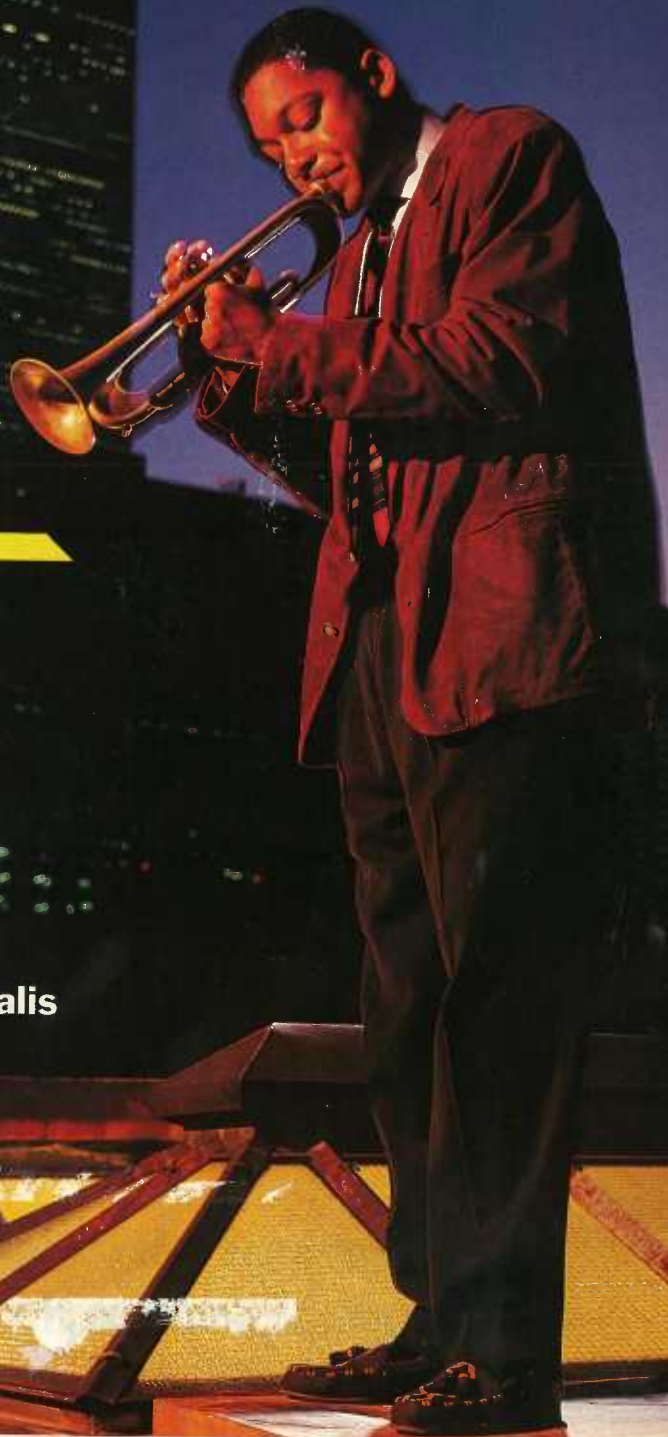




INSIDE THE **KGB**: A DOUBLE AGENT'S TALE

# TIME

# THE NEW JAZZ AGE



Trumpet master Wynton Marsalis



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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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## **MUSIC: With a horn full of fire and a mouth full of advice, Wynton Marsalis, 29, is leading a youthful jazz renaissance**

Eleven years, eight Grammys and several million dollars after launching his professional career, the New Orleans-born trumpeter is showing a generation of talented young players how to tap the roots and ensure the future of America's greatest cultural tradition. ► **A look** at some up-and-coming stars.

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## **EXCERPT: The most senior Soviet intelligence officer ever to work for the West offers a rare look inside the KGB**

When he fled from the U.S.S.R. in 1985, Oleg Gordievsky was the Kremlin's top spy in Britain—and had also been cooperating with British intelligence for a decade. Here he portrays the network of Americans who cast their lot with Moscow and tells how, in 1983, the world edged perilously close to apocalypse.

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• COVER STORY

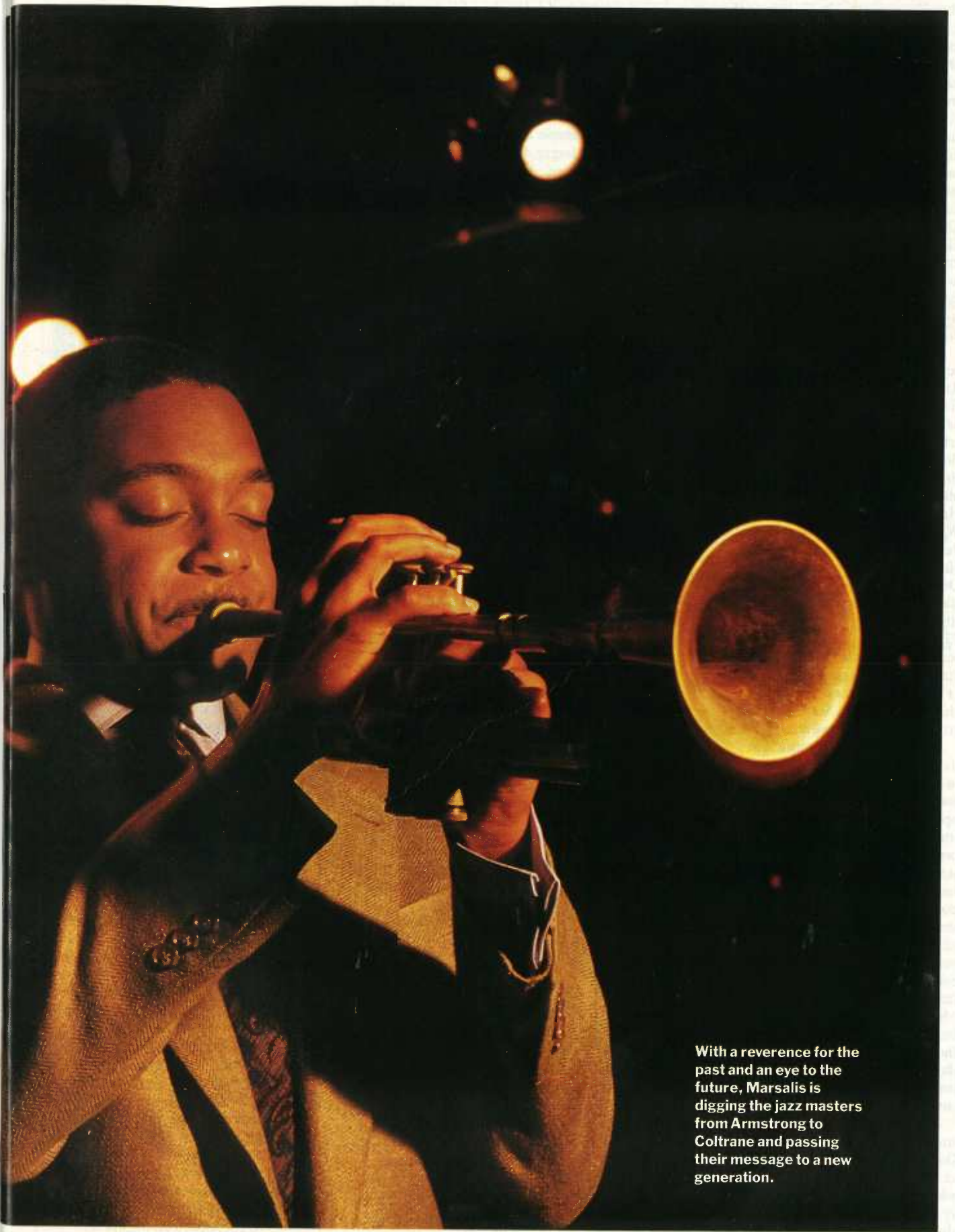
# Horns of Plenty

*At 29, New Orleans-born trumpeter Wynton Marsalis is inspiring a youthful renaissance of America's greatest musical tradition*

By THOMAS SANCTON

**M**iles Davis is onstage, but the young man in the dark blue Versace jacket couldn't care less. He is concentrating on the one thing other than a trumpet mouthpiece that is capable of riveting his attention to the point of near obsession: a basketball hoop. For some reason, there is a basket in the open backstage area of New York's Jones Beach Theater, and Wynton Marsalis is pumping balls into the net from every angle. Suddenly, he dribbles out 30 ft. from the goal and announces, "I bet \$100 I can sink one from here." A stagehand snaps up the wager. Marsalis flexes his knees, rises up on his toes and sends the ball arcing through the misty night sky. *Swish!* Amid scattered applause and shouts of "Aw right!" from fellow musicians, a voice calls out, "Wynton, you are one competitive dude!" The young man grins. "No, I'm not competitive," he says in his soft-spoken New Orleans accent. "I just like to play."

Good thing Marsalis is not competitive. Otherwise, God help the competition. From the time he first appeared on a public concert stage with the New Orleans Philharmonic at age 14, Marsalis has been blowing away would-be rivals and leaving music professionals flap-jawed at his technical virtuosity. In 1984 he burst into national prominence by winning Grammys in both the classical and jazz categories, the first of eight such awards he has collected. The unmistakable sound of his horn, whose fat, breathy tone can sing, shout, growl and whisper like a human voice, has thrilled audiences from New York City to London to Tokyo. He has appeared on TV shows ranging from Johnny Carson's to *Sesame Street*. And he is now breaking into movies with the release next week of *Tune in Tomorrow*, starring Peter Falk and Barbara Hershey, for which he wrote the score and in which he played a cameo role. In short, in the 11 years since he launched his professional career, Marsalis, who turns 29 this week, has become a full-fledged superstar.



With a reverence for the past and an eye to the future, Marsalis is digging the jazz masters from Armstrong to Coltrane and passing their message to a new generation.

But the most significant thing about Marsalis' career is not his personal success. It is the fact that, largely under his influence, a jazz renaissance is flowering on what was once barren soil. Straight-ahead jazz music almost died in the 1970s as record companies embraced the electronically enhanced jazz-pop amalgam known as fusion. Now a whole generation of prodigiously talented young musicians is going back to the roots, using acoustic instruments, playing recognizable tunes and studying the styles of earlier jazzmen, from King Oliver and Louis Armstrong to Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker and John Coltrane. Moreover, with major record labels rushing to sign them up, many of these so-called neotraditionalists are starting to enjoy commercial success, and some are on the road to real wealth.

Among these budding stars are trumpeters Terence Blanchard, 28, Roy Hargrove, 21, Philip Harper, 24, and Marlon Jordan, 20; pianists Marcus Roberts, 26, Geoff Keezer, 19, and Benny Green, 27; saxophonists Branford Marsalis, 30, Christopher Hollyday, 20, and Vincent Herring, 25; guitarists Mark Whitfield, 24, and Howard Alden, 31; drummer Winard Harper, 28; and organist Joey De Francesco, 19. At the superstar end of the scale, of course, sits young Harry Connick Jr., 23, the slicked-back New Orleans-born entertainer who started out as a jazz-piano player but has crossed over into show business as a Sinatra-style crooner and bandleader.

What all of these musicians have in common is that, almost to a man, they are passing through career doors that were opened by the success of Wynton Marsalis. "Young men can now make a living playing straight-ahead jazz, and Wynton is responsible for that being possible," says Dan Morgenstern, director of the Institute of Jazz Studies of Rutgers University. Says George Butler, the executive producer at Columbia Records who signed both Marsalis and Connick: "Wynton has played a major role in the popularity of this music today. This is probably the most propitious time for this music since the '50s and early '60s."

Butler has been on the cutting edge of the new jazz age. But with Marsalis' success, other major labels have joined what amounts to a feeding frenzy on young talent. Although they had virtually abandoned straight-ahead jazz by the early

'80s, most major record companies have now established active jazz divisions. Many of them have also begun digging into their vaults and reissuing hundreds of classic jazz recordings.

**T**hus not only are the companies making money on jazz but the music is reaching a younger, far larger audience than ever before. At the same time, public interest in the music is being fed by the spread of jazz-education programs, the airing of jazz shows on PBS and some cable networks, and a spate of feature films glorifying the jazz mystique (*'Round Midnight*, *Bird*, *Mo' Better Blues*). As a result, people are beginning to get the message that jazz is not just another style of popular music but a major American cultural achievement and a heritage that must not be lost.



## BRANFORD MARSALIS

Since leaving Wynton's band, sax man Branford, 30, has caught fire, delivering seven albums (latest: *Crazy People Music*) at the head of a superb quartet. Many people consider him the most naturally talented Marsalis. His main purpose in life: "To do a solo. Get busy. Burn out."

Preaching that message has been Marsalis' burning mission throughout his career. On talk shows, in interviews, at schoolroom seminars, he tirelessly proclaims the "majesty" of the jazz tradition and inveighs against those who, in his view, are selling it out to the forces of "commercialism." His particular bête noire has been his early idol Miles Davis, whom Marsalis once accused of being "corrupted" by his move into fusion, sparking a bitter public feud between the two men.

Such outspokenness has led some observers, like jazz critic Leonard Feather, to feel that "Wynton talks a bit too much." Even Marsalis admits that the shoot-from-the-lip style of his early years went too far at times: "I was like 19 or something, man—you know, wild. I didn't care." He has since become a less strident and far more articulate advocate for the cause.

Says pianist and composer Billy Taylor, 69: "Wynton is the most important young spokesman for the music today. His opinions are well founded. Some people earlier took umbrage at what he said, but the important thing is that he could back it up with his horn."

Marsalis' roots, like those of jazz, go back to the steamy, sensual city of his birth. Scholars bicker over exactly where and when jazz was born, but there is no doubt that its first identifiable players—like the legendary trumpeter Buddy Bolden—appeared in the dance halls, honky-tonks and bordellos of New Orleans around the turn of the century. In the hands of such men as King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton and Sidney Bechet, the story goes, the music thrived until the closing of the red-light district in 1917 sent many of the Crescent City's best players up the Mississippi in search of work. There they gave birth to the brash, vibrant Chicago sound, which helped lay the groundwork for what would eventually become the swing style that reigned during the Big Band era.

The great divide in American jazz took place after World War II, with the emergence of the bebop movement, spearheaded by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie ("Bird") Parker. By the '60s, bebop had largely given way to experimental avant-garde styles. When fusion took over in the '70s—although some musicians were still playing earlier styles—many jazz fans began to bemoan the death of a great American tradition.

Back in New Orleans, how-

ever, the purer jazz forms had refused to die. During the '60s, some of Louis Armstrong's aging contemporaries launched a "revival" of the old style, centered mainly around Preservation Hall, a former French Quarter art gallery where the musicians initially played for tips. At about the same time, a group of younger, more modern musicians came of age. Among them was a gifted pianist and teacher named Ellis Marsalis.

In 1974 he helped found a jazz program for the fledgling New Orleans Center for

The one who really pushed the boys to succeed was their mother Dolores, 53, a handsome, strong-willed woman whose strict Roman Catholic education gave her a sense of order that she tried to impart to her children. "It was very important for me," she says, "that they would have some aesthetic thing that they could express themselves through."

A close, almost symbiotic relationship between Wynton and Branford marked their childhood and continued into their young manhood. Wynton, extraordinarily

ther's modern quintet play at Lu and Charlie's, a restaurant on the edge of the French Quarter. He never heard any of the older musicians playing at Preservation Hall—neither, in fact, did his father have any real contact with that world. The closest Wynton came to performing jazz in those years was working with Branford in a funk band called the Creators. Wynton used most of his pay—\$75 a gig—to buy the small piccolo trumpets he needed to play baroque music.

It was on the classical stage that Wynton



## MARCUS ROBERTS

**Blinded by cataracts at the age of four, Florida-born Roberts, 26, devoted himself to the piano, absorbing the styles of such past greats as Thelonious Monk, Duke Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton. Invited in 1985 to join Marsalis, whom he calls "the reason all these musicians are out here," the soulful, bluesy pianist left last year to form his own group. His latest album, *Deep in the Shed*, hit the top of *Billboard's* jazz charts.**

the Creative Arts, a part-time public high school for students pursuing artistic careers. During his 12 years there, the elder Marsalis turned NOCCA into a fertile breeding ground for future jazz stars. Like a Renaissance master turning out a whole school of fine painters, he trained a virtual *Who's Who* of the younger generation: Harry Connick Jr., Terence Blanchard, Marlon Jordan, trumpeter Nicholas Payton, saxman Donald Harrison and flutist Kent Jordan, to name a few. But the most remarkable crop of Marsalis pupils was his own sons: Branford, Wynton, trombonist Delfeayo, 25, and drummer Jason, 13. (Another son, Ellis III, 26, is a computer consultant in Baltimore; Mboya, 20, is autistic and lives at home with his parents.)

Sitting in an armchair in the green-carpeted living room of his modest wood-frame house, Ellis, 55, sees nothing unusual about the way he brought up his boys. He never urged them to become musicians, he says, but made sure they were exposed to music and got top-level training once they showed an interest. "It wasn't any messianic thing. They had *lots* of teachers."

disciplined and driven by an insatiable desire to excel, was a straight-A student who starred in Little League baseball, practiced his trumpet three hours a day and won every music competition he ever entered. Branford, older by 13 months, was an average student, a self-described "spaz" in sports and a naturally talented musician who hated to practice. Yet both brothers deny that there was any rivalry between them. "Our personalities were formed to each other," says Wynton.

**W**hen Wynton entered NOCCA at 15, his musical development shifted into high gear. Tom Tewes, the school's founding principal, recalls that he was a "brilliant student, always at the top." Says Arlene McCarthy, a New Orleans attorney and former NOCCA student: "Everybody knew he was destined to do so much in music." For all his current stress on roots, Wynton showed little interest in the New Orleans jazz tradition while growing up there. His main exposure to jazz came from listening to his fa-

first made his mark. In addition to playing at NOCCA-sponsored concerts and recitals, he became a regular performer with the New Orleans Civic Symphony, the New Orleans Philharmonic and the Philharmonic's touring brass quintet. Composer and conductor Gunther Schuller vividly remembers the time Wynton showed up at New York City's Wellington Hotel in the summer of 1978 to audition for the Tanglewood Music Center, of which Schuller was artistic director. After impressing the judges with his virtuosity on the Haydn trumpet concerto, Wynton offered to play Bach's extremely difficult *Second Brandenburg Concerto*. "While he was warming up," says Schuller, "he concealed himself behind a pillar, so I leaned over to see what he was doing. He was pumping the valves and talking to his trumpet, saying, 'Now don't let me down.' He knocked off the first three phrases flawlessly. We were overwhelmed by his talent."

He entered New York City's elite Juilliard School the following year and immediately began sitting in with bands at local jazz clubs. Pianist James Williams, 38, recalls the time that Marsalis, sporting an