

*Continued from page 21*

ences there have always been consistently supportive."

Carter doubts whether he could put together any such tour for the United States, but, as he says, "At my time of life I don't want to do that much traveling, which is the only way to keep a band together. The Japanese tours are enough for me." (Carter, who will be 85 in August, is still actively composing, and playing the same lyrical alto sax that established him in the 1930s.)

A good example of a big band that is fighting to establish itself in the climate of the 1990s is the Clayton-Hamilton Jazz Orchestra, which will enjoy much-needed exposure to a vast audience this weekend at the Playboy Jazz Festival. It is directed by a troika comprising John Clayton, the virtuoso bassist and composer; his brother Jeff Clayton on reeds; and Jeff Hamilton on drums. Despite a relative paucity of dates and only two albums to represent them, they seem likely to survive, if only because John Clayton, in particular, maintains an optimistic attitude that is rare in these recession-haunted days.

"People will take issue with this," he says, "but I think we are beyond that transition point at which it is impossible to keep an orchestra together. There has been a huge venue change: more and more concert series are sponsored by universities, or by large theaters; and there are more and more jazz festivals.

"You have to go to various sources for funding, which really isn't that much of a chore," Clayton adds. "You may even be able to pay the higher wages that sidemen demand."

Clayton claims that he could work with the band more often, but is prevented by calls for his individual services.

"I have to go out on the road with this or that group, and so does Jeff Hamilton," he says. "We get a lot of out-of-town calls for the orchestra now, but sometimes we have to turn them down because we are not all available. Moreover, we don't do dances, otherwise our numbers would be more impressive."

It is Clayton's belief that certain bands fail to make it simply because they are not sufficiently innovative.

"Only a handful of big bands are trying to make history, trying to take the roots of the music and go ahead from there," he says. "Not enough bands are looking forward. That's why my hat is off to Bill Holman, Bob Florence, Toshiko, Gerald Wilson; they don't just turn their groups into rehearsal bands."

I pointed out that Akiyoshi hasn't benefited by her creative stance, and that her 30 gigs last year didn't augur well.

"The people who fail in the arts," Clayton replied, "are those who don't get up after they are kicked down. Maybe next year instead of 30 jobs she will have 50 or 60 or 100. It all comes down to the way you look at it. Is the glass half-full or half-empty? Too many people think they have a half-empty glass."

Perhaps so. In any event, we raise our glasses in a toast to the Claytons and Holmans and Akiyoshis who, whatever the problems, are doing their noble part in trying to keep the big band banner flying. •

# Louis Armstrong—the Name Still Defines the Music

By LEONARD FEATHER 8|2

Louis Armstrong is jazz.

Not was—is. More than any other artist he has become a synonym for an entire century of an American art form. As trumpeter and no less as singer, he exerted an influence that has carried through to this day. Yet as a human being he was both idolized as a creative genius and reviled as a musical sellout and an Uncle Tom.

A complex and enigmatic figure beneath the clowning surface, he drew no arbitrary line between artistry and entertainment. By the 1950s—when the recent reissue "The California Concerts," on Decca Records, was made—he believed in putting on a show.

What lay behind that comedy-oriented facade? Not many knew, and few cared; to most Americans, white and black alike, he was Our Beloved Louis.

However, this writer knew him for almost 40 years, produced several of his concerts and recordings, received many of his rambling, personally typewritten letters, went to New Orleans to see him crowned King of the Zulus in the 1949 Mardi Gras parade, heard him fronting everything from a polyphonic New Orleans combo to a pop-style big band, and had a pretty good fix on how he felt about his music and his private and public personas.

First you have to consider the world in which he was born on July 4, 1900 (as he liked to tell it, though his birth certificate shows the date was Aug. 4, 1901).

It was a world in which it seemed necessary to go along with certain facts of segregated life. This included self-derogation. Hence, his jokes about Man-Tan (a tanning cream of the '50s), his reference to one of his musicians as "Bing Crosby in Technicolor" and his use, until someone stopped him, of the word *darkies* in his famous theme song "Sleepy Time Down South." What was perceived by some observers as Uncle Tomfoolery was pure and simple pragmatism.

Personal observation convinced me that Louis was a man of simple pleasures, rarely aroused to anger, who, despite a limited education, became a fluent writer with a style as personal as the sound of his horn. He took great delight in sitting down at his portable typewriter backstage after the show, lighting a joint and putting into type whatever amusing or reflective thoughts came to his head.

(His lifelong use of marijuana, about which he boasted openly in his later years, did him no apparent harm, according to Dr. Gary Zucker, one of his physicians, quoted in James Lincoln Collier's uneven, controversial 1983 biography "Louis Armstrong: An American Genius," published by Oxford University Press.)

Armstrong, who died July 6, 1971, believed in everything he played and sang, whether it was "West End Blues" (one of his late-'20s masterpieces) or some trivial tune like "Jeepers Creepers." This was symptomatic of another line he never cared to draw—between jazz and pop music. Nor did he make racial distinctions in his hiring policy. He had a close friendship and a shared mutual admiration with Jack Teagarden, the white trombonist and singer who toured in his band for four years.

Satchmo was one of the most misunderstood musicians of his day. Critics could never figure out why, when he led a big band (off and on from 1929 until 1947), he admired and imitated the quavering saxes and spineless sound of the Guy Lombardo band. His answer was simple: "They play the melody."

"The California Concerts," a valuable if heavily flawed document, is a clear depiction of the trumpeter-singer-entertainer in his later years. His gravelly voice by then was the source of a thousand imitations; his horn had retained its pristine purity no matter what the setting.

Associated Press

Armstrong, one of the most misunderstood musicians of his day, can be heard anew on the Decca reissue "The California Concerts."

On the blues tunes, particularly the two takes of "Back o' Town Blues," Armstrong is at his glorious best; never playing a torrent of notes, he makes every phrase meaningful. In his vocal on "Lazy River," he strips the melody to its essentials. This same deceptive simplicity brings a haunting warmth to "The Gypsy," "Our Monday Date" (co-featuring the composer, pianist Earl Hines) and Satchmo's own ballad "Someday," which offers one of his rare muted solos.

To truly assess his genius in its formative innovative stages, readers are invited to investigate such essential sources as "Armstrong Vol. III: The Hot Fives and Sevens" and "Vol. IV: Armstrong and Earl Hines," both on Columbia, and "Great Original Performances 1923-31," on BBC.

Jazz trumpet began with Louis, and from Satchmo it evolved slowly to the more complex Roy Eldridge, from Eldridge to Dizzy Gillespie and thence to Miles Davis and on down the line. True, Armstrong had a mentor, King Oliver, on whose recordings he was heard as a sideman, but *his* was the influence that circumnavigated the jazz world. Time, far from relegating Satchmo to a kindly but condescendingly regarded limbo, has aged him like vintage wine, as it has aged every world-class soloist since jazz began. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*



JAZZ REVIEW

# Jobim, Thielemans at Bowl

Brazil and Belgium. An odd couple of countries, you might think, to provide the basis for a jazz concert at the Hollywood Bowl. But that's how it went Wednesday when Toots Thielemans, the harmonica virtuoso from Brussels, and Antonio Carlos Jobim, the godfather of bossa nova, were the headliners.

Essentially it was a Brazilian evening, with Jobim in command after intermission, reminding us that his songs have now inspired two generations of North and South American aficionados. Cool and deceptively casual like his music, he sat at the piano applying his slight but charming voice to everything from "Desafinado"—to which he surprisingly attached a verse with English lyrics—to the closing "The Girl From Ipanema."

Jobim's ensemble is largely a two-family affair. Dori Caymmi, who had sung and played in the first half, was represented by two young Caymmis. Jobim's wife and daughter were members of the vocal quintet, and his son Paulo played guitar. The five voices blended gracefully. On a few numbers Jobim sang simply with the instrumentalists.

The prevailing language, of course, was Portuguese, but Jobim sprang a few surprises, singing in English a witty song about his arrival in New York, where he was greeted as "Mr. Bim" or "Joe," and a strongly worded anti-pollution song, written for the recent world summit, titled "Forever Green."

All the hits were there: "Wave" (as an instrumental), "No More Blues," "One Note Samba" (with Thielemans as guest soloist) and his most ingenious and haunting song, "The Waters of March," fascinating even in Portuguese (but why didn't he sing his English lyrics?).

The first half of the program was uneven. The brilliant Thielemans, who should have had a set of his own, wandered on and off stage every 15 minutes. During his absences Ivan Lins, Oscar Castro-Neves and Dori Caymmi sang and played their well-conceived, attractively executed songs. Lins, now a superstar in Brazil, closed the set singing Portuguese lyrics to Thielemans' biggest hit, "Bluesette." Though the ad hoc group of Brazilians didn't quite settle into a groove, they came off generally as spirited and entertaining.

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

Antonio Carlos Jobim at Bowl: An essentially Brazilian show.

If it is true that jazz is the sound of surprise, it might be added that music from Rio is the sound of harmonic surprise. Rhythmically, however, it seldom falls short, as the subtly syncopated guitar punctuations made clear when Castro-Neves sang and played.

The audience, which included large pockets of Brazilians who reacted vociferously to the Portuguese lyrics, was a near-capacity 17,670. —LEONARD FEATHER

# Pianist Bill Mays Displays Versatility at the Jazz Bakery

By LEONARD FEATHER 8|17
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Back briefly in his old Southland stamping grounds (he moved to New York in the mid-'80s), the versatile pianist Bill Mays offered audiences Friday and Saturday at the Jazz Bakery a panoramic view of his keyboard talents.

Though often active in other areas as a composer, a conductor and an accompanist to singers, Mays as a solo recitalist revealed a rare adaptability. If he has no clearly identifiable style of his own, this is well counter-balanced by his gift for conveying the essence of every approach from stride to bop with occasional hard-driving references to the blues.

Much of his repertoire consists of works by other pianists: "Grandpa's Spells" by Jelly Roll Morton, "Dancers in Love" by Duke Ellington, "Moanin'" by Bobby Timmons. These three showed respect for the concepts of their originators; less successful was Thelonious Monk's "Trinkle Tinkle," in which he seemed uncertain how to deal with this quirky material. He was in fine form recalling his own 5/4 "Great American Rag," written for the late Don Ellis.

Mays put his impressive technique to masterful use, though now and then he abused it. The attempt to fuse a Chopin etude with "Body and Soul" was a mite too clever, and his sitar-like plucking and strumming on piano strings on "Never Entered My Mind" did less than justice to this superior ballad.

Mays ended his Friday show with a surprise, turning vocalist as he sang the witty lyrics to Dexter Gordon's "Fried Bananas."

Does this mark the start of a new career? Let's say that one song per show maximum would do just fine.

J. ALBERT DIAZ / Los Angeles Times

Maureen McGovern sings songs from movies at the Hollywood Bowl.

# 'Hollywood Dreams II' Slips on Some Poor Song Choices

Sequels are all the rage in movies, so why not at concerts? That seemed to be the assumption when "Hollywood Dreams II," a follow-up to last year's program of movie music, was presented Friday and Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl.

The idea worked well enough for the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, conducted by John Mauceri, but not for Maureen McGovern, whose choice of movie songs would hardly have been less felicitous. Starting with one of Cole Porter's most forgettable songs, "Blow Gabriel Blow," she leaned too often on Saturday toward a Broadway, razzmatazz attitude that did less than justice to her voice.

As she revealed in "Somewhere" and "True Love," McGovern has a pure sound and impeccable intonation, yet she wasted her talent on the likes of "Buttons and Bows" and "Zip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah," in a non-sequitur medley of movie tunes.

The orchestral balance of the evening was highly variable. Works by John Williams bookended the program, starting with the "Devil's Theme" from "The Witches of Eastwick" and closing with the flying theme from "E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial."

The performance level was consistently high, doing justice to David Raksin's superbly arranged "Laura" sequence. Bernard Herrmann was represented by a suite from "Vertigo" and by the brief, memorable shower scene from "Psycho." Less successful were Max Steiner's pretentious "King Kong" and the banal suite from "The Wizard of Oz."

Ironically, one of the best pieces was "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Paul Dukas, sometimes thought of as Mickey Mouse music because of its inclusion in "Fantasia." Actually it was written in 1897. One passage of rising augmented chords gave it a surprisingly contemporary cast.

Attendance was 9,684 Friday, 14,590 Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

8/3

# A Most Compatible Pairing at Tra Fiori

Jazz and dinner music may seem like irreconcilable opposites, yet the sounds emanating from the group playing weekends at Tra Fiori leave no doubt that they are compatible, providing an elegant obligato to graceful dining.

The music policy at this Pasadena restaurant began almost two years ago with Phil Wright playing understated but engaging solo piano. A bass player was soon added, and the further addition of Herman Riley, playing tenor and soprano saxophones, established the trio that now plays from 8 p.m. to midnight Fridays and Saturdays, and from 6 to 10 p.m. on Sundays.

New Orleans-born but a longtime Southland resident, Riley has shown his adaptable talent in every setting from the Count Basie Band to the Jimmy Smith Trio. The intimate Tra Fiori setting finds him stretching out boldly, his tone full but controlled on tenor, warmly affecting on soprano. The latter horn was used in a slow, emotional version of Johnny Mandel's "Emily" and in the jazz standard "Star Eyes."

Wright's piano, perhaps due to the presence of two stimulating companions, seemed to grow in strength during Friday's set. His choice of material was imaginative, ranging from Benny Golson's "Along Came Betty" to Irving Berlin's "Cheek to Cheek."

The regular bassist, John Heard, was replaced by the no-less-estimable rhythm foundation of Andy Simpkins, who proved equally valuable in supportive and solo roles. The same trio will return Friday.

—LEONARD FEATHER



VILLAGE VOICE 7/28

## Take the Stray Train

The *Voice*'s recent collection of features on Billy Strayhorn ["The Billy Strayhorn Suite," June 23] was admirably researched and informative. Having known Strayhorn personally throughout his entire career with Duke Ellington, I'd like to add a few comments and correct a couple of errors.

Soon after Duke hired me in late 1942 (mainly to promote his upcoming Carnegie Hall debut), he assigned me and Strayhorn to write a book commissioned from him by Robbins Music. It was called *Duke Ellington Piano Method for Blues*. Though it came out under the Ellington byline, Strays and I wrote the whole thing. For days we would listen to Ellington records, transcribing any solos we could find that were based on the blues format. I was amazed at Swee' Pea's ears: he did most of the transcribing, leaving some of the easier pieces to me.

During this period I was also in close touch with Mercer Ellington. The statement by Andrew Homzy that Mercer reacted "antagonistically" to Strayhorn because it prevented Mercer's own music from being performed is simply not true. Mercer, like Strayhorn, benefited from the ASCAP-BMI fight; while Duke was introducing Strayhorn's works he also broadcast Mercer's "Blue Serge," "Things Ain't What They Used To Be," "The Girl in My Dreams," "Moon Mist," and others.

Mercer, as he wrote in his autobiography, helped to find Billy a room at the YMCA, but soon after he invited him to join Ruth and Mercer at Duke's apartment. As he wrote, "by the time Pop got back from Europe, Billy, Ruth, and I were like one family." That is the way I also observed it. Billy, Mercer, and I were all roughly in the same age range, with common interests, and we all got along.

The statement by Kevin Whitehead that such Strayhorn recordings as the piano duets have been "long out of print" is inaccurate. All eight duets with Duke, which Mercer and I produced for Mercer Records, are still available on a Fantasy CD entitled *Great Times*.

Finally, I was delighted that Mr. Homzy reminded us of the vicious attack on Strayhorn by Stanley Dance ("...stereotyped, effeminate little swing band arrangements..."), as it sets in perspective the totally opposite view he took of Strayhorn, which I observed when Dance was working for Duke. (This also makes one feel better about the losing 50-year battle Dance has been waging against Gillespie and Parker.) Strayhorn was physically small, but emotionally big enough to ignore the slings and arrows of the know-nothing critics.

Leonard Feather
Sherman Oaks, California

JAZZ REVIEW

# A Salute to Society Winners

The Los Angeles Jazz Society rounded out its first decade Sunday with a three-part celebration at the L.A. Hilton Hotel: a brunch with music, an awards ceremony and a concert.

The last segment of the seven-hour event was by far the most successful. It included a jam session spearheaded by Al Aarons on trumpet and fluegelhorn and Bob Cooper on tenor sax, with a free-wheeling accompaniment by guitarist John Collins and pianist Gerald Wiggins among others.

The Cunninghams, the dynamic vocal duo, breezed their blues-tinged way through "Centerpiece," an early composition by Harry (Sweets) Edison, this year's Jazz Tribute Award winner. Two other winners, pianist-singer Joyce Collins (Educator of the Year) and Bill Henderson (Vocalist of the Year) were reunited to record some of their collaborations of the 1970s. His version of "My Funny Valentine," sung while she counterpunched with "The Gentleman Is a Dope," still makes delightfully dovetailed sense.

Teri Merrill-Aarons, the founder and president of the L.A. Jazz Society, was herself the recipient of an award, offered by a group of friends who have watched her build the organization from scratch over a long and often difficult decade. The local jazz community owes much to her many initiatives.

Other awards were given to Gerald Wilson as composer, saxophonist Teddy Edwards (Lifetime Achievement) and 21-year-old Katisse Buckingham, winner of the Shelly Manne Memorial Fund New Talent Award. Buckingham displayed his expertise on soprano, alto and tenor saxes, on two originals and two standards. Long on chops though perhaps still a little short on soul, he is a promising youth in the tradition of the previous winners.

The day started in low gear. Brunch music was supplied in the restaurant by a deliberately antiquated quartet (banjo, tuba, clarinet and drums). The opening act in the ballroom where the main action took place was an overlong, overloud set by a Latin jazz group led by Rudy Regalado, whose slogan, "the cool sounds," was belied by the percussion-heavy arrangements. Happily, when he yielded the floor to Buckingham, a cooling trend promptly developed.

—LEONARD FEATHER

L.A. TIMES 8/9/92 JAZZ

# The Quincy Jones You May Not Know

★★★★

**QUINCY JONES**

"This Is How I Feel About Jazz"

*Impulse!*

Composer-arranger Jones, who has gone on to become a recording industry tycoon, was a mere 23 years old when he led the various groups featured on this 1956 recording date. The collective personnel is staggering—Phil Woods, Lucky Thompson, Zoot Sims, Milt Jackson, Hank Jones, Billy Taylor, Charles Mingus, Benny Carter, Art Pepper, Pepper Adams, Buddy Collette, Art Farmer, Shelly Manne, Lou Levy, Herbie Mann and others.

REISSUES

The first six cuts are five-star material. Jones' own "Stockholm Sweetnin' " and his arrangement of "Sleepin' Bee" are masterpieces; Jones' unique textural blends are intermingled with admirable solos. Scarcely less fascinating are the two blues "Walkin' " and "Boo's Blues," Cannonball Adderley's "Sermonette" and another Jones original, "Evening in Paris."

The remainder of this disc falls down and reduces the rating. Two sessions done in Los Angeles—the others were completed in New York—feature only saxes and rhythm, with arrangements by other writers who lack the magic Jones touch.

Yet this collection is an essential addition to a jazz library for anyone who would care to learn how Jones felt about jazz back in 1956. Too bad he has no time to feel that way today. —LEONARD FEATHER

Mercury Records

The young Quincy Jones, long before he became a record industry tycoon, led a 1956 recording date studded with jazz heavyweights.

## In Brief

**★★★★ Dizzy Gillespie and Arturo Sandoval, "To a Finland Station,"** Pablo. Gillespie and the Cuban trumpeter, meeting by chance in 1982 in Helsinki, put this grand-slam session together overnight, with spectacular results, and with first-rate support by three Finns on piano, bass and drums. It is hard to discern who is playing when (the notes by Norman Granz fail to inform us); the muted solo on "Wheatleigh Hall" is clearly Gillespie, and it's obviously Sandoval when you hear twanging rubber-band effects played by Dizzy on an instrument inexplicably known as the jew's-harp. Five Gillespie originals include the delightful hop-skip of "And Then She Stopped," the quasi-Cuban "Rimsky " and the blues-drenched "Dizzy the Duck." —L.F.



JAZZ REVIEW

# Solid Artistry Gives Festival Finale a Boost

Anyone looking for a primer in the art of running a jazz festival would have been wise to have studied what happened between 2 and 9:30 p.m. Sunday at Pasadena's Ambassador Auditorium.

Consider these ingredients:

One comfortable indoor venue; an outdoor mall and park area where, after each set, the audience could find food stands and bars and relax under a nearby tree; five musical groups, each representing a valid aspect of non-fusion jazz today.

Pianist Eliane Elias, whose trio opened, is now a mature artist whose solos, whether original or drawn from her Brazilian origins, can move seamlessly from gentle and graceful to pulsating and powerful. Only on her unaccompanied piece, a vague collection of songs from her homeland, did the interest sag.

Miami-based trumpeter Arturo Sandoval, backed by tenor sax and rhythm, astonished an audience not ready for his stratospheric excursions. A protégé of Dizzy Gillespie, whom he met in 1977 in his native Havana, Sandoval worked mainly with material related to the late trumpeter Clifford Brown, whose widow was in the audience.

ALAN HAWES / Los Angeles Times

Trumpeter Arturo Sandoval astonishes the audience with his stratospheric excursions.

Although the set was mainly a showcase for his trumpet virtuosity, the two tunes that hit closest to the heart were his own "I Left This Space for You," which he played evocatively on piano, and Benny Golson's "I Remember Clifford," played poignantly on the fluegelhorn.

Is there any pianist who can outdo Gene Harris in hitting and sustaining a blues groove? No name comes to mind. His set, with the brilliant guitarist Ron Eschete, bassist Luther Hughes and drummer Paul Humphrey, was a masterpiece, whether it dealt with some blues variation, a pop song ("This Masquerade") or a bossa nova.

Harris next raised the grand old flag of gospel, and within two minutes of "This Little Light of Mine" had turned the Ambassador into a sanctified church. He earned the day's only standing ovation.

The crowd then took to the great outdoors, where a band known as Swing Savant played Orange County type music—"Tiger Rag" and all that jazz. It was pleasant and innocuous, although the introduction of one member as a "magnificent banjo player" sounded like an oxymoron.

The final set was failure-proof. One only need mention the names. Vibist Milt Jackson had the best bassist and drummer of the day (John Clayton and Tootie Heath), Art Hillary's fleet piano, and two swinging veterans, Sweets Edison on trumpet and Teddy Edwards on tenor sax. The audience left in high spirits as emcee Chuck Miles assured us there will be another festival next year.

—LEONARD FEATHER

STEVE PRINGLE / For The Times

Pat (Pasquale) Senatore, pictured with his 200-year-old bass.

# He Gave Jazz Greats a Place to Play in L.A.

**Jazz Bakery offers birthday salute Thursday night to bassist Pat (Pasquale) Senatore and his now-defunct beachside club**

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nostalgic notes will flow from the bandstand Thursday at the Jazz Bakery in Culver City. Produced by singer Ruth Price, the evening will be at once a 57th birthday tribute to bassist Pat (Pasquale) Senatore and a reunion celebration recalling Pasquale's, the now legendary beachside club that he ran from 1978 to 1983.

Alumni of the club expected to perform include Price, pianist George Cables and drummer Billy Higgins.

"Hardly a day goes by," Senatore says, "when someone doesn't remind me of what great times we had there. I sure miss it."

Now a free-lance musician living in Studio City, Senatore was a veteran of the Stan Kenton and Les Brown bands, and of five years with Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass, when he conceived the idea of starting his own room.

"I'd seen how bad conditions were for jazz, how poorly the musicians were treated, and I wanted to correct all the problems I'd encountered.

"One day I went to the beach with my two sons and saw this beach spot in Malibu. I envisioned it as a fantastic jazz club; I met the owner of the property. It took a year, but he finally agreed to let me take over the place.

"We opened in February, 1978, with just me on bass, George Cables on piano—he'll be there with me Thursday—and Roy McCurdy on drums. My wife, Barbara, worked in the room taking care of business details. Pretty soon we began using bigger groups."

What made Pasquale's unique was the mix of music and ambience. Windowed along two walls, the room enabled patrons to look (or walk) past a sliding glass door 20 feet from the bandstand onto an open deck, from which you could watch the Pacific Ocean lapping virtually at your feet. Here was a comfortable setting not just for concerts by the sea but almost literally on the sea.

Ruth Price, a frequent performer at the club, recalls: "I never knew any place like this except the Trident in Sausalito, which also overlooked the water. How often could I sing 'The Shining Sea' and actually look at the ocean while I sang it?"

Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard has other recollections. "We were working for a musician who knew our needs, who kept the piano in tune. We played whatever we felt like playing—we didn't have to plug our latest album. And we had people like Richard Pryor and Goldie Hawn in the audience."

The real turning point, a few months after the club opened, was the arrival of Joe Farrell, who had won several Down Beat awards on sax and flute.

"Joe had just come to town from New York," recalls Pasquale, "nobody had seen him yet, and he wanted to put in an 18-piece band. I told him, 'You're crazy! The whole room seats 100, maybe 130 in a pinch.' But he did it on a Monday night, and the room was mobbed. For eight Mondays you could hardly get near the place."

Within a year, everyone wanted to play Pasquale's, and almost everyone did: Manhattan Transfer, Chick Corea, Pat Metheny, Joe Henderson, Ernie Watts, Toots Thielemans, Anita O'Day, Nat Adderley, Tom Scott, Art Pepper, James Newton.

Sunday afternoons were special: big bands played on the outside deck in the sunshine—the Akiyoshi-Tabackin Orchestra, Bill Holman, Capp-Pierce Juggernaut, and frequently Latin ensembles—Poncho Sanchez ("We launched his band there," Pasquale says), Baya, Moacir Santos.

"The club would be packed and we'd have 200 more people sitting on the beach and dancing. It was unbelievable," Pasquale says.

Johnny Carson dropped by to see Carmen McRae. So did Sarah Vaughan, who wound up singing duets with her and hanging out in the room until dawn. Cybill Shepherd came to catch her guitar idol, Joe Pass. When Jon Hendricks brought in Bobby McFerrin as an unknown sideman, Al Jarreau jumped out of the audience to join them for an unforgettable vocal riot.

"One night I can't forget," Pasquale says, "was when Bobby Hutcherson was playing vibraphone. The ocean had a way of changing things. . . . Some nights it would coat the underneath of the club with pebbles and rocks, and when that happened, the water going over them, gurgling over those pebbles, sounded like a waterfall. Well, Bobby put on the sustaining pedal on the vibes, did an arpeggio and just let it sustain, and you'd hear the water sprinkling—people were just mesmerized as he played this duet with the ocean."

Michel Petrucciani, the diminutive French pianist (barely more than three feet tall, 50 pounds—he suffered from a rare bone disease) made his West Coast debut here at age 20. His manager or his wife would carry him to the piano stool, where a special extension enabled him to reach the foot pedals.

Pat Metheny came in to listen to fellow guitarist John Abercrombie, then asked Pasquale for a date at the room. He played straight-ahead jazz, no fusion, with Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins on bass and drums.

Pasquale's, in short, was the in place. Until things began to go wrong.

Many jazzmen have complained about how their careers were hurt by rock. It happened to Pat Senatore too, but in his case literally—in the form of rockslides on the Pacific Coast Highway.

"Malibu and Topanga canyons would be closed by rockslides, and unless you lived right in Malibu you couldn't reach the club. We had to close for days, sometimes weeks at a time."

Pasquale wouldn't give in. The club closed, reopened, and for a while continued to flourish.

The last straw was a hassle with the city of Malibu. "There was a septic tank leaking all over the beach. The landlord didn't want to pay to repair it, and I was just a tenant



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WESTSIDE / VALLEY

there—I didn't even have a lease, we were there on a month-to-month basis. Well, I decided we had reached a point of no return. It was heartbreaking, but on Oct. 23, 1983, we had an all-star farewell jam session, and that was it."

Could something like Pasquale's ever happen again?

"Well," Senatore says, "it's not impossible. I talked to Herb Alpert the other day, and if I could present him with the right location, he might be interested in making a deal with me to back it. But as far as finding commercial oceanfront property, it's almost out of the question.

"Whether or not it ever happens again, I'm happy for those years we did have. I still like to look back on it as a dream that did come true, for a little while." □

**'The club would be packed and we'd have 200 more people sitting on the beach and dancing. It was unbelievable.'**

Pat (Pasquale) Senatore, *musician*

*Pasquale's reunion concert begins at 8 p.m. Thursday at the Jazz Bakery, 3221 Hutchison Ave., Culver City. Tickets: $15. Call (310) 271-9039.*

*Leonard Feather writes regularly about jazz for The Times.*

JAZZ REVIEW 8/22

# George Cables Dominates Pasquale's Reunion

Officially, Thursday night at the Jazz Bakery was a celebration of Pat (Pasquale) Senatore's birthday, and a reunion of artists who had worked in the legendary Malibu club that bore the bassist's name.

Unofficially, as Senatore graciously pointed out, the evening's main honors went to pianist George Cables, who was the opening attraction at Pasquale's in 1978 (it closed in 1983). Though nominally a sideman at the Bakery, he dominated the evening with a series of riveting performances.

Cables has technique to spare, an articulation that ranges from delicate to dynamic, and the ability to find surprising new approaches to long-familiar works. His opener, "You Stepped Out of a Dream," started and ended in a calypso groove. "Waltz for Debby" was equally effective in 3-4 and 4-4 time.

As a composer, Cables was well represented by the beguiling "Rita" and the *misterioso* "Blackfoot." On many numbers he played the first chorus unaccompanied before Senatore and drummer Carl Burnett joined in.

The assertive personality Cables established during his years with Freddie Hubbard has grown even stronger in the last few years, fortified by a keen harmonic sense and a powerful left hand that serves him well in his solo forays.

Ruth Price, who produces the shows at the Bakery and was a frequent presence at Pasquale's, offered several vocals that displayed her perennially youthful, swinging charm. Singer Joanie Somers added her appealing sound before Cables, Pasquale and Burnett took over with Sonny Rollins' "Doxy," a buoyant closer for an envigorating evening.

—LEONARD FEATHER

8/27

BOB CAREY / Los Angeles Times

Tony Bennett: An honest projection of a flawless collection of songs.

# A Masterful Set From Bennett

Short of an entire concert sung a cappella, Tony Bennett's performance on Saturday at the Greek Theatre was about as close to self-sufficiency as you can get.

All he needed was the Ralph Sharon Trio, led by the pianist who has been his musical director for a total of 24 years. True, there was a large chamber ensemble on stage, but its use was confined mainly to a few ballads. From the first moments of "Old Devil Moon," Bennett was in total command. To quote from that song, he had the crowd riding on his magic carpet, maintaining his hold until the final encore 80 minutes later.

His vocal command seems to have reached new peaks. Though he never relies on technical gimmicks, he held on to the first song's final note so long that one wondered whether he had mastered the saxophonist's device of circular breathing.

For the most part he depended on honest projection of a flawless collection of songs: Irving Berlin's "I Love a Piano," with tricky upward modulations by Sharon; "The Girl I Love," Ira Gershwin's minimal rewrite of "The Man I Love," and a magnificent reading of the Bob Wells-Jack Segal "When Joanna Loved Me." Sharon, bassist Paul Langosch and drummer Joe LaBarbera all had their moments in the spotlight.

For all his show-biz savvy, there is about Bennett a certain innocence that tells you he takes no applause for granted, relishing every deceptively effortless moment. In the interpretation at this point in time of the great American songbook, which is how he described his performance, it just doesn't get any better than Bennett.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JOE PUGLIESE / Los Angeles Times

**MILES BEYOND:** A tribute to Miles Davis at the Hollywood Bowl brought his original 1960s quintet back together, including saxophonist Wayne Shorter, with trumpeter Wallace Roney in place of the late trumpet giant. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

JAZZ REVIEW 8/25

# Davis Group Reunion Tops Bowl Festival

A reunion of the famed group headed by jazz trumpeter Miles Davis from 1964-69 was the main attraction at the JVC Jazz at the Bowl concert Sunday at the Hollywood Bowl. Everyone was curious to hear how Wallace Roney would play in place of Davis, who died a year ago this week.

Whether or not Roney sounded like Davis was irrelevant. How he would have dealt with "Stella by Starlight," "On Green Dolphin Street" or any of the other standards Davis was still playing in the mid-'60s may never be known. What did become clear is that he plays open horn more often (he was heard with a mute only in parts of "All Blues") and sounds cleaner, fuller and in better control than Davis often was.

Herbie Hancock today is not the same pianist who played with Davis back then, nor is Wayne Shorter the same saxophonist. They have developed new, more complex personalities. Only Ron Carter on bass and Tony Williams on drums related directly to their early association with the late trumpet genius.

Of the other groups at the Bowl, Chick Corea made the strongest impression, leading a cohesive acoustic ensemble. Bob Berg, like Corea a Miles Davis alumnus, dominated with his energetic and v tenor sax. With Steve Gadd drums and Eddie Gomez on b the quartet could hardly m Corea was at his most buoya even bringing new life to "That Feeling."

Gerald Albright could ha learned a lot from Corea's gr about taste, subtlety and swi Leading his heavy-handed quar plugging his albums and play his alto, he left the impression worthy talent gone to waste.

Preceding Albright was B Fleck, who plays the five-str banjo, and his Flecktones, empl ing two other improbable inst ments—a drumitar (combinat guitar and percussion) and a h monica. Somehow Fleck made odd unit work. The banjo on "Ro Garden Blues" and the Monk dissonances in "Life Without vis" qualified at least as g honest fun.

—LEONARD FEATH

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ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

**HONORED JAZZMAN:** At a Hollywood Bowl tribute, Dizzy Gillespie made his first public appearance since undergoing major surgery March 12. The trumpeter's essence pervaded the show. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F15**

JAZZ REVIEW 8/28

# All-Stars Pay Tribute to Dizzy Gillespie at Bowl

Has any living jazzman won more honors or engendered more good will than John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie? Judging by the warm spirits in the great music that dominated Wednesday's tribute to him at the Hollywood Bowl, he is now more admired and more influential than ever.

Having him there in person, to make his first public appearance since undergoing major surgery March 12, was icing on the cake. Looking considerably slimmer, he made a brief, humble speech, spoke about his upcoming 75th birthday (Oct. 21), and hoped the doctor will soon permit him to play in public.

The Gillespie essence pervaded the show. Directly or indirectly, every one of the 30 artists reflected the impact of his innovations, which turned the jazz world around almost half a century ago.

Essentially this was an extension of Gillespie's United Nation orchestra. With a brilliant arranger and trombonist Slide Hampton conducting, soloists from Cuba, Panama, Brazil, Puerto Rico and the U.S. interacted in tribute to their idol, playing his early tunes ("Dizzy Atmosphere," "Ow!" "Night in Tunisia," "Beebop") and a few more recent works.

James Moody sang his hilarious vocalese version of "Moody's Mood for Love." Joe Williams scatted an early Gillespie chestnut, "Groovin' High," and for a finale Moody, Williams, Clark Terry, Dianne Reeves and Dee Dee Bridgewater traded riffs on the by-now prehistoric "Oo Pa-Pa-Da."

At one point Hampton corralled six hornmen to match wits on "Tour de Force." They ranged from the promising young Roy Hargrove to Harry (Sweets) Edison, more than 50 years Hargrove's senior. In between were Clark Terry, Freddie Hubbard, the Brazilian Claudio Roditi, and the impassioned, high-powered Byron Stripling.

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

Dizzy Gillespie at Bowl for non-playing appearance at a 75th-birthday tribute to trumpeter.

Reeves, in commanding form, sang Gillespie's seldom-heard love song "I Waited for You." Pianist Hank Jones, bassist George Mraz and drummer Lewis Nash were a propulsive rhythm team.

The show's only weak spot was the opening group, a quintet called Beebop and Beyond. Any hope of excusing their ragged sound was negated by the total cohesion of the United Nation ensemble.

—LEONARD FEATHER



# TV Reviews

## A Look at World Music, Don Cherry Style

The third segment of the seven-part "Birdland" series, airing at 7 and midnight tonight on the Bravo cable channel, concentrates on Don Cherry, an eclectic and controversial figure who came to prominence 30 years ago in the original Ornette Coleman Quartet.

In recent years, Cherry has drawn on a broad variety of sources that reflect his extensive travels, his interest in world music rather than jazz per se, and his taste for exotic instruments and unconventional sounds.

In the course of the program he moves unpredictably through many functions: He sings, hums, chants, claps, plays a bamboo flute, a melodica, a Malian hunter's guitar known as the doussn' gouni, and occasionally returns to his original vehicle, a pocket cornet. It is on this horn that his technical deficiencies are most evident: Lacking the range, facility and technique required for cornet improvisation, he rarely achieves any sense of melodic continuity or creativity.

He is, nonetheless, a fascinating figure with a ready smile and the ability to draw his sidemen into diverse areas. The group, known as Multikulti, includes Peter Apfelbaum on piano, synthesizer and tenor saxophone; Hamid Drake on drums; and Bo Freeman on electric bass.

The compositions, mostly by Apfelbaum or Cherry, sustain enough of an interest level to ensure that the performances, whatever their validity as world music, are never dull. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 7/3

# Williams Quintet Busts Loose

Catalina, the only chance-taking jazz room in town, has sprung a surprise this week in the form of the Buster Williams Quintet.

A veteran of dozens of name groups—Herbie Hancock, Dexter Gordon, McCoy Tyner—Williams has long been known for the depth and power of his sound on bass, the resiliency of his beat and flawless intonation. As a leader, he not only furnished some of the most inventive solos but also wrote all the music.

Here are five first-rate musicians without the support of a powerful record company—without anything to offer, in fact, except sheer talent. That was not enough to fill the room Tuesday, but it should be by the time word gets around (the group closes Saturday).

Williams' rhythm section partners have been here before in other settings. Renee Rosnes is a sensitive pianist whose solos built from ingenious single-note lines to emphatic bursts of chording, while Billy Drummond, the drummer, provides support that finds him constantly aware of the requirements for every soloist.

The front line, with Shunzo Ohno on trumpet and fluegelhorn, and Steve Wilson on alto and soprano saxes, set the pace for such state-of-the-acoustic-art pieces as "Where's That Rainbow?," "Native Dance" and "Something More." —LEONARD FEATHER

KIRK McKOY / Los Angeles Times

**CROWD PLEASER:** Harry Connick Jr., at the Universal Amphitheatre, enjoyed a tremendous reaction from fans but fell short of the requisite level of talent to match his fame and success. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F4**

JAZZ REVIEW 9/10

# Connick Jr.: Still the Sinatra Wanna-Be

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The phenomenon of Harry Connick Jr. is as hard to explain as it is to justify. At the Universal Amphitheatre on Tuesday, it was evident that not since the Frank Sinatra era has a young singer of traditional pop music so completely galvanized an audience.

The Sinatra comparison starts and ends with the audience reaction. Connick only has to sing a line like "Take my lips" to be greeted by screams and yells. The great difference is that whereas Sinatra was content to sing, and sing superbly, Connick wants to be known as a vocalist, pianist, lyricist, composer, arranger, dancer, drummer and comedian. On none of these levels, except as arranger, does he rise far above mediocrity.

If his act, which ran for two hours without interruption on the first of his four nights at the amphitheater, can be summed up in a word, it is *contrivance*. Everything was calculated to garner the wildest crowd noises. Even when he sang a song straight with his lightweight, pleasant tone, he would sometimes wind up with some sort of "oogly-woogly" double-talk nonsense.

Connick came along at a time when certain segments of the public were perhaps tired of rock and ready to accept standard tunes, or originals in the old swing-era mold, performed by a good-looking, personable youngster. The big-band sound with which he surrounds himself also has a certain appeal that has been lacking in music intended for younger fans. Connick has catered successfully to them with his brash, brassy arrangements.

As a pianist, he has no discernible style of his own, but he offers enough novelty effects to keep the squealing listeners under his spell. The low point of the evening was "Sweet Georgia Brown," which began as a mannered keyboard solo but soon degenerated into a series of percussion effects played on the lid of the piano.

One possible reason for the Connick phenomenon is his background. He grew up in New Orleans—that city's district attorney is his father. He even had his jazz-loving dad onstage to sing a couple of numbers in one of the evening's rare moments of sincerity, although this too wound up as a quasi-comedy act.

Connick also has had the powerful Marsalis family behind him: Ellis as his teacher, Delfeayo to produce his first album, and Branford as guest soloist on another.

Despite all these advantages, it is difficult to detect in him any soul, any deep passion.

Harry Connick Jr. has become a symbol of success in a manner that takes advantage of the public's hunger for a more traditionally oriented repertoire and for an orchestral setting to match. What's most regrettable is that because of the insistence on excessive showmanship, he does not fully use this rare opportunity to raise the level of appreciation for what could be, but rarely is allowed to be, honest and valid music.

# 'Haunted Heart': Charlie Haden's Off-Base Concept

★★★

**CHARLIE HADEN**

"Haunted Heart"

*Verve*

Haden's notes tell us that this CD was conceived "as if it were a film telling a story." This may be very clear in Haden's mind, but to some listeners the narrative and continuity will be puzzling. A series of

NEW RELEASES

tracks by the quartet—Haden, bass; Ernie Watts, saxes; Alan Broadbent, piano; Larance Marable, drums—is surrounded, or interrupted, by everything from an old Max Steiner film fanfare to vocals by Jo Stafford, Jeri Southern and Billie Holiday.

The quartet numbers jump from boppish pieces by Bud Powell and Lennie Tristano to originals by Haden and Broadbent and even variations on Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade." Better disregard the Haden Memory Vault premise and fast-forward your way to the best of the quartet. Still, and happily, Holiday's "Deep Song" is the evocative finale.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Associated Press

Charlie Haden: Jazz verité?

## In Brief 8/30

★★★★ **Helen Merrill, "Clear Out of This World,"** EmArcy. Merrill's exquisitely veiled voice gains immensely from the support of Roger Kellaway as arranger, composer (of "Maybe") and pianist of crystalline clarity, by the fluidity of Tom Harrell's trumpet and fluegelhorn and by the almost surreptitious sax of Wayne Shorter on "Willow Weep for Me." Bassist Red Mitchell lends a touch of fun with his assistant vocalism on "Some of These Days." —L.F.



JAZZ REVIEW

# Gibson Throws a World-Class Party

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

DENVER—As Dick Gibson's 30th annual jazz party ended here late Monday in a ballroom of the Radisson Hotel, a mixed air of joy and regret overcame his 625 paying patrons.

For a fee of $265 they had been exposed, over a three-day span, to some 35 hours of pure artistry by 68 musicians, in an endless variety of permutations. Gibson's world is free of electronics and all slickly packaged pop arrangements. It is about informality. Men who may never have met come together in spontaneous creativity.

This year more than ever, Gibson's world symbolized the ability of musicians of every age and background to distill unpremeditated works of art. Sunday afternoon Roy Hargrove, the 22-year-old trumpeter, spun out an exquisite version of the 50-year-old ballad "You Don't Know What Love Is." Backing him were Jamaican pianist Monty Alexander, phenomenal Los Angeles bassist John Clayton and drummer Ed Thigpen, who flies in every year from his Copenhagen home. On another set Hargrove teamed compatibly with the alto sax of Benny Carter, who was 63 years old when Hargrove was born.

Hargrove was a junior participant. The senior was another trumpeter, Doc Cheatham, who at 87 plays and sings with the same gentle charm he has always displayed. One of his solos was the waltz "Was It a Dream," which he recalled having performed in 1925.

Gibson's credo involves loyalty and consistency. Almost all this year's players are longtime regulars. Pianist Ralph Sutton played at the first party, held at Aspen in 1963 (six years before Hargrove was born). This year there were only three newcomers: Hargrove, the promising 39-year-old guitarist Gray Sargent, and a fast-rising trombonist, Joel Helleny, 35.

Numerous enlightened partnerships have evolved as some of the artists have worked out unique routines. The tenor saxophonists Scott Hamilton and Flip Phillips raced through a wildly spirited duet, "The Claw," one of many tunes they have recorded as a team. Dick Hyman and Roger Kelloway interacted at two grand pianos with Bach-fuguelike concepts and blues inventions.

There were even two big-band sessions, for which clarinetist and composer Bob Wilber rounded up 16 men who, with almost no rehearsal, read or even sight-read a provocative series of charts that ranged from Ellington to Mozart clarinet quintet variations. These sets drew several standing ovations.

On a more intimate level, there were the sets by John Frigo, whose violin solos on "Too Late Now" and a "Finian's Rainbow" medley reaffirmed his stature as the most gifted and underrated artist in his field.

Buddy DeFranco's comparable eminence on clarinet was evidenced in a dazzling speed-of-sound solo "The Lamp Is Low," based on a theme by Ravel.

No event as casual as this can endure without some moments of boredom. As a noted drummer commented after one of the more predictable sets, "How many times can you deal with 'Strike Up the Band' or 'Sweet Georgia Brown'?" Long-drawn-out jams on other worn-out standbys such as "Limehouse Blues" and "The Sheik of Araby" also produced little of consequence, although the audience, predominantly white and middle-class, eagerly devoured every hell-bent finale. Yet it clearly related, if less vociferously, to the sophisticated beauty of Benny Carter's "Laura" and the eloquent vibraphone of Canada's Peter Appleyard.

As is his custom, Gibson entered the party on a low key of note. Hargrove and another of the younger men, Los Angeles tenor sax star Rickey Woodard, followed an inflammatory blues with a slow, impassioned version of "What's New," while the composer, bassist Bob Haggart, sat in the audience.

As he rounds out his 30th year, Gibson can take credit for 66 spinoff jazz parties, the most recent in Cape Town, South Africa. There may be complaints about his failure to seek out more young musicians, and there is resentment about his total neglect of females ("I don't think jazz is a woman's music," he said the other day). But the quality of the world-class music he does produce makes any negative comment seem churlish.

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH:** Dick Gibson's 30th annual jazz party, staged in a Denver hotel, mirrored the phenomenal level of artistry among his 68 hand-picked, world-class jazz artists. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F8**

8/30

JAZZ REVIEW

# Vintage Duke, Updated Benny at the Bowl

The Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, which attracted 13,910 listeners to the Hollywood Bowl Wednesday, is a repertory group that drew, for this occasion, on the works of Duke Ellington.

To Mercer Ellington, who still leads the orchestra he inherited from his father in 1974, it must seem ironic that another band is going around reviving the works originated by the Duke.

In fairness it should be said, first, that the Lincoln Center band, conducted by David Berger and with Wynton Marsalis as musical director, does a superb job of replicating these gems. Second, the band includes several sidemen who worked for Duke or Mercer: Britt Woodman on trombone, Norris Turney and Joe Temperley on saxes. Third, the repertory takes in many pieces Mercer never plays.

Most spectacular was the climactic "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," a 15-minute blues elaboration that was decades ahead of its time in 1938, and which provided Duke with his comeback at Newport in 1956, thanks to an electrifying tenor sax solo by Paul Gonsalves. Todd Williams had the enviable task of building up the same head of steam as Gonsalves. If he didn't quite make it, the effort was noble and the reaction powerful. But above all, this is a masterpiece of orchestration. The same can be said of "Daybreak Express," "Ko Ko" and "Black and Tan Fantasy."

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Wynton Marsalis performs with the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra.

Trumpeter Marsalis offered a convincing "Portrait of Louis Armstrong," an excerpt from Duke's "New Orleans Suite," and Turney went through his elegant Johnny Hodges motions on "Jeep's Blues."

Reliving the past was not the objective of the Eddie Daniels-Gary Burton Quintet. Though the recordings of Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton were their points of departure, every tune was updated through ingenious new routines, the phenomenal clarinet work of Daniels, and Burton's impeccable vibes solos. To point out how far they've taken their instruments beyond the peaks of yesteryear is not a derogation of the genius of Goodman and Hampton. Similarly, Makoto Ozone at the piano reflected the values of 1992.

Singer-pianist Nina Simone went through her familiar routines, among them a lyric on "I Don't Want Him" guaranteed to raise the blood pressure of any feminist. Her "Mood Indigo" underwent a change from major to minor key and suffered from a stiff, unswinging piano solo. Too often Simone's voice becomes an almost toneless shout, yet she is capable of tenderness. Her best moment came with an adaptation of a touching poem, "Images," which she said was written 100 years ago.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MEL MELCON / Los Angeles Times

**PERFECTLY FRANK:** Three months shy of his 77th birthday, Frank Sinatra displayed a virtually undimmed vocal command in a program of great standard songs at the Greek Theatre. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F2**

POP MUSIC REVIEW 9/19

# Sinatra and MacLaine Offer Contrasting Sets

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

No, it wasn't nostalgia. It wasn't loyalty, nor was it respect for age. The reason for the uproarious ovation Thursday at the Greek Theatre can be summed up in one word: Sinatra.

The magic that made Frank Sinatra's name synonymous with class and conviction in the vocal art of this century is still there, diminished only minimally by the onset of the years.

One of the first songs during his set was "All or Nothing at All," which he recorded at the dawn of his career, with the Harry James band in 1939. Today, three months shy of his 77th birthday, the sound is fuller, heavier, the long notes are still held without hesitation, and the arrangements, most of them by Nelson Riddle or Don Costa (and invariably credited in his announcements) are a superlative plus factor. As usual, Frank Sinatra Jr. did an excellent job of conducting the orchestra.

The only hitch was an occasional problem with lyrics. Sinatra blew them three times, even on a long-familiar line in "Lady Is a Tramp." He apologized graciously, explaining that he has not been working for a long time; "and besides, I stopped drinking, which was a terrible idea." He got lost again in "Soliloquy," but recovered well.

The Sinatra repertoire, as he hastened to explain, draws almost exclusively on the era of the great American standard lore. There were a few less famous works, such as the charming "Barbara" by Mack David and Jimmy Van Heusen (his wife, Barbara, in the audience, took a bow).

Sinatra was on a bill with Shirley MacLaine and his decision to perform only after intermission is debatable. It was interesting to study the total contrast between his delivery, both vocal and visual, and that of MacLaine. Whereas Sinatra ends most songs simply by resting his hands at his side, the kinetic MacLaine is all over the place, singing, dancing, reminiscing about her experiences on stage and screen, with songs she did or didn't get to sing over the decades. Still slim and trim, she was in full vocal command, recalling "Irma la Douce" and "Big Spender" and delivering a dramatic monologue in her "Gypsy" excerpt.

MacLaine's act would have benefited from some trimming, particularly in a medley of brief snippets from literally dozens of songs whose words supposedly told a biographical story. The concept worked for a while, but eventually it sounded as though she might go on forever.

MEL MELCON / Los Angeles Times

Shirley MacLaine: Songs from a life on the stage and screen.

JAZZ REVIEW

# Beasley, Patitucci Pairing Proves to be a Natural 9/21

The Jazz Bakery, where fresh and adventurous ideas seem to abound, was the scene Friday of a performance by pianist John Beasley and bassist John Patitucci.

Though they have worked together often in other settings, this was their first appearance as a duo. It became clear immediately that there is a rare empathy between the two. The program ranged from funk (Herbie Hancock's "Cantaloupe Island") to Monk ("Off Minor"). Special homage was accorded to composer Wayne Shorter, whom Beasley acknowledged as "the Monk of our generation," and who was represented by "Speak No Evil," "Yes or No," "Pinocchio" and "Fall."

Beasley, originally from Shreveport, La., has been a local resident for 15 years, with credits that include most of 1989 with Miles Davis. A sensitive eclectic, he adapts his style to the requirements of each work.

Patitucci by now is accepted as the young master of the upright bass. Every solo illustrated the extent to which technical perfection can lead to unlimited creativity. When backing Beasley, he showed an uncanny ability to mesh with the pianist's every move.

Both men were represented as composers, Patitucci with "Love" and Beasley with the pensive waltz "Until Now." Both are also masters of the blues, as was eloquently demonstrated in "Turnaround," an early Ornette Coleman piece that began as an unaccompanied bass solo before building into a sort of 21st-Century impression of where the blues may be heading.

—LEONARD FEATHER

BORIS YARO / Los Angeles Times

Singers Melissa Mackay, left, Don Shelton, Sue Rany and saxophonist Med Flory rehearse with the orchestra.

# Fresh Big-Band Sound

■ An orchestra featuring veteran Valley musicians will make its debut at the Moonlight Tango in Sherman Oaks. It plans to be 'hot and never ponderous.'

By LEONARD FEATHER
TIMES JAZZ CRITIC

In these recessionary times, the launching of a new orchestra seems like a hazardous venture. Nevertheless, Tuesday will mark the debut, at the Moonlight Tango in Sherman Oaks, of a triple-threat ensemble that promises to sound a fresh and exciting note in the uneven playing field of big-band music.

It will consist of Super Sax, the team that brings old Charlie Parker solos to life by harmonizing them for five saxophones; a 15-piece orchestra that will incorporate Super Sax; and L.A. Voices, a vocal quintet that has been an occasional Super Sax adjunct.

Though this is not the official name, the group might well be called the San Fernando Valley All Stars, since almost every member is a Valley resident. In fact, the tentative title is Valley Victorious.

"I think we're all in this for kicks," says Sue Raney of Sherman Oaks, who has a career of her own aside from L.A. Voices. "I've done plenty of profitable things—shows in Vegas, tours with Michel Legrand, lots of solo albums—but it's a challenge for me to sing as part of a group."

Melissa Mackay of Van Nuys agrees. Married to pianist David Mackay, she made her singing debut as Miss Vermont, performing duets with Johnny Carson on "The Tonight Show." "I've made a steady living in studio work," she says, "but working with L.A. Voices is strictly for pleasure."

Med Flory, who founded Super Sax, organized the new ensemble and has written much of the music for it, says: "We want to have a show band, the best in town. We'll be doing charts by men who are my idols—Johnny Mandel, Al Cohn, Bob Brookmeyer, as well as my own things, such as one based on Charlie Parker's famous solo on 'Lester Leaps In,' the one they used in the movie 'Bird.' Our policy will be a mixture of great American classic pop songs and great jazz by men like Bird. This is a band people will just enjoy being around. We plan to be hot and never ponderous."

Flory's entire career has been a multimedia enterprise. Along with his countless gigs as sideman or leader with various bands, he became a successful actor in the 1960s, doing segments for "Maverick," "Sunset Strip," "Bronco" and "Dakotas." At 6 feet 4 inches, the ruggedly handsome 66-year-old is also remembered as a football player in "The Nutty Professor" and the dumb cop in "Gumball Rally." At present he is off the acting scene and concentrating on the new band, which he says represents a celebration of the 20th anniversary of Super Sax.

The sax quintet consists of Flory and Jay Migliori, both of North Hollywood, Lanny Morgan of Van Nuys, Ray Reed of Encino and Jack Nimitz of Studio City. The brass section is similarly Valley-oriented, comprising Rick Culver of Sherman Oaks and Randy Aildcroft of Agoura in the trombone section, along with Hollywood's Charlie Loper.

The trumpeters are Chuck Findley of Westlake Village, Frank Szabo of Reseda, Dick Forrest of North Hollywood and Conte Candoli of Pacoima.

Candoli, a 20-year veteran of Doc Severinsen's "Tonight Show" band, feels that the venue itself is vital: "There are so few places for big bands to play, and the Moonlight Tango is doing a great job, bringing in crowds to hear name bands every Tuesday. I've already worked there with Steve Allen, Bill Berry and the Juggernaut Band. The place has a great atmosphere—people really come there to enjoy the big-band sounds."

Completing the orchestra will be pianist Lou Levy and drummer Frank Cap, both of Studio City, and bassist Jim Hughart of Granada Hills. "With a rhythm section like that," says Flory, "we can't miss. Frank will be having fun, not having to worry about business the way he does when he has his own band." (Capp is leader of the Capp/Pierce Juggernaut.)

The male members of L.A. Voices are Gene Merlino, Don Shelton (best known for his long association with the Hi-Lo's) and Flory.

What is the future for an aggregation that could involve heavy payroll, transportation and possible out-of-town travel expenses? Flory seems unconcerned. "We can play all kinds of dealers' conventions for good money. Maybe we could do two or three weeks at Disneyland next summer. It should be possible to keep the whole thing going off and on without a lot of travel."

The group already has a few predetermined credits, since essentially it is an extension of Super Sax and Voices. That combination earned a Grammy nomination in 1983 for its first album; two others were well-received, and all three have been issued in Europe as a triple package.

There are plans to have representatives of several record companies on hand Tuesday. Wary though the record business is of big-band recordings, there seems to be more demand than supply.

"Whatever happens or doesn't happen," says Flory, "we're all sure of one thing. It's gonna be fun."

## Where and When

**What:** Med Flory and Valley Victorious.

**Location:** The Moonlight Tango, 13730 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks.

**Hours:** 8 and 10 p.m. Tuesday.

**Price:** $13 cover, $9.95 food or beverage minimum.

**Call:** (818) 788-2000.

JAZZ 9|6?

# Blues Without the Dues From the Brothers Marsalis

★★

**BRANFORD MARSALIS**

"I Heard You Twice the First Time"

*Columbia*

Strange, strange. Here are two gifted artists—Marsalis brothers Branford and Delfeayo—with a promising premise, an album devoted to the blues. How could they have fallen so short of the mark?

Producer-annotator Delfeayo Marsalis finds a need to legitimize

MIXED MEDIA

the blues by dragging in arcane references to Chinese sages Confucius and T'ao Ch'ien. At one point he tells us that this is "not a blues album in the academized sense," yet later we learn that one track is "an excellent example of . . . academizing music."

Almost half the cuts are not strictly blues. Among these are a nine-minute, quasi-free improvised opening track and a closing number with split tones and squawks, both by Branford on tenor sax. Another tune is a Dixieland-type rouser, totally non-blues-related.

Of the guest singers, John Lee ooker comes off best while B.B. g sounds uninvolved, singing iginal lyrics. Linda Hopkins is d with a minor lament that's ears away from the authenticity of the Broadway show she starred in, "Me and Bessie." One number, "Berta," isn't played at all—it's an old chain-gang holler and is sung a cappella by the leader and actors who performed it onstage in August Wilson's "The Piano Lesson."

Despite moments of discovery by the leader and his sidemen, there is here a sad sense of overintellectualization—something that blues has never needed. Maybe he hasn't learned the lesson brother Delfeayo points out in his notes: You gotta pay dues to understand the blues. —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★

**BRANFORD MARSALIS**

"The Music Tells You"

*Sony Music Video ($19.98)*

"You don't play what you feel," Branford Marsalis says. "There's only freedom in structure, my man. There's no freedom in freedom."

It's a remarkable statement of musical philosophy from an artist who—when he became resident bandleader on the new "Tonight Show"—replaced his brother Wynton as the most visible jazz performer in the nation.

This particular expression—one of several such pithy assertions—is among the highlights of an hour-long video documentary, produced with superb attention to detail by *cinema vérité* veterans D.A. Pennebaker ("Don't Look Back" and "Monterey Pop") and Chris Hegedus.

The video was filmed in the summer of last year when Marsalis was touring with his trio, which includes Robert Hurst on bass and Jeff (Tain) Watts on drums. It includes moments from a recording session in New York, concerts with Sting and the Grateful Dead, performances by the trio and—most revealing of all—some 3 a.m. on-the-road truck-stop conversations.

Marsalis emerges as a richly eloquent artist with a powerful sense of self and a persistent creative vision. It is a considerably different image from the role he has been cast to play on "Tonight."

—DON HECKMAN

THEADORA LITSIOS / For The Times

Branford Marsalis: One winner, one loser from the "Tonight Show's" resident bandleader.

JAZZ 9|20

# The Priceless History of an Ageless Alberta Hunter

★★★★

**ALBERTA HUNTER**

"My Castle's Rockin' "

*View/Video ($29.95)*

This is history. Seldom has so much material by and about an artist been crammed into a single hour. The basic footage stems from Alberta Hunter's legendary come-

MIXED MEDIA

back in 1977, when at age 82—and after 20 years in obscurity working as a nurse—she returned to singing, primarily at the Cookery nightclub in New York, where this video's performance tracks were filmed.

Hunter's interpretations reveal that her personality remained undimmed by time. She offers some classics and some of her own tunes, such as her best-known work, "Downhearted Blues," a piquant delight that became a hit for Bessie Smith.

Between songs, the story of her life unfolds: her birth in 1895, her professional debut in 1912, the moves to Chicago, Harlem, France, then London, where she sang opposite Paul Robeson in "Show Boat." A final scene was shot in her New York apartment in 1984, six months before her death at 89.

Like Hunter, the other participants—Barney Josephson, who ran the Cookery, and John Hammond, who produced Hunter's last records—are gone now. This video, produced and directed by Stuart Goldman, narrated by Billy Taylor, is a priceless document.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

**★★★ Mel Tormé-Cleo Laine, "Nothing Without You,"** Concord Jazz. Here are two voices that were seemingly made for each other. The teamwork is a total delight as they cruise through a Latinized "I Thought About You," John Dankworth's daffy "Birdsong" (he also wrote most of the arrangements) and a "Girl Talk" that skirts the male-chauvinist issue by ditching the lyrics in favor of a wordless rendition. But things do get a tad too clever on "Two Tune Medley," in which Tormé squeezes 19 overlapping tunes into 4½ minutes, mainly by using songs that have similar chord structures. All in all, though, this vocal conjunction truly works. —L.F.

**★★★½ George Shearing, "Lullabye of Birdland,"** View/Video ($29.95). This video, shot at the Paul Masson Winery in Saratoga, Calif., last September, is a splendidly photographed 53-minute recital with first-rate sound. Shearing's sensitive easy-listening ballads are superbly backed by his bassist, Neil Swainson, but the highlights are three jazz standards, all displaying the pianist's flawless assimilation of the be-bop idiom: "Freedom Jazz Dance," by Eddie Harris, Miles Davis' "Donna Lee" (wrongly credited to Charlie Parker) and Parker's "Moose the Mooch." Shearing's chatter between tunes could have used some editing; the feeble puns are simply not funny. —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 9|25

# Med Flory's Big Band Venture

A new chapter has been added to the Med Flory story.

Tuesday at the Moonlight Tango, the saxophonist-singer-composer-arranger revealed his latest brainchild. It's a group that includes Super Sax, which he launched 20 years ago; the L.A. Voices, added to Super Sax a decade later, and a brand-new brass section of Valley veterans to bring the complement up to 19.

What he does with this imposing array of talent is not basically innovative by today's standards. A couple of tunes by the vocal quintet add a 1940s flavor. So did almost everything else, but sometimes with good reason. The Super Sax numbers, based on old Charlie Parker solos, have lost none of their flamboyant verve.

"Lester Leaps In," adapted from a magnificent Parker improvisation, found the group taking on a new aspect as the brass section tossed in punctuations. This enabled the Saxes to turn their multiple manuscript pages in an incredibly long and demanding performance, executed with demonic accuracy.

The references to other 1940s giants involved Lionel Hampton and Illinois Jacquet in "Flyin' Home," and a Charlie Barnet salute in "Skyliner," for which lyrics were added both to Barnet's original theme and the Billy Moore counter-melody, providing the L.A. Voices (Flory doubling as vocalist) with their best challenge.

Flory's own composition "Run for Woody," a tribute to Woody Herman, and a brief, pointless wrap-up with "Flight of the Bumble Bee" rounded out a set that worked generally well as proof of his diversity. The strong lineup included trumpeters Chuck Findley and Conte Candoli, lead singer Sue Raney and the powerful drummer Frank Capp.

The only problem was a noisy audience, not unusual at this venue, though the band proved powerful enough to overcome this obstacle. But Flory's new foray deserved to make its way out of the clubs into the concert halls and festivals around the United States and Europe.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# The Next Sarah Vaughan? . . . Maybe

By LEONARD FEATHER

Too often in recent years, one singer after another has been tossed prematurely into the record marketplace, touted as the next Sarah Vaughan or the upcoming Ella Fitzgerald. More often than not, these artists are too young and immature for prime time and the attendant hype.

The case of Nnenna Freelon (despite the spelling, pronounced "Nee-na") is somewhat different.

About 35, she has spent most of her adult life in North Carolina, raising a family and working locally. This has given her time to hone her craft, ensuring that her record debut, "Nnenna Freelon" (Columbia), would be more than just another flash in the pan.

"Sarah by Starlight" might be an apt alternate title for the album, since the Vaughan tonal resemblance is inescapably present. Freelon, however, does find new avenues to old songs.

Freelon's "Skylark" opens with the bridge, sung wordlessly. "Yesterdays" benefits from a swinging up-tempo treatment, though here she has a tendency to shout, making excessive alterations in what was originally a perfect melody.

Another initiative is Freelon's vocal duet with drummer Grady Tate on "I Fall in Love Too Easily." Standards like this 1944 song dominate. However, there is one relatively recent item, Ivan Lins' "The Island" (which Vaughan helped to popularize). This brings out Freelon's lyrical side gracefully, showing the value of those years spent developing a sense of maturity.

Freelon includes three original compositions. On this level she reveals no conspicuous talent. Her socio-ecological "Future News Blues" at least conveys some intriguing lyrical ideas, but "Changed" never really tells us in what ways she has changed, and "This Little Light" is a lightweight, not related to the old gospel song.

One aspect that must be taken into account is the extraordinary support offered to Freelon, first by Ellis Marsalis, who steered her to Columbia Records, and also by arranger Bob Freedman, whose charts contribute invaluably to the success of the more valid numbers. Some tracks feature a large string section; others make admirable use of soloists—Marvin Stamm, for instance, has a splendid trumpet chorus on "Yesterdays."

Freedman's sensitive work brings to mind the degree to which a singer's direction can be determined. With his help, Freelon emerges, whatever the flaws, as an uncompromising jazz artist.

Had she signed with another company and been steered on another course, it is not hard to imagine what could have happened.

Take, for instance, the recent debut by Rachelle Ferrell on Capitol Records. Ferrell has racked up credits at several jazz festivals in Europe, but her American bow, in a self-titled CD, is a total disappointment. Produced and arranged mainly by George Duke in a crassly commercial pop manner, it has all the predictable characteristics, such as Ferrell's self-overdubbed background vocals and a complete lack of the spontaneity one finds in Freelon's adventuresome excursions.

To sum up: Freelon is almost ready for large-scale acceptance at the jazz level. She needs to find her way out of the Vaughan trap and also to pay closer attention to the lyrics. Twice in "Black Butterfly" the line "With your wings near the fire" comes out as "near the fear." But it may be said that the enthusiasm of Marsalis and others whose power has helped launch her (she even has liner notes by Maya Angelou) is not without justification. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

KIP MAYER

Nnenna Freelon: The singer emerges as an uncompromising artist.



POP MUSIC REVIEW

# Lorenz Alexandria: Still Just Shy of a Hit

Lorez Alexandria, whose vocal charm has been a constant on the Southland scene for 30 years, typifies those superior singers who, for want of a lucky break on records, has never broken into the big leagues. There have been a few occasional albums, none widely distributed.

She is now doing essentially what she did on her arrival here from Chicago in 1962: singing good songs, mostly standards, with a strong jazz feeling, attractive vibrato and sensitive phrasing.

The program Friday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill relied on such familiar items as "I Wish I Knew," "As Long As I Live" and "Something Cool"—most of them associated with other singers. Somewhat less familiar was "Bittersweet," from one of her albums of Johnny Mercer songs.

Alexandria's supporting cast could not be faulted. With Art Hillery on piano, Richard Simon on bass and Clarence Johnston on drums, she had the kind of buoyant support that has always been part of her act.

What was missing, and what might make the difference for her, was an outstanding piece of material that could become exclusively identified with her and perhaps catch the ear of a recording executive. This talented woman never makes for less than rewarding listening, but the magic element that could bring her to broader audiences is still just a hit song away. —LEONARD FEATHER

TV REVIEW

10/6

# 'Jazz on a Rainy Day' Has a Mix for Purists, Populists

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Newport, R.I., where the first major American jazz festival took place in 1954, was also the site of the most memorable festival film, "Jazz on a Summer's Day," in 1960. Because conditions justified it, the title for this year's show, due for airing tonight at 6 and 10 on A&E, is "Jazz on a Rainy Day."

Produced and directed by Norman Abbott, the program follows a pattern typical of its recent years, mixing legitimate jazz groups with concessions to popular taste. The first unit seen, billed as the New York Jazz Giants, sets a high standard, with admirable solos by Bobby Watson on alto sax, Lew Tabackin on tenor and Jon Faddis and Tom Harrell on fluegelhorns.

Among the other acts, many of them seen through a thin film of rain, the T. S. Monk Sextet stands out. The drummer son of the late Thelonious Monk leads a vibrant band with Don Sickler on trumpet and Willie Williams on tenor sax taking chief honors. Their set is followed by a short clip of Monk's father in his heyday.

Another distinguished drummer, Max Roach, leads his quartet through a set notable mainly for the leader's potent drive. The group billed as J. B. Horns is a throwback to 1940s R&B, with excessive hollering and clapping as Maceo Parker and Pee Wee Ellis offer undistinguished sax solos.

Roberta Flack inexplicably talks her way through the first half of "Prelude to a Kiss," revealing little of her potential warmth. Shirley Horn, showing how to play the piano while wearing gloves, comes across to good effect only in one song, "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying."

The show hits rock bottom, literally, with Tower of Power belying its name as the elements rain on its pathetic parade.

Sound and camerawork are fine. Producer George Wein, still the Sol Hurok of jazz, appears for a couple of brief interviews. The crowd shots, showing hundreds of umbrellas aloft, add an effective touch of local color.

L.A. TIMES JAZZ Oct. 4

# Getting the Message From Blakey, Friends

By LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★★

**ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS**

"The History of Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers"
*Blue Note*

★★★★

"The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Art Blakey's 1960 Jazz Messengers"
*Mosaic*

Just two years after Art Blakey's death on Oct. 16, 1990, a flood of reissues has arrived, celebrating his career as a protean drummer and his genius for grooming talent. The Jazz Messengers, usually a quintet or a sextet, continued almost without interruption from 1954 until their leader's demise. The ever-changing personnel of the band included a Who's Who of modern jazz: trumpeters Clifford Brown, Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, Woody Shaw and Wynton Marsalis; saxophonists Hank Mobley, Wayne Shorter, Branford Marsalis and Billy Pierce; and pianists Horace Silver, Cedar Walton, Bobby Timmons and, briefly, Keith Jarrett, among many others.

High on the list of these reissue collections is the six-CD Mosaic package, on which Blakey's key sidemen were Shorter, Morgan and Timmons. All three are in cohesive, spirited form, and all are well represented as composers.

Among the 18 Shorter originals are the soul-oriented "Chess Players," the attractive waltz "Sleeping Dancers Sleep On" and the quirky "Ping Pong" with its stop-time vamp effects. Morgan's nine works include the exotic "Afrique" and the infectious gospel blues "Petty Larceny." Timmons has three

REISSUES

pieces, the best (and best known) being "Dat Dere," which enjoyed a second life when lyrics were added.

Some of the music was recorded live at Birdland in New York, adding a welcome touch of intimacy to this representation of a classic group. The packaging and Bob Blumenthal's notes are up to Mosaic's standard. (Available by mail from Mosaic Records, 35 Melrose Place, Stamford, Conn. 06902. Price: $90.)

The best overall picture of Blakey's immeasurable contribution to jazz is the three-CD Blue Note set. Here one finds everything from a 1947 oddity—"The Thin Man," by a ragged, boppish octet—that preceded the Messengers' birth as an organized unit to pieces that showcase such renowned sidemen as pianists Silver and Walton, trumpeters Brown, Shaw, Valeri Ponomarev and Wynton Marsalis and saxophonists Mobley and Benny Golson.

What makes this collection indispensable is the inclusion of five tracks by the group this listener, a longtime Blakey student, considers the best of all. Benefiting from a three-horn front line, it comprised Hubbard, Curtis Fuller on trombone and Shorter, with Walton, Blakey and bassist Jymie Merritt.

Such pieces as Walton's "Mosaic," Fuller's "Arabia" (and his ingenious reworking of "Three Blind Mice"), Hubbard's now-standard "Up Jumped Spring" and Shorter's "Free for All," all recorded between 1961 and 1964, found the Messengers at their pinnacle from every standpoint: quality of the solos and compositions and Blakey's ever-indomitable drive.

There are also two cuts with Morgan replacing Hubbard, then two later tracks: a 1973 Shaw feature and a cut recorded in 1977, when the brilliant Soviet trumpeter Ponomarev had taken over. The final cut stems from a Paris date in 1981 with Marsalis, then age 19.

Note: There are three cuts that are also heard on the Mosaic set—"Lester Left Town" (Shorter's eulogy for Lester Young), "Night in Tunisia" and "Ping Pong."

Another version of the Messengers is heard on "Hard Champion," a single CD on Evidence, most of which was taped in 1985 when Terence Blanchard was the trumpeter and the saxes were Donald Harrison and Jean Toussaint. We jump to 1987 for the title track, which features pianist Benny Green, trumpeter Philip Harper and saxophonists Kenny Garrett and Javon Jackson.

No doubt over the years Art Blakey's entire recorded legacy will find its way onto CDs. Until then, these sets, most notably the Blue Note collection, afford a priceless reminder of his nonpareil contribution. □

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.*

JAZZ REVIEW 10/10

# Jordan's Best Is Worth Wait

The story of Sheila Jordan, who opened Thursday and closes Sunday at Catalina Bar & Grill, is the stuff of legend.

Befriended by Bird, tutored by Tristano—she saw and heard it all back in New York's Birdland era. You hear it in her voice when she brings a hip sensitivity to everything from "Body and Soul" (singing the almost-forgotten verse) to the 1948 ballad "Haunted Heart."

More overtly jazz-oriented were the up-tempos, on which Jordan was inclined to sing the first chorus as if it were a second chorus—variations, that is, without first letting us hear the theme. Almost nobody in the room knew how "If I Had You," written in 1928, sounded originally.

Jordan's jazz inclinations led to a profusion of scat interludes, during which she at least sings on the right changes. Still, the highlight of her set, as always, was her autobiography, sung to the blues form, seemingly spontaneous, telling the story of her childhood and adult traumas.

She was aided by the piano solos and arrangements of Alan Broadbent. Broadbent's solo in "Haunted Heart" was a harmonic and lyrical delight. His accompanists were Pautter Smith on bass and Billy Mintz on drums.

Jordan has neither the strongest nor the most technically flawless of voices, but her best moments—of which there were many Thursday—were truly worth waiting for.

—LEONARD FEATHER

10/12

# Grusin Shows His Versatility at Le Cafe

In a unique initiative that other versatile artists might well emulate, Don Grusin visited the Room Upstairs at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks for four nights, going a different personnel and musical idiom every evening.

Friday, the second of the four, was announced as an acoustic mainstream night. Well, yes and no. The electric bass of Abe Laboriel hardly fits that description; nor do his hopping-up-and-down comedy contortions. Grusin played piano on most numbers, but doubled on electric keyboards that enabled him to synthesize everything from steel drums to a police whistle.

Such quibbles aside, it was a generally well-planned program, with Ernie Watts serving as director, cuing the solos and playing saxes. Alex Acuna on drums completed the group, mainly in various Latin and funk modes.

Grusin opened with a modestly elliptical solo on "All The Things You Are," for which Watts compensated with a tenor display that went from extrovert to extravagant. He was similarly kaleidoscopic, though ultimately effective, on alto in "My Foolish Heart."

Also heard were "Water Wings," a tune from the days when these four men worked as part of a group known as Friendship, and a volcanic version of Watts' "On the Border." Acuna lent drama to the pump-up-the-volume ambience.

Grusin seemed a little lost at times, as if overwhelmed by all the action. It would be rewarding to hear him display his keyboard talents alone—or perhaps along with his brother Dave, as he did in an album a couple of years ago.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 10/11

# LaVerne Quartet: Who's in Charge?

Andy LaVerne, the pianist-composer whose quartet opened Tuesday at Catalina, has shown his versatility in a career that has encompassed jazz-rock, free-jazz, and even writing a symphony for Stan Getz, with whom he toured in the 1970s.

His present group, at the club through Sunday, displays LaVerne's skill as a writer and his technical adroitness at the keyboard, yet his moments of true inspiration were infrequent, or were possibly just inaudible due to the sometimes explosive drumming of Vinnie Colaiuta.

Much of the time Bob Sheppard seemed to be the leader. Playing tenor saxophone and doubling briefly on soprano, he evidenced a power that gave almost every composition a fuller identity. Jimmy Haslip, playing electric bass, showed comparable command, particularly in his solos, which achieved a guitar-like fluency.

After playing a tune based on the chords of "Like Someone in Love," which he described as "the wrong tune with the right changes," LaVerne announced that he would now turn things around by playing the right tune—Jerome Kern's "Yesterdays"—with the wrong changes. This was an understatement. The group's fortissimo treatment of the song turned both melody and harmony every which way but right. Was this an adventurous experiment or a tasteless travesty? Perhaps it depends how much respect one has for Kern's beautiful melody.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES JAZZ OCT. 11

# Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra's Finest Hour

★★★★

**TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI JAZZ ORCHESTRA**

"Carnegie Hall Concert"

Columbia

This inspired recital, recorded last year, will regenerate the reputation of a unique yet woefully underemployed orchestra. It will also reconfirm the compositional genius of Akiyoshi. Six of the seven works are hers; she arranged the seventh, an exquisite ballad by alto saxophonist Frank Wess.

NEW RELEASES

Two are extended pieces reflecting the Asian and American cultural mix that gives her orchestra much of its singular character. "Children of the Universe" starts exotically with the sonorous howls of two *tsuzumi* drummers, along with solo flute by Lew Tabackin, Akiyoshi's husband and her ensemble's principal improviser. Later passages highlight a superbly scored section of flutes and Tabackin in a fiercely emotional tenor sax foray. "Kourokan Suite," with its broad use of tonal textures and a haunting, wordless vocal by Nnenna Freelon, again emphasizes the ethnic diversity within Akiyoshi's scope.

Four tracks spotlight Freddie Hubbard's trumpet on the leader's reworkings of familiar themes ("I Know Who Loves You" is based on "Somebody Loves Me," "How Do You Get to Carnegie Hall" on "Just Friends"). Still, aside from the underlying harmonic structure, every bar is a total reflection of Akiyoshi's personality.

Not since Duke Ellington has there been a jazz ensemble so masterfully controlled, and not since him has there been a composer of such imposing originality. For Akiyoshi and also the immensely gifted Tabackin, this is their finest hour. —LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times

Toshiko Akiyoshi: "Carnegie" captures her orchestra in its finest hour.

## In Brief

★★★★ **Tony Bennett, "Perfectly Frank,"** Columbia. In what might be called an exercise in reverse noblesse oblige, the man Frank Sinatra called "the best singer in the business" interprets 24 Sinatra-associated songs. There's no attempt to imitate the tempos and moods (he even does "One for My Baby" in a bouncing middle beat), and no rehash of "My Way" or "New York, New York" bombast. In fact, the subtitle reads "The Torch and Saloon Songs of Sinatra." Backed simply by pianist Ralph Sharon's trio, Bennett is, as always, in matchless form and continues to justify the title of an earlier album: He still practices the art of excellence. —L.F.

★★★★ **Joe Williams, "Ballad and Blues Master,"** Verve. The ever-versatile Williams investigates familiar blues (the ribaldry and double talk of "Who She Do," the ageless verses of "Cherry Red"), tender ballads ("A Hundred Years From Today") and one obscure oddity, the ultimate schmaltz song "Dinner for One Please James" (he's telling his butler that "Madame will not be dining"). This set was taped in 1987, at Hollywood's Vine St. Bar & Grill, when he had his best-ever rhythm section: Norman Simmons on piano, Henry Johnson on guitar, Bob Badgley on bass and Gerryck King on drums. Even by Williams' standards, this is an exceptional album. —L.F.



TV REVIEW

# Jazz Players Bridge the Atlantic

The fourth segment in Bravo's "Birdland" series, tonight at 7 and midnight, is an intrepid initiative that brings together two saxophonists on different continents but with related concepts.

Steve Coleman, 36, is a visionary American alto saxophonist whose group opens the half hour with a heavily funk-oriented work, "Rhythm People." The British participant is Steve Williamson, 28, whose tenor sax is introduced in a highly charged performance entitled "Circle C."

Both men are interviewed briefly, and both make it clear that they are searching for new avenues.

The idiom in which they seem to be involved is a music now known as M-Base, which superimposes avant-garde improvisations (seemingly moving in and out of tonality) on a basis of complex polyrhythms.

Coleman joins with Williamson's quintet (which includes an adventurous guitarist Tony Remy) for the third and final number, "Awakening." Clearly their geographical separation has not prevented them from forging a fraternal link.

Produced and directed by Kriss Rusmanis for BBC Lionheart Television, the music of men such as Coleman and Williamson may seem inaccessible to some, removed as it is from the traditional harmonic and melodic values of yesteryear; moreover, Coleman's claim to have held Charlie Parker as a role model seems hard to believe, since their approaches are light-years apart.

Nevertheless, the result gives an accurate picture of where jazz may be headed as we move toward to the music's second century.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# A Dizzy Celebration

■ **Salute:** Although jazz giant John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie, 75, is told by his doctor to bypass a birthday bash on a cruise ship, musicians are giving a stirring tribute to his 55-year career.

By LEONARD FEATHER 10/20/93
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

ABOARD THE M.V. ZENITH—Fifty world-class jazz musicians and hundreds of fans are assembled aboard this ship to celebrate the 75th birthday Wednesday of John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie.

Unfortunately, the guest of honor, who was scheduled to be aboard the cruise, couldn't make it. Gillespie's doctor told him that the emotional and physical strain of a weeklong tribute could cause a relapse. The jazz giant has been recuperating from major intestinal surgery last spring.

Informed by producer Charles Fishman hours after the ship sailed Saturday from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., passengers seemed to take the news in stride. Even without Gillespie—a trumpeter who has been big brother, surrogate father or inspiration to the musicians aboard—the cruise promised to be a stirring celebration of the artist's 55-year career.

"When Dizzy played in Cab's band, some people wrote him off as a cocky young kid," recalled Milt Hinton, the bassist who was Gillespie's colleague in the Cab Calloway orchestra in 1940. "Well, within five years he and Charlie Parker had turned the whole jazz world upside down—new melodic ideas, different harmonies, radical rhythmic concepts. People made fun of be-bop and

**Please see SALUTE, F10**

ROBERT GABRIEL / Los Angeles Times

Dizzy Gillespie puts in a non-playing appearance at a recent Bowl tribute.

## SALUTE

**Continued from F1**

called it a bunch of wrong notes . . . but eventually everyone caught up."

"I got my first break with Dizzy, recording with him in Detroit when I was just 19, and gigging with him in a group that included John Coltrane," said guitarist Kenny Burrell. "He was one of the warmest, most helpful people I ever met, and I would have gone on the road with him, but my mother insisted I finish college. Just that brief time in his company was a life-enriching experience."

During the first evening of music Saturday—performed at four lounges and bars around the ship—a Gillespie aura pervaded every set. Everyone seemed eager to play one of Gillespie's compositions—"Night in Tunisia," "Groovin' High"—or to reflect on his influence or reminisce about the first time they heard him.

"We met in Philadelphia," said the 65-year-old trumpeter Red Rodney. "He jammed with me, then sent me train fare to come to New York. At the Three Deuces on 52nd Street he introduced me to Charlie Parker, who took me uptown and introduced me to Miles Davis. A few years later, I followed Dizzy and Miles into Parker's quintet. He's been more than a mentor to me—he's a true *mensch*."

Typical of the degree to which jazz has brought the generations together was a collaboration between the quintet of Roy Hargrove, a brilliant 23-year-old trumpeter, and Doc Cheatham, the trumpet veteran who just turned 87.

Another strong undercurrent has been Gillespie's successful fusion of Latin music with jazz. Sunday evening one of the heartiest ovations was accorded saxophonist Paquito d'Rivera, who in 1980—three years after meeting Gillespie in Havana—became the first big-name jazz defector from Cuba to the United States. For the last five years, he has been a member of Gillespie's multicultural United Nation Band, which will perform here later in the week.

"If it hadn't been for Dizzy, I wouldn't be here," said Arturo Sandoval, who eventually left Cuba too—in a Havana band called Irakere. "Of course we all knew him from radio and records, but his graciousness and enthusiasm truly inspired us."

The polyrhythmic character of jazz in the post-Gillespie age was reflected in two striking performances Saturday and Sunday by Randy Weston, the 6-foot-6 piano colossus who has spent much of his adult life in Africa. Playing the Sonny Rollins composition "St. Thomas," he was backed by the energy-packed conga drumming of Patato Valdes, and by the bass of Al McKibbon, who was a member of Gillespie's 1948 big band—the first jazz orchestra to bring modern jazz to Europe.

On his birthday Wednesday, a taped message from Gillespie will be played for the guests. Meanwhile, autographs are being collected for a giant postcard to be sent to the absent guest of honor. In the past few years just about every imaginable tribute has come his way. Now comes the climactic salute—perhaps the greatest of all, because it comes from the musicians whose lives in some way were intertwined with his.

## For the Record

**Incorrect attribution**—A quote in an Oct. 20 article on a jazz cruise honoring Dizzy Gillespie—"If it hadn't been for Dizzy, I wouldn't be here"—should have been attributed to Paquito d'Rivera. Due to an editing error, it was incorrectly attributed to Arturo Sandoval.

JAZZ REVIEW 11/7

## Brazil's Horta at Le Cafe

Long established in his native Brazil as a successful recording artist, guitarist Toninho Horta is playing a three-night stand at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks—closing tonight.

Though best known through his pop-oriented albums, Horta is currently devoting himself primarily to jazz. His companions are two New York jazz musicians, Bruce Scott on drums and Marcus McLaurin on bass.

The mood for this performance was set with an unabashed bow to the North American idiom, segueing from "Summertime" into an extended workout on "Lullaby of Birdland." For the first four tunes, which included Milton Nascimento's elegant "Tarde," Horta played electric guitar. On switching to an acoustic instrument and playing unaccompanied, he seemed more at ease, using gently rolling arpeggios.

Throughout his hourlong set, he sang at unpredictable moments, occasionally in Portuguese (as on Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Once I Loved," the title of a recent album), but most often in a wordless style that might be called the Brazilian counterpart of scat.

Playing uptempo tunes is not Horta's forte. In "Isn't It Romantic" there is one note (at bar 16) that is crucial to the melody, but he never seemed quite sure what it was. More characteristic of his personality were the extended versions of "My Funny Valentine," which became a complex, brooding three-part invention, and "Stella by Starlight," with quirky additions and alterations to both melody and harmony.

Several fluent solos by bassist McLaurin added spice to the trio's blend of bossa nova, quasi-classical and jazz elements. Horta's attempt to meet jazz halfway was more than halfway successful.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# For Trombone Artistry, J.J. Johnson Heads the Pack

11/8

★★★

**J.J. JOHNSON**

"Vivian"

*Concord Jazz*

J.J. Johnson's supremacy remains unsurpassed. While other innovative artists have come and gone, Johnson—the first trombonist to play be-bop——still heads the pack.

The values that emerged during the be-bop era of the 1940s remain in full force here, as the leader focuses mainly on a well-chosen set of ballads. Johnson's sound, phrasing and concept are well displayed as he assesses the works of Gershwin, Berlin and Porter.

A few cuts have enough of a beat ("Frankie and Johnny," "But Not for Me") to provide a touch of variety. On "There Will Never Be Another You" everyone has a chance to stretch out. Johnson ad-libs at length, followed by Rob Schneiderman's sympathetic piano, Ted Dunbar's too-often-neglected guitar, Rufus Reid's bass and, in a brief exchange of fours, the drumming of Akira Tana.

Dedicated to Johnson's late wife of 43 years, "Vivian" (there is no title tune) is a masterful reminder of a uniquely durable talent that has too long been relegated to the sidelines. —LEONARD FEATHER

NEW RELEASES

Johnson: Well-chosen ballads.

★★★ **Antonio Hart, "Don't You Know I Care,"** RCA/Novus. The 24-year-old altoist, who wrote seven of the nine tunes, shares honors with such young and amazingly mature colleagues as Jamal Haynes, 19, whose trombone solo highlights the old Quincy Jones piece "Jessica's Day." Gary Bartz, Hart's mentor, guests on "At the Closet Inn," turning the boppish piece into an alto duel. Extra percussion brings rhythmic heat to "Mandela Freed." The program ends with "From Across the Ocean," truly a wailing waltz.

11/15 —L.F.

★★★ **Frank Morgan, "You Must Believe in Spring,"** Antilles. The billing is a little misleading, since Morgan's alto sax is not heard on five cuts; they are piano solos. On the others, Morgan joins each of the five pianists—Kenny Barron, Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, Roland Hanna, Hank Jones—for one or two duo numbers. This ultra-low-key set is not the one by which Morgan will be remembered years from now; however, no Morgan CD, especially in such elegant company, can be less than consistently listenable. 11/15 —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 11/13

# A Retro Roberts at Catalina Bar

Marcus Roberts, the pianist who earned consistent praise during his years with Wynton Marsalis and later with his own sextet, is now appearing at Catalina Bar & Grill, through Sunday, as a solo performer.

Along with the decision to work on his own, Roberts has undergone a change in direction. Formerly a flag bearer for progress, he has evidently been exploring jazz-piano history and concentrating on earlier styles.

Despite occasional nods to later developments (there was one Monk tune), most of the 12 pieces in Tuesday's first set were based on concepts that date back to the 1920s or '40s. Three were old-time blues. "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "How High the Moon" were products of the swing and bop eras, respectively. "Cherokee" used an insistent walking bass-line that soon wore out its welcome.

Instead of bringing to these works the rhythmic, timbral and textural variety, as he did in group settings, Roberts often applied a heavy beat, his left hand either striding or playing four chords to the bar. The effect was antithetical to swinging. The ballads, such as "When I Fall in Love," were flowery excursions decorated by arpeggios.

At his best, Roberts displays a genuine feeling for the blues. His "When the Morning Comes," with its minor-to-major shifts, had a "St. Louis Blues" quality.

A James P. Johnson tune late in the set, which he called "very difficult," was preceded by a talk explaining stride piano—as if we hadn't been hearing it for most of the past hour. Less stride, greater dynamic contrast and explorations of contemporary trends would bring more fully into focus the exceptional gift Roberts revealed in his Marsalis days.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★½ 11/15

**BUDDY DE FRANCO**

"Chip Off The Old Bop"

*Concord Jazz*

De Franco, who was the first virtuoso to bring clarinet into the be-bop era, still has few challengers on the horn. This unpretentious set of standards and originals offers a needed reminder of his undimmed artistry.

Though his technical fluency has been a central asset (notable here in his spirited samba version of "Dancing in the Dark"), De Franco is no less significantly a master of balladry. Two of the most estimable cuts are the haunting "Moon Song," a Kate Smith hit of the 1930s, and his own charming "Almost," inspired, he says, by the writing of Robert Farnon. Both tracks make effective use of string synthesizer backgrounds by keyboardist Larry Novak.

De Franco's most valuable sideman is guitarist Joe Cohn, son of the late saxophonist Al Cohn and clearly a force for the future, whose solos on "If You Could See Me Now" and "Hashimoto's Blues" offer evidence of a fast-rising talent.

Keter Betts, best known as Ella Fitzgerald's bassist, and the ex-Miles Davis drummer Jimmy Cobb round out this agreeable unit in a well-paced program.

—LEONARD FEATHER

PHIL BRAY

Buddy De Franco: Ballads highlight a sterling set of standards, originals on "Bop."

JAZZ REVIEW

# Jimmy Scott Enthralls Before Packed House at Catalina

It might be said that there are three kinds of jazz vocalists: the male singers, the females and Jimmy Scott.

Singing for a packed house Tuesday at Catalina, Scott, who is now in the crest of a comeback triggered by his "All the Way" album, sounded less androgynous than earlier performances might have led one to expect. He sounded, in fact, just like what he is: a 67-year-old man with a high, piercing voice who manages to enthrall his listeners with a program composed largely of standards from the big-band era.

While giving communication a higher priority than intonation, Scott, who's appearing through Saturday, has an emotional way with a ballad, be it "All the Way" or "When Did You Leave Heaven?," that counterbalances some of his technical lapses. Arms constantly in motion and often outstretched, he shows a genuine feeling for the lyrics.

Scott is one of those singers who could lag so far behind the beat (often a full measure) that you wonder whether he will ever catch up, yet he and the band somehow managed to end together.

Much of the success of the show depends on the exceptional accompaniment and solos by his quartet, most notably Kenichi Shimazu, his pianist and musical director, and Eli Adams on tenor sax.

Anything he does at this stage of his career will be just fine with the audiences that are only now finding or rediscovering him.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 11/21

# Paula Kelly: Dancing Her Way Through a Vocal Performance

Paula Kelly is spectacular—visually, aurally, any which way you choose. This willowy, striking woman, now appearing every Thursday at the Gardenia in Hollywood, has all the requirements for a perfect vocal performance.

Walking in singing from the back of the room, she opened with "Moody's Mood for Love," the lyricized sax solo by James Moody that has become, as she explained, a sort of jazz national anthem.

Once best known as a dancer, Kelly makes her sinuous movements an integral part of her charm. And her material consists almost entirely of the unexpected—an old Nat Cole song called "Meet Me at No Special Place (And I'll Be There at No Particular Time)," and a version of "Take the A Train" borrowed from a Betty Roche vocal on an old Duke Ellington record.

Her ballads are exquisite. Seated atop the piano, with Gerald Wiggins offering splendid accompaniment, she sang "La Vie en Rose" in flawless French, then segued to a poignant reading of "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe."

An unlikely choice was "Chocolate Shake," from the Ellington show "Jump for Joy," for which she simply danced her way through the second chorus. Jerry Fielding's "Birming-Alabama-Ham" was another surprise. Kelly then brought on pianist George Gaffney to back her in a song he taught her, Jimmy Rowles' nostalgic "Looking Back." Rowles himself then came on to sing a number, proving only that nobody could follow Paula Kelly.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Billie Holiday: The Good, the Bad and the Irrelevant

11/22

★½

**BILLIE HOLIDAY**

"The Complete Billie Holiday on Verve 1949-1959"

*Polygram/Verve*

RECORD REVIEW

Billie Holiday in the '50s: The too-complete Verve set includes the exquisite and the inept.

Here is the most sensuous, the most moving voice jazz has ever known, in the afternoon and evening of her career. Here too are dozens of peerless artists to support her: Sweets Edison, Oscar Peterson, Ben Webster, Jimmy Rowles, Barney Kessel, Buddy De Franco, Tony Scott, Benny Carter.

How not to award all the stars in heaven to such a collection? The reasons are several, based as much on ethical principle as performance. This is an attempt to stretch four or five hours of valid, sometimes exquisite music into a 10-CD box set, running to 11½ hours.

If Billie Holiday were alive today, would Polygram/Verve have dared to release this set, in this form? If the label did, Lady Day surely would react in fury and take steps to have the package withdrawn.

Holiday by the 1950s, when almost all these tracks were recorded, had passed her prime. The sui generis timbre had less assurance, giving way at times to raspy, coarsened sounds. Yet right up to the end she had her good days. But Polygram, in assembling this package, threw in everything: good, bad and irrelevant. There are about 35 aborted, rejected, incomplete or imperfect takes; numerous songs are repeated at two or three sessions, though even the annotator acknowledges that her vocals varied little from take to take.

To elongate the contents even further, there are readings from her ghostwritten pseudo-autobiography; Holiday at rehearsal struggling with songs she doesn't know; various announcements introducing Lady Day, even a couple in German by me (in 1954 I took her on her only European concert tour); conversations by Holiday in the studio and at the homes of friends; Billie's band playing a six-minute number without her; Holiday talking to her 15-month-old godson; the child banging away at a piano.

Some of this has historical curiosity value for a single hearing, but do great artists have no right to privacy, even posthumously? On Disc 5, "A Fine Romance" shows up eight times. There is one master take and an alternate take; the rest are incomplete takes or false starts. Thus a three-minute performance is expanded into 15½ minutes of mostly wasted space.

There are plus factors here: a 220-page booklet with many photos to remind us of her transcendent beauty; literate essays by critics and musicians; data galore. Disc 1, with many of Norman Granz's live "Jazz at the Philharmonic" sessions, benefits from the concert immediacy and finds Billie in superb voice. From that point on, it's a roller-coaster ride tracing her on-and-off nights.

There are several interesting oddities. Billie sings "My Yiddishe Mama" at someone's home; Oscar Peterson plays organ backing a memorable version of "Yesterdays."

Her set at the 1957 Newport Festival is described in the notes as "pitiful," "forlorn," "enfeebled," "disoriented" and "painfully out of tune." Then why release it? Simply to flesh out quality with quantity in the quest for $160.

Ironically, the very last session—in March, 1959, four months before her death at 44 after a losing battle with addiction—found her in remission from these flaws. Ray Ellis provided splendid arrangements, and the repertoire avoids reuse of the same songs that she had recorded too often. (Many of the tunes in this box had been sung definitively during her years on Columbia—now on "Billie Holiday, the Legacy," a three-CD set—or later on Decca, as collected in "The Complete Decca Recordings" on two CDs.)

It is sad but perhaps inevitable that this magnificent woman, never fully appreciated in her lifetime, is now, 33 years after her death, capitalized on for all she is currently worth. —LEONARD FEATHER

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.*

LOS ANGELES TIMES/CALENDAR

JAZZ REVIEWS 11/26

# Ray Brown Trio Bows at Catalina

Ray Brown, the peripatetic bassist, has another brand-new affiliation. At Catalina on Tuesday he introduced his latest trio, featuring the fast-rising pianist Benny Green.

Unlike Brown's previous associate Gene Harris, Green is not primarily a blues master. He is, however, a musician of rare adaptability. One of his talents is the ability to spin out long improvisational lines with both hands running parallel, in octave unison. Few jazz pianists have mastered this technique. Green, though, does it with dazzling finesse. He also displayed his early jazz roots with a period-style workout on the Dixieland ditty "Jada," which has been around since 1918.

Among his other approaches are working up a boppish head of steam in the Bud Powell tradition and using a special grandeur in his chord employment. Though his blues playing is not as profound as Harris', he nevertheless is comfortable with the idiom, particularly when working in close collaboration with Brown.

Collaboration, in fact, is the key word in the success of this threesome, which is appearing through Sunday. Brown, Green and the outstanding drummer Jeff Hamilton have worked on enough special introductions, interludes between choruses and surprise endings to leave no doubt that this is an organized unit.

Some of the tunes—"Time After Time" and the blues—began with Brown playing brilliant unaccompanied solos. One number, "Take Me Out to the Ballgame," was built around Hamilton's deft use of the brushes. He is a sensitive and discreet artist who laces his work with touches of humor, a vital element in this admirably cohesive group—along with a high level of musicianship.

—LEONARD FEATHER

11/26

# Russell Malone Leaves Lasting Impression

The only problem with Russell Malone's visit to the Southland was its brevity.

After an appearance with Branford Marsalis on the "Tonight Show," the young Atlanta-based guitarist played Tuesday at Lunaria's, then left town. He also left a lasting impression.

Malone, 29, boasting credits as a member of the Jimmy Smith and Harry Connick Jr. groups, is a self-taught musician who seems to have acquired a thorough knowledge of jazz-guitar history. His technical proficiency enables him to cover a broad span of styles with a full sound, frequent rich chording and complex be-bop lines, as he demonstrated in a blistering treatment of an early Miles Davis piece, "Half Nelson."

Malone leans predominantly on pop standards such as Richard Rodgers' "Falling in Love With Love" and Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing." For his only vocal of the set he sang, in an unpretentiously pleasant voice, the old Peggy Lee song "I Don't Know Enough About You." Malone's colleagues were consistently successful in meeting the challenge of keeping up with him. Paul Keller, a steady and supportive bassist, contributed several well-structured solos. Eric Vaughn on drums traded some spirited fours with the leader.

The personable Malone, who has an album on Columbia Records, is a sure bet to rise to the jazz forefront in the next couple of years. —L. F.

## Feather on Holiday

12/6

Leonard Feather's review of the new Billie Holiday 10-CD set on Verve (Nov. 22) was a perfect example of what I've been saying for years about his contributions to music appreciation.

Who else would have had the audacity to give a *1½-star* rating to such a momentous, elaborately packaged tribute to the most moving and memorable jazz singer of all time?

Who else would have done that on ethical principle, and blown the whistle on an attempt to "stretch four or five hours of valid music into a more profitable 11½ hours"?

JAMES DONOVAN
Beverly Hills

Without hesitation, I excitedly snatched up "The Complete Billie Holiday on Verve 1949-1959." And then I read that bizarre review by Feather of the undisputed genius of jazz who altered the entire concept of singing at age 18 and miraculously sang even better as the years went on. Once Lady Day sang a song, it was hers and hers alone.

I've seen a myriad of books containing endless sketches and doodles by Picasso that the world finds merit in, and I'm still in awe of a deteriorating Parthenon and a less-than-perfect Sphinx.

I believe it is Feather who is "painfully out of tune."

YANNI DEMOS
Los Angeles

# O jazz em três mil verbetes

## Leonard Feather prepara a sétima edição de sua enciclopédia

JOSÉ DOMINGOS RAFFAELLI

Leonard Feather é o crítico de jazz mais conceituado em todo o mundo. Inglês naturalizado americano, ativo há quase 60 anos, escreveu milhares de artigos em revistas especializadas e dezenas de livros. Pianista, compositor, letrista e produtor de discos, contribuiu para as revistas "Metronome" e "Down Beat", as mais importantes publicações de jazz nas décadas de 40, 50 e 60. Produziu discos de Duke Ellington e Benny Carter. Suas composições foram gravadas por Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan e B. B. King, entre muitos outros.

Sua coluna semanal no "Los Angeles Times" é publicada em mais de 350 jornais de todo o mundo. Autor dos livros "Inside bebop", "From Satchmo to Miles", "The pleasures of jazz", "The jazz years" e da célebre "Encyclopedia of jazz", cuja sétima edição está preparando para a Oxford University Press, ele reafirma, aos 79 anos, que a idade não é barreira para os que realmente conhecem o que fazem. Em entrevista ao GLOBO, por telefone, de Sherman Oaks, Califórnia, Feather fala sobre seu trabalho na nova edição da enciclopédia e dá conselhos a futuros críticos de jazz.

**O GLOBO — Há quanto tempo está trabalhando na nova enciclopédia?**
LEONARD FEATHER — Desde o ano passado. Ela engloba verbetes com biografias da maioria dos músicos de jazz. É muito trabalho consultar músicos para coletar dados, relacionar gravações, checar datas, conferir informações com as edições anteriores.

**O GLOBO — Quando pensa terminar a obra?**
FEATHER — Ela deve ser editada em 1994. A previsão era para o início do ano que vem, mas sabe como são essas coisas. Dependemos muito das informações de terceiros, e isso leva tempo.

**O GLOBO — A primeira edição, de 1955, causou forte impacto nos meios jazzísticos, pois é uma obra que muitos julgavam impossível realizar. Como idealizou escrevê-la?**
FEATHER — Simplesmente aconteceu. Achei que seria bom alguém preparar um livro desse tipo e fui em frente. Quando me dei conta, estava pronto.

**O GLOBO — O espaço entre cada uma das quatro primeiras edições foi de dois anos. Por que as duas seguintes demoraram tanto?**
FEATHER — A cada ano surgem muitos músicos. Mas eu não estava interessado em pôr no mercado uma nova edição a cada dois anos. É trabalho demais.

**O GLOBO — Esta edição complementa as anteriores?**
FEATHER — Não. É nova, completamente atualizada. Engloba tudo o que saiu e todos os novos nomes importantes. Provavelmente terá mais de três mil verbetes. Mas não terá fotografias, como as outras.

**O GLOBO — Com relação à discografia, como vai fazer em relação aos CDs e LPs?**
FEATHER — O CD sempre terá preferência. Caso o músico só tenha LPs em seu nome, estes serão relacionados.

**O GLOBO — O que deve fazer um músico para ter seu nome incluído na enciclopédia?**
FEATHER — Só entram músicos com uma razoável bagagem gravada. Os interessados podem escrever-me relacionando seu nome artístico, nome de batismo completo, data de nascimento, instrumento, grupos em que tocou e com quais gravou, títulos dos discos que gravou como líder e nome da gravadora, principais influências e favoritos. Se também for arranjador, mencionar os favoritos.

**O GLOBO — O que aconselha a quem deseja ser crítico de jazz?**
FEATHER — Ouvir muito e procurar conhecer tudo. Principalmente, conhecer a história do jazz e separar o que é jazz do que não é. Hoje misturam muito as coisas. Isso confunde os leitores. Quem não conhece profundamente jazz escreve tolices.

**O GLOBO — Sabe que aqui está sendo realizado um festival de jazz?**
FEATHER — Não. Mas é mesmo um festival de jazz ou aquela mistura de sempre?

## Inner Voices: Treat Worth the Wait

12/21

Inner Voices, like all celebrations of Christmas, comes but once a year. Understandably, packed houses greeted this group of four extremely talented women and its strictly seasonal repertoire at the Vine St. Bar & Grill on Thursday and At My Place on Friday. After all, we have to wait 51 weeks every year to hear them.

This is the sixth year the Inner Voices has sung in public, although the four worked together as studio musicians for five years previously. Towering over them, both in height and vocal range, is the stunning Darlene Koldenhoven. Moving on down the line, Morgan Ames is the alto, group leader, and writer of almost all the arrangements; Clydene Jackson-Edwards is the tenor; and Carmen Twillie the baritone, sometimes almost a basso profundo.

Though taped rhythm tracks were heard on a couple of numbers, basically the singers work a capella. The purity of the songs, the subtle interaction in Ames' charts, the accuracy of their blend, must be heard to be believed. The material mixes sacred, standard and popular songs. "Silent Night" is sung wordlessly. "White Christmas" includes a rarely heard verse. Koldenhoven was superbly showcased in "I Wonder as I Wander" and in her own "The Angels Sang."

Inner Voices represents a level of total artistry one sometimes fears is vanishing. Here's a Christmas wish that the group builds a non-seasonal library so that next year, year-round, they can bring joy to the world.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ 11/29

# Manhattan Transfer: From Silliness to Sophistication

★★★

**MANHATTAN TRANSFER**
"The Manhattan Transfer Anthology: Down in Birdland"
*Atlantic/Rhino*

The Transfer's slow but sure march from silliness to sophistication is impressively illustrated by this diversified collection.

Two comments apply to the group in every stage of its 20-year career: the singers always

REISSUES

blended beautifully (both before Cheryl Bentyne replaced Laurel Masse, and after), and they conveyed a sense of enjoyment, along with entertainment value, no matter how trivial their material.

Trivial, however, is the word for much of the first side in this two-CD set, which includes material the Transfer recorded from 1975 to 1987. The witless lyrics of "Java Jive," "Boy from New York City" and the rest earn a better treatment than they deserve. "Hearts Desire," with its insistent triplets, and others from the early years, sound almost quaint today.

The second disc draws less on pop/R&B and more heavily on the jazz works, with a rich array of visiting soloists—Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Richie Cole, Bobby McFerrin and on one cut the entire Count Basie Orchestra—with Jon Hendricks prominent as lyricist and guest singer.

Manhattan Transfer, above in mid-'70s: A sense of enjoyment, no matter how trivial the material.

Janis Siegel plays a major role here both as arranger and soloist. Everyone has a chance to display vocalese chops: Tim Hauser singing what was originally Harold Land's solo on "Joy Spring," Alan Paul in the role of trombonist Quentin Jackson on "To You," Bentyne recreating a Benny Goodman chorus on "Down South Camp Meeting."

—LEONARD FEATHER

**★★★ Zoot Sims, "Suddenly It's Spring,"** OJC. Like many other lyrical, gently swinging tenor players—among them Stan Getz and Al Cohn—Sims was a Woody Herman alumnus. He was in exquisite company on this 1983 date, with the simpatico piano of Jimmy Rowles, the impeccable bass of George Mraz and Akira Tana on drums. Production is inexcusably sloppy: Walter Donaldson's "It's Been So Long" is listed as "so long" and credited to Woody Guthrie! The Brahms "Lullaby" is billed as "Brahm's . . . I Think." The fact that Sims plays soprano, not tenor, on the Brahms track, is nowhere mentioned. 11/29 —L. F.

# Tribute to Jimmy Rowles a Revelation 11/30

Jimmy Rowles the pianist has long been a respected name in music. Jimmy Rowles the composer and lyricist is relatively unfamiliar; thus the tribute offered to him Friday at the Jazz Bakery came as a splendidly revelatory evening.

Suggested by pianist Tom Garvin and produced by singer Ruth Price, the recital offered evidence that if Rowles' reputation as a composer has never caught up with his talent, it could be due to the very diversity of his work and the consequent absence of a specific Rowles style. But by the same token, this is why the evening succeeded as a rare cross-section of instrumentals, ballads, comedy songs and period music.

Garvin, fluegelhornist Stacy Rowles, reedman Gary Foster, bassist Eric Von Essen and drummer Harold Mason made up the core group, with vocals mainly by Mike Campbell and Ruth Price. Though the senior Rowles wrote most of the lyrics, a few songs had words by Johnny Mercer, one, in fact, was sung in two versions, as "Little Ingenue" and "Baby Don't Quit Now," both with Mercer lyrics.

Among the instrumentals, "The Peacocks" stood out, in a masterfully sensitive reading by Foster on alto flute. The most surprising non-vocal was "Old Orleans," for which Stacy Rowles on trumpet and Foster on clarinet captured the traditional flavor. "Looking Back," a well-crafted Rowles melody with lyrics by Cheryl Ernst, revealed Stacy Rowles as a sensitive singer in a style that somehow recalled her father, but with stronger chops.

Finally, Jimmy Rowles himself took over at the piano, ending with the only non-Rowles tune of the evening, Billy Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossoming," an exquisite duet with his daughter's trumpet that provided the perfect low-key conclusion to this soignee soiree.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 12/8

# An Evening With Artie Shaw

Billed as "an evening with Artie Shaw," a discussion and recital took place Sunday in the Campus Theater at Cal State Northridge.

The evening proved two points: (1) Never underestimate the power of his name (the event was sold out a week in advance), and (2) Never underestimate how long he will talk. The articulate author and former clarinetist took to the stage to reminisce for more than an hour, in typically expansive style, about every topic from America ("the most musically illiterate nation on Earth") to Madonna ("the essence of hype").

Shaw stopped his fascinating ad lib soliloquy only to play three of his various recordings of "Star Dust," showing the evolution of his music over the years; he also took a few questions from the audience.

After intermission, he conducted the Cal State Northridge Jazz Band in six arrangements out of the early Shaw library, delegating his clarinet solos to Abe Most, a veteran studio musician well versed in the art of re-creation. On this occasion, he sounded stiff, as though the presence of Shaw, and the necessity to read what had originally been improvised solos, were a little daunting.

The student orchestra did a commendable job of interpreting music written decades before they were born.

For an encore, the band on its own seemed very much at ease on a chart that had probably had less limited rehearsal, "Makin' Whoopee." Then the inimitable Shaw couldn't resist returning to one more anecdote, bringing to a close a richly rewarding evening.

JAZZ REVIEW 12/10

# Buoyant Big Band at Tango

The final concert in Diane Varga's series of big-band nights at the Moonlight Tango in Sherman Oaks was conducted by pianist-arranger Tom Garvin under unexpectedly tragic conditions.

During the first set Garvin announced that Varga, who has done so much to promote jazz in the Southland, lay mortally ill at a North Hollywood hospital. Dedicating the set to her, he played a series of his own charts, including several well-crafted originals.

Varga died Wednesday morning.

"Mitch" was a particularly attractive Garvin work, framing the alto sax of Ray Reed and the tenor of Tommy Peterson. "Apple a Day" featured Jack Nimitz on baritone. The superlative drummer Harold Mason, reading some difficult music, did a consistent job of uplifting this generally buoyant band.

Mike Campbell, the first of Garvin's two vocalists, simply doesn't look the part of a hip jazz singer. Bald, bearded and bespectacled, he contradicted the image with a splendid "Jeannine" and his own song, "I Love You in 3/4 Time."

Paula Kelly, reviewed here recently at the Gardenia, was hindered somewhat by the cramped conditions on the bandstand, but with Garvin's arrangements of "Old Devil Moon" and "My Foolish Heart," she showed how well she works in a big-band setting.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

12/4

# Fambrough Leads Sextet

After a successful week with the Ray Brown Trio, Catalina has turned over the bandstand to another bassist, Charles Fambrough.

A relative newcomer as a leader, he heads a sextet of local musicians that will be appearing through Sunday. Two of the members, pianist Kenny Kirkland and drummer Jeff Watts, are members of Branford Marsalis' "Tonight Show" band and played on a couple of cuts in a recent Fambrough album.

It is rewarding to hear Kirkland given a chance to stretch out as he seldom does on the TV show. His technical ability, his knowledge of tradition and broad experience (with Elvin Jones and Sting among others) lends value to his every solo.

The most significant among the three horn players is Oscar Brashear, a trumpeter whose powerful, pithy solo forays have long since established him as a Southland treasure. Alongside him are Bob Sheppard, the saxophonist known for his excellent work with Freddie Hubbard, and Art Webb, whom Fambrough unwisely introduced as "the greatest flute player on the planet." Such dangerous superlatives are apt to boomerang. Webb's long suit is technical flash rather than inspiration.

Most of the Fambrough originals played were of modest interest only. As a bassist he works well enough with Watts and Kirkland, but his solos lack the tonal impact of a Ray Brown. This group is worth hearing mainly because of Brashear and Kirkland, its two strongest players.

—LEONARD FEATHER

TV REVIEW

# A Showcase for Branford Marsalis

The fifth installment of Bravo's seven-part "Birdland" series (at 7 and midnight tonight) is of special interest in that the main participant is saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

In his role as bandleader on "The Tonight Show," Marsalis rarely has a chance to make more than fragmentary appearances, mainly leading into a commercial. On this evening's show, taped in 1989, he is not only heard playing without interruption but also talks about why he plays as he does, what music means to him and the "hybrid mentality" of the jazzman that makes him so adaptable.

Marsalis is in characteristically energetic and creative form playing an original, "Aykrig," backed by his regular rhythm section of Kenny Kirkland on piano, Jeff Watts on drums and Bob Hurst (who composed it) on bass. He then joins forces with British pianist Julian Joseph, who is represented as a composer on "Tyrannosaurus Rex" and "Miss Simmons."

Produced by the BBC, this series is offering a helpful opportunity to keep abreast of both the British and U.S. jazz scenes. Joseph's bold claim that "the new jazz developments in the '90s will come from London" may yet be borne out.

—L. F.

MICHAEL EDWARDS / Los Angeles Times

Dorothy Donegan: "I stay in good shape . . . I have no vices."

# New Life in the Spotlight Begins at 70 for Donegan

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

To call Dorothy Donegan the hottest new sensation in jazz is to ignore a central fact: It took 50 years for her to achieve full-scale fame and fortune, even though other pianists have long been awed by her.

Lately the pace has quickened for the 70-year-old Donegan, who will appear today in concert at Pepperdine University in Malibu, sharing the bill with trumpeter-vocalist-comedian Jack Sheldon.

In the past year she has won an American Jazz Masters' fellowship, a $20,000 prize awarded by the National Endowment for the Arts; has been the subject of a major documentary; has played at the Kennedy Center, and has been awarded an honorary doctorate by the University of Maryland. What is unique about these events is that they happened as a result of her annual appearances on the S.S. Norway's Jazz Festival, and that this all came about when she had reached her late 60s.

"I've been playing the same way for ages," she says, "but there's been a slow grapevine. Until the cruise I hadn't had an album out here in years. Now I have two CDs, both taped live on the ship, for Chiaroscuro Records."

A key figure in the story is Arthur Elgort, the fashion photographer turned movie-maker, whose film about saxophonist Illinois Jacquet won the gold medal at last year's Houston Film Festival.

"I was filming Jacquet aboard the Norway in 1990," he says, "when I caught Donegan's show. I couldn't believe what I heard. I'd known about her years ago; my mother had all her records. But I really thought she had died. What an artist! She had people shouting and cheering. They were spilling out the doorway of the biggest room on board. She has it all—great entertainer, great musician, great comedian. I decided there and then to film her as a follow-up to Jacquet in my 'American Heroes' series."

There were other reasons for Donegan's belated recognition: marriages and divorces (three apiece), pregnancies (two), retirements, and time spent out of the forefront in Cleveland, Puerto Rico and Paris. Yet as long ago as 1941 she attracted the sponsorship of the acknowledged king of them all, Art Tatum.

"I was living in Chicago when someone told Art about this red-headed woman who could play in his league," says Donegan. "He came up three flights of steps to hear me, and he took me under his wing. I was the only woman he ever coached."

After the cruise, one thing led to another: Jazz critic Whitney Balliett, who was on board, profiled her for the New Yorker. As a consequence, she landed a CBS-TV appearance. By last month Donegan had become such an attraction that the ship's 800-seat theater overflowed with 1,000 passengers.

One night, trumpeter Clark Terry made a surprise appearance. When he played and sang the blues, using his well-known double-talk routine, Donegan achieved instant empathy, playing brilliantly but mugging and clowning while the audience screamed in delight. The result was what could best be described as a floating ovation.

"I keep trying to improve," she says. "Sometimes I'm drained, emotionally and physically, but I stay in good shape. I exercise, I have no vices. I still practice three or four hours a day."

Donegan says she has been approached by CBS Records, but she is dubious about signing. "They want me to sing—what do they expect, to make me into another Harry Connick?" She can sing, even does a fair Billie Holiday imitation, but vocals are not her long suit.

"Meanwhile, Chiaroscuro will be putting out another CD next year, including the set Clark Terry and I did together, Arthur Elgort wants me to go to New York so he can shoot movies of me doing some shopping." (Elgort says: "Dorothy dresses even better than my models.")

"It's strange," Donegan says, "how everything seems to have been happening at once, after all those years of playing the same old sewers. I guess you could say life really does begin at 70."

JAZZ REVIEW

# A Poignant Celebration of Varga's Life

The Southland jazz community, saddened by the sudden death last Wednesday of promoter-singer Diane Varga, gathered Monday evening at the Bahai center in Los Angeles, both to mourn her passing and celebrate her life and accomplishments.

Many of those who took part were fellow Bahais. The evening began with a tape of Varga herself, singing a Bahai prayer with her close friend Buddy Childers on trumpet. Later, Childers performed live, on fluegelhorn, his own composition "My Diane," with a poignant vocal by Frank Sinatra Jr.

The first portion of the evening stayed on a solemn note, with a cappella prayers and eulogies, Geraldine Jones singing "Until It's Time for You to Go" and George Graham intoning "A Trumpeter's Prayer." Jack Sheldon played trumpet and sang effectively on "I Never Knew."

After intermission, Gerald Wilson and his orchestra took over, elevating the evening to a consistently high level of spirited creativity. Wilson's compositions and arrangements, whether written last year or 40 years ago, have the indelible stamp of his personality. He is also one of the most gifted conductors on the scene, his arms virtually dancing their way through the charts.

Wilson paraded an impressive series of soloists: Thurman Green on trombone, Danny House on alto saxophone and agile pianist Brian O'Rourke, replaced on the final tune by one of Wilson's distinguished alumni, Milcho Leviev

Other acts, eager to pay their respects to Varga, had been scheduled, but the show was running late and it was apparently decided that nobody could follow Gerald Wilson.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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# Bits, Pieces of 'X' Can Only Deliver Stirring Moments

★★½ 12/13

**TERENCE BLANCHARD**
"Malcolm X, the Original Motion Picture Score"
*Columbia*

Except for those written for musicals, few soundtrack scores have a logical *raison d'etre*. The album has a comparably short shelf life, mainly because it comprises

NEW RELEASES

fragments, lifted out of context, converted from background to foreground music.

This score is no exception. There are 26 cuts here, some only a minute or less. These include an ominous opening number sung by the Boys Choir of Harlem and a subsequent series of instrumentals—many by a symphony orchestra, a few by a jazz ensemble. The pieces serve mainly as a reminder that Blanchard is a highly skilled composer (as well as trumpeter) who can span the musical gamut.

Some of the selections have definite musical value. Among these are two numbers where saxophonist Branford Marsalis plays beautifully, though these takes are all too short, and "Chickens Come Home," which is performed by five drummers and celebrates Malcolm's joyful reaction to the assassination of J.F.K. Other titles, such as "Malcolm Meets Elijah" and "Going to Mecca," are simply background tracks to moving screen images.

*Footnote:* A second CD, "Music From the Soundtrack 'Malcolm X,'" released on Qwest Records, offers source music from the Spike Lee film. Except for Arrested Development's rap anthem, "Revolution," these selections consist mainly of jazz and pop numbers from the '40s and '50s. They range from great to gross, and are performed by such artists as Billie Holiday, John Coltrane, Ella Fitzgerald, the Ink Spots and Jr. Walker. The high point is Aretha Franklin's jubilant final proclamation, "Someday We'll All Be Free."

—LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

★★★½ **Ellis Larkins,** "Live at Maybeck Hall," Concord Jazz. This is a trip to the keyboard on gossamer wings. Nobody else has ever captured the magical touch of Larkins, for decades an idol of every singer he ever accompanied. Under his fingers the keys become velvet. With it all, though, he swings gently, and his repertoire is tastefully chosen: "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," "I Don't Want to Cry Anymore." Maybeck, a small hall located in the Berkeley foothills, has now been the setting for 22 solo albums on Concord Jazz, almost all great. This one stands out.

—L.F.

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good) and four stars (excellent).*

12/20 WESTSIDE / VALLEY

# Next Role For Jaye P. Morgan: A Jazz Singer

By LEONARD G. FEATHER

**'My first influences, I guess, were Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday—at least, they were the ones I listened to. Also Nat King Cole, both for his singing and his piano playing.'**
Jaye P. Morgan

It is not easy to define Jaye P. Morgan's place in show business. Is she a singer who also acts, or an actress who toys at singing? Despite her many histrionic credits, "when I get up in the morning, I get up as a singer," she says. That's what she will be in a rare local appearance tonight at the Jazz Bakery in Culver City.

"Jaye P. seems insecure about her singing," says singer Ruth Price, who books the talent at the Bakery. "But actually she is one of the better ballad singers around today; plus she has such a wonderful, kooky stage personality."

Though her blond good looks belie her age, the evidence is still on hand: Some late night on TV you may see her in "Stars Over Hollywood." "Pat O'Brien was in it," Morgan recalls, "and I did it with my family—we were all musicians. This was when I was 3 or 4 years old, in 1935."

Morgan was born in a log cabin ("Just like Abe") in Mancus, Colo. "We were just beginning to come out of the Depression, and my father owned some land there and the log cabin. We left there because we had started performing. My father played guitar and drums; he taught me to sing."

Morgan (later known as a TV comedian and a zany judge on the "Gong Show") went on the road at 3 with her father, five brothers and a sister. "We moved to California and worked on the radio every winter, then went on tour during the summer."

Though her stage work eventually would take her into very different musical areas, Morgan shared the whole family's interest in jazz. "My first influences, I guess, were Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday—at least, they were the ones I listened to. Also Nat King Cole, both for his singing and his piano playing. I was learning how to accompany myself at the piano, so naturally I found him fascinating."

After her father's death in 1945, the family act broke up. Morgan settled down in school in Sunland. "That's how I got my name. I was born Mary Margaret Morgan, but when I was appointed class treasurer at high school, the students kiddingly started calling me J.P. When I left school at 17 and began working with Frank DeVol, he liked it, so it stuck."

Her recording career got under way via "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" with DeVol on a small label, Derby Records. Later came sessions for RCA that yielded "The Longest Walk" and "That's All I Want From You," both best-sellers for her in '54 and '55, and a little later "The Song Is You," for which Marion Evans wrote the arrangement.

Meanwhile, her stage activities had begun. "'Annie Get Your Gun' was first; I was around 25. Then I did 'Guys and Dolls.' I did 'The Tender Trap,' a great comedy, with Gene Saks. I was on tour with 'Nunsense,' starring Kaye Ballard, and co-starred with Eddie Bracken in the national tour of 'Sugar Babies.'"

Working in musicals was a mixed blessing. "If it was 'Annie Get Your Gun,' with wonderful songs by Irving Berlin, that was fine; but if it wasn't good music, it was torture. I just hated the music in 'The Unsinkable Molly Brown.'"

Television provided Morgan's best showcase for many years. "Johnny Carson had a show out here in L.A. called 'Carson's Cellar,' and that was my first network appearance. I was 18. Much later I must have done 'The Tonight Show' with him at least 150 times—when the show was in New York he would fly me in, and when it moved out here, I was on as often as four times a month. No, I haven't done the show with Jay Leno yet, but I'd love to."

There were also many guest shots with Merv Griffin, appearances on "Love Boat" and "Fantasy Island," and of course her cele-

*Please see Page 93*

# Morgan

*Continued from Page 92*

brated four years hamming it up on Chuck Barris' "The Gong Show" starting in 1975. She observes: "It paid good money, and it was great exposure. I really enjoyed it."

Along the way Morgan found time for three marriages. "That's enough," she declares. "I had wonderful husbands, but I guess I just don't enjoy being married. I have a grown son, Paul Steven Kane, by my ex-husband Artie Kane. Paul is a musician and has his own band."

Jaye P. will also have her own band, on a modest scale, for the Jazz Bakery gig: Matt Harris at the piano, Armando Compean on bass, and David Hunt on drums.

Her acting career has never completely stopped. She has a role in the newly released "Home Alone 2," with Macaulay Culkin. But she feels the time has come to resume her recording career.

"That's something I would rather do than anything else in the world. I just love that feeling of being in the studio, you track everything and then go in and work precisely. Much as I like to work in front of an audience, that is truly my first love." □

*Jaye P. Morgan will perform at 7 tonight at the Jazz Bakery, 3221 Hutchison Ave., Los Angeles. Admission is $20. Call (310) 271-9039.*

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

# Golden Feathers for Those Who Flew High in '92

By LEONARD FEATHER

Year In Review

Jazz has flourished in 1992.

The impact of rap, the hype about hip-hop, the refusal of rock to move over—all had no effect on the durability of an art form that closes in on its first century. The media may continue to ignore or downplay it but the music prevails in concert halls and clubs, in videos and, most notably, on recordings.

been released since Jan. 1—an unprecedented figure and one that will probably be surpassed in 1993.

Reissues played a valuable role as the trend toward multi-disc anthology packages grew stronger. The Modern Jazz Quartet's 40th anniversary was celebrated with "MJQ 40," on Atlantic Records; B.B. King had "King of the Blues" on MCA Records; both are 4-CD sets. On three CDs apiece are a Duke Ellington set on the Hindsight label and "Dizzy's Diamonds," a fine Gillespie cross-section. Mosaic Records continued its admirable policy of making box sets out of gems leased from other companies, among them an 18-CD set by the Nat King Cole Trio.

Among those who distinguished themselves in person as well as on records are the following recipients of the 28th annual Golden Feather Awards:

**MAN OF THE YEAR:** Branford Marsalis. True, his moments of prominence as bandleader on the "Tonight Show" have not edged out the guests plugging their books and movies; still, during his tenure, and no doubt through his influence, the likes of Joe Henderson, Shirley Horn, Walter Norris, Marcus Roberts, Toots Thielemans, Terence Blanchard, Russell Malone and the entire Miles Davis reunion band all gained national exposure. Aside from which Marsalis was ubiquitous on other TV or video shows, on records as leader and sideman, exercising a powerful influence for good in the dissemination of jazz.

**WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Pianist Dorothy Donegan. An unlikely choice, but so was her sudden leap from obscurity that has led from jazz cruises to a belated revival on records and a forthcoming documentary film. As she put it, during the year, life began for her at 70.

**JAZZ GROUP OF THE YEAR:** T.S. Monk. The 42-year-old drummer, son of the be-bop pioneer, surprised even himself by switching from a failed romance with R&B to a highly charged, splendidly organized sextet, heard on tour and in a Blue Note album.

**ORCHESTRA OF THE YEAR:** The Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra. Its concert at the Hollywood Bowl, with David Berger as conductor and Wynton Marsalis as musical director, displayed an admirable sense of unity; but to progress from there it must do more than re-create old Duke Ellington arrangements. To hear this band in person is a joy; to buy its recording is a waste of money when the Ellington originals are still available.

**YOUNG MAN OF THE YEAR:** Wallace Roney. Just a year ago I predicted that this 32-year-old trumpeter would be the new star to watch during 1992. He justified the prediction during a triumphant international tour, for which he played the Miles Davis parts in a reunion of Davis' 1960s combo.

**COMBACK OF THE YEAR:** Joe Henderson. The 55-year-old tenor saxophonist, whose career, though not in limbo, had virtually stalled in recent years, suddenly leaped to the forefront with "Lush Life," his album of compositions by Billy Strayhorn.

**TV SERIES OF THE YEAR:** The "Birdland" shows on Bravo. Five of the seven have been shown, offering a useful chance to meet both American and young British soloists (the programs are co-produced by BBC).

**RECORDS OF THE YEAR:** The following 10-Best list is alphabetical, though by chance the first is also arguably the best: Toshiko Akiyoshi, "Carnegie Hall Concert" (Columbia); Count Basie, "Complete Decca Recordings" (Decca); "History of Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers" (Blue Note); Stan Getz & Kenny Barron, "People Time" (Verve); Benny Green, "Testifyin'" (Blue Note); Joe Henderson, "Lush Life" (Verve); Shirley Horn, "Here's to Life" (Verve); Helen Merrill, "Clear Out of This World" (EmArcy); Arturo Sandoval, "I Remember Clifford" (GRP); Artie Shaw, "The Last Recordings" (MusicMasters).

Woman of the Year Dorothy Donegan: Life begins at 70.

Branford Marsalis: Man of the Year for his support of jazz.

**BLUE NOTES OF THE YEAR:** The toll was heavy as ever. We lost trumpeters Andy Blakeney, Louis Burke, Cappy Lewis and Joe Newman; saxmen Charlie Ventura, Junior Cook and Bill Hood; pianist Jack Dupree, Nat Pierce and Sammy Price; guitarists Mary Osborne, Tony Rizzi and Howard Roberts; bassists Monty Budwig, Red Callender, Sherwood Manngiapane and Red Mitchell; drummers Ed Blackwell and Jeff Porcaro; historian Bill Russell; and singers Big Miller, Mavis Rivers, Diane Varga and Sylvia Syms.

A source of major concern from early in the year was the condition of Dizzy Gillespie. Canceling a world tour that was booked a year in advance, the trumpet genius underwent major surgery in early March for an intestinal obstruction. Since then there have been recoveries and setbacks, three brief non-playing appearances, a cruise in his honor (held during the week of his 75th birthday), which the doctors forbade him to attend, and continuing rumors about his condition. The jazz world unites in wishing him total recovery and a resumption of his vitally influential 55-year career. Meanwhile, the photo book "Dizzy," compiled by Lee Tanner, offers fascinating glimpses of him as seen between 1940 and 1992.

The New Year will begin with a gathering that has long symbolized the progress made in the propagation of jazz: the annual convention of the International Assn. of Jazz Educators will be held Jan. 7-10 in San Antonio, attended by hundreds of musicians and pedants. A highlight will be the presentation of the winners of this year's "American Jazz Masters" awards, a $20,000 prize given by the National Endowment for the Arts. The victors are Joe Williams, Jon Hendricks and Milt Hinton, all deserving recipients, whose decades of creativity typify the timeless values of great music.

*Leonard Feather is a frequent contributor to Calendar.*

## For the Record

**Jazz CDs**—Approximately 1,250 jazz CDs have been released this year. The fact was inadvertently omitted from a 1992 review of jazz in Sunday's Calendar.

12/21

# Curtis Peagler; Noted Jazz Saxophonist

Curtis Peagler, a jazz saxophonist featured with such bands as Ray Charles and Count Basie, died Saturday at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center after heart surgery. He was 55.

The Cincinnati-born musician was a featured player in Charles' band from 1964 to 1969 and with Basie from 1970 to 1977. In recent years, he was a prominent solo artist in Southern California and at international jazz festivals. He also played regularly with the San Diego-based Sweet Baby Blues Band.

"Peagler was an exciting, extrovert saxophonist who lent color to every band he played in, from Ray Charles in the 1960s to Count Basie in the '70s," said Times music critic Leonard Feather.

Peagler played with rhythm and blues bands in the 1950s and early '60s. For a time, he managed his own group, the Jazz Disciples.

Survivors include his wife, Norma Jean, who said her husband will be buried in Cincinnati next to his mother. A Los Angeles memorial service is pending.

SWING JOURNAL, January 1993

# Jazz Cruising in Caribbean

## 気分爽快/ジャズ カリブ海を豪華に巡航

**海上で楽しむジャズは，地上の何ものにも置き代えられない——と言わしめるほど，豪華客船上でのジャズは，ジャズを楽しむ環境としては最高のものかもしれない。この10月，カリブ海で行なわれた2つのジャズ・クルーズを紹介。**

### 47名のミュージシャンと2週間の豪華ジャズ・クルージング

*Dizzy Gillespie's Diamond Jubilee Birthday Cruise by Leonard Feather*

この20年の間に25回ほどジャズ・クルーズに参加してきたが，海上でジャズを聴くのがミュージシャンにとっても，旅客にとっても，最高の条件なのではないかと思うようになった。文字通り，海上での素晴らしさは地上の何ものにも代えがたい。10月下旬の2週間，"ディジー生誕75周年クルーズ" に参加して，自分のこの思いにいよいよ確信を持つようになった。このイベントはセレブリティ・クルーズの後援によって実現したもので，参加者は真新しいゼニス号に乗り込み，フロリダのフォート・ローダーデイルから出航した。クルーズには47人のミュージシャンが同行。ところが，健康を取り戻したと報じられていたはずの主役のディジー自身が，ドクター・ストップのため欠席という事態になった。しかし，ミュージシャンのほとんどがディジーの古い友人，同僚，またはディジーの崇拝者で固められ，その中にはディジーの代理として，パキート・デリベラ（キューバ人のサックス，クラリネット奏者）が率いるユナイテッド・ネイション・オーケストラも含まれていた。

航海第1日目の夜，ジャズ・クルーズのプロデューサー，チャールズ・フィッシュマンがディジーの欠席を発表したが，旅客は冷静に事態を受け止めたようだ。たとえディジーが不在でも，彼の55年間のミュージシャン人生を祝う素晴らしい船旅になることには間違いない。

クルーズ中はセッションの隅々にまでディジーのオーラが行き渡っていた。たとえばトップ・バッターを切ったロイ・ハーグローブ・カルテット。この若き逸れるグループは，活力に満ちたロイのトランペット，アントニオ・ハートのアルト・サックス，そしてマーク・キャリーのピアノをエネルギー源に，見ごたえのある演奏を披露した。ゲストとしてドク・チータム(tp)，ミルト・ヒントン(b)が飛び入り参加したが，これなどはジャズによって世代の違いを越えた典型的な例でないかと思う。

ハーグローブの後には，パキートが続いた。クルーズのために結成されたグループを従え，ワイルドな〈チュニジアの夜〉でセットを締めくくった。彼のホーンから飛び散る音は，まさに流れ星のような勢いだ。

パキートのセットを聴き終え，私は800席ある居心地のいいセレブリティ・ラウンジを後にした。小部屋で聞かれているランディ・ウエストンのセットを聴くためだ。ランディはモロッコからやって来たピアノの達人で，コンガのポテト・バルデスとベースのアル・マッキボンのサポートを受けながら，積極的なプレイを聴かせてくれた。ランディは〈セント・トーマス〉も演奏したが，実際に船はセント・トーマス港入りを1～2日後にひかえていて，これは何ともタイムリーな選曲だった。

その晩遅くになって（毎晩少なくとも午前1時半まで，演奏は続いた），ハンク・ジョーンズ(p)とケニー・バレル(g)の見事なデュオに遭遇した。会場となったのはフリート・ラウンジで，深夜の演奏はほとんどそこが中心だった。翌日の夜は同じフリート・ラウンジで，モンティ・アレキサンダー(p)，レイ・ブラウン(b)，ダフィ・ジャクソン(ds)のゴキゲンなトリオが登場した。ダフィはクルーズの間中，驚くばかりの多才ぶりを発揮し，ドラムスに加えて，バイブラフォン，ピアノ，ベース，そして

▲レッド・ロドニー(tp)とスヌーキー・ヤング(tp)

▲トミー・フラナガン(p)

▲ ロン・ホロウェイ(sax)，クリフォード・ジョーダン(ts)，マリオ・リベラ(ts)

▲スティーブ・トゥーレ(ts)

JAZZ REVIEW

12/31

# Black/Note Shows Off Its Personal Touch at Atlas Bar

The Atlas Bar & Grill, near the Wiltern Theatre on Wilshire Boulevard, has been home base every Tuesday since May for the band Black/Note.

Organized in 1990, this Los Angeles-based group is true to the principles of post-bop acoustic jazz. Much of the repertoire consists of original works by Mark Shelby, the bassist and leader, or by the 23-year-old alto saxophonist James Mahone. The show caught Tuesday evening, however, was devoted mainly to standards, all played with the quintet's personal touch.

Mahone brings his superb technique to bear on the more demanding tempos, such as "Cherokee," but he is no less capable of compelling lyricism, well displayed on "You Don't Know What Love Is" and on Benny Carter's "When Lights Are Low."

Aaron Flagg's trumpet works well with Mahone in the neatly crafted ensembles, but as a soloist he tends to run out of ideas, and at times seemed unfamiliar with the chord structure of the tunes.

Ark Sano, the pianist, displayed a diversity of ideas that ranged from ingenious chording to rapid single-note lines. The management should show more respect for him by taking the trouble to tune the piano.

Shelby, a subtle bassist, contented himself with a supportive role throughout. Willie Jones III on drums also stayed largely in the background except for the predictable solo toward the end of the set.

Black/Note, which also has worked often at Maria's, will be heard tonight at Snooker's in Los Angeles. The Tuesday-night gigs at the Atlas will continue indefinitely. —LEONARD FEATHER

POP MUSIC REVIEW

1/2/93

# When Peggy Lee Greets 1993, the Fundamental Things Apply

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

What better way to break in the New Year than with the cool, caressing sound of Peggy Lee?

Thursday evening, at the Escoffier Room of the Beverly Hilton, this resilient woman offered evidence of a talent that has weathered countless storms of health problems and changes in popular taste.

Her mobility improved since her last local appearance, she walks on stage before sitting down to offer, in effect, a cross-section of the reasons that have sustained her through the decades.

She never was, never will be, a belter; throughout her performance, which ended just after midnight with "Auld Lang Syne," she displayed the capacity for understatement that has long been a key to her art. Most of the songs are either her own composition (her opener was "I Love Being Here With You") or others so irreversibly identified with her that she could as well have created them: "Fever," of course, and the mystic, almost surreal "Is That All There Is?"

Even the more typical pop standards benefited from her laid-back blues touch. "As Time Goes By" was preceded by a "Casablanca" anecdote including a Humphrey Bogart sound bite.

Unlike any other singer not of African descent, Peggy Lee can sing the blues with a genuine feeling for the idiom. One very moving moment was a minor blues that sounded like a variant of "Fever" slowed down, with admirable guitar backing by Paul Viapiano.

For this occasion her regular five-piece group, with Emil Palame in splendid control as pianist and conductor, was augmented by a six-piece string section, used only occasionally and with discretion.

In a typical show of good taste, Lee approached the midnight hour without any razzmatazz; in fact, her last song as the hands reached 12 was "I'll Be Seeing You."

Only one adjective can sum up Lee's artistry, today perhaps more than ever: Inspiring. She could give lessons to almost every singer, male or female, who currently dominates the pop music charts.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MONICA ALMEIDA

Dizzy Gillespie: The advances he spearheaded gradually became the mainstream.

AN APPRECIATION 1/7/93

# Gillespie . . . Jazz Loses a Beloved Innovator

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The passing of Dizzy Gillespie will no doubt be characterized as marking the end of an era. Actually, it's more than that.

By the time he reached the final decade of his life, Gillespie had become the most honored, the most respected, the most universally praised musician—not merely of the bebop era of which he had long been a symbol, but in the entire history of jazz.

The music world knew him as a nonpareil trumpet virtuoso. The general public saw and heard in him a superb entertainer who played his tilted horn, doubled on Latin percussion, sang and clowned—not simply to make his work more appealing (though it certainly had this effect), but because it was central to his personality.

My own awareness of him began around 1940, when he was a sideman, though a conspicuous and original voice, in the Cab Calloway Orchestra. Then came an interim period when he was a key figure in the bands of Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine and a free-lance arranger for a wide range of orchestras. But during this time, his association with Charlie Parker, though brief (mainly 1945-46), established them as the Damon & Pythias of modern music. Together they created and shared ideas that set the jazz world on its ear, devising new melodic, harmonic and rhythmic concepts.

What many admirers today don't realize is that like so many innovators in all the arts, Gillespie faced hostility that was downright vicious, not only from critics, but also from many of the more reactionary musicians of that time who accused him of playing wrong notes. Even Louis Armstrong joined the jeering gallery with a recording that poked fun at all the values of bebop. (Years later, Satchmo recanted and the two men even appeared

Please see GILLESPIE, F10

Continued from F1

together on a television show.)

During those days, I became closely involved with his career, recording him for RCA and helping to present him three times at Carnegie Hall when the prevailing opinion was that such a venture would prove disastrous. But in 1947, and again in 1948 and 1949, Gillespie triumphed at that bastion of classical music.

The advances spearheaded by Gillespie and Charlie Parker gradually worked their way into the mainstream of jazz. By the mid-'50s, Gillespie was not merely accepted, but promoted at an unprecedented level. In 1956, a specially organized big band under his direction became the first jazz group ever sent overseas on a goodwill mission for the U.S. State Department.

Gillespie was the ideal choice for the venture. He made friends wherever he went, expressing a natural curiosity at everything and everyone he encountered along the way. As had always been his practice, he chose his musicians without regard to race or sex. That band included such artists as Quincy Jones in the trumpet section, Phil Woods on alto sax and Melba Liston on trombone.

Last October, on a cruise celebrating his 75th birthday (which at the last minute the doctors forbade him to attend), an entire concert was devoted to such Gillespie originals as "Con Alma," "Night in Tunisia," "Bebop," "Birks Works," "Tour de Force," "Ow!" and "San Sebastian"—this last from a 1990 movie, "The Winter in Lisbon," for which he wrote the music and in which he played a major acting role.

Gillespie was a giving man, a loving husband, whose marriage lasted 52 years, a loyal friend, a gentle soul and a true genius.

There is a cliché that tells us: "We shall not see his like again." For John Birks Gillespie, it is the best summation that comes to mind.

Los Angeles Times

Gillespie at '91 Playboy Jazz Festival: A gentle soul and a true genius.

JAZZ 1|10|93

# Straightforward Look at Divine Sarah

★★★½

**"SASSY: THE LIFE OF SARAH VAUGHAN"**

By Leslie Gourse

*Scribner's ($25)*

The voice of Sarah Vaughan was one of the incomparable wonders of this century's music world. She had it all. She was a pop singer, a jazz singer, a scat singer and, as was all too rarely revealed, a classical singer. She sang Handel's "Messiah" for the movie "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice." She wanted Leonard Bernstein to compose an opera for her, but was too shy to ask him.

Gourse has placed every aspect of her career in a straightforward, often startlingly revelatory manner. The picture she has painted is not a pretty one. By no standard could Vaughan be seen as a role model, either professionally—she never studied, never practiced, seldom rehearsed—or personally.

Her private life was an endless round of send-in-the-clowns carousing, yet seemingly none of the all-night binges, all-day hangovers, nor quantity of cigarettes, booze, marijuana or cocaine could affect her divine gift. After decades of abusing her body with chemicals she sang, to the amazement of those who knew the circumstances, more gloriously than ever.

Her childhood in Newark was uneventful; she played organ and sang in a church choir. A skilled musician, she became a key figure in the be-bop era, working with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, and singing in a band led by Billy Eckstine, with whom her lifelong friendship is well documented.

But for the most part, like Billie Holiday, she was attracted to men who, with few exceptions, abused and misused her. Two of her three failed marriages ended violently.

As Gourse and some of her sources point out, Vaughan's vices tended to restrict what should have been a career without limits. Yet even with all the lovers doubling as managers, all the guzzling and gorging, she eventually brought the beauty of her sound to symphony orchestras and earned up to $1 million a year, until her lifestyle finally caught up with her—she died in 1990 of lung cancer.

The story Gourse tells is that of a natural genius, scared by an insecurity she was never able to extirpate.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MIXED MEDIA

★★★

**"JAZZ LIVES: 100 PORTRAITS IN JAZZ"**

By Gene Lees

Photographs by John Reeves

*Firefly ($28.95)*

"I've had a great life being John Reeves the photographer," says the man whose pictures grace this book, "but in an absolutely perfect world, I would have chosen to be Zoot Sims or Mel Lewis or McCoy Tyner."

As a lifelong fan, the Toronto-based Reeves was a logical choice to assemble this remarkable volume, in which a technique was employed that is rarely used in photographing jazzmen. There are no horns around, no in-performance shots. Instead, these are basically portraits of faces—some of them literally as large as life in this 8-by-11-inch format. Visually, it's an outstanding collection.

The artists are arranged according to their birth dates, starting to the trombonist Spiegle Willcox, born in 1903 and still active, and ending with the bassist Christian McBride, born in 1972. These are not necessarily the 100 greatest musicians of all time, but most are men and women of distinction, with a few odd choices such as pianist Romano Mussolini—*Il Duce's* son—and a guitarist named Akio Sasajima.

Fellow Canadian Gene Lees' introduction offers a well-conceived evaluation of the jazz tradition. His notes accompanying the photos are satisfactory except for several factual errors, which he says will be corrected in the next printing.

—L. F.

JAZZ REVIEW

# 'Tonight's' Kirkland Stretches Out at Bel Age

Kenny Kirkland , the pianist in Branford Marsalis' "Tonight Show" band, is doing what Ross Tompkins did before him—working the show every afternoon, then taking evening gigs that allow him to play for kicks and stretch out.

The Brasserie at Le Bel Age Hotel, where he appears Wednesday nights, is a hot new jazz room, with name groups Tuesdays through Sundays. Kirkland's band has fellow Marsalis member Jeff (Tain) Watts on drums, the outstanding Dave Carpenter on bass and percussionist Melina, mainly on congas.

Kirkland's background with every group from Wynton Marsalis to Sting has provided him with a firm knowledge of a wide range of styles, enabling him to switch from potent single-note lines to harmonically-rich chordal sequences. He was at his most lyrical in "Blame It On My Youth," a 1934 melody by Oscar Levant, and on "You Don't Know What Love Is." On Wayne Shorter's "Fee Fi Fo Fum," Kirkland settled into an ingratiating groove.

Watts and Melina are a well-meshed percussion team, though at times they tended to dominate excessively, particularly during Carpenter's bass solos. The audience responded with fervor to their high-energy workout on "You and the Night and the Music."

The blues, that most reliable of common denominators, provided the basis for an extended series of solos, using the old Charlie Parker line "Billie's Bounce" as a point of departure.

Kirkland's brief but impressive moments on the TV show seemed to have worked wonders for the Brasserie. The room was packed despite heavy rain.

—LEONARD FEATHER

1|17 JAZZ

# A Tasteful Melding of Sax and Strings

★★★★

**SCOTT HAMILTON**

"Scott Hamilton With Strings"

*Concord Jazz*

To the long list of horn players who have employed string backgrounds (all the way back to Artie Shaw in the 1930s and Charlie Parker in the '40s), the name of Scott Hamilton is a valuable addition. This album is a dual triumph, since Hamilton shares honors with Alan Broadbent, whose role as arranger, conductor and pianist is central to the focus of the project.

Hamilton's tone on tenor sax—warm, supple, sensitive—is ideally suited to the 20-string setting. Broadbent at all times avoids the temptation of lapsing into schmaltz. There is no overdubbing, no tracking; Hamilton and Broadbent were right there with the ensemble in a Hollywood studio, completing the album in two days.

Of the 10 songs, seven are well-known pop standards. Outstanding among these is "Young and Foolish," with the string section blissfully playing the verse before the saxophone eases in at the chorus. Three less well-known but no less successful tracks are "Goodbye Mr. Evans," Phil Woods' requiem of the late Bill Evans; Mercer Ellington's "Tonight I Shall Sleep With a Smile on My Face" and Broadbent's own "Heart's Desire."

—LEONARD FEATHER

NEW RELEASES

★★★½, **Freddie Redd, "Lonely City,"** Uptown. The veteran composer and bop pianist distinguishes himself on both labels in this belated release of a 1985 date. Trumpeter Don Sickler wrote the arrangements for Redd's six attractive originals. The three saxophones and trumpet make for a consistently satisfying blend, and Clifford Jordan's tenor sax is a sensitive contributor. All told, this set should bring long-overdue domestic recognition to Redd, who for many years was a European expatriate. 1|17 —L.F.

1|22

JAZZ REVIEW

# Tony Williams Quintet at Catalina Bar

Tony Williams, who opened at Catalina Bar & Grill Tuesday and continues through Sunday, is known worldwide as a drummer of rare ingenuity. But less well known is his composing talent, though it was well showcased as he galvanized his quintet into a series of performances marked by energy and dynamic diversity.

Except for the Lennon-McCartney "Blackbird," everything was a Williams original, often introduced with a driving solo by the leader before the two horns (Wallace Roney on trumpet, Bill Pierce on tenor and soprano sax) stated the theme, generally in unison.

The powerful opener "Warriors," which had Pierce breathing fire on tenor, was followed by a Latin-tinged piece, "Geo Rose," to which pianist Mulgrew Miller lent an Afro-Cuban touch. Miller was a joy, whether soloing or simply backing and filling behind the horns. The solid underpinning by Ira Coleman's bass held the unit together.

An extended performance of "Citadel" was most remarkable, built mainly around Miller, who wove in and out of tonality, sometimes using dramatic, suspenseful pedal-point effects. The horns came in later to supply a slightly anti-climactic series of whole notes. Miller, whose credits include three years with Art Blakey, has risen to the top rank among contemporary acoustic pianists.

The set ended with "Life of the Party," an engaging work that seemed to conjure up a picture of carnival time in Brazil.

Tony Williams the drummer has been a major figure in jazz for 30 years, since he joined Miles Davis at age 17. Williams the composer deserves comparable recognition.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# An Indifferent Spike Robinson 1|25

Spike Robinson, the saxophonist from Colorado, now spends so much of his time overseas that he was billed at Chadney's in Burbank, for his weekend gigs as "England's popular tenor player."

Robinson has a disconcertingly casual and unleaderlike attitude. In his Thursday show, smoking on the bandstand and drinking beer out of a bottle, he seemed equally indifferent to his repertoire, which includes two worn-out standards—"Nobody's Sweetheart" and "You Were Meant for Me." He even descended to the level of "Heartaches," a cornball song when it was introduced more than 60 years ago.

On a few tunes, however, Robinson gave full expression to his warmth of tone and subtlety of phrasing. At his best he remains one of the outstanding tenor players in the Stan Getz-Zoot Sims tradition.

The sidemen are beyond reproach, although there is no particular challenge for them in this situation. Marty Harris on piano, Jake Hanna on drums and particularly the highly inventive Dave Carpenter on bass, all acquitted themselves creditably.

One can only hope that it is not too late for Robinson to take into account the responsibilities of leadership.

—LEONARD FEATHER

50

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

## *Lena Horne:*

# Weathering the storm

Decades from now, watching films from the first several decades of this century, you would think African-Americans didn't exist except as shuffling clowns (like Stepin Fetchit) or servants (like Hattie McDaniel). Racism—or, at best, ignorance—was rampant in society. And in the film industry.

Lena Horne was to become one of the first serious African-American film artists to enjoy widespread respect and popularity. But her film career did not begin auspiciously.

Horne neither desired nor expected to become a movie star. She came to town in 1941 only to sing at the opening of a new club, but an admirer brought her to the attention of MGM. She was no wide-eyed ingénue: At the time she had a deep distrust of white men, and knew that there was no black actor under contract to any studio. Her misgivings were reinforced when she was given a screen test with Eddie "Rochester" Anderson for a role as a maid in 1942's *Cairo*, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Young. "They wanted me to match Rochester's color, so they kept smearing dark makeup on me," she remembers. (Ethel Waters got the part.)

Hollywood didn't know what to do with Horne. Emphasizing the physical appeal of any black artist was taboo; anyway, she was often told, she didn't look "black enough." (Other often-repeated refrains: "She doesn't sing the blues," and "She looks like a suntanned white girl.")

Two types of roles were available to her: three-dimensional characters in segregated, all-black movies like *Cabin in the Sky* (1943), or strictly singing parts in "white" movies like *Thousands Cheer* (1943)— where "I'd be leaning against a pillar singing a song," she says. "Since it had nothing to do with the film's storyline, they could cut out my scene when the picture was shown in the South."

Despite the odds, Horne yearned for a genuine acting part in an interracial movie. She particularly wanted to play Julie, one of the better examples of the tragic mulatto stereotype, in *Show Boat* (1951). But it would have gone against the Hollywood grain to have a half-white part played by a black woman, so Ava Gardner got the role.

It took an unbiased actor, not a studio, to land her a dramatic role in an integrated film: She played opposite Richard Widmark in *Death of a Gunfighter* in 1969—almost three decades after her arrival in Hollywood. By then Horne had all but left the movie world in favor of the opulent Las Vegas showrooms in a career move that escalated to her triumphant one-woman show in the 1980s.

Despite her success and her impact, Lena Horne was never happy with the film industry and the attitudes it represented. Today, at 75, she lives in New York and rarely goes to the movies, though she did admire Whoopi Goldberg in *Ghost* (1990). "I've seen Alfre Woodard on TV and she's wonderful. So was Cicely Tyson in *Sounder* [1972], but what has she done recently? We have oceans of talented people, but not enough is done with them."

Understandably, Horne says with a laugh that, given it all to do over again, "I'd be a schoolteacher!"

*—Leonard Feather*



JAZZ REVIEW 1/26

## Carroll Rich at the Bakery

Barbara Carroll, the pianist who regularly plays at the posh Hotel Carlyle in New York, stopped over in town long enough to play a one-night stand Sunday at the Jazz Bakery.

Carroll's career has taken her from an early stage as a boppish jazz soloist to a more conservative, less swinging manner well suited to her East Side audiences. Opening with a two-part tribute to Dave Brubeck ("In Your Own Sweet Way," "The Duke"), she offered homages to Dizzy Gillespie with "Woody 'n' You" and Audrey Hepburn with "Moon River."

On the ballads her harmonically rich concepts compensated for a lack of consistency in her rhythmic approach. There were occasional surprises, such as the use of a 5/4 passage in "Here's That Rainy Day," and one charming Carroll original, "Too Soon," dedicated to Bill Evans.

As a singer, Carroll sounds as if somewhere along the way she was advised that this could add a needed dimension to her act. For a couple of numbers her simple, vibratoless style is pleasant, but half a dozen exceeds the desirable quota. Her choice of songs, however, was admirable: "Nobody Else But Me," "I Wonder What Became of Me."

As was noted during her previous local visit, Carroll would benefit from the use of a bass player to supply a firm pulse. Nevertheless, her instrumental performances maintained the level of gentle good taste for which she has always been admired.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 2/1/93

## Sweet Baby J'ai: Truly Blue at Vine St.

The singer with the peculiar name, Sweet Baby J'ai (French for "I have") opened her set at the Vine St. Bar & Grill by declaring "I love the blues!"—and the comment was borne out in no uncertain terms by her performance. Of her nine songs, seven were actual blues or blues-related ballads.

Too much of a good thing? Not necessarily; master craftsmen such as Joe Williams have shown how a heavily blues-dominated set can be leavened with touches of humor ("Happy Blues" is not a contradiction in terms) and contrasts of tempo. Sweet Baby J'ai offered neither on Friday night.

The problem here is a failure to vary the material. Seldom has so much negativity been expressed in a single show. Titles such as "Take the Bitter With the Sweet" and "What Is This Madness?" involved references to crack dealers, Somalia, Bosnia and a general air of misery.

J'ai has a strong sound and delivers the material with conviction, though her occasional use of a growl effect seemed anachronistic. Still, there is nothing wrong with Sweet Baby J'ai—backed by a heavily R&B-oriented five-piece band—that some serious advice about how to put together a set could not remedy.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Birth of Gillespie Began With Be-Bop

By LEONARD FEATHER 1/24

In terms of impact, 1945 was the definitive year in Dizzy Gillespie's career, which began in 1935 in Philadelphia and ended, at the start of a grueling world tour, with surgery last March.

In the mid-'40s, a new style that had slowly been evolving came to full flower during the trumpeter's partnership with alto saxophone giant Charlie Parker. For a while, the musicians influenced each other, bringing out the other's genius while simultaneously avoiding the clichés of the swing era.

Gillespie, who died Jan. 6, called his music be-bop (and wrote a tune by that name, spelling it without a hyphen).

What were the elements of be-bop? Certainly, at times, it required phenomenal technique, for the tunes were often fast and frantic, with long and convoluted melodies. Be-bop necessitated an ear for melodic and harmonic nuances—these were sometimes totally fresh—and replaced the chunky four-beat essence of the swing music of the 1930s with pulsing rhythmic subtleties.

Those of us who, for the first time, heard Gillespie and Parker play the unbelievably fast melody to "Shaw Nuff" in unison could hardly believe our ears. It was as if we were being introduced to a course in neologisms after having heard only basic English.

The negative reaction, from almost every jazz critic and many of the more conservative musicians, would have cowed a lesser artist, but Gillespie, buoyed by the courage of his convictions, struggled onward and upward.

The solos by Gillespie and Parker on "Shaw Nuff" were marvels of up tempo, spontaneous creativity. But during that time the trumpeter showed, in his version of "All the Things You Are," a muted lyricism of surpassing beauty.

Both tunes are available on a Musicraft CD, "Shaw Nuff," that also includes Gillespie's flair for scat-based comedy ("Oop Bop Sh'Bam") and an early big band date that produced "Things to Come." The latter, a wildly complex work as its title suggests, portended the musical wave of the future.

The incorporation of Afro-Cuban, Afro-American and other Latin elements became, after be-bop, Gillespie's most memorable musical contribution. Mario Bauza, a Cuban trumpeter who had persuaded Cab Calloway to hire Gillespie for his band, later joined Machito's orchestra and became a key figure in the development of Latin-jazz. Gillespie was intrigued by this fusion (there was a hint of it in his early composition "A Night in Tunisia").

Before his first Carnegie Hall concert in 1947, Gillespie commissioned George Russell, one of many great composers whose careers the trumpeter would bring to the forefront, to write a two-part suite: "Cubano Be" and "Cubano Bop." By then, Gillespie had added the Cuban conga master Chano Pozo to his band. Pozo helped indoctrinate the musicians into the art of polyrhythmic playing, the simultaneous employment of more than one basic rhythm that is a key element of Latin-jazz.

The Russell piece is heard in "The Bebop Revolution" on RCA/Bluebird Records, a reissue that also contains Gillespie's own "Guarachi Guaro" and his classic tune "Manteca," on which he collaborated with composer-arranger Gil Fuller and Pozo.

Fats Navarro, one of Gillespie's most promising followers, is also heard on this CD in a small group setting. After Navarro, who died in 1950 at 26, the most admired Gillespie disciple was Clifford Brown, killed in a car accident at 25 and memorialized by Gillespie with his version of "I Remember Clifford," available on the "Dizzy Gillespie Big Band" reissue on Verve Records. Benny Golson, who composed the tune, was a saxophonist in this band, which made history in the mid-'50s by becoming the first group to be sent overseas under U.S. State Department auspices.

By this time, many of Gillespie's compositions were becoming a permanent part of the jazz repertoire. On the Mercury Records CD, "Gillespie Compact Jazz," listeners will find his most eloquent melodic statement, "Con Alma," along with "Lorraine" (named for his wife), a new version of "Manteca," and a heavily percussionist update of "A Night in Tunisia."

His international outlook ever broadening, Gillespie in 1960 hired a young pianist he had heard in Argentina. Lalo Schifrin, a member of the Gillespie quintet for three years, is represented in the "Compact" CD by his own "Long Long Summer" and on "No More Blues," a Jobim tune that reflected Dizzy's early interest in the Brazilian bossa nova movement.

Gillespie's philosophy was well expressed in his statement, heard during a "60 Minutes" tribute: "I'm very serious about my music, but I also don't see why I shouldn't have a little fun." Both sides are well represented in "Dizzy's Diamonds," a three-CD Verve records set divided into three segments: Big Band, Small Groups and Guests and Afro-Cuban-Bossa Nova-Calypso.

The comedy of "Ool-Ya-Koo" and "The Umbrella Man," the satire of "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac," the guest shot with Ella Fitzgerald and the Duke Ellington band on "Take the A Train" were as much a part of his ethos as the hot combo groove of his be-bop standard, "Dizzy Atmosphere," and the relentless intensity of Schifrin's "Africana." Recorded everywhere from Los Angeles to Paris to Stockholm, "Dizzy's Diamonds" mirrors the extent to which he had become, by the late 1950s and early '60s, a world statesman of jazz.

Gillespie's continued efforts to present significant young writers was well reflected in "Gillespie Y Machito," made in 1975 for Pablo Records. This is a reunion with trumpeter Bauza that employs the brilliant Havana-born Chico O'Farrill as composer and conduc-

*Please see Page 6*





JAZZ REVIEW

# Count Basie Band Latest in a Fine Tradition

The Count Basie Band, under the direction of Frank Foster, is one of the best in the land—which it proved once again Monday Night at the Vine Street Bar and Grill.

There has been only one change in personnel since the band's appearance here last summer. Stability is one of its virtues, along with a lineup of outstanding soloists and a library of classic music by the likes of Neal Hefti, Ernie Wilkins and the band's leader Frank Foster.

Thanks to the room's first-rate acoustics, the band never overwhelmed the audience. Such perennials as the Wilkins arrangement of Freddie Green's "Corner Pocket" and Hefti's "Li'l Darlin' " have the same impact today as in the 1950s.

The eight-man brass team roared its conviction in such newer works as "Hampton Strut" and "One Frank on a Roll."

Scotty Barnhart, the new trumpeter, made out nicely, and trombonist Clarence Banks, in Foster's "Clanky," used his plunger-mute to good effect on a chart that also featured the saxes doubling on three flutes, piccolo and bass clarinet.

All the sax soloists were impressive, with the best constructed solo coming from David Glasser in a blazing blues build-up.

The rhythm section, as always, was coherent and compelling, with George Caldwell on piano, Charlton Johnson playing rhythm guitar, Cleveland Eaton on bass and Dave Gibson on drums. Chris Morrell closed the set with a series of pleasant vocals—two blues and two pop standards.

Foster is an amiable frontman and a consistently fine tenor sax soloist.

Since he took over its leadership in 1986, he has played a vital part in keeping the band intact and invincible.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MUSIC

# *Class Notes*

*TO HELP INTRODUCE kids raised on rock and rap to the rich legacy of music created by African-Americans, we asked noted music author Leonard Feather for a mini-primer on key figures in black-music history.*

◆ **The Fisk Jubilee Singers:** Folk music and the work song merged with gospel in the repertoire of nine singers from the black Fisk University. Singing songs like "Roll, Jordan, Roll," they gave their first concert in 1867; they were so well received on an 1871 fund-raising tour that they were invited to tour England, where, in 1873, they sang for Queen Victoria. Unfortunately, the original Fisk Jubilee Singers were never recorded, but the ensemble endures to this day.

◆ **Bessie Smith** (1894–1937): They called her the Empress of the Blues, and her life, hectic and heavy with booze and brawls, took her to the top of the blues world with her 1923 recording of "Down Hearted Blues." Smith's throaty moans struck a chord with both black audiences and nonblacks at shows "for whites only." A composer as well, she wrote "Back Water Blues" and "Hard Time Blues." But by 1931 the blues fad had waned. Six years later, she died in a car wreck in Clarksdale, Miss. Ironically, the idiom Smith nurtured made a belated comeback; rock & roll now carries on the tradition she founded. Recommended listening: *The Complete Recordings, Vols. 1, 2, and 3* (Columbia/Legacy).

◆ **Marian Anderson** (1902– ): In 1939 this operatic contralto was due to sing at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., but the Daughters of the American Revolution refused to allow a "colored" artist to sing in their hall—so Eleanor Roosevelt helped organize an Anderson concert at the Lincoln Memorial for an audience of 75,000. The singer became, in 1955, the first black artist to perform at New York's Metropolitan Opera. As conductor Arturo Toscanini said, "A voice like hers occurs once in a hundred years." Recommended listening: *Marian Anderson: Bach, Brahms, Schubert* (RCA Victor Vocal Series).

ARIA LISTENING: Marian Anderson

◆ **Thomas "Fats" Waller** (1904–1943): His foot-stomping "stride piano" was an outgrowth of ragtime, pioneered by Scott Joplin. In this style, Waller composed and recorded songs like "Honeysuckle Rose," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and dozens more. His contagious, swingin' piano and strictly-for-laughs vocals led him to Hollywood and several movie roles; but his fast, fun-filled life caught up with him. Today, his records, constantly reissued on CD, remind us of a brief, stunningly brilliant career. Recommended listening: *The Fats Waller Piano Solos: Turn on the Heat* (Bluebird/RCA).

◆ **Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington** (1899–1974): First famous as the bandleader at Harlem's Cotton Club, Ellington composed or cocomposed everything from short popular songs ("Solitude," "Sophisticated Lady") to long, complex orchestral works ("Black, Brown & Beige"). A gifted pianist, he always said, "The instrument I play best is my orchestra." Recommended listening: *Duke Ellington: The Blanton-Webster Band* (Bluebird/RCA).



JAZZ REVIEW

# Silver Strikes Gold at Catalina

After touring with a quintet for 30-plus years, pianist Horace Silver has formed a nine-piece brass ensemble that made its bow at Catalina on Tuesday, continuing through Sunday.

Silver's talents as a composer are well suited to this larger canvas. On one tune he used a call-and-response effect, with the two trombones and French horn statements answered by three riffing trumpets.

Best of all was his decision to "do something different" with the familiar chord changes of "Body and Soul." This emerged as "Put Me in the Basement," a delightfully different, rhythmically convoluted melody in double time, with guest star Red Holloway playing his take-no-prisoners tenor sax and Silver's piano inserted sly quotes in his less-is-more piano solo.

The long set was full of pleasant surprises. All three trumpeters—Oscar Brashear, Bob Summers and Ron Stout—had a chance to display their solo gifts. Susette Moriarty's French horn was ideally adapted to the lead role in a new version of Silver's classic "Son for My Father."

The trumpeters switched to fluegelhorns for a mellow reading of Silver's waltz "When You're in Love." The set ended with a roots-deep blues, featuring bass trombonist Maurice Spears and Holloway.

Starting tonight a vocalist, Andy Bey, will be added, but the ensemble as it stands is surely self-sufficient. With a new CBS Record contract, Silver seems poised to take off on a new and exciting phase of his long career.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★

**ABBEY LINCOLN**
"Devil's Got Your Tongue"
*Verve*

All but two of the 11 songs here were written by Lincoln, mostly in the 1970s. Some have autobiographical overtones: "Story of My Father" and "Evalina Coffey" were dedicated to her parents.

Lincoln's lyrics sometimes involve colorful imagery; at given moments they are poetic, cryptic or simplistic, with melodies that are mainly functional adjuncts.

On five cuts vocal groups are used—a large children's choir on three, the Staple Singers Trio on two. The collaboration would have worked better were it not for the fact that Lincoln and the backup singers are not always in sync.

"Jungle Queen" is a maverick track, with the singer using parlando—singing in a speech-like manner—and accompanied by an African drum team. The numbers that employ jazz horn players—J.J. Johnson on trombone and/or Stanley Turrentine on tenor sax—come off well. On one of the two non-Lincoln tunes, "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," Johnson's solo is the highlight, but Lincoln seems to be straining less than she does on the more elaborate performances. Rodney Kendrick's piano is admirable throughout.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

**★★★½ Lighthouse All Stars With Shorty Rogers and Bud Shank,** "Eight Brothers," Candid. The Lighthouse-keepers light up the Southland skies in this engaging set. Everyone contributes valuably, in particular Bob Cooper, whose tenor is featured on his own "Stray Horns," Shank on alto in his original "Double Trouble," pianist Pete Jolly in an inventive Rogers arrangement of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and Rogers as composer of all the other pieces. The recording was made shortly before the death of bassist Monty Budwig, to whose memory it is dedicated. 2|7 —L.F.

# An Able Delfeayo Marsalis at Jazz Bakery 2|8

Delfeayo Marsalis, the 27-year-old trombonist and composer, was in town during the weekend, leading a sextet Friday and Saturday at the Jazz Bakery.

What Branford and Wynton have accomplished for the saxophone and trumpet, the younger brother seems to have achieved on the trombone. His sometimes fierce, burning flurries at up-tempos contrast with a ballad personality that adjusts itself lyrically to "Misty" and "But Beautiful."

This is the same band he led last summer at Catalina, except that Jason Marsalis was replaced by Martin Butler on drums and Mark Gross was added on alto sax. Both Gross and the tenor saxophonist Mark Turner are vigorous contemporary soloists.

Victor Atkins at the piano has perfected the art of combining a rhythmically powerful personality with touches of the blues and an ability to build to a climax of intensity. Gregory Williams on bass came across generally well, although at times Butler tended to drown him out.

"Nicodemus," "Judas Iscariot" and "The Crucifixion," all from Marsalis' album "Pontius Pilate's Decision," were among the most convincing in several works heard Saturday that have established him as an original composer. Introducing the tunes, he displayed his customary warmth and good humor. He has mastered the art of offering significant and valid music without seeming to take himself too seriously.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Consummate Music Man Dick Hyman to Return to His Roots as Jazz Pianist

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dick Hyman is "one of the most consummate musicians I know," says fellow pianist Roger Kellaway.

Trying to define Dick Hyman's role in music is like snaring a butterfly in mid-flight. He has flitted elusively among ventures as pianist, organist, composer, arranger, conductor, producer, in the worlds of jazz, classical, pop, movie music and ballet.

Monday and Tuesday at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, he will be heard in the role in which he made his debut, in 1948, as solo jazz pianist in a Harlem bar.

To some he may be best known for his association with Woody Allen. "It began," he recalls, "when I was a sideman on 'Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex.' Then I played piano on 'Stardust Memories,' and soon after, he called me to write the scores for 'Zelig' and 'The Purple Rose of Cairo.' I contributed a bit, playing or writing, to 'Broadway Danny Rose,' 'Radio Days' and 'Hannah and Her Sisters.'" But Hyman has earned credits for such non-Allen films as "Moonstruck," with Cher, "Scott Joplin, King of Ragtime," with Billy Dee Williams, and "The Lemon Sisters," with Diane Keaton.

Now nearing 66 and looking more professorial than hip, Hyman in fact can bring a wry humor to his music, along with an encyclopedic knowledge of jazz history. Among his more than 100 albums are entire tributes to the work of Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, Fats Waller and Eubie Blake. His near-limitless technique and sharp ear for the nuances of those pioneers once resulted in an astonishing album that found him playing the same song, "A Child Is Born," in the styles of a dozen pianists—including the one man most pianists find inimitable, Art Tatum. (As a young man, Hyman was tendered the ultimate compliment when Tatum, in a radio interview, singled him out as a "young fellow you ought to watch.")

During his chameleonic life, the New York-born Hyman has toured Europe with Benny Goodman, had a top-of-the-chart pop hit with a deliberately corny piano record of "Mack the Knife," worked as a staff musician at NBC, put in four years as Arthur Godfrey's musical director, pioneered in electronic (since the 1960s he's taped albums on synthesizers and electric and pipe organs), and in 1975 took a repertory company on a tour of the Soviet Union. "We played the music of Louis Armstrong, who never went to Russia; I arranged some of his recorded solos for the orchestra. The audiences knew a lot of the music from Louis' records and thoroughly enjoyed hearing it re-created."

Predictably, the awards began coming his way—an Emmy for his score for "Sunshine's on the Way," a daytime drama; another for musical direction of a PBS special about ragtime pioneer Eubie Blake. But Hyman, who likes nothing more than to hopscotch among idioms, soon afterward composed and performed the score for the Cleveland Ballet's "Piano Man" and for Twyla Tharp's "The Bum's Rush" with the American Ballet Theatre.

This summer, for the ninth year, Hyman will act as artistic director for an acclaimed series of concerts at New York's 92nd Street Y. These events give him an opportunity to present the talents of his favorite artists as well as enabling him, with his matchless blend of technical, intellectual and emotional capabilities, to display his own unique eclecticism.

Hyman takes special pleasure in joining forces with fellow pianists whom he respects. Not long ago, he and Barbara Carroll, the elegant New York pianist, were both booked to play at a tribute to singer/pianist Bobby Short at St. Peter's Church in New York. "Dick said to me, 'Why don't we get together and play "Tonk"?' Carroll recalls. ("Tonk" is a piano duet composed and performed many years ago by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn.) "I told him it was an impossibly difficult piece and I could never do it, but he talked me into it and we were a big hit. Dick is truly the most comprehensive pianist I've ever known—just playing scales he can sound like four piano players."

Fellow pianist Roger Kellaway says: "I used to think I was eclectic until I heard Dick Hyman and realized how many things he can do well. He is one of the most consummate musicians I know."

Recently, Hyman had an unprecedented 12 albums released or reissued. One, "Dick Hyman Plays Duke Ellington," was recorded in a computer disc session for the Yamaha Disclavier, an electronic player piano, but the recording is also out on a Reference CD. As arranger he's represented by a soundtrack album of "A League of Their Own," on which he backed Art Garfunkel; as pianist and arranger he is featured on "Summit Reunion," with a traditional jazz group, and on a "Tribute to Chicago Jazz." And that's not counting the original songs for the late Maxine Sullivan on "Sullivan, Shakespeare and Hyman," and duet CDs with Kellaway and Derek Smith.

Somehow along the way he has found time to write a book. "Dick Hyman, Piano Pro," due out soon, is a delightful mix of witty autobiography and musical analysis, reproducing some of his original compositions.

After the two nights at Le Cafe, Hyman and his wife, Julia, will leave on a trip that is, he says, "absolutely as much pleasure as business. I'll be the sole performer on one week of a world cruise aboard the S.S. Rotterdam, from Bali to Hong Kong."

"Of all the thousands of things you've done," I ask him, "which accomplishment makes you most proud?"

Hyman's reply is a masterpiece of modest understatement. "I think," he says, "I'm beginning to learn how to play solo piano." □

*Dick Hyman plays at 9 and 11 p.m. Monday and Tuesday at Le Cafe, 14633 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks. $12 cover plus two-drink minimum. Call (818) 986-2662.*

*Leonard Feather is jazz critic for The Times.*

JAZZ REVIEW

2/8

# D'Rivera, Sandoval Show Differences, Similarities at UCLA

Saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera and trumpeter Arturo Sandoval, who shared the bill Friday at Royce Hall, have much in common.

Both were members of the Havana-based band Irakere. Both defected from Cuba, became protégés of Dizzy Gillespie and are based in the United States. There, however, the resemblance ends.

D'Rivera's quintet is international in personnel and performance. The Cuban leader has an Argentine trumpeter and pianist, a drummer from Barcelona and a bassist from Lima. Their eclectic performance took in a mambo, a Latin waltz medley and a tango.

Although best known as an alto saxophonist, D'Rivera has become a remarkable clarinetist, with an individual sound and style. His tribute to Gillespie "I Remember Diz," was elegant and inspired, as was Gillespie's "Tanga."

Sandoval, who played the second half, has a more Americanized quintet, used mainly to showcase his trumpet. Opening with "Blues Walk," he played several tunes either composed or recorded by Clifford Brown or dedicated to him.

The impact of Sandoval's amazing range, which can take him from the trombone register upward to notes only a dog could hear, has begun to wear thin. The wild forays on "Cherokee" and "Caravan" were packed with excesses. Not until an encore, "I Remember Clifford," did he remind us that he is capable of lyricism and good taste. —LEONARD FEATHER

# Heavenly Hornmen: The Top 10 All-Time Saxophonists

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Bird still lives," said Bill Clinton last July. "Trane still rules, and for all of our jazz enthusiasts, Lester Young will always be the Pres."

Clinton's remarks came at a convention of the National Urban League in San Diego. The then-Arkansas governor—an avocational saxophonist—was introduced to the gathering by Bernard G. Watson, the league's vice chairman, who, like Clinton, also happens to play the saxophone.

By playing last year on Arsenio Hall's TV show and more recently at the Arkansas Inaugural Ball during inauguration week in Washington, our new President has done more than we could ever have expected in expanding the popularity of the saxophone.

Clinton is no casual neophyte. Let us forgive his plugs for Kenny G; he has spoken warmly of Sonny Rollins, and once wrote a thoughtful note to the widow of Zoot Sims, expressing the wish that Sims, who died in 1985, could have been around to play at the inaugural.

Who have been the true pioneers on this suddenly fashionable horn? To name 10 in order of importance would be impossible, because the sax comes in various forms, and to match an alto player against a soloist on tenor or baritone would be like comparing tangerines, oranges and grapefruit. But it is possible to list 10 giants in the chronological order of their impact.

• **Coleman Hawkins** (1904-69). So powerfully original were this tenor player's solos during his 11 years in the Fletcher Henderson band that by 1934, having achieved international renown via recordings, he began a five-year European expatriation. In 1939, soon after his return to New York, he recorded the astonishingly complex "Body and Soul" that became a bestseller and remained the song most identified with him. His warmth of sound, virtuosity and harmonic subtlety influenced not just saxophonists, but jazz in general. "Body and Soul" (RCA/Bluebird) contains the original classic version and a later one as well.

Johnny Hodges: Sinuous ballads, masterful blues—he became a symbol of the alto saxophone.

• **Harry Carney** (1910-74). Carney basically introduced the baritone sax to jazz. The instrument was virtually unknown when Carney made his first records with Duke Ellington in 1926. His rich sound anchored the Ellington sax section for a record-breaking 48 years. Almost any Ellington album finds him well represented, but his solo on Billy Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom," on the album "And His Mother Called Him Bill" (RCA/Bluebird), is exquisitely poignant.

• **Johnny Hodges** (1907-70). The alto sax of Hodges, who joined Ellington in 1928, became as much a symbol of that horn as Carney's was of the baritone. Though acclaimed for his sinuous ballad work ("Warm Valley," "Come Sunday"), Hodges was a master of the blues and a potent swinger on up tempos. Except for a four-year absence (1951-55) he remained with the Ellington band until his death. One of his best small-group albums is "Duke Ellington/Johnny Hodges: Side by Side" (Verve).

• **Benny Carter** (born 1907). Carter has been called the greatest living all-around musician. While best known as an alto player, Carter—who has recorded with his own bands since 1933—has enjoyed multiple images. He is a personal and lyrical trumpeter, a clarinetist, and a composer-arranger who for many years wrote the scores for movies and TV shows. Still actively gigging and recording, he is represented in many roles on "All of Me" (RCA/Bluebird), which spotlights his classic 1941 big band.

• **Lester Young** (1909-59). The first tenor player after Coleman Hawkins to make a worldwide impact, Young was admired for his cool, laconic sound and gentle swing, in contrast to Hawkins' extroversion. Young's first stint in the Count Basie band is well displayed on several cuts in Basie's 1937 "One O'Clock Jump" (Decca).

• **Charlie Parker** (1920-55). Teamed in 1945 with Dizzy Gillespie, the alto of Parker was revolutionary not only in terms of his phenomenal control of the horn, but as the harbinger of a whole new jazz generation and as co-founder of the be-bop movement. "Compact Jazz: Charlie Parker" (Verve) finds the alto giant in various settings, including the most memorable cut from his with-strings session, "Just Friends."

• **Stan Getz** (1927-91). In 1948 his solo on "Early Autumn" with Woody Herman established this tenor saxophonist as an artist far more complex than simply the Lester Young clone some had believed him to be. In 1962, he and guitarist Charlie Byrd launched the U.S. bossa nova movement. His superbly melodious sound, lyrical at every tempo, remained undiminished until his final days. Getz is heard in the company of Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, Byrd, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Chick Corea and others on "The Best of the Verve Years, Vol. I" (Verve).

• **Gerry Mulligan** (born 1927). The baritone sax remained Harry Carney's near-exclusive property until Mulligan's piano-less quartet attracted worldwide attention in 1952. He was already well known as a player and writer by then, having been an integral part of the Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" dates in 1949-50. His early style, burnished and clean, is well framed in "At Storyville" (Pacific Jazz), a live session in 1956 at a Boston club.

• **Sonny Rollins** (born 1930). First known for a series of landmark sessions in the mid-1950s (and as composer of such jazz classics as "Airegin," "Oleo" and "Doxy"), Rollins used his tenor sax to exploit unlikely material, such as the pop song "I'm an Old Cowhand," and various calypso tunes. For those who cannot afford his seven-CD set, "The Complete Prestige Recordings" (Prestige), a good bet would be "Sonny Rollins on Impulse!" (GRP/Impulse).

• **John Coltrane** (1926-67). Later prominent on soprano sax, Coltrane played mostly tenor when he rose to fame in the early '60s. Some observers saw him as the initiator of the modal movement that took jazz away from the traditional concept of chords. Radical sounds and a lessening interest in tonality marked his later performances as he became the most imitated saxophonist since Charlie Parker. "A Love Supreme," his spiritually inspired work, is out on GRP/Impulse.

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

JAZZ REVIEW

2/22

# Blossom Dearie Captures Cabaret Charm

Blossom Dearie, the epitome of East Side New York chic, is back in town. Friday and Saturday she delighted audiences at McCabe's in Santa Monica; on Sunday she will be at the Jazz Bakery in Culver City.

Seated at the piano, which she treats with delicacy and poise, backed by bassist Bill Takas, Dearie has lost none of her pristine charm. With a voice of Dresden china fragility, she captures every mood from cabaret-song insouciance ("You Fascinate Me So") to world-weariness ("Lush Life") and from light comedy (Dave Frishberg's "My Attorney Bernie") to hilarious satire.

It is on this last level that she scores most decisively. The song "Bruce," with its advice on dress and makeup, is outrageously witty.

Dearie has found a succession of brilliant lyricists from around the world who enable her to maintain a unique level of interest in every song. The waltz "Sweet Georgia Fame," which she dedicated to an English musician, has a special poignancy. "I Don't Remember" (her music and Jack Segal's lyrics) is another example of the acme in compositional craftsmanship.

"Someone Is Sending Me Flowers," by Sheldon Harnock, is perhaps the funniest item in her special material bag. If you didn't give away the secret to the film "The Crying Game," you would be wise to be similarly silent about the punch line to this hilarious song. —LEONARD FEATHER

# DUKE ELLINGTON

## BY LEONARD FEATHER

Evaluating Duke Ellington from a 1990s perspective differs vastly from any assessment made during his long career. He was a month past his 75th birthday when he died in 1974. Today there is still a Duke Ellington orchestra. Mercer Ellington, who took over the direction when his father died, is now 73 and in good health.

In fact, a whole generation has gone since Duke was at his creative peak; two generations if you are among those who believe that his valuable contributions as composer and leader ended in the late 1940s. I do not subscribe to that belief. Nobody who, in the last decade of his life, could produce "The Latin American Suite," "The Far East Suite," "The Afro-Eurasian Eclipse," and "The New Orleans Suite" could be written off as a has-been.

For the under-40 jazz student, it must be difficult to draw a bead on just who Edward Kennedy Ellington was and what he achieved. He is best known to the layman as the songwriter whose "Solitude" and "Sophisticated Lady" established him on the same level as Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, and Richard Rodgers. Aesthetically though, he made his main contribution to this century's culture through an incomparable series of jazz instrumentals, many of which relied as much on his arrangements for the orchestra as for the melodic lines: "Black and Tan Fantasy," "East St. Louis Toodle-Oo," "The Mooche," and hundreds more through the decades.

From these works, all recorded in the days of three-minute 78rpm discs, Duke expanded into longer forms, first with "Creole Rhapsody" (which took up two sides of the record), later with "Reminiscing in Tempo" (four sides), and ultimately with the magnificent suite that began in January of 1943 with the 48-minute "Black, Brown & Beige."

I was present at the premiere of "B. B. & B." at Carnegie Hall; in 1942 I had gone to work for Duke, helping to publicize the upcoming concert. Working for him off and on during the next decade (and recording him several times in the early 1950s, when Mercer and I had our own record company, Mercer Records), I was afforded a glimpse into Duke's personality, his frustrations, his ambitions.

He maintained a glib, "Love you madly" front for his public, but privately he was an enigmatic man; except for his sister Ruth and a couple of close friends (notably Harold Udkoff, a wealthy businessman whose advantage was that he didn't need anything from Duke except his friendship), nobody ever knew him intimately.

Though Barry Ulanov of *Metronome* and a very few others hailed "Black, Brown & Beige" as the masterpiece it was, the lay press in those days could not claim a single writer who had any understanding of jazz, and aside from *Down Beat* and *Metronome*, a jazz press was nonexistent. Thus Paul Bowles, in the *New York Herald Tribune*, dismissed the work as "formless and meaningless - nothing emerged but a gaudy portrait of tutti dance passages and solo virtuoso work...unprovoked modulations...recurrent cliches."

A hearing of the complete work (still available in the original concert version on a Prestige CD) reveals that the piece does have form and continuity, that the various themes are brilliantly interwoven with the work of Johnny Hodges (the "Come Sunday" theme) and other soloists, and that the subtitle, "A Tone Parallel to the History of the American Negro," was well borne out in the thematic development. The negative reaction by the critics was deeply hurtful to Duke; except for the excerpts he almost never played the work again. (Note: do not judge "B. B. & B." by the version on an RCA CD, in which it is cut down to 18 minutes.)

As if it were not enough that Ellington faced this sort of opposition, Billy Strayhorn also suffered. A gifted member of the entourage since 1939, he was at times attacked even more viciously than Duke. But the collaboration of Duke and "Strays" amounted to virtual ESP; even band members often could not discern where the work of one ended and the other took over. Ellington's grief at the loss of Strayhorn, who died at 52 in 1967, inspired one of his greatest albums, *And His Mother Called Him Bill*, a set of Strayhorn originals.

Even before Strayhorn entered the picture, though, Duke had shown his genius for innovation. He was the first to use the human voice as an instrument (on "Creole Love Call" with Adelaide Hall in 1927), the first to devote an entire piece to a single soloist ("Clarinet Lament" for Barney Bigard in 1936), first to use the bass as a solo melody instrument (Jimmy Blanton, 1939), first to make elaborate use of rubber plunger mutes as an orchestral color; and, as noted, first to stretch beyond the limitations of the three-minute form.

That there was such a quality as "the Ellington sound" is indisputable. As Andre Previn once said to me, "Stan Kenton can stand in front of a thousand fiddles and a thousand brass, give the downbeat, and every studio arranger can nod his head and say, 'Oh yes, that's done like this.' But Duke merely lifts his finger, three horns make a sound, and nobody knows what it is!"

"Duke had so many personal ways of using the instruments," says bass trombonist Chuck Connors, "that people have terrible trouble attempting to transcribe his work off the records. I remember one time, in a number called 'Woods,' he took the lead alto part away from Johnny Hodges and gave it to

DUKE ELLINGTON FROM 63

valuable asset. But there were many others who were merely competent or perhaps, like Al Hibbler, controversial. Duke called Hibbler a "tone pantomimist."

When Mercer and I decided to record a series of piano duets with Duke and Billy Strayhorn, we produced eight unique and wonderful cuts, but where we could have taped four more, Duke insisted on bringing in Jimmy McPhail, his vocalist of the moment to sing four tunes with the piano duo. They are long since forgotten, while the eight instrumentals have been reissued on a CD (*Great Times!* on Riverside).

Duke's other weakness was his lyric writing. He wrote one superbly constructed set of words for the blues sequence in "B. B. & B," but several of his other lyrics, such as "Love You Madly," were amateurishly constructed, as were some of his contributions to the *Sacred Concerts* that took up much of his time in the final decade.

Duke Ellington's career as a bandleader began effectively in 1924, the year he led a group at the Hollywood Club at 49th and Broadway, and recorded "Choo Choo" with his six piece band. Today, almost seven decades after that debut, how does the picture look for the Ellingtonians of 1993?

"I'm happy with the way things are going," said Mercer from his Copenhagen home. "We just finished a European tour. We're getting more and more calls to do concerts with some of the more renowned singers - Tony Bennett, Dianne Reeves, Dee Dee Bridgewater; also Cleo Laine - they're trying to set up a tour with her.

"I've almost finished producing an album, *Rain Forest*, and there's another album that we made with the Japanese singer Naomi Ohara, *Ellington at Naomi's Place*, which will be out in Japan to coincide with our tour there, which starts March 1."

Though the era of world-class influential sidemen seems to have gone, Mercer says: "We have a unit that is really working splendidly together. As for soloists, Barrie Lee Hall is the only growl trumpet player left with that authentic sound. Zane Paul is a terrific asset on clarinet. Shelly Carroll, from North Texas U., is another of these young tenor players with traditional roots, like the Marsalises. He has his own personality, and he can sing some nice dirty blues."

The last time I saw Mercer (we have been friends for over 50 years), he met me when I attended and took part in the 10th annual Duke Ellington Conference, held in Copenhagen last May. The conference offered a fascinating reminder of the reverence in which Duke's memory is still held. Over the four days we heard Ellington music played by Scandinavian and American jazzmen, as well as scholarly lectures by many experts of a broad range of Duke-related topics.

I recommend the Ellington Conference to anyone interested in acquiring a fuller knowledge of the man and his *oeuvre*. This year it will be held August 11-15 at the Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Manhattan in New York; it will be a celebration of the 50th anniversary of Ellington's first Carnegie Hall concert. (Information: 1-800-988-7473.)

Meanwhile, Ellington jazz societies flourish in New York, Los Angeles and other cities; CDs by the orchestra - an astonishing number of them previously unissued - continue to flood the market, and within the next year, the long awaited Ellington statue will be erected at the Northeast corner of Central Park. Truly, Ellington is forever. •

JAZZ REVIEW 2/16

# U.S.-Japan Ties Marked at Biltmore Hotel Party

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Japan is the land of the rising clarinet. So it seemed, at least, when Eiji Kitamura, the 63-year-old virtuoso of that horn, teamed with cornetist Bill Berry and Berry's wife, Betty, to present the third annual International Jazz Party at the Grand Avenue Bar of the Biltmore Hotel.

Staged in three sessions Saturday and Sunday, the event consisted mainly of small group jams, with two big bands added for the Sunday evening finale.

Kitamura has been hailed as the man who saved Japan from allowing the clarinet to sink into oblivion there. Winner of countless polls on home turf, he has graduated from a Benny Goodman influence to become his country's counterpart of Buddy De Franco.

In an odd choice of horns for the small group sets, there were no brass instruments except for Berry's brief appearances. By the end of the party a surfeit of clarinet had been heard, albeit first-rate clarinet. Kitamura and De Franco both were ubiquitous, playing their own sets, duet sets and fitting in with the bands.

There were many splendid moments during these sets but top honors went to Bob Cooper, whose tenor saxophone has never sounded better; to Kataro Tsukahara, a superb neo-bop pianist who backed Cooper, and to Yoshiaki Miyanoue, the Wes Montgomery-like guitarist who triumphed at the party last year.

Bill Berry's band fielded its long dependable, predominantly Ellingtonian repertoire, with a couple of ringers—De Franco and alto saxophonist Akitoshi Ogarashi—sitting in.

The ambience at the well-organized party was one of general excitement. Several dozen fans had flown here from Japan to join this celebration of the musical bond that has long united the two countries.

The audiences responded with warmth to an amateur group, Rare Sounds, from Nagoya. These 15 men and two women gave a surprisingly professional performance. Snazzy in their white tuxedos, they showed admirable unity on arrangements of "Moose the Mooche," "Old Man River" and "The Preacher."

This is what's known in Japan as a "kicks band"—they assemble every week simply for the joy of playing. There are several hundred such orchestras in cities and towns all over Japan. Not surprisingly, the party's improvisational honors went to such men as pianist George Gaffney and Gerald Wiggins, bassist Andy Simpkins, and the entire Bill Berry saxophone team—seasoned pros all.

HEAVENLY HORNMEN

# Where Are the Modern Innovators?

Leonard Feather's list of the Top 10 jazz saxophonists sounds like it was written 30 years ago. His list contains many indisputable greats, but it ignores almost all of the important innovators of recent times ("Heavenly Hornmen: Top 10 All-Time Saxophonists," Feb. 14).

Any modern list should have included Eric Dolphy. He was a part of some of the best work of Oliver Nelson, George Russell, Charles Mingus and John Coltrane. His 1964 masterpiece "Out to Lunch" is as powerful today as any contemporary music.

Where was the name of Ornette Coleman, leader of the avant-garde movement? He did outstanding work with Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, Paul Bley, Eddie Blackwell and many others. Coleman's '60s Atlantic recordings still sound like the shape of jazz to come.

Gato Barbieri came out of Argentina to join the avant-garde movement. When he began accepting and incorporating music from his native roots into his jazz, he produced some of the finest Latin jazz ever recorded.

All the men on Feather's list produced some great music, but history grows with time. It seems that Feather has some catching up to do.

SHERMAN LAMBERT
Glendale

Whatever could Feather have been thinking by omitting Steve Lacy and including Benny Carter?

I would agree that saxophonist-trumpeter-clarinetist Carter is a fine all-around musician, but surely not one whose alto styling made any significant stamp on that horn's legacy. Lacy is considered the father of the modern soprano saxophone, being its sole practitioner in the '50s avant-garde with Cecil Taylor and the first to play it with Thelonious Monk.

Lacy, the only saxophonist to have received a coveted MacArthur Fellowship (1982), continues to expand the range and possibilities of the instrument. His pure, straight tone and flawless intonation have been called the benchmark by which all young soprano players measure themselves.

ANN REBENTISCH
Pacific Palisades

*Rebentisch is Lacy's manager.*

Though one man's list of favorites is another's anathema, and I prefer straight-ahead, melodic, rhythmic prebop jazz (I used to think that a flatted fifth was a bottle of Scotch run over by a steamroller), I can find no fault with Feather's 10 most influential saxophonists.

I regret, however, that he left out my two favorite tenor men—Austin High alumnus Bud Freeman, whose driving staccato solos sparked many a late-'30s Tommy Dorsey arrangement, and New Orleans' Eddie Miller, perennial lyrical star of the wonderful Bob Crosby orchestra.

MARVIN H. LEAF
Rancho Mirage

*Other readers' lists included Sidney Bechet, Paul Desmond, Illinois Jacquet and Roland Kirk.*

2/28/93

AN APPRECIATION 3/10

# Billy Eckstine's Career a Glorious Roller-Coaster

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The story of Billy Eckstine, who died Monday in Pittsburgh, was a tale of two talents—gifts that he could never quite reconcile.

First and foremost was Eckstine the singer. His suave and sensuous sounds came to national attention in 1939 when he joined the big band of pianist Earl (Fatha) Hines. Those were the first great days, with hit after hit, mostly ballads: "I'm Falling for You," "Skylark," "Somehow"—but occasionally a blues with a more jazz-oriented personality: "Jelly Jelly," "Stormy Monday Blues."

Second there was Eckstine the musician. During his four years with Hines he had learned to play passable trumpet. By now he seemed ready to go out on his own, but the businessmen who controlled the music world in those days were nervous. Changing the spelling from Eckstein to Eckstine, they felt, wasn't quite enough; it still sounded "too Jewish," so at one point he even appeared in a 52nd Street club billed as "Billy X-Tine."

Less than a year after leaving Hines he decided to form his own band, using many of the musicians who had been his colleagues in the Hines ensemble. He began playing valve trombone, surrounded by a virtual who's-who of the bebop era—Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Gene Ammons, Dexter Gordon and vocalist Sarah Vaughan (also ex-Hines). This was bebop heaven, a band years ahead of its time.

There was another problem: in the 1940s the music-businessmen felt that a black singer with appeal to both black and white female audiences could create various racially based problems. But those fears were never realized. Eckstine deserves credit for helping to break down those barriers.

Eckstine's singer/musician conflict came to a head in the mid-1940s. Those who came to hear him croon his way through "A Cottage for Sale" and "I'm in the Mood for Love" became restless sitting through instrumental numbers waiting for "Mr. B" to sing. By the same token, die-hard jazz fans found it tiresome to wade through the vocals waiting to hear Charlie Parker, Budd Johnson and the other bop giants.

Eckstine struggled to keep the band together, but in 1947 gave it up, and for the rest of his life made commercial vocal sessions, many for MGM, slowly lapsing into comparative obscurity during the '60s and '70s.

His career was a roller-coaster ride, but nobody who ever heard that unprecedented orchestral sound, or that burnished baritone in its prime, will deny that his glory years were glorious indeed.

Associated Press

Billy Eckstine at the 1986 JVC Jazz Festival: Leader of an unprecedented orchestral sound and possessor of a burnished baritone.

# Jazzman Back in Action

■ Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida has recovered from a life-threatening illness. He will perform at Le Cafe this weekend.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Laurindo Almeida has been a part of the Southland scene for so long that it is hard to realize that he had a substantial career in his native Brazil before he arrived here in 1947 and promptly leaped to fame as a featured guitarist with the Stan Kenton Orchestra.

Tonight and Saturday he will lead a trio at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks. He is happy to be back in action after an experience last year that seemed likely to end his career and possibly his life.

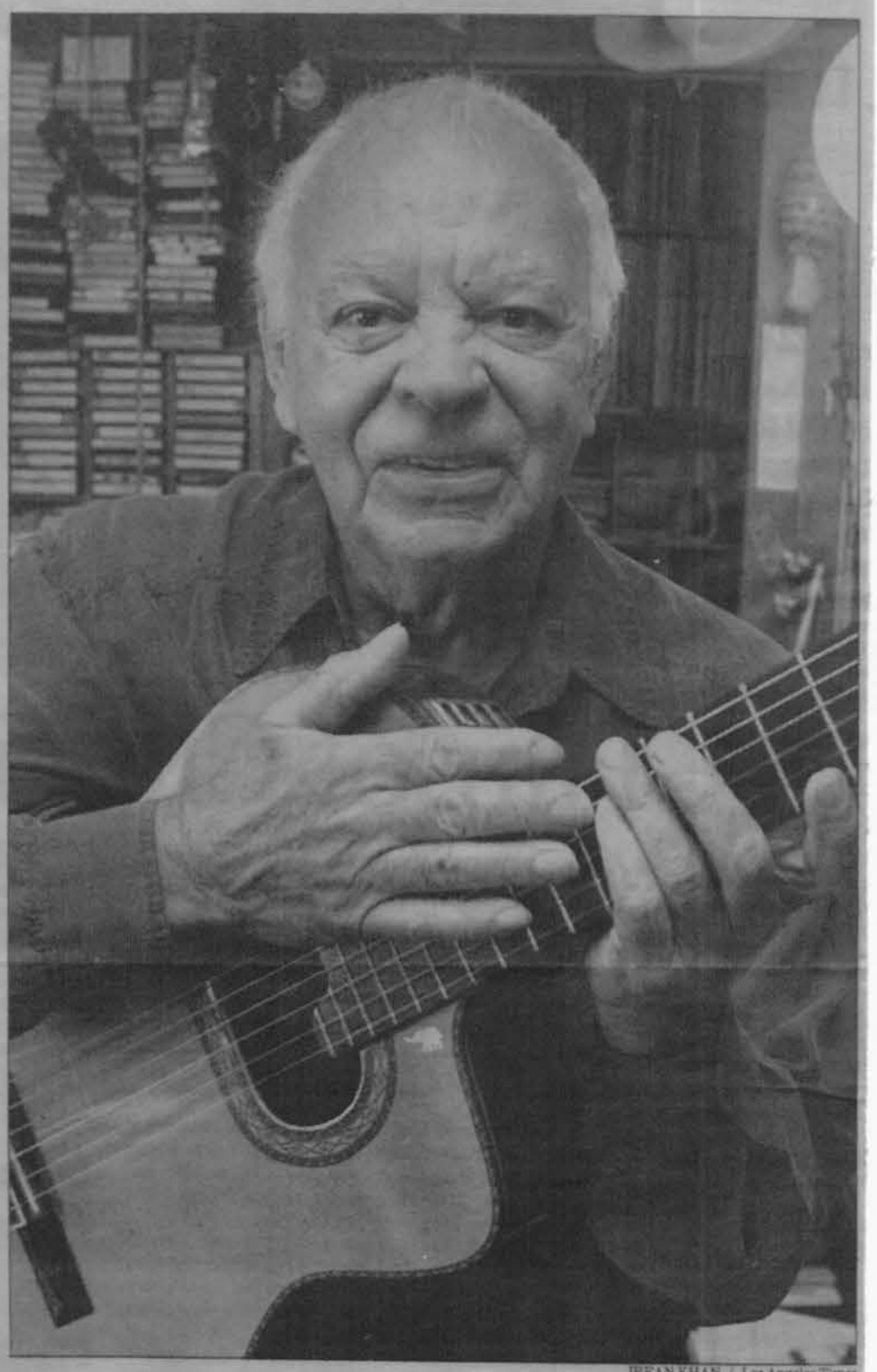
"I was in Japan with the Modern Jazz Quartet last summer," he recalls, "when I began having stomach pains. I took pain pills and was told to see a doctor when I got home, but then we had to go to Carnegie Hall and I put it off. Finally in July, a doctor found a large malignant tumor. On Aug. 30, he took out two-thirds of my stomach."

Seemingly recovered, Almeida went on a concert tour in Germany and Holland, but on returning home he had to undergo radiation treatment. "Finally, last week I had another examination and everything was negative."

At 75, Almeida can look back on a life that has taken him through many musical worlds as a classical virtuoso, a Brazilian pop-music pioneer (he recorded with Stan Getz in 1963) and a collaborator with leading American jazzmen such as the saxophonist Bud Shank (their 1954 samba recordings were virtual precursors of bossa nova).

## Where and When

**Who:** Guitarist Laurindo Almeida.
**Location:** Le Cafe, 14633 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks.
**Hours:** 9 and 11 p.m. Friday and Saturday.
**Price:** $12 cover plus two-drink minimum.
**Call:** (818) 986-2662.



IRFAN KHAN / Los Angeles Times

The guitar work of Laurindo Almeida can be heard on soundtrack of the film "Unforgiven."

He has won many awards, among them five Grammys and, last year, the Latin American & Caribbean Cultural Society award, which he went to London to receive.

He was born Laurindo Jose Araujo Almeida Nobrega Neto in 1917 in Prainha, a small Brazilian coastal town near Sao Paulo. The guitar attracted him early on; by age 9 he was transcribing for it the piano works of Mozart and Chopin. Garoto, a legendary guitarist of the 1930s, befriended him and helped him land a job with a leading radio station. By this time he had traveled extensively, playing cruise ship jobs.

"I was only 17," he says, "when I went on a cargo boat to Europe and got to meet Django Reinhardt, who was playing with Stephane Grappelli at the Hot Club de France. He and Charlie Christian were the true guitar geniuses for me. Classically, I would name Christopher Parkening and Andres Segovia."

Before long, the radio work, supplemented by nightclub dates, established Almeida as a big man in Rio. He also dabbled in songwriting and had a hit called "Johnny Pedlar" that earned him enough royalties to subsidize his transplantation to the United States in March, 1947.

While working on the soundtrack of the film "A Song Is Born," he was heard by an arranger for Stan Kenton, who was looking for a guitarist. During three years with the Kenton colossus he dazzled audiences with his own composition "Amazonia" and Pete Rugolo's "Lament."

On leaving Kenton to start a solo career, he made headway as a composer, constantly crossing the lines between pop, jazz and the classics. One of his Grammy awards was for his work "Discantus," which tied with Stravinsky in 1961 for best contemporary composition.

Almeida's TV and movie credits have

Please see BRAZIL, 7

# BRAZIL

**Continued from 6**

included "The Old Man and the Sea," "Camelot," "Wagon Train," "Bonanza" and most recently "Unforgiven," in which his solo work is prominently featured.

His recordings have reaffirmed the eclecticism for which he was always noted. His own composition First Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra was recorded with the Los Angeles Orchestra de Camera. His most recent Concord Jazz album, "Outra Vez," finds him moving gracefully from the Beethoven "Moonlight Sonata" to Thelonious Monk's "'Round Midnight" in an ingenious thematic interweaving. The same collection includes a medley of three Antonio Carlos Jobim hits.

During his decades as a master of the guitar he has seen the instrument undergo radical and, to him, not always desirable changes.

"I admire Stanley Jordan, who developed that technique of tapping with his fingers. He is a pioneer. But as for the guitar synthesizers, I'd rather not comment. Some of them are so loud that they hurt my ear. It's a shame to find such a beautiful instrument getting to that point—but as Segovia used to say, 'That's not a guitar any more; they should have another name for it.'"

Meanwhile, Almeida continues to go his way, often with the kind of intimate group that will join with him at Le Cafe: just Bob Magnusson on bass and Joe Brancatto on drums with occasional vocals by his wife, Deltra Eamon. A lyric soprano from Toronto, she married Almeida in 1971, lives with him in Sherman Oaks and appears at most of his recitals.

"Next week," he says, "I'll be off to New Zealand for six concerts, five with a local jazz group and one with a symphony orchestra."

*Leonard Feather is jazz critic for The Times.*

JAZZ REVIEW

# Thelonious Monk Jr.'s Sextet Has Solid Start in Only a Year Together

The sextet led by Thelonious Monk Jr. (a.k.a. T. S. Monk) visited Los Angeles all too briefly, a three-day engagement at Catalina's that was scheduled to close Sunday.

Monk's role in this group is unlike that of his famous father. Playing drums rather than piano and leaving the compositions and arrangements to others, he has a tightly knit unit that draws its repertoire mainly from the works of his father's contemporaries.

The senior Thelonious was represented in "Monk's Dream." Idrees Sulieman, who played trumpet in the 1947 Monk band, composed "Tell Me What's Your Name."

What gives this band its personality is the ingenuity with which these tunes of an earlier era have been updated through rearrangements by Don Sickler, who is also a fluent and lyrical trumpeter. With him are two high-energy saxophonists, Bobby Porcelli on alto and Willie Williams on tenor.

The skill inherent in the blowing choruses lends a contemporary touch to these compositions, which never sound even minimally dated. Flanking the drummer-leader are two outstanding rhythm contributors, Scott Colley on bass and Ronnie Mathews on piano.

With its intelligent blend of mature material and state-of-the-art soloists, the Monk group, organized only a year ago, has made impressive headway, establishing itself as the best new all-around acoustic group of the 1990s.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

# Holloway's Winning Gentle Style

Red Holloway, a saxophonist with longtime Southland credentials, headlined an invigorating quartet session Friday at the Jazz Bakery.

Though capable of generating considerable excitement with his hard-driving mainstream style, chiefly on tenor saxophone, Holloway seemed equally at ease bopping away on an upbeat blues or switching to alto for a gently expressive ballad.

He was in good company, with the formidable bass sound of Rufus Reid, whose every solo tells a distinct and melodically imaginative story. On drums was Sherman Ferguson, always a dependable section mate, though his solo on "Well You Needn't" far outlasted its welcome.

With Dwight Dickerson at the piano, Holloway took it slow and easy on "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," then shifted moods engagingly for a humorous old-timey vocal on "Locksmith Blues," which sounded as though it could have been written for Bessie Smith. The diversity of Holloway's set clearly reflected the breadth and depth of his experience.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ALBUM REVIEW

# Marsalis' Winding Musical Tour

★★★

**WYNTON MARSALIS**
"Citi Movement (Griot New York)"
*Columbia*

This two-hour, 21-movement work was written by Marsalis for a modern ballet choreographed by Garth Fagan. It would be wise to forget about the overblown liner notes, in which analogies are drawn between Marsalis and everyone from Ellington to Mingus to Herman Melville.

As for the premise of the work as program music offering a view of New York City, we all have our own perceptions of what this metropolis represents, and the titles offer no indication as to what place or event inspired them. In fact, this is less a guided tour of New York than an intriguing trip along numerous idiomatic highways, displaying the unique diversity Marsalis has been able to draw from a seven-piece group. The writing virtually spans an entire century of sounds, from the turn-of-the-century carousel music of "Cross Court Capers" to the swinging 4/4 and tongue-in-cheek riffing of "The End" and the boppish ensembles and solos of "Highrise Riff."

Marsalis is at his creative peak in "The Legend of Buddy Bolden," played mainly a cappella or with just drums. Although there are significant contributions by the three other horn soloists and by Eric Reed or Marcus Roberts on piano, it is the writing, and the composer's ever-shifting voicings, that contribute most vitally to this urban panorama.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four stars (excellent).*

JAZZ REVIEWS

# Burrell Sticks to Basics at Bakery

Guitarist Kenny Burrell's appearance Friday at the Jazz Bakery offered a reminder of just how much can be achieved creatively within the confines of a very basic trio—just himself, bass and drums.

This is the same instrumentation used by highly touted Mark Whitfield (see review below), but there is a significant difference. In Sherman Ferguson, Burrell has a drummer who knows the value of discretion, who will use brushes when the composition seems to call for them and whose solos never cross the border into ferocity.

Completing the group is Andy Simpkins, a bassist who has remained for many years a paradigm of individuality and ingenuity, whether in a supportive or individual role.

Most of Burrell's tunes were standards, with a strong accent on Ellingtonia (for many years, he's taught a UCLA class on Ellington).

Burrell has matured over a 40-year career to the point where his approach is unpredictable and can change according to the mood required. He played finger-style and plectrum-style, in rich chords or in single-note lines, using seductive melodic balladry or Latin rhythms or hard-driving bop.

A few of his own compositions added spice: "Remembering Wes," a touching tribute to the late Wes Montgomery, and "Do What You Gotta Do," in which he displayed his affinity for the spirit of the blues.

Reaching back to his earliest years, Burrell offered a rhythmically intriguing version of "Tin Tin Deo," a composition by Dizzy Gillespie, with whom he made his recording debut in 1951.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Guitarist Mark Whitfield Disappoints

Mark Whitfield, the widely praised 26-year-old guitarist, was a disappointment Thursday night at the Ambassador in Pasadena.

Part of the problem was the accompaniment. Whitfield—a graduate of Berklee College and a protégé of George Benson—was backed by a loud drummer (Dowell Davis) and an under-miked bassist (Ronald Guerin).

Mostly playing his own compositions, Whitfield tended toward excesses of volume and technique at the expense of soul.

After intermission, the sound on Guerin's bass was improved, but Davis, playing his first night with the group, still didn't seem to understand the requirements for backing a guitarist.

—L.F.

# Ellis Marsalis Plays a Tribute to James Black

Because his two-night engagement was booked at the last minute, only a handful of fans showed up on Wednesday night at Vine St. Bar & Grill to see pianist Ellis Marsalis—the father of Wynton and Branford.

Long known in New Orleans as a respected educator, the elder Marsalis belatedly came to fame as a pianist through the achievements of his various sons. Not surprisingly, No. 1 son Branford was on hand Thursday as a sideman with his father's quartet.

Ellis Marsalis had brought with him some of the music of James Black, a New Orleans composer whose works he played in the 1960s and '70s. In fact, he's in town to record an album in tribute to Black, who died in 1988.

It was evident that Branford and his two "Tonight Show" cohorts, Robert Hurst on bass and Jeff (Tain) Watts on drums, were only vaguely familiar with the music and had not rehearsed. Playing tenor sax and later soprano, Branford seemed to be learning as he went along, picking up on the ingenious lines of Black's "Magnolia Triangle" (in 5-4 time), "Little Boy Man" and others.

The interaction among the musicians coalesced as they worked up a fine head of steam, with Ellis Marsalis in a restrained mood. Watts contributed a virtuosic solo with a quasi street-parade beat on "Mozartin'," a quirky piece by another talented New Orleans writer, Alvin Batiste.

Next time Ellis Marsalis comes to town, he deserves more advance notice.

—LEONARD FEATHER

TV REVIEW

# 'Reed Royalty' an Engrossing History Lesson

Yet another aspect of Branford Marsalis' protean talents can be observed this evening (at 7 and midnight) when Bravo cable presents "Reed Royalty," the first half of a two-part special about jazz history.

"Reed Royalty" begins and ends with Marsalis wandering around an 18th-Century New Orleans mansion, blowing a lonesome soprano sax. In between, the hour consists of an eloquent lecture, amply illustrated by vintage clips.

Marsalis explains how the influence of the French Creoles brought the clarinet into jazz. Archival films show the horn's dominance through the swing era, with examples by Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw and others, along with rare footage of four Duke Ellington sidemen doubling as a clarinet section.

Ellington also is the source of three among the many saxophone samples: Willie Smith and Johnny Hodges on altos, Harry Carney on baritone. Later clips cover the be-bop revolution (Charlie Parker, Sonny Stitt, et al.), the cool (Lee Konitz) and the avant-garde (Ornette Coleman).

Marsalis was wise to include such artists as Pee Wee Russell, whose clarinet proved that incomplete technique was no deterrent to emotion and creativity, and Steve Lacy, who spearheaded the revival of the soprano sax some years before John Coltrane.

The story is brought up to date by including the electronic era (Jane Ira Bloom in 1989) and the popular Cuban emigré Paquito d'Rivera in 1990. Produced and directed by Burrill Crohn, "Reed Royalty" is an admirably informative audiovisual lesson with across-the-board appeal. The second half, to be aired April 2, will deal exclusively with the tenor saxophone.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# The Eclectic Musical World of Guilherme Vergueiro, Company

3/2

Guilherme Vergueiro, whose 20-piece Brazilian Big Band played Tuesday in the band series at Moonlight Tango in Sherman Oaks, is a pianist who takes evident delight in bringing together the worlds of jazz and Latin music, infusing unusual spirit into his arrangements.

Along with the typical eight-piece rhythmic pulse, this orchestra offers a welcome element of harmonic sophistication. Though several pieces were played at the moderate pace typical of this idiom, there were surprises. One number, "Choro Bop," began with the five saxes playing a tricky be-bop line *a la* Supersax. On another tune, which had begun with Vergueiro battling the club's painful piano, the reedmen all doubled on flutes.

Soloists abounded too. A percussionist named Meia Noite had a startling workout on bongos. Ro King's trumpet was equally home on ballads and high-not extravagances. Paco Cardoso's alt sax and Jack Nimitz's baritone als were ingeniously worked into th charts.

The set ended with three num bers of relatively traditional Bra zilian origin, sung with pleasar confidence by the leader's wif Ana Carolina. Though this is not a organized group and some of th musicians apparently found th music hard to interpret, the result maintained a level that clearl reflected the leader's eclectic tal ent. —LEONARD FEATHE

★★★★ 4/11

**"BLACK AND BLUE: THE LIFE AND LYRICS OF ANDY RAZAF**

By Barry Singer
*Schirmer* ($28.00)

This is an important, long overdue book, particularly because of the subject's almost total failure in achieving fame. Razaf was the co-writer of "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Black and Blue" and a dozen other megahits, but his partner, Fats Waller, received virtually all the credit and fame.

Razaf was born in Washington, D.C., in 1895 and had his first professional performance in "The Passing Show of 1913." He met Waller around 1923, though Razaf had many other partners before he and Waller wrote "Ain't Misbehavin' " for the Harlem revue, "Connie's Hot Chocolates" and "Honeysuckle Rose," also introduced at Connie's Inn in 1929.

Razaf's organized personality and discipline contrasted with the utter instability of Waller. This played a large role in the eventual breakup of their partnership, as did the conviction of Waller's manager that the pianist's future lay in public performances rather than songwriting.

The lyricist's later years were riddled with disappointments and errors of judgment. For example, he sold the lyrics to "In the Mood" for $200; it became a gigantic hit for Glenn Miller and could have earned Razaf a fortune. Razaf died in 1973.

Singer's thoroughly researched book fills in a huge gap in American musical history.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 4/1/93

# Watson's Cohesively Eclectic Horizon

Bobby Watson, the alto saxophonist who came to prominence in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (class of 1981), has spent most of the past decade leading his own group, Horizon, which opened Tuesday at Catalina.

Everything he learned in the rhythmic conservatory that was Blakey's band, and much that has evolved along the way since then, comes into play in Watson's solos—variously sweet and sour, supple and complex; now simple, now steamy.

As a composer, Watson avoids the standard riff clichés in favor of more adventurous formats. On some works he takes the lead part, with trumpeter Terrell Stafford backing and filling; on others, such as the aptly titled "Monk-He-See, Monk-He-Do," their roles are reversed. This tune segued out of a deftly organized Monk medley by the pianist, Stephen Scott.

Victor Lewis, a spirited and supportive drummer, joined the group six years ago and is now co-leader and composer, contributing such items as "Dex Mex." Also in the book are several works by Watson's wife, Pamela, whose "Like It Was Before" found the leader putting the soprano sax to graceful use.

Completing the quintet is another Blakey alumnus, the Nigerian-American Essiet Okun Essiet, who furnishes the band with the powerful bottom it requires. His contributions to the Latin-tinged "Tod Bem" and the upbeat cooker "I Case You Missed It" rounded ou the cohesive sense that dominate this diversified unit. Watson an company will be spreading thei good news through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHE

# A Parade of Tenor Sax Titans on Bravo

With its rich assemblage of clips (mostly black-and-white), "Tenor Titans"—the second part of a "history of jazz" series hosted by Branford Marsalis—presents footage of almost every significant figure in the evolution of the tenor sex. There are 26 in all, ending with Marsalis himself playing an affecting, unaccompanied blues. (The program airs at 7 p.m. and midnight tonight on Bravo cable.)

The most famous tenor solo of all time, Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul," is heard only partially, and not on camera. When we see "Body and Soul" played later, the artist is Georgie Auld. But Hawkins is at his pioneering best on "Indian Summer," as are Lester Young in a famous clip from "The Sound of Jazz," and Ben Webster in "Cotton Tail" with Duke Ellington. There are typical examples of Stan Getz, John Coltrane and the acrobatic David Murray.

Marsalis makes a major mistake in claiming that Bud Freeman, at one time Hawkins' only prominent contemporary, sounded so much like him that they were often mistaken for each other. Nothing could be further from the truth: Freeman, like Hawkins, was a complete original, as the clip makes clear.

Some soloists, mainly those with the Bassie band, are drowned out by the orchestra. Others suffer from poor sound—the Zoot Sims sample is so inadequate that it should have been dropped.

As for men like Warne Marsh and Sam Taylor, their inclusion as "titans" (men of gigantic power or stature) is highly dubious. Marsalis might have been well advised to spend more time with the handful of genuine titans.

4/2 —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★ **Rickey Woodard, "Night Mist,"** Fresh Sounds. Although not a major innovator, Woodward clearly was inspired by some of the early tenor sax giants. Opening with a lyrical treatment of "I Remember Clifford," he deals with everything from a fast blues ("Billie's Bounce") to a bossa nova (Luiz Bonfa's "Gentle Rain") to an original by Nat Adderley, "Teaneck." The concluding cut, "Night Mist," has Woodard switching to alto. He is splendidly accompanied throughout by pianist Eric Reed, Tony Dumas on bass and Roy McCurdy on drums. 4/11 —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 4/3

# Eric Reed Improvises the Past

One of the most admirable aspects of the upcoming jazz generation is the extent to which young musicians have absorbed the vast repertoire of this music. A splendid example was the performance Thursday, at the Brasserie of the Bel Age Hotel, where pianist Eric Reed was in charge.

At 22, Reed is capable of decade-hopping with incredible ease. In the course of one set he swung his way jubilantly through jazz lines by Gillespie, Parker, Rollins, Clifford Brown, and ballads by Gershwin and Porter.

To say that there was no originality would be false. For example, on "Night in Tunisia" Reed used the standard introduction of melody, the traditional interlude between choruses and the regular out-chorus. But everything in between was the product of his own fertile, improvisational mind, or those of his two brilliant colleagues, Billy Higgins on drums and Bob Hurst (of the Branford Marsalis band) on bass.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

4/15

# Elvin Jones Is Still Able to Drum Up Gifted Sidemen

Aside from his reputation as a powerful and innovative drummer, Elvin Jones has played a vital role as leader of various small groups that have brought recognition to many gifted sidemen. On this level, the sextet he introduced Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill is particularly notable.

The trumpeter Nicholas Payton, at 19, displays a degree of maturity rare in men twice his age. Playing a 1932 Hoagy Carmichael standard, "New Orleans" (Payton was born there), he blended drama, intelligent structure and the ability to move seamlessly from tension to a laid-back simplicity.

The other invaluable member of Jones' current unit is Kent Jordan. On the opening tune, a simplistic Monk riff number called "Green Chimneys," he played piccolo, bringing creativity and technical finesse to an instrument seldom used successfully in jazz.

With Jones in the rhythm section is Brad Jones (no relation), a bassist who made extensive use of chords, and who in the final work played the closing passage with a bow. This extended piece, based on a traditional Japanese folk song, took up almost half of the long set, with solos accorded to every member. Greg Tardy on tenor sax and Willie Pickens on piano played a major part in setting a mood that built slowly and, toward the end, chaotically, in a work full of unpredictable twists and turns, with Elvin Jones making dynamic use of mallets before switching to sticks.

Taking in everything from a quasi-mambo to Asian exotica, the composition kept musicians and audience alike in a consistent state of tension and excitement—qualities that have marked so much of Jones' work in a long and distinguished career.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Art Music From Kellaway Sextet

4/19

Friday evening marked the debut at the Jazz Bakery of the Hands of Time, a sextet organized by pianist-composer Roger Kellaway, whose work has often reached beyond jazz.

The present ensemble is a new departure, particularly in its unique instrumentation, comprising cello, marimba, bass and two percussionists. It does not attempt to qualify as jazz; essentially this is a chamber group offering contemporary art music, with little or no jazz playing as the term is generally understood.

Some of the pieces called for close study, perhaps for more intent listening than could be absorbed in a single hearing. Several, however, concentrated on the cello of Fred Seykora, a melodic soloist for whom Kellaway composed many passages of great beauty.

Bob Zimmitti, playing fills and occasional solos, put the marimba to exotic and intriguing use. The percussionists, Joe Porcaro and Emil Richards, tended occasionally to overbalance the rest of the group. They were brought to the forefront more deliberately in an extended concluding work, "Winter." Chuck Domanico's bass provided a solid undercurrent throughout.

The leader's solos tended to the pastoral and bucolic rather than the rhythmic, in character with the evident intent of this unit, which adds yet another daring venture to Kellaway's long and dissimilar line of credits.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## For the Record

**Wrong Location**—Ellie Mae's Biscuits will play on Friday at the Cobalt Cafe, 21622 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills. An incorrect location was listed in Sunday's Calendar. Information: (818) 348-3789.

**Transposed names**—In Monday's Calendar review of the Roger Kellaway sextet two names were transposed. Emil Richards is the marimba player and Bob Zimmitti plays percussion.

JAZZ REVIEW

# Breuker Kollektief a Big Disappointment at Bakery

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Ugly is not a word one likes to apply to any form of music, yet it is hard to find a more apt adjective for the Willem Breuker Kollektief, an 11-piece band from the Netherlands that appeared Sunday at the Jazz Bakery.

The great popularity of this group in Europe since the 1970s is a mystery. Breuker, a saxophonist who writes the music, brings technical skill but little uncontrived emotion to the charts.

Some moments suggested an old-fashioned Sunday afternoon concert in the park, while others were closer to circus music. There were false starts and stops, switches in meter, and long ensemble passages eventually giving way to solos that were consistently uninspired.

The set, which became increasingly comedy-oriented, hit a low point when Breuker, on soprano saxophone, gave his impression of a quacking duck, a barking dog, a bumblebee and then of laying an egg—with an actual egg passed around among the musicians.

It got worse, with some whistling, a pseudo-comic operatic aria and two trombonists hugging one another while playing simultaneous duets. Seldom has a more dismal grab-bag of second-rate sounds and third-rate humor hit the local jazz scene. In short, this was no Dutch treat.

JAZZ REVIEW

4/29

# Tribute to Dizzy Gillespie a Tour de Force in Inglewood

Eight trumpeters gathered at Inglewood's Southland Cultural Center on Tuesday for a tribute to their role model—the late Dizzy Gillespie.

Produced by center director Barbara Morrison, with trumpeter-vocalist Clora Bryant as musical director, the evening began with the horns of Bryant, Al Aarons, Marcus Belgrave, Oscar Brashear, Jon Faddis, Chuck Findley and Clark Terry in a round robin on Gillespie's "Tour de Force," with everyone kicking in at optimum power.

As this long opener ended, an eighth trumpeter, the habitually late Freddie Hubbard, showed up. Mercilessly kidded by Faddis, he wasn't given a chance to play until after intermission. Pianist Phil Wright, bassist Andy Simpkins and drummer Sherman Ferguson made up the evening's splendid rhythm team.

Bryant confined her role to a few solos, highlighted by "I Waited for You," which she sang and played poignantly. An excerpt from her suite, "A Portrait of Dizzy," though, was less effective.

Gillespie alumnus Lalo Schifrin was a surprise hit. Now director of the Glendale Symphony, Schifrin offered magnificent evidence that his jazz chops have not deserted him, as he played with Faddis on "Long Long Summer," which he wrote during his years as pianist with the Gillespie combo.

Aarons and Findley played superbly. Faddis, when he wasn't blowing the roof off, offered the evening's only muted solo on Gillespie's "Winter Samba." Brashear was predictably perfect. Belgrave, also underrated locally, shared a standing ovation with Clark Terry on "Shaw Nuff," a tune that virtually launched the be-bop era.

All in all, this was the best jazz concert of the year to date.

—LEONARD FEATHER

HOME TECH VIDEO REVIEW

4/23

# Jazzy Gems From John and Faith Hubley

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"Art and Jazz in Animation" is the umbrella title of a unique series of four videocassettes showcasing work by the Hubley family, who brought a new, provocative image to the concept of animated films. Their methods were untraditional (they used mixed media, such as paint on paper) and their sound tracks reflected their deep passion for jazz and for the witty men who made it.

Married in 1955, John and Faith Hubley made a film a year until John's death in 1977. Since then, Faith Hubley, aided by her two daughters and others, has carried forward a tradition that has won three Academy Awards and several overseas awards.

Best and best known is "The Hole," a 15-minute Oscar-winning gem narrated—completely ad lib—by Dizzy Gillespie (who also plays briefly) and George Mathews. They provide the voices of construction workers debating the fate of the world from under the streets of New York. The finale is a brief, poignant vocal by Gillespie.

On the same tape with "The Hole" is "The Hat," for which Gillespie and Dudley Moore, playing and talking, offer a witty examination of pride and prejudice, and "Dig," with music by Quincy Jones and a narrated fantasy with the voices of Maureen Stapleton and Jack Warden.

Benny Carter provided the swinging sounds for three of the five short pieces in the "Voyage to Next" tape, made in the 1950s and '60s. The most notable is "Adventures of an *," in which the asterisk of the title grows to enjoy the visual joys of the world. Lionel Hampton's vibraphone plays a prominent role. On the same tape is "Tenderly," sung by Ella Fitzgerald and played by the Oscar Peterson Trio.

The Hubleys' accent on philosophy and psychology in their messages carries over into "The Cosmic Eye," with Carter again providing some of the music. Less jazz-oriented is the fourth set, "Of Men and Demons," for which Quincy Jones shares footage with Mozart, Handel and Vivaldi.

The visual imagery of the Hubleys, coupled with the evocative and often comic artistry on the sound tracks, maintains a consistently delightful level of creativity.

★★★½ 5/2

**KENNY BARRON**
"Sambao"
*Em.Arcy*

After many years of focusing on be-bop, leading his own bands and also performing with Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard et al, this dependable pianist switches to a Brazilian groove. He adds his own spark to the music—seven of the eight pieces are his—and to the company he keeps: Toninho Horta (guitar), Nico Assumcao (bass), the eminent Victor Lewis (drums) and Mino Cinelu (percussion). The latter's tune, "Yalele," tosses in a few group vocal touches.

The ingratiating beat of "Bacchanal" lives up to its title. The light bossa nova of "Gardenia," the adventurous pace-changing of "Encounters" and the calypso flavor of "Ritual" attest to Barron's compositional virtuosity. Horta's solo and the impassioned rhythmic backing in the concluding "On the Other Side" bring the proceedings to a perfectly designed climax.

—LEONARD FEATHER

63

4/25/93

# Inspired Collections Celebrate the Many Sides of Ella

★★★★½
**ELLA FITZGERALD**
"75th Birthday Celebration"
*Decca*

★★★★★
**ELLA FITZGERALD**
"First Lady of Song"
*Verve*

By LEONARD FEATHER

Do you remember when you were first exposed to the magic sound that is Ella Fitzgerald?

Was it in the 1980s, when you turned on the radio and heard her Gershwin album with André Previn? Could it have been at one of her triumphant concerts in the '70s with Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass? Or in the '60s when she co-starred on a Frank Sinatra and Antonio Carlos Jobim TV show?

It might have been a movie—"Pete Kelly's Blues" in the '50s; or possibly you caught her on tour with Jazz at the Philharmonic, along with her then-husband, bassist Ray Brown. If you are in Ella's age bracket—today marks her 75th birthday—you may even have caught up with her as the teen-aged vocalist with Chick Webb's band at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

Her professional career goes back 48 years. She made her official debut in February, 1935, when a first prize at the Harlem Opera House won her a week's work with Tiny Bradshaw's band. Soon after, she joined Webb, the legendary drummer, at a starting salary of $12.50 a week.

She has evolved from novelty singer (her adaptation of a nursery rhyme, "A Tisket a Tasket," became her first hit with Webb in 1938) to ballad singer to scat specialist, and has ventured in every aspect of the vocal jazz art. Still performing now and then despite frail health, she remains the quintessential purveyor of beauty, humor and spontaneity.

The first of the two celebratory albums listed above covers the period from "A Tisket" through 1955, when her manager, Norman Granz, signing her to his Verve label, launched her on a "Song Book" series that won her a broader reputation. LP sets of music by Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, Duke Ellington and Irving Berlin established her as a sophisticated interpreter of classic pop music.

The evolution of her talent is easily traced, since eight songs in the Decca package are repeated in Verve versions. Her 1960 "How High the Moon," an eight-minute workout live in Berlin, gives her room to stretch out, displaying a fuller, richer sound and wider range than the 1947 three-minute Decca treatment revealed. Even "A Tisket," decked out with a Latin beat and a string ensemble in the 1957 revival, surpasses the original.

Milt Gabler, her producer at Decca, felt the need to assign such songs as "My Happiness," backed by an a cappella vocal group, the Song Spinners. It didn't swing, and

Frank Driggs Collection

Ella Fitzgerald, circa 1940: The purveyor of beauty, humor and spontaneity turns 75 today.

neither did "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," featuring two garish members of the Ink Spots; but these were big sellers, enabling her also to record what Gabler called "the swinging ones that we love."

The swinging ones led Ella to prominence in countless Down Beat and Esquire magazine polls. Her horn-inspired sound (Dizzy Gillespie was an early influence) was as original and unprecedented on "Lady Be Good" and "Flying Home" as the romantic balladry in "Black Coffee" and "Angel Eyes."

Always shy, yet rarely betraying her diffidence, she expresses the joy of singing, often through humor. In "Stone Cold Dead in the Market" (Decca), she and Louis Jordan assume West Indian accents. On "Mack the Knife" she forgets the words but is unfazed, ad-libbing lyrics about the song's history. "Perdido" similarly finds her making up verses or scatting.

The settings vary enormously; she may be backed by a single musician (Ellis Larkins, Oscar Peterson or Paul Smith at the piano; Barney Kessel or Herb Ellis on guitar), but often there are large orchestras, starting with the Webb band (a dated arrangement and corny tenor sax solo on "Undecided"). Now and then, as in Gordon Jenkins' pompously over-arranged "I Wished on the Moon," Ella had to rise above the setting.

Of the partnerships, the most successful are those with Louis Armstrong (on both albums) and Duke Ellington (Verve). Her "Summertime" with Satchmo on Verve is a masterpiece, from his magnificent opening trumpet chorus through Ella's and Louis' vocals to a finale for which he ad-libs to Ella's melody. "Dream a Little Dream of Me" (Decca) is scarcely less brilliant; here it is Ella who scats while Satch sings the melody.

Two cuts with the Ellington orchestra on Verve are sharply contrasted: On Billy Strayhorn's "Something to Live for" she is in consummate ballad form, but on the live-in-concert final cut, a seven-minute romp on "It Don't Mean a Thing," it's good-humor time again as she shares vocal duties with an uncredited Ray Nance.

Of the 51 tracks on Verve, not a single one can be classified as a dud. The Decca set, with 39 tunes, falters a few times but contains its fair share of durable gems. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent). A rating of five stars is reserved for classic reissues or retrospectives.*

$110

## Fusion of Another Sort at the Bakery

The joint appearance at the Jazz Bakery of pianist Fred Hersch and the Greene String Quartet danced gracefully along the thin line that separates (or sometimes unites) chamber music and jazz.

Violinist Richard Greene led the quartet Friday in a set that displayed its choice eclecticism. The conventional opener, "Harlem Nocturn," contrasted with the more challenging "Vortex," an original work by Devan Manson.

The concluding "Blue Set" best displayed the musicians' ability to achieve a chamber-jazz fusion.

All four movements were based on variations of the blues form, with a potent undercurrent supplied by the group's new member, cellist Armen Ksajikian. Jimbo Ross on viola and Margaret Wooten on violin both met the demands of this work's shifting tempos and moods.

Fred Hersch is rapidly gaining recognition as a pianist and composer who has worked successfully in a broad variety of contexts. Heard with the quartet as well as in solos, he played everything from a Scriabin prelude to his own ethereal "Heart Song." At one point, he brought on Ksajikian for a duet of his own "Tango Bitter Sweet" that offered warmly affecting evidence of the cellist's mastery with the bow. Less successful were his attempts, during some of the quartet numbers, to fill the role of a pizzicato jazz string bass.

—LEONARD FEATHER



JAZZ REVIEW

## Salute to Marshall Royal Consistently Entertaining

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Salutes to the living are too few in the music community. A happy exception was the tribute, held Wednesday at the Ventura Club in Sherman Oaks, to alto saxophonist Marshall Royal.

Though short on music, the event, organized by trumpeter Uan Rasey and a group of friends, was consistently entertaining, thanks to an ingenious format.

Royal, best known for his 20 years with the Count Basie orchestra, was seen in a series of film clips, the first showing him with the Juggernaut Band playing the Billy Strayhorn composition "All Heart." Royal's eloquent sound, both on solos and as reed-section leader, provided admirable evidence of a point most of the speakers stressed—he's peerless in his field and, at 80, playing better than ever.

In subsequent clips, Royal introduced, in his well-known sardonic style, the upcoming guests, who appeared live on the dais. The show was held together by Jack Sheldon, whom Royal introduced as "a total idiot—but a great trumpet player." A natural comic, Sheldon kept the crowd laughing continuously.

Fellow saxophonists Ann Patterson, Jack Kelso, Bill Green and Buddy Collette paid their homage, as did Bill Berry and Frank Capp, leaders respectively of the L.A. Big Band and Juggernaut, both of which claim Royal as a regular member.

Following the presentation of awards, sheet music was distributed to the audience, which sang, with Gerald Wiggins at the piano, a slightly shaky but well-meant unison vocal on "You're a Sweetheart." Royal was visibly touched.



JAZZ REVIEW

## Redman Justifies the Hype

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

A packed house greeted Joshua Redman, the much acclaimed tenor sax player, when he opened Tuesday at Catalina, where he's appearing through Sunday. In no time at all, the 24-year-old virtuoso showed that all the hype about him is justified.

You might say that he hit the ground running, but in effect he was in midair from note one and didn't land until the end of a dozen blistering choruses on his opening, Kenny Dorham's "Straight Ahead."

Redman has the three primary virtues of a great soloist: clarity of sound, continuity of lines and creativity. On the up-tempos he recalls Sonny Rollins, with hints of early Coltrane. On the soul ballad "Wish," there were echoes of Gene Ammons and Lockjaw Davis. (There was no trace of the style of his father, Dewey Redman, who leans closer to the avant-garde.)

On a Rollins arrangement of "Just in Time" his pianist, Kevin Hays, dropped out for a couple of choruses while bassist Christian McBride and drummer Brian Blade carried the rhythm load. The intensity never lagged.

McBride, 21, revealed a superlative flow of ideas, first in a bowed solo and later in a no less phenomenal display of pizzicato finger-painting. Pianist Hays—only slightly less impressive—had the onerous task of following Redman's wildest forays.

One problem marred an otherwise flawless set—the quartet only played five numbers. By tightening up his act he could offer a broader cross-section of his repertoire as composer and soloist.

64

JAZZ 5/16

# Quality Time With Bessie, Brazil, Frishberg

★★★

**SUSANNAH McCORKLE**

"From Bessie to Brazil"

*Concord Jazz*

The improbable title is justified: In 1923 Bessie Smith recorded "My Sweetie Went Away," to which vocalist McCorkle brings a Smith-like growl; "Adeus America" (English lyrics by McCorkle) and Jobim's "The Waters of March" are sung in English and Portuguese.

Totally in control, caressing the melodies and relating to the words, this ever-confident singer offers a wealth of delights: the hilarious Dave Frishberg song "Quality Time," the church-like gospel mood of Paul Simon's "Still Crazy After All These Years," the sensitive ballad groove of "You Go to My Head," the aptly cheerful "Ac-Cent-Tchu-ate the Positive."

Only two minor flaws lightly reduce the impact: a needless pseudo-rap interlude on "Thief in the Night" (but it's a great old song, worth reviving) and "The Lady Is a Tramp," trite and trivial and superannuated.

McCorkle's backing is an eight-piece band with neat, unobtrusive arrangements and admirable work by Howard Alden on guitar.

—LEONARD FEATHER

NEW RELEASES

## In Brief

★★★★ **Vincent Herring, "Secret Love,"** Musicmasters. Herring's alto sax and Renee Rosnes' piano here have an innovative sound and style. With fine support from bassist Ira Coleman and drummer Billy Drummond, they cover Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge," Miles Davis' "Solar" and a take-no-prisoners version of the title track. A slashing Kenny Barron blues, "And Then Again," winds things up. —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 5/17

# An Engaging Double-Bill From Turtle Island and Billy Taylor

Very few concerts succeed in sustaining their interest from the first moment to the last. Such a rare event was the Friday evening recital at Royce Hall by the Turtle Island String Quartet and the Billy Taylor Trio.

Formed in 1985, the quartet sounded stronger than ever, thanks to the addition of the gifted Danny Seidenberg on viola. Violinist David Balakrishnan's arrangement of Dizzy Gillespie's "Night in Tunisia" was a phenomenal sublimation, with Mark Summer strumming and bowing on cello, Balakrishnan and Darol Anger on violins, and one ensemble passage so operatic and "Carmen"-like that it seemed more Bizet than Dizzy.

Hard to top though this was, the quartet's reading of Monk's "Ruby My Dear," followed by a movement from a new Vince Mendoza suite and a Darol Anger original, not to mention a country-bluegrass-hoedown piece, kept up the creative pace that established this unit as the best and boldest in its field.

Billy Taylor followed with a trio set (Victor Gaskin on bass, Bobby Thomas on drums) that paid tribute to fellow pianists. A waltz movement from Oscar Peterson's "Canadiana Suite" and a treatment of Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life" that managed to ad lib freely on those demanding chord changes.

The finale brought Taylor together with the quartet for his composition "Homage," a tribute to musicians who were a vital part of his formative 52nd St. years.

Extracting the full harmonic beauty from the quartet, Taylor conveyed the essence of his idols: virtuosic violinist Eddie South, ferocious fiddler Stuff Smith, pioneer bassist and cellist Oscar Pettiford (splendidly represented in a cello-bass duet by Summer and Gaskin) and light-hearted bassist Slam Stewart. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 5/22

# Turrentine's Rainbow

For well over three decades, Stanley Turrentine has stood tall—physically and figuratively—among the tenor sax giants.

He hasn't changed.

Thursday at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, he showed how little has changed for him over the years.

The loud, proud sound is still there, and the solos are so seamlessly constructed that at times they barely seem improvised. The spontaneity soared in such upbeat items as John Coltrane's "Impressions," but lagged in a Don Sebesky piece, "I Remember Bill."

Turrentine referred to his current group as "my rainbow coalition band," as indeed it was, with two African-Americans, Charles Fambrough on bass and Mark Johnson on drums, plus the Kei Akagi on piano, and the remarkable young, blond guitarist Dave Strykur.

Storming his way through the changes on "Sugar" and Billy Taylor's "Easy Walker," Strykur came within a hair's breadth of copping top honors for the evening. His ideas gushed forth in a stream of seemingly effortless creativity.

Turrentine kept the audience's attention with a style that's evolved out of his admiration for the early pioneers—Don Byas, Coleman Hawkins and Sonny Rollins—and has helped him retain a popularity that is rare among non-fusion jazz artists.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ 5/23

# Young Trumpeter, Ageless Violinist

★★★

**MICHEL LEGRAND-STEPHANE GRAPPELLI**

"Legrand-Grappelli"

*Verve*

Though the 85-year-old violinist has many jubilant moments, as often as not he defers to Legrand, who functions here as pianist, conductor-arranger and, on three tracks, composer.

The orchestra is vast, with strings, brass, even an occasional vocal group, but Legrand never overwrites; moreover, he managed to treat each tune as though this were the first ever version, instilling every work with a freshness one would have thought impossible. ("Mon Homme" was introduced by Mistinguett 73 years ago.)

The album provides a powerful reminder: All 15 songs are of French origin and at least 10 are well known in this country, some by French titles ("Nuages," "C'est Si Bon," "Comme Ci, Comme Ca"). The most famous are "Les Feuilles Mortes" ("Autumn Leaves") and two Legrand songs with lyrics by the Bergmans—"What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life" and "The Summer Knows."

Legrand adds a cheerful, wordless vocal to "Mon Legionnaire." In the liner notes, Alain Tercinet contributes fascinating data about the origins of these songs, which collectively prove that the term "standard" does not *ipso facto* mean "American."

—LEONARD FEATHER

New Releases 5/30

★★★ **Bobby Watson, "Tailor Made,"** Columbia. Watson's alto sax has long deserved a big band setting. Here it is, allowing him to stretch as composer and arranger of 10 pieces, two others were written by his wife, Pamela. There is little experimentation here—essentially this is a straight-ahead date relying on orthodox harmony rather than modes or the avant-garde, but within these parameters Watson distinguishes himself. Two jazz mambos, an Afro-Brazilian work and Pamela Watson's charmingly lyrical "Like It Was Before" lend diversity and distinction to a satisfying set.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

★★★ **Lewis Nash, "Rhythm Is My Business,"** Evidence. Best known as the drummer with Tommy Flanagan and others, Nash makes a promising debut as leader of a group fortified by Mulgrew Miller's piano and the fine vibes of Steve Nelson. The program is well chosen, with a minor blues by Nash ("106 Nix"), a racehorse version of "My Shining Hour," and an amusing "Omelette" that's really a two-bass hit, with Ron Carter on piccolo bass and Peter Washington on bass. —L.F.

★★★ **Arturo Sandoval, "Dream Come True,"** GRP. The Cuban trumpeter sounds most impressive when he switches to fluegelhorn (on Freddie Hubbard's "Little Sunflower"), plays muted horn (on the attractive "Vida Real") or manages to combine emotion with his formidable technique (on his own well-crafted tribute "To Diz With Love"). Arrangements are by Michel Legrand, who sits in on piano for a duo cut, Gillespie's "Con Alma." Surprisingly, he does less than justice to his own graceful tune, "Once Upon a Summertime." —L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 5/27

# John Abercrombie Brings Imaginative Trio to Catalina

The John Abercrombie heard at Catalina Tuesday was not exactly the musician many listeners expected to hear.

Over the years, this distinctive stylist has experimented with everything from guitar synthesizers to an electric mandolin.

Now, however, he says he's given up synthesizers, reducing his artillery to an electric guitar—powerfully amplified—and an acoustic model.

In no way does the result represent a retrogression. Abercrombie, who's appearing through Sunday, still makes imaginative use of tone colors, of free-jazz concepts, unexpected shifts of mood, tempo and meter. His opening composition, "Monk Like," involved one passage that suggested how Thelonious Monk might have sounded had he been a guitarist.

Three consecutive works from a recently recorded Abercrombie album were combined into a suite, written partly by organist Dan Wall, whose solos ranged from a church-like solemnity to moments of passionate energy.

Both Wall and drummer Adam Nussbaum, who often uses touches of rhythmic humor, are so sensitive in their interaction with the leader that the result is a challenging merger of ideas.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

# Webb Helps Serve Up a Diverse Menu

Legends of Hollywood is a steakhouse and jazz club on Hollywood Boulevard at Whitley Avenue, where the musical menu changes nightly. Conditions were particularly felicitous last Friday when the tenor-saxophonist Doug Webb led an ad hoc quartet.

Given the informality of the conditions, the four men inevitably stuck to standard tunes, but the talent level was high enough to produce salubrious results. Webb applied his agreeable sound to the likes of "All The Things You Are" and "Just Friends." At times he suggested the early John Coltrane; this was especially notable when, playing Coltrane's "Giant Steps," he launched into a seamless stream of choruses built on the tune's daunting chord changes.

George Gaffney, who was Sarah Vaughan's pianist for years, extracted a surprisingly effective sound from a Yamaha electric keyboard, an instrument with an action somewhat different from that of an acoustic piano. His ballad style on "In a Sentimental Mood" was no less compelling than his boppish treatment of "Speak Low."

Completing the group were Chiz Harris, whose long tenure in Jerry Lewis' entourage has tended to obscure his capability as a jazz drummer; and the bassist Bruce Lett, the solid time-keeper and thoughtful soloist. Webb returns to Legends of Hollywood on Friday, but, in keeping with the room's policy of diversity, will have a different rhythm section.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Dinner, Wood Trio at Overland Cafe

The Overland Cafe, on the avenue of the same name, features jazz trio music Fridays and Saturdays (there are also Sunday jazz brunches). On Saturday night, the incumbent was pianist John Wood.

When jazz is offered as a virtual obligato to dinner, there are problems at times in engaging the attention of the audience. Wood ran into this difficulty for the first couple of numbers, perhaps because they were overly familiar (Miles Davis' "All Blues" and George Gershwin's "Summertime") or more probably because the tempos were a little too fast for comfort.

Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage" found Wood more convincingly engaged in delivering the essence of the composition. Even more effective was his first original, a buoyant piece called "Upsadaisy."

The bass work of John B. Williams, who recently celebrated his thousandth performance on "The Arsenio Hall Show," was a high point. Joe La Barbera, a versatile and sensitive drummer best known for his tours with Tony Bennett, took advantage of the chance to swing in 5/4 on Paul Desmond's "Take Five."

After displaying his blues chops in a confident romp on "The Sermon," Wood again delved into his library for a charming original waltz, "Nearer." He would be well advised to concentrate even more extensively on his own works.

The Wood trio will return to the Overland every Saturday until further notice.

—L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 6/7

# Talk Upstages Coleman's Piano Skills

Cecilia Coleman is a young pianist whose skills both as improviser and composer have been admired locally for several years. These talents, however, were hard to detect under the conditions Friday at the Overland Cafe.

As so often befalls musicians working in clubs, Coleman had to deal with a crowd that had come to listen not to her but to each other. Trying to rise above the conversational chatter, she opened with a latinized treatment of "Nature Boy," then made the transition into pop with a spirited "Hallucinations" that owed much to the original version by the composer, Bud Powell.

Because Coleman has been developing as a composer, it was frustrating to try to isolate the sound of her attractive "Words of Wisdom," the title tune of her album, with its stark incisive chordal statements. By the time she got to "Young and Foolish" the crowd had thinned, the audibility level improved, and her wistful balladry hit home.

Valuable at all times was the support of her outstanding bassist, Eric Bon Essen, and the drummer Kendall Kay, both of whom work with her regularly.

Coleman entered her set with Nat Adderley's "The Old Country." Ironically, it drew applause from three tables, most of whose occupants had been talking. Maybe she will have better luck Tuesday, when she plays at Jax in Glendale.

—LEONARD FEATHER



JAZZ REVIEW

# Soloists Buoy Maiden Voyage

Ann Patterson's ensemble Maiden Voyage is unique in the annals of jazz: 16 gifted women playing challenging charts, with an array of soloists that has never been stronger in the band's 13-year history.

By now you expect—and hear—superlative solos from Stacy Rowles on fluegelhorn and you know that Betty O'Hara may be the world's only jazz exponent of the double-bell euphonium. But several surprises emerged during their performance at the Moonlight Tango in Sherman Oaks on Tuesday night: the pistol-whip incisiveness of Kathy Rubbicco's piano; Linda Small's bass trombone in Rubbicco's "Uptown New York"; a Nan Schwartz arrangement of "All Blues"; Patterson on alto in Sam Nestico's version of "Fascinating Rhythm," and a mordantly impassioned alto outburst by Jennifer Hall in "Takin' a Walk," a Roger Neumann original.

Underpinning the tightly unified ensemble were Jennifer York on bass and Jeanette Wrate on drums, rounding out a rhythm team that has few equals anywhere, regardless of gender.

For good measure, the Cunninghams' vocal duo ended the set with an entertaining Duke Ellington medley, teaming wildly with the band in a climactic ride aboard the A-train.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 6/21/93

# A Red, White and Blues Evening at the White House

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

WASHINGTON—"There is no greater jazz fan in the country," said Hillary Rodham Clinton, "than the President of the United States."

Her's was the opening salvo Friday evening at the White House in a heady two-hour mix of entertainment and artistry. It was one of those magic evenings when the blues in the night met the green of the lawn—specifically the South Lawn, where a large area was covered with a canopy, under which 30 artists tried to encapsulate much of the music's history.

In an opening speech, President Clinton called jazz "a music of inclusion, of diversity—America's classical music, created in struggle but played in celebration." He paid tribute to the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz—he and Monk Jr., who hosted the show, have become friends—and to impresario George Wein, who put the program together.

A question on everyone's mind had been: Will he take part? The answer: Well, yes and no.

The show ended. Clinton thanked the cast and said good night, but the musicians were still onstage, so Joe Williams eased into another chorus of the blues. Unable to resist, Clinton borrowed

Reuters

President Clinton joins Joshua Redman at the end of a two-hour show in which 30 artists played.

Illinois Jacquet's horn and joined the other sax players, soloing briefly, then riffing subliminally under Williams' plaints on "Ev'ry Day I Have the Blues."

As symbolism, it transcended Jimmy Carter's hesitant "Salt Peanuts" vocal duet with Dizzy Gillespie, which happened on this same lawn 15 years ago to the day. To quote singer Jon Hendricks (here as a spectator), "If ever we needed a friend in the White House, we sure as heck have one now."

Some 400 guests sat at tables under the tent; a few small fans whirred vainly overhead in the humid evening.

Nobody seemed fazed—least of all the President, listening intently to every act and particularly taken with pianist Dorothy Donegan. Donegan had only one number, but she whipped through it like a tornado, ranging from Rachmaninoff to "I Can't Get Started," then free-associating surrealistically into "Tea for Two" and "The Trolley Song."

Aside from the youthful Wynton Marsalis septet, heard in a long and finely crafted tone poem, most of the players were veterans. However, when the 70-year-old Jacquet and the 24-year-old tenor sax prodigy Joshua Redman met in another group, it was Redman whose ideas were fresh and spontaneous while Jacquet's 50-year-old "Flyin' Home" licks seemed a bit superannuated.

The so-called swing rhythm team comprised pianist Dick Hyman, drummer Elvin Jones and Los Angeles bassist Charlie Haden, accomplished boppers all. A second group found Red Rodney, once Charlie Parker's trumpeter, alongside the young, brashly stratospheric hornman Jon Faddis, with a rhythm team that boasted bassist Christian McBride, who just turned 20.

Though excitement was a keynote, lyricism was not neglected. Singer Bobby McFerrin, after expressing his fervent belief in the President, sang a Horace Silver song called "Peace" with a strong brotherhood message, then moved offstage to where the Clintons were seated front and center and embraced them both amid a standing ovation.

Herbie Hancock, who had backed McFerrin, stayed onstage to team with Joe Henderson, whose supple tenor sax on "Lush Life" brought out all the world-weary essence of the Billy Strayhorn composition. Grover Washington Jr., on soprano sax, didn't quite sustain the level of subtlety Henderson had established.

Michel Camilo, a pianist from the Dominican Republic, banged away noisily at a pompous, overwrought original entitled "Caribe." Clinton, however, was the first to stand and applaud.

Rosemary Clooney, the 1950s pop star who made a transition into jazz, seemed to reach the President with a line from a Gershwin song: "The more I read the papers, the less I comprehend." (Or were we imagining his rueful smile?)

Whatever its few faults, this unique concert is due to be aired Sept. 12 on public television, judiciously cut from two hours to one.

JAZZ REVIEW

# Lena Horne Brings Down the House at the JVC Festival

**■ Her set at a tribute to Billy Strayhorn is a high point of the event that has been plagued by poor attendance.**

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—The annual JVC Jazz Festival, which opened Friday, is suffering attendance problems.

The intimate afternoon recitals have been dropped. Even Town Hall was not filled Saturday for a strong concert headed by Anita O'Day.

The trouble, explains producer George Wein, is the shortage of new blockbuster names. More and more there seems to be a reliance on both artists over 50 and tributes to deceased musicians. This time around there are salutes to Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey and Billy Strayhorn.

If they all worked out like the Strayhorn event, Wein would have nothing to worry about. The star of this event, Sunday evening at the packed Avery Fisher Hall, was Lena Horne.

This amazing woman, who turns 76 next week but looks much younger, sings with more assurance, more power, more true jazz sensitivity than she did a half-century ago. Her set was a triumph guaranteed to eclipse anything that may happen during the rest of the week.

The premise for the program was a commemoration of the life and works of Billy Strayhorn, Duke Ellington's aide de camp, who died at 52 in 1967. Showing great emotion, Horne explained how she met Strayhorn—her dearest friend—in Hollywood in 1941. They became, as she put it, soul mates.

She sang "Something to Live For," the first Strayhorn tune ever recorded by Ellington (in 1939), and "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing," which typified Strayhorn's delicacy as lyricist and composer. Her set also included the title tune of the Ellington musical "Jump for Joy," which she called Ellington's only protest song.

Horne's intonation and phrasing were flawless. Her range took her into a couple of beautifully held high notes. Though Strayhorn's genius was her focal point, she ended the set with her famed "Stormy Weather," which all but tore down the house.

The daunting task of following her fell to Mercer Ellington, who met the challenge masterfully. His all-Strayhorn set with the orchestra took new approaches to long-familiar pieces. He even converted "Take the A Train" into a virtual suite, complete with a trumpet concerto by Barrie Lee Hall, a waltz version, a ballad version by Shelly Carroll on tenor sax, and a roaring finale.

Other Strayhorn masterpieces followed, including the little-known "Charpoy" and "Passion Flower," with Charles Young assuming the Johnny Hodges role on alto sax.

Singer-pianist Bobby Short ended the show by singing "Lush Life," also played earlier by saxophonist Joe Henderson, in a set marred by Al Foster's noisy drumming. The evening opened with a low-key duo performance by cornetist Warren Vache and guitarist Howard Alden, highlighted by a memorable treatment of the exquisite Strayhorn ballad "Lotus Blossom."

The weekend's other significant events included an outdoor recital Sunday afternoon by drummer Art Taylor. The former expatriate is now firmly ensconced in New York with his quintet, Taylor's Wailers, a spirited hard-bop unit devoted to the music of Bud Powell and other bop pioneers.

Saturday at Town Hall, singer Nancy Marano performed with her accordionist Eddie Monteiro, who extracted every sound, from organ to vibraphone, on an electrically enhanced instrument that has taken this once-despised box light-years beyond "Lady of Spain" and clear into the 21st Century.

JAZZ REVIEW

# Improbable Pairings Pay Off at JVC Fest

By LEONARD FEATHER 6/25/93
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—Improbable pairings sometimes produce incredible results.

Look what happened at Town Hall at the cheerfully informal "George Wein and the Newport All-Stars," a prominent event at the JVC Jazz Festival.

Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis traded off against sax player Gerry Mulligan, leading to a ferocious climax, with Mulligan in aggressive form as Marsalis, jabbing and squeezing notes, engaged him in a polyphonic wild-blue-yonder foray on what had begun simply as "Bernie's Tune."

The entire musical-chairs evening Monday was rich in such surprises, particularly toward the end when all six trumpet players were on stage, from the 19-year-old New Orleans prodigy Nicholas Payton to the amazingly strong 88-year-old Doc Cheatham. Jon Faddis, 39, teamed with Cheatham for a buoyant "Sunny Side of the Street."

Tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet, paired at times with Flip Phillips, soared into a powerful groove on a blues, his sound rich and soulful. As for Wein, he acquitted himself well as good-humored traffic director, decently as a pianist and amusingly as singer on—of all unlikely songs—"Just a Gigolo."

It turned out to be one of the best events at the festival, which also offered some promising tributes. Some lived up to expectations—but not the program honoring Thelonious Monk and Charlie Parker Tuesday night at Town Hall. In fact, the Monk segment was a disastrous disservice to him. Trumpeter Clark Terry kicked it off by saying: "This is a rehearsal," which was just how it sounded.

Even Jaki Byard, normally a superior pianist, played hesitantly on Monk's "Ask Me Now." What's worse, the best known of all Monk's works, "'Round Midnight," sounded perfunctory except for a pleasant vocal by bassist Larry Gales.

The Parker tribute in the second half of the show was much better. Among the highlights: trumpeter Red Rodney, who played in Parker's quintet in 1950, and the powerful alto saxophonist Charles McPherson offering their recollections of Parker. Two other alto players, Greg Abato and Jesse Davis, fleshed out the group at times. Pianist Barry Harris, performing somewhat hesitantly, was replaced later by Walter Bishop Jr., another 1950 Parker alumnus.

The tribute to late drummer Art Blakey on Wednesday at Avery Fisher Hall was an energy-packed affair. All that was missing was a touch of variety—like an occasional piano or horn solo to break up the monotony of the full-quintet and full-sextet pieces. All but two of the participants were members of the various Blakey groups between 1960 and 1990. The exceptions were Lewis Nash and Elvin Jones, who split the drum responsibilities.

The highlight of this evening of Blakey-style hard-bop was a cutting-edge set played by Wynton Marsalis, alto saxophonist Bobby Watson and tenor-sax man Billy Pierce, who worked together in an early '80s Blakey band. Another memorable moment: tenor-sax player Benny Golson, one of many talented composers to emerge from the Blakey ranks, working with Brian Lynch—Blakey's final trumpeter—on the gracefully melodic Golson tune "Along Came Betty."

Dennis Irwin, left, Bobby Watson, Wynton Marsalis, Elvin Jones, Billy Pierce: An energetic tribute t

JAZZ REVIEW

# Shearing Plays Assured Set in JVC Fest at Carnegie Hall

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEW YORK—Just 44 years after his quintet's recording of "September in the Rain," George Shearing was the central figure in "Lullaby of Birdland," named for his best known song and presented Friday at Carnegie Hall as part of the JVC Jazz Festival.

Time has been kind to the Shearing sound, once accused of blandness. Backed by a first rate bassist, Neil Swainson, he swings consistently and displays a rare level of harmonic subtlety.

Shearing geared his set carefully to the tastes of the near-capacity crowd; he even played "Lullaby of Birdland" without comedy gimmicks. Opening with an early Bird blues, "Cheryl," he segued to "Don't Explain," Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring" and Bud Powell's "Wail." He then joined with the Count Basie Band for "The Kid From Red Bank," played with as much assurance as if he were a regular member of the orchestra.

The Basie ensemble, cohesive as ever and led by saxophonist Frank Foster, stuck mostly to such old chestnuts as "Shiny Stockings," Neal Hefti's "Whirly Bird" and Ernie Wilkins' "Basie."

In the pre-Shearing half of the concert, two ad-hoc sextets played tunes evoking memories of Birdland, the club on Broadway near 52nd Street that flourished from 1949 to 1964. Several participants—Jon Faddis, Red Rodney, John Lewis et al—had been heard at one or more concerts earlier in the week. Dr. Billy Taylor, who for two years was house pianist at Birdland, served as the genially informative host but never got close to a piano.

Associated Press

Carrie Smith: Sings "Porgy" and "Summertime" with passion.

Thursday at Avery Fisher Hall "The Jazz Connection: The Jewish and African-American Relationship" offered a provocative premise that seemed unsure of its direction. For most of the first half it was apparently based on the assumption that all jazz is in a minor key and thus is related to the wails heard in synagogues. This theme was carried out by a splendid cantor, Joseph Malovany, by Carrie Smith singing "Motherless Child," then by a rare tape of Louis Armstrong singing "Russian Lullaby" and a live band led by trumpeter Randy Sandke repeating the tune. Later the Klezmatics, whose Yiddish dance music is marginally related to jazz, played and sang three numbers, complete with fiddle and accordion.

The fact is that most jazz, even the blues, is in a major key. This point was finally acknowledged with "Apex Blues," for which a studio clarinetist, Walt Levinsky, offered a fair imitation of Benny Goodman and Michael White played a less-than-fair impression of Jimmy Noone, who purportedly influenced Goodman.

Joshua Nelson, an Orthodox Sephardic black Jew seated at the piano and wearing a yarmulke, sang "Didn't It Rain," soundin like a male Mahalia Jackson. Regrettably, this was his only song.

George Gershwin was recognized with "Embraceable You," played in the styles of Roy Eldridge and Charlie Parker, followe by "Porgy" and "Summertime," sung with warmth and passion b Carrie Smith. But there were n salutes to Harold Arlen, Irvin Berlin and other great writers wh contributed to the jazz repertoir nor was any time devoted to Art Shaw, Stan Getz, Al Cohn an dozens of other Jewish virtuoso Instead, Randy Sandke's grou played his "Genesis," an interest ing but uneven mixture of origina sounds and quotes from jazz source es.

Cab Calloway, billed as a sta was hospitalized with a broken hi and not replaced, except for a brie quasi-Hebraic excerpt from his re cord of "Utt Da Zay." The evenin closed with guitarist Mark Whit field, the half-Jewish saxophonis Joshua Redman and fluegelhornis Clark Terry, performing Gersh win's "I Got Rhythm."

As the festival drew to a clos Saturday, the impression was tha a healthy proportion of estimabl recitals had been heard, of whic few were able to attract a ful house. The conventional wisdom i that the economy is more to blam than producer George Wein. H has already had to compromise b offering fusion and other border line events; to make any further concessions could be fatal to th music for which he has serve invaluably as a creative force i the last 40 years.

7/5

# Maupin Gets Museum Series Off to Fine Start

Bennie Maupin, the tenor saxophonist who came to prominence in the Miles Davis "Bitches Brew" album and with a Herbie Hancock group, made a welcome return to leader status Friday in the first of a series of free concerts at the outdoor Center Court of the Los Angeles County Museum.

During much of the first set, Maupin was in a relatively restrained mood, yet he brought emotional intensity to such works as Kenny Dorham's "Blue Bossa." During the Miles Davis composition "All Blues," he yielded at one point to Louie Spears for the latter's inventive bowed bass solo.

Maupin selects his repertoire mainly from Duke Ellington ("In a Sentimental Mood" and "Sophisticated Lady") and at times from works by his pianist, Dwight Dickerson, whose "Bing Bang Boom" generated excitement in a long and arduous workout. Dickerson managed well with an upright acoustic piano, occasionally doubling on an electric keyboard.

For one number in the second set, Maupin switched to the saxello, a soprano sax variant; the horn was given to him by John Coltrane. Drummer Kenny Elliott furnished a fine undertow to a bristling "Blue Monk," played at almost twice the usual tempo.

Maupin will use a different group in the five weekly appearances that run through July 30.

—LEONARD FEATHER

7/9

VIDEO REVIEW

# Akiyoshi Still Striving—and Succeeding

"Strive for Jive," a live concert tape by the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra featuring Lew Tabackin, ranks among the most successful big-band videos now available.

Taped at Rick's Cafe in Chicago, the band is in fine form as Akiyoshi, in her multiple roles as pianist, composer and conductor, runs through a 48-minute program of her works. Here and there are touches of the Asian influence (notable in the poignant "Autumn Sea," in which she makes brilliant use of flutes), and of her early student years ("Quadrille, Anyone?" was inspired by lessons in a high school in Manchuria, where she was born).

The music is interspersed with comments by Akiyoshi on her music, her values and her sidemen, among whom, as always, the phenomenal Tabackin stands out, a master of both tenor saxophone and flute.

Though this ensemble works together only intermittently, it has remained strong in personnel. Brian Lynch on trumpet, Frank Wess playing lead and solo alto sax and Hart Smith on trombone stand out in a generally exceptional lineup.

Excellently filmed, edited and recorded, this is a 4-star set by any standard. It's from New York-based View Video and sells for $20.

—LEONARD FEATHER

7/9

JAZZ REVIEW

# Benn Clatworthy, Walter Norris Bring Hard Bop to Biltmore

On Wednesday at the Biltmore Hotel's Grand Ave. Bar, tenor-sax player Benn Clatworthy, who's from London, showed off his raw, cutting-edge style.

For this gig something special was added. Regular pianist Kei Akagi was out of town, so Walter Norris, the distinguished composer and pianist now visiting here from Berlin, took his place. Because Norris normally devotes himself to experimental works and original compositions, he might have been expected to fit awkwardly into this context, but his eclecticism enabled him to adjust admirably.

Some of the group's original works had an attractive hard-bop tinge reminiscent of the sound of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Trumpeter Tony Lujan shared the front line with Clatworthy. Lujan, though, seemed a trifle too explosive on the up-tempo pieces but did offer a relaxed and compelling treatment of "Angel Eyes." The group also includes Darek Oles on bass and Jim Paxson on drums.

They will return to the Grand Ave. Bar July 29 with Lujan as the nominal leader. In addition, Walter Norris will lead a trio at this venue July 20. —LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

7/25

★★★★ **Flip Phillips With Strings, "Try a Little Tenderness,"** Chiaroscuro. This is a triumph for all concerned. The art of enveloping a jazz soloist in a string setting has rarely been exploited with total success, but here, pianist Dick Hyman, writing for 14 strings, provides a magnificent cushion for Phillips' tenor sax (also bass clarinet). The songs are top-of-the-crop ballads: "All the Way," "Dream," "Goodbye." The only non-ballad is the final cut, Phillips' own "If I Had a Penny," on which he sings amusingly. Credit producer Hank O'Neal with gambling wisely on a project of consummate beauty. —LEONARD FEATHER

★★★ **Slide Hampton & the Jazzmasters, "Dedicated to Diz,"** Telarc. This is a spinoff of Gillespie's United Nation Orchestra; among the alumni are arranger-trombonist Hampton. After an overlong overture comprising bits and pieces of Dizzy's works, the program proper includes a skillful reworking of "Diddy Wah Diddy," a slightly too cliché-ridden "Bebop" and a brisk workout on "Tour de Force" featuring trumpeters Jon Faddis, Claudio Roditi and Roy Hargrove. Perhaps the absence of the master himself prevents this ensemble from scaling the heights one might have expected. —L.F.

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*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good) and four stars (excellent).*

JAZZ REVIEW

# A Red, White and Blues Evening at White House

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

WASHINGTON—"There is no greater jazz fan in the country," said Hillary Rodham Clinton, "than the President of the United States."

Her's was the opening salvo Friday evening at the White House in a heady two-hour mix of entertainment and artistry. It was one of those magic evenings when the blues in the night met the green of the lawn—specifically the South Lawn, where a large area was covered with a canopy, under which 30 artists tried to encapsulate much of the music's history.

In an opening speech, President Clinton called jazz "a music of inclusion, of diversity—America's classical music, created in struggle but played in celebration." He paid tribute to the Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz—he and Monk Jr., who hosted the show, have become friends—and to impresario George Wein, who put the program together.

A question on everyone's mind had been: Will he take part? The answer: Well, yes and no.

The show ended. Clinton thanked the cast and said good night, but the musicians were still onstage, so Joe Williams eased into another chorus of the blues. Unable to resist, Clinton borrowed Illinois Jacquet's horn and joined the other sax players, soloing briefly, then riffing subliminally under Williams' plaints on "Ev'ry Day I Have the Blues."

As symbolism, it transcended Jimmy Carter's hesitant "Salt Peanuts" vocal duet with Dizzy Gillespie, which happened on this same lawn 15 years ago to the day. To quote singer Jon Hendricks (here as a spectator), "If ever we needed a friend in the White House, we sure as heck have one now."

Some 400 guests sat at tables under the tent; a few small fans whirred vainly overhead in the humid evening.

Nobody seemed fazed—least of all the President, listening intently to every act and particularly taken with pianist Dorothy Donegan. Donegan had only one number, but she whipped through it like a tornado, ranging from Rachmaninoff to "I Can't Get Started," then free-associating surrealistically into "Tea for Two" and "The Trolley Song."

Aside from the youthful Wynton Marsalis septet, heard in a long and finely crafted tone poem, most of the players were veterans. However, when the 70-year-old Jacquet and the 24-year-old tenor sax prodigy Joshua Redman met in another group, it was Redman whose ideas were fresh and spontaneous while Jacquet's 50-year-old "Flyin' Home" licks seemed a bit superannuated.

The so-called swing rhythm team comprised pianist Dick Hyman, drummer Elvin Jones and Los Angeles bassist Charlie Haden, accomplished boppers all. A second group found Red Rodney, once Charlie Parker's trumpeter, alongside the young, brashly stratospheric hornman Jon Faddis, with a rhythm team that boasted bassist Christian McBride, who just turned 20.

Though excitement was a keynote, lyricism was not neglected. Singer Bobby McFerrin, after expressing his fervent belief in the President, sang a Horace Silver song called "Peace" with a strong brotherhood message, then moved offstage to where the Clintons were seated front and center and embraced them both amid a standing ovation.

Herbie Hancock, who had backed McFerrin, stayed onstage to team with Joe Henderson, whose supple tenor sax on "Lush Life" brought out all the world-weary essence of the Billy Strayhorn composition. Grover Washington Jr., on soprano sax, didn't quite sustain the level of subtlety Henderson had established.

Michel Camilo, a pianist from the Dominican Republic, banged away noisily at a pompous, overwrought original entitled "Caribe." Clinton, however, was the first to stand and applaud.

Rosemary Clooney, the 1950s pop star who made a transition into jazz, seemed to reach the President with a line from a Gershwin song: "The more I read the papers, the less I comprehend." (Or were we imagining his rueful smile?)

Whatever its few faults, this unique concert is due to be aired Sept. 12 on public television, judiciously cut from two hours to one.

President Clinton joins Joshua Redman at the end of a two-hour show.

VIDEO REVIEW

7/16

# 'A Night in Chicago' Catches Dizzy Gillespie in Decline

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Because Dizzy Gillespie's stature in musical history is beyond dispute, it is sad to have to report that "A Night in Chicago," a 53-minute cassette (View Video, $19.90) is an unfortunate reflection of a great artist in decline.

At this point in his career (presumably two or three years ago), what had long been his forte—a uniquely influential command of the trumpet—had been relegated to the back burner. On the first number, he starts out with a scat solo, then bangs a cowbell for a couple of choruses, stands around while other soloists perform, then picks up the horn for a solo that never quite attains the assurance and accuracy of earlier years.

Nor is this by any means one of his better groups. The tiresome, gimmicky baritone saxophone of Sayyd Abdul Al-Kabbyyr is a frequent irritant.

Gillespie is briefly effective in muted solos on "Embraceable You" and "'Round Midnight," and comes to life for a while in a 15-minute version of the concluding "Night in Tunisia."

Bassist John Lee (the only sideman who stayed with Gillespie to the end) has a good solo, and the late Walter Davis Jr. on piano is adequate.

There are some moments to remember here, but the true magnificence of this seminal artist is rarely on display.

JAZZ REVIEW

7/16

# Phil Woods Leads Stellar Quintet

Alto saxophonist Phil Woods opened Tuesday at Catalina with arguably the most powerful frontline in his quintet's 20-year history.

The significant new member is Brian Lynch, a masterful soloist who came to prominence as a trumpeter with the late Art Blakey and later worked in the Toshiko Akiyoshi band. Lynch is even more in command today than he was with Blakey, offering peerless, flawless, seamless improvisations and collaborating empathetically with Woods. Lynch also is a gifted composer.

As always Woods, performing with this group through Sunday, was impeccable, playing his own "Quill" (dedicated to the memory of his 1950s alto partner Gene Quill), a shuffle blues that ended amusingly with diminuendo and crescendo effects. Benny Carter's "Souvenir" provided him a chance to display his ballad sensitivity, with even a slight hint of Johnny Hodges now and then.

After an engaging piano solo number by Jim McNeely on "Green Dolphin Street," the set ended on a note of triumph with a wildly unconventional treatment of "Willow Weep for Me."

Steve Gilmore on bass and Bill Goodwin on drums, both rounding out their second decade with Woods, are still providing the subtle pulse that has been essential to the group's sound.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Ardent Reception for Tenor Sax Giant

7/19

Literally and figuratively, Bob Cooper stands tall among the Southland's tenor sax giants. Saturday at Chadney's in Burbank, leading a quartet, he offered rewarding evidence of the small group setting that has always suited him best, despite his extensive experience in big bands (most memorably Stan Kenton) and studio jobs.

Cooper's sound is big and bold when this is called for, yet gentle and appealing at ballad time. Although he is very much his own person, hints of the late Zoot Sims occasionally come to mind.

His choice of tunes is rarely predictable. Dipping into the Ellington library, he came up with such lesser-known works as "Kissing Bug," by Billy Strayhorn and Rex Stewart, and Ellington's own "Don't You Know I Care." Sonny Rollins was represented with "Airegin" and "Oleo," both perfect vehicles for Cooper's consistently fluent and original ideas.

With Ross Tompkins offering typically tasteful backing at the piano, an extraordinary bass soloist in the left-handed John Leitham, and Jake Hanna on drums, Cooper had a rhythm team worthy of him.

Leitham's choruses on "It's You or No One" ranked among the evening's most exhilarating moments. He will return to the room Wednesday leading his own trio.

Chadney's has a tendency at times to draw a talkative crowd, but on this occasion the overflow audience not only listened but offered enthusiastic applause for every solo. The room has developed into one of the area's most musically rewarding venues.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# In Brief

7/25

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7/4/93

JAZZ

# 'Swing Time!' Ensembles Hit Right Notes

By LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★★

**VARIOUS ARTISTS**

"Swing Time! The Fabulous Big Band Era 1925-1955"

*Columbia*

As long as a single musician has the talent to put pen to paper, craft an arrangement and find, say, 15

ALBUM REVIEW

musicians to interpret it, there will be a big-band presence in jazz. The cutoff point assigned to this album simply means that by 1955 such factors as the expense of air transport reduced drastically the economic viability of retaining an orchestra on a year-round basis.

The 66 cuts in this three-CD set offer an almost complete cross-section of the great ensembles that marked the essential big-band years. (The only significant omission is the Andy Kirk Orchestra, a key unit in the 1930s.)

What does one learn from the three hours of music in this handsomely produced and well-annotated package? There are reminders of the vital role played by Fletcher Henderson, whose 1925 "Sugar Foot Stomp" preceded the swing era by a decade; and of the unjustly forgotten Don Redman, represented not only by his own band but also as arranger for this Henderson track and for one by the Chocolate Dandies.

The album is packed with underrated masterpieces: Artie Shaw's strange, ominous "Nightmare," best of all the big-band radio themes; Red Norvo's classic version of "Remember"; a "Sweet Lorraine" by Teddy Wilson's short-lived but admirable big band; Claude Thornhill's orchestra playing the Gil Evans arrangement of Rimsky Korsakov's "Arab Dance," and Jack Jenney's "Star Dust," arguably the most memorable trombone solo on record.

The swing bands, providing dance music at a time when jazz concerts were nonexistent, came up with such trivia as Jimmy Dorsey's "Green Eyes," Tommy Dorsey's "Marie" (saved by Bunny Berigan's masterful trumpet solo) and of course Glenn Miller's "In the Mood," the most overhyped instrumental of them all.

Each band is assigned a single track with a few exceptions: Duke Ellington appears four times, deservedly, as does Benny Goodman; Harry James has three cuts. The obscure Eddie Stone has one, which is one too many. (Why use his "Caravan" rather than Ellington's own?) Equally expendable is the Casa Loma orchestra's "Under a Blanket of Blue," one of those pseudo-dreamy ballads sung by the band's resident crooner, Kenny Sargent.

The chronological sequence enables one to follow the slow and inevitable evolution of big-band music in terms of both writing,

Duke Ellington deservedly receives more than one track.

execution and the successful incorporation of arranged and improvised passages. The earliest pieces—"Sweet Georgia Brown" by the all-white California Ramblers, and the Henderson number—indicate that this symbiosis was well under way: Red Nichols and the Dorsey Brothers are featured on the first track, and Henderson's key soloist was no less a virtuoso than Louis Armstrong.

Over the years the ensembles grew larger, enabling the writers to expand the range of tone colors: As early as 1932, Don Redman's band sported three trombones, a rarity then, brilliantly used in his version of "I Got Rhythm." Duke Ellington was the supreme master of the ensemble-and-soloist incorporations, as we hear colorfully illustrated in an instrumental version of "Don't Get Around Much Any More."

The growth of the big band reached an extreme with some of Stan Kenton's more grandiose efforts, though the brass-heavy band chosen to represent him here (a 10-man brass section slugging its way through "The Peanut Vendor" with five percussionists) reminds us that every once in a while the band did succeed in swinging.

Some of the more inventive bands fell by the wayside because of commercial failure (Jack Teagarden struggled for eight years before giving up), others because of the drinking problems of the leader (Bunny Berigan) or the sidemen (Ray Noble's American orchestra). Some were simply territory bands (Don Albert) or were led by men who lacked the talent to be leaders (Teddy Hill, in whose band Dizzy Gillespie made his first recordings).

Occasionally vocal and instrumental values came together successfully, as in Frank Sinatra's "All or Nothing at All" with Harry James, the teaming of Roy Eldridge's horn with Anita O'Day's vocal for "Let Me Off Uptown," and Trummy Young singing "Tain't What You Do" with the Jimmie Lunceford band. The bandleaders, constantly under pressure to reconcile the requirements of dancers and the demands of serious aficionados, succeeded in cases like these.

Packed with surprises (an unreleased Charlie Barnet cut, a Pee Wee Russell clarinet solo in Louis Prima's band), "Swing Time" is a valuable boxed set that belongs in the library of any self-respecting jazz collector.

Which were the 10 most important bands? Balancing the duration of their impact and the musical value of their contribution, these would be my choices, in order of importance: Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Charlie Barnet, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Fletcher Henderson, Woody Herman, Don Redman, Stan Kenton. (The odds against any reader's total agreement with this list are 1,521,197 to 1.) □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*

7/15

JAZZ REVIEW

# Marsalis Joins 'Tonight' Bandmates

Sax player Branford Marsalis, who heads the band on TV's "Tonight Show," was an unadvertised sideman in the quintet that opened Tuesday at the Cinegrill. The leader was bassist Robert Hurst, also from the "Tonight Show" band. Of the quintet members, only trumpeter Marcus Belgrave isn't in the TV band.

Hurst, heading this quintet through Saturday, has now emerged as both composer and leader, with an album of his own works just out on Columbia. He's not only a superb section bassist but a soloist whose unaccompanied version of Thelonious Monk's "Evidence" was a masterpiece of self-sufficient creativity.

This was a chance for Hurst and his colleagues to really let loose. Their limited opportunities on the television show contrast sharply with the freedom they have playing in a club.

The opening piece was "Down Four the Cause," a two-horn line opening with a fascinating vamp and moving into a quasi-Ornette Coleman groove. Marsalis was consistently brilliant throughout the set, with every note of each phrase the product of what might be called improvisation on top of improvisation. He switched from tenor to soprano sax on "Bert's Flirt."

Trumpeter Belgrave played powerfully, often interplaying with Marsalis in a way that suggested an amiable sword-crossing argument. The rhythm section members—Hurst, pianist Kenny Kirkland and drummer Jeff (Tain) Watts—have worked together for so long that they have achieved a virtual musical ESP.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ASSASSINATIN' RHYTHM: Clint fascinates Rene Russo

CLINT EASTWOOD, JAZZ PIANIST

# GO AHEAD, MAKE HIM PLAY

LONG BEFORE they ever pulled a trigger, the fingers of Clint Eastwood were engaged in something equally delicate—tickling the keys of a piano. Now he's playing music on screen for the first time. In the new *In the Line of Fire*, Eastwood portrays a tough, dedicated Secret Service agent with a penchant for performing: In a couple of barroom scenes, he gently cruises his way through "Willow Weep for Me" and "These Foolish Things," then offers a tongue-in-cheek up-tempo version of "As Time Goes By."

The jazz-loving character is almost Method-acting-close to the offscreen Eastwood. The actor-director, 63, notes several similarities: "In a conversation with Rene Russo, who plays Agent Lilly Raines, she asks me what demographics I represent, and I tell her, 'White, piano-playing, heterosexual male over the age of 50.' I can relate to that. There's another scene in which I'm accused of not spending money on anything but jazz records. And in a scene in my apartment, we show the Miles Davis album *Kind of Blue* and you hear 'All Blues' from that album."

The self-taught Eastwood, whose first instrument was the flügelhorn—"which wasn't considered too hip in those days," he says—soon switched to piano, focusing on ragtime and blues. "By the time I was in my mid-teens I had picked up enough knowledge so they let me play piano at the Omar Club in Oakland, where the laws were very loose and I was allowed to work for meals and tips." Even now, the actor is never far from a keyboard: He keeps one at home, one at the office, and a portable model for use on location.

Though his lifelong interest in jazz would later lead him to direct the 1988 Charlie Parker biopic *Bird* and executive-produce the 1988 documentary *Thelonious Monk: Straight No Chaser*, Eastwood kept his own musical performances out of the movies until 1984's *City Heat*. For that adventure-comedy team-up with Burt Reynolds, Eastwood played boogie-woogie blues alongside Hollywood jazzmen Mike Lang and Pete Jolly on the soundtrack—without credit.

Finally, the secret is out. Hey, Clint, play "Misty" for us. —*Leonard Feather*

7/16/93

# RHETORIC AND RESPONSIBILITY: IS JAZZ AMERICA'S CLASSICAL MUSIC?

by Paul Baker

Time out for a review of rhetoric.

I must admit feeling a little embarrassed when jazz enthusiasts, and some jazz journalists, call jazz "America's classical music." The claim apparently carries political weight. It helped Rep. John Conyers (D-Mich.) convince Congress to proclaim jazz "America's National Treasure." It may be helping musicians and jazz support groups receive money from state and federal funding agencies (as long as the proposals are strong anyway). The rhetoric accomplishes some good.

But the claim that "jazz is America's classical music" is pointedly, and I suggest, purposely, exclusive. Claiming that jazz, and only jazz, is America's classical music, is dangerous. It excludes blues music, gospel music, Jimi Hendrix, and bluegrass. It excludes music composed for Broadway shows by Rodgers and Hammerstein, Lerner and Loewe, and Sammy Cahn. Jazz owes these composers a debt of gratitude. Many tunes composed for Broadway and films have since become jazz standards. Where would jazz be without "I Got Rhythm" and "Green Dolphin Street?" I argue that all the above styles are classic Americana.

I'm also embarrassed when jazz enthusiasts use the term "composer" rather loosely. Thelonious Monk, among others, has been called a great composer. Monk worked in 12-bar and 32-bar song forms. I'd call him a good tunesmith and an innovative improviser. But a "composer"?

Duke Ellington has been called "the greatest American composer of the 20th century." In my opinion this is hardly fair to people like George Gershwin, Aaron Copland, Leonard Bernstein, and Charles Ives. Roy Harris, Virgil Thompson, Roger Sessions, Henry Cowell, and Harry Partch have also made notable contributions to American music. And Amy Beach long before them.

Central to the Ellington claim is the proposition that he developed an idiomatically "American" way of com posing, while Copland et al. wrote in the "Western European" style. Well, that depends on what you mean by "Western European," I guess. In what ways does the music of Gershwin sound like Gregorian chant? How does Copland sound like Burgundian chanson? How does Bernstein sound like Palestrina? How does Charles Ives sound like Haydn? How many motets did Roy Harris write? Very little of Western European music resembles music by these American composers.

And who are we to claim "classical" status for anything as young as jazz? It's the generations who follow us who will determine what's classic.

So I'd prefer that we drop the "America's classical music" slogan. It's overstatement, and it's presumptu ous. Jazz enthusiasts will probably continue to make the claim. But as journalists, we're responsible for helping shape the public's image of jazz. We're not doing our job by using rhetoric.



## A RESPONSE

I am partially in agreement with Paul Baker. Certainly there has been confusion in the use and abuse of the terms "composer" and "song writer." Baker's definition of Thelonious Monk as a "a good tunesmith and an innovative improviser" is correct.

Duke Ellington may or may not be the greatest composer of this century; the point most people want to make is that he deserves to be considered alongside Gershwin, Copland, Bernstein et al; too often he has been excluded by writers who fail to recognize that he is in their league.

The true composers are those who compose and arrange and orchestrate--people such as Ellington, Strayhorn, Gil Evans, Benny Carter, and Toshiko Akiyoshi--as opposed to those who mainly write lines. By this yardstick even a genius like Charlie Parker was a songwriter rather than a composer.

I disagree with Baker on two points. To claim that "jazz, and only jazz" is America's classical music does NOT exclude "blues music" any more than a discussion of fruit excludes apples or oranges. Second, Sammy Cahn was not a composer by any standard; he was a lyric writer, and to my knowledge never wrote a note of music.

We might all be wiser if we referred to jazz as "one form of America's classical music"-- but Baker may be right-- it's a little early for that decision.

Leonard Feather



JAZZ REVIEW 7/28

# Roy Gerson Delights With Old Standards

Many pianists of the present generation are convinced that nothing could be finer than to sound like McCoy Tyner. But not that fascinating maverick Roy Gerson, in from New York on Monday for a one-night-stand at Catalina Bar & Grill.

Playing for an audience that barely outnumbered the musicians, Gerson left no doubt about his values from the first 12 bars. He began simply by playing several choruses of the blues, segueing into "It's a Wonderful World."

Although he sounds like none of them, Gerson grew up listening to the recordings of Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller and other giants of that era. He approaches the keyboard armed with a bunch of tunes that date, for the most part, back to World War II, or even World War I ("Poor Butterfly," with its timeless harmonic lines, was published in 1916).

With substantial help from John Leitham on bass and Ed Shaughnessy on drums, Gerson swung consistently, using occasional right-hand octave lines, emphatic tremolos and occasional touches of stride. It was a joy to hear such forgotten songs as "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone" and "I Got a Right to Sing the Blues."

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 7/29

# Sax Player Sonny Fortune Playing a Different Tune

Sax player Sonny Fortune, making his first local appearance in years with a Tuesday show at Catalina Bar & Grill, was not exactly the Sonny Fortune many listeners expected to hear.

The long-winded, Coltranish solo extravaganzas once identified with him were seldom in evidence. Moreover, despite his expressed affinity for the alto saxophone, Fortune made the best impression on flute, which he played on all but the first and last tunes.

On an original composition entitled "Mind Games," he brought out the attractive melodic essence of the work in what was nominally a 3/4 pulse, though at times the drumming of Ronnie Burrage tended to muddy the beat.

George Cables, a pianist who invariably distinguishes himself whatever the setting, maintained the groove established by Fortune, as did the bassist David Williams.

Another flute feature, Billy Strayhorn's "Day Dream" was ironically written as a vehicle for a saxophonist—Johnny Hodges. But Fortune's undulant melodic lines were so well-designed that the tune seemed written with flute in mind.

Less impressive was "Love for Sale," with Fortune exploring the upper and lower extremities of the alto and trading eights with the drummer, leading the latter into a solo barrage. The set ended with Kenny Barron's "Sun Shower," a Latin-oriented work with a long, superbly delineated solo by Cables, and a slightly chaotic finale by the leader.

Fortune is appearing through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MICHAEL GOLDFINGER / Los Angeles Times

Mary Ann McSweeney plays bass at Venice Beach. She will perform in Burbank tonight with an all-female group.

# Love at First Sound

■ Acoustic bass player Mary Ann McSweeney is classically trained, but jazz is her main interest.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

When Mary Ann McSweeney arrived in Los Angeles in 1983, conditions were hardly ideal for her in terms of a career in jazz.

She had quit San Jose State University because her teacher had been fired. "He was my reason for being there, but I thought it was time to come to L.A. and check things out."

Her instrument was the bass. She knew hardly anyone in town. She was a 21-year-old woman in what remained essentially a man's monopoly.

Little by little things fell into place. Saxophonist Ann Patterson helped her get started, and for 10 years she played gigs with Patterson's all-female orchestra, Maiden Voyage. Tonight, at Chadney's in Burbank, she will be on the bandstand with the Jazzbirds, a five-woman splinter group out of that band, along with the trumpeter Stacy Rowles and trombonist Betty O'Hara.

Upright bass was her fourth instrument. Born in San Jose but raised in Santa Cruz, she began studying with her pianist mother at age 5. "Then at 8 I had my own teacher, and I got to the point where I was playing piano concertos. They were offering violin at school, and we had one at home, so I took that up too."

In junior high, her orchestra director told her, "The girl playing electric bass is leaving. You want to play bass just this one semester? So I took this electric bass home and my mother almost flipped—'cause she was really classical. She said, 'You're playing three instruments at once! You can't do that.' Well, maybe she was right. Although I enjoyed playing in the jazz band and loved the music, I didn't know exactly what I was doing, because I was really classically trained too.

"Anyhow, when I got into high school, my band director handed me an acoustic bass, and said, 'Why don't you try this?' Right away I just loved it. I occasionally go back to the electric, but with acoustic it was love at first sound."

Though jazz is her main interest and brings a fair income, she is always ready for a straight studio job. There have been slow periods, but glancing through her date book, she commented that things are looking up. "A whole bunch of jazz gigs just came in.

"It's hard at times to work regularly in this town—they really want people who have a CD out. We have 70 arrangements in our Jazzbirds library, but nobody has recorded us. Actually I did just make a record, with a great sax player named Gene Burkert, but it's not out yet."

The gender prejudice that often plagues female musicians has affected her less than one might expect—at least to her knowledge. "There are only one or two incidents I can recall. One time this guy calls me up and says, 'Hey, Mary Ann, I wanted to ask if you can recommend a bass player for a gig.' I don't think he even realized it was an insult. Then he said, 'The guy told me he doesn't want a female in the band; I already tried that.' So I told him I wasn't going to recommend anybody. But by and large, when I came here, people were very supportive."

"I've known Mary Ann for quite a few years," Rowles says, "since she came to a Maiden Voyage rehearsal. Over the years that I have known her, she has improved by leaps and bounds, and I really believe she is one of the best bass players in Los Angeles today."

Over time, she has also acquired a thorough knowledge of the history of classical, rock and jazz bass. Her idols range from such long-departed legends as Oscar Pettiford and Paul Chambers to several living giants: Ray Brown and John Clayton (she has studied with both) as well as Ron Carter, Dave Holland and Charlie Haden. She has worked for such conductors and for Leonard Bernstein, Lalo Schifrin and John Williams; gigged with Herb Alpert, Barry Manilow and Burt Bacharach, and played several jazz festivals.

Her most precious recollection is a cruise she took with the Jazzbirds a few seasons ago. "Dizzy Gillespie was aboard too, and one night he sat in with us, playing a duet with Stacy Rowles. He was such a sweet and gracious man. That's a memory I'll always treasure."

*Leonard Feather is The Times jazz critic.*

## Where and When

**What:** The Jazzbirds with Mary Ann McSweeney.

**Location:** Chadney's, 3000 W. Olive St., Burbank.

**Hours:** 9 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. tonight.

**Price:** No cover, two-drink minimum

**Call:** (818) 843-5333.

REVIEWS

PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

**PASADENA JAZZ:** A rare joint appearance by pianist Dave Grusin, above, and his brother Don highlighted an uneven but generally well-planned jazz festival at Ambassador Auditorium. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F3**

JAZZ REVIEW 8/6

# Davis Gives a Bass Lesson at Catalina

Bass player Richard Davis, whose quintet opened Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill, has done it all—working under Stravinsky and Leonard Bernstein, gigging with Eric Dolphy and Stan Getz, playing in the Thad Jones and Mel Lewis big band.

With his great tone, Davis, appearing through Sunday, can cut through a group's sound, commanding immediate attention. He's liable to switch suddenly, as he did in the middle of a Cecil Bridgewater trumpet solo, from plucking to bowing, glissing wildly up and down the span of the strings, using tremelos, swinging relentlessly.

Opening with Kenny Dorham's "Blue Bossa," Davis continued with Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," with adequate work by Bridgewater and former Art Blakey tenor saxophonist Jovan Jackson. Both horns were in good shape on Horace Silver's "Strange Vibes," with the trumpet muted and Jackson making better use of space.

Donald Brown's piano would have had greater impact had the drummer, Ronnie Buriage, cut down on the volume. In fact, almost every tune seemed to include a barrage from Buriage.

In a welcome switch to the ballad mood, Jackson played Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood," to which he added complex and generally valuable variations.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LOS ANGELES TIMES 8/10

JAZZ REVIEW

# Grusin Brothers Make Pasadena Fest a Family Affair

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The third annual Pasadena Jazz Festival at the Ambassador Auditorium maintained the event's reputation for musical diversity. However, the well-attended event fell short of the high standards established last year.

This year's most notable initiative was a rare joint appearance by the Grusin brothers, Dave and Don, who closed the show Sunday evening. They were flanked by their frequent associates, Abraham Laboriel, on bass, and Harvey Mason on drums. The program touched all bases, from sophisticated funk to a quasi-calypso (fleshed out by a prerecorded track).

Both Grusins are skilled pianists. Dave played themes from his scores in "The Fabulous Baker Boys" and "The Firm," the latter a slow and stirring blues. Don contributed several intriguing originals. The two joined forces for a pair of Gershwin items. Throughout, Sal Marquez with his early Miles Davis trumpet and Eric Marienthal on various saxophones provided powerful support.

This admirable set fell apart abruptly with the appearance of Phil Perry, one of those singers who make every sound falsetto. His three songs were about as appropriate in a jazz concert as anchovies on ice cream. Don Grusin introduced him as "my favorite singer." (Take that, Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett.)

Preceding the Grusin show was the festival's most welcome surprise, Ken Peplowski. Playing smoothly creative tenor sax and phenomenal clarinet, this New York musician was promptly revealed as an emerging star. In a hell-bent "Just One of Those Things," he showed that there are only a few degrees of separation between him and Eddie Daniels, the clarinet find of the 1980s. His ballad side was no less impressive in Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom."

The festival began on Saturday with an evening of Brazilian music, for which two composer-performers, Dori Caymmi and Ivan Lins, shared honors. Lins is an artist of such rare charisma that the language barrier didn't seem to matter, though it was pleasant to hear him lift the linguistic curtain by singing his own "Love Dance" in English.

PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

Eric Marienthal, on saxophone, provides powerful support to Don Grusin at Ambassador Auditorium.

Caymmi often seemed to be making his own brand of "scatsperanto" in a set that was sometimes dark and surreal. Both singers brought on guest artists. Kevyn Lettau, with her pleasantly reedy sound, dominated the Caymmi set. Brenda Russell brought the best jazz groove of the evening to a song she co-wrote, and performed with Lins.

The sold-out Sunday matinee opened with the Clayton-Hamilton Jazz Orchestra. Playing John Clayton's charts, the band fielded numerous brilliant soloists. Oscar Brashear, playing his own "Sashay," was a melodic delight. Rickey Woodard and Charles Owens on tenor saxes crossed horns for a "Flying Home" type piece. The only disappointment was Clayton himself; except for two brief bowed solos, he delegated the bass work to a sideman and confined himself to conducting, a bit too melodramatically. His co-leaders, brother Jeff Clayton on reeds and the spirited drummer Jeff Hamilton, were in fine form throughout.

What strikes the discerning listener about Diane Schuur, who followed the band, is the degree to which she squanders a splendid set of chops. Her attempts to sing the blues were pathetically contrived; for this listener she belongs to the "Oh, shut up" school of blues. In other songs, phrasing and expression were at a discount, her high notes grated, her scat lines in unison with her piano were perfunctory and dated.

Only in a few ballads ("You'll See," "Speak Low") did Schuur reveal her potential. Ironically, a couple of vocals by her keyboardist, Bill Cantos, had an unaffected honesty that Schuur rarely achieved.

JAZZ REVIEW July 31

# An Impeccable Opening for Concord Festival

CONCORD, Calif.—The big star of Thursday's opening night of the four-day Concord Jazz festival, celebrating its 25th anniversary, was singer Carol Sloane.

Though her jazz variations have more than a hint of Ella Fitzgerald, her understated personality on ballads suggested another early idol, Maxine Sullivan. She was splendidly backed by the trio of pianist Stefan Scaggiari, the guest appearances in the first set by Gary Foster on alto sax and later by Scott Hamilton on tenor.

Sloane had a special interest in another celebration that's part of the local festivities—the 20th birthday of Concord Jazz Records. Her career had languished for many years until she signed with the label several years ago.

Thursday's show, held at Centre Concord, was part concert and part surprise-party/tribute to Carl Jefferson, who not only founded the festival and the record company but was a key figure in launching the Concord Pavilion, where the main festival events have been staged since 1975.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Tribute Time

GARY FRIEDMAN Los Angeles Times

Donald Byrd plays at Hollywood Bowl concert honoring Art Blakey, Cannonball Adderley. F22



JAZZ REVIEW

## Highs, Lows—Mostly Lows—at Tribute

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Wednesday's bill at the Hollywood Bowl consisted of a tribute to the late Art Blakey followed by a tribute to the late Cannonball Adderley. Part of next Wednesday's show will be a tribute to the late Count Basie. Where would live jazz be without deceased jazzmen?

Blakey's Jazz Messengers were represented by a dozen of his alumni, plus Kenny Washington or Billy Higgins on drums. The opening set showed how thin the line was between the be-bop of the 1940s and Blakey's hard bop of the 1950s and '60s. Two of the three tunes were simply blues, the third was Charlie Parker's "Confirmation," with Donald Byrd's trumpet brisk and dominating.

After a solo appearance by McCoy Tyner (who never played with Blakey), trumpeter Freddie Hubbard led a sextet through sloppy readings of his waltz "Up Jumped Spring" and Curtis Fuller's "Arabia." Despite the presence of Fuller on trombone, Benny Golson on tenor and Cedar Walton on piano, this set bombed. How far short it fell was evident in the clean, crisp and confident work of the last, best and youngest group of Messengers, with the superb trumpet of Terence Blanchard, saxophonists Gary Bartz and Billy Pierce, and George Cables on piano.

For the Adderley set, Nat Adderley led a quintet with Vincent Herring, who's much like Nat's late brother, Cannonball. Too bad the set turned out to be a Nancy Wilson sandwich. There was only one instrumental tune (Nat's "Work Song") before the singer took over, and only one more after she got through.

George Duke, who played piano for the Adderleys in 1971, disappeared after one tune, yielding to Wilson's Lew Mathews, who in turn gave way to Mike Wolff (ex-Adderley, ex-Wilson, now leader of the Posse on Arsenio Hall's show).

Wilson sang the songs from a session she recorded with the Adderleys in 1961 ("Happy Talk," "Sleeping Bee," "Never Will I Marry"). Back then she was a promising young jazz singer, but somewhere along the way she went off the rails. Now her singing too often gives way to shouting. The low point was her version of "The Masquerade Is Over," performed at a funereal tempo.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Freddie Hubbard, left, and Benny Golson at Hollywood Bowl tribute to Art Blakey: A sloppy set from older Jazz Messengers alumni.

JAZZ REVIEW

8/23

## Blanchard Trumpets His Talents

Because the image of Terence Blanchard is changing rapidly from that of trumpeter to composer, his appearance from Thursday through Saturday at the Jazz Bakery was a rare and rewarding event. He may soon be too busy writing to play much in public.

Best known now through his scores for the Spike Lee films "Jungle Fever" and "Malcolm X," Blanchard brought with him the identical group heard in the studio-recorded version of his "Malcolm X Jazz Suite." On Friday, he presented two of the movements, the main theme and "Betty's Theme."

Inevitably, one tends to compare Blanchard to Wynton Marsalis (both are 31 and studied in New Orleans with Marsalis' father), but Blanchard, with his biting tonal edge, sudden shifts of tempo and emotion, makes an even stronger and more personalized statement.

Buttressed by Sam Newsome on tenor sax and Bruce Barth on piano, two soloists who are unfettered in their explorations, the group sustained the fierce, impassioned character of the music throughout a stunningly cohesive performance.

Throughout his program, Blanchard offered incontrovertible evidence that the great soloists are always potentially great composers. Today, without question, he can claim to be both.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Colorado Jazz Party Canceled

8/20

Dick Gibson, whose world-famous jazz parties in Colorado have been a national institution annually since 1963, will not be holding his party this year. He was released last week from a Denver hospital, where he had undergone open heart surgery.

Gibson's parties were based on a then-unique premise: He hand-picked a group of world class musicians, presenting them in various combinations every Labor Day Weekend, for an audience that paid a substantial fee (last year it was $265 per person) to hear 32 hours of mainstream jamming.

Reached at his home, Gibson stated that his operation was "a complete success," and that he hopes to resume the party next year. Originally staged in either Vail or Aspen, the events have been held for the past decade at a hotel in Denver, with as many as 60 musicians taking part.

—LEONARD FEATHER

PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

**VERY TONY:** Always the epitome of vocal class, Tony Bennett fascinated a Hollywood Bowl audience, sharing a show with Shirley Horn and the Basie band. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F14**

PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

Tony Bennett: The formidable pop singer is accompanied by pianist Ralph Sharon at the Hollywood Bowl.

JAZZ REVIEW 8/20

# Tony Bennett Impeccably Tasteful at Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Throughout a long and diverse set, Tony Bennett showed at the Hollywood Bowl Wednesday night that, at 67, he's still a formidable pop singer.

He hasn't lost that commanding presence and his choice of material (mostly from the golden age of popular songs) was flawless. Once again, he was tastefully accompanied by pianist Ralph Sharon's trio, with occasional support from the horn sections of the Count Basie orchestra.

Starting at an easy lope with the verse and chorus of "It Had to Be You," he moved through a program that included most of his long-established hits, along with a few from the album dedicated to Frank Sinatra. Perhaps there could have been fewer Las Vegas-type endings (not every song calls for a grandiose finale), but whether the source was Hank Williams ("Cold Cold Heart") or Michel Legrand or Duke Ellington, or an unjustly obscure ballad such as "When Joanna Loved Me," the pieces fell into place.

The perennially reliable Sharon was generously accorded solo spots, notably on "In a Sentimental Mood." Bennett also demonstrated how easily he can swing with just Doug Richeson's bass backing him. In his ability to employ variations on a melody, even in the brief scat interludes, Bennett has always shown a jazz sensitivity marginally greater than Sinatra's.

Shirley Horn's opening set was a surprise. In the past she's had difficulty transmitting her message to a mass audience. But on this occasion, in a set of standards, her voice—like her piano playing and trio accompaniment—came across convincingly.

The Count Basie band played a truncated version of its familiar routine, with crisp ensembles, good solos by leader Frank Foster and others. But there were two time-wasters: tasteless comedy shtick by bassist Cleveland Eaton and a dreary ballad sung by Chris Murrell.

JAZZ REVIEW 8/27

# Trumpeter Takes a Turn as Maestro

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Is Los Angeles running out of big bands? The thought came to mind Tuesday when George Graham, a trumpeter, borrowed some arrangements from Tom Kubis and presented himself as a maestro at the Moonlight Tango.

It could as well have been billed as the Kubis Band, since it was he who wrote most of the music, conducted at times, and played several saxophone solos. Moreover, among the sidemen were several who play musical chairs in other groups around town: Pete Christlieb, Charles Loper, Warren Luening.

Graham, a large man with a horn range to match, did take command effectively of some of Kubis' most inventive charts, such as "On a Clear Day," for which he played mellow fluegelhorn but ended in an altissimo trumpet groove.

Less effective and more pompous was Kubis' treatment of "Wind Beneath My Wings." One of the few non-Kubis items was a poignantly elegiac original, "Song for Barbara," by Bob Florence.

Steve Wilkerson's white alto sax was the centerpiece for a wild "Cherokee" that sacrificed emotion for motion. Christlieb's "Early Autumn" on tenor was an exercise in taste and discretion.

Dash Crofts of Seals and Crofts advised us nasally to get our kicks on Route 66, assured us that singing with this band was the climactic moment of his life, forgot the lyrics on "Georgie," and introduced several celebrities who had already been introduced.

The general performance level, both in solos and ensembles, was as commendable as one would expect from these seasoned pros. If Graham is set on a career as a bandleader, a partnership with Kubis might not be a bad idea.

JAZZ REVIEW 8/31

# Washington Disappoints With a Commercial Show

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Like JVC concerts of previous years, the Sunday show at the Hollywood Bowl was just an evening of commercial music.

The headliner was Grover Washington Jr., who's such an accomplished saxophonist that his failure to live up to his potential is especially regrettable.

Supported by a group that was heavy on percussion and keyboards, he was again disappointing, playing soprano, alto and tenor saxophones in nowhere near peak form.

His version of Paul Desmond's "Take Five" came off well for a while, but soon deteriorated into a drums-and-comedy routine. However, a lullaby written by Washington did have its moments. But, for the most part, partly due to an excess of extraneous effects—like clap-alongs and drum explosions—the set had little musical value.

Electric keyboard player Keiko Matsui, who opened the evening with a set that had no real high points, was often subservient to soprano saxophonist Mike Acosta's shrill sound.

Greg Walker, known for his work with Santana, was brought on for a guest vocal, and Matsui's husband Kazzbu, joined her for a hollow, sonorous solo on the shakuhachi flute.

Next came a barely passable set by Fourplay, a mildly satisfying unit consisting of one first-rate soloist, Lee Ritenour on guitar, along with pianist Bob James, bassist Nathan East and drummer Harvey Mason, who composed some of the material. Brenda Russell, a capable singer, did her best with "Between the Sheets," the somewhat uninspired title tune of the group's current album.

# Unconvincing 'Moments' as Lady Day

★★½
**DIANA ROSS**
"Stolen Moments"
*Motown*

Well, you can't blame the lady e trying. Just 21 years have gone y since Ross starred in a truly ecrable but highly profitable ovie based on the life of Billie oliday, "Lady Sings the Blues." he memory having faded, Ross w brings us a set of songs associated with Holiday, backed by jazz notables who help create whatever authenticity there is.

The trouble is that what we have here is a woman's job taken on by an overgrown girl. The Ross sound has never lost that faintly immature quality. Singing "Don't Explain" or "Good Morning, Heartache," she can't quite convince you that she has lived these lyrics as Lady Day could.

NEW RELEASES

Most laughable is "Gimme a Pigfoot," which conjures up an image of some studio grip handing Ross a pig foot and explaining what it is. Aside from the mismatches of song and singer, there is the fact that you can't avoid comparisons; is there anyone left who has never heard Billie singing "God Bless the Child"?

Surprisingly, Ross brings conviction to "Strange Fruit," strong emotion to "My Man" and sounds comfortable with some of the uptempo tunes.

Still, Diana may tumble, Gibraltar may crumble, it's only made of clay, but Lady Day is here to stay.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## In Brief

**★★★ The New York Jazz Ensemble, "The Bunk Project,"** MusicMasters. Would this otherwise solid album of New Orleans traditional jazz have been released if the band didn't include amateur clarinetist Woody Allen? Probably not. Still, Allen is really just one of the boys here, and his soloing is less assertive—sometimes to the point of sounding timid—than his associates in this ad-hoc group of mostly New York pros. Ultimately, though, this music is more about heart than chops, and in that respect, Allen and his cohorts need make no apologies.

—RANDY LEWIS

**★★★★ Doc Cheatham, "The 87 Years of Doc Cheatham,"** Columbia. Trumpeter Cheatham, 88, whose career goes back to 1923, when he backed Bessie Smith in a Nashville theatre, is playing as well as ever. He's lyrically unpretentious on Benny Carter's "Blues in My Heart," a muted waltz treatment of "Was It a Dream" and a warm reading of " 'Round Midnight." As for his vocals, Cheatham's charm lies halfway between true singing and recitative, whether he's addressing himself to Miss Brown or Miss Jones (it's a welcome change to hear "Miss Brown to You" sung by a male).

—L.F.

JAZZ REVIEW 9/16

# Late Bloomer Struts Stuff at Catalina

Frank Morgan was a late bloomer.

The 59-year-old alto saxophonist didn't achieve national prominence until he was in his late '40s. Now a major figure in jazz circles, he showed off his considerable skills on Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill.

Morgan, who's appearing through Sunday, has it all—an attractive tone, endless creativity and technique to spare. He was backed by a rhythm section of local musicians—Mike Melvoin on piano, Andy Simpkins on bass and Larance Marable on drums.

Morgan showed that working with a pick-up group is no handicap—provided the material is familiar to all the players. The performance was fine as long as Morgan stuck to "Billie's Bounce," "So What" and other standards. But the smooth musical flow was interrupted when, without informing his sidemen, he eased into a solo on the demanding Billy Strayhorn tune, "A Flower is a Lovesome Thing." At first Melvoin didn't seem to recognize it and was searching for the sheet music. Finally, he eased in when it was time for his solo.

Generally, though, Melvoin was in splendid form, especially in a chorus on " 'Round Midnight" that blended simplicity with beauty. As always Simpkins distinguished himself both as rhythm component and soloist. Marable is one of those drummers who listens as sensitively as he plays, picking up on every rhythmic nuance.

—LEONARD FEATHER



JAZZ REVIEW

# Echoes of Ellington at Hollywood Bowl

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, headlining Wednesday at the Hollywood Bowl, offered an opportunity to hear some of New York's outstanding musicians in a program dedicated to the music of Duke Ellington.

The concept of a repertory ensemble, given over to the preservation of classic jazz works, is a logical one. However, this group's ongoing use of Ellingtonia belies the fact that the Ellington band itself is still very much around. The Lincoln Center unit even includes a few men who worked for Duke and/or Mercer Ellington as well as others still with Mercer.

In any event, what this orchestra re-creates best is the ensemble sound. Conducted by David Berger, the readings of "Harlem Airshaft," "Echoes of Harlem" and other works of the 1930s and 1940s showed commendable accuracy.

As for the solos, the best we could hope for was a reasonable simulation of the work of great Ellington band members. Sometimes it happened, with Lew Soloff in the Cootie Williams role on trumpet, Joe Temperley reminding us of Harry Carney's baritone sax and Art Baron reliving the growl trombone of Tricky Sam Nanton. All offered reasonable reflections of their role models.

But Norris Tourney on alto left it painfully clear that there will never be another Johnny Hodges. Also, Marcus Roberts, playing the Ellington piano movement in "Deep South Suite," didn't quite capture the Duke's unique keyboard personality. Earlier, Roberts also played a stiff salute to Jelly Roll Morton.

In his fine opening set, saxophonist Joe Henderson played the best improvised music of the evening, involving no attempts at reinterpretation, supported by the brilliant, gently persuasive Renee Rosnes q on piano, George Mraz on bass and Al Foster on drums.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet keeps rolling along with the same sidemen and repertoire it has used for years—with one bright exception, the blues-leaning "River Stay Away From My Door." The set featured echoplex multiphonic effects by clarinetist Bill Smith and a guest appearance by Brubeck's youngest son Matthew, who played bowed cello in a pleasantly formal style.

Photograph by Lorraine Dory

# LEONARD FEATHER

## 私が認めるジャズ

最初に感動したジャズのレコードはルイ・アームストロングの「ウェスト・エンド・ブルース」だった。友人から借りて聴いたのだ。それから自分でもレコードをコレクションしはじめた。その少しあとで「メロディ・メーカー」誌に記事を書くようになった。今ではロック雑誌になっているが当時はジャズ雑誌だったのだ。そして頻繁にニューヨークに行くようになり、作曲したりレコードをプロデュースしたり、シーンに関わることならなんでもやった。二、三年ニューヨークに住んだあと、一九六〇年にここLAに移って今に至り、おもにロサンゼルス・タイムズとジャズ・タイムズ、それにもちろん、日本の「スウィング・ジャーナル」に記事を書いている。

当時ロンドンにはジャズをライブで演奏する場所がほとんどなかった。すべてはニューヨークで起きていたから、私もそこに行ったのだった。デューク・エリントンのオーケストラもルイ・アームストロングもロンドンに来はしたが、アメリカのミュージシャンが来ることはあまりなかった。ハーレムのサヴォイ・ボール・ルームやアポロ劇場といった場所はロンドンにはなかったのだ。

ジャズというのは、ある部分、前世紀末のラグタイムから発生したもので、また、マーチング・バンドやストリート・バンドの流れもくんでいる。そこから即興形式が発展し、より高度な技巧を持ったミュージシャンが大人数のバンドのためにアレンジを書き、スイングとビッグ・バンドの時代が到来した。四〇年代になるとディジー・ガレスピーやチャーリー・パーカーが当時にしては革命的であった新しいムーヴメントをはじめた。ビバップと呼ばれるものだ。そこから様々な局面が派生していったわけだ。

ジャズがジャズでなくなるときを定義するのは難しい。いつでも「これはジャズではない」という人間がいた。ジャズだと自分では認められない新しいものをこきおろす人間がいる。あるいは私もその一人かもしれない。ジャズはルイ・アームストロングの時代から多くの変化を通ってきたわけだが、ヒップホップやラップに直接関連しているとは思えない。現在のジャズを代表しているのは、むしろマルサリス兄弟やロイ・ハーグローヴ、ベニー・グリーンといった、私がかねてよりジャズと理解するものを現代的に演奏する若手ミュージシャンたちだと思う。ラップというのは音楽というよりも詩の形に近いものであり、ジャズというのは基本的にとても音楽的な、メロディックなものなのだ。

スパイク・リーの「モ・ベター・ブルース」の中の、ブランフォード・マルサリスとギャングスターのコラボレーションには何も感じなかった。ジャズのサンプルをたくさん使うラップがあるが、道徳的に賛成しかねる。他人の才能を利用するなんて馬鹿げていると思う。クインシー・ジョーンズの「バック・オン・ザ・ブロック」、あれは才能の無駄使いでむかむかする思いがした。サラ・ヴォーンを一二秒、エラ・フィッツジェラルドを一〇秒といった具合にマイルスやその他多くの偉大な人たちの才能を無駄使いしている。最悪のごった煮だ。クインシー・ジョーンズは彼らのネーム・バリューを利用しているだけで、おそらく彼に言わせれば、若者たちに彼らを紹介しようとしたということなのだろうが、たったの一二秒では話にならない。

マイルス・デイヴィスのキャリアの最後の一〇年、あるいは二〇年できえ、私にはさしたるものと思えなかった。とてつもなく人気を博したし、大金を稼いだし、非常に多くのファンを獲得したが、私に言わせれば、彼が五〇年代や六〇年代に成し遂げたものと音楽的に比べられるものではなかった。ジョン・コルトレーンやキャノンボール・アダレイ、ビル・エヴァンスらと非常に美しくオーガナイズされた音を作ったときのような、あるいはギル・エヴァンスとともに作りあげた素晴らしいオーケストラ・アルバムのようなものとは。それはそれはクリエイティブな音楽だったのだ。のちにマイルスはステージでほんのきわりだけトランペットで吹いて、それからキーボードを叩き、パーカッションを鳴らしたが、何ほどのものとも思わなかった。死ぬ数カ月前、モントルー・ジャズ・フェスティバルで、二〇年が三〇年前に演奏したのと同じアレンジで演奏した。彼のキャリアのその部分をまだ失っていないことを示したのだ。

私が何年にもわたって教師してきた人たち、初期のマイルス・デイヴィス、最近ではルー・タバキン——彼が成したことは、音楽家としての頭まれな資質と学習と楽器への知識なくしてはできないことだった。彼らに比べると大多数のロック・ミュージシャンはほとんど知識がない。楽譜が読めない人間さえいるし、楽器に対してほんのうわっつらな知識しか持っていない。本当に才能のあるミュージシャンは、自分たちの楽器を知り尽くしているし、自分がしていることを理解している。その多くは作曲の才能もあり、即興芸術の才能を持っている。それこそが、前進する方法なのだ。

(談)

new jazz age

**レナード・フェザー** 1914年ロンドン生まれ。ジャズ評論家。35年に渡米。43年にエスクァイア誌のジャズ関担当ライターになる。49年"Inside Bebop"、55年"The Encyclopedia of Jazz"を出版。ジャズ評論家としての確固たる地位を確立する

JAZZ REVIEW

# Classic Fest Shifts to Center but Still Loves Tradition

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The Classic Jazz Festival, which began celebrating its 10th anniversary Friday and continues through today, has expanded on several levels over the years. It is now divided between two venues, the LAX-area Marriott and Westin hotels. According to producer Chuck Conklin, it involves more than 300 musicians and attracts up to 5,000 fans a day.

As was evident from the first day, the event has edged its way from the far right of the jazz spectrum to closer to the center. The hiring of such soloists as reedman Ken Peplowski and guitarist Howard Alden, whose appearances were Friday highlights, symbolized the acceptance by this mainly mature audience of a younger and more contemporary approach to the art of improvisation.

Still, tradition remains the keynote. Throughout the first two days it was easy to be plunged into a world where banjos outnumbered guitars, where a trumpeter lamented the passing of those good old days when Amos & Andy ruled the airwaves, and where the deceased were saluted in sets dedicated to Wild Bill Davison, Bob Crosby, Muggsy Spanier and John Kirby. A couple of the Marriott's six locations had dance floors, complete with glitter ball.

Creativity, rather than nostalgia, was the driving force behind the contributions of bassist Milt Hinton, this year's guest of honor, and trumpeter Yank Lawson, heard in a partial reunion of his World's Greatest Jazzband. Both are busy, thriving octogenarians.

In the same age bracket are George Van Eps, the swing-era guitarist with whom Howard Alden studied; and Herb Jeffries, to whom the years have been remarkably kind; his voice is richer and more assured these days than it was half a century ago with Duke Ellington's orchestra.

Most surprising was Spiegle Willcox, the trombonist, who turned 90 last May. Guesting in a generally excellent Bill Davison memorial set, he played with legato elegance, sang a song, and revealed that far from slowing down, he has just returned from a European tour. Asked to name his favorite rock group, he said: "Mount Rushmore."

Up from New Orleans is Lillian Boutte, who sings novelty songs with swinging good cheer, backed by her own band, which includes a first-rate trumpeter, Leroy Jones, whom she has borrowed from Harry Connick Jr. Vocally this is shaping up as a strong weekend, with Linda Hopkins cutting a swath from the blues to "Danny Boy" and the gospel tones of "Amazing Grace," and Rose Weaver, vocalist with Conrad Janis' Beverly Hills Unlisted Band, in a lovely, seldom-heard song called "Sisters," from "The Color Purple."

Among the many visiting jazzmen from overseas, Bob Barnard, a trumpeter from Australia, stood out in a loose yet cohesive group that included the always admirable Betty O'Hara on valve trombone.

One thing you learn here is not to be put off by the group names. A seven-piece band billed as the Flat Foot Stompers turned out to be a superior trad unit from Stuttgart, led by a fine British saxophonist, Peter Buhr.

It is true that some music of astounding mediocrity has been heard here—an antiquated multiple banjo ensemble comes painfully to mind—but since at any time there are up to 11 rooms from which to choose, the chances of coming up empty-eared are happily remote.

VIDEO REVIEW 9/25

# Drum Roll, Please: A Fitting Jazz Tribute to Gene Krupa

"Jazz Legend—Gene Krupa" (VHS, 60 minutes, $39.95) is a belated and very welcome tribute to an artist who, although many younger aficionados may not be aware of it, played the first major role in the history of jazz drums.

Born in 1909, Krupa came to prominence as a member of the Benny Goodman orchestra before forming his own band, which he led during most of the 1940s. As is made clear in the earlier clips (almost all in black and white), Krupa was a superb technician, a splendid showman and an attractive personality.

In what is a virtual cross-section of his career from the 1930s until not long before his death in 1973, Krupa is seen with trumpeter Roy Eldridge and singer Anita O'Day (in their famous "Let Me Off Uptown" duet), with the Goodman band and quartet, with his longtime partner Charlie Ventura on sax, and even with Sal Mineo in an intriguing sequence that shows how Krupa trained him to play the role of the drummer in a dismal film, "The Gene Krupa Story." (The phony drug bust, stressed to excess in the movie, is tastefully bypassed with a brief mention in this documentary.)

In addition to narration by Steve Allen, there are numerous fitting comments (filmed in color) by Louie Bellson. A curiosity is the appearance of Eddie Shu playing a harmonica solo with Krupa's small group. Finally, there are glimpses of the Lionel Hampton orchestra and a drum jam involving Buddy Rich, Mel Torme and Hampton all on percussion.

Written by Bruce Kaluber, cowritten and directed by Glenn Mangel, this is a valuable chronicle of a singular life in jazz.

—LEONARD FEATHER

VIDEO REVIEW 9/n

# 'Texas Tenor' a Stylish Bio of Jacquet

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

"Texas Tenor: The Illinois Jacquet Story" (Rhapsody Films, 81 minutes, $30), which has been shown theatrically, is now available on home video (and also will be carried on the Bravo cable channel Oct. 9 at 5 p.m. and 10:30 p.m.). Directed by the celebrated fashion photographer Arthur Elgort, it is a stylishly presented work that covers more aspects of the saxophonist's life than might have been thought possible.

Born in Louisiana but raised in Houston, Jacquet came to prominence through a solo he played on Lionel Hampton's record of "Flyin' Home." Because it became his foremost identification, considerable space is given to it here, along with a virtual conducted tour showing the artist's life—in Boston and Paris, back home on Long Island, teaching at Harvard, visiting a sax repair shop.

Jacquet's big, warm sound and distinctive style are well displayed, though he is also seen singing and dancing, talking about the evolution of his style, and yielding the camera to several contemporaries who offer their evaluations of him: Sonny Rollins, Buddy Tate, Sweets Edison, Clark Terry, the late Dizzy Gillespie. Footage was also shot aboard the S.S. Norway, where Jacquet's big band has enjoyed annual successes.

"Texas Tenor" captures with pinpoint accuracy the spirit and sensuality of Jacquet's improvisational talent. Elgort evinces a clear understanding of his subject; the result is a documentary of rare and durable value.

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NEW RELEASES

# Saxophonist Mixes It Up With Originals, Standards

★★★ 1/2
**JOSHUA REDMAN**
"Wish"
*Warner Bros.*

The young tenor saxophonist's follow-up to his debut album offers a well-balanced program of originals interspersed with pop and jazz standards, with considerable assistance from Pat Metheny on guitar, Charlie Haden on bass and Billy Higgins on drums.

Redman's ability to understate is well illustrated in Ornette Coleman's "Turnaround," a basic blues riff tune. "Soul Dance" is a Redman original launched by Metheny and moving into a 12/8 beat. Also by Redman are "The Deserving Many," a 32-bar cooker, and the title tune, a pleading ballad. The latter is one of two tracks taped live at the Village Vanguard. Others represented as composers: Metheny (the moody "We All Have Sisters"), Haden (the clichéd "Blues for Pat"), Stevie Wonder ("Make Sure You're Sure"), Eric Clapton & Will Jennings ("Tears in Heaven") and Charlie Parker, whose "Moose the Mooche" is a trip on the "I Got Rhythm" changes.
—LEONARD FEATHER

★★½
**NNENNA FREELON**
"Heritage"
*Columbia*

Freelon's promise as shown in her debut album is not carried forward here. A few cuts, such as "Comes Love," work well, but too many of these songs ("Prelude to a Kiss," "Bewitched," "Something to Live For") have been done by too many other superior singers. There are a few fair scat interludes and a couple of welcome instrumental solos by Kenny Barron on piano and Christian McBride. As for Freelon's use of "Jack and Jill went up the hill" as an introduction to "Young and Foolish," it is, well, just foolish.
—L.F.

★★★★
**RANDY WESTON/ MELBA LISTON**
"Volcano Blues"
Antilles

The partnership of pianist-composer Weston and arranger Liston makes for a joyful reunion here. Although almost every track has a blues base, between them they inject a remarkable variety of moods, modes, meters and tempos. "Blues for Strayhorn" truly sounds like a Strayhorn work.

The only weakness is a vocal intrusion by Johnny Copeland on "Harvard Blues" —he clearly doesn't understand what the contrived, esoteric lyrics are all about; but the four star rating is still justified.
—L.F.

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good) and four stars (excellent).*

TRACY LAMONICA
"Soul Dance" is a Redman original on "Wish."

KIP MAYER
Freelon's "Heritage" offers a few fair scat interludes.

LOS ANGELES TIMES 7/22

**JAZZ REVIEW**

# Blending the Best of Both Music Worlds

Jack Elliott, conductor and founder of what is now known as the American Jazz Philharmonic, must be the most tenacious maestro ever to sustain a project that has been around, off and on, since Paul Whiteman days, mainly the fusion of classical and jazz traditions, as typified in his concert Tuesday at USC's Bovard Hall.

The symphonic-to-jazz ratio varied widely, opening with a pleasant but slightly dated Patrick Williams work that even smacks at times of Stephen Foster. Far more successful was the premiere of John Clayton's "Open Me First," with its handsome brass blends, intelligent use of strings, and touches of jazz by trombonist George Bohanon.

Clayton then appeared in person to interpret Ray Brown's "Afterthoughts," a three-part work for which Brown contributed the melody lines but Dick Hazard and Eddie Karam fleshed them out with ingenious arrangements. Clayton's bass was brilliant but under-miked.

A brief show-biz piece called "Snapshots," complete with hand claps, completed the first half. The creative level rose with Fred Karlin's "Reflections," another premiere, with the composer playing brittle, hard-edged but compelling trumpet, pianist Mike Melvoin surrounded by string sostenutos, and Tommy Newsome, hard to hear on tenor sax.

Tom Scott became the evening's solo hero, exuding power and passion on tenor sax in Bob Mintzer's "Then as Now." The evening ended on its most unself-conscious jazz note with Eddie Karam's "Stay 'n' See," a set of variations on the twelve bar blues, with trumpeter Oscar Brashear and trombonist Bill Watrous given a belated chance to shine.

Elliott is to be commended for refusing to give up. He lit the flame in '79 and just won't let it die.
—LEONARD FEATHER

9/25 ENTERTAINMENT/THE ARTS/TV LISTINGS

CALENDAR

ORANGE COUNTY
Los Angeles Times

KAREN TAPIA / Los Angeles Times

Conte Candoli, left, and brother Pete provided solos at Herman tribute, which showcased quasi-be-bop greatness.

O.C. JAZZ REVIEWS

# Fresh Readings Do Dizzy and Woody Proud

■ The four-day Herman festival in Newport Beach opens on a jubilant note with big-band sessions by Southland heavyweights.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEWPORT BEACH—"Early Autumn," the four-day celebration of the life and time of Woody Herman, opened on a jubilant note Thursday at the Hyatt Newporter hotel.

The event was patterned along lines similar to the Stan Kenton Tribute held at this same venue in 1991, with the same skillful producer Ken Poston. Because Herman, who began his bandleading career in 1936 and continued with few interruptions for half a century, with a policy geared to uncompromising jazz, this tribute promised to be even more successful.

Along with panel discussions and screenings of documentary films, which continue through Sunday, the program Thursday included two big-band sessions. An afternoon recital billed as "Shorty Rogers Big Band" presented an inspired Rogers, who played and worked for the so-called First Herman Herd in the mid-1940s, as well as the second Herd formed in 1947. Rogers' fluegelhorn was a little hesitant, but his side men were all Southland heavyweights, among them Lannie Morgan on alto sax and Lu Levy on piano.

The evening concert, titled "The First

Please see HERMAN, F3

10/17 JAZZ

## JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

★★★

**ANITA O'DAY**

"Rules of the Road"
*Pablo*

After many years confined mainly to small-group sessions on independent labels, O'Day returns to the major leagues on a big-band date with arranger Buddy Bragman, who worked with her in the 1950s and here leads what is in fact Jack Sheldon's L.A. orchestra.

O'Day, who will be 74 Monday, is still in possession of the virtues that established her on records with Gene Krupa's band in 1941: a natural sense of jazz phrasing, occasional and well-placed melisma (listen to "Didn't We") and her own immediately identifiable sound.

Balanced against this is a problem that has rarely been absent: shakiness of intonation.

Longtime O'Day admirers, and probably others, will forgive these occasional lapses, pointing to the interesting choice of songs and many interludes by the band or by soloists (Pete Christlieb on tenor, Andy Martin on trombone and trumpeter Sheldon, who also shares the vocal honors with her on "I Told Ya I Love Ya, Now Get Out!").

After 52 years, O'Day certainly knows the rules of the vocal road.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four stars (excellent).*

# HERMAN: Riff-Happy Unit Plays Timeless Tunes

9/25 cont'

Continued from F1

Herd," embodied everything that brought the band out of its simpler blues beginnings to quasi-be-bop greatness. This riff-happy unit relied often on "head" arrangements, one of which was composed here on the spot, with five trumpets devising rhythmic figures, the saxes recalling an old blues line, and a sensationally chaotic finale.

Ralph Burns, who went on from an early role as composer and pianist with Herman to an award-winning career as a movie screenwriter, led the band through such time-proof pieces as "Bijou," "Your Father's Mustache," "Apple Honey" and "Goosey Gander," all of which seemed freshly baked. No less important were the guest solos by trumpeters Pete and Conte Candoli, tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips and others.

Only two reactions were possible: "Those were great days for us—it's good to be reminded," or "I'm sorry I was too young to be there, but I'm happy to be here tonight."

■ *"Early Autumn, an All-Star Celebration of the Woody Herman Orchestra" continues through Sunday at the Hyatt Newporter, 1107 Jamboree Road, Newport Beach. Individual concerts, $7.50-$15. All-event pass, $225. (714) 729-1234, (310) 420-7480.*

JAZZ REVIEW

# Pianist Tyner's Trio Infused With High Energy, Intensity

Though a noted musical explorer, dabbling in everything from African rhythms to the big-band genre over the years, pianist McCoy Tyner, whose trio opened Tuesday at Catalina, remains a powerful interpreter of songs mainly based on the conventional 32-bar format.

Plunging into the melodies sans introduction, Tyner, who's appearing through Sunday, opened with "Beautiful Love," infusing high energy and intensity into a 60-year-old Victor Young song before yielding to bassist Avery Sharpe. Bowing, plucking and strumming, Sharpe matched Tyner's vigorous drive.

"Rio," a Tyner original, moved through dramatic waves of sonic tension and release, with drummer Aaron Scott driving the group before taking over for a lengthy solo that built to a blockbusting crescendo.

Thelonious Monk's "In Walked Bud" found Tyner in a bop-oriented mood marked by showers of 16th notes. Scott and Sharpe left the stage while the leader blended strength and sensitivity on "We'll Be Together Again."

The trio reached its cohesive peak on a hard-hitting treatment of Duke Ellington's "In a Mellotone," with Tyner injecting so much of his own style that you had the feeling he, rather than Ellington, was the composer.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 9/28

# Alumni Have a Woodchopper's Ball

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

NEWPORT BEACH—For insatiable big-band gluttons, the four-day fiesta billed as "Early Autumn" was a visit to heaven.

Dozens of Woody Herman alumni paid tribute to the clarinetist-maestro, who died in 1987. Along with seven orchestral sessions held in an amphitheater at the Hyatt Newporter Hotel, small groups played amiable poolside lunch concerts. However, in a matinee by vibist Terry Gibbs' Dream Band, the hot sun beating down on the jazzmen seemed to have a debilitating effect.

Not all the music was Herman-related. In fact, one atonal duet set—with Jimmy Giuffre on reeds and Paul Bley on piano—was light-years away from "Four Brothers," the Giuffre tune that gave Herman's second Herd its identity. For the most part, though, the performances recaptured the spirit of Herman's bands in their various incarnations.

On the poignant "Early Autumn," Gibbs recapped his original vibes solo and Bill Perkins played the part of the late saxman Stan Getz. Perkins also offered a set of his own that included a wildly upbeat version of "Tenderly."

Bill Holman is a writer whose arrangements see around corners. His "Hommage a Woody," a 20-minute, three-movement clarinet concerto featuring Bob Efford as soloist, was a striking work in a class with some of Duke Ellington's extended concert pieces. An outrageously iconoclastic version of "Tennessee Waltz" further enlivened Holman's set.

Mark Masters, music director for the entire event, whipped the bands into commendable shape. However, by a point about halfway through the third day, a sense of déjà vu set in. Several sidemen played musical chairs among bands that represented different eras, resulting in strange stylistic mixes. Pete Christlieb, for example, played his tenor sax solos in exactly the same style with a band playing 1940s music as he did later in groups devoted to the '50s and '60s.

Inexplicably, none of the many gifted black sidemen employed by Herman over the years performed. Among the missing were trumpeters Nat Adderley, Oscar Brashear and Byron Stripling, sax man Andy McGhee, vibes virtuoso Milt Jackson, to name just a few. It would have been delightful to hear Terry Gibbs in a duet with Jackson, who followed him in the band in 1949. Generally, though, producer Ken Poston fielded a well-organized lineup.

Aside from the live performances, a series of nine panel discussions by alumni of the Herds featured enlightening, humorous reminiscences. Also, film archivist Mark Cantor showed clips of the Herman Band, mainly in 1940s settings.

The final program Sunday was the surprise hit of the entire festival. Saxophonist Frank Tiberi, who joined Herman in 1969 and took over leadership after he died, has more than a ghost band here. Though there were reminders of early glories (Polly Podewell, Woody's final vocalist, singing "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe"), there were also arrangements of a Chick Corea samba, a finger-busting Supersax version of Coltrane's "Countdown" transcribed by Tiberi, and a handsome Alan Broadbent original, "Woody 'n' Me," with the composer at the piano.

This truly is a band for the '90s.

JAZZ REVIEW 10/5

# Tempo Steps Into the Bop Gap

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Nino Tempo, the tenor saxophonist heard Sunday at the Jazz Bakery, might seem to be a late bloomer. The truth is that he bloomed some three decades ago, as part of a pop act with his sister, April Stevens, before fading into obscurity.

In his present incarnation as a jazz soloist, Tempo is a welcome member to the ranks that have thinned too rapidly over the years with the passings of Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and Stan Getz. His sound, style and phrasing are in the same league; he even played "Four Brothers," a tune that was part of their vocabulary.

Though he launched Sunday evening's set with bop staples by Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis, Tempo is at his most eloquent as a purveyor of balladry, as was evident in his supple treatment of "Darn That Dream."

His early hit record era was recalled with "Deep Purple," and his hip vocal ability pleasantly displayed in "Put It Where You Want It," for which he set lyrics to Joe Sample's melody.

His rhythm section was given a

Please see TEMPO, F8

# L.A. Society Tribute a Show of Excellence

10/12

Dedicated to the memory of Teri Merrill Aarons, the Los Angeles Jazz Society's founder and president who died last month, the Society's 11th annual tribute and awards concert at the Biltmore Bowl provided an evening of jazz and entertainment Sunday that showed how effectively her associates are carrying on the tradition she established.

The principal honoree was bassist Ray Brown, who not only won the Jazz Tribute Award, but was also inducted by the French government as a Chevalier des arts et des Lettres. Brown was introduced by emcee Chuck Niles, who was an award recipient himself this year as Jazz Communicator.

The most surprising and encouraging performance appeared early in the evening when pianist Linda Martinez accepted the Shelly Manne Memorial New Talent Award. Only 17, the USC School of Music student displayed an astonishing maturity in three numbers that span mainstream, bop and blues.

Woody James, winner of the Jazz Educator Award, is well known locally as a teacher and leader of bands at L.A. City College and Valley College. The composer-arranger award was presented by Gerald Wilson to Billy Byers. Singer Bill Henderson tendered the jazz vocalist prize to Lorez Alexandria.

Dorothy Donegan, after receiving the Lifetime Achievement Award, celebrated with a wild set that began at the piano but soon found her dancing around the room, leaving her bemused bassist, Nedra Wheeler, to take over the musical load.

The concert reached a heady climax when bassist John Clayton brought 25 other bass players to the stage to play one of his own compositions and one by Brown, who added his own long influential sound for this stunning finale.

Will this rate a place in the Guinness Book of World Records?

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Flanagan Ill; Walton's Trio Fills Catalina Bill

Pianist Cedar Walton has replaced Tommy Flanagan at Catalina Bar & Grill and will be there through Sunday, leading his own trio with Tony Dumas on bass and Roy McCurdy on drums.

Flanagan, 63, who has had heart problems in the past, played at the club Tuesday but complained of illness Wednesday. He was admitted to a local hospital where his condition has improved.

He expects to be released shortly and will return to his home in New York.

10/1 —LEONARD FEATHER

# TEMPO

Continued from F6

tremendous boost by the phenomenal bassist Brian Bromberg. Hearing (even seeing) this virtuoso at work, spinning out lightning lines and producing chords with both hands, is like no other experience in jazz today. With him were Terri Lyne Carrington, an expert drummer with a tendency to pump up the volume a little too often, and Mike Lang, an experienced and able studio pianist with an eclectic jazz personality.

With a couple of Atlantic albums to his credit, Tempo may well step into the gap left by so many giants whose departure has diminished the saxophone scene.

KIRK McKOY / Los Angeles Times

Pat Metheny, left, Joshua Redman: Swinging concepts, startling control.

JAZZ REVIEW 10/27

# Superlative Saxophonist

It was a measure of Joshua Redman's near-overnight popularity that Catalina was as crowded, long before showtime Monday, as it has been on some recent Saturdays. The 24-year-old tenor-sax man, with only two years of professional experience, is being hailed with so many extravagant nicknames—the Golden Horn, the new jazz messiah—that one tends to be skeptical. But the praise is warranted.

Redman, who closes tonight, not only boasts a limitless flow of swinging concepts, but also conveys a startlingly mature sense of control.

Unlike so many tenor players of recent decades, he seems to owe little to John Coltrane, reflecting instead the Sonny Rollins-Lew Tabackin school. Redman can be at once emotional and witty. Moreover, he is backed by a group of musicians who leave not a millimeter for improvement: Pat Metheny, who plays every guitar in the plectrum spectrum (on Monday he used three), the phenomenal 20-year-old Christian McBride on bass and drummer Billy Higgins, who has arrived at Living Legend stature.

The interplay between Redman and Metheny was particularly empathetic. If Redman went into a series of chopped, anticipated notes, Metheny would syncopate right along with him. "We Had a Sister" was an imposing example of Metheny as composer. The exceptionally well-diversified set included Redman's own tune "The Deserving Many" and Stevie Wonder's "Make Sure You're Sure."

If any piece stood out, it was one that opened with a lengthy Redman a cappella statement, repeated with variations that gradually increased, leading into quotes from Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas" and finally becoming a full-blown treatment of that composition. Redman, Christian and Metheny all surpassed themselves and Higgins contributed a well-paced workout.

The set began and ended in a blues groove, first a straight 12-bar excursion and finally a blues a la funk. Both offered reminders (as if any were needed) that these magisterial musicians know their roots, as well as the routes beyond them.

—LEONARD FEATHER



JAZZ REVIEW

# Talented Williams Trio Leaves Doubts

Buster Williams, who appeared at the Jazz Bakery during the weekend with his own trio, is a bassist with countless credits as sideman, leader and accompanist to singers.

Limber fingered, with a dark, rich tone, Williams leaves no doubt about his technical virtuosity. On Friday, his solos involved the full range of the instrument, occasional chording and moments of walking bass for contrast.

There was evidence of some preparation as the trio (with Stephen Scott on piano and Tootie Heath on drums) indulged in long introductory ostinato vamps, interludes and tempo changes that brought some variety to such standards as "If I Should Lose You" and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was."

Scott, who soloed at length, is a powerful performer with incisive articulation. Heath was his usual reliable self, playing one sensitive solo on brushes.

In the final analysis the trio offered few creative crests; Williams seemingly overextended his solos to the point where he ran short of ideas. Granted Williams' stature as an eminent virtuoso, he hardly seems logically destined to be a leader.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

★★★½

**DAVE BRUBECK**

"Trio Brubeck"

*MusicMasters*

Backed by sons Chris Brubeck on electric bass (occasionally bass trombone) and Danny on drums, the proud father steers his trio through an amiable set of standards and originals. He still has his hop-skip, loping way of swinging, but is capable of moments marked by true beauty, as in his own "Autumn."

The exotic "Calcutta" finds Danny Brubeck in propulsive form, as does the polyrhythmic "Jazzanians." The solo trombone by Chris on "Over the Rainbow" involves ingenious alternating key centers before settling into a more conventional mood.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four stars (excellent).*

11/7

JAZZ REVIEW 11/11

# Break Out the Superlatives for Singer Nnenna Freelon

The performance by Nnenna Freelon Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill confirmed what some observers have suspected: Here is a singer who need not be *heralded as the next Sarah or the* next anyone. She is simply the *now* Nnenna, for whom comparisons are no longer necessary.

Tall and slender, with an ingratiating smile and a left hand that moves as if it were her musical director, Freelon has her own personality, whether applied to a standard ("I Didn't Know What Time It Was"), an original (her own "Future News Blues") or a wordless interlude delivered in a style unlike any other scat singer's—consisting largely of vowels and "w" sounds.

Freelon, who has spent most of her adult years raising three children in Durham, N.C., is a late arrival in the big time, but at this point she seems equipped to become an eminent female jazz vocalist. She was capably backed by the Anthony Wonsey Trio.

Sharing the bill through Sunday is guitarist Russell Malone. A self-taught musician with a phenomenal technique, he displayed his powerhouse chops on an old Kenny Dorham tune, "This I Dig of You." He was also at ease in the relaxing mood of such ballads as "Cabin in the Sky."

Malone, who turned 30 on Monday, has developed impressively as a composer. A fine example of his writing is "With Kenny in Mind," dedicated to fellow guitarist Kenny Burrell.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Harmonica Paired With 'Brasil' Sound

11/15

The "Brasil Project" concert presented Saturday at the Wadsworth Theater was the latest result of a mutual admiration society that sprang up last year between Toots Thielemans and a group of Brazilian musicians.

Thielemans, the Belgian harmonica master, and guitarist Oscar Castro Neves, co-producer of the two "Brasil Project" albums, were on hand Sunday, as were a couple of others heard on the record. Most notable was Eliane Elias, a pianist who has made formidable advances in terms of composition, technique and diversity.

Soloing in a wide-ranging original performance, playing standards from "One Note Samba" to Miles Davis' "Solar," even singing in Portuguese backed by Castro Neves, she brought the evening as close to a high point as seemed possible under the circumstances.

Thielemans was his inimitable self, dueting with everyone and reminding us again that the harmonica and musical creativity are not incompatible. For a finale he picked up his guitar, playing (and whistling nervously in unison) his best known tune, "Bluesette."

Guitarists Ricardo Silveira ("Triste") and Castro Neves (in a charming original "Felicia and Bianca") kept the artistic level high, but Dori Caymmi, hardly a world-class singer or guitar player, seemed lost in this heady company.

Brian Bromberg on bass was superb, but several numbers were almost ruined by the lead-footed bass drum of Mike Shapiro. A flute might have improved the results in an evening more notable for the pleasant camaraderie among the participants than for any extraordinary acts of discovery.

—LEONARD FEATHER



JAZZ REVIEW

# LaBarbera Combo Works Well

The quintet presented Friday by Joe LaBarbera at Club Brasserie of the Bel Age Hotel is one that has gigged locally since the drummer ended his 12-year tour with Tony Bennett.

LaBarbera is a sensitive, supportive leader who limited his soloing to the final tune of the set. The group devoted most of its time to standards and originals played in the hard bop vein.

The two main soloists, Clay Jenkins on trumpet and Joe Ramano on tenor sax kept the ideas flowing well enough to sustain the interest. Ramano at times achieved impressive peaks of intensity. Jenkins had a lyrical solo outing, at times evoking a Chet Baker personality, on Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes."

The group has an important contributor in Bill Cunliffe. A pianist who won the Thelonious Monk Award in 1989, he is also a composer. Two of his pieces, "Blue Notes" and "Chick It Out," gave the quintet a sense of unity that it lacked on such casual items as "It's You or No One."

Completing the unit is Tom Warrington, a bassist who displayed melodic imagination in his solos and a firm beat in his rhythmic underpinning. In short, LaBarbera had a combo here that works well individually or collectively.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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CD CORNER

# A Gift From Ella Fitzgerald to Tin Pan Alley

■ **Jazz:** The singer's 'Song Books' pays tribute to the Gershwins, Ellington, Porter, Rodgers & Hart, Berlin and Arlen, Kern and Mercer.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

On Tuesday, another milestone will be reached in one of the music world's longest running careers. Verve Records will release "The Complete Ella Fitzgerald Song Books," comprising her entire 1956-64 series of tributes to great American songwriters, combined into a 16-CD set, complete with booklet, essays and lavish illustrations.

This will be a logical step in a career that took its most portentous move when Fitzgerald first stepped nervously into a recording studio. It was June of 1935; she had just turned 17, and was the vocalist with the Chick Webb band.

She taped her final session in 1991, ending a virtually continuous career that remains unmatched in longevity by any artist in the history of recording.

Longevity is not the name of the Fitzgerald game: What mattered most is consistency of achievement. Along the way she has influenced thousands of vocalists. Her impact did not just grow slowly over the years; it was there from the start, affecting her contemporaries.

Anita O'Day, just a year her junior, recalls hearing "You Showed Me the Way," a tune Fitzgerald wrote and recorded in 1938, then going to hear her sing with the Webb band at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem just after she had recorded her first hit, "A Tisket a Tasket." "I followed her for a long, long time," O'Day says. "In fact, Ella is still my girl."

Natalie Cole, many years her junior, met her when she was 6 years old.

"She was my first vocal inspiration. I didn't know then that it was 'jazz'—I only knew that it was great. Her voice was like honey."

Now retired and living in Beverly Hills, Fitzgerald remains very much among us via frequent reissues of her recordings. The statistics of the "Song Books" set are staggering: They include three CDs each for the Gershwins and for Duke Ellington; two each for Cole Porter, Rodgers & Hart, Irving Berlin and Harold Arlen; one for Jerome Kern and one for Johnny Mercer. (Suggested retail price is $250; there is no cassette version.)

"These are absolute landmark records," says Mel Torme, one of her most loyal followers. "In 1938, I bought her record of 'F.D.R. Jones' with Chick Webb; I was 13. . . . My 'Ella Be Good' routine is taken note-for-note from her scat version."

The concept of making definitive versions of classic popular songs was due to the initiative of impresario Norman Granz. Featuring her on his "Jazz at the Philharmonic Concerts," Granz became her manager in 1954, but could not record her for his own label; she was under contract to Decca, where she was still alternating good songs with such monuments to mediocrity as "Somebody Bad Stole de Wedding Bell."

Granz knew that a touch of class was needed in her work; soon after he wrested her from Decca and launched her on his new Verve label, the period of work that was to make up "Song Book" was under way.

All the elements that brought potential permanence to the songs enabled Fitzgerald to etch them in history. Aided by the arrangements of Buddy Bregman, Paul Weston, Nelson Riddle and others (the Duke himself leads his band on the Ellington sets), she brings the right sensibility to each work, be it gentle romance ("With a Song in My Heart," "Why Was I Born?"), wit and irony ("Something's Gotta Give," "Ace in the Hole"), spontaneity (on several of the Ellingtons) or sophistication (often in the Cole Porters).

Though her range broadened and her timbre took on added purity, there were no drastic changes over the decades. If there has been one flaw attributed to her, it was expressed by Bregman: "She sings magnificently, but gives her all to the music rather than the words."

There is a small measure of truth here, though in many songs the lyrics and music are deftly enough interwoven to defy any singer to misinterpret them. If Porter presents a problem in the verse of "The Lady Is a Tramp" by requiring "sad" to rhyme with "Noel Coward," the fault is not Fitzgerald's. The substitution of "Have You Met Sir Jones" for "Have You Met Miss Jones" sounds clumsy; it would have been better to omit the song.

What the "Song Books" offers, along with the generally estimable quality of the material (and the inclusion of a surprising number of verses, some of them quite obscure), is the quintessence of Fitzgerald: the flawless diction, the purity of intonation, and perhaps most of all the sheer joy of vocal expression.

In the 1990s, Fitzgerald remains what she was in the 1930s: the singer to whom others look for guidance. Typically, one of today's hottest young jazz artists, Nnenna Freelon, says: "Whenever I want to learn a new tune, if Ella has recorded it, I always turn to her. The effortlessness, the clarity, the beauty of the instrument—she gets you right in the heart."

Singers and songwriters alike agree that "Song Books" accomplishes what it set out to do—bring together about 240 tunes representing Tin Pan Alley's golden era, interpreted by someone who had respect for the melodies but felt free to indulge in slight variations.

## Trio Showcases Its Leader's Skills

Alan Broadbent, whose trio played Saturday at the Jazz Bakery, is the epitome of pianistic elegance.

The New Zealand-born musician, who came to prominence writing and playing for the Woody Herman Orchestra in the 1970s, has developed into a soloist who manages to combine swinging ease with strikingly effective technique.

Whether his material is drawn from the standard repertory, such as Harry Warren's 1936 song "Summer Night," or from his own library of originals (he wrote and recorded "The Long Goodbye" for Charlie Haden's Quartet West), Broadbent retains an individual character.

His version of "Body and Soul" began somewhat floridly, using broken chords, then moved into an ingenious passage for which the left hand carried the melody while he introduced a contrapuntal theme with the right hand. Later he began a pattern of rhythmic multiplication, doubling and redoubling in a phenomenal conjunction of beauty and the beat.

Putter Smith, his bassist, functioned well as a group member and competently in his solos. Bill Mintz on drums supplied a firm pulse as a group member, but was accorded an excessively long and pointless solo workout.

Broadbent has played without accompaniment on some of his best recorded work, but in its more cohesive moments, this trio provides him with a setting that does justice to his considerable talent.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# European Pianist Wins Monk Competition

**■ Jazz:** Jacky Terrasson, 27, is awarded the $10,000-first prize at the Kennedy Center event.

By LEONARD FEATHER 11/24
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

WASHINGTON—The Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz made its latest move upward in the arts with a concert and awards presentation Monday night at the Kennedy Center.

Previous concerts, held at the Smithsonian Institution, consisted of instrumental competitions. But this year's event included an additional contest for composers, and a newly commissioned work introduced by alto sax player Benny Carter.

Only an artist as respected as Carter, 86, could assemble a band in which almost every member has been a leader in his own right. The sidemen included Phil Woods, Illinois Jacquet and Joshua Redman on saxes, Clark Terry and Jon Faddis on trumpets, trombonist Al Grey, plus Herbie Hancock on piano, Christian McBride on bass and, on drums, Thelonious Monk Jr. (son of the composer/pianist who died in 1982). Carter let them stretch out, producing some of the most vibrant blowing conceivable.

Despite his title, "Time to Remember—Lest We Forget," Carter's composition was cheerful, played at a moderate tempo that left nobody uncomfortable. His alto sax playing was as rich as ever in its inventive beauty. Though just on stage for 10 minutes, the audience response suggested that this band could have stayed on stage for hours.

Earlier, the three piano finalists played to the packed house, which included the board of judges: Hancock, Marian McPartland, Marcus Roberts, Dorothy Donegan, Muhal Richard Abrams and Dave Brubeck. They awarded the $10,000 first prize to Jacky Terrasson, 27, an eclectic soloist who found new avenues for the old bop standard "Donna Lee" and the brooding ballad "You Don't Know What Love Is."

Born in Berlin and raised in Paris, Terrasson has toured Europe and Japan but is almost unknown in the United States. The prestige of this victory will place him in the running along with such previous winners as Redman and trumpeter Ryan Kisor, who landed recording contracts on the strength of their Monk gigs.

The winner of the composer's competition, Patrick Zimmerli (he competed here two years ago in a sax contest), performed "The Paw" with a quartet, but seemed to need a larger setting to do justice to his penmanship.

12/10 ★★★

**DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER**

"Keeping Tradition"
*Verve*

Best known to audiences overseas, Bridgewater recorded this session in Paris with a European rhythm section. "Les Feuilles Mortes" ("Autumn Leaves") comes off well in both French and English. She is at her best on the medium-tempo swingers, as Horace Silver's "Sister Sadie," and such ballads as "I'm a Fool to Want You" and "I Fall in Love Too Easily." Her weaknesses show in the too-hasty treatments of "Just One of Those Things" (with unneeded scatting) and "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," still a dumb song after 59 years.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two (fair), three (good) and four (excellent).*



**SWING TITAN:** "Benny Goodman: Adventures in the Kingdom of Swing" is a definitive documentary tracing the clarinetist's rise as bandleader, impeccable jazz soloist and rigid perfectionist. It airs tonight on KCET. Reviewed by Leonard Feather. **F9**

**TV REVIEW**

# 'Benny Goodman' a Definitive Work

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

How important was Benny Goodman? What were his contributions as a clarinetist, orchestra leader, pioneer in racial desegregation? These and other questions are dealt with in detail in "Benny Goodman: Adventures in the Kingdom of Swing," airing this evening at 7:35 on KCET-TV Channel 28.

Produced and directed by Oren Jacoby, this is a definitive documentary that enlisted the help of countless friends, relatives and sidemen who observed the Goodman saga. Several knew him from the start of his career. At 15, he left Chicago in 1925 to join the Ben Pollack band.

Rare film clips, some never before seen publicly, trace Goodman's rise as an impeccable jazz soloist and rigid perfectionist. The footage shows his evolution as leader of a band that triggered the swing era, and as a pioneer who, against the advice of businessmen, hired Teddy Wilson (and soon after, Lionel Hampton) when it was unheard of for interracial groups to appear in public. Fletcher Henderson and other black arrangers played a vital role in contributing to the Goodman band's library. (Henderson in 1939 replaced Jess Stacy as the band's pianist.)

The Goodman Quartet plays its famous version of "Avalon"; his band swings "Bugle Call Rag" and backs vocalists Helen Ward, Martha Tilton, Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald. (Ward, in a recent interview, tells of a marriage proposal offered, and promptly withdrawn, by Goodman.)

The maestro's efforts as a talent scout produced many jazzmen who left him to form their own bands: Gene Krupa, Harry James, Wilson and Hampton. Pianist Jess Stacy, now in his 90th year, tells how his solo in "Sing Sing Sing" became a surprise hit at Goodman's legendary Carnegie Hall concert.

Aspects of Goodman's quixotic personality are discussed by his daughters, sister and others, among them the notorious "ray" that transfixed scared sidemen. His marriage across society lines to a Vanderbilt and his brief flirtation with be-bop were among the events of the 1940s. Goodman's later years (he died in 1986) are treated only briefly, since they were devoted to sporadic retreads of his earlier glories.

Richly anecdotal, informative and musically superlative, this is a priceless addition to the "American Masters" series.



**JAZZ REVIEW**

# Akiyoshi Extends Her Range at Royce Hall

More than any other artist on today's music scene, Toshiko Akiyoshi, whose orchestra appeared at Royce Hall on Saturday, offers evidence that jazz is as much a compositional as an improvisational art.

As writer, arranger, conductor and pianist, Akiyoshi continues to broaden her standards. A new element was added on this occasion with the addition of a conga drummer, Dave Romero, who was introduced in "Desert Lady."

Composed by Lew Tabackin, "Desert Lady" has taken on a new and compelling life as extended and orchestrated by Akiyoshi. In its revised form it is a flute concerto, with Tabackin central to the work, part of which is an exotic foray in 3/4 time.

As he has been ever since the West Coast version of this orchestra made its debut, Tabackin stands head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries. The concert got under way with his bristling tenor sax cooking relentlessly in the first few choruses of "Strive for Jive." But on this occasion it was as a flute virtuoso that Tabackin made his primary impact. "Kogun," with its Asian overtones provided by a tape recording of Tsusumi drums, was one of several pieces dominated by him.

Akiyoshi has always been a little too modest in featuring herself, though she was heard to advantage in "Remembering Bud," an evocative tribute to her early piano idol, Bud Powell. At one point or another almost everyone in the band had a chance to solo effectively. "Hiroko's Delight," another new Akiyoshi piece, left individual space for three of the four trumpeters.

Back in the 1970s Akiyoshi wrote a piece heard Saturday titled "Warning: Success May Be Hazardous to Your Health." As it turns out, the warning did not apply to the composer. Her success is beyond dispute while her musical and personal health would seem to be in admirable shape.

—LEONARD FEATHER

89

JAZZ REVIEW 12/3

# Maxine Weldon Puts an Exciting Touch on Oldies

Maxine Weldon, who opened Wednesday and closes Saturday at the Cinegrill, has been around the local block more than a few times.

To paraphrase Shakespeare, age has not withered nor custom staled, her infinite variety. Armed with her perennially radiant smile and warm personality, she kept her audience entranced for almost 90 minutes with a program that moved from pop to jazz to R&B to country.

With three songs by Percy Mayfield, one by Cole Porter, the 1960s Brenda Lee country hit "Johnny One Time" and even a song in Japanese, Weldon never let boredom set in for a single instant. True, she kept her vocal volume at a sometimes disconcerting level, but there were moments of relaxation, as in "Am I Blue" and "Just for a Thrill."

Weldon has always maintained this combination of extroversion and excitement, along with a refusal to recognize any dividing lines between idioms. Her blues numbers were especially powerful, spelled occasionally by instrumental interludes (Eliot Douglass on piano, Curtis Robertson Jr. on electric bass, backed by drummer Washington Rucker).

The trio supplied an R&B beat as she delivered the "Stairway to Paradise." No song is old when Maxine Weldon takes charge of it.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 12/6

# Torme's Skill Shines on Cerritos Center

Friday and Saturday evening, a nightingale sang in Cerritos Center. The sound was mellow, the setting ideal, the nightingale's name was Mel Torme.

As he remarked at Friday's show, this new theater in the round is "one of the most beautiful performance centers in the world," adding luster to his impeccable performance. He dealt skillfully with the 360-degree audience, opening with "Opus One" and bringing a fresh sensibility to "Stardust."

A heavy proportion of his set relied on seasonal songs. If a few of the snippets in his Christmas medley seemed a tad perfunctory, there was compensation in two new and timely pieces of his own: "Christmas Was Made for Children" (lyrics, music and arrangement by Torme) and "The Christmas Season," for which Mark Savalle supplied a chart to his words and music.

Inevitably and agreeably, these songs led up to Torme's biggest hit—you know, the one about the chestnuts and the open fire. From there it was a short step to Torme's familiar tribute to Benny Goodman, complete with his rapid-fire drum solo on "Sing, Sing, Sing."

Torme's backing included a string section, pianist John Corlianni and the horns of the Doc Severinsen Orchestra.

Severinsen's band, which has worked only sporadically since its "Tonight Show" days, was in fine shape. Most of the familiar faces were still around: Conte Candoli, Snooky Young and Bobby Findley trading trumpet riffs with the maestro, Ross Tompkins still at the keyboard, drummer Ed Shaughnessy killing the crowd and an impressive trombonist, Mike Daigeau.

Tommy Newsom was missing, but in his place was a surprise, Karolyn Kafer, whose alto solo on "Do Nothing 'Til You Hear From Me" was a sprightly highlight.

Severinsen took the band through a jazz-oriented set, for which he was a centerpiece on everything from "King Porter Stomp" to "One O'Clock Jump." His smoother side, which could have been displayed through the use of a mute on "Georgia," was rarely in evidence. Basically he is the Harry James of the 1990s (but playing, and briefly singing, on "I Can't Get Started," he became Bunny Berigan brought forward from the 1930s).

Too bad this "last of the big bands" lost its national TV platform. One can only hope the good doctor will make it more frequently visible.—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ SPOTLIGHT 12/6

★★★★

**OSCAR PETERSON**

"Encore at the Blue Note"

*TelArc*

This 1990 stint at the New York club has yielded yet a fourth CD by what is billed on the cover as "The Legendary Oscar Peterson Trio"—the fourth member of the group, drummer Bobby Durham, gets no cover billing but provides valuable assistance to pianist Peterson, guitarist Herb Ellis and bassist Ray Brown.

Of the nine tunes, five are standards, such as "Falling in Love With Love" and "Here's That Rainy Day," and four are Peterson originals—more correctly three, since "Cool Walk" is essentially a cheerful rehash of the old 16-bar blues, "Ja Da."

"Goodbye Old Girl," a charming Peterson piece, begins with an unaccompanied solo as relaxed and impressionistic as anything Bill Evans ever committed to tape. "The Gentle Waltz" is precisely what its title implies, despite a few fancy flourishes toward the end.

Ellis' guitar and Brown's bass have a few admirable solo moments, but basically their roles are supportive. The 74 minutes of playing time add luster to a name that has been a jazz legend since the Canadian giant invaded Carnegie Hall 44 years ago.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent).*

JAZZ ALBUM REVIEW 12/10

# Saxophonist Takes Lead in Two Quintets

★★★

**VINCENT HERRING**

"Dawnbird"

*Landmark*

The saxophonist who came to prominence in Nat Adderley's group is heard here leading two quintets, one of which includes the admirable Mulgrew Miller on piano and the gifted but sometimes straining Wallace Roney on trumpet. Herring plays alto on his own easygoing "Dr. Jamie," and plays soprano on an engaging waltz, "Who's Kidding Who?" Too bad the set opens with an atypical track, eight minutes of casual blues blowing. Later, the compositional factor enters helpfully.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four stars (excellent).*

JAZZ REVIEW 12/10

# Bandleaders Offer Mixed Set

A band consisting entirely of bandleaders turned sidemen—it seemed like a novel idea, but would it fly? On Tuesday at the Moonlight Tango an ensemble led by drummer Frank Capp provided the answer: yes and no.

Yes, because there were some super talents here: Paul Cacia's altissimo trumpet on "It Might as Well Be Spring," Bill Watrous' serene trombone on "Time for Love" and in a duet with Ann Patterson's baritone sax on a Brad Dechter original; Bill Elliott taking the band through a time warp for a cute 1930s-style novelty; and other pleasures.

On the negative side, there was the perpetual problem of noisy patrons, whom Capp repeatedly tried to shush; the lack of rehearsal, as a result of which at least one chart (an impossibly difficult opus by Kim Richmond) produced what is known in jazz circles as a train wreck; and the surplus of singers (just Barbara Morrison, the last and best, would have been enough). Additionally, the premise was not exactly adhered to; a couple of men really were not and are not bandleaders.

Al Porcino, a fine lead trumpeter who lives in Munich, was on hand for his Tango debut. Alongside him was Jack Sheldon, a splendid trumpeter and capable vocalist.

Inevitably this ad-hoc unit could not aim at a unified style, but some of the old familiar charts ("Shiny Stockings," "Tiny's Blues") were expertly read and fit the situation comfortably. The least you could say about "Celebrity Bandleaders" was that a good time was had by both on and off the bandstand.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Inner Voices Are Still a Fine Blend

12/13

Hallelujah! The Inner Voices are back!

As they do every year around this time, these four amazing women came back Saturday to Night Winds in Santa Monica with their immaculate vocal blend, their gloriously harmonized arrangements (most of them by Morgan Ames), their good Christmas spirits and good humor.

Unchanged in personnel for 11 years, they are Ames, alto; Darlene Koldenhoven, soprano; Clydene Jackson Edwards, tenor; and Carmin Twillie, bass.

What has changed is that the repertoire is edging away slightly from its seasonal exclusivity. Though Yuletide material remains the backbone of their act, several songs found one or another member at the piano singing her own non-Christmas composition. Koldenhoven, the tall blond with the multiple upward octaves, was the most memorable contributor with "It Never Goes Away."

When the keyboard was not in use, the quartet sang a cappella for everything from the seldom-heard verse of "White Christmas" to the buoyantly rhythmic "Caroling, Caroling." Other surprises: "Where Am I Going?," a song from "On Golden Pond" with Ames' lyrics to Dave Grusin's melody, and "Chances Are," a 1957 pop hit for Johnny Mathis.

This time, after their local gigs, they will not silently steal away. Finally they have their first out-of-state dates: bringing joy to another corner of the world, they leave Wednesday for a week in Japan. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEWS 12/16

# Royal Session at Catalina's

"Kings of Swing" is the billing attached to a sextet that opened Tuesday at Catalina's. The title is curious, since Buddy De Franco was the first clarinetist to take the instrument beyond the Benny Goodman era into the be-bop essence; similarly Terry Gibbs on vibraphone was a virtual bop-era successor to Lionel Hampton.

Instead of playing bop tunes by Gillespie or Parker, this group is presented as a tribute to Goodman, with a repertoire of tunes such as "Seven Come Eleven," "Air Mail Special" and "Memories of You."

Far from letting this material inhibit them, all six men tackle it with the brilliance that reflects their personal backgrounds. Gibbs, his youthful enthusiasm undiminished, remains a master of swinging velocity; his "Mean to Me" was an ebullient highlight. De Franco, whose career has enjoyed a major resurgence in recent years, is an improvisational phenomenon.

Two other key soloists adding elan to the group are Herb Ellis, the guitarist whose Texas blues roots are still delightfully detectable even when he plays as improbable a tune as "Inka Dinka Doo," and Tom Ranier, whose fleet piano is ideally suited to the setting. Rounding out the rhythm section are Frank Capp and Andy Simpkins, two men for all seasons, on drums and bass.

Gibbs and De Franco have been working together intermittently, and with consistent success, since 1980. Next time they return to Catalina's (they close Sunday), let's hope they come armed with, say, Dizzy's "Con Alma" and Bird's "Confirmation," for an appropriate challenge to their singular abilities.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Courtesy of Ruth Ellington

Duke Ellington's life is examined in "Beyond Category"; "The Duke Ellington Reader" looks at writings by and about the late musician.

# Alternatives to CDs for Those Last-Minute Shopping Sprees

Compact discs are generally the gift of choice for the jazz enthusiast, but books and videos on jazz can be provocative and informative alternatives. Here

MIXED MEDIA

are some of the year's top books and videos, as selected by members of The Times' jazz staff:

## Videos

**Charles Mingus, "Charles Mingus Sextet,"** Shanachie (59 min., $19.95). Taped in Norway in 1964, this concert features, sadly, four late jazz greats: the bassist; reedmen Eric Dolphy, who died suddenly two months after this performance; saxman Clifford Jordan, and drummer Dannie Richmond. The crack ensemble engages listeners with three extended works—among them Billy Strayhorn's "Take the 'A' Train" and the leader's luxuriant "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue." Dolphy is characteristically passionate and obtuse, Jordan hard-swinging and trumpeter Johnny Coles, ever underrated, is brilliant, offering statements that are personal and surprising.

—ZAN STEWART

**Phil Woods, "Live at the Maintenance Shop,"** Shanachie (59 min., $19.95.). Recorded in the late 1970s for Iowa Public Television and not rebroadcast since, this is a first-rate performance video that captures Woods' quartet in an ebullient mood. The altoist offers a jack-rabbit dart through "Song for Sisyphus," his gleaming-like-a-ruby tone propelling succulent chains of ideas, then offsets that intense workout with the lyrical "A Little Piece." Pianist Mike Melillo stretches out unaccompanied on "Only When You're in My Arms."

—Z.S.

**Dexter Gordon, "Live at the Maintenance Shop,"** Shanachie (58 min., $19.95). Here is the first tenorman of be-bop in performance just three years after returning from 14 years in Europe. His tone in this video, shot in the same studio and time frame as the Woods project, is sturdy as the trunk of a redwood, his statements a compelling mix of simplicity, grace and whammy. Gordon—along with George Cables on piano, Rufus Reid on bass and Eddie Gladden on drums—tantalizingly and relaxedly investigates "Green Dolphin Street," "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" and "Tanya."

—Z.S.

**Illinois Jacquet, "Texas Tenor: The Illinois Jacquet Story,"** Rhapsody Films (81 min., $29.95). Directed by fashion photographer Arthur Elgort, this stylish documentary deals with every facet of the saxophonist's public and private life. Tributes are paid by Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Rollins and Clark Terry among others; of course, Jacquet's famous solo on "Flyin' Home" with the Lionel Hampton band plays a major role.

—LEONARD FEATHER

**Gene Krupa, "Jazz Legend,"** DCI Music Video (60 min., $29.95). Through his stint with Benny Goodman and subsequent career as bandleader, Krupa established the drums as a central force in jazz. This diverse document finds him in the company of Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Roy Eldridge, Anita O'Day and others, ending in a drum battle with Buddy Rich and Mel Torme. The narration is by Louie Bellson and Steve Allen.

—L.F.

**"Branford Marsalis: The Music Tells You,"** SMV Enterprises (60 min., $19.98). D. A. Pennebaker (who directed "Monterey Pop" and "Don't Look Back," among numerous other music films) has a deceptively simple style: Let the musicians play, let them talk, and the story will shape itself. The result, in this 60-minute view of the Marsalis trio on tour, is a superb snapshot of what it means to be a working jazz musician in the '90s.

—DON HECKMAN

**"Eric Dolphy: Last Date,"** Rhapsody Films (92 min., $29.95). Dutch filmmaker Hans Hylkema's take on Dolphy is mostly based on a final recording session held June 2, 1964, in Holland. Two excellent concert video excerpts are included, as well as interviews with such Dolphy associates as Jaki Byard and Buddy Collette. A rare opportunity to experience the music of one of the most important (and too often overlooked) jazz voices of the post-be-bop era.

—D.H.

**"Miles Davis & Quincy Jones: Live at Montreux,"** Warner Reprise Video (75 mins., $29.98). A more accurate title for this vital documentary would have replaced Jones' name with that of Gil Evans, since the essential kernel of the 1991 concert (and the film) was Davis' long-anticipated return to—and coming to grips with—the classic Evans charts for "Miles Ahead," "Sketches of Spain" and "Porgy and Bess." This is a must-have historic document for the serious jazz fan; beyond that, it confirms the essential creativity that Davis retained until the end of his life.

—D.H.

## Books

**"Beyond Category: The Life and Genius of Duke Ellington," John Edward Hasse,** Simon & Schuster ($25). Despite the profusion of Ellington books, Hasse, who is the curator of the Smithsonian's Ellington exhibition, uncovers new aspects of Ellington the man and the musician, successfully counteracting the less-favorable impression left by James Lincoln Collier's 1987 biography. The illustrations are ample and rare.

—L.F.

**"The Duke Ellington Reader," edited by Mark Tucker,** Oxford University Press ($30). These 101 pieces, most of them chronologically arranged, draw on a variety of sources, from the often naive comments of the 1920s to posthumous essays in the 1970s and '80s. The few pieces attributed to Ellington himself were probably ghostwritten;


An engaging set from 1964 with four late jazz greats among the sextet: Mingus, Clifford Jordan, Eric Dolphy, Dannie Richmond.

the main value of this collection is the vast diversity of attitudes represented, along with some passages that are as sensitive as others are myopic.

—L.F.

**"Reading Jazz," edited by David Meltzer,** Mercury House ($14.95). Meltzer's theme in this anthology—that the culture of jazz has largely been defined and "neutralized" by white writers—isn't new. But his evidence, culled from such writers as Simone de Beauvoir, Frantz Fanon, Norman Mailer and dozens of others, adds new and damning weight to the argument. In his "Pre-ramble" and chapter introductions, Meltzer often stumbles into his own trap, embracing the same kind of myth-making he disparages. But the collection itself is a revealing and, at times, disturbing look at the issue of race and the homogenization of jazz.

—BILL KOHLHAASE

**"Sitting In: Selected Writings on Jazz, Blues and Related Topics, An Expanded Edition," Hayden Carruth,** University of Iowa ($12.95). Best known for his sharp-eyed poetry, Carruth here mixes prose and prosody in the kind of definitive ruminations that anthologist Meltzer rails against. Still, Carruth's wit and insight goes deep into our attraction for sound and improvisation, while his writing, unlike Meltzer's, shows that the written phrase can be just as beautiful and meaningful as music.

—B.K.

**"Notes and Tones," Arthur Taylor,** Da Capo ($13.95). The drummer conducts interviews, done mostly in the late '60s and early '70s, with 30 or so of his compatriots, from Art Blakey and Miles Davis to Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins. Taylor asks unusual questions. He queries the rarely interviewed Monk and Blakey about the Black Power movement, asks Max Roach if boxing is comparable to music. The answers are equally unexpected.

—Z.S.

**"The Black Music History of Los Angeles: Its Roots,"** by Tom Reed, Black Accent Press ($60). Paging casually through the photographs and memorabilia in this uneven but fascinating survey of LA's rich musical scene recalls what it must have been like to stroll down Central Avenue in the '40s. In addition to photographs—many previously unpublished—of Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington, there are captivating images of the Snow sisters (Valaida and Lavaida), Finger Smock and dozens of others.

—D.H.

**"Ornette Coleman: A Harmolodic Life," John Litweiler,** Morrow, ($23). The first full-length biography of the saxophonist whose free-form innovation set the jazz world on its ear, Litweiler's book is an important and thorough investigation of the incidents of Coleman's career. Despite its drawbacks—Litweiler's prose often stands in dull contrast to the energy of Coleman's music and he gives only the tiniest sense of his subject's motivation—this is a necessary cornerstone in the understanding of Coleman's ongoing revolution.

—B.K.

**"Bunny Berigan: Elusive Legend of Jazz,"** Robert Dupuis, Louisiana State University ($24.95). The trumpeter who Louis Armstrong once said would be his logical successor is the subject of this well-researched biography. Berigan had much in common with Bix Beiderbecke: same initials, same lyrical horn, same aborted sideman stints, alcoholism and early death (Beiderbecke at 28 in 1931, Berigan at 33 in 1942.) This long overdue tribute belongs in every library.

—L.F.



LOS ANGELES TIMES / CALENDAR

JAZZ REVIEW

# Penland Quintet Shows Strengths

Penland Polygon is the apt name of a many-sided quintet led by the drummer Ralph Penland and presented Friday at the Jazz Bakery.

With the exception of Robert Hurst III, the fine bass player well known as a member of "The Tonight Show" band, Penland's musicians are relatively unfamiliar, though their talent takes little time to become evident. The front line comprises Charles Moore on trumpet and Gerald Pinter on tenor sax (occasionally soprano).

It is from Penland's strengths that the group draws it success. Because he wrote much of the music, he underlines and accents every note where such nuances are called for. He is one of the Southland's outstanding drummers, whether working on sticks in "Eye of the Hurricane," offering a dramatic opening on mallets in a dark, brooding original, or switching to melodica complementing Pinter's soprano.

On Joe Henderson's "Caribbean Fire Dance," he picked up a cuica, the Brazilian novelty that can be made to cry or offer a humorous, near-human cackle.

Penland's tunes included "For Victor and Ashby" (dedicated to the memory of two former members, Victor Feldman and Dorothy Ashby), and the briak, engaging "That'll Work." The Penland unit deserves more recognition than a small attendance was able to provide on this one-night stand.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★½ **Bobby Militello,** "Heart and Soul," Positive Records. Horn-organ-drums trios playing lounge music have been common jazz currency for decades. Each of the participants contributed to this set: drummer Bob Leatherbarrow with "Siberia," Hammond organist Bobby Jones with "Metro Funk," and Militello, with "Blues for Which Bob." Playing mostly alto sax—he's also heard on soprano, tenor, flute and one vocal—Militello may have been hampered by the slightly ponderous organ sound, though his technique and ideas are generally commendable. Oddly, there is a "Body and Soul" here, but no "Heart and Soul."

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent).* 12/31



JAZZ REVIEW

# Lyricism Lacking From Roney Group

Surprisingly, Catalina's is closing out 1993 with one of the major disappointments of the year: a group led by trumpeter Wallace Roney.

It's not that there is a lack of talent; it's what the members do with it. Roney was hailed here, just two years ago this week, as "the jazz front-runner in the stakes for stardom next year." His technique and control are undeniable, but he now too often seems to be trying to escape from the memory of Miles Davis (beside whom he played at the memorable Montreux concert).

In particular, the lyricism just wasn't there Tuesday night—not even in "What's New," which found both Roney and tenor saxophonist Ravi Coltrane avoiding that composition's pristine beauty.

Just as Roney's abstractions avoided the Davis shadow, Coltrane is undoubtedly under pressure due to his famous father's name. He did, however, achieve moments of genuine passion.

Geri Allen was particularly weak on her accompanying, seldom straying far from the center of the piano. Her solo on "What's New" provided the best reminder of her considerable talent. Ralph Penland's drumming added extra force to a group already guilty of excessive volume. Robert Hurst III supplied a helpful bass underline.

Another horn player, saxophonist Kenny Garrett, was absent Tuesday, but was expected to rejoin the band Wednesday. Perhaps his presence (through Sunday) will bring a needed note of unpretentious creativity.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 12/25

# Buddy Collette Leads Octet at Catalina

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Buddy Collette, the veteran saxophonist and flutist who inaugurated the music policy at Catalina Bar & Grill seven years ago, was back at his old stamping ground Thursday.

Leading an eight-piece group, he reflected values, both in his own playing and his arrangements, that were pre-Coltrane and at times pre-Bird. Music that has been around for decades may prove ageless—as it did in most of the individual blowing—or dated—as it did in the somewhat ragged ensembles on "Just You, Just Me" and "Perdido."

Collette's alto sax and flute have long been a reliable Southland fixture, as has his writing. A highlight was "Magali," in which his flute shared credit with Bill Green's soprano sax, James Smith's adventurous fluegelhorn and the remarkable bass work of Art Davis, who by bowing and plucking in fast alternation seemed to be playing a duet with himself.

Garnett Brown, another longtime Angeleno, split the trombone responsibilities with Britt Woodman, the Los Angeles-born Duke Ellington alumnus now on a visit from New York. Completing the group were Clarence Johnston on drums and the fleet pianist Brian O'Rourke. Best known for his gigs with Gerald Wilson's orchestra, O'Rourke was in spectacular form on "Perdido."

In general, the Collette combo, which drew a full house on Thursday, projects a happy holiday spirit that will remain on tap through Sunday.

JAZZ REVIEW 1/7/94

# A Tuneful Tenorman

Rickey Woodard, whose quartet took charge Thursday at the Brasserie of the Bel Age Hotel, knows all the answers to the perennial question: How should the tenor saxophone really be played?

After decades of mauling, distortion and musical logorrhea threatened to destroy its essential beauty, the tenor sax has survived in the hands of men like Woodard, who know that a strong, consistent sound and continuity of ideas can cancel out the need for spurious effects.

It was evident from the first chorus of "In a Mellotone" that Woodard was in command and was equipped to remain so indefinitely. Ideas flowed from the horn without ever losing sight of the necessity to remain melodically inventive, and without resorting to fashionable freak notes or split tones.

There was a similar sense of authority in "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"—the title song of a 1948 movie—a tune equipped with comfortable chord changes that Woodard, pianist Bill Henderson and bassist Jeff Littleton dealt with handily.

Woodard's most melodic moments were reserved for "My One and Only Love," a ballad recorded 40 years ago by Frank Sinatra. His ability to tackle the blues head on was well in evidence on "Red Top," a Gene Ammons line that also found Henderson stretching out convincingly at the keyboard. The set ended with a Hank Mobley original that offered solo space to a fine drummer, Harold Mason.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEWS 1/7/94

# Eric Reed's Compelling Pianism

Eric Reed, the 23-year-old pianist who has earned valuable exposure with the Wynton Marsalis group, was at the Brasserie of the Bel Age Hotel Tuesday and Wednesday leading his own trio.

Reed's knowledge of the roots of jazz enables him to skip decades with consummate ease, applying his technical finesse to everything from the traditional "Wade in the Water" to popular and jazz standards and an occasional original.

His own "Never Say Never" established the engagingly unified personality of the trio, with Willie Jones III on drums and the exceptional John Clayton Jr. on bass.

"You Don't Know What Love Is," a 1941 ballad, brought out dual moods, romantic and assertive, in Reed, along with an arco contribution by Clayton. Bobby Watson's "E.T.A." found the threesome in a more contemporary mode.

Reed may not yet have found his own firm identity as a stylist, but in his more inventive moments he shows strong potential. His best offering by far was "Every Time We Say Goodbye," a 1940s love song that he developed brilliantly, enriching its already opulent harmonic lines, then doubling the beat as the intensity built. Following a Clayton chorus, Reed returned to the original mood and tempo for a well-conceived finale.

—LEONARD FEATHER

1/7/94

# Horace Silver Makes Healthy Comeback

Since introducing his enlarged Silver Brass Ensemble a year ago at Catalina Bar & Grill, pianist Horace Silver made a successful album, but a serious illness prevented him from touring to promote it. Tuesday night he brought the same group back to the Hollywood club for an engagement that continues through Sunday.

Silver's return to good health and to the club scene is welcome news to the jazz community.

A prolific composer, Silver, who made his debut as a leader four decades ago, basically writes melodic statements arranged for his six-piece brass section (three trumpets, French horn and two trombones). The blend he achieves with this instrumentation is one of three reasons for the group's attractive personality. The others are Silver at the piano, jaggedly sharp in his rhythmically propulsive statements, and Red Holloway, whose tenor sax solos are invariably delivered with fire.

Silver hasn't rejected his earlier values. One tune, "Blues for Brother Blue," was named for Blue Mitchell, a sideman in one of his quintets. Another was a revamped arrangement of his 1958 hit "Senor Blues."

Except for a couple of solos by George Bohanon on trombone and one by Ron Stout on trumpet, the brass members worked mainly as a unit, backed by a rhythm team to which drummer Carl Burnett and bassist Bob Maize were steady and sturdy contributors.

—L.F.

12/26

JAZZ

# A Golden Feather for the White House Reed Man

By LEONARD FEATHER

YEAR IN REVIEW 1993

When the first "Golden Feather Awards" column appeared here in December, 1965, several of this year's winners were not yet born. Many giants of 1965, all Golden Feather or Down Beat award winners—Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Gil Evans, Charles Mingus, Count Basie, Miles Davis, Rahsaan Roland Kirk—have long since left us.

Where Joe Henderson recently won a triple victory in Down Beat's poll (musician of the year, No. 1 tenor sax and record of the year), John Coltrane in 1965 was a quadruple winner: tenor sax, record of the year ("A Love Supreme"), Hall of Fame entrant and jazzman of the year. (Coltrane would live to win once more before his death in July, 1967.)

Over the decades since then, jazz has advanced immeasurably on every level: the number of schools and colleges teaching the music has multiplied a hundredfold, as have the number of companies producing jazz recordings and the audiences listening to them. The foreign market and the interest at youth level are also booming, spawned mainly since the early 1980s by the rise of Wynton Marsalis and a host of others of his generation. Whereas in those days a few dozen LPs would be issued each month, today well over 100 jazz CDs can be counted on to enter the stores.

Of the 12 Golden Feather recipients in 1965, only Joe Williams is still prominently present; a few others remain active but are nowhere near center stage. This year there is an unprecedentedly wide range of choices, among whom the following seem logical candidates for honors:

**MAN OF THE YEAR:** William Jefferson Clinton. Best known, of course, as the first tenor saxophonist born after World War II to occupy the White House. His good words ("Jazz is America's classical music, created in struggle but played in celebration") were matched by his good deeds (a White House concert in June celebrating both the Thelonious Monk Institute and the 40th anniversary of the Newport Jazz Festival, which ended with the President borrowing a saxophone and playing a very respectable blues solo).

**HOT PROPERTY OF THE YEAR:** Joshua Redman. If he wasn't a literal overnight sensation, his rise is as close as it gets; in 1991 he was still planning to enter Yale Law School, but after he won the Thelonious Monk saxophone competition everything changed. Today, at 24, he has an album, "Wish" (his second, for Warner Bros.), that recently was No. 1 on the Billboard chart. Time to practice? He says he barely has time to sleep, such are the demands on his services.

Reuters

President Clinton jams with Joshua Redman on the Newport Jazz Festival stage in June.

**YOUNG MAN OF THE YEAR:** Christian McBride. The Juilliard-trained bassist was a pro at 13, toured Europe with Benny Golson at 18; today, at 21, he is one of the most sought-after bassists in New York. Redman, with whom he has been featured recently, has praised the "fire, intensity and unbridled passion" of his playing.

**PIANISTS OF THE YEAR:** A tie between Jacky Terrasson and Eric Reed. Berlin-born, Paris-trained Terrasson is 27, an eclectic whose impact in the United States was helped when he won this year's Monk competition. Terrasson can be heard as a sideman on "Wailin' at the Village Vanguard" by Arthur Taylor's Wailers (Verve). Reed, at 23, knows his way around from Dizzy and Bird back to Gershwin and Porter; he has displayed his versatility in the Wynton Marsalis group and with his own trio. Reed has his own CD, "It's All Right to Swing," on the MoJazz label.

**SINGER OF THE YEAR:** Nnenna Freelon. Having shaken off the Sarah Vaughan image, she is moving toward an individual sound that may be better captured in her next album for CBS-Sony.

**JAZZ MASTERS OF THE YEAR:** Carmen McRae, Louie Bellson, Ahmad Jamal. They are this year's National Endowment for the Arts honorees; their victories will be celebrated next month in Boston at the International Assn. of Jazz Educators' convention. McRae's honor is singularly appropriate, as she has been totally sidelined by illness since the spring of 1991 and no doubt can put the $20,000 honorarium to good use.

**COMEBACK OF THE YEAR:** Annie Ross. Decades after her massive impact as part of the Lambert, Hendricks & Ross trio, she floated in and out, singing here, acting there, until Robert Altman provided her with a splendid chance to display both talents in the film "Short Cuts."

**RECORDS OF THE YEAR:** Not even the most diligent listener can claim to have heard more than a small proportion of the year's 1,000-plus jazz releases, but among those reviewed, a few stand out: the Randy Weston/Melba Liston "Volcano Blues" (Verve), a strongly blues-oriented set with Liston's arrangements of Weston's compositions; Flip Phillips' "Try a Little Tenderness" (Chiaroscuro), with Dick Hyman's charts backing Phillips' pleading tenor sax; Ryan Kisor's "In the One," in which the 20-year-old trumpeter displays a rare maturity; "The 87 Years of Doc Cheatham" (Columbia), revealing the trumpeter still in prime form, and, of course, Redman's "Wish" (Warner Bros.).

**OUTSTANDING REISSUES:** "The Complete Ella Fitzgerald Song Books" (Verve), combining her songbook sets into a 16-CD box, and "Swing Time—The Fabulous Big Band Era 1925-1955" (Columbia). In general, it was an exceptional year for multiple-reissue packages on Rhino, Mosaic, Atlantic, Decca, etc.

**BLUE NOTES OF THE YEAR:** One waits in vain for these annual lists to grow shorter, but the losses were no lighter than usual: Mario Bauza, Albert Collins, Bob Cooper, Billy Eckstine, Dizzy Gillespie, Adelaide Hall, Art Hodes, Clifford Jordan, Rich Matteson, Sun Ra, George Wallington, Frank Zappa—ave atque vale. □

*Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.*



# We Need a Unique Stylist, Not a Clone

■ **Commentary:** Great female jazz singers are rare these days. But even more rare are true innovators.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Where have all the great jazz singers gone?

Perhaps the question calls for a few qualifications. First, we are referring to women. In recent years the term *male jazz singer* has become almost an oxymoron, with such rule-proving exceptions as Bobby McFerrin. All the way back to Bessie Smith, females have been the dominant vocal force.

In the 1920s we had Smith and the other blues giants. The swing era (1935-45) produced five major influences: Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald and Anita O'Day. Three have died, Fitzgerald has retired, O'Day, at 74, hangs in there.

Then the real question is: Where are the new jazz singers coming from? Why are we bombarded regularly (and vainly) with press reports announcing the new Ella, the next Sarah?

What is needed, and remains undelivered, is someone whose impact owes little to any predecessors. Consider the conditions that prevailed in the days of the true innovators.

All five pioneers had the big-band experience so valuable to the development of a musical ear: Holiday with Count Basie and Artie Shaw, Fitzgerald with Chick Webb, Vaughan with Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine, Bailey with Red Norvo, O'Day with Gene Krupa and Stan Kenton. Theirs was a small world, with only four record companies and almost no vocal competitors.

They also had few influences. Holiday, while acknowledging the impact of Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, sprang to maturity as full blown as Athena out of Zeus' head. Moreover, she never scatted.

Fitzgerald listened to Connee Boswell (the principal singer with the Boswell Sisters, a vocal trio popular in the early 1930s) but soon became an original and did no scatting until a decade into her career. (That is an art too many are too willing to tackle, given the difficulty in sustaining the high level of innate musicianship required.) Vaughan had her musicianly ear, Bailey and O'Day their distinctive timbres, all from Day 1.

Today's aspiring artists, many of them unsophisticated ladies who find themselves lost in the shuffle of managers, press agents, producers (who may tell them, "Don't sing jazz, it ain't commercial"), vocal overdubs and overwhelming orchestral backgrounds, are never left to develop spontaneously. Their success may depend on the size and clout of a record company.

Bruce Lundvall, in a position of influence as president of Blue Note Records, believes that there will never be another Fitzgerald or Vaughan ("They have enough sound-alikes around already," he says). However, he says a few recent arrivals show promise, including Cassandra Wilson, who records for Lundvall's Blue Note label. "I'm very excited about Cassandra Wilson's new album, 'Blue Light 'Til Dawn,' " he says. "She is a natural both as writer and singer. She is true to the art form and has a long road ahead of her."

JEFF KATZ

Dianne Reeves is "a wonderful singer—she has real staying power," says Bruce Lundvall, president of Blue Note Records.

Please see SINGERS, F21

# SINGERS

Continued from F18

To some listeners Wilson may now seem like a musical glutton who would like to swallow jazz, funk, soul, rock, hip-hop, blues and anything else within earshot. There are overtones of desperation pitch, with too many dreary songs and no two tracks with similar instrumentation. Earlier albums in which she stuck to jazz standards came off more convincingly.

Lundvall may be more on target with Dianne Reeves, "a wonderful singer—she has real staying power."

But what of Madeline Eastman? She has the dual disadvantages of living in San Francisco rather than New York, and of being on a hard-to-find-label, Mad-Kat, but her rhythmic renovations of "I Only Have Eyes for You" and her poignant reading of the theme from "Bagdad Cafe" bespeak a major personal potential.

Ernestine Anderson, whose roller-coaster career dates to the early 1950s, had her finger on the pulse of the problem: "In the 1950s, jazz was thriving. In the 1960s, when rock 'n' roll became the music of America, I had to move to Europe to keep working. Today, we're experiencing rap and hip-hop. Jazz people are not respected. When Betty Carter finally won a Grammy, it was presented to her off-camera. Jazz people don't get their dues—don't get their 40 acres and their mule!"

Anderson's view is reflected in such cases as that of Rachelle Ferrell. Although she has an interesting album of jazz material, it has been released only in Japan; she was introduced to the U.S. market, presumably for protection, in a CD of conventional pop/funk.

A promising debut last year was that of Kate McGarry ("Easy to Love" on VTL), who like almost everyone else acknowledges Fitzgerald as a primary inspiration, along with Jon Hendricks, Carter and Mark Murphy.

One tends to forget, though, that through the years certain singers were influenced not so much by their peers as by instrumentalists. A classic case was that of Peggy Lee, whose recording career goes back to 1941 (with Benny Goodman) and who grew up listening to the brand-new Count Basie band on the radio from Kansas City. Her phrasing, she says, derived from listening to jazzmen.

"The first singer who influenced me was Maxine Sullivan. I just loved the way she phrased. Later, I heard Billie Holiday, whom I admired but never tried to copy." Sullivan was known as the "Loch Lomond Lady" after her record of that song became a hit in 1937. For several years she was teamed with a sextet led by her husband, bassist John Kirby, with whom she shared a popular radio series.

Lee hears no incipient jazz megastars on the horizon, but has some wise words of counsel for those who would enter the field: "You have to be prepared to take your lumps, pay your dues, insist on singing what you believe in, polishing your style as you go along. It's true that the music business today is not conducive to taking that route, and not many people want to try it, but it can be done."

CHRISTOPHER MICAUD

Nnenna Freelon: A purity of purpose and courage of conviction.

One who was able to try it was Nnenna Freelon. Now in her mid-30s, she has spent most of her adult life in Durham, N.C., free from baneful influences and busy raising a family. Her first album two years ago on Columbia revealed this purity of purpose and courage of conviction.

To point out that there are no vital additions to the jazz ranks is not to imply that there is a shortage of estimable talents. In terms of style, phrasing, clarity of diction, passion, choice of repertoire and accompaniment, several performers come to mind.

Vanessa Rubin ("Pastiche" on Novus) is an unqualified jazz singer whose influences have been virtually all the significant vocal arrivals of the last two or three decades. Susannah McCorkle ("From Bessie to Brazil" on Concord) is a sensitive singer with an eclectic library of songs from every era. Sheena Easton in "No Strings" (MCA) dipped into jazz/ballad waters with a success surprising to those who thought of her exclusively as a pop artist. She even tackled "Moody's Mood for Love."

The one element lacking, or at least not proven, among even the most promising of these women is durability. True, in 1943 it did not occur even to the most ardent supporters of Holiday and Fitzgerald that their idols' records would still be played, their reputations greater than ever, half a century into the future. Can any of today's still maturing talents claim comparable staying power?

## Concord All-Stars Join Forces

Nothing unpredictable happened Saturday when the Concord Jazz All-Stars appeared at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena. Nothing eventful, either; on the other hand, nothing unpleasant.

Here was an apparently unrehearsed session by seven musicians, most of whom have recorded for the Concord label. Before the program began you knew that the tunes would be mostly old standards, that the solos would lead to eight-bar and four-bar trades, that each half of the show would end with a drum solo by Frank Capp, and that Jack Sheldon would tell his Marcel Marceau joke.

Sheldon's comedy is not up to the level of his singing, which in turn is not the equal of his trumpet playing. If he had cut out the humor he could have played two or three choruses of "The Shadow of Your Smile" instead of the single, very lyrical chorus he did offer.

Scott Hamilton's tenor sax, long a symbol of neo-classicism, seldom caught fire. Gary Foster's alto sax and flute were even less geared to impassioned statements, and Dave Stone's bass came across with insufficient impact.

That left the evening's honors to Howard Alden, whose every guitar solo bespoke imagination coupled with originality, and to Jerry Wiggins, a pianist who has never been known to let any band down.

The group's title seemed like a partial misnomer, since only Hamilton and Alden have been recording regularly for Concord. Essentially, this was an ad-hoc unit in a casual nightclub mode, not ideally suited to a concert recital.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Lundy Gives Uneven but Engaging Show

Carmen Lundy, heard Friday at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, is a multitalented artist: singer, composer, lyricist, painter. Vocally, she might best be characterized as a jazz contralto, with an unconventional, extrovert personality.

A torrid warm-up on the standard "Star Eyes" revealed an empathetic interaction with her trio, led by pianist Billy Childs. With the ubiquitous Ralph Penland on drums and Reggie Hamilton on bass, she enjoyed buoyant support throughout a long and engaging set.

Lundy's talent for songwriting was best illustrated in "Never Gonna Let You Go" and "You're Not in Love," both equally strong in their intelligently designed words and well-crafted melodies.

"When Your Lover Has Gone," a half-forgotten ballad from 1931, began appealingly but lost power during a mood-breaking scat chorus. "The End of a Love Affair" included the line: "My voice is too loud when I'm out in a crowd," which had autobiographical overtones, though Lundy's fortissimo outbursts were well received and sometimes appropriate.

Billy Childs' role was more than that of an accompanist. Always sensitive in his collaborations with singers, he brought a special, personal element to such well-worn material as "Round Midnight."

The final verdict on Carmen Lundy is not yet in. A career that has taken her through gospel, R&B, jazz and other phases now seems to be bringing together several elements from these earlier stages. She may be inconsistent but she never becomes a bore.

—L. F.

*Gene Lees*
# Jazzletter

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*December 1993* — *Vol. 12 No. 12*

## Mail Bag

I greatly admired your excursion on the subject of Yip Harburg. Yip was a fine lyricist (why can't you lyricists be called poets?) but a lousy historian. I read:

"The greatest romance in the life of a lyricist is when right words meet the right notes, Harburg said at the YMHA. "Maria Aeons, the celebrated soprano, was warned by her father, the great Garcia, for whom Mozart wrote the part of Don Juan, that you cannot sing a lie and stay on pitch. I almost believe this."

If there ever was a celebrated soprano named Maria Aeons, I have never heard of her, nor has any of the lexicographers who rest on my shelves. She was certainly not the daughter of the great Manuel Garcia. He had two daughters, the future Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot, both celebrated singers, but both contraltos or mezzos. Nor did Mozart write the part of Don Juan (Giovanni) for Garcia, who was only twelve years old when *Don Giovanni* had its premiere in Prague in 1787. Garcia did sing it, one of only a few tenors to undertake it. Garcia was, however, Rossini's first Almaviva.

I continue to treasure the Jazzletter.

Henry Pleasants, London, England

Your article on Yip Harburg was enlightening. I sent the issue to my mother, who spent her life pondering and occasionally struggling with the problems of a world that heaps glory on composers and almost ignores lyricists and librettists. My parents had a long career as opera translators; you might know Ruth and Thomas Martin's work, if you are a fan of opera in English. Their translations are lately out of fashion in many places, thanks in part to snide critics and a latter generation of almost insane opera directors, but they knew more about opera than most people I have met since. Growing up as I did with opera characters who spoke (and sang) my language, I must have learned something myself.

Since my father was a conductor and a coach, and the son of an excellent baritone, he knew the human voice intimately. My parents set out to write the most singable translations they could. Singability is paramount, as you know; Edward Dent's *Fledermaus* reads as wonderfully witty verse, but it sounds clumsy when sung. Lines about life being riper when the Heidseick is Piper are best left on the printed page.

Opera librettists, of course, are as underrated as song lyricists. Where is our film about Da Ponte who, I am told, ended up bootlegging in New Jersey because Columbia University didn't pay him enough to live on? As for opera translators, their lot is probably the worst: my parents had to fight the IRS to prove that translation was an art, not a business. Ironically, one of their last translations before my father died was Salieri's *Prima La Music*, which concerned the slights that librettists suffer.

All this is to say that I appreciate reading about songwriting from the lyricist's perspective for a change. And I'm looking forward to more issues of the Jazzletter.

Charles Martin, Hong Kong

I am writing to congratulate you on *Jazz Black and White*. In these days of thought police and politically-correct bullies, it takes real courage to write as you have. How refreshing it is to read an essay based on reasonable discourse.

I was reminded of an exchange (hardly a meeting of minds) with Stanley Dance in 1988 in the pages of the Journal of the International Association of Jazz Record Collectors. Dance had, in criticizing an article (not mine) which had suggested that jazz had benefitted from both black and white participation, dogmatically stated that white jazz musicians had contributed exactly zilch to jazz.

Norman P. Gentieu, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

It's a tragedy the way things have gone.

Terry Gibbs was the first one — at least fifteen years ago — to put me hip to the changes he saw happening around him. White jazz musicians traditionally, with no exceptions that I know of, have worshipped their black peers and I know there was real affection, on the part of many black musicians, for their talented white friends, in and out of the business.

Perhaps the worst thing about racism is its stupidity — blaming all the members of a particular social group for offenses committed by a minority, although the point is the same even if the offenders are in the majority.

Even if ninety percent of American whites were blamable, it would still be idiotic to attack the ten percent that were innocent. The point obviously applies at all 360 degrees of the moral compass. Anger should always be directed at specific targets.

Steve Allen, Sherman Oaks, California

Now that you've printed the events of that dreadful night at the New Morning in Paris (*l'affaire* Wynton Marsalis), I do wish to clarify.

The band was on a break. I left the band room and returned to hear Wynton say, " . . . and all those white cats like Phil Woods getting all the press!" I had heard Wynton at the North Sea Festival the previous year (1981, I believe) and at the Olympia Theatre in Paris prior to the New Morning gig. I was very impressed by his musical maturity, which, I assumed, carried over to his personal maturity. There was no musician that year who had received more press than Wynton.

I was raised in an exceptional family and didn't discover racism until I was ten or eleven, having grown up in a tolerant neighborhood on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. I thought

# Wondrous Watrous

1/9

A pair of top-notch albums by two high-profile L.A. area musicians—trombone notable Bill Watrous, who regularly appears in Southern California nightspots, and guitarist Kevin Eubanks, who is a featured member of Branford Marsalis' "Tonight Show" orchestra—highlight this slate of recent jazz recordings.

NEW RELEASES

★★★★
**BILL WATROUS**
"A Time for Love"
*GNP/Crescendo*

This is a triple triumph for trombonist Watrous.

Along with his own beauty of sound, his breadth of range and inspiration of improvisation, it celebrates the talents of Johnny Mandel, who wrote all the tunes, and of Sammy Nestico, who penned most of the arrangements.

The early jazz pieces Mandel wrote for Count Basie and Woody Herman work just as well as his timeless ballads, "Close Enough for Love," "The Shadow of Your Smile" and "Emily." This last tune features a wondrous introduction on English horn by Phil Feather. Credit also to Shelly Berg, who played keyboards and wrote two of the charts.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

## JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

1/30

★★★
**JOE HENDERSON**
"The Blue Note Years"
*Blue Note*

This four-CD box (4½ hours of music) includes 36 cuts, all but the final 25 minutes being classics from the 1960s. Though Henderson is the leader on only 10 tracks, his tenor is prominent throughout on selections led by Bobby Hutcherson, Duke Pearson, Andrew Hill et al.

The set could as well have been issued as "Best of Blue Note." Sad to say, many giants of that era heard here have left us: trumpeters Kenny Dorham, Lee Morgan, Woody Shaw and the memorable Blue Mitchell, whose solo on "Sweet and Lovely" is a gem. Most of the pianists, though, are still among us: Horace Silver, McCoy Tyner, Herbie Hancock, Tommy Flanagan.

Henderson's sound and maturity differed little 30 years ago from his much-lauded work today. For proof, compare the first cut, "Sao Paolo" in 1963, with the final item, from a 1990 date with Renee Rosnes. Why it took so long for fame to overtake him is anybody's guess.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good) and four stars (excellent).*

JAZZ REVIEW 2/13

# Eliane Elias Takes Steps Toward Mainstream

Eliane Elias, the pianist from Sao Paulo who arrived in this country 12 years ago, revealed in a concert Thursday at Ambassador Auditorium how much headway she has made since her early days here, when she toured with the fusion group Steps Ahead.

Elias today has a powerful dual personality. While a Latin rhythmic character remains prominent in her performances of Brazilian tunes, some of the American standards played Thursday reveal the extent to which she has moved into the jazz mainstream.

This was particularly evident in a medley of "All the Things You Are" and "Bouncing With Bud," the latter a tribute to her idol, Bud Powell. "Alone Together" and "I Love You" again found her in rhythmically propulsive form.

Surprisingly, some of the Brazilian pieces came off less effectively. "Waters of March" and "Desafinado" were too often buried in off-the-wall variations. More attractive was an unaccompanied, unannounced solo number.

On most tunes Elias benefited from a valuable rhythm section. John Patitucci's bass pushes the envelope of the instrument's potential; he is a true giant, and in Peter Erskine he has a partner whose drums adapt themselves equally well to the straight-ahead and Brazilian works. The company of players like these has undoubtedly contributed to Elias' slow but sure evolution over the past decade.

—LEONARD FEATHER



JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

# Dick Hyman

To claim that uniquely eclectic pianist Dick Hyman touched all bases in his show Saturday at the Jazz Bakery would be an understatement.

In a 90-minute solo recital, Hyman was consistently on the move, from idiom to idiom, from swinging jazz to ragtime to stride to classics, from 4/4 to 3/4 (both "Russian Lullaby" and "Sophisticated Lady" were presented as waltzes), and to a generous supply of Ellingtonia.

Even the Ellington pieces covered an unusually broad span of the Duke's music. "Clothed Woman," atypical and partly atonal, was inspired by one of the more obscure Ellington piano solos. "Jubilee Stomp" was a highly authentic reworking of a 1928 band number, and the delightfully conceived, tricky composition "Tonk," written for (and performed by) Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn as a piano duet, somehow worked for Hyman, who played as if he had four hands.

Recalling a recent appearance for an opera-oriented audience, Hyman offered his personalized yet faithful treatments of the "Habanera" and "The Pilgrims' Chorus."

Hyman's technical mastery is a given, but one still finds it hard to believe the peripatetic adventures of his left hand, which seemed at times to have a life of its own.

The packed house rewarded him for his tour de force with the longest and strongest ovation this reviewer has ever observed in this room. It's high time Hyman traded in his one-night stands here for a full week run.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ 1/30

# Great Sounds From Large Ensembles

Though the era when big bands thrived has long since passed, many artists still find the large ensemble a challenging arena. There they can explore the possibilities of color and texture to be found within the jazz language. Leading off this batch of new releases are dynamic albums by two such artists: Joe Roccisano, the former L.A. reedman-composer who now lives in New York, and Jon Jang.

NEW RELEASES

★★★½
**JOE ROCCISANO**
"The Shape I'm In"
*Landmark*

Well known as an alto saxophonist, Roccisano emerges here as a composer-arranger of striking originality. The scoring is diverse and colorful. Along with the leader's alto (and electronic woodwind), there are outstanding solo frameworks for Tom Harrell (trumpet and fluegelhorn), Jim Pugh (trombone), Tim Ries (tenor sax) and others. The teamwork on these pieces (all but two are Roccisano originals) is as impressive as the writing.

—LEONARD FEATHER

played by Asian instruments suddenly shifts gears to four hard-swinging, horn-dominated bars a la Mingus and then seamlessly slips back to the melody again.

—DON SNOWDEN

## In Brief

★★★ **Rob Mullins, "One Night in Houston,"** AudioQuest. Keyboardist Mullins takes his quartet through a set of nine originals in which he alternates fiery funk ("Holiday") with relatively relaxed jazz ("Quiet Fire"). Except for one cut on which Wilton Felder overdubs two extra sax parts, it's all live, direct to two-track with appropriate backing by Ndugu Chancler (drums) and Larry Kimpel (bass). —L.F.

up tempos fall short: "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise" is tackled swiftly, as in an evening rush hour.

★★★ **Roseanna Vitro, "Softly,"** Concord Jazz. Vitro can boast a pleasing, jazz-inflected vocal quality and an intelligent choice of material, with tunes by Dave Frishberg, Bob Dorough and her pianist, Fred Hersch. The Brazilian cuts ("Estate," "So Many Stars") come off well, but a couple of her

Z REVIEWS 2/5/94

# llington Work Caps Uneven Program

he Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, heard Thursday at the Wadsworth Theater, is entially a repertory ensemble voted to the works of Duke llington and other early giants, ith only occasional bows to the resent in the form of new works.

If the musicians paid attention to nductor Robert Sadin's odd gestures, they showed no evidence of . In fact, the most effective conducting of the evening was seen when he yielded to trumpeter Jon Faddis, whose leading and playing on Dizzy Gillespie's "Things to Come" was one of the evening's few highlights.

The orchestra, though tightly unified, had difficulty at times in capturing the spirit of Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus and the other pioneers—several of whom, incidentally, were not basically big-band figures.

The ensemble's music director, pianist Marcus Roberts, hammered his way at an overlong original, later entering a less-than-inspired "There or When." If his solos were the nadir of the evening, its zenith was reached with the closing Ellington piece, "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue." This magnificent work was interpreted superbly, with Joshua Redman in the tenor sax solo made famous by Paul Gonsalves.

It has been claimed that jazz repertory groups are needed to perform for young audiences some of the great works they never heard played by the originators. It should be borne in mind, though, that the Ellington Orchestra is still around, as is the admirable Basie Band. Credit the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra with good intentions that are not too often realized.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## ドロシー・ドネガンの復活 by Leonard Feather

女流ピアニスト、ドロシー・ドネガンについては以前この欄で(1992年10月号)近況をお伝えしたこともあるが、今回はその続報。ドロシーは1922年4月6日の生まれだから、満70歳になる。昨年は、米芸術振興基金の《アメリカン・ジャズ・マスターズ賞》を受け、20,000ドルが彼女に贈られた。またドロシーの活動ぶりを伝えるドキュメンタリー映画も目下制作中である。最近の彼女の演奏活動ではケネディ・センターでの公演も話題になり、メリーランド大学から名誉博士号も贈られている。70歳になるドロシー・ドネガンにここ最近なぜこんなに注目が集まるようになったのか？理由はここ数年来、毎年、ノルウェイ号の《船上ジャズ・フェスティバル》に出演するようになってからチャンスが訪れはじめたのだ。

彼女はいう。『60歳台の終わりになってジャズ・クルーズに誘われたの。その結果、船の上でのコンサートのライブがCD化されたのね。もう何年も新しいレコードなんか吹込んでなかったから、キュアロスキューロ盤はひとびとの注目するところとなったわけ』。

もうひとり、彼女の最近の復活ぶりに力を貸した重要人物がいる。昨年、テナー・サックスのベテラン、イリノイ・ジャケーのドキュメンタリー映画を制作して1992年度ヒューストン映画祭で《金賞》を受賞したアーサー・エルゴードがその人だ。アーサーは有名なファッション・フォトグラファーだったが、現在は映画制作に乗り出している。アーサーが語る。

『1990年にノルウェイ号のジャズ・クルーズでイリノイ・ジャケーの撮影をしていた時、たまたまドロシー・ドネガンのショーに出くわしたってワケさ。もうとっくに死んだと思っていた彼女が現役で健在も健在。満員の聴衆を沸かせているのを目撃して、その瞬間に私は、イリノイ・ジャケーに続くアメリカン・ヒーロー・シリーズの第2弾は『ドロシーでいこう』と決めこんだ』。

ところで、ピアニストとしてのドロシーに最高の折り紙をつけたのはジャズ・ピアノの神様、アート・テイタムだった。今から50年も前のこと、1941年当時、ドロシーはシカゴを舞台に活躍していたが、彼女の評判を聞きつけたアート・テイタムがわざわざ聴きにやってきて、ドロシーに自ら手ほどきを与えたという。『テイタムが女性にコーチをしたのは私だけよ』というのがドロシーの自慢のタネである。音楽院でクラシックを学び、神童呼ばわりされたドロシーは17歳でジャズ・クラブの常連となった。たちまち話題となったドロシーはハリウッドに招かれて映画「1945年のセンセーション」にも出演した。50年代の彼女はニューヨークのクラブ「エンバース」に長期出演して人気を呼び、レコードも出した。しかし、70年代に入って、人気は下降線を描きはじめた。その彼女を救ったのがノルウェイ号のジャズ・クルーズだった。1991年のジャズ・クルーズを取材した「ニューヨーカー」誌のホイットニー・バリエットがドロシーを絶賛すると、CBSテレビが彼女に注目した。このテレビ出演がきっかけで、ドロシーの健在ぶりが全米に伝えられたのだった。

かくして昨年のノルウェイ号のジャズ・クルーズでは、ドロシー・ドネガンの人気は圧倒的で、彼女がピアノを弾いた一番大きなホール(800人)は約1,000人ものファンがつめかけてパンクしそうだった。その夜、ドロシーはトランペットのベテラン、クラーク・テリーをゲストに最高にエキサイティングなショーをくり広げた。その時のライブはキュアロスキューロが1993年中にCD化する予定だ。

(レナード・フェザー)

▲5月に来日するドロシー・ドネガン(左)と本誌特約寄稿家レナード・フェザー(右)。

JAZZ REVIEW

# Gene Harris Quartet Heats Up Catalina

The members of the Gene Harris Quartet seem more like an assemblage of old friends than a group of musicians hired to play a gig.

At Catalina Bar & Grill, where they opened Tuesday for an unusual seven-day booking—closing Monday (Valentine's Day)—pianist Harris and his cohorts left no doubt that they are indeed longtime associates who find one another's company stimulating.

Guitarist Ron Eschete, a perfect creative and technical partner for Harris, cast knowing, cheerful glances at the leader on hearing him play some felicitous phrase. Paul Humphrey, the ideal small-group drummer, clearly was in his element underlining every rhythmic Harris nuance, while bassist Luther Hughes tied it all together with a firm tone and consistent beat.

The set started on an atypical low-key note with an old Thad Jones ballad, picked up a little with "This Masquerade," then slipped back with an undistinguished Stevie Wonder tune.

It was not until Harris turned on the heat with a seductive, 32-bar blues that the quartet's true power emerged. He is a master of the blues in every mood and tempo. In turn, he urged Eschete on to rocking indigo heights.

A 1930s pop tune, "Until the Real Thing Comes Along," provided fodder for the pianist's unique way with octaves, grace notes and tremolos. It was followed by another, longer blues—one that was implicitly humorous. On that jubilant note, the set came to a delightfully crafted conclusion.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

2/13

# International Sounds at Two-Day Party at Biltmore

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The third annual International Jazz Party, held Saturday and Sunday at the Biltmore's Grand Avenue Bar, followed the pattern of its predecessors. Japanese musicians alternated with Americans and occasionally played alongside them.

Eiji Kitamura, the clarinet virtuoso, was again the principal visitor, playing mostly traditional swing-era songs. His technique seemingly improved with age, he conjured up a head of steamy excitement with a solo of Benny Goodman-like virtuosity on "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise."

Top honors Saturday went to Bruce Foreman, a guitarist from San Francisco graced with phenomenal fluency, who teamed with the more conventional but empathetic Yoshiaki Miyanou. Their guitar duets brought out the best in both players.

Foreman appeared again Sunday in a pleasant collaboration with tenor sax-player Scott Hamilton. They were followed by an all-Japanese group with agreeable but derivative piano by Kotaro Tsukuhara, drummer Sabao Watanabe and bassist Sammy Asami.

The Sunday evening session came to a roaring climax with Bill Berry's band. With Berry conducting, playing an occasional cornet solo and contributing a colorfully textured original, the band succeeded in areas tackled less successfully last week by the Lincoln Center Orchestra.

Both bands leaned heavily on Ellington material, but Berry's

Please see JAZZ, F10

JAZZ

Continued from F8

musicians have a more natural feeling for it. Only in the closing "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" did they fall momentarily short, when Scott Hamilton's tenor sax failed to generate the kind of passion created last week by Joshua Redman with the New York ensemble.

Almost everyone in the Berry band had significant spotlight time, most notably such regulars as Marshal Royal, Ross Tompkins, Snooky Young and Frank Capp. Other members included Supersax singers Ernie Andrews and Polly Podewell, pianist Gerry Wiggins, bassist John Clayton and drummer Gregg Field.

In Brief

3/18

★★★½ **Kitty Margolis, "Evolution,"** Mad-Kat. From the label that gave us Madeline Eastman comes another underrated singer. She cooks in bop ("Anthropology"), is lyrical on ballads ("Where Do You Start?"), superbly gutty on blues (a quasi-hysterical "Please Send Me Someone to Love"). Joe Henderson guests on several tunes, among them Wayne Shorter's "Footprints" and Cedar Walton's "Firm Roots," for both of which Margolis supplied sensitive lyrics. As Jon Hendricks' liner notes point out, Margolis possesses impeccable taste and selectivity. (Available from Mad-Kat Records, P.O. Box 420253, San Francisco, 94142).

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

2/24/94

# HardBop Quintet Brings New York Edge to L.A.

In a step upward from local trios to larger groups from out of town, the Club Brasserie at the Bel Age Hotel in West Hollywood hit just the right chord Tuesday with a New York band known as the HardBop Quintet.

Led by the eclectically excellent pianist Keith Saunders, this enthusiastic unit is precisely what its name implies, conjuring up images of an idiom that flourished in the 1960s and has never really gone away.

The front-line sound is one that was long associated with groups led by Art Blakey and Horace Silver: trumpet and tenor sax, playing themes in unison and occasional harmony.

Every man in the band is a writer. Bud Powell's fascinatingly eerie "Un Poco Loco" was arranged by the drummer, Eddie Ornowski; Jerry Weldon, the tenor saxophonist, whose sound is muscularly engaging, wrote "Leroy Street." Gordon Jenkins' elegiac "Goodbye" is a chart by bassist Bim Strasberg, and Saunders himself contributed "99-9," with a tenor solo that was fluid drive incarnate.

With trumpeter Joe Magnarelli (best known for his work in Toshiko Akiyoshi's band) as a fleet and fiery partner for Weldon, this group stands out whether playing one of its own creations or bringing back half-forgotten pop songs such as "How Little We Know." One can only hope that this auspicious debut will result in a swift return booking.

The HardBop Quintet will play at Jax in Glendale on Friday and Saturday nights, and Pedrini Music in Alhambra on Saturday afternoon.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Benny Carter rehearsing an all-star band at the Monk Competition. Back row left: Al Grey, Jon Faddis and Clark Terry; front row: Phil Woods, Josh Redma and Illinois Jacquet. Not pictured are T.S. Monk Jr., Christian McBride, and Herbie Hancock.

THE THELONIOUS MONK COMPETITION
Kennedy Center, Washington D.C.

Washington, D.C.—November's Thelonious Monk Institute of Jazz c test was held at the prestigious Kennedy Center for the Performing A There were competitions for pianists and composers. A newly comm sioned work was introduced by Benny Carter.

Only an artist as respected as Carter could have assembled a band which almost every member has been a leader in his own right: Phil Woo Illinois Jacquet, Joshua Redman, Clark Terry, Jon Faddis, Al Grey, Her Hancock, Christian McBride, and, on drums, Thelonious Monk, Jr. (cha man of the Monk Institute). Carter let his musicians stretch out, produc some of the most vibrant blowing imaginable.

Despite its title—"Time To Remember, Lest We Forget,"—Carter's co position was cheerful, played at a moderate tempo. His own alto was be tifully inventive as ever.

Earlier, three piano finalists played to the packed house, which incl ed the board of judges: Herbie Hancock, Marian McPartland, Mar Roberts, Dorothy Donegan, Muhal Richard Abrams, and Dave Brube They awarded the $10,000 first prize to Jacky Terrasson, 27, an eclec soloist who found new avenues down which to steer "Donna Lee" a "You Don't Know What Love Is." Born in Berlin and raised in Pa Terrasson has toured Europe and Japan but is almost unknown in the U He was heard on a recent album by Arthur Taylor's Wailers. The prestig this victory will no doubt land him a recording contract, as it did for s previous winners as Joshua Redman, Ryan Kisor and Marcus Roberts (( of the evening's few low points was a heavy-fisted, surprisingly soull quasi-blues solo by Roberts.)

Second prize went to Peter Martin, 24, who has worked with Be Carter, Mark Whitfield and others; his performance, in my opinion, v even more impressive than Terrasson's. The $3,000 third place prize v given to Ed Simon, 23, of Candon, Venezuela, who has worked with Bob Hutcherson and Paquito D'Rivera.

The winner of the composer's competition, Patrick Zimmerli (he co peted here two years ago in a sax contest), performed "The Paw" wit quartet in a rambling performance that left some of us wondering how judges could have made this award.

The Monk Institute is continuing to expand its scope. Present pl include a cooperation with the New England Conservatory that will ena aspiring young jazz musicians to study, starting in the fall of 1995, w some of the world's leading jazzmen. Thelonious Monk, Sr., who died 1982, would certainly be proud of what his son has accomplished.

—Leonard Feather

JAZZ

See BACK

# Jewish Folk With a Venerable Twist

★★★★

**BEN SIDRAN**

"Life's a Lesson"

*GoJazz*

This extraordinary album honors a tradition of Jewish music that goes back thousands of years. Most of the songs are sung in Hebrew, mainly by Lynette Margulies, with a couple written and performed in English by pianist-vocalist Sidran. His adaptations of the great cantorial settings are enlivened by the presence of 20 Jewish jazz musicians.

Eddie Daniels' clarinet in "Avinu Malchenu," Lew Soloff's solemn trumpet on "Kol Nidre," the eerie sound of the *shofar* (ram's horn) by Miles Goldstein on the kiddingly titled "Shofar Shogood" and Jeremy Steig's joyful flute on "Tree of Life" are among the many moments that will appeal no less to Gentiles and agnostics than to Jews.

The liner notes explain the stories of each piece. "B' Rosh Hashana" celebrates the Jewish New Year; "Ani Ma'amin" was sung by Jews in boxcars on the way to extermination camps during the Holocaust.

Sidran was moved to set words to the title song (originally an instrumental called "Blue Daniel," written by trombonist Frank Rosolino) when he learned that Rosolino had taken his own life. Sidran sings it along with Carole King.

By addressing his own ethnic background, Sidran, whose "Black Talk" monograph is the outstanding study of the African American musical heritage, has added yet another memorable note to a distinguished career as writer, producer, radio personality, singer and t.

[illegible] from P.O. Box 2023, n, Wis. 53701; CD, $18; cassette, $14.—LEONARD FEATHER

NEW RELEASES

## In Brief

★★★ **Stephane Grappelli, "So Easy to Remember,"** Omega. After 60 years of recording (he turned 86 in January), the violin veteran can't avoid repeating himself. But here at least he has the benefit of a full rhythm section, with Grady Tate (drums), Ron Carter (bass), and two guitars (why don't the notes tell us which solos are by Kenny Burrell and which by Bucky Pizzarelli?). Grappelli's legato *gentilesse* is undiminished as he deals with the usual tunes: "Night and Day," "Love for Sale," "How High the Moon" and more. —L.F.

★★★ **Contemporary Piano Ensemble, "The Key Players,"** Columbia. Putting five pianists in one studio is a risky venture, yet these men display enough empathy to pull it off. A highlight is Bobby Timmons' "Moanin'," for which four Blakey alumni—Donald Brown, Mulgrew Miller, James Williams, Geoff Keezer—interact effectively while the fifth pianist, Harold Mabern, lays out. Christian McBride's bass and Tony Reedus' drums flesh out these generally bright collaborations. —L.F.

JAZZ SPOTLIGHT 3/20

★★★★★

**ELLA FITZGERALD**

"Pure Ella"

*Decca*

Is that all there is to a song?

This naively superficial reaction could be applied, theoretically, to "Pure Ella," since the ingredients are basic: a vocalist, a pianist and 20 songs (nine of them by the Gershwins) drawn from the classic pop repertoire.

Since the singer is Ella Fitzgerald and the pianist Ellis Larkins, who for decades has been acknowledged as one of the world's nonpareil accompanists, the usual rules do not apply. Their collaboration began in 1950 and continued in 1954; these were islands in a recording career at Decca marked by too many second-rate songs and big-band settings.

"Songs in a Mellow Mood" was the title given to the 12 songs on the second date, and indeed these two virtually define the adjective. Even the few cuts on which Larkins moves into a buoyantly swinging moderato have this quality of utter ease. Fitzgerald's sound is a tad lighter than it would be during the Verve years; she deals with the material with affection, adding only an occasional melodic twist or a few additional words. Only rarely, as in "Makin' Whoopee" and "Star Dust," does she take more than token liberties with the melody.

Ira Gershwin once said: "I never knew how good our songs were until I heard Ella sing them." Nobody studying this album will dare to disagree. —LEONARD FEATHER

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good) and four stars (excellent). Five stars are reserved for retrospectives.*

JAZZ REVIEW 3/12/94

# Hutcherson Brings His Distinct Sound to Bakery

Bobby Hutcherson, who opened Thursday at the Jazz Bakery for a three-night run, is one of a handful of vibraphonists to have brought a distinctive personality to the instrument.

At 53 he has behind him a few years of flirtation with the New York avant-garde, a long and fruitful California collaboration with Harold Land, and more recently an album with McCoy Tyner. For the Bakery gig he used three eminent local musicians: Billy Childs on piano, Tony Dumas on bass and Ralph Penland on drums.

A typical Hutcherson solo today may involve long, ingeniously built filigrees of sound leading to occasional stop-and-go effects, technically superb and with ingenious body English that adds an element of visual value. Sometimes he may seem virtually to attack the metal bars; at other points he may hesitate for dramatic effect.

Childs, of course, is a long established artist whose compatibility with Hutcherson was no less notable than his ability in each solo to combine beauty and the beat.

Most of the tunes played, which Hutcherson regrettably neglected to announce, were presumably originals; recently he wrote new music for an album with Tyner. Of the standards heard, "My Foolish Heart" revealed a lyrical side that deserves more exposure. "Witchcraft" was another jubilant variation on a familiar theme carried off with typical Hutcherson brio.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Bobby Hutcherson at Jazz Bakery, 3221 Hutchinson Ave., Culver City, (310) 271-9039. No cover or minimum; $20 door charge. Hutcherson closes tonight; show time at 8:30.*

JAZZ REVIEW 3/18

# Redman Shows the Father Can Play as Well as the Son

Dewey Redman, the tenor saxophonist who opened Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill, exemplifies a phenomenon very rare in jazz: a first-generation musician who finds renewed prominence on the strength of his son's accomplishments.

Though it is most unlikely that the senior Redman would have been booked for this engagement had his 24-year-old son Joshua not created a surprise hit in the same venue a few months ago, Dewey Redman has a splendid track record of his own. It includes seven years with Ornette Coleman and visits with Charlie Haden as well as with his own group Old and New Dreams.

Redman's power lies in his versatility. During a set composed of extra-long excursions, he moved from an early be-bop tune, "Half Nelson," to a pop standard, "Everything Happens to Me," followed by a ferocious examination of what sounded like the avant-garde scene circa 1960. It was typical of Redman's unpredictability that he shifted gears from this experimental foray into "Take the A-Train."

Redman's ability to idiom-hop might be characterized as a two-edged sword, since the fits and starts of his Ornettish interludes seem somewhat out of kilter with his warmer moments, in which his sound evokes memories of such pioneers as Don Byas.

In fact, it is an ironic truth that Joshua Redman, at this early stage of his career, displays more consistent maturity than his father. Of course, consistency is not what Dewey Redman has in mind.

The accompanying group meets the challenge of his daring moods, with Kenny Kirkland outstanding on piano, Cameron Brown a fiery bass virtuoso, and the ubiquitous Ralph Penland on drums.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Dewey Redman Quartet at Catalina Bar & Grill, 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood. (213) 466-2210. 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. through Sunday. $12 door charge ($15 Saturday), plus two drink minimum.*

# The Freddie Hubbard Five Minus Four at Union Station

JAZZ REVIEW

4/27/94

Murphy's Law was in effect on Sunday afternoon at that unlikeliest of venues, a concert hall at Union Station. A performance by a group listed as the Freddie Hubbard Quintet found four of the advertised musicians missing, most notably Hubbard himself.

The trumpeter, who was briefly hospitalized recently but confirmed his appearance as late as Sunday morning, was taken "violently ill" around show time, according to his manager. His saxophonist, Bob Sheppard, also was a no-show and was not replaced.

Bassist Tony Dumas and drummer Carl Burnett were replaced by subs, John B. Williams and Charles McVacerson Jr. This left pianist John Beasley as the only billed artist to participate. The audience, which had paid $20 to hear Hubbard's group, was offered a program by what had become the John Beasley Trio.

Fortunately, Beasley is a soloist of singular skill and [illegible] Williams, best known for his regular work on "The Arsenio Hall Show," has long been respected for his upright bass work. Long familiar with such Hubbard compositions as "Up Jumped Spring" and "Sky Dive," the trio mixed them with such standards as "You're My Everything" and Bud Powell's "Celia."

—LEONARD FEATHER

4/28/94

# McCorkle Charms, Disappoints at Catalina

JAZZ REVIEW

Susannah McCorkle, who opened on Tuesday at Catalina Bar & Grill, is a vocal charmer who seems to have a love affair with every song she sings. Whether the lyrics are as hip as Dave Frishberg or as old as Irving Berlin, she is seldom less than totally at ease.

Several of her selections Tuesday were drawn from a generally admirable album, "From Bessie to Brazil," that shows the range of her repertoire. Occasionally, however, she trips up. Her set opened with a self-conscious song that has long outlived its usefulness, "The Lady Is a Tramp."

A few pieces were tributes to singers she has admired, but there were no impressions: The Billie Holiday standard "That Old Devil Called Love" became a vehicle for McCorkle's own graceful sound and style, as was "My Buddy," inspired by Chet Baker.

Her growling attempt at a Bessie Smith tune was a nice try, though hampered somewhat by Alan Farnham's less than blues-drenched piano.

Too many minutes were wasted on a pointless interlude of early Braziliana, supposedly a nod to Carmen Miranda. Far more appropriate to McCorkle's personality was Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Waters of March," complete with a touch of Portuguese.

The wry verses of Frishberg's "Quality Time" and the feminist determination of "The Ballad of Pearly Sue" (written by, of all people, Gerry Mulligan) reflected her intelligent understanding of every lyrical line.

With Farnham in the backup group are Eric Von Essen on bass and Joe Labarber on drums. McCorkle will continue to turn on the charm through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Susannah McCorkle at Catalina Bar & Grill, 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd. Hollywood, (213) 466-2210. McCorkle plays two sets each night, 9 and 11 p.m., through Sunday.*

# LIVE!

# S.S. NORWAY JAZZ FESTIVAL

## FORE

by Leonard Feather

For their 11TH annual week-long celebration, Hank O'Neal and Shelley Shier added something new: the talent is now distributed almost every night among four of the giant ship's major public rooms. In effect, the result was four festivals in one. On any evening there might be Joe Williams united with the Basie Band in the 800-seat Saga Theater; pianist Eddie Higgins' Quartet in the Checkers Cabaret, alternating with Gary Burton's group; the Frank Wess Quartet and the Al Grey Sextet taking turns in the Club Internationale, and the Flip Phillips Quartet sharing time with the trio of the promising young pianist Jesse Green (son of trombonist Urbie Green) in the North Cape Lounge.



Along with the evening performances there were such daytime events as a "Piano Spectacular," with nine pianists offering a fascinating keyboard cross section. Makoto Ozone took top honors, but Dorothy Donegan mixed artistry and showmanship in a wildly received set. She even brought on Henry Mancini, who was on board as a passenger, to duet with her on "Moon River." A "Saxophone Spectacular," supervised by Flip Phillips, involved four tenor players and three altos. Flip, now in his 79TH year, played superbly, with a Ben Webster-like warmth. Frank Wess was equally distinctive. Virginia Mayhew scored among the altos; she was on board as a member of the Al Grey Sextet, in which she played both alto and tenor.

Joe Williams, billed as the guest of honor for the entire festival, sang two magnificent sets with his own quartet, in addition to joining forces with the still potent Basie Band; he also sat in on a couple of jam sessions. The other outstanding vocal star of the week was Juanita Brooks, singing gospel, blues and jazz. Less impressive were Asa Harris, a niece of Erskine Hawkins, and Rebecca Parris, whose slightly aggressive style contrasted with the otherwise admirable Gary Burton group that backed her.

Guitarists Bucky Pizzarelli and Gene Bertoncini made a deep impression, with Bucky switching from single note lines to chorded choruses, and occasional strumming *a la* walking bass. During the all-star jam session organized by Al Grey on the final evening, four guitarists were heard: Bucky, Gene, Henry Johnson from the Joe Williams group, and the brilliant Joe Cohn from Al Grey's combo.

Frank Foster presented an exciting new addition to the Basie Band in trumpeter William "Scotty" Barnhart, whose solo on "What's New?" sparkled with lyricism. The band's only weak spot is pop vocalist Chris Murrell.

The above comments inevitably are incomplete, as it was impossible for me to be in four places at once, nor could I keep pace with the various instances in which musicians sat in with one another's groups, sometimes until all hours of the night. That is one of the many advantages of having not only a captive audience but also a captive cast. The overall caliber of these festivals, which run from Miami to St. Thomas, St. Maarten and one other island, has maintained a unique level unmatched by anything I've ever heard on dry land.

**Frank Foster directing the Count Basie Orchestra and, below, at the helm of the S.S. Norway.**

## & AFT

by Ira Sabin

Although the 11TH Annual Floating Jazz Festival was promoted as a tribute to Joe Williams it was also a tribute to



94

**Author, photographer, record manufacturer, graphic artist, coordinator, trouble shooter and...producer of the Floating Jazz Festivals. Hank O'Neal—living dangerously—photo courtesy of Rollo Phlecks.**

saxophonist/arranger Ernie Wilkins. Wilkins wrote some 50 arrangements for the Count Basie Orchestra from 1951 to 1955, including the Joe Williams hit, "Every Day I Have the Blues." Tragically, Wilkins suffered a major stroke in '91 and has been confined to a wheelchair ever since. He showed up in the front row for most of the performances and during a Count Basie set, Frank Foster acknowledged his presence by dedicating and playing a few of his charts.

Can you imagine hearing up to nine sets of the Count Basie Orchestra in one week and witnessing Count Basie's number one son, Joe Williams, again live up to his reputation as the world's greatest living jazz, blues and ballad singer. I was in seventh heaven, being a Basie fan for over 50 years. As far as I'm concerned, Frank Foster is the perfect choice to succeed Basie. He does it all. I'm sure that the Chief is looking down, smiling and tapping his foot.

Basie alumni Al Grey with his sextet and Frank Wess and his quartet also dedicated tunes and paid tribute to Ernie Wilkins.

Mona Hinton, too, was in a wheelchair due to an auto accident a few days before we sailed. The Judge was driving her around, making sure she didn't miss a thing. Milt and Mona Hinton have been married for over 54 years.

Juanita Brooks and her New Orleans gospel group tore everybody up Sunday in the packed 800-seat theater. The audience members went crazy, stomping their feet, clapping their hands and shouting. I was waiting for the world's largest cruise ship to go over on its side.

Norman Simmons, Joe Williams' piano player, was working with Brooks and sounded great. I asked Norman how long he'd been playing gospel. "This is the first time ever," he replied. "They asked me to do it at the last moment and I said OK. During the talk over rehearsal, Juanita told me that they didn't have any music. So I ended up writing lead sheets right up to the time of the show."

Although Dizzy missed this one, Dorothy Donegan, the great pianist and crowd pleaser, helped fill the void by doing a few of Dizzy-like schticks during the piano spectacular. Ms. Donegan stated that whenever she was broke, she got married. So far she's had three husbands.

Our own Leonard Feather played a couple of delightful choruses of Billy Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom." I wonder how many jazz critics would play piano (or any other instrument) for an audience of 800 sophisticated jazz fans and musicians?

The only drag about the Floating Jazz Cruise is that it's over too soon, but of course there's always next year. The dates for the next S.S. Norway Floating Jazz Festival are October 22–29, 1994. Make it! ■



## JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

★★★★

**CHARLIE HADEN QUARTET WEST**

"Always Say Goodbye"
*Verve*

Bassist Haden's unique approach to sampling earns an impressive workout here. Though the basic group comprises Haden, Alan Broadbent (piano), Ernie Watts (saxes) and Larance Marable (drums), there are guest appearances by a wild assortment of visitors.

The opening quote borrows a sample of Max Steiner's music from "The Big Sleep," the 1946 movie. Other visitors are Coleman Hawkins, whose quartet plays "My Love and I" from a 1962 album; Jo Stafford, the Ella Fitzgerald of pop, in a creamy 1944 reading of "Alone Together," and Django Reinhardt with Stephane Grappelli in a 1949 taping of "Ou Es Tu, Mon Amour?" for which Grappelli adds to the confusion by also appearing live with Haden.

The entire Duke Ellington Orchestra is sampled for a cut from his 1959 "Anatomy of a Murder" movie score, with an admirable violin solo by Ray Nance. Chet Baker sings "Everything Happens to Me" with a 1955 French rhythm section. Finally we return to the "Big Sleep" track, with the last words spoken by Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

All these miscellanea are bonuses; the main course is the quartet itself, playing chiefly attractive originals by Haden or Broadbent. Among them: Broadbent's stately "Avenue of the Stars" and "Sunset Afternoon," Haden's title tune and "Nice Eyes." There are even bows to early be-bop with Bird's "Relaxin' at Camarillo" and Bud Powell's "Celia." All in all, an ingenious, surprise-rich package.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent).*

## In Brief

**★★½ Roy Hargrove and Antonio Hart, "The Tokyo Sessions,"** Novus/RCA. Hargrove's trumpet and Hart's alto sax are supported by an all-Japanese rhythm section at a date recorded in Tokyo. Basically this is a 1960s-style hard bop session, using such material as Oscar Pettiford's "Bohemia After Dark" and Nat Adderley's "Work Song" with confident but seldom inspired work by both hornmen. Hargrove does justice to "I Remember Clifford" and both leaders are in relaxed form on "Love Your Spell Is Everywhere." Pianist Yutaka Shina leads the rhythm group well enough, with Masahiko Osaka on drums and Tomoyuki Shima on bass. "Lotus Blossom" is not the Billy Strayhorn composition, but a like-titled bop piece by Kenny Dorham. —LEONARD FEATHER

**JAZZ ALBUM REVIEWS**

# Reeves Scores With an Ambitious Effort

**★★★ Dianne Reeves, "Art and Survival,"** EMI/Capitol. This multitextured experiment, with its frequent spiritual-based stories, is Reeves' most ambitious effort. Her lyrics and/or music for several of the songs were collaborations with her producer, Eddie Del Barrio. The words range from touchingly evocative ("Old Souls" and "Come to the River") to slightly pretentious ("Endangered Species"). "Body and Soul" undergoes an excessive harmonic transformation, but "Bird Alone" captures the spirit of Abbey Lincoln's lyrics and music. —LEONARD FEATHER

**★★★ Ralph Moore, "Who It Is You Are,"** Savoy. Though Moore is a pleasant, capable tenor player, it is pianist Benny Green who lights up his life here, particularly in the gospel-tinged "Testifyin'." Other strong cuts are Moore's own "Samba," "Esmeralda" and a welcome revival of "Recado Bossa Nova." The double-up version of "Skylark" simply doesn't work, reducing the tune's melodic impact. Moore, for the moment, seems to be unsure who it is he is. —L.F.

*New albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good) and four stars (excellent).*

# Top 12 All-Star Trumpeters of All Time

**Music:** Horns have played a central role in the jazz world since the first soloist, Buddy Bolden, used the cornet to ornament melodies.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

What if they gave an all-star jazz party and no trumpeters came?

More than any other instrument, the horn would be conspicuous by its absence. From the beginning of time—jazz time, that is—the trumpet or cornet has been central to the music. Trumpeters functioned as actual or *de facto* leaders of the most influential groups.

Legend tells us the first jazz soloist was Buddy Bolden, 1877-1931, a New Orleans cornetist whose band played the honky-tonks of Storyville a century ago. Though it is said that he ornamented melodies rather than improvising freely, he supposedly became a formative influence on trumpeters Freddie Keppard, Bunk Johnson and others.

The impact and influence of such men will never be known; Bolden did not record; Keppard (1890-1933) and Johnson (1889-1949), both prominent in the early 1900s, recorded too little and too late to offer an idea of their reported pristine brilliance. Both, however, were heard in New Orleans and Chicago by the most influential hornman ever, Louis Armstrong.

Keppard, it is said by historians, had a chance to bring a black jazz band to records in 1916, but refused the offer for fear that he would be imitated by rivals.

As it turned out, the first jazz group ever recorded was an all-white original Dixieland Band, led by a trumpeter, Nick La Rocca, in 1917. The first memorable series of recordings by a black jazz band was led by King Oliver, out of whose ranks Armstrong emerged.

What does young America today know about Louis Armstrong or Dizzy Gillespie? Asking for an explanation of their role in history would be as productive as expecting a Tom Cruise fan to explain the importance of John Gilbert. To many young listeners only Wynton Marsalis' name strikes a chord, though his role as an individual stylist remains to be firmly defined.

Sure, there are young talents vying for attention—perhaps too many. Time was when a jazzman served his apprenticeship with name bands before graduating to leadership. Today he may be vaulted from the unknown to become an overnight public relations vehicle, surrounded by producers, record companies and managers.

Of the current crop of players, Roy Hargrove, Terence Blanchard and Wallace Roney may be admired for their exploration of the trumpet roots; Ryan Kisor for his prodigious technique, Tom Harrell for his lyricism; but who among them will make it into the pantheon of the 21st Century?

In listing history's most identifiable or influential trumpeters, no disrespect is meant to those who, while pointing the music in an evolutionary path, left it to others to make the most definitive steps forward.

## Louis Armstrong

Conjuring magisterial melodic gems out of deceptively simple lines, with a purity of sound that was unmatched, Armstrong in the late 1920s created a series of masterpieces by small groups (the Hot Five and Hot Seven) that built a worldwide impact. His most durable works from this era are still available on CBS reissues.

## Bubber Miley

In 1923 he joined Elmer Snowden's Washingtonians, which became Duke Ellington's orchestra. During almost six years with the

**Please see TRUMPETS, F29**

JAZZ REVIEW

3/21/94

# Mulligan Quartet Retains Reputation for Creativity

For more than 40 years Gerry Mulligan has been one of the most versatile musicians in jazz. Saturday at the Ambassador Auditorium, he displayed his two principal gifts, as baritone saxophonist and composer, while offering evidence of his ability as a talent scout.

Mulligan led his first famous quartet in 1952; since then his quartets, quintets and numerous othertets have maintained a consistently creative level; among them his present group ranks exceptionally high.

Ted Rosenthal is a pianist of rarest skill, weaving rapid single-note lines that span out into rich chordal patterns, parallel octaves and hints of the blues. He works in complete empathy with Mulligan, occasionally doubling the melody but generally playing a subtly supportive role.

Dean Johnson joined the rapidly swelling ranks of brilliant bass players, both in sectional and solo contributions. Ron Vincent on drums completes a spirited group that gives Mulligan the impetus he needs.

If any complaint could be lodged against this admirable program, it would be his near-total failure to announce the tunes. Most were attractive originals; a couple were standards ("Georgia on My Mind," "My Funny Valentine") and "When I Was a Young Man" reminded us that Mulligan has a charming way with words. He should sing more often.

—LEONARD FEATHER



# TRUMPETS

**Continued from F28**

band, he initiated the practice of altering the sound of his horn through the use of a rubber plunger mute to achieve a growl or "wa-wa" effect. Cootie Williams and Ray Nance, fellow-Ellingtonians, copied the style, as have thousands of other trumpeters. Miley can be heard on the band's early RCA and Columbia versions of "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Creole Love Call" and "The Mooche."

## Bix Beiderbecke

The first great cornetist (despite its shorter appearance and softer sound, the terms cornet and trumpet were often used interchangeably; Bobby Hackett and others used both instruments regularly). Though almost unknown to the public during his brief career, Beiderbecke enchanted musicians with his bell-like, lyrical tone, heard in a famous series or small group sessions with saxophonist Frank Trumbauer, and in the bands of Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman. He was the first white musician to inspire blacks (Rex Stewart of the Ellington band copied his solos) and is well remembered also as a composer-pianist, whose solo recording of his "In a Mist" was decades ahead of its time. Most of his best work is still available on CBS.

## Roy Eldridge

The next giant in the post-Armstrong line, "Little Jazz" Eldridge brought an intensely emotional quality to his solos along with a sense of harmony and technical dexterity that he employed to create a unique sense of crackling tension. Though he led his own bands off and on, he was one of the few great black artists prominently featured in white swing-era bands, with Gene Krupa, 1941-43, Artie Shaw, 1944, Benny Goodman, 1950. Though a pre-bop figure, he was the first major influence on be-bop pioneer Dizzy Gillespie.

## Bunny Berigan

Armstrong named Berigan as his No. 1 choice in a "Musicians' Musicians" poll. His second choice was Bobby Hackett. He admired both for their personal timbre and attack (Berigan reflected a strong Armstrong influence). Like Beiderbecke, Berigan had a short career destroyed by alcoholism, but his best recordings ("I Can't Get Started" as both trumpeter and singer, in two versions on CBS and RCA, and "Marie" on RCA with the Tommy Dorsey band) still inspire young trumpeters almost six decades later.

## Henry Red Allen

This New Orleans disciple of Armstrong moved from his big-band years (with Luis Russell, Fletcher Henderson and Armstrong) into a period that found him developing a singularly fluid way of phrasing as well as a variety of unique tonal effects (growls, trills, legato articulation). An exceptional interpreter of the blues, he carried the banner for swinging tradition even during Dizzy Gillespie's heyday.

## Dizzy Gillespie

He was Picasso to Armstrong's Rembrandt. By 1945, when his style was fully formed, Gillespie had developed the most distinctive personality of this century's second half, marked by dramatic melodic shifts, harmonic and melodic alterations that were at first misconstrued as "wrong notes," and unprecedented technical facility. He was a pervasive influence both as soloist and composer (his "Con Alma," "Night in Tunisia" and others are now standard repertoire). As has been true with many of the arts, yesterday's avant-garde became, through Gillespie, today's mainstream. His best early work is on Musicraft; later sessions on Verve.

## Clark Terry

A multiple influence playing trumpet, fluegelhorn (with its fuller, richer sound), singing (often to comedic effect) and teaching at colleges, Terry like Gillespie has blended musical and entertainment values. Best known for his sojourn with Duke Ellington (1951-59), he expanded on a "squeezed tone" effect originated by a previous Ellingtonian, Rex Stewart. His impact has been fortified by innumerable recordings as leader and with Ellington, Oscar Peterson, Bob Brookmeyer, et al.

## Miles Davis

A technically limited figure in the early bop days, he became a potent force in the 1950s through modal playing (using scales rather than chords), his use of the fluegelhorn, and his unique series of collaborations with arranger Gil Evans on "Sketches of Spain" and other albums. He later helped popularize jazz-rock, retired for several years, but recaptured some of his earlier glory in a final concert at Montreux, heard on Warner Bros. His best albums ("Kind of Blue," "In a Silent Way," "Porgy and Bess") are on CBS.

## Clifford Brown

His brief time in the limelight (mainly as co-leader with Max Roach of a quintet) earned the admiration of trumpeters ever since, on the strength of his rich sound and brilliantly crafted solos. There are numerous memorial albums on EmArcy and other labels.

## Don Cherry

A maverick known for his work on a so-called pocket cornet, he has had a roller-coaster career with Ornette Coleman, then with rock singers and bands, and later with World Music groups in which he experimented on flute and percussion. CDs with Coleman on Contemporary, own groups on Blue Note.

## Art Farmer

A Vienna-based expatriate since 1968, Farmer to this day is one of the most admired virtuosi among fellow horn men (he has played mainly fluegelhorn, and an instrument that he calls a flumpet). His graceful, undulant style is a virtual brass counterpart to saxophonist Benny Carter. CDs on Prestige, Concord, etc.

Honorable mention: Cat Anderson, Chet Baker, Buck Clayton, Bobby Hackett, Lee Morgan, Fats Navarro, Charlie Shavers, Cootie Williams.

Recommended anthology: "Jazz Club—Trumpet" (Verve).

**PROFILE** ARTIE SHAW

# His Sound of Music Is an 'Electronic Encyclopedia'

■ Famed bandleader of '40s, also noted for a bevy of beautiful wives, plans to encompass entire history of jazz in computerized project.

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Artie Shaw is writing. At his spacious, book-lined home in Newbury Park, the former swing giant, the quondam virtuoso clarinetist who this year celebrates his 40th anniversary of not playing music, is as busy as he has ever been, but with a marked difference. In the silence of his lonely room, he is free of the autograph hungry fans, far from the pressures of fame that drove him in disgust and disillusionment from the business that made him rich and famous.

Shaw today is primarily a writer, simultaneously involved in three undertakings—first, a massive venture to be known as "The Electronic Encyclopedia of Recorded Jazz," completion of which he predicts will take at least five years; second, his supervision of the reissue of recordings on which he played in the late 1940s, and third, continuing work on a trilogy, "The Education of Albie Snow," supposedly a work of fiction, although he won't deny the autobiographical overtones.

"I've been working on that trilogy for 15 years on and off," he said the other day. "There have been interruptions. I published another book in the meanwhile, worked in CD reissues and went out with the orchestra to get it established." (Yes, there is an Artie Shaw band today, using some of his music, with Dick Johnson as leader and clarinetist.)

Shaw's contemporaries, even fans a decade or two his junior, have vivid recollections of the high and low lights of the years in music: his storming of the swing world with the chart-topping record of "Begin the Beguine" in 1938; the shock of his sudden retirement in 1939; his return the following year to form a larger and equally successful ensemble with such hits as "Frenesi," his various large and small groups ending with a final small combo in 1954 and, of course, the marriages, which enabled Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Doris Dowling, Evelyn Keyes et al, at one time or another, to call themselves Mrs. Shaw.

This all happened long after Part I of the trilogy, which will be called "Sideman." It deals with the early struggling days ("I pick Albie up at age 15, at a lake in Wisconsin"), and his aim at fame.

"Part II," Shaw said, "will cover the period of the big successes, up to the end of World War II. A lot of that ground was covered in 'The Trouble With Cinderella.'" (This openly autobiographical book was published in 1952.)

Currently, he is working on Part III, which he said "deals with the difficulties that go with success, with my dislike of celebrity and all the b.s. that went with it. I became a celebrity in spite of myself, and hated it, so I quit and went to Spain, where I found a lifestyle that made some sense to me.

"The ending, though, will be strictly fiction, projecting a dramatic view of what could have been the truth. I have to try to winnow it down—there's so much involved here—it's not just music; it's books, it's science, it's sex, it's painting, it's a guy swallowing up the arts trying to find out what life is all about."

Despite the all-encompassing interests of Albie/Artie, his interest in jazz and its propagation has never flagged, as his "Electronic Encyclopedia of Recorded Jazz" makes clear. "It will be designed," Shaw said, "as a computerized, user-friendly compendium of information accessible through all the digital domain. There'll be histories, biographies, photographs, films, videos and, of course, the music itself, all available through CD-ROM or any other present or future access source."

Collaborating in the project is the jazz studies department of the University of Arizona. Partial funding has been provided, and various foundations are being approached for further support.

"The basic aim," Shaw said, "will be to answer the question 'What is jazz?' You can't describe jazz any more than you can describe bread to a blind man. So we'll have the music plus annotations and commentary by the most authoritative, scholarly people we can find. I'll be involved as a steerer, chairing an advisory board with people like John Lewis, Whitney Balliett, Lionel Hampton, Marian McPartland, Phil Woods, Joe Williams, Quincy Jones. Nobody who hasn't had a real history in jazz should be on the letterhead.

"We'll wind up with an authoritative research foundation, with a scholarly committee to dig up material—the piano rolls, the records and tapes, whatever. We'll have the most important people still around as speakers, and we'll deal with the subject by decades; for the 1920s, we can do it every five years, but for the later decades, we'll need to do it every one year to cover all the changes."

Shaw's original plan called simply for the use of LPs, but the new technologies such as CD-ROM will bring new accessibility to the plan. "We'll do interviews with whoever's around," he said, "and for those who are gone—people like Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong—we'll quote from their books and early interviews."

The germ of Shaw's plan has its origins in a meeting 25 years ago with a friend who, though not actively involved in jazz, had been asked to do a seminar on the subject.

"It was supposed to be one of a bunch of seminars on American folk art. Well, of course, jazz is not a folk art any more; it started with the Bessie Smiths and the Bunk Johnsons, but today it's very sophisticated. You have to understand the structure, the chords, the meter; you've go to listen quite a few times, to really know what's going on. But anyhow, they told him to do it his own way.

"He showed up on the appointed evening with a record player and a box of LPs. He said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, jazz is essentially a pre-verbal experience, so the rest of this session will be devoted to listening.' He put on one record after another, thanked them, said good night and left. That was the best record lecture I ever heard. Listen! That's all there is! By the same token, if you want to talk about painting—look! Sure, you can ask some questions afterward, but first look.

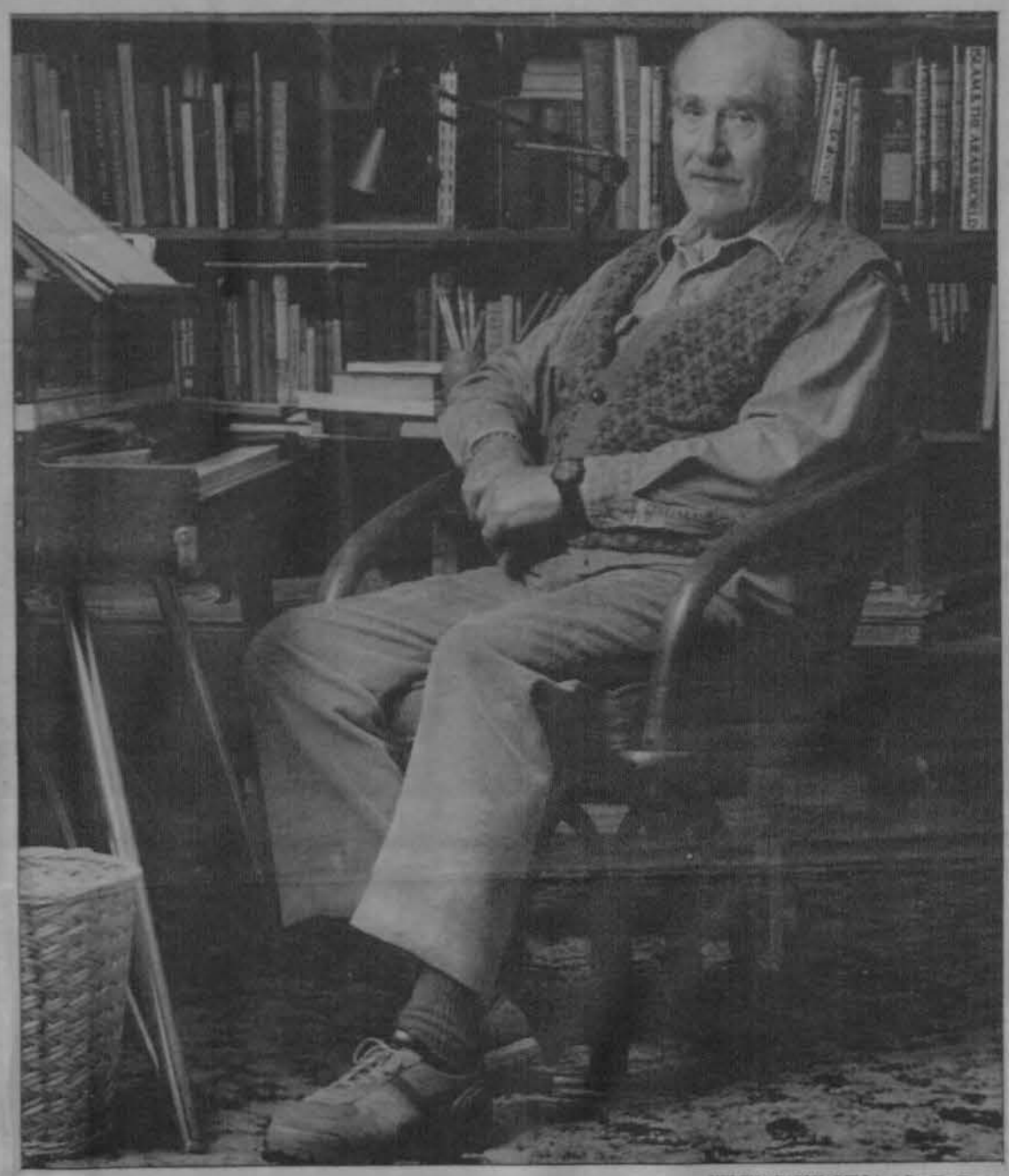
"I've often thought about that. We use the word jazz all over the world. The term is known from Texas to Timbuktu. An Alaskan, an Indian, an Eskimo comes to school and one guy says 'What is jazz?' Thorough listening has to come first, then an explanation by more knowledgeable people."

Shaw wrote a prospectus more than two decades ago, but was unable in those days, when jazz still had relatively limited acceptance on the intellectual level, to secure adequate funding.

Phase I, made up of the feasibility studies and funding exploration, is all but complete. Phase II, said Shaw, "will include software development, forming a staff—legal, technical and clerical; marketing and advertising studies and public relations development, from June, 1994, through December, 1996."

"I predict that Phase III, the actual creation and publication of the Electronic Encyclopedia, will run through December, 1999; Phase IV, the delivery and distribution, along with continual updating and correction, will continue into the 21st Century and through the foreseeable future."

After surviving a career famous for its fits and starts, marriages and divorces, the indomitable Shaw expects to see this vast project through to its conclusion. Clearly, it doesn't bother him that on the planned delivery date of the encyclopedia, he will be halfway through his 90th year.



HELENA PASQUARELLA / For The Times

Artie Shaw, at his Newbury Park home. Bandleader retired in 1939, went back to work the next year.

## Elevator Music a la Stefan Dickerson

5/2

It's hard to pinpoint exactly what went wrong Saturday when a pianist named Stefan Dickerson met a seven-piece band at the Jazz Bakery.

You could blame the mood of excessive hype set up by a record company, complete with a disc jockey cracking jokes and throwing CDs at the audience. You could blame the sound balance, in which everyone seemed to be upstaging someone else. The piano too loud for the muted trumpet, the drummer too loud for everyone.

Basically, though, the fault came from the top, in the person of Dickerson. A schooled musician who has worked in classical and chamber groups, he equates floridity with beauty and tinkling runs with lusciousness.

His compositions lacked the necessary variety of tempos and moods, except for "Morning View," featuring Doug Webb on soprano sax, there were sound-alikes, with Sal Marquez trying vainly to create a Miles Davis mood via his mute while Dickerson provided waterfall effects. This could be called elevator music, except that it doesn't give you a lift.

A percussionist, Richie Garcia, held in his left hand small objects from which he produced no audible sound. Ramon Stagnaro on guitar and Dave Carpenter on electric and upright base completed this often funk-oriented group. It is not hard to imagine Dickerson finding a spot in the contemporary jazz listings, since his music may develop a commercial appeal to compensate for its lamentable shortage of swinging creativity.

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Jim Hall Demonstrates Guitar Brilliance at Bakery

JAZZ REVIEW

Guitarist Jim Hall, a former Angeleno (he first came to prominence here, in 1956, with the Chico Hamilton Quintet), made one of his rare visits from New York on Sunday, when he played for an overflow house at the Jazz Bakery.

Though he has been compared to everyone from Charlie Christian to Django Reinhardt, Hall has long since developed his own persona, characterized by a sensitive, often subdued sound and by uniquely ethereal compositions.

When he plays a subtle melody such as "Skylark," one is left wondering: What was that substitute chord he just used? Did he modulate without our noticing? Yet when the tune is based on a simple handful of chords (as in "Street Dance," a calypso piece written by Sonny Rollins, with whom he worked in the 1960s), his ingenuity still shines through.

Hall's "Joao," named for Joao Gilberto, captured the Brazilian spirit without attempting visceral duplication. "Subsequently," dedicated to Hamilton, was one of Hall's more daring works, with hints of Ornette Coleman in its puckishness.

His accompanists were Scott Colley, a bassist whose support on solos were consistently rewarding, and Bill Stewart, a fine drummer who occasionally tended to become a little intrusive. Overall, though, the group achieved a commendable unity worthy of its boldly brilliant leader. If he has not yet entered the jazz Hall of Fame, his recent work, both in person and on record, will do much to expand the fame of Hall.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Arturo Sandoval shines in a rootsy, orchestral change of pace.

★★★½ S/29

### ARTURO SANDOVAL

"Danzon"
*GRP*

In an intriguing change of stylistic pace, the Cuban virtuoso digs in his roots for an album that is strongly orchestral, though his solos are numerous and brilliant.

Everything from his early days is here—rumba, conga, cha-cha, bolero, Afro-Cuban and Spanish and carnival sounds—mainly composed by Sandoval, with percussion galore and such guest soloists as Dave Valentin, Vikki Carr and even, briefly, Bill Cosby. Note particularly the echoes of pre-Castro Cuba in "Suavito" and Sandoval's just-for-kicks scat vocal on his tribute to Dizzy Gillespie in Gillespie's perennial "Groovin' High."

—LEONARD FEATHER

## Singers Salute Peggy Lee in Song and Celluloid

JAZZ REVIEW

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

Because tribute concerts are so often bogged down by windy speeches and self-promoting performances, Monday's salute to Peggy Lee at the Beverly Hilton was a triumphant surprise.

The evening was marked by sheer quality and music. Produced by George Schlatter and staged by the Society of Singers, it was climaxed by the presentation to Lee of the "Ella" Lifetime Achievement Award.

Few of the artists sang more than one number, yet each captured the crowd immediately: Natalie Cole with her stunning rendition of "I'm a Woman"; Ruth Brown bringing "Fever" up to 100 degrees centigrade; the Society of Singers Choir in a superb arrangement by Earl Brown of "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," introduced as Lee's favorite song.

Joe Williams, Rosemary Clooney, Jack Jones and the Manhattan Transfer added to the luster. Frank Capp's Juggernaut band did a flawless job of playing for the singers.

A fascinating sequence, co-produced by Jack Haley Jr., was the series of film clips that showed Lee at every stage of her 50-year career, singing with everyone from Crosby and Sinatra to Bob Hope, Dinah Shore and Lena Horne.

No less intriguing was a segment devoted to "Lady and the Tramp," in which Walt Disney, on camera, told the story of Lee's involvement in such detail that he inadvertently explained her David-and-Goliath victory in her lawsuit against Disney. Yet another film clip showed her in the "Pete Kelly's Blues" role that won her an Oscar nomination.

The live music episode concluded with two nonpareil acts. Singing "I Am in Love," k.d. lang brought

Please see TRIBUTE, F3

## TRIBUTE: Singers Salute Lee

Continued from F2

firepower to the impassioned lyrics, following up with a Lee-recorded classic, "Black Coffee."

Nobody would want to follow lang, yet Cleo Laine did with consummate ease. Backed by a John Dankworth arrangement, she offered her poignant version of the exquisite ballad "When the World Was Young."

The evening ended with Society of Singers co-chair Ginny Mancini paying homage to Lee and walking to a table in the back to present the award. Lee, after a brief speech that was both touching and amusing, remained seated (she is still essentially wheelchair-bound) and sang " 'S Wonderful" followed by a charming tune she wrote with Dick Hazard, "Here's to You."

## Portrait of a Jazz Friendship

5/20

Movies about jazz through the years (whether theatrical or made-for-TV) have maintained a low level of authenticity. It is a rare pleasure to report that "Lush Life" is an exception to the rule.

The story line might well be dismissed as just another disease-of-the-week melodrama. But the relationship between the two principal characters is warmly convincing, thanks to the writing (by director Michael Elias) and the performances. Jeff Goldblum is a saxophonist, Forest Whitaker a trumpeter. They work together on everything from jazz gigs to bar mitzvahs and baroque dates.

Neither artist is glamorized as a frustrated genius; this is neither "Bird" nor "Round Midnight." Goldblum, who sports a Yassir Arafat growth throughout, is in marital trouble; Whitaker, we soon learn, has an inoperable brain tumor. Goldblum arranges to bring together all his buddy's favorite musicians and friends for a grand finale, without telling them the true reason for the gathering.

The simple plot is serviceable enough to provide an admirable soundtrack, with the late Bob Cooper dubbing the sax parts, Chuck Findley playing the trumpet for Whitaker, and Sue Raney singing "I'm Old Fashioned" as the voice of Kathy Baker.

Lennie Niehaus, who did a similarly splendid job for "Bird," was the mastermind, writing original music and incorporating such works as Thelonious Monk's "Misterioso" (used as bookends to open and close the story), Freddie Hubbard's "Up Jumped Spring" and other jazz standards. Whitaker, whose performance as Charlie Parker in "Bird" won him a Cannes Film Festival award, is no less convincing here.

Singer Ernie Andrews is seen briefly in a nightclub sequence. Jack Sheldon and other leading Los Angeles studio musicians take part, mainly on the soundtrack.

Oddly, Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life" is not heard, but this is a minor flaw in a movie that succeeds musically and, to a lesser degree, dramatically, in holding the attention for most of its 105 minutes.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *"Lush Life" airs at 9 tonight on Showtime. Additional play dates are Thursday, June 5, June 14 and June 20.*

## In Brief

5/29

★★★★ **Frank Wess, "Tryin' to Make My Blues Turn Green,"** Concord Jazz. "Surprise! Surprise!" is the name of one of the five Wess originals; it could well have been the title of the entire album, with its inventive use of the eight musicians, the sax and flute solos by Wess, and an unpredictable set of tunes that vary from gentle to jaunty and even to wistful (Kenny Burrell's "Listen to the Dawn," Bucky Pizzarelli's "Stray Horn").. The non-Wess charts, by Scott Robinson, round out a consistently diverting set.

—L.F.

# Hargrove Quintet Delivers a One-Note Performance

4/21

JAZZ REVIEW

Roy Hargrove, whose quintet played at Ambassador Ambassador on Thursday, is one of a number of young trumpeters who have invariably been hailed as the next Dizzy or the next Miles. Like Terence Blanchard and others in this group, Hargrove is equipped with exceptional technique, along with a powerful tone and attack.

But his performance Thursday failed to live up to the expected high level because he seemed a little too determined to please the audience at all costs. The first and last numbers during the opening half of the show began with Hargrove playing alone and the band lamely clapping along on the after beats.

Too often Hargrove sounded as if he were being paid by the note. His horn mate, tenor saxophonist Ron Blake, was guilty of similar excesses. At one point he employed the kind of audience-milking used decades ago in the old Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts. Of course it worked—the wilder his blowing, the louder the approval of the crowd.

Hargrove came off best playing fluegelhorn in "When We Were One," and in the concert's only ballad-standard, "The Nearness of You," during which he revealed a capacity for lyricism he shows too rarely.

The concert ended on a sour note with Hargrove's abysmal attempt to sing "September in the Rain."

—LEONARD FEATHER



# Joe Pass, the Giant of Jazz Guitarists

APPRECIATION

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

There are few musicians of whom it can be said that they cannot be replaced. Guitarist Joe Pass (Joseph Anthony Passalaqua), who died Monday at the age of 65, was such a man.

His was a sharply separated career. His first decade, mainly the 1950s, was a maze of problems in which drug addiction and incarceration kept him from achieving the recognition he deserved. The turning point came with a record he made in 1961 during a stay at the Synanon Foundation, a drug treatment center. Soon afterward, his life straightened out, he became a welcome figure both in jazz clubs and in the studios for commercial dates.

Pass' technique was so dazzling that he was compared to pianist Art Tatum; his ideas came in a constant flow. He enjoyed working with fellow guitarists, spending many memorable evenings at Donte's in North Hollywood in tandem with Herb Ellis.

The impresario Norman Granz discovered him in 1972; from then on he was ubiquitous, graduating from the nightclubs of Hollywood to the concert stages of the world, and recording as a virtual member of the Granz jazz family on Pablo Records.

Solo albums, duets with Ella Fitzgerald, dates with Oscar Peterson and live performances at Montreux and other festivals followed one another in such profusion that by the end of the 1980s he was the most recorded guitarist in jazz history, and arguably the most gifted.

Pass' adaptability was legendary. Singers worshiped him; he provided accompaniment for Frank Sinatra, Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae and Joe Williams. His partnership with pianists first came to prominence during two years on the road with the George Shearing Quintet, and later in international tours with various Peterson groups. His intuitive grasp of harmonic nuances made him the ideal foil for Peterson.

He had become less of a local presence in recent years after a divorce and subsequent marriage to a German citizen. Though living part time in Hamburg, he maintained his home in the San Fernando Valley.

If he seemed withdrawn and somewhat introverted, his personality still showed flashes of ironic humor. His modesty was such that he once said of his partnership with Ella Fitzgerald: "Although she's so relaxed and easy to play for, I feel nervous, out of place with her—I mean, she's a legend, like Louis Armstrong. She's a part of history."

So, now, is Joseph Anthony Passalaqua.

# Terence Blanchard Puts a Shine on His Special Holiday Treat

5/28

JAZZ REVIEW

Terence Blanchard, now at the Jazz Bakery, has been gaining a reputation as a writer of superior movie scores. But because of his prowess as a trumpeter and leader, he remains a major force on the jazz scene.

Blanchard, whose current album is a tribute to Billie Holiday, opened Thursday with a slow, haunting version of "Lady Sings the Blues," a song written for and recorded by her. He immediately showed himself capable of a rare emotional poignancy.

His technical brilliance also is beyond question and, unlike some of his contemporaries, he rarely indulges in displays of fireworks. His sound is notable for its clarity and consistency.

Blanchard has three valuable sidemen: Bruce Barth, a pianist whose crisp articulation provided some of the evening's most rewarding moments; Chris Thomas, an outstanding bassist, and the dependable Troy Davis on drums.

Agreeably jazz-tinged singer Jeanie Bryson completes the group, singing two Holiday-associated tunes on each set. Her "Detour Ahead" was prefaced by a beautiful Blanchard chorus.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Terence Blanchard quartet at Jazz Bakery, 3221 Hutchinson Ave., Los Angeles. (310) 271-9039. $20 cover tonight, $15 Sunday. Shows tonight at 8:30 and 10:15, Sunday at 8 p.m.*



# 'Bix' Fails to Clarify Beiderbecke's Genius

VIDEO REVIEW

By LEONARD FEATHER
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

How do you separate fact from legend, authenticity from dramatic impact, in filming a movie based on an actual life?

The answer is not entirely clarified in "Bix: An Interpretation of a Legend," which purports to tell the story of Leon Bix Beiderbecke (1903-1931). An Italian/U.S. production, it was directed and co-written by Pupi Avati and shot partly on location in Davenport, Iowa (Beiderbecke's hometown), and other American locations.

That Beiderbecke was a genius can hardly be disputed. As a cornetist, he made a number of records in the late 1920s, mostly in partnership with the saxophonist Frank Trumbauer, that were timeless gems. As a pianist and composer, he wrote a brilliant series of impressionistic works, only one of which he recorded ("In a Mist").

Beiderbecke, played by Bryant Weeks (with soundtrack by Tom Pletcher) is depicted as a rebel, torn by love of family and the need to succeed in jazz. Plagued by alcoholism, drifting in and out of jobs with the bands of Paul Whiteman and others, he died almost unknown to the public.

One complaint lodged against the Charlie Parker film "Bird" was that it never clarified just what made him a unique artist. "Bix" has the same problem. Among many omissions, his interacting with black musicians (Louis Armstrong inspired him; trumpeter Rex Stewart even copied Beiderbecke's famous "Singin' the Blues" solo) is bypassed.

The movie never catches fire dramatically, but the credible traditional music, directed by saxophonist Bob Wilber and featuring pianist Keith Nichols, clarinetist Kenny Davern and others, justifies following the somewhat episodic story, which flashes back and forth in often confusing disorder.

■ *"Bix: An Interpretation of a Legend" is available on cassette from Rhapsody Films, Box 179, New York, NY 10014, $64.95.*

# Mulgrew Miller Trio Offers Harmonic Diversity at Catalina

6/9

JAZZ REVIEW

Mulgrew Miller, whose trio opened Tuesday at Catalina, has often been described as a hard bop pianist. But there's much more to him than that.

Miller is a talented composer whose works include modal moments and exceptional harmonic diversity. His first set on opening night consisted of six extended pieces—two originals, one blues and three standards.

The opener was "If I Should Lose You," with a solo introduction followed by a rhythm section ostinato as Miller led the group into a series of hard-driving variations. "Carousel," from his current album, was an engaging original in 3/4 time, during which Richie Goods' bass solo was well served by both Miller's support and drummer Tony Reedus' brushwork.

The high point of the set was Miller's salute to "Body and Soul," a piece that's been played a million different ways in its 64 years but seldom with such subtly conceived harmonic deviations. This tour de force wound up surprisingly with a quote from "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen."

Miller showed his personalized way with the blues on "Blue Monk" before rounding things out with a sensitive treatment of "It Might as Well Be Spring."

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Mulgrew Miller Trio at Catalina Bar & Grill, 1640 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood, (213) 466-2210. 9 and 11 p.m. Door charge: $12; $15 Saturday. Ends Sunday.*

## JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

★★★

**DIANE SCHUUR AND B.B. KING**

"Heart to Heart"
*GRP*

This is a curiosity in at least two senses. King, arguably the world's most popular blues singer, doesn't deliver a single blues number among the 10 tracks; he is presented primarily as a ballad singer. His guitar is heard too infrequently. As for his partner, she has some creditable moments here, and relatively few attacks of the synthetic hysterics to which she is subject.

The rapport between the pair works well, though there is not much of an attempt to harmonize effectively. The backups vary widely from cut to cut, with background vocals here and there and capable arrangements by Doug Katsaros. Some of the songs are odd choices, however. An example: the Astaire-Rogers 1936 hit from the Irving Berlin songbook, "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket."

For a sampling of how this team works best and least pretentiously, listen to the first chorus of "At Last," with Schuur and King taking alternate eight bar strains. True, after B.B.'s guitar solo there's a duet passage in which Schurr goes off the rails briefly, but it's still agreeable listening.

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent).*

99

# Lena Horne Returns With Lovesome Sounds

6/5

★★★½

**LENA HORNE**

"We'll Be Together Again"

*Blue Note*

Horne again, born again—as a result of her triumphant concert last year celebrating Billy Strayhorn, which triggered this belated return to records. There are five Strayhorn works here, two by Duke Ellington, and the rest by a judicious assortment of songsmiths.

Her sound has changed little over the decades; the diction and the vibrato are utterly her own.

NEW RELEASES

Her backers are mainly a jazz-oriented group, including Houston Person on tenor sax and Toots Thielemans on harmonica. Two of the Strayhorn tunes—"Maybe" and "You're the One"—were written for Horne; others include the long-familiar "Something to Live For" and "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing."

The presence of Johnny Mathis in a vocal duet adds nothing. Best cuts are the swingers ("Havin' Myself a Time," "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me") and the ballads, even "My Buddy," complete with violin obbligato (a rare example of schmaltz with class). Horne, who will turn 77 on June 30, remains a wonderful preeminence after 60 years behind the mike.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★★

**MARIAN McPARTLAND-CLARK TERRY**

"Piano Jazz"

*Jazz Alliance*

The latest and certainly one of the best in the transcriptions of McPartland's "Piano Jazz" radio series, this entertaining hour finds trumpeter Terry in estimable form as soloist, vocalist and raconteur. Reminiscing about his days with Duke Ellington, his invention of the hilarious "Mumbles" vocal styles and his work in jazz education, he fields questions from his ever-charming interviewer.

Terry solos, often with a mute, on several originals, such as "Michelle" (no relation to the Beatles tune), "The Simple Waltz" and "The Snapper." McPartland, in addition to backing him, offers a piano solo, her own engaging "There'll Be Other Times."

Rounding out the hour are such standards as Eubie Blake's "Memories of You" and Ellington's "Come Sunday." (These award-winning programs deserve CD reissues in their entirety.) —L.F.

★★★ **Ronnie Cuber, "The Scene Is Clean,"** Milestone. Best known as a muscular baritone sax soloist, Cuber extends himself here playing tenor and alto saxes, flute and composing/arranging most of the charts, which have a generally Latin tinge—even on "Flamingo." Geoff Keezer's piano and, on two cuts, Joey De Francesco's organ, embellish the jubilant ambience, highlighted by "Adoracion" and "Arroz Con Pollo." 6/19

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Weckl Quintet Explodes at Catalina

6/3

**JAZZ REVIEW**

Drummer Dave Weckl, who had longtime success working with Chick Corea, opened Tuesday at Catalina. He's such an explosive percussionist that some of his solos suggest orchestrated thunder.

His quintet, playing mostly original material, is a tightly knit unit that seems to substitute energy for elegance and rhythmic convolution for melodic innovation. The standout sideman, without question, is John Patitucci. Equally brilliant on upright bass, electric bass and bass guitar, he left the upright home on this occasion because the group's character doesn't call for it. Nevertheless, he was in superlative form, particularly in a feature number that had a haunting raga-like quality.

Steve Tavaglione is the other key player, using various saxophones and an electronic wind instrument that was effectively employed on a West African-influenced tune called "Afriq..." Two keyboard players, Dave Goldblatt and Jay Oliver, complete the group, adding their sounds to a powerful, tension-building ensemble.

If the quintet has a fault, it's the excessive use of repetition of the theme. The riffs are satisfactory up to a point, but then comes the point of too many returns.

—LEONARD FEATHER

■ *Dave Weckl Quintet at Catalina Bar & Grill, 1640 N. Cahuenga, Hollywood, (213) 466-2210. Two sets nightly at 9:15 and 11 through Sunday. $12 door charge ($15 Saturday) plus two-drink minimum.*

★★★½ **Stan Getz/Jimmie Rowles, "The Peacocks,"** Columbia. Recorded in 1975, this album brings together two giants to display their mastery and mutual admiration. Of the 13 cuts, five are instrumental duets; Rowles' title tune is the voluptuous, evocative highlight. On other tracks they are aided by Elvin Jones' drums and Buster Williams' bass. "Body and Soul" and Cedar Walton's "Mosaic" are solo piano cuts. Rowles also sings on four tunes, arguably the only less-than-totally-successful works: His tongue-in-cheek version of "Rose Marie" shows that he is no Nelson Eddy; on "I'll Never Be the Same" his intonation falters. The best vocal cut is Wayne Shorter's "The Chess Players," for which the Jon Hendricks Singers overdub Hendricks' lyrics. Another Shorter piece, "Lester Left Town," is a sumptuous showcase for Getz. 7/31

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★ **Lionel Hampton, "You Better Know It!"** Impulse! This 1964 quintet date offered Hampton as artist (on vibes) and entertainer (five innocuous vocals, on one of which he also plays two-finger piano). Much strength is added by the presence of the late, impeccable Ben Webster on tenor sax ("Cute," "Ring Dem Bells") and the one-of-a-kind trumpet of Clark Terry. Among the best cuts are two tunes by Manny Albam—"Trick or Treat" and "Moon Over My Annie." 7/31 —L.F.

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent). Five-star ratings are reserved for [illegible]*





# Idaho bops to jazz beat

## Lionel Hampton fest mixes entertainment and music education

By CHIP DEFFAA

THERE isn't anything in the New York area quite like the Lionel Hampton Jazz Festival, held each year in Moscow, Idaho. There should be.

Twelve thousand adults and youths from across the Northwest converged in this isolated college town for a four-day celebration of jazz that blended entertainment and education in a unique way.

From 8 p.m. to midnight, everyone gathered in the huge Kibbee Dome to hear world-class musicians perform. In the daytime, the youths met in classrooms at the University of Idaho's Lionel Hampton School of Music for workshops with those same world-class musicians.

"It's sort of overwhelming. When you see all those legends, you don't know how to feel," said Gabe Angerilli, a 14-year-old drummer who traveled 10 hours by bus from his town of White Rock, Canada. "It's also a chance for kids to win instruments and scholarships," he added, noting that students from his own Semiahmoo Secondary School had done just that.

For a New York-based critic, the festival afforded a chance to see some notable talents who rarely appear in the East, such as trumpeters Pete and Conte Condoli and the extraordinarily fluent trombonist Bill Watrous, from California, and a French horn player possessing an exceptionally beautiful tone, Arkady Shilkloper, from Moscow, Russia.

It was a chance, too, to see musicians you might commonly see in New York, such as Wallace Roney or Lew Soloff, in the unfamiliar roles of highly effective teachers.

No concert performer has outshone the indefatigable Hampton. He has been everywhere — jamming with the likes of Paquito D'Rivera, James Moody and Delia Reese, exhorting the crowd as emcee ("Now we're going to give you some music you've never heard before ..."), and earning the strongest ovations, leading his New York-based big band through a gorgeously melodic "Lover" and a rip-roaringly rhythmic "Sing Sing Sing."

Hampton dedicated one concert to honored guest Leonard Feather, America's most respected jazz critic, now celebrating his 60th year in the business. Hampton hailed Feather as "the guy who's done more for jazz musicians than anybody I know, the one who's advocated musicians getting together regardless of race, creed or color. Leonard's fought for all of us."

In his remarks on panels here, Feather has pulled no punches, either in recalling prejudice against black musicians that he condemned in past years, or in condemning what he feels to be "reverse racism" practiced at Lincoln Center today.

He noted that in eight years of presenting "Classical Jazz at Lincoln Center" concerts, Wynton Marsalis has yet to salute a white artist. Feather said Marsalis was performing "a real disservice to jazz" by fostering divisions along racial lines.

The festival has also been the site of one jazz film's "world premiere" — a work in progress by Jean Bach, which uses one famed jazz photo as a means of getting into much great music and warm reminiscence. Although not quite finished (Ira Gitler supplied live commentary), it's already impressive.

Every motel within an hour of Moscow was booked solid for this festival — with some reporting they already received repeat reservations for the next three or four years. And no wonder. Whoever dreamed up this idea of combining jazz entertainment and instruction on so grand a scale deserves commendation. The concept is worth copying back East.

## In Brief 7/17

★★★½ **Vanessa Rubin, "I'm Glad There Is You,"** Novus. Subtitled "A Tribute to Carmen McRae," this is a stylish, well-programmed set in which—though Rubin makes no attempt to imitate her idol—there is a slight resemblance in tone and phrasing. With material such as Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite," Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born" and Kurt Weill's "Speak Low," and with numerous guest soloists—Kenny Burrell, Grover Washington, Frank Foster—Rubin has a fail-safe project here.

—LEONARD FEATHER

★★★ **Turtle Island String Quartet, "Who Do We Think We Are?,"** Windham Hill. Continuing to blend the best of two worlds, the TISQ here brings together its own daringly different interpretations of works by Parker, Monk, Victor Feldman and McCoy Tyner, along with a couple of in-house originals. The furthest-out cut is an experimental treatment of Jimi Hendrix's "Gypsy Eyes." Tyner's "Blues on the Corner" is the strongest jazz track and "You've Changed," with an expendable vocal by Vicki Randle, the weakest. David Balakrishnan, as always, was a key figure in the writing of a generally inspiring set. —L. F.

# Zap Mama Steals Lead Act's Thunder

6/13

**POP MUSIC REVIEW**

Milton Nascimento, a familiar name in this country since he was heard on Wayne Shorter's "Native Dancer" 20 years ago, was back in town Saturday for a concert at the Wiltern Theatre.

Leading a dynamic eight-piece band (two keyboards, bass, guitar and three percussion), he presented a program of songs most of which were evidently unfamiliar to this audience; there was no applause of recognition. However, his vocal charm came across as it always has.

For those who do not understand Portuguese, his messages were unclear—whether they dealt with ecology, love, world peace or politics was beyond this listener's comprehension.

Nascimento showed himself less than brilliant at the keyboard, dancing, and even playing the guitar. For the most part his performance was as static as the preceding act was dynamic.

In fact, he set himself a difficult task by assigning the first half of the show to five women billed as "Zap Mama." From the moment they stormed the stage, this unique group defies definition. This was more than world music, though it encompassed sounds from many countries and in several languages (including Portuguese, Spanish, English, French and possibly Yoruba).

Colorfully garbed, delightfully choreographed, tossing veils around and blending in close harmony, they drew three standing ovations. In short, before Nascimento could open his mouth, Zap Mama had all but stolen the show.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# Playboy Jazz Fest: Living Up to Its Name?

■ **Entertainment:** The jazz scene has changed in the 15 years since the first event was held at the Hollywood Bowl, and the show has changed too—for better or worse.

By LEONARD FEATHER 6/24
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The more things change. . . .

Another Playboy panorama has been unveiled before our eager ears. Bill Cosby has hollered "Give it to 'em!" for the 978th time. Beach balls have been bounced, handkerchiefs have waved; surging fans have all but invaded the stage for the umpteenth time.

These three questions bear a little examination, at least when used jointly. Is it Playboy? Is it jazz? Is it a festival?

These are fighting questions. There can be no doubt, really, about the first one, since Playboy managed, from the beginning, to identify itself with jazz in one way or another, even while the magazine's former jazz poll has degenerated into a forum for rock, pop, funk and rap.

This year's event was neither more nor less a jazz convention than the 15 that preceded it at the Hollywood Bowl. There must have been some significance in the failure to draw a full house Sunday, in contrast to previous years when both days were sold out weeks in advance. (But look at it another way: In those two days, the concerts still drew more than 35,000 fans.) Was it the recession that slowed things down? Was the Latin finale a less spectacular attraction than the Lionel Hampton jam session? Producer George Wein and his associates still don't have all the answers.

LUIS SINCO / For The Times

Saxophonist Joshua Redman during the Playboy Jazz Festival.

What remains constant is the schism that separates aficionados of straight-ahead jazz from those who roar for David Sanborn and scream for King Sunny Ade. Year after year, Playboy faces the fact that you can't please all of the people all of the time. You would have to do a great deal of investigation to find a fan who went home raving about Earl Klugh and Spyro Gyra and Wynton Marsalis and Elvin Jones. To reverse the axiom, you have to displease some of the people some of the time, and the trick is to maintain a delicate balance that will leave enough satisfied people to counteract the gripes and grumbles.

The use of the term "jazz" has long been offensive to some musicians who felt that it has a negative connotation. Down Beat magazine changed its slogan a few years ago by adopting a subtitle: Jazz, Blues & Beyond. By the same token, the music presented last weekend could well have been billed as "Playboy Jazz and Entertainment Festival" or "Jazz, Pop & Funk Festival."

So was it jazz? The reply can only be a firm yes or no.

It was ever thus. Correction: At the very first Playboy Festival, in Chicago in 1959, the lineup was a phenomenal who's who that did not include a single act definable as non-jazz. But this was before the scene became as fragmented as it is today.

A final question: Is this a festival?

Nobody who has seen (or even heard via radio) the behavior of the crowd can deny that thousands of visitors are there simply to have a grand celebration under sunny June skies. They babble incessantly while some interesting, cerebral band is on stage, then go wild when some excitement-oriented group takes over, whether it's the African percussion of King Sunny Ade or the commercialized Dixieland of Pete Fountain. Sure, it's festive, and it will stay that way as long as the sun shines over the Hollywood Bowl. For those who can't go along with high spirits, the solution is simple: Stay home and relax with your personal CDs.

JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

★★★★★

**SARAH VAUGHAN**

"I Love Brazil"
*Pablo*

This masterful collection, recorded in Rio in 1977, brings together the timeless beauty of Vaughan's sound with some of the most durable writers and musicians in the Brazilian pantheon.

Milton Nascimento plays and joins voices with her on three tunes; the Caymmis, father Dorival and son Dori, are similarly represented in original works, and Antonio Carlos Jobim plays piano on his own "Triste" and "Someone to Light Up My Life," the latter with lyrics by Gene Lees.

Edson Federico's orchestrations and the rhythm backing (usually drums and two percussionists) contribute to the beauty and authenticity of these modern classics, taped at the high point of Vaughan's magnificent career.

Aside from Dorival's Portuguese verse on "Roses and Roses," the vocals are in English (but Vaughan did allow herself a couple of brief scat interludes).

—LEONARD FEATHER

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent), and five stars for classic reissues.* 7/17

# Pizzarelli Recalls Nat Cole Trio 7/22

JAZZ REVIEW

John Pizzarelli, who brought his trio to the Jazz Bakery on Wednesday for a two-day run, followed in a sense in the handsteps of his father, Bucky Pizzarelli, by taking out a seven-string guitar. After playing and singing in a duo with the senior Pizzarelli, he began working with his own trio and has since built up a strong following.

Now 34, he has several popular albums to his credit. Though not in a class with Bucky instrumentally, he has acquired a measure of popularity for a vocal style that brings to mind the early years of Harry Connick Jr. His timbre lacks strength, but he appeals to an audience for whom his unconventional repertoire of old standards and imaginative originals are major plus factors.

Clearly his main source of inspiration is Nat King Cole. He uses the piano-guitar-bass instrumentation first established by Cole and brings a relaxed sensitivity to such half-forgotten songs as "Beautiful Moons Ago" (by Oscar Moore, who was Cole's guitarist) and a medley of "Baby" tunes that includes Don Redman's "Gee Baby Ain't I Good to You" and Bobby Troup's "Baby, Baby All the Time."

Pizzarelli introduces his material with a wit and anecdotal charm that contributes significantly to his success; in fact, he is as much essentially an entertainer as a musician. His sidemen, brother Martin Pizzarelli on bass and Ray Kennedy on piano, are adequate performers but lack the swinging creativity that set such groups as Cole's and Oscar Peterson's on the road to fame.

—LEONARD FEATHER



# 'Desert': a Fantasy in Bloom

★★★★

**TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI**

"Desert Lady—Fantasy"
*Columbia*

Akiyoshi has had her share of triumphs over the past 20 years, but "Desert Lady" is unprecedented. This is a staggering achievement not only for her as composer, arranger and pianist, but also for Lew Tabackin as tenor saxophonist, flutist and composer. He wrote "Desert Lady" for one of his small group sessions; for this version Akiyoshi has expanded the work into a suite, and it's given a nonpareil performance that displays her large ensemble at a unified peak of excellence.

The other original works here, though less ambitious in scope, all reflect the leader's mastery of orchestral voicings. A unique aspect of the album is its inclusion of the only tune in the band's repertoire not written by her or Tabackin. "Bebop" is a tribute to its composer, Dizzy Gillespie, brilliantly updated yet retaining the spirit of the original. It includes poised and perfect solos by Greg Gisbert on trumpet and Jim Snidero on alto sax.

TOM GORMAN / For The Times

**SUITE DREAM:** Akiyoshi hits the mark with an ambitious project.

New to most listeners will be Akiyoshi's "Hangin' Loose," a fresh and fascinating reworking of the chords of "Mean to Me." And Tabackin's tenor is the centerpiece on "Harlequin Tears" and "Broken Dreams."

To sum up: a flawless, indispensable album. —*Leonard Feather*

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent).*

LUIS SINCO / For The Times

Cassandra Wilson makes the most of a diverse repertoire at Playboy festival.

# Hampton, Redman Quartet Top the Bill at Playboy Fest

JAZZ REVIEW

By LEONARD FEATHER 6/20
SPECIAL TO THE TIMES

The first day of the 16th annual Playboy Jazz Festival followed a pattern that has served producer George Wein well in the past.

You can be sure that the program will open with an amateur band, usually a good excuse for showing up late. This year it was the Roosevelt High School Ensemble, fair on teamwork but weak on solos (aren't they all?).

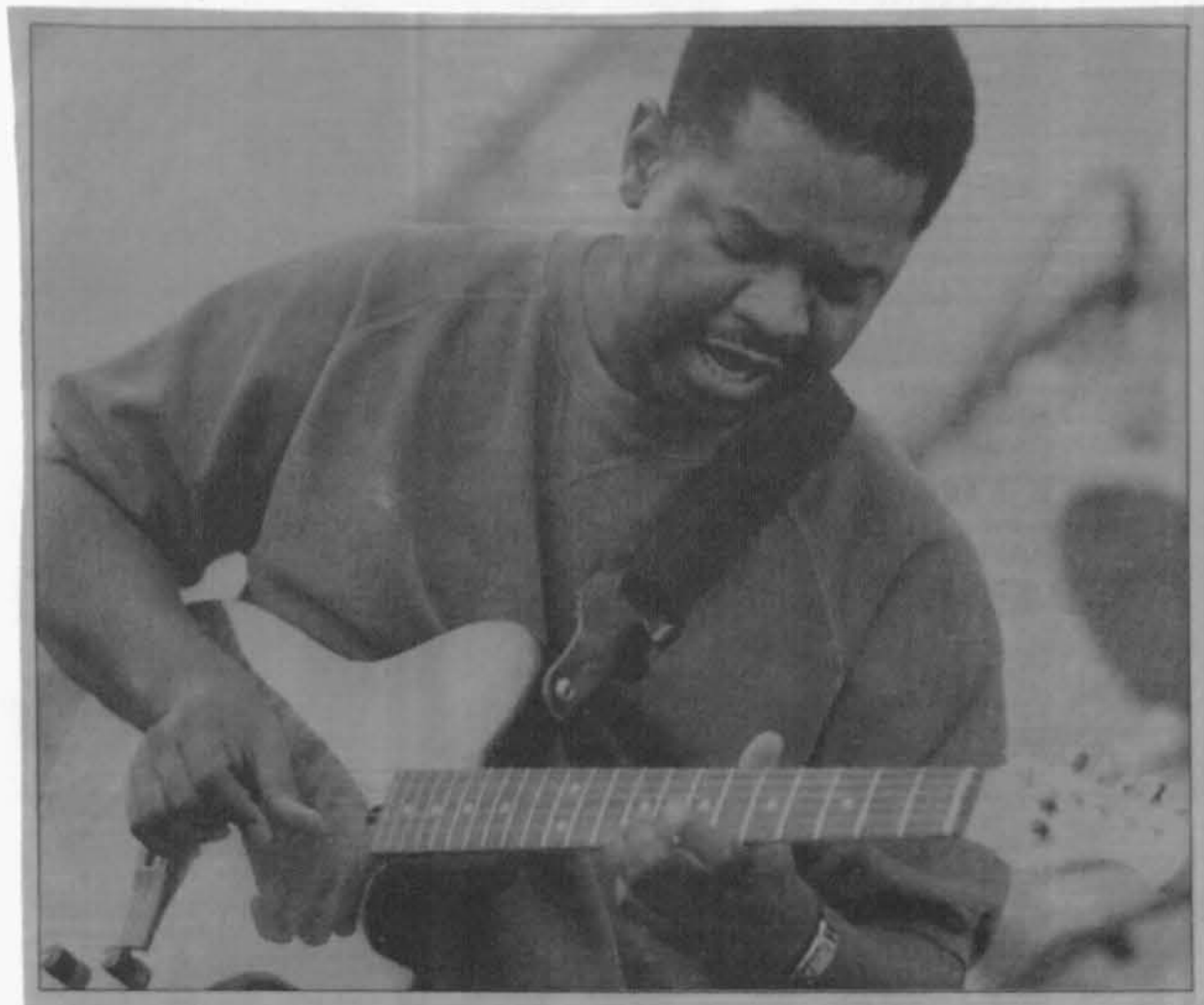
You can be no less certain that the mix will include at least two or three pop/funk/contemporary groups, a couple of the currently hot jazz soloists, and a sure-fire crowd pleaser to close out the eight-hour marathon.

Saturday's show-stopper was the tireless, 85-year-old Lionel Hampton, whose all-star nine-piece group, known as the Golden Men of Jazz, proved themselves more like men of steel, with wills of iron, as he took them through their decades-old paces. He was saluted by unyielding roars from a capacity crowd reluctant to let him go.

Solos by trumpeters Sweets Edison and Pete Candoli, a drum battle with Louie Bellson and Hampton, and Hampton's warmly affecting vocal on "What a Wonderful World" kept the set luminously alive.

For those who came to hear some unadulterated, state-of-the-art jazz, the Joshua Redman Quartet stood out. Redman, no less at home before 18,000 fans than when he faces an intimate club audience, resorted a little too often to squeaks and squeals and nether honks, a tendency he should watch; but he's still the most commanding young tenor sax virtuoso on the scene, and his group includes the phenomenon Brad

Please see FESTIVAL, F3



Photos by LUIS SINCO / For The Times

Guitarist Earl Klugh, left, and saxophonist Joshua Redman: Working hard to win over the audience at Playboy jazz festival.

# FESTIVAL: Hampton, Redman Top Bill

**Continued from F1**

Mehldau on piano and the always startling bassist Christian McBride.

If any two soloists stood out, they were Mehldau and Henry Johnson. The latter, playing guitar with Ramsey Lewis, had no trouble stealing the spotlight from the leader, whose piano was not helped by the sound system.

Cassandra Wilson, a much-praised singer, has to her credit a diverse repertoire, from very early blues ("Hellhound on My Trail") to the occasional standard ("Skylark"). She also boasts an unconventional backup group, with violin and harmonica. Singing material from her album "Blue Light Till Dawn," Wilson at times, if unseen, could be mistaken for a man in the Johnny Mathis range. Her blend of ancient material had an urban-country beat that works well.

Wynton Marsalis had the misfortune of following two pop groups, Earl Klugh's and Spyro Gyra. An inattentive audience seemed disinterested in his writing, which makes ingenious use of four horns. Playing excerpts from a suite in his recent album, Marsalis didn't connect until a Dixieland passage brought the fun-oriented listeners to their feet.

Flora Purim, teamed with her percussionist-husband Airto, gave a sadly lackluster performance. The Family Laws offered light entertainment with Hubert and Ronny Laws on flute and tenor sax; their siblings, Debra and Eloise, singing; and a new vocal addition, Ronny's daughter, Michelle.

# Jeff Hamilton's Trio: The Beat Drums On

7/25

Why do drummers want to become bandleaders?

The appearance of Jeff Hamilton's Trio at the Jazz Bakery on Friday offered another reminder of a question for which no satisfactory answer has yet been found.

Of the three main elements in jazz performance—melody, harmony and rhythm—the drummer must defer to another player to furnish the first two. True, many drummers have led their own groups with great success, but often with essential help from their sidemen.

The case of Hamilton is puzzling. Here is a superb artist who, in partnership with the bassist John Clayton, has led one of the Southland's best big bands. As an orchestral drummer, he maintained a supple beat *under* the band; as leader of a trio at the Bakery, he too often played *over* the group, occasionally leaving the admirable pianist Larry Fuller semi-audible. Jesse Yusef Murphy was more fortunate; during one or two of his splendid bass solos, Hamilton switched from sticks to brushes or laid out altogether.

Playing tunes from their CD "Hamilton Time," the threesome achieved some moments of quiet, chordal beauty, as in Murphy's gently persuasive "Blues for You." Hamilton's high points were his flamboyant solos and a breakneck treatment of the old Woody Herman hit "Apple Honey."

Pianist Fuller took the chief honors in an elegant version of Leonard Bernstein's "Somewhere." With all due respect to Hamilton, this group would have worked better as the Larry Fuller Trio.

Hamilton has earned a well-deserved reputation in settings that have not called for his services as a major-domo. One can only hope that he has not permanently given up that subservient but significant role.

—LEONARD FEATHER

# *Leonard Feather's*
## *news from America*

### The Brits Are Coming

Three of the jazz world's most famous British-born stars, George Shearing, Cleo Laine and John Dankworth, will join forces in concert at Carnegie Hall, New York City on June 28th, the second day of the annual JVC Jazz Festival. Laine and Dankworth have also been signed for a series of dates in tandem with the Mercer Ellington Orchestra, and will record Cleo's latest album with the Ellington Band during a 10-day stay in New York this August.

### Lush Soundtrack

*Lush Life*, a movie made for television and shown recently on the Showtime Channel, has an admirable jazz soundtrack in which the late Bob Cooper recorded the sounds for Jeff Goldblum, who plays a saxophonist, and Chuck Findley does the trumpet work for Forest Whitaker, who plays his trumpeter friend. Whitaker played the award-winning role of Charlie Parker in the movie *Bird*. Also featured in *Lush Life* (which, oddly, does not make any use of the title tune) is Kathy Baker, playing a singer whose voice was dubbed by Sue Raney. Lennie Niehaus, who wrote the score for Bird, composed and supervised all the music for *Lush Life*, which includes many standards by Thelonious Monk, Freddie Hubbard, and Sonny Rollins.

### Going Gold

Lionel Hampton will reorganise his Golden Men of Jazz to appear June 18th at the 16th Annual Playboy Jazz Festival. With him will be Louie Bellson, Junior Mance, Al Grey, Sweets Edison, Pete Candoli and Benny Golson. On the same show will be Wynton Marsalis, Spyro Gyra, Earl Klugh, the Family Laws (Hubert, Ronnie, Eloise and Debra), Ramsey Lewis, Joshua Redman, Fourth World, and Cassandra Wilson. The June 19th line-up, running for eight and a half hours, will include the David Sanborn Group, Tito Puente's Latin All Stars featuring Mongo Santamaria, Hilton Ruiz and others, Joe Williams, Pete Fountain, the Elvin Jones Jazz Machine, King Sunny Ade, the Count Basie Orchestra (directed by Frank Foster), the Marcus Roberts Trio and Russell Malone.

### Joe Pass

There are few musicians of whom it can be said that they cannot be replaced. Guitarist Joe Pass, who died May 23rd, was one such.

His was a career in two sharply separated halves. His first decade was a maze of problems, drug addiction and incarceration keeping him from achieving the recognition he deserved. The turning point came with a record he made during a stay at Synanon, the detox centre, in 1961. Soon after, his life straightened out, and he became a figure who was welcomed both in the recording studios and in the jazz clubs.

The impresario Norman Granz discovered him in 1972; from then on he was ubiquitous, graduating from clubs to concert halls, recording as a virtual member of the Granz jazz family on Pablo records. Solo albums, duets with Ella Fitzgerald, dates with Oscar Peterson, live performances at Montreaux and other festivals, followed one another in such profusion that by the end of the '80s he was the most recorded guitarist in jazz history, and arguably the most gifted.

If he at times seemed withdrawn, somewhat introverted, his personality still showed flashes of ironic humour. His modesty was such that he once said of his partnership with Ella Fitzgerald "Although she's so relaxed and easy to play for, I feel nervous, out of place with her - I mean, she's a legend, like Louis Armstrong. She's part of history."

So too, now, is Joseph Anthony Passalaqua.

### Double Deal

Herbie Hancock has signed a unique recording deal that will contract him to two labels: he will make albums for Mercury with his more pop-orientated music, and tape his more jazz-directed works for the Verve label.

NEW RELEASES

# Give a Listen to Nnenna Freelon's Lyrics

Nnenna Freelon, a singer who keeps getting better, employs not only words but a variety of sounds on her recent album, which leads off this group of new releases.

★★★★

**NNENNA FREELON**

"Listen"

*Columbia*

Everything comes together here. Though singer Freelon's sound and style are the dominant forces, she contributes lyrics and/or music to several of the songs, most of which are unfamiliar.

Basically, this is a small-group session; however, here and there, invaluably supportive arrangements were contributed by Bill Fischer. It is a pleasure to hear lyrics added to Bobby Hutcherson's "Lil B's Poem" and McCoy Tyner's "Ballad for Aisha." Freelon also wrote lyrics for Wayne Shorter's "Song of Silent Footprints."

There are several wordless passages, mostly of the non-scat variety. Jon Lucien makes a couple of guest appearances. A lesser-known Ellington tune, "A Hundred Dreams From Now," is yet another delight. Finally, who can resist another version of Kurt Weill's "Lost in the Stars"?

*—Leonard Feather*



# A Stylish Tribute to McRae

## ALBUM REVIEWS

★★★½ **Vanessa Rubin, "I'm Glad There Is You,"** Novus. Subtitled "A Tribute to Carmen McRae," this is a stylish, well-programmed set. Although Rubin makes no attempt to imitate her idol, there is a slight resemblance here and there, in tone and phrasing. With material such as Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite," Thad Jones's "A Child Is Born" and Kurt Weill's "Speak Low," and with numerous guest soloists (Kenny Burrell, Grover Washington, Frank Foster), Rubin had a fail-safe project here.

*—Leonard Feather*

★★★ **Joe Wilder, "No Greater Love,"** Evening Star. Long hidden in New York studio work, the trumpeter makes a welcome jazz reappearance, with considerable help from pianist Bobby Tucker and James Chirillo on guitar. The program is a well-diversified mix of sextet, trio and duet numbers, ranging from Benny Carter's "The Courtship," with saxophonist Seldon Powell switching to flute, and "Thinking of Lady," a touching tribute to Billie Holiday. The album would have been even better had Wilder displayed more of his elegant open-horn style instead of using the mute.

*—L.F.*

NEW RELEASES

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*—Leonard Feather*

★★★

**GROVER WASHINGTON JR.**

"All My Tomorrows"

*Columbia*

This album, while being touted as a "mainstream" session from saxman Washington, is really more high-quality easy-listening jazz, with tempos relaxed and solos reflecting the melodies of songs.

A man who knows how to deliver a melody with feeling, Washington is in good company here. The vehicles—"When I Fall in Love," "Nature Boy," the title track, Stevie Wonder's "Overjoyed"—are first-rate, the arrangements by Larry Willis and Slide Hampton just-so.

Then there's the elegant rhythm team of Hank Jones (piano), George Mraz (bass) and Billy Hart (drums) that gives the leader plush support, making him sound just at home here as he would in his usual jazz/funk realm.

Washington offers delicious soprano sax lines on the bossa nova "E Preciso Perdoar," on the title track and on "Estate," while his gritty tenor sax tones bounce with life on a vamp on "Nature Boy." Freddie Cole (Nat's brother) adds three tasteful vocals, and is joined by Jeanie Bryson on a fourth. Both brassman Eddie Henderson and pianist Jones deliver solos that exude warmth, energy and musicality.

*—Zan Stewart*

★★½

**CECILIA COLEMAN QUINTET**

"Young and Foolish"

*Resurgent Music*

Cecilia Coleman is a competent pianist with a highly individual voice: quiet, sincere and to-the-point. Her understated improvisational style, at once shyly romantic and revealingly sensitive, is accented by an equally spare mode of accompaniment. Her sidemen on this eight-cut disc do little to vary the reserved mood, working in emotional tones best described as well-adjusted rather than frantic.

The group, especially trumpeter Steve Huffsteter, shows refined be-bop tastes on "House of Cards," and tenor saxophonist Andy Suzuki generates a bit of steam during the title tune. But there's a certain blandness to the program as the quintet sails along on an even keel with nary a stormy moment.

Coleman, the composer is equally reserved (six of the tunes are hers), with "Slippin' " standing out for its melodic pleasantness. But someone should give Coleman a good pinch. "Young and Foolish" shows too much cool, and not enough heat.

*—Bill Kohlhaase*

## In Brief

**★★★½, James Newton, "Suite for Frida Kahlo,"** Audioquest. Perennial poll-winning flutist Newton emphasizes his compositional side on his first release in four years. The title suite, inspired by four of the famed Mexican artist's paintings, creates absorbing mood swings by blending the tone colors of an unusual eight-piece ensemble (flute, trombones, bassoon, reeds and rhythm section) with occasional dashes of jazz swing and tempo shifts a la Mingus. Elsewhere, Newton doesn't neglect his playing, soaring and swooping over the changes on the ballad "The Price of Everything" or engaging trombonist George Lewis in some formidable free improvising in "Elliptical."

*—Don Snowden*

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent).*

JAZZ SPOTLIGHT

# John Scofield's Brainy Blues

★★★

**JOHN SCOFIELD**

"Hand Jive"

*Blue Note*

In Scofield's first band recording since saxman Joe Lovano left his employ last year, the guitarist presents his new quartet and re-explores the brainy, appealing blues-R&B turf he called home on several albums in the late '70s and early '80s.

With bassist Dennis Irwin and drummer Bill Stewart still on hand, and Larry Goldings (on both piano and organ) replacing Lovano, Scofield has a flexible unit that can be muscular one moment, blues-soaked the next, and gutsy yet highbrow the next.

Again, it's the leader's array of sounds that grab our ears. He can offer honey-colored moans, as on "Checkered Past," which is oozingly slow, and he can deliver charged notes that seem to cause sparks to spray from his amp, as on "I'll Take Les." Stringing these notes together into chains, he tells stories that at times have a riveting urgency and at others convey a warming calm.

PATTI PERRET

**SONIC SPARKS:** Scofield unleashes an array of sounds.

Rhythms ramble from chunky back-beats to undulating New Orleans' second-line funk, set in motion by Stewart and Irwin. On several cuts, saxman Eddie Harris is on board, his high-pitched tone fitting just-so with Scofield's, and his solos bristling with a laid-back bite.

*—Zan Stewart*

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor) to four (excellent).*

## LISTINGS

JAZZ

■ Selected listings compiled by Bill Kohlhaase. Send information to Jazz Listings, Calendar, Los Angeles Times, Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles 90053.

### JAZZ PICKS

**Gerry Gibbs** (Thur.-Sat. at Club Brasserie) The drummer and son of vibraphonist Terry Gibbs leads a quintet with sax man Ravi Coltrane and pianist Patrice Rushen.

Also of interest: **Dave Pell, Bob Florence** (today at Jax) . . . **Walter Norris** (Mon. at Catalina, Fri.-Sat. at Legends of Hollywood) . . . **Mose Allison** (Tue.-next Sun. at Catalina) . . . **Tom Talbert** (Tue. at Moonlight Tango) . . . **Holly Hofmann** (Thur. at Jazz Bakery) . . . **Bobby Lyle, 8 Sharp Jazz Quartet** (Fri. at Hyatt Newporter) . . . **Rickey Woodard** (Sat. at Chadney's) . . . **Buddy Collette** (Sat. at Pedrini Music).

### CONCERTS

**TODAY**

**Toni Iannotta, Gene Burkert, Robert Kyle Quartet, others** (Malibu Creek State Park Amphitheatre, Las Virgenes Road at Mulholland Highway, Malibu (818) 789-7866, 3 p.m.). "Back to Blues & Jazz Festival."

**Kevin Toney, Dave Koz, others** (L.A. à la carte, Veteran Ave. at Wilshire Blvd., Westwood, (310) 985-9339, noon).

**John Best, Abe Most, others** (Jazz Forum, Sheraton Hotel, 6101 W. Century Blvd., (310) 477-9955, 1 p.m.).

**Lori Andrews Quartet** (Outdoor Amphitheatre, Pacific Design Center, 8687 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood, (310) 275-2895, 5:30 p.m.). Free.

**WEDNESDAY**

**Glenn Horiuchi Shamisen Trio** (California Plaza Water Court, 350 S. Grand Ave., (213) 687-2159, noon.).

**Tim Cunningham** (Century City Shopping Center, 10250 Santa Monica Blvd., West Los Angeles, (310) 277-3898, 7 p.m.).

**FRIDAY**

**Hubert Laws, Mel Tormé, Detroit Symphony Orchestra directed by Luther Henderson III**

*Please see Page 70*

Leonard Feather

*news*

## SHADES OF CRITICISM

Wynton Marsalis is the central figure in a controversy that began last year in New York after the publication of the November issue of Gene Lees' monthly Jazzletter. In an analysis of the current racial situation in jazz, Lees pointed out that the jazz programmes in New York's Lincoln Center, with which Marsalis is involved, have been devoted exclusively to black musicians, and that "nowhere in ten years of interminable interviews and articles and pronouncements, does Marsalis make a single mention of a white jazz musician". Lee cites Bix Beiderbecke, Frank Trumbauer, Bill Evans, Gil Evans, Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Artie Shaw, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang and many more among those to whom the trumpeter has never devoted even a word, pro or con.

Adding fuel to the fire was a recent book by James Lincoln Collier, *Jazz, The American Theme Song*, in which the author was critical of Marsalis ("I doubt that even his most impassioned fans would put him in the class of Armstrong and Parker") and pointed out that "a lot of young white musicians are playing important roles in shaping jazz today... black musicians no longer dominate the music as they have done in the past".

This produced a very angry response from Marsalis, under whose by-line a letter appeared in the New York Times, violently attacking Collier for his alleged ignorance of the realities of jazz. A rebuttal by Collier will be published shortly; meanwhile, several readers have written to Gene Lees congratulating him on exposing Marsalis' alleged racial bias.

Marsalis has also been under fire for what Down Beat called "age discrimination, stylistic parochialism, bigotry and croneyism" in his association with the Lincoln Center repertory orchestra, which is headed by pianist Marcus Roberts, his close friend.

Some observers feel that the statements and actions by Marsalis may be driving a wedge between black and white musicians, possibly negating some of the interracial goodwill that had long been gaining ground in jazz circles.

*Above: Wynton Marsalis at the Nice Festival, photo by Tim Motion*

## IN THE LIMELIGHT

The 36th Annual Grammy Nominations, announced in early January, offered the usual mixture of pop, rock, rap and other categories, with very little space devoted to jazz. Perhaps not surprisingly, the Jazz Artist of the Year, according to the Recording Academy's voters, was Kenny G. for *Breathless*.

In the jazz category for Best Contemporary Instrumental Performance, the nominees were: Chick Corea Elektric Band II, *Paint the World*; Fourplay, *Between the Sheets*; Pat Metheny Group, *The Road To You*; John Patitucci, *Another World*; Yellow Jackets, *Like a River*.

Best Jazz Vocal Performance: Ernestine Anderson, *Now and Then*; Natalie Cole, *Take a Look*; Shirley Horn, *Light Out Of Darkness*; Bobby McFerrin 'The Pink Panther Theme' (from *Son of the Pink Panther*); Bobby Short, *Swing That Music* (with the Alden-Barrett Quintet).

Best Large Jazz Ensemble Performance (all albums): Miles Davis and Quincy Jones, *Miles and Quincy Live at Montreux*; GRP All-Star Big Band, Tom Scott, *Dave Grusin presents GRP All-Star Big Band Live*; Jimmy Heath, *Little Man, Big Band*; Rob McConnel and the Boss Brass, *Our 25th Year*; Johnny Otis and his Orchestra, *Spirit of the Black Territory Bands*.

Jazz names were scattered in various other categories but dominated the Best Instrumental Composition category, with Dave Brubeck, Lyle Mays, Chick Corea, Kenny G and Pat Metheny. Dave Grusin appeared again for his *Jurassic Park* album as Best Composition for Movies or TV. Ray Charles was nominated in the Best Male R&B Vocal category.

The winners will soon be announced and the honours handed out in March at New York City's Radio Music Hall.

POP EYE

# What, an Elvis Biography Without 'Clambake'?

Since Elvis Presley died in 1977, the King of Rock 'n' Roll has also been the King of the Tabloids . . . the subject of spellbinding tales about drug use and claims that he's still alive.

So how can the real story compete with all that sensationalism?

Even the writer who spent much of the past decade researching and writing that story isn't sure.

"I may find out [that no one cares]," says Peter Guralnick, whose "Last Train to Memphis: The Rise of Elvis Presley," has just arrived in book stores from Little, Brown & Co.

Retailers believe that Guralnick may be pleasantly surprised.

Expectations are high, even though rock biographies have sold erratically in recent years and there are already enough Presley books on the market to fill a ballroom at Graceland.

"We expect it to do very well—it's greatly anticipated," says Donna Passannante, spokeswoman for the Barnes & Noble, Bookstar and B. Dalton chains. The nearly 500-page volume covers Presley's life through his 1958 Army induction. A second volume, tracing the star's reclusive "dark" years in the '60s and '70s, is expected in two to three years.

The book's publisher shares the optimism. Initial hardcover press run: an impressive 100,000 copies.

"We've been very careful to stay away from the Elvis book syndrome," says Amy Rhodes, Little, Brown's director of marketing. "It's really Peter Guralnick that we're selling. He has a sound reputation and has never failed to be well-reviewed and widely reviewed."

For his own part, Guralnick—a preeminent music biographer through such acclaimed books as "Sweet Soul Music," "Lost Highway" and "Searching for Robert Johnson"—has done his best to steer clear of all the tabloid hype.

"If I paid attention to this sort of thing it would have stopped me from writing the book," he says. "The need for Elvis as a continuing commodity is an unappetizing spectacle."

Guralnick says that there are no shocking revelations in his book, no hidden secrets, wild speculation or allegations.

"I just wanted to portray the world as Elvis must have seen it, portray the characters as they come into the story, rather than as history came to judge them."

*—Steve Hochman*

JIMMY VELVET, courtesy Elvis Presley Museum Inc.

**HOMECOMING:** Elvis Presley returns to Tupelo, Miss., in 1956. "Last Train to Memphis" recounts his life through his 1958 Army induction.

**SMALL FACES**

Bobby Brown

Mary J. Blige

Kermit the Frog

The long-rumored **New Edition** reunion album is under way, with **Bobby Brown, Johnny Gill, Ralph Tresvant** and the **Bell Biv DeVoe** trio all expected to participate. They've done some preliminary recording and are set to go into the studio with **Gerald Levert** producing some of the album. . . .

Scratch the **Whitney Houston** greatest-hits album off the Christmas shopping list. With work reportedly stalled on the two or three new songs planned to be included, the release has been pushed back to after the holiday season. . . .

planning a new album for next year, with talk about some collaborations with **Brian Eno**, including a CD-ROM project. Bowie has also been pursuing his passion for art, interviewing the 86-year-old artist Balthus for the cover story of the current issue of the English journal Modern Painter. . . .

Some would consider a **Bee Gees** comeback a miracle, so it's appropriate that the Brothers Gibb have recorded "Miracles Happen," the lead song for the soundtrack of John Hughes' remake of "Miracle on 34th Street." Also doing songs for the film are **Aretha Franklin, Wynonna Judd** and **Crash Test**

**NOT U2?** Is U2 the most [illegible] band in the [illegible] French [illegible]-

him only 2% of royalties from Cure records. The judge in the case rejected the claim, ruling that Tolhurst "had very serious problems with alcohol addiction . . . which were, at the time, severely limiting his ability to perform as a musician."

During the trial, Cure leader Robert Smith claimed that toward the end of his time in the band, Tolhurst had placed colored dots on the keys of his instruments to remind him which ones to press. Tolhurst had counter-claimed that all the band members had been heavy drinkers and had once run up a bar bill of $3,000 during a single trip to Vienna on the Orient Express.

**ELECTRIC ROCK:** You've heard people say "don't give up your day job" to would-be rock stars, but it's usually directed at those who don't quite have the mettle for success, not those with a double-[illegible] that day jobs," he says.

This doesn't exactly sound like someone who's reaching for the ol' brass ring. But at 35, just having an album out and getting good reviews is more than Logan had ever hoped for. He'd been writing and recording on his own since the late '70s, in a rough-hewn style at times reminiscent of the Rolling Stones or the Replacements.

Logan says having an album out has been a very surreal experience. "It's so abstract," he says of the Rolling Stone review. "It's like somebody just pasted it in there and sent it to us as a joke. But it's real."

*—S.H.*

**AND ONE MORE THING:** "I'm tired of reading articles about what women in rock are wearing and who they're dating," says Carla De Santis, a Bay Area musician-journalist who's going to try to do something about it. She's starting her own magazine, Rockrgrl, fo- [illegible] less surface-oriented

TEACHER'S CHOICE

## Screen Tests

THREE TAPES that keep kids on the edge of their desks:

"I only show movies that relate to what we're studying in class. When we studied water, I showed the National Geographic documentary **Creatures of the Mangrove** *(Columbia TriStar, unrated)*, and **The Little Mermaid** *(Walt Disney, G)*. Movies can be useful teaching tools, inspiring students in ways that other teaching methods cannot. For example, we watched **Free Willy** *(Warner, PG)*, and the kids were so motivated by it that they joined the adopt-a-whale program!" —*Ellen Thompson, first-grade teacher, Union Memorial School, Colchester, Vt.*

# VIDEO

BACK IN TIME: the adventures of a prehistoric boy, a vintage buggy, and a girl who looks into her mother's past. *(All reviews by Kenneth M. Chanko.)*

### AGES 2 TO 5

**BRUM** *(1994, Random House, unrated)* Thomas the Tank Engine had better watch his caboose: This charming British import, now debuting Stateside with four episodes, will surely tickle young road warriors. The comical adventures follow a little yellow, 1920s-style buggy that tootles around town helping little lost girls and foiling bank robbers. **B+**

**THE BEST OF ELMO** *(1994, Random House, unrated)* A paper-thin plot serves to introduce 11 standards by the irrepressible, furry *Sesame Street* character, including "Seven Goldfish" and the winsome duet with Ernie, "One Fine Face." A solid Muppet effort, although a few of the best songs also appear on the top-notch 1991 *Elmo's Sing-Along Guessing Game*. **B**

BOY MEETS *GIRL*: Austin O'Brien (right) with Chlumsky

### AGES 5 TO 9

**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WOOLEYCAT** *(1994, Discovery, unrated)* *Wooleycat*—a feline with a hat collection who speaks in rhyme—borrows heavily from Dr. Seuss (talk about a copycat!). But children's musician Dennis Hysom manages to overcome the lack of originality with peppy delivery as he leads three children through a passel of freshly reworked traditional songs and nursery rhymes. **B**

**CRO** *(1994, Republic, unrated)* An 11-year-old Cro-Magnon boy matches wits with woolly mammoths and mixes it up with Neanderthals. Although done in Saturday-morning-cartoon format, the three episodes of this TV series now on tape cleverly teach science and technology to youngsters—in between slapstick moments, of course. **B+**

### AGES 9 AND UP

**MY GIRL 2** *(1994, Columbia TriStar, PG)* Neurotic little Vada (Anna Chlumsky) returns, this time setting off on an investigation into her mother's past. Blending comedy with poignant drama while charting the growth of a truly three-dimensional 13-year-old, *My Girl 2* is a rarity: a sequel that logically advances the story rather than cynically remaking the original. **A**

'LITTLE RASCALS' THEN AND NOW

## That Old 'Gang' of Theirs

THEY'VE BEEN getting themselves into trouble since 1922, when Our Gang debuted in silent movie shorts. We asked actor-director Jackie Cooper, 71, a Gang member from 1929 to 1931, and Bug Hall, who plays Alfalfa in the new feature, *The Little Rascals*, to compare notes.

SHRIMP SCAMPS: Cooper, circa 1930 (top); Hall in 1994's *Rascals*

**Q:** *What do kids get from watching these comedies?*

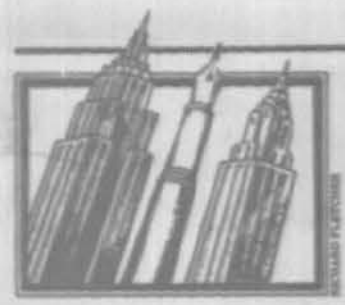
**Cooper:** That you could make it through the tough times if you had friends you could count on. And brother, those were tough times.

**Hall:** [That] the Rascals can have fun—and without hurting anyone.

**Q:** *How do you see the* Little Rascals *characters as eventual grown-ups?*

**Cooper:** In those days, in that time, if a camera were to have stayed on them another 10 years, they'd have been boy heroes out of World War II. Not all of them would have come home alive. [After] World War II, they would somehow earn their way through college and become somebody. Darla—if she hadn't become a Rosie the Riveter—would've gone into the service as a WAC or WAVE.

**Hall:** They're all gonna have a good career and they're gonna be very smart from their Rascal mistakes. They'll probably go to college and stuff like that. —*FL*



RICHARD FLEISCHER

*RICHARD EDER*

# A LAVISH DEED IN A WORLD THAT'S BROKE

NEW YORK—A 37-kilowatt arc-lamp system has been set up on Fifth Avenue and 57th Street to allow the four corner buildings to light up each other's facades at night. Tiffany shines on Bergdorf Goodman now, and Bergdorf Goodman shines back on Tiffany.

If it is not quite a good deed in a wicked world, it is certainly a lavish deed in a scrimping one. The illumination of some of New York's more expensive facades is proceeding at the same time that a number of other facades are being scraped clean of their ornamentation by owners unwilling to pay to keep their scrollwork, cornices and corbels in a safe condition. The buildings look scruffy and forlorn, as if their medals had been torn off.

There is certainly a New York contrast here. There is even more of one in the notion of these expensive pinnacles beaming at each other while down below the crowds get thicker and more fretful as they bump, elbow and try to dodge the construction sites and the holes dug to fix the underground pipes that keep rupturing. New York architecture has become more a matter of building tops than of life at street level. It is largely skyline architecture, as if the consumer it had in mind were sitting over drinks at the top of the World Trade Center and looking out.

From the street-level point of view, wider sidewalks, public toilets and benches probably would do more for amenity than the lunary stores' exercise in the mutual bestowing of halos. Benches are not currently favored in New York, though, mainly because they are taken up by people who sit on them.

One New York bank made its own fretful bit of news not long ago, after it put up a set of ornamental ledges and then ordered its guards to shoo away the people who figured that ledges were for leaning against.

□

It is only a year to 1984, but the arguments have already begun. Which is probably appropriate, since for George Orwell, argument was what upstream is to the salmon, the sustaining of life.

Harper's, whose own specialty—its Brahmin days are long gone—is a ruffly cantankerousness, has been the host for a left-right tug-of-war over Orwell's presumptive posthumous sympathies. Norman Podhoretz, who edits Commentary, wrote a piece in Harper's last month claiming Orwell for Neo-Conservatism.

Just what Neo-Conservatism is may not be completely clear, possibly it is more of a club than an ideology, since the main qualification seems to be not so much what you believe as what you used to believe. That is, just as to join Alcoholics Anonymous it is appropriate to have been an alcoholic, to be a Neo-Conservative it is convenient to have been a liberal, or friendly with one. Neo-Conservatives—who, to confuse matters, are sometimes known as Neo-Liberals—may agree with other conservatives on a number of things, but they do so for the right reasons, i.e., having believed the other way first so as to know the subject thoroughly.

Podhoretz is piqued that Orwell's biographer, Bernard Crick, presented the writer as a man who remained a socialist despite his profound revulsion against the totalitarian left. Podhoretz recognizes that Orwell did, in fact, consider himself a socialist, and complains that in any event he changed his mind a lot and "was more often wrong than right." But what is more important, and marks Orwell as a Neo-Conservative—he concludes—is not so much his mistaken beliefs as the fact that he consistently denounced the pretentions and hypocrisies of the left-wing intelligentsia.

Whatever one may say about this argument, it does reflect rather neatly the character of New York's literary polemic. The point is not so much what you believe as whom you dislike.

This month, Harper's printed a long retort by Christopher Hitchens, a British writer who is Washington correspondent of The Nation and a frequent voice on the left side of the polemic. Hitchens cites Orwell's lifelong view of himself as a Socialist, and goes on to note that if he was anti-Soviet, that did not make him automatically a pro-American cold-warrior. He goes on to accuse Podhoretz of liking only Orwell's flaws, and to suggest that if Orwell were alive he would loathe Podhoretz.

He only wishes, he concludes, that he could see what Orwell would have said about Podhoretz's intellectual autobiography, "Making It." To which Podhoretz retorts, in the same issue, that he too only wishes that he could see what Orwell would have said about his book.

1984 should be fun.

□

The Metropolitan Museum, an institution expert at subsidizing eternal values with periodic dosages of contemporary and remunerative chic, is holding another of its immensely popular shows on fashion. It is coordinated by fashion's veteran comet, Diana Vreeland, and is devoted to the Belle Epoque. Centered on a 50-year period around the turn of the century, it is a lavish and perfumed display—scent is sprayed in the galleries before each day's opening—of a time when, to a few, money had no end, just as, to a great many, it had almost no beginning.

A few blocks away from the Met exhibit, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum has put on an exhibit of what might be thought of as Belle Epoque for the masses. It has nothing to do with clothes; it is a show of photographs and designs of the great picture palaces that sprang up, with prodigious ornamentation and display, in the splendiferous period of American movie making.

It is an astonishing show, for a number of reasons. For one thing, there is the sheer speed of the birth, rise and fall of a gaudy institution. There were all kinds of rococo precursors—David Naylor's "American Picture Palaces," which serves, as the catalogue cites, the ginger-gateau Paris Opera House as a model—but it all happened in not much more than 20 years. The first deluxe theater built specifically for movies was the Regent in New York, a mock Doge's Palace that still stands. The palaces tapered off in the late 1930s, with Radio City Music Hall marking the climax of the last period.

Curiously enough, Radio City and its Art Deco contemporaries represented a kind of economizing, spurred by hard times. To us it seems lavish, but by contrast with what went before it was a genuine simplification. As compared, for example, with Thomas Lamb's classical temples—his Loew's States around the country, his Proctor's Pois—based, of all things, on the chaste designs of Britain's Robert Adam. Or Dick & Bauer's Milwaukee Oriental with bronze lions guarding the grand staircase and gilt elephants holding up the ceiling. Or Meyer & Holler's masterpiece in Hollywood, the former Grauman's (now Mann's) Chinese. Or the Tuscan villages and Persian hanging gardens in Eberson's creations.

They were grandiose and vulgar and so conspicuous that all kinds of writers had a go at them, including the Indian Nobel laureate, Rabindranath Tagore, who wrote that they were "a deliberate study of the dark patches of the human intellect." Their decline was followed in many cases by obliteration—they were razed—or curious transformations. Some became Gospel temples. The Pittsburgh Symphony plays in Heinz Hall, a converted palace. A jewelry mart occupies Los Angeles' former RKO Pantages Theater. The Colonial Theater in Pittsfield, Mass., sells paint. The Michigan Theater in Detroit became a parking garage. Photographs show rows of cars parked under arches whose plaster shows through the peeling gilt.

It was very thin gilt but it is disconcerting, all the same. These palaces were blatant caricatures of the Egyptian temples, the cathedrals, the Moorish palaces, the Versailles', and their quick decay is a caricature too. After all, their materials were ersatz, and they were built for commercial speculation and failed when commerce went a different way. Still, all caricatures point to something else. Versailles and Chartres are decaying despite their immortality; more slowly, of course.

Beyond this, of course, there are other thoughts. Whatever the fakery, these palaces were designed to make us feel pretty good when we went out for an evening that may have been expensive but was widely affordable. Mass entertainment had its ceremony. It was profitable to give it a ceremony, of course, nevertheless children and young people were being told that their fun had socially bestowed grandeur to it. "We sell tickets to theaters, not movies," Marcus Loew, head of the Loew's chain, is quoted as saying in Naylor's book.

He had a point. Theaters contributed to the substratum of excitement in moviegoing. In any case, as contrasted with staying home and watching TV or sitting in a mini-cine box with 80 other austerely packaged patrons, it made popular entertainment less of a solitary pursuit, a common experience that was silly but big, a kind of glue we have not a great deal of. □



# ELLA: THE FIRST LADY OF SONG

*Continued from First Page*

at the Harlem Opera House), a friend sneaked her into Chick Webb's dressing room. "I sang the only three songs I knew—all the things I'd heard Connee Boswell do—and Chick, who had a boy singer and didn't want a girl, grudgingly said, 'Well, we're playing Yale tomorrow. Get on the band bus and if they like you there, you've got a job.'"

The world should be grateful that they liked her at Yale. Ella, a skinny 16-year-old in a gown that the Harlem chorus girls had pooled their funds to buy for her, joined the band.

"I still didn't take anything seriously. The fellers used to heckle me, try and make a lady out of me. We'd go up to Boston, I'd get out of the bus, and the first thing I wanted to do was play baseball. Later on I tried to play accordion, but I couldn't carry it, and the fellers in the band got tired of lugging it around, so that was the end of that."

Ella's broadcasts with the Webb band from Harlem's legendary Savoy Ballroom induced him to include her on a record date. A year later she had a mild hit with "You'll Have to Swing It" (a k a "Mr. Paganini"), and by the time "A Tisket a Tasket" hit, her reputation was outstripping Webb's. Her lilting swing and easy phrasing could lend meaning to the most trivial nonsense song.

Her initial salary was $12.50 a week, then $15 at the Savoy, eventually $50. When Jimmie Lunceford offered her $75 to join his band, Webb upped the ante to $125. After Webb's death, when the band was kept together under her name, she endured two years of confusion, band leading was not her bag.

Sometimes life imitates soap opera: "I went and got married on a bet. I was that stupid, the guy bet me I wouldn't marry him. The guys in the band were all crying when I told them." (When I asked her first husband's name, there was a 10-second pause before she recalled it.) "I got an annulment and the judge told me, 'You just keep singing "A Tisket a Tasket" and leave these men alone.'"

After the Fitzgerald-Webb band broke up in 1941, there were several years of tours—with a vocal group, on her own, or teamed with name bands. "My greatest experience was learning about bebop by traveling with Dizzy Gillespie's band. In those days you could go and jam after the job. That's how 'Lady Be Good' got started—Dizzy had me do it with him on a radio jam session. Decca Records heard it and let me record it. Dave Garroway, God bless him, played it on his show in Chicago, and within three months we played the State-Lake and the Orpheum and the Chicago Theater. It was a whole

# Monterey

*Continued from Page 9*

man, it wasn't happening. It was too conservative.' Even though if you look at the early years of the festival, there was some incredibly creative stuff happening.

"The problem was that there was a perception on the part of a lot of the old-timers on the board of directors that sort of went, 'Well, we're the Monterey Jazz Festival. We're the best thing since canned beer.' And I said, 'Well, folks, I hate to pop the bubble, but it's a new day out there. If we don't do the necessary things to remain competitive and make this a better place to come, we're going to start losing out.' "

MARTHA CASANAVE

**GLOBAL LOOK:** Tim Jackson directs return to festival's roots.

At 40, Jackson is already a 20-year veteran of the Central California/Monterey Bay jazz scene. A jazz flutist who continues to lead his own groups, he was one of the founders, in 1975, of a highly successful, nonprofit performance center in Santa Cruz called the Kuumbwa (Swahili for *act of creation*) Jazz Center.

By the time Jackson took over the Monterey festival, it was no longer the sole major player in the central California jazz scene. The '80s and '90s had seen the emergence of five other significant events in the Bay Area alone: the San Francisco Jazz Festival, the San Jose Jazz Festival, the Russian River Jazz Festival and two festivals in Concord.

Jackson was very much aware of the competition when he began programming for the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1991, the year before he replaced Lyons as general manager.

"Things had gotten kind of predictable from around 1975," he explains. "You can't fault some of the acts that were included, but there's no doubt that the programming got too predictable. And, even though the attendance never went down, there was grumbling from some of the patrons that they wanted to hear some new things.

"I think Jimmy wanted to avoid the more contemporary-type acts. There was one year in which the board asked him, maybe even insisted, that he book some contemporary-type jazz, and he booked Spyro Gyra. But he apparently gave them a somewhat less than inspiring introduction, which didn't exactly thrill the band."

Jackson came on board with the inherent advantages of an outsider.

"Although I grew up in this area, and had been involved with jazz all ny life," he says, "I had never ally come to the festival be- nd never had any real con- it."

new the festival organi- become a bit inbred, in had been very few taff-wise, in many, many the board of directors l pretty stable. So, be- dn't know anything about nization, I could question g, legitimately. And I

n believes he was further the modifications he has by the fact that the board, the festival's inception, has never played a role in any of the creative decision-making.

"You can't make creative decisions about a music festival by committee," he says, "even though some festivals try to do it that way."

Jackson's more eclectic tastes—a direct departure from Lyons' musical beliefs—reflect his continuing parallel persona as a professional musician.

"I take the point of view of not going for the label so much as for the music itself," he explains. "To me, for example, Joe Zawinul is just as vital a musician as Oscar Peterson. He just happens to enjoy electronics, while Oscar enjoys a Bosendorfer grand piano. But both artists are the sort I want to see at this festival."

Pressed for examples of acts that might not fit into his perception of the new Monterey Jazz Festival picture, Jackson replies, reluctantly.

"Well, like, say, the Rippingtons, or the Kilauea-type acts," he says. "They're really not what this festival is about, although I don't mean to disparage what they do, which is fine for what it is. But it maybe defines things better to say that, in the contemporary arena, acts like David Sanborn or the Yellowjackets or Grover Washington *are* what the festival is about."

This year's MCI-sponsored festival, with its sparkling main events and far-ranging ancillary entertainments, is a clear expression of the fresh ideas and forward-looking programming notions that Jackson has brought to the festival. In the 7,000-seat Main Arena, the principal performance area, evening concerts will include Sonny Rollins, Joe Henderson, Ornette Coleman, Max Roach, Milt Jackson, J.J. Johnson, Shirley Horn, Marcus Miller and Ray Brown, as well as the Contemporary Piano Ensemble, John Santos and the West Coast debuts of Roach's 12-piece percussion ensemble, M'Boom, and the Bob Mintzer big band. Grover Washington and Etta James will headline afternoon programs.

A multiplicity of events on the Garden Stage, which are open to anyone with a grounds pass, will feature, among others, singer Carmen Bradford, the quirky Boston-based Either/Orchestra and the Dottie Dodgion Trio.

(Inveterate stargazers will also have the opportunity during Sunday afternoon's Garden Stage program to see if Carmel's most famous political figure, the father of bassist Kyle Eastwood, will show up to hear his son's quartet.)

"We've also got some cutting-edge things," Jackson says. "The hip-hop and acid jazz of the Charlie Hunter Trio and Josh Jones and Human Flavor, and avant-garde in saxophonist John Tchicai and Eddie Gale, who played with Cecil Taylor and Sun Ra."

The Night Club, often a tryout venue for acts with Main Arena potential, has a lineup that not only is ready to step up, but is quite capable of being competitive with the Main Arena performers. A Columbia recording session will spotlight the much-praised Black/Note Quintet, David Sanchez and Terence Blanchard. Singer Nnenna Freelon, pianist Jessica Williams and her trio and the Dolphins (featuring Dan Brubeck, yet another offspring of a celebrity parent) will also appear.

One of Jackson's fascinating new additions has been the Sunday afternoon conversations with "jazz legends." Successfully initiated last year with guitarist-banjoist Danny Barker and bassist Milt Hinton, the Night Club presentation offers, according to Jackson, "a unique chance to hear stories from some masters of music." This year's "jazz legends" will be represented by drummer Max Roach and a panel discussion on the life of Lyons, who died in April at the age of 78.

A few things at the Monterey festival, however, have not changed. A "Statement of Principles" in the 1959 program noted that the festival's goal was to serve as a "true festival . . . where new works by prominent composers" would be commissioned and performed. Around the same time, the festival's commitment to jazz education was established and further concretized by the creation 10 years ago of the Monterey Jazz Education Fund.

Both concepts continue to play significant roles in the festival proceedings. Next Sunday night's program will premiere a recently commissioned composition for orchestra by L.A.-based pianist Billy Childs—an extension of a tradition that reaches back to include works by Jimmy Giuffre, John Lewis and Gunther Schuller in 1959, Jon Hendricks' "Evolution of the Blues" and Duke Ellington's "Suite Thursday" in 1960, Lalo Schifrin's "Gillespiana Suite" in 1961 and Dave Brubeck's "The Real Ambassadors" in 1962.

On Saturday evening, Mintzer and pianist James Williams will conduct instrumental clinics. And on Sunday afternoon, the recipients of the nonprofit festival's revenues—student musicians—will strut their stuff in the Main Arena. It's a long weekend of colorful action.

"There's no question about it," Jackson says, "Monterey is a magnet. It's a place people want to go. And we intend to honor that desire." □

*Don Heckman is a frequent contributor to Calendar.*

NEW RELEASES

# Palmieri Takes New Route With Help From Friends

★★

**EDDIE PALMIERI**

"Palmas"

*Elektra Nonesuch*

After five Grammys and over 25 recordings of salsa and jazz, pianist Eddie Palmieri has very little left to prove. Which is perhaps why this new album of original compositions and arrangements—his first purely instrumental album—while ensemble-perfect, is largely uninspiring.

In this octet format, Palmieri blends Latin percussion (with the piano acting almost entirely as the percussion instrument it is) with jazz winds and brass. And while each tune firmly establishes a feel-good Latin rhythm, there is little venturing out or variation, not only within each song but also in the record as a whole. The album starts off with a bang with its signature piece, but what follows are mainly variations on "Palmas."

At the piano, Palmieri sticks to keeping the Latin beat, and his solos, even "Bolero Dos," the only piece in which he is highlighted, are mostly chordal and lacking in melodic line. Palmieri himself said "Palmas" strives to combine two individual factions, Latin and jazz, with the jazz musicians soloing over the Latin rhythm section. While this formula is exciting, by never deviating from it the music's creativity is compromised and the excitement is eventually lost. —*Leila Cobo-Hanlon*

## In Brief

**★★★1/2 GENE HARRIS QUARTET, "Funky Gene's,"** Concord Jazz. Here are four master chefs who cook as one. Blessed with a long collective track record, pianist Harris works tightly with the admirable guitarist Ron Eschete, Luther Hughes on bass and Paul Humphrey. There are a couple of agreeable ballads, but the accent is on blues: a blues for Basie, a blues by Basie, "Ahmad's Blues." Harris always knows the exact tempo for each tune. "Nice and Easy" could well have been the title track.

—*Leonard Feather*

**★★★ BARBARA CARROLL, "This Love of Mine,"** DRG. This may well be the best rounded portrait of Carroll. Her piano is gentle and graceful, whether accompanied or solo ("Some Other Time"). Her voice, cool and casual, does justice to Arthur Hamilton's "Rain Sometime," Cy Coleman's "On Second Thought" and the Rodgers-Hart "Why Can't I?" As a composer she offers a charming waltz, "In Some Other World" and the swinging study in 5/4 time, "Sweet Lilacs." She has the assistance here and there of Jerome Richardson on saxes and Art Farmer on flumpet (a cross between trumpet and fluegelhorn). —L. F.

*Albums are rated on a scale of one star (poor), two stars (fair), three stars (good, recommended), four stars (excellent).*