

SPECIAL 65TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTOR'S EDITION

DOWNBEAT

Jazz, Blues & Beyond

July 1999 \$3.50
U.K. £2.75 Can. \$4.90

Louis Armstrong:
First Inductee, 1952

THE HALL OF FAME

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Down Beat's 65th Anniversary Issue

The Hall of Fame

It all starts with Louis Armstrong, elected the first member of our Hall of Fame in 1952, and leaves off with Frank Sinatra, voted into the esteemed pantheon last year. Join us as we revisit the stories of these 90 musicians as told in the pages of Down Beat during the past 65 years. We'll also hear fresh perspectives on jazz's legends from a new generation of musicians and share memories with players who were on the scene when history was being made.

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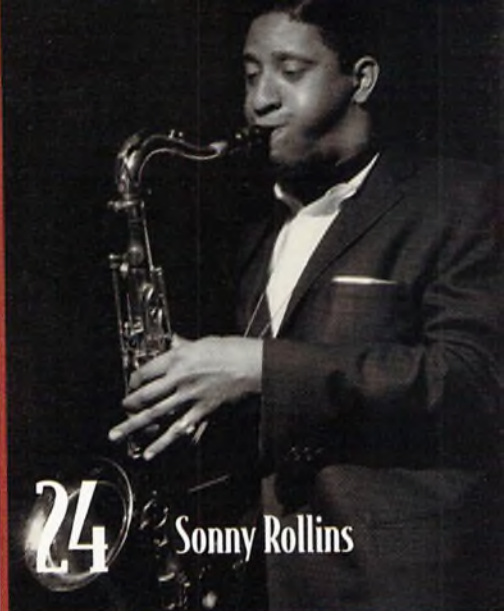
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ON THE BEAT

JULY 1999

Gods In The Hall

by Ed Enright

I saw Sonny Rollins perform live when I was a boy, a 13-year-old tenor player in search of everything. I sat alone on the top bleacher of the jazz stage at Chicagofest and watched Rollins absolutely tear it up for 90 minutes. He paced back and forth across the stage, the mic shoved down the bell of his horn, making outrageous sounds on an instrument I previously had only used to play Christmas carols, Vandercook solos and Sousa marches. It was liberating to hear someone play with such emotion, with complete abandon and with so much humor. I laughed out loud at my new discovery.

That was my first jazz experience, ever. And there was one particular moment—as I sunburned there on Navy Pier, cooled by the Lake Michigan winds, listening to the sounds of salvation—when I felt that I was in the presence of a god.

Twenty years later, I finally got the chance to speak with my tenor-playing hero and tell him my jazz-initiation story. It was an interview for an article in this special 65th anniversary issue, a cover-to-cover dedication to the 90 members of the Down Beat Hall of Fame (Rollins' feature begins on Page 24). As we talked, I relived some of the excitement of that first summer afternoon, and actually felt a little nervous being in Rollins' "presence." But as I listened to him talk about *his* tenor heroes, the warmth in his voice and his modesty instantly put me at ease. And as he told me about some of the hardships and personal challenges he's had to overcome in his long career, it made me realize just how human Rollins really is. The same can be said of the other 89 members of the Down Beat Hall of Fame, presented in the following pages.

These are the gods of jazz. But every single one of them at some time had their doubts about their own playing, suffered through psychological crises, went through hard economic times, or got so involved with the marketplace that they lost sight of what they were doing. They were, and some still are, human at heart. And even if they fell off the scene for a while, or tore

themselves away from it like Rollins did, they somehow found a way to get back into the swing of things.

Several of the interviews we conducted for this issue, and the archival material we researched and reprinted, tell the stories of the jazz gods in their glory years: Clifford Brown being proclaimed "the new Dizzy," Nicholas Payton reflecting on Satchmo's unprecedented genius and Duke Ellington telling of his top 10 thrills in 25 years of show biz back in 1952. But the heart of this issue is about the struggles these musicians went through for the sake of their art, like Gerry Mulligan taking heat for not using a pianist starting in 1953, an inexperienced young Bix Beiderbecke pestering a band for an opportunity to sit in, Lee Morgan getting angry at the mass media in 1970, J.J. Johnson's irritation with being labelled a "bebopper," Woody Shaw's refusal to go commercial, John Coltrane's dejection and dissatisfaction, Art Pepper's painful experiences in jail and Buddy Rich booting bandmembers for playing too much bebop



Sonny Rollins: inspiration to a jazz editor as a young man

in 1949. At the end of some 23,741 days, their efforts to create great music have paid off, even if not through financial reward. The full course of their careers merits their inclusion in the Hall of Fame, personal hardships and the occasional clam notwithstanding.

In addition to honoring our Hall of Famers, this issue also pays tribute to the great writers and photographers who have helped make Down Beat a legendary source of jazz information and entertainment for the past 65 years. We thank them, as well as our faithful readers, for their support and dedication.

Welcome to the Down Beat Hall of Fame. The gods of jazz are in the house, and they've left the lights burning, the tunes cranked and the front door hanging wide open. **DB**

This stunning follow-up to *Love Scenes* includes several tracks with orchestra and highlights Diana Krall's breathtaking vocals and acclaimed piano stylings.

Diana Krall

When I look in your eyes

Diana Krall
When I Look In Your Eyes

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—Tony Bennett

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Louis Armstrong, inducted in 1952

THE BRASS

Louis Armstrong • King Oliver • Dizzy Gillespie • Roy Eldridge • Miles Davis
Chet Baker • Fats Navarro • Woody Shaw • Red Rodney • Bix Beiderbecke
Lee Morgan • Maynard Ferguson • Clifford Brown • Jack Teagarden • J.J. Johnson

Picture yourself in a world with no jazz tradition. Precious few know about the blues, and no one even knows what it means to swing. Lose all of the growls, honks, shrieks and other instrumental devices used to convey emotion—they aren't musically acceptable. And don't even begin to think about group improvisation—how can anyone make sense of such noise?

Welcome to turn-of-the-century New Orleans, where cornetists like Buddy Bolden, Joe "King" Oliver, Bunk Johnson and Freddie Keppard were planting the seeds of a new kind of music built on lively beats and improvisation. And when a short, pudgy, perpetually smiling man full of jokes and wit nicknamed Satchmo spread his musical genius with his blaring cornet (later trumpet) and rumbling vocals, the seeds grew legs and became the foundation for jazz.

Echoes Of New Orleans

"Man, the things Pops did, I don't really see a precedent for them," says trumpeter Nicholas Payton, who like Louis Armstrong hails from New Orleans. "Sure, he was influenced by guys like King Oliver and Bunk Johnson, but he had something unexplainable that came from somewhere else, from beyond this planet.

"He singlehandedly influenced every jazz musician from his generation and beyond. It all starts with him," continues Payton, who's planning a tribute album and tour dedicated to Armstrong next year to celebrate Pops' 100th birthday. "Take the introduction to 'West End Blues.' Everything in jazz is in that intro. You have the blues, lyricism, the beginnings of bebop—all the things to come in jazz were started with him."

How appropriate, then, that in 1952 *Down Beat* readers voted Armstrong as the first member of the Hall of Fame.

"Back in the days when Pops came along, they didn't have anybody to teach them about theory, harmony or composition," says flugelhornist Clark Terry. "They did it from their hearts. For instance, in playing the blues, they didn't know the theory. They just had notes that they called the blue notes: the tonic, minor third, flat fifth. They knew that if you played these three notes in the course of the blues, with any rhythm section, in any key, they couldn't be wrong.

"They had the ingenuity to play something that was not classical. The classical people wanted to ostracize the people who were not playing classical. That's why

By Jason Koransky
Photo By Bill Gottlieb

the pawn shops were loaded with cornets, trombones and things that were used in the traditional dixieland music."

While showing this ingenuity and gaining a name for himself in New Orleans, Armstrong got his big musical break in July 1922 when Oliver (voted into the Hall of Fame in 1976 by the critics) asked him to come to Chicago and join the Creole Jazz Band as second cornetist. For a couple of years, the group played an innovative brand of "hot jazz" at Lincoln Gardens, which featured Armstrong and Oliver improvising lines simultaneously accompanied by Baby Dodds (drums), Lil Hardin (piano), Johnny Dodds (clarinet), Bill Johnson (banjo, bass) and Honore Dutrey (trombone).

Armstrong married Hardin (together from 1924-'31, divorced in 1938), and she constantly pushed him to innovation in his music. She played a key role in convincing Armstrong to leave the Creole Jazz Band, and she wrote a good deal of the music for Armstrong's monumental Hot Five and Hot Seven groups of the late '20s.

"I probably would never [have] paid any attention to Louis' playing if King Oliver hadn't said to me one night that Louis could play better than he could," wrote Hardin in the notes to the album *Satchmo And Me* (Riverside RLP 12-120). "He says: 'But as long as I keep him with me he won't be able to get ahead of me; I'll still be the King.'"

"At first when he was working with King Oliver he wanted to play [like] the King. Because when we made the 'Dippermouth Blues' and that solo became very popular, naturally Louis wanted to play the solo too. So we used to practice it at home and Louis could never play that solo like Joe. I think it kind of discouraged him because Joe was his idol and he wanted to play like Joe.

"Deep down I got the idea that he should play like himself. I told him: 'You can't be married to Joe and to me.'"

So Satchmo went off on his own and became an international superstar, while Oliver, plagued by gum problems and bad business decisions (he turned down the regular gig at Harlem's Cotton Club, a spot filled by Duke Ellington, because of pay disputes), died in 1938 as a janitor in Savannah, Ga.

"Why was it Louis Armstrong who rose up to the top of the crowd?" asks

trumpeter Jon Faddis. "Well, first he had an incredibly strong and creative mind to do what he did, to withstand a lot of the crap that he had to go through at that time. Listen to the Hot Fives and Hot Sevens, right in that 1928 time period: the introduction to 'West End Blues,' his solo on 'Struttin' With Some Barbecue,' his solo on 'S.O.L. Blues,' 'Mahogany Hall Stomp' or 'Cornet Chop Suey.' Take the duet he did with Earl Hines ('Weather Bird,' 1928). A few years earlier, Jelly Roll [Morton] and King Oliver did the same duet. And it's night and day when you hear the recordings back to back."

Pops led orchestras, appeared in

when you left there, you were like a kid.

"He once told me, 'Man, I like you very much, but there's one thing. You gotta sing more. People like trumpet players, but they like singers, too. And besides, it's good for your chops.' He motivated me to follow my interest in singing."

So that's how Clark Terry started his "mumbles" style of singing. Countless other musicians can also recall the indelible impression that Armstrong and his music made on their lives, making the magnitude of Armstrong's influence on jazz, and all of music in general, immeasurable.

"He's one of those strange people who



Joe "King" Oliver (inducted in 1976) and his Creole Jazz Band: Baby Dodds (left), Honore Dutrey, Oliver, Armstrong, Bill Johnson, Johnny Dodds, Lil Hardin

movies and on television, traveled around the world, became renowned for his letter-writing, love for marijuana and fascination for his bowel movements. And above all, the powerful sound of his trumpet, achieved from years of practice, became a beacon toward which other jazz artists strived.

"When he lived in Corona, Queens, I lived there, Dizzy Gillespie lived there, Jimmy Rushing, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday—there were about 20 of us that lived in the radius of a mile-and-a-half," Terry recalls. "Dizzy and I used to get together and say, 'Let's go hang some with Pops!' So we'd go over and ring the door. He'd say at the door (Terry imitating his deep voice): 'Come on in, come on in, let me tell you all about the history of jazz.' We used to tell him that we came to get our batteries charged. Because

was put on the earth to pave the way," Terry says. "I always tell kids that cats like Pops and the guys who came up with him, they were like the covered wagon pioneers who chopped down the trees and made paths all across the country. Those paths are now eight-lane highways in some places. The same paths in jazz are being used today, the ones from which Pops and his colleagues chopped down the trees."

Married to his third and long-time wife Lucille, Satchmo continued to perform up until he died in his sleep at his Corona, Queens, home on July 6, 1971. Today that house, where on his porch he taught neighborhood children how to play trumpet and told countless stories about his history in jazz, houses all of his archives and serves as a museum to Armstrong's continually expanding legacy. **DB**

Crazy Like A Fox

June 18, 1952

John Birks Gillespie is about as dizzy as that 19th century English Prime Minister who also cavorted cerebrally under that tag—one Benjamin Disraeli.

Like Disraeli, the present-day Dizzy has an incisive eye for both the basic elements and the etiology of whatever interests him. In a recent conversation just after his return from Europe, Dizzy made what struck me as several quite illuminating statements about contemporary jazz, and I thought you might like to hear them.

About its origins, for example. One of the minor but effective ways modern jazz came into being resulted from annoyance. "No one man or group of men started modern jazz, but when we first began to jam at Minton's," Dizzy recalled, "cats would show up who couldn't blow at all but would take six or seven choruses to prove it. So on afternoons before a session, Monk and I began to work out some complex variations on chords and the like and we used them at night to scare away the no-talent guys.

"After a while we got interested in what we were doing as music, and as we began to explore more and more, our music evolved. The music finally took on such proportions that for a while it got away from us. We got too far away from the beat; people couldn't dance to our music—couldn't pat their feet to it. And jazz, after all, must swing. That's what's wrong with Tristano. Where he misses is in tempo.

"But let me tell you a story that shows what happened to some cats. A few years ago, I was playing at the Silhouette in Chicago. Our regular drummer had taken the wrong train, so we used the house man. Some cat asked to sit in, so I thought I'd give the relief man a rest. The cat sat down and began riding the cymbal. His bass drum was just stationary. Every once in a while he'd throw it in—the same static figure. Plenty of beats but no swing.

"Finally I turned to him and asked him why he didn't use his bass drum. I asked him again and then he got up, real dragged. He looked at me, indignant, and said, 'Man, you don't play bebop!' and he just walked off the stand right in the middle of the number.

"Jazz is music to be danced to. If you play a concert, that may be something else again, but if it can't be danced to, don't call it jazz."

You mean like Kenton? "Well," Dizzy stopped and grinned quizzically, "Kenton has something, but I don't know what it is."

And that brought Dizzy to the subject of big bands. "If I had bread (Dizzy's basic synonym for loot) I'd certainly start a big band again. For one thing, big bands are essential training grounds for young musicians. I seriously wonder what will happen to jazz unless there appear a number of large, musical bands.

"You see, a musician needs diversified experience—the kind he can't get in a small combo and the kind he needs to play well in a small combo. When I came to New York, there were a lot of good big bands. If you left one, you'd get a job in another. And you were always learning, because each band had a different style, a different way of expressing. Guys in the section would help teach you, or if they weren't cooperative, you'd learn by yourself. But you'd learn.

"So if I had a big band again, I'd hire about three or four experienced musicians as a nucleus and the rest would be young unknown musicians, and then I'd teach them how to play. It would work commercially too. You'd have to give the people a show, give them comedy, but the band could be musical too and make it.

"But," Dizzy resumed wryly, "I haven't the bread to prove it."

DB



Dizzy Gillespie, inducted in 1960, shown here with his late-1940s big band

Cab Calloway 'Carved' By Own Trumpet Man!

Cab Calloway still has a sore rear end. But his wounds are healing and it isn't so difficult for him to sit down now. How the Hi-De-Ho man suffered the injuries was just revealed last week when Shad Collins moved into Cab's trumpet section to take the place of youthful Dizzy Gillespie, who now is with Ella Fitzgerald.

Gillespie knifed Calloway, his boss, in a Hartford theater several weeks ago following an argument in which Calloway dressed him down for allegedly shooting spitballs at Calloway on the stage. After the show was over, Calloway in no uncertain terms told Dizzy to "lay off that kid stuff." Calloway insists he did not strike the trumpet player. But Gillespie found a knife and started to carve the Calloway posterior. So severe were the slashes that Cab took 10 stitches from a doctor.

Boys in the band, however, claim that Dizzy wasn't shooting spitballs on the stage. They say that little paper airplanes, sailed by the men in the band on the stage as part of an act, were thrown by Dizzy and that one of them struck Calloway while he was prancing about shouting "Yeah Mans" and "Skee-dee-dees" into a mic. Calloway was enraged at any rate, and bawled out the young musician when the curtain dropped. The knifing followed.

Gillespie, of course, was fired and joined Ella Fitzgerald, taking Taft Jordan's place. Collins' seat with the Calloway brass is only temporary.

And Cab's rear end is getting better. DB

Oct. 15, 1941

By Nat Hentoff

Little Jazz Goes A Long Way

March 19, 1959

The sign outside the Metropole in New York City reads: "Dixieland." But inside you will hear jazz. And if it's Sunday afternoon or Monday or Tuesday night, it will be some of the best jazz, these days or any days.

That is when a quintet led by two timeless masters of the art of jazz holds post-graduate seminars. They are Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge, one of the great partnerships in jazz, a partnership of mutual inspiration, common experience and warm friendship.



Roy Eldridge, inducted in 1971

"Working with Coleman is perfect," said Eldridge. "He'll play something, and it will get to me and make me play. And he's himself. I hope we can stay together for the longest time."

When Roy took a leave of absence this summer to accompany Ella Fitzgerald on a tour, Hawk was impatiently awaiting his return, even though his replacement was a more-than-capable trumpeter.

"Roy will be back soon," Hawkins was heard to say frequently and with growing expectancy. "Roy and I can get that real good feeling going when we play."

By Dan Morgenstern

Born in Pittsburgh on Jan. 30, 1911, Eldridge has been a professional musician for 32 years. He has earned a large share of acclaim in those decades, but is not inclined to rest on them. "Your horn," Roy once remarked, "is like a woman. If you're not in shape, you'd better not mess with it."

And if there is a challenge, you respond. "I listen to everything," he said, "and if I hear something that upsets me—well, I get out my horn, warm up, and go back in the bin. If you don't feel that your playing is improving as you go along, you might as well pack up your horn. You've got to be yourself."

With Gene Krupa and Artie Shaw, Roy played the book as well as his specialties. But he prefers the freedom of small groups now, saying, "You don't get to stretch out in a big band. And things get kind of set.

"As far as I know," he said, "I never play a tune the same way twice. Sure, you play a number a lot of times, and certain little things get set. But the overall feeling is never the same. That's why it's such a drag for Coleman when they always ask for 'Body And Soul.' He made a record of it—and now they want him to always play the same thing. It's not possible." **DB**

Why I'm Releasing DIZZY IN SOUTH AMERICA 43 Years Later

When I was 21, I owned a record company with Dizzy Gillespie. I still can't believe it — me, a kid, with that giant of jazz. We had good times, and put out some hits, too, like "Oo-Shoo-Bee-Doo-Be" and "School Days." But distribution was tough, and eventually we were forced to lease our material. I went back to driving a truck for my father's oil reclamation company, and Dizzy signed with Norman Granz.

But we never lost touch. In the winter of '55, Diz came to Detroit on a gig. After one of the shows, while we were sitting in Brother's Deli having a corned beef sandwich, he nonchalantly said, "The State Department wants me to take a big band on a goodwill tour of South America. Quincy is pulling it together. Why don't you come along? I have this new Ampex 600 tape recorder. We'll record the tour and put it out when we get back." He didn't have to say it twice. The truck could wait!

I found someone to modify a jack so I could use two microphones at the same time, and we were on our way. I became recording engineer and press liaison for the tour. And what a tour it was — Ecuador, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil! The people loved the band, the band loved the people, and I recorded it all, even after-hours, when Diz would go out and play with local tango and samba orchestras. We knew we had something extraordinary. It was music magic, and we were in heaven.

Somehow we never got around to releasing those fabulous sounds. When Dizzy died in 1993, the world lost not only his consummate artistry but also his warmth and humanity. I lost my best friend.

Now, Dizzy's wife, Lorraine, and I have decided to put together this three-volume set. With the help of master editor Tom Spahn at Nola Recording in New York, we've digitally remastered the original tapes. Now you can hear John Birks Gillespie the way he would have wanted you to hear him. I'm doing this because I want to honor my friend, and I want you to hear him at his very best, fronting one of the greatest bands ever.

Thanks for reading this. —Dave Usher

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Today's Most Influential Contemporary Musician

July 18, 1974

In this interview with one of the most controversial figures on the American music scene, Miles Davis, I have attempted to bring before the reader facets contained within this remarkable man that have never surfaced in all his 48 years.

His general knowledge of music, humanity, politics, recording, sports and concern for the betterment of his race are all areas in which he excels.

GREGG HALL: Miles, what's happening in contemporary music?

MILES DAVIS: Man, how do I know? I don't even know what that means.

GH: I mean, you're the forerunner.

MD: I don't know, man, I can't give away all my secrets.

GH: No, man, I don't want you to give away all your secrets.

MD: Man, there ain't nothing happening with anybody else.

GH: You're the leader.

MD: Yeah, well there is something happening with us.

GH: You're calling all the shots. It's your band they're chasing!

MD: Yeah, do you really like my band? I don't think anybody likes it.

GH: You don't?

MD: You know, if I walk in a club the guys hide the girls. If I don't have nobody with me when I go to clubs, I don't have nobody to talk to (*laughter*).

When I get through playing, I don't know if they liked me or not, you know, and I really don't care 'cause I'm giving them something they never heard before and will never hear again.

GH: Yeah, but isn't that part of the Miles Davis "mystique," you know what I mean?

MD: I don't know nothing about that shit. I'm just a normal person, Gregg, and they just build me up to be something funny—you know, they say I just kick bitches in the ass, drive Ferraris, you know, man, and fuck four at a time.

GH: There's this big mystique around you.

MD: I know it.

GH: It makes people terribly reserved when it comes to approaching you and things like that. I guess that's because of your great abilities and the things you have done for music.

MD: Oh, you know, every time I change the stuff, you know, a new direction, they just copy me, man. Santana and their *Bitches Brew*—well, we don't play that shit no more. If I were white and had blonde hair, you know what I mean, then it would be a different thing—but I'm black, man, and they figure I'm supposed to be able to do what I do—Swing—Sweenge, man (*laughter*).

GH: Doesn't that make you stronger though? Tell me the truth.

MD: It always makes me strong, man. Challenges always make me 10 times stronger. I love challenges. If somebody says step outside and let's fight—I'm ready. But really, man, I don't really fight.

GH: You've always been a forerunner.

MD: Well, that's part of it, you know. Like when I go on the bandstand, man, for 35 or 45 minutes, I'm playing by myself and I'm sweating like a mother-fucker and the bitches are just sittin' there looking to see what I got on and I'm playing my ass off and they don't hear what I'm playin', you know, and then they get home and they say "OOOHHHH"! You know how people look up at you and size you up.

GH: Does it bother you?

MD: No, no, that shit don't bother me. Nothing bothers me but a bad trumpet.

GH: Well, you know that everybody that's somebody today came through that "Miles Davis School."

MD: I wonder why they always call it the "Miles Davis School."

GH: Because you're the teacher and that's where it's all coming from.

MD: I just bring out in people what's in them.

DB

Miles Davis, inducted in 1962

By Gregg Hall

Chet's Inevitable Way Of Life

October 1981

"I'm always on the road. There's no way out of that, not if you want to work on a continuing basis, not if you want to play all the time. I can't sell enough records, my public is not big enough, to allow me to think about living off royalties or anything like that. The only money I make is from personal appearances. It's what I do in front of the public. I guess I could sit someplace and turn down jobs unless they paid \$5,000 a week, but I wouldn't work very often. And I like to play. I work for a lot less than some people, but I play a lot more."



Chet Baker, inducted in 1989

DB

By Maggie Hawthorn

The Significance Of Fats Navarro

Jan. 27, 1966

The story of how Dizzy Gillespie, who wanted to leave the Billy Eckstine band, recommended Fats Navarro as his successor, is familiar to most readers. But it might be of interest to point out that Gillespie, when asked to select an all-star band in 1946, chose Navarro on trumpet.

In June 1946, after 18 months with Eckstine, Navarro elected to stay in New York City. Late in the summer, French discographer and critic Charles Delaunay was in New York to supervise recordings for his Swing label. A session took place Sept. 5 under the name of Kenny Clarke and his 52nd Street Boys. Four arrangements were cut with two trumpeters, Navarro and Kenny Dorham, in the band. From mid-1946 to the time of his death in 1950, Navarro preferred small groups, as did most of the boppers. He told Barry Ulanov in late 1947, "I must play in small bands. You can't learn anything in big bands. I hope I never work in one again. There is no chance to really play, no progress."



Fats Navarro, inducted in 1982

DELL GOTTFRID

DB

By George Hoefler

Rodney: Make Jazz Respectable

June 2, 1950

"I sure would like to see a lot more respectability attached to jazz and jazz musicians. I'd also like to see artists like Dizzy, Charlie Parker, Lennie Tristano and Miles Davis playing only in concert halls, where they'd get a chance to blow their greatest and not make any concessions.

"We're all going to have to be better musicians because there are a lot of young musicians that'll push us out if we don't."

To hear a 22-year-old worrying about "young" musicians may sound unusual at first, until you remember that "Robert the Red" Rodney went on the road with Jerry Wald when he was 16.

After Red joined Woody Herman for a year, he spent eight months with Charlie Parker. "That was the most wonderful," says Red. "I heard Bird almost every night. I felt ashamed to be playing with him, like I didn't belong there.

"Leaving him to join Charlie Ventura was one of the biggest decisions I ever had to make. But I had to get steady work and I also felt that Bird had taught me as much as I could then absorb. Now it's up to me to make use of what he taught me. I had the technique all along, but I had to learn the other thing. I'm just starting to learn how to play."



Red Rodney, inducted in 1990

DOWN BEAT ARCHIVES

DB

By Jack Tracey

Woody Shaw: Jazz Isn't Dead

Aug. 10, 1978

"I love music too much to go commercial. I'm starting to find out who I am, where I fit into the whole scheme of things. Today I find most of the talented black musicians, my former idols like Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Miles Davis and Donald Byrd, playing what I don't consider jazz. They call it jazz. They're making a lot of money. But as far as the evolution and the innovation of the music, I don't hear it. So I feel I have to take it upon myself to do something about it.

"Anyone can play this music, you know what I mean? This is American music. So I'm not saying that just black people can play this music. The source of American jazz comes from the black experience. So where are all the young dynamite musicians? What's happening to the scene? I know there are still black musicians who believe in the music. But all of a sudden all the big cats started to laugh and talk about money.

"That's not what I'm here for. I intend to make some money on the jazz scene. But I'm going to do it playing jazz. Jazz isn't dead!"



Woody Shaw, inducted in 1989

JAMES LEE SCHWARTZ

DB

By Chuck Berg

Hide The Horn— Here Comes Beiderbecke!

March 21, 1952

It may come as a shock to jazz fans that there was a time in Davenport, Iowa, when musicians dreaded hearing Bix Beiderbecke play anything.

While he was in high school, he possessed more enthusiasm for music than he did technique.

Carlyle Evans was one of the targets of Bix's enthusiasm at that time. Evans had a good jazz band and played long engagements at the Coliseum. Bix didn't have a cornet of his own then, but Evans had an extra horn which usually was somewhere on the bandstand.

Unfortunately, Bix wasn't content to just listen to the Evans band. He wanted to play. The band, however, didn't want him to play.

Sometimes, when Bix slipped into the hall and found the extra horn before he was noticed, they let him play. But when they saw him first, the warning was sounded, "Here comes that Beiderbecke pest. Hide the horn!"

A few years later, Bix had many opportunities to sit in on the sort of jam sessions denied to him in his home town.

"When Bix would finish up at the Chicago Theater at night, he would haul it out to the Sunset where I was playing and stay right there with us until the last show was over," Louis Armstrong recalls.

"Then we would lock the doors. Now you talking about jam sessions, with everyone feeling each other's note or

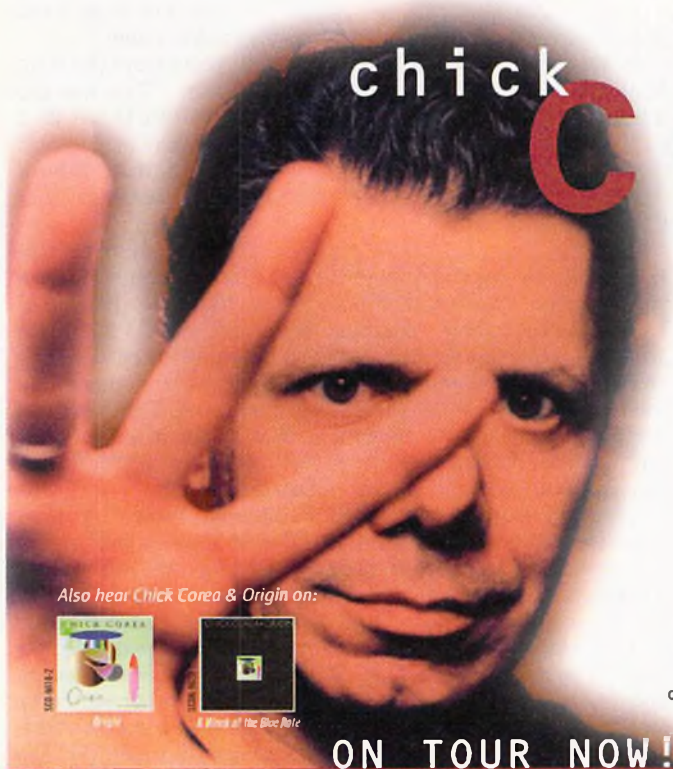


Jean Goldkette's
1926 band with
Bix Beiderbecke
(seated, center),
inducted in 1962

DUNCAN SCHREY COLLECTION

chord, and blending with each other instead of trying to cut each other. We tried to see how good we could make music sound, which was an inspiration within itself." **DB**

By Alicia Armstrong



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Jazz Can Be Sold: Lee Morgan

Feb. 19, 1970

"The first rock & roll group I was in—me and Archie Shepp, and Reggie Workman for a while, too—was Carl Holmes and the Jolly Rompers." Thirty-one-year-old trumpeter Lee Morgan—at 18 a member of Dizzy Gillespie's State Department band, long-associated with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, writer of "The Sidewinder" and leader of his own quintet—was illustrating a point.

"Music is coming so close together," he said. "Everybody's using a little bit of everybody else. A tremendous amount of beautiful material is coming from rock musicians, from Burt Bacharach, from Broadway musicals and motion pictures.

"Now you hear rock tunes with beautiful changes. You'll see now that, as soon as a tune comes out—especially if it's a nice one—just about every form will adopt it. You might hear strings, or somebody singing it, or a guitar, or a jazz group will put an arrangement on it.

"I don't like labels. If you can play, you can play with everybody. Look at Coleman Hawkins, Joe Henderson. Whatever you prefer, you'll find sufficient quantities of talented musicians who prefer the same."

But with regard strictly to jazz, Morgan expressed a view nurtured in anger over its treatment.

"For one thing, if they gave our music a chance on television and AM radio," he said. "You'd be surprised how many people would be listening to it.

"I'm sure that if they exposed jazz and all the other arts, the people would go for it. But they don't want to because once people start thinking, they'll do more and more of it. Jazz is a true thing, and it's got to be surrounded by truth. And they don't want to get into truth—not when they can do something else and make just as much money.

"Even superstars like Miles Davis and Duke Ellington don't get the exposure of Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic," he said. "Maybe this music of ours isn't meant for the masses. But he's held as a great conductor, and he lives in a penthouse, and he's rich, and he conducts the New York Philharmonic in Lincoln Center. And Coltrane had to be playing in Slugs. That's the difference.

"See, Leonard Bernstein plays to a minority audience, too, because everybody can't like symphony orchestras. But symphony orchestras are subsidized. Jazz should be subsidized."

Though angry about the mass media, Morgan is happy about the young people of today.

"Thanks to them," he said, "music has gotten much better. And when I was a kid, white people had one way of dancing and we had another. Now everybody dances the same. Rock and jazz—it's all good music." **DB**



Maynard Ferguson, inducted in 1992

"Things have worked out nicely for me in a strange way, I suppose," Maynard Ferguson recalls. "In 1967, when I broke up the American band and took my wife and children to England and India, I didn't think there was an American market for what I was doing. That was one of the problems I had: With no new audiences interested in the directions I was headed, I was stuck with my old audiences. I hate to use the word 'stuck,' but it does apply in the sense that it got to be 'play "Maria" 1,000 more times, Maynard.' I found that unbearable—mind you it's a great arrangement, I just use it as an example. I think getting away from

How Maynard Got Unstuck

June 5, 1975

America gave me a chance to destroy my cookie stamp."

Picking up and leaving came almost 10 years from the time Maynard Ferguson put his first band together. "That was the 'Birdland-Newport' era, because we played 14 to 16 weeks a year at Birdland and did the Newport festival nine or 10 years in a row," he recalled, adding that the *Roulette* album *Maynard Ferguson At Newport* was one of his favorites from the old band.

"You see, I was the maniac who gave up what used to be considered the hip gig. I was under contract to Paramount Pictures in Hollywood, and I walked out after a little more than three years. Everybody said, 'You must be insane,' when I told them I was walking out to start a big band—god, they couldn't believe it. But three years later, man, there were no more contract orchestras in any of the major studios. That was the beginning of the 'movie revolution,' so to speak, and the end of the major studio star system as well as the so-called 'dream gig.' But, you know, I found the dream gig boring.

"I was the trumpet player with Paramount; I was very highly paid at a rate that had been established 15 years before and was based on 44 pictures a year. Well, things were changing. It took three years to make *The Ten Commandments*, but we did the score in five days. It was a joke. I averaged three-and-a-half hours of work a week for three-and-a-half years, during which I was highly overpaid. There were all kinds of fringe benefits, and I wasn't allowed to work for any other studio or on television or radio. I could make records. During that period, I've always said, I learned how to play golf and almost forgot how to play trumpet." **DB**



Lee Morgan, inducted in 1991

By Joe Gallagher

By Herb Nolan

Clifford Brown: The New Dizzy

April 7, 1954

The word among musicians both here and in Europe is that a new Dizzy Gillespie has arrived. No hornman in several years has so stirred the interest and enthusiasm of his fellow jazzmen as Clifford Brown. And as a result of his recent records on Blue Note and Prestige, the jazz listening public also is becoming aware of a fresh, authoritative trumpet voice.

One night in 1949, Dizzy played a date in Wilmington, Del., and one of his trumpet players, Benny Harris, was late. Clifford got a chance to sit in for 45 minutes, and Dizzy encouraged the youngster to go on with jazz.

After recovering from a 1950 auto crash, Clifford picked up trumpet gigs, one with Charlie Parker.

"Bird helped my morale a great deal," Brown said. "One night he took me into a corner and said, 'I don't believe it. I hear what you're saying, but I don't believe it.'"

After Bird, Clifford worked with Chris Powell for a year and a half. A stay with Tadd Dameron in Atlantic City, N.J., followed. Lionel Hampton heard him there and added him to his band along with altoist Gigi Gryce, who was also with Dameron.

Clifford now is based in New York, working with Art Blakey and hoping to resume studying soon. "But I don't know when—there's always the financial angle," he said. "The financial angle is a tough one. There are always a lot of guys who sound very promising, but what happens to them depends a great deal on economics. A musician gets married, has a couple of kids and then he has to get another job because he has to look for that money.

"But there certainly are many talented guys around. There's Joe Gordon, for example, the wailingest unheard-of trumpet player you ever came across. And there are several more. Also, the



Clifford Brown, inducted in 1972

whole atmosphere is getting healthier and healthier. At one time, you weren't anywhere if you weren't hung on something, but now the younger guys frown on anyone who goofs. There's a different feeling now; you can notice how things are clearing up." **DB**

By Nat Hentoff

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Teagarden Talks

March 6, 1957

This 20 percent tax is murder," said Jack Teagarden.

"Take myself, for example. Where we're working now, at Astor's in the valley, I can't sing a note because of the tax.

It isn't only that I like to sing, but people come to the stand all night wanting me to sing particular tunes. It keeps me busy explaining why I can't."

Now in his 44th year as a trombonist, Teagarden, 51, hopes for early abolition of the 20 percent entertainment tax, which is seriously limiting his scope in clubs as a musician and entertainer.

"Particularly since my Capitol album was released,"

Teagarden continued, "people seem to want to hear me do the tunes we recorded. The worst of it is, they're all vocal numbers, and if I did sing a chorus, the place could get into very serious trouble with the tax officials. It's particularly rough on us because, for one thing, it cuts our repertory in half. But what can you do, except hope they kill it soon."

Although Jack has completed a second album for Capitol, he's already thinking ahead to the next one, which will probably be set within the format of a small jazz band.

"I just wish there was more material," he said, troubled. "Sure wouldn't want to rehash the old dixieland standards. I've done them all over and over. Take 'Fidgety Feet,' for instance. Everybody's played the heck out of that one. I think the next album could probably be show tunes. There are so many good ones to choose from. Main thing is, if we can hit on material that'll get played on the air,

then we'll have something."

Making records that'll get played on the air seems an important consideration in Teagarden's mind these days. Playing his kind of jazz forces him into a special category, anyway, but he doesn't want to find his records restricted to just the two-beat disc jockeys.

"I don't want to put down the disc jockeys," he emphasized. "They're thinking of their listeners and their sponsors. They try to slip in a dixieland record now and then, but most of them are scared of becoming typed as dixie jockeys, which is easy, I guess, in their business. But they could do a lot to help all kinds of



Jack Teagarden, inducted in 1969

jazz if once in a while they played a good jazz record.

"For me especially, this would be important. I'm bending over backwards these days trying to please the people with my kind of music, but I don't know if I'm reaching them. It's frustrating trying to fit yourself into this new world of music. You feel so insecure in what you're playing."

DB

By John Tynan

J.J. Johnson: Bigger Than A Bop Box

Given the trombone's legacy as the Rodney Dangerfield of jazz instruments, it's no surprise that in the Hall of Fame, saxophonists outnumber trombonists seven to one. Least surprised by this fact, it seems, is J.J. Johnson, who, along with Jack Teagarden and Glenn Miller, belongs to the select triumvirate of trombone o' famers.

"The trombone always has been—and still is, and always will be—a backseat occupant," Johnson says. "It has never been as front-and-center as trumpet players and saxophone players. Why? That I do not know. I have speculated, and I have come up empty-handed."

In spite of the long instrument's low profile, Johnson built a career as one of its most distinguished innovators. Some say he brought a new degree of respectability to the instrument, playing in a linear style that was thought impossible on the cumbersome slide. Such platitudes irritate him, though, and his voice, which at 75 sounds as clear and lively as his trombone playing always has, becomes heated. "There's been a lot written about me in articles, in reviews, in bios that is just plain not true."

He resents the implication that he set out to be the fastest, the first or the best at anything. Such an aggressive attitude simply isn't in his nature, he says. His role in the bebop revolution, too, has been misstated.

"I came from the big band era. I didn't come from the bebop era. People associate me with bebop as though I were right there alongside Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie when they created it. I was not. When Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker and Bud Powell were, let's say, creating and honing and fine-tuning bebop, I was still playing in the big bands. I went from Benny Carter's big band to Count Basie's big band.

"Now, at some point, having been with Basie I decided, 'Hey, J.J., why don't you plant your seeds here in New York for a while so that you can get a handle on this thing that's going on all around in New York that they're labeling bebop.'"

And get a handle he did, becoming one of the first trombonists to embrace and master the new music. But let's not get carried away with this idea of bringing respectability to the instrument. Such a notion implies a direct leap from tailgate-style smears to Johnson's melodic improvisations. What about the magnificent trombonists leading up to and into the big-band era? If it's respectability you seek, look no further than Trummy Young, Dicky Wells, J.C. Higginbotham, Tyree Glenn, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller and Jack Jenny, a short list of the many trombonists Johnson says he admired. As for Teagarden, Johnson has this to say:

"In my humble opinion, Jack Teagarden was one of the major players in the evolution of the art and craft of jazz trombone playing. His style was distinctive, unique and a joy to listen to. And that's all I can tell you about Jack Teagarden. I did not know him personally. I admired his playing. He did not influence me because I didn't try to play like Jack Teagarden."

Johnson may downplay his role in making jazz history, but he seems concerned about being perceived accurately.

"I have a big problem with the term 'bebop,'" he says. "In my opinion, Dizzy Gillespie, and what Dizzy Gillespie represented, was much larger than that little box that is labeled bebop. I can only hope that J.J. Johnson is bigger than that little box." **DB**



J.J. Johnson, inducted in 1995

FRANCIS WOLFF



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By John Janowiak





Sonny Rollins, inducted in 1973

Reeds

THE REEDS

Sonny Rollins • Coleman Hawkins • Lester Young • Ben Webster
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Albert Ayler • Sidney Bechet • Johnny Dodds • Pee Wee Russell
John Carter • Eric Dolphy • Gerry Mulligan • Rahsaan Roland Kirk

Editor's note: Sonny Rollins remains as the sole-surviving tenor saxophonist among the Down Beat Hall of Famers. And it turns out that he played with most of them, and personally knew all of them. Rollins revered his fellow tenorists, and considered them his mentors. We asked him to take a minute to talk about the inspiration he drew from the tenors of his time.

When I first started playing, my main man was Coleman Hawkins. Being so early on, he had a certain kind of effect on everybody. But I think Lester Young also had a tremendous stylistic stamp that he put on practically every one of the saxophonists, too.

To my great fortune, I had the chance to perform with Coleman. We made a record together, *Sonny Meets Hawk*, and we also performed at Newport together. I first played opposite Lester when I was working with Max Roach's band at a club in New York. I got the chance to hear him and get to know him a little more on the personal level. And then he came and sat in with us one night in Detroit at the Woodward ballroom, one of those famous places all the bands played.

Lester heard me play at a little club in Greenwich Village. I remember he hummed something I was playing back to me one time, so he gave me the impression that he liked my playing, which was great to hear from a god like him. Coleman also gave me the impression that he liked my work. To get their blessing was a tremendous boost to my confidence. Getting approval from both of those men meant a lot to my career.

The Tenors Of My Time:

COLEMAN HAWKINS,
LESTER YOUNG,
BEN WEBSTER,
ZOOT SIMS,
DEXTER GORDON,
STAN GETZ,
JOHN COLTRANE

By Sonny Rollins with Ed Enright

Photo By Alan Nahigian



Coleman Hawkins, inducted in 1961

LEE FRIEDLANDER FROM AMERICAN MUSICIANS (D.A.P.)



Lester Young, inducted in 1959, with Count Basie

LEE FRIEDLANDER FROM AMERICAN MUSICIANS (D.A.P.)

I had a lot of experiences with Ben Webster. I played with and opposite Ben on quite a few sessions around New York when I was just coming up. I also did a tour with Ben in England, where he played one half with his group, and I played one half with my group. He's another guy that was a god. You learned a lesson playing with these people.

I was listening to Ben when he played with Duke Ellington and with small groups in New York. I heard him on a lot of his records, too, like *I Surrender Dear*. He also played with the Raymond Scott Orchestra, which at the time was the CBS staff orchestra. Regardless of the musical setting, he was an extremely individual player with his own sound, his own style. It's amazing that you had these people: Coleman, Ben and Lester—and then I would even have to add Don Byas, who was another guy I had an opportunity to meet and play with in Europe. He's definitely one of the great tenor players of all time.

Zoot Sims was a beautiful guy. Miles introduced me to Zoot, and Zoot and I became good friends. He was a fine player in that sort of genre. He had his own thing, too; he wasn't just a copy of Pres. He had his own sound, and you would know Zoot when you heard him. I had a chance to play with Zoot on a radio broadcast one time with his group.

Zoot said some very nice things about me during an interview once. He was a real musician, and he had real integrity about the art. He appreciated art and he appreciated other people—not just because he said that about me, but because he was very supportive of everyone. I used to see him sometimes when he and Al Cohn had that two-tenor thing going at the Half Note down on Spring Street. I'm fortunate and happy to say that Zoot Sims was an individual that I knew personally in my life.



Ben Webster, inducted in 1974

BILL GOTTLIEB

Everybody liked Dexter Gordon. I first heard Dexter many years ago with Dizzy Gillespie on the recording "Blue 'N Boogie." Coming up, we heard the famous records he made with Wardell Gray, like *The Chase*. He was another guy that was a big star as far as I was concerned.

He was sort of a wild person in his early days. And one time, Dexter was playing someplace, and I was opening up for them or playing during intermission. Anyway, Dexter didn't have a horn. So I had my new tenor, which my mother had just bought for me, and I ended up lending it to him. I didn't remember this story, though, until many years later, when the guy who had produced the concert reminded me. He said, "Dexter needed a horn, he asked you for your horn." So I asked him, "Did I lend it to him?" He said, "Yeah, and Dexter gave it back." You know, in those days, Dexter was kind of a wild guy. We all were in some ways. I got to be as wild as he was later on.

But I always looked up to Dexter, and I always will. He was before me, and he's my mentor in a lot of ways. The line between him and Lester may be obvious to people, and the line between him and Coltrane, too. But even Dexter had to pay homage to Coleman Hawkins. I had a chance to play with Dexter in Europe, and then we had a session together in California. When I went out there, I was going out on Dexter's home ground. I remember we were trying to outblow each other. Musicians competed in those days in solo battles, but there was something good about it. For example, there were two great tenor players in Basie's band at one time, Lester Young and Herschel Evans. And because of their tenor battles, people perceived a rivalry between them. Lester told me one time, "You

know, I love my horn, and Herschel loved his horn, and so there was no problem between us. It was just the fans that took to one side."

Stan Getz and I never played together, but we played on the same jobs, opposite each other. In later years, we were tight, and Stan used to come in to see me when I was working in the Village. Stan rubbed some people the wrong way; that's just the way he was. He tried to be domineering and stuff. But if you knew him, you didn't pay any attention to that. Stan was my senior, and when I was getting out of high school, Stan had all of those famous records out, like *Long Island Sound* and others when he first hit it big with his own group. Stan deserves his place in the Hall of Fame because he influenced a lot of guys with his very nice, warm sound.

I used to listen to Buddy Collette, and he used to sound like Stan. It was a little startling to me; not that Stan wasn't worthy of being copied, but Buddy was a black player, and usually you find it the other way around, where the white player is copying a black player. But in this case, here was Buddy Collette sounding just like Stan Getz, so I thought that was really an honor to Stan.

John Coltrane was a very reverential person. It was a good feeling to be around Trane, and to have him as a close friend. There are only three people in the business that I always said I'd borrow money from if I needed it. One of them was Coltrane. The others were Monk and Miles. Of course, I had a lot of other friends in the business, but I felt that special bond with these three.

Coltrane was four years older than me. I got into the



Zoot Sims, inducted in 1985

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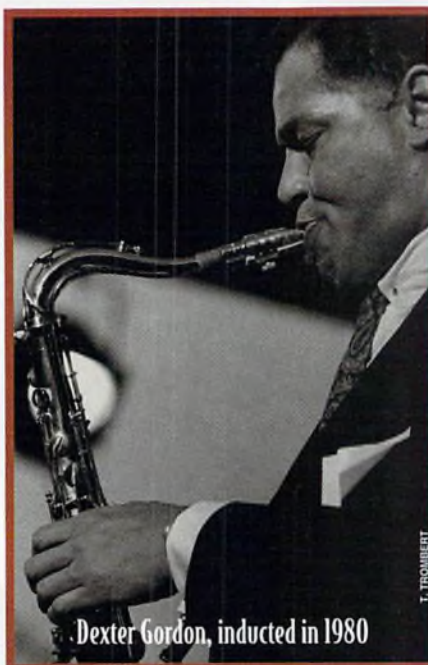


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business early, therefore I was playing with a lot of older guys early on. I was recording when I was 18, and I was hanging out with Coltrane and Jimmy and Percy Heath and Miles. Coltrane was a contemporary in a way; I was always younger than they were, but we were hanging out as if we were peers. I recorded earlier than Coltrane did and got a name in the business before Coltrane because I'd been out there a longer time and had made my mark.

It was a much smaller, tighter, closer-knit group of people, the modern jazz musicians back then. If you were on a session, no matter whose session it was, you'd have other musicians there. I remember we had a session one time where Jackie McLean and myself were playing with Miles, and Charlie Parker came by. I remember the camaraderie of the *Tenor Madness* session, too. It wasn't scripted for Coltrane to come by. He wasn't supposed to be on the



Dexter Gordon, inducted in 1980



Stan Getz, inducted in 1986

date; he was just there, and we decided to play that one thing together.

I'm very honored to be in the company of people who were so in tune with the real things in life: love and peace and happiness. I still have to pinch myself, and that's honest, because these players are some of the top people. I feel strong about trying to live up to them, being in their company. It's a privilege.

I was a very disreputable character at one time, because I was using narcotics and couldn't be depended on. A lot of

my friends would run when they saw me coming. But I was able to turn that around and get hold of myself and try to be a better human being. I was able to see that there's a human element to being a musician, and I was able to seize that and turn my life around in that sense. I'm not perfect yet; I'm trying to be perfect, but I'm much better than I once was. And that, to me, is the thing that I would like to be remembered for. **DB**

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Trane On The Track

John Coltrane, inducted in 1965

Oct. 16, 1958

Asked about being termed an "angry young tenor" in this publication's coverage of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, John Coltrane said, "If it is interpreted as angry, it is taken wrong. The only one I'm angry at is myself when I don't make what I'm trying to play."

The 32-year-old native of Hamlet, N.C., has had his melancholy moments, but he feels that they belong to a disjointed, frustrating past. The crucial point in his development came after he joined Dizzy Gillespie's band in 1951.

Prior to that, he had studied music and worked in Philadelphia. When the offer to join the Gillespie band came, Coltrane felt ready. The feeling turned out to be illusory.

"What I didn't know with Diz was that what I had to do was really express myself," Coltrane remembered. "I was playing clichés and trying to learn tunes that were hip, so I could play with the guys who played them."

"Earlier, when I had first heard Bird, I wanted to be identified with him ... to be consumed by him. But underneath I really wanted to be myself."

"You can only play so much of another man."

Dejected and dissatisfied with his own efforts, Coltrane left Gillespie and returned to Philadelphia in search of a musical ideal and the accompanying integrity.

Plagued by economic difficulties, he searched for a steady job. In 1952, he found one, with a group led by Earl Bostic. A more productive step was made in 1953, when Coltrane joined a group headed by Johnny Hodges.

Gradually, Coltrane rationalized the desire to work regularly with the aim of creating forcefully. In 1955, he returned to Philadelphia and, working with a group led by conga drummer Bill Carney, took a stride toward achieving his goal. As he recalled, "We were too musical for certain rooms."

In late 1955, Miles Davis beckoned for a new quintet he was forming. He encouraged Coltrane; this encouragement gradually opened adventurous paths for Coltrane. Other musicians and listeners began to pay close attention to him. When Davis disbanded in 1957, Coltrane joined Thelonious Monk's quartet.

Coltrane will not forget the role Davis and Monk played in assisting his development.

"Miles and Monk are my two musicians," he said. "Miles is the No. 1 influence over most of the modern musicians now. There isn't much harmonic ground he hasn't broken. Just listening to the beauty of his playing opens up doors. By the time I run up on something, I find Miles or Monk has done it already."

"Some things I learn directly from them. Miles has shown me possibilities in choosing substitutions within a chord and also new progressions."

Enveloped in the productive atmosphere of both the Davis and Monk groups, Coltrane emerged more an individualist than ever before. In early '58, he rejoined Davis. In the months since, he has become more of an influence on other jazz instrumentalists.

Coltrane's teammate in the Davis sextet, Cannonball Adderley, recently said, "Coltrane and Sonny Rollins are introducing us to some new music, each in his own way. I think Monk's acceptance, after all this time, is giving musicians courage to keep playing their original ideas, come what may."

As he learned harmonically from Davis and Monk, and developed his mechanical skills, a new more confident Coltrane emerged. He has used long lines and multinote figures within these lines, but in 1958 he started playing sections that might be termed "sheets of sound." This approach, basic to Coltrane's playing today, is not the result of a conscious effort to produce something "new." He has noted that it has developed spontaneously.

"Now it is not a thing of beauty, and the only way it would be justified is if it becomes that," he said. "If I can't work it through, I will drop it."

Although he is satisfied with the progress he's made during the last three years, Coltrane continues to be critical of his own work.

"I have more work to do on my tone and articulation," he said. "I must study more general technique and smooth out some harmonic kinks. Sometimes, while playing, I discover two ideas, and instead of working on one, I work on two simultaneously and lose the continuity."

Assured that the vast frustration he felt in the early '50s is gone, Coltrane attempts to behave in terms of a broad code, which he outlined:

"Keep listening. Never become so self-important that you can't listen to other players. Live cleanly ... do right ... you can improve as a player by improving as a person."

A married man, with an 8-year-old daughter, Coltrane hopes to meet the responsibilities of his music and his life without bitterness, for "music is the means of expression with strong emotional content. Jazz used to be happy and joyous. I'd like to play happy and joyous."

DB

By Ira Gitler

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The Witty Paul Desmond

Sept. 9, 1965

It's weird, so few people really know or care what the Dave Brubeck Quartet is trying to do—which isn't really that complicated. The questions people come up and ask after we play run like this: 'How do you know when to come in and when to stop?' or 'Who writes the choruses?' or 'How many of you are there in the quartet?' ... It gives you a feeling of futility. Only very rarely—monumentally rarely—does a person come by who realizes what we are trying to do, and when we did it and when we didn't. Everybody else takes from it a number of things; there are a lot of levels on which the quartet can be enjoyed, so they go away perfectly happy, but that doesn't have any relation to what we are trying to do.

"In the jazz world at the present moment, I get a funny listless feeling, like a graduate of a school that's about to fold wandering around the halls. Between the discotheques and the avant-garde and the folk scene, there isn't much left. If jazz is really going to become increasingly a form of personal protest—which will make it difficult to listen to even for people who love jazz—then it's hard to see how it's going to be supported besides as a spare-time hobby." **DB**

By Dan Morgenstern



Paul Desmond, inducted in 1977



Johnny Hodges, inducted in 1970

On The Boardwalk With Johnny Hodges

Dec. 1, 1966

Will my bodyguard be ready at 7?" Johnny Hodges was preparing for his daily march from the Hotel Dennis to the ballroom at the end of the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, N.J., where Duke Ellington's band was playing a week last August. It may not have been a mile, but it seemed like it that hot, humid evening. Although he had been playing with organist Wild Bill Davis until nearly daybreak, Hodges looked surprisingly fit as he sauntered along.

"I don't sleep long at a time," he said. "I gave up cigarettes six years ago, and I haven't had a drink since April 26, when the doctor said it would be best for me to quit."

It was barely 8 p.m. when he reached the dressing room behind the ballroom stage. The band didn't hit until 8:30, and as he leisurely changed, he began to reminisce:

"We were in Antibes this summer, the town where Sidney Bechet was married, where they had the parade and everything. They have a square named after him there and a bust in the park. They took my picture looking at it, and it brought back memories.

"I met him in Boston years and years ago. I had a lot of nerve when I went backstage to see him, with my little curved soprano wrapped up under my arm. But my sister knew him, and I made myself known.

"What's that under your arm?" he asked me.

"A soprano."

"Can you play it?"

"Sure," although I had only had it about two days.

"Well, play something," he said. So I played 'My Honey's Lovin' Arms.' He encouraged me. 'That's nice,' he said." **DB**

By Stanley Dance

Benny Carter Closes At Troc After Single Week

April 15 & May 1, 1945

Benny Carter, the second Negro bandsman to play an engagement in an exclusive Hollywood spot on the famed Sunset Strip (the first was Duke Ellington at Ciro's), closed at the Trocadero after one week of his four-week contract had elapsed.

Trouble seems to have started on the opening night when the Troc's manager, Bob Goldie, decided the band was "too hot and loud" for his place and asked Carter to play a "more subdued style." Goldie reportedly thought he was getting a band that would play rhumbas, sambas and sweet music part of the time. Carter refused to make any changes in his style of music.



Benny Carter, inducted in 1977

ALAN HAHAGIAN

Shortly after the cancellation, Carlos Gastel, Carter's personal manager for several years, announced he was parting company with Carter.

"I have resigned as Benny Carter's manager because the arrangement was not profitable," Gastel said.

"The arrangement was not profitable for me, either," Carter said.

Gastel denied that the split was the result of Carter's booking at the Trocadero. But Carter hinted that he felt his band had been sold improperly at the Troc. **DB**



Art Pepper, inducted in 1982

PHIL BRYAN

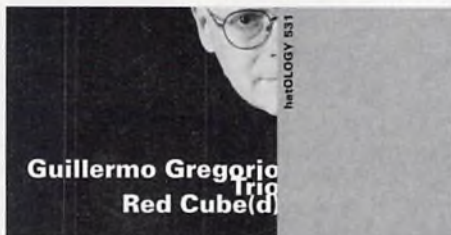
Art Pepper's Painful Road To Pure Art

June 5, 1975

Naturally I wasn't able to play much in the jails, but just before I would get out, I would really start practicing. I found that when I got out I was playing better than ever. I don't know if it was what happened to me—the sadness ... it's just such an emotional thing that happens to you.

"You suffer so much, and you get so close to yourself, that when you go to play you can reach down and really find things. It's like you're just pouring your life and your soul out when you're playing. I found that every time I went to jail, I came out and I was a little more in tune. I had more depth, more soul."

By Lee Underwood



HARDLOGY 531

These 1998 performances are part of a continuing process of growth which has gone on over at least ten years, and probably much longer. ... At least, the use of elements of jazz along with elements of contemporary classical music in a close and shifting relationship seems to have results unlike anything being attempted elsewhere. In fact there is a double integration here, between aspects of contemporary classical music and jazz, and between the players taking part.



HARDLOGY 535

Maybe it helps to know that Han and Ellery are both good chess players. Bennink favors an offensive game to be sure, but Eskelin is conspicuously untraumatized, knowing that with Bennink (switched metaphor ahead) the idea is not to steer the bull but to keep from being thrown. And Han, to his audible pleasure, discovers a rare, fully equipped improviser he can't scare off, wear out, bury or give the slip.



HARDLOGY 536

Here we have an act of transformation, or several. All art, of course, enacts and entertains this process—a perpetual dance of cognition, change, and recognition. ... The surviving pieces have not changed over time but, as listeners, we certainly have, as has Steve Lacy, and so while what we hear may be the same the way we hear it is dramatically different. ... Once a broad Prospectus, now an ironic look at Clichés. But clichéd? Anything but.

The agony of living is over for Charlie (Yardbird) Parker. It was an agony he had been ever more reluctant to face during the past year. Those of us who were fortunate enough to know Bird as a friend had the bitter experience of watching him disintegrate, of knowing that it was too late to help him because he no longer cared to be helped or to help himself.

Those who came to hear Charlie in the great years saw only the fingers and heard only the incredible sound of his horn. Knowing nothing of his inward struggle as a human being, they talked carelessly and sometimes a little too loud about his history of narcotics addiction, his personality quirks and the legends that had enveloped him.

Behind this facade that they saw and heard was an intelligent, articulate and intensely warm human being. It was when he first came back to New York in 1947, after the months in California's Camarillo State hospital following his first breakdown, that Charlie presented his real inner self, talking frankly of how dope had taken 11 years out of his life (he was then 27).

"It all came from being introduced too early to night club life," he said. "When you're not mature enough to know what's happening, you goof." The heroin habit had him in its grip not long after he started on it in 1935, and the all-too-familiar pattern of increasing dependence, of cures and gradual relapses, was repeated time and again.

"I don't know how I made it through," he told me. "I became bitter, hard, cold ... what made it worst of all was that nobody understood our kind of music out on the coast. They hated it. Leonard, I can't begin to tell you how I yearned for New York."

For quite a while, New York seemed to have the regenerative qualities he sought. And it had Doris Parker, the tall, kind-hearted girl who towered over him physically as she looked up to him mentally and musically. There was a period of normal living when even a trip to the beach together for Charlie and me and our wives seemed typical of the simple pleasures he could enjoy like anyone else.

But it didn't last. Soon the search for nirvana resumed, and the moments off the bandstand seemed dedicated to the pursuit of oblivion—if it wasn't narcotics, it was alcohol. Looking up from a hospital bed while recovering from an ulcer siege, Bird said to me, "The doctor told me if I don't quit drinking I'll die. I've had my last drink."

How many years ago was that—four, five, six? No matter. There were so many times afterward that he forgot. And there were the times that he

remembered again, too: When Doris left and he seemed to find happiness with Chan, a beautiful little brunette. Charlie became a loving stepfather to Kim and an adoring father to Pree and Laird, the two children Chan bore him.

But the multiple strains of living soberly after a whole adult lifetime of dissipation, of being a Negro in a white society, of adjusting himself to the lack of understanding of his personality and his music, gradually told on Charlie again. Then, a year ago, his little daughter Pree died of pneumonia. This was perhaps the breaking point that led to the pattern of self-immolation, to the tragic evening last September when, after a pitiful performance at Birdland, he stumbled out of the club named for him, went home to Chan and swallowed iodine.

I saw Charlie three times after that. The first time, playing a Town Hall concert, he looked healthy, talked sensibly, played magnificently and told me he was commuting daily between New Hope, Pa., where he and Chan had found a home, and Bellevue hospital, where he was undergoing psychiatric treatment. He had dropped 20 pounds of unhealthy excess fat. He was like a new man, and New Hope seemed the right place for him to be living.

The second time, a month ago, he was standing in a bar over Birdland, raggedly dressed. He said he had not been home to New Hope lately. The bloated fat was back. His eyes looked desperately sad.

The final night, Charlie was playing at Birdland for two nights only with Bud Powell, Kenny Dorham, Art Blakey and Charles Mingus.

One set was too much for anyone who had known and respected this man. He refused to take the stand, quarreled with Powell, stalked off after playing a few desultory bars, and a few minutes later was seen by a friend around the corner at Basin Street, with tears streaming down his face.

"You'll kill yourself if you go on like this," said Mingus, who loved Charlie and was mortified at the spectacle of his imminent self-destruction.

A week later, Charlie Parker was dead.

What can all the verbal post-mortems do? Charlie Parker has gone, and we can console ourselves only with the thought that his tormented soul has finally found peace.

As Gerry Mulligan commented, standing outside Birdland with a group of silent friends the day the news broke, "For a man who put so much into his life, Charlie certainly got precious little out of it."

And as another musician said, "Perhaps, after all he'd gone through and was going through, this was the only thing left for him, maybe the best."

Amen, and rest in peace.

DB

Parker Finally Finds Peace

April 20, 1955

By Leonard Feather



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Charlie Parker, inducted in 1955

HERMAN LEONARD



Cannonball Adderley, inducted in 1975

Cannonball's Cross Section

Sept. 5, 1957

Cannonball Adderley, 28, is one of the most personable artists in jazz.

He knows his music, his group, and his audience. He is an astute, able performer on stage, and a gracious, pleasant person off stage.

In an attempt to transmit some of the Adderley personality beyond his efforts in the field of jazz, I solicited his views on a broad series of topics. This cross section represents the opinions of Adderley, the man.

THE HIT PARADE: "It's a big farce. I think it makes hits, rather than telling the reality."
W. C. FIELDS: "The epitome of alcoholism. I always remember his red nose. He

reminded me of Maj. Hoople and Pat Rooney."

SUSPENDERS: "I can't make it with them. I've tried, but I always feel like I'm undressed when I've got them on."

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLT: "I wish I could have been there to be a part of it. I'm a dreamer and I could imagine myself involved in it, as I feel myself involved in the Spanish Civil war. More power to the leaders. Maybe one day we'll have a jazz revolt. If so, I'd like to be a captain under Col. Gerry Mulligan."

BETTE DAVIS: "One of the oversensitive great ones."

JIMMY RUSHING: "Oh, one of the greatest by far. One of the lyrical blues singers. A

major stylist in the field."

BILLY GRAHAM: "That's a toughie. Actually, I think he's a magnificent speaker and master psychologist, and he's probably genuine, but I don't get carried away with evangelists."

HOME MOVIES: "I'm totally unfamiliar with that aspect of photography. I suppose I'd be interested in it if I had the interest."

SOUTH AFRICA: "That's the only situation I can think of that's more ridiculous than the southern U.S."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: "You know, he was an institution that existed when I was a kid. In retrospect, I feel that much of his program was fine; some of it had its limitations. A great American and a pretty good politician, too."

BING CROSBY: "He's an institution, too. He's for the most part responsible for modern crooning. I've never really been smothered by him, however."

ROY ROGERS: "I think of Trigger and then Dale Evans. Actually, that kind of singing, I'm afraid."

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ: "One of the greatest, obviously. I think of Rubenstein, Gieseking and Kapell with a little more esteem."

YOGI BERRA: "The end. The personification of the American baseball player. He has everything. I think he's fairly ignorant. But I dig him. It would be better if he wasn't a Yankee."

PULLMAN BERTHS: "I've never slept in one, so I have no comment. But the roomettes are interesting."

FRENCH CUFFS: "Why?"

"GONE WITH THE WIND" (the song): "A great tune but overdone by modern jazz musicians. You get tired of it after a while."

MAHALIA JACKSON: "Too much, that's all. Combined with Ray Charles that kind of singing is the size of soul."

CONEY ISLAND: "I've never been there and seriously doubt if I'll ever go. I hate crowds unless they're paying customers to see Cannonball."

POPCORN: "Movies...Oh, yah, I dig it."

BALLPOINT PENS: "I never had one that worked. Mine are always moody and generally not in working order when I want them to be."

OYSTERS: "I love 'em on the half-shell, stewed, fried ... You name it. I'm a Floridian."

WASHABLE SUITS: "I think they should be universal, so people wouldn't look at mine with such disdain."

JELLY DONUTS: "I don't particularly care for them. Give me the old-fashioned donut with the hole in the middle."

RAY NOBLE: "I owe him a lot for 'Cherokee.' I'm sorry there weren't more."

DB

By Don Gold

Ornette Coleman: From The Heart

April 8, 1965

“**M**usic has a tendency to let everybody see your own convictions. Music tends to reveal more of the kind of person you are than any other medium of expression. It's unlike any other activity, and I love it because of that.

“Music has the greatest social integrity. Performer, listener, composer—music allows everyone to accept or reject according to their own likes or dislikes. No other medium, to me, is that honest.

“Music has these qualities. But sometimes it isn't music. It may become all psychic ego or personality may dominate. One of the most important things about playing or writing or doing any service that people get pleasure from is

your own reason for doing it. I don't feel compelled to write or play music simply to have people remember me or to satisfy myself.”

This concern for artistic integrity is, of course, considered a luxury in the marketplace of music where, regardless of his personal concerns, the player-performer must make his stand.

“The one thing performers in jazz have never been able to do,” Coleman said, “is to exercise a choice of audience and their means of existence as related to the audience, because the player is more of a public image than the composer. You don't see composers in night clubs every night, they're at home composing. But the player is the man on the market. He is the one constantly trying to find something that will keep him on the market.

“Anytime music is being performed for anything less than the fact of the interest of the audience in it, such as the fee that you are getting, it is looked upon as a business. Music as a business means performing for an audience and yet working for the person who is giving you the opportunity to perform.”

Coleman has had his share of problems with this system.

“As a Negro,” he explained, “I have a tendency to want to know how certain principles and rights are arrived at. When this concern dominates my business relationships, I'm cast into schizophrenic or paranoid thinking. People tell me that all I should be interested in is playing and making money, not the principle of how it's being done. I could accept that, but when I see that a booking agent books a major artist, and then books me into the same place, and I go in behind these people and see that they are not trying to reach the same goal with me as with them, then it seems to me that they are not as much for me as they are for them.” **DB**

By Dan Morgenstern

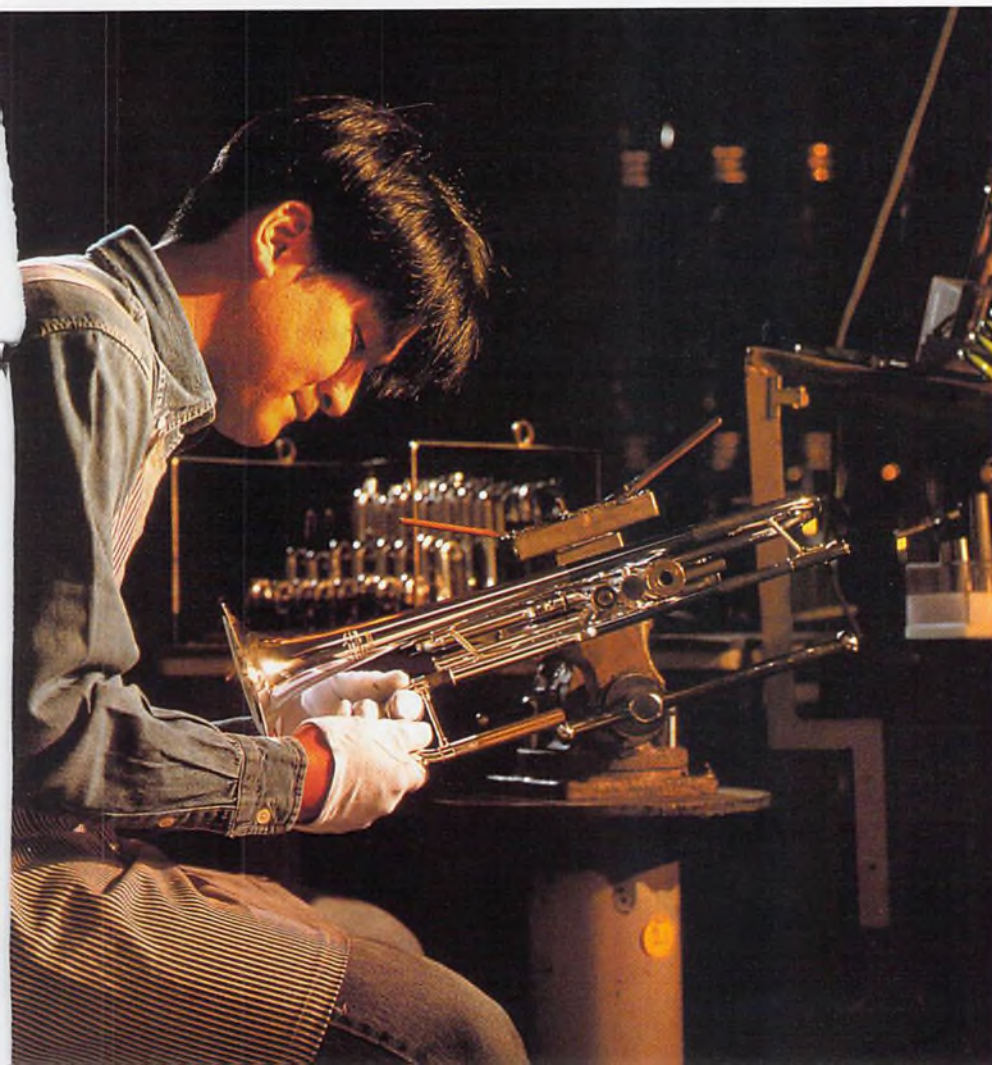


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February 1986

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"An audience responds to music, not instrumentation."

By Bill Shoemaker



Julius Hemphill, inducted in 1995

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Caught: Ayler at the Village

May 18, 1967

This concert was the first time I heard the Ayler brothers in person.

Before going, I re-read the Down Beat interview with the Aylers by Nat Hentoff (Nov. 17, 1966; reprinted in July 1994). The Aylers had been unusually articulate about what they were trying to do musically. Their records had not led



Albert Ayler,
inducted in 1983

me to believe that they knew where they were going or had ever heard any jazz other than their own. A chance to share either revelation or misery with someone else became possible when an artist, Phil Featheringill, agreed to go with me.

The group had a valid sound of its own. It's still experimental, far from perfect, and sometimes tedious but the overall feeling was that we had experienced moments of high stimulation and excitement.

I recalled the comments made by the brothers during the Hentoff interview.

"Don't focus on the notes," said Don Ayler

in explaining how to listen to the music.

"You have to relate sound to sound inside the music and try to listen to everything together," Albert added.

In this connection a curious thing happened. While the group was playing "Light In Darkness," Featheringill nudged me and said, "Try listening with your eyes closed." I began to understand what Don Ayler meant when he said, "Follow the sound, the pitches, the colors. You have to watch them move."

As expected, Albert played frequently in the upper register of both his tenor

and alto but the result was not jarring. He didn't shriek. One got the impression that the unfamiliar sounds could become quite pleasant when one is used to them through exposure.

Some of the group's work is based directly on the traditional polyphony of the old New Orleans brass bands. In fact, the sources for Ayler's music are likely to come from Eastern European folk dance music and mariachi music, as well. It was encouraging to a couple of old-time jazz listeners to know that where it's at is still within reach. **DB**



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By George Hoefler

Blowing With Bechet

Dec. 14, 1951

Any soloist who dares to get entangled in a "carving contest" with Sidney Bechet is in for a frustrating disappointment. This happened a couple of years ago at the Paris Jazz Festival when bopper Charlie Parker, the great alto soloist, got involved in traditional choruses with Bechet. Even if the Parisian crowd hadn't been on the dixie side, Bird would have had considerable difficulty in matching the vibrant avalanche of exciting sound Bechet is capable of putting down when aroused.

Bunk Johnson once worked a week with Sidney in Boston, an association that ended abruptly when Bunk, tired of Sidney outblowing him, remarked, "Hey, Pops, put that sewer pipe down and let me blow awhile." **DB**



Sidney Bechet, inducted in 1968

By George Hoefler

John Carter: Born To Play

November 1982

"I played jazz from the minute the horn went into my mouth. That's what the kids wanted to play—that's what we heard on the radio. Charles Moffett and I were obsessed with jazz all our lives; when we were 12 and 13, we used to be standing up on boxes outside of a place looking in. I remember the first big show I saw: It was a variety show with Peg-Leg Bates, Lucky Millinder's band, the Ink Spots. Charles and I were there, and I was shocked by the bright-colored uniforms. At that point I knew that's what I wanted to do." **DB**



John Carter, inducted in 1991

By Lee Jeske

Pee Wee Reminisces On Old Days

May 15, 1958

"Things have changed a lot since I first started to play. In those days, anything resembling jazz was considered more or less noise. But the leaders of country-club orchestras and dance bands always wanted some jazz players in their bands, so they could slip in a hot solo or two on the public. Maybe they figured they'd educate them. That happens today, too. But things are shoved down our throats.

"But being young today has its advantages. There are so many different types of music to listen to today. A youngster can take something from here and something from there and mold it together with his own talent. There's no reason why he shouldn't develop." **DB**



Pee Wee Russell, inducted in 1969

By Dom Cerulli

Dodds' Spirit Lives In Today's Jazz

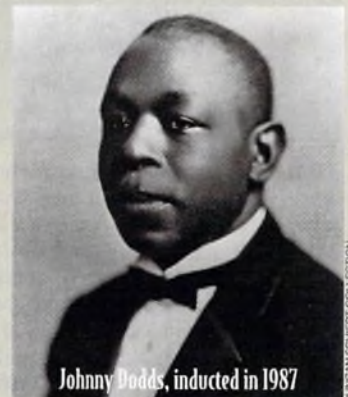
Sept. 1, 1940

Johnny Dodds died the other day. A paralytic stroke stuck him down in his home on Chicago's great South Side.

Yes, Johnny Dodds is dead, and yet the spirit that moved his playing, that carried him in rich melodic flights of sheer beauty, out of some dank jump-and-juice joint back to young, warm days around a piano in some New Orleans honky-tonk—that spirit still lives in most of the great "hot" clarinetists today.

For whatever else Johnny may have been, he was the father of jazz clarinet playing. They call Sidney Bechet "Pops," yet Johnny was five years older than Sidney. A great clarinetist in his own right, Johnny will be remembered more than anything else for his influence on other men and their music.

French journalist Hughes Panassie, an influential jazz enthusiast, writes of Johnny Dodds: "Let us not forget that some of the greatest 'hot' clarinetists borrowed the principal elements of their style from Dodds. He has my deep respect; he supplied the material for an incalculable treasure." **DB**



Johnny Dodds, inducted in 1987

By Bob White

Eric Dolphy In Tribute: 1928-1964

Aug. 27, 1964

It all seemed so unreal when I heard the news. You know how it is when you hear that a guy you knew died unexpectedly—you start thinking about what you said to him, and what he said, the things you did.”

Those words are Elvin Jones', but they express the reaction of many musicians when Eric Dolphy died in Berlin on June 29. The quiet-spoken reed artist was a



Eric Dolphy, inducted in 1964

CHARLES STEWART

warm friend to many musicians and deeply impressed almost everyone with whom he came in contact, even those who did not agree with his approach to jazz.

“Many musicians did not understand Eric and were critical of his work,” commented Gunther Schuller, who at concerts and recording dates, and as co-conductor of Orchestra U.S.A. (of which Dolphy was a member), often worked with Dolphy. “I could never understand, for example, how perfectly respectable musicians could say that Eric didn't know his changes. Like

any mature, creative musician, Eric was not unduly disturbed by such comments. It was his nature to turn everything—even harsh criticism—to some positive, useful purpose.”

George Avakian, manager of Orchestra U.S.A. and the producer of one of Dolphy's last records, *Conversations*, also commented on Dolphy's humility.

“Eric's kindness extended to the way he faced the one big disappointment of his life: the fact that somehow he had not caught on with a big enough section of the jazz public to be able to make a decent

living from his music. Time would have given Eric his proper recognition and reasonable financial success. His day would have come as surely as the pages peel off the calendar. But Eric ran out of pages.”

Perhaps the most heartfelt statement was made by Dolphy's long-time musical associate and close friend, John Coltrane.

“Whatever I'd say would be an understatement. My life was made much better by knowing him. He was one of the greatest people I've ever known, as a man, a friend and a musician.” **DB**

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Gerry Mulligan Remarks On LP Review

Jan. 14, 1953

Gerry Mulligan Quartet
Pacific Jazz PLJP 1

★★★★

Writing his own album notes, Gerry Mulligan lays a heavy accent on the lack of a bass in his group. Although we can't hear anything in the music that wouldn't have been even better with a piano rounding out the rhythmic underline, this is all tasteful, thoughtful music with a minimum of flash and a maximum of integrity. Mulligan's baritone, Chet Baker's trumpet, Chico Hamilton's drums and Bob Whitlock's bass share the credit about evenly. Mulligan, who presumably did most of the arrangements, deserves an extra salvo for his economical and efficaciously simple use of the limited instrumentation. A couple of his originals, notably "Freeway," have quite a melodic charm, too.

Gerry Mulligan Quartet: Frenesi; Freeway; Soft Shoe; Aren't You Glad You're You; Bernie's Tune; Walkin' Shoes; Nights At The Turntable; Lullaby Of The Leaves.



Gerry Mulligan, inducted in 1993

DOWN BEAT ARCHIVES

Feb. 11, 1953

To the editor:

I have before me the Jan. 14 issue of *Down Beat* opened to Page 15, where I find my Pacific Jazz LP album reviewed and rated. I am naturally pleased and gratified to find a four-star rating for our efforts. However, I would have a few words with the reviewer who says, "We can't hear anything in the music that wouldn't have been even better with a piano."

He also says, "Writing his own album notes, Gerry Mulligan lays a heavy accent on the lack of a bass (I'm sure he intended to say piano) with the group." As a matter of fact, so many people asked questions about the omission of the piano that I merely took the opportunity presented by the album back cover

to answer them as completely as I could.

As for myself, I just don't consider the piano as an indispensable part of the rhythm section. I think it is more habit than logic that it is accepted standard practice to use the piano thusly.

The piano is an orchestra and as such naturally offers many wonderful possibilities both as a solo instrument and also in conjunction with an ensemble. The piano's use with a rhythm section, where its function is to feed the chords of the progression to the soloist, has placed the piano in rather an uncreative and somewhat mechanical role.

By eliminating this role from the piano in my group, I actually open whole new fields of exploration and possibilities when I do choose to use one.


Many of the people who have come to hear us both at the Blackhawk in San

Francisco and at the Haig here in Los Angeles where we are now appearing have commented that when they first heard about a jazz group with no piano they couldn't imagine what it would sound like, or else thought it would probably sound empty and not very good. But on hearing the group they usually remark that they think a piano would "get in the way," or else they can't imagine a piano with the group at all.

The tune "Freeway," which you credit to me, is actually Chet Baker's composition. "Soft Shoe," "Walkin' Shoes" and "Night At The Turntable" are mine.

Anyway, in spite of the nasty thing said about the piano, we are agreed that it is a very nice review and we are all buying lots of copies to send to our friends.

—Gerry Mulligan, Hollywood, Calif.



Rahsaan Speaks His Peace

Aug. 15, 1974

Editor's note: Raheem Abdul Karim was arrested and incarcerated by United Airlines, the FBI and other agencies as an alleged hijacker in Cleveland in October 1972. (In case you didn't know it already, Karim was blind.) He won a cash settlement in court in a lawsuit against United in October 1973.

“They were stupid enough to believe I would try to hijack one of their flimsy-ass planes. What would I do with it if I got one? I didn't even play with airplanes as a kid. How would I know they were taking me where I wanted to go if I had hijacked the plane and had any place in mind to go?” **DB**

By Todd Barkan



Lionel Hampton, inducted in 1987

PERCUSSIONISTS

Lionel Hampton • Kenny Clarke • Max Roach • Ed Blackwell • Elvin Jones
Tony Williams • Gene Krupa • Art Blakey • Buddy Rich

When Down Beat hit the streets in 1934, a 25-year-old Lionel Hampton was holding down a gig at the Paradise Club in Los Angeles. It wasn't too long before he was discovered by producer John Hammond, who insisted on driving Benny Goodman down to the club to hear Hampton. "Hamp" was well on his way to becoming a jazz giant.

Breakthroughs have been a big part of Lionel Hampton's long career in jazz. He pioneered the vibes as a solo instrument in jazz, he played in one of the first racially mixed jazz groups, and he was the first of his era to be honored with an entire music school dedicated in his name. But it is the tremendous energy and good nature, the graciousness and showy musicianship that people may well remember most about Hampton.

Speaking by phone from his New York apartment, one week past his 90th birthday, Hampton acknowledged the rejuvenating power of playing drums. "It keeps your energy up," he says. "I came up with them as a youngster, because my mother would buy me two drums every Christmas. She allowed for me to bust the head on the first one, so I could have a clean shot at the second one. My mother always encouraged me to play drums. She used to tell me, 'Don't forget to practice.'"

Hampton was born in Birmingham, Ala., and moved with his family to Kenosha, Wis., where he attended the Holy Rosary Academy. "I always liked to play in time, and that's all the way on up until I got with Benny Goodman. When I was a teenager, different groups liked to play with me because I'd keep good time on drums. I went to a boys' school, and a Catholic nun taught me the rudiments of drums: paradiddles, flamacues and all types of different scales that you have in drumming. And I still apply them [to the vibes]. I was the first one to play jazz on vibes. I have a love of melody, anyway, and this gives me a

chance to play melody."

Hampton joined Benny Goodman's quartet in 1936, with pianist Teddy Wilson and drummer Gene Krupa, and stayed with the Goodman organization until 1940, when he formed his first big band. "That's got to be a high point," Hamp says. "One of the high points. First of all, to get hold of the vibes was definitely a high point, and then just being with the Benny Goodman Quartet. It was the first time that black and white had played together. Two black guys, myself and Teddy Wilson at piano, and then Gene Krupa on drums and Benny Goodman on clarinet. And that was a love match every time we played.

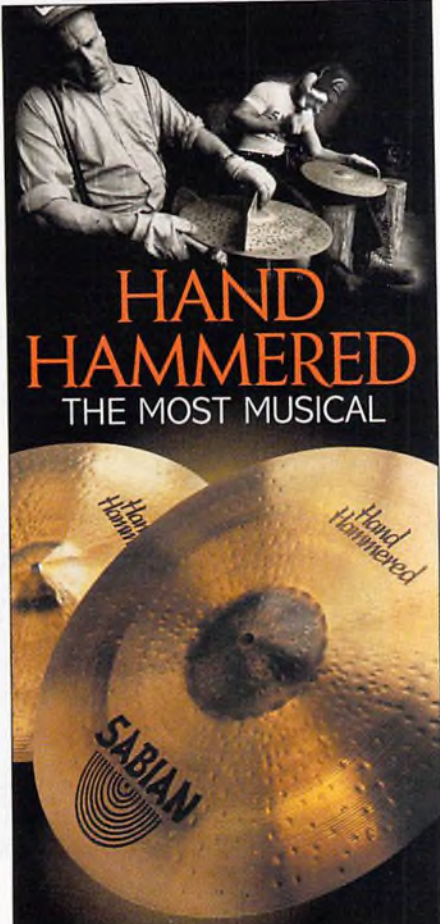
Lionel Hampton: Father Time

Man, I listen to some of the records now and say, 'Did we play all of that?' Yes sir, boy, that was some group." Two years after forming his own band he had a huge hit with "Flying Home." "I was in an orbit of my own, you understand. It was something that I always desired, and something that I always believed that I would do someday." The short list of Hampton Band alumni includes Charles Mingus, Dexter Gordon, Wes Montgomery, Clifford Brown, Clark Terry and Oscar Peterson.

Singing, humming, moaning, reacting along with his own solos, Hamp clearly feels great energy for improvising. "It's a feeling that I'm going to give it my best," he explains. "I want my heart to pour out and give me the best ideas. And I get them because I have a great desire to do so."

Reflecting on Down Beat's 65th anniversary, Hampton says, "Down Beat magazine has always been a thermometer in music, and it'll always be. We've got to have Down Beat just like we have sunshine or the rain, or the fall. Down Beat teaches and improves your thinking about music, and increases your desire to play." **DB**

By Robin Tolleson
Photo By Bill Gottlieb



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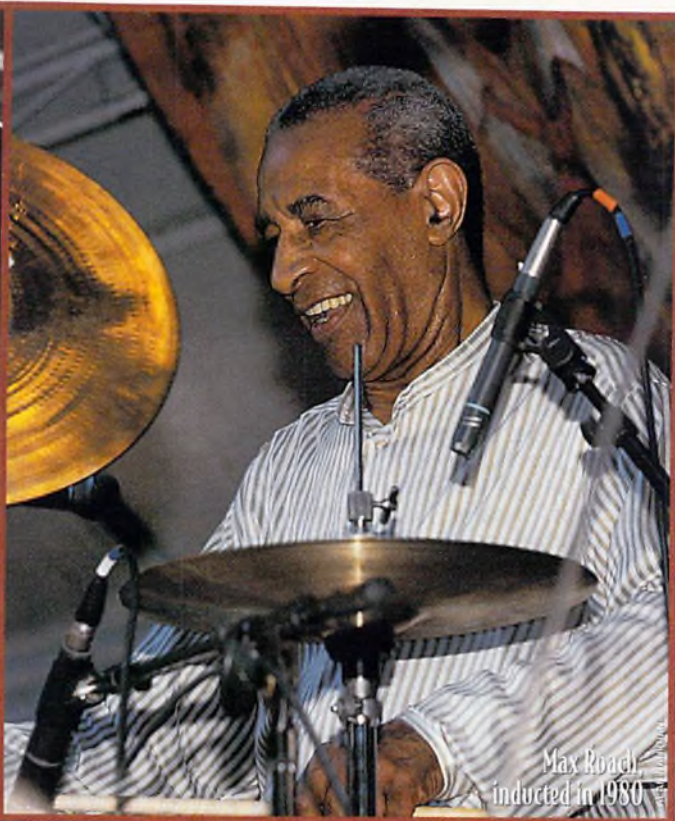
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Kenny Clarke, inducted in 1988

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Max Roach, inducted in 1980

'We Who Are About To Drum, Salute You'

KENNY CLARKE, MAX ROACH, ELVIN JONES, ED BLACKWELL & TONY WILLIAMS

All of Famers Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Elvin Jones, Ed Blackwell and Tony Williams shaped the modern language of jazz drumming through a combination of personality, inspiration, genius *and* perspiration.

Kenny Clarke was present at modern jazz's birth, and his way of playing accents on the drumset (particularly the bass drum) helped define the music in character and name. While Clarke was working in Teddy Hill's band during the late 1930s, the bandleader asked him "What is this klook-mop stuff you're playing?" From "klook-mop" came "rebop" and, eventually, "bebop" and just plain "bop."

Dizzy Gillespie once said that Clarke changed the role of the drummer from a timekeeper for the dancers to a true accompanist who provided accents for soloists and inspiration to the band. However, "Klook" would hear complaints from more conservative musicians, such as "Kenny breaks up the time so much ... why doesn't he play four beats on the bass drum?" His response: "If you are playing, the tempo should be in your head. Don't depend on me. Depend on yourself, because if you are playing music, the tempo you are playing must be in your head."

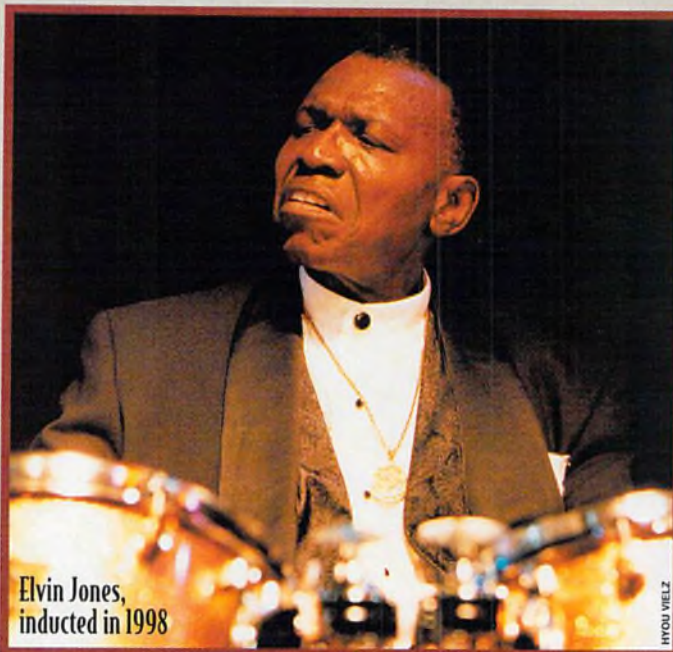
This approach anticipated the work years later of Ed Blackwell with Ornette Coleman.

Clarke's original tenure as house drummer at Minton's, New York's bebop laboratory, came to an end when he entered the military during World War II. As writer Mike Hennessy points out in his book *Klook: The Story of Kenny Clarke*, Clarke's loss was Max Roach's gain.

A percussionist of unfaltering control and technique, Roach furthered Clarke's concepts within small group settings, learning to play the bass drum softly, in addition to using it for heavy accents. Since those early days of bop, Roach has experimented by placing the drumset in different environments, like the legendary quintet he led with Clifford Brown; the drum-and-voice duets he recorded with Abbey Lincoln; his percussive ensemble M'Boom; his daughter's string quartet; stunning solo presentations; and the epochal *Rich Versus Roach* recording. ("Sing, Sing, Sing," Buddy and Max trade solos: Buddy's is rich snare drum technique and virtuosity—it sounds like a great drum solo—while Roach's sings and swings like a tenor sax solo. Hearing the two approaches side by side is a true "light bulb" moment: Roach is the model of a dignified musician, always striving to expand the boundaries of his skills.

While everyone else was speaking bebop "English," Elvin Jones was busy creating a new sort of drumming Esperanto ... except his language endured and influenced the rest of the world with far greater import than that other post-War linguistic dream. His is much more of a revolutionary than evolutionary advent. The fascinating thing about Jones' style is that he brought drumming full-circle back to its African roots. Through his use of an 18-inch bass drum tuned more in the range of the tom toms, coupled with the use of his trademark polyrhythmic

By Peter Erskine



Elvin Jones,
inducted in 1998

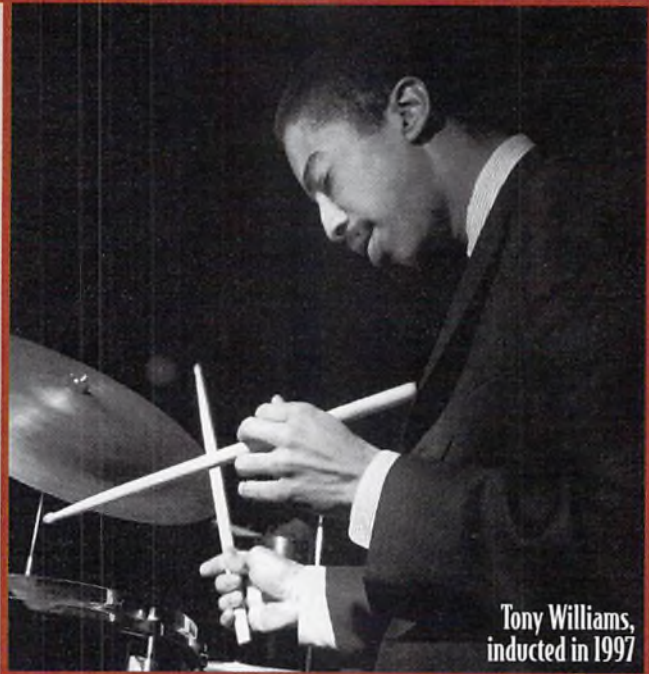


Ed Blackwell,
inducted in 1993

statements on the drumset, Elvin became the African drum choir incarnate. All the while, his ride cymbal playing held it together. Einstein couldn't describe the concept of time nearly as well as Elvin has done: "Relative" to all things, then, "E" (Elvin) equals *time*, nothing "square" about it, multiplied by passion and "A Love Supreme." His affiliation with John Coltrane stands as one of the most important associations in musical history.

Ed Blackwell combined the bebop sensibilities of Klook and Max Roach with the parade and street beat rhythms of New Orleans. Blackwell's playing was not at all pattern-oriented or constructed; rather, he used the colors of the entire kit in a free-associative manner, opening the door to a new way of interacting musically. Like Roach, Blackwell understood the melodic possibilities of the drumkit, and, taking the nod from Klook, he furthered the notion of the improvising musician/drummer as being independent yet interrelated to the rest of the band. Like Roach with Charlie Parker and Elvin with Coltrane, Blackwell and Ornette Coleman formed one of the important saxophone-and-drum connections in jazz. Each part of the drumkit, in his hands, was like a note on the piano. You get the feeling that all things are (musically) possible, in a three-dimensional way, when you experience the playing of Blackwell. He represents the key bridge between bebop, New Orleans and "free" playing.

Tony Williams was going to be our guiding light and drumming conscience for years to come; I think we were all confident and, somehow, reassured by that notion. The news of his death had the same impact on the music world as did JFK's passing: a blow to the stomach, the loss of a leader, a charismatic and essential personality stolen from us and stilled forever. But his



Tony Williams,
inducted in 1997

musical accomplishments raised the bar on what it means to improvise; his drumming prowess will remain un-equalled; his inspiration will continue for as long as we listen. Note the recordings he made as part of the Miles Davis Quintet with Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter. Starting with the sound of his drums and cymbals (high-pitched bass drum and toms, extra "dry" K. Zildjian cymbals), Tony spoke a new language on the kit, one that mirrored the '60s and anticipated the coming decades. His polymetric explorations still delight and confound the ear. The incredible impact Tony made on the music world as a 17-year-old drumming revelation with Miles is overshadowed only by the continuing development he made as a drummer/bandleader and composer. Like his idol Roach, Tony sought to expand his horizons by learning as much as he possibly could about music and composition. And like Max, he served as a role model for what it means to be a musician who is constantly growing. He is missed.

Kenny, Max, Elvin, Ed and Tony all have been instrumental in creating the language of the drum. They have shown what's possible with a pair of drumsticks. The rest of us mere mortals, when we sit down to play, can paraphrase the Roman gladiators: "We who are about to drum, salute you!"

DB

Peter Erskine is a drummer, composer and author. His most recent recording is *Juni* (ECM), his latest book is *The Drum Perspective* (Hal Leonard) and he is now playing drums with the Yellowjackets. Erskine's website address is www.petererskine.com, where information about his musical activities, as well as CD label Fuzzy Music, is available.



Don't Put Progress Down, Says Krupa

Aug. 10, 1951

Several weeks ago, when Gene Krupa and band were playing a date at the Surf ballroom in Clear Lake, Iowa, he was buttonholed behind the stand by a Mason City, Iowa, disc jockey. The jock, Bob Cavanaugh, taped his interview for later airing on KRIB, then sent us a dubbing. He thought it was significant, and it is.

Apparently asked why he had so many young musicians in his band, Krupa replied: "Younger kids are more exuberant in their playing. They make a better appearance and you can teach them the way you want 'em. An older guy," Gene continued, "even though he has every good intention in the world, still may have



faults. But bop is even old now, you know?"

Cavanaugh then asked why people, middle-aged ones, like to revert back to the older things.

"Nostalgia, I'd say ... If I got with Art

Tatum, I'd want to hear him play 'Sweet Lorraine,' for some reason or other. I don't know why."

Here the jockey burred about how happy he was to find someone else who finally appreciated the older things, and Krupa jumped in.

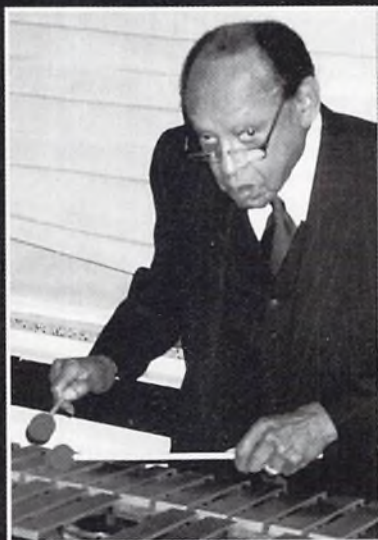
"You mustn't put progress itself down, because we'd all stay in the same place. But, when it is put before the public, it's got to be presented in a sensible manner, or else we're going to retrogress. In other words, the reason for all that corn that came forth for a while was because people just got a little bit too tired of trying to listen too hard.

"After all," Gene continued, "music is meant to be enjoyed. I've heard about the sayings of great composers, guys like Bach, and the modernists, say Rimsky-Korsakov, Ravel, Debussy and particularly Delius. They said that the fact that musicians enjoyed their music so much didn't kill them so much because they enjoyed what it represented on paper; whereas, when the average public enjoyed it, they enjoyed it for the sheer beauty of it. They reached these people through a medium of art, rather than a medium of mathematics!" **DB**

By John Tynan

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Ride cymbal roaring, bass drum bombs rocking the bandstand, Art Blakey could swing like a mother, and he was the model band-leader of his era. In fact, his Jazz Messengers were such a consistent force in bebop for more than four decades and featured so many of the top players (from McCoy Tyner to Chuck Mangione to Stanley Clarke) that discussing his many groups is like comparing different classic New York Yankee teams.

Jackie McLean joined Blakey's Jazz Messengers in 1956 and stayed for two years. "Art was one of my all-time favorite drummers," says the altoist. "There are some drummers, like Max Roach, Art Blakey and Kenny Clarke that are at the root of this whole modern style. Art was one of the masters of time. Art had a great interest in young musicians. He felt it was very important to nurture and help develop coming generations of musicians. I believe that was his unplanned mission. He always wanted to have a good band, of course, but he wanted to have musicians that were eager to play, write, and help him get out and do this.

"Art was the greatest bandleader I ever worked with, the most wonderful man. I learned a lot about music and life. He was not selfish or cheap. We had uniforms. If you were sick, he took you to the doctor. Whatever you needed, Art was there to give."

Saxophonist Bobby Watson joined the Jazz Messengers in 1977 and served as musical director for four-and-a-half years. "Art couldn't read music, so he'd listen," Watson recalls. "The first time he played a new song would be the worst, but a week later he'd own it. He'd be ramming you in the throat with your own music. He'd take it to places that you never even thought of. He could always take it up another level. He played with Bird and Clifford Brown and those cats, so whatever we did, he could handle it. It was trial by fire, man. If you didn't blow, you were out of there."

Watson was taken by Blakey's appetite for playing. "We'd be in Europe and someone would announce a jam session after the gig somewhere. Art would lead the pack over there. We'd get to the session and lay in the back trying to be cool, you know. Next thing you know, Art's on stage talking about, 'Come on down. Bobby, get your horn out.' He was always pushing us

to play, and not to be too hip and sit around criticizing the local musicians. He'd be right up there playing with them. He was always reaching out.

"If you weren't swinging, he'd pull you in the back and cuss you out, but basically you learned by just listening and seeing his consistency and passion for it. When you got to a certain point, he kicked you out, he knew you were ready. He used to say: 'You've been around the world with me, made records, seen what I do. Now it's time for you to go out and give it a try. I've got some more people to bring through before it's time to hang up the drumsticks.'"

Javon Jackson joined the Messengers in December 1986 and stayed on until Blakey's death in 1990. "The thing Art wanted was that it be swinging and that musicians be serious about the art form," Jackson says. "Art's drumming had everything. He had humor, he had ferocity, he had touch. It could be very strong and aggressive, but he could play a great ballad on drums. He could play in big bands. If you listen to the Messengers, he made the band seem bigger than it was.

"I learned from Art it doesn't matter so much what you play, it's about the delivery, the way you present it. He would say,

'They see you before they hear you.' He believed in a jacket and tie. He always said, 'Never play down to the people. Play to the people. Allow the people to include themselves, and let them know how much you appreciate them.'

"Art dedicated the better part of his musical life to enabling and developing the careers of upstart jazz musicians. I grew up in this band," Jackson acknowledges. "And every band that he grabbed, even though it had a different set of musicians,

always sounded like Art Blakey, whether they were Wayne's songs or Horace's songs or Freddie's songs. He loved the challenges of playing new music, and encouraged every member who joined the band to write music. I think that kept him fresh and open. I never saw Art Blakey get on the stage without a smile, or look like he didn't want to be there. There was no half steppin'. He called the bandstand 'hallowed ground.'"

DB



Art Blakey, inducted in 1981

Art Blakey: Trial By Fire

By Robin Tolleson

Buddy Gives Boot To His Boppers

Jan. 14, 1949

Putting the way with a series of minor flareups, Buddy Rich finally cleaned house and put his entire band on notice for the last two weeks of its stand at the Clique club.

Rich's dissatisfaction grew out of the bop influence of the "element," which, he said, predominated over anything else the leader wanted to play.

"It's not that I dislike bop," Rich was quick to explain. "I like it as much as any other musician, but there are lots of other things I want to play. These fellows want to play bop and nothing else. In fact, I doubt if they can play anything else.

"Let's make it clear that I'm not going commercial, however," he explained. "Everything that isn't bop isn't necessarily corny, despite what some of these guys would have you believe.

"There's plenty of good music in other forms of jazz and in ballads, too, if treated right. I don't want one known as a commercial band, but an all-around



Buddy Rich, inducted in 1974

CHARLES STEWART

good one that can play anything."

Buddy first tried to steer his band clear of exclusive bop, a tendency during its recent run at the Avalon Ballroom. Benny Goodman dropped in to hear the revised Rich crew one night and is said to have had a heart-to-heart talk with Buddy.

It is understood Benny gave Buddy a verbal spanking with something like, "What's the matter with you, Buddy? You're letting those fellows run your band. Instead of their playing for you, you're playing for them."

Buddy laid down the law, and it worked for a while. Opening night at the Clique club the band played very little bop. A few nights later, however, it was back with bop more prevalent and following that, went completely bop.

That's when Buddy flipped.

Milt Ebbins, Rich's personal manager, basically interested in the financial status of the orchestra, explained the situation. "Buddy was forced to make this move due to pressure by the booking agency, which had informed him that it's impossible to get consecutive bookings if the music didn't have some commercial dance appeal.

"When informed of this," Milt continued, "the musicians confronted Buddy with, 'We won't play that junk,' so Buddy cleaned house and is getting himself some fellows who will."

Before the shakeup occurred, several of the men in the Rich band had filed charges with Local 802 AFM, claiming that they were being paid under scale. A union checkup revealed that the band was working six instead of the five hours filed with it and so ordered the Rich management to pay the difference.

Rich's dissatisfaction with the performance of the "element," however, predated this incident by several weeks. **DB**

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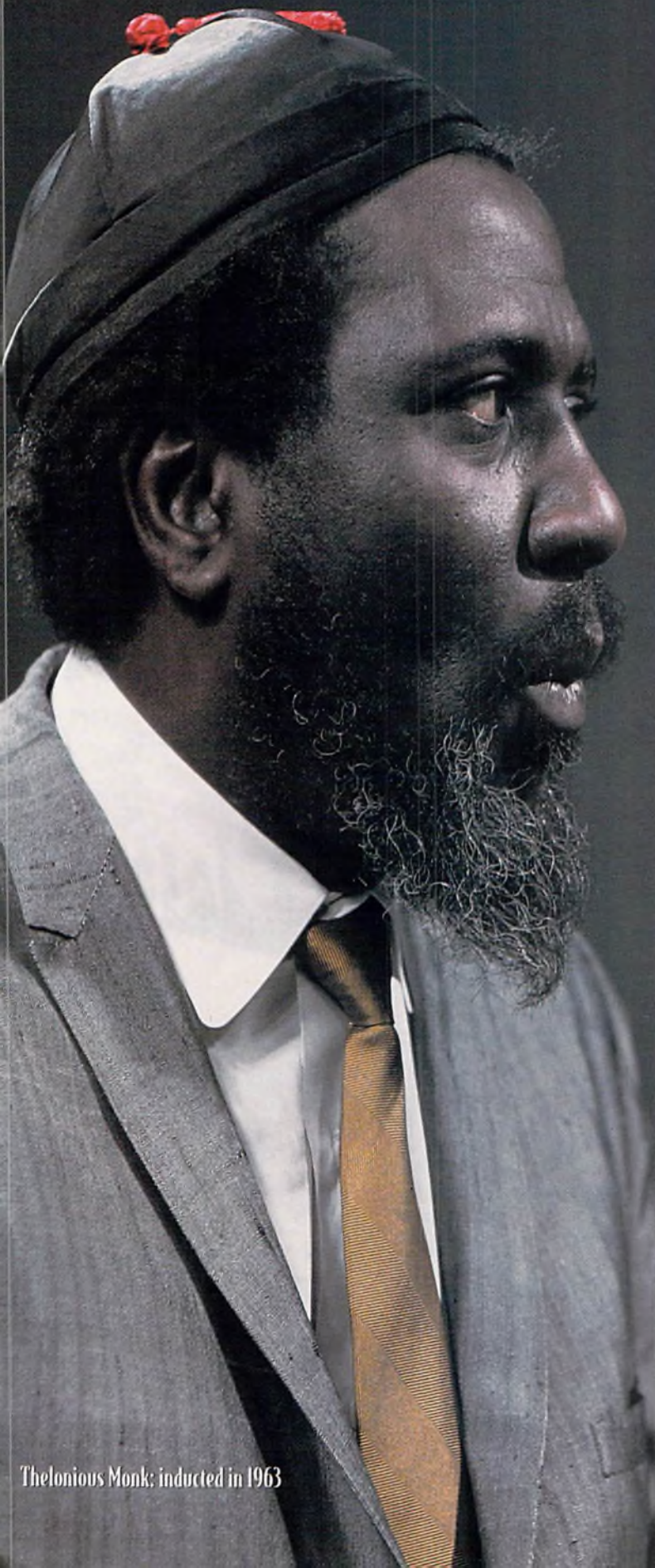
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Thelonious Monk: inducted in 1963

THE PIANO PLAYERS

Thelonious Monk • Jelly Roll Morton • Earl Hines • James P. Johnson • Fats Waller
Mary Lou Williams • Teddy Wilson • Art Tatum • Bud Powell • Oscar Peterson
Dave Brubeck • Lennie Tristano • Horace Silver • Bill Evans • Cecil Taylor

Thelonious Monk came out from the wings alone and played a bawdy-house version of "I Love You" to an audience that didn't want to go home. Later, in the dressing room at Mexico City's Bellas Artes, he was signing autographs between wiping the perspiration from his face while being questioned like a fugitive from Interpol.

"Was that song your way of showing appreciation to the audience?"

"Yes, it was. Been playing it for 20 years and most people don't realize what I'm trying to say. Some of them don't even know the name of the song."

"What do you think the importance of jazz is?"

"It stimulates a lot of music you hear. All music. Everybody in all countries tries to play jazz. All musicians stimulate each other. The vibrations get scattered around."

"How do you select musicians?"

"Just hire them."

"You look tired. Can we continue this tomorrow at your hotel?"

Tomorrow at his hotel.

"Did any classical composer have any influence on you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know. Like Bach, Beethoven and so on."

"Oh, you mean Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky and guys like that." He laughed and added: "I only mentioned their names because you're wearing a red jacket."

"Well, did any of them impress you?" I asked after I stopped laughing at the humor of this really sweet, warm man.

"Well, not too much of the classical composers. But the jazz musicians impress me. Everyone is impressed by everybody, but you bring it down home the way you feel it. I've never copied anyone, though; just play music."

"What do you think your sound is?"

"Music."

"Let's face it. You have your own style."

Monk Talk

Oct. 28, 1971

By Pearl Gonzalez

Photo By Lee Tanner

"Face? Is there a face in music? Isn't there a song like that? 'Let's Face The Music?'"

Monk's saxophonist, Paul Jeffrey, was in the room, and the two of us roared along with our cornball friend.

"Where were we?" I asked.

"We were facing the music. Well, you face the public all of the time. And it's something I always wanted to do. No one ever pushed me. If someone wants to play music you do not have to get a ruler or whips to make them practice."

"How do you feel about your influence on jazz?"

"I'm always surprised people dig it. I'm always surprised if someone requests something special."

"Where's the first big place you played?"

"You mean capacity, prestige? Every place can be big; a small place can become the biggest place. Did you ever hear of Minton's Playhouse? No?"

"When did you start to find an individual sound in the world of music?"

"I always believed in being myself. You have to notice and dig what other musicians do, though, even though you don't copy."

"What other interests do you have?"

"Life in general."

"What do you do about it?"

"Keep breathing."

"I hear you don't give out too many interviews, why is that?"

"I can't figure that one out myself. Sometimes I talk and sometimes I don't feel like talking."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I'd like to know too."

"Moods?"

"I don't know what makes people talk. Maybe it's whiskey. A lot of people talk a lot full of whiskey, in other words."

"Is whiskey and drugs the atmosphere of musicians?"

"The majority of juice-heads and winos and junkies aren't musicians. Musicians are such a small minority. You have all types of people in all types of professions, like the motion picture actors. They drink. Why do they say this about musicians? These other people are very important in the entertainment world. So most people who do this are not musicians."

"How do you relax?"

"Playing ping-pong. Sometimes I play backstage between performances."

"Have you had any problems because you are black?"

"The problems are there before you're born. But you do not have to run into them. It never bothered me. I never thought about race. I came up in the New York streets. There were all types of people. Every block in New York was a different city. Each block was a different town. Have this on that block and something else on the next block—that's the way it goes. People have gotten killed going to the next block to see their girl!"

"Worth it?"

"All of them are worth it."

"How did you meet Mrs. Monk?"

"You'd better ask her about that."

"How many children do you have?"

"My son, whom you met and who has been playing drums with me for a month. And my daughter's here, too. She's 17 years old. She likes to dance. The family travels a lot with me when they can. My wife always does."

Thelonious Monk Jr. came in and said "hi."

"Hi. Where did you go to school?"

"Stuyvesant High."

"Were you good in mathematics? It's so interwoven in music."

Monk: "All musicians are subconsciously mathematicians."

Me to Monk: "What do you feel like when you're writing music?"

Monk: "Like I've accomplished something. Feel as if it's a fulfillment. Something's been pulled through."

Me to Monk: "How do you feel about money?"

Monk: "I don't worry about it. I just let the family spend a quarter of it."

Me to Monk: "Are you interested in politics?"

Monk: "That's all you hear about on the radio."

Me to Monk: "What do you think about the Black Panthers?"

Monk: "Why don't they call them the Black Leopards?"

Me to Monk: "Ever think about writing a book?"

Monk: "I thought about it because other people brought it to my attention. Coming to a decision is something else. I don't know."

Me to Monk: "What do you want to do the rest of your life?"

Monk: "I want to enjoy it."

Me to Monk: "How?"

Monk: "That's what I want to find out from reporters. If you know the best way to enjoy life, I'd like to know. I believe everybody would like to find out."

Me to Monk: "How do you feel about God?"

Monk: "Why bring religion into it?"

Me to Monk: "It's part of you, how you feel about it. Are you a religious man?"

Monk: "Cool it a while. Don't get me too fast. I was brought up as a Protestant. I went to a lot of Baptist churches and a lot of Protestant churches, Sunday school and all that. I played piano in church in a choir. I once traveled with an Evangelist for a couple of years. It was in the Southwest and I was a teenager."

Me to Monk: "How do you feel about *Jesus Christ Superstar*?"

Monk: "It's a gimmick."

Monk Jr.: "It's gone too far for just a gimmick. I think it's healthy. The kids do not accept just anything. This is just another fight of the young."

Me: "Do you think music reflects its time?"

Monk: "It's not the same kind of music. You don't have as much fire and enthusiasm. It happens to everybody with age."

Me: "That wasn't exactly my question."

Monk Jr.: "I think more than my Dad about what he said. There are changes a man goes through. You don't have to get old with years. You can get old because you get on something."

Monk: "You play the same records and it's not the same."

Monk Jr.: "Music has to be different because everything is different. We're looking at different horizons. The commercial aspects become dominant even in rock and roll."

Monk: "Good music is something you enjoy. It's pleasing to you. It's good to your ear. Anything that sounds good to your ear, a nice type of sound, is music."

Monk Jr.: "I agree. But I'll go one step further. Good music has a tendency to last."

Charlie Bourgeois calls on the phone and Monk goes into the bedroom to answer. Bourgeois was managing the Monk group, which was taking part in the International Jazz Festival. Monk came back into the room and said Charlie wanted to talk to me.

Charlie: "Let the guys out. You can finish the interview on the way to Bellas Artes."

I went back into the living room and announced:

"Charlie wants me to let you go to work."

Monk: "There's still time. It's only across the street."

Me: "Well, I don't want to be responsible if you guys don't turn up for work, so just one question," and I got up to put on the red jacket that Monk helped me with. Then a chambermaid opened the door of the suite and the sound of mariachis was heard. Monk froze. He listened a while, then put his finger in the air and said:

"B-flat!"

After we recovered, Monk asked me what was the question.

Me: "What do you think the purpose of life is?"

Monk: "To die."

Me: "But between birth and death, there's a lot to do."

Monk: "You asked a question, that's the answer."

DB

The Rise Of Jazz Piano:

Jelly Roll Morton, Earl Hines, James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, Mary Lou Williams and Teddy Wilson

Though the century-long evolution of jazz piano has produced uncounted schools and styles of playing, all ultimately derive from a single, indispensable source: Jelly Roll Morton. Yes, towering, pre-Morton pianists such as Scott Joplin, Tom Turpin, Louis Chauvin and others codified ragtime traditions that are inextricably bound up with the pre-history of jazz. But because of ragtime's considerable debt to European dance forms, as well as its typically strict adherence to notes as written on the printed page, the ragtime giants set the stage for Morton's emergence as the first important, bona fide, improvising jazz pianist.

"I really think that Jelly Roll consolidated all the basic elements of jazz music, very early on, and articulated them through his compositions, whether they were played by a big jazz group or on solo piano," says Marcus Roberts, who today stands as perhaps the preeminent contemporary interpreter of piano works by the first generations of jazz pianists. Certainly Roberts' individualistic improvisations on music of Scott Joplin (*The Joy Of Joplin*, on Sony Classical) and George Gershwin (*Portraits In Blue*, Sony Classical), as well as his ruminations on scores of Morton (*Alone With Three Giants*, Novus), convey a profound understanding of the historical contexts in which the early jazz pianists worked. To Roberts, "Morton's contribution essentially consolidates the whole New Orleans tradition, in quite a refined way. Riffs, call-and-response, breaks, the essence of blues—all the critical elements are right there in his piano music, the whole basic grammar of jazz."

Indeed, Morton's 1923-'24 solo recordings of such original compositions as



Jelly Roll Morton, inducted in 1963

"King Porter Stomp," "The Pearls" and "Wolverine Blues" did more than establish a syntax for piano jazz. Because of the man's essentially orchestral approach to the keyboard—with its lucid counterpoint and broad range of sonic effects—Morton pointed the way for jazz pianists and composers yet to come. Perhaps that's why a work such as Morton's "King Porter Stomp" was recorded by so many generations of musicians, from Benny Goodman to Gil Evans: In its apparently indestructible themes and its lexicon of early-jazz techniques, the piece afforded subsequent players entire worlds of musical possibility.

With the work of Earl Hines in the mid-1920s and '30s, the art became distinctly pianistic and virtuosic. Listen to Hines' silvery, right-hand figures in the classic "Weather Bird" duet with Louis Armstrong and his ebullient lines, rhythmic intricacies and harmonic sophistication in the Hot Five recordings (and those that came after), and it's clear that Hines raised the bar for technical mastery and instrumental ingenuity (just as Armstrong was doing alongside him).

"I think that Earl Hines' experience playing with Louis Armstrong is essentially what moved him into a more virtuosic school," Roberts says. "With Hines,

By Howard Reich



Earl Hines, inducted in 1965
LEE JANNER

the music is starting to be more *about* the piano [than it had been with Morton]. What's interesting is that Hines is one of the few people who gets everyone, no matter where they're coming from [esthetically] to admire him. You're never going to hear anybody say, 'Man, that Earl Hines couldn't play.' Earl Hines is in an elite category."

In part, that's because his rise as pianist roughly paralleled Armstrong's as cornetist-turned-trumpeter. Both players, in other words, proved—in tandem—that their instruments could achieve previously unimagined levels of virtuosity and invention.

Yet Hines' technical accomplishments were distinct from the seemingly superhuman, Harlem stride wizardry of James P. Johnson. Though one of a generation of Harlem phenoms that included Luckey Roberts, Willie "the Lion" Smith and Fats Waller, Johnson in



James P. Johnson, inducted in 1992
MIKE GOTTLEB

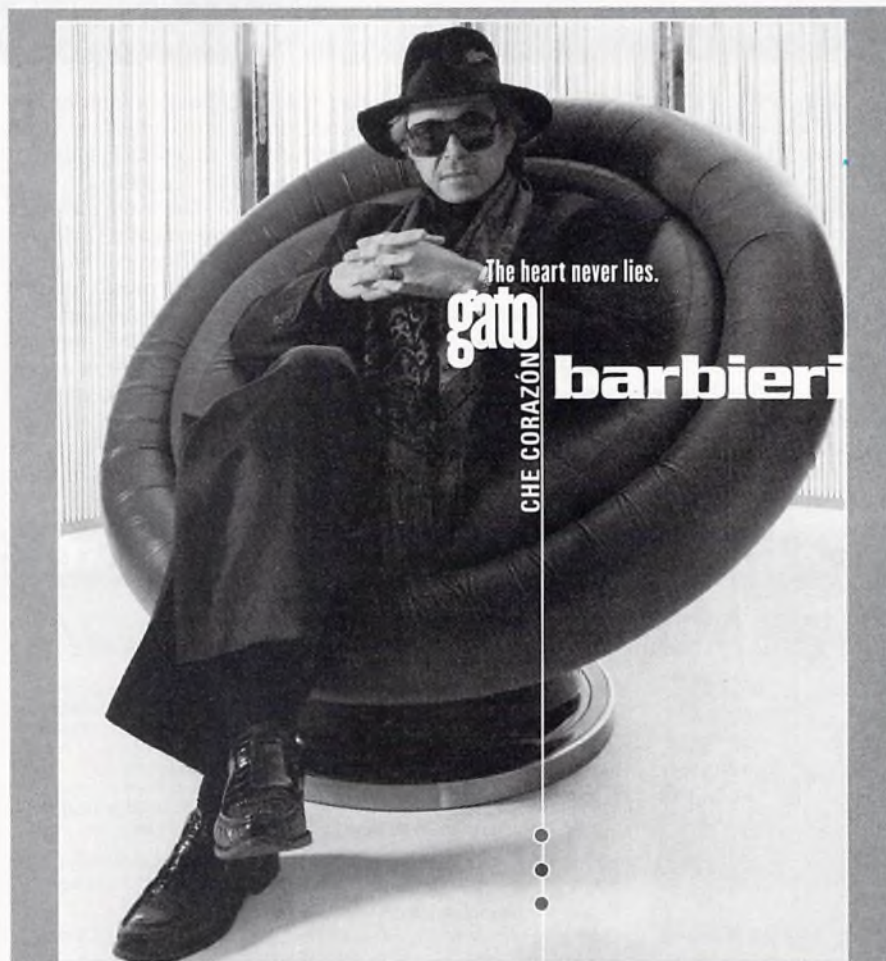
the 1920s set the standard by which other stride pianists would be judged.

Yet this wasn't simply because of his unbelievably fast and unerring left-hand leaps, which he achieved by practicing piano in a pitch-black room. Rather, it was the combination of Johnson's daredevil technique and his innovative piano compositions.

"My view of James P. is that this was *the* guy who, for lack of a better word, legitimized the beginnings of the Harlem traditions," Roberts says. "Technically, the music is unbelievably hard. My per-

sonal experience has been that to play his music I've had to work out. You cannot just sit down and play that stuff.

"In a piece like 'Yamekraw,'" continues Roberts, referring to Johnson's innovative jazz concerto for piano and orchestra, "you have a stride pianist showing that he's not afraid of different musical forms and structures. You cannot tell me that that wasn't his response to [Gershwin's] 'Rhapsody In Blue.' Yet it's a very virtuosic piece, too, and when you hear his solo recording of the piece, it's mind-boggling what he can do."



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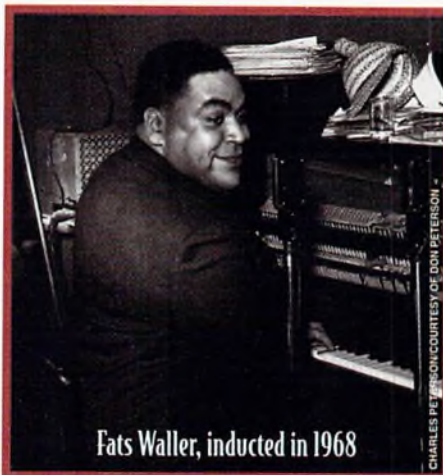
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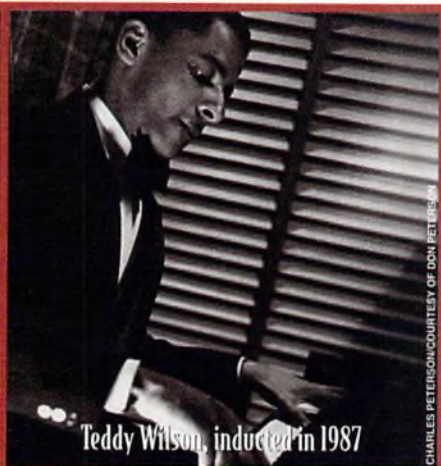
Fats Waller, inducted in 1968

CHARLES PETERSON/COURTESY OF DON PETERSON



Mary Lou Williams, inducted in 1990

DOWN BEAT ARCHIVES



Teddy Wilson, inducted in 1987

CHARLES PETERSON/COURTESY OF DON PETERSON

In many ways, Fats Waller—a protégé and close friend of Johnson's—represented the other side of the coin. For if Johnson was serious enough to apply stride principles to a classic concerto form, Waller was willing to place stride in a lighter, more whimsical context. Yet if one forgets for a moment Waller's bobbing eyebrows and comedic vocals, he stands as a stride master who deepened and extended the meaning of Johnson's music.

"It's true that Waller, having an effervescent personality, took stride to the people," Roberts says. "But if you hear Fats Waller play James P. Johnson, you are hearing something profound. Waller's

version of 'Carolina Shout' [a Johnson signature work] has a groove that's so deep and a point of view that's so inspiring it almost becomes a different piece.

"As a composer, Waller wrote melodies that are rich and powerful and that have pianistic flair written all over them, like 'Ain't Misbehavin'.' Stride music became something majestic in Waller's hands.

"But it's very important to articulate that guys like Waller and Johnson understood the virtuosity of the instrument," Roberts adds. "And they acquired it by listening to Brahms and Schubert and Schumann, and you can hear it in their compositions and in their playing."

subsequent pianists such as Mary Lou Williams and Teddy Wilson never seized the wider popularity that Waller did, it's not because their contributions were less significant. On the contrary, Williams' work as pianist, composer and arranger for Andy Kirk's Orchestra helped shape her as one of the most propulsive swing pianists in all of jazz. That she came of age musically at the epicenter of 1930s blues-based swing, Kansas City, only underscores the point.

"When she was young, in Kansas City, a whole generation of pianists and other musicians frequently were at her house, hanging around, learning, studying," Roberts says. "And I believe they hung out with her because she could swing, and because of how modern she was becoming harmonically, and they learned from that.

"She was playing a music that was about swing. It was not an esoteric permutation of it, it was in fact the basic environment of her playing, it was a mandate."

The gentlemanly Wilson, who ascended in Goodman's trio and quartet, obviously was not going to be the star in an ensemble staffed by such outsized personalities as Goodman, vibist Lionel Hampton and drummer Gene Krupa. Yet the man's elegant touch and sparkling, linear right-hand work essentially opened the door to yet another era in jazz pianism.

"To me, Teddy Wilson is the bridge between James P. Johnson and Fats Waller on the one hand, and Nat Cole, Oscar Peterson and Bud Powell on the other," says Roberts, pointing to the dawning of bebop piano.

With the sole exception of Thelonious Monk, whose pianism represents a world all its own, bridges like the one Wilson built have been the basis of the evolution of the art. The distance between Joplin and Morton, after all, is no greater than that between Morton and Hines. Each showed the next generation which way to head, thereby making jazz piano one of the most quickly changing and ephemeral idioms of all.

DB

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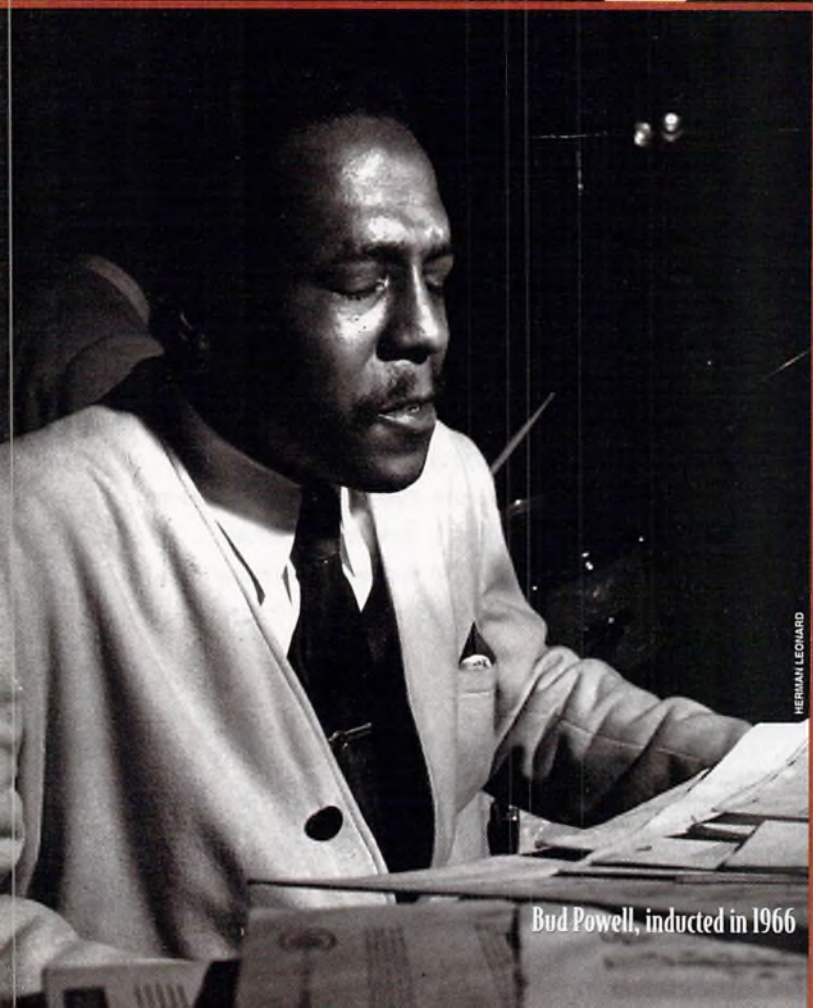
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Art Tatum, inducted in 1964

CHARLES PETERSON/COURTESY OF DON PETERSON



Bud Powell, inducted in 1966

HERMAN LEONARD

The Hyper-Virtuosos:

ART TATUM, BUD POWELL, OSCAR PETERSON

The history of jazz piano does not lack for hyper-virtuosos who make the instrument behave as if it weren't for mere mortals. Like Franz Liszt or Niccolò Paganini in the classical realm, the jazz-piano Olympians achieve a degree of technical brilliance that rarely is matched, much less exceeded.

Among them, however, one astonishing player holds a nearly hypnotic spell on pianists of various musical genres: Art Tatum. No less than Vladimir Horowitz, who owned one of the most phenomenal techniques in 20th century classical pianodom, spent hours beholding Tatum's feats in various clubs on 52nd Street in New York. More important, every jazz pianist eventually must come to terms with Tatum's utter mastery of the keyboard—and the virtual impossibility of equalling or even approaching it.

"Art Tatum is probably the master of solo piano on record," says New Orleans pianist Henry Butler. "With Tatum you have a guy who, as far as we know, practiced 11, 12 hours a day. He achieved incredibly clean, concise playing, with every detail in place, yet somehow he maintained this feeling of breathtaking spontaneity, as well."

When Tatum tossed off thunderbolt arpeggios in each hand, he indeed sounded as if the idea just dawned on him. And when he embellished a piece with fast-flying chromatic scales or fleet double-octave passages, he proved that Lisztian virtuosity hardly could be more at home in the world of jazz.

"I don't know how you can ever explain Tatum," says pianist Oscar Peterson, who was close friends with the great one. "He's totally at ease at the piano and he's totally freelance pianistically. He could do practically anything he wanted."

Yet it's crucial to acknowledge that these are not mere pianistic stunts designed to bedazzle the listener. Because Tatum went out of his way to make the melodic and harmonic core of his improvisations vividly clear, it was his musical ideas—rather than his keyboard pyrotechnics—that ultimately drove his performances.

"It's true that Tatum wasn't much of an original composer, and that his recordings of standards really are his strongest suit," Butler says. "But you can tell just how great a musician Tatum was by studying what he did with those standard tunes: He made them sound like real music, rather than familiar tunes that someone else wrote. Most people probably will know him from

By Howard Reich



Oscar Peterson, inducted in 1984

VERRY OAKLAND

famous recordings like 'Willow Weep for Me' and 'Tea For Two.'

"But Tatum elevated those pieces through these incredible, ferocious improvisations. That's real musicianship."

Yet virtuosity comes in many forms, each with its own allure. In the case of bebop-piano pioneer Bud Powell, the action tended to be focused on the right hand, with the pianist unfurling lines of remarkable speed, clarity and rhythmic drive.

Though today Powell's brisk, trumpet-like melodic lines and rhythmically unpredictable, punctuating left-hand chords may seem all too familiar, that's simply because pianists of every generation since the mid '40s have imitated him. What his clones miss, however, is the uncommon vibrancy of the tone that Powell achieved in the unforgettable right-hand passages of recordings such as the standards "I'll Remember April" and "Somebody Loves Me," as well as originals such as the aptly named "Bouncing With Bud" and the viscerally exciting "Dance Of The Infidels."

"Bud Powell brought forward the single-line playing more than anyone else in that particular period, but in some ways it led a lot of pianists astray," Peterson says. "They figured that everything could be executed with that one, right-hand line. Powell could pull it off because he had the kind of [digital] articulation that most pianists don't have."

"People sometimes forget that it's not just his right hand that's fascinating to hear," Butler added. "Listen to bebop harmonies in his left hand, dropping in a major seventh chord here or minor thirds somewhere else. He really accomplished on piano what Charlie Parker did on alto saxophone."

As, not all the super-virtuosos have enjoyed as widespread adoration as Powell and Tatum. Peterson, who's

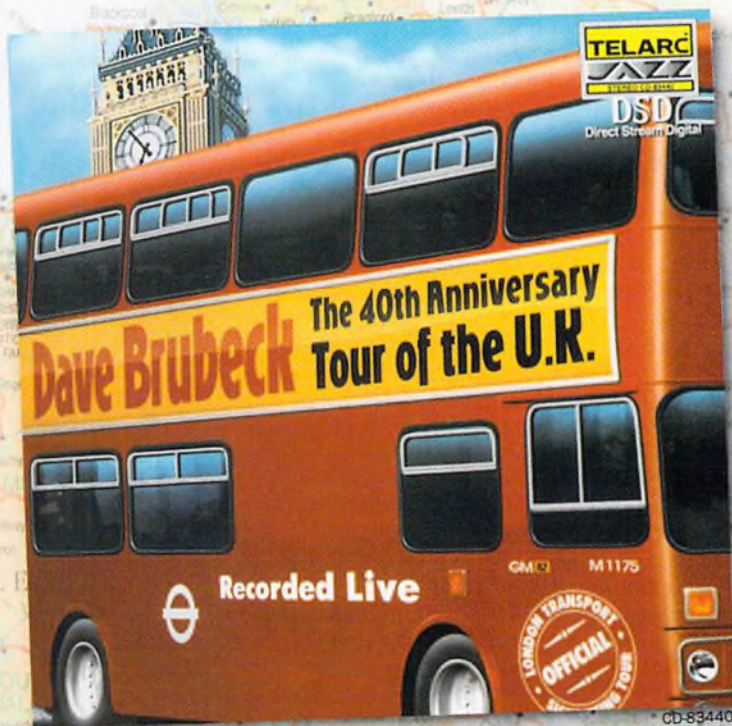
arguably Tatum's sole and rightful pianistic heir, has been damned almost as much as he has been praised for his own hair-raising technique. Why Peterson should inspire debate while Tatum and Powell prove less divisive has something to do with the pervasive elegance of Peterson's pianism. The man can unspool exquisitely silken lines of 32nd notes with such evenness of tone and delicacy of touch that some listeners mistake it for emotional detachment.

But those willing to listen closely to Peterson's best albums, particularly his

late-'60s solo recordings for MPS (such as *My Favorite Instrument*, reissued on Verve), surely will acknowledge the pianist's profound understanding of the instrument's capacity for subtle tonal shading and exquisite legato phrases.

"Unfortunately, in jazz there's this stigma that sometimes is put on pianists who have great technique, as if that means there's no real expressiveness taking place," Butler says. "But Peterson proves that you can be incredibly proficient and still convey a great amount of feeling and blues sensibility." **DB**

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Classic Jazz Revival

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When one thinks back to the pre-jazz era of the American Negro, one hears the simplest kind of expression harmonically and melodically. Group improvisation at this point needed no books on harmonic theory as a basis from which to work. All that was needed was something to express and a voice with which to sing it.

The melodic line was simple and of the folk. It was almost as limited in range as that of a Gregorian chant. Innovations (such as the blue note scale) were the result of the inconstant quality of the human voice and great emotional force rather than new theories.

Through an increasingly complex usage of intervals and rhythmic alterations, the jazz melodic line as exemplified by the bop scat singer is in some respects more akin to a contemporary composer than to the repetitive songs of the Mississippi levees.

Jazz (for various social and cultural reasons) has primarily emulated its European harmonic heritage, and in so doing has unfortunately lost a great deal of the rhythmic drive that African music offers. The tendency, until recently, has been toward a more subtle, Europeanized syncopation, as typified in the change from two to four beats in the measure.

New and complex rhythm patterns, more akin to the African parents, is the natural direction for jazz to develop when the jazz musician has progressed to the point where he can no longer "hear" what his logical mind tells him he must play.

If harmonic exploitation leads the jazzman beyond his ability to comprehend, he can then turn to rhythmic improvisation while he becomes more and more accustomed to dissonances accepted in serious compositions. This, in a sense, is what some contemporary jazz is doing. It is concentrating on rhythmic improvisation, borrowing heavily from South American music and primitive rhythms.

This new interest in the African heritage of jazz is but one of many awakening forces. We are on the threshold of a revival of the so-called "Classic Jazz" but on a higher esthetic plane, in keeping with the jazzman's higher conception of music, using freely the techniques of counterpoint, polytonality and polyrhythms.

Serious jazz remains a constant challenge. It still has the whole problem of form to conquer. Apparently most of the traditional forms of classic music are not adaptable to jazz. It must develop new forms of its own. And these will come, again, not from outside conformity to traditional ideas, but will be born of necessity. The jammed-to-the-exploding-point 32-bar chorus has to expand, and it will be done naturally and logically by the composers of the future.

Because the jazz musician creates music, interprets music as he hears it, it is natural that his improvised compositions should reflect every kind of music to which he has been exposed. Jazz has taken into itself characteristics of almost every type of folk music that can be heard in America.

I would not be surprised to hear a jazz musician who had been exposed to Chinese music use devices from the Oriental system while improvising a chorus. It is fitting that the country that has been called "the melting pot of the world" should have as its most characteristic art form a music with as mixed a parentage as jazz.

Since jazz is not provincial, regional nor chauvinistic, but as much an expression of our people as our language, it is the natural idiom for the American composer. I firmly believe that the composer who will most successfully typify America will have been born into jazz, will have absorbed it in his early years unconsciously, and will probably be an active participant in shaping its future course.

One cannot stand on the outside of jazz and attempt to capture its feeling by direct quotation. It must come spontaneous-



Dave Brubeck, inducted in 1994

ly, unconsciously, as part of human experience.

If the composer wishes to use jazz as a folk source, he should go to the fountainhead—to the original blues, spirituals and ragtime—so his music will not be victimized by the usage of a cliché of one of the shortlived eras of jazz.

I am not saying that the future American composer does not need a European background, but I am saying that it is secondary to the essential thing I call "spirit." **DB**

By Dave Brubeck

Lennie Tristano's 1st Album Heralds A New Genius

Oct. 8, 1947

Lennie Tristano is a prophetic figure in jazz today ... an artist who has musically broken his bonds to explore the undiscovered; and as such, he almost stands above and beyond adverse evaluation with its implication that the musical knowledge of the critic is equivalent or perhaps superior to that of the artist in question.

Lennie is a courageous fellow. Possessing all the musical attributes necessary for commercial success, he has consistently ignored exploiting himself for this purpose not because of any dilettant attitude of "art for art's sake," but for an unquestioning and instinctive need to express himself honestly. Lennie and others like him have gone ahead of the crowd and forged a bridge out of their own painful creative impulses so that others may follow comfortably along familiar paths. **DB**



Lennie Tristano, inducted in 1979

LEFT: FRANK THOMAS/AMERICAN MUSICIAN (D.A.P.)

By Lou Stein

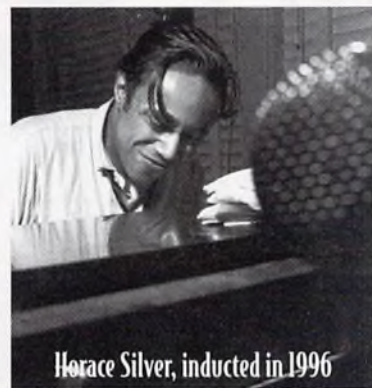
Horace Silver: To Each His Own

Oct. 31, 1956

"A woman at Birdland once asked me why I played so low, so much in the middle register and not on the top keys. Well, I play where I want to. I can't help it if nobody digs it. I'm going to play the way I feel. Certainly, a musician should have training and should be able to play the whole piano, but once he has that ability, there may be something else he's trying to prove. Of course, it is true there are some who are limited to what they do because they don't have the technical ability to do more.

"I hope jazz doesn't go too far in a lot of directions it has been going. I can't stand jazz with no guts. There's too much of that on the present scene. And the discouraging part is that the faggot-type jazz is getting more popularity than the jazz with real soul. The groups that play with a lot of guts are not making as much loot.

"The youngsters who dig the faggot-type groups may grow up to play like that. I hope they dig more of the right things, the masters like Bird, Bud, Tatum, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Miles, Sonny Rollins—the guys with depth." **DB**



Horace Silver, inducted in 1996

FRANCIS WOLFF

By Nat Hentoff

The Art Of Playing

Oct. 22, 1964

Bill Evans' desire to reach out to his audience may come as a surprise to those who have overemphasized the introspective qualities of his work. His music also has been characterized as intellectual, and critic Whitney Balliett once wrote that "no musician relies less on intuition than Bill Evans." The pianist said he was aware of Balliett's statement.

"I was surprised at that," Evans said. "I don't consider that I rely any less or more on something like intuition than any other jazz player, because the plain process of playing jazz is as universal among the people who play jazz correctly—that is, those who approach the art with certain restrictions and certain freedoms—as, for instance, the thought processes involved in ordinary, everyday conversations.

"Everybody has to learn certain things, but when you play, the intellectual process no longer has anything to do with it. It shouldn't, anyhow. You have your craft behind you then, and you try to think within the area that you have mastered to a certain extent. In that way, I am relying entirely on intuition then. I have no idea of what's coming next.

"Naturally, there are certain things that we play, like opening choruses, that become expected. But even there, changes occur all the time, and after that, when you're just playing, everything is up for grabs. What Balliett hears, I think, is the

result of a lot of work, which means that it is pretty clear. I know this: Everything that I play I know about, in a theoretical way, according to my own organization of certain musical facts. I don't profess to be advanced in theory, but within this art, I do try to work very clearly, because that is the only way I can work."

Another critic, Andre Hodeir, has stated that the musical materials used by most jazz players, such as the popular songs and the blues, have been exhausted and that the greatest need for jazz is to develop new materials for improvisation.

"The need is not so much for a new form or new material but rather that we allow the song form as such to expand itself," Evans explained. "I have experienced many times, in playing alone, that perhaps a phrase will extend itself for a couple of moments so that all of a sudden, after a bridge or something, there will be a little interlude. But it has to be a natural thing. I never attempt to do this in an intellectual way." **DB**



Bill Evans, inducted in 1981

DOWN BEAT ARCHIVES

By Dan Morgenstern

The Persistent Challenge of Cecil Taylor

Feb. 25, 1965

I asked Cecil about the Bill Evans interview in the Oct. 22, 1964, *Down Beat* in which Evans had said: "The need is not so much for a new form or new material but rather that we allow the song form as such to expand itself."

Cecil laughed. "I'm sure," he began, "he knows what he's talking about, but I don't know what he's talking about. That statement is a further indication that the whole question of 'freedom' has been misunderstood by those on the outside and even by some of the musicians in 'the movement.'"

"If a man plays for a certain amount of time—scales, licks, what have you—eventually a kind of order asserts itself. Whether he chooses to notate that personal order or engage in polemics about it, it's there.

That is, if he's saying anything in his music. There is no music without order—if that music comes from a man's innards. But that order is not necessarily related to any single criterion of what order should be as imposed from the outside, whether that criterion is the song form or what some critic thinks jazz should be. This is not a question, then, of 'freedom' as opposed to 'non-freedom,' but



Cecil Taylor, inducted in 1975

CHARLES STEWART

rather it is a question of recognizing different ideas and expressions of order.

"As for Evans' focusing on the song form, he does not seem to recognize that this is just one possibility out of a myriad of possibilities in jazz. In my own work, I'm continually involved in using different types of forms and in working out different kinds of sound problems. It seems to me that it is no longer pertinent to put all that stress on the sonata-allegro form or the rondo form. There are so many other things to explore.

"Obviously, Evans has the right to go his own way, but I do not think his playing is a particularly powerful argument for his thesis. I've heard him in clubs, and I know at least 10 pianists—without even thinking about it—who better deserve the amount of page space he gets. I can't take what he says too seriously because what I hear when he plays is so uninteresting, so predictable and so lacking in vitality. He's a competent cat. That's all. As for his philosophy, he's holding on to his own shortsightedness, which he's welcome to do, but he shouldn't falsify what else is happening in jazz by setting up simplistic and inaccurate polemics about 'freedom.'"

DB

By Nat Hentoff



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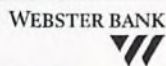


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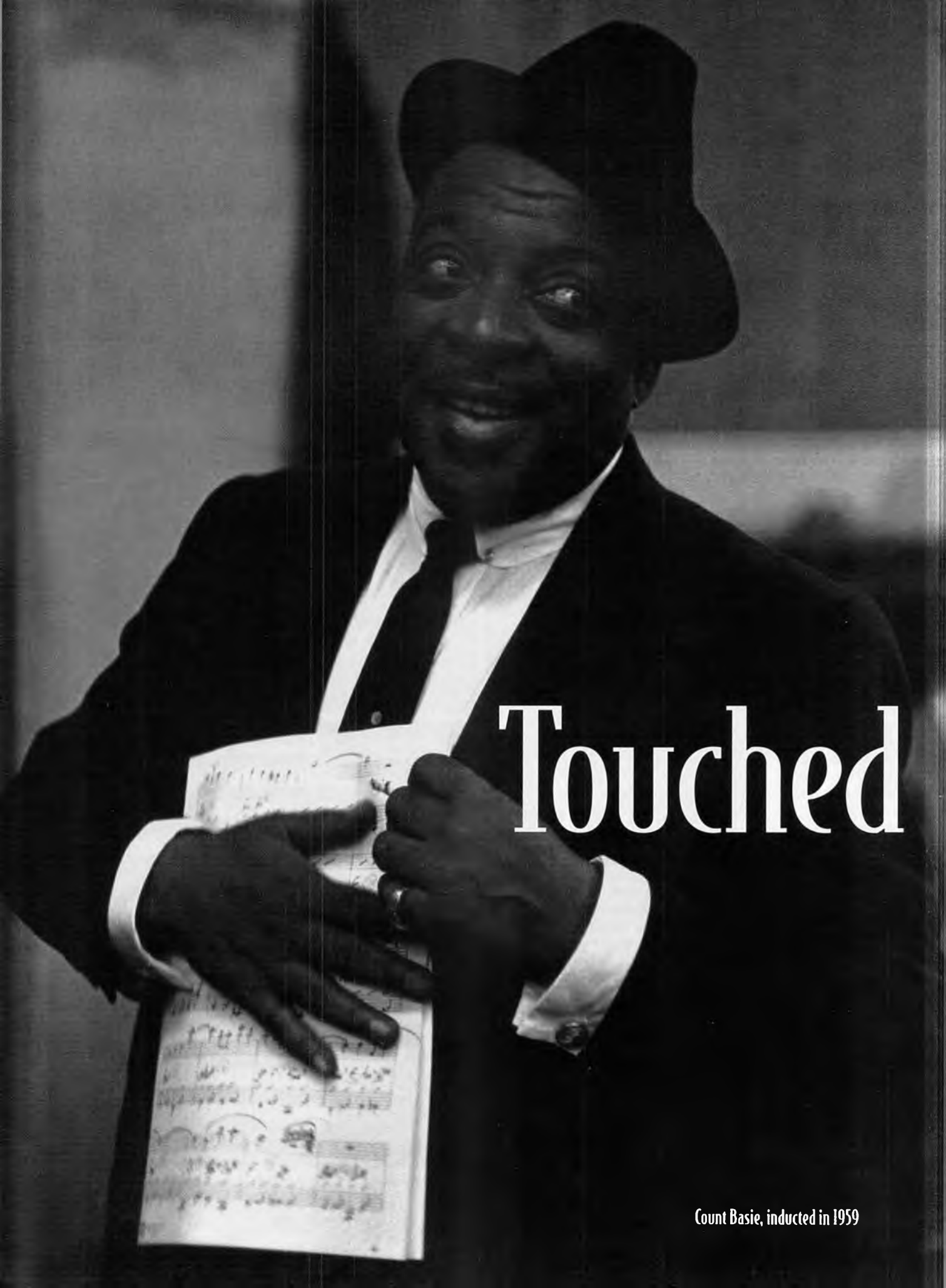


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Touched

Count Basie, inducted in 1959

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Count Basie • Fletcher Henderson • Sun Ra • Benny Goodman • Artie Shaw
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I met Count Basie for the first time on Monday, Jan. 24, 1938, the night of my 30th birthday. The date is so definite in memory because it was also the night I met my future brother-in-law, Benny Goodman.

John Hammond was my younger brother by nearly three years, and he was very eager to have his friends hear the musicians he felt were so outstanding. So he had asked our parents if he could have the use of the ballroom for the evening in our house at 9 E. 91st St., the large mansion in which we had all grown up and which is now the New York Russian Consulate.

I was married by then and was quite absorbed in my own life, which revolved principally around my three children. But I was already quite proud of John and regarded him as something of a celebrity, as did my three sisters, Adele, Emily and Alice (who four years later married Benny). John wrote often for magazines, including this one, and organized recording sessions involving famous musicians, none more so than Benny.

Benny promised to come to the party directly from the Paramount Theater, where he was performing. And John also asked Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson, each of whom he paid an appropriate fee. He also asked one other player to come, a second pianist about whom we knew only what John had been telling us with great excitement for some months. He was Count Basie, and my family and I, along with John's friends,

greeting to Basie, Benny and the others, then retired to their bedroom.

Basie and Teddy Wilson took turns at the piano, and I believe may have done a couple of duets, with Gene at the drums, Lionel at the vibes and Benny blowing up a storm. Just those five players, and the place was rocking.

John introduced me to each of the musicians, and I was so excited to have them there. Basie was very gentle, soft-spoken, with a roundish face but without the portly build that came later. While the guests were served a light supper, John led Basie and the others down to the servants' dining room, where they disappeared to enjoy a royal feast. I'm sure they had much more fun than we had.

The first time I saw the full Basie band was at the end of that year. It was the first Spirituals to Swing concert on a snowy Christmas Eve. I sat in the audience as the sound of the Basie band swept through the hall with "One O'Clock Jump." I had attended so few jazz concerts—there had been so few at that early time—that it had the excitement of a fresh experience for me. However, I walked out of Carnegie Hall without the slightest sense that I had witnessed the milestone event it later became.

Skip ahead to 1969, the day of my mother's funeral. After the services, as the family was leaving the church through the side door, I was the last person in that sad little procession. John had walked ahead with my widowed elder sister, Emily. Suddenly I was aware that someone had slipped into the line beside me. I felt a gentle kiss on my cheek as a voice murmured, "Please tell John I was here to honor your mother." I turned to see Count Basie, who then quietly slipped away and left the church. I asked him to wait until John was free and to come over to his apartment on East 57th afterward. But he disappeared into the crowd. I was curious why he could not stay longer.

It was only several years later at John's retirement party at CBS in 1975 that I would see Basie again. He was sitting at the center table with John and Isme (John's wife), Benny and various CBS officials. Alice and I were at a table nearby, and Mrs. Basie came up to me and told me how much her husband had admired my mother. "You know," she said, recalling that day six years before, "he had been playing in Omaha when he learned of her death. He flew east just for the funeral because he remembered her as the first woman ever to make him feel as if he was a guest in a white home."

The great Count Basie had come in all the way from Omaha and had to return immediately. But he wanted to take the time and make the effort. There was something so lovely about his character, and I'm sure I sensed it from the first time I met him. I surely knew it when he appeared at our mother's funeral. I thought that was so touching, and it still moves me. **DB**

Ms. Breck, 91, is the sister of the legendary producer and recording executive John Hammond, who was responsible for getting Count Basie signed to Decca Records in 1936.

By Basie

were probably the first people outside of Kansas City to know his name. Basie and his band had been in and out of New York to play various engagements and to make records. But he had yet to draw the kind of attention necessary to launch him into the top tier of nationally known musicians.

That summer of 1938 John persuaded the owner of the Famous Door to book Basie. But he was very reluctant to bring a big band into such a tiny room, and only when John promised to help him pay for an air conditioning system did he agree. That July and August at the Famous Door was when Basie really began to catch on. Meanwhile, John used every opportunity and any excuse to expose Basie to a wider audience. And to my delight, my birthday was an excuse.

Six young dancers came that night to perform in the Big Apple and perhaps teach some of the adults. My mother and father were not about to have any of that, however, both being in their 60s by then. They stayed long enough to give a warm

By Rachel Hammond Breck with John McDonough

Photo By Herb Snitzer

I Had To Get Louis For Roseland Ork

July 14, 1950

It was back in 1922, down in New Orleans, when I heard this young man playing the trumpet in a little dance hall. I was accompanist for Ethel Waters, who was the headline attraction of the Lyric Theater, and I decided that the youthful trumpeter would be great in our act. I asked him his name and found he was Louis Armstrong.

Louis told me that he would have to speak to his drummer, because he couldn't possibly leave without him. The next day Louis was backstage at the theater to tell me that he'd have to be excused, because much as he would love to go with us, the drummer wouldn't leave New Orleans.

Some years later, I heard that he was playing with King Oliver at the old Dreamland Cafe in Chicago. Knowing the way that horn sounded, I had to try to get him for my band that was scheduled to open at the Roseland Ballroom. Truthfully, I didn't expect him to accept the offer, and I was very surprised when he came to New York and joined us.



Fletcher Henderson, inducted in 1973, with his orchestra

The band at first was inclined to be a bit reserved toward the new arrival, and there seemed to be a little tension in the air. At rehearsal he was perplexed by a trumpet part to a new arrangement of a medley of beautiful Irish waltzes. Now those parts were well marked with all the dynamics of the music, and at one point the orchestration was indicated as *fff* with a diminuendo down to *pp*.

The band followed these notations and was playing very softly while Louis still

played his part at full volume. I stopped the band and said, "Louis, you are not following the arrangement."

Louis objected, saying, "I'm reading everything on this sheet."

"But Louis," I said, "How about that *pp*?"

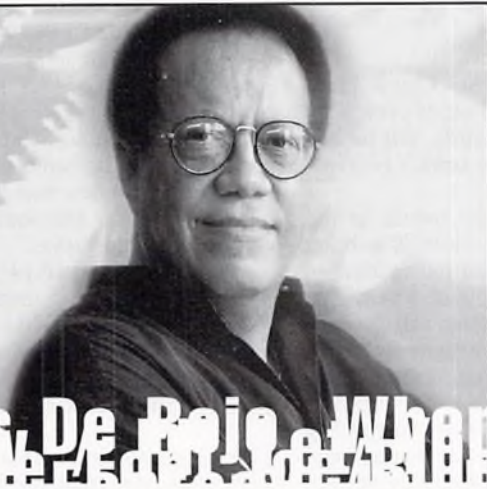
And Louis broke us all up by replying, "Oh, I thought that meant 'pound plenty.'"

There was no tension after that.

There were a lot of serious musicians in that wonderful orchestra of mine, and they were a little too stiff at first for Louis' taste. Finally a fight developed between the trombonist and the bass player, and they had their coats off and were really going after each other before I quieted them. This eased everything for Louis. For the first time, he said, "Oh, I'm gonna like this band."

Yes, I always have admired him. Perhaps our greatest musician. I personally am planning to listen to him for another 25 years or more. Here's something perhaps Down Beat readers don't already know. Vincent Lopez alternated with our band at the Roseland. In his orchestra was a trumpet soloist named B.A. Rolfe. Louis first heard him at the ballroom, and Rolfe made a deep impression on Louis. Louis has often expressed his sincere admiration for that trumpet virtuoso, and Louis says that hearing that man play gave him a new slant on the trumpet.

It was the proudest day B.A. Rolfe ever had, the day Louis told him that. **DB**



cedar walton
roots

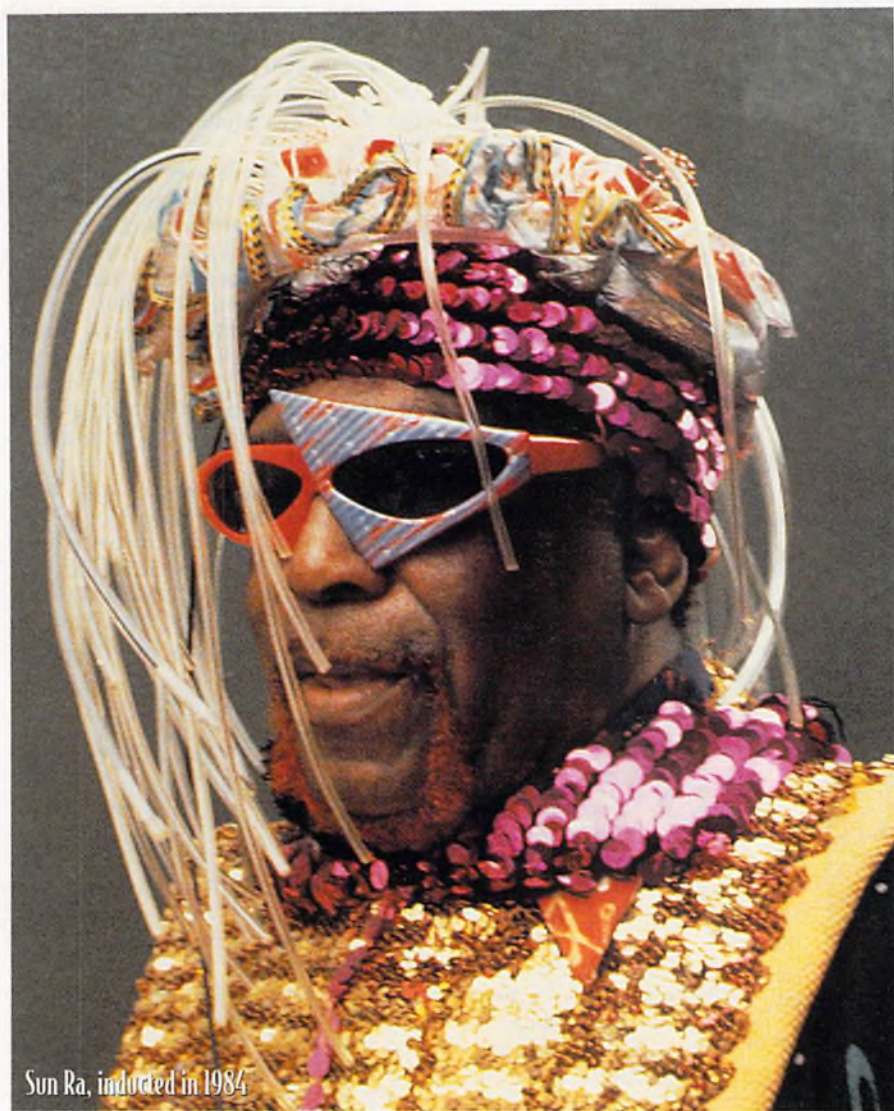
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By Fletcher Henderson



Sun Ra, inducted in 1984

Sun Ra: Behold My House Of Light

Dec. 20, 1973

“Recently, at a German festival which I didn’t attend, they had a quote in the program—‘The people are the instruments’—and they had it signed, ‘Sun Ra.’ Often I will make statements that anticipate future actions. For instance, in the Arkestra, the Earth instruments employed are not always sufficient to convey what is

desired. When this happens, I have to reach out to the people, and in turn, they become the instruments. In this way I can express what I want to.

“People are composed of strings like a stringed instrument. Their nerves, their muscles, nothing but strings. So from time to time, they have to be tuned up just like a musical instrument. That’s why people talk about a sound mind and a sound body. This sound is really musical. When it’s put together properly and the words are put together properly, people feel all right. I won’t say there’s no such thing as a bad person, but humans have to be cared for because they’re so very delicate. I know a lot of men who think they’re strong, but a man, a woman and a child are very delicate beings. If their coordination gets off slightly, that’s it. Whoever made them, made them into masterpieces of delicacy.” **DB**

By Ray Townley

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ALLEGRO
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Benny Goodman, inducted in 1957

Clarinetist Eddie Daniels will star in the role of Benny Goodman in *The King Of Swing*, an upcoming production based out of Toronto. After its initial run, Daniels and the show's producers hope to take it to Broadway. We sent Daniels some early Benny Goodman recordings to freshen up on the King and asked for his thoughts on Goodman the musician and bandleader.

Benny Goodman was my first idol when I was 13, and listening to these old recordings, I can see why. Not only was his clarinet playing great, but each tune had an arrangement to it that's special. I don't know how Goodman's small band arrangements came about—I think the musicians all

put their own ideas into it and just came up with simple things that held together nicely and served as a launching pad for short but incredibly inspired solos.

The clarinet found an expression in Benny's hands that was natural to it. In other words, the clarinet was seeking someone to make it speak, and Benny's hands were the vehicle. He had a finger technique that was so fluid, it was basically perfect. And he had the kind of energy that went so perfectly, not only with the instrument, but with that music from that period of history. The swinging was so ferocious.

There was no bass player on Goodman's small group sessions, just piano. And to keep the time happening like that without a click track! It never

slowed down, and they played right in with the time, not behind it.

Here you have a group in the late 1930s with four Down Beat Hall of Famers: Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa and Benny. These guys were all-stars in their own right. They were playing their butts off, sharing the stage, like kids in a sandbox, and it's rompin'. On most of the tunes, Benny didn't play the first chorus; he would give it to Lionel or Teddy.

A lot of those tunes were not easy to blow on. The chords were going all over the place in some hard keys. It's very up-and-down music, more vertical than the way we play jazz today, which is more linear, horizontal, chromatic in the harmony. Benny was going up and down the chords—you might think that's simple, but just try to do it at those fast tempos with the vocabulary they had then. It's hard to go up and down those chords in time, swinging, and end up in the right place.

In the early years, I think the music was for the music's sake in Benny's mind. It doesn't even sound like bandleading; it sounds like a co-op group with the four of them, each doing their thing, a group of equals. It was a combination of energies

that really worked. The thing that tied it all together was the joy of the music. It was happy, and it's no wonder it became the pop music of the day, aside from the fact that it was some of the best jazz of the day.

Of course, there was a dark side of Benny, too, that emerged in the big bands he had. He intimidated a lot of the guys, at least some of the saxophone players I know who were in that band. I don't think he was a very artful personal communicator, similar to how Buddy Rich is remembered as a leader. Some of the guys who had to live on the bus with Benny nearly had nervous breakdowns. If he found a weakness in someone, he would play on it.

It's all part of the complexity of a personality. And being the leader of a band, there's a certain amount of control you have to take. There was the whole thing of the Benny Goodman "ray": If he'd look at you in a certain way, they'd say he gave you "the ray." They were all in fear

The King's Men

of him. It wasn't flattering to Benny how he handled a lot of the personalities in the big band who idolized him and loved his playing.

The big band music itself, though, was beautiful. It was those recordings that I first heard, and the spirit of the music was fantastic. Plus, he had Harry James and Ziggy Elman and a bunch of great soloists on board to complement his own great playing.

One funny story about Benny was that he took it literally that he was the King of Swing. He would go into the music store, ask for some Vandoren reeds, put them in his pocket and walk out without paying. And he'd go home with his boxes of reeds and tear through them and try to get this wily snake of an instrument to submit. And in a certain way, he did. **DB**

Eddie Daniels is a longtime winner in the Clarinet category of the Down Beat Readers Poll. His most recent record on Shanachie is called *Beautiful Love*. Daniels currently lives in Santa Fe, N.M., and practices staring out at the mountains.



By Eddie Daniels with Ed Enright

Shaw Finally Knows What He Wants To Do

June 29, 1951

Recently I spent a quiet and pleasant day at Shekomeko, N.Y., visiting a friend up there who is a dairy farmer. His 240 acres known as Picardy Farm are in a remote spot three train hours from Manhattan. It was a rewarding visit. Not because my farmer friend sold me any milk, but because I learned a lot more about him and his book, *The Trouble With Cinderella*.

A mixture of philosophy, psychology and autobiography, the book gets its title from author Artie Shaw's disbelief in the legend that people live happily ever after.

"Too many people live by that Cinderella myth and expect the prince to lead them into permanent happiness," he explained, as we sat in the big, bright cool living room.

This is not the same Artie Shaw you have seen on the bandstand. He looks the same outside except for the informal clothes, but he is a very different man inside. A happier, better-adjusted Shaw than you could ever have known when his main concern was the music business.

"A man reaches a stage in his life when he ought to review where he has gone, see just where he is and figure out where he is going," Shaw said. "I could just write a straight autobiography and that would be that, one book and finished. I want this book to be the first of a series."

Artie lives alone in the big, hand-

some house with several household and farm employees living on his land. He is glad that dairy farming, unlike the music business, involves a commodity where you don't have to deal direct with the customers. The milk cans are picked up and taken away regularly, and he expects to make a nice modest profit this year.

Artie's own summation of his present life is simple and succinct. "I'm doing Bucks County again," he said, referring to an area of Pennsylvania where he bought land and lived simply for a time in the 1930s. "But this time on the right scale. A dairy farm in those days was out of my reach. Now I know what I want to write, and I have the conditions in which to write." **DB**



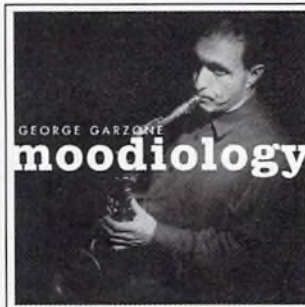
Artie Shaw, inducted in 1996

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By Leonard Feather

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Miller's Last Show Breaks Everyone Up

Oct. 15, 1942

The Glenn Miller band is no more, but its passing certainly will be long remembered.

Glenn's last show at the Central Theater in Passaic, N.J., never finished. The curtain was rung down while the band was still in the middle of its theme with Miller and vocalist Marion Hutton no longer on the stage.

Hutton broke down in the middle of "Kalamazoo," started crying and ran off stage. Most of the brass section weren't doing much better on the start of the theme that followed. This was one case of the "choke-up" being no alibi.

Miller, famed for his taciturnity, turned away from the band to keep from cracking up himself, only to face rows and rows of kids bawling their eyes out.

As he later told the Beat, "I could stand everything, all the heartache of breaking up things that had taken us years to build, but I just couldn't face those kids."

He walked off the stage, and the curtain was rung down with the band still in the middle of its theme. **DB**

Musical Horoscopes: Glenn Miller

July 15, 1941

Glenn Miller has a nature which is a blend of qualities. With the Sun and Mercury in the sign Pisces, he is sensitive and imaginative. The planets Venus, ruler of the emotions, and Jupiter, ruler of business interests, in Aries make him friendly and enthusiastic. The moon in Capricorn aids him to be a good businessman, capable of welding a diverse and variegated group into a smoothly working unit.

At the same time, Mars in Scorpio makes him shrewd. He has an eye for the main chance, he is keen enough to judge public trends in music and conform. Glenn can be an innovator, but he will not often be far enough ahead to be out of step.

Glenn became more famous for his musical arrangements than for his trom-



Glenn Miller, inducted in 1953

CHARLES PETERSON
COURTESY OF BOB PETERSON

bone. This is a mental activity coming under the planet Mercury. The influence of Neptune supplies him with some mental originality. But the repressing Saturn also enters into this natal complex of forces, creating an inner mental hazard that may cause this vein to peter out later on. On another side of his nature, he has emotional inspiration and enthusiasm. He should respond to his feelings instead of using his brain. If he listens to his heart he could compose original music better than his arrangements.

His popularity is likely to be based as much on the feminine public's reaction to his personal magnetism as his music. Such popularity is ephemeral, which he no doubt knows. Glenn should study music in the higher branches, with his Pisces, Aries, Scorpio combination aim to be an orchestral conductor, or composer or both.

Malefic transitory influence may bring

some personal difficulties during the remainder of 1941 into 1942. He should be particularly watchful of his health. With reasonable care in managing his interests, these difficulties however should not harm his career. It is probable that he has reached the peak of his success. In common with a number of other band leaders, Glenn encounters serious upset during the end of 1942-1944. Does this point to a radical change in public musical interest? Perhaps the next crop of high school bandsters are already preparing to push swing into the limbo of the past. Astrological indications show that Glenn and a number of his contemporaries are faced with a major threat during the coming few years. **DB**

By Kenneth Rogers

10 Top Thrills In 25 Years

Nov. 5, 1952

By Duke Ellington



LEE FRIEDLANDER FROM AMERICAN MUSICIANS (D.A.P.)

I have been asked to list the 10 events that seem most memorable to me out of everything that has happened since we originally opened at the Cotton Club.

This is a task of considerable magnitude, since we have been fortunate enough to be on the receiving end of a large variety of honors. If I recall certain events and pay tribute to certain beautiful people I may be unconsciously offending certain other beautiful people. However I shall search my mind for the 10 occasions that stand out as personal memories.

Of course our values today are greatly changed, but in those days there were certain things you had heard about that you always wanted to experience, and one of these was playing the Palace Theatre on Broadway. It meant reaching the peak for any artist who worked vaudeville, since the Palace was the ultimate in that field. So perhaps our first very big moment after the Cotton Club opening was the day we first played the Palace in 1929. We opened the show with "Dear Old Southland." I remember the men hadn't memorized their parts on this and the show opened on a darkened stage. When I gave the downbeat, nothing happened—the men couldn't see a note! Then somebody called for

the lights and the show went on.

The next highlight was our trip to the West Coast to make our film movie. It was the Amos and Andy double feature, *Check And Double Check* and we did "Ring Dem Bells" and "Three Little Words." Later of course we were in Hollywood for *Murder At The Vanities*, Mae West's *Belle Of The Nineties* and several other pictures, but there was a special kick out of making our screen debut.

We took time out from the Cotton Club to make *Check And Double Check*. Aside from that we were at the club right along from our opening in December 1927 until early in 1931. We doubled into Ziegfeld's *Show Girl* and various theater dates. All that time we were on the air from the Cotton Club.

Broadcasting was much simpler in those days. You didn't have to clear all your numbers a day or two in advance. I can remember times when Ted Husing would turn around to me in the middle of a broadcast and say, "Duke, how about playing so-and-so?" and we'd go right into it.

The next big moment was our opening night at the London Palladium. This was a night that scared the devil out of the whole band, the applause was so terrifying—it was applause beyond applause. On our first show there was 10 minutes of

continuous applause. In fact that entire first European tour in 1933 was a tremendous uplift for all our spirits.

Europe was responsible for the next big kick I can recall, too. It was my birthday celebration in Stockholm, April 29, 1939. I was awakened by a 16-piece band from the local radio station that marched into my hotel room serenading me with "Happy Birthday." All day long, at the hotel and at the concert house where we were playing, huge bouquets of flowers kept arriving, and hundreds of people flocked to the dressing room. The whole audience rose to sing "Happy Birthday," and there was a ceremony onstage followed by a big banquet for the entire orchestra and numerous guests at the Crown Prince Cafe. It all brought a very glowing ending to our second European tour.

Two years later, in 1941, we got a very special kick out of the opening of *Jump For Joy*. This was the revue in which the whole band took part. A number of critics felt this was the hippest Negro musical and remained so to this day. We had some great lyrics for our songs, thanks largely to Paul Francis Webster; some fine writing by Sid Kuller; and such artists as Marie Bryant and Paul White, Joe Turner, Herb Jeffries, Dorothy Dandridge and

Wonderful Smith.

The sixth important occasion was the first Carnegie Hall concert, first of what turned out to be an annual series. This enabled me to present my tone parallel to the history of the American Negro, "Black Brown And Beige," which as originally presented at Carnegie ran about 50 minutes. We only recorded excerpts from it for the RCA Victor album, but the entire concert was recorded privately. We hope some day to have this recording released generally so that everybody can hear B, B & B in its original form.

That first night at Carnegie was the only time in my life that I didn't have stage fright. I just didn't have time—I couldn't afford the luxury of being scared. Dr. Arthur Logan, an old friend and our personal physician, was standing around backstage handing out pills to everybody in the band. He even took one himself. He offered one to me, and I refused it. I wasn't nervous at all. But I did walk onstage without my music. Somebody signaled to me from the wings that they had it, but I didn't need it anyway. I remembered it all.

This first concert, in January 1943, turned out to be a milestone that paved the way for other regular concert series, so that by now an annual jazz concert at Carnegie has become a permanent thing for several other organizations. One thing that hasn't been duplicated, however, is the audience we had on that opening night and at our subsequent concerts. The quality of the appreciation, the attentiveness of the entire crowd of 3,000 people to every note we played, was a model of audience reaction that has proven hard to duplicate.

At the time of that concert, too, the music business celebrated a national Ellington week and during the performance at Carnegie we were privileged to receive a plaque inscribed by some of our well-wishers from every branch of music—among them John Charles Thomas, William Grant Still, Deems Taylor, Marian Anderson, Albert Coates, Kurt Weill, Dea Dixon, Aaron Copland, Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Earl Hines, Artie Shaw, Morton Gould and Marjorie Lawson.

There was a similarly jubilant occasion in January 1945 when we took part in the annual Esquire jazz awards concert at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles. Most of the presentations of "Eskies" to individual winners were made by Hollywood personalities. Billy Strayhorn received his from Lena Horne, mine was presented by Lionel Barrymore.

There was another great evening in 1949 when we played at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia with this beautiful 96-piece symphony orchestra, conducted by Russ Case, wrapped around ours.

I spent a lot of time listening that evening, when I should have been playing. I wrote a bop thing for them using the same jump blues theme we recorded on one of the small band dates as "Who Struck John." They played it perfectly.

Ninth on our list of significant moments would be the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House early last year. Our audience numbered more than 3,500, including Mayor Impellitteri, who paid a special tribute to us. We introduced a new concert work, *Harlem*, which I later performed with the NBC Symphony Orchestra.

Tenth and last I recall with special delight another Philadelphia story. This one was the annual musical festival held by the Philadelphia Inquirer at the Municipal Stadium with a tremendous show for an audience of 125,000 people, all admitted free. There were, if I remember right, three symphony orchestras as well as Benny Goodman, Perry Como, Mindy Carson and a big Indian war dance routine. I was especially impressed by the fact that when I did "Monologue," I had the whole audience giggling, and believe me it's quite impressive to hear 125,000 people giggling.

It is a somewhat arbitrary decision to select 10 events over a 25-year span, but these are the ones that came to mind. Of course I could go into many details about some of the great people we've met through the years.

There was my meeting with the Pope on my last visit to Europe, when the Pope had a great deal to say to me but I must have been overawed because later I didn't remember a single thing he had said. There was my private audience with President Truman, who I found very affable and very musically informed. There was the party in London when I fluffed off the guy who kept asking me to play "Swampy River," and then found out he was Prince George. Later that evening the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) sat in with us on drums and surprised everybody, including Sonny Greer.

There was the time we were playing the downtown Cotton Club in 1937 when Leopold Stokowski came in alone and listened to our band. Later he discussed our music and invited me to attend his concert the next evening, when I heard him conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.

But I don't want to go on name dropping, because what has impressed me most through all these years has been not the renown of these people, but the sincerity of their interest in our music and interest of all the audiences who have helped to make our achievements possible. I can best sum it up by saying that the days since that long-ago Cotton Club opening have provided 25 years of eminently happy memories. **DB**

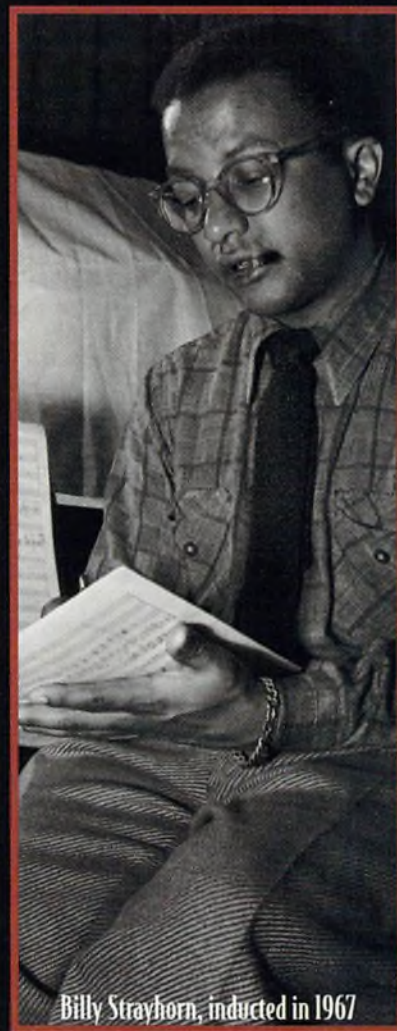
Strayhorn's Rule #1

June 7, 1962

"I have a general rule about arranging. Rimsky-Korsakov is the one who said it: All parts should lie easily under the fingers. That's my first rule: to write something a guy can play. Otherwise, it will never be as natural, or as wonderful, as something that does lie easily under the fingers.

"Duke and I approach everything for what it is. You have the instruments, you have to find the right thing—not too little, not too much. It's like getting the right color. That's it! Color is what it is, and you know when you get it." **DB**

By Bill Coss



Billy Strayhorn, inducted in 1967



Stan Kenton,
inducted in 1954

SID AVERY

Stan Kenton: Kids Don't Know How To Dance

Feb. 11, 1953

Tvery place we played during the past year, I noticed that the younger couples for the most part just didn't seem to know what they were doing out there on the floor—particularly when we played numbers with any real beat, rhythm things that really jumped.

"Many of us bandleaders have been charged with refusing to play dance music and with playing music that only extraordinarily good dancers can handle. I just don't believe it.

"I've noticed that older couples, those whose interest in dancing dates back to the so-called swing era, get out on the floor and can dance to any number that has a bounce to it, though they may not be doing the jitterbug style that they did in those days. The kids, on the other hand, can't seem to get going on rhythm numbers.

"The kids seem to dance to the tune rather than the rhythm. I believe they're afraid to get out there on the floor and try, unless they recognize the melody.

"Do I have any suggestions? No. The dance business, like everything else, has been through one of those cycles. It's on its way up again.

"I think the upswing was delayed by bandleaders who got into a panic and tried to turn back to anything that seemed to have commercial appeal. To be a real attraction, a dance band has to be a musical attraction.

"All of us who have stuck with the idea of combining good dance music with modern exciting musical ideas are about to do it again." **DB**

Gil Evans: The Lone Arranger

April 1984

Tell the players not to be terrified by the vagueness, for one thing. Something's going to come out of it. If it looks like we're teetering on the edge of formlessness, someone's going to get so panicked they'll do something about it, right? I depend on that. If it has to be me, I'll do it, but a lot of times I'll wait and wait because I want somebody else to do it. I want to hear what's going to happen." **DB**

By Howard Mandel



Gil Evans, inducted in 1986

ARIT A EVANS

Woody Herman: We Can't All Be Geniuses

June 17, 1946

These days it seems that all the cats want to be on. Sidemen used to worry about two things: whether they were playing the kind of music they liked to play and whether the leader was laying sufficient loot on them at the end of the week.

"Today many of them worry about their billing, their spot in the show and, so help me, the color of the spotlight that hits them when they take that solo.

"Of course, we haven't any prima donnas on our band, so these cracks are not aimed at my own boys. But I've heard some of the other leaders complain that they didn't have time to shake hands all around after each set and to pin little gold stars on the chaps who blew that last chorus pretty good.

"And I've witnessed some characters, who seem to be always on, giving better performances in bars and apartments than they do on the stand." **DB**

By Ned Williams



Woody Herman (on alto), inducted in 1976, with his sax section

LEE FRIEDLANDER FROM AMERICAN MUSICIANS (D.A.P.)



Thad Jones, inducted in 1987

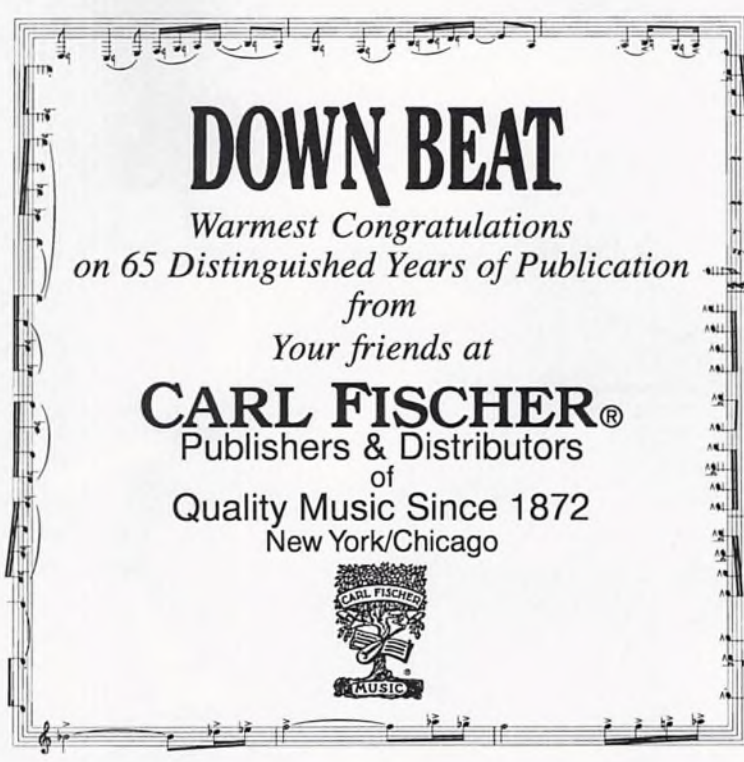
Thad Jones: Technique & Creativity

Music '77 yearbook

"I have never formally studied arranging. The things that I have written I have acquired through experience, but talent is not all. You have to work at it. Having somebody like Ellington as a guideline certainly didn't hurt. Unconsciously, I guess, I have patterned myself after him, but at the same time I know I must express certain things for myself. That is the area that I try to focus my attention on, trying to bring out the best that's in me.

"I spent a lot of time listening to European music as well as jazz. I study scores of European composers, their technique and their creativity. It gives me a flow and balance, effect, harmonics, a sense of the dramatic. Now when I sit down to write a composition, I have an idea of the form the piece will take. I believe that when you write something that you should write fully wherever the line takes you." **DB**

By Arnold Jay Smith




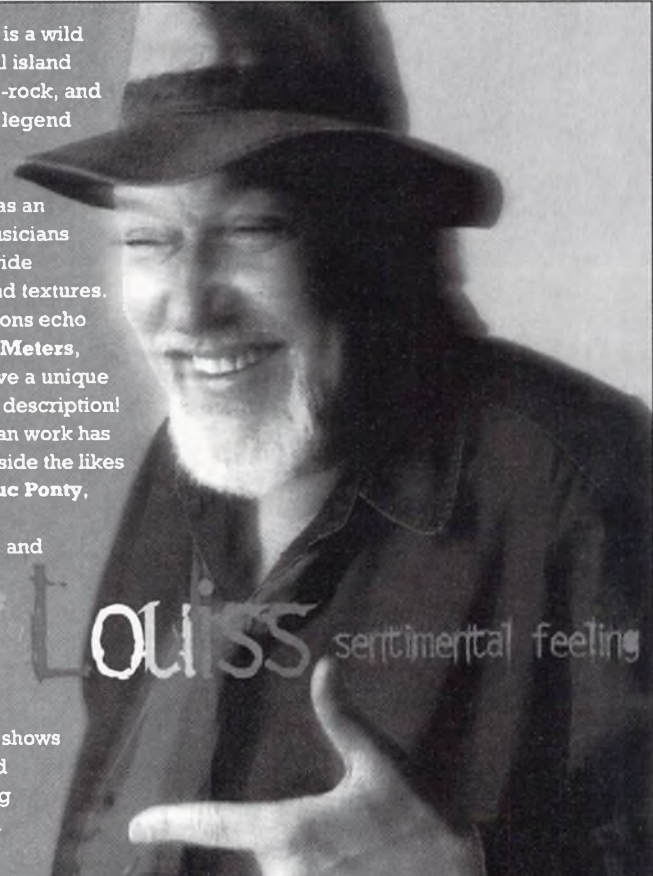
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Django Reinhardt, inducted in 1971

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A COUNTRY ICON UNEARTHS DEEP CONNECTIONS
TO DJANGO REINHARDT AND STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

At first blush Willie Nelson might seem like an odd interpreter of the music of Django Reinhardt. But, as Willie's new album of Django-inspired instrumentals, *Night And Day* (Freefalls/Pedernales Records), makes evident, the boho country icon and the gypsy jazz genius are uniquely and exquisitely simpatico.

In fact, listening to Willie work his way through the dreamy sonorities of Django's much beloved "Nuages," one can't help

but wonder what it would have been like to hear these two brilliantly unorthodox players perform together.

Reinhardt would have been 89 this year had he not suffered the cerebral hemorrhage that tragically ended his life in 1953. And, who knows, maybe he could have made his way on stage with Nelson and his famous "Family" band.

The spirit of Django certainly overtakes Willie as he swings into the harmonically lilting tremolos of "Ou Es-Ju, Mon Amour?"—suddenly quieting an otherwise rowdy outdoor festival crowd. On the occasion of his 66th birthday, Nelson stands hunched over his battered Martin N-20, as he has thousands of nights before. But somehow, under the light of a hazy full moon, Willie's unmistakable instrument seems to shape-shift into Django's venerable Selmer Maccaferri.

After the show, as we're ushered down the slim, smoky corridor to the furthest reaches of Nelson's tour bus, it's hard not to think of Reinhardt's gypsy wagon. Willie emerges from the back bedroom looking remarkably energetic for 2 a.m. His loose, ruddy hair is streaked with strands of gray, and the stubble that frames his well-lined face is pure white. But his deep

By Bob Townsend

brown eyes gleam as he sits down to discuss his hero.

Nelson is quick to point out that his relationship to Django is a complicated one, becoming something akin to a mythical quest in recent years. Much like Reinhardt, who sometimes played along with the records of Louis Armstrong and other American jazz artists, Nelson first experienced the mystery of Django when fiddler Johnny Gimble gave him several tapes to listen to, some 25 years ago.

"Once I heard Django," Willie says, "I knew that I had been influenced by him already through the people around me, because my dad played that kind of rhythm. He played a little fiddle, and I could tell he was trying to do something like that. Then when I heard Stephane Grappelli I said, 'That's what they were trying to do.' And I've been trying to do the same thing ever since. But, I can tell you, it's not that easy to do. I can understand why Dad was having a problem."

On *Night And Day*, Gimble—a Bob Wills alumnus with a flair for gypsy swing—takes the part of Grappelli, Reinhardt's cohort in the celebrated Quintet of the Hot Club of France. Nelson says he always wanted to play with Grappelli, who died in 1997. "I tried to put together a concert with him one time, but it just didn't work out." Still, the tones he and Gimble conjure give a good idea of what such a meeting might have sounded like.

Nelson freely admits that beyond the obvious Django songs on the new album, such as "Nuages" and "Vous Et Moi," Reinhardt's presence is everywhere: "'Night And Day' is Cole Porter, but it's Django's arrangement, which I attempted to rip-off completely. We also did stuff like 'Honeysuckle Rose' and 'September In The Rain' and 'Sweet Georgia Brown.' They're great swing tunes—just great tunes to play and jam on. I grew up with a lot of musicians who loved to sit around and jam, and those are the songs we played. Then I heard Django play them and I figured I needed to work on them some more."

Surprisingly, Willie recorded his first Django track only last year. He used "Ou Es-Tu, Mon Amour?" as a dramatic instrumental overture to his atmospheric Daniel Lanois-produced album, *Teatro*. He says attempting to memorize all the intricacies and nuances of the solo convinced him all over again that Reinhardt was a true virtuoso.

"It took me a month to learn that. I was holed up in Spain, over there making a movie, and living in a trailer. Between the times I wasn't working, I was in there with that Django tape going. I wore out the tape machine and the tape. But not the guitar."

As Nelson has re-tooled his band into a pseudo version of the Reinhardt-Grappelli Quintet, with mostly string and all-acoustic instrumentation, he says he's also come to appreciate how getting back to the basics can actually lead to greater improvisational freedom.

"It's simpler, which makes it better. There's a nice, simple rhythm pattern laid down and it's easy to play on top of it. All my life I've played that kind of music in my mind. Of course, I found out later, what I was trying to play was what Django and Stephane were playing. And again, I knew that I had heard it through my influences, musicians who were also influenced by them. That was the sound that I wanted. That's the reason that I have this guitar that I have, because I wanted that same sound that Django had on his guitar."

To the question of why Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli should be included among the pantheon of all-time jazz greats, Willie Nelson has a very direct answer.

"They're masters," he says, his vibrant baritone receding to a reverent hush. "They are definitely masters. They completely conquered their instrument. Django could play anything he could think, and he could think a lot of things. Same way with Stephane. They both had great minds and they could play what they thought. This is very difficult to do. It's difficult enough to think of anything to play—and then to be able to play it—that's very rare."

DB



Stephane Grappelli, inducted in 1983



Charles Mingus, inducted in 1971

accounts for his impeccable bowing technique (as heard on pieces like "Portrait" and "Weird Nightmare").

In 1942, Mingus joined Barney Bigard's band (alongside trombonist Kid Ory) and in 1943 enjoyed a stint with Louis Armstrong. There followed brief engagements with Howard McGhee, Illinois Jacquet, Dinah Washington and Ellington (he was one of the few musicians ever to be openly fired by Duke) before he finally hooked up with Lionel Hampton in 1947. During his one-year tenure with Hamp he became known as "Baron Von Mingus" and also recorded his first bass feature with the band, "Mingus Fingers." Switching gears radically, he went from Hamp's robust jump blues band to the more intimate, chamber-like setting of vibist Red Norvo's trio, featuring guitar great Tal Farlow.

By the spring of 1951, Mingus arrived in New York as a relatively unknown freelancer and quickly found work with the likes of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Lennie Tristano, Billy Taylor and Art Tatum. In 1952, he established his own record company, Debut, along with partner Max Roach, to document his work as a composer. He founded his own Jazz Workshop in 1955, turning it into a top repertory company that included such gifted musicians as saxophonists Jackie McLean, Booker Ervin, John Handy, Pepper Adams, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Shafi Hadi and Eric Dolphy, pianist Jaki Byard, trombonist Jimmy Knepper and longtime drummer Dannie Richmond. Between 1952 and 1957, Debut issued several recordings by Mingus and other artists such as Miles Davis, Paul Bley and Thad Jones (all of which have been collected on a 12-CD box set by Fantasy).

His very fertile period with Atlantic Records from 1956 to 1961 resulted in some of his most profound works (collected in the six-CD box set *Passions Of A Man*).

The use of shifting tempos mid-chorus and alternating meters became a Mingus signature in his classic work from the mid-'50s through the '60s, laying the groundwork for modern-day composers who followed in his wake.

But by 1964, following the death of Eric Dolphy, Mingus withdrew from music altogether. Broke and embittered, he was forcibly evicted from his Lower East Side New York apartment in 1968.

Mingus resumed his performing career in 1969. Early '70s recordings for Columbia (1971's *Let My Children Hear Music*) and Atlantic (1973's *Mingus Moves*) rekindled public attention. The 1971 publication of his controversial autobiography, *Beneath The Underdog*, added to the Mingus mystique. He continued to tour and record with his last great combo (featuring trumpeter Jack Walrath, saxophonist George Adams, pianist Don Pullen and drummer Dannie Richmond) before becoming physically unable to play (he was diagnosed in late 1977 as having amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, better known as Lou Gehrig's disease). He died on Jan. 5, 1979, in Cuernavaca, Mexico, where he had gone with his wife, Sue, in hopes of a cure for his illness.

From earthy, gospel-tinged testifying to third-stream experiments, from raucous funk to sublime lyricism, from avant explorations to jazz-poetry performance pieces—Mingus' music never fails to evoke strong feelings, even to this day. Thanks to the efforts of Sue Mingus, the music lives on through the Mingus Big Band, which has a long-standing Wednesday night residency at the Time Cafe in New York City.

DB

Mingus Fingers

A formidable, volcanic presence both on and off the bandstand, Charles Mingus was a man of creative vision, a composer whose prolific output was rivaled only by Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk. But the composer often overshadowed the bassist within Mingus.

Born in an army camp at Nogales, Ariz., on April 22, 1922, Mingus grew up in Watts, three miles from Los Angeles. The first music he heard was church music. The other towering musical influence during his formative years was Ellington, whom he would later pay tribute to in such pieces as "Duke Ellington's Sound Of Love," "Open Letter To Duke" and a favorite Ellington vehicle, "Mood Indigo."

Charles tried trombone at age 6, later took up cello and eventually switched to bass in high school. Other would-be musicians in his high school band at the time included Buddy Collette, Chico Hamilton, Ernie Royal and Dexter Gordon. Mingus first studied with bassist Red Callender and then for five years with former New York Philharmonic bassist Herman Rheinschagen, which

By Bill Milkowski

Venuti Stops Clowning

Sept. 15, 1940

Ten years ago they called Joe Venuti "the world's greatest violinist."

It was true again five years ago.

And it's true today.

Except this time, maybe, something may happen. It's high time. Caught at Frank and Vince Dailey's Meadowbrook Club in Jersey last month, where he clicked big enough to win himself and his band a return ticket later during the fall season, Venuti revealed himself to be leader of a new band that sounds wonderful in spite of (or maybe because of) chopped-up stock arrangements.

Those crazy stories about Venuti haven't helped him as a leader. Just because the guy's sense of humor is way out of proportion, he's taken a beating until most everyone thinks of him as a clown. Down in his heart that's the last title Joe wants. He's too much of a musician.

The Venuti fiddle hasn't slipped. The spark that made it cut through those old Whiteman records, and the duet stuff he waxed with Eddie Lang, hasn't flickered. It has gained. Venuti plays today as he never has before. Ask him. Hear him.

The Rockwell office is supposed to be pushing Joe's band. Joe is serious now, and all he and his boys need is a push—good booking, more air time and a couple of juke box naturals.

But don't call Joe a clown. He may punch you in the nose. Or if he doesn't, his friends will. Joe's trying to be serious now and get somewhere. With the proper handling by the Rockwell office, he can't miss. **DB**

By Dave Dexter Jr.



DOWN BEAT ARCHIVES

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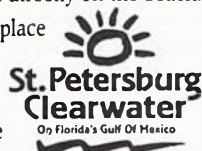
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Wes Montgomery, inducted in 1968

CHARLES STEWART

Wes was an original, and you never got the feeling that he was trying to confound anyone with his playing. Everything he played felt very comfortable. He not only earned the respect of his peers and hard-core jazz aficionados, but he was also a hit with regular listeners who didn't know an A-flat from a hole in the ground. Wes was not afraid to reach people. He'd play funky or pretty if it meant he could communicate with his audience.

I know the so-called jazz establishment turned on Wes when he played more popular tunes, but he wasn't one to limit himself. He grew up playing in clubs that working-class black folks frequented. After working hard all week long, those people wanted to hear music and feel good. They didn't want to use calculators to try to figure out what a musician was playing onstage. In some of those places, if you

didn't play for the crowd, you'd get booed off stage and maybe even thrown out of the joint and have the guitar shoved in a place where you'd always be able to find it.

I like the fact that Wes played the whole guitar: beautiful single-note lines as well as chord melodies. I love that warm, round sound he got. He wasn't the first person to use his thumb like a pick—Tal Farlow and Teddy Bunn both did that—and he also wasn't the first to play octaves (Charlie Christian's solo on "Smooth One" is done in octaves and Django Reinhardt played octaves on "Bouncing Around"), but that became a trademark of Wes' style.

I've seen photos and videos of Wes playing, and it always looked like he was experiencing so much joy. You got this sense from the man that he loved sharing the gift the Creator gave him. How could you not be touched by that?

When I was younger, it took me a little longer to track down Charlie Christian. I came to him through listening to guitarists such as Barney

Tracking Down The Boss Guitarists

The first guy to turn me on to jazz guitar when I was growing up was George Benson. I was 12 at the time, so I had enough sense to know that what he was doing on his recordings was no accident, that he got inspiration from somewhere. So I read as much as I could about him and this one name kept coming up: Wes Montgomery. I asked a couple of the guys at my church, and they said Wes was the man. One of them lent me a couple of Wes' records: *Boss Guitar* with Mel Rhyne and Jimmy Cobb and *Smokin' At The Half Note*.

I remember coming home from school every day and heading straight

for the record player to listen to Wes. I tried to lift what I could from his playing. My homework always came later.

I don't want to get into any name-calling, but some of the guitar players I've been influenced by, my mentors, have had inconsistent recording careers. But I've never heard a Wes Montgomery album I didn't like, even those records like *California Dreaming* and *A Day In The Life* that everyone deemed commercial. But, hey, I love those songs. They have great melodies. And Wes played them with a jazz sensibility. He had a knack for taking any piece of music and changing it into something beautiful.

By Russell Malone with Dan Ouellette



Charlie Christian, inducted in 1966

DUPICAN/SCHIEFFEL COLLECTION

make his solos difficult to emulate.

Charlie's influence is everywhere. He's one of those players like Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong and Lester Young who creep up in everyone's playing. No matter how modern the player, you dissect their music and you find one of those influences. Charlie also impacted other styles of music, such as the blues and even country music. Listen to the country swing of Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys.

The older I get the more respect and appreciation I have for my instrument.

There's so much beauty in the guitar. I love holding it close, strumming it, stroking it. Hall of Famers like Charlie and Wes inspired me to approach the guitar in a deeper way, to not sell it short.

What's amazing about Charlie and Wes is that they were both young when they died. Charlie was 25 and Wes was 45. It's as if the Creator has allowed certain guys a short length of time to be on earth to tear up everyone's heads and turn the world around. I wonder what Charlie and Wes would have done on their guitars if they had lived longer. **DB**

Kessel, Tal Farlow and Herb Ellis. I first heard Charlie on a Benny Goodman record. I liked him immediately. His playing really got to me. There's some debate over whether he was the first jazz guy to play electric guitar, but that doesn't matter. What does is that he was the first guitarist to take the horn-like concept of Lester Young and apply it to his instrument.

No one swung like Charlie Christian. It's safe to say that he was one of the founders of the bebop movement. You listen to what he was playing back then on an album like *Live Sessions At Minton's Playhouse*, and you hear it still being played today. On that album he's gigging with Thelonious Monk and Dizzy Gillespie and letting his hair down. You've got to check out his solo on "Stompin' At The Savoy." What drive, what swing! He had a great sense of time and every note had definition, thanks in large part to the fact that he used all downstrokes in his playing.

In the past I tried to transcribe Charlie's solos. They're not as easy as they seem. You may get the notes down, but the feeling he injected into them

Russell Malone, 35, recently recorded a new album with his touring band of pianist Anthony Wonsey, bassist Richie Goods and drummer Byron Landham. It will be released on Verve later this year.



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C

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The Galileo Of Bass

The opening salvo from Jaco Pastorius' stunning 1976 debut for Epic Records—a bass-conga duet with percussionist Don Alias on Charlie Parker's chops-busting bop anthem "Donna Lee"—was the shot heard 'round the world for electric bass guitar players everywhere. The sheer facility, articulation and imagination that Pastorius demonstrated on that single track was enough to instantly bestow mythic status upon the self-proclaimed "greatest bass player in the world."

Discussing "Donna Lee" with Neil Tesser in a 1977 *Down Beat* interview, Jaco said: "I felt that I had never heard anyone clearly outline a tune on the bass ... without a piano player so that you always could hear the changes as well as the melody. Players like Wayne Shorter, Sonny Rollins, Herbie Hancock, Ira Sullivan can do that. I wanted to be able to do it, too."

Certainly, there was electric bass guitar before Jaco Pastorius. Stanley Clarke and Alphonso Johnson had both made significant strides to liberate the instrument from its primary role as a background root-and-rhythm instrument prior to Jaco's arrival. But aside from the dazzling speed and dexterity he showcased on "Donna Lee," Jaco's use of chords and harmonics as a melodic device on "Portrait Of Tracy" was wholly unprecedented. His signature fretless voice, per-

haps best exemplified on "Continuum" from that first album, was as potent and compelling as any trumpet or saxophone. His other signature—a muting technique that allowed him to play crisp, staccato funk patterns, as heard on "Come On, Come Over" and "Opus Pocus"—immediately caught the attention of other bass players in both jazz and pop arenas. And his daredevil abandon on stage was equally inspiring to players.

As bassist Jeff Andrews said: "Jaco was a beacon for a lot of cats. He opened the door and we walked through. He taught us that the bass could be anything—a piano, a conga drum, a saxophone. He worked with it melodically, harmonically and percussively. He played lyrically and he always played with attitude. He redefined the bass and raised the consciousness of a lot of players. He had the same effect on bass players that I imagine Charlie Parker had on alto sax players in his day."

Or as Jimmy Haslip of the Yellowjackets put it: "I thought that Jaco was like the Galileo of bass. The great astronomer Galileo was an innovator and ahead of his time; he was a genius who saw a new way of looking at the universe. And Jaco was certainly an innovator and ahead of his time ... a genius who saw a new way of looking at the bass."



Jaco Pastorius, inducted in 1988

Jaco would continue to demonstrate a heroic command of his instrument with Weather Report (1976-1982) while also showing a more lyrical side to his playing in a series of striking collaborations through the late '70s with Joni Mitchell. But aside from his towering impact as an instrumentalist, what elevates Pastorius to Hall of Fame status is his contribution as a visionary composer, even though he died at the relatively young age of 35. Pieces like "Three Views Of A Secret," "Teen Town" and "Punk Jazz" have stood the test of time and continue to be covered by two generations of musicians touched by his music.

After leaving Weather Report, Jaco would go on to realize some of his most profound and affecting works with his 21-piece Word of Mouth big band. As Word of Mouth's musical director Peter Graves once related: "I've always said that the pen is mightier than the sword. As good as his bass playing was—and he turned the world on its ear with his bass playing—I still contend that his writing was better than his bass playing. So many bass players have imitated Jaco's playing style, but they can't imitate his compositional style. That is the part of Jaco that will remain immortal." **DB**

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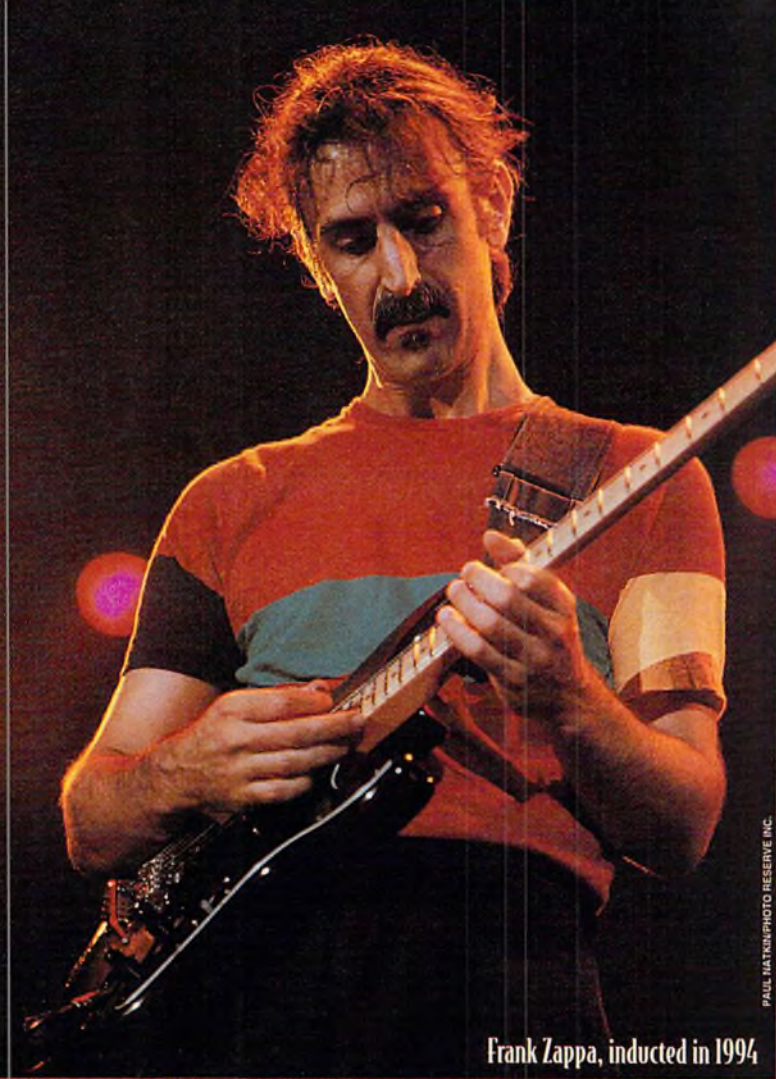
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By Bill Milkowski



Frank Zappa, inducted in 1994



Jimi Hendrix, inducted in 1970

Hands down, the most controversial members of Down Beat's Hall of Fame are two iconic guitarists best known for their sonic experimentations in the blues and rock spheres. In the wake of the inductions of Jimi Hendrix (in 1970) and Frank Zappa (in 1994), angry letters were fired off to the editor and heated discussions among fans and critics erupted. Even though the musical scope of Down Beat's coverage is broad (hence the motto Jazz, Blues & Beyond), the magazine has traditionally been regarded as synonymous with jazz. So, the argument goes, save the two slots per year for those musicians who made an important impact in the jazz realm. Thumbs up to Duke and Trane and Miles. On the flip side, many jazz musicians, especially those from the younger generations, swear by Jimi and/or Frank as invaluable influences.

Not surprisingly, some jazz guitarists today celebrate the two, while others either scratch their heads or cry foul, citing Hendrix and Zappa as Hall of Fame aberrations.

Russell Malone falls into the latter camp. "I'm not a purist, believe me," he says. "But I say call a spade a spade. Jimi Hendrix and Frank Zappa were not jazz musicians, so they don't belong. Hey, I think both were great, but if Down Beat's Hall of Fame is a jazz institution, then they shouldn't be in it. Any other Hall of Fame? You bet. Jazz hall? No way."

Mark Elf agrees: "Although I loved Jimi when I was a kid and he still brings back memories of my youth, he was more in a

blues-rock bag. His lines were not in a jazz feel and not really harmonically deep. So I would say yes to blues and rock hall of fames, but not jazz."

John Abercrombie also weighs in against the Hendrix and Zappa inductions. While he admits that he's done his own share of mixing musical genres, he feels a line must be drawn. "Both those guys deserve statues," he says. "I was influenced by Hendrix and I was just listening to a Zappa album the other day,

Hall of Fame Outcasts: Jimi Hendrix & Frank Zappa

and he delivered some great jazz solos. I'm a great admirer, but there's more to jazz than improvisation. When you play jazz, there's also the tradition you're playing in. Neither Hendrix or Zappa had that."

While on the subject, Abercrombie cites another example of how he feels the term jazz has gotten a little too broad: the Down

By Dan Ouellette

Beat critics voting Bill Frisell's album *Nashville* as Jazz Album of the Year in 1998. "I may be a curmudgeon, but at that point I said that's going too far over the line. I like that record, but voting it as the best jazz album is like giving a Joe Lovano CD the top country music award."

So, what does Frisell think of Hendrix and Zappa being in the Hall? He's in favor. "Sure, why not?" he says when asked if the pair belongs. "I'd like to think that the Hall of Fame can include a wide variety of music. I see myself as a jazz musician, but I don't like the strict categories. It seems a few years ago people were more open and less confining about what jazz could be. I can't help but think John Coltrane and Wes Montgomery would think it was cool both Jimi and Frank were in."

Frisell notes that Hendrix and Zappa helped to form him as a musician. "They were both heavy musicians who changed perceptions of how to approach music," he says, citing the former's huge, organic sound and the latter's genius for combining musicians from different disciplines who didn't normally play together. "Neither of them fit in with the way jazz was supposed to be. They made it OK to do what I'm doing today."

While Steve Tibbetts feels the jury is still out on Zappa, he would have voted for Hendrix in a flash. "If you put Ellington in there, you'd better put Hendrix," he says. "Jimi was such a successful mutant oddity on the electric guitar that you have to genuflect at his altar."

Tibbetts was so exuberant about Hendrix's contributions to jazz and music in general that a couple of days after our telephone conversation he sent me a black & white postcard of a smiling Hendrix. On the back, Tibbetts wrote: "Like this: There's a three-way crossroad and three cars burning down three gravel roads that meet at an intersection. Little Richard in one, Les Paul and Mary Ford and the 8-track recorder he invented in another, and Leo Fender with a Strat in the back seat of the third. Robert Johnson is standing at the crossroads, waiting. All the cars arrive at the same time. There's a crash, a huge explosion, shredding metal, a fireball, smoke. The smoke clears and there's no wreckage, just a brand new Stingray. Hendrix is in the driver's seat. He's smiling."

So, in the end, the debate will swirl on: to wrangle over definitions and borders, to deliberate on what's pure and what isn't, to delve into jazz politics about what swings and what doesn't, to lock horns on who merits the rare prizes. But isn't that one of the quintessential dynamics of jazz culture? At least there's substance to the controversy. Hey, if we were rock heads, we could be quarreling right now over whether Marilyn Manson's breasts have been enhanced and if he really believes in the goth lifestyle. **DB**

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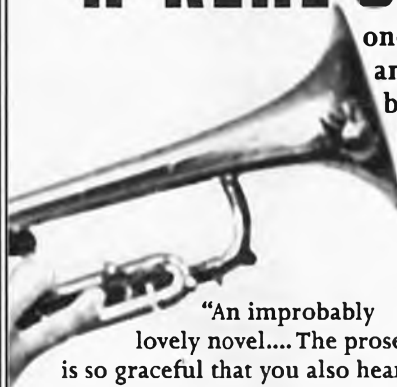
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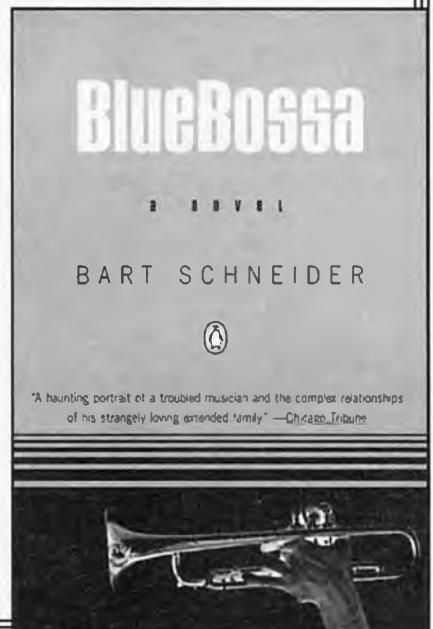
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A black and white photograph capturing a live performance. In the center, Ella Fitzgerald is singing into a vintage microphone, her eyes closed in concentration. She wears a large, fluffy white hat and a dark, patterned dress. To her right, Dizzy Gillespie is smiling and looking towards the camera, holding the microphone. In the background on the left, Ray Brown is visible, looking on. The stage is decorated with a patterned backdrop.

Ella's Troubles

Ella Fitzgerald, inducted in 1979,
with Dizzy Gillespie; bassist Ray Brown looks on.

THE SINGERS

Ella Fitzgerald • Billie Holiday • Bessie Smith • Sarah Vaughan
Nat "King" Cole • Frank Sinatra

Feb. 23, 1955

“W e had a request to sing,” Ella began over the applause—and suddenly she stopped. “You know,” she grinned, “we really didn’t have a request. This is just our next number.” Ella had just displayed again the candor that has been hers for 20 years in the music big leagues.

Yet, despite the open-hearted honesty, very little is known about what Ella really thinks on subjects closest to her career and her emotions. For, except with intimate friends, Ella is one of the most shy persons in the entertainment business.

Backstage one night at Basin Street, however, Ella relaxed and spoke openly of several things that have troubled her.

Ella, though she underrates herself, is conscious of the warm esteem in which she’s held, and often revered, over much of the world. But she is also conscious of the potential scope of her vocal skill and warmth, a potential that never has been realized as fully as it deserves—for reasons that have nothing to do with her undeniable talent.

Take records, for example. Ella has in her repertoire an arrangement of “Teach Me Tonight,” one of the current pop best-sellers, that is musically a delight and is as commercial as any direct expression of emotion (with close attention to the melody line) can be.

Yet she has not had a chance to record the number for Decca, nor does she often get a chance to record any really “hot” pop material for the label.

“And,” Ella adds, “it’s been so long since I’ve gotten a show tune to do, except for the album. Or a chance to do a tune like ‘The Man That Got Away.’ Frank Sinatra came into Basin Street often while he was at the Copa, and he asked for that song every time. And he also asked, ‘How come, Ella, you don’t have a number like *that* to record?’

“I don’t know why myself,” Ella said feelingly. “Yet I never do get a chance at the songs that have a chance. They give me something by somebody that no one else has, and then they wonder why the record doesn’t sell.

“I’m so heartbroken over it. Maybe it’s me, but there are so many pretty songs I *could* sing on record. I need a record out. I know that, but I don’t know what they’re doing at the record company. There must be something I can make that people who buy records would like to hear.

“The album (*Ella*, Decca 12” LP DL 8068) was something I was pleased with. It got such wonderful writeups, and I remember when I was on the coast it seemed like everybody was playing it. But the disc jockeys claimed that the company didn’t give them the record. In fact, we had to go out and buy the record and give it to those disc jockeys that didn’t have it.

“Now I don’t like to say anything against anybody, but maybe it’s because the record company is mainly interested

in pictures now that they don’t give as much attention to the records. But I sure would like to record with someone who would give me something to record.”

Then there’s the matter of Ella Fitzgerald and television. “Like every singer,” Ella said, “my ambition for a long time has been to have a TV show of my own, but,” she shook her head, “I don’t like to think too far ahead. What I mean is I don’t know anybody who has one. Do you understand what I’m trying to say?

“Sammy Davis Jr., for example. He didn’t get his show, and no one certainly could get tired of looking at *him* for 15 minutes. Do you remember how great he was on the *Colgate Comedy Hour*? And there’s Lena Horne. Jimminy Crickets! If Lena doesn’t have a show of her own! We have so many wonderful artists who deserve a TV show. But I don’t know ... the way things are.

“I hope someday maybe,” Ella continued, “somewhere I can get a TV show. Even if it were just a New York program. So I could stay home a little. It’s not that I don’t like the road, but traveling all the time, year in and year out, isn’t as easy on a woman as it is on a man. And you’ve heard how guys complain about the road.

“I can dance, you know, if I get a show. I don’t say I can read lines,” she smiled again, “but for the kind of show I want to do, that wouldn’t be so necessary. I’d like a program that was like inviting the audience into my home. The feeling that Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy had on their show. It would be informal.

“One evening, for example, we could do a song two ways, fast and slow, and see which turns out better. I could have guests drop in—people like Sarah or maybe a dancer. The routines wouldn’t always have to be rehearsed, and if there were mistakes on the program, we’d just do the song or dance over again.

“If the show turned out to be a commercial one,” Ella animatedly went on, “instead of reading the same commercial every night, we could make up new words and change it every night. And as for talent, if the show wasn’t on too late, we could even have somebody drop in with some talented kids from time to time.

“I’d even write for the program,” said ASCAP member Fitzgerald (whose credits include “A-Tisket, A-Tasket,” “You Showed Me The Way” and “Rough Riding”). “Lately I’ve lost all my ambition for songwriting. Every once in a while, I do write a new song down and put it away some place, but when I go to find it, I don’t know where it is. But if I had a TV show of my own, I’d be real eager to write some music for it.

“Oh, I have gobs and gobs of ideas, but ... well, you dream things like that, and that’s what these are, you know—my day dreams.”

DB

By Nat Hentoff
Photo By Bill Gottlieb

White Man's Jazz No Good For Holiday?

August 1938

It's a mystery to us why the true story of the Basie-Holiday split never came to light in print. The music mags all hinted that there was more to it than met the eye, but that was as far as they would carry it. Can it be that they were shielding John Hammond, who engineered the whole mephitic business? It really isn't any secret. Billie will talk, and with gestures. I imagine Basie will, if the Hammond hex can be lifted. At any rate, the affair should be made public property, even if it's only to show just how absurdly a dilettante critic can act when he allows his private quarrels to interfere with his artistic sensibilities.

It seems that Billie and Hammond had a few angry words, the result being that Billie received her notice. To save her own punctured pride, lady Holiday immediately walked out, leaving Basie, who's a hell of a swell egg, deserving better breaks, holding the bag. The last time Billie was in New York, John got in touch with her and said he was sorry, but you see how it is ... big critic ... have to keep face ... and all that sort of rot, you know. "I'm just a poor girl who lost her job," said Billie. It was left at that. Now everybody's happy ... except Billie, the Count, Lester Young and possibly John, who must by now realize what a damn lousy blow he has struck to the cause of good jazz.

Holiday is still singing with Artie Shaw, but it is a damn shame she has to waste her talents with a band of that caliber. Understand, in spite of Cliff Leeman's pseudo-sizzle cymbal, Artie has a swell outfit, but they don't show off Billie any. Naturally they play white man's jazz and that's no backing for Billie's singing, which, even during its more commercial moments, has a definite "race" flavor. When she had Count Basie behind her, the girl was right. Now she's as incongruous as a diamond set in a rosette of old cantaloupe rinds and coffee grounds. **DB**

By Ted Locke



Billie Holiday, inducted in 1961

Did Bessie Smith Bleed To Death While Waiting For Medical Attention?

November 1937

Bessie Smith was killed during the last week in September, and perhaps the greatest and least appreciated artist in American jazz is gone. My own admiration for her has been expressed too often to warrant repeating here again, but I feel like kicking myself for not having done more to make her art known to thousands who might really have appreciated her had they only had the opportunity.

A particularly disagreeable story as to the details of her death has just been received from members of Chick Webb's orchestra, who were in Memphis soon after the disaster. It seems that Bessie was riding in a car which crashed into a truck parked along the side of the road. One of her arms was nearly severed, but aside from that there was no other serious injury, according to these informants. Some time elapsed before a doctor was summoned to the scene, but finally she was picked up by a medico and driven to the

leading Memphis hospital. On the way this car was involved in some minor mishap, which further delayed medical attention. When finally she did arrive at the hospital, she was refused treatment because of her color and bled to death while waiting for attention.

Realizing that such tales can be magnified greatly in the telling, I would like to get confirmation from some Memphis citizens who were on the spot at the time: If the story is true it is but another example of disgraceful conditions in a certain section of our country already responsible for Scottsboro, the Shoemaker flogging, and the killing and maiming of legitimate union organizers. Of the particular city of Memphis, I am prepared to believe almost anything, since its mayor and chief of police publicly urged the use of violence against organizers of the CIO a few weeks ago.

Be that as it may, the UHCA is busy sponsoring a special Bessie Smith memorial album containing 12 of her most inspired blues, with accompaniment by Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Joe Smith, Coleman Hawkins, Buster Bailey, Charlie Green, Jimmy Johnson and a few other great artists. The album will be released by Brunswick-Columbia around the middle of November with pictures of the performers and details about each of the discs. Take it from one who cherished all the records that this will be the best buy of the year in music. **DB**



Bessie Smith, inducted in 1967

BELOW: UPIA/PATRICK HES

By John Hammond

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Sarah Vaughan, inducted in 1985

Soulful Sarah

May 30, 1957

Sarah Vaughan has cold feet. She'd like to record an all-piano LP, but she lacks the courage, despite eight years of piano training and experience as vocalist/pianist with the Earl Hines band.

"I've thought of playing more piano, but I always get cold feet," she said. "It's always in the back of my mind. I dig Art Tatum so much and Hank Jones, Jimmy Jones, Erroll Garner and George Shearing. I practice at home, backstage, when there's time. You know, I'd like to do the kind of piano LP Nat Cole has done."

Despite the lucrative, satisfying career she has found, Sarah continues to seek other worlds to conquer, including the world of the spiritual.

"You have to have a little soul in your singing," she said. "The kind of sound that's in the spirituals. That's why I'd like to include spiritual material in the sets I do. It's a part of my life. You know, I'm from a Baptist church. Every now

and then, when I'm home in Newark, I sing with the church choir.

"I want so much to do a special album of spirituals, like an Italian wanting to do Italian folk songs. I dig most of the spirituals I know from church, what you'd call the 'old standards,' not too many of the new ones. I'd like to give an all-spiritual concert, too, with a choir. Do it up right like Marian Anderson, she's always been an idol of mine.

"You know what else I'd like to do? I'd like to have a crazy TV show like Rosemary Clooney's show. I'd have a variety of things, not just jazz. Something of musical value for young and old."

It would be fun, she admits, but not quite like the earlier days before these large-scale hopes, when she joined the Hines band in 1943 at the age of 19.

"I never had so much fun in my life as I did singing with Earl," she remembers. "Billy Eckstine helped me get that job by telling Earl about my amateur hour appearance at the Apollo Theater. Not only did I learn about stage presence from Billy, but several other members of the Hines band were like fathers to me. It was a beginning. No money, but a lot of fun. I wouldn't mind going through it one more time." **DB**

By Don Gold

JUSTIN TIME SUMMERTIME

Sarah Vaughan

This previously unreleased live recording captures "Sassy" in fine form on November 2, 1985 at Paris's Théâtre Châtelet. This fully authorized, specially-priced 2-CD set is the first official release (not including re-issues) since her death.



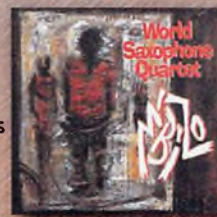
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I Want To Make Money, Not Play Jazz —Nat Cole

Oct. 6, 1950

I'm in the music business for one purpose—to make money. I'm not playing for other musicians. We're trying to reach the guy who works all day and wants to spend a buck at night. We'll keep him happy.

"I'll admit we put on a more visual act these days, but that's what you have to do to keep the public interested.

"Jazz is pretty dead commercially, anyway. We haven't had a new fresh sound since George Shearing, and he hasn't gone any further. He learned there's a limited number of rooms he can play. So now he tells jokes and puts on a more visual show. It broadens his scope. We had the same trouble and expanded.

"Bop left its mark, sure, and now it's gone. Trouble with bop is that it got into the wrong hands. It would have been all right if they'd have let Dizzy and Charlie Parker alone. But the musicians ruined bop themselves. Now you take Bird adding strings. That's just to broaden his public. It's commercial. Pure bop goes only so far." **DB**

By Don Freeman

Nat "King" Cole, inducted in 1997

Down Beat Jazz Hall Of Fame



Clockwise from opposite page: Bud Powell's piano surrounded by displays of Charlie Parker, Dexter Gordon and Dizzy Gillespie; Count Basie's Grammy for "Every Day I Have The Blues," along with a certificate from the city of Los Angeles; Ella Fitzgerald's black gloves, Carte Blanche credit card, and sheet music to "Begin The Beguine" and "Blue Moon"; the wall behind the CityJazz bar, which includes Maynard Ferguson's trumpet, J.J. Johnson's trombone and Miles Davis' trumpet.



The paint has chipped off the J.C. Campbell upright piano that rests in an upstairs corner of CityJazz. It plays out of tune and the finish has faded, making it hard to determine whether the instrument was originally black or brown. It's definitely not the prettiest looking thing around.

But close your eyes, and imagine Bud Powell sitting on the tattered bench, sweat pouring from his brow as his nimble fingers pound out rapid streams of notes. After all, this used to be Bud's piano; and today it has found a home at the Down Beat Jazz Hall of Fame in CityJazz at Universal Studios Florida.

Powell's piano is just one of the more than 500-plus memorabilia items in the Hall of Fame's collection. Open for almost half a year, the Hall has hosted tens of thousands of visitors eager to explore the history of jazz as only Down Beat can present it. The walls of the nightclub/museum, part of the new Universal Studios CityWalk in Orlando, are adorned with pieces of jazz history: from J.J. Johnson's trombone, Ella Fitzgerald's sheet music and classic Bill Gottlieb and Herman Leonard photos to Count Basie's Grammy award for "Every Day I Have The Blues," Miles Davis' high school diploma and Sonny Rollins' floppy hat and red jacket.

The venue serves as a living shrine to our 90 Hall of Famers. Engraved plaques with each member's name and year of induction adorn the entrance of the two-level club. In addition to the memorabilia cases, huge digital paintings of Hall of Famers Jelly Roll Morton, Glenn Miller, Miles Davis, Artie Shaw, Sarah Vaughan and others grace the walls. And of course, music plays a key role at the club, which has so far hosted performances by such musicians as Ramsey Lewis, Diana Krall, Roy Hargrove and Loston Harris.

For more information on the Hall of Fame, call (407) 224-2189; or visit via the Web at <http://www.uescape.com> and <http://www.downbeatjazz.com>.

—Jason Koransky

Preserving The Legacy

MEMORABILIA BRINGS HISTORY TO LIFE AT THE DOWN BEAT JAZZ HALL OF FAME

Down Beat Jazz Hall Of Fame



Clockwise from top: Photograph of Louis Armstrong and the New Cotton Club Orchestra from 1930; Rahsaan Roland Kirk's mouthpieces, buttons, Down Beat Critics Poll plaque and music to "Bright Moments"; Sonny Rollins' floppy hat; Fats Waller's music to "Oh Baby, Sweet Baby," a record to his tune "Anita" and a promotional poster; Gerry Mulligan's hat, scarf and glasses, as well as the music to "As Catch Can"; various Jelly Roll Morton memorabilia, including an advertisement for an ice cream sundae named after him.



Crazy Business

March 25, 1953

“It’s hard to get good sidemen to go on the road, what with studio jobs and the like. And [Stan] Kenton may have a point when he says the kids have forgotten how to dance, because there hasn’t been enough sound dance music to which they could learn. They’re so busy listening to gimmick records without any good dance music on them.

“There don’t seem to be any parties any more, like when I was a kid, where we used to dance to records or go out to dance to bands. But if the bands are to come back, Les Brown is the model. Not this 55-piece concert band stuff. Les has stayed with dance music all along. But your guess is as good as mine as to whether they’ll come back. This is a crazy business.” **DB**

Frank Sinatra, inducted in 1998