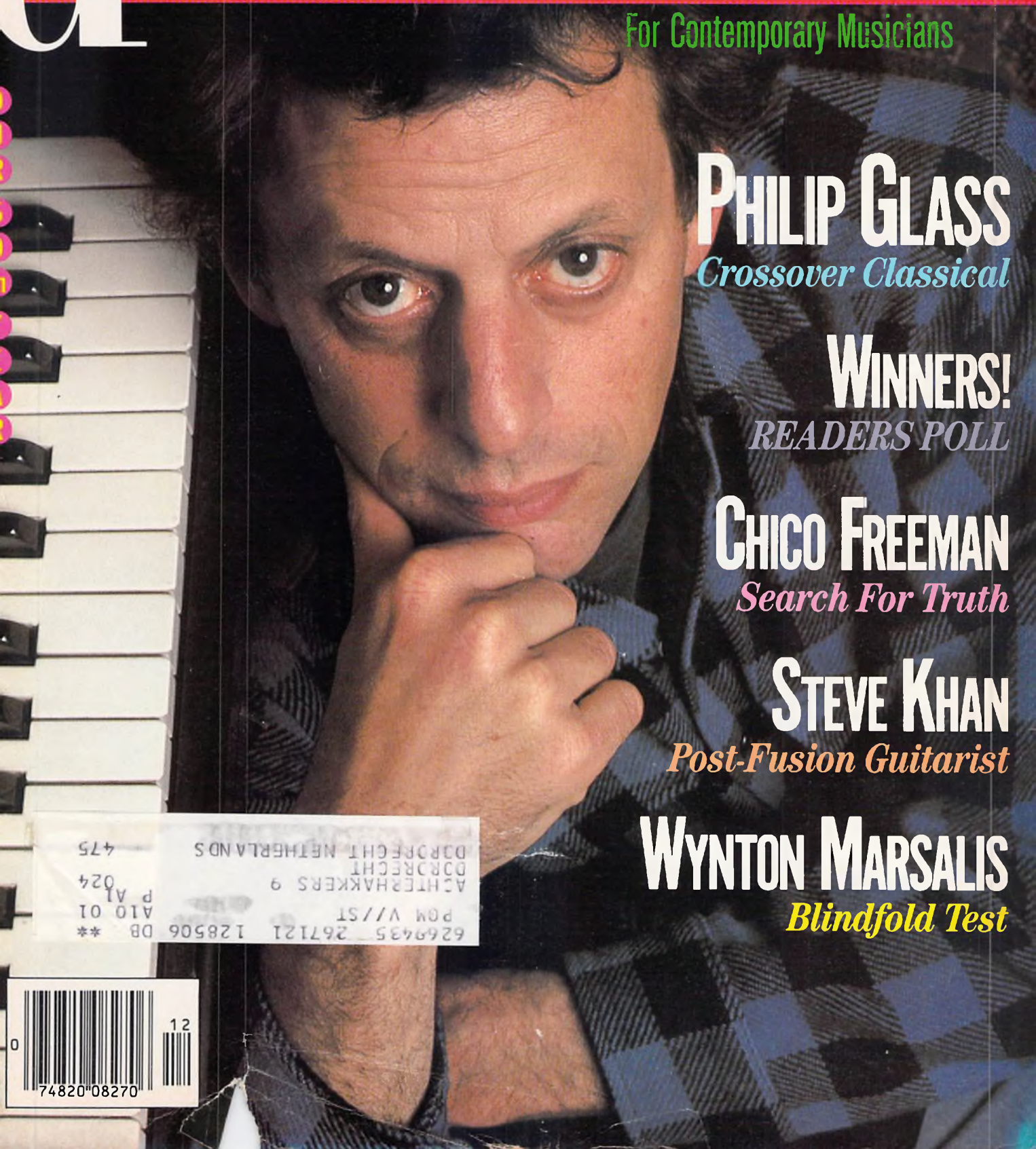


VON & CHICO FREEMAN SOLOS

December, 1983 \$1.75 U.K. £1.50

downbeat

For Contemporary Musicians



PHILIP GLASS
Crossover Classical

WINNERS!
READERS POLL

CHICO FREEMAN
Search For Truth

STEVE KHAN
Post-Fusion Guitarist

WYNTON MARSALIS
Blindfold Test

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Take a young composer from Juilliard, add lessons with Nadia Boulanger, sprinkle in influences from John Coltrane to Ravi Shankar, blend collaborative friendships with Terry Riley and Steve Reich, mix in a strong individual creative sensibility, and you've got Philip Glass. David Garland handles the introduction.

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Steve Khan

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Shadowfax

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PHILIP Glass

THEATER OF GLASS

B Y D A V I D G A R L A N D

"At the very beginning of this music, there wasn't any context for it; people weren't sure whether to take it seriously or not," says composer Philip Glass. "On the first American tour in 1972, we played for very few people, and there was a lot of dismay on the part of the audience. If we play in those same cities now, we fill the house. We can play now some of the pieces that were played then, and the reaction is extremely different. Music has changed, and listeners have changed too. What they are willing to listen to has changed. The language of this music has become more common."

Philip Glass' music has not passively benefitted from changes in listening habits; it has *caused* those changes. The past few years have brought wide recognition of the strength of his innovative music. The press often refers to his music as "minimalist," but it is not a term that Glass himself uses. He simply calls it "this music," and sees himself as part of a community of composers, among them Steve Reich and Terry Riley, who have been developing a new "musical language" since the mid-'60s. "We are composers," Glass has said, "who are interested in music based on repetitive structures and extremely stable, if not unchanging, harmonic situations. One of the things which is so noticeable about this music—and people either like it or hate it—is that very fundamental musical concepts become very important."

In Glass' music from the early '70s, such as *Music In 12 Parts*, it was not unusual for him to base a very long piece on just a few notes of a Major scale. The listener's attention was directed to the rhythm and the fact that layered musical phrases were repeated again and again, eventually growing into new phrases with the simple addition of a beat or two. The changes in the music happened slowly, but often the phrases involved were full of 16th notes rushing past at a rapid and unvarying tempo. The instrumentation for these pieces was also a break with tradition. The Philip Glass Ensemble was founded in 1968, and is still performing today with very little change in its personnel. It consists of two electric keyboard players (one of them Glass), three saxophonists, some of whom double on flute, a female singer whose voice functions as another instrument, and a sound engineer. An apparent objective of this instrumentation is to achieve a sound that is very much a blend, in which there are no soloists. This unorthodox ensemble and its new music outraged some who heard it, induced in others a trance-like or meditative state, while some listeners sat on the edge of their seats, tense with excitement.

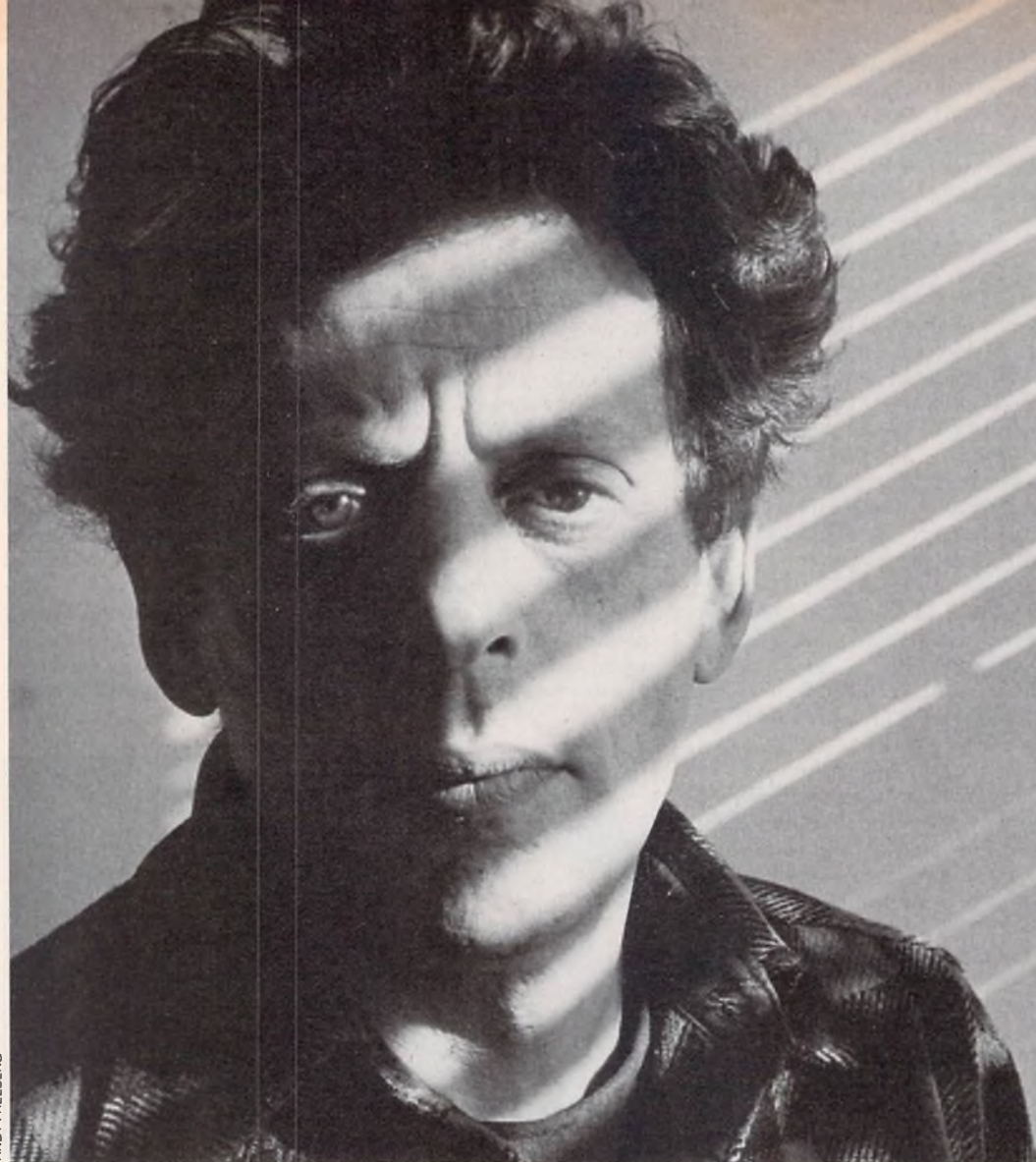
The established musical avant garde of the '60s, which espoused serial music that was atonal and arrhythmic, offered Glass no support or approval. Support did come, however, from the world of the visual arts. For a long time Glass' ensemble had to perform almost exclusively at galleries, museums, and art colleges. As Glass sees it, these institutions, unlike the music establishment, had nothing at stake in which way contemporary music was going to develop.

Glass went ahead with his composing and slowly gained a reputation here and in Europe. His five-hour opera, *Einstein On The Beach*, in which only vowel sounds and numbers were sung, and which was conceived in collaboration with designer/director Robert Wilson, became a large-scale popular and critical success in 1976. His ensemble's Carnegie Hall debut in 1978 sold out. The city of Rotterdam, Holland, commissioned another opera from Glass in 1979. That was *Satyagraha*, based on a portion of Gandhi's life and sung in Sanskrit. More attention followed, and his third opera, *Akhmatov*, will be heard soon. Glass' music has made a big impact on pop music, and rock-star David Bowie has acknowledged the influence it had on him. Recently, Glass has signed a special lifetime contract with CBS Records—one that until now had only been offered to Igor Stravinsky and Aaron Copland.

* * * * *

Philip Glass is now 46 years old. He has had the sort of training considered essential for an American composer: after showing and developing his talent as a child, he went on to study at a good American school, in his case Juilliard, and then to Paris where he studied with Nadia Boulanger. This was the path established by Virgil Thomson and Aaron Copland, and followed by many others. But Glass has always had his ears open. While a young composition student at Juilliard, Glass was listening closely to a kind of music that was not taken seriously by some: jazz.

"For me," Glass has said, "Coltrane was the most important musician in jazz. When I came to New York, he was at the Village Vanguard, and I used to go and listen to him a lot. This was about 1961. When I heard him, sometimes it sounded like he was just playing scales. I heard him many times; he made a big impression on me. There are some musical impressions which become almost like musical images. They become landmarks that are part of the world we live in. Harry Partch had that effect on me too, and Berlioz has that effect on me today. These people have become standards of musical language, and in an unconscious way we measure ourselves



against that. Though we may not try to sound like them, they become part of the process of recognizing ourselves."

Glass' own self-recognition did not happen quickly. "I finished Juilliard in 1964 when I was 27," he recalls. "My style then had very much to do with who my teachers had been. I never bought the whole 12-tone bag of tricks, though I wrote some serial pieces so I could learn what it was all about. I was, at that point, basically just a very good student. As a young man I had no clear voice of my own, but I did feel it was only a matter of time before it would emerge. It never worried me much; I felt that when the time came, I would know what I wanted to do. In the meantime, I felt there was a lot of music for me to learn from. So I wrote music like my teachers', and was rewarded with scholarships and grants, and they were very nice to me. I was a good boy."

After graduating from Juilliard, Glass was a Ford Foundation composer-in-residence in Pittsburgh public schools for two years, and then went to Paris to train with Boulanger. Although by then he had written over 70 pieces, many of which were published, "She started me from the very beginning, with basic counterpoint and the first book in harmony—but that's why I went to her."

"So I found myself in Paris in 1966 starting at the beginning again. I think that being suddenly alone and cut off from my musical community gave me a chance to think about what I wanted to do. At that time Pierre Boulez was running the *Domaine Musicale* concerts. He was really running new music in Paris with an iron hand. I went to those concerts and found a

uniformity to the music that was shocking. There was no interest in range or variety of technique. Mercifully, for many reasons, I was completely outside that scene. But, finding myself outside, the question became: What *was* I going to do?" Glass took another look at his past work, and while he did, Boulanger was doing the same. "She looked at many samples of my work over several days without comment," Glass relates. "Then one day she pointed to *one* measure in *one* piece and said, 'This was written by a composer.' In a way she was right. There were piles and piles of music, and none of it was really mine."

A turning point came when Glass took on a job notating Ravi Shankar's Indian music for French musicians to play on Western instruments. "At that point," explains Glass, "I had never heard Indian music, and it was a total shock. You have to realize that in 1965 or '66 world music was not the coin-of-the-realm it is today. At Juilliard we were taught very little about any music that was not from Western culture. We had inherited a colonialist view of music without even realizing it. Shankar's music probably would have passed by me entirely if I hadn't had the job of notating it—because by notating it, I found out how the music worked. The job wasn't easy. Ravi and Alla Rakha, his tabla player, were helpful in many ways, but one thing they couldn't do was explain the music to a Westerner; they could only tell you how it worked for them."

"For example, I notated one piece using bar lines, gave it to the French musicians, they played it, and Alla Rakha shook his head and said, 'No, the accents are wrong.' I tried barring it

another way, but he still said the accents were wrong. Finally, and I remember this very clearly, Rakha said, 'All the eighth notes are the same.' For days I couldn't understand what he meant! This was a terrible situation. We were in the recording studio with a deadline. This forced me to address myself to the mechanics of the music. Eventually, I discovered that the music was written in rhythmic cycles that repeated themselves. Only then was I able to notate the music in a way they could approve.

"Soon after that I traveled to North Africa, Central Asia, and India for six months. I wanted to see those places and hear the music there. It's only been 18 years since that period, and it's hard to imagine the musical naiveté of myself and many other people. Remember, this was before the Beatles discovered the Maharishi, and before guitar players routinely took up the sitar."

Glass then returned to New York City and found that Shankar and Rakha were teaching at the Community College of New York. "So I studied with them," recalls Glass, "not with the purpose of becoming a performing musician, but to learn better how the music worked. It was a technical breakthrough that I wanted to make. The idea of rhythmic structure becoming the unifying principle of a piece was unknown to me until then. During that period, until 1967, I was remaking myself as a musician. It was then that I was able to find a voice which I would say was identifiably mine. I felt—this is my music! And it's a place from which to start."

* * * * *

In New York, Glass encountered artists in various disciplines who were thinking along similar lines. One was composer Steve Reich, whom Glass had first met in 1958 when they were both Juilliard students. A community of ideas formed, built both on shared concepts and on the indifference of the musical establishment to the music that grew from those concepts. "One of the keynotes of this music," Glass explains, "has been the substitution of repetitive structures for narrative structures. What I call 'narrative structures' are anything that comes out of the dialectic of the sonata form. This links us, as a group of composers, to other contemporary art forms— theater, dance, and film—where some artists are also using non-narrative forms."

Years before the idea surfaced in music, visual artists had declared the subject of their painting to be the paint itself and the process of painting. "If you ask what a piece of mine is about," offers Glass, "I could say, for example in the case of the 'Spaceship' music from *Einstein On The Beach*, that it is about a rhythmic expansion of a cadential formula. I think the emotional content of the music is a result of who the composer is, not something forced into it. I really am a post-Cage composer. What I understood from John Cage was that a piece of music is completed by the act of listening to it. The interface of the music and the listener is what the emotional content of the music is. In other words, to the old question, 'If a tree falls in the wilderness and there's no one there to hear it, does it make a sound?' The answer is a very emphatic no! We need the listener to complete the piece. In my pieces a specific emotional content wasn't the object of the piece, but it was a by-product of the way I work, a by-product of the person who made the piece."

As he has demonstrated in the past, Glass is not afraid to change, and currently he seems to be moving into a new phase. He now sees himself as a composer for the theater. Since 1975 almost every piece he has written is for a theatrical rather than concert presentation. He says that none of these pieces are abstract in the way his music used to be.

Glass enjoys the process of creating a theatrical work. "Suddenly you're involved with somebody else's creative vision," he has said, "and that's both the drawback and the positive feature at the same time. It's extremely taxing to work that way, and it's extremely rewarding. Perhaps it's that double-barreled effect of collaborative work that I find attractive. In theater the music is bent to theatrical needs, while in an

abstract piece there are no perimeters of any kind to indicate what the music needs to do."

At the planning stage of Glass' new opera *Akhmatan*, its director was to be Jerome Robbins of the New York City Ballet. Glass admires Robbins' sense of "theatrical time." While reviewing the libretto together, Glass recalls that Robbins told him that what he wanted at a specific point in the piece was a "big scene." "I understood what he meant. His reasoning was that at that point something was required to create the impact we've come to expect from an evening at the theater. This sense of what should be happening when in the theater is extremely interesting to me." Glass sees himself as learning a new craft, a new vocation. Composing for the theater, Glass says, has brought about changes in his music that he did not anticipate.

There has been a perceptible shift in Glass' music, toward lush orchestral timbres, a greater sense of foreground and background, of soloist with accompaniment, and toward music that does seem, in fact, to evoke particular emotions. The sound of his earlier, more austere music is a powerful influence on young composers throughout the world, but Glass himself is ready to move ahead. "What's interesting about this music is that it continues to enlarge and to change," he has said. "It has turned out to have had greater potential for growth and range than many people anticipated when it began." db



ANDY FREEBERG

PHILIP GLASS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>THE PHOTOGRAPHER</i> —Columbia 37849 | <i>STRUNG OUT</i> —CP2 6 |
| <i>KOYANISQATS!</i> —Antilles ASTA 1 | <i>MUSIC IN SIMILAR MOTION/MUSIC IN GLASSWORKS</i> —Columbia 37265 |
| <i>EINSTEIN ON THE BEACH</i> —Tomato 4-2901 | <i>FIFTHS</i> —Chatham Square 1003 |
| <i>DANCE 1 & 3</i> —Tomato 8029 | <i>MUSIC WITH CHANGING PARTS</i> —Chatham Square 1001/2 |
| <i>NORTH STAR</i> —Virgin 2085 | <i>TWO PAGES</i> —Folkways 33902 |
| <i>MUSIC IN 12 PARTS (PT. 1 & 2)</i> —Virgin 2010 | <i>FACADES</i> —EMI Angel 37340 |
| <i>VIOLIN SOLO MUSIC</i> —New World 313 | <i>SOLO MUSIC</i> —Virgin 83515 |
| | <i>MODERN LOVE WALTZ</i> —CRI 441 |

PHILIP GLASS' EQUIPMENT

The Philip Glass Ensemble literally carries a ton of equipment. (It's insured for over \$43,000!) The organ action is centered around two Farfisa Mini-Compacts, a Farfisa SSC-005, and a Yamaha YC45D. The synthesizer array includes an ARP Explorer I, a Sequential Circuits Prophet V, an Oberheim OBXa, an E-Mu Systems Emulator and an E-Mu Systems Drumulator, and a Roland Jx3P. Microphone-wise, there are eight Shure SM57's and two AKG C451E/CK1's (with an AKG N-62E power supply). Toss in a Soundcraft 1S 16/2 mixer and some Yamaha BP-1 pedals, and we're off and running.

In addition to the above, the group uses seven equipment racks. There are three amplifier racks: the two SSC-04 Amp Racks each contain two BGW 250's, two Crown D60's, and four UREI 521L's; the SSC-05 Amp Rack holds two Crown D60's, a Crown D75, two SAE 220's, and a Tapco EX-18. Each of the three SSC-06 Effects Racks is unique: one contains a Neve 33609 and an UREI 1580; another holds an UREI 1176LN, a Lexicon PCM41, and a Trident; the third, a Shure M688 and a Shure M63. The SSC-07 Mixer Rack sports two Teac MOD 1's, two ADC PJ 739's, and one from OpAmp Labs.

HALL OF FAME

210	Stephane Grappelli
115	Oscar Peterson
106	Sarah Vaughan
90	Eubie Blake
78	Muddy Waters
67	Sonny Stitt
65	Eddie Jefferson
55	Stan Getz
54	Lionel Hampton
51	Sun Ra
49	Gil Evans
47	Dave Brubeck
47	Elvin Jones
46	Maynard Ferguson
44	Chick Corea
43	Mary Lou Williams
43	Phil Woods

The results of the 48th annual **down beat** Readers Poll are in, and Stephane Grappelli heads things off by entering the **down beat** Hall of Fame with a landslide vote. Grappelli becomes the second violinist and the 58th musician to enter the Hall. When reached at his home in Paris and informed of the honor, Grappelli said, "Oui, **down beat**, I know your magazine very well. I'm very pleased to be in the Hall of Fame. You know, I am going

ensemble. Today at 75 he performs around the world to the largest concert audiences of his career, his skills completely intact and his elegance and taste unchanged over the years. He is eternally contemporary, as **down beat** readers now attest by electing Stephane Grappelli to the Hall of Fame.

—john mcdonough

to be 76 next January, and the quintet with Django [Reinhardt], it's 50 years ago, in January 1934, since we did the first recording of the Hot Club De France. Though Django is not here anymore, I'm still here. I am coming into your country this summer; I hope to be in New York in June because I like it. Thank you, all my dear American friends, for the honor."

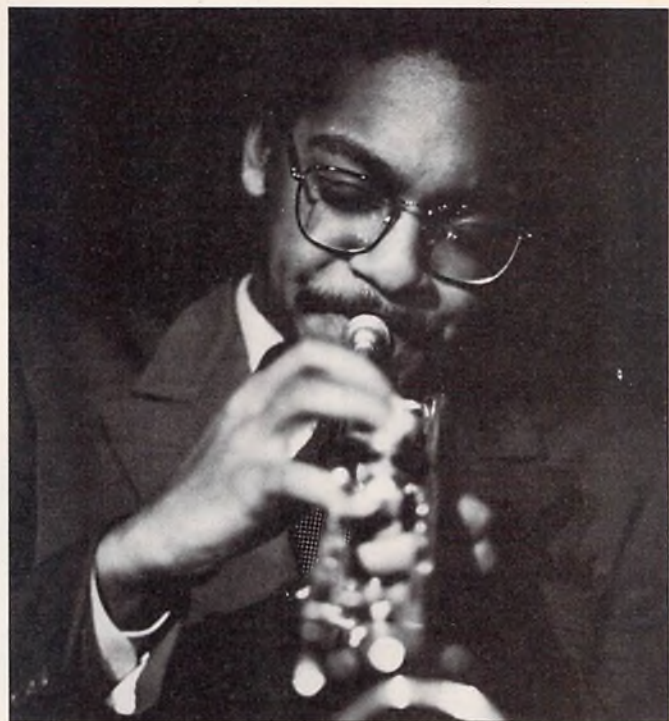
Grappelli is the most celebrated figure still performing from the first flowering of an indigenous European jazz sound—the period of the early to mid-1930s that produced the Quintet of the Hot Club of France. It is one of the peculiarities in the evolution of jazz that of all the great early American virtuosos and groups that built the music in the United States—and that would include Hall of Famers Armstrong, Ellington, Bechet, Morton, and Waller—the only one really to take root in Europe and exert a basic influence was the Joe Venuti/Eddie Lang Blue Four. (Venuti became the first Hall of Fame fiddler in '78.) In the early Hot Club recordings Grappelli played Venuti to Reinhardt's Lang. Together they became key figures in the first native European jazz style.

Grappelli was born in Paris January 26, 1908 and spent the early years of his career playing in various clubs around France. His first encounter with Reinhardt was in 1931 when the two met in a club Grappelli was working in Montparnasse. Several years later, when they were both working in the same orchestra, French jazz critic Charles Delaunay helped arrange a series of small group recordings for the French Ultraphone label, and in 1934 the Quintet of the Hot Club of France was born.

During the years of the Grappelli/Reinhardt association, the violinist tended to be somewhat overshadowed as far as the jazz public was concerned by the more colorful guitarist, who was elected to the Hall of Fame in the '71 Critics Poll. After the war, during which Grappelli lived in England and Reinhardt in France, there were various reunions, but styles had changed and the old chemistry couldn't be rekindled. In 1953 Reinhardt died, and Grappelli's career settled into a long period of neglect. He worked frequently, but in the distant rear guard of the jazz world.

Then in the late '60s things began to stir once again. EMI-Pathé reissued the complete European catalog of Django Reinhardt recordings in 18 volumes. The series brought back to the market much of Grappelli's finest work, and the combination of violin, three guitars, and bass was intriguing to many. Soon audiences discovered that not only was Grappelli still active, but he was also playing at the peak of his powers. There were new albums (one of the best was from the 1973 Montreux Jazz Festival), appearances at jazz festivals around the world, performances at Carnegie Hall with such giants as Yehudi Menuhin and Benny Goodman, and finally recognition to match his talent. Since 1970 Grappelli has recorded with Jean-Luc Ponty, Duke Ellington, David Grisman, Joe Pass, Svend Asmussen, and many others.

A classically trained player, Grappelli is one of the most accomplished musicians ever to play jazz on the violin. (He is also a fine violist and pianist.) He has a crisp, clean attack that can swing ferociously in either solo work or from within an



WYNTON MARSALIS

SKIP BROWN

JAZZ MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

554	Wynton Marsalis
353	Miles Davis
96	Pat Metheny
57	Art Blakey
47	Lester Bowie
45	Chick Corea
45	Phil Woods
40	David Grisman
40	Adam Makowicz

* * *

POP/ROCK MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

197	Donald Fagen
151	Michael Jackson
146	Sting
95	David Bowie
72	Frank Zappa
66	Stevie Wonder
57	Peter Gabriel
55	King Sunny Adé
43	Prince

* * *

SOUL/R&B MUSICIAN OF THE YEAR

280	Michael Jackson
232	Stevie Wonder
176	Ray Charles
152	B. B. King
110	Prince
103	Marvin Gaye
50	Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown



JAZZ ALBUM OF THE YEAR

176	Miles Davis <i>Star People</i> (Columbia)
165	Herbie Hancock <i>Quartet</i> (Columbia)
87	Wynton Marsalis <i>Think Of One</i> (Columbia)
77	Pat Metheny <i>Travels</i> (ECM)
67	Steps Ahead <i>Steps Ahead</i> (Elektra Musician)
49	Weather Report <i>Procession</i> (Columbia)
41	Thelonious Monk <i>Live At The It Club</i> (Columbia)
40	Rare Silk <i>New Weave</i> (Polygram)
40	Rob Wasserman <i>Solo</i> (Rounder)

POP/ROCK ALBUM OF THE YEAR

- 211 **Police**
Synchronicity
(A&M)
- 135 **Donald Fagen**
The Nightfly
(Warner Bros.)
- 125 **Michael Jackson**
Thriller (Epic)
- 84 **Talking Heads**
Speaking In Tongues
(Sire)



SOUL/R&B ALBUM OF THE YEAR

- 355 **Michael Jackson**
Thriller (Epic)
- 109 **Prince**
1999 (Warner Bros.)
- 61 **Marvin Gaye**
Midnight Love
(Columbia)



ART BLAKEY

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- 219 **Steps Ahead**
- 153 **Art Ensemble Of Chicago**
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- 136 **VSOP II**
- 122 **Wynton Marsalis**
- 81 **World Saxophone Quartet**
- 73 **Old And New Dreams**
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- 477 **Count Basie**
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- 164 **Rob McConnell's Boss Brass**
- 139 **Carla Bley**
- 127 **Sun Ra**
- 99 **Gil Evans**
- 83 **Woody Herman**
- 69 **Bob Florence**
- 60 **Maynard Ferguson**
- 58 **Mel Lewis**
- 52 **Buddy Rich**

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- 375 **Pat Metheny Group**
- 308 **Miles Davis**
- 97 **Ornette Coleman & Prime Time**
- 83 **Spyro Gyra**
- 64 **Ronald Shannon Jackson & The Decoding Society**
- 49 **Return To Forever**



JIMMY KNEPPER

SOUL/R&B GROUP

- 321 **Earth, Wind & Fire**
- 57 **Prince**
- 52 **Stevie Wonder**
- 49 **B. B. King**
- 43 **Ray Charles**



POP/ROCK GROUP

- 479 **Police**
- 155 **Talking Heads**
- 69 **Men At Work**
- 57 **Spyro Gyra**
- 52 **Toto**
- 44 **King Crimson**



COUNT BASIE

TRUMPET

- 849 **Wynton Marsalis**
- 497 **Miles Davis**
- 153 **Lester Bowie**
- 130 **Dizzy Gillespie**
- 122 **Woody Shaw**
- 96 **Freddie Hubbard**
- 63 **Maynard Ferguson**
- 55 **Don Cherry**
- 53 **Tom Harrell**
- 51 **Clark Terry**

CLARINET

- 373 **Benny Goodman**
- 318 **Anthony Braxton**
- 220 **Buddy DeFranco**
- 127 **John Carter**
- 107 **Phil Woods**
- 93 **Alvin Batiste**
- 61 **Eddie Daniels**
- 49 **Pete Fountain**
- 49 **Woody Herman**
- 47 **Perry Robinson**
- 41 **Kenny Davern**
- 40 **Jimmy Giuffre**

SOPRANO SAX

- 630 **Wayne Shorter**
- 272 **Steve Lacy**
- 135 **Jane Ira Bloom**
- 135 **Zoot Sims**
- 107 **Grover Washington Jr.**
- 81 **Dave Liebman**
- 72 **Branford Marsalis**
- 72 **Bob Wilber**
- 70 **Jan Garbarek**
- 60 **Ira Sullivan**

ALTO SAX

- 621 **Phil Woods**
- 245 **Arthur Blythe**
- 188 **Ornette Coleman**
- 159 **David Sanborn**
- 142 **Richie Cole**
- 116 **Paquito D'Rivera**
- 81 **Lee Konitz**
- 72 **Bunky Green**
- 54 **Benny Carter**

TENOR SAX

- 415 **Sonny Rollins**
- 288 **Stan Getz**
- 214 **Michael Brecker**
- 168 **Dexter Gordon**
- 113 **Zoot Sims**
- 104 **Chico Freeman**
- 101 **David Murray**
- 78 **Archie Shepp**
- 75 **Wayne Shorter**
- 44 **Branford Marsalis**
- 43 **Joe Henderson**
- 42 **Bennie Wallace**

BARITONE SAX

- 616 **Gerry Mulligan**
- 491 **Pepper Adams**
- 240 **Hamiet Bluiett**
- 107 **Nick Brignola**
- 101 **John Surman**
- 84 **Ronnie Cuber**
- 43 **Henry Threadgill**

TROMBONE

- 234 **Jimmy Knepper**
- 196 **Bill Watrous**
- 164 **Bob Brookmeyer**
- 125 **Albert Mangelsdorff**
- 124 **George Lewis**
- 104 **J. J. Johnson**
- 102 **Steve Turre**
- 81 **Roswell Rudd**
- 77 **Slide Hampton**
- 69 **Curtis Fuller**
- 67 **Craig Harris**
- 66 **Ray Anderson**
- 61 **Gary Valente**

FLUTE

- 516 **James Newton**
- 326 **Lew Tabackin**
- 251 **Hubert Laws**
- 110 **James Moody**
- 99 **Ira Sullivan**
- 92 **Frank Wess**
- 72 **Herbie Mann**
- 52 **Sam Most**
- 52 **Sam Rivers**
- 44 **Jeremy Steig**
- 42 **Bud Shank**
- 40 **Dave Valentin**



JAMES NEWTON



JACO PASTORIUS

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

ACOUSTIC PIANO

- 459 Oscar Peterson
- 239 McCoy Tyner
- 177 Chick Corea
- 144 Cecil Taylor
- 125 Herbie Hancock
- 115 Keith Jarrett
- 81 JoAnne Brackeen
- 73 Tommy Flanagan
- 71 Lyle Mays
- 50 Tete Montoliu
- 44 Adam Makowicz

ELECTRIC BASS

- 416 Jaco Pastorius
- 407 Steve Swallow
- 283 Marcus Miller
- 214 Stanley Clarke
- 133 Jamaaladeen Tacuma
- 57 Eberhard Weber
- 41 Bill Laswell
- 40 Abe Laboriel

DRUMS

- 350 Jack DeJohnette
- 226 Max Roach
- 224 Steve Gadd
- 184 Tony Williams
- 159 Art Blakey
- 145 Elvin Jones
- 128 Buddy Rich
- 103 Louie Bellson
- 98 Billy Higgins
- 78 Peter Erskine
- 69 Ed Blackwell
- 67 Ronald Shannon Jackson

ACOUSTIC BASS

- 604 Ron Carter
- 248 Eddie Gomez
- 223 Charlie Haden
- 184 Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen
- 128 Ray Brown
- 83 Cecil McBee
- 75 David Holland
- 43 George Mraz
- 41 Fred Hopkins
- 40 Rob Wasserman

SYNTHESIZER

- 644 Zawinul
- 424 Lyle Mays
- 130 Herbie Hancock
- 110 Sun Ra
- 106 Chick Corea
- 57 Brian Eno

DENNIS AUSTIN



CHICK COREA

ELECTRIC PIANO

- 649 Chick Corea
- 297 Herbie Hancock
- 251 Zawinul
- 165 Lyle Mays
- 78 Sun Ra
- 51 Bob James
- 47 George Cables

ORGAN

- 757 Jimmy Smith
- 197 Sun Ra
- 130 Carla Bley
- 57 Count Basie
- 57 Shirley Scott
- 52 Amina Claudine Myers
- 44 Jimmy McGriff
- 41 Charles Earland

GUITAR

- 295 Pat Metheny
- 263 Joe Pass
- 228 Jim Hall
- 145 John McLaughlin
- 115 John Scofield
- 104 Kenny Burrell
- 101 Al Di Meola
- 72 Tal Farlow
- 69 George Benson
- 68 James Blood Ulmer
- 64 Kevin Eubanks



GARY BURTON

VERYL OAKLAND

VIOLIN

- 884 Stephane Grappelli
- 295 Jean-Luc Ponty
- 190 John Blake
- 128 Leroy Jenkins
- 121 Billy Bang
- 89 L. Subramaniam
- 52 L. Shankar
- 46 Didier Lockwood
- 46 Michal Urbaniak

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

- 449 Toots Thielemans (harmonica)
- 207 David Grisman (mandolin)
- 158 Howard Johnson (tuba)
- 158 Abdul Wadud (cello)
- 50 Anthony Braxton (misc. reeds)
- 46 Tom Scott (Lyricon)
- 43 Chico Freeman (bass clarinet)
- 40 Paul McCandless (oboe)

ARRANGER

- 459 Gil Evans
- 229 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 167 Quincy Jones
- 147 Carla Bley
- 124 Rob McConnell
- 41 Sun Ra

COMPOSER

- 248 Carla Bley
- 207 Toshiko Akiyoshi
- 90 Zawinul
- 81 Pat Metheny
- 72 Chick Corea
- 66 Ornette Coleman
- 58 Wayne Shorter
- 57 Anthony Davis
- 43 Quincy Jones
- 41 Miles Davis

MALE SINGER

- 425 Jarreau
- 304 Mel Tormé
- 258 Bobby McFerrin
- 213 Joe Williams
- 147 Mark Murphy
- 83 Ray Charles
- 83 Johnny Hartman
- 69 Jon Hendricks
- 67 Mose Allison

FEMALE SINGER

- 504 Sarah Vaughan
- 280 Betty Carter
- 243 Ella Fitzgerald
- 115 Sheila Jordan
- 87 Carmen McRae
- 75 Joni Mitchell
- 57 Tania Maria

VOCAL GROUP

- 846 Manhattan Transfer
- 208 Rare Silk
- 185 Hendricks Family
- 119 Singers Unlimited
- 96 Jackie & Roy
- 46 The Persuasions db

Chico Freeman

Tradition In Transition

By

Jim

Roberts

“I’m striving to move in the path of truth, the search for truth,” says saxophonist Chico Freeman. “I’m trying to be really true about myself and how I project myself. When I say I’m in a search for truth, that’s really what I mean. And I feel it’s very necessary to express this in my music. Music is my life and the way I express myself best.”

For the multi-dimensional Freeman, that search involves an openness and awareness to all that is around him, not only music of all kinds but also art, science, philosophy, and literature. He is an admirer of grace and style in all things, an attitude that shows clearly in his music, his clothes, and the way he speaks and carries himself. At 34 he is already a veteran, a leader who has recorded a dozen albums and taken his group on world tours.

When he first burst upon the scene in 1976, Chico was noted primarily for his energetic, probing style on the tenor saxophone. His exploratory manner, with its long skittering lines and wide leaps, invited comparison to other modernists, but it soon became obvious that there were many influences at work in his playing. Chico Freeman knows the tradition, from Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young to Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler, and he has used his knowledge as inspiration in crafting an approach that is uniquely his own. In addition to his work on tenor, he is also an accomplished player on soprano saxophone, bass clarinet, and flute (including alto and bass flute). And, even more important, he is a formidable composer with a style that defies categorization.

In discussions of Chico’s work, the name of John Coltrane is frequently raised. The comparison is valid, in terms of both instrumental and composing styles, but an important distinction needs to be made: Coltrane seemed to be driven in his search, almost frantic at times, as he ceaselessly sought new sounds and new approaches; Freeman is more deliberate—more thoughtful, perhaps. His search is more of a fascination than an obsession. He is no less purposeful, but his personality and lifestyle seem better suited for the long haul.

* * * * *

The son of legendary Chicago tenor saxophonist Von Freeman, Chico was raised in an atmosphere where music was always in the air. Von was frequently practicing or rehearsing at home, often with his brothers, guitarist George and drummer Bruz. Chico absorbed a great deal of the tradition, and learned about dedication, in his early years. He began experimenting with his father’s piano and wrote his first tune when he was seven years old.

Although he is a very well-schooled musician (he holds a master’s degree in composition and performance), Chico feels that some of his most important experiences came outside of the academic environment. He is an avid student of music from all over the world—he cites everything from the blues to Tibetan music as an influence—but two composers loomed large in his training: Duke Ellington and Muhal Richard Abrams. Ellington was inspirational for the sheer quality and scope of his work, and because he transcended artificial categories. Chico tries to approach his work the same way, and he rejects labels like “inside” or “outside,” “traditional” or “avant garde.” “It’s just *music*,” says Chico, “and, as Ellington said, there are really only two kinds of music: good music and bad music. That’s really all there is, and that’s the way I look at all music.”

As a student of Abrams at the AACM school, Chico received more reinforcement in originality. He cites Abrams’ teaching as a major stimulus in freeing him to try out new ideas and techniques, especially in his compositions. “He would show us how someone else did something, then challenge us to use our imagination—to use the same tools, but use them in the way that *we* felt about it.”

Taking Ellington’s example and Abrams’ instructions to heart, Freeman has forged a career marked by a dedication to creativity. His creative search is well-documented on the albums he has made as a leader. His early work was commendably adventurous, as might be expected from his association with the AACM, but his first four albums are notable more for his relentless playing than his embryonic compositions—although, heard in retrospect, their varied textures and moods hint at the rich future to come.

With the ’78 release of *Kings Of Mali*, Freeman’s work took a giant step forward. He cites the album as one of his favorites and explains that “I try to conceive of each album as a concept.” The concept in this case was a brilliant synthesis of African music with the avant garde, and the album was widely hailed as a major achievement.

The next year Chico surprised nearly everyone by following that up with *Spirit Sensitive*, a surprisingly restrained (and very beautiful) collection of standards. The album clearly illustrated the breadth of his background in the tradition, and also the way he could adapt his sound and conception to the material. His full, airy tone on *Spirit Sensitive* is a world away from his knife-edge sound on his early work. *Spirit Sensitive* also demonstrated that Freeman, like Ellington, refuses to restrict himself to convenient categories. When some critics



ANDY FREEBERG

suggested that the album was reactionary, he responded by saying: "I just wanted to play these songs the way I heard them . . . it's like Coltrane's *Ballads* album, which he made at the same time he was playing more experimental music. It doesn't all have to be one thing."

In a way *Kings Of Mali* and *Spirit Sensitive* defined the poles of Freeman's style, and his subsequent work has gravitated in one direction or the other: swinging out on such albums as *The Outside Within* and back in on such others as *Peaceful Heart*, *Gentle Spirit*. In 1982 he cut two albums that are perhaps his finest work to date. *Destiny's Dance* paired him with Wynton Marsalis on a set of tunes structured for blowing, and their mutual respect produced improvising on a very high level. *Tradition In Transition* followed, and the compositions on that album are a convincing synthesis of Freeman's different styles into a unified whole. "I was very pleased with that album on a lot of different levels," he says. "I felt it signified a growth for me, compositionally as well as the playing."

But Chico Freeman is not one to rest on his laurels (or to repeat himself), and soon after he completed work on *Tradition In Transition*, he threw himself into preparations for the concert that was billed as "The Young Lions." The concert, which took place at Carnegie Hall in June 1982, was one of the major events of the Kool Jazz Festival. Freeman's manager, Victor O'Gilvie, was one of the organizers of the project (he is credited as associate producer of the album recorded at the concert), and it is typical of Freeman to be involved with the very best musicians around.

The concert included Wynton Marsalis, Paquito D'Rivera, Jay Hoggard, Anthony Davis, and a dozen other exceptional players, but Chico Freeman shines even in this company. He plays on nearly every cut on the album, contributing to the ensembles and stepping out brilliantly as a soloist, especially

on Kevin Eubanks' *Breakin'*, where he is again matched with Marsalis. Chico's composition *What Ever Happened To The Dream Deferred* (the title is from a poem by Langston Hughes) is one of the most ambitious compositions on the album, a 14-minute tone poem that successfully unites elements of contemporary classical music with straight-ahead swinging. The 16-piece ensemble that plays the piece includes violin, cello, english horn, and two basses as well as reeds and brass. Freeman says he was generally pleased with the performance, and he cites a desire to write for other ensembles, including symphonies "and other large things, and small things within large things, different combinations of instruments. Really taking those instruments and using them the way I want to."

His latest album, appropriately titled *The Search*, finds him exploring a different concept: the use of a vocalist. Singer/lyricist Val Eley joins Freeman and Cecil McBee (bass), Jay Hoggard (vibes), Kenny Barron (piano), Billy Hart (drums), and Nana Vasconcelos (percussion) on a program of original material by Freeman and McBee. Eley functions more like a horn than a conventional vocalist, doubling lines and soloing over the ensemble, but the project is bogged down by the excessively weighty lyrics. Nevertheless, it's another example of Freeman's ever-inquisitive approach to his music. We'll have to wait until early next year to see where he's going next, when his second album for Elektra Musician is scheduled for release.

* * * * *

Curiously enough, Chico Freeman began his musical career as a trumpeter. Although he tinkered with the piano as a child, he didn't get serious until he discovered the trumpet. The instrument was lurking in the basement of his house, and the inspiration was provided by an encounter with Miles Davis' *Kind Of Blue*.

Chico played in his elementary and junior high school bands, but in high school his exceptional aptitude as a student interfered with his music. He was placed in an advanced program that precluded band rehearsals, and his academic record led to a scholarship in math at Northwestern University. Although he did well, his interest in music reasserted itself, and Chico switched his major to music education. It was a risky change, especially since he encountered resistance from instructors who were not too impressed with his Miles-influenced tone, but he was determined to follow through.

Then he discovered the saxophone. Although—or perhaps *because*—it was his father's instrument, Chico had never seriously considered playing the saxophone. Since he was a music education major, he was expected to familiarize himself with all the major instruments. When he picked up the saxophone—first an alto, later a tenor—he found that the familiarity was already there. With only a few weeks of dedicated practicing, he became amazingly fluent—accomplished enough, in fact, to switch from trumpet to tenor sax in the middle of his college program.

"The saxophone," he explains, "was my inner voice; I could really speak through it. The trumpet sounded good, and I could play it, but it was an outer voice." Equipped with the correct instrument for self-expression, Chico completed his program at Northwestern, graduating with a proficiency in both trumpet and saxophone.

He gigged around Chicago with a variety of bands, mostly blues and r&b groups, and entered into a program of advanced studies at the AACM school, where he met Muhal Richard Abrams. Under Abrams' tutelage, Chico quickly progressed from student to teacher. Speaking of Abrams, he says, "He's a great man, extremely creative. He's been a model in a lot of ways, not only as a musician, but a human being. He taught us that you're only limited by your imagination, by the boundaries of your imagination. If you have no boundaries, you have no limits. You can go as far as you want to go."

While he was studying with Abrams, Chico also enrolled in a master's degree program at Governors State University. That proved to be the crucial step in launching his jazz career,



ANDY FREEBERG

CHICO FREEMAN'S EQUIPMENT

"I play a Selmer Super Action 80 tenor saxophone with an Otto Link metal mouthpiece, #10. I'm sort of alternating now between a La Voz medium-hard reed or a #3-3½ Rico. The soprano saxophone is a Selmer with Bari reeds, medium. I also play a Selmer bass clarinet with a seven-star Brillhardt rubber mouthpiece and Bari medium reeds. I play the C flute, a Powell, and also a Gemeinhardt alto flute and an Arley bass flute. That's about it. You going to put all that down there?"

CHICO FREEMAN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader		with various artists	
MORNING PRAYER—Why Not/Trio 7155	CHICO—India Navigation 1031	THE YOUNG LIONS—Elektra Musician 60196	
NO TIME LEFT—Black Saint 0036	BEYOND THE RAIN—Contemporary 7640	with Von Freeman	
KINGS OF MALI—India Navigation 1035	SPIRIT SENSITIVE—India Navigation 1045	FATHERS AND SONS—Columbia 37972	
PEACEFUL HEART, GENTLE SPIRIT—Contemporary 14005	THE OUTSIDE WITHIN—India Navigation 1042	with Cecil McBee	
DESTINY'S DANCE—Contemporary 14008	TRADITION IN TRANSITION—Elektra Musician 60163	THE SOURCE—Inner City 3023	
THE SEARCH—India Navigation 1059		COMPASSION—Enja 3041	
		ALTERNATE SPACES—India Navigation 1043	
		with Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition	
		TIN CAN ALLEY—ECM 1-1189	
		with Jay Hoggard	
		DAYS LIKE THESE—Arista/GRP 5004	
		with Don Pullen	
		WARRIORS—Black Saint 0019	

although indirectly. As a member of the school's jazz ensemble, Chico played at the Notre Dame Jazz Festival in 1976. The band won several awards, and he was named best soloist. The Governors State band was then selected to go to Brazil on an exchange program, and Chico stopped in New York on his way back. Although he had planned to stay for only a few days, he extended his visit when he was offered a gig subbing for his friend Henry Threadgill.

After that Chico picked up a regular Sunday night gig with Mickey Bass. His short visit had stretched past a month, and he was playing regularly and sitting in with many bands. One night, he sat in with a band led by bassist Cecil McBee, and a little while later he was hired to replace John Stubblefield in the group. Almost by accident Chico had accomplished what other players work years to do: he had established himself on the New York scene.

The gig with McBee was the beginning of an enduring musical relationship, and Freeman's rapport with the bassist has been one of the unifying themes of his career. Each plays in a group led by the other, and they also play occasional duo concerts where their intuitive communication reaches levels that are truly exceptional.

Speaking of McBee, Chico says, "I had been listening to him for a long time before I came to New York, when he was working with Charles Lloyd and Pharoah Sanders. When I sat in with him, it was like *that*. We think alike in terms of sound, and music is the organization of sound. You can think just in terms of that organization, or you can think *inside* the sound. You can emphasize things inside the sound. You can be right in the middle of the sound, or the top or the bottom, the left or the right. You can really get in tune with it. Sound is a world

within a world. You can deal with the sound you hear, or you can get *within* the sound. Cecil and I have a natural kind of thing with that part of it, and that's where we really hook up. Not only with things like the choice of notes, but the *inside* of the sound."

Exploring the inside of the sound is part of the spiritual aspect of music that Chico strongly believes in. That belief sometimes sounds a bit cosmic in his liner-note comments, but his explanation of it is quite direct: "I just want to be very honest and sincere with what I do. In doing that, I try to tap myself, not only my intellectual resources, but my spiritual resources. That way, I have honest interpretations of what I feel, even if I utilize certain intellectual tools or techniques. It can't be just for technique's sake. I really try to use techniques to interpret feelings or things that I have experienced."

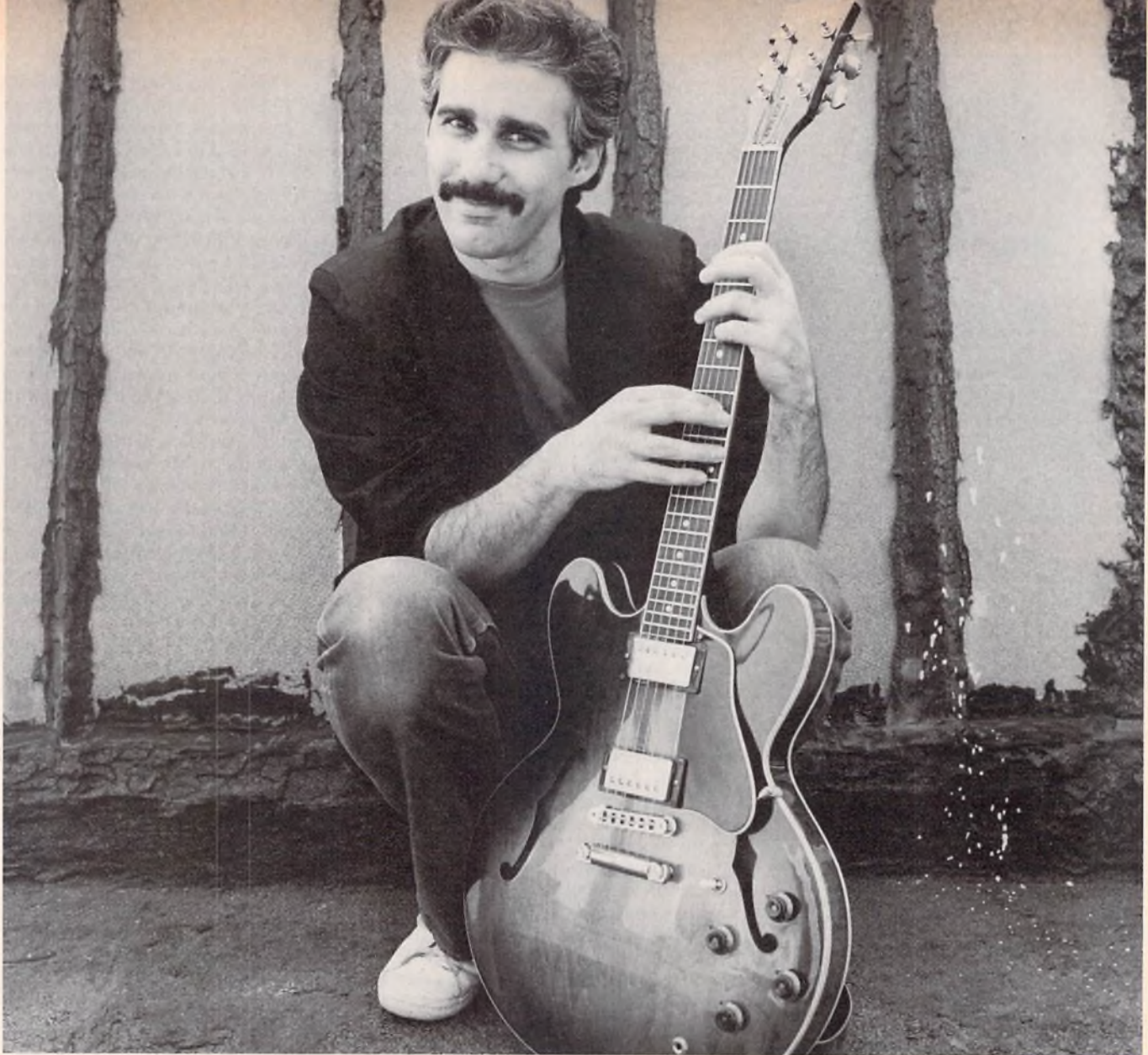
Freeman's combination of technical skill and spiritual depth contributed greatly to his quick acceptance on the scene. He worked with Elvin Jones, Sam Rivers, Don Pullen, and Sun Ra, and he also led his own group in the early days of the loft scene in New York. Critical acclaim and recording contracts followed. Although the praise has flowed lavishly—Nat Hentoff said he has "a presence that commands attention from the first note," and Chris Albertson pronounced him "the most important horn since John Coltrane"—Chico is still bothered by what he perceives to be a lack of recognition in America, not only for himself but also for many of his fellow musicians.

He has countered this by becoming a truly international artist. He has been ecstatically received in Europe and Japan, and right after I spoke with him, he left on a six-week tour of India. That was the beginning of a round-the-world itinerary that included three weeks in Japan, a stopover in Hawaii, one week back in the U.S., and another five weeks in Europe. "When I play in Europe," Chico notes, "I play for many more people than I do here. I find that very interesting, and I think it has a lot to do with the cultural difference. Europe has a longer cultural history than America, and I think Europeans are more attuned to music that speaks to some higher level of achievement. I played to the largest audience I ever played to outside London, over 20,000 people. Over here it's great if you can pull 500 people."

That kind of response is convincing proof to Chico that his music is communicating to many people, something that he cares about. He is not an advocate of art for art's sake, but also rejects the idea of tailoring his music to suit the public's taste at that moment: "If you're playing this music and people are moved, that might be defined as entertainment. Or let's talk about another word that's used: commercial. Are you going to play commercial music? Well, I think I do. I think John Coltrane did. I think Duke Ellington did."

When characterizing his own music, however, Chico does not call it "commercial music," and he rarely uses the word "jazz." He prefers to call it "African-American classical music." As he explains it: "It is America's classical music. It happened to be originated by African-Americans, but nevertheless Americans. It is America's contribution to world culture, the *only* contribution that America has made to world culture. And if you define classical music, it's a developed form of folk music, whether it's Indian or Japanese or European or African-American classical music. It all came from some form of folk music. Here, it happened to be the blues."

It is a process of continual development combined with creative insights that brings about the refinement of a classical style. In his pursuit of excellence on a half-dozen instruments and his search for new and better compositional concepts, Chico Freeman certainly embodies this classical ideal. Still young, he figures to have the kind of continually renewing career that has marked the lives of such artists as Picasso, Stravinsky, and Miles Davis. Like them, he is always looking to the future. He says his favorite album is "the next one," and he describes his work as "a lifelong process." That process is the essence of Chico Freeman's style: "The search is constant," he says, "and I try to maintain that." db



BOB SHAMIS

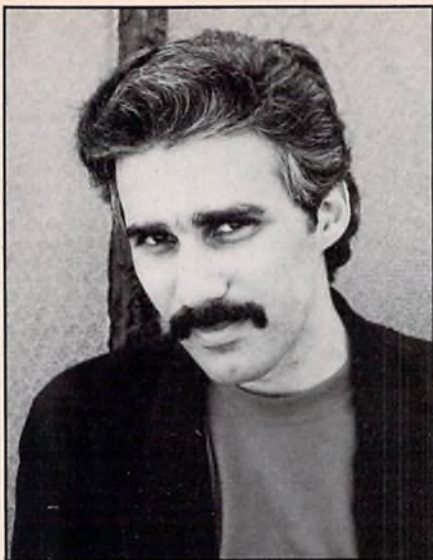
STEVE KHAN

Post-Fusion Guitarist

BY BILL MILKOWSKI

Two gifted young guitarists ventured to New York in 1970 to conquer the world. One, a graduate from the Berklee College of Music named John Abercrombie, would go through the compulsory organ trio gigs and serve as sideman in bands led by the likes of Gil Evans and Chico Hamilton before finally discovering his own voice on the instrument and going his own way. His path would lead to a series of highly evocative, fully realized albums for ECM.

The other, a one-time psychology major turned music major at UCLA named Steve Khan, would start off in the same place with the same aspirations as his fellow guitarist from Boston, but would ultimately take a decidedly different path. Through a twist of fate, Khan would find himself thoroughly immersed in the lucrative field of studio session work, doing jingles and appearing as a sideman on countless albums by the likes of Billy Joel, Kenny Loggins, and Phoebe Snow, to name just a few.



BOB SHAMIS

STEVE KHAN SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

EYEWITNESS—Antilles 1018
MODERN TIMES—Japanese Trio 25016
THE BEST OF . . .—Columbia 36406
ARROWS—Columbia 36120
THE BLUE MAN—Columbia 35539
TIGHTROPE—Columbia 34857
EVIDENCE—Arista/Novus 3023

with Larry Coryell

TWO FOR THE ROAD—Arista 4156
LEVEL ONE—Arista 4052
ASPECTS—Arista 4077

with the Brecker Bros.

BACK TO BACK—Arista 4061
DON'T STOP THE MUSIC—Arista 4122

with David Sanborn

TAKING OFF—Warner Bros. 2873

with Billy Joel

THE STRANGER—Columbia 34987
52nd STREET—Columbia 35609

with Steely Dan

GAUCHO—MCA 6102
AJA—MCA 1004

with Bob James

THE GENIE—Columbia 38678
LUCKY SEVEN—Columbia 36056
HEADS—Columbia 34896
SIGN OF THE TIMES—Columbia 37495
HANDS DOWN—Columbia 38067

Steve Khan has also played on dozens of session dates, appearing on LPs by Ashford & Simpson, Chaka Khan, James Brown, Freddie Hubbard, Luther Allison, Maynard Ferguson, Grover Washington Jr., George Benson, Joe Farrell, Joe Beck, Hubert Laws, Michal Urbaniak, Buddy Rich, Kenny Loggins, Blood, Sweat & Tears, Patti Austin, Esther Phillips, Wilton Felder, Phoebe Snow, Ben Sidran, Mike Mainieri, Spyro Gyra, Michael Franks, and Leo Sayer, and on various soundtracks, etc.

STEVE KHAN'S EQUIPMENT

Steve Khan's trusty Fender Telecaster Custom, which he used to establish his distinctive sound on the solo albums he recorded for Columbia, has sat in his closet for the past three years, untouched. The last session he used that guitar on was Steely Dan's *Gaucho* in 1980. He has since been using two guitars—a Gibson 335 with stock PAF pickups and a '63 Fender Stratocaster with two PAF pickups in the front and back position and a stock Strat pickup in the middle position. He uses Ernie Ball strings and Doctor Frets light-heavy gauge picks. His amplification setup has been simplified in recent years to include two Roland JC-120 amps, an Ernie Ball volume pedal, a Roland Boss chorus pedal, and a Dynachord digital reverb, which he plugs into both amps by using a Y-chord. Steve's acoustic guitars are a custom-made David Russell Young, with which he recorded *Evidence*, and a Martin MC-28.

"I was a real jazz snob when I came to town, and I made no bones about it," Khan recalls. "I really moved to New York from Los Angeles to try to become the next Wes Montgomery. That was my dream. But after arriving here and looking around, I realized that I just wasn't that good. There were so many great guitar players and great musicians here, and I was just one of the many young guys who had a lot to learn. I realized then that the world didn't need another Wes Montgomery and that I wasn't good enough to be Wes Montgomery anyway. I knew I had to change.

"Then came the birth of my son, and I suddenly realized, 'I've got a little boy to take care of.' And the next thing I knew, I found myself filtering into this other world of studio work. I was still writing and playing my own stuff, but I found I also had a talent to play on these jingles, which was the difference between where John Abercrombie was going and where I was going. His talents took him one way, and mine took me another way. In a lot of ways I envy him because he's been able to play just his own music throughout his career. I just didn't have that kind of luck. My talents and luck were different, but it's never stopped my desire to keep playing creative instrumental music."

Though Khan has been rewarded handsomely for his jingles and session work, financially speaking, there were definite drawbacks. "I was able to lead kind of a double musical life," he says of his session work and solo projects. "The only sad thing about it is the tremendous price you end up paying in terms of your artistic credibility. Because the second you start showing up on somebody else's album, and it's not a pure jazz record, you're finished. I mean, the critics go right for your throat, and they never seem to forget about it either. You always get backhanded compliments after that. If you put out an album of your own, they won't judge the piece of work on its own merits. Instead, they'll take a swipe at you for something else you did in the past that really has nothing to do with this project. This has happened to me and many of my peers who happen to also do session dates in order to survive. I mean, it's very, very difficult these days to go out with your own band, meet your overhead, and have enough left over to pay your rent. Very difficult."

Being branded a "studio cat" has unjustly caused critics to overlook some of Khan's artistic triumphs, namely his brilliant acoustic work on *Two For The Road* with Larry Coryell and *Evidence*, his solo tribute album to Thelonious Monk, released in 1980. Further, the frustration of not being taken seriously by jazz critics, coupled with the utter shock of being dropped by Columbia Records after recording three records for that label, caused Khan to completely re-

evaluate his career.

"The record business crashed at the end of 1979," he explains, "and along with a lot of other labels, Columbia cleaned house. A lot of us went out the door. So I was really crushed by that whole thing, but when it was over, I tended to look at it as, 'Well, maybe this is just a way of something telling you that this particular kind of music has had its time.' I was real proud of the three records I made at Columbia [*Tightrope* in '77, *The Blue Man* in '78, and *Arrows* in '79], and I felt that each one got progressively better. Those records kept alive a certain sound that we had started with the Brecker Brothers Band . . . that New York sound. And it kept that group of people together—Michael and Randy Brecker, David Sanborn, Will Lee, Don Grolnick, Steve Gadd. But after it ended I thought, 'Well, maybe it's time to change now.' The only thing was that I had been playing that way for so long that I really didn't know what I'd change to. I was really very lost."

Ironically, it was his old friend John Abercrombie who would provide Khan with the inspiration to find a new voice and rekindle his recording career. "I hit rock bottom in the spring of 1981," he recalls. "I hated the way I was playing. I felt really bad. I felt like it was more than just the physical properties of sound and such; I felt disconnected from the music in general. I was thinking more while I was playing than when I used to get up there, connect with something, and just play.

"I mean, everybody goes through nights where they aren't quite on, but I was really fighting with myself. Friends like pianist Warren Bernhardt would try to encourage me, telling me to keep at it, that I'd eventually pull out of this slump I was in. But it was very hard to believe him at the time. I endured, but I was still sort of disgusted with things. I started to wonder, 'How can I get back to something very basic in music, and really start enjoying playing again, and get closer to those things that I moved to New York to do?'

"Then the answer came one night when I went to see John play with his quartet at Seventh Avenue South in Greenwich Village. The thing I really enjoyed about him was that he wasn't playing loud at all. He just had a nice clean sound, and he was using this Dynachord digital reverb. So I made a mental note of it. There was something about that sound that I liked. I loved what John was doing, but I wanted to take that sound and do something different with it. And also, I sensed in John that he was in a very seemingly free place within himself. The music just seemed to come out of him. It was then that I realized I had to find a kind of music that would allow me to be in that place within myself as much as possible."



TATSUHIKO TANAWA

EYEWITNESS (from left) Manolo Badrena, Anthony Jackson, Steve Khan, and Steve Jordan.

Khan has now found the perfect vehicle in Eyewitness, the band he formed in the fall of 1981 with fellow "studio cats" bassist Anthony Jackson, drummer Steve Jordan, and percussionist Manolo Badrena. Khan's playing on the group's eponymous American debut album for Antilles Records (actually recorded in 1981 when it was released abroad on the Japanese Trio label) is looser, freer, more spontaneous and organic sounding than any of his previous recorded efforts. It's quite a departure from the cocky, brash strutting-funk that Brecker Brothers fans associate Khan with.

And with the subsequent release of two follow-up Eyewitness LPs on Japanese Trio Records (the live *Modern Times* album and the recent, soon-to-be-released studio effort, *Casa Loco*), Khan has firmly established his new guitar voice, and the band has jelled into a solid, harmonious unit.

Initially, when the band members first got together in Jordan's loft on Fifth Avenue, the idea was to create music by improvising. Khan would make tapes of those jam sessions, listen to them carefully, and then make more structured pieces culled from bits of improvisation.

"I came in with a couple ideas for musical feelings that created a mood that I wanted to play in—a much darker mood than I was accustomed to playing in," Khan explains. "I wanted to create this kind of atmosphere where we could all be a lot freer with our imaginations than with anything we had done before. And I was so excited by these rough tapes that I quickly arranged for us to go in the studio and record while it was still in a very embryonic stage. The result was we captured something very spontaneous and exciting. We recorded the whole first album in a day-and-a-half."

Two of the tunes on the *Eyewitness*

LP—the floating *Guy LaFleur*, named after the Montreal Canadiens' ice hockey forward, and the ballad *Eyewitness*—were done in one take. Two pieces—*Where's Mumfrey?*, named after the former New York Yankees baseball star, and *Doctor Slump*—were done in two takes. And *Auxiliary Police* was a complete improvisation in the studio, "which reaffirms my belief that you can make something from nothing and have it come out sounding like a composed piece of music," says Khan. "There's a sense of trepidation about doing something like that because it could fall apart at any second. You don't know where to go next, but you just go where the music takes you."

This stance is an extreme departure from the carefully orchestrated music that Khan had recorded for Columbia or with the Brecker Brothers for Arista Records.

"A lot of the post-'70s, post-fusion music tended to operate in a narrow range and go for the lowest common denominator. Whereas, what we're trying to do with this is have a broad range of things—emotional range, dynamic range, color range. I think that after the Mahavishnu Orchestra and Weather Report and Return To Forever, people just got blown away and tired by that whole thing of who can play louder and play faster. We're still playing as intensely as we ever have, but I think the music is more listenable now. And I think part of that is because I'm not playing loud. To have someone sit through a 40-minute record of screaming guitar is a lot to ask. It can become an irritating thing.

"It's funny," he adds. "If you would've asked me back in 1970 what I would like to sound like down the line, I might have said something like: 'I'd still like to keep the basic jazz guitar sound but be playing something different—something inven-

tive and freer.' So I really feel that what I'm doing now in Eyewitness is probably what I might've imagined myself doing back then. But it's so strange the path I took to get here."

Khan is naturally enthusiastic about the artistic strides the band has made since forming in 1981, but he's nonetheless wary about the plight of all non-singing groups.

"I don't know how long this is going to last," he admits, "I mean, if you look at the recent history of instrumental music made by groups, most of them don't make it past three albums. Weather Report, other than Wayne Shorter and Joe Zawinul, has changed personnel from record one. Return To Forever with Chick [Corea], Al [Di Meola], Lenny [White], and Stanley [Clarke] made just three. And the Mahavishnu Orchestra with the original five guys [John McLaughlin, Rick Laird, Jan Hammer, Billy Cobham, and Jerry Goodman] made just three. It doesn't speak too well for non-singing groups. So I'm very, very happy and proud that we've done three albums already, and I'm almost positive we'll get to number four.

"The way I look at it," he continues, "this is our time, this is our moment to be making this kind of music together, and if we don't stop to enjoy it while it's happening, we're all gonna be very sorry a year from now."

Meanwhile, Khan isn't hedging any bets. He knows that Eyewitness can't be his sole source of income, so he's still playing the studio game, still doing jingles and sessions in order to survive.

"I'll say this for session work: the thing I like most about it is that one time in a hundred when you're part of a great record or a great song, when all the elements are right and you've helped someone else realize their vision of what they wanted. But that's very rare because everything is conspiring against you to make it lousy. If you look at all the variables—the studio personnel, the producer, the singer, the drummer . . . any one of those things or a small part of all those things can make it an awful experience. You can do the best track on the planet, and it still doesn't matter if the singer's no good or the drummer stinks or the studio is baffled and your guitar doesn't sound right. That's when it's no fun to play.

"So that time when everything is right—which for me would've been *Gaucho* with Steely Dan, or *The Stranger* and *52nd Street* with Billy Joel—it's very rare and very special. When you sense that, it's a really great feeling. But it's fulfilling only in one sense. It doesn't offer me the same sense of fulfillment that my own records do."

Which must make Steve Khan understandably fulfilled by the work he is doing now with Eyewitness. db

JACO PASTORIUS
INVITATION—Warner Bros. 23876-1
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ½



Even those who think they don't like Jaco will probably like this LP. The bassist's previous album, *Word Of Mouth*, hinted at fresh ways of thinking about the traditional big band. These live recordings from the Aurex Jazz Festival in Japan, using similar Word Of Mouth band personnel, are engaging and downright exciting at times. Pastorius mixes Ellington, Don Ellis, the Caribbean, funk, blues, and rock & roll. He brings it all up to date, and then some.

From the sounds of it, Jaco may be happier in this musical world than any other he's tried before. There are no keyboards or guitars among his 21 pieces (no pesky Zawinul—just a joke!) to get in his way harmonically, and he fills the air with notes, providing not only the bottom end but also the very attitude of the music.

Simply stated, Jaco does some incredible playing here. He jockeys with Peter Erskine's flailing drums on Bobby Mintzer's arrangement of *Invitation*, every so often taking off like a frightened jack rabbit, heading up his fretboard for a percussive accent. He lays out for a bit while trumpeter Randy Brecker, hard-working percussionist Don Alias, and the drummer go at it. Maybe he's saving up strength for his commanding solo to follow. Anyone who complained when he played Hendrix' *Third Stone From The Sun* as a solo two tours in a row with Weather Report will take heart hearing this strong, spacious, and inner-reaching effort.

The bassist's arrangement of *America* could almost be called "stirring"—that is until the irreverent Jaco-ism at the end. On Alfred James Ellis' funky *The Chicken* Jaco's bass bounds all over the place plucking 16ths, pausing at the beginning of a Mintzer tenor chorus to refuel with full, sliding chords.

The steel drum has become a staple of Pastorius' sound, and Othello Molineaux, who's played with the bassist since his 1976 CBS debut album, is one of the most expressive soloists in the band—listen to the good whacking he gives his pan on the *Rezal/Giant Steps* medley.

Jaco's is one of the truly elegant big bands out today, capable of playing with great restraint and finesse as at the end of the bassist's gentle *Continuum*. Each of the sections is star-quality, to say the least: in addition to the musicians already mentioned, there is a strong and stratospheric trumpet section featuring Jon Faddis, Elmer Brown, Forrest Buchtel, and Ron Tooley; a rumbling 'bone section consisting of Wayne Andre, David Bergeron, Peter Graves, and Bill Reichenbach; and a versatile reed section including Mario Cruz, Randy Emerick, Alex Foster, and Paul McCandless. There are even a couple of french horns, played by Peter Gordon and Brad Warnaar.

These performances are culled from two Japanese import albums on Warner-Pioneer, *Twins I* and *Twins II* (P 11317 and P 11318). If possible, I'd recommend buying the imports. The edits are less sudden, the feeling less hurried, and there is some fine material that didn't make it onto *Invitation*. Economics will probably limit the amount of touring the Word Of Mouth band can do, and that makes these sets all the more valuable.

—robin tolleson

GEORGE RUSSELL
EZZ-THETICS—Riverside Original
 Jazz Classic OJC-070

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE ESSENCE OF...—Soul Note 1044/5

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**LIVE IN AN AMERICAN TIME
 SPIRAL**—Soul Note 1049

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The times are catching up to George Russell, to the extent that most of his major works have been restored to print, mainly through the aegis of Soul Note, the only label to issue, to date, recordings of Russell's recent New York activity. Rarely, if ever, has as much excellent material of Russell's covering a span of more than 20 years—the Riverside session was waxed in 1961, *The Essence Of George Russell* documents his Scandinavian sojourn of the mid- and late '60s, the 1982 edition of his New York Band is featured on *Live In An American Time Spiral*—been (re)released in a matter of weeks.

Foremost, the albums offer a fine survey of the evolution of both the Lydian Chromatic Concept and Vertical Form, revealing Russell's earlier works to be pointedly steeped in tradition. The mesh of standards (*'Round Midnight*, *Nardis*) and such Russell originals as the loping, somewhat Monkish *Lydiot*, *Thoughts*—which quotes *Down By The Riverside*—

and the fleet, boppish title piece on *Ezz-thetics* suggests that while Russell was (and still is) a theoretical revolutionary, he also reveres the jazz heritage. The sextet on the Riverside date—Russell; Eric Dolphy, whose *'Round Midnight* solo alone is worth the \$5.98 list price; Don Ellis; Dave Baker, on trombone; Steve Swallow (this was his first record session); drummer Joe Hunt—links Russell's compositional concerns and the brand of on-top-of-the-chords improvisation he traces to Lester Young. Ray Anderson's trombone solo on *Ezz-thetic* and guitarist Jerome Harris' outing on *D.C. Divertimento* are prime examples of how Russell's New York band of the '80s has refined this approach to material of the same period on *Live In An American Time Spiral*.

In such later, major works as the *Electronic Sonata For Souls Loved By Nature*, the definitive version of which takes up the first three sides of *The Essence of...*, and *Time Spiral*, the seventh of Russell's Vertical Form works which, as rendered by his New York band, bears resemblance to *Living Time*, Russell's 1971 commission from and collaboration with Bill Evans, the harmonic basis for improvisation is, paradoxically, both dense and sparse. On *Sonata* Jan Garbarek, in what has proven to be the apex of his career, applies thick textures to starkly contoured lines, creating several fiery tenor solos that have endured as a response to the challenge of Russell's music. Marty Ehrlich's otherworldly flute solo on *Time Spiral* may also stand the test of time in this regard.

Russell's more recent works have favored funk rhythms and short, punchy voicings over the long lines and cadences of his earlier work; *Time Spiral* is a case in point. In this way Russell has kept in touch with the grassroot materials that have fleshed out his theories, keeping his music vital.

—bill shoemaker

POLICE
SYNCHRONICITY—A&M 3735

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The mere fact that *Synchronicity* has topped the LP charts through a major chunk of late '83 is reason enough for this retrospective. But the Police have

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proven more than their popularity with this successful album; they've proven that they're a good band getting better, and that you can take some chances within today's pop music "formula" and live to tell about it—all the way to the bank, no less.

Most attention focused on the Police falls on Sting, the handsome, charismatic singer/leader/writer for the band. Sting is much more than a heartthrob; he's the powerful bass pulse under the always-arresting Police beat. He wrote eight of the 10 songs here, and he has consistently displayed a gift for writing intelligent material that is sometimes deceptively simple and always engaging.

Every Breath You Take is the obvious example here, and even its black-and-white MTV video version exemplifies the dramatic power of Sting as a writer and performer. *Wrapped Around Your Finger*, *Tea In The Sahara*, *Synchronicity (Parts I and II)* are all strong additions to the Police lineup. *King Of Pain* is a surefire classic, combining an irresistible hook with lyrical imagery that has to be some of the year's best verse. *Walking In Your Footsteps* has a folky African drum feel to it, an interesting mix of percussion and prehistoric theorizing.

Many have commented on the fullness of sound that is produced by just three Police men, which brings us to the other two accomplices, guitarist Andy Summers and drummer Stewart Copeland. Each contributed one composition to *Synchronicity*, and each of those songs help elevate the album from typically "great" to truly "excellent." After Sting's *O My God* manages to somehow match a theme of religious despair to a 1965 Motown-styled bassline, a fracturing saxophone solo leads directly into Summers' *Mother*, the album's most unusual piece—a deranged, screaming monolog straight from somebody's son's subconscious. Having heard Summers teamed with Robert Fripp for *I Advance Masked* (A&M SP-4913), you know he's got tendencies that are decidedly outside of the rock mainstream. This intense tune introduces much of Police fandom to a brand of music that is radically different than what they're used to hearing.

Copeland's lone original, *Miss Gradenko*, is a good example of his ebbing, flowing style—a basic approach that innovates subtly, swells when it should, and invariably sucks the listener into the band's famed rhythms. He's one of the most natural drummers playing today, and one of the best.

Synchronicity gets its name from Jungian psychology, pertains to a connecting principle at work in the universe,

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RECORD REVIEWS

and obviously carries over as a description of the tight interplay, the deft syncopation, the refreshing energy of this group. The Police are doing much more than cleaning up the New Wave; they are presenting music that matches appeal with artistic integrity, and you can't do much better than that. —*Robert Henschen*

CLARE FISCHER/GARY FOSTER STARBRIGHT—Discovery 885

★ ★ ★ ★ ½



Kindred spirits Fischer and Foster have been friends and playing partners for more than 20 years, and the strength of their musical rapport is patent. They share a similar musical philosophy

which, buttressed by their long familiarity with each other's playing, has here resulted in an album of duets of unabashed loveliness and singing musicality. The duet format grew from their experiences as music clinicians when, at the conclusion of one of their separate lecture/demonstrations, they joined forces (and audiences) for a series of improvised duets.

I can't recall anything Gary Foster has done in the past that quite reaches the levels of expressiveness he attains in this recital. In recent years his alto saxophone has taken on some of the characteristics of the late Paul Desmond's approach to the instrument, both tonally and expressively. As a result, Foster must now be considered one of the most accomplished and emotionally persuasive jazz saxophonists around, particularly in lyrical, romantic ballads. Every one of his performances here—on alto or on flute—is a paradigm of taste, warmth, strong ideational flow and, perhaps best of all, easy accessibility. He never seems at a loss for the telling statement, and his improvisations, for all their graceful,

soaring lyricism, are always informed with his intelligence, wit, and thoroughly creative musicianship.

Likewise, Fischer is a model of taste and ingratiatingly resourceful invention, subtly reharmonizing the familiar so that we hear it with new awareness, constantly surprising us with delicious voicings and elegantly sculpted lines and, as he often has done in the past, enriching the jazz repertoire with several lovely new compositions, among them the stunning *Starbright*, *Bluesome*, and *Brazilian Waltz*. His acoustic keyboard work is faultless in its technical command and singing in its expressiveness. I'm less taken with the several tracks on which he employs electric piano (particularly *Someday My Prince Will Come*, which seems to falter in spots), primarily because the instrument lacks the potential for tonal delicacy that the acoustic piano permits and which Fischer exploits so tellingly. But this is a minor objection to an otherwise breathtakingly lovely set of performances by a pair of master musicians who can play like angels.

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—pete welding

DAVID MURRAY OCTET MURRAY'S STEPS—Black Saint 0065

★★★★★



Like the very best of his predecessors—Mingus, Ellington, et al.—David Murray has combined all the right elements for a first-rate band: the writing is infectious, memorable, rich, and not wasteful of a single available nuance, without being overcrowded; the soloists are original and exceptionally eloquent voices—each one knows about construction and pacing, knowing what to leave out and when to let go; the rhythm section is forceful and flowing. In short, everything works. Murray's octet stands as the premier ensemble in contemporary jazz and this, their third album, is an effervescent, swinging, joyous piece of work.

Henry Threadgill, Butch Morris, Steve McCall, and Wilber Morris are still in tow from the previous Murray Octet albums, with Craig Harris (trombone), Bobby Bradford (trumpet), and Curtis Clark (piano) replacing, respectively, George Lewis, Olu Dara, and Anthony Davis. It is hard to single out soloists or solos here—Threadgill's foray on the title tune is a fiery alto turn, while his flute work on *Sing-Song* is colorful and pretty; Murray is soulful throughout, whether on tenor or, as on *Sweet Lovely*, on a soft, vocal bass clarinet; Craig Harris is typically nimble and sly on each of his turns; the two trumpeters, Bradford and Butch Morris (actually on cornet) are a delightful study in contrasts—the former aggressive and witty, the latter spare and lovely; Clark is a jagged soloist and full, generous compere; bassist Morris and drummer McCall are gloriously tight in providing the backbone.

What is important to point out is that this is a group effort, but the combined voice is very much that of David Murray. He proves himself to be, at age 28, a fully developed writer and bandleader and a

still-growing soloist. His solos, from album to album, are getting leaner and less turgid, and while he has the confidence to nod to Sonny Rollins during his tenor outing on the calypso *Flowers For Albert*, his own solo voice has become more and more distinctive.

The jazz world needs the David Murray Octet—this is a *band*, with a sound, a purpose, and the potential to develop into a unit of massive influence. Against the odds, Murray is hanging in there. With *Ming, Home*, and the delightful *Murray's Steps* LPs to his credit, Murray makes it quite evident that he has found his niche. If the world doesn't allow him to continue to work with this octet, there is no justice in jazzland.

—lee jeske

LENNIE TRISTANO LIVE IN TORONTO 1952—

Jazz Records 5

★★★★★

NEW YORK IMPROVISATIONS—

Elektra Musician 60264-1

★★★½

Lennie Tristano and his followers have often been criticized for playing cool, overly intellectualized music. A release like *Live In Toronto* partially dispels this view and further raises the issue of whether "cool" in itself is a justifiably negative musical attribute.

Consider *317 East 32nd*, Tristano's anthem on the *Out Of Nowhere* changes. Saxists Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh swiftly intone the theme. Tristano replies with fragile, tentative lines which seem to uniformly end in question marks, then with solid, riff-like phrases in chordal blocks and disconnected, freely associated asides. Cool, yes. Bloodless, no.

On *You Go To My Head* Tristano joins the horns in three-way counterpoint, tinges his solo with blues licks (a rarity for him), and then is joined by the reeds in stately cadences. On Konitz' *Sound-Lee* Tristano replies to the composer's facile lines by voicing skittering treble figures separated by metrical displacements. *April* opens with bright, uncool brassy reeds as Konitz enters with bold, harmonically extended lines bowing in Charlie Parker's direction. The clincher, though, is *Back Home*, Tristano's line on *Indiana*. The saxophones nearly scream the head, Tristano burns, and drummer Al Levitt drops loud bombs, snaps rimshots, and engages the group in a series of fours which not only sparkles but is also downright noisy. All this suggests that while Tristano's school may have been thoughtful, it certainly wasn't without passion.

This happy notion is only partially

contradicted by *New York Improvisations*, a collection of heretofore unreleased tracks culled from sessions recorded at Tristano's Manhattan studio during 1955 and 1956. Backed by Peter Ind on bass and Tom Weyburn on drums, the pianist runs through seven standards and two originals, with varying degrees of success.

Manhattan Studio sets the tone and modus operandi of many of these cuts. Tristano's left hand is barely audible as his right hand spins longish, freely associated lines. The pianist's phrases don't swing, but instead flow with little concern for varying dynamics or establishing points of tension and release. And, at worst, Tristano merely ruminates, tossing off idea after idea with little apparent thought for the musical logic of his improvisations. Ind walks unobtrusively behind Tristano, and Weyburn keeps light time, punctuated only with snare drum taps.

This same trio format is utilized on such standards as *Lover Man*, *I'll See You In My Dreams*, and *There Will Never Be Another You*. And *All The Things You Are* gets a prim, exercise book treatment,

rambling on without making any coherent statement. Cool, yes. Compelling, no. In light of such performances, one wonders if Tristano really believed that "jazz is not a style . . . jazz is a feeling."

But the swing is there if you listen for it. *Mean To Me* grooves slyly throughout. Here Tristano cuts through the head using laidback triplet phrases, then tosses off glib, snappy lines which shift the trio into a brighter, catchy rhythmic conception. Oscar Peterson couldn't have put it better.

The aptly titled *Momentum* reminds us that Tristano once named Bud Powell as his favorite musician, for Tristano's urgent statement of the head in high-tension block chords, plus Weyburn's kicky rhythmic crossfire and extended fours, make this track approach Powell's level of drive and intensity. Add to this Tristano's dizzy, spiraling lines and bright, hornlike punctuations and this piece becomes a cogent portrait of Bud.

Cool, yes? Cool, no? The answer is simply that this stream of jazz represents a broader, more variegated musical spectrum than some have imagined.

—jon balleras

HERBIE HANCOCK
FUTURE SHOCK—Columbia 38814

★ ★ ★



Future Shock proves that Herbie can crank out the funk with the best of them and, as in the case of nearly every artist or group in this category, add some clunkers so woebegotten that one is dazzled by the depths to which crass nerve can plummet. Perhaps an explanation of how the album was made would illuminate the extent of Hancock's seeming lack of enthusiasm for the project and his apparent disrespect of this music and its supporters. Initially Hancock contacted Michael Beinhorn and Bill Laswell, the prime members of Material, whose

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mechano-techno funk sonics have pioneered a synthesis between funk's emotional roots and technology's computer instruments. Ideas were proposed, and tapes soon began to journey forth from Hancock in L.A. to Material in NYC and back again in a flurry of Federal Express envelopes. From Hancock's vast panoply of every manner of synthesizer came the additive stacks of cliched riffs. Back in New York, Material supplied and recorded additional rhythm tracks and called in a veritable who's who of avant funk: Grandmixer D. S.T., Daniel Ponce, Pete Cosey, Sly Dunbar—all appear in various combinations on the album, boosting the excitement whenever they are audible.

Whether Hancock and Material were ever in the same studio together during the making of this LP is doubtful. Did they have to be for this type of music? Well yes, because the crucial component of creative interaction between the three is lacking here, and the results are a hollow dialectic of smarmy compromise. The cuts *Future Shock*, *TFS*, and *Autodrive* are so removed from any originality that the formulaic programming enfolds upon itself in smug musical cliches.

Rockit (which has been pulled for commercial release and pressed as a 12-inch single for dance dj's) turned out to be such a killer cut due in no small part to the gorgeous bassline of Laswell, the sensuous funk of Ponce on batas, and the brilliant Grandmixer D. S.T. scratching his turntables in funk time. Scratching a record (by way of explanation, y'all) is cueing and recueing a section of a record by hand with the volume pot thrown open. Scratching has become an art that requires the touch of a safecracker and the steadiness of a brain surgeon, to get a herky-jerky rhythm going in sync with another record spinning normally in straight time.

The remainder of this album, all 31 minutes, is just so much programmed filler that one wonders why they bothered. Case in point is the title tune, *Future Shock*, one of Curtis Mayfield's least successful ditties—so lame that Mayfield borrowed the music from his own *Super Fly* and retreaded it 10 years later with his now-predictable litanies of worn urban hazards. Why anyone would want to resurrect this baby while wasting the vocal talents of Bernard Fowler (of the Peech Boys) is beyond me. Waste. Misdirection. Filler. Should I bother to go on? Do you really want to know that *TFS* is Herbie chording out streams of hip cocktail glissandos to the disembodied sonics of Material synthesizers, or that *Earthbeat* is crypto-Kraftwerk sans their android

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messages of love affairs with technology?

I don't like being so hard on Hancock, but hey, I love the music; if Herbie had cut the fillers with just a little more joy and wisdom, I'd lay off—and, dear reader, it's just one man's opinion. When you hear *Rockit* you're hearing techno-funk at its most calculated, if not its best. The rest of the album's efforts don't add up to the sum of the talent that appears on it. Thankfully this music's crucial development does not rest here on the fulcrum of Hancock's cynicism.

—jim brinsfield

**RICHIE COLE/
BOOTS RANDOLPH**
YAKETY MADNESS—Palo Alto 8041-N

★ ★ ★



RICHIE COLE
**SOME THINGS SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES**—Muse 5295

★ ★ ★

In the white South, Boots Randolph is Mr. Saxophone. Take your tenor on a gig there and people always ask, "Can you play *Yakety Sax*?" They may not know who Coleman Hawkins is, but they recognize Boots.

Richie Cole got the idea that he would like to record with Randolph, whom he calls "the Phil Woods of country music." Actually, they're compatible players, owing to their similar flair for exaggeration. Randolph has the dominant personality. Their pairing yields corn, such as performances like *Yakety Sax*, *Wabash Cannonball*, *Jambalaya*, *Barnyard Be-Bop*, and the *Song Of The South* medley that closes the album. But it's corn that doesn't mock the audience (no smug-performers/dumb-listeners attitude) and corn that requires mastery of the art and craft of the rapid staccato phrase. We also get rhapsodic ballads (*Body And Soul* and *Good Morning Heartache*) confirming in king-size what Randolph tells us in every solo: that he is a big Hawkins fan.

The best cuts on the album are the jump-styled rhythm tunes with the saxophones in thirds. It's a funky sound that permeates not only jazz but also rhythm & blues and early rock & roll (e.g.,

Flamingo, *Night Train*, *Walkin' With Mr. Lee*, Cole's *Walkin' With Mr. Boots*, and a medley of *Moonglow* and *Picnic*).

There were two recording locations for this album—Nashville (with guitarists David Hungate, Jon Goin, and Larry Byrom, pianist John Propst, bassist Ray Carroll, and drummer Bob Mater) and Menlo Park, California (with pianist Dick Hindman, bassist Marshall Hawkins, drummer Scott Morris, and percussion-

ist Babatunde). Both rhythm sections are unobtrusive and uplifting.

Hawkins and Morris, along with guitarist Bruce Forman and pianist Smith Dobson, form the rhythm section on Cole's 1981 live in Tokyo album *Some Things Speak*. . . . It was a supercharged concert, full of uptempo alto-and-guitar unisons, blistering solos, flashy ensemble riffs, and hot tunes like *Cherokee*, *Lady Bird*, and *Irish Folk Song* (alias *I Got*

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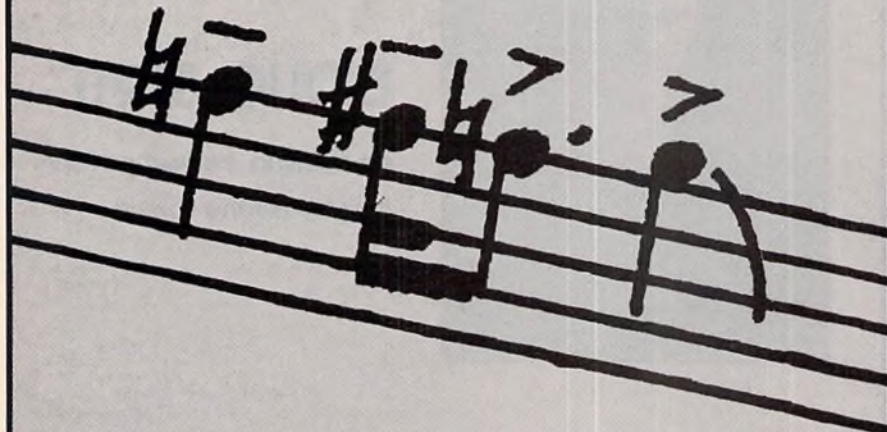
Rhythm). Cole plays both alto and tenor saxophones, and on the larger horn he gets a squawky tone in the manner of most altoists who switch. Everyone in the band has chops. Much of this music is an exhibition of that fact, although it always swings and is exciting.

Both of these albums rate high as entertainment, but as *tasteful* entertainment they score lower. They are like a circus—sheer fun. —*owen cordle*

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**SAM RIVERS/
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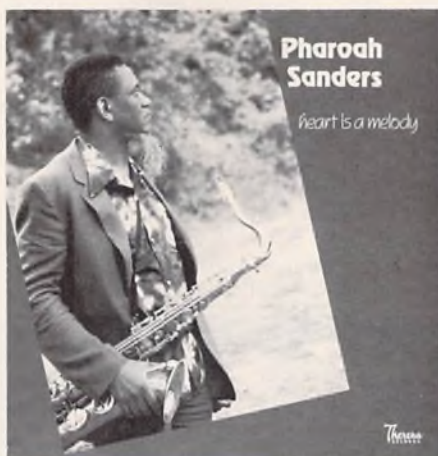
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The term "wind ensemble" is commonly associated with cloistered aggregations resuscitating Mozart for the umpteenth time. Yet, along with the World Saxophone Quartet, Sam Rivers' Winds of Manhattan and the Rova Saxophone Quartet have overhauled the format to accommodate the post-modern composer/improviser. Both *Colours* and *Invisible Frames* survey a wide spectrum of compositional structures and strategies; and while it is the common, rich background of improvisation that the impressive players in both groups use to breath life into the material, both albums leave little doubt that the ensembles are essentially composers' forums.

As with *Crystals*, Rivers' now-classic 1974 orchestral recording, the compositions on *Colours* forego chordal, horizontal voicings for a more linear, contrapuntal approach, even during passages of cluster-like density. Rivers' incisive traditionalism—anyone who has performed with Billie Holiday, Miles Davis, and Cecil Taylor would have a unique perspective—accounts for such exceptional writing as the heated riffs that support Rivers' driving tenor on *Lilacs*. But, more often than not, Rivers fleshes out his compositions without idiomatic role models, as on the angular title composition—136 completely notated bars of expanding and contracting melodies and textures. As Rivers had to exclude all

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solos save his few for the material to fit onto one disc, the 11-piece ensemble, which is comprised of such deserving talents as Bobby Watson, Marvin Blackman, and Steve Coleman, can not be fully appreciated. *Colours* should have been a two-disc set.

Though the Rova Saxophone Quartet is one of the most daring American ensembles of any instrumentation to emerge in recent years, their compositional sources remain conspicuous, at times. Such is the case with Andrew Voigt's *Narrow Are The Vessels*, which recalls the wide intervals, staccato cadences, and terse articulation of Roscoe Mitchell's *Nonaah* series. When Rova equates composition with process, as on *Trobar Clus #6*, which gravitates about soloist/chorus interaction, the quartet's dialog is markedly less referential. The quartet (Voigt, Larry Ochs, Jon Raskin, and Bruce Ackley) has enough individual talent that they do not need to look beyond themselves for inspiration; Ochs—whose *Druids* rounds out the program with otherworldly densities and intensities—is the group's composer most consistently in touch with this. On balance, *Invisible Frames* is a fine progress report from this rapidly growing ensemble. —bill shoemaker

UB40

1980-83—A&M 4955

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Five summers ago the present members of UB40 were out-of-work British proles looking to start a band, no matter that they were newcomers to their instruments and dreamers for wanting their own record company, recording studio, and complete control of their career. Taking their name from the all-too-familiar British unemployment benefit card, the integrated octet tailored a distinctive roots reggae sound in a Birmingham cellar. Before long they found themselves above ground supporting the Pretenders on an islandwide tour; at the same time their homemade single climbed near the top of the British equivalent of our Top 40. Several smash follow-up singles have proved them to be that rarity to the charts—a musically proficient group who pen sharp-witted, insightful lyrics.

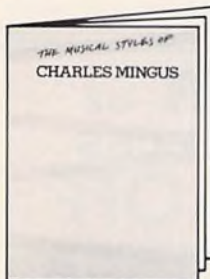
Like defunct ska brethren the English Beat, the UBs acknowledge societal ills without politicizing, letting wily dance pulses interblend with acerbic lyrics in a vivid aural exposition of Albion adrift. They may be left-wing thinkers, but they're comfortable with their role as promoters of dance floor reggae; you

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RECORD REVIEWS

certainly won't find them upset at the thought few people listen to the words. No way do they feel guilt for their thriving label (DEP International), 24-track studio, and the indulgences accompanying pop success. They resented the dole.

All 10 singles and album selections making up this compilation have a formal reserve of tone, an imposing dignity. Initial UB40 singles *King* and *Food For Thought* tender Ali Campbell's stately, even-handed pronouncements on reli-

gion and politics midst drifting, ennobling horns and the etched-in-stone beat. Equally gripping is *One In Ten*, a haunting anthem of the forlorn with a menacingly boastful chorus: "Even though I don't exist/Nobody knows it/But I'm always there/A statistical reminder of a world that doesn't care." Another gem, *So Here I Am*, bemoans the drudgery of work; Brian Travers unleashes a jazzy saxophone flight, and singer Campbell gets by with a Stevie Wonder-like self-

poise.

Nowadays UB40 is emphasizing their penchant for dance, as indicated by the two 1983 singles included here (*Dubmobile* and *I've Got Mine*) and a fresh import album of covers of late '60s reggae/soul favorites, but chances are they'll again write much more than mindless pop/pap lyrics. They're a band worth knowing.

—frank-john hadley



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★ ★ ½

MICROSCOPIC SEPTET TAKE THE Z TRAIN—Press 4003

★ ★ ★ ★

Parody, pastiche, and posing have their place in music—how much poorer we'd be without the humor of the Art Ensemble, Charles Mingus, Zappa, Sun Ra, or the arch put-ons of the early boppers, to suggest honorable precedents for the Lounge Lizards and the Microscopic Septet, two lower Manhattan bands who know what they're doing.

The Brothers Lurie, altoist John and pianist Evan, founders of the Lizards, have turned towards tradition on their second album, offering improvisations unrelated to the theme in homages to Dolphy (*Out To Lunch*) and Duke (*In A Sentimental Mood*), along with seemingly familiar, mock-sleaze originals, to cloak their preference for free blowing and the limits of their instrumental techniques. Evan is ham-fisted, and heavy on the sustain pedal. John has polished his vibrato without having developed much variety of phrase, melodic originality, or purpose but to get over. He's quite willing to stitch part of *Honeysuckle Rose* to the ascending line of Coltrane's *Serenity*, keen to a fade-out, and call it his own (*Loons*).

Expect anything substantial and the joke's on you, although trombonist Peter Zummo (subtly adding harmonic depth), bassist Tony Garnier, drummer Dougie Bowne, and producer Teo Macero surround the Luries' pretensions in ways to imply they're something more. The occasional breaks into collective improvisation reveal how long on nerve and short on creativity the brothers are; in duet, at least they *hear* each other. John has one cool idea, opening his measures on *Hair Street* with snapping fingers. If it were all that easy. . . .

The Microscopic Septet, comprising saxists Phillip Johnston (soprano), Don Davis (alto), John Hagen (tenor), and Dave Sewelson (baritone), pianist Joel

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Forrester, bassist David Hofstra, and drummer Richard Dworkin—Johnston and Forrester do the writing—are talented cut-ups whose knowledge of jazz styles dating back to Fletcher Henderson allow them to contrive clever comedies of juxtaposition. From *Chinese Twilight Zone* to *A Strange Thought Entered My Head*, Johnston delights in nudging toney dance arrangements with raw rock & roll and r&b charts, Ellingtonian reed fanfares, Rova-like contrapuntalisms, and false endings. Surprisingly, given shifting time signatures, it all swings together—kudos to the rhythm trio. Hofstra's self-effacing, Dworkin underplays the older idioms he's mastered, and Forrester is an imaginative accompanist whose comping, as well as compositions (three on "Side Z") swirl into the modernist stream, however much he borrows from the past (hear *I Didn't Do It*).

The Microscopic Septet has fun—but also has something to say and the ability to say it. They might stretch out, dig in, but probably not get serious. The Lounge Lizards' act is already stretched thin. Jazz made of attitude alone—now that's a laugh. —Howard Mandel

**RED RODNEY/
IRA SULLIVAN**
MODERN MUSIC FROM CHICAGO—
Fantasy F-3-208

★ ★ ★



SPRINT—Elektra Musician 60261-1

★ ★ ★ ½

Bebop. *Modern Music From Chicago*, a reissue from Fantasy's Original Jazz Classics series, swarms with it. The year was 1955. Rodney's quintet was the house band at the Beehive. Bird had been dead three months when they made the record. Clifford Brown had another year of grace.

Rodney had come on the scene slightly before Brown. While both combined ele-

ments of Fats Navarro, Dizzy Gillespie, and Miles Davis, Brown received the greater recognition. But Rodney was no slouch or cliché monger in 1955. He showed a bright tone, an exciting way of leaping registers, and a flair for long, bubbling lines. And he could scat sing, as the Billy Eckstine tune *Rhythm In A Riff* shows.

Sullivan was caught in a certain duality—trumpeter (represented here by a single track, *On Mike*) and tenor saxophonist (nine other cuts). The tenor style now sounds dated—like early Sonny Rollins or Al Cohn—but intelligent and emotional. The trumpet was less crisp than Rodney's.

Norman Simmons headed the rhythm section. He was an interesting pianist in a Bud Powell/Thelonious Monk bag then. Bassist Victor Sproles kept big-footed time. Drummer Roy Haynes was then what he is now, the cleanest bop drummer around. So, this was a fluent, more-lyrical-than-Bird-and-Diz session, with 12 performances on standards and originals.

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RECORD REVIEWS

Sprint, which was recorded at the Felt Forum in New York. Quintet pianist Gary Dial's title cut invades Ornette Coleman's territory. Sullivan, on alto saxophone, speaks with Coleman's inflections and creative pitches. Rodney, on trumpet, sputters and sparks. His articulation is mushy, a problem that reappears on other uptempo pieces, too.

Dial also contributed the lyrical *How Do You Know* and the stride-piano-and-updated-hop-flugelhorn (Rodney) duet *My Son, The Minstrel*. Flugel and alto swap eight-bar phrases on *As Time Goes By*. Herbie Hancock's *Speak Like A Child* becomes a study in warm exotica as Sullivan's alto flute meets Rodney's flugelhorn.

But Sullivan's main horn is the other

alto—on this album anyway. Who knows what he'll do next? Dial, bassist Jay Anderson, and drummer Jeff Hirschfield dial *M* for munitions and manna in the rhythm section. This section is as right in '82 and beyond as the 1955 outfit was for its day.

The ratings reflect programming, creativity, and technique (both measured against Bird and others), group accord, excitement, and a reviewer's personal instincts.

—owen cordle

**CHICK COREA/
FRIEDRICH GULDA**
THE MEETING—Philips 410 397-1

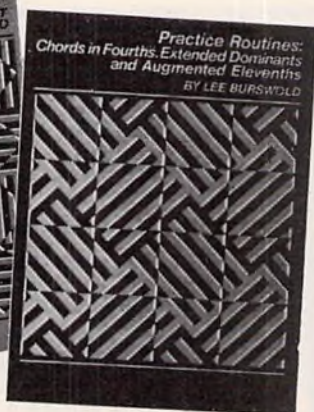
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Only a handful of composers and per-

formers have succeeded in grafting jazz and classical music. Gunther Schuller, John Lewis, and Anthony Braxton are among the notables; pianist/composers Chick Corea and Friedrich Gulda come forth here to swell the ranks. In this tour de force recording, they summarily discredit those who say that the two genres can't be fused without one or the other losing legitimacy.

Corea has been mixing genres since his forays into electric rock-jazz fusion in the late '60s. Inventive as he was then with Miles, and in the '70s with his group Return To Forever, he reaches further here, and he has the musical wherewithal to come away with his hands full. Longtime classical performer Gulda is an indispensable partner who adds his

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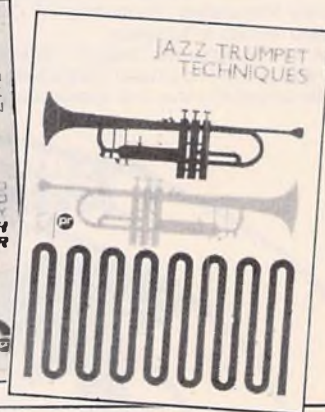
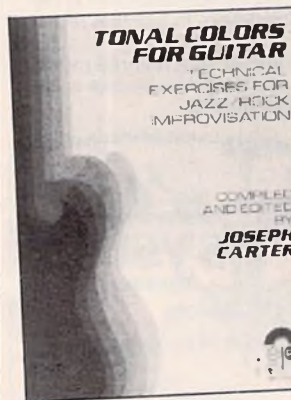
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own spark to this intriguing concatenation.

Both players have enormous musical vocabularies. They drop phrases from jazz and classical idioms smoothly, with no awkward transliterations. The idioms have become so much a part of them that they can begin making their own language.

The pair's two-piano explorations yield complexity without redundancy. Each composition has a distinct character. In *Poem #3* the rhythmic reverberations of a plucked piano wire generate energy alongside the increasingly tense upward tread of asymmetrically placed chords with wide-stanced Bartokian voicings. In *Someday My Prince Will Come* the light touch and plangent voicings reminiscent of a Tommy Flanagan or Bill Evans emerge out of the introspective—but never rambling—abstraction.

Corea and Gulda quote only infrequently, saving room for their own ideas. They never run short. Similarly, while the four improvisations are each named after a recognizable piece of music (the remaining two are *Put Your Little Foot* and the *Wiegenlied* of Brahms), the duo postpones most of their references. The re-

sult is that the opening improvisation leads up to an epiphany of recognition when the tune appears in its familiar form at the end.

The setting for this meeting was the "Piano Summer '82" held in the German Museum in Munich. Hats off to the organizers who were open-minded enough to take advantage of these two players' unusual talents.

—elaine guregian

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Sorry, all you MF and MS fans, but I found both these albums *boring!* I kept asking myself as I listened, particularly to Maynard Ferguson, how can something that seems as though it ought to be exciting, be so dull? And while I don't exactly know the answer to that, the following comments may shed a little light on this phenomenon.

Naturally, Maynard dominates his big

band throughout the entire album, and I noticed one or two excellent moments that could have been expanded had the soloists been given more space. For example, there was an all-too-short piano workout by Ron Pedley in an interesting arrangement of Duke Ellington's *Take The A Train*, and I could definitely have heard more of Denis DiBlasio's rugged baritone saxophone in his one featured spot on *Sesame Street*.

Additionally, there's some pretty brass writing by trombonist Chris Braymen on one tune, and some of the other arrangements by Nick Blane, DiBlasio, or Gary Lindsay could have been more effective with more soloists featured. The general tone of Maynard's band, however, is rather raunchy and rarely sensitive.

An attempt at sensitivity seemed to be made with an old standard, *As Time Goes By*, with a totally unexpected vocal by Ferguson. For someone who's generally so on-key on trumpet, the same cannot be said for his vocal instrument—and did I detect some off-key brass in there, too? I just hope this was done in fun—tongue-in-cheek instead of horn!

Marvin Stamm's trumpet and flugelhorn work is somewhat more imaginative



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than Ferguson's, and less frenetic. In an oddly paradoxical way, Stamm is more controlled and yet looser than Ferguson, seeming not to be trying quite so hard to reach those pinnacles of sound. The compositions on Stamm's first album in 15 years are interesting and varied. *Masque Afrique* has an intriguing 12/8 rhythm, with some better-than-average percussion from Sue Evans. I found the synthesizer somewhat out of character, but then I haven't been in Africa lately!

Another track, *Carnevale*, offers a kind of reggae beat, reminiscent of the Caribbean. The synthesizer is used more char-

acteristically and with better effect on *By Torchlight*, a slow, pensive piece, also featuring Stamm on flugelhorn, and some good ensemble writing. All the tunes were written and arranged by the band's synthesist Chris Palmaro with Jack Cortner, who does not appear on the album. Despite the presence of such better-known names as bassist Marcus Miller, trombonist Jim Pugh, baritone saxophonist Ronnie Cuber, and guitarist John Tropea, this album also comes off rather ho-hum and is not something I would want to put back on my turntable.

—frankie nemko

critics' choice

Art Lange

NEW RELEASE: Golden Palominos, *Golden Palominos* (Celluloid/OAO). Grating electric textures, seemingly chaotic ensemble abandon, wild instrumental virtuosity unleashed, aggressively ambivalent ambience—and you can dance to it.

OLD FAVORITE: Ted Brown Sextet, *Free Wheeling* (Vanguard). Tristano-influenced reedmen Brown and Warne Marsh weave contrapuntal webs lighter than air, while Art Pepper's alto injects arrogance and grit.

RARA AVIS: Joe Lutchter, *Joe Joe Jump* (Charly). Classic jump-jazz of late '40s vintage, alternating raw r&b booting and sophisticated soul ballads.

SCENE: Art Ensemble Of Chicago—still the world's most arresting, ambitious, and articulate quintet in live performance—caught homecoming at Joe Segal's Jazz Showcase.

Charles Doherty

NEW RELEASE: Paquito D'Rivera, *Live At Keystone Korner* (Columbia). Blazin' post-bop alto, fiery five-star Roditi brass, smokin' latin perc., via Havana/New York, caught red hot in S.F.

OLD FAVORITE: Various Artists, *God Rest Ye Merry Jazzmen* (Columbia). Six seasonal chestnuts roasted by Dex, McCoy, Paquito, Wynton M., Arthur B., and the Heath Bros. A perfect stocking stuffer.

RARA AVIS: Los Lobos, . . . *And A Time To Dance* (Slash). Trad Mex mixed with trad Southern Cal. rock & roll. Let's dance!

SCENE: The world premiere of Edward Wilkerson Jr.'s *Shadow Vignettes: Birth Of A Notion*. Arkestral-edged AACM-ish big band arranged in a Ducal dye, with guest flutist James Newton and funky rapster John Toles-Bey standing out. At the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago.

Bill Shoemaker

NEW RELEASE: Martial Solal, *Bluesine* (Soul Note). Solal is to the jazz standard what Glenn Gould was to Bach: a revisionist of the highest order. Imaginative versions of *'Round Midnight* and *Yardbird Suite* highlight this engaging solo piano set.

OLD FAVORITE: Ornette Coleman, *Crisis* (Impulse/MCA). Marking the reunion of Ornette, Don Cherry, and Charlie Haden, this '69 concert recording includes powerful performances of *Broken Shadows* and *Song For Che*.

RARA AVIS: Ken McIntyre, *Way Way Out* (United Artists). A daring experiment—especially for 1963—with original compositions integrating reeds/bass/drums with a 13-piece string section.

SCENE: Godfrey Reggio's exquisite editing—juxtaposing breathtaking images of nature and technology with Philip Glass' pulsing score—makes the film *Koyaanisqatsi* a superb experience.

John Diliberto

NEW RELEASE: David Hykes & The Harmonic Choir, *Hearing Solar Winds* (Occura). The most stunning vocal music since Tibetan and Gregorian chants. The sounds Hykes gets from his choir will make some synthesists think twice.

OLD FAVORITE: George Russell, *Electronic Sonata For Souls Loved By Nature* (Black Saint). Originally released on Sonet and now reissued, this live version features incredible solos from Jan Garbarek, powered by Russell's Lydian big band arrangement.

RARA AVIS: Sun Ra, *Space Is The Place* (Blue Thumb). Possibly Ra's definitive big-band-space-bop-jiving-rapping-electro-shock excursion into the unknown.

SCENE: David Murray Quartet with Curtis Clark, Reggie Workman, and Ed Blackwell, at Haverford College, Haverford. Murray squeezed new dimensions out of his ballads and scorched his horn in overdrive with an unbeatable rhythm section.



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Piano, bass, and drums: the foundation blocks of the big band, the enduring "house rhythm section," the classic accompaniment for singers' plights and horns' flights. The toiling threesome goes less-recorded than most instrumentations, since plenty of horn players are on the hoof, and thinking up fresh presentations for the trio format has always been a problem.

Here are a dozen recent trio efforts. None are earthshakers, but the quality level is fairly high; a couple are superb, and a couple are just fair; the only dog is a pompous one. I give higher points for originality and musicality than for professionalism and technical prowess. The whole dozen struck me as being rather conservative, more polite than provocative. I could count the latin-derived rhythm pieces on one hand. Nearly everything was played pretty four-square and straightahead, four to the bar bass and steady ride; 10 years ago that would have disturbed me. Is the new conservatism in, or am I just mellowing with age? A rhetorical question. To the records.

Jay D'Amico plays piano with a gossamer touch, canny sense of style, and

nice connected ideas. Not only do his lines flow legato, but there is a certain shapeliness to each solo and a tangible sense of touch, like good sculpture. D'Amico affords each piece a polished conception: you can follow the thread through the arranged fabric. *Autumn Leaves* and *Green Dolphin Street*, overdone in most hands, shine with a real lilt and deft musical tags; he asserts crisp authority without raising his voice. D'Amico's clarity and control are naturally abetted by veteran tastemakers Milt Hinton, a dean of bassists, whose occasional bowed line comes as surprise and relief, and Bobby Rosengarden, a drummer of compassion and charm. There's a fine balance to D'Amico's style (single-note lines with pearly octaves, bluesy turns countered with rhapsodic sweeps) and to the entire set (airy bossa *Gentle Rain*, *Baubles* in waltz time, easy bop *Groovin' High*, jazz-rock, and ballad originals) that seems logical and unforced. Despite some rushed, cocktailish splashes and a commercial air, D'Amico has come up with a plausible, pleasant, and very musical debut album.

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Red Garland had made his reputation and finest contributions as a member of Miles Davis' quintet (1955-58) and with his own trios (1959-61). He left the scene with tons of unreleased sides in the can, and Orrin Keepnews has been dipping into it on and off for years. Red's '70s comeback and consequent critical revival revved up the reissues again, and these 1959 takes sound fresh as a daisy, more solid than some of the Galaxy items that marked Red's comeback, and nearly as punchy and ripe as *Undiscovered Masters* (Fantasy) which also feature Doug Watkins on bass and Specs Wright on drums. Garland has an unmistakably springy touch, absolutely translucent octaves when on, quite a handle on rolling tremolos into exciting breaks, and a hell of a lot more wit and spunk than many of his era. Listen to *The Man I Love*: how the man turns a pretty phrase and makes it ring! Bassist Watkins has generally hung in the shadow of Pittsburgh schoolmate Paul Chambers, but he could cut damn near as good an arco solo and was certainly what Garland called "a very true bass player" who hit each note dead center and showed unerring good taste in soloing. Specs Wright bounces a fine brush off his snares, admirably captured by the inimitable Rudy Van Gelder, and makes this a most happy combo.

Sam Jones (the bassist!) never got his dues as a capable leader, despite a few nice sides on Riverside and Xanadu and a much-heralded big band. This 1979 Interplay date, one of the few inspired reissues of Albert Marx, is a very exciting album with never a dull moment. Keith Copeland makes a powerful force on drums (though the recording makes him sound hissy and overly aggressive), and Kenny Barron is ever a lyric muse on both kinds of piano. From Monk's rousing *Rhythm-a-ning* to an ominous Pettiford-esque Jones original *Bittersuite*, this record never lets up: solid mainstream with a cutting edge. All three work hard together on every track, and new tunes blossom from the sweat and grit: *Lily* a subtle, hummable ballad, to the samba *Seascape*. Jones' playing is as supple and binding as plastic wood, and the whole concept is a joy.

Brooklyn-born ur-bopper Duke Jordan worked with Bird in the '40s, Getz in the '50s, made his home in Paris and points east for a quarter century, always remaining the spartan melodist and spare soloist. His original hot-house tunes are trim to a fault, and the three blues are narrow but convincing. The playing is so understated that it warrants relistening through the spaces; it's a thin-lipped pleasure to hear one of the better

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boppers tell some new tales—like a new edition of Grimm. By today's standards of bravura and chops, Jordan is a Captain Ahab of restraint: he runs a tight ship from stem to stern, doling out little more than rhythm roles to admirable sidemen. Bassist Mads Vinding gets a pair of solos on *Hymn For Peace*, one on *Truth*, where drummer Ed Thigpen gets a round of fours, and that's it. Despite Jordan's unflagging inventiveness, more textural and tempo variety would be welcome, as on his *Great Session* (SteepleChase) with Dave Friesen and Philly Joe Jones. The playing is so starkly melodic, in fact, that it sounds like Music Minus One, where you play horns or sing over it.

Walter Norris combined the rare qualities of economy, invention, alertness, and big ears to be Ornette Coleman's last working pianist (1958, recorded on Contemporary), and he still has 'em. This is a real trio: precision reading and ebullient blowing. The title piece is like a toccata in sonata form: percussive and structured carefully, it also encourages good-humored solos. Norris makes concept pieces out of standards: *Falling In Love*

With Love (with out-of-tempo chorus), *Cherokee* (choppily arranged with brilliant instrumental flashes), *A Child Is Born* (music-box fantasia before out-chorus). The thinking pianist attracts brooding, highly schooled Eastern European bassists who can handle the load: Aladár Pege (on Enja), George Mraz here. The overworked *Giant Steps* sounds fresh for a change without mad histrionics and a drag strip finish: just a rhapsody to begin and end solo, and solid swinging choruses from piano, bass, and underrated drummer Ronnie Bedford, all listening hard. Brief, musical notes from Norris replace the puff. 'Nuff said.

Seven composers in seven moods are caught by Horace Parlan, hypnotic pianist and veteran of hefty bands of Charles Mingus, Roland Kirk, and Dexter Gordon. The hand-picked set sits well (Isla Eckinger's *Ballade*, like *Born To Be Blue*, a surprise) and Parlan's style holds trim, well-balanced, unassuming. Jesper Lundgard's round-toned accurate bass is featured, while Dannie Richmond plays so much kit he's in constant dialog with Parlan (especially *Little Esther*) even though he gets but one solo (*Blues In The*

Closet) and smart fours on the extended title track. A warmly capable set, easy-swinging, unpretentious, even-handed.

Alvin Queen, drummer for Horace Silver while still in his teens, offers this pleasant, lightweight, blues date, brilliantly recorded at Minot (White Plains, NY), mastered and first released in Paris. Junior Mance opens his old brown paper bag of the blues once too often as he chugs along merrily, and there's not much to sink one's teeth into. Uptempo numbers provide excuses for block-chords and snappy drum breaks. Queen knows his economy enough not to ride the cymbals all night. The only non-blues, Michael Legrand's *Watch What Happens*, goes tour de force with witty skittish bass by Martin Rivera and clean Queen brushwork. This limber team saves the album from lock-hand rigor mortis.

Jack Reilly is a genial, extroverted post-bopper at the keyboard and a good original composer, with perhaps a higher profile as an educator than as a performer. His tendency for overprolific improvisation is balanced by a fertile mind: no empty fingers running amok.

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RECORD REVIEWS

If he may slip on a long arpeggio, his ideas are still sound and meaning clear. *November* is a 12-bar blues with new shape and character: in 3/4, it has orchestral thunderheads in the last four bars. These clear away into a brisk fall afternoon (for football, maybe) on this sprightly trio version (Ronnie Bedford's brushes and Jack Six' bass bounce), unlike the ominous storm that mounts in his solo version (Revelation 36). This

willingness to reinterpret compositions and their broad harmonic foundations show feet firmly planted in jazz and classical camps, as do pieces like *Lento For Carol* (hefty underpinnings to pretty tune) and *Kyrie* (from a *Mass*, in 5/4 and an unusual mode, Bedford whooshing his oversized cymbals and shooting latin rims). Hard-wearing.

Paul Smith has now a baker's dozen sides (over half the catalog) in Earl

Beecher's boutique label, but the cooking is strictly microwave. "Legendary technique" overwhelms musicality at every turn, a la Oscar Peterson on automatic pilot. *Ipanema* is elegant if mannered, while *Wave* goes officious and wooden, capturing the letter but not the spirit of samba. A fast *Bernie's Tune* is bloodless (good Frank Capp brushes); *Cheek To Cheek*, cocktail and fancy, every note calculated for effect. *Cherokee* starts laid-back, but soon block-chord chattering takes over, and fingers rule both mind and heart—contrast this to Norris' version. Self-congratulatory and inconsequential.

Bill Evans proved a hard enough act to follow when alive; posthumous enshrinements will dog his shade for decades. **Frank Sullivan** is an honest if not very-exciting Evans acolyte who plays several Evans tunes without adding much of his own to the master's vernacular and style. Rather than hear Sullivan play vintage classics like *Gloria's Step* safe and religious or Gigi Gryce's *Minority* a little sluggish and wan, I prefer his opening *Billie's Bounce* in ringing octaves (as much Wynton Kelly as Evans) or *Straight, No Chaser* with a good single-note line spun out fine. Bassist Bob Wilcocks is equally fond of ex-Evans bassist Scott LaFaro and plays lots of those patented triplets. They ought to find their own voices and get off Florida dreaming of the masters. Recorded clean but pressed noisy.

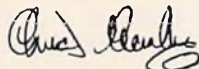
Texan **Horace Tapscott** at 50 has long been an L.A. modernist and his own man. His original opener slides in and out of 3/4, moving well together and independently; bassist Roberto Miranda hits hard and often; Sonship on drums varies attacks and texture. Good! A solo rhapsody evokes an unsentimental lyricism, bold and true. Nice! But a 21-minute bash revels in stops-out looseness that translates ill to record. When Tapscott's focused piano reins in the troops, all is well, but on long solos ("free" or no, and as at most concerts) the fabric breaks down.

Two-fisted, clear-eyed new structures imbue **Eric Watson's** music: whopping unisons stress angular melody, oft doubled by Ed Schuller's huge bass, and underlined in ringlets by drummer Paul Motian. Watson, living in Paris six years, works in groups with John Lindberg, Mark Helias, and Barry Altschul, too. The trio moves in stately, ordered fashion through six originals, manic and hammered at times like JoAnne Brackeen's best, provoking ecstatic dance (*No Beards In Albania*). Wild ideas kept hand-in-glove, wisely. —fred bouchard

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1 MAL WALDRON. *BUD STUDY* (from 1+2, Prestige). Waldron, composer, piano; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto saxophone; Julian Euell, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Hmm, play that again. That's coming out of a Clifford Brown/Max Roach thing, a little later. The trumpet player sounded more brassy than I think he would have live, but that's what we have to face with recordings. Marcus Belgrave? The arrangement was all right, but I don't understand how it related to the tune, just another head to the changes of *I'll Remember April*. Why those unresolved minor seconds?

The soloists didn't really develop the material presented in the tune, no logical transition from the solos to the head. A lot of it was out of tune, but I think the spirit was good, and the trumpet player really swung, soulful. The pianist was creative (like Richie Powell) if not really strong. The rhythm didn't really lock up: the drummer was rushing a little and hit the one a lot.

They captured the feeling of the late '50s successfully, so five stars. But all the mechanicals . . . I don't wanna give stars.

2 CHET BAKER. *I WAITED FOR YOU* (from *THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS*, SteepleChase). Baker, flugelhorn; Doug Raney, guitar; N.-H. Ø. Pedersen, bass.

I liked it. That was flugelhorn. Playing it keeps you from developing your trumpet sound when you're young. Clark Terry—one of my main idols growing up—only played flugelhorn after he'd developed a mature trumpet sound. Same with Freddie Hubbard and Art Farmer. Art's great—that might have been him. The accompaniment was kind of dull—after the horn solo it got boring. The bass player's attacks ran together; not bad in this context, but I like more grits. The flugel was mellow and laidback, but the overall effect was like muzak. Made me wish I was in a retirement home in Miami with a cigar in my mouth.

3 JIMMY FORREST/MILES DAVIS. *NIGHT IN TUNISIA* (from *LIVE AT THE BARREL*, Prestige). Davis, trumpet; Forrest, tenor saxophone; Dizzy Gillespie, composer. Rec. 1952.

Whoever it was really heard the way Fats [Navarro] played. On his recording with Bird live at Birdland, Fats plays *Night In Tunisia* the same way: boo-doodle-oo-twe, doo-dee-tweee-ah. Maybe it was Joe Gordon, a typical bebop sound. Nice, but typical. He wasn't immediately identifiable (like Clifford [Brown], Kenny Dorham, or Dizzy), but he was swinging, played well, with some interesting harmonic ideas, like the raised sixes and

Wynton Marsalis

BY FRED BOUCHARD

The regal young blood of the trumpet was wary and a little highstrung going into his first Blindfold Test; his outspoken and opinionated views on music and musicians had been getting him into trouble, and he didn't want to be caught again "bad-mouthing peers and colleagues." He listened with utmost concentration, asked to hear things again, shied from the star system, backed opinions with astute technical details. Most of all, though, he wanted to hear things he could rave about, music that illustrated his high principles ("the classics, not some sad shit").

I found I was pitching him too fine at first—sliders on the corners of individual style and nuance. He was looking for fastballs he could rope a lesson onto, could preach about to his generation. When I gave him his pitch, he took it a country mile. Youth may scoff at much, but it will have its heroes, and Marsalis has many of the best. Maybe too much has been written about Marsalis so far, but his popularity (db



triple Readers Poll winner in '82, double in '83) has not outstripped his accomplishments (Grammy nominee, Blakey alumnus, unprecedented stylistic range). His latest Columbia LPs, released simultaneously, are *Think Of One* (FC-38641) and *Haydn/Hummel/L. Mozart Trumpet Concertos* (1M-37846).

Marsalis was given no information about selections played. Thanks to ad agency owner John Pearson for use of his office sound system and a couple of records.

sevens. The tenor solo was a little gimmicky in spots, and the sound was so awful I couldn't hear the rhythm. [Later]: I *thought* it might be Miles, because of the facility. He got that kind of attacking plus the harmony from Fats, through Dizzy.

4 LESTER BOWIE. *OKRA INFLUENCE* (from *THE ONE AND ONLY*, ECM). Bowie, trumpet.

That's Lester solo, overdubbed. He gets certain timbres on trumpet that nobody has got since Miles. He's figured out something uniquely his, but even he says it's not jazz. On its own merits, it's good, but sounds somewhat European—German music of the '40s. I prefer other music myself—that can be more like condiments than food.

5 CLIFFORD BROWN. *BROWN SKINS II* (from *THE PARIS COLLECTION*, Jazz Legacy). Brown, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, alto saxophone, arranger, composer.

The trumpet has the sound of Booker Little. Clifford! Heh heh. Definitely Clifford. Only one person plays trumpet like that! Were these the arrangements Quincy Jones did for him when he was in Paris with Lionel Hampton? The charts were pretty good, sounded Dukish. What

can you say about Clifford? One of the greatest trumpet players of all time. I don't think any other trumpet player except Fats Navarro could play vertically with such a big, fat tone from top to bottom. His ideas were so melodic and beautiful. And he had to hold all those long B \flat 's and C's at the beginning—what tone!

6 DUKE ELLINGTON. *UPPEST AND OUTEST* (from *ANATOMY OF A MURDER*, Columbia). *Trumpeters*, as below.

Duke! The greatest of them all! Listen to that! Play that again! I hear Ray Nance playing the melody, Clark Terry doing those little shakes, and Cat [Anderson], of course, popping the high ones. Duke, he was a great man. He kept that band together all those years. He didn't get Exxon grant money; he paid them himself. The fact that players of that caliber stayed with him all those years playing his music is a testimony to him. And he played phenomenal piano—just hear that record with Trane; he dropped some serious bombs on that. Everything he did was on such a high level, so much thought went into it. Miles Davis on that old '50s Blindfold Test was right—everybody should get down on their knees and thank Duke Ellington. db

John Purcell

A multi-reed man whose music may be familiar even if his face isn't, Purcell's finally stepping into the spotlight.

BY LEE JESKE

The next time the World Saxophone Quartet comes strutting out on your local stage, look closely at the four men inside those tuxedos. Does one of them look unfamiliar?

It's John Purcell.

Or the next time Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition rolls into view, does one of *them* look unfamiliar? Yeah, the guy playing the flutes, the saxophones, the clarinets, and the oboe; the one standing next to Chico Freeman.

That's John Purcell.

"I have an identity problem," says Purcell. "For a long time guys used to know that I was a technician, a hot guy who could fit in any situation, so I was being called by everybody—if Chico Hamilton needed me, I'd go over there; if Hamiet Bluiett needed me, I'd go over here. I was changing colors constantly and covering the chair right up to par, but I never had an identity. I would cover the chair, but I would never really put a strong personality in there."

In 1984 that should finally change. His first album as a leader—on which he plays an entire army of woodwinds—should be released; his first working band should be ready to hit the streets; and his membership in Special Edition, the Mulhal Richard Abrams Quartet, and the Onaje Allen Gumbs Quartet should put him front and center as a soloist. At age 32, with a master's degree in music and experience ranging from Lionel Hampton to Stevie Wonder to the Westchester Philharmonic to Blondie to Eddie Palmieri to Sam Rivers, John Purcell is ready to give everybody a chance to know . . . John Purcell.

"I was born in the Bronx," says Purcell in his Manhattan apartment, "but we moved to Westchester. My whole musical foundation was through Westchester County. When I was in the third grade, I started playing french horn at a summer music program. The director there, Doc Randall, had me transposing that first year. When I got back to elementary



MITCHELL SEIDEL

school that fall, I found out that my school didn't have any french horns. So I started playing saxophone."

Purcell's early musical training was active, if not slightly unusual. In the summer band he played french horn and trombone; in the school band he played saxophone; and when he began taking private lessons, it was with a teacher who taught saxophone while playing the trumpet. When that proved too strange, John signed on with a teacher who taught him saxophone while playing the clarinet. "Mount Vernon had good teachers," he says, "but they weren't saxophone teachers."

With his identical twin brother—a trumpet, drums, vibes, and tuba player—John worked in school bands, in various summer music program bands, with a soul band in junior high school, and as a founder of the Modern Jazz Messengers in high school ("We had MJM on the sweaters," he says).

"We performed right through high school—we played proms, gospel concerts, jazz concerts. We played the Cal Tjader/Herbie Mann thing—I played Herbie's whole *Summertime* solo on flute—the Jazz Messengers thing, the MJQ thing. We were *the* group in Westchester County. And I was playing all over Westchester doing classical, jazz, rock. I got a scholarship to go to a music and art camp in Croton-On-Hudson, and I met a lot of kids there. I auditioned for a summer band that would do municipal band concerts. They usually only allowed 12th graders, but I got in that band when I was in the 10th grade, and I thought that was the biggest thing in my life."

Before high school was out, John began improvising, inspired by a classmate he calls a "genius," pianist Tommy James. He also fell heavily under the

sway of Eric Dolphy and began concentrating on the alto saxophone. Upon graduation from high school, John auditioned—on clarinet—for the Manhattan School of Music, where he won over the jury with a curious reading of the Mozart *Clarinet Concerto*.

"I auditioned with Tommy James on piano. We did the second movement, and after we finished, one guy in the jury said, 'Mr. Purcell, that was the *slowest* Mozart *Clarinet Concerto* I've ever heard. But that was the *niciest* that I've ever heard.' That's how I got in. It was thanks to Tommy. We played so much together on the jazz side that when we came into the slow movement, we got *into* it."

"At that time they had two or three saxophone players, and they started having saxophone quartets and things that they didn't have enough saxophones for. So I ended up playing in sax quartets, wind symphonies, clarinet in a classical trio, and flute in a repertory orchestra. It was the best experience I could ever have. I was there for four years, then I went for my master's there, in education."

While at the Manhattan School of Music, John formed a 22-piece band in Westchester—one that he coerced Frank Foster into co-leading for a while—and began playing in latin bands in New York. Just before getting his master's however, John's career was almost stopped completely. He was found to have a tumor on his throat, caused, he feels, by his not having had proper embouchure training from the start. When he went in for the operation, "they couldn't guarantee my voice or the ability to play again. It really turned my life around," he says now. "I spent a year without playing, and I started teaching, because that was all I could do. I also started to research how these instruments work. I was buying instruments left and right, and tearing them apart and building them up."

What Purcell was left with, he feels, is a rare understanding of how each reed instrument works and how best to approach that instrument. The resultant understanding made that year away from playing "a blessing." When he began to play again, he auditioned for Chico Hamilton, landed the job, and began his professional career. He credits Hamilton "and my wife Yvonne—who also went to the Manhattan School of Music and is a pianist—with encouraging me to become a professional musician. Chico gave me the confidence; he brought me back to feeling that I was able to play again. Right up to that time I really felt, 'Well, maybe I'll just end up teaching.'"

After leaving Hamilton, John got on the New York City free-lance express—working Broadway shows; recording jingles; playing with latin bands, funk bands, jazz bands; teaching. A turning point came during a tour with Sam Rivers' orchestra. John developed a friendship with sectionmate Chico Freeman, and when Arthur Blythe left Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition, Freeman was asked to suggest a horn player to share the front line with him (Chico having replaced David Murray). Purcell was the guy Chico sent to audition for DeJohnette. He was signed on.

In the past couple of years, Purcell's visibility has gone up. He has toured with DeJohnette, subbed for Julius Hemphill or David Murray with the World Saxophone Quartet, participated in the heralded *Young Lions* concert at Kool/NY '82, has appeared with Muhal Richard Abrams' small group and big band. He's ready, he says, to face the world, but he has no intention of concentrating on a single instrument.

"I really feel I'm going to turn a different stone for the younger guys who want to double, because I really *know* these instruments. I especially love working with Muhal's quartet, because he writes for all my different instruments: one night I'll play soprano, tenor, and bass clarinet; the next concert I'll play oboe, flute, and straight-up clarinet. The album I just recorded is also a presentation of multi-reed musicianship. Now I'm looking for a label to release it."

Purcell's goal is to develop his own identity, but to remain very much a multi-instrumentalist. It is not going to be easy. But marching out on-stage as a substitute member of the World Saxophone Quartet wasn't easy either. Folks may still say, "What *instrument* does that guy play?" but at least they won't be saying, "John who?" for very long. db

Shadowfax

Acoustic and electric sonorities blend in a band that refuses to be pigeonholed.

BY ALBERT DE GENOVA

"Shadowfax has always caused people to make a decision. And when someone is forced to make a decision about the music they hear, it becomes a listening experience." Indeed, bassist Phil Maggini's statement aptly points to a major

factor in the current (though long-awaited) success of Shadowfax—a band which admits to having weathered too many Chicago winters (physically and musically) in its vacillating 11-year history.

The group's 1982 Windham Hill release, *Shadowfax*, was neither jazz, rock, nor classical, yet was programmed into those distinct areas for radio airing. Evidently, enough positive decisions were made about *Shadowfax* to place it as high as 19 on *Billboard's* jazz LP chart and number eight on *Cash Box'* (selling over 40,000 copies in less than a year) and to target the band as *Cash Box'* pick for Best New Jazz Group of the Year. And their latest release, *Shadowdance* (also on Windham Hill) promises continued success and even more crossover potential.

Shadowfax was born in 1972 in a farm house in Crete, IL (40 miles south of Chicago) when Chuck Greenberg (saxes, flutes, and Lyricon), G. E. Stinson (guitar), and Phil Maggini (bass) began experimenting with their music. Prior to this time they had played together in various blues bands on Chicago's South Side.

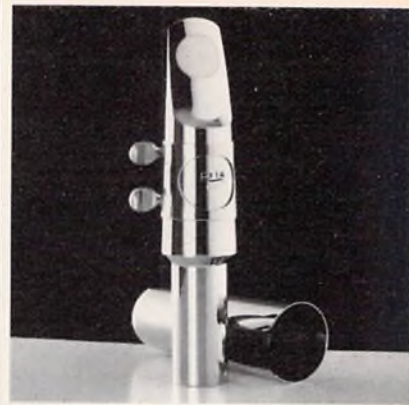
"We wanted to expand our musical horizons beyond blues and rock," says Stinson, "but the thing that made our stuff different was that none of us really had a heavy background in jazz or any kind of intense academic experience. We started working together with Shadowfax during the period when fusion was starting to happen, and we were listening to people like Oregon, the Mahavishnu Orchestra, and Weather Report."

The music of this "first-life" period of Shadowfax was primarily progressive rock or jazz-rock. By 1974 the group had grown to a five-piece ensemble, adding a keyboard player who commuted to Chicago rehearsals from New Jersey, and drummer Stuart Nevitt. Nevitt brought his Miami University experiences with Steve Morse, Hiram Bullock, Stan Semole, and Jaco Pastorius to the band, and Shadowfax was on its way to high-energy fusion.

The band had established itself in the Chicago area and held a homemade demo tape in its young hand. Passport/ABC heard those early tapes and was interested, and in '76 recorded Shadowfax' first album, *Watercourse Way*. "And then the group had a nervous breakdown. We had spent too much time getting too close to our music," remembers Stinson. "The whole situation with the first label was not conducive to our mental state."

Though *Watercourse Way* did well for a

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Jared Stewart, Phil Maggini, Chuck Greenberg, Jamii Szmazdzinski, G. E. Stinson, Stuart Nevitt.

tion is: Greenberg on the Lyricon I and II, an old Conn tenor saxophone and a Beuscher soprano (both with Runyan mouthpieces), and a King flute; Maggini uses both fretted and fretless Fender basses through an Acoustic amp; Nevitt plays Sonor drums and Paiste cymbals; Stinson's stable of guitars includes a '69 Strat modified by John Carruthers of Santa Monica, CA, an old Les Paul Goldtop, an Ovation 12-string, and a Guild all-maple 12-string acoustic. He uses a variety of MXR effects pedals and Yamaha amps.

In addition, the "third-life" of Shadowfax has seen the group become a sextet with the addition of Jamii Szmazdzinski (violin, baritone violin, and mandolin, whose background includes work with Darius Brubeck, Earl Klugh, and the Philadelphia Jazz Ensemble) and Jared Stewart (Rhodes electric piano, Oberheim OB-SX, Rhodes Chroma, and Yamaha DX7), a veteran L.A. musician whom Greenberg curiously enough discovered through a newspaper ad. Shadowfax also plans to add a percussionist in the near future, primarily due to the major role Emil Richards played in the group's studio projects.

Greenberg declares that every Shadowfax album, if it is successful, will sound different. And the group's recently released *Shadowdance* lives up to that statement. Receiving a very positive initial response, *Shadowdance* displays balance between the lighter acoustic side of the band and the more energetic electric sounds of the rhythm section. The new LP also includes *Brown Rice*, a Don Cherry vocal composition on which Greg Stinson works in a skip-rope chant which his wife had sung as a child.

Greenberg avoids pigeonholing Shadowfax by calling it "world music" or as Stinson jokingly puts it, "music in the cracks." It seems the members of the band are quite satisfied with the fact that their music is difficult to classify. "We all came out of blues and rock [except for Szmazdzinski with his heavy classical background], but we can enjoy Peter Gabriel and Don Cherry at the same time. Jazz is one part of what the music is—we've done a lot of [jazz] listening—but it's not what Shadowfax is about," Greenberg points out.

"I started studying sitar on my own, and Chuck was picking up bamboo flutes from other countries," adds Stinson. "We were all listening to African music, Indian music, and Japanese music for so long that it's become so much a part of our listening experience that it comes out in the music without even thinking about it." db

debut album, Shadowfax wasn't doing well as a band. Their keyboard player left, and after a frustrating search for a replacement, they settled into a "second-life" as a quartet. "We started to do some really strange music—it was schizophrenic. It was like Ornette Coleman doing rock music; it was a weird period for the band," reports Stinson, looking over his shoulder at a time he's happy that's past.

Shadowfax made another demo tape and shopped it to record companies during the height of the disco era. "We were so far out, musically, at that point that when the tape was rejected by every human being on earth, rather than sit back and do what we had to do to change the music so that we could exist, we got pissed and said forget it," recounted Maggini.

In 1978 Maggini and Greenberg moved to California, and Shadowfax seemed a dead issue. But a special relationship had developed between the four core members of the group, and communications were maintained. As Stinson describes it, "Shadowfax was a shared experience that made us more than just working members of a band. We go back so far, and we've had so many shared experiences, so many terrible and wonderful times, that we're beyond being just friends. It's like being family."

While doing sessions and making contacts on the West Coast, Greenberg became involved in a project with L.A. guitar stylist Alex deGrassi. The November '81 deGrassi album *Clockwork* on Windham Hill brought Greenberg in contact with Will Ackerman, owner of that label. "Will approached me about doing a solo album, and I said I wanted

to do a group album with Shadowfax," says Greenberg. "I explained the group to him and how long we'd been together, and he agreed to it without even hearing the band. I told him I would take care of everything, that I'd produce it. I called Greg and Stuart and said, 'Come on out, we got an album to do.'"

As it worked out, the three-year separation was a blessing in disguise. "People had a chance to go back and re-examine where they had come from, sort of putting the dominoes in reverse so to speak, trying to find out what started all this stuff. There was this cooling-out period that took place, and this investigation of all the different personal elements in our music enabled the band to come together in a new way," says Maggini.

"The band had always done a lot of different types of things; we had an electric side to us and an acoustic side," describes Greenberg. "I knew for the *Shadowfax* project we'd have to slant the album almost entirely to the acoustic-type stuff that we do because traditionally Windham Hill had been a label that did all acoustic music. This was the first group album that they'd done, and if we had gone to the label and done a lot of our higher energy stuff, it would have alienated most of Windham Hill's listeners. Plus we wanted to work with the Windham Hill people; we really liked the record company. So we had to give them an album that raised the energy level of the label a little, but not so much that it would blow out the people that they were working with. That's what we did—we slanted the album toward that [acoustic] side of the band."

Currently, Shadowfax' instrumenta-