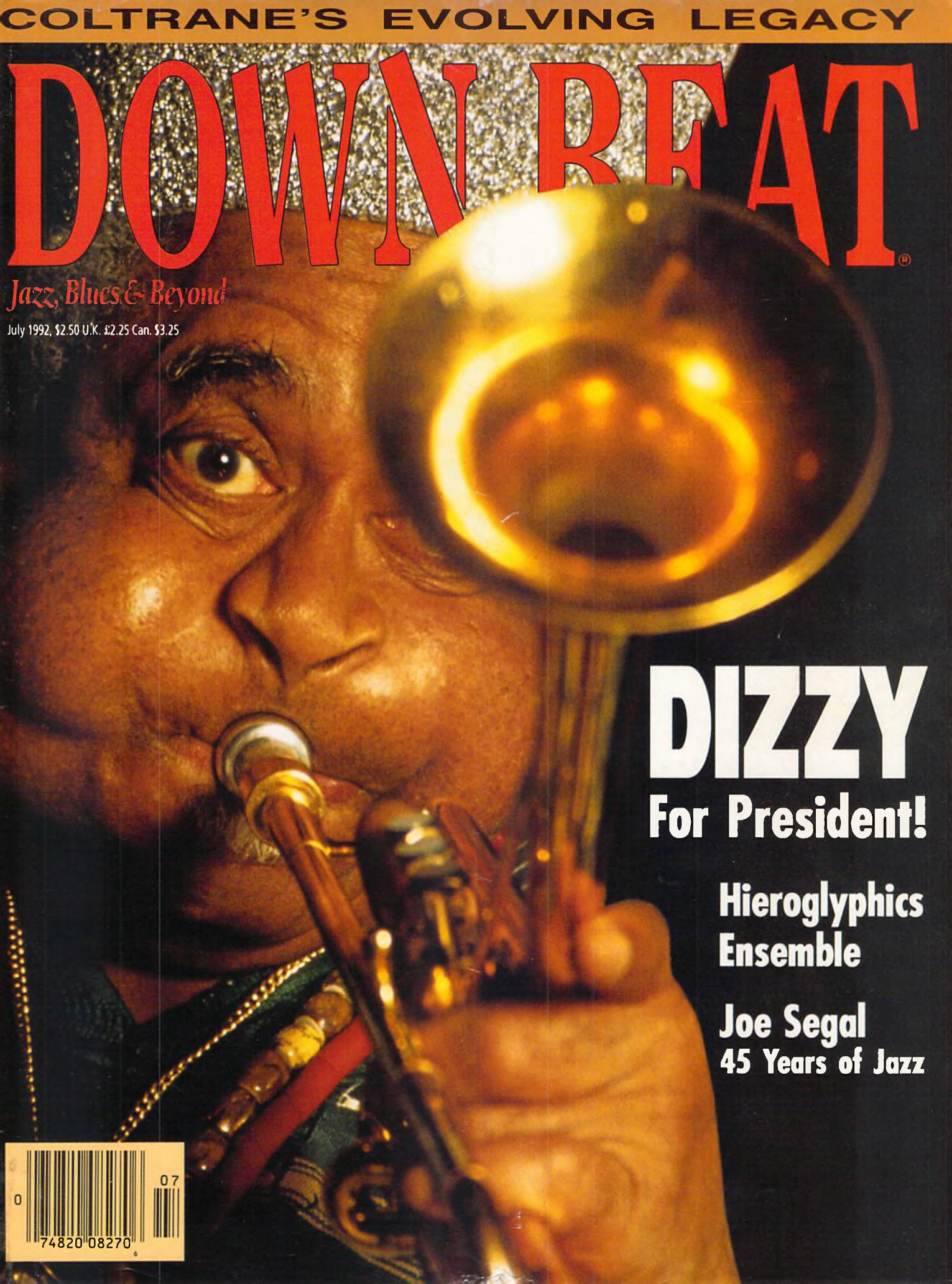


COLTRANE'S EVOLVING LEGACY

# DOWNBEAT

*Jazz, Blues & Beyond*

July 1992, \$2.50 U.K. £2.25 Can. \$3.25



## DIZZY For President!

Hieroglyphics  
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45 Years of Jazz



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Flying high: Dizzy Gillespie with Charlie Parker and John Coltrane at Birdland, 1951

FRANK DRIGGS COLLECTION

## 16 DIZZY GILLESPIE Diamond Dizzy

Dizzy Gillespie took time out from the yearlong celebration of his 75th birthday to discuss young lions, travel, soap operas, and Latin rhythms with **Michael Bourne**. This being an election year, we reprint Presidential-hopeful Gillespie's press conference from 1964.

Cover photograph by Marlene Wallace.

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Peter Apfelbaum of the Hieroglyphics Ensemble

BRIAN McMILLEN







# D Diamond DIZZY

By Michael Bourne

*EDITORS' NOTE: In late February, Dizzy Gillespie suffered a severe flare-up of his diabetic condition requiring a short hospitalization in Oakland, Calif. Upon returning to his home in New Jersey, Dizzy had a medical checkup, yellow jaundice was diagnosed, and he was immediately admitted to the hospital. "Tests revealed he had an obstruction blocking his bile ducts," explained the Gillespie family physician, Dr. Arthur Grossman.*

*Gillespie underwent major surgery on March 12. "Since then," the doctor recounted, "Dizzy had to fight and conquer a series of setbacks, including severe anemia and a number of untoward reactions to some of his medication. This has been a very worrisome time. Now, finally, we see him approaching a full recovery. He has clearly amazed us all."*

*And when could John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie be playing again? "He certainly needs to build up his strength first," said Grossman. "But now, I can happily predict Dizzy will be making a lot more music later this year and for many years to come."*

*While we wait to hear Dizzy play again, we have his thoughts on survival, soap operas, and Latin rhythms as told to Michael Bourne.*

I've enjoyed Dizzy Gillespie all around the world, from New York to Berlin, the Hague to the Caribbean. That's where Dizzy lives—on the road.

In 1972 when Dizzy was gigging in St. Louis near the ballpark, Down Beat wanted an interview. Instead of something formal, we talked over lunch. I called the piece "Fat Cats At Lunch" and still remember what we ordered: pepperoni-stuffed calzoni for me, beef tips with noodles for Dizzy. I was curious about the bebop revolution but Dizzy insisted that bebop was an evolution and that all music is one music. Dizzy also talked about the Bahai belief in the oneness of people.

Dizzy's faith in the Bahai religion became news that year. When next we bumped into each other, the 1972 presidential election was heated. Dizzy had been a perennial jazz candidate for president, and in interviews, even with tongue-in-cheeks, Dizzy was often quite serious about the problems of American life. But now he'd become a Bahai and the faith prohibits a follower from involvement

with politics. I reported Dizzy's withdrawal in DB and the story was quoted in other media as if it were George Washington's farewell.

It seemed only natural—with another election forthcoming and with Dizzy about to embark on a yearlong 75th birthday celebration around the world—that we come together again in these pages. Dizzy was playing a month with friends at the Blue Note in New York—according to Dizzy, the longest gig he's ever played in one place as a bandleader.

Dizzy was already feeling pooped, even before the exhaustive touring that was scheduled: South America, South Africa, Japan, back and forth to Europe, and around the States, with the quintet or the United Nation Orchestra, with Miriam Makeba or the MJQ, an all-star birthday cruise of the Caribbean, a climactic week at Lincoln Center, all the while with interludes as artist-in-residence at Queens College. If he wasn't playing, he was being interviewed or filmed or photographed or otherwise lionized. It's what happens when an artist becomes an artifact.

That very week we talked, Dizzy appeared in newspaper cartoons, a goat on CBS TV's *Northern Exposure* was named Dizzy, a *Saturday Night Live* gag showed stars alleged to have silicone implants—Cher, Dolly, and, with cheeks ballooned, Dizzy—and the Euro-thriller *Winter In Lisbon*, with Dizzy playing an expatriate jazz legend, opened in New York.

We didn't have a chance for lunch again but I expected that we'd at least enjoy cigars together. I'd often given Dizzy cigars and offered some superb Dominican hand-rolls.

**DIZZY GILLESPIE:** I quit smoking the day Miles died. I just decided to quit. I haven't had a smoke since then.

**MICHAEL BOURNE:** *And you can get all those great Cuban cigars!*

**DG:** And people give me boxes!

**MB:** *One of the most memorable times of my life was when we smoked a reefer and watched As The World Turns. I'll never forget you telling me who was who and shouting at the TV when something bad happened.*



**DG:** [laughs] I just saw some of the people from *As The World Turns* the other night.

**MB:** Do you still watch?

**DG:** Not too much. I watched it for 27 years.

**MB:** How come you never guested on the show?

**DG:** It was mentioned. I don't know why it never happened. They've visited me. I was doing a show at CBS and all of them came over. I went down to the set and watched them.

**MB:** If you were a guest, what would you rather have happening while you're playing, sex or murder?

**DG:** [laughs] Murder! Or somebody taking somebody's wife!

**MB:** The film *Winter In Lisbon* is not the first time you've acted.

**DG:** I've done a lot of small parts. Do you know Faith Hubley? John Hubley? I made a short for them called *The Hole* with George Matthews. Do you remember him? He wore a derby hat and had a cigar in his mouth all the time. He was a gangster in a lot of films. *The Hole* won the Academy Award that year [1962]. It was a cartoon. We were underground. We were talking about the situation in the world, nuclear weapons and things. This ground hog bites into a cord from a nuclear power station. This guy and I were talking. We didn't have a script. We talked about everything, and I was dancing!

**MB:** One of the most dramatic scenes—only dramatic scenes—in *Winter In Lisbon* is when your character sits at a piano and talks about why you left America, about racism and drugs, and that people don't understand the pressure that killed Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday. How much of that was scripted?



Symphony Sid auditions for Dizzy's big band.

**DG:** None. I just started talking. . . . One of the things that wasn't too good about playing in the movie, except for playing on the soundtrack, was that I wasn't playing my horn. They wanted a straight horn.

**MB:** What was harder? Learning lines or playing a straight horn?

**DG:** Learning lines!

**MB:** One of the things your character says is that you have more dead friends than live friends. Many musicians left the country. Many musicians died. How have you survived against the things that have crushed others?

**DG:** They just weren't as strong as I was. I've seen a lot of things happen that washed musicians off the scene. It's a pity that so many musicians died.

**MB:** You were born the year of the first jazz record, 1917. You've lived through the whole history of recorded jazz.

**DG:** My first record was "King Porter Stomp" with Teddy Hill.

**MB:** It's very different recording nowadays. Does the new technology interest you?

**DG:** Not much. I don't use all these different means of recording. They've got a machine in Japan, you can record right on the job

*"When you realize the music is in good hands, it's okay. 'Go ahead! Y'all got it!' They've studied. . . . These young musicians are something else."*

and you get a sound you never heard before. It sounds live. I like that.

**MB:** You've been traveling 50 years. What do you enjoy most about the road?

**DG:** You meet a lot of friends that you wouldn't see otherwise. I don't think I'd spend money to go to Paris or London, but when you're working you go and see your friends.

**MB:** When you're on the road, are you able to enjoy where you're at?

**DG:** There are different places. There's a beach in Minnesota that I like and used to go to. There's a lot of things you can do in Florida, a lot of things you can see in New Orleans, San Francisco. Libraries give me a great sense of knowledge. I get books. I've spent a lot of time reading.

**MB:** Where overseas have you enjoyed most?

**DG:** Beirut when it was Beirut. I've been so many places. I like Spain, Portugal. I like Japan.

**MB:** Where have you not played?

**DG:** China. I'd like to go there if they'd offer me a job.

**MB:** What do you like to eat the most on the road?

**DG:** I can't say! [laughs] I like German food, French food, Italian food. I have kippers for breakfast every day in London. The moment you know you're going somewhere you start thinking about what you're going to eat. My stomach starts sticking out!

**MB:** Do people around the world feel the same about jazz?

**DG:** Music travels. Music goes on. I don't think there's that much that's changed in the tastes of people.

**MB:** Is the audience overseas more enthusiastic for jazz than the audience at home?

**DG:** Not necessarily. People in America, they like the music. But they like rock & roll more than jazz. They put out more money for rock & roll.

**MB:** When you first played bebop it was very different.

**DG:** And there wasn't much money involved!

**MB:** But now your music is the mainstream.

**DG:** It just happened that it moved up to the front. There's more appreciation now than there was in the beginning.

**MB:** What are your best memories of Miles?

**DG:** We didn't see one another too much. He didn't call me much unless he wanted something. He didn't call to say, "Hey, what's happening?" like we used to talk in the early days. . . . Miles' music was very powerful. He could play a note, like a C that's coming later but it's not there yet, but he'd play it and hold it and you'd feel it, and when it finally comes you [sighs]. He knew a lot of music. I knew him when he didn't know that much. He didn't know piano. He'd come to learn piano with me. He'd come to my house with a record and say, "That note! What is it?" I'd take him to the



piano and play a chord and say, "Boom! There it is!" He couldn't understand where the notes came from. But he went to Juilliard and learned from a lot of people, like all of us did.

**MB:** *When we talked 20 years ago you said the evolution of jazz was like the evolution of religion, that Moses to Jesus to Mohammed to Baha'u'llah was like Louis Armstrong to Roy Eldridge to you and Miles. Who do you feel you've passed the torch to?*

**DG:** I don't get a chance to hear too many young trumpet players. I like Wallace Roney. He played a whole week with me in Washington. I heard a trumpet player from down South. He went to that school with the marching band where they run real fast and play [Grambling]. These guys run hard! I don't know how they do that! If I move, my mouthpiece will move. I heard him at the very



JERRY SALTSBERG

Jimmy McPartland and Dizzy exchange jobs.

famous restaurant in Harlem [Sylvia's]. He was in his 30s. He was really doing it. He learned all that stuff in the marching band. I don't remember his name. [ed: Bill Kennedy] I had a long conversation with him.

**MB:** *It must be heartening that so many young musicians have come along.*

**DG:** When you realize the music is in good hands, it's okay. "Go ahead! Y'all got it!" They've studied. It's very good for music.

**MB:** *What words of wisdom do you have for these young musicians?*

**DG:** There were guys like Dud Bascomb who laid a good foundation for trumpet players. Kenny Dorham. Fats Navarro. Miles. There are a lot of trumpet players who really contributed to this music. I don't think the kids have anything to worry about. Just listen to these guys and be impressed by them. . . . It's been so long since I was young enough to realize what I needed to advance myself musically. It's always difficult to know what you should study most to be a good musician. Piano for the first thing! To learn the keyboard and to pick out your own things; and resolution, going from here to here to here, that is very important. But they've got that together. These young musicians are something else.

**MB:** *You've said that the future of the music is in the rhythms of the tropics.*

**DG:** That's something for young musicians to learn about, the rhythms of Cuba, Brazil, the West Indies. Then they should go to the Indians, over in India, and have a whole melange of music.

**MB:** *Jazz is usually in 4/4 but Latin rhythms are not.*

**DG:** When the Cubans came to the United States they came up here with 3/8, 6/8, 3/4, 2/4. It was very difficult for us to read that music. We were always playing 4/4. We didn't do much with 2/4. We played waltzes in 3/4. Cuban music was difficult to play because they didn't have a bass drum to keep you together. When I go to play at the Village Gate on Monday nights [for *Salsa Meets Jazz*], I

have to get myself together. You don't have a bass drum to go by. They don't pat their foot. You can get lost. Even when you're playing you can get lost.

**MB:** *How do you keep from getting lost?*

**DG:** I found out what they were doing without our bass drum and I learned to play it. I learned how to play the conga. That helped a lot. And I danced the music, too! That was important. I could do the mambo, the cha-cha-cha, all those dances. I won a prize at the Palladium!

**MB:** *You came from a time when jazz was dance music, but bebop was art music. People couldn't dance to it.*

**DG:** I could dance to it!

**MB:** *Is that a fundamental of music, that you can dance to it?*

**DG:** It helps.

**MB:** *George Bush is up and down in the polls and no Democratic candidate seems electable. Isn't it time for your Presidential comeback?*

**DG:** I can't. My religion won't allow me to participate in political activities.

**MB:** *When you were a candidate you were very concerned about racism. Is life any better now?*

**DG:** A little. You can go to a restaurant and eat now. You can go to the toilet and not be afraid. We can get rooms at the hotel. We used to have to go to the kitchen to eat. . . . People definitely get along better than they did years ago.

**MB:** *Is jazz something that's brought white people and black people together?*

**DG:** One of the reasons, yes. [laughs] To play the music, white guys have to get together with colored guys or else they don't play!

**MB:** *Is there an actual medical term for what happens with your jaws when you play?*

**DG:** Gillespie Pouches. There's a doctor at Walter Reed, the hospital where our presidents go, and he said, "Mr. Gillespie, if you'll have some photos taken of your jaws with your cheeks extended I'll name them Gillespie Pouches." I went to the hospital and they took x-rays and everything.

**MB:** *Is it unique to you?*

**DG:** Africans can do it. I saw a guy in Casablanca and his jaws were as big as mine!

**MB:** *What are you looking forward to the most as you travel the world for your 75th birthday?*

**DG:** Nothing too much. I'm satisfied.

**MB:** *Being 75 is just another gig?*

**DG:** [laughs] Yeah!

DB

## EQUIPMENT

Dizzy's distinctive, upswept-bell trumpet—custom-made by Schilke—was a gift from Jon Faddis.

## SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

(See *DB* Aug. '90 for additional listings.)

### as a leader

*TO BIRD, WITH LOVE*—Telarc (fall release)

*TO DIZ, WITH LOVE*—Telarc CD-83307

*LIVE AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL*—enja

R2 79658

*THE WINTER IN LISBON*—Milan/BMG

35600

*DEE GEE DAYS*—Savoy Jazz ZDS 4426

*SWING LOW SWEET CADILLAC*—Impulse!

MCAD-33121

*DIZZY'S BIG 4*—Pablo OJCCD-443

*DIZZY GILLESPIE JAM*—Pablo OJCCD-

381

### with various others

*DIZZY GILLESPIE & MITCHELL-RUFF*—

Mainstream 721

*SONNY SIDE UP*—Verve B25 674 (w/Sonny

Rollins & Sonny Stitt)

*DUETS*—Verve B35 253 (w/Sonny Rollins &

Sonny Stitt)

*FOR MUSICIANS ONLY*—Verve 837 435

(w/Stan Getz & Sonny Stitt)

*THE TRUMPET KING'S MEET JOE*

TURNER—Pablo OJCCD-497

*THE TRUMPET SUMMIT MEETS THE OS-*

*CAR PETERSON BIG 4*—Pablo OJCCD-

603

*DIZZY GILLESPIE MEETS THE PHIL*

*WOODS QUINTET*—Bellaphon 250

*BEBOP & BEYOND PLAYS DIZZY GILLES-*

*PIE*—Bluemoon 79170

*EYES ON TOMORROW*—Polydor 849 313

(w/Miriam Makeba)

*THE PARIS ALL-STARS*—A&M 75021 5300



# The Candidate Meets The Press



**EDITORS' NOTE:** In honor of elections past, present, and future, we reprint the following from DB, Nov. 5, '64.

As the hustle on the hustings continues up to election day, with Democrat and Republican decrying one another's policies and impugning one another's honor and worse, John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie plows his own political way in his race for the Presidency of the United States.

The 47-year-old trumpeter from Cheraw, N.C., is pursuing his political campaign, offering several solid planks: intelligence and humor about the whole business of running for office, sincere dedication to the principles of Negro rights and the fight to win them fully, and lots of the best jazz there is.

**Q:** In your campaign, do you have any specific criticisms of the platforms of the two major parties? If so, what are they?

**A:** First things come first. First, civil rights. I think that some of the major civil rights groups are on the wrong track. The real issue of civil rights is not the idea of discrimination in itself but the system that led to the discrimination. Such as the schools—the teaching in the schools. They

*Presidential candidate John Birks Gillespie views affairs of state with jaundiced—and jolly—eye*

don't teach the kids about the dignity of all men everywhere. They say that there should be education. Okay. I say education, yes; but the white people are the ones who should be educated into how to treat every man. And the system of discrimination started during slavery time—with the slaves—it's an economic thing. Of course, we don't have that slave system at the moment, but we do have something in its place, such as discrimination against people economically.

Economics is the key to the whole thing. For example, if all of my followers said that we weren't going to buy one single product for three days, think of what would happen to the stock on that one product on the stock market in one day. If it would drop drastically—boom! They would hurry up to protect the investors; they would hurry up to rectify a gross injustice. . . .

The other thing is about the income-tax situation. There are certain elements in our society that have better breaks on the income-tax situation than others. I say we should make "numbers" legal. A national lottery for the whole country. All that money would go to the government. Do you realize that millions and millions of dollars a day are taken in "numbers" (which is illegal). Everybody is a gambler. When you come here on earth, you gamble whether you want to live to see tomorrow. So they should channel those virtues in the right direction.

**Q:** We've been hearing so much for the last six months or so about the so-called white backlash. Do you have any comment on that?

**A:** Yes. In the first place, the people who are affected by the white backlash, we haven't had them anyway. See? If we are going to judge how to treat a human being by a bunch of hoodlums' riots in certain places, well, we don't need them anyway. I

have that much confidence in the integrity of the American people that we have enough to really do something about the situation. So the ones who are affected by the backlash—shame on 'em. We never had 'em anyway.

**Q:** Could we have your comments on the two candidates of the major parties and their programs? First, Sen. Barry Goldwater.

**A:** I think his program stinks. I think the senator's program is ultraconservative; I think that Sen. Goldwater wants to take us back to the horse-and-buggy days when we are in the space age. And we are looking forward, not backward. President Johnson? He's done a magnificent job.

**Q:** In what area?

**A:** In the area of civil rights—for what he has done and with the backing he has. But I'm sure that if I don't get to be President—which I hope I shall—then I think that President Johnson would make a much, much, much better President than Mr. Goldwater.

**Q:** We're in an era in which we are told only a millionaire can be President. Are you a millionaire? [laughter]

**A:** Not by any stretch of your imagination. I remember some years ago when I was in Paris, I saw a headline on one of the tabloids—the New York *Mirror*—which is presently defunct, and it said in the headline: BEBOP MILLIONAIRE IN TROUBLE. . . . This was preposterous because at that time I didn't know one bebop musician who had two quarters to rub up against one another.

**Q:** Seriously, how important do you consider a lot of money is in political campaigning?

**A:** I understand Gov. Rockefeller. . . . There will be a moment of silence when I mention that name. I understand that he spent in the primaries alone almost \$2,000,000 or something like that.





DIZZY'S DREAM: Taking the oath of office, Dizzy is flanked (from left) by Kenny Barron, James Moody, Rudy Collins, Chris White, and Shelly Manne.

But I look at it this way: suppose I were a millionaire. (That's a very far-fetched idea.) And suppose there was a guy in trouble someplace, and I say, "Here's \$10,000"—with the television camera on me, and the radio—\$10,000 clear. [Then] if I were a poor man, say, making \$75 a week, and I see a guy who's ragged and doesn't have any shoes on and his clothes are in tatters, and I walk up to him and I say, "Come here." And I go to a secondhand store and buy him \$6.79 worth of clothes. My idea of that is, I've done more by giving this guy this little gift. I call it having a respect for, and having a big heart for, the little guy.

**Q:** *If you were to pick a vice-presidential running mate, who would it be? Or have you done so already?*

**A:** I was thinking of asking [comedienne] Phyllis Diller. She seems to have that sua-a-a-ve manner; she looks far into the future. She's looking into the future. So I'm a future man, I said to her.

**Q:** *Have you approached her?*

**A:** I sent one of my emissaries. I sent one of my emissaries to sound her on that. I understand that she is for it. She was going to vote for me, anyway, so she'd just as well get in there and work.

**Q:** *What about your cabinet? Who would you select for cabinet officers?*

**A:** In the first place, I want to eliminate secretaries. In French that would be feminine gender, and we don't want anyone

effeminate in our form of government. I'm going to make them all ministers.

Minister of foreign affairs: Duke Ellington.

Minister of peace: Charlie Mingus. Anybody have any objections to that? I think it would get through the Senate. *Right* through.

Minister of agriculture: Louis Armstrong.

**Q:** *Why?*

**A:** Well, you know he's from New Orleans; he knows all about growing things.

Ministress of labor: Peggy Lee. She's very nice to her musicians, so . . . labor-management harmony. It's harmony between labor and management.

Minister of justice: Malcolm X. Who would be more adept at meting out justice to people who flouted it than Malcolm? Can you give me another name? Whenever I mention this name, people say, "Hawo-o-o-o." But I am sure that if we were to channel his genius—he's a genius—in the right direction, such as minister of justice, we would have some peaceful times here. Understand?

Ministress of finance: Jeannie Gleason. Ralph Gleason's wife. When she can put the salary of a newspaperman—you know it's not too great, you have to pinch here and there—when she can keep that money together, she's a genius. So I'm sure that she would be able to run our fiscal policy.

My executive assistant would be Ramona

Swetschurt Crowell, the one who makes my sweatshirts.

Minister of defense: Max Roach.

Head of the CIA: Miles Davis.

**Q:** *Why?*

**A:** O-o-oh, honey, you know his schtick. He's *ready* for that position. He'd know just what to do in that position.

All my ambassadors: Jazz musicians. The cream.

Gov. George C. Wallace: Chief information officer in the Congo. . . . Under Tshombe.

We would resume relations with Communist Cuba.

**Q:** *Why?*

**A:** Well, I've been reading the newspapermen who were invited to Cuba to look at the revolution there. . . . It seems Premier Castro wants to talk about reparations. But he wants to talk about it on a diplomatic level, which means respect. I am a man to respect, to respect a country, Cuba, regardless of their political affiliations; they are *there*, and there's no doubt about it.

And I was reading in the articles that they'll be there a while. So I would recognize that we send an ambassador, in an exchange of ambassadors, to Cuba to see if we can work out this problem of indemnity for the factories and things that they have expropriated. I think that any government has that privilege of nationalizing their wealth. It's theirs; it's just theirs. So if they want to pay for it. . . . Of course, we built it up, we were out there; it wasn't our country in the first place. But since they built it up and Mr. Castro wants to pay you for it, I think we should accept the money with grace.

**Q:** *What about Communist China?*

**A:** I think we should recognize them.

**Q:** *Why?*

**A:** Can you imagine us thinking that 700,000,000 people are no people? How much percent is that of the world's population? I think we should recognize them. Besides, we need that *business*. We're about to run out of markets, you know. All of a sudden you wake up and there's 700,000,000 more people to sell something to. And jazz festivals. Can you imagine: we could go to China with a jazz festival and spend 10 years there at jazz festivals. We'd forget all about you over here. We'd send back records.

**Q:** *We're very deeply involved in Viet Nam; what would be your policy on this situation?*

**A:** We're not deeply involved enough in Vietnam. I think we should either recognize the fight or take a chance on World War—



it three? There's been so many. Either do it, or get out of there. Because every day American soldiers are walking around and—boom!—out, finished, kaput. They're being killed, and they don't even know hardly that they're even at war. We haven't declared war. So I think we should really either straighten it out—and we have the means to do that—or get out of there. I think we should do it or *don't* do it. But if I were President, I'd get out of there. I'd say, look, y'all got it, baby. Yeah, good luck. I'd get American soldiers out of there.

**Q:** *As one of our most prominent musicians you are aware that automation has played the devil with musicians' livelihoods. What would your policy be on automation.*

**A:** Automation will never replace the musician himself. We would have to set up some kind of a thing to protect the musician from that. There's a bill in Congress now—oh, it's been up for a long time; I get letters from ASCAP and my Society for the Protection of Songwriters; writing letters to senators to get them to vote for this bill—to make them give us part of that money that's going into jukeboxes. As soon as the jukebox

operators find out that you have to pay some money out there, a nice little taste of money, they'll start hiring live musicians again, I think. Instead of having the jukeboxes there, they'd hire some musicians.

**Q:** *What do you think the role of the musicians' union should be in this regard?*

**A:** Aw, the musicians' union! Why did you bring that up? Is this for publication? It is? Ah, the role of the musicians' union—it has been very lax in this space age. They have wallowed in the age of the horse and buggy and the cotton gin. I don't think they're doing a very good job. All they're doing is taking the money.

**Q:** *In a recent interview, Duke Ellington said that from his personal standpoint he didn't agree with subsidies for his music. What should your attitude as President be toward federal subsidies for the arts, particularly music?*

**A:** We need subsidies for the arts. I'm a firm believer in that. Since jazz is our prime art, that should be the first thing we should subsidize.

**Q:** *How about a civil-service night club?*

**A:** Now, that's a good idea. A civil-service

night club. That'd be nice. . . .

Musicians should be on the production end of jazz. Like [drummer] Shelly Manne is here in Hollywood. He's a musician who's on the production end of it, and I'm sure that the atmosphere in his club is different from any club in the country because he thinks like a musician. Just think of an organization of musicians who would dictate the policies of clubs where you play: "Say, look, you've got to have a piano that's in tune—that's 440—and lights and maybe little stairs going here and going there." Musicians got some ideas. I imagine if you'd turn them loose on ideas of what kind of people they should have in the clubs and how best they could present that music to people, then all of us would benefit by it because all of us would be doing it.

**Q:** *If your opponents in the presidential race start any mudslinging . . . ?*

**A:** Oh, that's different. A political campaign is something altogether different. And then afterward, you kiss and make up.

**Q:** *Goldwater, too?*

**A:** I don't think we would be on too good terms, not on kissing terms anyway. **DB**

Branford Marsalis



Michael Brecker



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# Cleaning The Mirror

**JOHN COLTRANE**

By Bill Shoemaker

**T**here is no defining principle like death when examining the work of an artist, particularly one as mercurial as John Coltrane. Coltrane's death 25 years ago from liver cancer at the age of 40 not only brackets an otherwise protean career, it also has had an immeasurable impact on jazz's evolution. Imagine how jazz history would have been altered if Miles Davis or Ornette Coleman left the scene on July 17, 1967. Their respective legacies would have been radically different—no *Bitches Brew* or *Skies Of America*, for starters.

Given that Coltrane's legacy rests on the 12 years that began with his 1955 hookup with Miles, the prospects of where his music would have gone in the last 25 years are staggering. "An artist goes one of two ways,

or both, depending on the length of their lives," points out saxophonist/author David Liebman. "They either go more into abstraction, or become more lean and economical. *Interstellar Space* [currently considered Coltrane's last recording, a duet program with drummer Rashied Ali] suggests that the latter might have happened if we had continued to see Coltrane alive. He seemed to go as far as you can go into abstraction by '67."

"Everything he did up to the late period was equally groundbreaking," forwards saxophonist Ralph Moore. "Musically speaking, the late period was not his resting place." That's why the timing of Coltrane's death has become such a crucial facet of the Coltrane legacy. He died during the most



CHARLES STEWART



intensely experimental, religiously motivated phase of his career. The merits of this music were so in dispute as to dwarf the numerous earlier controversies surrounding his work that also ripped the jazz world apart. Coltrane dying as his music reached such a spiritually fervored apex makes a neat package out of a complex artistic odyssey. The discourse about his music eventually became shackled to his final, soul-searching free-jazz explorations.

But, while the "sheets of sound" and the furiously swinging blues of the late '50s and the lilting modal waltzes and the burnished hymns of his early '60s "anti-jazz" are thoroughly assimilated and celebrated today by jazz's mainstream, his late period was such a radical departure from convention it produced bile in critics and listeners that has lasted to the present.

"That music should be considered an interim field report, because Coltrane's career was a work in progress," argues author/saxophonist Carl Woideck, who annotated Coltrane's Prestige sessions for its recent boxed set (see "Reviews" Mar. '92).

Still, the late period is generally treated as if it's the last word on Trane, even though it wasn't intended to be. It is an irony that still distorts the discussion of his music as a whole, and the late period in particular. It even seeps into the arguments of avant-garde partisans such as writer/critic Kevin Whitehead, who, in a recent survey of Coltrane recordings, applies a revisionist psychology to the late period: "He was trapped by what he knew. . . . In the end, students, he wanted to be free, but all that learning got in the way." Actually, that's an improvement over the shots Coltrane took during his life, echoes of which are still heard today. "Everybody knows Trane was compelled by creative energies that few others would activate in public." That's not a vintage Crow Jim-era broadside—that's Jack Sohmer, a critic with a dependable, discerning ear for bop, reviewing the four-CD reissue of *Live In Japan* last fall. Both Sohmer's self-indulgent artiste and Whitehead's thwarted pilgrim are stilted models that have to go. They are more anchored in the myth of ultimate expression that's been foisted upon the late music for a quarter-century than in the music itself.

It's not wishful thinking or facile speculation to suggest that had Coltrane lived even one more year, approximately the time span between *A Love Supreme* and *Meditations*, the present stock early-middle-and-late-periods approach to Coltrane would have been rendered moot by a sudden veering of his creativity. Or just a month more, especially the type of month that yielded both "So What" (recorded with Miles Davis on March 2, 1959) and the alternate take of "Giant Steps" (April 1, '59). Rutgers musicologist

Lewis Porter, whose book on Coltrane's music will be issued by the University of Michigan Press next year, notes "that within one month he produces two historic solos that are completely different. That blows the whole idea that his is necessarily an irreversible evolution. He was capable of playing many different ways, and he would adapt depending on the context."

In critiquing the practicality of the conventional three periods, David Liebman

*"That music should be  
considered an interim field  
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states "that the genesis of what we see in late Coltrane—scalar exploration, extended melodic phrases often based on non-resolving diminished and whole-tone scales, and non-ending cadences—can be traced back through *The Coltrane Quartet Plays* [recorded February '65], *Impressions* [compiled from November '61, September '62, and April '63 performances], and the modal style of "So What." "As someone who came up after he died and received his work all at once," explains the 35-year-old Moore, "the three periods are, for me, so closely tied as to be seen as one."

**T**he history emphatically argues that a new approach to Coltrane is in order, not one skewed by the agendas of the industry and the press, but one rooted in the music itself. It's no longer enough to know that Trane was far-out; it's necessary to know the hows and whys. Saxophonist/author Andrew White, whose insights into Coltrane's development of polydiatonicism comprise a cornerstone of Coltrane scholarship (see p. 6), is quick to assert that "the jazz community doesn't have the academic preparedness to construct alternatives that will be of any consequence."

But, acquiescing to the status quo is more detrimental to Coltrane's legacy than good-faith revisionism. Coltrane told Nat Hentoff for the liner notes to *Meditations* that to realize our potential, "we have to keep on cleaning the mirror." That's a viable method for recasting the discussion of Coltrane's legacy, especially as new recordings and information are added to the record.

One source of material that will have a profound impact on future Coltrane discussions when released is a cache of tapes from Impulse! sessions in Coltrane's possession at the time of his death. Currently, Alice Coltrane, the saxophonist's widow and last pianist, is discussing their release with MCA/GRP. Producer Michael Cuscuna says that the Impulse! logs indicate there are as many as four CDs worth of material from '66-'67 alone. There may be, in fact, much more material, as some of the '67 quartet pieces (Alice Coltrane, bassist Jimmy Garrison, and drummer Rashied Ali) that Cuscuna has heard do not appear on the Impulse! logs. "These are pieces in which Coltrane would focus on a motif and explore it to the nth degree," Cuscuna relays. "So they can rightfully be called etudes. They are very free, very adventurous, but very focused at the same time, much like *Interstellar Space*."

According to Cuscuna, Alice Coltrane believes the uninventoried tapes also include performances with the classic quartet (with Garrison, pianist McCoy Tyner, and drummer Elvin Jones), the quartet plus altoist Marion Brown, and the legendary, and presumed lost, second take of *A Love Supreme*, with the quartet augmented by tenorist Archie Shepp and bassist Art Davis. According to Cuscuna, Alice Coltrane's memory of the second take is that it differs greatly from the first, so its unearthing may reveal not only different slants Coltrane had on a single composition while in the studio, but also provide insights into his process for selecting material for release. Add to this the chronological presentation of the complete November '61 Village Vanguard performances Cuscuna plans as a future Mosaic set (a multi-package set is already available as an import) and Blue Note's release next year of a '57 Five Spot recording of Thelonious Monk's quartet with Coltrane, and you have an enormous addition to Trane's discography.

The academics have been doing their homework as well. A recent article by David Demsey in *The Annual Review Of Jazz Studies* includes compelling new evidence concerning the influence composer Nicholas Slonimsky's *A Thesaurus Of Scales And Methodic Patterns* had on Coltrane's development. Demsey points to an example Slonimsky uses in his preface, comprised of a series of 2-5-1 progressions a third apart—essentially the second half of "Giant Steps." "Influence is an involuntary process, like when you listen to Miles so much that you walk like him," Andrew White cautions, "and usage is when you consciously take something and apply it to what you're doing. This Slonimsky book thing is usage . . . as is the case with his recording 'Chasin' The Trane' the night after he supposedly went to hear



[tenorist] John Gilmore. It's coincidental."

"What you can say about the Slonimsky book is that it expanded Coltrane's sense of what could be ordered in music to include scales and patterns that come out of scales," suggests Carl Woideck. "Patterns he used out of diminished and whole-tone scales sound vertical, like arpeggios, so he demonstrated the vertical and the horizontal were not incompatible."

And, there's the inside word. A well-placed source has told White that Coltrane considered giving up performing to concentrate on producing in the spring of '67. White adds that this may have been due to "his knocking down all the walls of the traditional perspective that he grew up in, but not having the academic input or preparedness to expand much farther." His goals obviously extended to the front office, as he formed

Coltrane Records, which posthumously released titles such as *Sun Ship*, the last session of the unaugmented classic quartet, and the original two-LP domestic configuration of *Live In Japan*.

Clearly, business had become a focus for his celebrated all-consuming drive, as he still managed to go to producer Bob Thiele's office for a meeting three days before he died. But, how this consideration of retirement may have differed from his ongoing, well-documented doubts about his artistic direction—he was telling confidants as early as '63 that his best work was behind him—will probably remain unknown. Regardless, Coltrane performed publicly for the last time on May 23, 1967, less than two months before his death.

There are also aspects of Coltrane's work that are only hinted at in the authorized recordings. Such is the case with Coltrane's marathon live performances. "Even in the early '60s, it wasn't unusual for tunes to go on for 90 minutes, or for duets between Coltrane and Elvin to last up to 45 minutes," recalls Liebman, who frequently saw the classic quartet from the vantage of Birdland's for-minors "peanut gallery."

*"...what makes it so moving is how Coltrane's music addresses the big picture—it's intense, grand, spiritual, and noble."*



"When I heard Coltrane live," recalls Woideck, who also saw the classic quartet, "my temporal sense was definitely altered. Without a watch, I had no idea of how long a song might be. You could say that Coltrane had a temporal sense closer to the idea of continuum found in Indian classical music."

"Jazz is a reactive discipline. That happens when you have a working band," says White of the extended performances.

The length of Coltrane's solos, according to Lewis Porter, is a particularly useful skeleton key to his art. "I'm saying the opposite of what his critics used to say," he asserts, "that you could drop the needle anywhere in his solo and it would sound the same. What they missed is how he leads from one point to the next, that he's working

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with a long time span. Asked by a French interviewer in '63 why his solos were so long, he said, 'When I'm in the middle of a solo, I'm working on my ideas. It's really not a good time to stop.' That's a rough translation from the French text, but it's a really interesting answer. He's not saying, 'I just feel like playing'; he's saying, 'I'm a composer.' For him to stop a solo after an arbitrary length of time would be like stopping a Beethoven symphony in the middle of the third movement."

But that's only one key among many, and the keys that open the most doors are the ones least linked to Coltrane's technical evolution. "If you just look at his music through a microscope, you'll see all the scales and patterns and techniques," Porter continues. "But what makes it so moving is how Coltrane's music addresses the big picture—it's intense, grand, spiritual, and noble."

"I've transcribed a lot of his solos, I know them note by note, but his music is so much more than it's hard to express," says Ralph Moore.

However rich Coltrane's legacy may be in the minds and hearts of its stewards, passing it on in the form of a living art remains problematic at best. Interestingly, pinpointing where the legacy's proliferation began to ebb depends on the age of the analyst. White, whose professional credentials had

been established for years when Coltrane died, blames the fusion-ridden '70s. For the younger Moore, it's the '80s quarterly-profit mindset. "Today, the industry doesn't provide an adequate context for an artist like Coltrane to develop," assesses White, "and the artistic community lacks the structure to provide such a context."

"The values of Coltrane's music seem to be totally absent on the scene today," Lieb-

man concludes. "Until our educational system and our values improve, I don't think what Coltrane was about could return to its past stature in the music. That's rough medicine, but it's necessary."

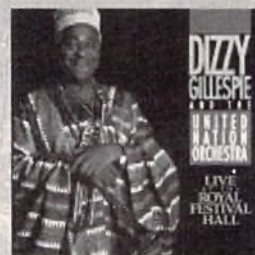
Moore offers a prescription: "We—the musicians—have to do it ourselves, or we'll have no one to blame but ourselves."

That's probably the only way to keep on cleaning the mirror. **DB**



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BRIAN MCMILLEN

## Multi-Culturalism That Grooves

PETER APFELBAUM & THE HIEROGLYPHICS ENSEMBLE

By Dan Ouellette

**W**hen Peter Apfelbaum was three years old, his parents enrolled him in a Berkeley preschool where he and his other classmates were encouraged to dabble in any art form they wanted. "I grabbed for the musical instruments and sat for hours playing the drums, bells, gongs, a cymbal, and piano," recalls the 31-year-old and incredibly talented multi-instrumentalist/composer/arranger/big band leader. "I began a daily ritual of experimenting with different sounds." Twenty-two musically eventful years and dozens of compelling compositions later, Apfelbaum is still playfully exploring sonic possibilities with his 17-piece Hieroglyphics Ensemble and, in the process, making some bold musical assertions about the future of jazz.

Apfelbaum and crew—who led the balloting in DB's 1991 Critics Poll as Big Band TDWR—have just released their second album. Like *Sign Of Life* (Antilles 848 634)—which garnered Apfelbaum a Grammy nom-

ination for arranging—*Jodoji Brightness* (512 320) is an adventurous collection of "multi-kulti" pieces that defy neat categorization. For the Hieroglyphics, multikulti is based on a plethora of rhythms from the musics of the world and the jazz sensibilities of Ornette Coleman, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Pharoah Sanders, and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. Their music ranges in mood from the somber and mysterious to the whimsical and joyful, and in style from free-jazz romps to a gentle, classical music-tinged piece written for the Kronos Quartet and adapted for violin, clarinet, guitar, and bassoon.

"I compose based on my vocabulary of musical experiences," says Apfelbaum during our discussion on a sunny Sunday afternoon in his Berkeley backyard. "They include the languages of the blues and jazz as well as the vocabulary of jazz artists like Cecil Taylor who are taking music to the extremes. Plus, West African music—which I feel very close and connected to and I've studied in depth—is also a part of my vocabulary.

"I'm not pretending to compose music from the entire world. I can listen to music from India or Bali or Turkey and can appreciate and get excited about it, but I would never consciously attempt to use elements of those styles in my compositions. But I

keep in mind the strengths of my band members. For example, [guitarist] Jai Uttal studied Indian music for years. Because he knows the tradition, he can transform it by bringing in his own ideas. And then there's [trombonist] Jeff Cressman, who plays in such Bay Area Latin bands as Pete Escovedo's group and John Santos' Machete Ensemble, and [percussionists] Joshua Jones and Robert "Buddah" Huffman, who are well-versed in the Yoruba and Afro-Cuban idioms. Other members are leaders of reggae, r&b, soul, funk, and industrial rock groups. In my compositions I make room for all the talents of the Hieroglyphics to emerge."

Given that Hieroglyphics members are stylistically diverse and work in other bands, how committed to Apfelbaum are they? Uttal, who's been in the group for the last four years and has two albums (*Footprints* and the soon-to-be-released *Monkey*, Triloka 7183 and 7194), says that Apfelbaum provides the necessary leadership that allows group members to give themselves completely to the music while maintaining their individuality. "Even when the band is a bit ragged, Peter's way of interweaving our parts together creates a strong, cohesive chemistry," Uttal states.

How integral is Apfelbaum to the success of the Hieroglyphics, whose ranks were once



filled by such talents as pianist Benny Green and saxist Craig Handy (see p. 14)? Cressman responds, "Peter pretty much does all the composing. What's particularly impressive is how complete his thought is for each piece. He has the amazing ability to come up with the ideas for all the players." Apfelbaum himself adds, "I write the music, call the rehearsals, and plan the sets, but the magic comes when the members of the band use my blueprint and work in their own interpretations."

Apfelbaum acknowledges that he and the Hieroglyphics are "part of the same movement" of young jazz innovators such as Steve Coleman and Graham Haynes who are willing to brave new territory. "I can't understand why so many of my peers just want to recycle bebop. What excites me is the prospect of breaking new ground. I understand the idea of artists playing repertory music from certain stylistic periods of jazz, but that's not at all exciting to me."

Apfelbaum says that growing up in the San Francisco Bay Area inspired him to have an insatiable curiosity. "Being a university town, Berkeley has always been teeming with a diversity of cultural events. At Berkeley High, there was a group of 20 of us who were all interested in the same things, so we'd hang out by going to a free concert put on by the University or a show by a traditional Chinese music group or a contemporary classical performance by John Cage or Elliott Carter." Apfelbaum, who wrote instrumental pieces for the new album inspired by the 500 years of Native American resistance and the U.S. bombing of Libya, also cites the influence the progressive political climate in Berkeley has had on his music: "Growing up in the '60s and '70s, I was constantly reminded of the value of reevaluating the old ways and thinking in new ways. Musically, that translated into having the freedom to experiment in all areas."

**F**rom drumming up a storm during intermissions on a trap set at Sunday rock concerts in the park and eavesdropping on the serious percussionists at the weekly drum conversations on campus to jamming with '60s anti-establishment guru Timothy Leary (a good friend of his parents and an amateur bamboo flute player), Apfelbaum had a wide range of childhood musical adventures. As for his formal training, he was the beneficiary of a strong public school music education. He started out drumming for his elementary school jazz band led by Phil Hardyman, and by the time he was nine was also learning keyboards, exploring the blues, becoming exposed to Ellington compositions, and covering a lot of pop and gospel songs.

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When he reached Berkeley High School, Apfelbaum was recruited by Hardymon (who was pulling triple duty as a music teacher at the elementary, junior high, and senior high levels) to join the Berkeley Jazz Quartet, the school's competitive jazz band. In addition, Hardymon stayed after school every day to keep the band room open so that Apfelbaum and other students could jam in a workshop environment.

Meanwhile, Apfelbaum formed the Berkeley Arts Company, an improv group that practiced for hours in the basement of his house. "That was like diving into a cool pool on a hot day," he says. "The Arts Company was my outlet in creative music. Through those improv sessions, I discovered new things about musical structures and moods that helped to inspire me to become a composer."

In 1977, Apfelbaum decided to form the Hieroglyphics Ensemble as "a rehearsal band for the purpose of trying out my compositions." The first edition of the big band had 16 horn players and Apfelbaum on the drums with rehearsals taking place in the band room. A year later, the rhythm section was added.

Around this time (1978-'82), Apfelbaum began spending time in New York. He was a member of Karl Berger's Woodstock Workshop Orchestra—meeting Don Cherry when the group toured Europe with Cherry as guest soloist—and Warren Smith's Composers Workshop Ensemble. Apfelbaum jammed whenever he could and played keyboards in Carla Bley's punk band, the Burning Sensations. But by 1982, he felt demoralized. "I went through what a lot of musicians living there go through: never getting club gigs, getting turned away at jam sessions, and never having calls returned from record company reps, critics, and promoters."

Disillusioned, Apfelbaum returned to the Bay Area and only occasionally reunited the Hieroglyphics Ensemble for rehearsals and rare gigs over the next few years. In 1987, however, the tide shifted thanks to several successful shows, rave reviews, and recognition by Grateful Dead bassist Phil Lesh (which led to the band opening for one of the Dead's New Year's Eve shows and Apfelbaum receiving the group's Rex Foundation Award for Creative Excellence). In 1988, producer Hans Wendl, a recent Berkeley transplant, took interest and helped the band shop demos that eventually resulted in a deal with Antilles.

Also in 1988, Apfelbaum was commissioned by San Francisco's Jazz in the City Festival producer Randall Kline to compose a suite for the Hieroglyphics Ensemble. When Kline suggested bringing in a guest soloist, Apfelbaum contacted Don Cherry, who enthusiastically accepted the invitation.

That performance led to other collaborations with Cherry, who enlisted Apfelbaum and other Hieroglyphics to help record the trumpeter's *Multikulti* (A&M 75021 5323) and tour Europe and Japan as the Multikulti Band. Says Cherry, "Peter is good for the scene. He's one of the young masters of today's music and one of the most creative artists of this generation. He has an understanding of lots of different styles of music and has mastered several instruments. I love playing with him."

*"Growing up in the '60s and '70s, I was constantly reminded of the value of reevaluating the old ways and thinking in new ways. Musically, that translated into having the freedom to experiment in all areas."*



Phil Hardymon, proudly reflecting on his years working with Apfelbaum, says, "He's an obvious genius. This may sound bombastic, but the Hieroglyphics are Peter's instrument just as Duke's band was his. How Peter has managed to keep a core group of the band together since 1977 is a miracle. He's like a pied piper. All the members are involved in their own projects, but because they respect him both as a musician and a composer, they not only stay, they live for that band."

Hardymon is cautious in taking credit for any of Apfelbaum's success. "If I ever did anything for Peter, it was to give him the freedom to do what he wanted to do. In public school, there were many bureaucratic roadblocks that needed to be cleared out of the way for him. That's probably the only help that he'll ever need: someone to just clear the path ahead for him."

"We knew it would be much easier for us to make it if we had fewer members in the band so we could tour," Apfelbaum says. "And it would be much easier if we didn't have to lug around all our instruments to every gig. And it would be much easier if I didn't write any new music and we stuck to our repertoire. But we take inspiration from someone like Don Cherry, who's constantly learning and striving to improve his music. We want to take each performance to the next highest level."

DB



# The Feisty Impresario

**JOE SEGAL**

By Joe Cunniff

**T**his is Joe Segal's year in more ways than one: Joe was honored by the International Association of Jazz Educators with one of their first-ever President's Awards (see "News" Apr. '92), and further honored with an all-star gala benefit concert for students of Roosevelt University's Chicago Musical College. It was a salute to his 45-year commitment to jazz in Chicago.

The Roosevelt benefit featured many of the stars he presented nearly a half-century ago in jam sessions there—teenagers back then, and some playing on borrowed instruments: Johnny Griffin, Lee Konitz, Junior Mance, Richard Davis, and Wilbur Campbell. They were joined by Joe Williams, Red Rodney, Julian Priester, Ramsey Lewis, Billy Taylor, Art Farmer, and more to play the tribute.

No one in Chicago can match him for longevity, or for sticking to his guns. For 45 years, through good times and bad, Joe Segal has presented jazz at his Jazz Showcase. He knows what he likes, and what he doesn't. Some of his all-time favorites he has presented at the Showcase include Lester Young, Charlie Parker, "Lockjaw" Davis, and Gene Ammons, but there are dozens more.

On the scene today, he has the highest praise for Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, and Sonny Rollins—"for me, the greatest tenor man today," Segal declares. "One time in the '70s, he had us standing on chairs! It was the most exciting thing I'd seen since Charlie Parker."

Tenacious, opinionated, and quick to speak his mind, Segal does things HIS way. His room is a listening room, with no loud talking allowed. There's no smoking, either: three years ago he banned it, making his perhaps the only no-smoking jazz club in the nation. "Some people don't like that—we've lost maybe 15 or 20. But we've gained hundreds more, including some artists



who've come back," Segal says. He has no drink minimum, and takes no money from drink sales, only the admission fee at the door. "I'm not interested in pushing alcohol or smoke, just music."

Segal hasn't always been universally loved among musicians. "I love and admire musicians," he says, "but I don't take any shit from any of them. If a musician wants to be a jerk, he will *not* be asked back."

Kids and jazz are a big priority with Segal. He runs a Sunday matinee at 4 in which kids 12-and-under are admitted free. "The kids can see the artists up close, and meet them. That's important."

A father of five himself, Segal has come up the hard way. Born in Philadelphia 66 years ago, he grew up basically raised by his mother in a basement apartment. He would listen to the Metropolitan Opera on the radio, and when that was over, there was jazz: "Sidney Bechet, Bud Freeman, Eddie Condon."

He found that he loved being around music and musicians. He would eventually become famous as a club owner, which is particularly ironic because he has never really owned a club: all he owns is the name "Jazz Showcase," a fact that has quite a history.

During an army hitch in the mid-'40s, he was stationed in Champaign, Illinois, and would ride the train to Chicago and hit all the clubs. Attending Chicago's Roosevelt University in 1947 on the G.I. Bill, he started putting on jam sessions in the student lounge.

The sessions lasted for 10 years, and Segal never did graduate. But the Jazz Showcase had been born (the name is derived from his initials). Forced finally to look for other spots to put on jazz besides the college, where he hadn't really been a student for a long time, he'd present it on off-nights wherever he could. In '57 he arranged to produce four Monday nights of jazz at the Gate of Horn folk club. "It turned into four years of Mondays."

He added the French Poodle on Sunday afternoons, and in 1960 began his famous sessions at the South Side Sutherland Lounge. The Jazz Showcase became a moveable feast, with Segal acting as impresario wherever he could bring it off, in basements, barrooms, and backrooms.

In the '60s he became well known in Chicago's then-hot Old Town area, running sessions on off-nights in clubs up and down Wells Street. "The Plugged Nickel, Mother Blues, the Old Town Gate, the Outhouse, the Hungry Eye, Figaro's, the Bird House, the North Park Hotel, the Brown Shoe—I even ran Saturday morning sessions."

In 1970 Segal moved to one of his most famous spots, the Happy Medium in the city's then-thriving Rush Street area.

LAUREN DEUTSCH



His 10-year stay in his basement club had its ups-and-downs. For a time disco reigned in the upstairs club, and the thudding beat would carry downstairs to the Showcase. "I'd go up and ask 'em to turn it down, and the owner would say, 'Screw Segal,' and turn it back up."

The owners raised his rent, and tried to take the Showcase name away from him. When he went to court, they backed off, and he moved his club in 1980 to the lakefront Blackstone Hotel, where it has remained ever since. The venerable hotel at 636 S. Michigan Avenue, known as "The House of Presidents," has hosted Chief

*"A postage stamp for Elvis?  
How about a postage stamp  
for Bird, for James P.  
Johnson, Tatum, Waller, or  
Billie?"*



Executives including Teddy Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, and has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places, a fact that seems appropriate to the jazz history represented by the club it holds. That jazz history includes plenty of bop, as befits a club owner who reveres Charlie Parker above all other musicians. He stages an annual "August is Charlie Parker Month" celebration spotlighting musicians who played with Bird.

Typically, Segal is characteristically outspoken about current trends in music. "Electronics really turn me off. Maybe for certain minor effects, but not to replace the personality of the player. In some of this music, I defy you to tell me who is playing," Segal brays.

"Look in the paper and see all the clubs that are advertising what they presume to be jazz—maybe a third of them are actually jazz, the rest are rock & roll, crossover, or new age or something.

"And some of this avant garde? It has no beat. They're out there shaking their heads, but what are they shaking their heads to? There's nothing going on!

"I'm not saying that the beat has to hit you over the head, like in disco, but its got to swing. [Young swing tenorist] Scott Hamilton has learned the lessons of Lester Young and Ben Webster. There's a lot of great young players—Ralph Moore, Chris Potter. I like the Art Ensemble. I liked Henry [Air group]. I like Lester Bowie—Music is supposed



Joe Segal and his omnipresent tape deck at the Sutherland Lounge, 1959

Segal gets tapes from people in the mail and mimes no words about what he doesn't like, throwing some out and sending some back. "I played one the other day—terrible! It was a disgrace, and I told him so! I'm serious, man. Unbelievable!"

He is stricken incredulous, too, at the thought of, as he puts it, "A postage stamp for Elvis? When somebody told me that Elvis had died, I said, 'Yeah, 20 years too late.' He f\*\*ked up music forever.

"How about a postage stamp for Bird, for James P. Johnson? Or Tatum, Waller, or Billie? How about for Goodman, or Bix? These people had great influence over music, but are they on there? No, Elvis!"

Asked about the changing face of jazz over the years, Segal says, "Swing and bop have melded together—there never was that big division like some people said. There's always new people coming along; the Harper Brothers keep the Art Blakey thing going. You can't stop it."

Speaking of changing audiences, he remarks that "Some of the older crowd that you'd get for Dexter [Gordon] and 'Lockjaw' have dropped off. But I'm seeing more older people now, people my age.

"I'm seeing a lot of younger people, too—20s and 30s. Student groups on Sunday afternoons. We are known in Europe and Japan, and get a good audience when they're visiting Chicago. Jazz represents a very small percentage of the population, but they're very devout followers, like church-

goers."

As for running a club, Segal states that "The main problems are economic—trying to keep your head above water. There were nights when I paid the musicians, then had to borrow a buck to get home."

Perhaps in response to those tough times, he's had a reputation for being a bit, well, irascible, about which he fires back, "Irascible? I don't give a shit! Anybody who does anything with his life is going to have naysayers. If you worried about what each person said, you'd never accomplish anything."

The combative individualist (he doesn't even own a car) may also be sitting on a potential treasure trove: since 1957, he's been taping all the music. "There are release problems with artists signed to various record companies, but if we could ever get it all worked out, it would be something."

Today, Segal seems quite a bit more mellow, often walking around with a smile. Recognition is at last coming his way.

But he hasn't changed his philosophy. "I book the right people and create the right ambience to enjoy them: a nice, casual atmosphere, good rapport between audience and musicians, and everything as acoustic as possible. These experimental things eventually come to a dead end—you've got to have some basis. Bebop is definitely the music of the future."

And Chicago's future, if Joe Segal has anything to say about it.

TED WILLIAMS



# Key

Excellent  
Very Good  
Good  
Fair  
Poor

★★★★★  
★★★★  
★★★  
★★  
★



## Dizzy Gillespie

TO DIZ WITH LOVE—Telarc CD-83307; *BILLIE'S*

*BOUNCE; CONFIRMATION; MOOD INDIGO; STRAIGHT NO CHASER; A NIGHT IN TUNISIA. (66:22)*

**Personnel:** Gillespie, Claudio Roditi (cuts 1, 5), Wallace Roney (1, 5), Wynton Marsalis (2, 4), Doc Cheatham (3), Jon Faddis (3), Charlie Sepulveda (4), trumpet; Red Rodney, flugelhorn (2); Junior Mance, piano; Peter Washington, bass; Kenny Washington, drums.

★★★★★

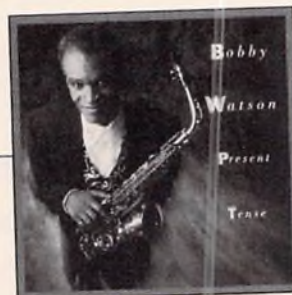
In celebration of Dizzy Gillespie's 75th birthday (year), the Blue Note in New York put together a monthlong series of concerts reflecting the tireless trumpeter's influence on jazz. This disc is the result of a weekend of brass homages. The brassmen—with a couple of exceptions, to be noted—were obviously pleased to be able to repay some of their debt to Dizzy; so the musical mood is more congenial fete than cutting contest.

Highlights? Well, outside of the responsive, self-effacing rhythm section, my choices may surprise you. Doc Cheatham, whose style of trumpeting predates Diz's, offers a tender "Mood Indigo" solo dripping with melodies—after which Jon Faddis pulls out the plunger for a raspy contrast. "Confirmation" is smooth as silk, with Wynton and Red restrained, in keeping with the mellow arrangement. For me, though, Wallace Roney steals the show in his two outings, avoiding bop clichés and finding fascinating twists of phrase between the themes.

As for Dizzy, he continues to shine. No longer

the firebreather of years past, he's acknowledged his limitations and used them to his advantage, emphasizing a whiskey-tinged tone and playing creatively, using humor as a buffer—he even interrupts his dramatic closing cadenza on "Night In Tunisia" in mid-phrase to bring Lew Soloff out of the audience to play the stratospheric final notes he can't reach.

Trumpet fans can feast on this one. (reviewed on CD)  
—Art Lange



## Bobby Watson

**PRESENT TENSE**—Columbia CK 52400: *PRESENT TENSE; BEAM ME UP; MONK HE SEE, MONK HE DO; I GOT IT BAD AND THAT AIN'T GOOD; THE MYSTERY OF EBOP; HEY NOW; MINORITY; BUSH SONG; LOVE REMAINS; DEX MEX; AT THE CROSSROADS; EPILOGUE I. (70:09)*

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314 510 8232 • CD



**Personnel:** Watson, alto, soprano saxes; Edward Simon, piano; Essiet Essiet, bass; Terrell Stafford, trumpet; Victor Lewis, drums.

★★★★

For Bobby Watson and Horizon co-leader Victor Lewis, going forward in their music has meant looking backwards as well. In this Columbia debut, Watson's Horizon honors the sentiment of respect for the past, but this recording is much more than a retread of old music or past innovations.

Watson and Lewis wrote most of the tunes on *Present Tense* (the swinging title track is by Lewis) and they have put the early '60s influences of giants like Ornette and Miles into a '90s perspective. Lewis is the spiritual leader of the group. His washes of color recall Elvin Jones' magical backing of Trane, and his sticks on cymbals always drive the beat. Support also comes from the economical chordal comping of pianist Edward Simon. Horizon's players are comfortable together, from the solid groove set up by the rhythm section to the easy teamwork between trumpeter Terrell Stafford and Watson.

It has been more than a decade since Watson left Art Blakey's group and formed the first version of Horizon. A dozen or so records later, the experience shows. It's great to find a group that doesn't see music of the past and of the present as an either/or proposition. (reviewed on CD)  
—Elaine Guregian



## John McLaughlin

**QUÉ ALEGRIA**—Verve 837 280 2: *BELO HORIZONTE; BABA; REINCARNATION; 1 NITE STAND; MARIE; HIJACKED; MILA REPA; QUÉ ALEGRIA; 3 WILLOWS.* (64:49)

**Personnel:** McLaughlin, acoustic guitar, Photon MIDI interface; Trilok Gurtu, percussion; Dominique Di Piazza, 4- and 5-string bass guitars; Kai Eckhardt, bass guitar (cuts 3, 4).

★★★★

Rather than pinning us to the wall with raw, electric bombast, Johnny McLaughlin, Acoustic Guitarist continues to invite us into the music by opening up more space between the notes. This kinder, gentler McLaughlin comes across on soothing soundscapes like "Mila Repa" and "3 Willows." On the spacious intro to "Baba," his Photon MIDI-interface triggers a

choir of echo-laden sighs. New agers would keep it right there, opting for waves of release with no tension. But "Baba" segues to an earthly blues with Di Piazza walking soulfully and Gurtu swinging loosely on his hybrid traps kit.

Di Piazza is McLaughlin's newest bass discovery. His uncanny facility on "Hijacked" immediately brings Jaco Pastorius to mind. Few bassists could execute such demanding stop-time unison lines at such a tempo, but the French phenom matches McLaughlin note for note. Di Piazza stakes out his own territory with virtuosic chordal bass work on "Marie" and he flaunts more single-note prowess on the blazing title cut, also a showcase for Trilok's playful Indian scatting exchanges with John.

The dynamic and versatile Gurtu is the key to this trio (actually, it sounds more like a quartet with McLaughlin's MIDI-synth triggers sometimes acting as the invisible fourth member). Being able to easily shift gears from sensitive colorist ("Mila Repa") to tabla master ("Reincarnation") to swingmeister ("Hijacked") to funkateer ("1 Nite Stand") gives McLaughlin the flexibility to take this music in any direction he chooses. It's like having Elvin Jones, Dennis Chambers, and Zakir Hussain rolled into one. On *Qué Alegria*, Trilok allows John to run the gamut with elegance and grace. At 50, the inner fire is still burning. He's just cooking on a lower flame. (reviewed on CD)

—Bill Milkowski

# WITH VERVE



### Justin Robinson JUST IN TIME

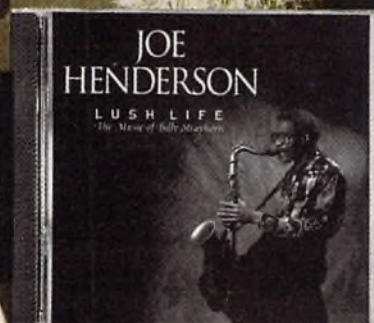
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**Ed Thigpen**

**MR. TASTE**—Justin Time R2 79379: *GINGER BREAD BOY; SOMETIME AGO; DENISE; DEWEY SQUARE; A CHILD IS BORN; INVITATION; YOU NAME IT; BALLAD; JAMAICAN BAION; ETP; 'ROUND MIDNIGHT; TONY'S BLUES.* (70:13)

**Personnel:** Thigpen, drums; Tony Purrone, guitar; Mads Vinding, bass.

★★★★★

**Arthur Taylor**

**MR. A. T.**—enja R2 79677: *MR. A. T.; HI-FLY; SOUL EYES; BULLET TRAIN; IT DOESN'T MATTER; AHMAD'S BLUES; GINGER BREAD BOY; MR. A. T.* (55:43)

**Personnel:** Taylor, drums; Abraham Burton, alto sax; Willie Williams, tenor sax; Marc Cary, piano; Tyler Mitchell, bass.

★★★★½

*Mr. Taste* is a revelation; *Mr. A. T.* is more of a reminder. First, another reminder: Thigpen and Taylor arrived on the scene at the same time—circa 1950—and both have worked with a who's who of jazz. What's revealed on *Mr. Taste* is another trio with the virtuosity, drive, and musical integration of the old (early '60s) Oscar Peterson trio with Thigpen, Purrone, formerly with the Heath Brothers, flies over his instrument. There's a guitar run on Thigpen's "ETP" that's unbelievable for its speed and clarity. When Purrone finishes his well-directed solos anywhere on the album, Danish bassist Vinding takes over and one hardly notices the change. It's as if the two were playing the same instrument.

The liner notes make a case for the integration of Thigpen's drums in this telepathy. It seems a reasonable proposition, given his crisp tunings, supple stick- and brushwork, and tasty solos. This is a killer trio that revels in the joy of virtuosity. The proof is in "Ginger Bread Boy," an exotic "Invitation," an uptempo "'Round Midnight," and an outside "Tony's Blues," among others. And . . . *Mr. Taste* is a true taste of the '90s.

*Mr. A. T.*, on the other hand, reaffirms the jazz values of the '50s and '60s: bebop, hard-bop, and the post-bop experimentation of John Coltrane (with whom Taylor recorded). Taylor is a bop drummer in the Roach, Blakey, and Philly Joe Jones style. Williams suggests Trane, Rollins, and Mobley, and Burton has the hard edge and firm note placement of Jackie McLean, his teacher. Cary is a more mature soloist who gravitates toward energetic lines and Red Garland-like block chords. The way Taylor and bassist Mitchell nail the beat together (e.g., Ahmad Jamal's "Ahmad's Blues") gives a solid foundation to this version of Taylor's Wailers, as the band is called. The two

versions of Walter Bolden's title tune are both attractive—a warm reminder of the '50s. Taylor's "It Doesn't Matter" is another reminder—of the harshness and turmoil of the '60s. (reviewed on CD)  
—Owen Cordle



**Shirley Horn**

**HERE'S TO LIFE**—Verve 314 511 879-2: *HERE'S TO LIFE; COME A LITTLE CLOSER/WILD IS THE WIND; HOW AM I TO KNOW?; A TIME FOR LOVE; WHERE DO YOU START?; YOU'RE NEARER; RETURN TO PARADISE; ISN'T IT A PITY?; QUIETLY THERE; IF YOU LOVE ME; SUMMER (ESTATE).* (62:12)

**Personnel:** Horn, vocals, piano; Charles Ables, bass; Steve Williams, drums; Wynton Marsalis, trumpet (cuts 4, 9); with full orchestra.

★★★★★

This album is all about emotion. It gushes softly, elegantly. Thanks, in part, to the masterful, heartfelt orchestral brushstrokes of veteran composer/arranger Johnny Mandel, Shirley Horn sings her life through a set of standards that threaten to unseat even the shrillest of temperaments. *Here's To Life* routinely avoids the commonplace, clichéd, and hackneyed indulgences of most ballad-singer-meets-strings programs. In fact, the very large orchestral backing (anywhere from 40 to 50 musicians?) performs discreetly, fully supportive of Horn's voice and piano, somehow sounding a third its size. (According to the liner notes, this is a project/collaboration Horn's been waiting for since 1963.)

Dedicated to Miles Davis, who died during the recording of the orchestral parts (added to the trio tracks), *Here's To Life* can be seen as a defiant and loving testimonial to the living image of someone who obviously meant so much to her. Horn's overall pacing and emphasis, her legato phrasings and wispy, delicate vocalizing come as close to approximating Davis' ballad trumpet style as any singer I've heard.

On board are Horn's regular sidemen, Charles Ables and Steve Williams. Like Mandel's accompaniments, the bassist and drummer add texture, warmth, nuance, never distracting or drawing undue attention to themselves. The tempos are most often impossibly, delightfully slow—with lots of space (another Miles thing) that *could* have resulted in orchestral clutter or forced colors. Listen to Mandel's "A Time For Love" for an example of a melody that moves along at a snail's pace, as if with no particular place to go. Mandel adds some flutes, strings are muted, Shirley's voice is right next to you.

Avoiding the cloyingly sweet and overdone,

everything here is fresh, as if sung and played for the first time. Horn's age and experience go with the repertoire, her voice so convincing as she sings of love, longing, good times (when tried by any number of spring chickens out there seeking to recapture the standards rep, the results are often comic, if not absurd). Speaking of youth, Wynton Marsalis' scrub-brushed recital trumpet, at first offering a nice contrast to the overall sheen, is essentially chilly and distant, at odds with the emotional bent of this program. A poor replacement for the originally intended solo trumpet of Miles Davis, Marsalis' sound ironically tilts "A Time For Love" and "Quietly There" in the direction of so-called easy-listening music.

More than last year's uneven *You Won't Forget Me*, *Here's To Life's* elegant soul food affirms Shirley Horn as today's premier ballad stylist. (reviewed on CD)  
—John Ephland



**John Hammond**

**GOT LOVE IF YOU WANT IT**—Charisma/Point-blank 92146-2: *I'VE GOT LOVE IF YOU WANT IT; DRIFTIN' BLUES; DREAMY EYED GIRL; MATTIE MAE; YOU DON'T LOVE ME; NADINE; NO ONE CAN FORGIVE ME BUT MY BABY; YOU'RE SO FINE; NO PLACE TO GO; PREACHIN' BLUES.* (42:32)

**Personnel:** Hammond, guitar, harmonica, vocals; J.J. Cale (cut 1), Charlie Batty (4, 6), guitar; John Lee Hooker, guitar, vocals (2); James Cruce (1, 2, 5, 9), Doby Strange (4, 6), drums; Tim Drummond (1, 5, 9), Larry Taylor (2), Brad Sexton (4, 6), bass; Spooner Oldham (1, 5, 9), keyboards; Rick Estrin, harmonica (4, 6).

★★★★½

Slide guitarist and gritty vocalist John Hammond—without a major label release in over 15 years—is the latest beneficiary of the renewal of interest in blues and roots music. The superb J.J. Cale-produced *Got Love If You Want It* will do much to resuscitate the career of Hammond, who, way back when, employed Jimi Hendrix as a sideman in his own blues band. Hammond gets energetic support from both Cale's band (Tim Drummond, Spooner Oldham, and James Cruce who, along with J.J., get the proceedings underway big-time with the funky title tune) and the Bay Area's blues-bustin' Little Charlie and the Nightcats (on the struttin' shuffle "Maltie Mae" and the slinky blues-rock romp through Chuck Berry's "Nadine"). Plus, Hammond is also joined by old friend John Lee Hooker for a passionate, syrupy slow take on Charles Brown's "Driftin' Blues," one of the best blues sessions on disc that I've heard in some time.

In addition, Hammond proves to be quite a



threat going the solo-acoustic blues route. He sweats up a storm on four solo cuts, including a blistering interpretation of Son House's "Preachin' Blues," which closes the CD with an exhilarating flourish. Hammond's scorching slide playing is spotlighted throughout the collection, and his exuberant and raspy vocals give these 10 pieces a fun, free-spirited quality. I had high expectations when I first caught wind of Hammond's San Francisco studio sessions last fall. No let down here. Hammond's new line of blues is an impressive return to the recorded world. (reviewed on CD)

—Dan Ouellette



## Airto Moreira

**THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS**—Rykodisc 10207: *ENDLESS CYCLE; TUMBLEWEED; BACK STREETS OF HAVANA; HEALING SOUNDS; THE UNDERWATER PEOPLE; OLD MAN'S SONG; HEY YA; WHEN ANGELS CRY; DOM-UM; STREET REUNION; MIRROR OF THE PAST; SEDONIA'S CIRCLE; TERRA E MAR.*

**Personnel:** Moreira, percussion, vocals; Mickey Hart (cuts 2, 7, 13), Babatunde Olatunji (2), Kitaro (2, 7), Giovanni Hidalgo (3, 10), Frank Colon (3, 10), percussion; Zakir Hussain, tabla (2, 5, 9); T. H. "Vikku" Vinayakram, ghatam (2, 5); Flora Purim (7, 8, 12), Diana Moreira (3, 5, 7, 10, 12, 13), Dr. Verna Yater (4), vocals; Sedonia Cahill, Caryl Ohrbach, Justine Toms, Margaret Barkley, Margie Clark, Leah Martino, Amrita Blain, K. C. Ross, Jana Holmer, frame drum and vocals (12).

★ ★ ★ ★

Moreira has imported generous, raw doses of non-urbanized Brazilian and infused it into the jazz world. His own discography has been an uneven admix of ideas, from Latin-jazz fusion groove trains to more primal and atmospheric passages. Count Moreira's latest project as a pure celebration of the latter, a highly evocative and moving sampling of his rural Brazilian heritage and unique artistry.

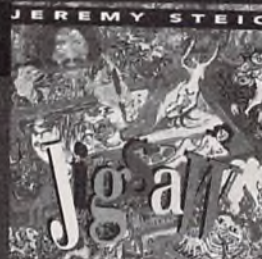
Left to his own devices, Moreira can conjure up considerable magic using only his voice and hands on his plethora of instruments. The solo layerings of "Endless Cycle" and "Mirror Of The Past" testify to Moreira's instincts of self-reliance. "The Underwater People" suits its title, as Hussain's pitch-related tabla nuances wash in ethereal vocal gestures by Moreira and his daughter Diana.

In some broad-stroked way, the contemplative purr here might be coopted by the new-age music camp. The main differences are density of feeling, ethnic authenticity, and a degree of undeniable soulfulness which drives this music and makes it resonate somewhere around your marrow. File under new world music. (reviewed on cassette) —Josef Woodard

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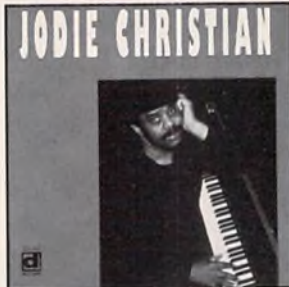
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## Standard Bearers

by Fred Bouchard

From eager ingenues to jaded doyennes, sly kids and wide-eyed veterans, there's a wealth of women singing out there these days. (What makes men turn to playing horns and drums? Do they tacitly consider singing women's work?) Under fire in this batch are those who predominantly perform a majority of standards, singers who themselves are both new and familiar.

The South African soul of **Sathima Bea Benjamin** has evidently been renewed with the recent political upheavals. Always one to sing what's in her heart, Benjamin is a songbird of happiness on *Southern Touch* (enja 70152; 53:17: ★★★★★½). Benjamin does not bowl you over with technique but with highly personal, expressive warmth, easy sweep, and effortless musicality. The catch in her voice snares your best feelings, and that gracious rubato relaxes you. Her companions—ace listeners Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, and Billy Higgins—highlight her well, again; Billy brushes hi-life into her mentor Ellington's "I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart." Her songs are really golden oldies, preWar (WWII, not Gulf) vintage—a tender "Together," a sweetly swinging "One Alone" from hearing operetta in childhood, and W.C. Handy's "Loveless/Careless Love." She even breathes new spirit into the jaded "Lush Life."

**Dee Dee Bridgewater** (*In Montreux*, Verve 314 511 895-2; 50:00: ★★★★★½) sings as broad and wide as Benjamin narrow and deep. The tall, gorgeous singer, former wife and bandmate of trumpeter Cecil in Thad Jones/Mel Lewis' Orchestra, moved herself years ago to Paris and is now reappearing on disc. Her flamboyant, energetic, wide-ranging style projects well at Montreux, where she envelopes an adoring audience in a bearhug of brilliant surface emotions, sheer Sassian skill, and deeply thrilling vibrato. Magnificent vocalizations do not themselves a convincing performance make, and Bridgewater uses other enchantments: unison samba fours and hot scat on "How Insensitive." A Horace Silver medley is pure xenon, Holiday's "Strange Fruit" an untouchable tribute. Hand-in-glove European trio; fine recording.

**Rosemary Clooney** got John Oddo's West Coast Basieish (rhythm guitar, throaty saxes) 20-man band behind her for *Girl Singer* (Concord Jazz CCD-4496; 51:10: ★★★★★½), the first time since she worked with Woody Herman in '83. Clooney neatly mixes 14 standards and surprises; her profound professionalism never precludes her wearing her big heart on her taffeta sleeve. Mellowing nicely; thank you. Plenty of good solos peppered throughout.

With big pumps to fill on her debut, **Kirsten Gustafson**—inspired by Billie Holiday and named for Norwegian opera diva Kirsten Flagstad—stands tall on *You Taught My Heart To Sing* (Atlantic 7-82387-2; 45:27: ★★★★★). She shows much young Sarah in her dash, swoops, coyness, and scat-ability. Whimpers and coy pouts aside, she usually sings forth with smoothness, grace, fervor, and variety. She airs out jazz originals (Wayne Shorter's "Foot-

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prints") with fresh lyrics, and measures up to old yardsticks ("Is You Is?," "I Don't Know Why," "Too Marvelous For Words"). Her good backup-trio plus-horns is sturdily led by Frank Mantooth. Except for Carroll Coates' hip ballad, "You'll See," and an okay "Angel Eyes," a tendency to up-tempo wears a bit.

Purring, pouting **Eartha Kitt** sold millions of 78s and 45s in 1954 with sex-kittenish "Santa Baby" and Piafesque "Under The Bridges Of Paris." Ooh-la-la! Now Kitt claims she's *Thinking Jazz* (ITM-Media 1477; 52:53: ★★). Kitt may think jazz, but she doesn't sing jazz. Her voice—if possible, more impenetrable than in the '50s—is stagey kitten purr with outbursts of bear-trap vibrato. Kitt does her cabaret act with the Brothers Kühn (pianist Joachim, clarinetist Rolf), saxophonist Jerry Bergonzi, drummer Daniel Humair, bassist Jesper Lundgaard. Cloying recitative and camp posing fade briefly when Kitt shows she can at least sing in synch with swing; "Night And Day," "You'd Be So Nice," and "Lullaby Of Birdland" also show nice tastes from Gonz. One of those comebacks that shoulda kept goin'.

**Nancy Marano** and **Eddie Monteiro** achieve a deliciously musical duet with a far-fetched combination of two voices and accordion (pianified and bassified with judicious MIDI-fication) which they cheerfully display on *A Perfect Match* (Denon 81757-9407-2; 51:21: ★★★½). Marano's bright voice—extrovert, crystal-clear—pairs very smoothly with Monteiro's squeezebox on a dozen standards majoring in Brazilian samba. Ironically, the liner notes include all lyrics, though only "Passarim"



Dee Dee Bridgewater: flamboyant

and "One Note Samba" are in fleeting Portuguese; they'd better serve singers whose diction lacks Marano's clarity. Claudio Roditi (flugelhorn on Ivan Lins' supple "Love Dance"), Roger Kellaway and Gerry Mulligan (on originals) make cameos.

**Susannah McCorkle** has a furry, breathless, smiling way of singing that is inherently pleasing, a little like a young Anita O'Day. Some vocal quirks I find irresistible: emphatic sforzandos, a bare hint of germanic w-ing of r's ("bwother"). Less than endearing is her tendency to approximate pitch. Strong-side suits for Ms. McCorkle are excellent repertoire and super bands, once again in evidence on an album of love songs, *I'll Take Romance*

(Concord Jazz CCD-4491; 59:19: ★★★★★). Her band's well-oiled by experience (tough reedman Frank Wess), smooth playing (supple guitarist Howard Alden), and canny support (suavely brushing Keith Copeland).

**Vanessa Rubin** has put her best foot forward on her debut, *Soul Eyes* (Novus 01241-63127-2; 53:11: ★★★★★). Rubin's voice has the steely, bluesy edge of Dinah Washington, tempered with a warmer, golden substructure. She surrounds herself with a fine trio (Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee, Lewis Nash), canny producer Onaje Allen Gumbs, and shines at the mic. She adroitly negotiates the chromatic precipices of a Johnny Griffin ballad, confidently orbits the cosmos on Teri Thornton's "Voyager II," lets her gospel roots seep into "Willow Weep For Me," and generally has herself a ball.

**Carol Sloane**—cool as a cucumber salad and twice as refreshing—hasn't sung a trio session (stateside, at any rate) since her North Carolina period (1977). I like her fine with horns, but prefer her "neat": less distractions from her soothing, subtle, fine-tuned instrument. Sloane's *Heart's Desire* (Concord Jazz CCD-4503; 53:17: ★★★★★) leads us on a merry walk through a baker's dozen classics ("Them There Eyes," "September In The Rain") and not-so-classics (David Frishberg's title tune, Bob Dorough's "Devil May Care"). Yet a final touch is Sloane's first foray into art song: with Stefan Scaggiari's piano alone, she reads a touching rite of passage, lyrics by Chan Parker, music by Leonard Bernstein! (all reviewed on CD) **DB**

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**Tony Reedus**

**INCOGNITO**—enja 6058-2: *HOUSE CALL*; *INCOGNITO*; *GREEN CHIMNEYS*; *FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE*; *PROBIN*; *DREAMS*; *LAZY SNAKE*; *BYE BYE, BLACK BIRD*. (64:09)

**Personnel:** Reedus, drums; Gary Thomas, flute, tenor sax; Steve Nelson, vibraphone; Dave Holland, bass.

★★★★½

A seasoned player at 32, having put in time with Woody Shaw, Jackie McLean, Benny Golson, and Billy Taylor, among others, Reedus makes a bold statement as a leader on this powerful and provocative debut. From the first few bars of Geoff Keezer's tense "House Call," you can tell that this is no run-of-the-mill suit-and-tie session. Thomas and Nelson, one of the most strikingly original voices on vibes today, consistently make cutting-edge choices

in their solos while Holland and Reedus propel the music forward with their irrepressible drive.

Reedus exudes a loose, relaxed quality behind the kit. His swinging Papa Jo hi-hat work gooses the band on Monk's "Green Chimneys" and he gently colors the proceedings with brushes and sticks on "For Heaven's Sake" and the title track, both vehicles for Thomas' distinctive flute work. On his own ballad, "Dreams," Tony skates agilely around Holland's pulse while Thomas weaves his inside-outside spell on tenor.

The centerpiece of this exceptional album is the uptempo cooker, "Probin," composed by Reedus' uncle, pianist James Williams, who also produced the session. Holland's time is typically flawless and as the band drops out, the listener is able to savor the richness of his tone and the brilliance of his linear conception. Reedus sizzles the ride cymbal behind Holland's insistent walking as Thomas and Nelson engage in some urgent cat-and-mouse play. On his own unaccompanied solo here, Reedus takes an orchestral approach, letting his statements breathe rather than resorting to gut-busting pyrotechnics... the mark of a mature, musical drummer.

The date closes on an energized note with Reedus and Thomas going head to head in a fierce duet, using "Bye Bye, Black Bird" as a springboard into some *outré* territory. The sparks fly here as Tony, orchestrating like Max Roach on the kit, pushes Gary into some of his

strongest, most rhythmically charged playing on record. (reviewed on CD) —*Bill Milkowski*



**Louie Bellson**

**PEACEFUL THUNDER**—MusicMasters 01612-65074-2: *SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE*; *WALTZ FOR MIA*; *57TH ST. BLUES*; *ODE TO THE OBA*; *BASSO BRAVO*; *PEACEFUL THUNDER*; *VALENCIA*; *BRUSH STROKES*; *RAINBOW DREAMS*; *SHAVE-TAIL*; *3 P.M.*; *5½ WEEKS*; *SING A SONG OF LOVE*. (64:29)

**Personnel:** Bellson, drums; Ted Nash, tenor saxophone; Marvin Stamm, trumpet, flugelhorn; Derek Smith, piano, Fender Rhodes piano; Jay Leonhart, bass, Fender bass.

★★★★

If someone said, "Louie Bellson," I'd think, "fluidity." Here's a drummer, 50 years in jazz,

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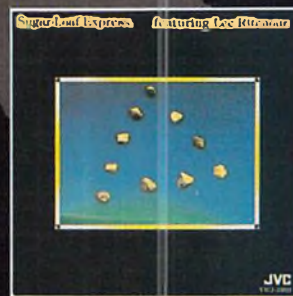
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who flows over his famous two-bass-drum set. The set is perfectly tuned, Bellson's formidable technique always clean, his taste impeccable, and a sense of excitement always ready to burst in. A swing drummer, he never sounds dated.

On *Peaceful Thunder* he has surrounded himself with sympathetic musicians; one can hear the Bellson ideals transmitted in their solos and ensemble work. Stamm, recently heard with the American Jazz Orchestra, plays clear, running lines with a balance of lyricism and more fiery elements. Nash's "57th St. Blues" shows one aspect of his method as he picks up odd notes from the Monkish melody and places them strategically in his solo. Nash, the tenor man with well-known musical relatives on the West Coast, is a supple swinger who combines the buoyancy of a Zoot Sims with the technical advancement of a John Coltrane. "Shave-Tail," trumpeter Charlie Shavers' "Rhythm" variant from the '40s, is a fine place to catch his apparent casualness and ability to stomp.

In the rhythm section, the feeling of swing is first and foremost. With Smith, there is chordal enlightenment and chops to turn your head. He even makes his personality shine on the normally deadening electric piano (e.g., Nash's "Waltz For Mia," Bellson's "Valencia," et al.). Leonhart is simply amazing, not so much for any virtuosic display but for clarity of expression (shades of the late George Duvi-

vier) and melodic direction. Bellson's "Basso Bravo" sums it up.

Note that Bellson wrote nine of the tunes and you'll get a feeling for this veteran's musical depth—they're true melodic vehicles. Then check out his solos—his long outing on his "Sing A Song Of Love," for example—and take a lesson in the art of climactic construction. (reviewed on CD)  
—Owen Cordle

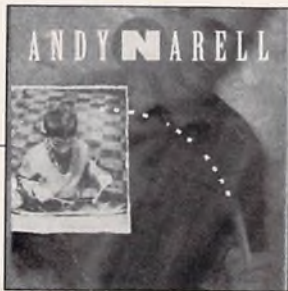
Erquiaga, guitars; Keith Jones, bass; Karl Perazzo, percussion; Paul Van Wageningen, drums.

★★★★

As a Pan Ambassador, Andy Narell has taken the steel drums places they hadn't previously been heard. On *Down The Road*, producer Narell has fused the music of Trinidad with American jazz and funk, and Latin music. It's a brightly melodic album—pan music is some of the happiest damn music there is, and this native New Yorker residing in the San Francisco Bay area captures the spirit well.

Narell and his Left Coast working band handle the different rhythmic currents with ease and flair. Erquiaga has been on board for over a decade (he's almost too invisible here) while bassist Jones and drummer Van Wageningen have also accompanied Narell for several years and breathe plenty of spirit into the sophisticated hop of "Kalinda." Percussionist Perazzo (Santana, Pete Escovedo, Sheila E) shows off some fine hands and ideas on the duet with Narell, "Open The Borders." Narell takes his time setting up the melody on "Disorderly Conduct" with a long, tasty journey around the pans. He does well as the only lead instrument, connecting solidly on solos and lead lines. And the mini-pan orchestras he creates on Vince Mendoza's "Green Ballet" help make this his most rounded and arguably best release yet. (reviewed on cassette)

—Robin Tolleson



### Andy Narell

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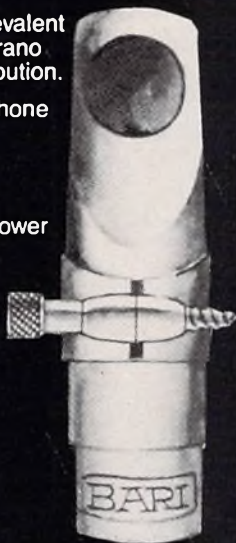
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## Murray's Beat

by Art Lange

**C**D bins are bulging with **David Murray's** output of the past few years; here's seven more. Fortunately, no two are exactly alike in group size, personnel, or personality.

From the Musique Actuelle Festival up Quebec way comes the fervent tenorman with longtime cohort Dave Burrell *In Concert* (Victo 016; 51:11; ★★★★★), which emphasizes the sentimental side of this saber-rattling duo. Pianist Burrell's "Teardrops For Jimmy" (Garrison) is a somber rubato theme that flows into a bittersweet waltz; his "Intuitively" is another fetching waltz, but they don't really add much to it. "Hope Scope," which we'll encounter again, is an expressionistic sketch that Murray colors with broad, free strokes. "Ballad For The Black Man" is this disc's highpoint, warm and richly romantic.

*The Offering* (Mapleshade 512933; 59:20: ★★★★★½) is actually under drummer Bobby Battle's leadership, but the music really only jolts to life when Murray makes an appearance. The trio numbers (Battle with Larry Willis' piano and Santi Debriano's bass) burn with a steady, if low, flame; the heat is turned up a notch for the title tune and Monk's "I Mean You." Willis' "Ballad For Frederick" elicits especially tender playing from its composer and Murray, who displays his great, expressive control of the tenor's lower register. (Actually all of the discs show how Murray has grown from a promising, sometimes unbridled, soloist into a mature, passionate, majestic player.) Nice, realistic sound, too.

Back under his own name, Murray teams up with Don Pullen on the Hammond B3 for a piquant program, *Shakill's Warrior* (DIW/Columbia 48963; 73:02: ★★★★★½). The combo (with guitarist Stanley Franks and exhilarating drummer Andrew Cyrille) explodes out of the box on the opener, "Blues For Savannah," and maintains high intensity throughout. Pullen's "Song From The Old Country" is an upbeat gem, as is his flamenco-tinged "At The Cafe Central." Cyrille's "High Priest" bubbles into a groove reminiscent of post-*Bitches Brew* Miles, and guitarist Franks gets to stretch a moment on Butch Morris' "Black February." Murray gets the chance to swashbuckle for a change, but it's Pullen's crisp, zealous organ work that energizes this disc.

Roy Haynes' drumming provides a much-needed spark on *Black & Black* (Red Baron 48852; 56:16: ★★★★★½), since the disc suffers from less-than-inspiring material. In fact, he needs to doubletime his tenor through most of "Cool" (written by producer Bob Thiele and Glenn Osser) just to stay awake. The title tune is an unimaginative blues by the same pair, and even "Duke's Place" is taken with a blue-jer hue than usual (and I don't understand how it took three "co-writers," Thiele among them, to turn Ellington's two-note "C Jam Blues" into "Duke's Place"); anyhow, it contains pianist Kirk Lightsey's best moments. Trumpeter Marcus Belgrave sits in, or rather, sprints with the others through Murray's wild "Head Out"—too bad he couldn't bring his finely-etched lines to the other tunes as well.

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DAVID GAHR

David Murray: slipping and sliding

Murray again fills the featured soloist role, this time on Theresa Brewer's *Softly I Swing* (Red Baron 48850; 50:18: ★★★— and they're all for the sidemen). The rhythm section (Kenny Barron, Ron Carter, and Grady Tate) is impeccable, Murray's on his best Websterish behavior, and the tunes are classics like "Misty" and "But Not For Me." Brewer's little-girl voice and coy phrasing may be an acquired taste . . . but not for me.

We're back on track with *Hope Scope* (Black Saint 120139-2; 43:53: ★★★★★), the most recent (well, 1987) release by Murray's high-flying Octet. The band really cooks and the material's first-rate. Trombonist Craig Harris contributes the rousing "Same Places, New Faces," and drummer Ralph Peterson, Jr. motors through his own sharp-edged "Thabo." Elsewhere, it's Murray's show. The title tune now receives a self-generating eight-part polyphony that allows what was a duo sketch to blossom like a landscape of wildflowers. "Lester" (for guess who) is lush and allows Murray to wax rhapsodic without mimicking Pres, while on "Ben" (for guess who) he's able to give his chromatics free rein as he slips and slides through the changes like a serpent. Here and there the wah-wah brass is delicious and the other soloists play with aplomb.

"Lester" and "Ben" return, along with "Paul Gonsalves" (utilizing an orchestrated version of his 1956 "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue" solo), on the new (last one was eight years ago) *David Murray Big Band* (DIW/ Columbia 48964; 71:22: ★★★★★). The triptych of tenor homages is an invigorating reassessment of Murray's roots, with an unavoidable touch of Ellington and Mingus in the orchestration. Nice solos sliced in by the likes of Hugh Ragin, Craig Harris, Don Byron, and James Spaulding, too. Butch Morris' "Calling Steve McCall," for the late AACM drummer, acts as a memorial coda. High spirits are represented by Harris' "Lovejoy," another sizzler with surprising interludes, while Murray's "Istanbul" is a fragrant whiff of exotic spices, and "David's Tune" swaggers in on a backbeat and a bad attitude. With Murray, Butch Morris, Muhl Richard Abrams, and Anthony Braxton all working so well in the large ensemble idiom, who says big bands are dead? **DB**

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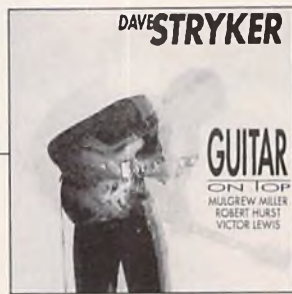




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**Dave Stryker**

**GUITAR ON TOP**—Ken 019: *VICTOR STRIKES; LISTEN TO YOUR HEART; GUITAR ON TOP; MATTHEW'S WALTZ; SOLID; GALAPAGOS; A TIME FOR LOVE; GOIN' TO NEW ORLEANS; NAKED CITY.* (62:59 minutes)

**Personnel:** Stryker, guitar; Mulgrew Miller, piano; Robert Hurst, bass; Victor Lewis, drums.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

**John Hart**

**TRUST**—Blue Note CDP 7 95206 2: *THE ARRIVAL; DRESSIN' UP THE JOHNSON; EMBRACEABLE YOU; WHAT DOES IT MEAN?; TRUST; THE EVOLUTION OF A JOKE; ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE; FORBIDDEN FRUIT; MICHAEL'S TURN.* (52:47)

**Personnel:** Hart, guitar; Michael Formanek, bass; Victor Lewis, drums.

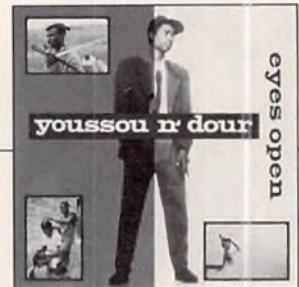
★ ★ ★

The money and the chicks may be in jazz-rock fusion (right Mr. Di Meola?), but these two guitarist-leaders use the hollow-body sound, and seem inspired by recent Scofield efforts as well as those by messrs. Pass, Ellis, and Hall. Hollow does not always mean mellow, as Stryker especially shows.

Stryker would be a great name for a drummer, but it also fits well for the way this guitarist lays into his original tunes here. There's a bit of Pat Martino in his double-time picking as the band gets busy on "Victor Strikes." Mulgrew Miller is a thinking-man's pianist—heads up—but more than that he can play with fierce emotion. Not to put down Stryker, but 'Grew doesn't get shown up by anybody. He ably punches out transitions that set up the leader, and when given the chance he lets go with some awesome flurries. Lewis is the common thread between these two releases, and his drums sing and chant. Stryker provides a colorful roadmap, proving himself with fine pointed playing on the straightahead stuff, some understated, tasty blues on Sonny Rollins' "Solid," and fluid control on the second-line feel of "Goin' To New Orleans."

John Hart comes flying out 'da gate on "The Arrival," but doesn't always make solid contact. There are times on *Trust* when the 30-year-old guitarist truly shines over some excellent bashing by Lewis and the dug-in bass work of Formanek, such as on "What Does It Mean?" Lewis has a little more space here, and "goes off" during a Hart vamp, executes some intense brushwork, and later blasts the toms with ferocity. Hart's playing is really exposed in this straightahead jazz trio context, and he'd have been well-served by a pianist with "big ears" like Miller. Hart's most impressive moment is during his guitar solo on "All The Things You Are." It's a flying excursion on which he accom-

panies himself on "bass" with the lower strings. Hart still has room to grow, and my guess is he'll continue to develop into a first-rate jazz player. (reviewed on CD) —Robin Tolleson



**Youssou N'Dour**

**EYES OPEN**—40 Acres and a Mule Musicworks/Columbia CT 48714: *NEW AFRICA; LIVE TELEVISION; NO MORE; COUNTRY BOY; HOPE; AFRICA REMEMBERS; COUPLE'S CHOICE; YO LE LE (FULANI GROOVE); SURVIVE; AM AM; MARIE-MADELEINE LA SAINT-LOUISIENNE; USELESS WEAPONS; THE SAME; THINGS UNSPOKEN.*

**Personnel:** N'Dour, lead vocals; Assane Thiam, talking drum; Babacar Faye, Senegalese percussion, vocals; Pape Oumar Ngom, rhythm guitar; Mamadou Mbaye, lead guitar; Habib Faye, bass guitar, keyboards; Ibrahim Cissé, Jean-Philippe Rykiel, keyboards; Fallilou Niang, drums; Seydou Norou Koite, Issa Cissokho, Charlie Lagono (1, 8, 10), saxes; Ousseynou Ndiaye, backing vocals; Lamine Faye, acoustic guitar (cut 3); Papa Moussa Tall, voice (14); Billy Congoma & the Sandial Assiko Band, percussion (5, 8); Ken Fradley, trumpet (1, 8, 10); Lee Robertson, trombone (1, 8, 10).

★ ★ ★ ★

Youssou N'Dour has taken matters into his own hands. Outside producers attempted to reinvent the griot as Senegal's answer to Peter Gabriel, and misunderstood the appeal of N'Dour's music. N'Dour produced *Eyes Open* in Dakar with his longtime band, the Super Étoile, and the result is truer to his conception of *mbalax* percussion music than anything he's recorded since *Nelson Mandela* (1985). This is dance music, and the drums and voice belong up front.

N'Dour is singing more and more in English, which doesn't sound like a compromise, and his socially, globally-conscious songwriting shows increasing confidence. The Super Étoile burns through up-tempo songs ("Am Am," "Yo Lé Lé") with multiple guitars, horns, and a percussion section led by Assane Thiam's tama (talking drum). Thiam and bassist Habib Faye are integral in articulating *mbalax* rhythms. Jean-Philippe Rykiel's keyboards fill in horn parts, mimic kora and kalimba, and otherwise stay out of the way. There are no guest shots by Western stars here. It's very much an African production.

*Mbalax* became a sensation in Africa because it built on traditional Wolof tribal rhythms, recycling Western pop structures and instruments. N'Dour understands that the rhythms are everything, and that *mbalax* should be fun. *Eyes Open* lets Youssou be Youssou. (reviewed on cassette) —Jon Andrews



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## Stompin' At The Apollo

by Jack Sohmer

To introduce its newly acquired Apollo Records catalog, Delmark wisely decided to begin with two items of above-average jazz interest and two others of appeal primarily to enthusiasts of postwar blues and r&b tenor. Like many other small labels that emerged in the mid-'40s, Apollo emanated from a record shop, this one near Harlem's then-thriving Apollo Theater. And though it was soon to become a wellspring of Gospel music, Apollo also had a jazz roster of proportionate quality, what with sessions by Coleman Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, Arnett Cobb, Georgie Auld, **Sir Charles Thompson**, and Dinah Washington.



Dinah Washington

Pianist/composer Thompson's *Takin' Off* (Delmark DD-450; 49:27: ★★★★★) presents three complete sessions, with unissued titles and takes from the last two. Of greatest interest, though, is the opening 1945 date, which begins with the title tune and proceeds through "If I Had You," "20th Century Blues," and "Street Beat," and features Buck Clayton, Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon, and a rhythm section spurred by top swing drummer J. C. Heard. Also in evidence on the 1947 bop-tinged sides that follow are Joe Newman, baritonists Leo Parker and Tate Houston, and, in surprisingly Bird-like solos on both takes of "Harlem Jump," swing altman Pete Brown.

Recorded in Los Angeles in 1945, shortly after she had left Hampton's band, **Dinah Washington's** 12 classic blues performances, which include "Rich Man's Blues," "My Voot Is Really Voot," "No Voot No Boot," and "My Lovin' Papa," are now available for the first time in one package. *Mellow Mama* (Delmark DD-451; 35:21: ★★★★★) would easily warrant the maximum rating if it had only been twice as long. For pure jazz fans, the best news is that the young, salty mama's accompaniment is provided by tenor great Lucky Thompson and a carefully assembled combo of then-L.A. residents, including Milt Jackson and Charlie

Mingus.

On *Honkers & Bar Walkers, Vol. 2* (Delmark DD-452; 59:52: ★★★★★), we hear some of the better, albeit lesser-known Jacquet-influenced tenormen of the early '50s. But however much such names as Willis Jackson and King Curtis may mean to r&b fans today, their counterparts, Morris Lane, Count Hastings, Bill Harvey, Charlie Ferguson, and Bobby Smith, were just as important in maintaining the tradition of the Texas tenor. Considerably closer to the source of the blues, though, is **Sunnyland Slim**.

*House Party* (Delmark DD-655; 41:33: ★★★★★), a 1949 Chicago-based survival of what had come up the river from the Delta some 30 years before. Of the fifteen tracks heard here, nine, including "Brown Skin Woman" and "That's All Right," are being issued for the first time; and though pianist/singer Slim is the nominal leader, variety in tonal sound is achieved through the alternating vocals of St. Louis Jimmy, pianist/blues harpist Willie Mabon, and guitarist Jimmy Rogers. (all reviewed on CD) **DB**

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## Barefoot

**DANCE OF LIFE**—Rhythm Safari CDL 57125: *FOOLIN' AROUND; AFTER HOURS; DANCING BAREFOOT; HEIGHTS OF ATACAMA; SOMETIMES; BIG RUTH; TANTRIC DANCE; LULLABY; ANDALUCIA.* (49:02)

**Personnel:** Steve Kindler, violin, synthesizers, guitar; Clay Henry, percussion, bass; Sulubika, flute; Peter Apfelbaum, Benno Brown, tenor sax; Kim Stone, bass; Bob Lipton, tuba; Quique Cruz, panpipes; Carlos Reyes, harp; Suliman el Coyote, ney, kanoun; Vicki Randall, Sheherizade Stone, Bobbi Cespedes, vocals; Isaac Epps, Suru Nej, Josh Jones, Peter Velasquez, Jr., Roger Paiz, Armando Mafuro, Linda Padilla, Brock Bradford, David Shiffman, percussion.

★ ★ ★ ½

## Flor De Caña

**DANCING ON THE WALL**—Flying Fish FF70577: *BAILANDO EN LA MURALLA; AZUCAR; EL DIA DEL PUEBLO; CANCION; DOG DAYS; CLEAR WATER; CANDOMBE MULATO; CARINITO; VIAJEHO DEL AMOR; MI SUPLICA; CHILE SIN CARNE; DANCING ON SHADOW.* (51:19)

**Personnel:** Rosemarie Straijer-Amador, lead vocals, bongo, percussion; Brian Folkins-Amador, guitar, vocals, percussion; Willie Sordillo, alto sax, cuatro, vocals, percussion; John de la Zerda, Eugenio Huanka, panpipes, cuatro; Laura Burns, bass, vocals; Eduardo Tancredi, keyboards, vocals; Hector Cancel, congas, percussion; Irving Cancel, bass; Sidnei Borgani, trombone; Andre Zollinger, trumpet; Carlos Cordova, percussion; Takaaki Masuko, drums.

★ ★ ★

These two ethnically diverse American world-music groups share a certain taste for Afro-Caribbean and Latin American sounds, but diverge along geographical and ideological lines. Flor De Caña, from Boston, are Latin folkies who lilt sugarcoated political messages over snap-crackle rhythms that go soggy in the bowl. Barefoot, from northern California, are new-age post-fusioners whose message is to kick off your shoes and hang loose. Both leave the hot peppers out of the salsa, but judging by Flor de Caña's strong showing on the world-beat charts, maybe that's how gringos like it.

Originally devoted to the music of Nicaragua, Flor De Caña have broadened their scope on *Dancing On The Wall* to include Cuban, Puerto Rican, Dominican, Brazilian, Uruguayan, Peruvian, Venezuelan, and French Antillean styles, together with their own jazz-tinged compositions. The mostly Spanish lyrics combine smiley-button morale boosting with social concern, and the music dilutes earthy dance forms with heavy doses of *nieva cancion*, the intellectual folk-pop of the Hispanic

left. Singer Rosemarie Straijer-Amador is all sweetness and sunshine but so short on grit, she makes Gloria Estefan sound like Celia Cruz. Still, the roots music of half a hemisphere is resilient enough to withstand Weavers-style popularization.

Co-led by former Mahavishnu violinist Steve Kindler and percussionist Clay Henry, Barefoot jams light and lively on *Dance Of Life*, a set of free-form originals blending Caribbean, African, South American, and Asian colors. The focus is instrumental, with Kindler plucking

zithery pizzicato fiddle or painting moody synth textures while Henry propels a shifting drum corps on a laid-back global cruise. Hieroglyphics Ensemble saxophonist Peter Apfelbaum's muscular blues and flutist Sulubika's serene airs slip smoothly around the continents without seeming quite at home in any. The group's high-spirited eclecticism sweeps too wide to cut deep, but the Cuban-flavored, soul-seasoned vocal track, "Dancing Barefoot," makes you want to do just that. (reviewed on CD)

—Larry Birnbaum

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**Kevin Eubanks**

**TURNING POINT**—Blue Note CDP 7 98170: *TURNING POINT; AFTERMATH; INITIATION; NEW WORLD ORDER; COLORS OF ONE; SPIRAL WAYS; FREEDOM CHILD; ON MY WAY TO PARADISE; LINGERING DESTINY.*

**Personnel:** Eubanks, electric, acoustic guitars; Kent Jordan, flute; Dave Holland, bass (cuts 1-3, 6); Charnett Moffett, bass (4, 5, 7, 8); Marvin "Smitty" Smith, drums (1-3, 6); Mark Mondesir, drums (4, 5, 7, 8).

★★★★

After a promising start in the early '80s, Eubanks began flirting with a more commercial direction on his last few GRP albums. He's back on the right track with *Turning Point*, an uncompromising Blue Note debut.

Eubanks is after a warmer tone these days

and, in fact, plays acoustic guitar on most of the cuts here. He still possesses mind-boggling technique ("Turning Point," "New World Order") but seems to temper the frightening chops with a more mature, composerly attitude, particularly on ballads like "Aftermath" and "Colors Of One," both vehicles for Kent Jordan's flute. The blend of acoustic guitar and flute running brisk, elegant unison lines on "Initiation" brings to mind John McLaughlin's subdued burn on *Beio Horizonte* while Kevin's trademark thumb-and-fingers grooving on "Freedom Child" provides the earthiest moments. His funky, jagged comping here suggests a Jimmy Nolen with Monk's sense of phrasing.

The special chemistry between Kevin's popping-and-burning guitar work, Dave Holland's propulsive bass lines, and Smitty Smith's crisp drumming (they've been working together for the past year in Holland's quartet) is highlighted on the odd-metered swing of "Spiral Ways," which also features an extended Holland solo. Kevin's own solo on the moody "On My Way To Paradise," with a few Wes-styled octaves thrown in for good measure, is darker and farther out than anything he's dared in years. That tune, and the general tone of this highly personal project, suggest a bold new direction for the gifted guitarist. And a welcome move it is. (reviewed on cassette)

—Bill Milkowski



**Gospel Hummingbirds**

**STIPPIN' OUT**—Blind Pig BP74691: *THAT SAME THING; DON'T LET THE DEVIL RIDE; DON'T MOVE THE MOUNTAIN; CHANGE; JUDGMENT DAY; STEP OUT; HE'LL BE YOUR FRIEND; HERE I AM; SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT; AIN'T NOBODY'S BUSINESS; SAFETY ZONE; ANY DAY.* (48:00)



**Personnel:** Roy Tyler, lead vocals; Clarence Nichols, background vocals, lead vocals (cuts 2, 7, 9); Joe Thomas, first-tenor vocals, rhythm guitar, bass guitar, lead guitar (6); James Gibson, Jr., tenor and baritone vocals; Josh Lowery, first- and second-tenor and baritone vocals; Jimmy Pugh, keyboards; Kevin Hayes, drums; Tim Kaihatsu, lead guitar (2, 8); Steve Ehrmann, bass (4, 8, 10, 12).

★★★★ 1/2

Most of the best r&b soul singers got their starts in the black church choir. Some were forced to abandon gospel because of perceived contradictions between the sacred and secular while others settled into the practical side of a devotion to music, eschewing the pulpit for the bucks and larger audiences. Then, of course, there were the career gospel singers who rarely ranged far from church settings. What's extraordinary about the Gospel Hummingbirds is that they have managed to carve a niche in both worlds, singing their impeccable and ebullient vocal harmonies in neighborhood churches as well as concert halls, blues festivals, and smoky clubs.

The Oakland quintet has been rocking Bay Area churches for the past two decades and over the last four years has garnered fans in pop and r&b quartets thanks to background vocal gigs with Huey Lewis and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. On its third album and first for Blind Pig, the Gospel Hummingbirds deliver a spiritually-charged, jubilantly rhythmic collection of Christo-Afrocentric tunes that both unashamedly testify to the Lord and exuberantly rock the house.

The lead-off number, "That Same Thing," gets church time soaring with its sweet vocals and energetic rocking beat; "Judgment Day" lifts off into the ecstatic rhythm & gospel zone with heavenly falsetto vocal flights; and "Safety Zone" cools the proceedings down momentarily with its jazz tones. There's also a spine-tingling arrangement of the traditional "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and a soul stirrer ("Change") that's as moving as anything in the Stax catalog. The omnipresent groove is supplied by Robert Cray's rhythm section, including impressive keyboardist Jimmy Pugh, who co-produced the album with singer/songwriter Bonnie Hayes. This is a must-listen for those folks who still equate heavenly music with

	
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harp and wings. (reviewed on CD)

—Dan Ouellette



**Joey Calderazzo**

**TO KNOW ONE**—Blue Note CDP 7 98165: *FIRST IMPRESSIONS; CALDO'S REVENGE; SONG FOR PELOPE; FIELD OF BLUES; SECOND THOUGHTS; SEE SAW; SPLURGE; TO KNOW ONE; DEXTER; THE CODE; REPRISE.* (66:36)

**Personnel:** Calderazzo, piano; Jack DeJohnette, drums; Dave Holland, bass; Jerry Bergonzi, tenor saxophone (cuts 2, 5, 7, 9, 10); Branford Marsalis, soprano, tenor saxes (3, 4, 6).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

At the ripe old age of 27, pianist Joey Calde-

razzo qualifies as one of the front runners of the current young lions set (see **DB** June '92). He has his historical sites set on the proper archival era—the post- and hard-bop heyday—and a monstrous, look-Ma-no-hands technical aplomb.

On his second album for Blue Note, Calderazzo has a band to die for. As producer and a sensitive conversationalist in the rhythm section, DeJohnette shines brightly, providing, with Holland, a constantly changing, challenging support system for Calderazzo's flights. Compositionally, the leader's material still trails at several paces behind his playing. It is Holland who offers up the album's highlight—his sly, serpentine medium-tempo tune "Second Thoughts."

But the focus is less on written notes than fluid energy. On the briskly hard-bopping tune "The Code," the flame is amply stoked by Calderazzo, Bergonzi, Holland, and especially DeJohnette, who lays down one of his elegant seismic onslaughts too rarely captured on record. "Field Of Blues" features a flowing tête-à-tête between Calderazzo and Marsalis, capped off with the quirky five-note motif that passes for a theme.

Here and elsewhere on the album, the proof is in the playing, at once fiery and measured, interactive and singular. Young lions stake out their own turf. To know one is to be dazzled, if not consistently seduced... yet. (reviewed on CD)  
—Josef Woodard



**Márta Sebestyén**

**APOCRYPHA**—Hannibal HNCD 1368: *TAVASZ TAVASZ; A PIAC KOZEPÉN; ZUGADÓZ AZ ERDŐ; ANDRÁS; BETLEHEM, BETLEHEM; NE MENJ, SZIVEM; HEGYEN-VOLGYON; APOKRIF; SZERELEM, SZERELEM; ELMÉNT AZ ÉN ROZSAM.* (47:16)

**Personnel:** Sebestyén, lead vocals; Károly Cserepes, synthesizers, flutes; Tibor Donázi, drums, percussion; János Hasur, violin; Szabolcs Szorányi, acoustic bass; Mihály Huszár, electric bass; Ferenc Kiss, recorder; László Hortobágyi, percussion; Anna Cserepes, Levente Szörányi, backing vocals.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

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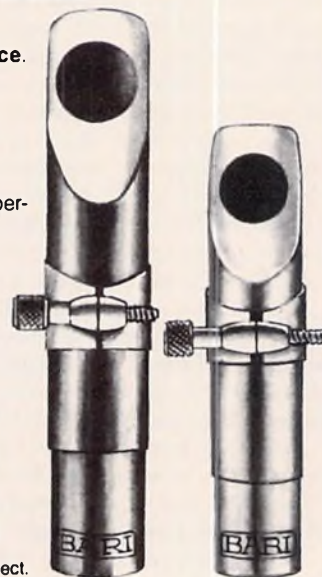
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ble Muzsikás) and her collaborator, synthesist Károly Cserepes, update traditional themes with innovative arrangements, resulting in a kind of 21st-century folk music.

*Apocrypha* draws you in with the combination of Sebestyén's exotic singing style and Cserepes' imaginative arrangements. Sebestyén's voice has a sharpness and vaguely "Middle-Eastern" resonance, comparable to the sound of the more familiar Bulgarian Women's Choir (recorded as *Le Mystere des Voix Bulgares*), a likely result of the early influence of Turkish music across the region. Cserepes favors sequencers and tuned electronic percussion. His recipe for postmodern folk tunes starts with traditional melodies, adding percolating rhythm beds, and garnishing with wooden flutes, percussion, gypsy violin, and a little paprika.

The songs are drawn from three albums devoted to themes of the holiday season of Christmas (only the lyric sheet gives it away), failed romance, and emigration. Sebestyén sings these tales of separation, longing, and loss with a mixture of yearning and disappointment. Cserepes' bubbly, lively accompaniments occasionally conflict with those sentiments, as with "Andras," a funeral song with a jaunty, almost danceable beat. (reviewed on CD) —Jon Andrews



## John Scofield

**GRACE UNDER PRESSURE**—Blue Note B4-98167: *YOU BET*; *GRACE UNDER PRESSURE*; *HONEST I DO*; *SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE*; *TWANG*; *PAT ME*; *PRETTY OUT*; *BILL ME*; *SAME AXE*; *UNIQUE NEW YORK*. (61:47)

**Personnel:** Scofield, electric guitar; Bill Frisell, electric, acoustic guitars; Charlie Haden, acoustic bass; Joey Baron, drums; Randy Brecker, flugelhorn (cuts 3, 5, 6, 8, 10); John Clark, french horn (3, 5, 6, 8, 10); Jim Pugh, trombone (3, 5, 6, 8, 10).

★★★★

Scofield and Frisell have a curious chemistry. Their styles on the same instrument are so distinctive and different that they complement each other well, a quality best exemplified by the aptly-titled "Same Axe." Scofield, with his warmer tone and flowing legato phrasing, is the hard driver of this tandem. Frisell, with his spikey distortion tones and slashing attack, is the subversive secret weapon here. Each also influences the other's playing to a certain degree. Sco brings out an earthy quality in Frisell's playing while Bill seems to tweak the sonic renegade in Scofield.

They enjoyed some great moments together in the context of Bass Desires, an ECM co-op band with bassist Marc Johnson and drummer Peter Erskine sharing the composing credits. On *Grace Under Pressure*, which is shaped by the highly interactive rhythm section of Charlie Haden and Joey Baron, an inspired pairing, the proceedings take on more of Scofield's personality.

Left to his own devices, Scofield loves to bend strings, stroll a lazy second-line groove, burn on uptempo bebop heads, and sing luscious ballads with a sensitive fingerstyle approach to chordal melodies. He gets his new New Orleans ya-yas out on "You Bet" and "Twang," throws down some nasty funk on "Bill Me," and conducts a chordal melody clinic on

the lovely ballad "Honest I Do." The title track, with its blazing bebop head reminiscent of Bird's "Thriving On A Riff," is an uptempo jam that allows for some audacious stretching by the two guitar heroes. But the most outrageous moments come on "Pretty Out," a piece that slowly evolves into an inspired bit of free playing, nudged into the ozone by Haden's pedaling bass work.

Bill and John swing fiercely on "Scenes From A Marriage," and on the closing ballad, "Unique New York," underscored by Baron's sublime brushwork, Frisell's gentle acoustic comping makes a perfect foil for Sco's liquid lines. The only hollow note here is the blatantly cheery "Pat Me" (a reference to Pat Metheny, perhaps?). The rest of this two-guitar show

## Modes of transportation: Maarten Altena's *Cities & Streets*

One of music's greatest powers is to transport listeners, even those with marginal attentiveness. It is quite distinct from music's ability to undam deep emotions, to trigger mental acuity, and to buffer pain. It is music's most discrete power. It is a common experience. You are sitting at a concert, in your home, or in your automobile, listening to music. You may be engrossed by what you're hearing, or you may even be thinking of something else—food, money, sports... Suddenly, you're somewhere else. Nowhere even vaguely familiar. Somewhere else altogether. Foreign. Strange. Inscrutable.

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Maarten Altena's recordings always incite such unscheduled excursions, and *Cities & Streets* is no exception.

Altena composes surprises, subversions, and sleights of hand. His ensemble is comprised of impish improvisors. So, there's little chance of you remaining where you are for the entirety of this program.

A sensibility like Altena's, one that encompasses discontinuity,

indeterminacy, precision, allusion, banality, and beauty, is some-

what analogous to the street

that stretches through

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industrial, and

residential

sections of a city.

It is the same street

in name only, but its

name, and its naming

is enough for a coherent identity. *Cities & Streets* is an hour of such designations... but, this takes us somewhere else altogether.

Bill Sivoemaker, March 1991

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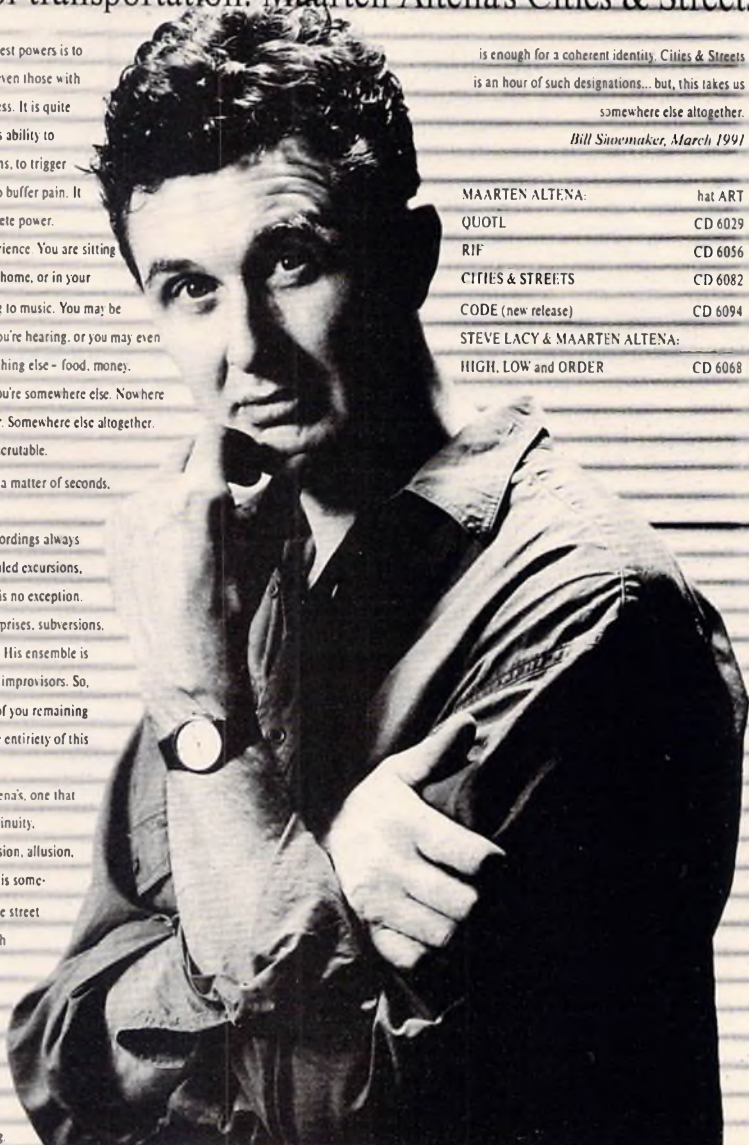


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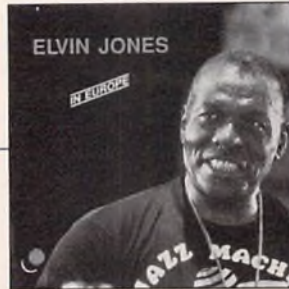
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soars triumphantly. (reviewed on cassette)  
—Bill Milkowski



**Elvin Jones**

**IN EUROPE**—enja R2 79675: *RAY; DOLL OF THE BRIDE; ISLAND BIRDIE*. (63:30)

**Personnel:** Jones, drums; Sonny Fortune, tenor saxophone, flute; Ravi Coltrane, tenor, soprano saxophones; Willie Pickens, piano; Chip Jackson, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Recently, Dewey and Josh Redman, and now John and Ravi Coltrane invite comparison, and we are relieved to find how little the sons sound

like the fathers. (They may as they age, but first things first.) Though many players of Ravi Coltrane's generation sound, willy-nilly, like his father, Ravi himself, an infant when his father died, does not particularly.

Ravi Coltrane makes his recording debut with his father's staunch, former drummer, Elvin Jones. Ravi, to his credit, has a fine, sturdy sound on tenor. His soprano—tart and reedy—needs reining in, as his fingers do the talking on "Island Birdie." On both horns he has a sense of tale-telling; remark his sinuous solo on "Ray."

Music is people, or, for Elvin Jones, extended family. Set tunes here are by his late brother Thad ("Ray"), his wife Keiko's arrangement of an ancient Japanese wedding melody ("Doll Of The Bride"), and a lively calypso by Trane brother McCoy Tyner ("Island Birdie"). The live date (Vilshofen, Germany, 6/91) commands interest: balanced horn textures, rich material (sprightly blues, variegated suite, cheerful calypso), top-notch solos ("Ray" solos spin a continuous thread, Pickens shining especially) all add up to a stunning performance. Sonny Fortune continues to expand and amaze: the veteran opens "Doll" with C flute startlingly like shakuhachi. Great music, for this—and the next—generation. (reviewed on CD)

—Fred Bouchard

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**Who's Russian Now?**

by Art Lange

The indefatigable record producer Leo Feigin has devoted a large part of his life to issuing discs of music from what until recently was called the Soviet Union; last years' eight-CD anthology, *Document: New Music From Russia* (Leo 801-808), and most of the considerable Leo Records catalog have helped introduce to the rest of the world a nationful of artists of widely varying stylistic endeavors. In 1989, the Zurich Jazz Festival honored them by hosting a week's worth of these worthy, if not world-renown, musicians, and excerpts of these concerts can now be heard on the four-CD *Conspiracy: Soviet Jazz Festival, Zurich 1989* (Leo CD 809-12; 74:26/72:30/74:19/74:49: ★★★★★).

Of course, the Zurich festival took place before the breakup of the Soviet Union. In the set's eye-catching booklet, however, Feigin asks some timely questions, primarily, in what directions will jazz in the Russias now go? After all, in much of the music which Leo Records has documented, art and politics are inextricably woven. And you can hear it here, too; perhaps most plainly in the sprawling 36-minute "Zurich Suite" by the **Jazz Group Arkhangelsk**, which, loaded with satire and irony, surveys an almost endless soundscape of social, cultural, and political references—from what sounds like a mournful Russian folk tune to a hammy version of "When The Saints Go Marching In" to bird calls and an AEC-ish episode in sonorities, intercut with operatic



Vladimir Tarasov

tapes and authoritarian (sometimes military) echoes.

But if much of this music is motivated by protest, there is an even stronger sense of cultural pride in evidence. In fact, though it was titled a "Soviet Jazz Festival," I hesitate to call it jazz, simply because it isn't based on the song forms or blues tonalities of the American tradition (though they can use them, and parody them, at will). Rather, what is particularly noteworthy about this music is its innate local character (I can't call it "Russian" since the musicians come from such distant geograph-



ical areas as Siberia, Lithuania, Moldavia, and Azerbaijan). Local folk musics inspire and nurture nearly everything here in one way or another, whether it's the satiric trumpet/bass/vocals of the **Leningrad Duo**; the jaw harp, violin, and humming adding to the icy, static textures of the **Snow Children**; or **Aziza Mustafe-Zade's** exotic modes and micro-tonal scat, with piano and hand drumming, for a wild Indo-Azerbaijani bop.

Listening to the music as music, my interest level varied. Least intriguing were the inventory of piano styles, from Keith Jarrett to Cecil Taylor, invoked by **Yuri Kuznetsov** (Slava Ganelin's compositional sensibility allowed him to sustain a much longer keyboard drama); the sentimental shtick of **Misha Alperin**, alone and in duet with **Arkady Shilkloper**;



Vladimir Chekasin

and **Valentina Ponomareva's** vocal gibberish. Too, a lot of reedman **Vladimir Chekasin's** quartet set must have included vaudevillian stage antics, which don't translate well to disc. In more conventional terms, Western listeners will probably latch on to **Anatoly Vapirov's** beefy tenor sax, which stands out in both a trio with percussionist **Vladimir Tarasov** and bassist **Askhat Sayfoolin** and his own romping big band.

But don't listen for familiar jazz touchstones—that's not what this music is about, and that's why the "stars" I've given aren't so much based on the music as the documentation. Listening to *Conspiracy* is like peeking through a keyhole into an upside-down wonderland . . . and you can't get there from here. (reviewed on CD) **DB**

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### New Klezmer Trio

**MASKS & FACES**—Nine Winds 0144: *CARD-BOARD FACTORY; HOT AND COLD; REBBE'S MEAL; UP; WASHING MACHINE SONG; GALICIAN; MASKS AND FACES; HAPHAZARD; BITONAL SONG; THE GATE.* (53:49)

**Personnel:** Ben Goldberg, clarinet, bass clarinet; Dan Seamans, bass; Kenny Wollesen, drums.

★★★★

Who says a klezmer band can't play avant garde? Though the klezmer revival of the '80s was something of a trad affair, Don Byron's Micky Katz project and this Californian threesome are expanding the horizon of yiddish jazz. Indeed, this may be the closest thing yet to a free-klez group, and they pull it off without being cute or conceptually contrived. Rather than force together two unlike modes of music-making, New Klezmer Trio capitalizes on what the musics have in common, using the shared elements of two traditions: klezmer and free-jazz.

Steeped in history, the group reworks klez classics like "Rebbe's Meal," "Galician" and "Washing Machine Song," and harvests age-old ideas and techniques—from trilling and glissing, to Middle Eastern modalities and the temporally fluid *doina*. Meanwhile, Wollesen's exuberant but orderly drumming catalyzes loose, at times open improvising, the melodic end of which is confidently handled by the buoyant clarinetist Goldberg. Bassist Seamans contributes one of several original compositions, the gentle "Up," a somber study in klezmer sonorities. At the end of Goldberg's "The Gate," he uncorks a screamly arco agitation, switching roles with the reedman who takes the low road on bass clarinet. Free-jazz fans will find New Klezmer Trio an adventurous listen and klezmer freaks should take note of their new path. For lovers of either tradition, *Masks & Faces* is a truly tasty and substantial nosh. (reviewed on CD) —John Corbett

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## 1 Dr. Michael White

"Lord, Lord, Lord" (from *NEW YEAR'S AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD, Antilles*) White, clarinet; Wendell Brunious, Wynton Marsalls, trumpets.

I have no idea who it is. I know they're young and they're from New Orleans. It sounds like something Wynton might do. I like that type of music really a lot, but I don't really like imitation anything. It's nice, but I don't get any real feeling. It sounds correct, but when people do that clone music, the whole creative spirit of the music is lost.

Even though it's correct, and it sounds nice, and you can smile and dance to it, it doesn't have that feeling of urgency, that feeling that it's being created by the people that really made that style happen. The trumpet player is playing every lick he's probably ever heard those cats play, but it's not real. And to be real in that period for me, you don't try to be exact. You try to play that bag the way you feel it, instead of trying to play every little dixieland lick; then you can make it happen.

BS: How would you rate this?

LB: I don't give clones shit! Sorry.

## 2 George Adams

"Better Get Hit In Yo' Soul" (from *OLD FEELING, Blue Note*) Adams, tenor saxophone; Hannibal Marvin Peterson, trumpet; Charles Mingus, composer.

It takes about 5/100ths of a second to recognize Mingus' music, but it's not Mingus playing. It's probably the Mingus Dynasty. I'm not too much into this repertory sort of thing, but I like this much better than the last one. I think it might be Jack Walrath on trumpet, but, whoever it is, he's playing it his way; same with the saxophone player—it's probably George Adams. I can hear that they did more than just duplicate what Mingus did. I can feel the energy they put into it. The trumpet player is not playing what Ted Curson played, but something new and original. That kind of thing I can appreciate. I'd give it 3 stars. . . . That's Hannibal Marvin Peterson? At first, I thought it was a bit adventurous for Jack Walrath, even though Jack is a fine trumpet player. I think Mingus would have appreciated the way they did that. Mingus would not appreciate someone playing him note-for-note. Make that 4 stars.

## 3 John Carter & Bobby Bradford

## LESTER BOWIE

by Bill Shoemaker

Lester Bowie has worn a lot of hats lately, in addition to his boss trumpeter chapeau. He was commissioned by District Curators Multiworks Program to collaborate with choreographer Blondell Cummings in Washington, D.C. on Act II of *For J.B.*, a multimedia distillation of the life of late-entertainer Josephine Baker. A residency as guest soloist of the Norwegian Brass Ensemble ensued, followed by back-to-back tours leading his own Brass Fantasy and New York Organ Ensemble.

There has also been a recent flurry of recordings featuring Bowie. The Art Ensemble of Chicago's *Dreaming Of The Masters Series* (DIW) continues, with their collaborative tribute to Monk with Cecil Taylor, and a forthcoming Coltrane tribute. His Organ Ensemble is featured on *Funky T, Cool T And The Organizer* (on Japanese DIW). And there's the CD



reissues of *All The Magic* and Brass Fantasy's *Avant Pop*, both on ECM. This was Bowie's second Blindfold Test. He was given no prior information about the recordings.

"Song For The Unsung" (from *SEEKING, hat ART*) Carter, tenor saxophone; Bradford, composer, trumpet.

I'm not really sure who it is, because they haven't developed so much to be really distinctive, stylistically. Sounds like it could be Bobby Bradford, but, whoever it is, he's a good trumpet player. He's very thoughtful. The composition's very thoughtful. It's got the moves. You know, when people talk about going out, it doesn't mean just being out; it means you still have to think on an advanced scale. This is an example of that. The trumpet player is not sitting back on his laurels; he knows how to play. He's a good bebop player, too; you can hear that immediately in what he does. But, he's chosen to extend that, which I can appreciate. It sounds a lot like Bobby Bradford. I'd give it 4 stars.

BS: It's Bradford with John Carter on tenor. I knew if Carter was playing clarinet . . .

LB: I'd know it right away. I was saying to myself, "It sounds like Bobby, but where's John?" I don't know too many cats who play that well who choose to extend. Usually, when musicians start out to learn all the licks and all the songs, they stop right there. And nowadays, you can learn that stuff in high school. And they play that for the rest of their lives. But Bobby has chosen to keep on going, and he's always been an inspiration to me.

## 4 Wallace Roney

"Donna Lee" (from *OBSESSION, Muse*) Roney, trumpet; Charlie Parker, composer.

He's got those Miles notes in there. He's got 'em down. I'd go with Red Rodney, but it's a recent recording. It sounds like someone of that period playing recently. It's well done, but . . . my feelings about playing a period are hard to describe. I mean, they're trying, but it really doesn't come off for me. I liked the trumpet player, the things he was doing, mixing in those Miles notes. It sounded like a modern bebopper, assimilating some mannerisms and colloquialisms of the younger cats. I would say 3 stars. . . . Wallace Roney? Oh, Lord. In that case, make it 1. Wallace is another one of the younger players who are extremely talented, but . . . I don't know what they're afraid of. It seems as though they're afraid to live their own lives. It comes off like they think they're doing something within the bounds of acceptability and they can get a little play, like articles in *Down Beat*, by doing that. They're extremely talented; Wallace can play his ass off; Wynton, Terence Blanchard, Roy Hargrove, this guy Nathan Breedlove, Ron Howard in Chicago. But, they're going to have to understand that they have to take their talent and be themselves, because when you play jazz, you come off as what you are. DB