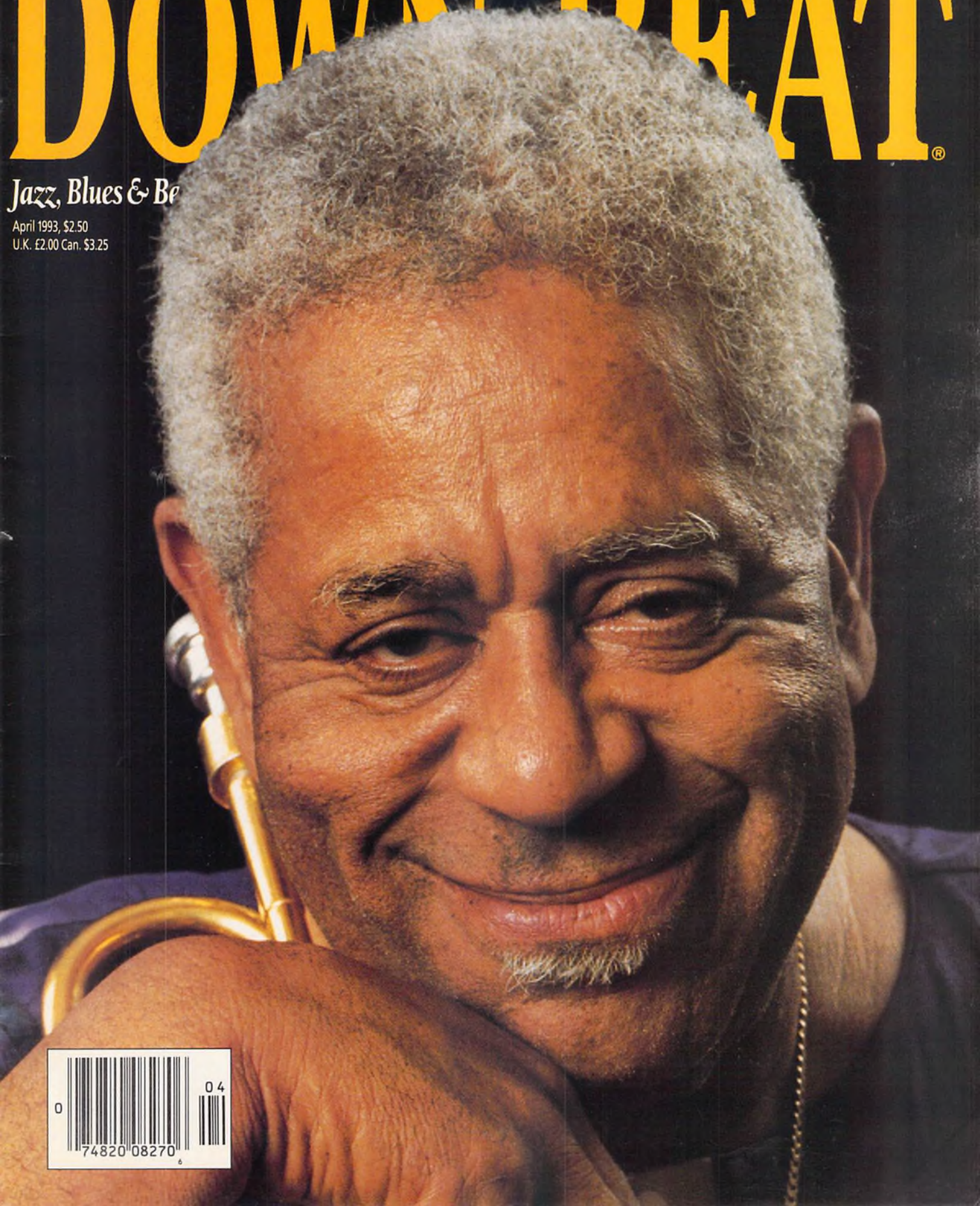


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Remembering Dizzy

By John McDonough

■ If you ever wanted to send Dizzy Gillespie a Christmas or birthday card, his address was a cinch to remember. All you had to scribble was "Diz, 07631." The post office always knew just what to do.

That was the nature of the fame commanded by the reigning monarch of the Land of Oo-Bla-Dee. In the last decade of his life, he had become the most recognizable single personification of jazz since Louis Armstrong. More than that even, he reached beyond that insular world and became an emblem of Americana, beloved the world over. By the time Gillespie reached 70 in 1987, his birthdays began to take on the kind of significance that gave each performance a sense of occasion. As dignitaries toasted his years with champagne, Gillespie, a Baha'i who took his faith seriously and drank no alcohol, toasted back with a swig of Perrier.

Traveling with a large entourage of musicians and friends aboard the American Zephyr to Washington, D.C., for a birthday tribute at Wolf Trap in 1987, he told a *Time* reporter that he had no intention of retiring because "jazz is a hundredfold more popular now than it was when I was younger."

I don't think he was right about that. Jazz was not all that popular by '87. But I think I understood why it might have seemed that way to him. Because whatever popularity remained, far fewer stars of Gillespie's magnitude remained to share it. Ellington, Basie, and Goodman—excepting Miles, the only ones who had a comparable claim to a general public awareness—had all died. With the death of Dizzy Gillespie, America may have seen the last obituary of a jazz

musician to appear on the front page of *The New York Times*.

People who didn't know "A Night In Tunisia" from "A Night At The Opera" still knew Gillespie and his tilted trumpet, if not from any record then from a turn on *The Tonight Show* or *The Cosby Show*. His persona transcended jazz without disassociating from it. In the last years of his life the biggest bopper of them all lived to see his original musical values largely vindicated and restored by a new generation of whiz-bang wunderkinds (Jon Faddis, Wynton Marsalis, et al.) who were willing to be considered his spiritual proteges. He went out, as much as ever, the quintessential modern-jazz musician.

No musician ever roamed the world with a more open musical mind or with fewer musical prejudices about what his music should be. Unlike fans and critics, who prefer purity of form, Gillespie was ready to mix and match anything that moved or excited him. This curiosity led him into the world of Cuban and Brazilian music. It takes nothing away from Gillespie to note that Ellington had already broken ground in this fusion when Juan Tizol began contributing original pieces like "Caravan" as early as 1936. Also, a flurry of Latin tunes had saturated the pop charts in the early '40s when ASCAP banned its licensed music from radio and BMI (a creation of the networks) was forced to search out fresh songwriting sources. But Gillespie's influences came in 1947 from a decidedly more indigenous source—Cuban drummer Chano Pozo. The man who made the introduction was Mario Bauza, with whom Gillespie had played in the 1940 Cab Calloway band.

"Out of the blue sky Dizzy came running to me," Bauza, now 82, recalled recently, "and said he had a chance to play at a big concert hall. But he didn't know what to play. I was working with Machito, so I say why not play my music. He say he didn't know the rhythm. I tell him a fellow just come to town who is the greatest conga player in Cuba—Chano Pozo. We went right then to Pozo's house and he play 'Manteca.' That was that."

Gillespie's diversions into other realms, however, never supplanted his most seminal achievement, which was to help define the fundamental revisions of jazz grammar that

Dizzy at work, from top left, teaching French children the first thing about playing the trumpet; at play with Al Grey; admiring a trumpet at his last public appearance, backstage at the Tarrytown (N.Y.) Music Hall with James Moody, Paquito D'Rivera, and Jon Faddis.



became bebop. But modernism had become more than a matter of musical grammar by the mid-'40s, when Gillespie emerged reborn after the musicians-union recording ban blotted out a large chunk of early bop. Jazz took on three new trademarks through bop, all of them controversial: intricate, buzz-saw rhythms; startling, unorthodox harmonies; and a sense of itself as a closed culture where only the hip were invited in and the squares could take a hike. Bop was a music that belonged preeminently to its musicians, not its audiences. It was this very attitude of indifference that caught the public's fancy in the late '40s. Though musicians played in business suits, bop's secret idioms and sassy disregard for bourgeois values fascinated, and infuriated, millions. Briefly at least.

Gillespie, however, found no glory in insularity. He became bop's ambassador and emissary to the outside world. He was a source and symbol of bop, both as art and commerce. His trumpet solos were machine-gun fast, with precision phrasings full of 100mph U-turns. They blasted new trails through chestnuts such as "I Got Rhythm" (a.k.a., "Thrivin' On A Riff" and "Anthropology"), "What Is This Thing Called Love" ("Hot House"), and "Whispering" ("Groovin' High"), not to mention the blues. No register of the trumpet was beyond his reach. High notes had been the Holy Grail of many trumpeters ever since Louis Armstrong had built magisterial arias on long, sustained high notes ("Tight Like This," "West End Blues"). But Gillespie raised the ante not only by hitting those notes more cleanly but chopping them up and maneuvering them with unprecedented agility. His ability to control elaborate, often iconoclastic improvisations in the upper register helped set the outer limits of jazz virtuosity, limits Gillespie could no longer meet in his later years but which were not to be significantly extended by subsequent generations. All this was Gillespie the artist.

If the artist rebelled against the orderliness of swing, then the performer rebelled with equal force against bop's own isolating elitism. Part musician, part actor, Gillespie courted audiences, never suffered them. Like Armstrong, he mugged, sang, posed, danced, and joked. But whereas Armstrong had worn a carefree, compliant, country-boy mask for his general audiences, Gillespie projected a clever, urbane undercurrent of intelligence that seemed to mock everyone, including himself. Coming from a black performer in the late '40s, it was disarming. To a few, perhaps, it was vaguely threatening, although his whimsy was so oblique that the sense of threat was hard to specify.

He had an original look and lingo to match his original attitude. A goatee underlined an expressive mouth that could project friendliness one minute, a sly, knowing irony the next. His horn-rimmed glasses, rakish beret, and cigarette holder were irresistibly photogenic. A *Life* magazine story on bebop (Oct. 11, 1948) was devoted entirely to Gillespie. He created, then chuckled at his own image with put-ons inside of double put-ons.

In a series of four *Life* photos with Benny Carter, for instance, Dizzy demonstrated how "hipsters" greet each other. "Bells, man," says Gillespie to Carter in picture 1, "where you been?" In picture 2 they exchange the flatted-fifth sign—a high-five with one hand, the other hand flat below it. In photo 3, they shout "Eel-ya-dah," evidently some kind of bop code word. And in picture 4, the ritual ends with a friendship grip of locked fingers. "Beboppers can now converse," says the *Life* caption.

"I don't know if musicians really did that sort of thing," Carter recalled recently, laughing at the recollection. "I'm sure with Dizzy, though, it was all tongue-in-cheek. Knowing him, it was his way of kidding his own image and maybe that of the music. He sold bop, if I could use that word, by having fun with it. Nobody else did that, you know."

And Gillespie never stopped having fun with it. Thirty years later at the White House, he coaxed President Jimmy Carter onto a bandstand set up on the South Lawn and, with Max Roach, cajoled him into singing "Salt Peanuts." Gillespie's chutzpa knew no limits.

JOHN BIRKS GILLESPIE, 1917-'93



circa 1980

Arguably the man most responsible for bringing bebop into the mainstream of American musical culture, John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie died of pancreatic cancer in a hospital in Englewood, N.J., on Jan. 6.

Born on Oct. 21, 1917, in Cheraw, S.C., Gillespie first played trombone then took up trumpet at age 12. Three years later, he studied music at the Laurinburg (S.C.) Technical Institute, then joined his family, who had moved to Philadelphia.

Gillespie's career began in earnest when, in 1937, he worked with Teddy Hill's band, making his first recordings and soloing in a brassy, swinging style that emulated his idol,

Roy Eldridge. In September 1939, he recorded "Hot Mallets" on an all-star Lionel Hampton session that also included Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry, and he began a two-year stint with Cab Calloway's band. The '40s were a ground-breaking decade for Gillespie, who married his wife, Lorraine, on Dec. 9, 1940. He met Charlie Parker in '40, and in a month, changed his style to reflect Parker's influence. On Feb. 16, 1944, he took part in what's considered the first bebop recording session (led by Hawkins); then, on Feb. 28, 1945, made his first records with Parker, playing "Salt Peanuts" and "Shaw 'Nuff." From '46 to '50, the trumpeter switched to a big-band format, introducing Afro-Cuban elements into jazz.

Gillespie, who briefly co-owned the DeeGee Record label from 1951 to '54, became a global figure in the '50s. He traveled to Toronto in '53 for a classic concert with Parker, pianist Bud Powell, bassist Charles Mingus, and drummer Max Roach, available as *Jazz At Massey Hall* (Fantasy/OJC). In '56, as the first jazzman to travel under U.S. State Department auspices, he toured the Middle East, Pakistan, and Latin America with a big band.

Around this time, Gillespie made several superb albums, among them *Diz & Getz* and *Sonny Side Up* (both Verve), which collectively featured such jazz stellars as Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, and Stan Getz. Other albums included *Perceptions*, *Gillespiana*, and *Carnegie Hall Concert* (all Verve large-ensemble works, out of print).

In 1960, he was elected by DB's readers to the magazine's Hall of Fame. Between '61 and '76, Gillespie won the DB International Critics Poll top-trumpet award nine times. In 1972, he received what he considered his most prestigious honor, the Rutgers University Institute of Jazz Studies Paul Robeson Award, and, in '79, his autobiography, *To Be Or Not To Bop* (Da Capo), co-authored with Al Fraser, was published.

In the late '80s, Gillespie formed the multi-ethnic United Nation Orchestra, and the French bestowed upon him the Commander of the Orders of Arts and Letters. The trumpeter's final years were highlighted by his being named a Kennedy Center honoree in '90, and by a four-week engagement at N.Y.C.'s Blue Note in January '92, heard on *To Diz With Love* and *To Bird With Love* (both on Telarc).

—Zan Stewart

"It was the high spot of the entire event," says Benny Carter, who was also there. "And it was so completely characteristic of him, too. Dizzy always knew how far was too far. He was never inappropriate. His irreverence never conveyed hurt or disrespect. Probably because Dizzy had no meanness of spirit in him. If he really disliked something or someone, it would be dealt with privately."

His essential good nature neutralized hostility while the power of his music excused his shenanigans. He once explained to me in an interview, as he had to others, that he saw no dilemma in all this. As a youngster, he paid attention to how Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, and, of course, Armstrong talked to their audiences. He understood being a musician does not mean one is not an entertainer, too. Far from corrupting his art, it subsidized it. It sustained it. "We're all entertainers," he would say.

Well, not all. Bop was, of course, gripped in a fascinating schizophrenia personified by its two premier legends. If Gillespie was the bright public face of bop, it masked the dark soul of a music whose other principal architect lived and died a junkie. If Gillespie was the public's notion of the bebop image, Charlie Parker, who died in 1955, was the musician's ideal. His model helped inspire, then decimate, a good part of the postwar generation of modernists.

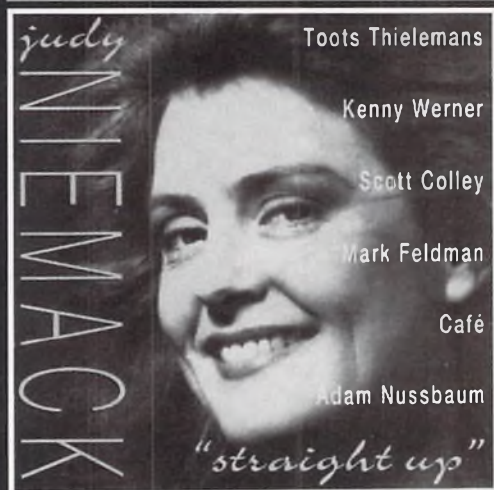
Yet, no such private chaos seemed ever to envelop Gillespie. On the contrary, he was a bourgeois fifth columnist in a subculture that tended to sneer at middle-class values of domesticity, frugality, and moderation. If anything, his reputation over the last 30 years seems to have been diminished somewhat in some circles by a taint of normality when compared alongside the tortured-genius life of Parker. Maybe this is one of the reasons Gillespie received only three cuts on the *Smithsonian Collection Of Classic Jazz* against nine for Parker.



In the studio, late-'40s: (from left) Billy Eckstine, Dizzy, Symphony Sid, and Ray Carroll with Allen Eager in the background

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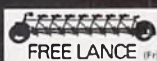


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For Gillespie, the bop culture stopped at the bandstand's edge. He appreciated that he had achieved world fame as a musician and fully intended to enjoy as much of it as he could. He saw no reason to bet all that, plus a marriage that lasted 52 years, against the nihilism of rebellion through drugs.

In his 70s, Gillespie continued to both entertain and occasionally astonish. He still mugged, sang, danced, and rapped. When he played—even something as routine as "A Night In Tunisia"—he usually took it seriously. His portly, baked-potato silhouette stood erect. His cheeks burst out like the air chambers of a Mae West, and the stem of his mouthpiece poked into his face like a pencil pushing into a pillow. It was an easy caricature. But the music remained nimble. As he grew older, he learned the power of illusion and managed to imply the physical power that was no longer his to command.

He died at the commercial height of his career, fetching between \$10,000 and \$20,000 for a single concert, sometimes more, sometimes less, depending on the venue—or the cause. And he played as many as 300 concerts a year. He performed in clubs selectively, usually to serve some larger purpose such as a recording commitment. As a celebrity, he moved in the highest echelons of the black-entertainment elite with Bill Cosby, Quincy Jones, Oprah Winfrey, and Sidney Portier. He had received most every award available to an artist and a humanitarian, including the Kennedy Center Honor and the 1993 Polar Music Prize to be presented posthumously by the King of Sweden in May.

Gillespie had a talent that was like gold. It was negotiable anywhere. It would be easy to turn a piece such as this into a procession of eulogies by his peers. Fortunately, Dizzy lived—and was loved—long enough so that he had the satisfaction of hearing it all said before it was too late. **DB**

TILTO-TRUMPET



circa mid-'50s

Dizzy's last trumpet was a gold-plated Schilke, a birthday gift from Jon Faddis. During Dizzy's last stay in the hospital, Faddis sent it to the Schilke factory for an overhaul. "Dizzy had told Jon, 'Get my horn to me because I'm feeling pretty good, and I want to play it,'" said Joan Schilke, company vice president. When Dizzy died in January, the horn was still at the factory.

Over the decades, Dizzy played at least two other brands of trumpet with upturned bell. The very first was a Martin Committee, a model Dizzy had been playing during his straight-bell days. Later, Dizzy switched to a King Silver Flare, which is now part of the History of Jazz Collection at the Smithsonian Institution.

Two years ago, Martin made Dizzy another trumpet. "You can get bright, or you can get dark just by the way you approach the horn," said Larry Ramirez, chief brass designer for G. Leblanc Corp., who worked on Dizzy's Martin.

After the accident in 1953 that bent his horn, Dizzy discovered that "when you hit a note: Bam! You hear it right then, instead of waiting," he wrote in *To Be Or Not To Bop*. "It's only a split second, but the split second means a lot." —Ed Enright



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The Memorial Service

By Michael Bourne



PHOTOS BY ENID FARBER

▲ The Band

Milt "The Judge" and Mona Hinton ▼

"Blue Note," read the headline of the *Daily News* above a photo of Dizzy Gillespie, his cheeks ballooned, his trumpet angled heavenward. Dizzy's death on Jan. 6 squeezed Saddam Hussein to a crawl above the standard of the *Daily News*, and all around the newsstands New York and the world mourned. Dizzy and ballet great Rudolph Nureyev died the same day and split the front page of the *Post* and an obit box on the front page of the *New York Times*. Dizzy was alone on the front page of *Newsday* and, remembering the importance and affection Dizzy felt in the Latin community, on the front page of *El Diario*. It's been quite a while since the death of an individual was front-page news. It's usually a world leader—which, as an artist and entertainer, Dizzy indeed was. Very few Americans were as known and loved around the world like Dizzy.

St. Peter's Church was where the private funeral for Dizzy's closest friends and family took place on Jan. 9. St. John the Divine housed the public memorial Jan. 12. Even as the biggest Gothic cathedral in the world, it was SRO with thousands inside and more outside—a *Who's Who* of jazz and countless fans came to celebrate Dizzy's life and music.

Marian McPartland played a piano prelude, followed by Mike Longo and others who've played in Dizzy's various bands. Wynton Marsalis fronted the processional with a New Orleans dirge, followed by the honorary pallbearers. And after psalms from the choir, a collect from the Dean, a proclamation from the Mayor, a letter from then-President-elect Bill Clinton read by T.S. Monk, and an a-cappella "Amazing Grace"



from Roberta Flack, friends of Dizzy remembered and played.

Elliott Hoffman, the lawyer for Dizzy and many in jazz, served as emcee, and observed that it's impossible to separate Dizzy's fans and friends. "Dizzy didn't care if you were a head of state or at the head of the unemployment line, you were all his friends." Hoffman also sounded the keynote, that this was not really a memorial, because "Dizzy is still here with us in his music." And it was only natural that a cornucopia of trumpets gathered first. Jon Faddis, Clark Terry, Donald Byrd, Claudio Roditi, Byron Stripling, Wynton Marsalis, and Roy Hargrove jammed on "Tour De Force."

What followed were memories, musical

and personal, often funny (being memories of Dizzy), and always heartfelt. Milt and Mona Hinton "on this wonderful occasion of Dizzy's ascension into immortality," as Milt Hinton said, remembered more than 50 years of friendship with Dizzy and Lorraine Gillespie. Chris Calloway, Cab's daughter, conducted a "Hi-De-Ho" singalong on behalf of Cab. Jimmy Owens played an a-cappella "Brother K," Dizzy's tribute to Martin Luther King Jr., and the Reverend John Gensel read King's 1964 speech in Berlin to honor both great spirits.

Dizzy was a devoted Baha'i, and James Nelson, chairman of the faith's National Spiritual Assembly, spoke of Dizzy's faith. Ray Brown, Milt Jackson, and Chuck Man-

gione all thanked Dizzy for their careers. Paquito D'Rivera in Spanish, Bill Cosby on tape, and George Shearing also offered thanks for the memories.

Dizzy's music was most memorable: features for Clark Terry on "I Can't Get Started," Jimmy Heath on "I Waited For You," Tommy Flanagan on "All The Things You Are," Milt Jackson on "Round Midnight," and an all-star band conducted by Slide Hampton and Paquito D'Rivera playing "Blue 'N' Boogie," "Tin Tin Deo," and other Gillespiana.

But no moment was so touching as recollections by Dizzy's musical godchild Jon Faddis. "I first met Dizzy when I was 15; and I know the Scriptures say, 'Thou shalt have no other God,' but for me, as a youngster, Dizzy was my god. But the thing that surprised me when I first met him was that it was like meeting an old friend. Dizzy was very accessible and very inspirational. I will always remember Dizzy, and will try to keep his spirit alive by helping other young musicians the way he helped me." Faddis climaxed the tribute by playing an a-cappella "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" that became a singalong of "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac."

Slide Hampton conducted the finale with Paquito D'Rivera, Frank Foster, Clark Terry, the pennywhistles of David Amram, and Dizzy bassist John Lee soloing on "Night In Tunisia."

Leonard Feather organized another tribute in Los Angeles; and on Feb. 13, the annual Winter Festival in Greenville, South Carolina, 90 miles from Dizzy's hometown, was dedicated to Dizzy. "Dizzy was very happy about the Greenville festival. Dizzy wrote his last letter thanking them," said his publicist Virginia Wicks. "He's being remembered all over the world."

As for personal recollections, I looked around the gallery of portraits on the newsstands and remembered a kaleidoscope of good times with Dizzy. I remembered when I first experienced Dizzy live, at the first and only **Down Beat** Jazz Festival in the summer of 1965. Muddy Waters was singing "Mojo" and out boogaloo'd Dizzy. James Moody and Al Grey came along to jam some blues, and when Dizzy wasn't playing, Dizzy was dancing. Dizzy talked about dancing during the 75th birthday gigs at the Blue Note last year. Dizzy said that *dancing* Latin rhythms was important when *learning* Latin rhythms. He could even dance to bebop. "Is that a fundamental of music, that you can dance to it?" I wondered. "It helps," said Dizzy.

That interview (see **DB** July '92) was one of Dizzy's last. I'd talked with him 20 years earlier over lunch in St. Louis, and printed the conversation virtually verbatim (**DB**, May 11, '72). What's remarkable is that so



▲ Wynton Marsalis leads the processional into St. John's Paquito D'Rivera and Jon Faddis with Frank Foster in the background ▼



much of what Dizzy said 20 years earlier sounds as up-to-date now: his love of rhythm and Charlie Parker, his Baha'i belief in the oneness of people and music. And, really, it isn't so remarkable. Dizzy Gillespie is timeless.

And so is Dizzy's music timeless. Everyone who's ever loved Dizzy's music remembers favorite moments. Mine include a Wein-fest concert at Carnegie Hall with Dizzy and a gathering of the world's greatest drummers. Also, enjoying Dizzy's United Nation Orchestra on tour in 1990, first at Carnegie Hall, then at Montreux, and again in Nuremberg and Berlin—where Dizzy even wowed the Beast, the world's toughest audience. Also, a cruise on the *Norway* the winter of

1988, but not so much for Dizzy's music as an image from the beach: Dizzy looking blissful as a Buddha surrounded by nymphs. And then there were all the laughs.

I remember something else Dizzy said to me when we lunched 20 years ago. I wondered if, beyond his music as a legacy, there was a thought he'd like to be remembered for. "I have to say something that was stolen from somebody else, but it's really my thing," said Dizzy. "I'm not too concerned with always being right, but I do always want to be fair. That's my creed: 'Cause you're human, you err. But when you don't seek justice, that's the wrong attitude. The truth. I just want to always seek the truth! *True Believer* is exactly what I am!" **DB**



All Dizzy's Children

By Howard Mandel

January 6, 1993, was a very sad day for millions of people." With that simple statement, Jon Faddis, perhaps the closest personally to Dizzy Gillespie of all his musical heirs, said the single truest thing about his death.

And yet, what the chorus of trumpet players (far from complete) available for comment on the great John Birks most wanted to talk about had little to do with his demise, and everything to do with his estimable life and immortal art. From lackadaisical-lion Freddie Hubbard to up-and-comer Brian Lynch, from standard bearer of the tradition Wynton Marsalis to odd-man-out Lester Bowie, from bull-of-the-brass Arturo Sandoval to emotionally engaged Lew Soloff to in-the-moment Roy Hargrove, all agreed: Dizzy was a genius, yes, but one who worked hard at his craft and shared his discoveries unsparingly. He was warm, genuinely personable, absolutely serious about music and his lasting contributions. He had endless curiosity and big ears for talent. He was secure in his sound and proud to be a link in the chain anchored by Armstrong, passing through Eldridge, leading on to an unforeseeable future.

"His effect on me? What would the word be. . . . Maybe 'monumental,'" suggested Faddis, who'd stayed with the Gillespie family during Dizzy's final crisis and needed rest after all the memorials to get himself together. "Dizzy was like a father, an idol, a mentor, a friend, a teacher, a peer, and more. Of course he influenced me, playing-wise. Since I was a young kid I wanted to sound like Dizzy. But he influenced everybody, starting with trumpet players in the '40s, then piano players, and then all the musicians of that time, and after.

"When I was growing up, most young trumpet players were listening to Miles or Clifford Brown or Freddie or Lee Morgan. Dizzy's influence in the '60s was apparently less pronounced, but not really, because it was indirect. Louis Armstrong's influence persists in the same way. Actually, my



Dizzy with Jon Faddis, Wallace Roney, and Roy Hargrove backstage at the 1991 JVC Jazz Festival

favorite period of Dizzy's playing—aside from the great music he made with Charlie Parker and the big band in the late '40s, but *trumpetistically* speaking—is from '54 to '64, maybe even later in the '50s to earlier in the '60s. He made a lot of albums then, and they all featured great playing."

"I had all Dizzy's records back in Indianapolis—the ones with Chano Pozo and Candido, the great one from Toronto [*Jazz At Massey Hall* (Fantasy/OJC)]—but I never did try to play any of his licks, because they were so unorthodox. I mean, the way he fingered, it was just out of the question,"

Hubbard acknowledged, sitting at a cafe table after a soundcheck at N.Y.C.'s Blue Note, where he was to host a Gillespie tribute jam session. "Clifford, Miles, and Kenny Dorham were easier to copy.

"Dizzy's ideas on the trumpet were different because he didn't play scales, he played across the scales. He used auxiliary fingering, too—Clifford didn't use much of that. And Dizzy would play higher notes, then he'd stay up there.

"In the '60s, after I'd moved to New York, I got onstage with Dizzy at Birdland one night; standing next to him I could feel the

MITCHELL SEIDEL

strength he had and I realized how he was able to play with his jaws puffed out. He could hold air in his cheeks and let it go at a certain rate; he could blow like that a long time. He was still blowing hard then, too—but Dizzy had a way of pacing himself. That's important, 'cause you go in a club, you get to feelin' good, people are hollerin', and you overdo it. If I'm not careful, I won't last to be 75 like Dizzy," Hubbard chuckled. "Anyway, when he was playing soft, his ideas were so *mature*."

Wynton Marsalis values many aspects of Dizzy's maturity, and specified some of them over the phone during a respite from action including his first collaboration with the New York City Ballet and his second concert for children in a Lincoln Center series.

"Dizzy played with dynamics, his phrases

"Musicians of my generation got the desire to search and the license to experiment from Dizzy and his crowd."

—Lester Bowie



have crests of loud and soft," Marsalis commented admiringly. "He *always* played with a lot of intensity; he'd be playin' with *fire*; but see, people with the most intensity don't play the loudest—Lester Young, for instance. A lot of young players blow loud—

it's easy to get emotion loud, 'cause volume creates the sound. But when you play soft, you have to use *real* intensity.

"The so-called modern trumpet starts with Dizzy," he continued. "If you listen to Fats Navarro, Kenny Dorham, Booker Little, any of the cats, their whole way of playing time is Dizzy's 16th-note-swing concept.

"He didn't just represent what's modern, either. The greatest artists have a dialog with the entire history of the form, not just with those aspects that are prevalent in their particular time. That's the point of the entertaining he presented: Dizzy was trying to consolidate aspects of the jazz tradition, and one of the aspects of the jazz tradition is entertainment.

"It's like the Latin music he was into—

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that's always been in jazz, that's what Jelly Roll [Morton] called 'the Spanish tinge.' Dizzy opened up another audience for jazz by exploring it, though, and he opened up jazz to something else. He promoted the feelings of unity and warmth among Latin musicians—something I enjoy whenever I come into contact with it."

Arturo Sandoval, Gillespie's foremost Cuban trumpet protégé, responded from a hotel room in Japan (where he was on tour with the GRP All-Star Big

Band) by citing his friend and mentor's spontaneity. "I was in Finland playing with my band, and he was there to play a big concert. He came by and said, 'Why don't we make a record?' I said that would be a dream come true. 'Let's do it now,' he said. So we started, by ourselves, both playing trumpets and jew's harps, him on drums and piano, too, me playing bass. *To A Finland Station* [Pablo] was loose as a jam session." A little later, Dizzy helped Sandoval defect by walking him arm in arm into the American Embassy in Athens, and in '91 the Miami-based

expatriate was a featured player in Dizzy's Grammy-winning United Nation Orchestra.

"I go along with all the accolades," Brass Fantasy leader and Art Ensemble of Chicago co-founder Lester Bowie offered from his Brooklyn home. "Any music anyone plays on trumpet that takes from any of the bebop thing is coming from Dizzy. But to me, he was beyond the trumpet.

"Musicians of my generation got the desire to search and the license to experiment from Dizzy and his crowd. He knew the Art Ensemble—he'd hung around for a whole concert of ours at a NorthSea festival in '91. I don't know if he liked us, but I don't think he had any problem with us. Lesser talents may sometimes be defensive, but a person with talents like Dizzy's generally has good ears. Even if they don't understand what you're doing, they can appreciate the effort.

"Oh yeah," Bowie chuckled. "Dizzy's embouchure helped me. When I was a kid I took lessons from a St. Louis Symphony player. I had real strange habits then: I played from the side of my mouth with my cheeks out—all wrong. But my teacher, a strict classical cat, told my father, 'Lester's got a funny way, but he's playing his lesson well—and I like Dizzy! So we won't worry about his embouchure for now, we'll let it develop by itself.' I made adjustments eventually—and meantime had the freedom to concentrate on my individuality.

"You know, I don't think of him as an entertainer, either—he was a *communicator*. Dizzy's communication with the people in the audience helped them understand the music. And that's the whole idea."

"You could hear Dizzy's personality coming through his instrument even if he fluffed something he meant to do," claimed Roy Hargrove, who took a daring break on "Tour De Force" during the public memorial service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. "The feeling that came out of his notes was clear—and when he went into the upper register you could reach out and grab the note, it was so in your face. When I heard him the first time I knew that was something I'd always strive for."

To Lew Soloff, serving as one of Dizzy's guest trumpeters during the month-long residency at the Blue Note in January '92 was "one of the greatest honors of my life." "When I first got to New York, age 21, I worked in the Radio City Music Hall pit band," he remembered, "and once I ran over to Carnegie Hall between acts and heard him play 'The Shadow Of Your Smile.' I got such an emotional charge out of that. The content of what he played got across to me.

"I think the magnitude of his contribution is hard to realize because we weren't around to see the little bits he put it together with. But what's common to all the best players is that their instruments are extensions of

SETTING DIAMONDS



MITCHELL SEIDEL

Drummer, WBGO-FM (Newark) deejay, and jazz historian Kenny Washington produced the three-CD boxed set *Dizzy's Diamonds/The Best Of The Verve Years* for Verve in 1992 (see "Reviews" Dec. '92).

"They asked me to put together what Diz was all about, for aficionados as well as for people who knew him mostly through his appearances with the Muppets. I dealt with just the Verve years, I didn't touch the Limelight and Philips recordings. But there's tons of unissued stuff—both never issued and never on CD and out of print on vinyl for a long time, too.

"There's a track of Roy Eldridge and Diz that's only been out once on a compilation. A rare but well-done gospel session. The State Department tour big-band recording, *World Statesman*—I put two tracks on the set, but I tried to prepare the tapes so 95 percent of it could be available. Given a CD's length, we could pair up *Have Trumpet, Will Excite!*, which I think is one of Dizzy's best albums, with *The Ebullient Mr. Gillespie*, which was recorded at the same sessions.

"I agree with Jon Faddis that his '59 to '61 period is underrated. By that time Dizzy had come full circle. In the '40s

he'd played phenomenally rhythmic as well as high-note stuff, and through the '50s he got deeper and deeper. By the late '50s, early '60s he'd really found himself. He was using more space and less notes to say more.

"I asked Dizzy, 'What was going on in your life at that time?' He told me, 'You learn your instrument, and once you do that, you start all over again.' He'd become able to play whatever his mind invented, and he said his ideas were just *flowing*. *An Electrifying Evening With The Gillespie Quintet*, *Gillespiana*, and *Perceptions* are all from that period, and so is the *Afro* album with the 'Con Alma' and 'Caravan' I put on *Diamonds*.

"There was some feeling throughout his career that Dizzy's records didn't sell. But Dizzy was a *steady* seller. Japanese Polygram has produced boxed sets of Clifford Brown and Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Dinah Washington—I don't see how their music would sell any better than Dizzy's. Well, the man is gone. Maybe the record companies will do something about him now; they should have been doing it while he was alive. I can't keep from feeling a little bitter, like it's all about money. But at least the music might get out so people will have a chance to hear it." —H.M.

their bodies and souls way beyond technique. Diz had gotten to me before that with his ridiculous technical prowess, the way he played around on standards with such harmonic depth and creative intelligence and swing. But as his life went on his playing changed, his focus shifted. Not that he couldn't still play technically, but his tone changed, he got a fatter, warmer sound. He used technique less, though he maintained it.

"You know, Dizzy never cared about following the beaten path. He did things his own way. The older guys would tell me that. My first job when I came to New York was with Machito, and Mario Bauza told me he never knew what Dizzy was going to play. He wants to use electric bass? . . . So he uses electric bass. For his bands he hired a combination of some of the best-known musicians and some lesser knowns. The criterion was never anything but who he liked to play with."

"Dizzy did things on the trumpet you weren't supposed to do," said Brian Lynch, horn man in Art Blakey's last Jazz Messengers who now counts the lead chair in Eddie Palmieri's band among his steady gigs. "He changed the course of American music by mixing Afro-Cuban and Caribbean influences with jazz—he set up the language for everyone who plays a bossa rhythm, a rumba, or a mambo. While Charlie Parker changed how the saxophone was played, Dizzy brought to the trumpet talent combined with virtuosity, and a new articulation of phrases. No one played trumpet that fast before him. He took Roy Eldridge's innovations to their next level.

"And all his false fingerings, the way he made the notes pop out, his fantastic use of range not just for effect but for musical climaxes, his ability to play the bebop language all over the horn—these were Dizzy's innovations, and *he wrote them down*. His arranging and composing are referred back to constantly.

"I consider him one of the first 'world musicians,' because he could take his sensibility and apply it, use his things to find points of juncture between musical cultures. He did it all through the '40s and '50s, with Mediterranean and Middle Eastern as well as in Latin American ideas. And he could make himself understood to any audience, put anybody in a positive frame of mind.

"Listening to his music lately, I'm struck by how he was able to bring so many different kinds of feelings out as an improviser. He was musically sophisticated, he had a down-home, gutty feeling, and technical brilliance. He exemplified all of that.

"It would take 10 or 15 guys together to do



At Dizzy's memorial service: (from left) Claudio Roditi, Byron Stripling, Wynton Marsalis, Roy Hargrove, and Jon Faddis

half of what Dizzy could. It's a big gap that's opened with his passing. There's lots of responsibility on those of us who care to analyze the contributions he made, fulfill the functions he proposed, and just survive and thrive."

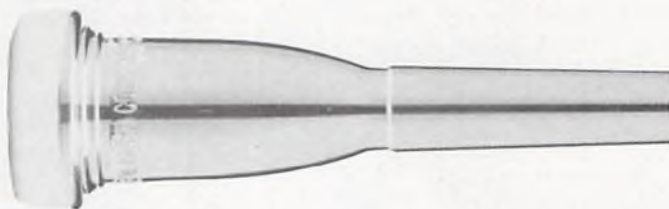
Lynch has approached those responsibilities by recording Gillespie's overlooked ballad "I Waited For You" on his album *Backroom Blues* (Criss Cross). " 'Swing

Low, Sweet Cadillac,' 'Portrait Of Jenny,' these are masterpieces, but they're not in the canon, so to speak—so the canon's incomplete," Lynch insisted. "Playing something he's identified with is a way to say, 'I love you, Dizzy.' You can't steal his stuff because everybody knows where it came from."

Sandoval recorded Dizzy's affecting "Con Alma" just 10 days after his passing, and

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composed a song he calls "To Dizzy With Love" for his next GRP album. It's likely those kinds of tributes will continue.

"We play 'Tin Tin Deo,' 'Anthropology,' some of his other tunes—that is, we *try* to play them," Hargrove said of his band's ongoing testament to Gillespie's influence. "Nobody could play 'em like Dizzy. We just try to ride his vehicles.

"And when it came to dealing with the audience, Diz was a great leader. I like that

CUBAN CONNECTION



Cuban pianist Gonzalo Rubalcaba hasn't been allowed to perform in the United States due to its economic boycott of his country, but he was issued a visitor's visa to attend, as an honorary pallbearer, the funeral and memorial services honoring Dizzy Gillespie.

"I met him at the Parisian, a club in Havana, in '85," Rubalcaba said through a translator. "He handed me some incredibly difficult music and said, 'Can you learn this by tomorrow?' Yes, if I stay up all night. 'No—what do you really want to play?' he asked. 'Con Alma.' We played it and recorded it for Engrem [the Cuban state record label] the next day.

"The second time we met was in '86. Dizzy came to Cuba and purposely didn't bring a pianist. I was deeply honored.

"Dizzy had an incredible sense of assimilation; he was very quick, and could pick up almost instantaneously rhythmic elements, codes of diction, gestures, musical and metric inflections it could take native-born Cubans years to perfect. He was absolutely popular in Havana. People there see him as one of the greats of American music, very attuned to Cuban music and Cuban musicians, but first and foremost a jazz great. I never try to consciously reproduce what I got from Dizzy harmonically—but rather the essence, the feeling of his soul."

—H.M.



he not only played but sang a little, too. Lately I've tried to incorporate that in my set, just for a change up. I also admire how much work he did by staying out there healthy and together. That's hard in this industry, with all the demons out here. Not all his spirit's left. He's still around—you can hear his spirit in others. We're all his children, and he lives on in us."

"I'd like to think I'll put my nose a little harder to the grindstone, thinking of his example," Soloff added. "It's become so obvious to me: if anybody wants to make any kind of meaningful statement as a musician, it takes more and more and more dedication and hard work. I want to work harder 'cause there's no end to that—Dizzy showed us. As much of a genius as he was, he worked a lot."

"We talked all the time, though I wasn't as close to him as Jon Faddis," remembered Wynton. "I went to see him at his house once, and always after that he'd ask me, 'When you comin' back to my house again?' Now I'm sorry I didn't call him more often. Because he'd advise me about playing, about being serious. He'd say, 'Don't be worrying about what people say about you. Just be working on your music.'"

"I was at a club at 69th and Broadway, the Bohemian Cafe," Hubbard recalled. "He crept up on me, tapped me on the shoulder, and when I turned around he grabbed me and kissed me square on the mouth. I thought, 'Wow, this is different. Is this Dizzy Gillespie kissing me?' He's the only trumpet player I ever kissed, who ever kissed me."

"I did several tours with him where we got a chance to talk about other things besides music. I'd say, 'What should I do? Help me,' because I was trying to copy between him and Miles and Clifford. Dizzy told me, 'In order to be an individual, keep to your own style, stick to what you believe.' That's what he did—he really stuck to jazz, to bebop. He'd jump off now and then and use some commercial stuff for a little while, but it always sounded like him."

"Now I feel some pressure coming for me to live up to what he did. The young boys are still playing their thing, but I'm at that age, I've made some good records, I've been voted one of the top trumpet players; so since he's gone I'm going to have to pick it up. It's only natural people should expect me to get my music to the point where it's considered as great as Miles' or Dizzy's. And I'm gonna work on it. I'm serious. 'Cause I've been relaxin' the last few years, out in California with the good life," Hubbard conceded. "I think what I've got to do is do it more often."

"Fusion is spoken of as fathered by Miles, but it was really pioneered by Diz with Chano Pozo in the '40s," Jon Faddis avowed. "And Dizzy never stopped trying different things, up to the end. Lately he'd been



MICHAEL WILDERMAN

Dizzy and Arturo Sandoval

playing an arrangement of 'Night In Tunisia' with a section in half-time.

"He handled his illness very stoically—he knew it was serious. And when people would say, 'I went to hear Diz, and he wasn't really playing,' they didn't understand the toll it takes on the physical as well as the emotional and spiritual sides to play the trumpet. To keep the consistency at his age was remarkable. Remember: he survived Charlie Parker by almost 40 years."

"Musicians are more fortunate than most people in being able to do something they enjoy so much, but it's important for all

people who work to get some pleasure from what they do. Dizzy felt it was important to entertain people who'd paid to come see you, 'cause they wanted to have a good time. He said he'd learned about that from Cab Calloway and Billy Eckstine.

"What comes out of a person's horn is a reflection of who we are as players. No one epitomized that more than Dizzy. The type of person he was and how he treated other people made him very special. Dizzy existed as someone who was very serious about music and was always trying to have a good time with the music himself." **DB**

The advertisement features a collection of Holton oil bottles in various colors (yellow, white, blue) and sizes. The bottles are arranged in a circular pattern around a central blue circle with the text "Holton Oils". Above the central circle, it says "SINCE 1898" and "THE FORMULA FOR EXCELLENCE". Below the central circle, it says "LEBLANC & HOLTON". The bottles are labeled with different types of oils: "Rotary oil", "Valve oil", "Slide oil", "Key oil", and "Ran oil". Each bottle has a warning label that reads "DANGER COMBUSTIBLE FLAMMABLE LIQ. HAZ. IF SWALLOWED See other warnings on back 1 1/4 FL. OZ." The background is white with some decorative lines.

All The President's Horns

INAUGURAL JAZZ

By James T. Jones IV

"We needed a musician in the White House because arts fundings have been suffering. Here's a man who can do something about it. It's so important to have a president that's involved in music personally."—Illinois Jacquet



First Saxophonist Clinton and Illinois Jacquet at the National Inaugural Ball

About three decades ago, Dizzy Gillespie ran for president. It was a ticket that stressed the importance of civil rights, arts, and music, and one that poked fun at the government system. Though the trumpet legend did interviews (see *DB* Nov. 5, '64), no one really thought a jazzman would make it to the White House.

Think again. It may be stretching it to call Bill Clinton a jazzman per se, but the five-day, 52nd Inauguration festivities turned out to be one of the most musically extravagant events in U.S. history, and showed that Clinton certainly loves music, loves playing the sax, and especially loves jazz.

And jazz musicians love our new First Saxophonist.

"I campaigned for him because I wanted him to win," said sax veteran Illinois Jacquet, who performed at two of Clinton's campaign stops, as well as for the Inaugural Ball in Washington D.C.'s National Building Museum. "We needed a musician in the White House because arts fundings have been suffering. Here's a man who can do something about it. It's so important to

have a president that's involved in music personally."

Our first Baby Boomer president gave a weeklong Inauguration that included almost every major entertainer and performer in the country, from country star Willie Nelson and the gospel group the Winans to blues guitarist Robert Cray and rapper Fresh Prince; from diva Kathleen Battle and rocker Little Richard to the Queen of Soul Aretha Franklin and the a-capella group Sweet Honey in the Rock. It became news when a performer *wasn't* included in the festivities. But what so encouraged jazz fans was the fact that jazz was never overlooked. It was no longer a footnote at a concert, or represented by an obscure trio tucked away in the back of a ballroom.

Jazz was upfront and omnipresent.

"This is a guy who played sax the first half of his life," said drummer Thelonious Monk Jr., who has become Clinton's unofficial jazz ambassador. "If you are an instrumentalist, you have to listen to jazz. He likes country and he likes pop, but he listens to jazz. During the campaign, he used to go down to

the basement of the local Democratic headquarters and listen to Wynton [tapes]."

Monk assembled a Jazz All-Star Inaugural band with Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock, Grover Washington Jr., Wayne Shorter, Wynton Marsalis, Al Grey, and Clark Terry. "The president is into inclusion, and music is an important part of his psyche," Monk said. "When the decision as to what entertainment would be performed, the jazz community was very high on his list."

Local and national musicians alike were involved, from local bassist Steve Novosel, who jammed wholeheartedly at a local bank, to Monk's All-Star group, which appeared on CBS' Inaugural special alongside Michael Jackson and Barbra Streisand. Even tenor giant Joe Henderson wrestled a last-minute invite to participate.

"Seeing so much jazz at the Inauguration is a very good omen," said pianist Marcus Roberts, who played for a luncheon at Vice President Al Gore's home. His solo performance preceded a set featuring the Jazz All-Stars. "I hope this will parlay jazz into the mainstream position."



Taj Mahal on the Mall

appeared in giant heated tents set up in the open-air Washington Mall. One of the few free Inaugural events, the all-day event attracted thousands.

"I never saw so many people out in the streets in my life," Jones said. "I was in Washington for Martin Luther King's March on Washington. I was in town with John Coltrane's band. I got the same kind of feeling. I can't think of a better way of becoming President of the United States than to stir emotions like this."

McCoy Tyner's trio also performed that day, along with Booker T. & the MGs, soul-singer-turned-gospel-star Al Green, blues belter Etta James, and the Howard University Jazz Ensemble. The opening day's balmy, spring-like temperatures offered a picturesque setting for Quincy Jones' ballyhooed production at the Lincoln Memorial, "A Call For Reunion," which attracted a half-million spectators. "This is the first Baby-Boomer administration," Elvin Jones continued. "And music is going to play a lot more of a role than with [George] Bush. This event is for the people. It's diverse, to cover the full spectrum of what America is about. Reunited, really that's the theme of this

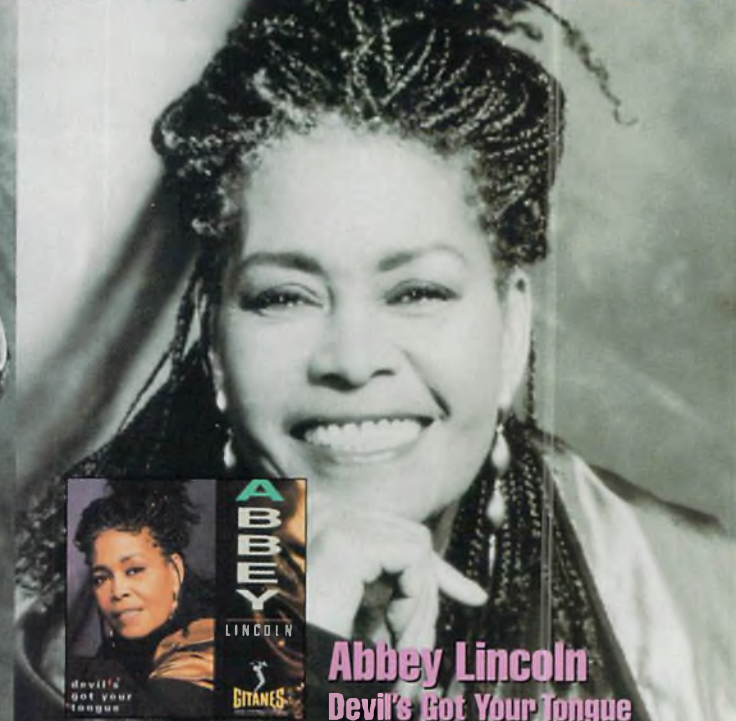
"This is, after all, the original American art form," said drummer Elvin Jones, who helped kick off the Inaugural festivities on Sunday, Jan. 17. "It should be treated in this way." His Jazz Machine—including saxo-

phonist Ravi Coltrane and flutist Kent Jordan—participated in the American Reunion on the Mall, a two-day, 16-hour extravaganza of rock, country, jazz, r&b, gospel, folk, ethnic, blues, rock, and Latin. Performers

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Quincy Jones leads an all-star chorus at the Lincoln Memorial

"It was like the civil-rights thing at the Lincoln Memorial," Bennett said, echoing Elvin Jones' remarks. He sang "When Do The Bells Ring For Me?" backed by the Joint Services Orchestra, which brought the Army, Air Force, and Navy bands together for the first time.

Draped in furs, Aretha Franklin threatened to steal the show with a feverish version of Donny Hathaway's "Someday We'll All Be Free" and her classic, "Respect," where she kicked up her heels in a Pentecostal Holy Ghost dance. Backstage, saxophonist Grover Washington Jr. huddled by a water fountain, nervously puffing on a cigarette. He was scheduled to participate in an all-star sax tribute to Clinton, featuring Gerry Mulligan and Michael Brecker, greatly outnumbered by pop saxists Curtis Stigers, Dave Koz, Tom Scott, Kirk Whalum, Gerald Albright, Kenny G, and David Sanborn.

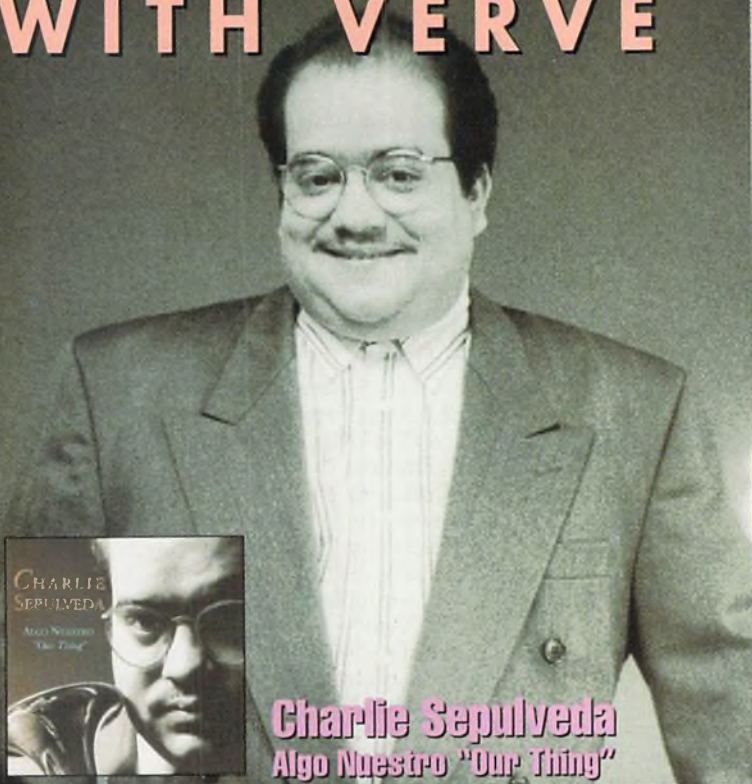
whole thing."

Aired by HBO, it presented an all-star cast, from Oprah Winfrey and Ray Charles to Ben E. King and Michael Bolton, from

Whoopi Goldberg and Stevie Wonder to Kenny G and Michael Jackson, from L.L. Cool J (who gave rap music's first presidential serenade) to Tony Bennett.

"This is an eclectic group," Washington said. "But we want to bring it together to show how the administration can work." Clinton seemed to enjoy the tribute—giggling, clapping, and pointing throughout the solos. But why so

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— *THE VILLAGE VOICE*

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The Jazz All-Stars react to Vice President Al Gore's suggestion that they back up Tipper's rendition of "I Got A Right To Sing The Blues." (l-r: Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Illinois Jacquet, Grover Washington Jr., T.S. Monk, and Al Grey)

Sheryl Lee Ralph, Tony Kelly and his Royal Ambassadors, and Tony Bennett, who performed a set with his trio. "We did a ball for high rollers, people who contributed the most money to the Clinton campaign," Bennett confessed.

Of course, Tuesday's televised event was the talk of the town, with entertainers like Barbra Streisand, Aretha Franklin, the Alvin Ailey Dancers, Michael Jackson, and the Jazz All-Stars. Bill Cosby, dressed defiantly in blue overalls, introduced the All-Stars and showed off one of Dizzy Gillespie's famed horns. "This song is dedicated to him," he said. The All-Stars launched into "One More For Diz," but it was cut short by a commercial.

Wednesday brought the actual swearing-in of First Saxophonist Clinton and 11 packed Inaugural balls and private parties. Maya Angelou, who read a poem at Clinton's swearing-in, hosted a dinner with director John Singleton, Malcolm X's widow, Betty Shabazz, and Cicely Tyson. Clinton made 10-minute stops at each ball. To many people's surprise, he didn't sit in with the vocal quartet En Vogue and singer/half-brother Roger Clinton (who's been signed to Atlantic Records), during the MTV Inaugural Ball, as he had promised. But he did pick up his sax at the Arkansas Ball while saxist Everette Harp looked on, and danced with Hillary to the music of Manhattan Transfer at Union Station.

He played some bop with Jacquet's big band and the omnipresent All-Stars at the National Ball. When Clinton arrived, he was handed a sax and proceeded to blow two solos on "C Jam Blues," while the crowd screamed hysterically. The next day, the All-Stars played for the Gore luncheon. That night, Gore hosted an open house with winners of the Thelonious Monk Institute: drummer Harold Summey, trumpeters Tom Williams and Ryan Kisor, saxophonist Joshua Redman, pianists Bill Cunliffe and Ted Rosenthal, and organist Joey DeFrancesco.

Monk is convinced that Clinton's love for the music will spur arts funding. "The presence of music in the Inaugural has basically set the tone for what the country will be in for for the next four years," he said. "The reason he was attracted to me was because of the educational programs I have been involved in. He is an educational president. This is a guy who is plugged into the arts and culture. It's going to get a shot in the arm."

But Marsalis feels it's going to take more than a shot to get the arts going again. "I don't know how much Clinton can really do. It's up to the people of America. The school boards are individual units. They have to vote for it. I just hope the fact he plays music fosters more involvement in the music." DB

many fusionists?

"Clinton doesn't play Coltrane," Quincy Jones explained. "We got sax players close to what he plays, a mixture of jazz, fusion, and funk. But most of these guys will surprise you. They can play anything." That night, the Grammy-winning Sounds of Blackness Choir gave a tribute to Martin Luther King Jr. at the Kennedy Center. The choir's unusual mix of rap, r&b, gospel, and jazz won them two standing ovations.

Monday, the free Washington Mall tent

events continued full throttle with saxophonist Buck Hill, blues pianist Charles Brown, Wynton Marsalis, Albert Collins, Ruth Brown, Robert Cray, and rappers Salt-N-Pepa, who had Clinton's daughter, Chelsea, and her hip-hop-loving friends dancing in the aisles. "I'm always happy to be involved with things like this," Marsalis gushed. "This is an important event in the country."

That night, several "private" dinners took place, featuring Michael Bolton, Kenny G,

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S PRODUCTS

Along with a sax-playing president comes a store-full of horn goodies. Here's a list of saxophone products made in honor of First Saxophonist Bill Clinton:

- Selmer's Presidential tenor sax is a Paris-made Super Action 80 Series II with "Bill Clinton" engraved on the bell's lip. Selmer made only two of them: one to give to Clinton, the other to put on display at the recent Winter NAMM show. Selmer also sent Clinton a TS100 tenor (USA).
- L.A. Sax Co.—maker of saxes lacquered in almost any color imaginable—has produced a red, white, and blue Presidential tenor-sax line.

- E.M. Winston has created 100 of its own Presidential saxes, available in soprano, alto, and tenor. Company president David Ginott sent Clinton a gold-plated tenor model.
- Rico International's Inaugural Reed Sampler. This limited-edition package contains several different styles of Rico reeds and a reed guard.
- The Presidential Collection from Sugal Mouthpieces. Clinton received a set of five shortly after the election.
- At press time, G. Leblanc Corp. was planning to present Clinton with a specially engraved, black-lacquered Yanagisawa 2100T tenor sax.

—Ed Enright

Down Beat's Winter NAMM product coverage was assembled by Frank Alkyer, Ed Enright, John Janowiak, and Josef Woodard

Another NAMM, Another Record

WINTER NAMM INTERNATIONAL

Winter NAMM International, the annual trade show of the musical products industry, took Anaheim, Calif., by storm again this year, setting records for both exhibitors and attendance even though the weather, well, sucked.

Just under 800 manufacturers and distributors as well as 45,000-plus attendees braved constant rain and flooding to find out what's hot in musical instruments and accessories.

You say you couldn't make it? Well, they wouldn't have let you in anyway. This gig's strictly for industry insiders and those musicians, groupies, and such who've figured out a way to beat the system.

But **Down Beat** was there, and it was on official business. Our goal: to bring back a snapshot of new products that might be worth checking out.

Precious Horns

Horns seem to be in a precious-metal mode this year, with a number of products constructed of, or decorated with, silver and gold.

The Selmer Co. showcased its Sterling Plus, a 99.9 percent pure-silver bell for Bach Stradivarius trumpets, flugelhorns, and trombones. Also new in the Bach line was the TB200 trombone, a mid-priced instrument with optional F attachment.

In woodwinds, Selmer (USA) released the CL-220 grenadilla clarinet with no dyes, gold-plated keys, treated pads, and adjustable thumb rest. Selmer (Paris) offered the French-style Prologue model, an intermediate-priced clarinet.

G. Leblanc Corp. displayed the Yanagisawa Silver sax series with solid-silver neckpipe and body. Leblanc also displayed the Ultra Farkas premium double French horns from Holton, designed for the late hornist Phillip Farkas.

United Musical Instruments (UMI) made a splash with its Silver Sonics limited-edition brasswinds, released in celebration of King Musical Instrument's 100th anniversary. UMI has also made several improvements to its line of Artley flutes and reintroduced the Armstrong model 358 wood piccolo.

Yamaha introduced two new tenor trombones: the YSL-681B and the YSL-682B with F rotor. Yamaha also unveiled the model YBL-622 bass trombone and a new



Al DiMeola proves that Roland's GR-1 guitar synth tracks high-speed acoustic licks cleanly

tuba in C.

The Getzen Co. introduced the David Taylor model bass trombone, which features double-dependent F and D rotors.

At **Jupiter**, East Coast jazz trumpeter Ivan Smart demonstrated the new black-finished pocket trumpet with gold trim. Jupiter also displayed alto, tenor, and soprano saxes with black finish and gold trim; the diMedici alto flute with curved headjoint; and flutes and clarinets redesigned for increased comfort and playability.

Boosey & Hawkes/Bufet Crampon unveiled the Evette soprano and baritone saxophones, which complete the Evette line, and the Besson Sovereign double-rotor bass trombone, packaged in a deluxe Winter case.

Emerson showed its new treble flute in G, which sounds between a piccolo and a concert flute in C. Emerson bass flutes now offer an optional low B foot.

Gemeinhardt premiered three new rolled-tone-hole piccolos, a bass flute, a curved-headjoint alto flute, and a 9K-gold flute headjoint.

Barclay Musical Instruments expanded its E.M. Winston pro sax line to include a black mirror-lacquered alto with gold-plated keys and a silver-plated tenor.

In the quest for the perfect reed, **Rico International** gave showgoers a taste of its limited-edition Inaugural Reed Sampler, with \$1 from each sale going to the National Coalition for Music Education. Rico is again offering Symmetricut reeds for alto sax and clarinet, plus a brand-new line of Symmetricut unbreakable mouthpieces.

Vandoren showed two new lines of European-made clarinet mouthpieces: the German VD2, VD3, and VD4 models; and the Austrian VAO and VA5 models.

Dave Guardala Mouthpieces introduced its own line of tenor and alto saxes with hand-hammered bells. Branford Marsalis, jazz saxophonist and musical director for the *Tonight Show*, was on hand to help Guardala promote the new line.

Prestini Reeds introduced its own Hermes line of saxes as well, demonstrated by Charlie Valente. Rey Escalante, Prestini's senior national sales executive, promoted the popularity of Prestini reeds among jazz players such as Sonny Rollins, Joe Lovano, and Dewey Redman.

Percussion Rules

This year's percussion market appeared to get off to a healthy start with fewer-but-



Branford Marsalis (right) helps Dave Guardala introduce a new saxophone line

stronger introductions, a slant toward pro models and a noticeable, continued expansion into world percussion.

In drums, **Yamaha Corp. of America's** Band & Orchestra Division introduced its new Maple Custom drums featuring YESS (Yamaha Enhanced Sustain System). YESS

serves as a means of mounting Maple Custom toms and floor toms without inhibiting the resonance of the shell.

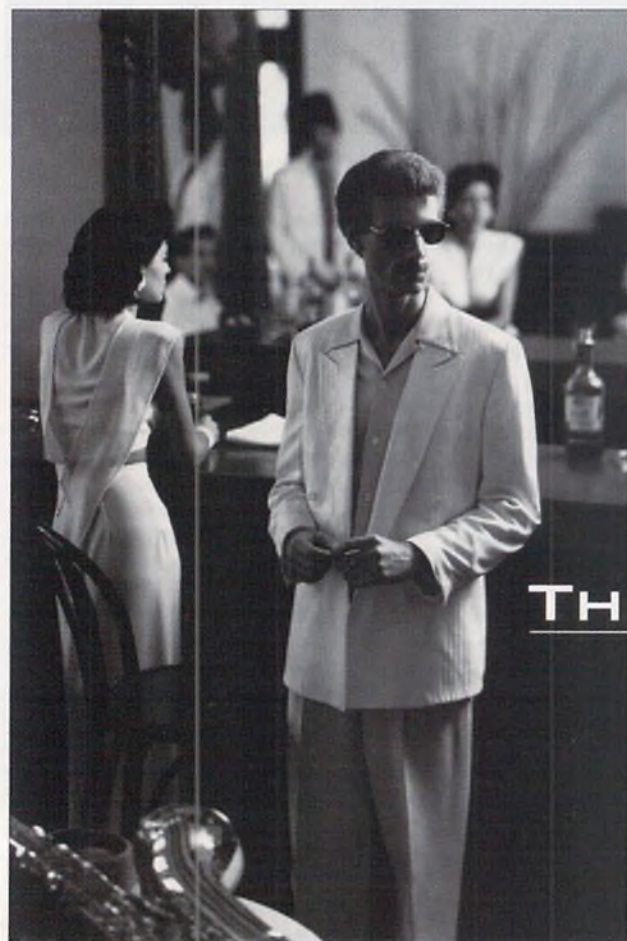
Mapex Percussion Technology added a complete line of professional drums to its Mars series. The Mapex Mars Professional emphasizes a natural-wood sound featuring

minimum-contact hardware, hard-rock maple interiors, and natural-lacquer finishes. Mapex also introduced its new RMS rack-mount system. The modular design of the RMS lets drummers build systems to meet their exact needs.

Pearl Corp. introduced the Masters series professional drum sets featuring the new FSS (Floating Suspension System) mounting system. The Masters series includes the MMX Masters Custom and the MBX Masters Studio. This series is Pearl's answer for drummers requesting thinner shells, according to Robert B. Morrison, Pearl's director of marketing. The Custom is crafted from maple, while the Studio line features a birch shell.

Ludwig Drum Co. came to the show with a number of new drumsets including enhanced professional series Classic and Super Classic drum outfits and a new entry-level drum outfit called Rocker Ltd. "This package is one of our first drum outfits available for under \$1,000 in several years," said Jim Catalano, Ludwig's marketing manager.

In electronic kits, two caught our beat. **Roland Corp. US** introduced the TDE-7



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
INDEED. But often the kindest words are in things left unsaid.

THINGS LEFT UNSAID

A NEW ALBUM BY

Eric Leeds

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compact drum system, which comes pre-packaged in a two- or three-box set containing all necessary components.

Boom Theory, the Redman, Wash.-based manufacturer of electronic percussion, added an old twist on new technology. Boom Theory's new Spacemuffins World Stage series (W.S.S.) has the look of a traditional drumset with the latest in electronic wizardry.

In cymbals, the big introduction for **Avedis Zildjian Co.** was "trash"—China Trash cymbals. "Our dealers for a long time have said, 'If you can give us that authentic China sound with Zildjian durability, you'll have a winner,'" said Colin Schofield, director of marketing. Zildjian also celebrated its 370th anniversary at NAMM with a big party and a limited-edition, 370th anniversary 20-inch ride cymbal.

Sabian announced expansion of its AAX cymbal line with the AAX Mini Chinese in 12- and 14-inch models. The Mini Chinese offers a cutting, trashy sound. Other new models include the AAX Fusion Hats (13"), the AAX Studio Hats (14"), AAX Stage Hats (13"), AAX Studio Crashes (17", 18"), AAX Stage Crashes (16"), and the AAX Stage Ride (20").

In percussion, **Remo's** breakthrough came in the form of its new Mondo synthetic conga heads that sound like buffalo- or mule-skin heads, but are not sensitive to weather changes.

In sticks, **Easton**, a leading manufacturer of aluminum baseball bats and other sporting goods, has jumped into the drumstick market with AHEAD—Advanced High-Efficiency Alloy Drumsticks.

Pro-Mark's hot introduction this year came in the form of the Elvin Jones signature model.

Zildjian launched the new Louie Bellson Artist Series stick at the show. "It's a unique drumstick with a diamond shaped tip," said Colin Schofield.

Vic Firth introduced a variety of new products including a new Jazz Brush that features an adjustable brush spread.

Synths, Samplers & Sequencers

Roland Corp. US had show-goers buzzing over its JD-990 Super JD, which packs the power of its flagship JD-800 synthesizer as well as new programming abilities and an expandable sonic palette into a single module. Roland also unveiled the JV-1000 synthesizer workstation for performance and sequencing. In sampling, Roland showed the SP-700 playback module, which offers brilliant sound quality plus editing features and provides access to the S series sample archives available on CD-ROM from Roland.

Kurzweil unleashed the K2000R, a rack-mounted version of its K2000 keyboard with SMP-KR sampling options, along with sev-

eral enhancement options and accessories for rackmount and keyboard versions.

E-mu Systems gave daily demonstrations of its new Vintage Keys and Emulator IIIx products. The Vintage Keys sample playback module features classic analog synthesizer sounds from the 1960s, '70s, and '80s. Emulator IIIx sampling products are digital audio tools designed for pro musicians and post-production sound engineers.

Akai debuted five new digital samplers for the pro market: the S2800, S2800 Studio, S3000, S3200, and CD3000.

Alesis introduced the QuadraSynth, a 64-voice, 76-key master keyboard that utilizes a combination of additive and subtractive synthesis.

Peavey Electronics more than doubled the polyphony and sample memory of the DPM 3 workstation with the release of the DPM 4 performance keyboard and the DPM 488 (88-key version). Conversion software is available to upgrade existing DPM 3 units. Peavey also introduced the PCX 6 and PCX 688 (88-key version) stereo-sampling workstations, which are fully compatible with the DPM SP sample library. Also new was the DPM SX II, a sampler and playback unit designed to work with DPM products via

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Maynard Ferguson (right) accepts the Down Beat Hall of Fame award from publisher Kevin Maher at the Avedis Zildjian Co's 370th anniversary bash.

MIDI or SCSI.

Yamaha has introduced what it calls the most powerful electronic keyboard in its PSR product line, the PSR5700. It offers professional features in a compact unit designed for the home hobbyist. Yamaha also increased the power and user-friendliness of

the QY10 Music Sequencer with the release of the QY20, a music production system with tone generator, 8-track sequencer, and auto-accompaniment capability.

Korg USA showed another extension of the Wavestation concept: the Wavestation SR, which contains 550 sounds in a one-

rack-unit space. Korg, along with Invision Interactive, announced the Plus-One memory upgrade for the Korg M1 Music Workstation. Korg also released its "Best of the 01/W" CD, which features 19 sequences created by leading keyboardists.

Record-It-Yourself

What's hot for home recording includes **Alesis'** QuadraTrack, a 4-track, 8-channel portable studio with 16-bit digital reverb and Dolby S noise reduction. On the higher end, the 24-track X2 recording console is made for professionals.

The **Akai DR4d** digital multitrack recorder is also aimed at the serious home user and priced under \$2,000. Representing Akai's reentry into home-recording gear, the DR4d features four tracks of hard-disk recording, and up to four units may be connected for a total of 16 tracks. Operation is modeled after that of a standard tape machine.

Fostex showed the X28H, a dual-speed (high and normal), analog, 4-track cassette recorder, which is an update to the X28. Fostex also showed the MC102 12-channel line mixer with a built-in standard stereo cassette.

Tascam's new Porta 07 4-track portable studio is designed for someone who needs a unit with a few more features than the entry-level Porta 03. Features include effects sends, high-speed dubbing, tone controls, and dbx noise reduction. Tascam also introduced the DA-88 8-track digital recorder, which uses 8mm, metal-particle tape.

Yamaha displayed the CBX-D5, an affordable, computer-based hard-disk recorder. The CBX-D5 is a 4-track recording system, with 2-track simultaneous recording and 4-track, CD-quality playback. It allows virtually any computer to function as a multitrack audio recorder, producing original master-quality audio tracks.

Digidesign introduced Session 8, a new multitrack recording system designed specifically for the home-recording market. The system integrates random-access digital audio, MIDI, and a musician's existing audio equipment to create a complete digital-recording studio controlled by a personal computer.

Conserva-tars

Where guitars, basses, amps, and accessories are concerned, conservative continued to be the trend. The race to create functional guitar synthesizers seems to have run its course, although **Roland** threw attention toward its sturdy GR-1 synth contender with a new expansion board.

In acoustic guitars, the question now burns: how can the swelling ranks of acoustic guitarists get a decent amplified sound? In response, a number of acoustic-related

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products were unleashed, from **Martin's** new on-board control panel for transducers to **Yamaha's** electro-acoustic APX series guitars.

As always, the show teemed with crazed finger-wigglers attacking the instruments. At **Bartolini** pickups, guitarist John Stowell was exercising some of his spidery chord forms on a headless Klein guitar (as played by Bill Frisell).

Gibson hosted such venerable legends as Herb Ellis and Tal Farlow, as well as classical guitarist Muriel Anderson. Gibson has enjoyed a rebound in the last several years as witnessed by this year's expansion of the Epiphone line and the collector's (i.e.,

pricey) Historic Series of exacting replicas of vintage Gibson models.

Bass players have been drawn to **SWR** amps in recent years due to their expanded frequency ranges that interact with the expanded demands of 5- and 6-string basses. This year, SWR introduced Henry the 8x8 cabinet, a compact, three-foot-tall unit weighing less than 100 pounds. SWR also unveiled the compact Bassic Black combo amp.

At **Fender** guitars, Bruce Zinky and others commandeered the new line of amplifiers from the Amp Custom Shop, which carefully emulate the perennial favorite pre-CBS Fender amps, aided by the accrued

wisdom of modern technology. In discussing the new Vibroking amplifier, Zinky explained the amp is equipped with "a new feature called a 'fat' switch, which takes you from a clean, tweed sound to more of a bluesy, crying overdrive sound reminiscent of blonde amplifiers and also the black-faced Super Reverb."

Peavey Electronics was in a tubular mode, showing the new Bluesman 115, Tonemaster, and Duel 212 all-tube guitar amps. Peavey also released Reactor, Predator AX, and Accelerator electric guitars, plus Forum, Accelerator, RSB, and B Quad 4 electric basses. **DB**

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- Good ★★★
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- Poor ★



Thelonious Monk & John Coltrane

AT THE FIVE SPOT—Blue Note 99786: *TRINKLE, TINKLE; IN WALKED BUD; I MEAN YOU; EPISTROPHY; CREPESCULE WITH NELLIE.*
Personnel: Monk, piano; Coltrane, tenor sax; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.
 ★★★★★ 1/2

John Coltrane's brief, brilliant association with Thelonious Monk's quartet produced only two LPs worth of studio material, in part because the music was then considered too far-out to sell. But a crudely taped 1957 set from their extended gig at New York's Five Spot has now come to light, and it makes the earlier releases sound tame.

At first, the Five Spot version of "Trinkle, Tinkle" sounds much bolder than its studio counterpart; but on closer listening the rough impression resolves largely into muddy sound plus background conversation. The real difference is drummer Roy Haynes, whose smart-bomb attack breaks up Monk's straining progressions and charges Coltrane's modal sheets of sound with bursting energy. The tenor runs away with the tune, cascading torrents of notes through tortuous runs while the piano supplies spare, open-ended accompaniment or lays out altogether.

Trane sounds pained with the more orthodox bebop of "In Walked Bud," but Monk is radiant, moaning with abandon as he barrels airily over Ahmed Abdul-Malik's blistering bass, with nods to Ellington as well as Powell. On "I Mean You" the contrast intensifies: Coltrane gropes beyond bop with urgent flurries that anticipate "Giant Steps," while Monk plays almost smugly, showing little of his usual sense of surprise. The two lock into emotional sync on the abstruse changes of "Epistrophy," but the recording shuts off in the middle of Monk's vivid solo.

Coltrane sits out the finale, "Crepescul With Nellie," and the audience, showing no respect for genius, chatters idly through Monk's warm, rich yet dryly modern chording. The two masters would soon part company, Trane to continue his spiritual quest and work with Miles Davis, Monk to enjoy a popular revival. But their recorded collaboration endures as a landmark in the development of modern jazz.

—Larry Birnbaum



Bill Frisell

HAVE A LITTLE FAITH—Elektra Nonesuch 79301 2: *BILLY THE KID; THE "SAINT-GAUDENS" IN BOSTON COMMON Pt. 1; JUST LIKE A WOMAN; I CAN'T BE SATISFIED; LIVE TO TELL; THE "SAINT-GAUDENS" IN BOSTON COMMON Pt. 2; NO MOE; WASHINGTON POST MARCH; WHEN I FALL IN LOVE; LITTLE JENNY DOW; HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN ME; BILLY BOY.*
Personnel: Frisell, electric guitar; Don Byron, clarinet, bass clarinet; Guy Klucvsek, accordion; Kermit Driscoll, electric, acoustic basses; Joey Baron, drums.
 ★★★★★

If you've heard Frisell rip into oldies like "Chain Of Fools," or embrace standards with Paul Motian, an album of cover tunes is no surprise. Seeing Copland and lives on the set list, alongside Madonna and Muddy Waters, might raise a few eyebrows. Surveying 20th-century American music is a challenge, so Frisell adds tonal color to his trio with Don Byron and Guy Klucvsek. Frisell loves the textures created when clarinet and accordion blend with the guitar's blur and buzz. Byron frequently takes the lead, allowing Frisell to embellish, creating filigrees and washes around the edges. Frisell must be our most self-effacing (and perverse) guitar hero.

Copland's "Billy The Kid" suits Frisell's dobro-like twang and Byron's piping, wailing clarinet. The arrangement is episodic, Zornian, but with a longer attention span. Lonesome cowpokes roam the plains. There's a dance, but trouble breaks out. And after a climactic shootout (Joey Baron's solo), a jaunty ride into the sunset. You've seen this movie, but have you heard it? Frisell interprets ballads with respect and sensitivity. His readings of "When I Fall In Love" and tunes by Bob Dylan and John Hiatt are soulful and sensuous. By contrast, Frisell roughs up Madonna. A straightforward treatment of "Live To Tell" collapses, freeing Frisell to twist and corrupt the song with snarls and howls.

Have A Little Faith succeeds in extracting new insights from familiar materials.

—Jon Andrews



Bob Mintzer

DEPARTURE—DMP 493: *DIALOGUE; THE BIG SHOW; MY FOOLISH HEART; FREEDOMLAND; JOSHUA; HORNS ALONE; SUNSET; CHILDRENS SONG; MEETING OF THE MINDS; VISION CITY OF HOPE.* (64:21)

Personnel: Mintzer, Lawrence Feldman, Bob Malach, Roger Rosenburg, Peter Yellin, saxes, flutes; Marvin Stamm, Laurie Frink, Tim Hagens, Bob Millikan, Mike Mossman, trumpet, flugelhorn; Dave Barger, Mike Davis, Keith O'Quinn, Dave Taylor, trombone; Phil Markowitz (3,5,7,8), Jim McNeely (1,2,4,9,10), piano; Michael Formanek, acoustic bass (3,5,7,8); Lincoln Goines, electric bass (1,2,4,9,10); Peter Erskine (3,5,7,8), Jon Riley (1,2,4,9,10), drums; Sammy Figueroa, percussion; Michael Franks, vocals (3).
 ★★★★★

Though Mintzer has been spending most of his time lately with the Yellowjackets, his heart clearly lies with big bands. After stints with Buddy Rich, Louie Bellson, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, Larry Elgart, and Jaco Pastorius' Word Of Mouth big band, it's in his blood. Nearly every year since 1985, Mintzer has had a chance to satisfy his big-band craving via DMP. *Departure*, his sixth for the label, is arguably his finest attempt at modernizing the form while still paying homage to the tradition.

A prolific composer and accomplished arranger, Mintzer is also a fire-breathing soloist, as he proves in the tenor sax/drums breakdown with Jon Riley on the burning opener, "Dialogue," and on a smoking big-band rendition of Victor Feldman's "Joshua." His buoyant, lightly swinging production number, "The Big Show," shows traces of the Thad/Mel influence while also suggesting the spirit of Jaco's "Liberty City." His arrangement behind Michael Franks' soft vocals on "My Foolish Heart" recalls Gil Evans' lush voicings behind Miles Davis' muted trumpet on *Miles Ahead*. And his salsa-fied reworking of the Yellowjackets' "Freedomland"—powered by Riley's slick traps work and Sammy Figueroa's churning congas in combination with Lincoln Goines' grooving electric-bass lines—reflects his obvious love of Eddie Palmieri. Mintzer's most original arrangement on the album is "Horns Alone," a kind of extended World Saxophone Quartet-ish feature for winds minus rhythm section.

There are some other great soloists in this polished outfit. Standouts include trumpeters Tim Hagens ("The Big Show") and Marvin Stamm ("Childrens Song"), pianists Phil Markowitz ("Joshua") and Jim McNeely ("Vision/City Of Hope"), and tenor saxophonist Bob Malach ("Childrens Song"). Plus, Mintzer has the good fortune of having two of the finest big-band drummers on this date in Peter Erskine and Jon

Riley. I expect some of these charts, like a lot of Mintzer's big-band material, will turn up in the standard repertoire of collegiate lab bands all over the country.
—Bill Milkowski



Lou Rawls

PORTRAIT OF THE BLUES—Manhattan 99548: *I JUST WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU; A LOVER'S QUESTION; PERSON TO PERSON; SINCE I MET YOU BABY; I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU; SNAP YOUR FINGERS; BABY WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO; SUFFERING WITH THE BLUES; HIDE NOR HAIR; CHAINS OF LOVE; MY BABE; I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' BUT THE BLUES; SAVE YOUR LOVE FOR ME; SATURDAY NIGHT FISH FRY; SWEET SLUMBER. (47:45)*
Personnel: Rawls, vocals; Richard Tee, piano, electric piano, organ; Steve Khan, Cornell Dupree (8,10), Buddy Guy (11), guitar; Tom Pomposello, slide guitar (1,2); Tinker Barfield, electric bass; Chris Parker, drums; Jon Faddis, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, Hank Crawford, alto saxophone; Seldon Powell, baritone saxophone; Wayne Andre, trombone; Ron Blake, David Newman, Plas Johnson (4), Houston Person (11), tenor saxophone; Joe Lovano, flute, tenor saxophone (2,5,12); Junior Wells, harmonica (1,7); Phoebe Snow (2), Joe Williams (14), vocal; Lionel Hampton, vibes (14).

★ ★ ★ ★

The blues according to Rawls, and the large-ensemble cast joining him on his third and finest for the Blue Note family, is a suave and smooth affair. Without making any particular lofty musicological claims about it, Rawls & Co. ably split the difference between jazz sophistication and bluesy swagger. The veteran's baritone voice swerves ably from the nasty shuffle of Jimmy Reed's "Baby What You Want Me To Do" to the sultry elegance of Duke Ellington's "I Ain't Got Nothing But The Blues."

Producers Billy Vera and Michael Cuscuna do well by Rawls, surrounding him with a bevy of heavyweights working along the jazz-blues axis, with snug, embracing horn arrangements by Benny Golson and Hank Crawford. Notable cameos are dished up by the spoonful, including input from four different tenor-sax soul honkers. Rawls doesn't mind sharing his microphone: Joe Williams brings his own complementary baritone gentleman blues chops to "Saturday Night Fish Fry," while Phoebe Snow adds her two cents to "A Lover's Question." And any project that gives gainful employment to both Buddy Guy (on Willie Dixon's "My Babe") and Lionel Hampton (on "Saturday Night Fish Fry")—and makes musical sense out of it—has to be on a righteous track.

Portrait Of The Blues is a fine argument for the generous adaptability of the blues and jazz traditions, with gospel as the common ground betwixt the two
—Josef Woodard

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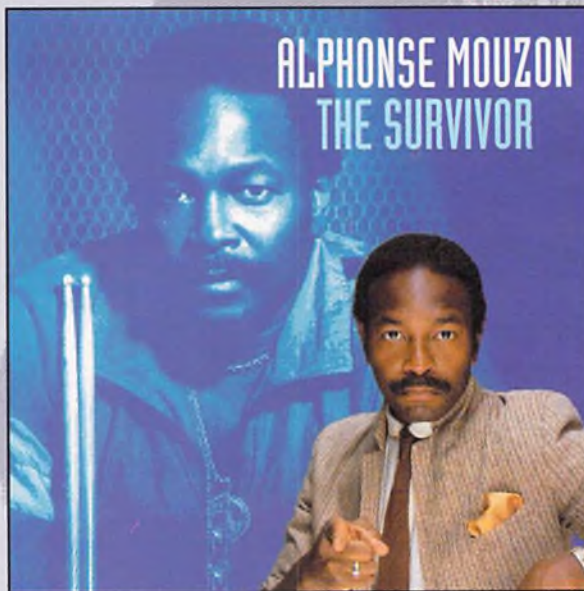
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The Awkward Age (I)

by Kevin Whitehead

Reissue wizard Robert Parker's 25-CD series for the Australian Broadcasting Company (see "News" Aug. '92) spans early recorded music from hot-jazz to novelty and movie tunes to opera. Parker's tastes are broad, his knowledge extensive. The discs he produces are more than audio fea(s)ts; they bring whole periods into sharper focus, not just individual recordings. (The good annotation helps.)

Parker surveys the music vertically or horizontally: he'll present one musician's masterworks and curiosities alike. Or he'll cut across a region or genre, mixing the prominent and the obscure.

One way to appreciate, say, **Bessie Smith's** power is to hear her in context. On *The Blues 1923 To 1933* (ABC 836 046; 48:41; ★★★★★), Smith, Cleo Gibson, Victoria Spivey, and the truly obscure Margaret Webster are all caught in 1929. Also among its 16 acts are Ida Cox, Ethel Waters, the Memphis Jug Band, and Jimmie Rodgers ("Blue Yodel No. 9" with Louis Armstrong). For folks used to major-label or indie blues reissues, sound is stunning. Bessie's never seemed so present, so near.

Many Parker reissues take jazz through its



Andy Kirk: New Orleans the birthplace of jazz?

awkward age: the transition from 2/4 to 4/4 as common time, from happy anarchy to compositional stability. Chicagoans—and not just ones from New Orleans—caught on fast. By 1927 (one year the series freezes in time), clarinetist **Johnny Dodds** (836 202; 48:17; ★★★★★) was swinging with great relaxation—"Bucktown Stomp"—but even on some of the 1923 King Olivers here, the ensembles are swinging even if a Baby Dodds' slide-whistle solo sends things crashing. In '26, with pianist

Jimmy Blythe, the time is poised between 2/4 and 4/4, perfectly comfortable. Dodds' fearsome rhythmic drive confirms the old truth: if you can't swing alone, you never will. By '27, cornet player **Bix Beiderbecke** (1924-1930 (836 183; 48:51; ★★★★★½) had jumped to New York, but his Gang's three Midwesterners were its more consistent swingers. But the whole sextet lifts off by the end of "Since My Best Girl Turned Me Down," once Adrian Rollini gets his bass sax up to speed. (That track shows off Bix's nice cornet tone and supple bent notes, too.)

But on *Kansas City—Hot Jazz* (836 222; 53:38; ★★★★★½), spanning 1926 to 1930, the city that would teach the world to swing was mired in oompah meter and clunky overwriting. **Bennie Moten's** band, which gave birth to Basie's, gets more than half the disc, but even in the late '20s, sometimes they decidedly didn't swing. What we now hear as KC values—fleet rhythm, earthy blues feel, unobtrusive charts—are more easily detected emerging in **Andy Kirk's** four sides (sparked by pianist/composer Mary Lou Williams), and one each by Walter Page's Blue Devils, George E. Lee, and blues singer Hattie North. Moten's band, grappling with orchestral conventions of the time, glimmers the future in 1927's "Ding-Dong Blues," with its liberating Southwestern cowboy lope, itself influenced by the Mexican *corrido*. This Spanish tinge didn't come through New Orleans.

Hot Town (836 188; 50:42; ★★★★★) is mostly devoted to regional bands from Minneapolis to San Antonio to L.A., with brief stopoffs in eastern capitol. (Fittingly, this travelog's bracketed by train songs.) Moten, Kirk, and Duke are here; more valuable are tracks by little-knowns like Mart Britt and Slatz Randall. It's naive and ahistorical to think the idea of combining blues, ragtime, and brass bands to make jazz occurred only in New Orleans. This 1926-'33 stuff confirms no city ever has an exclusive lock on the music, even if it was captured too long after jazz gained currency to settle the question of how many birthplaces the music had.

Back then, jazz wasn't pure nor its boundaries clear-cut. Lots of things that passed for it at the time aren't considered jazz now, but for musicians it was all part of studio life. *Hot Violins* (836 049; 47:51; ★★★★★) features the usual suspects—Venuti, South, Grappelli, Stuff Smith—and the unsung, notably Tex-Mex whiz Emilio Caceres, England's Hugo Rignold, and France's Michel Warlop (with Django Reinhardt). The moral: most every instrument you read that has few practitioners in jazz will have at least 10, and a varied history rarely remembered in all its original complexity. (Some of these fiddlers are hotter than others.) **Venuti And Lang** (836 200; 48:17; ★★★★★½)—violinist **Joe** and guitarist **Eddie**—play classics like 1926's duo "Stringin' The Blues" and some kazoo-laden hokum, their axes not yet totally freed from jug-band associations. But even when saddled with plodding partners, the principals deliver—and don't miss Frankie Trumbauer's fine bassoon break (1929!) on "Running Ragged." Lotsa white jazz stars of the time turn up: Goodman, Teagarden, Rollini, Nichols, the Dorseys. We'll have more from that crowd next time. (Distributed by DRG.) **DB**

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Jack DeJohnette

FIFTH WORLD ANTHEM—Manhattan 99089: *FIFTH WORLD ANTHEM; DOHIYI CIRCLE #1; MILES; TWO GUITAR CHANT; DOHIYI; DECEPTION BLUES; WITCHI TIA TO [sic]; DARKNESS TO LIGHT; DOHIYI CIRCLE #2; ABORIGINAL DREAM TIME.* (60:15)
Personnel: DeJohnette, drums, percussion, synthesizer, vocals; Will Calhoun, drums, vocals; Vernon Reid, John Scofield, guitar; Michael Cain, piano, synthesizer; Lonnie Plaxico, bass; Joan Henry, Farah DeJohnette, Ethel Calhoun, Robert Rosario, vocals.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

In this episode, DeJohnette goes ec-lectric. Splicing Cain and Plaxico from Special Edition to Calhoun and Reid from Living Colour, with Scofield and Joan Henry thrown in for pluck, *Fifth World Anthem* is the drummer/producer's headlong leap into the current multi-genre.

multi-culti craze. When it makes room for the guitars to tangle, things get quite interesting. But much of the time the disc falls back on the exotic appeal of its Native American subplot and the unrestrained weirdness of hearing heavy-metal licks in the proximity of Jack DeJohnette.

As Ornette did with the original *Prime Time*, DeJohnette wisely chose guitarists with differing sounds; here Scofield is Bern Nix to Vern's Charles Ellerbee, contrasting crystalline Scotone and jazz phrasing with Reid's harsh, black-rock overdrive. On "Miles," the disc's best cut, a funky harmoloid undertow churns while Reid blazes and sweeps a hot-shit solo. The power-chordage and hardcore thud of the title cut make an intriguing context for Scofield's sweet stringing, though the tune takes an unfortunate turn when it settles into a mondo five-minute, one-note drum-duel cadence. "Darkness To Light" starts as a Metheny-ish composition with a suitably breezy piano solo; midway, the tune's bounce is broken as buzzsaw-Reid blazes a nasty new trail. Elsewhere, there's a silly anti-media invective done reggae-style ("Deception Blues"), a cloyingly earnest vocal version of Jim Pepper's "Witchi-Tai-To" and a couple of distinctly un-folksy Seneca Indian chants.

Had DeJohnette trimmed the vocals and used less synth in the mix, he could have tightened *Fifth World Anthem* into a more concentrated listen.

—John Corbett



Wynton Marsalis

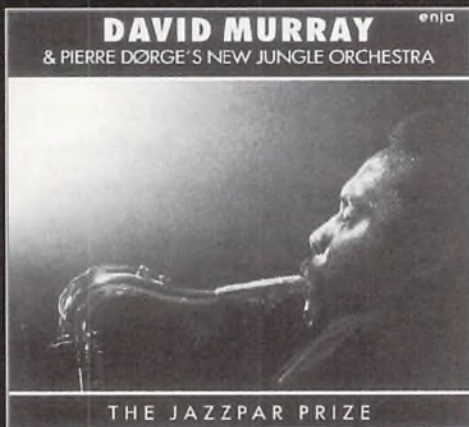
CITI MOVEMENT (GRIOT NEW YORK)—Columbia C2K 53324: *CITY SCAPE; HUSTLE BUSTLE; CITY BEAT; DAYLIGHT DINOSAURS; DOWN THE AVENUE; STOP AND GO; NIGHTLIFE-HIGHLIFE (Yas. Yas.); TRANSATLANTIC ECHOES; HOW LONG?; DUWAY DIALOGUE; DARK HEARTBEAT; CROSS COURT CAPERS; BAYOU BAROQUE; MARTHANIEL; SPRING YAOUNDE; SOME PRESENT MOMENTS OF THE FUTURE; THE END; THE LEGEND OF BUDDY BOLDEN; SWINGDOWN, SWINGTOWN; HIGHRISE RIFF (1,2,3,4); MODERN VISTAS (AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE); CURTAIN CALL.* (72:55/50:03)

Personnel: Marsalis, trumpet; Wycliffe Gordon, trombone; Wes Anderson, alto sax; Todd Williams, tenor, soprano sax; Reginald Veal, bass; Herlin Riley, drums; Eric Reed, piano.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

There are plenty of stellar moments in this

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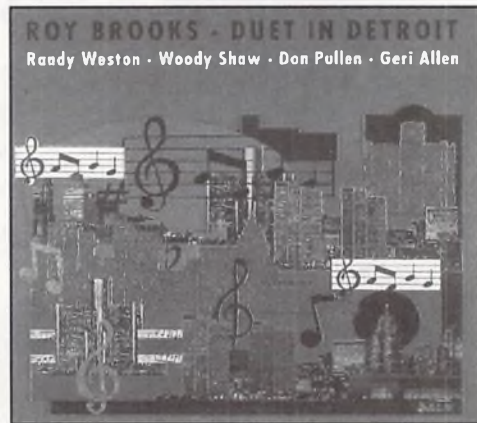


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complex and beautiful work by Wynton Marsalis, undisputedly the Ellington of our time. Written for Marsalis' septet as the score for Garth Fagen's Bucket Dance Theater's modern ballet, *Griot New York*, this collection tells a story—of the history of mankind, of life in the teeming metropolis, of the tenacity of the human spirit—through music that is intricately written and expertly performed.

At the premiere, in December 1991 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival, Marsalis' music certainly enhanced Fagen's choreography, with both artists drawing on vernacular and classical traditions to great effect. Listening again, the piece worked more powerfully as part of the whole: on its own, the changing tempos and shifting moods that worked so well when accompanied by a broad gesture or swaying hips instead tend to break up the groove.

The best sections occur when the band is swinging, as it does mightily and joyfully throughout a broad range of expressions—traditional New Orleans brass band, '60s modal jazz, big-band swing, calypso, even circus music. Within those sections (especially "Some Present Moments Of The Future"), the band's solos and Marsalis' evocative voicings conjure Lunceford, Ellington, Basie, Fletcher Henderson, and Mingus. Hear it in the timeless growl and purr of the trumpet, the strutting piano, the trombone-and-clarinet unison lines, and the 3/4-gospel lilt of "Curtain Call," complete with

tambourine a-shaking. And then there is simply the sound of Marsalis' trumpet throughout, always a joy—that pure, sweet, *phat!* tone with the rough edges, the inherent (again) *swing*. Hear him on "The Legend Of Buddy Bolden" and you know you're hearing a master.

In all, Marsalis' brilliant orchestration stands on its own. But perhaps Columbia would do well to issue a second home video (a follow-up to *Blues & Swing*) of this piece in its original form. —Suzanne McElfresh

BILLION STARS LIKE OUR SUN; TERRA; UNTIL YOU REMEMBER; A FACE IN THE CLOUDS; TRAVELER; 101 SHADES OF FAIRY TALE. (69:41)

Personnel: Haruhiko Takauchi, guitars, synthesizers; Wayne Shorter, soprano, tenor sax (1,3-6,8); Jeff Andrews, electric bass; Danny Gottlieb, drums; Rob Schwimmer, piano, keyboards; Arto Tunçboyacı, percussion, vocals; Koji Ohneda, acoustic bass (1).

★★ 1/2



Haru with Wayne Shorter

THE GALACTIC AGE—Manhattan CDP 0777 7 80363 2: 10 (*NEW AGE GROOVE*); *FOSSIL COSMOS*; *ODYSSEY EPISODE*; *TAKION*; *NEBULA*; *AT LEAST 10*

Happy jazz with a cosmic consciousness and a grandiose sweep. Takauchi has a warm Metheny-esque tone and a knack for writing easy, agreeable melodies that are ripe for lite-jazz radioplay ("Fossil Cosmos," "Nebula," "A Face In The Clouds," and the shameless Metheny ripoff, "Terra"). But there are some surprisingly adventurous moments here, particularly the free-blowing group-improv piece "Takion," which features Shorter in full effect against Gottlieb's aggressive bashing.

Unfortunately, those daring moments are few and far between. Shorter barely touches his tenor and resorts to noodling on funk vamps ("Remember") or jamming with spacey Star Trek-inspired soundscapes ("10," "At Least," with an appearance by cosmologist Dr. Steven Hawking). Though it's a far cry from Shorter's *Super Nova*, it's still killing Kenny G. The other soloist of note is pianist Rob Schwimmer, playing in the polite context of ersatz sambas and genteel ballads. —Bill Milkowski

Vanessa Rubin

On the heels of her block-buster debut release "Soul Eyes", Vanessa Rubin mixes a delectable combination of the familiar and the new in her latest release, "Pastiche", produced by Onaje Allan Gumbs. Features: "In A Sentimental Mood", "I'm Just a Lonely So and So" and "Simone".

PASTICHE



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Brubeck's Time

by Jon Andrews

Try condensing 40 years into four hours. It's not fair, particularly with an artist as prolific as **Dave Brubeck**. *Time Signatures* (Columbia/Legacy C4K 52945; 69:25/66:15/67:49/71:32: ★★★★★) samples 46 albums, not limited to Brubeck's Columbia catalog, but including work from his years at Fantasy, Atlantic, Concord, and MusicMasters. This ambitious package invites consideration of Brubeck's place in jazz cosmology.

The arc of Brubeck's career started with his Fantasy sessions. These selections emphasize Brubeck's 1949 trio with Cal Tjader on drums, arguably giving short shrift to Brubeck's octet and early quartet work. "The Way You Look Tonight" (for octet) shows Brubeck in the first stages of his experiments with counterpoint, not far removed from his studies with Darius Milhaud. Brubeck's partnership with Paul Desmond triggers a period of rapid development, including compositions like "The Duke" and "In Your Own Sweet Way." With the arrival of the underrated rhythm section of drummer Joe Morello and bassist Eugene Wright, the quartet reaches a plateau, particularly from 1958-'60. Morello and Wright navigate the unconventional, difficult time signatures ("Blue Rondo à La Turk" in 9/8, "World's Fair" in 13/4), while Brubeck adds his trademark block chords and notorious, percussive accompaniment.

Desmond's agile, expressive alto inevitably steals the show. Desmond enthusiasts can expect many prime performances, including "Tangerine" and "Fujiyama." The "classic" quartet lasted nine years, and its work occupies 2½ discs. This is the prize in the box, a consistent body of work which holds up over time. ("The Real Ambassadors" and "Bossa Nova U.S.A." don't age well, but that's quibbling.) Post-Desmond selections seem spotty, with little attention given to Brubeck's '70s and '80s work. Desmond and Brubeck were such ideal foils that the pianist's later collaborations with Gerry Mulligan and Jerry Bergonzi could never be as satisfying. *Time Signatures* is a good, broad survey of Brubeck, emphasizing variety in its choices, along with the requisite hits. An elaborate booklet include Brubeck's track-by-track commentary and Doug Ramsey's affectionate, well-illustrated profile.

Dave's still difficult to categorize—too eccentric for the West Coast school and too much fun for the Third Stream. As much evangelist as innovator, Brubeck's controversial inspiration was a conception of jazz that focused on improvisation, but allowed room for non-traditional devices and influences, including classical studies and impressions of world music. Brubeck's conception was brainy, but not high-brow; complex, but not intimidating, and always melodic. It enticed millions who might otherwise have closed their minds to jazz. Critics haven't always joined in the acclaim. In 1960, Ira Gitler's two-star **DB** review of the popular *Time Out* attacked Brubeck's "heavy-handed" playing, and argued that Brubeck's dilution of "jazz feeling" strayed from "real jazz." With 30 years' hindsight, it's clear that *Time Out* was, or became, real jazz, proving that jazz could evolve, growing outside tradi-



LARS SWANBERG

Brubeck: as much evangelist as innovator

tional categories of dixieland, swing, and pop.

Once When I Was Very Young (MusicMasters Jazz 01612-65083-2; 58:45: ★★) is a different kind of retrospective Brubeck and his current quartet revisit standards with a nostalgic, often sentimental tone. Brubeck's solo passages on "Stardust" and the title track suggest graceful nocturnes. Apart from a hammy, quote-filled treatment of "Shine On, Harvest Moon," the quartet sounds somewhat restrained, with longtime associate Bill Smith's understated clarinet offering chilly counterpoint, but little emotion. (Bassist Jack Six and drummer Randy Jones round out the quartet.) "Dancin' In Rhythm" and "Yesterdays" have a welcome playfulness and complexity otherwise missing from the placid, straightforward arrangements. **DB**

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CD REVIEWS

Savory, Savvy, Savoy (Part 2)

by John Corbett

Do you suppose that, in writing liner notes for *The Genius Of Charlie Parker* (Savoy SV-0104; 35:42: ★★★★★), Savoy producer Ozzie Cadena recognized his own morbid humor when he wrote that when **Charlie Parker** died "... a greater blow to Jazz was never dealt"? The combination of death and adulation makes people say unusual things, like Al "Jazzbeau" Collins' quasi-religious spoken intro to *Charlie Parker Memorial* (0101; 40:54: ★★★★★): "... to say a few words about Charlie is like being pushed off a cliff and being requested to stop falling halfway down." Huh?

Should you, by some fluke or accident, not have any Bird on Savoy, *Genius* isn't a bad sampler, it spans 1945-'48, with pivotal groups, revolutionary compositions, etc. As for the repackaging, you gotta wonder whether anyone at Denon (the label reissuing this series) really thinks that C. P. composed "Flat Foot Floogie," "Popity Pop," or "Slim's Jam"—all Slim Gaillard tunes, sung with hysterical hipness by McVouty himself. On the disc, they're all wrongly credited to Parker. Such mistakes aren't uncommon in this series, as Denon seems to be following Savoy's unfortunate precedent by propagating and creating their own share of album cover misinformation (see "Reviews" Mar '92).

Charlie Parker Memorial follows the now-familiar tradition of including numerous false-starts; indeed, for many listeners the experience of Bird on Savoy has come to mean expecting sudden interruptions and squeaky-reed stops. There's plenty of that on *The Charlie Parker Story* (0105; 35:21: ★★★★★), an astounding November 1945 session which includes 16 versions of a total of six tunes. (Incidentally, when the history-changing music on *The Charlie Parker Story* first appeared, *Down Beat* gave it a zero-star rating.)

While you're in the market for fantabulous bop, definitely get *Nostalgia* (0123; 34:07: ★★★★★), a **Fats Navarro** memorial compilation that draws from three separate sessions the trumpeter recorded at around the same time as his well-known Blue Note recordings (1946-'47), in the company of three different tenor saxophonists: Charlie Rouse, Dexter Gordon, and Eddie Davis. Check out Tadd Dameron's gorgeous piano on the Rouse and Gordon sides, and the a-ways-quotational Navarro sneaking "tra-la-la-boom-dee-ay" into "Fats Blows." On *Opus De Bop* (0118; 31:47: ★★★★★^{1/2}), one of three groups features Navarro, this time alongside Leo Parker on baritone; also included are four smoldering cuts by a quintet featuring Sonny Stitt, Kenny Dorham, and Bud Powell, and four cuts by a quartet led by **Stan Getz** (to whom the disc is credited), and rocket-propelled by mad Max Roach. As "Opus De ..." discs go, it's superior to *Opus De Blues* (0137; 32:49: ★★★★★^{1/2}), a slick, unreleased 1959 septet date led by tenor saxophonist **Frank Wess**, with Thad Jones on trumpet and Curtis Fuller on trombone. Fuller's "Boop-Pe-Doop" is appropriately goofy, Wess' "I Hear Ya Talkin'" features a colorful arrange-



Charlie Parker: interruptions and squeaky reeds

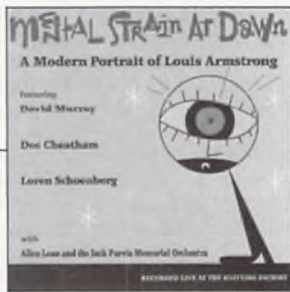
ment, and Jones' (who is thrice credited as "T. Jones" on the sleeve) "Liz," "Struttin' Down Broadway," and "Opus De Blues" are all presentable, but rather pedestrian.

Nat and Julian "Cannonball" Adderley both went into the studio for Savoy on July 26, 1955, each emerging with a record under his belt. *Presenting Cannonball* (0108; 38:22: ★★★★★) has the advantage of Paul Chambers on bass (same rhythm section, otherwise, with Savoy house pianist Hank Jones and drum-wonder Kenny Clarke); Cannonball's compositions elicit long, bluesy solos from both brothers. On "Spontaneous Combustion" and "Caribbean Cutie," Cannonball fires off especially molten alto solos. *That's Nat!* (0146; 37:53: ★★★★★) substitutes Jerome Richardson's gravelly tenor for Julian's slippery alto and Wendell Marshall for Chambers. Richardson plays flute on "You Better Go Now," one of three Ray Draper tunes that sit well next to Mal Waldron's "Big 'E'" and "Ann Springs" and brother "ball's" "Porky." On both discs, Nat plays fine, brash cornet.

Gigi Gryce's *Nica's Tempo* (0126; 42:36: ★★★★★^{1/2}) is perhaps the most intriguing Savoy Denon's yet reissued. Two-thirds of the cuts utilize two slightly different nine-piece orchestras with, among others, Horace Silver, Art Farmer, Art Blakey, Eddie Bert, and Gunther Schuller. Ernestine Anderson sings a couple of lushly arranged songs, and Bert blows a trombone solo through the Irish folk tune "Kerry Dance." *Nica's Tempo* also contains four quartet nuggets featuring Gryce, Blakey, Percy Heath on bass, and Thelonious Monk on knotty, nutty piano.

Naturally, Heath also figures into *Modern Jazz Quartet* (0111; 36:12: ★★★★★^{1/2}), though not on four tracks from August 1951, when the MJQ still would have been an abbreviation for the Milt Jackson Quartet. Ray Brown plays bass on the Heath-less cuts—but the real reason to own this is to hear the group when Kenny Clarke was still on skins. Though it's still obvious how alien the quartet must have seemed in the hardening bop environs of the early '50s, Klook adds just a bit more drive to things, provoking great, gutsy playing from Jackson ("Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise") and John Lewis ("D & E"); this is made especially clear in contrast with the four cuts on which Al Jones (like Thad, referred to as "Johns") replaces Clarke. For people like me, who aren't huge fans of the latter-day MJQ, this reissue is of particular value.

DB



**Murray/
Cheatham/
Schoenberg/
Lowe**

MENTAL STRAIN AT DAWN: A MODERN PORTRAIT OF LOUIS ARMSTRONG—Stash ST-CD-563: *LA CUCARACHA; CHINATOWN, MY CHINATOWN; MAMANITA; MENTAL STRAIN AT DAWN; BLACK AND BLUE; DREAM SEQUENCE; WHEN JACK RUBY MET JOE GLASER; COPYIN' LOUIS; YODEL BLUES; DINAH.* (59:56)

Personnel: Doc Cheatham (1-8), Robert Rumbolz, trumpet; John Rapson, trombone; David Murray, tenor sax (1-8), bass clarinet (6); Loren Schoenberg, tenor sax (1-8); Allen Lowe, alto (1-8) and tenor (9,10) saxophones; Paul Austerlitz, clarinet, bass clarinet; Jeff Fuller (1-8), Peter Askim (9,10), bass; Ray Kaczynski, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

**Satchmo
Legacy Band**

SALUTE TO POPS, VOLUME 2—Soul Note 121166-2: *MUSKRAT RAMBLE; BLUEBERRY HILL; 12TH STREET RAG; WEST END BLUES; BLUES FOR DUANE; THAT OLD DEVIL CALLED LOVE; POTATO HEAD BLUES.* (45:53)

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, flugelhorn, vocals; Curtis Fuller, trombone, vocals; Alvin Batiste, clarinet, vocals; Al Casey, guitar, vocals; Kirk Lightsey, piano, vocals; Red Callender, bass, tuba, vocals; Alan Dawson, drums, vocals.

★ ★ ★ ★

Salute To Pops and *Mental Strain At Dawn* are pungent celebrations of Louis Armstrong. Neither simply relegates him to sainthood, but reaffirms him as a living force in jazz today. That's remarkable, because of their distinctly different paths to Pops. In tapping his impish bluster and avuncular grace, the Satchmo Legacy Band plays it loose—even producer/annotator Mike Hennessey comments on the occasionally nappy edges of their ensembles—throwing in a blistering, yet anachronistically boppish “Blues For Duane” just to shake up the PC watchdogs. Allen Lowe and the Jack Purvis Memorial Orchestra make a very involved, stinging commentary on the current state of repertory projects with *Mental Strain At Dawn*, linking Armstrong's generation and today's with piquant charts that often unravel into delirious polyphony.

Naturally, the trumpeters are the magnetos for both albums. Both, in their own ways, are daring choices for their respective roles. The sure, supple swing of Doc Cheatham is a cohering element in Lowe's cubist soundscapes, even during the Mingus-like throes of “Jack Ruby.” You'd expect Cheatham to blend well with relatively even-keeled mainstreamers

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CD REVIEWS

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like Loren Schoenberg, whose duo with David Murray on "Black And Blue" is a striking meeting of contrasting styles, but Cheatham also matches the impressive zeal of Paul Austerlitz, John Rapson, and Ray Kaczynski. The presence of Murray, whose bass clarinet supplies unorthodox ensemble color, prompts a favorable comparison between Lowe's thickly textured voicings and Murray's octet writing. Lowe, who is also an engaging soloist, is Knocking on the Rep Establishment's door.

Except on "Blues For Duane," Freddie Hubbard dumps his trademark bop pyrotechnics for a gleeful take on Armstrong's well-rounded phrases and compelling sense of structure. His obvious pleasure in milking Armstrong's devices is contagious. If anything, there's not enough of it. Still, when Hubbard is on the bench, Alvin Batiste's dizzying romp through "12th Street Rag," and Kirk Lightsey's nimble reading of "That Old Devil Called Love," maintain the album's spirited pace. There is a general adherence to the temperament and design of Armstrong's Hot Fives and Sevens, though Curtis Fuller's effervescent solo on "Potato Head Blues" has no precedent on the original. Elsewhere, the SLB takes larger liberties, like the kitschy soul-jazz tango treatment of "Blueberry Hill." It all works equally well.

—*Bill Shoemaker*



Ben Webster

SEE YOU AT THE FAIR—Impulse! GRD-121: *SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME; IN A MELLOW TONE; OVER THE RAINBOW; OUR LOVE IS HERE TO STAY; THE SINGLE PETAL OF A ROSE; SEE YOU AT THE FAIR; STARDUST; FALL OF LOVE; WHILE WE'RE DANCING; LULLABY OF JAZZLAND; MIDNIGHT BLUE; BLUES FOR MR. BROADWAY.* (49:28)

Personnel: Webster, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones (1-5), Roger Kellaway (6-8,11,12), piano; Kellaway, harpsichord (9,10); Richard Davis, bass; Osie Johnson (1-10), Grady Tate (11,12), drums; Thad Jones, trumpet (11,12); Phil Woods, alto saxophone (11,12); Phil Bodner, tenor saxophone, english horn (11,12); Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone (11,12).

★★★★★

Ben was almost perfect in my book. A connoisseur of melody, a nonpareil embellisher, a hard-charging rhythmist, a master (perhaps the master) of tonal nuance—he scored on all counts. *See You At The Fair* (re: the 1964 World's Fair in New York and recorded that same year) is an excellent example. There's tenderness in his makeover of the familiar ballads "Someone To Watch Over Me," "Over The Rainbow," and "Stardust"—silken tones and melodic enrichment transforming Gersh-

win, Arlen, and Carmichael into pure Webster.

He remained an Ellingtonian forever, as "The Single Petal Of A Rose" (added to this reissue from *The Definitive Jazz Scene—Vol. One*) and "In A Mellow Tone" attest with great beauty and strength. The former is lovely enough to be declared off-limits to any other saxophonist; the latter shows his so-called brutish side: the growls and mock-menacing attack that, in a single breath, identified his masculinity and humor.

Besides the quartet pieces, we have "Midnight Blue" and "Blues For Mr. Broadway," which were originally released on Oliver Nelson's *More Blues And The Abstract Truth*. Again, Ben sounds definitive as he emerges sexily from Nelson's small-band settings. The late Thad Jones shines in a typically well-constructed solo on "Blues For Mr. Broadway." As for Ben, he wrote the dictionary on this style of tenor. Outstanding.

—*Owen Cordle*



René McLean

IN AFRICAN EYES—Triloka 7195: *AFRICA SON-DELA; SOWETO SUNRISE; MAXHOSA (MAKHOSA); WAITING FOR JAMILA; ZIYAGIYA/SEBIBA; KILIMANJARO; THANDIWE; JABULA M'FANA; MASQUERADE; DANCE LITTLE MANDISA.* (47:11)

Personnel: McLean, tenor, alto, soprano saxes, flute; Hugh Masekela, trumpet (1); 30 unnamed "local musicians."

★★

Heir apparently—not. The spectre of over-production looms large over these proceedings, in which McLean-the-younger seeks to merge South African township music with jazz. Of course, this is nothing remotely new: pull out your old Dudu Pukwana, Chris McGregor, and Dollar Brand records to remind yourself what this fusion can sound like. Then put on *In African Eyes* and listen to a backing vocal group (on six cuts) that sounds more like Manhattan Transfer than the Mahotella Queens, and with arrangements so showy they sound like adverts for a Soweto adventure park.

Sad thing is that, as anyone knows who caught him on papa Jackie McLean's *Rites Of Passage*, René sounds great of late. Here, when his sax cuts through the sap he has a softer, less puckered tone than South African saxists often prefer. On "Waiting For Jamila," he shakes loose a nice alto solo, and I like his sax work (if nothing else), on Leon Russell/George Benson's "Masquerade." "Thandiwe" is an in-substantial flute-fusion track, "Dance Little Mandisa" doesn't really inspire any movement, and only "Jabula M'Fana" approximates the infectiousness of uncut Zulu jive. —*John Corbett*

String Spring Cleaning (1)

by Josef Woodard

Your local, decently stocked music outlet's shelves are never lacking for guitar-related products, especially come springtime, when record-company rosters tend to bloom along with the music market's appetite. Here, then, is a diverse survey of the kinds of jazz—and related musics—that guitarists are currently filling the shelves with.

It's seemingly never a dull moment in the expanding treasure trove called **John Scofield's** discography. His latest, *What We Do* (Blue Note 99586 2; 61:64 ★★★★★½), is another casually brilliant foray, this time with a particular emphasis on Scofield's working band, with saxist-of-the-moment Joe Lovano, bassist Dennis Irwin, and drummer Bill Stewart. The band counts for plenty in bringing meat and mystery to Scofield's game compositions—with roots in Ornette Coleman, Freddie King, and comedian Alan Sherman—and complementing his distinctive, frayed-edge phrases. No other guitar player in jazz has created a musical concept that has no easy pigeonhole.

On his second solo album, *Personal* (Elf 001; 38:02: ★★★★★½), the Cleveland-based **Bob Ferraza** works in a personalized mainstream



HYOU/VIELZ

John Abercrombie: ever the underdog

jazz-guitar tradition that shows he's done his homework, but has his own ideas as well. After

a Metheny-ish opening track, "The Lake," Ferraza—mostly in a quintet setting—explores more extra-fusion turf with a clean, fat-bodied guitar tone and a satchel of clean but probing lines. He shows solid composerly instincts on originals like the tough-skinned "Spiritual Funk" and the sad, ballad contours of "This Time It's Personal," with Wes Montgomery-ish octaves aplenty. (Elfkin Records; 2205 Collage Grove, Cleveland Hgts., OH 44118)

If **Peter Leitch** is still lurking on the inside corner of the fringes, the accomplished Canadian-born guitarist is steadily working his way into the heart of the current mainstream jazz-guitar renaissance—if, in fact, there is one. Leitch's latest album, *From Another Perspective* (Concord Jazz 4535; 66:19: ★★★★★), is an especially strong showcase for the guitarist's attributes—warm, burnished tone, a crisp but venturesome sense of lines, and a desire to gently push the envelope of the straightahead tradition that plainly bred him. The surrounding group here is notable, too: saxists Gary Bartz and Jed Levy, pianist John Hicks, bassist Ray Drummond, and drummer Marvin "Smitty" Smith put polish on Leitch's vehicle.

John Pizzarelli, son of guitarist Bucky, is not so much a new notable guitarist on the circuit as he is another, separate species entirely—the guitarist-crooner. On his second album for Novus/RCA, *Naturally* (63151: ★★★★★), Pizzarelli

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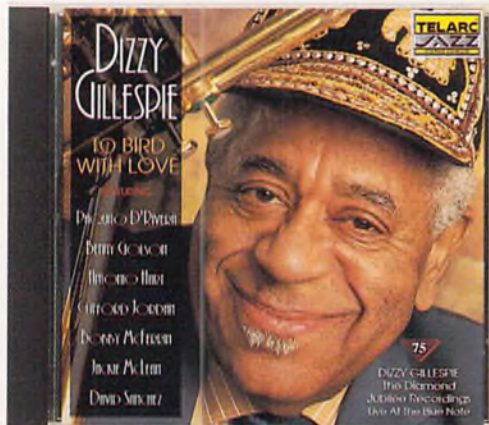
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presents himself as a well-rounded entertainment package, singing in a clear, unforced voice, dishing up simple guitar parts and tossing in some guitar-voice improv à la George Benson. The lion's share are standards, including "Lady Be Good" and "You Stepped Out Of A Dream." Like Harry Connick, Jr., Pizzarelli is not averse to occasional vaudevilian hamboning, as on his reading of David Frishberg's "Slappin' The Cakes On Me." Except for a flat Michael Franks-ish ditty, "Your Song Is Me," that's plainly out-of-context, the ride is a smooth, easygoing one.

In more ways than one, guitarist **Ron Getz' Ego State** (enja 6021; 48:06: ★★★½) comes from out of the blue, a nice place to come from in this age of excess media glare. Getz plays with a kind of clean but muted tone somewhat reminiscent of John Abercrombie on *Gateway* (ECM). His compositions—terse and searching variations on hard-bop, funk-fusion, and ECM-ishness—are ripe vehicles for artfully meandering solos that skitter around whatever tonal center there is. Nestled amongst Gust Tsilis' marimba, Anthony Cox's bass, and the sensitive splashes of drummer Jeff Williams and percussionist Arto Tunçboyacı, Getz makes a distinctive, and invitingly peculiar, impression.

Speaking of beloved old **John Abercrombie** albums, his latest one, *While We're Young* (ECM 517 352-2; 59:08: ★★★★★), hearkens back to his memorable ECM project of 19 years hence, *Timeless*. That evocative album was a trio date with drummer Jack DeJohnette and Jan Hammer on organ. (No bassist needed apply.) This year's model features Abercrombie alongside drummer Adam Nussbaum and Dan Wall on organ. The chemistry works, again. The prevailing feel is a moody one, but "Mirrors" broils and "Scomotion" is an expressly Scofield-esque waltz. Abercrombie, ever the underdog on the guitar scene, achieves his characteristic balance between cerebral chattering and urbane incisiveness.

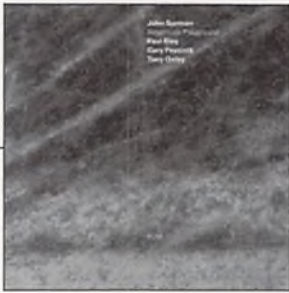
Fusioner **Kazumi Watanabe's** sizable discography isn't lacking for ambition or bite, and *Pandora* (Gramavision 79472; 52:08: ★★½) is his boldest attempt yet at stretching beyond the mere exercising of chops and well-intended Japanese-American graftings. The production surfaces are spic & span, the playing sharp and slick, but the music itself lacks much purpose or substance. Tunes are composed of modular phrases strung together, in the genres of funk, rock, Latin, token bebop and Django-esquerie. And yet, unabashed guitar lovers should enjoy it.

For something completely different... British acoustic-guitar wizard **Adrian Legg** appears to be burning a trail for himself in acoustic-guitar circles and also with an unlikely audience—the electric-rock, guitar-hero worshippers. Legg's third domestically available project, *Mrs. Crowe's Blue Waltz* (Relativity 88561-1162; 50:12: ★★★★★), is another winning display of Legg's folk-tinged romanticism and kinetic fingerpicking virtuosity. Legg has no problem brandishing his buoyant wit or his lyrical wisdom, exploring bubble-gum pop esthetics ("Kiss-Curl"), or venturing into a quasi-classical suite ("Green Ballet"). It's all in a day's work for a late-blooming, painterly guitar impressionist. **DB**

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John Surman

ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND—ECM 1463 314 511 981: *ONLY YESTERDAY; FIGFOOT; QUADRAPHONIC QUESTION; TWICE SAID ONCE; JUST FOR NOW; AS IF WE KNEW; TWISTED ROOTS; DUET FOR ONE; SEVEN.* (65:39)

Personnel: Surman, baritone and soprano sax, bass clarinet; Paul Bley, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Tony Oxley, drums.

★★★★

Sure man: his name befits him. One of a number of under-appreciated Brits, Surman is a fine reed-player, with a clear head for group interaction. He's got sturdy ideas and remarkable control over the unwieldy baritone. On this collective project, Surman, Bley, Oxley, and Peacock work together with openness and deliberation, drawing from a stack of their own compositions plus Carla Bley's charming "Seven." The music is reflective and intense, but there's also dry humor in Peacock's swank intro to "Figfoot" and the patch of "All Blues" that Bley casts into the end of "Twice Said Once." Indeed, the disc's only flaw is Manfred Eicher's cavernous mix; it's particularly inappropriate for Surman, who already has a sweet enough tone, and for Bley, who occasionally slips into syrup.

The true marvel of this disc is Tony Oxley. Anyone unfamiliar with his original approach should take note of the precision racket he

makes on *Adventure Playground*. With his tailor-made drum kit—various cowbells and bongos mounted on an erector-set frame and a giant ride-cymbal fizzing dead-center—it is uncanny how hard Oxley manages to swing *sans* meter. That he plays this way with Anthony Braxton and Cecil Taylor may come as no surprise; that he makes it work so well with this quartet is a serious kick in the pants.

—John Corbett



Marc Copland

AT NIGHT—Sunnyside 1059D: *ALL THAT'S LEFT; ESTATE; ALL OF YOU; AT NIGHT; TRADING PLACES; RAIN; MILESTONES; MASQUALERO.* (60:49)

Personnel: Copland, piano; Billy Hart, drums; Gary Peacock, bass.

★★★

D'Andrea/ Tommaso/Gatto

AIREGIN—Red 123252-2: *MISTERIOSO; AIREGIN; DOXY; EPISTROPHY; LOVER MAN; GIRAVOLTA; JUMPS; MY DEAR ONE; THINGS CALLED; BLUE IN GREEN; BOP ABSTRACTIONS.* (64:19)


Personnel: Franco D'Andrea, piano; Giovanni Tommaso, bass; Roberto Gatto, drums.

★★★★

All the way around, the musicianship on these

two recordings is high. But although these musicians share a taste for jazz standards, their esthetics turn out to be pretty far apart. Marc Copland's trio follows the Bill Evans/Scott LaFaro/Paul Motian model. That means closely voiced chords, quirky harmonies, and a gentle touch from pianist Copland; a subtle but soloistic bass; and drums that are felt more than heard. On the other hand, pianist Franco D'Andrea leaves it to drummer Roberto Gatto to push his swinging trio with his hard-driving sticks.

On Cole Porter's "All Of You" and Miles Davis' "Milestones," Copland's trio gets into serious time-warp action. Pull out your old 1961 Riverside recording of *Waltz For Debby*, with Evans, LaFaro, and Motian playing; the resemblance is more than superficial. The same goes for "Milestones," which Evans' trio recorded on *Sunday At The Village Vanguard*. Copland is much more than a skillful mimic, though. In his own compositions he shows an independent voice. "At Night" and "Rain" are ethereal, coming close to a new-age esthetic. "All That's



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CD REVIEWS

Left," the best of the bunch, gives the trio a vigorous hard-bop workout.

The energy of "All That's Left" comes closest to the bracing feel of the *Airegin* recording. As far as style goes, the character of the first four tunes on *Airegin*—two compositions each by Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins—hint at what's in store on this exciting disc. D'Andrea, Tommaso, and Gatto's performances of originals hold up against the standards. The D'Andrea/Crepuscule Siae composition titled "Jumps" felt like an old favorite by the third hearing. It's great to find players this fluent in the hard-bop vocabulary who have so much of their own to say.

—Elaine Guregian



Neil Young

LUCKY THIRTEEN—Geffen 24452: *SAMPLE AND HOLD; TRANSFORMER MAN; DEPRESSION BLUES; GET GONE; DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE AWAY FROM ME; ONCE AN ANGEL; WHERE IS THE HIGHWAY TONIGHT?; HIPPIE DREAM; PRESSURE; AROUND THE WORLD; MIDEAST VACATION; AIN'T IT THE TRUTH; THIS NOTE'S FOR YOU.* (64:12)

Personnel: Young, vocals, guitars, bass, Synclavier, harmonica, keyboards; various musicians, including Ralph Molina, Karl Himmel, Steve Jordan, drums; Tim Drummond, Billy Talbot, bass; Ben Keith, pedal-steel guitar, guitar, sax; Ralph Mooney, pedal-steel guitar; Danny Kortchmar, guitar, synthesizer; Frank (Pancho) Sampedro, guitar, keyboards, vocals; Waylon Jennings, vocals.

★ ★ ★ 1/2

Hot on the heels of Neil Young's *Harvest Moon*, his excellent *Harvest* redux album, is the compilation from his five-album tenure with Geffen in the '80s. Originally planned as a simple roundup of some of Young's more popular songs from his very uncommercial stint with the label (which actually sued Young a few years back for making "unrepresentative" albums), *Lucky Thirteen* developed into a much more ambitious project once the legendary rocker got involved. He contributed unreleased live material from his blues big-band gig ("Ain't It The Truth") and a previously unreleased studio acoustic country-folk number ("Depression Blues"), both of which are as good as anything he recorded during that stretch of time. Several other songs have never been available on CD or were limited to a laserdisc release. There's also a great live version of Young's lambast of rock stars' commercial endorsements, "This Note's For You." On the down side: two lead-off tunes from Young's full immersion into the gimmicky techno-synth music world (the forgettable and very dated *Trans* era).

—Dan Ouellette



Billy Childs

PORTRAIT OF A PLAYER—Windham Hill Jazz 1934 10144-2: *It's You Or No One; THE END OF INNOCENCE; FLANAGAN; NEVER LET ME GO; SATELLITE; THE ISLAND; BOLIVIA; EASY LIVING; 34 SKIDOO; DARN THAT DREAM.* (63:56)

Personnel: Childs, piano; Tony Dumas, bass; Billy Kilson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

On his fourth outing for Windham Hill, Billy Childs delivers an excellent collection of interpretations of jazz and pop standards as well as two originals, the reflective "End Of Innocence" and a spirited tribute to Tommy Flanagan ("Flanagan"). Childs gets strong rhythmic support from his bass/drum team, freeing him to fly through John Coltrane's hard-boppin' "Satellite" and the vibrant "It's You Or No One." Childs not only exhibits masterly improvisation on the energetic pieces, but he also displays stretches of stunning beauty on such relaxed pieces as Ivan Lins' "The Island" and the elegant solo-piano ballad "Never Let Me Go."

—D. O.



Cindy Blackman

CODE RED—Muse 5365: *CODE RED; ANXIETY; NEXT TIME FOREVER; SOMETHING FOR ART; ROUND MIDNIGHT; CIRCLES; FACE IN THE DARK; GREEN.* (52:03)

Personnel: Blackman, drums; Steve Coleman, alto saxophone; Wallace Roney, trumpet; Kenny Barron, piano; Lonnie Plaxico, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Volcanic drummer Cindy Blackman thunders her way through her second album as a leader, polyrhythmically propelling the pieces forward with the boldness and verve of a jazz vet. With the exception of Monk's "Round Midnight," recorded as a tribute to Art Blakey a few days after he died in 1990, the compositions were written by Blackman. The title piece cooks, as

does the exhilarating "Circles," where Blackman's bruising drum interlude follows a dazzling call-and-response interplay between Steve Coleman and Wallace Roney. But the exclamatory drum solo, "Something For Art" (another celebration of Blakey to whom *Code Red* is dedicated), alone is well worth the price of admission. —D.O.



Elvis Costello & the Brodsky Quartet

THE JULIET LETTERS—Warner Bros. 9 45180-2: *Deliver Us; For Other Eyes; Swine; Expert Rites; Dead Letter; I Almost Had A Weakness; Why?; Who Do You Think You Are?*;

TAKING MY LIFE IN YOUR HANDS; THIS OFFER IS UNREPEATABLE; DEAR SWEET FILTHY WORLD; THE LETTER HOME; JACKSONS, MONK AND ROWE; THIS SAD BURLESQUE; ROMEO'S SEANCE; I THOUGHT I'D WRITE TO JULIET; LAST POST; THE FIRST TO LEAVE; DAMNATION'S CELLAR; THE BIRDS WILL STILL BE SINGING. (62:55)

Personnel: Costello, vocals; Michael Thomas, Ian Belton, violin; Paul Cassidy, viola; Jacqueline Thomas, violoncello.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

There's a rich history of pop musicians embellishing their tunes with strings, but this ambitious, finely crafted song-sequence by brilliant songsmith Costello and the highly-regarded Brodsky Quartet is unprecedented. The inspiration for this collection of letters set to music comes from the enigmatic practice of a Veronese academic who answered letters addressed to the Juliet of Shakespeare's *Romeo And Juliet*. Costello and the Brodsky Quartet (mutual admirers of each other's music) collaborated on this series of compelling missives (such as an unrequited love letter, a threatening chain letter, a suicide note, a war-front correspondence) that make for vignettes and character studies at turns humorous and depressing, hopeful and despairing. The music (a meld of classical and pop) is topnotch throughout, and Elvis even gets to unleash his characteristic vocal snarl here and there. —D.O.

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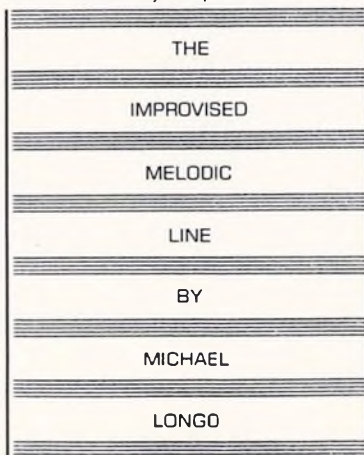
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Dizzy Gillespie

By Leonard Feather

The comments below were gathered during the first all-stereophonic blindfold test.

Having recently acquired the equipment for stereo record playing, I still used it only for occasional records, because of the limited material available. But as soon as the stereo releases began to multiply, a special interview was arranged, with John (Dizzy-Like-A-Fox) Gillespie as the first blindfolded. Although the comments on Record No. 3 would seem to indicate a certain naiveté regarding stereo on Diz's part, you may well suspect that he often knows a lot more than he's willing to admit.

The components included two Acoustical Research AR2 speakers, a Madison-Fielding amplifier (two 20-watt units) and a Miracord XS-200 record player. Dizzy's comments were recorded on a Tapesonic recorder Model 70-B from Premier Electronic Labs.



Who was it, pray tell?

The Records

1. Mercer Ellington. *Afternoon Moon* (Coral). Stereo. Harold Baker, trumpet; comp. and arr. Mercer Ellington.

I like that. I haven't the slightest idea who it is, though. It was a very nice arrangement and tune. The trumpet player was nice . . . He had a warm sound. The band didn't strike me as someone I've heard a lot. Is it an English band? Oh, I know who that was — it was Benny Carter playing trumpet. I'll rate that one about two-and-a-half stars.

2. Chubby Jackson. *Yes Indeed* (Everest). Stereo. Arr. Ernie Wilkins; Ernie Royal, trumpet.

I like the effect of stereo, but I think I'll move to another chair . . . I think I'm too far back. That sounded like Harry Edison on trumpet . . . I don't know who that band could have been and I don't recognize the arranger either. Maybe it was Buster Harding. No, it wasn't Buster. I like the record though — it was a nice full band. I'll give that one three.

3. Pete Rugolo. *Interplay for Drums and Brass* (Mercury). Stereo. Frank Rosolino, trombone.

That was really nice. I'm getting to hear the stereo much better where I'm sitting now. Guess I'll buy some stereo equipment . . . Stereo means they divide the band up into two different parts, doesn't it? What if you had three parts? It would be nice if they could change it around in the studio — switch back and forth with the microphone. Has it been done yet? Could you play that record again? . . . I like the way they jump from 6/8 back to 4/4, at least I think that's what they do . . . That's very nice. I like the trombone player and I'm going to give it three-

and-a-half stars for him. Who was it, pray tell?

4. Larry Foline's Beale Street Buskers. *Yes, We Have No Bananas* (Bel Canto). Stereo.

Sounds like it was made in 1902! About some of these old style records . . . A guy will insist on playing like in the 1920s, and in the first place he didn't originate the style. I can sort of see a guy who has contributed as much as Louis Armstrong or Sidney Bechet really going all out for this type, because it was such an innovation when they brought it to the fore that it will last a long time. But these other guys . . . in the first place they copied the style and it doesn't sound authentic. I don't have anything against Dixieland per se, but the same thing happens with modern music. In 20 years they'll be playing in the same kind of clichés. I'm not giving this any stars — I'd be a hypocrite if I did.

5. Count Basie with Lambert, Hendricks, Ross, Joe Williams. *Shorty George* (Roulette). Stereo.

The original is *Shorty George* — that's one of the classics. I like the idea of what they do, and I'm going to give this a compliment, because it's pretty hard to do. I think Annie did an excellent job on that Sweets solo. Somebody got out of tune part of the time . . . He didn't know whether to make it a major seventh or a flat seventh. One of the low voices got off just a little bit. I'll give it 4.75.

6. Joe Newman with Woodwinds. *Travelin' Light* (Roulette). Stereo.

That last part sounded like an organ . . . Very nice. The trumpet player was very good, too. I like the woodwinds . . . Beautiful. Was that

Joe Newman? It sounded like him. It's a funny thing. When I hear a ballad by a trumpet player I start thinking about it. I'd never get the sound of that trumpet . . . You know how Freddie Webster played a ballad? I say, "Now, how would I have played that?" Webster had such a warm sound. You know, the guy who is comparable to him to my ear is not a trumpet player, but it's Tyree Glenn, a trombone player. He has that warmth Freddie had. His notes sound like you can put your hands through them, instead of just flitting about. Freddie was a terrific trumpet player. I was over to Miles' house the other night and he was playing his new *Porgy and Bess* album and in a couple of places he'd say "Listen to Web." and I'd say "Yeah!" Miles sometimes gets that same sound as Freddie — that intense sound. I'll give this four stars.

7. Tommy Dorsey Orch. directed by Warren Covington. *Song of India* (Decca). Stereo. Covington, trombone.

It was a Tommy Dorsey arrangement. I didn't like it when they first started off on that tom-toms thing . . . It sounded like the drummer was accenting the first and the third beat, which is a very bad accent. It sounded like somebody clapping their hands. I think I've heard this before. Is it Billy Butterfield on trumpet? I didn't notice the trombone — it could have been any of a thousand others. It wasn't really impressive. I imagine the original record did sound pretty good. That trumpet solo Bunny Berigan took on the original would last some time. I would rate that fair — two stars.