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Tony Williams

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Paquito D'Rivera

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Steve Gadd

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Rocky White

With some drums, there isn't too much you can do to alter the sound. Some will give you a real deep thud, and others are real bright. With Yamaha, I can get both sounds, they're just very versatile. Mostly I like a deep round sound with tight definition, since my concept is that a drum is a melodic instrument like anything else. I can hear drum pitches, and Yamaha lets me achieve that without a lot of constant re-tuning.

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Cozy Powell

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Peter Erskine

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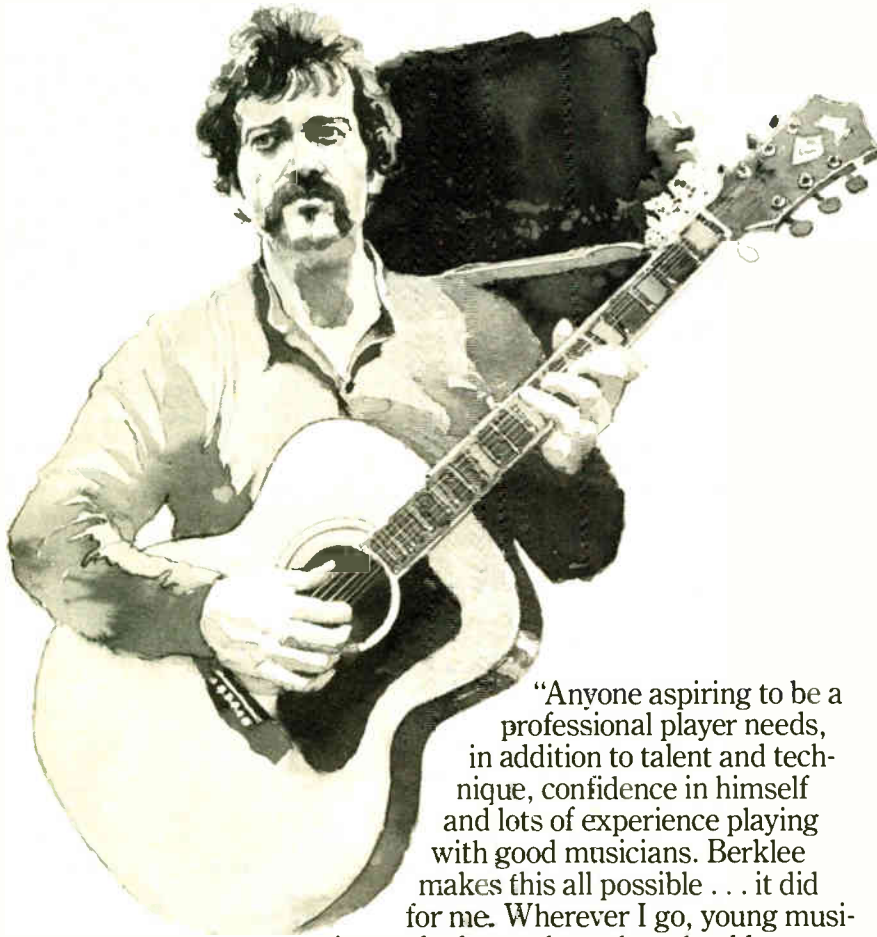
And Yamaha hardware is really ingenious, every bit as good as the drums. I like the 7 Series hardware because it's light and strong, especially the bass drum pedal, which has a fast, natural feel. What can I say? Everything in the Yamaha drums system is so well designed, you want for nothing. Once you hook up with them, you'll stay with them.

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BY ART LANGE

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Independent record producer Michael Cuscuna's Ad Lib "The Art Of Bootlegging" (db, Sep. '83) has raised a storm of controversy from db readers—which is as it should be, since record piracy and adequate compensation for creative artists is a volatile, complex issue. Cuscuna rightfully railed against those record companies who deviously obtain either unauthorized tapes of live recordings or, worse, home tapings of material previously available on older, out-of-print records (regardless of who owns the copyright to such material), and issues them unbeknownst to and with no payment to the artists involved.

Reader response on the subject has, not surprisingly, straddled the fence. One letter from a lawyer sympathized with Cuscuna's bemoaning the legal hassles inherent in the present judicial system, and offered his services in bringing bootleggers to court. On the other hand, one disgruntled reader argued that bootlegs actually serve a positive purpose by expanding our knowledge of and interest in various musicians, resulting in, paradoxically, *increased* legitimate record sales—citing that the countless bootlegged live concerts by such musicians as Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones, and the Who have not exactly cut into their sales.

It was Cuscuna's complaint of BMI and ASCAP's seeming indifference which brought the following letter, clarifying BMI's position on the matter:

Theft within the music industry is BMI's concern and always has been. Whether it is song sharking, copyright infringement, or record piracy—whatever form the theft takes—our policy has been consistent. To attempt to put an immediate stop to that which adversely affects music and its makers, particularly composers, songwriters, and publishers.

BMI is directly involved with composers, songwriters, and publishers. We see to it that they are paid for public performances of their works. Theft, it is to be noted, sometimes takes a rather subtle form: the erosion of copyright protection which enables music users to exploit a copyright owner's work without compensation. BMI cares enough to be tough on those who steal. A user of music who willfully violates the copyrights of BMI affiliates—our repertoire, incidentally, is now in excess of over a million songs and instrumental compositions—can expect prompt action. Any and all infringers—from the corner bar and grill to a Fortune 500 corporation—will be sued by us.

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Universal Ayler

It was curious seeing Albert Ayler enter the "Hall Of The Demigods Of Jazz..." [i.e., the *down beat* Hall of Fame, *db*, Aug. '83]—a notion quite antithetical to the song he made on the air. It's pleasing to know, however, that perhaps new ears will find him as a result of your spread.

Contrary to his "roots" being in New Orleans, I believed him when he said his music was universal: I heard at least three alto players in Romania speaking his wide vibrato, impolite language there. Yugoslav sax players have been at it since before most of us were a love song on our folks' lips. His message is from before. Thanks to *db*—the magazine's been great lately.

Bruce Ackley
 Rova Saxophone Quartet Berkeley, CA

Picture perfect?

As a designer and illustrator by profession, allow me to say that, right now, *down beat* is the *most* attractive and *best* designed I have seen it in over 10 years of readership.

However, as a musician and music enthusiast by avocation, I must regretfully also say that you seem to be sacrificing some of your quality to slickness. The last straw, for me, was your replacing the vital personnel and song title information in your record reviews with—AARGH!—*pictures of the record jackets?*

down beat is probably the only remaining music magazine of any depth or quality. I'm glad you look so good now, but *please* don't get a facelift at the expense of giving your readers the information and content they have come to expect. *Please* go back to listing titles and personnel!

Tony Gleeson Los Angeles

Brown gas

Dynamite story by Howard Mandel on Gatemouth Brown! Having just returned from a vacation that included a stop in New Orleans and a sweat-drenched evening listening and dancing to Mr. Brown's music, it was a distinct gas to find him waiting in my mailbox (via the Sep. '83 *db*) and speaking so well for himself. You may be able to become an Al Di Meola by age 19, but it takes a lifetime to become a Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. How about a story on Claude "Fiddler" Williams? He's not gonna be around forever you know. Keep up the good work.

Paul Cantrell Phoenix, AZ

Credit bureau

Delighted to see that the re-release of my album *Zoot Sims Plays Four Altos* (MCA Impulse 29069) received five stars from reviewer Jack Sohmer in the July '83 *db*. One correction: the personnel should read "George Handy, piano"; John Williams played piano on the *Zoot Sims Plays Alto, Tenor & Bari* album which I also wrote.

I am currently involved with writing an album for the Uptown label; hope it impresses your critics equally to the *Altos!*
 George Handy Rock Hill, NY

Many thanks to Bill Shoemaker and *db* for reviewing our record *Endless Intensity* in the Sep. '83 issue. However, I must clarify that these performances are not reflective of my NEA-funded studies with Gil Evans and Dave Matthews (as stated in the review). Although their influence may be detected in my future work, our NEA sessions did not begin until Oct. '82, whereas all the music on our record was written long before Apr. '82.

Also, as we are about to begin work on our second album, I wish to mention that although Gil and Dave have helped shape my direction and influenced my thought processes, in no way have they unlocked Pandora's Box. There are no great secrets to good arranging other than maintenance of an objective mind and a pencil in your hand.

Marshall Vente Darien, IL

I'm quite certain that the "Judy Nieland" referred to in Brian Eno's Pro Session (*db*, Aug. '83) is, in fact, Judy Nylon, who with Patti Palladin formed the group Snatch and recorded the track *R.A.F.* discussed by Eno in the article. A few months back Nylon released a solo album, *Pal Judy*, produced by London's avant-reggae specialist Adrian Sherwood.

It's admittedly a minor point, but *db* has always sought to give credit wherever credit is due.

Andy Schwartz New York City

Heartland thanks

I am a high school band director at Tri-Center High School in Neola, Iowa, and I am also a department editor for the *Iowa Bandmaster Magazine*—the statewide quarterly publication of the Iowa Bandmasters Assn., a nonprofit association of 850 instrumental music teachers in Iowa. I would like to reprint the enclosed *down beat* house ads—"A Phe-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



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Saxophone diplomacy

MOSCOW—Over the summer thousands of jazz and new music fans in the Soviet Union and Romania had an opportunity to hear a kind of avant garde music not usually presented in Eastern Europe. Officially allowed over the years, perhaps a few times a decade, are tours by Americans like Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie or, most recently, Gary Burton; this summer crowds in Moscow, Leningrad, Riga, and Bucharest were treated to the San Francisco-based Rova Saxophone Quartet (Jon Raskin, Larry Ochs, Andrew Voight, Bruce Ackley). Rova's original repertoire, written and improvised, is more related to the music of Steve Lacy, Anthony Braxton, and Edgar Varese than to Dizzy or Duke or Oscar Peterson, which is what Russian jazz fans have been used to getting for live American music. But not any more.

Invited by the Contemporary Music Club of Leningrad, Rova were not exactly strangers, however, in the Soviet Union, where they had already been chosen as best combo in the annual USSR Jazz Critics Poll (the Art Ensemble Of Chicago was second; Weather Report, third). Playing in symphony halls or the Lenin Palace of Culture in Moscow to houses of sometimes 3,000, as well as in small clubs and workshop situations, this extraordinary quartet

perhaps made its deepest impression jamming with some of the best known and most advanced musicians in Russia and Romania—artists virtually unknown in the West, like Serge Kuryokhin, whose fiery piano can explode willfully anywhere between Cecil Taylor and Scriabin; Boris Grubenshikov, who picks his guitar with an electric razor, and also happens to be the Soviet Union's best-known rock musician and an interesting poet as well; or members of the impressive Ganelin Trio, who have recorded and recently played Paris.

Americans generally know little about Soviet culture; more of our artists should attempt to go over any way they can. We have been programmed by too much spy scenario to be very informed or sympathetic about modern Russian life and music. A recent book by Frederick Starr called *Red And Hot* (in which some of the Soviet musicians Rova encountered are featured) does much to remedy this situation, but not enough. And nothing can do it like a trip.

Even on this tour there was the predictable intrigue. One concert scheduled in Leningrad seemed to be canceled by a conservative city council, one of whose most powerful members, a high-ranking politician named Romanoff (whose ambition is likely to be limited by his name) reportedly



GEORGE MATTINGLY

ROVA IN THE KREMLIN: (from left) Andrew Voigt, Bruce Ackley, Larry Ochs, Jon Raskin.

squelched the idea on general "anti-decadent" ideological grounds. Then the KGB apparently stepped in, theorizing (it seemed) that it would be better to allow the concert to happen where it could be observed and not risk the possibility of covert or underground performances. So the evening was rescheduled as part of the program of the Writers Club of Leningrad and took place before a packed house at the Dostoevsky Museum. An American video crew along was warned—perhaps with some cause as they were interviewing Soviet citizens in the streets as though they were in San Francisco—that their tapes were going to be confiscated at any

moment, and one of the crew members was "detained" briefly for photographing a beautiful old motorcycle outside a police station in Latvia.

But in spite of such predictable difficulties and the resultant inevitable paranoia, the entire three-week tour was a remarkably friendly affair. Music seems to surmount national boundaries, and people can realize through it that they really have more in common and feel far friendlier toward each other than their respective governments seem to want to allow.

As one Russian jazz critic put it, "Between our two countries let there be music, not MX."

—Stephen Rodefer



JIM MATJUSIK

WORLD OF PERCUSSION: The '83 Percussive Arts Society International Convention is set for 11/3-6 at the World's Fair Convention Center in Knoxville, TN. Each day will be literally packed with exhibits, clinics, demonstrations, and concerts. Artists featured include Bill Bruford (pictured), Tony Williams, Ed Soph, Carmine Appice, Ed Thigpen, and Larrie Londin. Louie Bellson is guest speaker at Sat's banquet (which also offers numerous door prizes donated by percussion manufacturers); the subsequent concert will be highlighted by the world premiere of Bellson's Concerto For Percussionists And Orchestra, featuring Louie and Peter Erskine plus guest soloists with a full symphony orchestra. Details from PAS, Box 697, Urbana, IL 61801; (217) 367-4098.

Scott-Heron waxes film

WASHINGTON, DC—After being shown on British television and at film festivals in Los Angeles and Durham, South Africa, Robert Mugge's *Black Wax*, an 80-minute documentary film on activist/singer/songwriter Gil Scott-Heron, finally received its Washington, DC premiere at the American Film Institute recently.

Funded by Britain's independent Channel Four, which is mandated to commission all of its programming from independent filmmakers and to serve minority interests, *Black Wax* was shot in a four-day period around Scott-Heron's 1982 birthday concert at the city's Wax Museum night club. The ample concert footage, which effectively employs slow tracking shots, includes performances of such Scott-Heron signature pieces as *Winter In America*, *B-Movie*, and *Johannesburg*.

Mugge's sensitivity to his subject and his experience in the

medium (his previous documentary subjects range from Sun Ra to former Philadelphia mayor Frank Rizzo) is apparent throughout *Black Wax*, as a flowing visual pace is maintained while great lengths are taken to keep Scott-Heron's political and social commentaries in the foreground.

To accommodate Scott-Heron's monologs, a backstage set was constructed at the Wax Museum, using wax statues (ranging from Louis Armstrong to Ronald "Ray-Gun") that inhabited the club in its former life as an actual wax museum. The remaining footage features Scott-Heron on a walking tour of the city. The audio track mixes Scott-Heron's comments with the instrumental track of *Washington DC* (from *Moving Target*, his newest Arista release).

Mugge's next projects include a documentary on singer Al Green and a special shot at the Reggae Sunsplash. —Bill Shoemaker

TONY WILLIAMS

Two Decades Of Drum Immozation

By Paul de Barros

Tony Williams erupted onto the jazz scene in 1963, a 17-year-old prodigy with a full-blown, volcanic style of drumming that would blow hard-bop tastiness out the door. Williams' arrival was hailed with a great deal of fanfare. The week he came with Miles Davis to San Francisco's Jazz Workshop, the club temporarily relinquished its liquor license so the underage genius could play. I remember, because it was the first time I was allowed in as well. Williams played the drums that week at a level of energy and activity—not to mention volume—that was not only exciting, but liberating. Whirling from crash to ride to slack hi-hat, now pummeling, now ticking, now coaxing, he machine-gunned the bass drum, pulled low-pitched "pows" from the toms and jagged bursts from the snare as if his legs and arms were connected to four separate torsos. His complex, distinct style, which owed a lot to the floating time of Roy Haynes and thrust of Elvin Jones (Sunny Murray's unbridled freestyle was a simultaneous development rather than an influence), suggested that jazz drumming might exist as an adjunct to, as well as a support for, the rest of the band.

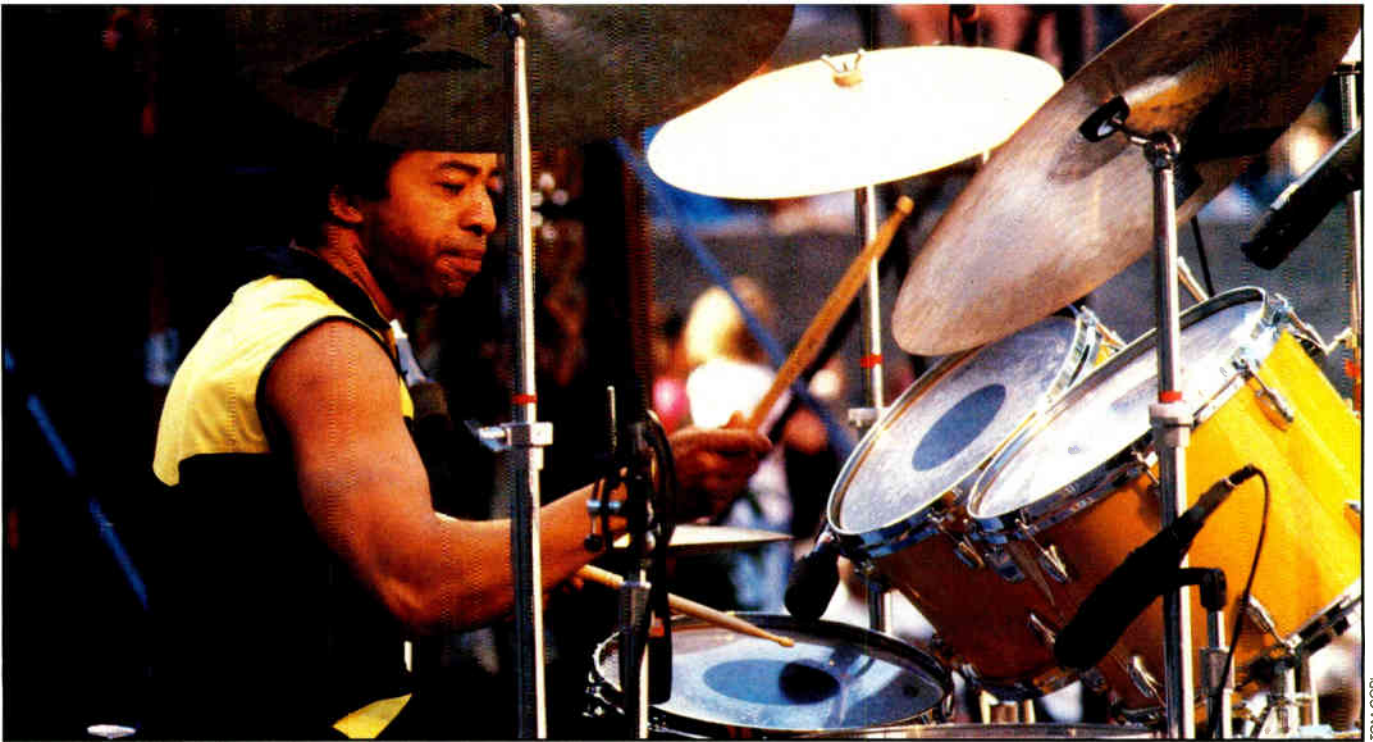
Williams stayed with Davis five years. In 1968, like Herbie Hancock and Ron Carter before him, Williams left Miles, smelling rock & roll in the air. Joining forces with keyboard man Larry Young and British guitarist John McLaughlin (whom Tony discovered but Miles snatched into the recording studio first, for *In A Silent Way*), the drummer recorded a groundbreaking jazz-fusion trio album, *Emergency*, for Polydor (recently reissued as *Once In A Lifetime*, Verve), of psychedelic fervor and volume. For a while it looked as if Tony Williams was going to take the electric '70s by storm, as he had the acoustic '60s.

But it didn't turn out that way. At Polydor he suffered poor management, poor promotion, and poor sales. Fans who had exhaled "far out" for *Emergency* dumped *Turn It Over* and *Ego* into the used record bins. The critics lambasted him, crying, "Sellout." Williams, for all his bravado a vulnerable fellow, retreated, confused. From 1973-75 and again from 1976-79, he vanished as a leader. When he did come back, with Columbia, it was with the crisp, straightahead rock of *Believe It*, pumped full of hot air by a discoing promotional department. Jazz fans shook their heads, wondering what had happened to their young hero. After an exhibitionist tour de force, *Joy Of Flying*, in 1979, on which he amassed everyone from Cecil Taylor to Tom Scott, Columbia dropped Williams in the middle of a seven-record contract. More than ever, he began to look like the Orson Welles of jazz, bursting into the world with creative energy only to make a long, agonizing finish. One critic, Valerie Wilmer, even went so far as to dismiss him as a showman.

But Wilmer, and others, weren't really paying attention. While it was true that Tony Williams hadn't come up with any project matching the creative vision of *Emergency* or the late '60s Miles quintet (hard acts to follow), he had certainly held his ground, which is considerable. He is every bit as good a jazz drummer as he was 20 years ago, as his recent performance in Seattle with VSOP II attested. Besides, none of the other great jazz drummers—Max Roach, Art Blakey, Elvin Jones—has altered his style after its initial breakthrough. Williams' work in rock has been a mighty influence, right down to the current work of Journey's Steve Smith.

As for integrity, Williams has this to say to his critics: "People have this thing that if you like pop music, it's because of the money. My career will tell you I've never done anything for the money. Writers and critics and people in the jazz world think you cannot possibly like the Police because of the music, which is absurd. I do the things I do because they excite me, and the rest is a load of rubbish."

Williams continues to tour both in rock and jazz situations. In 1980 he played Europe with young Portland, OR fusion key-



TOM COPI

boardist Tom Grant and Missing Persons bassist Pat O'Hearn; in 1981 and '83 he toured with VSOP. He plays on one track of Grant's Columbia album *You Hardly Know Me*, and on several with Wynton Marsalis, who replaced Freddie Hubbard in VSOP.

In 1977 the drummer moved from New York to Marin County, north of San Francisco, where he lives in a country home with his girlfriend. Three days a week he drives to UC-Berkeley, where he is studying classical composition with Robert Greenberg. When he is not composing fugues or studying counterpoint ("It's a mountain of work," says Williams), he is in the studio in San Francisco or busy catching up on some of the things he missed growing up a superstar: playing tennis, swimming, learning German, and driving his Ferrari. Williams says the move to California has revitalized his creative life and helped him to get past the tangled 1970s.

* * * * *

PdB: You completely changed jazz drumming in the 1960s. Were you consciously aware at any certain point that you were doing something new?

TW: Not really. I guess I was aware that I was playing differently, but it was more of a thing that I was aware of a need, like if you see a hole, you think you can fill it. There were certain things that guys were not playing that I said, "Why not? Why can't you do this?"

PdB: How important was Alan Dawson, your teacher in Boston, in your development of independence in all four limbs?

TW: What I got basically from Alan was clarity. He had a lot of independence, but so did other people. I get this question about independence a lot, even from drummers, but they can't even be clear about their ideas. I mean you hear them play something, and you say, "What was it that he played?" Or if they hear themselves back on tape, they say they thought they played good but that it didn't sound like that. So the idea is that when you play something for it to sound like what you intended, not to have a "maybe" kind of sound. So that's what I got from Alan, the idea that you have to play clearly.

PdB: Were you thrilled to be part of the Miles band in the '60s?

TW: Well, when you're doing things it's hard to say, "Oh gee, this is going to be real historical sometime." I mean you don't do that; you just go to the sessions, and 10 or 20 years later people are telling you that it was important. When you're doing it, you can't really feel that way.

PdB: What is your relationship with Miles now?

TW: Very friendly. I saw him this summer. I haven't heard the new albums, but when we played opposite him, I heard bits and pieces of the band, and Miles was sounding good. He's been practicing. I liked Al Foster [Miles' drummer] years ago, when I was with Miles.

PdB: You've played with a lot of illustrious musicians. Being a drummer, you have to adapt to each one differently. Let's talk about some of them, say, beginning with Sonny Rollins and McCoy Tyner.

TW: Sonny has a very loose attitude about things—the time, the whole situation. With McCoy I always felt like I was getting in his way, or that it never jelled. I felt inadequate. Actually, with both Sonny and McCoy, it's like you're playing this thing, and they're going to be on top of it.

PdB: How about John McLaughlin and Alan Holdsworth?

TW: Completely different. John is more rhythm oriented. He plays right with you, on the beat. He'll play accents with you. Even while he's soloing, he'll drop back and play things that are in the rhythm. Alan is less help. With Alan it's like he's standing somewhere and he's just playing, no matter what the rhythm is.

PdB: Wynton Marsalis and Freddie Hubbard?

TW: Freddie plays the same kind of solo all the time. I get the feeling that if Freddie doesn't get to a climax in his solos, and people really hear it, he gets disappointed. With Wynton it's always different. I don't know what he's going to play. It's always stimulating.

PdB: I gather you think Wynton Marsalis' manifesto about only playing jazz—and not funk or rock—is not that important?

TW: He thinks it's an important attitude. That's what counts.

PdB: A lot of fans and critics still find a contradiction in your playing what they see as oversimplified rock as well as the kind of complex jazz you played with Miles and you play now with VSOP. What's your reaction to that?

TW: Well, first of all, just because it's jazz, doesn't mean it's going to be more complex. I've played with different people in jazz where it was just what you'd call very sweet music. No type of music, just because it's a certain kind of music, is all good. A lot of rock & roll is not happening. And a lot of so-called jazz and the people who play it are not happening. Complexity is not the attraction for me, anyway—it's the feeling of the music, the feeling generated on the bandstand. So playing in a heavy rock situation can be as satisfying as anything else. If I'm playing just a backbeat with an electric bass and a guitar, when it comes together, it's really a great feeling.

PdB: You were quoted in *Rolling Stone*, praising the drummer in the Ramones. Were you serious?

TW: I don't remember the occasion, but I do like that kind of drumming, like Keith Moon, any drumming where you have to hit the drum hard; that's why I like rock & roll drumming.

PdB: Sometimes so much of that music seems very insensitive.

TW: It depends on what you're saying the Ramones are supposed to be sensitive to. Just because it's jazz doesn't mean it's going to be sensitive. You're trying to evoke a whole other type of feeling with the Ramones. When I drive through different cities and I look up in the Airport Hilton and I see the sign that says, 'Tonight in the lounge, "live jazz"'—I mean, what the hell does that mean? I'm not saying everybody's like this, but I can see a tinge of people saying, "This is the only way it was in 1950, and we're going to keep it that way, whether the music is vital or not, whether or not what we end up playing sounds filled with cobwebs." When John Coltrane was alive, there were all kinds of people who put him down. But these same people will now raise his name as some sort of banner to wave in people's faces to say, "How come you're not like this?" These same people. That's the hypocrisy, and I find it very tedious.

PdB: How important is technique?



TOM COPP

TONY WILLIAMS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

| | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| as a leader | | with Miles Davis | |
| <i>THE JOY OF FLYING</i> —Columbia JC-35705 | <i>IN A SILENT WAY</i> —Columbia CS-9875 | <i>FILLES DE KILIMANJARO</i> —Columbia CS-9750 | |
| <i>BELIEVE IT</i> —Columbia PC-33836 | <i>MILES IN THE SKY</i> —Columbia CS-9628 | <i>SORCERER</i> —Columbia CS-9532 | |
| <i>THE OLD BUM'S RUSH</i> —Polydor 5040 | <i>NEFERTITI</i> —Columbia CS-9594 | <i>MILES SMILES</i> —Columbia CS-9401 | |
| <i>EGO</i> —Polydor 4065 | <i>E.S.P.</i> —Columbia CS-9150 | <i>MY FUNNY VALENTINE</i> —Columbia CS-9106 | |
| <i>TURN IT OVER</i> —Polydor 4021 | <i>LIVE AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL</i> —Columbia C2-38266 | | |
| <i>ONCE IN A LIFETIME</i> —Verve VE2-2541 | | | |
| <i>LIFE TIME</i> —Blue Note 84180 | | | |
| <i>SPRING</i> —Blue Note 84216 | | | |
| with Eric Dolphy | | with Sonny Rollins | |
| <i>OUT TO LUNCH</i> —Blue Note 84163 | <i>DON'T STOP THE CARNIVAL</i> —Milestone M-55005 | <i>EASY LIVING</i> —Milestone M-9080 | |
| with Sam Rivers | | with VSOP | |
| <i>FUCHSIA SWING SONG</i> —Blue Note 84184 | <i>QUINTET</i> —Columbia CZ-34976 | <i>LIVE UNDER THE SKY</i> —Columbia 36770 | |
| with Herbie Hancock | | <i>THIRD PLANE</i> —Milestone M-9105 | |
| <i>MAIDEN VOYAGE</i> —Blue Note 84195 | | | |
| with Wynton Marsalis | | | |
| <i>WYNTON MARSALIS</i> —Columbia FC-37574 | | | |

TONY WILLIAMS' EQUIPMENT

"Gretsch drums and Zildjian cymbals are very important to me. Gretsch has been one constant supporter throughout my whole 20 years in the music business. I use all Gretsch drums [with Remo heads] and hardware: a 24-inch bass drum, with heads on both sides; a 5½×14 snare drum, with double lugs; I have 14×14, 14×16, and 18×18 floor tom toms; they all have black dot [Remo CS] heads. The floor tom toms I have mounted on the bass drum are one 13-inch and one 14-inch. All my cymbals are Zildjian K's, except the hi-hat, which are A. Zildjian 15-inch heavys. I have an 18-inch crash to my left, a 16-inch light ride in the middle of the drums, a 22-inch medium ride to my right, and a 20-inch medium crash on my far right."

Williams refers to play with Gretsch 2B wood-tipped sticks, in addition to brushes. At home he also noodles on his Oberheim DMX electronic drum machine and his new Simmons electronic drum set.

TW: You've got to learn to play the instrument before you can have your own style. You have to practice. The rudiments are very important. Before I left home, I tried to play exactly like Max Roach, exactly like Art Blakey, exactly like Philly Joe Jones, and exactly like Roy Haynes. That's the way to learn the instrument. A lot of people don't do that. There are guys who have a drum set for two years and say they've got their own "style."

PdB: How can we prevent those kinds of guys from taking up more room than they deserve?

TW: (Laughing) Well, we could pass a law.

PdB: The Bad Drummer Ordinance?

TW: Exactly. Anyone who does not study is shot! Seriously, though, it's a big responsibility when you play the drums, and a lot of guys don't want the responsibility, but they want to play the drums. The drummer is playing all the time. You can have a terrible band and a great drummer, and you've got a good band; but you could have great horn players, and if the drummer and the bass player aren't happening, you've got a terrible band.

PdB: Is tuning important?

TW: Yes. I hear drummers that have maybe 12 drums which all sound the same. If you closed your eyes, you wouldn't know where they were on the set. Or else you'll have guys where each drum sounds like it's from a different set. It's important that the drum set sounds like one instrument. Like, if you have a piano, you wouldn't want the C to sound like a Rhodes, the D to sound like a Farfisa, the E to sound like a Prophet. A keyboard is a uniform system; a trumpet is a uniform system . . . drummers are out to lunch. On some of my drums, the bottom head is tighter than the top head. On other drums they're about the same. And on the bass drum the front head is looser than the batter side.

PdB: Have you tried electronic drums?

TW: Yeah! I tried the Simmons. The separation you get on tape is great. The programmability, the sound, the sequencing . . . it's another thing to do that seems very interesting. I have a DMX [electronic, programmable drum machine by Oberheim] at home.

PdB: Will electronic drums be part of what you're doing in the studio?

TW: Oh yeah, they already are.

PdB: Can you say anything more about what direction your music is going?

TW: The popular direction. I like MTV. I like the Police, Missing Persons, Laurie Anderson. I performed with her on a San Francisco date. It was great. I love the new Bowie album. Prince. I like the idea of writing lyrics, of putting images with words that evoke a scene on top of the music. I like Herbie's new album. It's really happening.

PdB: Are you interested in making a video yourself?

TW: Sure. Growing up in this country, watching tv and movies, everyone would like to make a movie. It's a new thing to do. You know writers want to be painters; screenwriters want to be directors. Musicians want to make movies. Doing a project and having a lot of people like it and maybe listen to it on the radio, that appeals to me. What I'm trying to do is something that captures a lot of people's imaginations. If the result is I'm more famous, fine. But it's not like I'm after being a pop star.

PdB: You've said in the past that jazz should be popular, not an elitist art form. But isn't it about time Americans claimed jazz as their art form and started recognizing it with the kind of respect they give to European music?

TW: That's a fine thought, but how much is that really going to do for musicians? I don't think society really recognizes classical music, anyway. It's all patronage, and grants, a certain class of people. Jazz was originally the music of the people in the streets and not in concert halls, so when you lose that, you suffer the consequences. There's nothing wrong with jazz being an art form, but it has a certain roughness and vitality and unexpectedness that's important. I guess I'm old-fashioned. **db**



The High-Watt Energy Of Mike Mantler

ERIK KARLSSON/JONSSON BILDER AB

B y J o e C a r e y

“I’m not the kind of person who’s driven day and night,” notes composer/trumpeter Mike Mantler. “I really don’t like performing live. I hate it actually. I’d rather not do anything.”

“I know my music’s not the most popular stuff,” he continues, “but I think now it’s quite accessible. I don’t see why it shouldn’t be accessible. I would love to sell out, but I couldn’t do it. I don’t think I’m able to do it. I didn’t set out to do it that way.”

A musical survivor in the extreme, Mike Mantler—co-founder of the short-lived Jazz Composer’s Guild and the longer-lived and still-thriving Jazz Composer’s Orchestra Association (JCOA), executive director of the New Music Distribution Service (NMDS), Carla Bley Band trumpeter, Watt Works financial wizard, and husband to the irrepressible Bley herself—is one of the most eclectic and neglected composers around. Content to blend spiritedly into the background of Bley’s unpredictable touring aggregate, handle bookings and press and, in general, coax the Woodstock,

New York-based avant garde “empire” along, Mantler, however, has also been quietly pursuing his own off-beat projects.

In fact, with the recent release of *Something There*, his latest Watt Works-produced/ECM-distributed jazz-rock pondering, Mantler, perhaps to the surprise of many, now has 10 albums to his credit. Add in the protruding reality that, despite a hesitancy to perform, he has lugged his sturdy trumpet into any number of classic recording sessions (Gary Burton’s *A Genuine Tong Funeral*, Charlie Haden’s *Liberation Music Orchestra*, John Greaves and Peter Blegvad’s *Kew Rhone*, to name a few) and the fog surrounding this musician of estimable “underground” jazz importance begins to lift. Deadpan, existential explorer to Bley’s launchpad humor and enjoyably quirk-ridden jive, Mantler continues on as a prime example of the unorthodox creative composing/organizing/improvising mind. Yet, behind the quaint Austrian accent, scholarly wire-frame glasses, and Beckett-bleak on-record outlook, who is

he?

Born in Vienna, Austria on August 10, 1943, Mantler grew up in a music-oriented family that quickly steered him toward the European classics and trumpet/musicological study at the Academy of Music and Vienna University. However, once turned on to jazz in the mid-to-late ’50s by an older sister’s recordings of Charlie Parker, Glenn Miller, and Benny Goodman’s 1938 Carnegie Hall concert, Mantler was hooked, only to struggle for musical bearings within the Viennese jazz vacuum. “People in Europe were pretty primitive back then,” admits Mantler of his uphill adolescent fight to pursue a career viewed as “a ridiculous idea” by most. “It was amazing that my family supported me the way they did,” he continues, stressing the fact that, in those days, Austrian musical aspirants had little choice but to “go on to teach or join the Vienna Philharmonic.”

Resourceful and resilient, Mantler resolved to follow his own course of study. “I bought records,” he recalls, “and I listened to the *Voice Of America* [radio

broadcasts] as well as Jazz At The Philharmonic things—Lionel Hampton, Stan Getz, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Oscar Peterson, more mainstream stuff. Then all the early Ornette. I thought it was pretty weird.” Mantler pauses for a second and then laughs, adding, “I even had some Carla Bley records, things that George Russell had done.”

As far as the development of his own horn sound, the composer concedes to going through the “whole gamut” of jazz trumpet listening, starting with “Louis Armstrong and proceeding on up. I went straight into West Coast jazz for a while, non-vibrato, Chet Baker-style. What made me go back to the wider vibrato style was listening to Don Cherry.”

Realizing that a jazz-oriented career had little future around the classics-built-and-claimed *Ringstrasse*, and recalling a summer stay with East Coast American friends in 1961, Mantler soon decided it was “time to go” and made a move to the U.S., enrolling at Boston’s Berklee College of Music in 1962. “I came on a student visa and had to be in school,” says Mantler, “so I just picked courses that I wanted to do. Berklee was really straight then. The stuff I was doing at the time was called ‘Moon Music.’”

Studying under trumpet teacher John Coffey, Mantler soon began playing with various student and local orchestras. Along the way, he also befriended a

young trombonist/arranger named Michael Gibbs and eventually turned up on a Berklee “Jazz In The Classroom” recording (also featuring Kent Carter, Gene Perla, and Sadao Watanabe) dedicated to Oliver Nelson. Disillusioned with what he perceived as confining attitudes and too-formal-for-his-taste teaching, Mantler soon dropped out and started writing and performing on his own. Migrating to New York in 1964, the 21-year-old maverick trumpeter found a spot in Cecil Taylor’s group by early 1965 and eventually rubbed shoulders over a yearlong period with musicians like Milford Graves, Andrew Cyrille, Tony Williams, Henry Grimes, Jimmy Lyons, Pharoah Sanders, Ken McIntyre, Alan Silva, and Reggie Workman.

There amid the young, brewing forces of the New York avant garde, Mantler also met up with a like-minded, equally tradition-frustrated composer named Carla Bley, with whom he soon joined forces in the ‘64 New York Cellar Cafe “October Revolution”-inspired, trumpeter Bill Dixon-organized Jazz Composer’s Guild. A cooperative collection of musicians and composers (including Cecil Taylor, Roswell Rudd, Archie Shepp, Sun Ra, John Tchicai, Burton Greene, and Paul Bley) intent on presenting an uncompromised, original sound under improved working conditions, the Guild hoped to create a 12- to

15-piece jazz orchestra that could perform its members’ new compositions. Not too surprisingly, this latter task fell on the ambitious orchestral backs of Mantler and Bley. Unfortunately, although a Guild-produced New York/Judson Hall series of late 1964 concerts (presented under the heading “Four Days In December”) featuring the newborn Guild Orchestra and groups led by Sun Ra, Taylor, Dixon, Shepp, and Paul Bley went off well, the Guild struggled along through the next year and soon folded amidst the fomenting tensions and diverse pulls of the easily ignited mid-’60s jazz avant garde scene.

Left to his own devices once more, Mantler regrouped several Guild and non-Guild orchestra fragments (Carla, Steve Lacy, bassist Kent Carter, drummer Aldo Romano) as a “Jazz Realities” quintet, which toured Europe twice during 1965-66. “That was hell at the time,” remembers Mantler. “We did a little tour with a similar group, Peter Brötzmann and Peter Kowald [in place of Lacy and Carter]. It was ‘free jazz’ plus fights. Every gig was a contest. Carla would hit the keys so hard there was blood. It was total aggression.”

Back in the U.S., Bley and Mantler brainstormed new ways to keep the orchestra idea afloat on a permanent basis, eventually conceiving the Jazz Com-



ANDY FREEBERG

poser's Orchestra Association, a non-profit foundation organized to commission, record, and publicly present new jazz orchestral works. "We were both writers who wanted to write for an orchestra," explains Carla of the move, "and we didn't have an orchestra. So we started one up. And, then, you know, one thing led to another." That "another" was marriage to Mantler, a move which further served to cement their already intertwined composing purposes.

With the release of the double-album *The Jazz Composer's Orchestra* (often referred to as "the silver album" because of its distinctive cover) in 1968, Mantler solidified his composing/arranging reputation in the avant garde ranks. Dazzlingly highlighting soloists such as Cecil Taylor, Don Cherry, Roswell Rudd, Larry Coryell, Gato Barbieri, and Pharoah Sanders in a series of somber *Communications* (one of which, *Communication #9*, had evolved from an earlier \$50 Steve Swallow request for a solo bass piece—Mantler's first, and last, commissioned work), the composer's predilection for slow, swelling orchestral harmonies, puncturing brass, and devastated textural landscapes clearly emerged as the album went on to win numerous foreign and domestic awards. In an increasingly rare public leader outing, Mantler next conducted a number of his pieces with the Jazz Composer's Orchestra during the 1969 New York/Electric Circus "Long Concerts" (so named because the two-day presentation collectively lasted 12 hours), which featured projected musical scores on the walls, theater-in-the-round/audience-interactive atmosphere, copious quantities of food and drink and, at one point, the sheer spectacle of eight basses playing alone in a circle.

Involved in securing loans for JCOA projects, organizing related events, and raising a daughter under semi-sane familial/musical circumstances, Mantler's own recorded output dropped off sharply for the next few years. During this period, however, he became an integral performer and participant in the recording sessions of others, particularly Gary Burton's fine interpretation of Carla's *A Genuine Tong Funeral* (1969) and friend Charlie Haden's controversial *Liberation Music Orchestra* (1970).

Coordinator of the JCOA's Herculean undertaking, Carla's surreal, three-album "chronotransduction" tapestry, *Escalator Over The Hill* (1970-71), and founder (with Bley) of NMDS in 1972 to alleviate small record label distribution problems, Mantler's career-in-check was thankfully resuscitated a year later with the formation of Watt Works, a record label and publishing company devoted exclusively to Mantler/Bley music. Alternating opening releases with Bley's *Tropic Appetites*, Mantler put out *No Answer* (1974), a terse, liturgical word/music ef-

MIKE MANTLER SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

SOMETHING THERE—Watt 13
MORE MOVIES—Watt 10
MOVIES—Watt 7
SILENCE—Watt 5
THE HAPLESS CHILD—Watt 4
13 & 3/4—Watt 3
NO ANSWER—Watt 2
THE JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA—JCOA 1001/2
JAZZ REALITIES—Fontana 881-010-ZY
COMMUNICATION/THE JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA—Fontana 881-011-ZY
 with Gary Burton
A GENUINE TONG FUNERAL—French RCA 42766
 with Charlie Haden
LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Impulse AS 9183
BALLAD OF THE FALLEN—ECM 23794-1
 with John Greaves/Peter Blegvad
KEW RHONE—Europa Records JP 2004
 with Kip Hanrahan
COUP DE TÊTE—American Clave 1007
 with Nick Mason
FICTITIOUS SPORTS—Columbia FC 37307
 with Carla Bley
MORTELE RANDONNÉE—French Phonogram/Mercury 812-097
CARLA BLEY BAND/LIVE—Watt 12
AMARCORD/NINO ROTA—Hannibal 9301
SOCIAL STUDIES—Watt 11
MUSIQUE MECANIQUE—Watt 9
THE CARLA BLEY BAND/EUROPEAN TOUR, 1977—Watt 8
DINNER MUSIC—Watt 6
TROPIC APPETITES—Watt 1
ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL—JCOA 3 LP EOTH
 with Sadao Watanabe/Gene Perla
A TRIBUTE TO OLIVER NELSON/BERKLEE SCHOOL OF MUSIC—Jazz In The Classroom, Vol. IX

MIKE MANTLER'S EQUIPMENT

"I don't care what trumpet I play," says Mantler, who usually totes a "King trumpet with a silver bell" that's been in his possession for over 20 years. "Kenny Dorham sold it to me," he explains. "He was working as a clerk down at Manny's [a well-known New York City music store] at the time." Although admittedly messing around with various makes, Mantler ordinarily uses a Giardinelli mouthpiece.

On two recorded occasions—*Tropic Appetites*, *Kew Rhone*—Mantler has also played a King valve trombone, an instrument of which he has recently tired and "given away" to Carla Bley Band member Gary Valente. Turning to piano often for composing purposes, Mantler managed a ring modulated piano outing on Carla's *Escalator Over The Hill*.

fort incorporating Jack Bruce, Don Cherry, and Carla, as well as the Samuel Beckett monolog *How It Is*. "I sent Beckett the recording," mentions Mantler with a light laugh, "but there was no response."

Moving Bley and family from a summer Maine farm spread to Willow (near Woodstock), New York in 1975, Mantler subsequently built a recording studio there to insure a more leisurely, unhassled approach to Watt Works work. Armed with a surprising array of grants from the National Endowment For The Arts and the Ford Foundation's recording/publishing program, Mantler (who unsuccessfully applied for a Guggenheim Fellowship 11 years in a row) then recorded a project for two orchestras and piano entitled *13* that same year. "What a stupid piece," says Mantler now of the product, "I wrote it for a hundred musicians. One group was a

regular size symphony orchestra, and the other was a jazz orchestra with two or three of everything except drums. Now, unless someone asks me to, I don't write anything. But, back then I was still crazy enough to do it."

Up next was another unexpected undertaking, this time with macabre artist/author Edward Gorey, issued on Watt Works as *The Hapless Child* in 1976. The next year a brooding, insular adaptation of Harold Pinter's reductive language play, *Silence*, followed. Sandwiched in and around these activities were appearances on Bley's last pre-working-band album *Dinner Music* and Greaves/Blegvad's *Kew Rhone*. Still, despite the accumulating compositional output, Mantler's trumpet remained largely an ensemble tool, never finding the spotlight until 1978 on his surging, jazz-rock quintet album *Movies* (with Steve Swallow, Larry Coryell, Tony Williams, and Carla). A subsequent, lukewarmly received European tour with a slightly altered *Movies* cast evolved before a second small group (Swallow, Bley, saxist Gary Windo, guitarist Philip Catherine, drummer D. Sharpe) hit the Grog Kill studios for an energetic soundscape sequel, *More Movies* (1980).

Into the '80s Mantler continues on as manager/consultant/musician for the Carla Bley Band and general overseer of JCOA/NMDS/Watt Works operations, with, of course, occasional time out for special asides such as the production of friend and Pink Floyd drummer Nick Mason's 1981 solo effort *Fictitious Sports* (complete with rock songs by Carla); his own surging, rock-textured 1983 release *Something There* (with Swallow, Carla, guitarist Mike Stern, and the Michael Gibbs-arranged and -conducted London Symphony Orchestra strings, no less); or last fall's European tour and ECM/Stuttgart recording date with Charlie Haden's reassembled *Liberation Music Orchestra*. "I don't want to talk about the tour," offers a cryptically cautious Mantler, "but the album [*Ballad Of The Fallen*] will be good."

"I'm struggling along," continues the composer whose lone live orchestral composing gig on the horizon (in Cologne for West German Radio with 25 to 30 strings, conductor Gibbs, and most of the *Something There* gang) won't take place until May 1984. "It's hard to keep it up and play all the time. For years I didn't play at all. Now I do. Now I'm messing around with mouthpieces. I'm actually taking lessons from [Carla Bley Band trombonist] Gary Valente."

"I don't really hear much music," concludes Mantler. "I've tried to, but most of it is not very good. Besides, I'm working with the people I like already." Noting proudly that his daughter, Karen, is attending Berklee on a scholarship this fall, he pauses for a moment and then adds, "I like writing for orchestras. That's what I do best." db



THE LONE C

By A. James Liska

After almost 30 years, four name changes, 46 individual and group album efforts, and a seeming inyriad of personnel changes, all that remains of the Crusaders are two of its founding members, an umbrella corporation of Crusaders production and management, and an unprecedented worldwide demand for a glossily produced amalgam of jazz, gospel, and rhythm & blues generally described as the "Gulf Coast Sound."

At this point, all it would take for the Crusaders to become the Crusader would be the departure of either pianist Joe Sample or saxophonist Wilton Felder.

The prospect of such a move seems unlikely, but when it is suggested in person to Sample and Felder, they eye each other with an amicable, wondering look of challenge. Could it happen? Given the enormous success of their own solo efforts—Sample's latest album, *The Hunter*, quickly went to the top of the jazz charts; Felder's own solo LP, *Gentle Rain*, co-produced by Sample, also did well—would either become a lone Crusader?

"I think," says Sample, his hesitating speech providing pause for his carefully chosen words, "that that would be the end

of the Crusaders. I can't think that it would actually happen."

Felder, soft-spoken, an intent listener, shakes his head in agreement. He smiles and sinks back into the plush leather couch in a comfortable sitting room at their West Hollywood office complex. As he speaks, traces of his Texas breeding are heard in his voice. "The Crusaders is the parent company. As the years have gone by, the individual sides of the Crusaders have come out. For example, when Joe did his first solo album, he began to be able to be not Joe Sample the Crusader, but Joe Sample the pianist. He was able to play the songs like he felt and like he wanted to, which allowed him to record without having to share it with the rest of us playing along with him."

The same, of course, applies to Felder himself. "In the Crusaders, there is an expectation of what the Crusaders are," he continues. "I can't be completely me in the Crusaders. I've become a part of the group, and that is me when I'm playing as part of the Crusaders. But when I become individually myself, that's another side of me."

"For many years now, I've been holding back in playing how I feel, playing what people expect me to play. Now, I've gotten to the point where I don't care. Whatever I play is what I'm



CRUSADERS

playing. What I am is what I am, and I'm still discovering even more of what I am."

A lot has come to be expected of the Crusaders since the band's first recording, as the Jazz Crusaders, in 1961. Collectively and individually, they have sold millions of records. Their appeal initially was to a jazz-oriented audience that recognized and admired the instrumental talents of not only Sample and Felder—who then doubled on bass—but those of drummer Nesbert "Stix" Hooper (departed from the group in January of this year), trombonist Wayne Henderson, flutist Hubert Laws and, later, guitarist Larry Carlton.

In recent years, roughly coinciding with their 1970 dropping of "Jazz" from the group name and their 1975 tour with the Rolling Stones, their distinctive music has been embraced by younger audiences whose musical staples have included rock, pop, funk, and r&b.

As the jazz press has greatly ignored their efforts, the Crusaders have attracted audiences far different from those to which they first played in their native Houston as the Swingsters (later, the Modern Jazz Sextet) and to later Los Angeles audiences as the Night Hawks (circa 1965). The expressed

desire of Sample to include some acoustic efforts in the near future best exemplifies the group's current supporters.

"Hopefully," Sample says, "John Patitucci [the group's new bassist] will be playing acoustic bass. It will add a familiar sound—for the band, at least, not the listeners. They will probably say, 'What is that big tubby sound?'"

Alongside hopes for acoustic moments in live performance, both Sample and Felder long for the way it used to be in the recording studio. The prospects of the Crusaders preparing their 47th LP is something more of a chore than a pleasure. "I was actually thinking about that the other day, and it seems like after all of those albums, it would just be a kick to go in [and blow]," Sample says. "But it seems that the older you get, you get more picky. It even gets more difficult, that's for sure."

"Hopefully," Felder adds, "it will take only a month, which is the projection we have for it. We roughly have set aside two weeks for the basic recording and another 10 days for the mixing. That's going like six hours a day, seven hours a day."

"On this particular album, we have blocked out the studio time based upon the fact that when we first began recording, we would do an album in six hours, a couple of record dates. But that was only possible if you were a band, and you had rehearsed a couple of months, and everyone knew the songs,"

says Sample. "Over the last 15 years or whatever, it has developed into a science now where you meet the band members at the recording date. For some reason, you just can't get it—especially if you have personal music. If you're going into a recording date to just jam, then I could meet a guy at the studio. But if you have some personal music, moods and feelings, then you have to get everyone in there playing to actually feel them. I have grown a little tired now of meeting guys at the recording studio, so we plan on rehearsing well and then doing the date."

Rehearsed band aside, both Sample and Felder miss the two-session record date. "Yeah, you actually do," says Felder. "I've noticed now that the guys have an attitude of 'Well, I can fix it.' When we began recording, it was actually on two-track tape, and there was no fixing anything. You had to be ready when you went in there."

But even with such a rehearsed unit, ready and able to go into a studio and emerge six hours later with a two-track master, Sample would be hesitant to attempt such a thing. He seems a victim of the times. "I believe it's the state of the art, let's say the sound of records now. I'm hearing some incredible sound on pop records nowadays—any kind of records. The sound has gotten better, and you have to be sure that your sound is at least in that ballpark."

The sound of the Crusaders has a distinctive quality that has been difficult to maintain since original Crusaders began leaving the fold to pursue solo careers. As a trio of Sample, Felder, and Hooper, the recorded sound was more easily retained. Hooper would apply the rhythmic quality both Sample and Felder claim to be of specific regional origin (the Gulf Coast of Texas), and Felder, an accomplished electric bass player, would play the bass lines.

Live, the problem was greater because Felder was unable to play both the saxophone and bass at the same time. With

Hooper's departure earlier this year, the Crusaders, in anticipation of a new recording and live performances, have been auditioning new drummers and finding it difficult to maintain that Gulf Coast sound.

"I didn't actually understand how unique our rhythms were until the last six months, while we've been listening to at least 150 musicians," Sample says. "There have been very few guys who understand these different rhythms we come up with. We have actually run into stone walls with something I think is very natural.

"We don't use that standard bebop feeling, let's say when drummers were playing the 4/4. Everyone in the world, at one point, had that feeling. Everybody had that down. That was the universal feeling. But over the last 12 years we have had unique feelings on our songs, and I didn't actually understand that. We had that problem with my *Voices In The Rain* album. That rhythmic feeling I tried to get out of the record, and then I didn't get any rhythmic feeling out of it.

"I don't know why, but we have a different way of feeling music," Sample continues. "Those feelings were standard feelings around us in our neighborhood—gospel music, rhythm & blues, and we have a touch of latin feeling. I have also noticed in my own solo projects that we have an island feeling in our music. That Gulf Coast—somehow there is a relationship with the Caribbean. We have a lot of those rhythms in our music. When we start breaking down the actual rhythmic things of a composition, I hear all kinds of rhythms that come out of South America, Nassau, and everywhere else in the islands. I think it came from the slaves or whoever came in there and stayed around in those particular regions.

"But whatever we may do, there is an underlying feeling in it of Southernness that has a soulfulness about it. It isn't so much of what we developed; it's just those Texas roots, that certain gospel feeling."

But neither Sample or Felder holds much hope for finding like-minded musicians in their native Texas. "That's changed so much because it was a different time period," Sample explains. "We came up in the '40s and '50s."

"With the younger musicians of today," Felder interjects, "many of them are not so much concerned with *how* they play something, and that's basically what our music is. It's not a matter of just playing; it's how you play it, what it feels like. That's the problem that we've found, and most of the musicians don't understand. Some of them will listen to the Crusaders' music, and they'll have a whole different concept of what the Crusaders are. They think they know what the Crusaders are until they come to play with us. Then they found out what they thought is entirely different. And it's happened with just about every player that's come in. They've been shocked to find that this music is not what they thought it was. They've listened to the records and thought it was something else until they tried to play it. And what they thought would work, they found was totally alienated from what we were doing.

"That's what is difficult about our music. It's the way you play it. It's like the blues—everybody can't play the blues. They can technically play the blues, but you have to *feel* the blues. If you don't know what the blues is and what it feels like, you're not really *playing* the blues—you're playing *at* the blues."

Playing "at jazz" was an early criticism of the Crusaders. Though both Sample and Felder point to specific influential jazz styles and players (bebop, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington for Sample; John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Cannonball Adderley, Wayne Shorter for Felder), they both acknowledge a certain distance from the true jazz of their youth.

"I think that we have always recognized that we did not play in that sameness as those jazz players of that particular time," Sample says. "We have always had that Texas feeling in our music. When Wilton and I were growing up, all those Texas

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THE CRUSADERS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

FREEDOM SOUND—Pacific Jazz ST 27
 LOOKIN' AHEAD—Pacific Jazz ST 43
 AT THE LIGHTHOUSE—Pacific Jazz ST 57
 TOUGH TALK—Pacific Jazz ST 68
 HEAT WAVE—Pacific Jazz ST 76
 STRETCHIN' OUT—Pacific Jazz ST 83
 THE THING—Pacific Jazz ST 87
 CHILE CON SOUL—Pacific Jazz ST 20092
 LIVE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE—Pacific Jazz ST 20098
 TALK THAT TALK—Pacific Jazz St 20106
 UH HUH—Pacific Jazz St 20124
 LIGHTHOUSE—Pacific Jazz ST 20131
 THE BEST OF—Pacific Jazz ST 20175
 LIGHTHOUSE '69—Pacific Jazz ST 20165
 GIVE PEACE A CHANCE—Liberty LST 11005
 PASS THE PLATE—Chisa CS 807
 POWERHOUSE—Pacific Jazz ST 20136
 HOLLYWOOD—Mowest MW 118
 THE FESTIVAL ALBUM—Pacific Jazz ST 20115
 THE CRUSADERS AT THEIR BEST—Mottown M 796
 CRUSADERS I—ABC/Blue Thumb BTS 6001
 THE 2ND CRUSADE—ABC/Blue Thumb BTS 7000
 UNSUNG HEROES—ABC/Blue Thumb BTS 6000

SCRATCH—ABC/Blue Thumb BTS 6010
 SOUTHERN COMFORT—ABC/Blue Thumb BTSY 9002
 CHAIN REACTION—ABC/Blue Thumb BTSD 6022
 THOSE SOUTHERN KNIGHTS—ABC/Blue Thumb BTSD 6024
 THE BEST OF THE CRUSADERS—ABC/Blue Thumb BTSY 6027
 FREE AS THE WIND—ABC/Blue Thumb BT 6029
 IMAGES—ABC/Blue Thumb BT 6030
 STREET LIFE—MCA 3094
 RHAPSODY AND BLUES—MCA 5124
 STANDING TALL—MCA 5254
 with Joe Sample as leader
 RAINBOW SEEKER—ABC/Blue Thumb AA 1050
 CARMEL—ABC/Blue Thumb AA 1126
 VOICES IN THE RAIN—MCA 5172
 THE HUNTER—MCA 5397
 with Wilton Felder as leader
 WE ALL HAVE A STAR—ABC/Blue Thumb AA 1109
 INHERIT THE WIND—MCA 5144
 GENTLE FIRE—MCA 5406
 with Stix Hooper
 THE WORLD WITHIN—MCA 3180
 TOUCH THE FEELING—MCA 5374
 with various artists
 ROYAL JAM—MCA 28017

THE CRUSADERS' EQUIPMENT

Wilton Felder's main saxes are all Selmers—soprano, alto, and tenor. He occasionally plays a Buffet alto or a King Super 20 tenor. His mouthpieces of choice are all Berg-Larsens, and he prefers La Voz medium reeds, although sometimes he uses Ricos. He plunks a Fender Precision bass.

Joe Sample's main axe is a customized Rhodes 73 electric piano. Acoustically, he prefers a Steinway Concert Grand (but a Bosendorfer will do in a pinch). His synthesizer arsenal includes a Polymoog and a Minimoog, among others.

The Crusaders use Peavey amplifiers and monitors.

Paquito D'Rivera:

By Lee Jeske *Alto In Exile*

“Everybody was waiting for me to leave. I never talked about it with my ex-wife or my children, but everybody was waiting for it. Even the people in Irakeré and the cultural minister, everybody was waiting for that at the same moment. Ignacio Berroa, my drummer, who lives here in the U.S. now, is a very funny guy. Everytime I came back to Cuba from some trip he'd call me. 'Eh, who's talking there?' he'd say. 'Who do you suppose it is, stupid? I am the owner of this house, Paquito.' He'd say, 'You? What are you doing there?' I'd say, 'I'm living here.' He'd say, 'Oh, you came back? You are a very crazy man.' Everybody was waiting for it. I'd say, 'No jokes for that—don't joke about that.' He'd say 'Yeah, one of these days we're not going to see you here anymore.'”

On May 6, 1980, while Irakeré was on tour in Spain, Paquito D'Rivera loaded a bag with sticks, stones, and an old pair of boots, checked it on the plane the band was taking, and never followed it on board. When the rest of the band took their seats, they realized that their alto saxophonist had finally kissed them—and Cuba—goodbye.

According to Paquito, his dream of leaving Cuba started before there was a Fidel Castro to forbid it. It began in 1953 when he was five years old and his father—a tenor sax player and a salesman for Selmer—brought home a record of Benny Goodman's 1938 Carnegie Hall concert. Paquito, who had recently begun taking lessons from his father, was hooked, and determined, so he says, to eventually come to New York as a jazz musician.

“I loved Benny Goodman” says Paquito in his heavily accented English, “and I practiced with my father all the time. He used to bring home records of different kinds of music—jazz, classical music, everything. After Benny Goodman, he brought albums of Charlie Parker and then Paul Desmond. In that order. I started trying to improvise jazz about 1959 or '60. My father was playing with a band in the Capri Hotel, and in the hotel was a smaller room, a jazz room. I remember, as a little kid, seeing Philly Joe Jones, Nat 'King' Cole, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, all from behind the stage. But mostly I learned jazz through records



ANDY FREEBERG



ANDY FREEBERG

and from the guy who saved the life of all the jazz musicians in socialist countries, Willis Conover. [Looking at his watch] Now it's three o'clock and they're waiting in Cuba for [doing a Spanish-tinged impression of Conover's booming baritone], *'This is Willis Conover speaking. This is the voice of the United States of America—the Jazz Hour.'*"

Paquito was something of a child virtuoso. In 1960 he entered the Havana Conservatory and even played a concert in New York that year, soloing with an orchestra on a short tour of New York, Puerto Rico, and Santo Domingo. The Havana Conservatory provided Paquito with classical training. There he met pianist Chucho Valdes who, he says, "was the main influence in my career. He's a fantastic piano player—the best piano player I've ever heard in my life. I started jamming with him in 1962—he was already working then; he's older than me. In 1963 I got my first professional job with the Musical Theatre of Havana. They had a very good band with guys who are now members of Irakere—Chucho was the piano player; Carlos Emilio Morales was the guitarist."

In 1965 Paquito began a two-and-a-half year stint in the army, playing in the army band. After his discharge he joined the Orquesta Cuban de Musica Moderna, where, again, he found himself

with many of the musicians who would eventually make up Irakere. "It was the same group of musicians," he says, "the more creative musicians of the island had all the best gigs in town. I had a reputation because I had started very young. When I got into the Theatre, I was 14 years old, and I always kept very close to the best musicians, you know, looking for the best way to go. We couldn't make a living in Cuba doing jazz, but there was some jamming, and we did concerts once in a while as a hobby. And we couldn't get jazz records in Cuba, but people who traveled would bring some records which everybody would copy. And, of course, there was Willis Conover's radio show, which was the only way you had of being up-to-date."

Oddly, Paquito eventually ended up as the leader of the Orquesta Cuban de Musica Moderna which, in turn, led to his being paid a salary to stay at home. "After I became leader, I started doing jazz with the band, and they didn't like it. So the government—who controls the bands—decided to keep me at home. I sat at home for two years doing nothing, and they paid me every month to 'take it easy.' It's a very intelligent way to keep you quiet, 'cause if you get the money, you can't say anything like, 'I'm dying of hunger here, I'm starving.' Because you're not starving, you're getting your

money. After two years of me trying to play jazz with that band—which is specifically the thing they didn't want us to do—they decided, 'No more of this guy in here. He's too conflictive.'

"Then Chucho decided to form a group to do modern Cuban music—dance and concert music. And he decided to invite me. I said, 'Chucho, you are crazy. If you're inviting me to be in this group, you'll never get airplay, you know that.' He said, 'I don't care, I want you in the group.'

"The band had a lot of problems in the beginning—you have to officialize a group, and it was very hard; it took two years. The pretext was that they didn't want to destroy the big band, but this was not the truth. The point is that most of the musicians were jazz-oriented, what they call 'jazzists': *'Too many jazzists together in there.'* When Chucho was looking for a name for the band, he told me it couldn't have the word 'jazz' in it. I said, 'Why not?' He said, 'Paquito, don't start again with the same shit. Take it easy. If you want to get on a plane and travel the whole world, don't say that word again in your life.'"

* * *

But, of course, said or not, Paquito was carving out a style for himself based very much on post-bop alto—a rangy,

hot style that, although latin at its source, was nothing but jazz, pure and simple. Finally, after two years of doing more-or-less nothing, the band Irakeré—which according to Paquito “means ‘jungle’ in some African language”—was “officialized.” This was in 1976.

“Everybody knew we were doing some kind of jazz, but with Cuban rhythms,” says Paquito. “We started working at dance parties and on radio programs, but we always had to fight to do what we wanted. We had a big fight with the president of the national record company with a tune of Arturo Sandoval’s called *Illa*. They said, ‘We can’t use this thing ‘cause it’s jazz.’ Arturo said, ‘It’s not jazz, man; this is an Afro-Cuban thing.’ And there was a big fight because it sounded a little like jazz, but *so what?* Cuban music and jazz have common roots, and you can mix them. It was a big fight. It was a stupid thing.”

Despite such official stupidity, the band began to gain in popularity. Says Paquito, “People loved the band, because Irakeré combined all kinds of things. We used to play a very danceable music, but when Irakeré started playing, nobody danced; everybody went to *see* the group, to admire the soloists.”

Paquito, Chucho, and Arturo Sandoval—whose high-note trumpet work caused a sensation—were becoming popular as soloists and, according to Paquito, “the government is afraid of those kinds of super-musicians, super-artists. But the band stayed together because there was soon too much money involved in that band—money for the government.”

In 1977 a jazz cruise was organized with a much ballyhooed stop-over in Cuba. Earl Hines, David Amram, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, and others were scheduled to do a concert in Havana. Irakeré was added to the bill. “It’s a contradictory thing,” says Paquito, shaking his head in disbelief. “The government knew that there was a bunch of jazz musicians coming to play in a theater, and they wanted to demonstrate that they also had jazz musicians. But to play jazz is a bad thing there, yet if the Americans play there—okay, go and show that you can play jazz, too.”

“And it was a restricted concert. It was a very funny situation; in that period they had a congress of old guys who had been working in the sugar industry for 50 years. The youngest—the *youngest*—was about 66 years old. They wanted to honor them, so they brought about 150 of those old guys—*sugar farmers* who didn’t know anything about music—to the jazz concert. And those guys were sitting there saying, ‘Oh hell, when the hell is this shit going to end?’ And there were hundreds of musicians waiting outside who couldn’t get in. That’s the way they do things there.”

However, the wheels that eventually

would lead to Paquito’s departure from Cuba were set in motion at this concert. Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz were impressed with Irakeré and informed Bruce Lundvall, then at Columbia Records, of this hot Cuban band. Lundvall, as enthusiastic a music hound as the record business has, immediately headed for Havana and began putting the CBS muscle into getting the band stateside for a record date. With much CBS-sponsored hoopla, Irakeré performed at the 1978 Newport/New York and Montreux Jazz Festivals and waxed their first Columbia album. The Cuban government ended up with, of all things, an internationally renowned jazz band. Although jazz was still taboo at home, the money-making and propaganda possibilities of the band did not go unnoticed. In 1979 Irakeré recorded a second album for CBS, Lundvall brought a major segment of the Columbia jazz roster to Havana for some concerts (again with admittance restricted), and everything looked peachy-keen. Especially to Paquito D’Rivera, whose eye was on the exit.

It should be pointed out here that Paquito’s parents had long since emigrated to the United States—patiently waiting for, and receiving, exit visas in the mid-’60s. However, Paquito had a wife in Cuba, along with two children, something the government thought would perhaps prevent him from trying to defect. Still, they weren’t taking chances.

“I had a policeman,” says Paquito. “The drummer in Irakeré, Enrique Pla, is a member of the party and the whole thing. We made a tour of Germany, Finland, Italy, and Jamaica and, although I used to always be in the same room with Carlos Averhoff, the tenor

player, on this tour they told me, ‘Enrique Pla is in your room.’ I said, ‘There’s some mistake here; my roommate is Averhoff.’ They said, ‘*Enrique Pla is going to be in your room.*’ They started calling him ‘Paquito’s personal guard.’ I had to put up with him for two tours. Then when we got to East Germany, they said I could decide who was going to be my roommate. I said, ‘Yeah, Enrique Pla is my roommate. I *want* him now.’ It’s incredible.”

* * *

“I am not a politically oriented person,” says Paquito on a hot afternoon in New York. “I don’t care about politics and all that. They don’t want to understand in Cuba that, not from political things, but from professional things, I got to the roof. That’s it. That’s it! Irakeré was it. Where can I go from there?”

Paquito told only his brother in Cuba of his plans. His wife, whom he has since divorced, his daughter Lisette, his now-eight-year-old son Franco, whom he calls “the light of my life,” were ignorant of the decision. He foresees no way of seeing them again in the near future, saying, “I don’t think they are going to let them get out of the country so easy. It’s a kind of revenge.” It causes him pain, he says, but he has no regrets. “If they put me again in the airport in Madrid, I’d do the same thing.”

I ask Paquito what finally made him make the move that he had been contemplating for his entire professional life. “Remember when that thing happened at the Peruvian Embassy, when there were 10,000 or 11,000 people there? At that time I was so ashamed—I felt so *bad* that this whole crazy thing could happen around me. I said, ‘It’s time to get out of here.’ I couldn’t understand why things happened, you know. Castro opened the embassy thinking only a few hundred people would go there. There were *11,000* people, man, in two days. I said, ‘I’m going out of here.’ That was the beginning of the flotilla that would result in over 100,000 of Paquito’s countrymen seeking refuge in the United States. The two percussionists in Paquito’s band, Ignacio Berroa and Daniel Ponce, were part of that exodus.

With the help of the daughter of a Cuban friend who was living in Madrid, his mother (who flew over from New York the day after her son’s defection), and Bruce Lundvall, on October 24, 1980 Paquito arrived in New York City, ready to finally begin his career as a jazzman in America.

Three weeks later I was at a birthday party for David Amram, and my head was snapped back by the raucous, mercurial alto solos from an unfamiliar musician. Amram introduced me to Paquito, who didn’t speak English very well and seemed shy and diffident as a result. Three years later, Paquito seethes with

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PAQUITO D’RIVERA SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

LIVE AT KEYSTONE KORNER—Columbia FC-38899

MARIEL—Columbia FC-38177

BLOWING—Columbia FC-37374

with Irakeré

CHEKERÉ SON—Milestone M-9103

IRAKERÉ 2—Columbia JC-36107

IRAKERÉ—Columbia JC-35655

HAVANA JAM 2—Columbia PC2-36180

with McCoy Tyner

LA LEYENDA DE LA HORA—Columbia FC-37375

with David Amram

LATIN JAZZ CELEBRATION—Elektra Musician 60195-1

with various artists

THE NEW YORK-MONTREUX CONNECTION—

Columbia FC-37652

THE YOUNG LIONS—Elektra Musician 60196-1R

GOD REST YE MERRY JAZZMEN—Columbia FC-37551

PAQUITO D’RIVERA’S EQUIPMENT

Paquito D’Rivera plays a 1957 Selmer silver-plated, balanced-action alto saxophone with a Selmer Model F metal mouthpiece, and a Ramponi & Cassani curved soprano with a #6 Otto Link hard rubber mouthpiece. He also plays a Selmer clarinet and a Hainès flute. He uses Rico reeds—#3 on the saxes, #2½ on the clarinet.

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 CARTER/BENNINK**
REGENERATION—Soul Note SN 1054
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ARTHUR BLYTHE
LIGHT BLUE: ARTHUR BLYTHE PLAYS
THELONIOUS MONK—
 Columbia FC 38661
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Monk's music is all things to all people. It draws interpretations various as the shapes *Hamlet's* Polonius detected in a cloud-filled sky. This trio of recordings illustrates the range of forms these witty, circuitous creations can assume.

One of the Original Jazz Classics with early '60s packaging left intact, *Reflections* is a welcome reissue that underlines the position of Steve Lacy as, likely, Monk's foremost interpreter. The session highlights Lacy's partnership with pianist Mal Waldron, who ranks high on the list of the soprano saxophonist's important musical colleagues. Fills, exchanges of fours, and brief solos are booted out by buoyant rhythmists Buell Neidlinger (bass) and Elvin Jones (drums).

Monk's compositions seldom have been met on their own terms with such grace, humor, and exuberance. Lacy and Waldron keep their ideas in perfect balance. After a ringing unison on *Let's Call This*, the pianist replies to Lacy's slippery solo with deadpan intimations of "soul-jazz" amid strict adherence to Monkian structure. Lacy's quirky rests and stratospheric pitches invest *Ask Me Now* with a charming hesitancy, to which Waldron rejoins Garneresque sentiment. Swung at faster tempo than the writer's original, *Skippy* finds the straight horn blowing a high-speed carousel of notes leading into that rarity, a boppish Waldron sprint. Blame it on the bossa nova of incipient awareness if *db's* four stars given to *Reflections* at time of issue have crept up to five. A \$5.98 list price should be incentive enough for one of the year's choice

reissues to spread the gospel of monasticism.

For purposes of *Regeneration*, Lacy and another soul mate, Roswell Rudd, are reunited with Monk's book 20 years after the out-of-print *School Days* (QED 997). Pieces infrequently covered might have been preferred, but where else will we hear performances of such freshness and conviction (*Monk's Mood*, *Friday The Thirteenth*, and *Epistrophy*)? Short, democratic solos inject zing into the familiar themes. Rudd's trombone comes on brassy as a party crasher, careening inside the bar lines with quotes from *St. Thomas* to *Love In Bloom*. Lacy's soprano, an inexhaustible source for rhymed ad libs to whatever Monk melody is at hand, deftly counterpoints the tailgate-prone 'bone. Pianist Misha Mengelberg wisely alludes to the composer without donning his skullcap, a pianistic marauder blending jerky romanticism, percussive attack, and atonal grumbles appropriate to the occasion. Drummer Han Bennink, Mengelberg's rhythm mate from Eric Dolphy's *Last Date* (Limelight EXPR-1017) and himself a mainstay of European free music, prods the other soloists with his just-right accents. Ensemble momentum, meanwhile, snaps but never sags thanks to bassist Kent Carter.

Regeneration's other half salutes Herbie Nichols (1919-63), the composer/pianist whose sad life is recounted in A. B. Spellman's book, *Black Music: Four Lives*. For me, listening to Nichols' trio sides collected in *The Third World* two-fer (Blue Note LA-485-H2) has always brought on *deja vu*. It could be the New Orleansy cerebralism hiding within his deceptively simple 32-bar structures, booby-trapped with odd angularities standing ready to startle the square. Or it could be the way the memory embraces those disciplined fragments redolent of old show tunes, blues, and marches. Having Nichols' compositions arranged for horns is, in any case, true cause for celebration. Rudd, who was a student of Nichols, could not have done better than the selections on the present LP. From the stomping blues of *2300 Skiddoo*, made woozy by the trombone's plunger effects, to the discordant piano exercise introducing *Blue Chopsticks*, and the '20s dance hall feel of *Twelve Bars* with Bennink's archaic choke cymbal, the emotional sweep of these songs suggests several jazz eras at once. Let's hope for a Nichols-only set from the Rudd team before long.

For *Light Blue*, Arthur Blythe has grouped together Monk pieces not yet overplayed, avoiding the obligatory (*Epistrophy* being the exception). Though Blythe's "cello/tuba/guitar" band (Abdul

Wadud/Bob Stewart/Kelvyn Bell, plus Bobby Battle on drums) manages to shake up the tradition, the ensemble's rawness doesn't seem out of place although Monk tunes have seldom been played so aggressively. The rough-hewn sound of this unit almost has the feel of Ellington's jungle band, miniaturized and funk-updated. (Spiky guitar and mobile tuba textures substitute for the jagged work of orchestral sections and Bubber Miley's growl trumpet.)

The principal soloists, guitarist Bell and altoist Blythe, provide lengthy improvisations bristling with atonal detours, unexpected intervals, and rhythmic flexibility. The young plectrist, a Blood Ulmer-spinoff more careful as to placement of notes and sequences than his harmolodic predecessor, gives the music a steel edge. The ever-present bite in the saxophonist's tone belies the athleticism and grace of his phrases. His nasal legato squeals in the top register, on the other hand, are an annoying mannerism. Meant to create emotional release, the repeated effect merely wears thin.

Still, surprisingly effective arrangements accommodate Monk's structures. *Light Blue* is a challenging project which, like Monk's music, contradicts the epigraph borrowed from Charles Ives: "Beauty in music is too often confused with something that lets the ear lie back in an easy chair." The treatments of *Reflections* and *Regeneration* seem neoclassical when compared to Blythe's gritty, streetwise conception. Still, Polonius-like, all three LPs manage delightful if heterogeneous views of Thelonious' profile looming in the clouds. It's smiling, I think.

—peter kostakis

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Sunny Adé appears to be a man well on his way to international pop stardom. Known as "King" and "Chairman" to his African fans, the 35-year-old Nigerian has recorded more than 40 albums with his band the African Beats these past 10

RECORD REVIEWS

throaty and hollowed of tone, good-humored and lyrical of spirit. Mulligan has remained quite active writing, playing, touring, though record dates over the last decade have been neither frequent nor telling of his true capability and stature, certainly nothing like the first two reissues here from Verve/PolyGram.

Mulligan Meets Webster in a classic confrontation of two of the mellowest, most virile, and most expressive of saxophonists. Recorded when Mulligan was 32 and Webster 50 (L.A., Nov. '59), this is my personal favorite of several meetings Norman Granz set up for Mulligan in Verve's heyday (including Johnny Hodges, Stan Getz, Paul Desmond, and Orrin Keepnews' Monk encounter as well—see **db**, July '83). Mulligan's renowned adaptability complements rather than idolizes Webster, and the two prove boon companions (like genial sumo wrestlers sparring), be it blowing heads at full sail or cracking fours with drummer Mel Lewis. Mutual respect inspires them and never fades its obeisance, and the rhythm supports admirably (keyed by the sprightly, canny Jimmy

Rowles) with never a thought to obtruding on the dialog—practically unimaginable today!

Highlights come to mind in a rush: haunting bari tremolo under breathy tenor opening *Chelsea Bridge*, and a signature coda; loping ease and copacetic ensemble of *Cat Walk*, as Rowles and bassist Leroy Vinnegar break up Webster's saucy smears and Mulligan's bleating leaps; *Sunday* Rowles strides in, horns blend happily, Mulligan roars, Rowles tinkers, Webster eases into one of the great solos of his fruitful 50s (gruff as a billy goat, playful as a kid). And that's just side one. Mulligan beauties—blues, ballad, blues—take it out nice and easy. No rush, but timing elsewhere perfection. Linermaster Nat Hentoff accurately predicted longevity for this serene summit.

Of four not-too-big-band (14 pieces) sides Mulligan laid for Verve, this third studio Concert Jazz Band date (NY, July '61) proved the shortest (33 minutes), most ambitious and tetchy, what with George Russell contributing an arrangement of his award-winning suite *All About Rosie*, and the first pieces by young Gary

McFarland (bittersweet *Weep* and amiable *Chuggin'*, both light-textured, lambent-voiced, and fresh as arugula). Reading is crackerjack, and ensembles are quite smooth throughout, but I prefer Russell's longer, sharper, more vital 1957 premiere on Columbia with Bill Evans on piano. Solo honors go to Mulligan's horn (not perfunctory piano) on *I Know Don't Know How* and *Weep*, old pal Bob Brookmeyer's trombone (same plus *Israel*) and two charts, and fruity morsels of Gene Quill's alto and bass clarinet. Rich and tasteful, but this band's live Vanguard date (also reissued) is looser and meatier.

After years touring with Dave Brubeck, Mulligan weathered troubled times (one album from '66-74) and rebounded with a brief, elaborate tour reunion with Chet Baker ('74-75). He regrouped a one-horn sextet with vibes and guitar, cooler than previous units but that kept high his profile and undimmed popularity, and made a setting for continued good writing and playing, then including soprano. This GRP date ('83), with Dave Grusin's fine production hand, furthers Mulligan's slightly glossy small-band im-



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age of the '70s. Mulligan asserts more spunk and sax with his former sideman than have others with the pianist/composer/producer, and the good tunes are well set. Six horns' worth of overdub kick along the funky *Another Kind Of Sunday* (dedicated to Duke Ellington) and the title track. *Bright Angel Falls* is sluggish and wan with small blowing interest, but *Sun On Stairs* (whose bridge quotes Mulligan's '49 *Venus DeMilo*) is acoustic fun. Mulligan puts in a relaxed vocal to close, part Mose Allison sly, part Johnny Mercer sass. Coming off his 1982 big-band Grammy (DRG) and a long, solid career, Mulligan doesn't have to beat the world on every outing (or, as he sings it, "climb that mountain called downtown anymore"), and this low-key date is at least professionally respectable and pleasantly melodic. —*fred bouchard*

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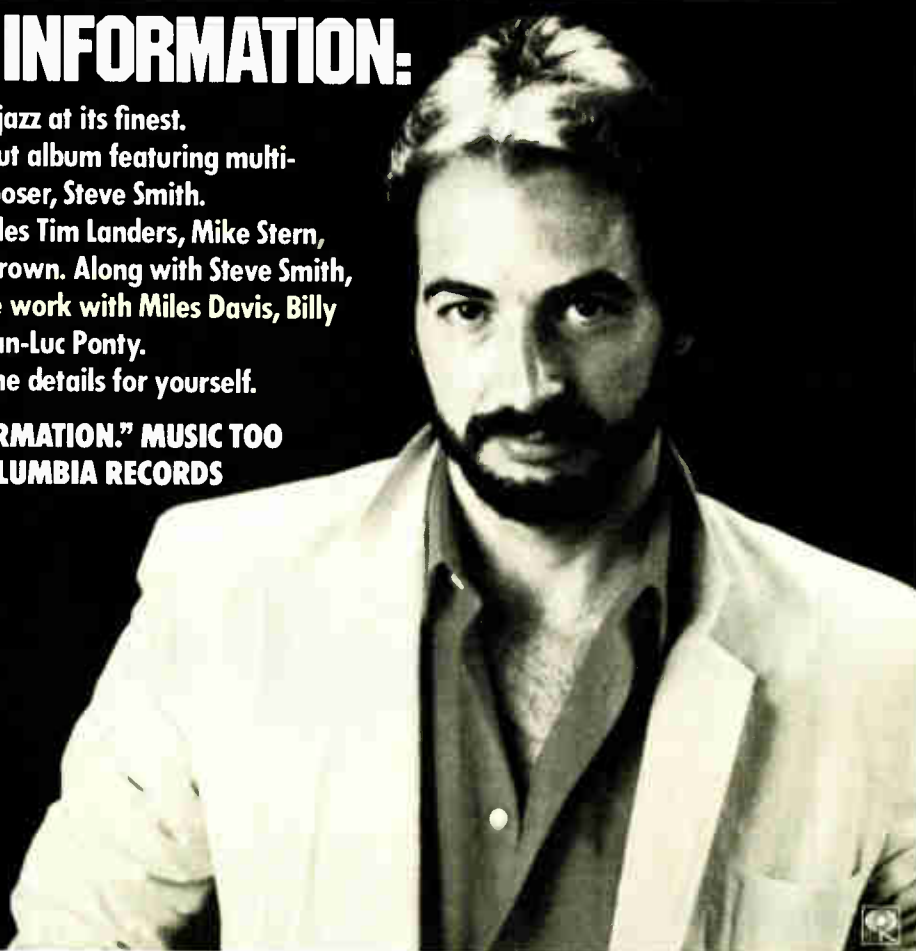
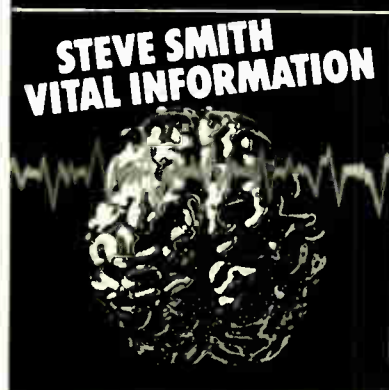
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label (the first was *Guides To Growing Up*, SPR 101), and for the first time in several years, he can be heard in his original, straight-ahead format, without singers or added instrumentation.

This particular sextet is equal to any of the star-studded groups that Silver has led since the early 1950s. There is an interesting stylistic dichotomy here, in that Silver represents an older, more definitive jazz image (tinged now and then with his gospel-flavored trademark), while Ralph Moore, a tenor player in his early 20s, is obviously influenced by some of the later saxophone innovators.

As has been the case in the past few years with a number of old favorites, such as Art Blakey, Miles Davis, and Stan Getz, the injection of veterans with fresh-blooded sidemen works well. All the compositions are by Silver, and bear his indelible imprimatur; what Moore, guest tenorman Eddie Harris, trumpeter Bobby Shew, bassist Bob Maize, and drummer Carl Burnett do with them, however, is the icing on the cake.

It's a pleasure to hear Harris on acoustic saxophone (although his electrically

altered horn is appealing, too); his solos on *Smelling Our Attitude* and *Exercising Taste And Good Judgment* are still electrifying, and very inventive. Every now and then, his innate sense of humor shines through, lightening the intensity.

Bobby Shew, who has several albums of his own, fits well into a Silver context, and it's amazing, to this writer at least, that he hasn't reached the critical heights of a Freddie Hubbard or Wynton Marsalis. His technique is certainly the equal of either; his soul is in the right place, too. Listen to his long, precisely articulated lines on *Seeing With Perception*. The rapport between him and the tenor players, as well as with Silver and the rest of the rhythm section, is noteworthy.

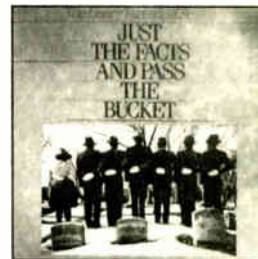
Horace Silver's break with Blue Note Records, after a more than 28-year association, hasn't left him out on a limb. This new record establishes his current combo as a viable jazz product of the 1980s. Silver now makes his home in California; all the sidemen, with the exception of Moore, are West Coast based. Moore brings an element of the hard-driving East into this album, which is

something Silver had always represented during his New York years.

—frankie nemko

HENRY THREADGILL SEXTET JUST THE FACTS AND PASS THE BUCKET—About Time AT 1005

★★★★★



KALAPARUSH MAURICE McINTYRE

RAM'S RUN—Cadence Jazz CJR 1009

★★★★½

Threadgill and McIntyre, former Chicagoans and members of the AACM, once played side by side in the Muhl Sextet. The ebullient Threadgill went on

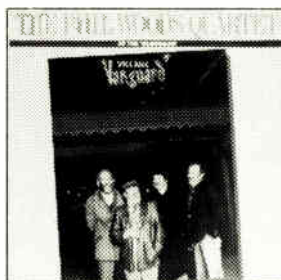
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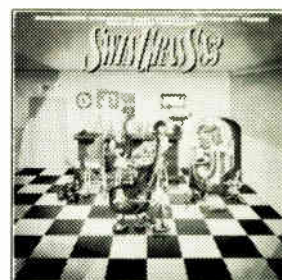
Ben Sidran BOP CITY

Mike Mainieri (vibes), Eddie Gomez (bass), Peter Erskine (drums), Phil Woods (alto sax), Steve Khan (guitar) and Ben Sidran (piano and vocals). Produced by Mike Mainieri and Ben Sidran.



The Phil Woods Quartet AT THE VANGUARD

Bill Goodwin (drums), Steve Gilmore (bass), Hal Galper (piano) and Phil Woods (alto sax and clarinet). Recorded live at Phil's favorite club in New York City. Produced by Bill Goodwin.



SWINGGRASS '83

Buell Neidlinger (bass), Peter Erskine (drums), Marty Krystall (sax), Peter Ivers (harmonica), Andy Statman (mandolin), Richard Greene (violin) and Fred Tackett (guitar). Produced by Buell Neidlinger.

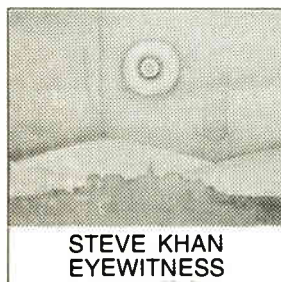
Jazz Lives!

October



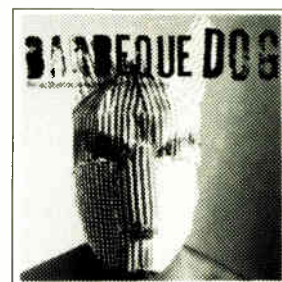
Mark Egan/Danny Gottlieb ELEMENTS

Mark Egan (bass), Danny Gottlieb (drums), Clifford Carter (keyboards) and Bill Evans (sax). Produced by Mark Egan, Danny Gottlieb and Rich Brownstein. Originally released on Philo Records.



Steve Khan EYEWITNESS

Anthony Jackson (bass guitar), Steve Jordan (drums), Manolo Badrena (percussion) and Steve Khan (guitar). Produced by Steve Khan and Doug Epstein.



Ronald Shannon Jackson & The Decoding Society BARBEQUE DOG

Vernon Reid (electric guitars and banjo), Zane Massey (saxophones), Henry Scott (trumpet) Melvin Gibbs (electric bass), Reverend Bruce Johnson (fretless electric bass), and Ronald Shannon Jackson (drums, flute and sound sculpture). Produced by David Breskin and Ronald Shannon Jackson.



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to greater glory with the trio Air, while the more introverted McIntyre pursued his muse in relative obscurity. Having established himself as a master reed player prior to Air's dissolution, Threadgill has lately emerged as a brilliant composer/arranger with his own brassy sextet. McIntyre, a soulfully recondite tenor saxophonist, has displayed more depth and constancy than range; although somewhat more accessible, his style has changed little since the late '60s.

Threadgill's fascination with early jazz and ragtime has been evident since he paid tribute to Scott Joplin at Air's very first performance. On *Just The Facts And Pass The Bucket*, his second sextet LP for About Time, the overarching theme is of a jazz funeral, amalgamating the lustrous timbres of traditional marching and concert band music with modern classical harmonies. With sumptuous melodies and succulent wit, Threadgill has transcended the current "chamber jazz" genre of neo-romantics like Anthony Davis and James Newton, whose classical proclivities have consternated such critics as Stanley Crouch.

Threadgill, on saxophones, flute, and clarinet, is the odd man in his ensemble, which pairs bassist Fred Hopkins with cellist Deidre Murray and cornetist Olu Dara with trombonist Craig Harris over the twinned percussion of Pheeroan Ak Laff and John Betsch. All are first-rate soloists, but there is not much blowing space in these orchestrally textured charts, and what improvising there is takes place mostly against a written

backdrop. Classical references abound—Stravinsky, Bartok, Hindemith—but the lush, intricately woven lyricism, although not without its debts to Ellington and Oliver Nelson, is Threadgill's own, most strikingly so on the gorgeous title track.

Rather than a broadly based synthesis of 20th century influences, McIntyre's music, taking off from the hard-bop and "free jazz" of the '50s and '60s, is a personal exploration of inner space. His fragmented compositions resound with plangent melancholy, his involuted horn lines with restless energy and cathartic passion. A member of the Roscoe Mitchell Sextet before that group evolved into the Art Ensemble Of Chicago, he has maintained the exploratory flavor of the AACM's early days while moderating his once-bellikose fervor.

Ram's Run documents a concert at New York's Soundscape, capturing the spontaneity of a live performance at some cost to its recorded presence. Malachi Thompson's agile, flat-toned trumpeting complements McIntyre's grainy tenor contorsions, but Julius Hemphill's alto, distinguishable by its smoother contours, is largely overshadowed. Drummer J. R. Mitchell lays down an appropriately open-ended barrage, but the absence of a bass imparts a slightly arid quality to the set.

Although they are both disciples of Coleman and Ayler, Threadgill and McIntyre display markedly contrasting sensibilities. Threadgill brings an air of good cheer even to his sonorous dirges, while McIntyre imbues childlike ditties

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with tragic portent. Threadgill quotes the *Rite Of Spring*, while McIntyre intones *Hoochie Coochie Man*. And yet there is a spiritual affinity—most conspicuously in their solo work, but also in their writing—that underlies the surface polarity; were they to share the same stage today, their styles would surely jell even as they did a decade ago.—*larry birnbaum*

JON HASSELL
AKA/DARBARI/JAVA—Editions EG 31
★ ★ ★ ½

SAVANT
THE NEO-REALIST (AT RISK)—
Palace Of Lights 15/2000
★ ★ ★

Jon Hassell and Savant use advanced technology and the globetrotting recall of magnetic tape to merge the sounds, forms, and environments of ethnic musics into a Third World electronic transmutation.

Hassell, after studying with Indian vocal master Pandit Pranath and German composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, went on to play trumpet in LaMonte Young's *Dream House* and on Terry Riley's

In C. With this global music background he released his own album, *Vernal Equinox*, featuring droning electronics, synthetically altered trumpet, and subliminal percussion from Nana Vasconcelos. His approach was well defined by the time he collaborated with sound-shaper Brian Eno on *Fourth World Volume One: Possible Musics*.

On his new record he continues with two sidelong excursions, *Empire* and *Darbari Extension*. These are dreamscapes with a mist of glissandoing tape constructions, arpeggiated mallet instruments, detached voices, and Senegalese drumming. Through it all Hassell's trumpet rises like a vapor trail. Slurs and half-valve techniques are extended by harmonizers and delays into a choir of soothing ministrations. With current Eno-collaborator Daniel Lanois adding his studio manipulations, this music seems to move backwards through time, sifting half-forgotten memories. Sometimes, as on *Darbari Extension II*, the muted gamelan cycles drift into the land of nod, but more often it opens up a new world of color, seemingly just beyond our range of perception.

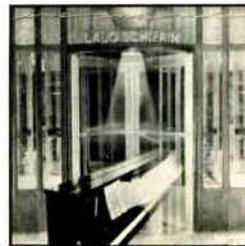
The spectre of Eno also looms over K. Leimer and his Palace Of Lights crew from Seattle who make up Savant. Many of the same techniques are used, but instead of ritual trances, Savant has developed a pan-ethnic techno-dub music. Origins are blurred on *Shadow In Deceit* with African percussion bouncing across the stereo field while the guitars make like Japanese kotos and chimes. *Using Words* has a backwards vocal track played over a Moroccan rhythm with bent, carnival-mirror guitars. Throughout, electronic and acoustic sounds are clouded through a maze of unidentified taped sounds that fade in and out of the mix. It's centered by throbbing ostinato bass lines and punchy, syncopated percussives.

Savant seems unduly cynical and contrived when using mock evangelical and news broadcasts, however. They lack the affection that Eno and Byrne exhibited for their radio-God subjects on *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts*. However, both Savant and Hassell are creating important trans-global music that incorporates without patronization and without denying their own heritage. This may be the real music

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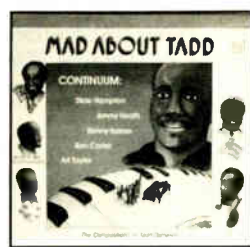
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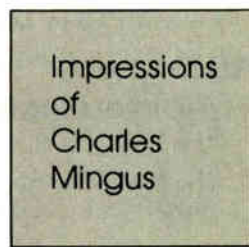
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of the world, or at least a netherworld.
—*john diliberto*

**DIZZY GILLESPIE/
ARTURO SANDOVAL
TO A FINLAND STATION—**
Pablo 2310-889

★ ★ ★ ★

This recording is the product of a one-night meeting between Dizzy Gillespie and the Cuban trumpeter Arturo Sandoval when both were touring Helsinki. With Dizzy's long-time championing of Afro-Cuban music (he first performed *Cubano Bop* in the '40s), it comes as small surprise—and a great pleasure—that he and Sandoval complement each other so well on this date. Not only do they come

up with the same kind of lines, their tone qualities are also compatible.

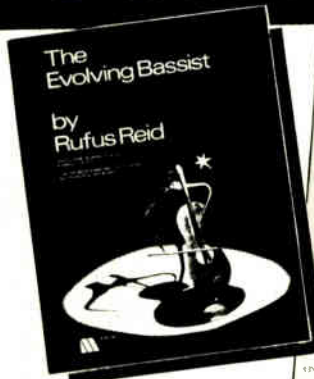
Afro-Cuban rhythms dominate this recording; three of five cuts are urban dance music (think rumba and you're on the right track). All the tunes are written by Dizzy, and he shows here that he still has his touch. He has a knack for writing chord progressions pretty enough to withstand repetition.

One tune of straightahead jazz, *Wheatleigh Hall*, has trickier changes, and the whole group responds enthusiastically. This ensemble is much tighter than the average pickup group, as the Finnish rhythm section swings hard or backs off, following the mood the trumpeters set. Esko Rosnell lays out a solid grounding with his drumming. Pianist Esko Lin-

navalli has a hard-swinging, spare style; he stalks an opening, then pounces with a well-placed jab. Dizzy and Arturo team up in thirds to open, then split apart for separate solos that spotlight their change playing. It's a standard format, but these players enliven it.

Dizzy and Arturo are well matched for range and tone color. On *Rimsky*, a dance tune, they run changes right up to the top register with no hesitation. The minute intonation adjustments they make up there in the stratosphere show what finely tuned ears they have. Jaw harp is not exactly a standard jazz instrument, but it's used cleverly on this recording. The 12-bar blues *Dizzy The Duck* features jaw harp on the first of 10 choruses. The pace is slow; each soloist (mostly piano

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and trumpet) gets several choruses back to back. The change of pace diversifies the recording's appeal. While one listener may not like all the styles, the artistry audible throughout makes listening worthwhile. —*elaine guregian*

ED BICKERT
AT TORONTO'S BOURBON STREET—
Concord Jazz CJ-216
★ ★ ★ ½
DANCE TO THE LADY—Sackville 4010
★ ★ ½

Rhythm is the heart of what is right and wrong with these albums featuring Toronto-based electric guitarist Ed Bickert. *Bourbon Street* finds Bickert at the helm of a quintet with spiritual roots in the Swing Era. *Dance* pairs him with Don Thompson's piano in a rhythmic mismatch.

The quintet album is as comfortable as a rocking chair—and as smooth. Young bassist Steve Wallace and veteran drummer Jake Hanna (who powered the great big band Woody Herman led in the early 1960s) stamp every beat "Kansas City," and Bickert's comping is as fluid as Freddie Green's guitar behind Count Basie (although Bickert breaks up the time, as distinguished from Green's steady 4/4). Up-front, tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton and cornetist Warren Vaché echo their Swing Era models and personal muses, with Hamilton cruising and crooning through the changes of an up-tempo *Limehouse Blues* to score his best points of the day and Vaché conjuring up Roy Eldridge's hot, raw-edged tone and ebullient lines on *The Walker*, an Eldridge/Coleman Hawkins variation on *Stompin' At The Savoy*.

Bickert is less tied to four-bar cadential phrasing than his frontline, and his solos are full of laconic twists, soft dissonances (that often grow wry—an interesting and pleasing wryness), sketchy melodic outlines, and call-and-response (or self-duet) figures. There are a couple of swinging trio cuts, and on the six others the quintet continues what is not a spectacular session but certainly a solid and compatible one.

Bickert and Don Thompson, who receives co-billing on *Dance* and who is better known as a bassist (currently with George Shearing), are both romantics. The guitarist is from the cool school, and the pianist is from the busy, on-top-of-the-beat school. The pianist crowds the guitarist too close for comfort on their duet LP.

Bickert insinuates; Thompson extenuates by never relinquishing the beat to Bickert. The pianist's solos are etudes of

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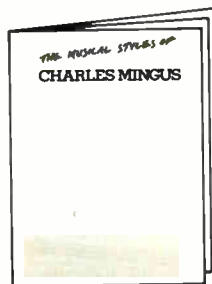
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single lines having a classical music orderliness and ornate decorative quality—without much development in the left hand. The tunes are familiar ones—*Bluesette* and John Handy's title tune (both waltzes), Monk's *Ruby, My Dear* and *Blue Monk*, *Solar* (a tangled abstraction of a performance), and *Take Five* (the best track on the album).

I haven't noticed the kind of insensitivity Thompson displays on piano in his bass playing. The inclusion of a couple of guitar-and-bass cuts might have settled the rhythmic communication between the pair. Bickert needs room to breathe because his silences are as elo-

quent as his song.

—owen cordle

**DAROL ANGER/
BARBARA HIGBIE**
TIDELINE—Windham Hill C-1021

★ ★ ★ ★

**DAROL ANGER/
MIKE MARSHALL**
THE DUO—Rounder 0168

★ ★ ★ ★

Both of these albums defy categorization. David Grisman, with whom Darol Anger and Mike Marshall were musically affiliated in the late 1970s, called what he

critics' choice

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Roswell Rudd/Steve Lacy/Misha Mengelberg/Kent Carter/Han Bennink, *Regeneration* (Soul Note). The Monk tunes are a bit on the tame side, especially for these rhythmic renegades, but thanks, Roswell, for the chance to hear Herbie Nichols' music arranged for horns.

OLD FAVORITE: Sam Rivers, *Fuchsia Swing Song* (Blue Note). The firebreather's debut album, revealing a lyricism and inside-and-out sensibility seldom recaptured.

RARA AVIS: Pigbag, *Dr. Heckle And Mr. Jive* (Stiff). More than a tad loose and corny in spots, but some hot riffs and exotic percussion keep this one fresh for listening and dancing.

SCENE: Stevie Ray Vaughan's guitar combined Texas boogie flash with Hendrix sizzle and solid roadhouse shuffle roots on the Blues Stage at ChicagoFest VI.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Richie Cole & Boots Randolph, *Yakety Madness!* (Palo Alto). Boppin' alto and honkin' tenor (and a little b.s.) in a program of short chestnuts destined for much airplay; perfect for parties.

OLD FAVORITE: Country Joe & The Fish, *Electric Music For The Mind And Body*, (Vanguard). The lyrics are dated, but the psychedelic mood music still wears well.

RARA AVIS: Massacre, *Killing Time* (Celluloid). Metal muscle funk colored Beefheartian blue in a program of short originals destined for little airplay (I'm afraid).

SCENE: Adrian Belew's *Twang Bar King* band at the Park West in the Windy City. Larrie Londin's heavyweight traps are a perfect complement to the gargantuan animal noises Belew coaxes from his axe.

Fred Bouchard

NEW RELEASE: Bob Moses, *When Elephants Dream Of Music* (Gramavision). A splendid grab-bag from child-man Moses; as inclusive as sunlight and nearly as bright and energizing.

OLD FAVORITE: Carla Bley, *Escalator Over The Hill* (JCOA). Bley's new-jazz-theater extraordinaire, with an even bigger cast than Moses.

RARA AVIS: Roy Harris, *Symphony No. 7* (Columbia). As performed by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, a great rollicking dance symphony in one headlong movement. When is Columbia going to reissue the work of this great American? Why does Copland get all the accolades?

SCENE: Deac Rossell's summerlong jazz/film series at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. A score of good films (features and documentaries) and live concerts with Berklee College faculty playing noted film composers.

Michael Goldberg

NEW RELEASE: Rick James, *Cold Blooded* (Gordy). Don't write off slick Rick as a black Alice Cooper. His best LP to date is an explosive dose of hard funk that proves James to be as skilled a musician/writer/producer/singer as a showman.

OLD FAVORITE: The Temptations, *Anthology* (Motown). It's all here: *Poppa Was A Rolling Stone*, *Just My Imagination*, *Ball Of Confusion*, *Cloud Nine*, *Get Ready*, *Ain't Too Proud To Beg*. . . . Whoever said pop music was disposable didn't hear these tracks.

RARA AVIS: John Martyn, *Solid Air* (Island). This '73 LP mixes the British folkiness of, say, Fairport Convention, with down-home blues. May read kind of funny, but when you hear it—ecstasy.

SCENE: Friday night at Folk City (NYC) when Elliot Murphy took the stage and reminded everyone why they used to call him the "New Dylan." His new material is his best.

was doing "acoustic chamber music," which might serve as a catchall for the pieces presented here as well. Of course, the phrase is hardly less nebulous than Grisman's better-known term for his work: "dawg music."

Still, the spirit of something like chamber music animates the compositions and performance of Anger, Barbara Higbie, and Mike Marshall. What they do is nourished by the classical vein, but, unlike classical music, it depends on a high degree of improvisation. What they do is also influenced by bluegrass, but it is not simply folk, or country, or down-home, or hoedown. It is strongly flavored by the blues, but it is not the blues. Because the one thing that does predominate in all this music is improvisation and the primacy of rhythm, maybe we should just call it jazz.

While both albums benefit from cross-genre fertilization, the jazz feeling of *The Duo* is blended more liberally with a bluegrass component, while the same feeling in *Tideline* is more strongly shaped by a classical tradition. One might even be tempted to call *Tideline* a Third Stream album, and that would not

be entirely inaccurate, but the music here is more affirmative, more accessible, simpler, and less ambitious than most Third Stream work. It is also more romantic, the lyrically loping accents of *Movie* calling to mind old-time matinees as well as modern composers who never figured in the avant garde: Samuel Barber, say, or Ned Rorem. *Above The Fog* balances exultation and release against suavety and command. Anger's exploitation of the vibratoless sonorities of open strings on this cut reminds one of John Cage—but, again, it is the early, lyrical, quasi-romantic Cage.

It is not that the music is imitative, but, rather, eclectic—and so thoroughly free in its eclecticism that it emerges as something refreshing, at moments even stunning in its originality. As an instrumentalist, Darol Anger, who principally plays violin on this album but also some mandolin and cello, is the star. He combines the skills of a classical musician with the tender funk of a country fiddler. Newcomer Barbara Higbie's piano is largely subordinated to Anger, very adequate, but confined mainly to the production of ostinato. However, she is the

composer of most of this often luminous music, and—to judge from this album—her reputation will be built on composition, not piano playing.

The instrumentation of *Tideline*, violin (mostly) and piano, is essentially classical, while that of *The Duo* recalls the dawg days of Anger and Marshall's stint with what was then the Dave Grisman Quintet: Anger on mandolin, violin, and octave mandolin; Marshall playing mandolin, a hybrid called a mandocello, and guitar. The album offers plenty of dawg licks, too. Fans of Grisman may be a bit disappointed with the Anger of *Tideline*, but they should delight in *The Duo*, replete with doses of traditional bluegrass in *Lime Rock*, *Golden Slippers*, and in an original Marshall composition, *N.K.F.* Chick Corea's lovely *Children's Song #6* is ostensibly immersed more thoroughly in the Third Stream than the compositions of Barbara Higbie are, but in the hands of Anger and Marshall, *Children's Song #6* becomes a nexus of jazz and classicism dominated by the folk idiom. Even Charlie Parker's *Donna Lee* is inflected with bluegrass—and, incidentally, augmented by the sound of screeching

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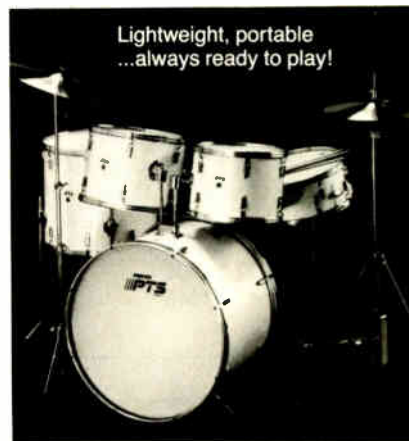
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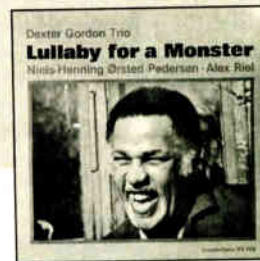
brakes and colliding automobiles, doubtless a tribute to the demands of Bird's virtuosity.

There are sure to be some who will complain that this music is lightweight, carried, as it is, on Pacific breezes from the San Francisco shore. While some truth can be found in such a complaint, I prefer to consider this music post-modernist, a synthesis of many traditions and an unashamed refusal to recognize the decorum of traditionally bounded genres. Playful and pretty, the music plumbs no depths. But joy—born of technique and invention—is a passion, too.

—alan axelrod

DEXTER GORDON LULLABY FOR A MONSTER— SteepleChase SCS 1156

★ ★ ★ ★



In many ways an old standard is harder to pull off than a new composition. The old tune has the advantage of proven success, but the more groups that play it, the more difficult it is to do something original with it. New versions are inevitably subjected to comparisons with the old. In all his years of playing, Dexter Gordon must have heard *Green Dolphin Street* more times than he can count, yet he manages to give a performance that isn't derivative. He uses a fair number of stock patterns, but mostly his bebop improvisation is just that: invention, not imitation of what past players have done.

On *Born To Be Blue* Dexter stretches his lazy sound out even more than usual in a languorous conversational tone. He lays out the melody beautifully, but his playing stops short of the inspired. Dexter's almost there, but he's inconsistent; he marks some phrases personally, but rattles others off perfunctorily. Dexter misses almost as many chances as he takes to make the special inflections—an unexpected push on one note or a sudden release of pressure off another—that at moments can raise his playing to the superlative.

Dexter's familiar fat, rubbery sound and leisurely attacks set a relaxed mood. Go ahead, he seems to say to the rhythm section, I'll catch up, and he always does. On his composition *Nursery Blues*, which

RECORD REVIEWS

takes children's songs as its compositional springboard, his playing is especially smooth and assured. He mixes clichés and new lines as if embellishing an old story with new adventures.

The rhythm section does its part and more. Drummer Alex Riel changes character from tune to tune, playing straight on *Green Dolphin Street* and going further afield with polyrhythms and coloristic cymbals à la Elvin Jones on Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen's *Lullaby For A Monster*. Pedersen takes a melodic approach to the bass. He changes directions quickly, never settling into any pattern for long. On *Tanya* he lopes along with the spring of a long-distance runner.

Though this recording was made in 1976 and released in Europe in 1981 by SteepleChase, the delay hasn't dated it a bit.

—elaine guregian

ANDREW CYRILLE

THE NAVIGATOR—Soul Note SN 1062

★★★★

For listeners accustomed to Andrew Cyrille's work with Cecil Taylor and in various percussion-only settings, this

album will be a surprising change of pace. It features Cyrille's group Maono, a flexible ensemble he has led since 1975, playing a program of six compositions that range from a brief, eccentric bop tune to a freewheeling suite and a long, sensuous ballad. The structured approach is not so surprising in light of Cyrille's total musical background (which includes stints with Coleman Hawkins and Mary Lou Williams as well as Cecil Taylor and the JCOA), and the album as a whole brings to mind Taylor's remark that true musical freedom involves "different ideas and expressions of order."

Cyrille's "different ideas" spring naturally from his agile mastery of complex rhythmic ideas. He can swing as convincingly in 10/4 as 4/4, and his style is marked by an unmistakable lightness and subtlety. He drives the music like a strong breeze in a sail, and he works the top of his kit (snare drum and cymbals) hard. His ability to color the music is heard to good advantage here, as he creates shifting textures behind the soloists.

Cyrille's elegant percussive power is balanced by the rough, earthy style of bassist Nick Di Geronimo. Pianist

Sonelius Smith works the middle ground, delivering crunching chords when they're needed but also constructing a stately, lyrical introduction to Cyrille's ballad *So That Life Can Endure*... *P.S. With Love*. Trumpeter Ted Daniel, a charter member of Maono, is critically important to the success of the music, playing with a paradoxically affecting style that combines soft, burnished passages with irregular, probing lines and frenetic outbursts.

The tunes frequently develop from individual statements into swirling group "conversations," an approach that is both strikingly contemporary and as old as call-and-response choruses. Despite its rhythmical complexity and convoluted melodic lines, much of the music has a whimsical quality. This is particularly true of *Circumfusion/The Magnificent Bimbo* (Cyrille has a way with song titles), a 10-minute suite which begins with a stark, aleatoric passage that gives way to unison lines that are almost goofy in their looping exuberance. The central section of the tune drops into straight 4/4 swing before circling back through a concise Cyrille solo to a fragmented conclusion. Open-ended yet

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tightly constructed, *Circumfusion* is a microcosm of the album as a whole, with its refreshing integration of various elements drawn from the jazz tradition.

—jim roberts

BREW MOORE

BREW MOORE—Fantasy OJC-049

★ ★ ★ ½

QUARTET—SteepleChase SCC-6019

★ ★ ★

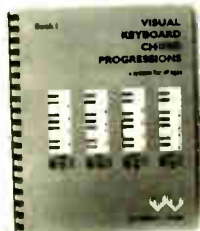
Some decades back, Miles Davis was quoted as having said that "all white tenor players sound alike," in reference, quite obviously at the time, to the emergence and soon domination of a class of Caucasian saxophonists almost universally dedicated to the same principle—that of devoting their musical careers to the careful replication of one man's hallowed artistry. The passing years, however, have overall proved much kinder to these Lester Young disciples than Davis' indictment could have ever foreseen. Certainly, no right thinking person could deny the continued artistic growth and independence of style of such giants of the genre as Getz, Sims, or Cohn. Nor on a slightly lesser plane can we afford to overlook the contributions of Bob Cooper, Richie Kamuca, and Phil Urso. Literally, there were hundreds of talented players of this persuasion scattered over the globe during the '50s, but few commanded the mystical attraction of the legendary mavericks, Allen Eager and Brew Moore.

Today, Moore emerges, on the basis of his recorded material alone, very much the equal of Eager at his best. His sound always retained that dark, sonorous quality that he shared with his stylistic brothers; indeed, so strongly did he feel about this particular timbral preference that, upon more than one occasion, he had been heard to pronounce the edict that "Anybody who doesn't play like Lester Young is wrong!" (Students of doctrinal dogma may wish to draw comparisons between this and the Davis statement offered above.)

The earlier of these two albums, the *Fantasy*, was recorded in 1957 by a two-tenor group Brew was then fronting for Sunday afternoon sessions at a San Francisco bar called the Tropics. The other saxman, Harold Wylie, though not a true "brother" in the tonal sense (his sound has much more edge to it than a devout Lestorian would have accepted), plays well in a rather conventional Basie groove and presents a comfortable foil for Moore, who appears to be in an idiomatic seventh heaven reserved especially for Prezophiles. He had always

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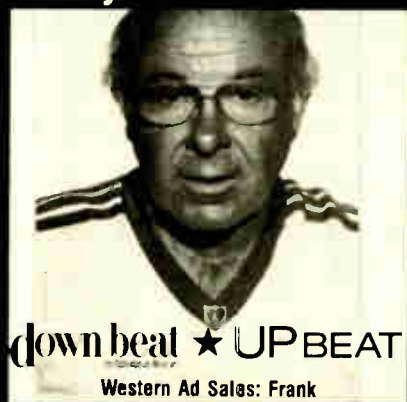
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RECORD REVIEWS

been an intuitive swinger and, while lacking the superior melodic gifts of a Getz or Sims, never failed to hold one's interest.

Brew, whose fanciful nickname arose, not from his particular choice of libation, as has frequently been thought, but rather from a Mississippian corruption of his middle name "Aubrey," died in Copenhagen on August 19, 1973 from injuries received following a fall down a flight of stairs. An on and off resident of that Scandinavian fortress of jazz since early 1965, Moore can now be heard on this recent SteepleChase release with what is probably the first group he worked with in that city. Previously unissued, this live recording from the Montmartre Jazzhus reveals Moore at a mature prime seldom heard stateside during those years. His accompanying trio backs him up in *au courant* boppish style, but the tenorman's approach remains relatively the same as before. It is just that his Swing Era conception of harmony, as inherited from Young, seems occasionally betrayed by the more contemporaneous substitutions of the pianist and bassist.

For a more balanced understanding of Moore's place in the scheme of things, a

reference to his earlier work on relevant Savoy reissue albums is suggested.

—*jack sohmer*

SPARKS
IN OUTER SPACE—Atlantic 80055-1
★ ★ ½

JONZUN CREW
LOST IN SPACE—Tommy Boy TBLP
1001
★ ★ ★ ½

MINISTRY
WITH SYMPATHY—Arista AL-6608
★ ★ ★ ★



Buzzers, whirs, snaps, crackles, and pops slide sinuously through the sonic ether of

each of these albums; all are different in their genre—pop, funk, and new wave—but they share very similar instrumentations featuring synthesizers employed almost exclusively to carry melodic and rhythmic assignments. Something special is happening—one's ears and tastes move here, squiggle there to appreciate a new aural experience.

Compositionally, the synthesizer is an arranger's dream, and the success of each of these albums comes down to how ingeniously the electronics are used. I think it would be a great mistake for any listener to regard say, the synthesized bass as a counterfeit electric bass. They are different instruments with different musical strategies whose totality encompasses a world of sounds. Originality constitutes deviation that profits when face to face with an older position. One should approach this newer sonic stance with an open mind. In the past we have encountered the synthesizer as a supplementary instrument to conventional aggregations. Here we have banks of synthesizers—layers of electricity clinging to the bone of rock's clichéd content. Wherein lies the disappointment of each of these LPs.

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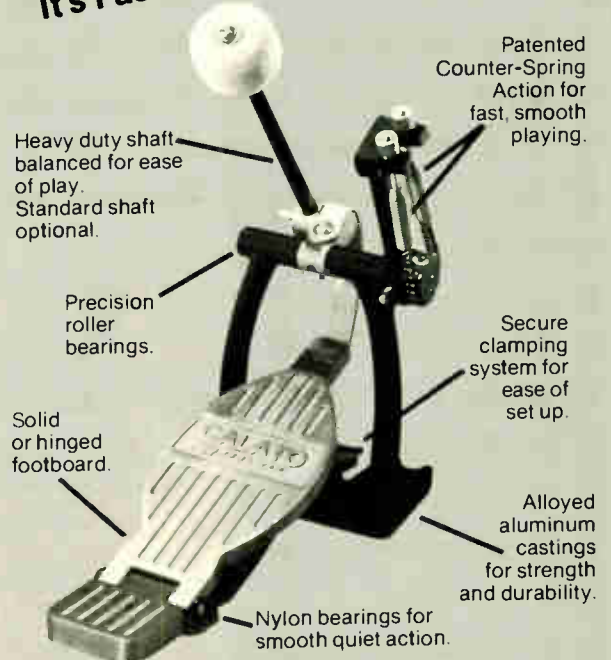
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Interlochen 

The Brothers Mael—Russel and Ron—have been around for longer than a decade on vinyl with their puckish approach to pop. Always sardonic and elusive, they've managed to become cult favorites. Every year or so they release an album of their compositions backed by an endless stream of studio musicians from across two continents. Since 1979 they've teamed up with Giorgio Moroder, master of the Europop-techno sound and one of the earliest producer/arrangers to utilize the synthesizer in a musical context all its own, who is perhaps best remembered for his collaborations with Donna Summer. On *In Outer Space* Moroder has strived for a real commercial success with Sparks. Each song comes close, yet the slippery lyrics of Russel Mael and the hurdy gurdy-synthesized envelope never really generate any excitement above a sly smile and a knowing wink.

Tommy Boy records is the New York label that has virtually invented techno-funk, whose formula has fused Rap music to the earlier synthesized sound as pioneered by Germany's Kraftwerk. The Jonzun Crew (a.k.a. Michael and Soni Johnson) are the latest Tommy Boy manifestation following in the footsteps of Afrika Bambaata and the Soul Sonic Force. On this album everything is synthesized or filtered. The message is cliched to an extreme—most of the songs are simple exhortations to keep on dancing, party hearty—but one tune, *Space Cowboy*, is a jewel in a sea of paste. The rap is mean and lean, catchy and intelligent; arrangements fluid and funky; and for its last two minutes Michael Jonzun yodels his way through a dense sonic atmosphere of shivering electricity.

Al Jourgensen is Ministry. Singer/songwriter/guitarist/keyboardist—for once in pop music's galaxy of super-egos, this first LP presents someone who seems to be tailored for the cut of cloth that characterizes the new synthetic style. In the short time that *With Sympathy* has been out, Ministry has had a semi-hit in the dance clubs with *Work*; Iggy Pop has asked Jourgensen to write a few new songs for Mr. Pop's upcoming LP (both are on the same label, Clive Davis' Arista Records); and Ministry is touring the country opening shows for such big bananas of rock as the Police. Ministry music is synthetic—its context as well as its instrumentation—not quite funky but employing funk bass lines, not quite pop but with a heavy influence of English rock bands of the '60s with catchy choral harmonies. *With Sympathy* brings it off without sounding derivative.

—jim brinsfield

new releases

(Record Companies: For listing in the monthly New Releases column, send two copies of each new release to Art Lange, db, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606.)

BLACK SAINT/SOUL NOTE

Muhal Richard Abrams, '83 db Critics Poll Record Of The Year-winner returns w/ new orchestral program, **REJOICING WITH THE LIGHT**. **David Murray**, WSQ-tenorman's octet revisits some Murray comps, **MURRAY'S STEPS**. **George Russell**, composer/theoretician's New York big band premieres new comps and new charts, **LIVE IN AN AMERICAN TIME SPIRAL**. **George Adams/Danny Richmond**, two ex-Mingusites combine for quintet including Jimmy Knepper, **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT**. **Martial Solal**, exceptional Algerian pianist goes solo on mostly standards, **BLUESINE**. **John Lindberg**, bassist pops up in trio w/ George Lewis and Barry Altschul, **GIVE AND TAKE**. **Marcello Mells**, Sardinian bassist joins Don Pullen, Famaoudou Don Moye, and altoist Sandro Satta in originals recreating water, earth, fire, and air, **ANGEDRAS**. **Borah Bergman**, remarkable pianist w/ unique technique and sensibility in solo self-penned program, **A NEW FRONTIER**.

STEEPLECHASE

Cedar Walton, pianist pilots live '77 Copenhagen quartet (Bob Berg, Sam Jones, Billy Higgins) in numbers funky and straight-ahead, **FIRST SET**. **Chet Baker**, introspective trumpeter waxes six Duke Jordan comps w/ the pianist/composer in tow, **NO PROBLEM**. **Bernt Rosengren**, Scandinavian tenorman's quintet and quartet in hip bop program, **SURPRISE PARTY**.

PALO ALTO

Marvin Stamm, big band and studio trumpet vet leads 12-tet w/ contemporary charts, **STAMPEDE**. **Free Flight**, classical-jazz quartet rearranges, composes, and improvises, **SOARING**. **Richie Cole/Boots Randolph**, hot bop altoist and honking Nashville tenorman combine for a bit of YAKETY MADNESS. **Shella Jordan/Harvie Swartz**, stripped-down vocal/bass duo from the db TDWR poll-winner, **OLD TIME FEELING**. **Linda Hopkins**, blues and gospel singer pops for seven Leonard Feather tunes and a few chestnuts, **HOW BLUE CAN YOU GET**.

DOCTOR JAZZ

Shelly Manne, creative drum vet in reissue of '44 sides w/ Barney Bigard, Don Byas, and

Johnny Hodges among the soloists, AND HIS FRIENDS. **Teresa Brewer/Earl Fatha Hines**, '78 date finds the vocalist and pianist presenting a program of Waller tunes, **WE LOVE YOU FATS**. **Stephane Grappelli**, the suave violinist, two guitars, and bass, from '78, **LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL**.

CELLULOID

Golden Palominos, all-star improvisatory noise-dance band includes Tacuma, Frith, Laswell, Fier, Beinhorn, Zorn, Lindsay, et al., **THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS**. **Massacre**, improvised heavy metal electronics via Fred Frith, Bill Laswell, Fred Maher, **KILLING TIME**. **Derek Bailey/George Lewis/John Zorn**, guitar/trombone/reed improvisational minutiae, **YANKEES**. **Billy Bang**, three comps for 11-piece ensemble by the violinist, **OUTLINE NO. 12**. **Daniel Ponce**, Cuban percussionist explores his roots w/ Paquito, others, **NEW YORK NOW**.

VERVE

Roland Kirk, multi-reedmaster's '67 quartet date reissued in French pressing, **NOW PLEASE DON'T YOU CRY BEAUTIFUL EDITH**. **Astrud Gilberto**, Brazilian songstress recorded w/ Marty Paich's orch. in '65 but copyright '61 (huh?), **THE ASTRUD GILBERTO ALBUM**. **Various Artists**, Ella, Satchmo, Tatum, O.P., Sweets, Little Jazz, and others, live from '56, **JAZZ AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL**. **Oscar Peterson**, '61 reissue live from Chicago finds the pianist,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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Stan Getz, '52 quintet accompanies the tenorman in 12 mellow tunes, STAN GETZ PLAYS. **Tal Farlow**, '54 quartet guitar-led session emphasizes AUTUMN IN NEW YORK. **Dizzy Gillespie**, '60 octet featuring saxist/arranger Benny Golson and the GREATEST TRUMPET OF THEM ALL. **Ella Fitzgerald/Count Basie**, '63 collaboration between the vocalist and the band, arranged by Quincy Jones, ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET. **Billie Holiday**, '57 sextet inc. Ben Webster and Sweets Edison offers SONGS FOR DISTINGUÉ LOVERS. **Mel Tormé**, the Velvet Fog in '58 with a dozen delights conducted by Marty Paich, TORMÉ.

INDEPENDENTS

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Brian Eno, "atmospheres & soundtracks" inspired by film from moon voyages, from Editions EG, APOLLO. **Glen Branca**, downtown NYC electric composer offers "music for the first 127 intervals of the harmonic series," from Neutral Records, SYMPHONY NO. 3. **Lounge Lizards**, a new lineup for the proto-punk-jazz group, from Europa Rec-

ords, LIVE FROM THE DRUNKEN BOAT. **Inserts**, improvised electronic-rock-influenced two-guitar band given audiophile waxing, from Nozzle Records, OUT OF THE BOX. **Gregory Fulkerson**, violinist plays pieces by Glass, Ornstein, Copland, and Wernick, from New World Records, CADENZAS & VARIATIONS. **American Brass Quintet Brass Band**, program of 19th century marches, waltzes, schottisches, from New World, THE YANKEE BRASS BAND. **Various Artists**, two-disc anthology of classic cowboy songs, from New World, BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN.

Magic Slim, Windy City bluesman and his Teardrops in a raw set of bar faves, from Rooster Blues Records, GRAND SLAM. **Legendary Blues Band**, one-time Muddy Waters backers pick up Roomful Of Blues' horn section, from Rounder Records, RED HOT N' BLUE. **Bruning Sunflower Band**, trad blues, British-style, from Appaloosa Records, TRACKSIDE BLUES. **Tiny Irvin**, Pittsburgh's blues belter and jazz swinger accomp. by Carl Arter trio, from Earwig Music, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS. **Jim Brewer**, blind blues singer/guitarist from Chicago, via Earwig, TOUGH LUCK.

Doc Cheatham, veteran trumpeter leads Canadian quartet thru eight chestnuts, from Parkwood Records, IT'S A GOOD LIFE. **Emile Barnes**, N.O. trad clarinetist does a standard program of evergreens, from Folkways Records, EARLY RECORDINGS VOL. 2. **Bing**

Crosby/Louis Armstrong, airchecks from 1949-50 of the crooner and Satchmo, plus special guests, from Sounds Rare/Legends Records, HAVIN' FUN. **Louis Armstrong/Billie Holiday**, recently discovered tracks from the original soundtrack of—from Giants of Jazz/Legend Records—NEW ORLEANS. **Muggsy Spanier**, nine '54 numbers from the cornetist and solid ensemble, from Glendale Records, ONE OF A KIND. **Archie Alleyne/Frank Wright**, quartet of mainstreamers led by the drummer and vibist, from From Bebop To Now Records, UP THERE. **Mainstream**, well-titled group plays original charts in a straightahead way, from Intersound Records, PATTERNS.

Lee Konitz, adventurous altoist adds his soprano and tenor to trio (Harold Danko's piano, Jay Leonhart's bass) from Sunnyside Records, DOVETAIL. **Marlon Brown**, former ESP altoist fronts quartet recorded in Japan vintage '79, from DIW Records, LIVE. **Wolf-gang Dauner**, oft-electric keyboarder cuts a digital acoustic set of originals, from Mood Records, SOLO PIANO. **Robert Kostreva**, pianist is solo on one side, in quartet on t'other, from RoKo Records, THE CHOPIN EXPRESS. **Herbie Mann**, flutist returns heading quintet, from Atlantic Records, ASTRAL ISLAND. **Mel Tormé**, reissue of the songster w/ Big Apple tunes, from Atlantic, SONGS OF NEW YORK. **Greg Adams**, drummer-led sextet covers modern jazz standards, from Hip City Records, KOOLIN' OUT. db

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BLINDFOLD TEST

1 SONNY STITT. *STEAMROLLER* (from *THE LAST STITT SESSIONS, VOL. 1, Muse*). Stitt, tenor saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

The saxophonist was very good; I'm not sure who it was. At first he sounded a little bit like Getz, but as he started playing, it didn't. His tone was like the early Stan Getz. I liked his ideas, but I had trouble in the recording of him—in certain spots some of the phrases he was playing got lost. But I did like his style of playing. His composition and his thoughts I like very much.

This reminds me of the era around about the '50s; that's when I first became familiar with Getz and started getting into jazz—around the time when Jazz At The Philharmonic was going on. That style of playing, for me, has a lot of validity to it because I feel a lot of heart and spirit in it. I'd rate that two stars.

2 GROVER WASHINGTON JR. *MIXTY MOTIONS* (from *THE BEST IS YET TO COME, Elektra/Asylum*). Washington, saxello; William Eaton, composer/arranger.

Hey, on that one, I'd rate it a one, based upon I didn't hear any song composition. I heard just basically a riff, and it felt like the guys were jamming, but I didn't feel any heart. It felt like they were playing what they technically knew how to play, rather than playing it because they felt it from the heart. The composition was just slick, and to me, for no reason—in comparison to the one I heard before, where they were playing the song from what they felt. You could feel the energy and the feeling in the music, as opposed to this. This, to me, was just completely surface.

I have no idea who it was; it sounded like some young players trying to imitate Grover or Tom Scott or somebody like that; it didn't sound like Tom Scott, because if it was, I would have expected to hear more technique. It was probably one of the fusion groups like Kenny G. with Jeff Lorber or somebody like that.

(Later) The reason I didn't think it was Grover was because it wasn't alto; it must have been one of those little saxellos. It sounded more like a lyricon at first.

3 WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET. *MING* (from *REVUE, Black Saint*). David Murray, tenor saxophone, composer; Hamiet Bluiett, baritone saxophone; Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, alto saxophone.

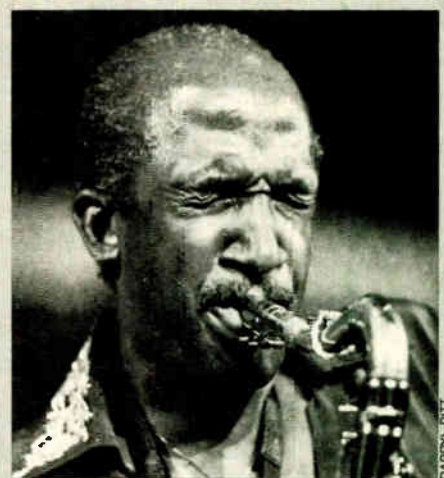
I've been trying to think who the soloist is, and I can't figure that one out. I did like the soloist quite a bit—his technique was good, his control; I felt a lot of feeling coming from him—the baritone

Wilton Felder

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the past five years Wilton Felder has lived a multi-level life, functioning almost simultaneously as tenor saxophonist and electric bassist, sideman and leader (the first Wilton Felder solo album was released in 1978) and producer (he and Joe Sample co-produce one another's albums and both, of course, are involved as producers of the Crusaders). The most recent LP under his own name is *Gentle Fire* (MCA 5406).

Felder grew during the 1950s and early '60s into a superior, hard-driving tenor soloist. His decision to double as a bassist came about as a consequence of the difficulties the Crusaders were having in finding a regular bass player for the group. "I tried upright bass first," he says, "but that was too much to tackle—my chops on upright were terrible—so I switched to Fender." Before long he was laying down



bass tracks for the Crusaders' albums and overdudding his tenor parts. Throughout the 1970s he also free-lanced as bassist on hundreds of pop, rock, jazz, and r&b sessions.

This was Felder's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

player.

When the rest of the horns came in, the rest of the song itself, I started to rate it a four, but as they went along, the composition started losing a little something for me, so I came down to a three. But I did like that one, and especially the baritone.

L.F.: How about the absence of the rhythm section?

W.F.: The absence of the rhythm section didn't bother me. I was impressed by the expression and the emotion that the baritone player had. Whatever the composition is—I don't know the name of it—he made me believe what he was playing, and I felt a lot of spirit. He filled the horn real well, a big full sound.

4 ARNETT COBB. *BLUES FOR LESTER* (from *LIVE AT SANDY'S!, Muse*). Cobb, Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; George Duvivier, bass; Alan Dawson, drums; Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, alto saxophone; Ray Bryant, piano.

I rated that one a four. I'm not sure of all the musicians. Was one of the saxophone players Coleman Hawkins? And I thought Prez was in there. And it sounded like it might have been Stitt on alto. The keyboard player, I'm torn between Bud Powell and Oscar. The attack of the piano was very strong, and one keyboard player that I know that has a very strong touch is Phineas Newborn Jr., but it didn't sound like him.

The drummer I couldn't recognize. I know the feeling... but I was very much

impressed by the drum solo: it was very musical.

5 SADAŌ WATANABE. *BIRD OF PARADISE* (from *BIRD OF PARADISE, Inner City*). Watanabe, alto saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Tony Williams, drums.

I'd give that one a three. I didn't recognize the alto player because he sounded to me like a cross between trying to play like Charlie Parker and Hank Crawford. But I didn't recognize any particular style. I did hear the licks of Parker in spots, and a kind of fullness and soulfulness of Crawford.

The whole group didn't impress me as standing out, apart from other jazz players. It sounds like just another jazz group, and the musicians can play. But I didn't find anything that was outstanding, unique, that it set them apart from the other players.

L.F.: Who is there around now that you think does this kind of thing best, if you had to pick four musicians to do that same kind of thing?

W.F.: The only horn player I've really been excited about lately is Arthur Blythe. I've really been impressed by him, his ability and his technique. But most of the other players, I haven't seen any that have stood out individually. I think you have to have someone out front that's a strong force to mold the rest of the guys to where you have some kind of sound or uniqueness. There are a lot of good players, but the ones that stand out are few and far between. db

A man in a dark military uniform with gold buttons and a name tag that says "HILL" is playing a bassoon. He is looking to the right. In the background, a woman is also playing a bassoon. The scene is lit with warm, golden light.

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David Borden

An armful of synthesizers and a love of Baroque counterpoint combine in a unique minimal music.

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

Is there room for more than three minimalists in the new music marketplace? It seems that anyone making music based in a limited number of melodic/rhythmic fragments played in repeating cycles is instantly designated an imitator or follower of the minimal music triumvirate: Steve Reich, Philip Glass, and Terry Riley. Even LaMonte Young, the acknowledged originator of the minimal process, is only given an occasional nod.

If that sort of logic prevailed in other music forms, rock history would end with the Beatles, classical with Beethoven, and jazz with Charlie Parker. I mean, all that jazz sounds the same, right? Of course it doesn't, and neither does minimal music, which has long since expanded beyond the origins of that term, though it still serves journalistic convenience. But this attitude has caused some casualties, and one of them has been David Borden.

Borden is a contemporary of Philip Glass and Steve Reich, and they all arrived at the same musical locale at about the same time. "I met both Steve Reich and Philip Glass in 1970," recalls Borden. "They were both friends of a dancer named Barbara Dilly who was teaching at Cornell [University] that summer. First I met Steve, who's a Cornell graduate. He'd just come back from Africa, and he played me some African music and some of his music, and I played him some of my music, and we were both surprised at how similar it was. He urged me to move to New York and make my fortune. In the fall Philip Glass came by, and we had basically the same conversation. But I never moved to New York."

Perhaps because he didn't move to the Apple and hustle his music the way Glass and Reich have, he's now perceived as a minimalist-come-lately. But Borden's music is equally evocative as Glass', Reich's, or Riley's and as distinct from theirs as they are from each other's. It's a complex polyphony of sound, embroidered through his synthesizers into an electronic mandala.



Borden, who was born in Boston on Christmas Day, 1938, has a conventional academic background. He began studying piano at the age of six and went on to earn degrees in music from the Eastman School of Music and Harvard University. Then he proceeded into the grant and fellowship circuit with Ford Foundation and ASCAP grants and a Fulbright Scholarship to study in Germany.

There were two turning points in Borden's career. The first occurred when he moved to Ithaca, New York to become a composer-in-residence for the Ithaca School District. It was a case of being in the right place at the right time. "I introduced myself to Robert Moog, who was just starting his synthesizer company in a storefront," remembers Borden. "He showed me how to play the synthesizer. I didn't know anything about input or output then." Moog gave Borden unlimited use of his synthesizer studio during the prototype days of the Moog System Three modular unit.

He started, like everyone else, to get as many sounds as he could extract from this new instrument. But then the second turning point came and signaled a new direction. "The Terry Riley record [*In C*] was a shot in the arm and pointed to a return to tonality. Before that, if you were a composer going to school in the mid-'60s, you had to deal with a lot of European music—Boulez, Stockhausen, serial techniques—and a lot of American attitudes towards that, which meant a heavy Milton Babbitt influence."

Armed with his synthesizers, Borden began reinvestigating tonality. In 1969 he formed one of the first live performance synthesizer ensembles, Mother Mallard's Portable Masterpiece Co. It was a decidedly unacademic name. With Steve

Drews and Linda Fisher as the first Mallards, they released two albums, their eponymous debut in 1974 and *Like A Duck To Water* in 1976, both on their own Earthquack record label. Drews' glissandoing cycles on *Ceres Motion* and Borden's mechanical sequencers on *Easter* and his inward spirals of *C-A-G-E II* established the terrain of Mother Mallard. "Those were great days, traveling around with people saying 'What's that?'" reflects Borden. "It got to be a hassle after a while though, because we were billed not as David Borden or Mother Mallard, but as the Moog synthesizer."

The synthesizer was also a lot more difficult to play then. This was in the days of spaghetti-like webs of patchcords in a telephone operators-style patchbay. "We used to train like the military," claims Borden. "Steve, Linda, and I would time ourselves on how long it took to set up a piece, tear it down, change all the settings, and go at it again. We'd do that for two or three hours until we could change from one piece to another in about five minutes. Because if you go from the *C-A-G-E* series of pieces to *Oleo Strut* or *Train*, the settings are completely different."

In Borden's current ensemble, which includes keyboardists Paul Epstein from the Laura Dean Dancers and Nurit Tilles from Steve Reich & Musicians, he uses two Roland Juno-60s. Because of their ability to switch instantly from sound to sound by just punching a couple of numbers into the preset memory, Borden can move from one piece to another faster and also have more sounds within a given piece. However, he also still uses three Minimoogs and his old modular Moog, which is going on 15 years old now. With an RMI electric piano, he basically has seven keyboards for six hands.

These six hands, plus the recent addition of a vocalist and viola de gamba player, are weaving some of the most complex and exquisite polyphony this side of J.S. Bach. "I've always loved contrapuntal music," says Borden, "from Guillaume de Machaut through the Renaissance and to Bach." It also sets him apart from other composers in the field who generally create unison melody lines. "With the help of a four-track tape recorder," explains Borden, "I can write three or four distinct parts and make them come together, because I can superimpose them on each other. I compose one person's part all the way through, then the second person's, and so on. So it's not written in a vertical way at all. Harmonically I think of it as scales."

For all its structural complexity, there's

a compulsive beauty to Borden's oscillating cycles. His *Continuing Story Of Counterpoint 1-10* is an epic work, rich in melodic invention and drama. *Counterpoints Part 6* and *Part 9* have been recorded on Borden's first non-Mother Mallard album, *Music For Amplified Keyboard Instruments* (Red Music 002, available from NMDS, 500 Broadway, NYC 10012). There's a vitality in Borden's precise music that can be attributed to his work as an improvising pianist in the jazz tradition. He even plays in a cocktail lounge in Ithaca on weekends. "I have a relaxed, Dave McKenna-style of playing on piano," admits Borden. "I do improvise, and that's how I get my ideas. The *Counterpoint* pieces are based on one or two melodic fragments, and that's about it. They're stated at the beginning of *Counterpoint Part One*, and I use them in every one except *Two*, *Six*, and *Ten*. I saved three where I could be completely free to do anything I want."

The synthesizer is especially suited to this intricate music. It offers a precision of tone, rhythm, and color over a long period that can't be obtained with conventional instruments. "The synthesizer was amenable to the kind of music I'm doing because you could set an oscillator on it and let it drone for 10 minutes, and no one had to take a breath or hold a finger down. It could also keep a steady pulse."

Borden has rarely used the synthesizer for its far-reaching sonic capacities. His music sounds like it's being played on silver-plated harpsichords and by Baroque trumpet choirs. "Before the new synthesizers I went for simple sounds," says Borden, "a lot of unison sawtooth waves and various degrees of filter, but I don't have any preferred sounds. The music has to have a clarity plus two or three things going on at once, which sounds like a contradiction, but I try to make it so it's an experience, coming together as a whole."

Borden's career has been marked by a series of near-misses, typified by his commissioned score for director William Friedkin's film *The Exorcist*. For some reason Friedkin only used about 45 seconds of Borden's electronic music, opting instead for Mike Oldfield's timely minimalist derivation on his *Tubular Bells* opus. He still refuses to move to New York to "make his fortune," but perhaps the time has come for us to look to Ithaca. Borden is currently unfolding all 10 of his *Counterpoint* pieces for a two-record set to be released at the end of 1983. It should cause quite a few people to take notice of this modern master of electronic counterpoint. **db**

Bruce Forman

Bebop lives in the strings of a guitarist who places Charlie Parker at the forefront of his musical influences.

BY A. JAMES LISKA

At 27, guitarist Bruce Forman is something of a rarity in music. Though he is a veteran player of the rock, r&b, and funk styles of his generation, the San Franciscan points to bebop—whose heyday had passed before his birth—as his frame of musical reference.

"I heard a Charlie Parker record, and once I heard Bird, it was like 'Oh my God! That's it!'" says Forman, his voice and mannerisms reflecting the excitement of a 13-year fascination with bop that has never waned. "It seemed like all the music I had played—classical, folk, a little rock—had so many rules. 'You can do this; you can't do that; you have to do this; these notes aren't okay.' I've always been a real rebellious sort of guy, and when I heard Bird, I thought, 'There's a guy who's really free. He is playing what he wants to play within the structure of whatever's around him.' I thought, 'Wow! You can do that? There's music around where you can be your own boss?'"

"You can phrase stiffly, loosely; you can play dissonant; you can play consonant. As long as it was a complete musical statement, it was okay."

Forman's yearning for musical freedom came during his first musical experiences. Born in Springfield, MA, he began studying classical piano at the age of six.

"I hated it," he says, laughing. "My teacher was always on my case. I was a real good piano player, but I always played by ear, and that used to drive my teacher nuts. I'd come in with my lesson and play the first three or four notes, scuffling. She'd say, 'No, it goes like this,' and then play it for me. Then I'd play it back at her, missing only a few of the inner harmonies. It used to drive her nuts because I was by far and away her best student even though I didn't ever practice."

Forman quit going to piano lessons and began playing folk guitar. The year was 1970 and, though exposed to a lot of rock music, it did not really grab his



TOM COPP

attention the way jazz did. With bebop firmly in mind, Forman, who had moved to San Francisco with his family in 1971, began working blues gigs with area organ trios.

"I was fortunate to meet Smith Dobson, a great piano player in the Bay Area, and he would let me sit in," Forman recalls. "He would just play his gig, and I would just play along, take some solos, and learn the tunes. I know a million standards now because of having done all that. He was real supportive of me, and I met a lot of good players through him."

As word spread of Forman's developing guitar prowess, studio work and more live gigs followed. His first real break came on a Monday night in 1978 when alto saxophonist Richie Cole came into a San Francisco club and sat in. He hired Forman on the spot.

It was the beginning of a four-year relationship with the purveyor of "Alto Madness," and it took Forman around the world a few times, bringing him to the attention of the jazz press. It was also a good learning experience for the young guitarist.

"Working with Richie for me was like it is for a horn player to go through the Art Blakey or Horace Silver thing. There is no guitar part in those traditional bebop bands, and what I really wanted to do was to have a bebop gig," Forman explains. "Richie was that for me. He helped me really define my bop playing and strengthen it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

ARTURO SANDOVAL

BISMARCK HOTEL

CHICAGO—Cuban trumpet wizard Arturo Sandoval first appeared in the U.S. with Havana's all-star latin-fusion band, Irakeré, at the Newport Jazz Festival of 1978. With the deterioration of Cuban-American relations since then, cultural exchanges between the two countries have all but ceased entirely. Sandoval's performance with his own sextet at a convention of the National Lawyers Guild was a rare exception, the product of lengthy negotiations by the Caribbean Arts Association, which sponsored the event.

The lobby of the auditorium was piled with propaganda booklets and posters, but as the concert itself demonstrated, revolutionary politics and revolutionary music are not necessarily inseparable. By his own admission, Sandoval is no innovator; an ardent admirer of Dizzy Gillespie (with whom he recently recorded an LP for Pablo in Finland) and Clark Terry, he is a mainstream stylist whose forte is a mind-boggling technique that eclipses even Maynard Ferguson's for triple-tongued flash and high-register razzle-dazzle.

Chicago conga player Art Turk Burton opened the show along with his Congo Square quintet. Burton, a member of the AACM, led the group through an uncharacteristically conservative set that included Gillespie's *A Night In Tunisia*, Coltrane's *Naima*, and Rollins' *St. Thomas*. Highlights were provided by former Coltrane bassist Raphael Garrett, lowlights by Burton's wife Peresina, who recited hackneyed black nationalist poetry.

Sandoval made his entrance with a firestorm of hot trumpet licks, then switched to flugelhorn, on which he combined the creamy fluidity of a Clark Terry with the crackling velocity of a Freddie Hubbard. Besides those two, his blowing at times suggested Dizzy, Clifford Brown, and Maynard Ferguson. His bag of tricks seemed inexhaustible: machine-gun flurries, squawks, smears, growls, and flutters, meticulously executed without noticeable effort and within a clearly delineated melodic structure.

His sidemen were similarly, if not quite equally, adept. Hilario Duran, on electric piano, soloed in a lush, neo-romantic vein reminiscent of Chick Corea or Keith Jarrett. Jorge Reyes Hernandez plucked thick, rubbery bass lines, amplified to the point that his acoustic instrument sounded electric; Ahmed Barroso Jora-



NOEL NEUBURGER

juría's electric guitar, by contrast, could barely be heard except on his intriguing single-note solos. Reinaldo Valera del Monte's congas added a latin tinge, but the percussive weight in this jazz-oriented ensemble was carried by Bernardo Garcia Carrera on traps.

After explaining in Spanish that the piano had been his first love, Sandoval sat down at the keyboard and played a long, surprisingly polished solo. Later he played timbales, scat-sang, and even twanged on a jaw-harp, all with considerable finesse. At length, he picked up a shekere, or calabash rattle, for an Afro-Cuban percussion interlude that all but stopped the show.

Sandoval's trumpet work, ironically, bears little if any trace of the traditional Cuban school of Chocolate Armenteros, Felix Chappotin, et al.; his band, likewise, seems to have assimilated American jazz whole hog, exhibiting its island roots not so much in its percussive colorations as in its overall rhythmic consanguinity and tautness. Given the opportunity, Sandoval could be a hit in Las Vegas, where expatriate Cuban masters like Cachao and Walfredo de Los Reyes already ply their chops, but the most venturesome experiments in latin jazz today appear to be taking place in New York.

—Larry Birnbaum

REAL ART WAYS JAZZ FESTIVAL

STATE HOUSE

HARTFORD, CT—Black letters on red t-shirts promoting the eighth annual Real Art Ways Jazz Festival promised RAW JAZZ. Out of six solo and group performances held on the green of the old State House and inside RAW's spacious headquarters, only Julius Hemphill's highly amplified Jah Band sounded rough, untried, and truly on the cutting edge—but no matter. Over three free nights some 800 listeners raptly absorbed serious, virtuosic improvisation

by musicians who demonstrated that what was once considered radically free jazz is today worthy of the respect due classical repertoire. A local video crew documented it all.

Joseph Jarman—plenty dramatic without face paint or colleagues from the Art Ensemble Of Chicago—recalled the rhetoric (and reality) of the rawer '60s in his song/poem *Erika*, composed in that decade to evoke the turbulence surrounding the childhood of a black woman. Jarman also declaimed a personal narrative of a fatal drug experiment, but that, along with his calypso spoof about going home to Portland (delivered in island dialect) and his alto sax and bass flute blowing, resolved fierce lyricism in convincing warmth and tenderness. Jarman further charmed the crowd by speaking without pretense of the sources and intentions of his work.

A visually intriguing quintet of Connecticut residents followed; since 1977 percussionists Bob Gatzen and Gene Bozzi have played the acoustic sound sculptures of the French Baschet brothers under the name Spiral. Metal and glass assemblages producing variably pitched sounds with properties both earthy and ethereal, the Baschets' inventions include shiny amplifying shields projecting the ringing of moistened lengths of rod, and primitive harps for hammering. Joined by electric bassist Steve Swallow, electric guitarist Tim Majesky, and bassist/synthesist Tyler Van Ostrand, Gatzen and Bozzi created unusual textures within a contemplative fusion format. Though they could evidently control their idiosyncratic instruments, they haven't yet the mastery to cut loose from their otherwise too moderate compositions. Most of the solos were Majesky's; Swallow was lost between the stage and p.a. system.

Saturday's concert was indoors and began with Marilyn Crispell applying her clean, brisk piano attack to several well-defined original motifs, Ellington's *In A Mellow Tone* and Monk's *Rhythm-a-ning*. These themes were functional springboards for her analytic elaborations, and though each examination seemed to reach similar conclusions, given her commanding technique, her speed and light and unapologetic confidence, Crispell should develop, after more experience, a career of creative significance.

Hemphill's nascent Jah Band, with guitarists Jack Wilkins and Bill Frisell, electric bassist Jerome Harris, and drummer Mike Clark in this incarnation, spent several long songs determining the most effective interplay to hot-wire lines,



Julius Hemphill

LONA FOOTIE

open atmospherics, solid, surging rhythms, and soulful alto and soprano sax statements. Compared to the World Saxophone Quartet or Hemphill's less electrically constituted groups, the Jah Band was sloppy, loud, and occasionally abrasive—but its daring and spontaneity were exciting, too. Hemphill dominated the collective improvisations as Ornette and Miles do in their groups, and the last two numbers of his hour-plus set grooved mercilessly. Jah to this twist on the St. Louis blues.

Finally, Sunday, Don Pullen displayed the fullness and depth of his too seldom acknowledged skill at the keyboard. The only ties between his playing (or Crispell's) and Cecil Taylor's is their common use of the entire piano and its total dynamic range, and their mutual interest in extended harmonies and fervent energy. Pullen's compositions—recorded on Atlantic and Black Saint albums—have worn well, and his improvisations never lose the thread of coherent, usually impassioned, musical logic. Like Muhal Richard Abrams, one of whose songs he played, Pullen has refined a personal style within a tradition that embraces Tatum, Powell, Errol Garner, Horace Silver, Monk, and Taylor, among other individualists using the piano for self-expression.

As Pullen's accomplishments after 20 years of exposure seem still fresh but are well seasoned, so does drummer Andrew Cyrille's quartet authentically embody and ennoble up-to-the-minute concepts of black American music rather than newness for its own sake. Trumpeter Ted Daniels, bassist Nick de Geronimo, and pianist Sonelius Smith were each generously featured after Cyrille opened by literally playing the stage. All four were strong, and their music had the unhurried clarity of experts at work; they performed compositions from their latest

Black Saint release, *The Navigator*. They proved, along with everyone else on the weekend program, that when polished professionals enjoy the opportunity to concertize to such receptive audiences as Real Art Ways reaches, the results needn't be raw to be remarkable—as most anyone involved with art's real ways already knows. —Howard Mandel

NORTHSEA JAZZ FESTIVAL

CONGRESGEBOUW

THE HAGUE—This king of jazz festivals—in terms of size and sheer variety—was typically exhausting, eclectic, and delightful in 1983. Herewith, a day by day rundown of the weekend, bearing in mind my penchant for avoiding the more obvious “biggies” and seeking out the things I'm less likely to hear on my normal New York beat.

Things kicked off for me on Friday with Al Rapone & the Zydeco Express, a *meshuganeh* combination of polka, hill-billy, Cajun, and r&b that is to music what caramel corn is to food—fun for parties, but never a full meal, please. Next, stride piano duets from Dick Hyman and Dick Wellstood—two pianists with three left hands each, a stride enthusiast's nirvana. Waso—a Belgian band that has a Djangoish guitarist who knows the vocabulary, but is lacking in the passion and fire—was mildly entertaining before I arrived at my next destination in time to hear Dorothy Donegan, the queen of keyboard excess, tear things up with a medley of *Flying Home* and *The Battle Hymn Of The Republic* (!). The Bennie Wallace Trio (Mike Richmond, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums) then took over for some strong, thoughtful, absorbing music, culminating in a rip-roaring *When You Wish Upon A Star*; Bennie's still got a lot of Rollins in his playing, but he's every bit his own man. An extraordinary set. James Cotton was next: urban, gritty, harmonica blues played by a master who, like an experienced hooker, knows how to work the customers to a climax, with sustained notes and rhythm breaks. He was followed by a “Gospel Extravaganza” that got under way with five women, the Stars Of Faith, in garish, glittery costumes, doing awful, gussied-up gospel hits that sent me running for refuge to a steamy bebop set featuring Dizzy Gillespie, Jon Faddis, and Paquito D'Rivera, each man inspiring the next beautifully. Dizzy and Faddis then remained on-stage to be joined by Doc Cheatham, Wild Bill Davison, Clark Terry, “Sweets” Edison, Ack Van Rooyen,

and Warren Vaché for what should have been history, but instead was boring and listless (you know: *Lady Be Good*, two choruses each and out). The evening closed, for me, with Irakeré, still an excellent blend of latin and jazz, despite the loss of Paquito and high-note man Arturo Sandoval (they've replaced them, though, with another good alto saxist and high-note trumpeter).

The Shelly Manne Session Sextet led off Saturday: a typical European mish-mash, including the fine Dutch flugelista, Van Rooyen, the out-of-place Mose Allison on piano, the awful Allen Eager on tenor, and Mike Richmond, Curtis Fuller, and Manne gamely limping through some '50s blowers. Then out to the blues



George Gruntz

HYOU VIELZ

garden for Sugar Blue, a good harmonica player and a mediocre singer. I followed this with a taste of the Jazz Abroad Orchestra And Chorus, an enormous Illinois high school band and 16-voice choir doing corn-fed arrangements (this provides the festival with free filler; no doubt the band paid their own way by running high school dances and car washes), before basking in the trombone brilliance of Albert Mangelsdorff playing solo pieces with wit, poise, confidence, and a touch of genius—he's a wispy man with the sound of a trombone section at his fingertips. I then poked my head in and watched Major Holley and Slam Stewart buzz through some duets, before following Mangelsdorff to a trombone summit that was everything the trumpet summit wasn't. Julian Priester, Britt Woodman, Curtis Fuller, and Al Grey were the other participants; Cees

Slinger (piano), Jacques Schols (bass), and Alvin Queen (drums) made up the worthy rhythm section; everyone played brilliantly. Grey was the leader, and credit to him for keeping things moving and inspired. Next was Tito Puente and his under-rehearsed-sounding Latin Jazz Ensemble, joined midway by the fabulous Celia Cruz. Cruz is the doyenne of female salsa singers, which I knew, but I was unprepared for the energy, professionalism, and sheer power of this Cuban fireball. Cruz worked the audience to a frenzy and I, for one, was stunned—magnificent singing in any language and, for me, the brightest spot in the weekend. From the sublime to Prime Time: I finished the night with a taste of Ornette's tight, ferocious ear-slaughter, the leader cooking demonically on alto.

Sunday's round one: John Hammond's rural blues—he manages to sound black and toothless, and he's a good dobro player; nice start. Round two: Luther Allison's urban blues—predictable and dull. Round three: Stephane Grappelli—it's always a treat just to bathe in that man's sweet beauty. Round four: Willie Dixon, whose half-talking, crotchety style won my best blues of the weekend award—his singing is deliberate and wise, and he dances like Walter Brennan. How can you lose? He was joined by Allison for a barnburner finale in tribute to Muddy Waters. Round five: John Lee Hooker—slow and easy, leather-voiced and primitive (with an irresistible chuckle), but never working up a head of steam. Round five: Georgie Fame, the boozy-throated, slick, English big band singer—he sounds a lot like King Pleasure—in front of a lumpy, unswinging Swedish ensemble, the Hudik Big Band. So-so. Round six: a few minutes of the Decoding Society—harmolodics all slicked up. Round seven: I ended the weekend with the brilliant George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band. Pianist Gruntz puts together all-star ensembles every so often to play his excellent, swinging, dense big band music, and this year's band was *gorgeous*. Sheila Jordan, Tom Harrell, Charlie Mariano, Bob Moses, Marcus Belgrave, Bill Pusey, Howard Johnson, the East German free tenor master Ernst-Ludwig Petrowsky, the Argentine bandoneon player Dino Saluzzi, Julian Priester, Palle Mikkelborg, Finnish reedman Seppo Paakkunainen, Dave Taylor, Marc Egan, Tom Varner, Dave Bargeron, and Peter Gordon were all given a chance to shine—Gruntz styles the tunes to feature each player—and the very melodic, very earthy, very catchy music was worthy of them all.

—lee jeske

nomenon Unique In The History Of Music" (db, Apr. '83), and "Some Things You Just Can't Buy By Mail" (db, July '83)—in the *Iowa Bandmaster Magazine*. Thank you for your support of music education and the local school music dealers!

Chuck Teutsch Underwood, IA

Snappy Sammy

Thank you for Sam Freedman's extremely provocative and cogent Ad Lib ("What Makes A Festival?" db, Aug. '83). His final point of asking "how many Balfas and Cheniers are dying silently in cities that overlook the greatness and riches in their midst" is indeed the most common problem in music festivals today. May festival organizers everywhere take to heart this point: look in your own backyard first!

James Pasquale Quarto WORT-FM
Jazz Programmer Madison, WI

Goldberg brickbat

Personal to Michael Goldberg: Lively up yourself an' don' be no drag. What a shame your unfeeling, uninformed record reviews of Bob Marley and Peter Tosh had to appear in an issue (db, Sep. '83) featuring the excellent piece on Sly & Robbie by Don Palmer. Maybe you should hang out with Don and get the feeling—although no reggae fan will probably ever talk to you again.

Your hatchet job of *Confrontation* and Bob Marley himself is simply inexcus-

PROFILE

Cole's addition of pianist Bobby "Wild Man" Enriquez to the band's rhythm section changed Forman's life considerably. "I'm a real stubborn, pushy person, too," says Forman. "The fact that I could exist with him [Enriquez] and that I could function musically was really one of the great growing experiences of my life."

Forman left Cole's band last year to pursue his own leadership role (he leads a trio in San Francisco with bassist Jeff Carney and drummer Eddie Marshall) and to work with vibist Bobby Hutcherson.

"Actually," Forman says, "I've been a Bobby Hutcherson nut for years. He called me up to tell me he had decided to try it without piano—just guitar, bass, drums, and vibes. Bobby's approach to playing is, in a lot of ways, more the way I

able. Compare Bob Marley to Lionel Ritchie? *Confrontation* is a solid album whose themes and ideals are at the very heart of reggae music. Do you listen to the lyrics? One star for poor? Outrageous! Your theories and suppositions about drug use have little place here.

The Peter Tosh record is also short-changed—it seems many people enjoy Peter's reggae/rock version of *Johnny B. Goode*. But how could you overlook the excellent title track *Mama Africa*? In closing you state that based on *Confrontation* Bob Marley lost the fight of Rasta Revolution. Heavy words from a Babylon, no? You mus' be jokin' mon.

Ricky Schultz Encino, CA

Michael Goldberg replies: I stand by my review—Confrontation and Mama Africa add nothing to the legacy of great reggae music. 'Nuff said.

Feather's nest

Just a word to say thanks to everyone at db for the Lifetime Achievement Award (db, Aug. '83). It came as a complete surprise when George Wein presented the plaque to me at Carnegie Hall during the Kool/NY fest, and I feel very honored and grateful.

Obviously an important part of whatever I have achieved has been involved with my long and happy association with *down beat*, which I hope will continue as long as I have the strength to walk to the typewriter.

Leonard Feather Sherman Oaks, CA

.....
continued from page 53

hear it. I believe more in rewriting a song than playing it."

Forman's approach to jazz has been more like a horn player's than a guitarist's. Though he points to Wes Montgomery, Joe Pass, and George Benson as influences, he first emulated Bird, Cannonball Adderley, John Coltrane, Lee Morgan, Miles Davis, and Wayne Shorter. A good sample of his playing can be heard on his album *20/20* (Muse 5273), with cohorts Albert Dailey, Tom Harrell, Mike Richmond, and Billy Hart.

"I'm really a guitar player who functions well with a keyboard. I'm about making music; I'm not about proving that I can play as many chords as the piano or as fast as a horn. That's not what it's about to me. I look for every new situation to help me get a new angle on it." db

confidence—his English is fine, and he is well established as a musician. The CBS contract that Lundvall signed him to before moving on to Elektra Records has resulted in three excellent albums; Paquito has won acclaim in appearances with his own band, and with McCoy Tyner, Dizzy Gillespie, and others; he has toured Europe and, recently, Venezuela with great success; and he has been able to supplement his income with New York studio work and jingles.

Paquito is now thinking of augmenting his current band (Carlos Franzetti, piano; Steve Bailey, bass; Berroa and Ponce, percussion; and, occasionally, Claudio Roditi on trumpet and valve trombone) with "a good American guitar player—somebody like Joe Beck—and I'd love to have Lew Soloff on trumpet and Mario Rivera on saxophone; with Claudio on valve trombone, it would be beautiful." He is hoping to work more in South America where, he says, "It's a different market. I had a fantastic success in Venezuela; it's interesting how I could fill a theater with people who are not really jazz fans. They are people who'll go hear a Latin person like themselves playing a different kind of music—playing American music or whatever

they want to call it. But it's really not American music, it's their music played in another context. I would like to start now doing more Latin American things. Not only the Cuban thing or the Brazilian thing, but the Indian part of South America, too—the music of Venezuela, Peru, Argentina, and all that. I am working on that now, and it's virgin territory; nobody has done anything about that. Here they know Brazil and Cuba, and that's it."

This past summer D'Rivera was playing at the Northsea Festival in Holland, as was Irakeré. They were even staying in the same hotel. But it is forbidden for Irakeré's members to even talk with Paquito, and although they all passed each other in the lobby, and even saw each others' performance, not a word was exchanged, not an acknowledgement made. "We walked all over and saw each other," says Paquito, "but politically, for them, it's very dangerous to talk to me. I have very good friends in there, people who I know love me, and I love them, too. But, you know, that's the way. . ."

Paquito doesn't deny that there's some resentment of him in Irakeré—caused, he thinks, by his defection coming at the start of a major tour. ("The band says, 'No, we don't want to see Paquito, because he did that thing to us, professionally, which is bad.' Yet do they remember

where they were returning from? Poland! How could I do that in Poland or Czechoslovakia? It's stupid of them.") But he feels there is plenty of love for him from such longtime friends as Chucho Valdes.

"Yeah, there are some guys with bad feelings," says the saxist, "but I think for the band it is better that I am not there anymore. And I think it's a better thing for the government that I am not there anymore, because they know that I don't like them, and they would always know that they have an enemy in me. Now I am not their enemy anymore. I don't care about them; I ignore them. But being there I made a lot of problems, a lot of problems—trying to play jazz, and trying to be by myself without saying anything to them. I acted freely there. I used to act freely there, like I do now here. And that's very bad there. But, for them, it's better. I am a born leader—I like to be a leader and organize things—and they don't want people like that in Cuba. They like people who act in a group, as part of the community. For them, it's better. I did Cuba a favor by going out.

"I have a very good friend of mine who is a comedian. He says, 'The day Fidel Castro falls, I will go to Cuba again; the next day, I say, 'The next day, I will be in Alaska.' I don't want to know anything about it. I live here, man. That's it—no more complications, no more politics.'" db

CRUSADERS

continued from page 22

bands loved jazz, yet at the same time there was a feeling of r&b in the music. We used to sort of suppress the r&b feeling—trying to play like the New York jazzers did or like they did out on the West Coast. I know I recognized that that was not my music. I did not create that music. I had nothing to do with the making of bebop or whatever. We had our own music. Even when we thought we were playing jazz, as it was actually known, there was that Texas side of it that would come out. In those particular days people would say, 'Oh, that isn't a real, true jazz band.'"

"You see," says Felder, "from the time we started recording, we have been out of the jazz categories, so to speak. We weren't East Coast, we weren't West Coast, and they didn't really have any place to put us. We didn't follow playing like the others played so, therefore, the critics and so forth would always try to compare us with this person here or that person there, rather than really listening to the music itself.

"I can remember the first real detrimental criticism that we had. It was on an earlier album, I can't remember which song, but it was the first one Joe played an electric keyboard. We really got shot down. Because Joe used an electronic instrument, we couldn't have been jazz players. But then as the years evolved, more and more jazz musicians used electronic instruments, and it was okay. If Miles did something, it was fine; if someone else did it, it was wrong.

"That was the period when we changed from the Jazz Crusaders to the Crusaders. It was then when we really decided we would start playing what we feel. If the song feels like this, we'll do it. And whatever happens, happens."

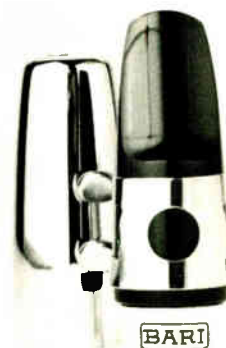
Criticism, name changes, and an ever-shifting personnel notwithstanding, the Crusaders face their 31st year happening as they feel it. db

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PRO SESSION

HOW TO tame the tone row—Part IV

BY DR. WILLIAM L. FOWLER

William Fowler, composer/clinician/professor (University of Colorado, Denver) holds a PhD in Music Composition and is db's Education Editor.



Parts I, II, and III of this article (db, Aug., Sep., Oct. '83) dealt only with pure tone rows, those which avoid repeating any one note until all 12 notes of the chromatic scale have been used. But observing this non-repeat restriction limits a single-row melodic line to only 12 notes, a length more suitable for melodic phrases than for entire tunes. Mark Hiskey handled this limitation by holding notes and thus extending his own row to 16 bars:

Tone Row Waltz

MARK HISKEY

And, as Part I of this article showed, any tone row can lengthen its own line by repeating itself forward, backward, upside-down forward, and upside-down backward.

None of these extension methods, however, allows enough melodic flexibility to make a tone row suitable for universal use: free exercise of the melodic process must include not only freedom in choosing new notes, but also freedom in repeating old notes. Here, for example, is a typical tone row:

And here is that same row applied to the first beats in successive measures of a 12-bar blues form. Because they occur at natural accents, the notes of the row retain their inherent melodic variety while the notes between them flesh out the line into a full-length blues tune:

Tone Row Blues

Isolde's Love Death from Wagner's *Tristan Und Isolde* demonstrates another way to mix new and repeated notes in a long melodic line. Wagner repeats a short melodic passage, his *leitmotiv*, over and over while shifting it bodily into new keys:

Love Death (leitmotiv)

RICHARD WAGNER

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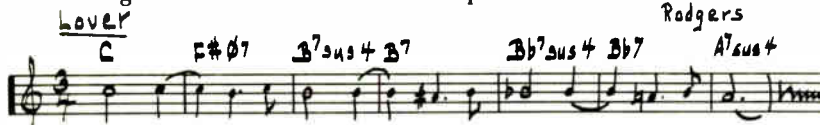
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Post-Wagnerian examples of this method for extending short into long abound. An upward-octave-leap motive touches more than half of the Major keys within a few measures of Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier Waltzes*. The four-note motive in Richard Rodgers' *Lover* shifts down a half-step at a time:



The how-dry-I-am motive in Jim Webb's *Up, Up And Away* shifts up a minor third, and the descending Major seventh chord arpeggio in John Coltrane's *Giant Steps* (Atlantic 1311) shifts down a Major third. The motives in both Morgan Lewis' *How High The Moon* and Toots Thielemans' *Bluesette* modulate up a fourth at a time. But the three short arpeggios in Oliver Nelson's *Patterns* (Impulse A-9129) seem to be the most-moved of all motives—they shift key well over 50 times in every conceivable relationship between all 12 Major keys. Here, for example, are the first 16 key-shifts:

- 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
- E^b G^b D^b E E^b G^b F A^b G B^b A C D B A^b F

And here are the motives which do the shifting:



Starting each repeated motive on the successive notes of a tone row would combine tone row and *leitmotiv* techniques into a form which might be called a *key row*. Again, the tone row notes would insure variety, and the notes between them would flesh out the form. To guard against the boredom which often results from too much exact repetition, the motive would need to be altered at times throughout the line, and to guard against confusion, the key relationships would need some kind of regularity. Here are some regular key-change patterns:

- C E G^b C^b F A D F^b B^b E^b G B
- C G^b E C^b A F D B^b F^b E^b B G
- C E^b F^b A C^b E G^b D F A^b B
- C F^b E^b A C^b G E^b D A^b F B
- C A E^b F^b C^b B^b E G D B A^b F

And here are some key row starts for those who wish to continue them as far as desired:



db

ON THE BEAT

continued from page 6

Like any other type of theft affecting the musical creator, record piracy is an abominable thing. Certainly we should work together to do away with it. Now! The reasons are clear. The composer loses. The artist loses. The fan loses. Most of all the industry loses—because the unscrupulous are felt to be the rule rather than the exception.

Let me add a personal note. As a lawyer, I helped to bring to court what I believe was the first record piracy case 30 years ago. I was

against record piracy then. I haven't wavered in my views. BMI is anything but indifferent to this problem.

(Signed) Edward M. Cramer (President)

Next month: Check out the cover story on new music composer Philip Glass, features on Steve Khan and Chico Freeman, the results of the 48th annual down beat Readers Poll, plus all our regular departments.

db

KEYBOARD COUNTRY



Yamaha HandySound HS-501

YAMAHA SPECIALTY PRODUCTS (Buena Park, CA) recently introduced the computerized HS-501 electronic keyboard featuring three musical games that teach basic music fundamentals, train reflexes, and are fun to play to boot. The Handy-Sound HS-501 offers a 25-note keyboard and five different instrument sounds. A polyphonic system allows up to four notes to be played at one time. Other features include a 2¼-inch speaker, three-way power (AC, battery, auto-lighter), and portability. The games are rather self-explanatorily titled "Keyboard Says . . .," "Keyboard Poker," and "Keyboard Invader."

CLARINET CLAN

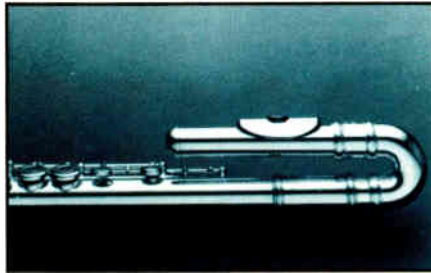


Vito Student Clarinets

New from the G. LEBLANC CORP. (Kenosha, WI) is the improved line of Vito student clarinets; the popular models have been re-engineered and redesigned with both mechanical and visual improvements. The Vito clarinet bell has a new shape with a smoothly rounded edge on both a ringed and ringless

model for beauty and damage resistance. The mortise and tenon joint has been reshaped for greater strength. The high-gloss body has been upgraded to a wood-grain finish. The keywork, as always, is all power-forged of nickel-silver, plated with nickel-silver, and continues to offer strength and durability with a refined appearance.

FLUTE LAND



Armstrong's Headstart Head Joint

The W. T. ARMSTRONG CO. (Elkhart, IN) recently unveiled a revolutionary addition to their flute product line—the Headstart Head Joint. Designed to solve the problem of small children's difficulty of reaching all the keys on a flute while maintaining proper embouchure, the new headjoint reduces the distance from the embouchure opening to the first finger position by over five inches. Extreme care was taken to insure that the new headjoint assures the same tonal excellence and reliable performance characteristics of Armstrong's flute line. An Armstrong Scale Flute Model 104 with the Headstart Head Joint is easier to handle and play in tune than any other student-level flute on the market today, according to the manufacturer.

BRASS FAMILY

Conn Severinsen Mouthpieces

C.G. CONN LTD. (Elkhart, IN) has recently introduced the new Doc Severinsen line of trumpet mouthpieces, available in six popular sizes—1¼C, 1½C, 3C, 5C, 7C, and 10½C. Each mouthpiece is hand-polished (including the cup), designed to precise tolerances, and educator-approved. The extremely consistent mouthpieces offer smooth response throughout the entire trumpet range.

Fricon Valve Oil

A high performance valve oil for brass players is now available from the FRICON SPECIALTY LUBRICATIONS CO. (Long Island City, NY). Developed to provide the ultimate in valve response rate, Fricon

Valve Oil has been formulated to avoid any loss in durability, lubricity, or cleanliness, and has earned the endorsements of Red Rodney, Bill Berry, Tom Harrell, Larry Moses, Joe Mosello, John Audino, and others.

NEW MUSIC RELEASES

■ FOWLER MUSIC ENTERPRISES (808 S. Alkire, Lakewood, CO 80228) announces the latest of their books for the visual age, *Visual Keyboard Chord Progressions, Book I*, by Dr. William L. Fowler. The 80-page, profusely illustrated book allows readers and non-readers alike to follow the keyboard path of any standard chord progression. The streamlined system combines immediate playability with easy retention. Eighteen progressive lessons make the book suitable for either individual or class use, and special sections for beginners are included, all for \$8.95 (plus \$1 postage and handling).

PERCUSSION SHOP



CP's Wooden Timbales

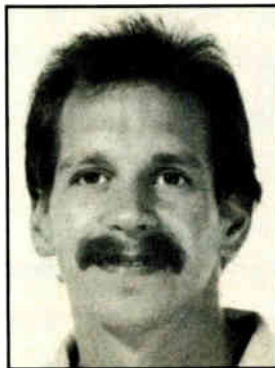
The newest member of LATIN PERCUSSION's (Garfield, NJ) Cosmic Percussion line is their wooden timbales. Made of nine-ply wood with a rosewood finish, and offered in 14- and 15-inch diameters with standard depth shells, the wood timbales provide a distinctive, mellow sound when struck on either the head or shell. They come complete with tilting double-braced stand, chrome cow bell, tuning wrench, and sticks. **db**

PRO SESSION

Tony Williams' Solo On Seven Steps To Heaven—A Drum Transcription

BY TIM SMITH

Tim Smith is an East Longmeadow, MA native who has played drums since the age of five, enjoying a wide range of music from classical to rock to jazz. He holds a Bachelor of Music degree in education from Keene St. College, NH. For the past six years he has been free-lancing in the Boston area (both live and in the studios) in addition to teaching and writing.



Tony Williams' drum solo in the Victor Feldman/Miles Davis composition *Seven Steps To Heaven* (Musical Frontiers, BMI) from the Davis LP *Four And More* (Columbia CS-9253) is a great example of "chops" and musicality working together. Williams displays superb idea flow and four-way (hands/feet) technique, while maintaining a very fast tempo. Note at bar 26 where a ritardando heralds an entrance into a "freer" style at bar 28. In this freer section the measures become indistinct as Tony continues to slow the tempo before returning to the original fast pace at the end of the solo.

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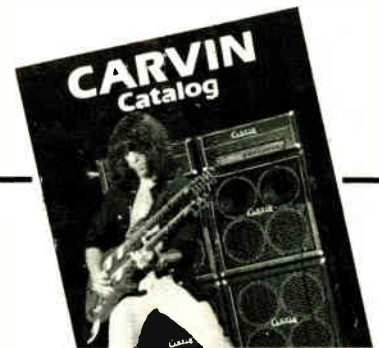


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Queen Elizabeth offers classy jazz

MONTREAL—The massive Festival International de Jazz de Montreal (News, db, Oct. '83) had not yet concluded when the Queen Elizabeth Hotel launched a more modest venture of its own, Jazz En Fete/Jazz With Class, under the direction of local bassist Charlie Biddle.

For nearly a fortnight the hotel's Salle Bonaventure was the venue for 26 local ensembles, two a night, including the bands of Oliver Jones, Peter Leitch, Nelson Symonds, Michel Donato, Guy Nadon, Richard Parris, Karen Young, and Sonny Greenwich.

The final night, by which time audiences were gathering in num-

ber, brought together several of Montreal's veteran musicians—not all of them still active professionally—for a warm, informal reunion/jam highlighted by three tunes from local legend Willy Girard.

The little fiddler, 75, who declined several stateside offers in the 1930s, had recently undergone serious surgery and was expected at most to make a cameo appearance at the Queen E. But Girard brought his violin and, in the company of altoist Bob Roby, gained confidence with every stroke, concluding his short set with a hot *How High The Moon*.
—mark miller

Wind College

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

and advanced improvisation studies with Carter were among the fall projects.

The faculty also has access to the large community of professional musicians in Hollywood, so students of just about any instrument can be accommodated. Down the road they are looking toward fulfilling state requirements for accreditation, but as Carter phrases it, "That's stage four, and we're on stage one. Our idea has all to do with expansion. Very definitely we consider this the first step."

The next step now underway is to provide a setting which will be a focal point for jazz improvisation and presentation of groups in L.A.—something which the metropolis sorely lacks. Negotiations to rent the nearby, famed California Club for Sun. afternoon sessions are now in the works. Carter strongly feels the need for a time

and a place where young people can test themselves, learning from older musicians: "The lifeblood of this music is coming together to share ideas, which is the jam session. The music grew out of that, and that has forever been the way. For years, club owners have been the backbone of musical activity, but now we're at a point where we understand we can't be just artists—we must be business people and plan. Now we are more able to see this is an art form and has to take on the dynamics of an art form."

Currently there are over three dozen private students at the college, though the faculty sees an eventual ceiling on the number of one-on-one students. Performance is also a priority. Students may write or phone for further information: Wind College, 2801 La Cienega Ave., L.A., CA 90034; (213) 559-2290. —elaine cohen

final bar



Sadik Hakim, bebop pianist who recorded with Charlie Parker, Lester Young, and others under the name Argonne Thornton, died June 20 in NYC at the age of 60. Hakim had been pursuing a solo career, at times in Europe and Canada, for the last 20 years and was frequently in residence at NYC's West Boondock.

Ira Gershwin, lyricist of literally hundreds of songs which have become jazz standards and popular classics, died in Beverly Hills, CA on Aug. 17. He was 86. The first song lyricist to win the Pulitzer Prize, Gershwin initially collaborated with his brother George on such songs as *I Got Rhythm*, *The Man I Love*, *Lady Be Good*, *Embraceable You*, and *They Can't Take That Away From Me*, plus the opera *Porgy And Bess*. After George died in 1937, Gershwin began writing with such melodists as Kurt Weill, Jerome Kern, Vernon Duke, and Harold Arlen.

Don Ewell, pianist who worked with Bunk Johnson, Sidney Chet, Jack Teagarden, and others,

as well as solo, died of pneumonia Aug. 9 in Fort Lauderdale, FL. He was 66.

Herbert K. Helbig, award-winning Canadian pianist/composer/arranger/conductor, notably for radio/tv/film, who also worked with Lee Konitz, Sonny Stitt, J.J. Johnson, Jack Teagarden, Zoot Sims, Carmen McRae, and others, died June 18 in Warkworth, Ont. at age 50.

Dave Jacobs, trombonist and road manager with Tommy Dorsey's band for over two decades, died of a heart attack Aug. 6 in L.A. at age 74.

James Jamerson, bassist on historic Motown hits by the Supremes, Temptations, Four Tops, and others, died Aug. 2 in Los Angeles, from complications of a heart attack. He was 45.



Paul Quinichette, tenor saxophonist with Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Nat Pierce, and others, whose sound was close enough to Lester Young's to earn him the nickname "The Vice-Prez," died May 25 in NYC at the age of 67.

Italian Festivals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

With vigorous government support, Umbria Jazz is well on its way to carving out a different niche for itself on the European jazz festival marketplace.

Meanwhile, held in a beautiful Roman amphitheater in Cagliari, the capital of the island of Sardinia, **Jazz In Sardinia's** inaugural festival was more ordinary at face value—there was a single concert a night, featuring no more than three bands. What made the festival different, however, was its insistence on bringing elements of ethnic music into the presentation, and featuring the very finest Italian bands each night.

And the Italian bands were indeed excellent. Outstanding were Franco D'Andrea, an intelligent, original, romantic pianist; Antonello Salis, a chameleonic, two-fisted pianist who co-led a quintet with an excellent trombonist, Danilo Terenzi; Marcello Melis, a strong bassist, but also a sly and original composer, whose quartet featured Don Moye, Maurizio Urbani (tenor saxophone-playing younger brother of Massimo), and a good, melodic pianist named Stefan Lestini. Others worth special attention include reedman Gianluigi Trovesi, a bass clarinet player of style; Paolo Fresu, a strong, steely young trumpeter; and Tino Tracanna, a fluid altoist.

In the ethnic field there was the presence of Africa Djole and Luigi Lai. Africa Djole is a Dutch-based group led by African master per-

cussionist Fodé Youla. They played a well-received set of their own and then, several nights later, a terrific, inspired set with D'Andrea's quartet. Luigi Lai is a purveyor of the *launeddas*—a Sardinian instrument consisting of three double-reeds that look a bit like pan pipes, played simultaneously with circular breathing. The result is (pardon the pun) breathtaking. Lai performed with the Trovesi Trio, but it was his solo spot that earned a thunderous ovation.

Of the Americans, Paul Motian, Art Blakey, the Art Ensemble Of Chicago, and the Freddie Hubbard Festival All-Stars (Charlie Haden, Lew Tabackin, JoAnne Brackeen, Billy Hart) performed solid sets. Abdullah Ibrahim, however, must be singled out for special notice—his two-hour set was filled with rare beauty and catchy, sing-song melodies. Max Roach should also be mentioned; he was scheduled to perform with his "double quartet" (his quartet with a string quartet), but due to some sound problems, exacerbated by the band's exhaustion, Max went out and played 20 minutes of solo drums. The audience was unremitting in its boos, hoots, and cries of "*sciemo*" ("fool"). It was the only dark spot on a lovely festival, but the promoters attempted to redeem things the final night by ending the festival with an unannounced solo set by Cecil Taylor. Judging by the cheers, it did the trick.
—lee jeske

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