

à la Paul Desmond (that's a compliment). Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy provided the wildest sets of the fest. Decked out in red-satin tuxes, their infectious stomps (like "Honky-Tonk" and Junie Lunceford's "Siesta In The Fiesta") and uncloying Whitney Houston and Michael Jackson covers shone. (Top honors go to Stanton Davis' underrated, rip-roaring trumpet, Bob Stewart's heroic tuba, and Steve Turre's savvy trombone and arrangements.)

Quatre (a Euro-supergroup of Enrico Rava, Franco D'Andrea, Miroslav Vitous, and Daniel Humair) found new pockets of lyricism in unpredictable improvised areas. Don Grohnick forsook his frequent electronics for a cache of Blue Note-ish, interestingly craggy tunes, featuring tenorman Joe Henderson (a national treasure) and Randy Brecker's laserlike trumpet. Michel Petrucciani was a crowd pleaser, now offering an accessible Brazilian/Caribbean groove, but the "Round Midnight" encore proved the pastel synth moods superfluous when Petrucciani wants to play jazz piano. Likewise, James Moody's relaxed mastery and warm wit on a long tenor blues—one of the single



Dove Hoffand: wider, deeper

best moments of the fest—outshone the questionable "contemporary" effects that popped up in his group's music.

One important sub-theme was the many free concerts in the open-air piazzas, highlighting Italian bands (the best being the Furio Romano Quintet's cool yet biting approach and folkish interludes—including an ocarina/tuba duet, the comfortable swing of the Gianni Basso/Oscar Valdambri Quintet, and the Wayne Shorterisms and John Scofieldisms of leader Francesco Santucci and guitarist Rocco Zifarelli in an otherwise bland pop-jazz setting), organist Jimmy McGriff's wail, Tuck & Patti's thirtysomething songbook, and the peripatetic Olympia Brass Band from New Orleans and their local counterpart, the Ambrosia Brass Band. And a special bonus was Chicago's

Fellowship Baptist Church Choir, 75 voices strong, whose sincerity and power was breathtaking, whether amidst the elaborate artwork in the basilica of St. Peter's or on an unadorned stage.

This year the Umbrians traveled eastward to the Adriatic resort town of Fano to inaugurate a three-day Umbria By The Sea. Besides the gospel choir, McGriff, and Hendricks, there was a boatride with the funki-fied Dirty Dozen Brass Band, and a satis-

ying set of swing era vets, where Al Grey's gruff trombone stole solo honors from Benny Carter and Sweets Edison, supported by Marian McPartland, Milt Hinton, and especially Louie Bellson's spring-water clear brushwork. The seaside, with its tremendous fish cuisine and small-town charm, is a far cry from the spectacular vistas, winding narrow cobbled streets, and pastas of Perugia, but both love jazz, and know how to show it. —Art Lange



Rocco Zifarelli
Lyndon

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Nel jazz rock troviamo maestri come i transfughi del pianeta Weather Report, Scott Henderson, John McLaughlin, Paco De Lucia... e ci fermiamo altrimenti lo spazio non basterebbe a citarne i più importanti. Nonostante questa partenza ad handicap, il chitarrista Rocco Zifarelli riesce nell'improbabile compito di debuttare creativamente con 'Lyndon', opera che esplora il concetto 'fusion' a 360°. Furiosa l'apertura di 'Pacman', dove il sostegno ritmico è impressionante (Pippo Marino al basso e Paco Sery del gruppo di Joe Zawinul alla batteria), mentre il sax di Stefano Di Battista appronta un crescendo da KO. Energico e raffinato il resto di 'Lyndon', che evidenzia la buona vena compositiva di Zifarelli (tranne 'Havona' di Jaco Pastorius). La tecnica sopraffina dei musicisti, in primis la chitarra di Rocco, è la ciliegina di questa squisita torta. G.B.

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