

# JAZZ

February 1982

\$1.50

The Australasian contemporary Music Magazine

**PHIL TRELOAR**  
Interview by John Shand

Janos Gonda and  
Eric Myers on  
**JAZZ EDUCATION**

**MERV ACHESON**  
By John Clare

The **SIDNEY BECHET**  
Picture Book

**AUSTRALIAN JAZZ (II)**  
By Bruce Johnson

behind the sound—  
**MARTIN BENGE**

**LEN BARNARD STORY**  
(Part 7)

**FREDDIE HUBBARD**  
By Adrian Jackson



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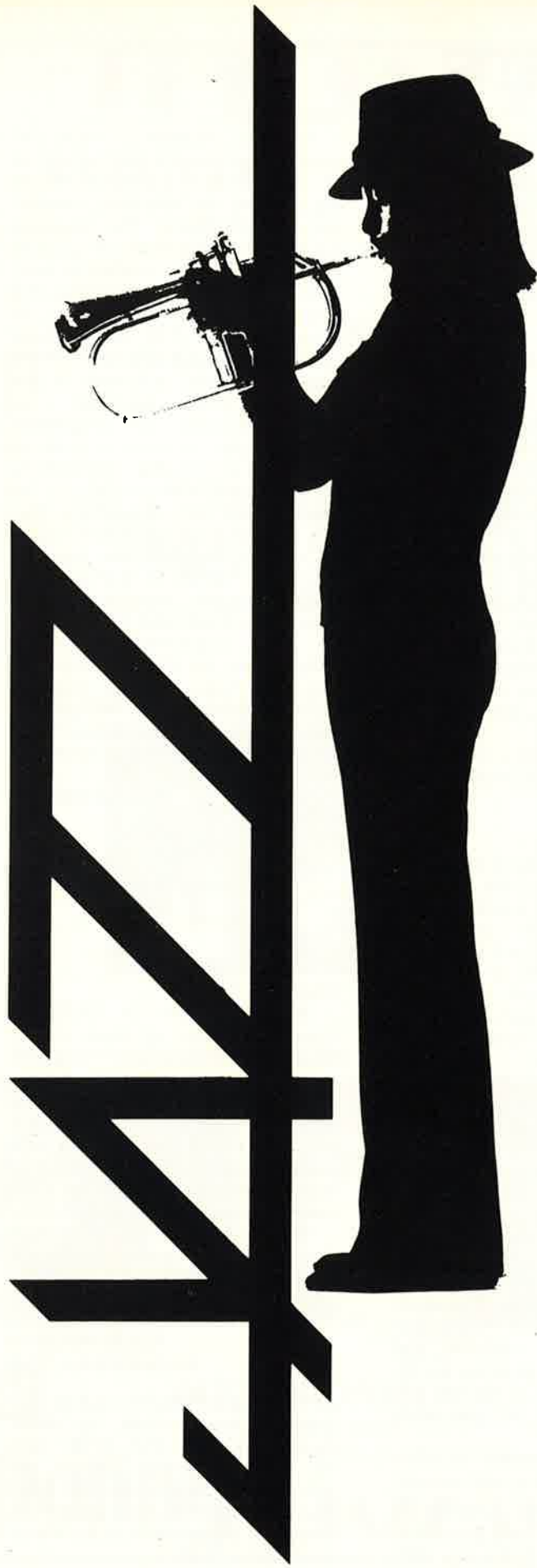
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*Cover: Phil Treloar (photo by Michele Depraz)*

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Editor: Eric Myers  
Associate Editor: Dick Scott  
Advertising & Promotions Manager: Kaylene Hyde  
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Correspondents: Adelaide: Don Porter  
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"Jazz" is produced for distribution in January, March, May, July, September and November of each year by Entertainment Unlimited Pty. Ltd. Head Office: Fourth Floor, 338 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000, Australia. Telephone: (02)221 3304. Postal Address: P.O. Box 1556, Sydney 2001, Australia.

"Jazz" is available from newsagents and selected record stores or by subscription from the publishers at \$11.00 per annum (Australia). \*Recommended retail price is \$1.50.

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# Edit.

*It is January once again, and when this edition of JAZZ hits the streets, the summer jazz clinics, organised by Greg Quigley of the Australian Jazz Foundation, will be in full swing at the NSW State Conservatorium of Music, and many of his American educators will be performing at the 12-day Sydney Jazz Festival at The Basement, January 14-25.*

*It is appropriate therefore that we take a look at the practice, now well-established, of bringing American jazz educators to this country. In its fourth year, Greg Quigley's program is heavily supported by public money, by way of the Music Board of the Australia Council and the NSW Division of Cultural Activities.*

*There is increasing discussion in the jazz world about the merits or otherwise of Quigley's program. As a responsible magazine concerned with Australian jazz, we cannot ignore the controversy that is now developing. Therefore, we publish a review of the issues involved, in the belief that certain facts and opinions should be more widely known.*

*To add another dimension to the jazz education component of this edition, we publish an article by one of Europe's leading jazz educators, the Hungarian Janos Gonda. It is a heavy article, which raises some complex issues, but Gonda makes some interesting points which are worth contemplating, at a time when jazz education is a matter of controversy.*

*One of Greg Quigley's educators this year is the renowned Freddie Hubbard, the finest trumpeter in jazz outside Miles Davis. In this issue Adrian Jackson offers a perceptive, critical analysis of the Hubbard phenomenon.*

*Phil Treloar - percussionist, composer and strong advocate of original Australian music - appears on our cover this month. In an interview with John Shand, Treloar espouses a musical philosophy that challenges the ways in which most people think about jazz in this country. His views are stimulating, and food for thought.*

ERIC MYERS  
Editor

# Letters

Dear Sir,

"... is there an Australian jazz?" Bruce Johnson in the December 1981 issue of JAZZ doesn't tell us and we will wait anxiously for the next issue to find out. How unfair.

Bruce, in building up an argument, has at least prompted us to dig out those old Graeme Bell records he so lovingly cites, but will he mention Dave Dallwitz's latter musical efforts with their deliberate Ocker titles?

Or the early Len Barnard band, the fabulous Frank Johnson Dixielanders, Tony Newstead's Southside Gang or a host of mid-1950's Melbourne, Adelaide and Sydney groups?

Forget the Pommie inspired New Orleans sound and the modern musicians, we're talking about jazz! We learnt our music off records before the real thing, in the form of overseas artists, came along! The resultant sound is distinctive.

But will Bruce Johnson tell us what we already know - that there is an Australian jazz, even if some people deny it?

BILL HAESLER  
Balmain, N.S.W.

Dear Sir,

Considerable comment has arisen from readers regarding the time-slot for Jim McLeod's 'Jazztrack' on ABC-FM. I can only concur with those correspondents, as I too, along with the vast majority of the Australian workforce, have to be up and about early each weekday, consequently the 11pm to 1am slot is 'shut-eye' time!

From the regular 'promos' that I read from time to time in the radio guides, I often cringe at the thought of missing the excellent 'specials' that are broadcast occasionally in this time-slot. I can only agree with one of your previous writers, Murray Metherall, that 'Jazztrack' be moved to around the 8 to 10pm time-slot.

Alternatively, surely the ABC could provide a highlights program to a 'Jazztrack Special' during daylight hours over a weekend. The suggestion by your previous correspondent of a return of the old jazz time-slot of midday till 2pm being a fine example.

I would be interested in other readers' views regarding such a move!

KEN WEATHERLEY  
GPO Box 831F,  
Melbourne 3001

Dear Sir,

It is my pleasure to write and congratulate you and your colleagues on your excellent publication which has retained the very high standard set from inception. The magazine has proved a great source of accurate information and is a pleasure to read.

Currently I am presenting the "Accent on Jazz" programme on Darwin's 8TOP-FM on Monday evenings 9pm-midnight and find the magazine of real assistance in the preparation of the programme.

In presenting the programme it is my aim to reach as wide an audience as possible particularly those listeners who may not be familiar with jazz. Regretfully Darwin has not enjoyed visits by many of the jazz notables who regularly appear in venues in the Southern States, notable exceptions being Galapagos Duck due this month, the highly respected Don Burrows Quartet and the (Mercer) Ellington Big Band. Your excellent magazine assists a great deal in the pleasant task of keeping my listeners informed on tour dates and other relevant information.

May you go from strength to strength.

TREVOR SUTTON  
Casuarina, Northern Territory

Dear Sir,

As a subscriber to "JAZZ", I wondered if any of your readers would be interested in jamming with me.

I hasten to add that I'm a raw beginner - eight months on tenor sax. But I feel that jamming with another learner, or even a group of learners, would help me to make faster progress toward improvisation.

My interests begin in Kansas City and encompass everything since, right up to today's fusion music and New Bop.

CLEM GORMAN  
Woolloomooloo, NSW

*Editor's Note: If readers wish to contact Clem Gorman, his phone number is (02) 357 2109. Also Mr. Gorman should contact the Jazz Action Society on 241 1880 and participate in their workshops, which are held weekly at the Musicians' Club in Sydney.*

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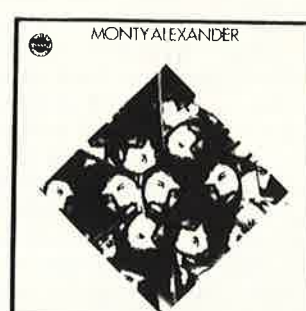


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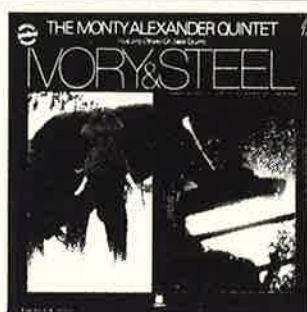
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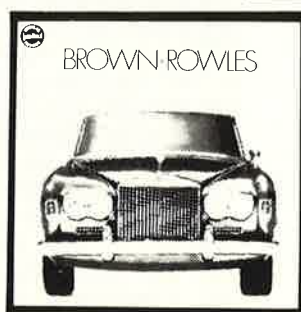
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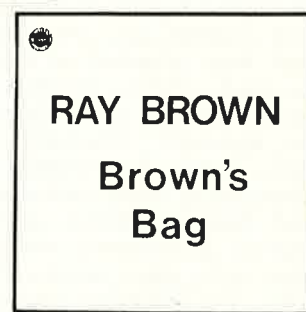


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# NO BIG DEAL

"What a load of pretentious bullshit!" The heckler is well-primed and loud-mouthed, the music is soft and the audience attentive. The entire Basement hears the comment; even the band members look up, as our friend storms out. The band on the stand is *Phil Treloar Expansions*, playing a long Treloar composition entitled *Primal Communication*. As the title alone would suggest, it does tread dangerously close to pretentiousness, but the saving grace is a quality inherent in Treloar's playing; a kind of naive earthiness that is almost devoid of ego. There are few drummers in this country who exhibit such a relaxed fluidity and love of the music in their playing. *Expansions* was formed several months ago, after Phil returned from a period of study in New York. Other members are: Roger Frampton (piano & saxes), Mike Bukovsky (trumpet), Dale Barlow (tenor & piccolo), Steve Elphick (bass), Tony Hobbs (saxes), Lloyd Swanton (bass), Carlinhos Goncalves (percussion), and James Easton, who plays occasional electronics. The following interview is the result of a lengthy chat over a couple of hours or so, at his home in Cammeray:

*John Shand: Tell me about the trip to the States.*

Phil Treloar: I went to America on a grant from the Australia Council. I had initially intended to study at the Creative Music Studio, but decided that my time would best be spent in New York City.

I finally got settled, got myself set up, and rang Billy Hart. I'd met him very briefly down in Adelaide, at the last Arts Festival. Chico Freeman's band had done a week, and they were moving their gear out of there on the Sunday that we arrived to do the last week with Bruce Cale's band.

Anyway, I contacted Billy and he invited me over. I got there at 1 pm the first day, and I stayed there for dinner and he ended up taking me back into town, which is like a three quarter hour drive. And the whole

relationship went on like that.

We did quite a lot of playing together — there were two sets of drums set up at his place. I'd go over in the afternoon — there was nothing formal about it.

In fact, we spent some time discussing the music of the Australian Aborigines, which Billy was keen to learn more about. I've got quite a lot on tape, which I'd started investigating, though I only know enough about it to know I don't know anything about it, because it's coming from such a different culture, and one that I have a great regard for.

I do feel very strongly about the Australian identity. Our cultural and environmental situation is unlike any other, and so it seems futile to me to attempt to play jazz music as an American. Notwithstanding, the language and vocabulary is there for us to be influenced by, and interpreted so that we can use it as a vehicle for stating our own perspective.

*JS: Tell me about the philosophy behind "Primal Communication".*

PT: The philosophy is narrated at the commencement of the work, and I quote: "Exposing one's primal, moral elements to oneself (truth), develops a belief in one's religious doctrines (faith), facilitating the trust in others necessary for communication."

Basically, I hear music as a textural representation of people's philosophies, feelings, and their general commitment to life. *Primal Communication* is simply a step on the way to discovering the texture of the essential me.

It came about at a time when I discovered I was being really impositional. A lot of people used to dig what I did, but then a lot of people used to hate it.

*JS: But aren't people being impositional when you play in places like The Basement or St. James, or any of these bars where people are sitting at tables? Isn't there only a small proportion of your audience who are really sitting down and doing nothing other than listening to the music?*

PT: Yeah, that's true, and I agree they're being impositional. In fact, it used to bug the shit out of me, but I guess now I've become more philosophical about it, and have realised that eventually, you reach some kind of balance between yourself and the environment, where somehow it comes together.

If people don't want to listen to it, I don't want to try and make them listen to it. I don't want to stand on the stage and say, "You bastards are making too much noise", because to my mind, that's employing muscle. I do want people to listen to my music, and, indeed, would like the content to be recognised, but I don't think that's something that can be forced.

*JS: It would be very hard, in this country, to set up a situation where you're playing concerts, as such, wouldn't it?*

PT: Oh, mate, I'd certainly like to get my music into a concert situation, but the way I'm seeing it at the moment, I wouldn't like it to be solely reserved for that concert situation.

*JS: Do you think it's impossible to make a living out of playing jazz in this country?*

PT: Yeah, I think at the moment it is.

*JS: Does anyone do it? Playing anything other than trad or Dixie?*

PT: Even then it'd be difficult. I suppose there are a few people who are doing alright whose music is oriented towards that end of the jazz spectrum but, certainly, playing contemporary music, you've got no show.

*JS: So you're forced to think about teaching.*

PT: Or playing in RSL clubs. But I don't mind doing that anymore. I go along there and I'm a professional musician for the night. I do my best to comply with all the requirements of being a professional musician, right? I've spent so long fighting that, that I've not made very much money out of playing music, despite the fact that I've been doing it for a long time.

# An Interview with Phil Treloar

By John Shand



*JS: When did you start?*

PT: I think I did my first professional gig when I was about fourteen. It was just a local dance.

I left high-school when I was fifteen, and by the time I was seventeen I was working every weekend. I heard jazz from a fairly early age. I was very fortunate in that regard. Just chance. One of those things. (laughs).

*JS: Which players really turned you onto it?*

PT: I'd heard Stan Kenton's band on old seventy-eights, and stuff like that, and I really liked it. It was good music, and to this day it's good music, for what it is. But I heard that Miles *Kind Of Blue* album when I was about 13 or 14, and that was it. It changed the course of my life. (Laughs). I'm happy to say. Having a life in music has been quite a struggle for me. A lot of the struggle has been self-imposed. (Laughs). I've made things a lot more difficult for myself, in a certain sense, than I need have done.

*JS: In what way?*

PT: Well, because I've been very emphatic and idealistic about playing music, and in a lot of ways, I've tried to say a lot more than I was capable of saying at the time. However, that's the way it's been.

*JS: I've noticed a few times when I've heard you playing with Roger Frampton that I've felt a particular musical empathy between you. Are you aware of that yourself?*

PT: Oh, yeah, yeah. A lot of people notice that. Countless numbers of people have mentioned that to me, and I'm sure they mention it to Roger, though we haven't spoken about it.

*JS: You've been playing together for a long time?*

PT: Yeah. Years ago I used to go over to the place where Roger was living, like almost every day of the week, and we'd play, just piano and drums, or saxophone and drums. We had a band going at one point where there were three of us: Roger, myself, and another guy called Peter Evans, and it was pretty open. Almost the only rule that we had



Pic: Jane March

was you weren't to play the instrument that you played. You could play anything else, or use anything for a source sound, except the instrument you played. It wasn't totally mandatory, but it was more acceptable to try to make music on alternative sound devices.

We had that going for twelve months, and we did it every week. Like one day a week, religiously, we got together. So almost the only rule was that we'd meet at a certain time at his place, and we wouldn't play the instrument that was our instrument. We'd meet and maybe sit around and have a cup of tea. Some days we'd talk almost all day and play five minutes music; other days we'd play almost all day, and talk for five minutes, or anything in between.

But I learned a lot from doing that. It made me aware of sound possibilities. It avoided my falling into that thought process that amounts to thinking about music and sound categorically.

Every time we played, we recorded. I've still got quite a few of those tapes, and there's some magnificent moments on them. It might be somebody scratching on glass with a piece of polystyrene, and somebody singing into a pot, and somebody else dropping pebbles into a bucket of water. I mean, whatever the sound sources were, they ceased to be *consciously* significant, and it just became music. Being involved in a music making situation like that is very liberating.

So I've spent a lot of time playing

with Roger in that environment, and then, of course, with him playing the saxophone and the piano, we've spent a lot of time playing doing that. And then the Jazz Co-op, which came out of that period too.

*JS: When did that start?*

PT: The Jazz Co-op was originally Jack Thorncraft, Roger Frampton, and myself, and it wasn't called the Jazz Co-op. It didn't have a name. The three of us got together every week, and we used to play songs, or play freely. When Howie Smith came over to Australia, we already had a concert organised at the Opera House, and we asked Howie if he would be interested in being involved with us.

We played a tribute to Albert Ayler on that concert, and that was like in 1972 or '73, and there weren't too many people here that were very much in love with the music of Albert Ayler. So the music we were playing was a little bit controversial, or something like that. (Laughs).

*JS: Did you play on the album that come out under the name of the Jazz Co-op?*

PT: There were two albums. There was a double album — a studio recording — on which I played, and there's a couple of my tunes on it. The other album was a live album, recorded at the Basement, with Allan Turnbull playing. I left the band eventually, for personal reasons, so Roger and I didn't play together for a long time, but we've got all that background of having discovered a lot about our-

selves playing music together, so we've definitely got a musical empathy.

JS: *There's a flexibility, a mixing and matching that goes on among the local players. Do you have any desires to put together a band that would stay together as a unit for a long period?*

PT: The one I've got now. The band I've got now is the result of having gone to New York, and having spent the four months there virtually by myself, thinking about my attitudes to playing music. This band is the culmination of all those thoughts, so naturally I spent a lot of time thinking about the people I wanted to play in it. And at the moment it's looking great.

I'm really knocked out, because the spirit in the band, I've got to tell you, it's a delight. I mean the guys are there because they really want to be. (Laughs).

We have six hour rehearsals when we play. We don't sit down and fuck about, or find reasons not to do things. *We play*. And that's been a dream of mine for a long time: to be in a band where somebody didn't have to rush off because they had a session, or an appointment or something, but to be in a band where everybody sets aside that day to look at the music that we're going to play, jointly, in a performance situation.

JS: *Do you consider your music to be jazz?*

PT: It seems that my music is becoming increasingly less categorical. *Primal Communication* represents a strong direction my music has taken towards the integration of acoustics and electronics, whilst embracing the spirit of jazz.

With whatever my knowledge and sensitivity for electronics is at the moment, I conceive of electronics in a very environmental way, and I guess most of the music that really turns me on now is very environmental by nature. I listen to a lot of ethnic music. It doesn't put one cat out the front. There's no big deal attached to it.

John Shand writes: Treloar's band has played at The Basement, the Musicians' Club and St. Stephen's Church, Newtown. Plans are afoot for a concert at St. Stephen's, when *Expansions* will be augmented by a string orchestra. Treloar has just been admitted to the four-year Bachelor Degree in Composition at the NSW Conservatorium.

**JAZZ**

# PHIL TRELOAR EXPANSIONS

A Concert Review

— By Eric Myers



Phil Treloar and gong

Pic: Michele Depraz

The Phil Treloar Expansions concert on December 9 at St. Stephen's Church, Newtown, proved to be one of the memorable jazz events of the year.

But only just. If it had ended at 10.50 pm when the second of three sets concluded, it would have been remembered as merely another workmanlike performance by some of Sydney's leading avant-gardists.

The first set consisted of solo piano pieces by Roger Frampton. He played five pieces: his compositions *The Sun The Lotus and The Swan*, *Deep Space* and *Tara*, and two free improvisations.

This was a light curtain-raiser for Treloar's music. With rambling chords, beautiful changes, and intense, rumbling tremolos, Frampton's music highlighted the peculiarly sombre atmosphere in the church.

With the splendid acoustics in this venue, where every note seemed to ring out with extra sonority, it was not difficult for the musicians to preserve this reverent - if somewhat humourless - approach to the music for most of the performance.

In the second set, Frampton was joined by others in the group Expansions - Treloar (drums, Dale Barlow and Tony Hobbs (saxophones), Lloyd Swanton (bass) and Carlinhos Goncalves (percussion) - in various combinations.

The group performed the Treloar composition *Solstice*, then Goncalves gave a beautiful solo rendition of some traditional Brazilian music. At that juncture Dale Barlow began playing solo tenor saxophone from the back of the church. His big sound was warm and enervating as he walked slowly out of the dark, and up the aisle to the stage.

This extraordinary strategem was in keeping with the evening's general impulse: to keep the audience surprised and on its toes. Eventually Barlow and the assembled group went into a ripping version of the standard *Body and Soul*, which was followed by the Treloar compositions *Moon Man's Main Message* and *Firm Handshake*.

There were many precious moments in this set - the virtuosic colours of the percussionist Goncalves in *Moon Man's Main Message*; Frampton's solo on soprano saxophone in *Firm Handshake* - but it was long and, on one level, lacking in variety. Each of the players took long solos, with virtually identical trajectory: beginning quietly and reflectively, then building up the volume and intensity into convulsive cacophony.

This trend towards repetition - in this set anyway - was reinforced by the group's characteristic playing style. The band rarely enabled one soloist to project his sound, with gentle backing from the other musicians. On the contrary, all the players tended to play energetically at the same level of intensity and volume as that of the soloist, so the music was usually a total effort of collective improvisation. Often, therefore, the music lacked space and, with everyone playing furiously, could be perceived by the listener only as chaos.

Only when the concert was over could the power and convulsive energy of the second set be fully appreciated. It turned out to be, in a sense, like some of John Cage's music, in that it cleared the air and prepared our ears for the delightful and gentle beauty of the third set. It is a great pity therefore that many people, exhausted and drained, - perhaps a third of the audience of

continued on page 25



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# Freddie Hubbard:



## Exciting Enigma

by Adrian Jackson \*

Jazz fans must be keenly awaiting the Australian Jazz Foundation's series of concerts in January, which will present a host of first-class jazzmen. Topping the bill will be Freddie Hubbard, who is undeniably among the few most gifted and exciting trumpeters in jazz history.

He has also been, over the past decade, one of the most erratic stylists on the jazz scene. From across the Pacific, we can only evaluate such an artist on the strength of what and how they play on records, and what they say in any interviews that may be available here. On that basis, Freddie Hubbard in recent years has come across as a real enigma, both as a man and as a musician.

He can seem vain or humble, arrogant or insecure. And he continually vacillates between espousing purist jazz values and his own status as a jazzman, and proclaiming the virtues of commercial music and defending his own attempts to find a successful compromise.

In the earlier stages of Hubbard's career, however, there was no doubting what he was about. By the mid-'60s it was obvious that the hierarchy of great jazz trumpeters — Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie, Clifford Brown, and Miles Davis — would have to be extended to include Hubbard.

Born and raised in Indianapolis, Freddie Hubbard was just 20 when he went to New York in 1958. He worked in clubs and went on the road with such top bandleaders as J.J. Johnson, Max Roach, Sonny Rollins and Slide Hampton before Art Blakey recruited him for his Jazz Messengers in 1961. It was in that year also that Hubbard won Down Beat's New Star Award.

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\* Adrian Jackson has been a freelance jazz writer for several years, and has appeared in a number of publications, including *Rolling Stone Australia*, *Encore* and *International Record Buyers Guide*. He has been jazz critic for *The Age* newspaper in Melbourne since 1978.

It was with the Jazz Messengers that Hubbard really came of age. It was a true all-star band (beside Blakey and Hubbard were Wayne Shorter, Curtis Fuller, Cedar Walton and Reggie Workman), certainly the best of the many memorable bands that Blakey has led. Driven by Blakey's furious accompaniment, Hubbard produced all the qualities that characterise his style at its best: a classic solid, warm trumpet tone, the most gorgeous since Clifford Brown's; exceptional technique, with remarkable strength and agility in the upper register; a sure and bold attack; a firmly original way of developing his ideas; and a flair for taking a solo through a series of fiery climaxes. He impressed as a jazzman with a real awareness of jazz fundamentals, and the sophistication required for exploring new avenues of jazz expression.

Hubbard was with the Jazz Messengers for several years. In the early to mid '60s he recorded regularly for Blue Note, being ideally suited to the Blue Note 'sound', still in touch with the hard bop approach, but increasingly exploring modality and other, post-Ornette approaches to improvisation. Hubbard made several fine albums under his own name for Blue Note, featuring such sidemen as Hank Hobley, Philly Joe Jones, Wayne Shorter or McCoy Tyner. His invariably brilliant soloing was a key factor in the success of other Blue Note sessions by Shorter, Herbie Hancock (*Maiden Voyage*), Jackie McLean, Sam Rivers, Bobby Hutcherson, Dexter Gordon, Andrew Hill and Eric Dolphy (*Out To Lunch*).

He also enhanced his reputation when he performed on two of the seminal records of the so-called free jazz era, Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz* and John Coltrane's *Ascension*. He may not have been completely in tune with his colleagues' styles on these sessions, but mostly maintained his grace and brilliance even as he navigated uncharted waters. Other sessions he made in this period were with Coltrane on *Ole*, Sonny Rollins on *Easy Broadway* *Run-down* and Oliver Nelson on *Blues And The Abstract Truth*.

Through the mid to late '60s, Hubbard led his own band, and made a series of records for Atlantic. Most were dominated by funky-backbeat 'soul' numbers (with which Hubbard was apparently seeking to emulate Lee Morgan's success with *The Sidewinder*) and plenty of superb playing from the leader.

His first real taste of success came when Creed Taylor signed him to CTI in 1971, and began showcasing his trumpet in a series of commercial — safe, over-orchestrated — productions, with strong blowing numbers like *Red Clay* becoming increasingly squeezed out of contention. The records sold well, and were in part very listenable, but created problems of direction for Hubbard.

By 1972, he had moved from New York to Hollywood; by 1974, Columbia had signed him to take over as their trumpet star while Miles Davis was in retirement. His records for Columbia were mostly disappointing, musical-wallpaper affairs, with charts and playing as anonymous and boring as the material. Hubbard's own playing generally came across as flashy, but lacking in substance.

Most reports of Hubbard's in person performances throughout the mid-'70s were along the same lines. He was keen to make it big with the wider audience, while retaining the respect of the jazz audiences. But while his records sold fairly well, he never cracked it for a big 'crossover' hit, and jazz critics and fans regarded his efforts with disdain.

In a 1978 *Down Beat* interview, Hubbard tried to explain his situation. Fans were complaining that he no longer played the quality of jazz he had played ten years earlier. He couldn't afford to hire the sort of players who appeared on the Blue Note sessions. And, as to the music, the fans don't understand: "I have to pay alimony, . . . I want to ride around in a Mercedes, too, and have a nice home with a pool. I want to take vacations. The only way to do that is to make money."

His philosophy of music seems to switch easily between the view that it's a shame that jazz artists are denied the chance of making big money by playing creative music, and the attitude that whatever is popular is where it's at, because when all is said and done, musicians ought to be trying to please their audiences.

I suppose it is possible that when Freddie Hubbard claims that he is proud of his commercial records, and his ability to play what he calls jazz in the midst of the slick productions, he really means it. But I doubt it. I feel sure that he really wants to play the sort of music he plays best, but is inhibited by the desire to hold onto the trappings of stardom that he first tasted when his CTI records took off.

There have been plenty of indications that his heart lies with real jazz. First, there were the V.S.O.P. records and tours, which teamed him up with Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. Hubbard later complained that he resented being pushed into Miles Davis' bag by his colleagues, but at the time obviously relished the opportunity to prove that his imagination still matches his prodigious technique.

He has played brilliant jazz on a couple of McCoy Tyner LPs. He assembled a band including Joe Henderson, Hubert Laws, Kenny Barron, Ron Carter and Jack De Johnette for his Columbia album *Super Blue*; it wasn't as full-blooded as it might have been, but certainly gave jazz fans some encouragement. And last year, he recorded *Outpost* with Kenny Barron, Buster Williams and Al Foster, and *Mistral* with a band including Art Pepper and George Cables.

Then on the other hand, there have still been signs that his quest for success has blunted his jazz instincts. His live performances have usually seen him fronting a band of deferential young players, playing a mixture of funk and jazz numbers that is wholly pleasing to no audience, acting the superstar and relying on grandstanding in his solos.

He recently signed with Fantasy, and describes *Splash*, his first album for them, as "the most commercial thing I've ever done".

It was a little ironical to hear Woody Shaw last year describing Freddie Hubbard with disdain as someone who had sold out his talent and integrity; after all, Shaw spent the initial stage of his career very much in Hubbard's shadow. Perhaps pianist Mal Waldron best typified the attitude of most jazz musicians and fans to Hubbard when he recently said, "Freddie has always been a beautiful musician, that's why I don't know why he's playing this fusion — I think he should just play jazz".

In this case, Australian audiences will be more fortunate than their American counterparts. Hubbard won't be here in an effort to boost sales for his latest commercial LP, but playing with jazz musicians for jazz audiences. Surely we will get to hear what we all regard as the real Freddie Hubbard.

For his Australian performances, Hubbard will be accompanied by bassist Rufus Reid's quartet, Expedition. Apart from Reid, who has worked with Dexter Gordon and Thad Jones and Mel Lewis among others, Expedition includes saxophonist Bob Rockwell (an ex-Jones & Lewis man), pianist Art Resnick (ex-James Moody, George Coleman, Mel Lewis sideman) and drummer Victor Lewis, who has worked with Woody Shaw, Dexter Gordon, Pharoah Sanders and several other top names.

Between his appearances with Expedition and his anticipated sit-ins with the Johnny Griffin Quartet, Freddie Hubbard will have ample opportunity to prove to jazz fans in Australia that he is still a brilliant, majestic, inventive and remarkably exciting trumpet player.

JAZZ

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# The Jazz Ladies

PART IV  
By Joya Jenson

Sydney-born Janice Slater is a lady for all seasons.

Her singing career really got under way when she won second prize in Channel Nine's Bandstand *Starflight* contest in 1964. The pretty seventeen-year-old shorthand typist from Gladesville had never sung professionally before that time. "A friend taped me with some little old tape recorder, without any backing, without any music. I'd never sung with musicians, and it wasn't until the actual rehearsal (for Bandstand) that I even sang with a piano player."

No matter — the girl had something, and something original and fresh at that, in spite of the fact that she was required to sing American pop songs of the day. She was making her mark with viewers, and apparently with readers, for Janice was voted Pop Star Of The Year 1966 in *Everybody's* magazine, and took out the honours in the Most Promising Girl Singer Bandstand Award of 1969. But, in a way, being a member of the Bandstand family was a little discouraging. "Looking back now, it was frustrating. You could never do what you wanted to do. You had to do a hit — an American hit." For an original like Janice Slater, this must have been frustrating indeed, particularly as she was writing her own material even then. However, she *did* get to present some of her poetry during the very last years of Bandstand.

The year after the award, she went overseas, briefly visiting America on her way to England. "I did some back-up vocals, but mostly I sat happily in my little bed-sitter in Highgate, London, near Hampstead Heath, writing poems and songs and trying to simplify my life. It was a wonderful period."

In 1971, she joined the rock orchestra in London called Esperanto, and stayed with the group for two years. It proved a very important stage in her career, with back-up work for Olivia Newton-John and Cliff Richard also widening her scope — "doing back-ups is a tremendous challenge, a real learning experience."

Something Janice hadn't realized until recently is that all the family were very musical. Her great-grandfather, working under the name of Harry Russell, was on stage in Queensland, where later his son, her grandfather, Dutchy Carter, with his brother, Syd, was also a performer. "They did a minstrel show — used to blacken up, would you believe — playing bones and tap dancing. My mother told me he used to work at Cockatoo Island Dockyard, and he had



Janice Slater

all the men going to work of a morning singing on the ferry — community singing on the ferry up the Parramatta River to the dockyard!"

On the other side of the family, her father's father played tuba in the local band in Kent, and "recited poetry from dusk to dawn." Her father, although not a professional musician, played tin whistle, mouth organ, banjo, mandolin and ukelele.

Billy Slater, her eldest brother and the greatest influence in her life, was singing jazz around the time Norman Erskine and Edwin Duff started out. He had all the Count Basie and Duke Ellington records, and Janice grew up listening to swinging big bands and such singers as Ella Fitzgerald and Al Hibbler. "I didn't hear that many female singers. June Christy was the first influence on me, through Billy and the Pete Rugulo album *Something Cool*. I never intended to be a singer, and I really feel Billy should have been the jazz singer. He's got a much better voice than mine, a voice I would equate with Sinatra's — great tone and feel, and he really swings. . . ." He's also got a nine-year-old daughter, Danielle, who is a budding drummer and bears watching.

In 1979, Janice Slater received a \$3000 grant from the Music Board of the Australia Council to further her studies overseas. In the United States she attended the Jamey Aebersold Summer Jazz Clinics, working with David Baker and David Liebman, and she also studied with Norman Simmons and Carmine Caruso. Another wonderful experience was attending workshops with Jeanne Lee, the jazz singer, poet, choreographer, and educator whose work is all improvisation, no theory at all: her work with children, her background of yoga and dance, coaching and total body awareness was most inspiring, and Janice is incorporating Jeanne's teachings into her own work. "I studied with very giving people — it was so rewarding."

On a trip to Boston to visit friends, she became involved

in a community performing arts organisation called *Articulture*, leading to her engagement as vocal coach and consultant in the teen performing arts training and employment program, *The Long Way Home*. "I was giving workshops with those kids for a week, and they were Puerto Rican, black and white American kids. It was really exciting. When they first met me, Australia only meant Olivia Newton-John to them. But by the end of the week, I really felt we had so much in common. And I felt that it was a wonderful opportunity for me to give back what a lot of people had given me."

The dedication and desire to help others, giving them the benefit of her experience, also came out when we discussed the breakdown Janice had years ago. "It's amazing that people can read something about you and it can hit off something in them. If it can help them, Joya, that's what I'm really interested in. That's why everything that leads me on the way I'm going now is because of that experience, that physical breakdown, more than anything else else — nerves being gone and not being able to cope . . . I hate the whole star system. It's most important that everybody realizes *they're* unique — each person is unique, special!"

From the United States Janice went to Wavendon in England's East Midlands for the Summer Jazz Clinics established by Cleo Laine and John Dankworth. Norma Winstone, one of the most outstanding improvisatory jazz singers on the contemporary scene, was teaching a very free type thing, whilst pianist Michael Garrick took the students through a more disciplined approach. Janice remembers working on a Garrick piece with Cleo and John's teenaged daughter, Jackie, taking the lead vocal. "She did the melody line, and the rest of us doubled parts. We did horn parts and it was just piano and voices."

Janice was selected as the student representative to perform at The Stables at Wavendon, with John Dankworth introducing her to a packed audience who responded with a standing ovation after her performance. There were many other highlights, including attending a workshop at Stratford-on-Avon, given by the vocal director of the Royal Shakespeare Company: a study course on early black music at the African Centre in London: and appearances at the Charing Cross Associated Jazz Club with the Andy Mather Trio.

Upon her return to Sydney at the end of 1979, she joined the Toe Truck Theatre Company as an actor/teacher, at the same time singing with Dave Fennell and his excellent group, Power Point.

There was also the series of workshops, *Finding Your Own Voice*, a *Women In Theatre* project which was held to encourage women in the Arts to work together, and Janice will be involved in the Nimrod Theatre's January production, *Desert Flambe*, music for which is by Sarah De Jong, one of the most impressive young composers writing for theatre. Of the *Women In Theatre* involvement — "It's been grand, I tell you what, it's really been great. I'm moving further and further towards what I'm interested in, that is theatre, music and jazz. I'm interested in experimental music, in the East and music from the East. I'm interested in *sound*, basically. And finding your own voice is really important."

Recently Janice spent three months coaching Jo Kennedy, the 21-year-old star of *Starstruck*, the first Australian musical, and the first full length feature film to be shot entirely on a sound stage here. She's teaching voice privately to students (fundamentals and jazz) and running workshops in vocal improvisation with the children at the Janice Breen School



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# The Jazz Ladies



Janice Slater

of Dancing at Bondi in Sydney. Janice Slater feels that the voice has really been neglected in the area of music education and that, seeing it's the voice we use most in communicating, care must be taken to include it realistically in the music and theatre education of the future.

Meanwhile, she continues to write. She's written lyrics to the music of Ron McClure, Graham Jesse, Michael Bartolomei, Dave Fennell and Johnny Nicol: *Regrets*, the title track of Johnny's latest LP, was co-written with Janice. Her *Skye-Amelia* is about children, written for all the musician/singer friends who had babies around the same time, like Wendy Grose, Lorraine Silk, Alison McCallum and Joy Yates: it's a very positive song, a happy song, a real celebration of life. There are also hundreds of poems bearing the Slater stamp, "but only a handful of good ones", says Janice. Her original *Llenoil* was taped in a session organized by Tony Ansell (also on synthesizer) with a backing by the exciting Crossfire — it's an extremely moving piece of Australiana. On the album *The Trio — Three's A Crowd* (Batjazz BAT2068), with Ansell, George Golla and Stewart Livingston, Janice is heard singing on two of the tracks.

In the meantime, the jazz studies, the yoga, the Tai Chi, the workshops, the teaching, the acting and all the wondrous things that make up the World of Janice Slater continue. And now she's taking piano lessons with the highly-respected Chuck Yates. The girl who was a headliner at Romano's disco in the mid-sixties and cut her teeth on Bandstand never ceases to expand her horizons. "It takes years to absorb and to really be able to find a way of using information that you gather in yourself."

A true lady for all seasons, she grows with each one.

By contrast with Janice Slater, our next jazz lady is a veritable Jenny-come-lately to the scene.

Smoky-voiced pianist Jenny Sheard is a relative newcomer, but she's travelling fast and there's every indication she'll be travelling far. She burst on to the ear and airways via Phil Haldeman's popular Sunday "Weekend World" show on the Sydney station 2KY. A long-time champ of Australian talent, Phil (*Behind The Mike*, March/April issue) really got things moving when he began giving plenty of air play to a promotional tape of the Jenny Sheard Trio that he'd received. People sat up and listened. The sound was different, tasteful — the material, high quality. Who was Jenny Sheard? Where did she come from?

Sydney-born, convent-educated, she was certainly no late-comer to the piano. At the ripe old age of three she became fascinated with the instrument, preferring to play on the keyboard instead of with toys: "I only ever had one doll," she laughingly recalled. A magnificent obsession with Winifred Atwell's boogie-woogie playing got the girl, at twelve, into an eight-beats-to-the-bar groove that has never hurt any budding jazz pianist.

At sixteen, the Miles Davis classic recordings, *Sketches Of Spain* and *Porgy and Bess* really turned things around for her. "I was an immediate convert to jazz," Jenny said, also recalling the *Take Five* Dave Brubeck hit. There were the occasional gigs around Brisbane, but these were more of teenage amusement value than anything else, for, at that time, Jenny wasn't sure what direction she was taking. She did, however, return to Sydney after her teen years were over, and she began working for a customs agent before going into business on her own, importing jewellery from South America and Mexico.

Then, in 1971, she met Jack Savage, a nuggety, blue-eyed drummer from Brooklyn, U.S.A., who had previously toured here with Carmen Cavallaro. This time, however, he had emigrated, and during his first week in Sydney he met up with Jenny and completely changed her life. "Jenny was influenced by my life style: she liked the way I lived, and thought that would be a good way to go."

Through that influence he spoke of, she took vocal lessons with Josie Keen and embarked on a course of intense study with Chuck Yates, practising diligently. In 1977, they both felt it was time for Jenny to make a start and it wasn't



Jenny Sheard

long before she was working the piano bar at the Crest Hotel, Kings Cross. The Burton Restaurant, then the Texas Tavern Airline Bar preceded the formation in 1980 of her first trio (Jenny and Jack with bassist John Allen) which opened the Regency Lounge at the Hyatt Kingsgate Hotel at the Cross. Later they swung and swayed and slayed 'em at the Mosman Steak House and St. James Tavern in the heart of Sydney, then on to Hunna's Restaurant. By this time, that most impressive young bassist, Lloyd Swanton, had replaced John Allen. During the Jenny Sheard Trio's year-long residency at Hunna's some wild and wonderful things happened (apart from the gyrations of the belly dancers also appearing there); they cut an album for EMI, shared the bill in concert with the Dave Brubeck Quartet at the Regent Theatre, and appeared on the Mike Walsh and Michael Parkinson TV shows. "It was a very good musical experience doing the Parkinson show," Jenny said, "because, for the first time, we worked with the backing of a nineteen-piece band: I sang *Satin Doll*: the Trio took the first chorus, the full band took the second, and Ron Falson did a great job with the charts."

The album, also titled *Satin Doll* (EMI EMX105) showcased Jenny's penchant for singing torchy ballads like *Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most* and *Here's That Rainy Day* with a slower-than-slow, stylish sensuality. The track that made the impact, however, was the flip-hip *Benny's From Heaven*, the Eddie Jefferson parody of *Pennies From Heaven*. The recording, well received by critics and public alike, is selling steadily, and, although Jack Savage is very pleased with it, Jenny isn't. "I'm not happy with the piano work on the record. I know how much I've improved since it was recorded in December, 1980. Julian (Julian Lee) has been wonderful, absolutely marvellous. He's such a talented man and so helpful and encouraging: he pushes you a little further than you think you can go."

Jenny has been taking lessons from Big Julie during the year, and, as Jack will tell you, "She listens to Big Julie — whatever he says, she does." The lady is smart and eager to learn, and that's one reason she's coming on like a house on fire; she knows the importance of honing her performance, perfecting her craft, never being completely satisfied. She may not profess to be ambitious, but she is a perfectionist and will not rest lightly on her laurels.

The highlight of her career? The Brubeck concert, because of the association in the past with Brubeck, and the fact that "it was the first big time concert for me, thanks to Peter Korda. And we have him to thank for working at Juliana's also," she added, referring to the intimate room in the Hilton Hotel where the laid-back, sophisticated sounds of the Jenny Sheard Trio prevail during the cocktail hours, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

The repertoire, be it torchy, easy swinging, or Eddie Jeffersonish, is invariably intimate, and is left to Jenny's know-how. Ol' Blue Eyes, the Drummer, attends to the sequence of tunes, influences the selection of engagements, her wardrobe and her hairstyle. He laughed uproariously when I suggested he plays Svengali to Jenny's Trilby. "Svengali I am not! Nor am I a Pygmalion. Jenny is a very strong lady, and she knows what she wants to do, and where she wants to go. The advantage is that I do her selling for her."

Would there be a Jenny Sheard Trio if there were no Jack Savage? "Yes," said Jack, emphatically. "It wouldn't be where it is, but there would be one, and eventually she would get where she would be. In other words, I'm just saving her time."

And he added, tellingly, "A drummer is a drummer — but there's only one Jenny Sheard!"

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# JAZZ EDUCATION IN

The "jazz explosion" in Australia over recent years has brought with it a boom in jazz education. In Sydney alone, a number of activities attest to this: the jazz studies course at the NSW Conservatorium of Music, which has existed since 1973; the schools program of the Jazz Action Society; and the widespread formation of stage and big bands in the schools.

But the most controversial activity in jazz education has been the importing of American educators for short, intense periods of tuition (the so-called Summer Jazz Clinics) organised by Greg Quigley of the Australian Jazz Foundation. This program, now in its fourth year, has attracted considerable funding from Australian and State governments.

Since the program began, there has always been a measure of discontent about it and doubt, in some circles, that the program is the best way of dispersing the public money that has become available for jazz education.

JAZZ magazine has no particular axe to grind. But we believe that it is time these matters were openly debated. Objections to Greg Quigley's program have largely been, in the past, a whispering campaign — mere grumbling at the bar. It is time for people to stand up and be counted. We believe that the following article is a reasonably objective analysis of the issues involved.

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Consider the following views. "Tony Gould and I are both critical of the jazz schools that are conducted here by Americans. Students are asked to take this or that record home, to play these scales, and they are supposed to be playing jazz in no time. I don't think jazz is like that at all." (Melbourne trumpeter Keith Hounslow, in a recent interview).

"Going to that course, I learned more in one week, and subsequently with revising my practice, than I had in ten years. I found it a very emotional experience" (Brisbane trumpeter Rick Price, referring to his attendance at the Sydney summer jazz clinic, 1980).

"I think we need something, and I don't mind if Greg Quigley does it, but I don't approve of the way it's being done. I don't know whether we're getting mileage for the money spent" (Sydney musician Julian Lee).

"I consider that Greg Quigley has helped to create a very important atmosphere. I haven't been to the clinics myself, but the people I've spoken to who have, have said they're very good, and these are the young people I've been associated with" (John Speight, director of the Northside Big Band).

"The Americans are here so that Greg Quigley can rub shoulders with his American idols" (Sydney musician Phil Treloar).

I could go on with quotations like these. There are obviously a multitude of views in the air regarding the merits or otherwise of the Quigley program. So far as the criticisms are concerned, I will summarise them later, and try and identify what is at issue.

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Greg Quigley, Director of the Australian Jazz Foundation

But first, some facts. What is the Australian Jazz Foundation?

It is an unincorporated association, or a non-profit body. Its director is Greg Quigley, and there are three members sitting on its board of directors: Jeanette Quigley (Greg's wife), Dr. Helen Hogarth (a flautist and art teacher at Lakemba High School) and Dr. Greg Ireland (a medical practitioner who is interested in jazz education). The foundation also has an informal advisory panel consisting of the Sydney musicians Keith Stirling, Col Loughnan and Paul McNamara.

Greg Quigley began to have contact with American musicians in 1976, but the summer jazz clinic idea began in earnest in 1979, when a team of 11 Americans taught for a week both in Sydney and Melbourne. At that time, the foundation received no government funds.

By 1980 the program had expanded, and the American team was in excess of 20 musicians. For the financial year 1979-80, the Music Board of the Australia Council contributed \$3500 towards the costs, and the arts funding body of the NSW government, the Division of Cultural Activities, gave \$8000.

In 1981 the program peaked. One-week clinics were held in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Hobart. In Sydney, a further two-week clinic was held, and a three months course for bassists and drummers was conducted at the Conservatorium, with Ed Soph and Todd Coolman as artists-in-residence. For these activities, the Music Board raised its contribution to \$38,770. This represented more than one-third of the total figure (\$106,819) spent by the Music Board on jazz activities throughout Australia, and about half the figure (\$82,060) spent on jazz education. In addition, the Division of Cultural Activities contributed \$9000 for 1981.

For his 1982 activities, Quigley's grant has been cut back to \$25,000, (representing \$14,000 for the January clinics, \$6000 for clinics in Brisbane in May/June, and \$5000 for Perth clinics in February). The Division of Cultural Activities has made a grant of \$8000 for 1982.

So much for basic facts. They are not widely known in the jazz world. In researching this article I encountered no-one — other than those directly involved — who were aware of these figures, even though they are freely made available by the funding organisations.

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Now, to the controversy. In the jazz world, there are four basic criticisms of the Quigley program.

Firstly, there is the view that, of the total number of jazz educators involved in the clinics, there are too many Americans and not enough Australians. For the 1982 clinics there are 23 Americans. There are seven Australians, including Keith Stirling, Col Loughnan, Paul McNamara, Ed Gaston, Kerrie Biddell and Don Andrews.

Those who argue for greater Australian involvement in the program believe that, in relation to the Americans, the level of expertise amongst Australian educators is high enough to warrant significantly increased local involvement in the clinics.

The issue here is clear. Just how competent are the Australian jazz teachers in relation to the Americans? Do they have the necessary expertise and experience to increasingly take over the job that the Americans have been doing in these clinics over the past four years?

I put these questions to Paul McNamara, who teaches at the NSW Conservatorium of Music. McNamara is a strong supporter of the Americans coming here.

"I don't think there's a great number of teachers here who have caught on to what the Americans are talking about," said McNamara, "because it takes time to catch on, and I don't see people who aspire to be teachers here taking in the information on any kind of regular basis".

McNamara agrees with the basic sentiment that Australian educators should participate as teachers in the clinics. "But I think there's nobody here who's a Hal Galper, Jerry Coker, or a David Baker, or a Jamey Aebersold, in terms of teaching, and it's probably going to be a while before there is anybody like that here."

McNamara points out that he has attended the clinics himself over four years. "It's starting to fall into place a little bit for me", he says. "It does take a while to go through



# AUSTRALIA: THE ISSUES

the information and process it, and begin to weed out the unimportant things."

"It's only basic information the Americans are offering, but it's basic information that a lot of people down here know almost nothing about. If there are people down here that know something about it, how come they won't teach it?"

The man who is in a position to hire Australians to teach in his clinics is, after all, Greg Quigley himself. He believes strongly that the Australians do not yet have the experience in teaching and expertise on their instruments that the Americans undoubtedly have. "The Australians haven't got their teaching chops together" is a phrase he often uses.

"Jazz education has been going for about 25 years in America, whereas it's only in its infancy here. It's hardly seen five years in basic terms", says Quigley. "The first person we had out here was Howie Smith [who began the jazz studies course at the NSW Conservatorium in 1973]. He was the beginner. Since then there have been people who have developed as teachers, and a lot of them developed their own styles. But I feel, from the experience I've had doing the Diploma course and other jazz courses at the Con, that when you compare those courses to classes with the Americans, there's a big difference. The teachers here weren't able to get much from Howie Smith. He wasn't an experienced person. He'd hardly left college, he'd had no real experience in running or structuring a course before he came out here. He was young and up-and-coming. We didn't get someone like a David Baker — someone who had years of teaching experience. We had someone who was a relative beginner."

"The outcome, the way I see it, is that the expertise is almost here, but not yet. I think people like Paul McNamara, Col Loughnan and Keith Stirling can be very good teachers. But why do we have to go through growing pains, when we can get expertise — for a price? In other words, I believe in speeding it up. Why make all the mistakes the Americans made? According to Aebersold, Baker and Coker, they all made mistakes. There are methods in any form of education and ways of imparting knowledge, ways of making sure your message is clear. At this point, there still are problems here. The teachers here are still not picking up on the important parts."

Dr. Clive Pascoe, director of the Music Board, points out that the Board supports the idea of bringing overseas personalities to Australia. "However, there is an operative phrase — 'if we don't already possess those skills and experience ourselves' —" he says, "and it's finding this balance that is so difficult. There are those who argue that we don't have them, and there are those who argue that we do, and the Board is sometimes caught between these two factions".

A second general line of criticism of the Quigley program is that a week's tuition in Sydney or Melbourne is too short and intense, and only scratches the surface of teaching jazz. "You can't learn to play jazz in a week" is a view that is often put.

The musician Julian Lee doubts the worth of a five-day clinic. "I feel that if we're going to bring instrumentalists out here from the States, let them be part of the faculty for a year, or even two, and do the job properly", he says.

When I put this criticism to Greg Quigley, he pointed out firstly that Julian Lee had never been to the clinics. Secondly, he felt that the view that "you can't learn to play jazz in a week" misses the point.

"No-one ever intended that you can learn to play jazz in a week", says Quigley. "There is handout material prepared by the Americans; they encourage everybody to cassette tape their classes, and I don't know of anyone who hasn't walked away with more than a year's information under his belt. It's up to them to work on it."

"Each year we finish up with a questionnaire, and I suppose a good 75% say it's all too short, but when we look at structuring it to do it longer, I doubt if the people could pay the fees to justify keeping the Americans here."

The critics of the Quigley operation generally argue for a longer-term involvement by the American musicians — but fewer of them — on the artist-in-residence model.

Greg Quigley replies that this concept was tried in 1981

## JAZZ WITH PAN AM

*Pan American Airways is now heavily involved in Australian jazz through the direct personal involvement of its Regional Managing Director for the South Pacific, John P. McGhee.*

*Mr. McGhee is himself a jazz drummer who played with the New Reunion Jazz Band at the 1981 Sydney International Jazz Festival. Jazz runs in his family. His father Johnny McGhee was a professional musician who played trumpet with the Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey orchestras.*

*It is not surprising therefore that, under Mr. McGhee's leadership, the American national airline has associated itself strongly with jazz, the only art form truly indigenous to the U.S.*

*Accordingly Pan Am, along with the Music Board of the Australia Council, sponsored the Don Banks Memorial Jazz Fellowships, which enable two Australian musicians to study in the United States. In 1981 the inaugural scholarships were awarded to the saxophonist Brent Stanton and the trombonist Dave Panichi. For 1982 they have been awarded to the pianist Paul McNamara and the guitarist Peter O'Mara.*

*Pan Am is also one of the sponsors for Greg Quigley's summer jazz clinics. The airline, however, does not provide free tickets for the American educators, contrary to what is widely believed. In an interview in early 1981, John McGhee pointed out that his role was not to give away free tickets to and from the United States, but to sell them.*

*So, the Australian Jazz Foundation pays \$1750 for each return air fare. For 23 Americans, this amounts to an air-fare bill of \$40,250. Pan Am, however, is helpful in the movement of instruments and, largely because of the personal interest of Mr. McGhee, is uniquely qualified to understand the needs of working jazz musicians.*

*Transporting the American educators to and from Australia is therefore an expensive business, and many are wondering if the large costs involved — which are, to some extent, covered by the Music Board funds — are worth it, in the interests of Australian jazz.*

when the drummer Ed Soph and the bassist Todd Coolman were artists-in-residence at the Conservatorium for three months. The upshot was that he lost \$6000. "That was an exercise in trying to get people to co-operate, but unfortunately people here don't want to co-operate", says Quigley.

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A third general line of criticism arises because Greg Quigley is not only an organiser of jazz education programs — he is also an orthodox jazz promoter.

Some of his educators are also distinguished performers and, as such, are sold around the country as ordinary concert artists. The trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, for example, will not only be teaching; he will also perform at The Basement and at Birkenhead Point Shopping Centre as part of the Sydney Jazz Festival, and at the Prince of Wales Hotel, as part of the Melbourne Jazz Festival. In addition, he will appear at the Festival of Perth in February.

In view of these facts, some people are asking: where does the music education end, and the promotion of jazz artists for profit begin? If the Music Board hands over massive funds to bring more than 20 jazz educators into the country, is it not entitled to share in the profits which may, or may not, be made in the promotion of those educators as concert artists?

On this issue, I found that Greg Quigley's critics had no specific objection. Rather, there was a general feeling of uneasiness, a vague concern that a great deal of taxpayers' money was being spent on questionable goals.

Julian Lee freely admitted that he was confused. "I don't know whether the people who are getting these grants really know enough about what they're doing to be able to handle it", he said. "Quite frankly, I don't know what Greg Quigley knows about what he's doing. He may know a lot, but apparently he doesn't have to show any qualifications to do this. It's all very well to spend money in the interests of jazz, but let's be sure it's spent wisely."

"It's rather false to say that the Music Board brings the Americans out here for the teaching, and I profit from the concerts", says Greg Quigley. "The concert income enables me to pay the balance of their fees. If we didn't have the performances, there would be no education. That is a cold hard fact."

*continued overleaf*

Clive Pascoe points out that the level of funding to Greg Quigley has never been anywhere near the total costs of running the clinics. That is, the Music Board has not been funding the clinics, but merely making a contribution to the costs involved. "Greg Quigley has never concealed that the way he makes up the difference between what we're giving, and what the clinics are going to cost, is by putting on concerts," he says, "and the income from that offsets what would otherwise be huge deficits."

Dr. Pascoe defuses the argument that the Music Board should be concerned about profits which may or may not be made from such entrepreneurial activities. He points that, in any case, the Music Board freely funds concert activities in various musical idioms, and it is interesting that jazz people, in the past, have rarely taken advantage of such funds.

"There is a whole category of funding that any jazz entrepreneur could apply through, just as Musica Viva applies to us, or a number of organisations", he says. "They come in for a subsidy to carry out a whole range of concerts. This has always been open to jazz musicians, even though not many jazz musicians seem to have been aware of it. But it's been printed there, and available to them for a long time."

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There is a fourth line of criticism of the Quigley operation which is based more on philosophical grounds. This point of view is probably best represented by Phil Treloar. He, and other proponents of this view, believe that the American educators will only be useful to our artistic life if they help Australians to express, through jazz, the experience of being Australian. They see this as the real purpose of the art form in this country.

The issue then, is clear. Are the American educators encouraging the growth of Australian jazz, or have they set in motion a process which will ultimately retard it? I put the Phil Treloar view to Paul McNamara

"I think that you've got to do one of two things", replied McNamara. "You've either got to grow in something like total isolation, or grow out of a compatibility with what people are doing in other parts of the world. It seems to me that Phil is talking about the former. I rather think that latter is the better of the two."

"I know a lot of people feel that because the Americans

are coming out here, teaching the way they do, and playing with so much expertise, that therefore Australia is going to become the 51st state, in terms of their passing on their culture to us. I don't see it like that at all. I see it in terms of an accelerated learning-process."

"The things I found out from people like Galper and David Baker, Liebman and Aebersold, given my own stimulus and momentum and rate of learning, I probably would have got all that too - in about another 20 years! The Americans give it to you faster, that's all."

"The thing that they're giving to us is not 'righto, now you boys have got to play like this because this is our music'. I never hear those people say that. The thing I hear those people tacitly saying is 'these are the basics - you take them and you do with those what you will'. I think that spirit is what it's always been about, and I think anybody of integrity would say the same thing."

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In many ways the jazz education debate hinges on the style and personality of Greg Quigley himself. Let us therefore take a brief look at what the man has done, and why.

From the perspective of 1982 we can now see that, unlike most armchair jazz theorists, Quigley is a man of action. At a crucial time in the late 1970s, when government money was available for the arts, he moved purposefully, got the ears of the funding authorities, and made the running. Misguided or not, he translated his ideals into reality and left the others in the dust.

Even now, the momentum of his program is such that many others applying consistently for funding - and the most visible is the Brisbane firebrand Dr. Mileham Hayes - are still complaining that, while their applications are turned down, the Australian Jazz Foundation gets the lion's share.

As John Speight remarked recently, "Greg Quigley probably hasn't made much money out of jazz education, but he has had the big bite of the apple. It's happened to him because of other people not being enterprising enough."

Are people knocking the program now because they resent its apparent success? Helen Colman, of the Division of Cultural Activities, feels this could be so.

continued on page 23

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Leicester Square Jazz Club 1948: Graeme and Roger Bell with (from left) Humphrey Lyttelton, his first wife Patricia, and Sinclair Traill, editor Jazz Journal

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In any attempt to evaluate the distinctiveness of Melbourne jazz in the period we are considering, it begins to seem that trying to locate an influence and tying the band

# ...is there an Australian jazz?

(PART II)

By Bruce Johnson\*

to it is misconceived. One is forced finally to assume that they simply grabbed what they could and assimilated it into what was, increasingly, an authentically regional style. This tends to be confirmed when we look for evidence of the reverse process: that is, the influence the Bell band exercised on others. The band's 1947 tour of Europe is a fortunately timed accident of history in this connection. Here was a working jazz band, reasonably mature and stable in terms of personnel, taking its music to countries whose own jazz tradition was not evidently fully enough developed to intimidate the Australian musicians. If a student of culture had wanted to set up an experimental situation, he could scarcely have done better. Graeme's comments on this tour, as well as his scrapbook which includes press accounts of the band's reception in various countries, are an invaluable source of information regarding this country's own contribution to what has come to be called culture shock. For present purposes several points have particular significance. I asked Graeme if the tour led to any modification of the band sound or of its members' musical attitudes. The answer was a firm negative, as though it was not the first time he had thought about it. Now here come the really interesting things. English writers have long conceded the transforming effect of the Bell band on jazz over there: suddenly it was music to be danced to, suddenly the traditional scene bloomed into revival. In addition, however, it's Graeme's view that it was the two tours of his band which were responsible for the recruitment of the saxophone into traditionally oriented English groups. I sniff a fine irony here somewhere. When Humphrey Lyttelton presented altoist Bruce Turner in his group, he was vilified as a modernist, a "dirty bopper". I wonder how many of his critics had also cheered themselves hoarse at concerts given by Graeme Bell, the man who very likely prompted the offence. Graeme's alto player was, chiefly, Ade Monsborough. And it remains a fact that his impact in particular was so great that he influenced the style of many of the English alto players (I would include John R.T. Davies on a list), and that among English collectors, some of the most sought after records are still those of the Monsborough groups. Now this is an extraordinary circumstance. It seems clear that the English, who had so much more exposure to jazz than Australians of the time, and before whom we so obsequiously abased ourselves as a country, immediately recognised and in many ways tried to emulate something which they thought of as Australian jazz.

A related phenomenon occurs to me before I've even begun to research the topic: In the introduction to the Picador edition of his short novel *The Bass Saxophone*, Czech writer Skvorecky records the profound and enduring effect which

Graeme Bell's visit to his country had on himself and his contemporaries. Compare this situation with that of most of our artistic globe-trotters of the day — a heavily populated category, by the way. Most left this country full of a combination of resentment and embarrassment at Australia's philistinism. They arrived in England with a passive and diffident talent, *tabulae rasae*, little to give and much to absorb. They returned, if at all, anglicised and supercilious. The Bell band took with them some home grown jazz. They sowed seeds of it all over Europe, and returned unspoiled by the experience and altered only in the discovery that what they had been doing was in some obscure way Australian. Few if any of our cultural historians seem to have cottoned on to the enormous significance of this fact yet. Jazz is still beneath their attention. Not so in the twentieth century Northern Hemisphere. I've said it elsewhere, and I say it again here: jazz is one of the most virile and, in its locally transmuted forms, authentic components of the Australian culture. It's not a simpering recreation of a nineteenth century European tradition, nor, in the manifestations I'm talking about here, a gutless gesture in imitation of an American tradition. Melbourne jazz in the forties dramatised the point when it visited Europe.

So if we want to deny that there is a specifically Australian jazz we are up against several difficulties. As far as the early Bell band is concerned, we can't be any more specific about influences than the twenties and thirties jazz tradition in general. That still leaves as much room to manoeuvre for a distinctive style as any jazz musician ever had. Furthermore, what is it that so many overseas listeners hear when they talk about and avidly collect Australian jazz, if not "Australian jazz"? These, as I said, are obstacles in the path of the commentator who refuses to admit its existence. They don't on the other hand bring us very close to what the specific characteristics of Australian jazz might be. An adequate examination of that would require a book, and would need to go beyond Melbourne in the forties. But reviewing the evidence that has emerged in the foregoing, I believe we can see some interesting features beginning to shape themselves, both specifically musical and generally

\* Bruce Johnson is Senior Lecturer in English Literature at the University of NSW, and an active jazz musician who has worked and recorded with a variety of bands (including that of Graeme Bell) here, in England and the USA. Currently he is with the bands of Paul Furniss, Dick Hughes, and John Hahn. He presents a regular jazz programme on 2MBS-FM, where he is also the Jazz Co-ordinator. He writes a weekly column for the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and writes also for the newsletter of the Jazz Action Society of NSW, and the *Sydney Jazz Club's Quarterly Rag*, of which he is editor.



Ade Monsborough blowing, Leicester Square Jazz Club, 1948

cultural. There are, after all, some broad observations that can be made about the music and its musicians that might form the basis of a fuller analysis. One is the importance of the individual in shaping the collective. I suggested earlier that to a large extent a single musician, Ade Monsborough, did much to affect the sound of English traditional jazz. The phrase "Melbourne jazz in the forties" tends to suggest a relatively large and faceless movement, but in fact, during the earliest days it comes down to not much more than a handful of sharply defined individuals. I stress those epithets, and quote Andrew Bisset: "... it took some independence of mind to play jazz" (p.118). It wasn't the inexorable spread of a mindless vogue. Jazz was people like Graeme Bell, Pixie Roberts, Roger Bell, Monsborough, faces that its fans knew and talked to, a music having direct and living contact with its audiences. It's pertinent to notice in this connection how often family units have had an impact on Australian jazz: the Bell brothers, Bob and Len Barnard, Ian and Ced Pearce, Pat Qua and sons Chris and Willie . . . because, I think, jazz is at its most vital when transmitted through palpable flesh and blood. In a family group it is contagious.

Those Australian jazz musicians exhibit a number of recurring characteristics which are cognate with a well developed individual presence. An artistic susceptibility that goes beyond music is one example. Graeme Bell and Adelaide's Dave Dallwitz have both been, or are still, painters. Tasmania's Tom Pickering has demonstrated a literary talent. The point remains frequently true today. Roger Janes and Barry Wratten, now living in Sydney but both from Melbourne, have a well developed sense of pictorial beauty, and Pat Qua's house is almost wall-to-wall, floor to ceiling, with her own paintings. There are others. I believe that there is a connection between this responsiveness to aesthetic experience and the irreverent, even subversive sense of humour possessed by nearly all jazz musicians I have played with. Certainly you find it in Graeme, and anyone who can write a tune called *Honi Soit Qui Mallee Root* during an Anglophiliac stage of this country's history, as Roger Bell did, ought to be kept under surveillance. It has something of the ratbag spirit in it. And in saying that I think I'm beginning to hear the sound of the music itself. Graeme Bell's 1951 version of *When The Saints* includes a rattle-rousing vocal and assorted yahoo noises from other members of the band. It's the Ocker spirit, but transmuted into something culturally affirmative.

Perhaps the word "unself-conscious" is appropriate. This is not always so, of course. There are interesting recorded examples of tenseness or nervousness which are probably perfectly explicable under the circumstances.



Leicester Square Jazz Club 1948: Graeme and Roger Bell with (from left) Humphrey Lyttelton, his first wife Patricia, and Sinclair Trill, editor Jazz Journal

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In any attempt to evaluate the distinctiveness of Melbourne jazz in the period we are considering, it begins to seem that trying to locate an influence and tying the band

# ...is there an aust

to it is misconceived. One is forced finally to assume that they simply grabbed what they could and assimilated it into what was, increasingly, an authentically regional style. This tends to be confirmed when we look for evidence of the reverse process: that is, the influence the Bell band exercised on others. The band's 1947 tour of Europe is a fortunately timed accident of history in this connection. Here was a working jazz band, reasonably mature and stable in terms of personnel, taking its music to countries whose own jazz tradition was not evidently fully enough developed to intimidate the Australian musicians. If a student of culture had wanted to set up an experimental situation, he could scarcely have done better. Graeme's comments on this tour, as well as his scrapbook which includes press accounts of the band's reception in various countries, are an invaluable source of information regarding this country's own contribution to what has come to be called culture shock. For present purposes several points have particular significance. I asked Graeme if the tour led to any modification of the band sound or of its members' musical attitudes. The answer was a firm negative, as though it was not the first time he had thought about it. Now here come the really interesting things. English writers have long conceded the transforming effect of the Bell band on jazz over there: suddenly it was music to be danced to, suddenly the traditional scene bloomed into revival. In addition, however, it's Graeme's view that it was the two tours of his band which were responsible for the recruitment of the saxophone into traditionally oriented English groups. I sniff a fine irony here somewhere. When Humphrey Lyttelton presented altoist Bruce Turner in his group, he was vilified as a modernist, a "dirty bopper". I wonder how many of his critics had also cheered themselves hoarse at concerts given by Graeme Bell, the man who very likely prompted the offence. Graeme's alto player was, chiefly, Ade Monsborough. And it remains a fact that his impact in particular was so great that he influenced the style of many of the English alto players (I would include John R.T. Davies on a list), and that among English collectors, some of the most sought after records are still those of the Monsborough groups. Now this is an extraordinary circumstance. It seems clear that the English, who had so much more exposure to jazz than Australians of the time, and before whom we so obsequiously abased ourselves as a country, immediately recognised and in many ways tried to emulate something which they thought of as Australian jazz.

A related phenomenon occurs to me before I've even begun to research the topic: In the introduction to the Picador edition of his short novel *The Bass Saxophone*, Czech writer Skvorecky records the profound and enduring effect which

# ralian jazz ?

(PART II)

By Bruce Johnson\*



Ade Monsborough blowing, Leicester Square Jazz Club, 1948

Graeme Bell's visit to his country had on himself and his contemporaries. Compare this situation with that of most of our artistic globe-trotters of the day – a heavily populated category, by the way. Most left this country full of a combination of resentment and embarrassment at Australia's philistinism. They arrived in England with a passive and diffident talent, *tabulae rasae*, little to give and much to absorb. They returned, if at all, anglicised and supercilious. The Bell band took with them some home grown jazz. They sowed seeds of it all over Europe, and returned unspoiled by the experience and altered only in the discovery that what they had been doing was in some obscure way Australian. Few if any of our cultural historians seem to have cottoned on to the enormous significance of this fact yet. Jazz is still beneath their attention. Not so in the twentieth century Northern Hemisphere. I've said it elsewhere, and I say it again here: jazz is one of the most virile and, in its locally transmuted forms, authentic components of the Australian culture. It's not a simpering recreation of a nineteenth century European tradition, nor, in the manifestations I'm talking about here, a gutless gesture in imitation of an American tradition, Melbourne jazz in the forties dramatised the point when it visited Europe.

So if we want to deny that there is a specifically Australian jazz we are up against several difficulties. As far as the early Bell band is concerned, we can't be any more specific about influences than the twenties and thirties jazz tradition in general. That still leaves as much room to manoeuvre for a distinctive style as any jazz musician ever had. Furthermore, what is it that so many overseas listeners hear when they talk about and avidly collect Australian jazz, if not "Australian jazz"? These, as I said, are obstacles in the path of the commentator who refuses to admit its existence. They don't on the other hand bring us very close to what the specific characteristics of Australian jazz might be. An adequate examination of that would require a book, and would need to go beyond Melbourne in the forties. But reviewing the evidence that has emerged in the foregoing, I believe we can see some interesting features beginning to shape themselves, both specifically musical and generally

\* Bruce Johnson is Senior Lecturer in English Literature at the University of NSW, and an active jazz musician who has worked and recorded with a variety of bands (including that of Graeme Bell) here, in England and the USA. Currently he is with the bands of Paul Furniss, Dick Hughes, and John Hahn. He presents a regular jazz programme on 2MBS-FM, where he is also the Jazz Co-ordinator. He writes a weekly column for the Sydney Morning Herald, and writes also for the newsletter of the Jazz Action Society of NSW, and the Sydney Jazz Club's Quarterly Rag, of which he is editor.

cultural. There are, after all, some broad observations that can be made about the music and its musicians that might form the basis of a fuller analysis. One is the importance of the individual in shaping the collective. I suggested earlier that to a large extent a single musician, Ade Monsborough, did much to affect the sound of English traditional jazz. The phrase "Melbourne jazz in the forties" tends to suggest a relatively large and faceless movement, but in fact, during the earliest days it comes down to not much more than a handful of sharply defined individuals. I stress those epithets, and quote Andrew Bisset: "... it took some independence of mind to play jazz" (p.118). It wasn't the inexorable spread of a mindless vogue. Jazz was people like Graeme Bell, Pixie Roberts, Roger Bell, Monsborough, faces that its fans knew and talked to, a music having direct and living contact with its audiences. It's pertinent to notice in this connection how often family units have had an impact on Australian jazz: the Bell brothers, Bob and Len Barnard, Ian and Ced Pearce, Pat Qua and sons Chris and Willie . . . because, I think, jazz is at its most vital when transmitted through palpable flesh and blood. In a family group it is contagious.

Those Australian jazz musicians exhibit a number of recurring characteristics which are cognate with a well developed individual presence. An artistic susceptibility that goes beyond music is one example. Graeme Bell and Adelaide's Dave Dallwitz have both been, or are still, painters. Tasmania's Tom Pickering has demonstrated a literary talent. The point remains frequently true today. Roger Janes and Barry Wratten, now living in Sydney but both from Melbourne, have a well developed sense of pictorial beauty, and Pat Qua's house is almost wall-to-wall, floor to ceiling, with her own paintings. There are others. I believe that there is a connection between this responsiveness to aesthetic experience and the irreverent, even subversive sense of humour possessed by nearly all jazz musicians I have played with. Certainly you find it in Graeme, and anyone who can write a tune called *Honi Sojt Qui Mallee Root* during an Anglophiliac stage of this country's history, as Roger Bell did, ought to be kept under surveillance. It has something of the ratbag spirit in it. And in saying that I think I'm beginning to hear the sound of the music itself. Graeme Bell's 1951 version of *When The Saints* includes a rabble-raising vocal and assorted yahoo noises from other members of the band. It's the Ocker spirit, but transmuted into something culturally affirmative.

Perhaps the word "unself-conscious" is appropriate. This is not always so, of course. There are interesting recorded examples of tenseness or nervousness which are probably perfectly explicable under the circumstances.

What might be an instance shows up on the first Graeme Bell recording, *Georgia Bo Bo*. It's in either F or E flat (multiple transcriptions have left it in E according to my piano: most unlikely). In the course of Roger's solo he hits a slightly screwy flattened 9th over a dominant 7th chord. Not proto-Bop, but more likely overblowing while looking for the dominant 7th itself — whether you're in F or E flat, they are successive harmonics on the same fingering. Perhaps this was caused by tension: the Graeme Bell band's first record for commercial release. Then again, of course, one doubts that they had been drinking coffee until three in the morning, when they put down the song.

A more unequivocal instance of intimidated nervousness is heard on *Oh That Sign*, and I don't think we need to look far for the reason. I mentioned in the last instalment the presence of the much admired American, Max Kaminsky, on this the Roger Bell band's first recording session. The double source of tension manifests itself on Pixie's solo when he plays himself out of key a couple of times — a singular lapse from this normally steadfast player. You can almost hear the sigh of relief as he finishes his contribution. At another point the piano player Don Banks or the banjo player Norm Baker (the low-fi makes it hard to be sure) makes the bar 9 change on the blues a bar late, producing a sudden disorienting blue-grass effect. Clinkers are comparatively rare, however, especially for jazz of that free-blowing, pre-overdubbing period. More often the Bells and Monsborough band seem to be blithely unembarrassed and unashamed at being what they are and where they are. The music is therefore free of tension, in its negative sense. No-one is trying to mask himself behind the music, there is no timidity about exhibiting self in whatever form. Hence, the proliferation of original compositions by various band members, and a lack of apology about their geographical situation. It comes out in song titles like *Nullabor*, *Goanna March*, *Bull Ant Blues*, *Big Walkabout*, and more subtly and interestingly in lyrics and titles drawn from the Australian vernacular: *Don't Monkey With It*, *Got The Shakes*,

*Sorry To Be Leavin'*. Some of these titles have a peculiar poignancy generated by the casually concealed emotional pressure: *Tell The Boys You Saw Me*, *What's That They're Saying*. There are moving situations hinted at behind those unassuming throwaway lines, and the effect of laconic understatement has a very Australian tang.

The lack of self-consciousness is related to an ability to transcend categories. The reproachful word for this is "indecorousness", but an obedience to received conventions of decorum can often stifle creative opportunities. The Bell band appropriated anything that lay around when they thought out and executed their musical ideas. There's very much the jaunty air of "What the hell, give it a burl". It shows up in the multi-instrumentalism of Ade. We may be thankful that he was undismayed by the fact that the recorder was not considered a jazz instrument; his willingness to give it a burl produced one of the most interesting records to come out of Australia. Australian jazz has also transcended class categories. It's true that during the forties it was often associated with an intelligentsia; it was Ade who founded the Melbourne University Rhythm Club in 1937. Notwithstanding this occasional alliance however, the people who play jazz in this country are socio-economically heterogeneous. The music and, most notably, the lyrics, have never been shaped by class interests, but by the more general situation of the country as a whole. *Australian jazz*.

It's difficult to say if there is still a definable and distinct jazz idiom or spirit peculiar to this country, but that might be simply because, as in all cultural studies, we are too close to be able to see it. It has been argued that institutions like college jazz courses tend to erode that very quality which is the essence of the living music: the personality of the performer, a personality which must be strong enough to use and not be used by the abstract assumptions regarding what is "right". Perhaps that approximates the flavour of Australian jazz — an innocence of decorum, a creative shamelessness in the face of conventions. This brief review of the Bell/Bell/Monsborough circle has made it clear that they were bound by minimal assumptions regarding acceptable instrumentation. As record collecting jazz musicians in the thirties and forties, they had very little to draw on. Their minds seem not to have become confined by purist categories. They were necessarily catholic, learning from everything they heard. Subsequent jazz musicians in this country have not always been so hospitable to new ideas — modernists who disdainfully ignore earlier stages of the music; tight-lipped New Orleans purists who refuse to play any song not already done by George Lewis, Bunk Johnson et al. They fail to realize that, like the Bells and Monsborough, those New Orleans players picked up whatever was in the air. The men who produced jazz in the forties in Melbourne (and not only there and then), enriched their music by refusing to discriminate against any jazz possibility, and likewise seemed unashamed of their own musical impulses. "Shall I sing this one?" "Yeah. Give it a burl."

When musicians lose that, they lose touch with the sound of their own voices, impoverish their work at the point which is the essence of creativity. In a way the isolation of Australia in the thirties and forties was a blessing. The musicians had to make do with what was lying around. If there is an Australian characteristic it might be that quality which happens to be central also to jazz — the ability to improvise, the untroubled conviction that we can bodgey something up. Although this is possibly the most highly urbanised population in the world, Australian jazz does, then, share something with the outback: the same refusal to be defeated by the unlikelihood of circumstances, that builds a windmill out of scrap iron, or works out a way of repairing a cracked cylinder head in the middle of nowhere.



Rex Stewart and Roger Bell, 1949



Leicester Square Jazz Club 1948: Front row Ade Monsborough, Humphrey Lyttelton, Pixie Roberts, Jack Varney; Back row Lou Silbereisen, Dave Carey, Graeme Bell

How do you write all that down in musical terms? It's as inaccessible to notation as the quality of a wine is to chemical analysis. But just as real. Thomas Gradgrind in Dickens' *Hard Times* asked a little girl in his class to define a horse. Although her father was a horse breaker, she was unable to articulate an answer.

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind, . . . 'Girl possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals.'"

To point to the evasiveness of a definition of Australian jazz as proof that it doesn't exist is equally undiscerning.

Much needs to be done on the subject. Australia has probably the most complete existing documentation of its history as a white settlement of any country in the world. It's absurd, then, that what I suggest is one of its most virile cultural manifestations is recorded primarily in memory and hearsay, especially when those responsible for its origins are still alive, active, and articulate. We need directed interviews with these men and women. Nearly every speculation that I've made about sources could have been resolved with a fraction more time and money. We need the publication of Jack Mitchell's updated *Australian Jazz Discography*. We need a systematic reissue programme of the 78's, some now approaching 40 years old and deteriorating. We need so much in terms of volume, but so little in terms of its accessibility.

Some people are doing or have done something about it, and they include the following, without whose assistance even this relatively casual review could not have been written: Norman Linehan, Bill Haesler, Jack Mitchell, and the second edition of *Australian Discography*, in which you can find the full details of the commercially released Australian records mentioned. Thanks to Graeme Bell, for interrupting his tour of Victoria to answer questions via telephone calls. And finally I must acknowledge the usefulness of Andrew Bisset's *Black Roots White Flowers* (1979) and Mike Williams' *The Australian Jazz Explosion* (1981).

NOTE: Bruce Johnson will present two programs, on Monday February 1 and 8, 1982, at 3 pm on Sydney's 2MBS-FM, specifically designed to supplement these articles. He will illustrate the arguments advanced by playing many of the records cited, many of them either never issued, or never re-issued since their first appearance as 78s.

## JAZZ EDUCATION — continued from page 18

"It's very easy for people, once they see something succeeding and attracting money, to start criticising", she says. "I think constructive criticism is always welcome and in my opinion Greg has always been very ready to listen to it. But I think when people knock the thing just for the sake of knocking it because it is succeeding, then that's ridiculous."

Quigley himself reacts strongly to the knockers. "If they want to know, they should come to the clinics and not sit on the sidelines and criticise", he says.

"This is what's wrong with this country, and this is what I try and fight against. It's full of complacent Australians who will sit on the fence and criticise, and when it stops because of their criticism, they'll be the first to squeal about how badly they've been done by. What they'll do is stop it for themselves and for everybody else."

When it's all said and done, why did Greg Quigley begin this ambitious program? What motivates him? This is a fascinating aspect of the debate, because it is clear that much of Quigley's drive originated in the disillusionment he felt as a student of jazz himself, learning to play the trumpet.

"I believe in what I'm doing now because I couldn't find the right attitude in the older musicians when I was trying to learn", he says, "and when I started mixing with the Americans in one way or another with my own playing, I found they were so willing to impart their knowledge, whereas here the teachers just didn't know how to answer the questions. And if you showed any form of having guts to have a go, they found a way to stop you."

If Greg Quigley is right in his evaluation of the teaching expertise in local jazz, then one would expect that the established Australian jazz players — most of whom are self-taught — would be highly threatened by the American educators, who exude self-confidence, expertise and excellence. Does this happen? Paul McNamara says yes.

"The Americans come out here and tend to make the most established players think, in a deep down way, 'Jesus, maybe I'm not quite as hip as I thought I was,'" says McNamara, "and there's a way of covering that by saying

'we don't really need the Americans here', and 'we've got to get our own thing going' which in some senses is true. But I can't argue my case any better than to say, if the local people do play better and teach better, I want to learn from them."

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Well, what of the future? Certainly it appears that, in the jazz education field, changes are in the air. Already, jazz activists from around Australia, called together under the auspices of the Music Board, are meeting to draw up guidelines for a national jazz organisation which — significantly — will be called the National Jazz Foundation. If this body is successfully formed, and advises the Music Board on the allocation of funds, it will be interesting to see if it throws its support behind Greg Quigley. Will the National Jazz Foundation support the Australian Jazz Foundation? Or, indeed, is the former designed to put the latter out of business?

Certainly the critics are stirring. Some of them are vocal in private, but are unwilling to say anything openly. One, however, who was willing to be quoted was Julian Lee: "I don't want this to appear to be a personal attack on Greg — I don't believe in that", he said. "I think there are issues involved and — who knows? — under a bit of nagging from people like myself, the situation may be improved, and we might get a better crack of the whip."

It is clear that Greg Quigley has had, in the past, the confidence of government funding authorities. Still, Clive Pascoe made an interesting point. "The very effectiveness of the clinics should, in the long run, bring about their own demise", he said. "We should eventually be producing such good, effective musicians around Australia, as a result of these clinics, that we don't need clinics in that particular format anymore. In fact, we might be seeing the beginning of that already."

The last word is reserved for the embattled Greg Quigley. "I'm not doing this to develop professional musicians", he says. "That is a development of their own choice. I think music belongs to everybody, and all those who want to play, should have the opportunity to learn the best way they can."

JAZZ



# The Cane Report The Cane Report The Cane Report



Firstly, I must thank all my friends, customers, associates and the record companies who helped to make the opening of JAZZ 338 a success.

Thanks to them, the business has gone from strength to strength, and in the coming issues of JAZZ I will keep you informed as to what is happening at the store.

Since the opening one fact has become apparent. No matter how dedicated and involved one is, time is never on your side, but thanks to the regular visits by many of my customers I can at least learn secondhand what some of the acts are like around town. I did catch both the opening and closing nights of Mark Murphy, and like everyone else who saw this great entertainer, was knocked right out. But I would like to talk about local artists in this issue.

First, for obvious reasons, I'll leave out the names of the parties involved, but let's look at the local record scene as far as jazz is concerned. Many Australian jazz musicians recently have decided to go it alone and start up their own record labels, with the records often distributed by one of the major record companies. On the other side of the coin however, some decide to go further, and handle the distribution side as well, and this is where the problem starts. I hasten to add I am not a musician; if any classification is necessary I'd be a business person, but since opening JAZZ 338 I'm still encountering operations which I first struck several years ago. By now I thought people would have burned their fingers so badly that others would have learnt by their mistakes.

Harking back several years, when I was working at Palings Mid-City it was not uncommon for a local musician to call in offering his new record for sale. Often he had no idea how much to charge me, let alone how much it should sell for. Eventually, after lengthy talks (all of which shouldn't have had to happen) an arrangement would be made. Often that would be the end of it, both parties would go their separate ways, never to meet again, particularly if the musician came from interstate. On two occasions the artists happened to 'pop in' about 12 months later to see if the record had sold and if there was any money for them. Mistake number one: whether the musician involved eventually just writes off the whole venture as a tax loss or not, it is not (in my opinion) the way to become part of the wholesale/retail record world.

Some of the small independent companies are just as bad. It's nice that we're all out to promote local jazz talent, but when it comes to business, a proper procedure must be followed. As much as it sounds as if I'm biting the hand that feeds me, when opening JAZZ 338 I'd have been much

happier with a delivery docket rather than a scribbled note wishing me well, but no account of what stock had been delivered. Good wishes don't make good bank balances.

Another fact, brought home to me recently, happened after the release of a follow-up album, locally produced and featuring one of our popular bands, which has a good following. The band had the opportunity to appear at a Jazz Convention in the U.S.A., and did so. After their first appearance, the audience reaction was so favourable, that requests started to follow for a record by the band. Nothing (naturally) had been released in the States, so the band's road manager contacted Australia, requesting copies to be flown over while the convention was still in full swing. Nothing happened, and another opportunity for a local band to gain international recognition was missed.

All this brings me to one major point. We've shown that we have the talent, we've shown that we can organize successful conventions and concerts, so why don't the promoters, managers and independent record companies in particular, band together to see what can be done about our records being distributed overseas. It's a dramatic suggestion but why not send someone to the States once a year taking stock with him.

We make a lot of fuss when visiting jazz artists perform here. It's about time we did as much for our own people. I noticed, in one of the Sydney Sunday papers recently, a page devoted to the forthcoming week's entertainment. The columns for rock were very extensive while the space taken up for jazz was about 2 inches. This listing is a free service and only requires either the band, their management, or the management of the club or hotel, to let the paper know what is happening. Surely that isn't such a big effort. It is sheer laziness on everyone's behalf that the jazz column in this paper isn't bigger. How can bands get recognition or venues expect to make money if everyone is going to sit on their butts? I don't advocate graffiti of any sort, which is the category that I would put posters advertising what's happening at one place or another, but at least those who are involved in promoting pop music make sure that our city and suburbs are covered with them. So, in this way, they are using another form, to let the public know what is happening.

Finally to my colleagues. Firstly, the wholesale side. How about a little more enthusiasm and advance information for the reps. when there is a local jazz L.P. coming up for release? By the time this edition of JAZZ is on the stands, another album by one of our most popular local jazz bands will have been released, but at the time of writing, I know the record is about to be released, the band, it's manager and a few of the local promoters know it is due for release. So do some of the customers of JAZZ 338. However, the rep. from their record company has no knowledge whatsoever. Not very promising is it? Last but not least - retailers across Australia - how about getting your finger out and reading your release sheets from the local record companies and learning a little more about what is being released? It is amazing how often customers write to Palings or phone from interstate, bemoaning they can't get certain jazz records featuring local and overseas artists. It would appear, by the number of letters I get to read personally, that the stock answer to the enquiries is "That's released in Sydney, but we can't get it here". Bull....! Records distributed by major companies are released for Australia, not N.S.W. So don't give your customers such crap, and if in fact you have trouble getting what you want from your local company agent, a phone call or a letter to the head office in Sydney, will soon get the right action for you and your customers. So, as we enter into 1982, let's make this the year for pushing jazz, and particularly Australian jazz, up to the top.

**JAZZ**



Pic: Walter Glover (courtesy Encore magazine)

# CHICK COREA

## Glimpse of the Artist

By Eric Myers

"I've just had my 40th birthday," he said, "and although the body age doesn't mean very much to me, it was a signal that, in this particular cycle through life, I'm approximately half-way — unless I live to be 100, and I don't care too much about that."

"I would like to devote the last half of my life to composition and in addition to continuing to perform, I'd like to leave something for the culture of music itself. So, composition is my tendency now. When I started writing it was simply functional, and a trial, but more and more I began to like the process of writing and the result, and began to think like a composer."

I asked Chick Corea how he conceived of the artist's role in society.

"More and more", he said, "I recognise the true value of an artist to be one not of pleasing a listener, but of presenting new ideas and exploration to a society and culture. There is, of course, an entertainment aspect of it always, because art is fun. Art is created not for a purpose really; it's created for its own sake. It's just a great thing for a spirit to do."

"But it is the avant-garde of the mind of a culture. It's where new ideas and new realities are contemplated for a culture as a whole, and it's where the seeds are planted

that manifest 20, 40 or 50 years later. So it is the responsibility of an artist to let his imagination go and really exploit it. The culture needs it."

"Society has to differentiate between big business moulding the cultural mind and one's own thinking. The normal person who is not a professional artist has to recognise that what he hears on the radio and sees in the newspaper, what recordings get shoved down his throat, are the result of big business wanting to sell to him and mould his mind, in such a way that they can sell more to him. And this happens to be the reason why the planet is in such bad shape."

I wondered if the jazz artist had a particularly unique role to play in the process he was describing.

"Jazz musicians in general have a tacit agreement of what they're doing", said Corea. "We're the folk adventurers; we're the ones who keep the spirit of improvisation alive, and of adventure in music. We're the ones that can more readily understand the mind of a composer no matter what style of music he writes in. I find musicians who improvise and play jazz are, in the way they communicate, personally very down-to-earth — able to relate to people."

**JAZZ**

Chick Corea will be here in late February and early March as part of the Peter Stuyvesant International Music Festival in Sydney and Melbourne.

Throughout his career, he has experienced a wide variety of musical contexts: with Miles Davis, in the jazz/rock idiom of Return To Forever, playing solo piano (and duet piano with Herbie Hancock). Of course, his great love for Latin music is well-known. In New York last year, at the 1981 Kool Jazz Festival, I heard him playing with an acoustic quartet.

In an interview conducted on July 1, the day after that performance, I asked him if the real Chick Corea could be found in any particular musical idiom.

"There's such a thing as where I'm really at", he replied, "but I don't think you'll find it in any one thing. The real me is in the act of creation. What one creates is a secondary thing, I think."

"Music for me is an adventure. I like to let my imagination be free to create. So, if it means a different style or a different song, or a different band, so be it."

I encouraged Corea to expound on the present stage of his growth and development.

### TRELOAR *continued from page 8*

about 140 — left at 10.50, thus missing Treloar's best music, that which gave the evening its overall identity.

The third set opened with James Easton on keyboard synthesisers and, with the addition of Steve Elphick on bass, Expansions concluded with the first two movements of Treloar's four-movement suite *See IS*. They were entitled *Hymn To The Creator Of All* and *Children of Creation*.

Again, there were many delightful moments which remain in the

memory: Treloar, with his back to the audience, singing a wordless vocal into his huge gong, his long atonal drone being joined by synthesiser sounds and percussion; Treloar's conducting the entries of long suspended chords with saxophone warblings over some shimmering changes; finally the entry into a lovely melody in 6/4.

This third set, for the first time, saw an injection into the concert of humour and light, dancing solos, with music that was playful and delightful, both for the musicians and the audience. A refreshing contrast to the intensity and heaviness of the

second set, it put a smile on everyone's face, and drew the whole night's music together.

This concert confirmed that Phil Treloar has struck out on a highly original course in Australian music. Though utilising the language of American jazz, his music is increasingly an authentic expression of the experience of being Australian. If we are to have jazz music in this country which is the outgrowth of our own culture, we have to look to musicians like Treloar and his colleagues.

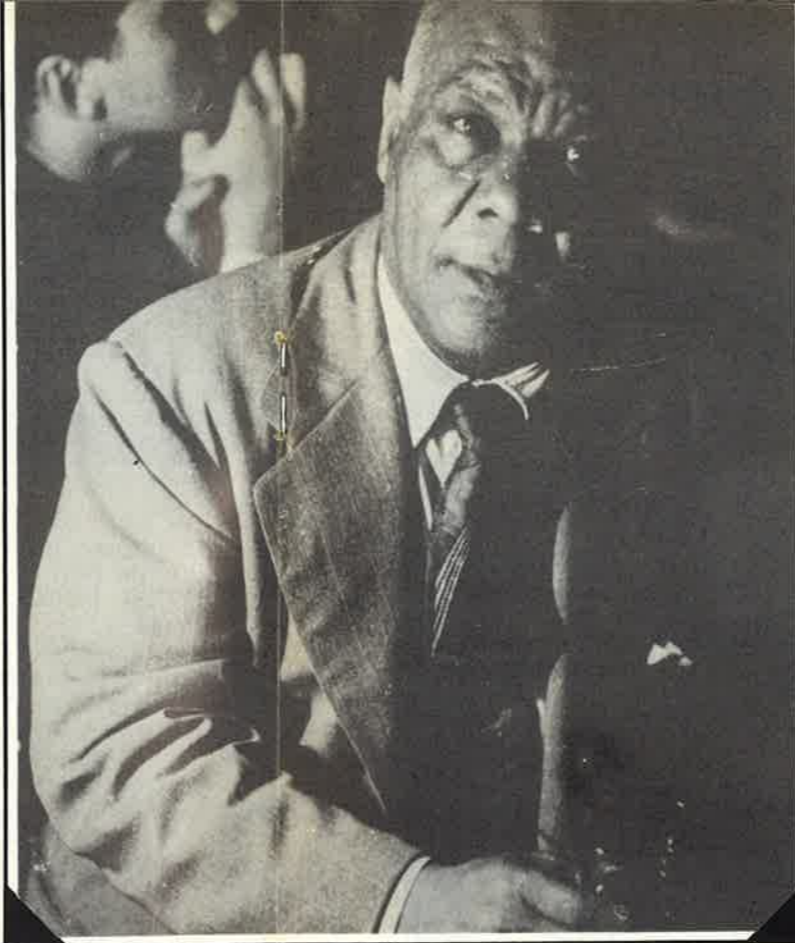
**JAZZ**

# THE SIDNEY BECHET PICTURE BOOK

Sidney Bechet was born in New Orleans in 1897. In Europe in 1919, as a clarinet virtuoso, he became the first jazz musician to be celebrated by classical musicians.

He was also the first jazz musician to take the saxophone seriously. In London he discovered the soprano saxophone, mastered it quickly, and adopted it as his instrument. He thus became the first important saxophonist in jazz. Duke Ellington described him as "the most unique man ever to be in jazz."

The photographs on these pages, many of them previously unpublished, belonged to Bechet's widow Elizabeth, who gave them to the Australian journalist and jazz pianist Dick Hughes in Paris in 1978. JAZZ magazine is grateful to Dick Hughes for his permission to publish these photographs.



▲ Sidney Bechet



◀ Sidney's brother, Dr. Leonard Bechet, who was a trombonist and a dentist. It was he who made the set of false teeth for the New Orleans trumpeter Bunk Johnson in the early 1940s, which enabled him to make his celebrated comeback.



◀ Bechet sent this photograph of himself to Elizabeth with the following message on the back: "My dear wife, I know that this broke your heart. How do you like this little fish? I was out fishing for two days the first day I did not catch nothing but, O boy the next day I made up for times. Now baby this is a little salmon 28 pounds so please don't be mad. Good luck to you when you go fishing. Your great fishing husband, Mr. Sidney J. Bechet."



◀ Bechet with Charlie Parker at the Paris Jazz Festival, 1949. During that stay in Paris, Parker met the existentialist philosopher Jean Paul Sartre. After their conversation Parker told Sartre: "I'm very glad to have met you Mr. Sartre. I like your playing very much."



▲ Jimmy Ryan's, New York, in the late 1940s. From left: unknown, Sammy Price, unknown, Eddie Condon, Chief Russell Moore, Bechet, Zutty Singleton and Bob Wilber.



▲ Bechet with the American trombonist Vic Dickenson and an unidentified woman.



▲ An early photograph of Bechet's wife Elizabeth.



▲ Wedding-day 1911. Bechet and Elizabeth rode in an open carriage through the streets of Antibes, France.



◀ With unidentified friends in 1958. When this was taken Bechet had 13 months to live. He died on his birthday in 1959.

# THE SIDNEY BECHET PICTURE BOOK

*Sidney Bechet was born in New Orleans in 1897. In Europe in 1919, as a clarinet virtuoso, he became the first jazz musician to be celebrated by classical musicians.*

*He was also the first jazz musician to take the saxophone seriously. In London he discovered the soprano saxophone, mastered it quickly, and adopted it as his instrument. He thus became the first important saxophonist in jazz. Duke Ellington described him as "the most unique man ever to be in jazz."*

*The photographs on these pages, many of them previously unpublished, belonged to Bechet's widow Elizabeth, who gave them to the Australian journalist and jazz pianist Dick Hughes in Paris in 1978. JAZZ magazine is grateful to Dick Hughes for his permission to publish these photographs.*



◀ Bechet with Charlie Parker at Paris Jazz Festival, 1949. Parker and Bechet that stay in Paris, Paris, existentialist philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre. After their conversation, Parker told Sartre: "I'm glad to have met you Mr. Sartre, playing very much."



▲ An early photograph of Bechet's wife Elizabeth.



▲ Wedding-day 1951. Bechet and Elizabeth Bechet walking through the street.



▲ Sidney Bechet



◀ Bechet sent this photograph of himself to Elizabeth with the following message on the back: "My dear wife, I know that this broke your heart. How do you like this little fish? I was out fishing for two days the first day I did not catch anything but, O boy the next day I made up for times. Now baby this is a little salmon 28 pounds so please don't be mad. Good luck to you when you go fishing. Your great fishing husband, Mr. Sidney J. Bechet."

Sidney's brother, Dr. Leonard Bechet, ▶ who was a trombonist and a dentist. It was he who made the set of false teeth for the New Orleans trumpeter Bunk Johnson in the early 1940s, which enabled him to make his celebrated comeback.



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▲ Bechet with the American trombonist Vic Dickenson and an unidentified woman.



▲ Jimmy Ryan's, New York, in the late 1940s. From left: unknown, Sammy Price, unknown, Eddie Condon, Chief Russell Moore, Bechet, Zutty Singleton and Bob Wilber.



◀ With unidentified friends in 1958. When this was taken Bechet had 13 months to live. He died on his birthday in 1959.

# behind the sound — MARTIN BENGE

By Jack Kelly

Outside, it is one of the very best of Sydney spring afternoons. A gentle north-easter off the harbour blows a refreshing sea tang across the 19th century roofs of Woolloomooloo as we search the narrow streets for Paradise Studios, Billy Field's million-dollar contribution to recording technology in this country. Eventually, we find it — a blank wall with a handleless door in a nondescript back alley. We speak into an intercom: "Jack Kelly to see Martin Benge", and the door swings open at our next push.

Inside, it is a different world, a bats' cave insulated from the sounds and sights of the real world. Except, to the guys inside, this is the real world. One in which they and their creativity and professionalism are encapsulated until they emerge, hours later, having committed to tape the very best of which they are capable. Later, when the result of their labours is released, it will no doubt be played at boozy parties, half-heard over a background of laughter and clinking glasses. But here it is quiet dedication and hard work. Bloody hard work.

The occasion is the recording of the final track of *Hysterical Records*, a forthcoming album by Crossfire, arguably Australia's top fusion group. *Jazz Magazine* had scheduled a personality piece on Martin Benge, a 37-year-old recording whiz who is emerging, if he isn't there already, as Australia's top record producer. He asked if we would like to see him at work. Would we?

Martin sits behind a console that would give nightmares to a Jumbo skipper. There are more knobs than a porcupine has quivers — knobs for volume, knobs for tone, knobs for god knows what and, for all I know, knobs for procreating myriad other knobs. On a panel in front of the console, small vertical columns of light advance and recede rapidly, giving instant visual evidence of the different recording levels going down on tape.



The musicians are closeted in three separate soundproof compartments, but in continuous close contact with each other through the glass walls and earphones, known universally in the recording industry as tins or cans. Martin Benge explains that the sound from each compartment goes down on a separate take, for mixing later.

"This is the last track for this album," he says. "We began rehearsing it for recording at noon today".

It is now 3 pm. The boys have already been at it three hours, and the session will go on until after 10, with an hour's break for a bite to eat. There is none of the easy-going banter and irrelevant backchat one usually associates with sessions.

Recording time costs money — big money — and Crossfire is there to do a job. So conversation, in the short breaks between takes, is very much to the point and always on the job in hand.

I have arrived with unaccustomed excellent timing. They have finished rehearsing and are about to put down maybe six takes, after which decisions will be made on what the final mix should be.

"That's the first proper version they've done of this number, *No Hands Jive*, today," Martin Benge says. "Pretty good, isn't it? It makes my job a lot easier working with blokes like this."

Indeed, it is pretty good. An outside, relatively unsophisticated ear such as mine thinks it good

enough to record. But no.

From the studio, guitarist and co-leader Jim Kelly comes through on the control room amplifiers: "Martin, did you get that one down?"

Martin: "It was my intention, but somehow it escaped the tape." Nice to know even the pros have their moments!

Jim Kelly's: "OK, let's put one down then," is followed by some discussion about how the drummer is losing the sound in his phones whenever he crosses to tom toms. That sorted out, Martin Bengé suggests: "Well, let's do one."

And the band, as professional as anyone could wish, launches into *No Hands Jive* as though it is a favourite number they have played for months. And Martin? He swoops up and down the console like a demented keyboard man in a band of Rick Wakeman play-alikes. And all the while Crossfire works its way through the number in its meticulously professional way, miraculously infusing their precision with spirit and feeling.

When it's over, Martin Bengé suggests: "That's worth a listen," and the band files into the control room for a listen and, for a couple of smokes — Jim Kelly, guitar, Phil Scorgie, bass, Steve Hopes, drums, Mick Kenny, keyboards, Tony Buchanan, saxes, and Ian Bloxson, percussion. At first there is not much comment as they listen to their work. Then, the first constructive criticism — discussion on the quality of the sound each is putting out. . . . whether it is too flat, too woofy, or too whatever. A dead spell where four bars of drums leads into a section where horns will later be dubbed comes in for some criticism and a possible solution is put forward — mallets on a Chinese cymbal dubbed over the drumhead work. Jim Kelly decides, after some discussion, to try for a new sound on his guitar. The tape is played back maybe half a dozen times while various bits of it are analysed and mutually acceptable musical solutions striven for. Others in this mid-session conference are Ross Ahern, who does the sound mixing for the group on their jobs, and David Cafe, assistant engineer with Paradise Studios, who set up the balances in the studio before the session began.

Today's session — as technical and complex as it seems to me — is really producing the raw material from which the final product will be woven. A month after this recording date, Martin Bengé, Jim

Kelly and Mick Kenny, the two composers, will sit down for the final mixing. The 24 tracks taken down in the studio will be overdubbed and mixed and then reduced to a stereo master tape from which the record you will hear in your living room will be cut. All the tunes on the album normally run 10-12 minutes in live performance, but with a maximum of 25 minutes a long-playing side, each must be cut back by roughly a third. Here recording, along with most artistic endeavours, engages one of the more difficult disciplines — knowing what not to put in, but what to leave out. Much of this is decided before the band goes into the studio, but more cuts and adds are made during recording and more still during final mixing.

It's back to the studio and the group goes over the tune passage by passage, ironing out what they see as the weak spots. An hour after the first take is put down, they are ready for the second. But it's a false start. "I didn't have any echo at the start and that sort of threw me," says Jim Kelly. So off they go again — and this time it's a good one.

Anyone who thinks recording is a glamorous way to earn a living had better think again. It's a bloody hard slog, repetitive and demanding. Each person involved must be completely objective about what he and his colleagues are doing, if necessary be tough on his own performance. There is no room for prima donnas, no time for egomaniacs. Basically, it is a very democratic operation, with everyone weighing in with suggestions and advice. Artistic temperament could be running in the sixth at Randwick — here there is just a job of work to be done as well as possible.

Take two is put down and then it's back into the control room to listen and another smoke. Coffee, fruit juice and beer is offered. No-one takes the beer. Whatever would those giants of the bottlephone, Fats Waller and Eddie Condon, make of this? This time there is not as much discussion — obviously everyone is quite a bit happier with the way it is turning out. There ARE a few comments — "Close, close." "The drums sound really good." Crossfire manager Glenn Ambrose weighs in: "Martin, weren't you completely happy with the first take?" Martin: "No, it was a bit boxy in sound, but now we're moving into something else." Jim Kelly experiments with his guitar

sound alone in the studio. When he seems reasonably satisfied, the others troop in for take three.

After this one, the Crossfire boys begin talking about putting down several takes in quick succession. That will complete the afternoon session. Then a break and a fairly abstemious meal and — after that — perhaps another three or so hours in a studio that is often airless and warmer than is completely comfortable.

All this, a hard day's work by anyone's standards, for seven to eight minutes of music — one-sixth of an album for the not very large Australian market with the possibility, if the gods are kind, of overseas release.

Crossfire have just had an album released in America and when figures are to hand its success or otherwise will largely decide the fate of Hysterical Records.

I make my farewells and walk out into the still-warm, clean-smelling dusk. At this stage I know quite a bit more about the recording business than when I entered. I've seen Martin Bengé at work — quiet, sure, efficient and very much in control, although unobtrusively, of the whole operation. But as yet I don't know much else about him. We agree to meet in a few days.

Martin Bengé was born 37 years ago in war-harassed London, but spent the greater part of his childhood in Sussex. His introduction to the recording industry came as soon as he left school, when he joined the giant EMI organisation as an electronics trainee. As an electronics man on the way up he got to work at the famous Abbey Road studios, an address well known to most music fans through the famous Beatles album. Bengé, in fact, was working on Beatles albums at the studios when the Abbey Road album was being put down. Of his early days at EMI, he says: "They taught me a lot of what I know — they were then about the biggest recording operation in the world. One got to learn from experts — the establishment was comparable to the BBC or the ABC, and you couldn't go past it for training."

Speaking of seeing the Beatles at work, Bengé says: "It was good fun, but there could be good days and bad days. They got fantastic results. They were the innovators."

There was very little jazz being recorded in British studios in those days and Martin Bengé didn't have much contact with jazz at that stage

# behind the sound — MARTIN BENGE

of his career. What jazz was being recorded was being put down by such people as Acker Bilk and Chris Barber in live performances at venues like Ronnie Scott's.

"My taste then would have been middle of the road," Benge says. "As I got older I've become more interested in jazz. This has happened mainly through my association with people like John Sangster."

Indeed, the Benge-Sangster alliance has become one of the current jewels of Australian jazz. Their professional association goes back a few years to *The Hobbit Suite* on Swaggie. This album was a milestone in Australian recorded jazz, proving to the world that Australian jazz, while still being very good, was not necessarily always predictable. *The Hobbit Suite*, with its eclectic tonal colourations and borrowings from half a dozen music idioms, introduced a fey quality to music similar to that Tolkien brought to the written word. *Son of Hobbit*, *The Lord of the Rings*, were recorded later on EMI. Now, Benge and Sangster have joined forces on their own label, Rainforest, distributed by EMI. So far they have released four albums.

**UTTERED NONSENSE** — a double album of Edward Lear's nonsense poems set to Sangster's music. Ivan Smith reads the poems.

**PEACEFUL** — an album of small group jazz featuring Errol Buddle, tenor sax, Mal Cunningham, flutes and woodwinds, John Sangster, vibes, Ian Bloxom, percussion, Terry Walker, guitar, and Tony Ansell, keyboards.

**MEDITATION** — a most unusual album featuring just beautiful peaceful sounds from flutes and percussion. This is a record to sit and meditate by in the most peaceful of induced atmospheres. How to achieve Nirvana without spending \$15 on a bottle of Scotch.

**JOHN SANGSTER'S JAZZ MUSIC SERIES (Vol 1) *It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Doo-Wup, Doo-Wup, Doo-Wup, Doo-Wup.*** — first of six volumes based on the influence of various jazz greats on the music. Volume 1 is basically in Ellington style — or rather, it is closer to the Duke's music than anyone else's.

Benge's other recent credits are on the previous *Crossfire* album (like *Hysterical Rechords* on WEA), a *Harbour City Jazz Band* album (also on WEA), the Bob Barnard group on K-Tel and a number of non-jazz albums. One we can look forward to later this year is from Nancy Stuart, aptly titled *Sophisticated Lady*, on EMI.

"If I could, I'd like to do more jazz than I'm doing now," Martin says, "but there just isn't a big enough market in this country to record jazz all the time."

To make a living, he finds himself doing a lot of film music and TV commercials. And anyone who has seen Channel 10's *Michael Parkinson Show* will have seen Martin Benge's name roll up on the concluding credits.

"I'm very lucky in that I've probably done more jazz than most producers get to do," he says. "It's



Martin Benge



A Martin Benge produced John Sangster LP

very rewarding, mainly because of the freedom of the music. The essence of recording jazz is capturing the spontaneity of what is happening at any given moment. You mustn't let the technical thing or the studio atmosphere come between the player and his audience. With most jazz records, you should get it by the third take.

"With *Crossfire*, where you are moving from jazz into rock, more precision is needed, because you are competing against some of the best in the world in this jazz-rock field. You have to draw the line between jazz and jazz-rock. With jazz, you can lose spontaneity after a couple of takes. The take with the best feeling is often one of the very early ones. With jazz-rock you must have a number of takes so you can choose the one closest to musical perfection."

After his successful grounding in his chosen field at EMI, London, Martin Benge came to Australia purely on spec in 1971. He had just got married when he took the big gamble but, as luck would have it, walked straight into a job at EMI, Sydney.

"EMI were looking for an engineer at the time, so I walked in as a house recording engineer," he says. "I stayed there three years. Then I began to ease into a freelance situation about 1975 — and I've been freelancing ever since. Freelancing can be very up and down — sometimes a hand to mouth existence." On what has become his natural environment, the subterranean world of the recording studio: "The environment of the studio can overcome you. You want to go out into the sunshine and you lose track of the time of day and even of the day itself. You lose track completely of the outside world."

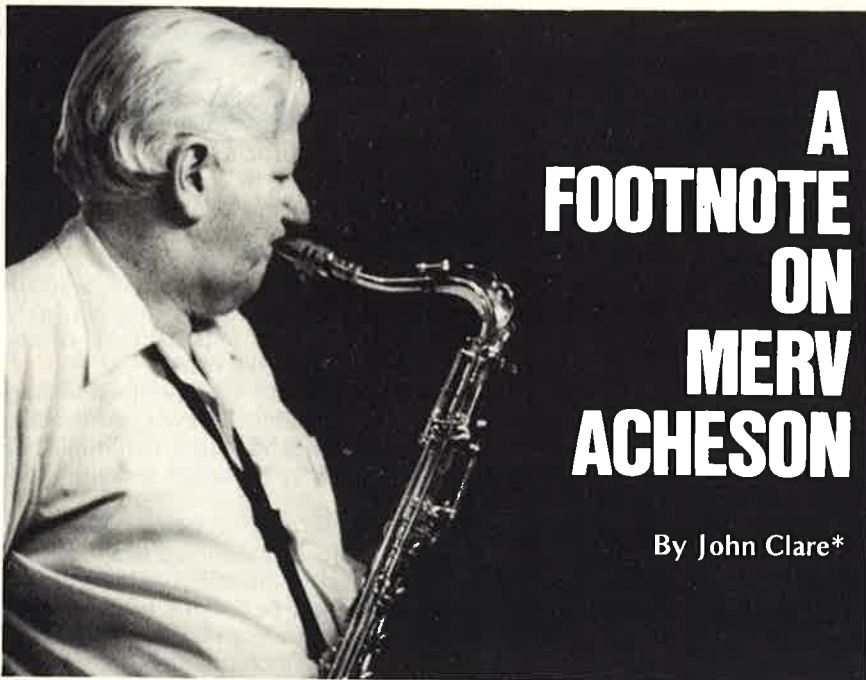
And yet Martin Benge plays records for relaxation. What? "Any music that makes me feel good. It doesn't necessarily have to be jazz. I like rock and roll very much and 1930s music. There is always music playing in our house." Kathrine, 5, and Brian, 2½, should grow up with a good grounding spread over a pretty wide musical spectrum.

Any regrets in a lifetime in the music industry?

"Yes. I'm disappointed in what FM radio here has NOT done!"

JAZZ





# A FOOTNOTE ON MERV ACHESON

By John Clare\*

Pic: Norm Linehan

Merv Acheson, a rare white bird in flight

"He's a funny fellow, Merv," Graeme Bell once confided. There was a long silence in which he searched for a definition of the essential Merv Acheson. None was forthcoming. Like many before him, he gave up and settled for an anecdote:

Bell and Acheson once got a job playing in Coffs Harbour on the North Coast of NSW for a few days. "We all had a wonderful time," said Bell, "swimming, walking in the countryside. We hadn't been out of the city for months. The weather was glorious. We all loved it, except Merv. He didn't like it at all. It seemed to annoy him. He stayed in his room reading all day."

Reading about gangsters most likely. I can imagine his annoyance. The countryside was an alien world whose existence he would rather not have acknowledged; and all that sunshine — well, it would not have seemed natural. I did once see Merv Acheson walking in broad sunlight along Pitt Street, Sydney, and it was clearly not his element. His dead-white skin threw it off in an alabaster glare. The glare indeed, of white sepulchres.

Merv Acheson is a creature of the city, of jazz and the night, and of a specific era. He still lives and works in the remaining pockets of his own era in Sydney, like a

rare white bird dwelling in some diminishing reach of rainforest. Currently he is playing with Dick Hughes at Soup Plus in George Street on Thursday and Friday nights. There's a bit too much Scandinavian oiled wood in there for it to be a true Merv Acheson habitat, but it is underground, and faces appear there from the old sporty days.

Merv Acheson's claim that there has been no real jazz since the 1940s is often repeated as a kind of joke, and it is sometimes hard to tell whether Merv himself is dead serious about it. While I was editing *Music Maker*, to which Merv contributed, he once came in very quietly, left an envelope on my desk, nodded solemnly and left. Usually he would have stayed and chatted. He had left a letter disparaging a wide spectrum of latter day musicians — all of them that he could think of, I suspect. I ran it with this note: "If I had not known that you were armed when you came in here, Merv, I would not have consented to publish this ridiculous letter. It is true that Miles Davis was fired from Andy Kirk's band after a single night, but he was only 16 at the time. . . . . " And so on.

I am sure Merv was pleased to see the rumour revived that he carried a gun, and I know he was satisfied to have said his piece. He never mentioned the letter, nor my Editor's Note.

I believe Merv Acheson is serious. I also believe he is wrong, but his claim cannot be so lightly dis-

missed. In an article by Ray Sutton in *Music Maker*, Merv said that anyone who started playing later than the 1940s would not understand the feeling of jazz. Clearly, he believes that the jazz of the 1930s was a phenomenon inextricably meshed with its environment. If you never played in the old crim haunts, he implies, you don't really know what the music means. Just as I might say to young rockers: if you were not a teenager in the 1950s, don't try to tell me what rock and roll stands for.

However, rock and roll was not invented in the 1950s, and nor did Coleman Hawkins, Illinois Jacquet, Don Byas and Herschell Evans materialise in a vacuum. Further, I would say unto Merv, when music reaches a certain level it transcends its era and is kin to high music of all ages. It is my belief that there is a jazz tradition, which changes through the decades but holds certain aspirations intact — just as there is a European tradition to which Webern belongs as surely as Haydn.

By sticking to his — in my opinion — flawed philosophy, Merv Acheson has achieved something that is not too common in Australian jazz: authenticity. And authority. If time has softened Acho's flat baleful stare and made his aura more ghostly than menacing, it has done nothing to dim the brilliance of his playing.

The mouth is still a contemptuous beak when it snaps the tenor saxophone into its vindictive grip. Its control of tone and pitching is certain. Dead set, as they used to say. As they still say in the remaining pockets of Merv's era.

When he is cruising at the beginning of a night, his playing has an old world eloquence. It is even ornate; but the beat is running in it with implicit power. He throws up warm rugs of tenor sound and floats them down elegantly, back on the beat. By the second set, these rich upward sweeps have begun to ominously buzz. There is a curving bray to his long notes. By the end of the second set it is pouring out in a controlled fluid raging. Everyone has settled in. Acho has taken charge.

Merv Acheson is one of the best tenor saxophonists we have ever had. His style is a perfected thing. Yet it is not boring. It is a living monument, like Ayer's Rock. Quite awe-inspiring really. It is time, I feel, to go and hear it again.

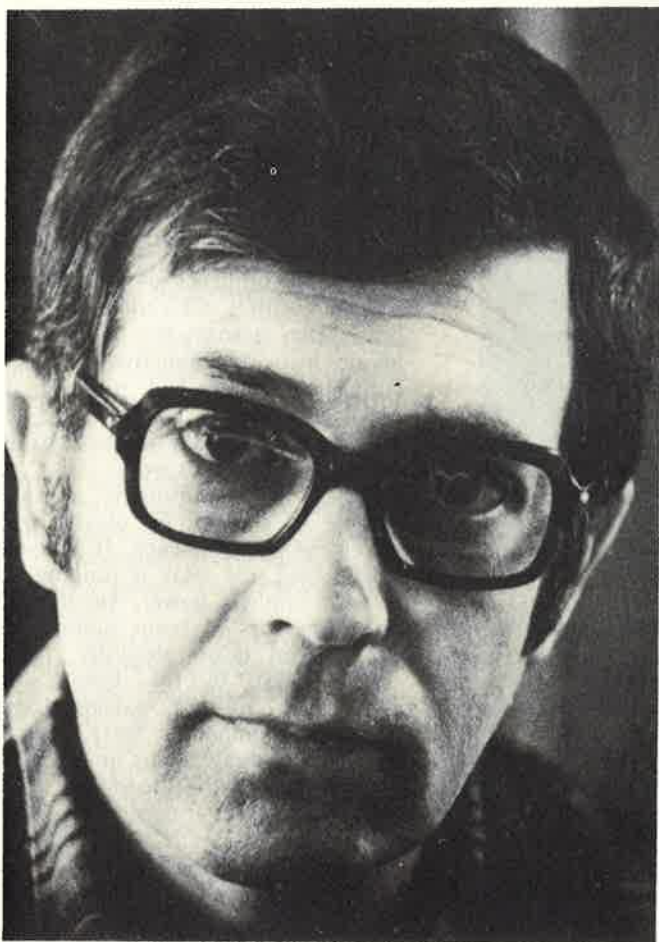
\* John Clare writes on jazz fortnightly for the *Financial Review*, and general articles, including some jazz, for the *National Times*.

*JAZZ*

Jazz education means not only educating musicians about jazz, but also educating the public — or future public — about jazz.

As for musicians, no school can ever fully replace “paying the dues” by which the real musician grows and matures. But it can save the musician from the painful trial-and-error method and dangers of relying solely on self-instruction or copying other models. Besides, getting jazz included in the curricula of general music schools and building up specialized jazz schools are steps in the long process leading towards a full acceptance of jazz by society.

But even more important may be the other side of jazz education: the way in which spreading information about jazz makes this music known to a wider audience. Most jazz fans well remember their first encounter — often by pure chance — with jazz and how this opened up a whole new musical world. But today when all sorts of ready-made music for quick and easy consumption are pushed by the media, many people might be denied such a chance. No society can guarantee that its citizens will take advantage of the values and joys created by the world's culture and arts; every society, however, should take care that the opportunities to do so are open to all. And as jazz certainly ranks among this century's most important cultural achievements, it should be given the same exposure as any other art form. This means that young people should be informed about jazz just as they are about painting, literature or classical music.



Janos Gonda

Jazz has come a long way in just 80 years. The music that originally evolved out of the black folk culture of New Orleans has spread around the world, becoming a recognized art form in itself. Jazz is a special kind of improvisational music in which the performing artist not only

## jazz education:

reproduces what is written but participates in the creation as well.

In the course of this rapid development, musicians have changed as well. The “natural” street-smart musicians — many of whom, however, loom large in jazz history — have mostly given way to a new breed of well-educated, academically trained musicians. For this reason, the subject of jazz education has become increasingly important in various countries, particularly in the last 10–15 years.

You might remember that in the '60s the question was: whether teaching jazz was possible or even worthwhile. Skeptics argued that jazz could not be taught, that it must be “felt.” Now this point of view is no longer seriously considered.

Of course, this doesn't mean that in 1982 you have to complete a course in jazz in order to become a jazz musician. But it is true that the all-round jazz musician has to command a wide variety of skills. He must be familiar with the basic principles and limits of jazz, different methods of improvisation, simple and complex harmonic structures, old and new standards, various styles and current trends, and the most significant recordings. He must have a well-trained musical ear, the ability to read music faultlessly and a familiarity with the often divergent worlds of classical and contemporary music. In short, he must be a professional. A school can help a student acquire the necessary knowledge and skills. And if the school is good, the help will be valuable, more people will trust it and demand it.

The most spectacular changes in jazz education have occurred in the United States. It used to be said that Europe is learning jazz (and jazz education may be necessary there), but it is being played in America. But jazz education is now most concentrated in the very country where jazz is understood and used as the musical mother tongue. The National Association of Jazz Educators was formed in the '70s in response to the growing number of jazz students. There are now more than 35,000 student musicians, mostly amateurs, studying jazz in American high schools and colleges alone. That's not to mention all those studying jazz through special jazz schools, community programs, clinics, or even by mail.

Of course, these figures are lower in Europe, but in the last decade there has been significant progress here as well. There are jazz faculties at the Vienna Academy of Music, Milan's Giuseppe Verdi Conservatory, Budapest's Bela Bartok Conservatory, Katowice's Higher School of Music and numerous higher schools of music in the Federal Republic of Germany. The Swiss Jazz School and the jazz program of the Higher School of Music in Graz, Austria, are particularly well known. More recently there have been extraordinary developments in the Soviet Union as well, with jazz instruction being introduced more and more into schools and conservatories there.

But we are still not in a position to talk about a well organized system of institutions in the European countries. In Holland and England, for example, there are many kinds of private schools and courses covering jazz, but jazz has not yet become part of the state music education system. In Austria the opposite is true and jazz has found a home in two of the top state institutions. There is no jazz instruction at all in Yugoslavia, although this country has an active jazz scene, and the same goes for Belgium and Norway. Denmark is one country where much has been done to put jazz on a par with the other arts, boasting a well-developed network of organizations and jazz clubs, but strangely enough, jazz education is rather underdeveloped. In Sweden and the

# improvisation and creativity

By  
Janos Gonda\*

Federal Republic of Germany, jazz is becoming an organic part of the general music education, and there has been significant progress in Italy as well. In the German Democratic Republic, jazz is taught along with entertainment music, and this combination has been flourishing for the past few years. Clearly the place of jazz education in each of these countries varies according to local possibilities and traditions, in other words the cultural scene of the country.

Just as the structure of jazz education in these countries varies, so also does the inner organization of their institutions, curricula and teaching methods. This is quite natural, because in jazz there are no centuries-old teaching traditions and everything is still in the experimental stage. In fact, there are some trends in teaching which are gaining popularity internationally, for example the emphasis on the role of notation and composition. Composition is, by its very nature, a slower, more differentiated and more speculative means of musical creation than ad hoc improvisation. To avoid developing stereotypes and clichés, the student should not always improvise. His imagination and creativity will develop only if he collects and writes down harmonic and rhythmic idioms, composes motifs, and then builds these into complete pieces. Transcription is also an essential part of written work. The student should study the great masters' recordings, analyze and transcribe them, and replay solos or accompanying parts. These are all complementary activities that will help the student develop his improvising ability and increase the effectiveness of his study.

Horizontation, the method of contracting harmonies tonally and functionally, has also gained widespread popularity as an important phase in preparing the student to improvise on his own. The *Music Minus One* series, in which a student plays along with, for example, a rhythm section, have also become popular (particularly useful is Jamey Aebersold's improvisational series). "Overdubbing" is a useful way of instructing improvisation, but the educational process is so complex that *Music Minus One* exercises can only be one element among many.

Even if these trends have become common, they can hardly be said to characterize jazz instruction as a whole. Most institutions and teachers know very little about the methods of their counterparts elsewhere. Instruction in combo playing, for example, is an undiscovered and underdeveloped field. Among other things, this would require developing the collective harmonic and rhythmic exercises needed to form an integrated rhythm section, along with collective improvisational and pattern exercises for beginners' combos, in other words, the organized preparations without which it would be more harmful than useful to begin ensemble playing. Ear training is absolutely essential for composition, improvisation and transcription, but modern methods of ear training haven't really been adapted to the language of jazz. There is a lot of room for individual and collective experimentation and exchange of information in this field.

The question of material has already been raised with respect to the *Music Minus One* method. In this respect, too, there are difficulties. It is often hard to coordinate the subject of instruction with obtaining the appropriate publications. It can't be said that there is no choice of scores for instructional use — many publications are available,

especially those emphasizing improvisational work. Many are useful, substantial works, but unfortunately most of them are worthless and commercial. Since the majority of scores come from the States, it's sometimes the case that institutions in Europe have no idea as to which best suit their purposes. This is an even bigger problem for smaller, occasional programs and the self-taught student. Moreover, the best publications are often the hardest to obtain.

One of the most overlooked aspects of jazz education, especially in Europe, is the education of teenagers and children (I am not familiar with the situation in the States). This is partly due to the fact that the demand from would-be professionals shows up first, then come the amateurs, and in the process children are likely to be forgotten. There is also the problem of the mistaken notion that 16–18 year olds should first be given a classical foundation and have time to study jazz later. Sooner or later we will have to come to the realization that this is a question of extraordinary significance. The musical instruction of children affects the cultural tastes of future audiences, their receptivity to jazz, the level of musical competence of amateurs, the quality of professional training, and finally, the entire future development of the art of jazz in a given country. Jazz instruction in terms of developing an awareness of the basics, improvisation and creativity can't begin at the age of 16–18, as is the case with most European institutions. By that time it is usually already clear who will become a professional musician or performing artist. Childhood is the most productive period for the development of creative playfulness, and it would be a shame to lose the advantage of beginning instruction during that period. The flexibility that is so necessary for improvisation is more readily found in children than in adults. I feel that 4–5 years is an adequate amount of time to build a classical foundation in reading music, controlled playing, techniques and a knowledge of classical styles. By that time the child is perfectly capable of dealing with jazz. The possibility of a parallel education in jazz and classical music right from the beginning needn't be precluded either, although we have very little experience with this combination.

We must first make a distinction between purposeful professional instruction on the one hand, and a more playful, looser approach aimed at developing the child's creativity, on the other. The latter will acquaint the child with the melodic, harmonic and rhythmic world of jazz and its characteristic idioms and techniques of articulation by means of individual and collective improvising exercises. This can be done most successfully in a so-called improvising workshop in which the child does given improvisation and construction exercises based on increasingly complex individual and collective restrictions. Individual lessons strengthen the student's concentration and ability to play solo parts, while collective work and improvisation direct his attention to ensemble work and other people's playing, at the same time ridding him of complexes. The improvising workshop thus serves as a transition from individual to ensemble playing. Another advantage is that the child, under proper expert guidance, will become acquainted with the principles, inner relations and structures of organized improvisations that are often characteristic of composed works as well. Rather than moving him away from classical music, these exercises will help him better understand these works and even help him to enjoy playing them. The notion that dealing with classical and jazz music together is harmful to the child can certainly be disproved.

**JAZZ**

\* Janos Gonda is head of the jazz department at the Bela Bartok Conservatory in Budapest, Hungary. He is vice-president of the International Jazz Federation (IJF) and a pianist who has made many recordings and performed widely in Europe.

# U.S.A. Report

## Scrapple from the Apple

By Lee Jeske\*

Various times over the past sixty years, New York City has been the unquestionable centre of the jazz universe and, currently, it is once again the home of the record companies, musicians and most everybody else in the United States who makes their living from the music we all love so much. Japan may have more albums available, Europe may still be a major touring centre, but New York City is, now more than ever, the home of the movers and shakers of clubs, and, seemingly, more opening up by the week. The pianist noodling in the local piano bar might just be Tommy Flanagan or Billy Taylor or Hank Jones and the bassist might just be Ron Carter or Red Mitchell or George Mraz. While the concert scene is spotty, at best, the clubs teem with life. There is a plethora of all kinds of music — from dixieland to free funk, from swing to bop.

I will attempt to discuss a smattering of the more important events of the jazz scene in New York and, of course, I am being purely subjective. There is no possible way to go into it all and I apologize to the thousands of excellent musicians who will be left out. Hopefully, they will all be discussed at one time or another.

Three rather astonishing events have taken place in the Apple over the past several months and they involve three sustaining legends of jazz — Big Joe Turner, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Thelonious Monk.

Big Joe, I am delighted to report, is an ongoing event — the brilliant people at Tramp's, a tiny, 15th Street bar that specializes in the blues, had the brain storm to bring the 70-year-old, ailing, Boss of the Blues east from his California home for a gig during the summer. They rented him an apartment, saw to it that he would have a back-up band of like-minded souls and gave him all the encouragement a person of Joe's stature deserves. They coddled him and the big man was happy. So happy that he sett-

led down for a four-night-a-week engagement that is still very much active at this time of writing.

Big Joe, of course, has always been the epitome of the Kansas City blues shouter. His Grand Canyon of a voice got its first airing some 50 years ago, when Joe was a singing bartender. He had a successful partnership with pianist Pete Johnson, was an influential figure in the early days of rock and roll (*Shake, Rattle And Roll* and *Cherry Red* are his compositions), recorded dozens of thrilling blues performances and, most recently, participated in the filming of *Last Of The Blue Devils*, Bruce Ricker's extraordinary documentary on Kansas City jazz. Since the movie was filmed, some five years ago, Joe has not been well. He has spent a lot of time in the hospital, has lost a goodly bit of the girth that gave him his monicker (and helped distinguish him from the fine stride pianist of the same name) and walks around now with the help of crutches.

As he slowly made his way to the bandstand at Tramp's, one recent night, it was hard to imagine that the explosive power of the man's voice could be intact



An early photo of Joe Turner

— his skin even had a greenish tint to it and he looked weary and sad. The back-up band, led by New Orleans' drummer Charlie Otis and including rough-and-tumble tenor stylist Charlie Brown, had just played a short set of their three different kinds of blues — slow, medium and fast. Joe sat himself on a chair, centre-stage, rolled back his head and began to sing, the first few bars acapella, to set the tune and the tempo for the band. The room, which had been noisy, fell hushed. Big Joe Turner's massive voice was in perfect shape. Unbelievable shape. It was as if Zeus came down from Olympus to sing us the blues.

*Hide And Go Seek, Roll 'em Pete, Stormy Monday, Every Day, Shake, Rattle and Roll, Yakety Yak, Cherry Red*, all delivered with incomparable energy, strength and emotion. It could have been Kansas City and Big Joe could have been behind the bar polishing glasses. He didn't need a microphone — his voice bellowed like thunder. I, an old stone-heart, was moved and stunned. If there is any greater blues singer alive, let him stand forth, I just won't believe it. At 70 years old, nobody can be singing better. I left Tramp's that evening somewhat shaken, it was *that* good.

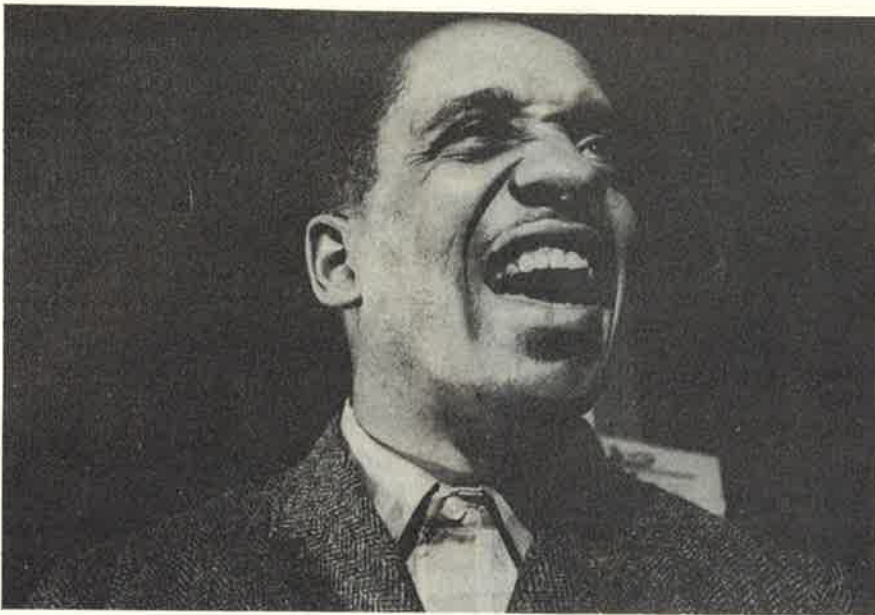
Big Joe Turner is truly a giant and should be seen at any cost or inconvenience. It is one of those scalp-crawling experiences that, musically, happens only rarely.

Another evening I remember with a special fondness, albeit bittersweet, was the concert that the Modern Jazz Quartet gave at Avery Fisher Hall in 1974, their renowned "Last Concert". Seven years, to the month, later, the Modern Jazz Quartet were back in the same venue, as the last stop on a reunion tour that took them to Japan and San Francisco.

It is still something of a mystery why the MJQ split up in the first place. Milt Jackson was said to have been dissatisfied with the meagre financial rewards that the group had earned, despite their unanimous critical acceptance, during their 22-year association. After the Quartet disbanded, Bags took his vibraharp on the road as a soloist and made a number of recordings for Pablo Records. John Lewis turned to the hallowed halls of City College, in New York, and performed only sporadically. Percy Heath, ironically, was the most visible former-MJQer, co-founding the Heath Brothers with sibling Percy. Connie Kay took his drum kit into the confines of New York dixieland bars, certainly not the best showcase for his understated percussive talents. There have been several semi-reunions over the past seven years — one at a Milt Jackson concert a couple of years ago which had Mickey Roker in Kay's drum seat, for example — but this was to be their first concert as a Quartet in New York City since they kissed us goodbye in October of 1974.

I am delighted to report that it took about six-bars for all and sundry to realize exactly why we have missed them so much and why we loved them so much in the first place. The elegance, the perfect combination of Lewis' gap-toothed piano

\* Lee Jeske, who is in charge of the *Down Beat* magazine office in New York, will be reporting every month.



Milt Jackson

style with Jackson's mercurial, legato vibes, the rhythmic interplay, the stellar repertoire of brainy, third-stream pieces by Lewis and swinging blues by Jackson. There was nothing new under the sun — we heard *Django* and *Bag's Groove*, *Travelin'* and *Cylinder*, *Billie's Bounce* and *Odds Against Tomorrow*, not to mention a dozen others. Perhaps they sounded a little looser than one remembers, a little jauntier, but the experience was like a warm bath — a soothing tonic to the world's cacophony.

Was this the beginning of the next 22 years? It's hard to say. If it is so, nobody was admitting it. The damndest thing is that the MJQ split up, seemingly, at the threshold of what would have been their most rewarding years. 1974 was just when the jazz boom was beginning, when the audience was getting larger and younger. There was no good reason to break it up in 1974 and, the Heath Brothers notwithstanding, there is no good reason not to pick it up again right now. In any case, the concert at Avery Fisher Hall was a welcome delight. I'll take whatever I can get.

Thelonious Monk is something of a different story. The Monk piano and pen have been quiet for the past five years or so. Allegedly, Monk is a seriously ill man and has not so much as touched a piano in a number of years. He is, by all reports, a haggard and seriously depressed individual, and we can only hope that we will one day again be able to delight in his unique musical persona, in the flesh. In the meantime, Verna Gillis, the force behind *Soundscape* (a popular loft) presented a two-part concert called "Interpretations Of Monk" which was the next best thing to (his) being there. The idea was this — take a powerful horn section of Monk admirers (Don Cherry, Steve Lacy, Charlie Rouse and Roswell Rudd), take one of the best bass players in jazz (Richard Davis), add two drummers (Ed Blackwell and Ben Riley) and four pianists (Muhai Richard Abrams, Anthony Davis, Barry Harris

and Mal Waldron), give them the full corpus of Monk's compositions to work on and see what happens. *And*, for good measure, throw in an emcee (Nat Hentoff), a poet (Amiri Baraka), a photographer with slides (Charles Stewart) a film clip (*Blue Monk*, from the *Sound of Jazz*) and hand out a discography to one and all (compiled by Dan Morgenstern). Stir this pot around, present it at Columbia University for two performances, and you've got a scintillating survey of the music of the most original composer in jazz history (with the one exception of Duke Ellington, who transcends jazz and is, indeed, beyond category).



Thelonious Monk

The concerts consisted of two sets each. The horn men and Davis were the nucleus, with the drummer alternating sets and each pianist getting one chance to sit in the driver's seat. Barry Harris easily took the honours at the keys — Harris is a close friend of Monk's and comes closer than any other pianist to catching the *perfume* of Monk's playing. From his solo *Ruby My Dear* through an enormously swinging *Epistrophy*, Harris was on the mark — comping, commenting and soloing with more than a little bit of wit and irony. Of the drummers, Blackwell has a lighter, more thoughtful touch which managed to bring out light hues in the music, Riles is more of a relentless swinger. Riley, of course, played with Monk for many years, but the contrast between the two was interesting. The other pianists all contributed their bit — Abrams and Waldron to better end than Anthony Davis, who tended to be a bit too flowery and not terse and salty enough.

The horn men were the core of the evening, however. Lacy, a pupil of Monk's music since the late-'50s, was astonishing. I think that Steve Lacy is one of the greatest improvisers living — he is brainy and spare and always quite humorous, yet there is very little extraneous in what he does, no filler material. He weaves little phrases which he layers on to other little phrases and forms a patchwork quilt of music that is his own. His knowledge of Monk is enormous — during the early-'60s, he led a band that claimed to be able to play every Monk composition in existence. Indeed, that is *all* they played. Particularly on *Four In One*, Lacy was exquisite. He also got a chance to play one solo spot and do two duets with Waldron.

The other horn in Lacy's Monk band was Roswell Rudd. Rudd's performance here was total exuberance — he danced about the stage, played some seething gutbucket trombone and, in general, sizzled like a piece of bacon. His playing has grown in depth and style and he is at the height of his prowess. His muted solo on *Bye-Bye* threatened to suck the microphone stand right off the stage.

Charlie Rouse, who put in a full 11 years with Monk, was, also, in sublime form. His sound is a little furrier now, a little softer, but he has lived and breathed these compositions for oh so long. He shone on *Pannonica*, which he did with just the rhythm.

Only Don Cherry had some initial cobwebs to kick out — sputtering and using short, fragmented phrases, but as the evening wore on, he improved steadily.

All in all, a wonderful evening that could have only been improved by the presence of one Thelonious Sphere Monk, himself.

## U.S.A. Report

# reporting from...

## ... Adelaide

By Don Porter

As I write these words things are slowing down as far as the year 1981 and the two jazz organisations are concerned.

But in jazz terms only temporarily. The bastion of traditional jazz, the Southern Jazz Club, recommences operations on January 7 at the Highway Inn after what one hopes will have been a successful 36th Australian Jazz Convention at Geelong.

What a marvellous institution these Conventions are — undoubtedly the longest running annual event of its kind in the world.

The Jazz Action Society throughout the year presented its concerts on the first Tuesday of each month featuring local musicians.

But to some extent the J.A.S. is going through something of an identity crisis. Much of the time and energy of the hard working President David Rigby and the rest of the committee has been and is taken up with the presentation of the stream of overseas artists.

On balance I think that this has its positive side in two respects. Firstly the opportunity of hearing some of the major jazz talents in the world gives us some of the most rewarding aesthetic moments jazz buffs could hope for, as well as enriching the musical education of local musicians.

Secondly it has been a policy to have these local musicians on the program either as a supporting band or as part of the visiting artist/s' group.

Just over a year ago I wrote of the reawakening of interest in mainstream jazz — swinging and melodic. To some extent this is still valid comment, but if one had to encapsulate 1981 in jazz terms the appropriate phrase could well be "the year of bop" — epitomised in names like Eddie Daniels, Buddy de Franco, Terry Gibbs, Sonny Stitt and Richie Cole, Mark Murphy — and others yet to come.

Jim McLeod of ABC FM has been busy through the year arranging a series of TV and FM simulcasts featuring both Australian and overseas jazzmen. We should be seeing and hearing the fruits of his labour beginning early in 1982.

Absence in Japan resulted in my missing the Brisbane Jazz Conference (and the playing of Ruby Braff and Ralph Sutton), but it is encouraging to hear reports percolating through of some form of national organisation to put the jazz act together.

The needs are many. To strive for sponsorship of local and overseas artists, to encourage liaison between promoters on concert tour dates, and to press for some exposure of jazz on commercial



Mark Murphy

radio and television (no doubt a forlorn hope when one station manager here said "Jazz? No way, we are in business to make a profit".)

Jazz may be "street music" and indeed music education programs at times may tend to lead to an over-concentration on the cerebral approach — as one leading interstate jazzman, himself involved in music education, told me.

But there are more shades than black and white and I would like to pay tribute to people such as Hal Hall of Adelaide College of Arts and Education and Eric Bryce of Salisbury C.A.E. who are helping to widen jazz appreciation, interpretation and understanding.

With kind regards to Hal, Eric, Bruce Gray, Bill Munro, Dave Dallwitz, Alex Frame, Glenn Henrich, Ted Nettelbeck, Schmoie, Penny Eames, Laurie Kennedy — and many, many others, I remain, Yours in jazz.

### P.S. Coming events.

#### 1. Jazz Action Society

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| January 5     | Julian Lee & Friends<br>Walkers Arms Hotel                                   |
| 11            | The Brian Brown Quintet<br>Walkers Arms Hotel                                |
| 27            | The Jazz Masters: Herb Elliser<br>Ray Brown; Monty Alexander<br>Tivoli Hotel |
| February 3    | The Johnny Griffin Quartet<br>The Freddie Hubbard Quintet<br>Tivoli Hotel    |
| March 17 & 18 | The Phil Woods Quartet<br>plus Dale Barlow & James Morrison<br>Tivoli Hotel  |
| February 15   | Kenny Ball & His Jazzmen<br>Redlegs Club                                     |
| 16            | Kenny Ball & His Jazzmen<br>Whyalla  |

#### 2. Southern Jazz Club

- |               |  |
|---------------|--|
| January 7     | Dukes of Jazz<br>Highway Inn                                 |
| 14            | Bruce Hancock Sextet<br>Highway Inn                          |
| 21            | The Entertainers<br>Highway Inn                              |
| 28            | Bruce Gray Six<br>Highway Inn                                |
| March 13 & 14 | Jazz at Victor<br>Weekend at Mt. Breckan,<br>Victor Harbour. |

## ... Brisbane

From The Queensland Jazz Action Society

Our now familiar and spacious Campus Club venue continues to attract musicians and other jazz lovers and we had a record attendance for the October concert. We were delighted to welcome the Jazz Action Society Sunshine Coast who brought their own group, Leo Farthing and Friends plus a bonus — vocalist Nola Francis. It was also a pleasure to welcome for the first time, musicians D'Arcy Kelly, Michael Lynch and Allan Kewley.

Due to casualties, the organised programme had to be rearranged and we missed the Paul Pallister Big Band and the Geoff Ovenden Trio. However the afternoon turned out to be a feast of good jazz of various styles with six groups performing.

Our visitors, Leo Farthing & Friends, played first and made a very significant contribution with a set of six tunes, blending later songs with past standards. The line up — David Merry sax, Paul Van Gool flugel/trumpet, Alan Dowdle drums, Graham Coghill guitar and Derek Foster bass guitar. Some highlights were the flute playing of David in the Herbie Mann piece *B.M. Blues*, a sax/trumpet duet from David and Paul in *Blue Who* after which the delightful Nola Francis joined the group to sing a bracket of three standards and showed her true professionalism with a memorable *St Louis Blues*.

Next, according to plan, came the Mel Bongers Quartet comprising Mel on reeds and flute, Michael Lynch piano, Vance Lendich bass guitar and Barry Harvey drums. Their numbers included *Dearly Beloved*, *Alice in Wonderland* and Michael featured on *My Foolish Heart* and *Easy Living*. We hope to hear more of this fine group.

Standing in for the Paul Pallister Big Band, some of our old stalwarts in the persons of Roy Theoharris and Allan Arthy tenor saxes, Terry Hickey piano, Vance Lendich bass and Neil Wilkinson drums, formed a group appropriately titled *Tandem Tenors* and mainstreamed their way through *Jump For Me*, *Swinging the Blues* and *Kansas City Shout*.

To fill the gap created by the absence of the Geoff Ovenden Trio, good fortune smiled upon us with an appearance by the Mileham Hayes Sextet, fresh from a charity fund raising commitment and looking smart in navy Cellar Club T shirts with white trousers. They added

variety to the programme with some good traditional jazz — the personnel Mileham clarinet, Wayne Moore trombone, Allan Birmingham piano, Alan Murray trumpet, David McCallum drums and Bill Smith bass.

Next was featured the ever popular **Jazz Workshop**, on this occasion comprising Lach Easton bass, Ted Wallace sax, Mick Morgan tenor and baritone and Alan Wilkie trumpet. They played the Coltrane compositions *Blue Train* and *Moments Notice*, *Subtle Rebuttal* and concluded with the Oliver Nelson tune *Hoe Down* which received tremendous applause. This outfit seems better each time we hear them and it is great to hear such good modern sounds in Brisbane.

Finally a pick up group brought together a lot of experience to produce some incredibly good unrehearsed jazz for which we are indebted to D'Arcy Kelly guitar, Roy Theoharris, Allan Arthy and Rod Bridges tenors, Graeme Tait piano, Steve Bray drums, Allan Kewley trumpet with Nola Francis doing the vocal spots in *Watermelon Man* and *Satin Doll* and with Paddy Fitzallen joining in for the last number *Take the A Train* — a very exciting and fitting finale to an afternoon of superb jazz entertainment.

## ...the Sunshine Coast

By J. Morcom

On the Sunshine Coast jazz is growing and finding more and more good friends. The fourth monthly concert, held on Sunday afternoon, October, 18th, presented musical thrills to satisfy ardent enthusiasts.

Jazz/rock fusion burst from the Contemporary Jazz Ensemble, the featured band. Garry Smith (keyboards) put enough energy into his mastery of the keyboards to exhaust even the fittest musician. The excitement created was matched superbly by Gerry Goldberg, playing with a later group.

The interesting fact, for those in the know, was that Gerry had taught Garry Smith in earlier years. Trevor Tiplady (drums) pounded a rhythm that kept Len Henderson (guitar) and Barry Tiplady (bass) rocking fast and hard. Great stuff.

Earlier, some cool sounds from the Mungo Duo, with back-line support of Don Ross (drums) and Tim Finnigan (bass) created the mood for good jazz listening. Mungo Coates and Bruno Benz, the guitar and reeds combination, have created a regular jazz following around the Noosa area. More local interest centred on Rick Farbach combining with Gerry Goldberg on piano and Trevor Tiplady on drums. The balance of Gerry's stimulating and exhaustive keyboard sounds, and Rick's assured timing and confident chord progressions, created memorable tensions. Their music finished the afternoon with high excitement — a stirring urge for more good jazz.

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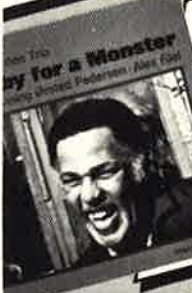
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But, bring on the contrast: The November concert at the New Coral restaurant, Caloundra, swung along with the Brisbane Jazz Club Big Band, supported by the local group Nola Francis and Friends. That was it for 1981. Bring on the blues 'till 1982 and lots more jazz.

It's been a raging beginning for the Sunshine Coast Jazz Action Society, and ideas for its progress in 1982 are flowing in. If you haven't joined, get out your \$10 now. Send it to J.A.S.S., Box 634, Maroochydore, or ring John McKibbin on (071) 43 4398. Join the jazz action, while it goes and grows from Caloundra to Noosa.

## ... Melbourne

By Adrian Jackson

Sydney entrepreneur Barry Ward's hopes of establishing Mister Ward's, at the Prince of Wales Hotel in St Kilda, as a focal point for modern jazz in Melbourne, as the Basement was for Sydney in the mid-'70s, have unfortunately not been realised. For a variety of possible reasons, the venue did not work well when used on a regular basis, and in future will only be used for special concerts, as it has been over the past couple of months.

In that time, it has seen a good deal of first-class jazz performed. In October, US duo David Liebman and Richard Beirach played two nights of thoughtfully developed versions of original and standard material, with Beirach proving himself an admirably sensitive (and I do not mean weak) pianist, and Liebman doing enough on soprano saxophone to suggest that he can have few peers on that instrument indeed. On the whole their music was satisfyingly stimulating; one version of *Nardis* was especially memorable. Odwalla opened both concerts with their aggressive modern style: they lacked tightness on one night, but lacked nothing in inspiration on the other, with guest bassist Barry Buckley making a strong contribution to the band's creativity.

Mal Waldron played to a terribly small audience, who were fortunate enough

to hear the pianist in very good form. Accompanied by local bassist Gary Costello and drummer Allan Browne, Waldron played an extended improvisation with his gifts for sinuous rhythmic power and brilliant understatement well in evidence; his approach drew inspired contributions from Costello and Browne. He also played some solo piano, songs like *Round Midnight* and his own *Left Alone*; this was less gripping, but still well worth hearing. I hope more people know about Waldron when he returns to Australia.

Another act to visit in October was the Ruby Braff - Ralph Sutton duo, who drew very well over three nights at the Beaconsfield Hotel. Their warmly witty performances in the classic jazz style were a sheer delight. Braff gave classy melodies the affection they deserve; Sutton was necessarily less prominent as the accompanist, but excelled with a solo rendition of Waller's *Alligator Crawl* combined with *Viper's Drag*.

Also in town at that time was Teddy Edwards, who blew some fine tenor with Tom Waits; pity no-one thought to organise a gig for him in front of a rhythm section.

November was singers' month at Mister Ward's. Mark Murphy drew well and, supported by the Tony Gould Trio, sang very well, displaying rare skill as an instrumentalist-style vocalist, very definitely a jazzman. Georgie Fame did an extended season, covering a mixed bag that included some fine bebop vocals a la King Pleasure or Jon Hendricks, and some swinging Hoagy Carmichael numbers. His band included top musos in Keith Stirling, Graham Lyall, Charlie Gauld, Greg Lyon and Ron Sandilands.

Ernestine Anderson was the next singer at Ward's, and although hardly a big name here, did well enough to return for two nights in mid-December. The Tony Gould Trio gave fine support; I found Anderson a hard-working, fairly entertaining singer who fell halfway between the Fitzgerald swing'n'scat school and the earthier qualities of R&B.

The best news of December was the so-called 'alto sax battle of the century' with Sonny Stitt and Richie Cole at the Beaconsfield. Cole's form on records and on his previous tour gave me doubts as to how he could survive comparison

with Stitt, but I was pleased to decide that he did not fall far short of achieving sexual equality. He blew with such vitality and virtuosity that I forgot any quibbles about his style's debt to Phil Woods', and simply enjoyed. As comparison with Stitt showed, he still has some learning to do, but he is an increasingly impressive bebop soloist of no mean talent.

Where Cole was as excited as he was exciting, Stitt hit his climaxes through shrewd dynamics and development, and sheer authority. He played with swaggering confidence or dazzling inventiveness where he chose on the cookers, and suave humour or wry ornateness as he chose on his ballad features. The rhythm section (pianist Jack Wilson, bassist Ed Gaston and drummer Alan Turnbull) impressed me as efficient in their grooving, although I found the crowd's adoration of Wilson puzzling: he grove well enough, but he was a limited and calculated soloist.

We have also seen some top local talent on display in special concerts here. Ward's brought down John Sangster in October, to front a pickup band (Tony Gould on piano, Graham Lyall on alto and tenor, Stephen Hadley on bass and Ron Sandilands on drums) with the usual magical results. The material was either revived Ellington, revived Sangster (*Rivera Mountain*, *Rain On Water*) or impromptu blues, with each of the soloists producing some outrageously brilliant playing. Such music deserves to be heard more often, more widely.

Drummer Ted Vining came from Brisbane for a week of concerts in November. He renewed his special relationship with pianist Bob Sedergreen and bassist Barry Buckley in concerts at Montsalvat and at Ward's, renewed his acquaintance with Tony Gould (with Buckley and hornman Keith Hounslow, they developed a magically creative groove), sat in with Odwalla for some Coltrane-intense blowing, and in all, showed that he remains a jazz drummer who is as constructive as he is assertive. The only disappointment of the week was the failure of Brian Brown, as guest with the Ted Vining Trio, to recapture the qualities of the great Brian Brown Quartet of a few years ago.

Another previous colleague of Brown's is synthesist David Tolley, who has given

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Bob Sedergreen

several performances at Ward's over the last couple of months, usually in conjunction with experimental guitarist-poet Daavid Allan. They have produced music that has been variously witty, laboredly humorous or indulgent or, more often, fascinatingly unusual. Tolley and percussionist Dure Dara have released a new LP *You Know, You Know*, on Cleopatra Records, that gives a much better idea of the virtues of their original approach to improvised music than did their first LP, *Cutheart*.

Brian Brown himself has set up a new band, The Australian Jazz Ensemble (Brown on sax or flute, Bob Venier on trumpet, flugelhorn or conga, Bob Sedergreen on keyboard, Jeremy Alsop on bass guitar, Virgil Donati on drums and Alex Pertout on percussion), which is no radical departure from his previous band. The chief changes are the addition of Venier, who is a brilliant soloist, and the emphasis on extended improvisation, each performance drawing randomly on various composed areas, with less responsibility falling on Brown as a composer. It seems likely that this AJE will undertake at least one overseas tour in 1982.

Another new band to come along was Jeff Pressing's World Rhythm Band (Pressing on keyboards, John Barrett on reeds, Jeremy Alsop on bass guitar, Peter Blick on drums and Alex Pertout on percussion). They played interestingly-varied fusion-ish material with real flair; hopefully we will hear more from them next year.

Singer-trumpeter Vince Jones is doing very well with his gig at the Tankerville Restaurant in Fitzroy every Friday and Saturday from 11pm-2am, and deservedly so, as he is a truly talented jazz singer. He is currently recording a debut LP, including some original material. I hear that Mark Murphy caught Jones when he was in town and, like most people, was impressed.

Dr Pepper's Jazz Club, at the Flying Trapeze in Fitzroy, has been presenting local modern bands such as Onaje, Odwalla and the AJE, on Sunday afternoons for the past two months. Lack of audience support has left its future uncertain, but it is to be hoped it will continue as a place where modern fans can hear good jazz if they care to.

Another new venue is at the United Kingdom Hotel in Clifton Hill, where Bob Venier and guitarist Charlie Gauld are playing duets every Thursday night.

Such brilliant musicians are well worth hearing, as they cover both standards and spontaneous improvisations. Nothing too far out, but rewarding listening nonetheless.

Perhaps the most successful of Fitzroy's jazz venues is the Renown Hotel, which is drawing good crowds on Wednesdays to hear Onaje, and on Thursdays to hear the Allan Browne Quartet, with Dick Miller on tenor, Terry Clarke on keyboard, Stephen Hadley on bass and Browne on drums. (Allan Browne And His Band Of Renown?). They play more straight-ahead or funky jazz, while Onaje (Browne and Miller with Bob Sedergreen and Gary Costello) gets into its original material.

## ...New Zealand

By Terrence O'Neill-Joyce

Auckland's Gluepot, for many years a night spot for rock-and-roll and punk bands, is fast establishing a reputation for exciting jazz.

David Liebman and Richard Beirach appeared recently. The audience was attentive to these magic exponents from New York, who weaved, lulled, then cleansed everyone with their music.

Space Case have enticed the saxophonist Brian Smith back from the United Kingdom, and are to start off on a nationwide tour. Their music is hardly rural music, but we'll see and hear how they fare out in the sticks.

There is a new night spot in Auckland catering for jazz, called the Savoie Faire. It is situated in the Mayfair Mall opposite Bruce Matheson's Jazz Record Bar, Sight

and Sound, and has been featuring Lou Johnson and Hattie of the Hot Shots. The Rodger Fox Big Band played the Gluepot on October 15th, prior to their Royal Variety Show appearance. In the front line at the Gluepot was a surprise visitor from Los Angeles, Louis Bellson's lead alto player Matt Catingu. What a stinging embouchure that lad has! He waxed lyrical and fiery. I have never heard the Rodger Fox Big Band play so well. There was an ease to their playing which comes with experience, and a gathering competence that enables them to lay back without losing any efficiency.

Along with the band for a late night rehearsal at the Gluepot was New Zealand's first lady of jazz Mavis Rivers who, incidentally, is the mother of Matt Catingu. She was on stage the next day performing for HRH Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Phillip at the St. James Theatre, where \$100 a ticket holders thrilled to a lavish variety show spiced with Mavis Rivers, Dave Feehan and the Rodger Fox Big Band. The Duke, obviously pleased with the jazz content of the show, stayed back to chat with Rodger Fox during the post-performance introductions to the Royal entourage.

## ...Perth

By Ron Morey

Five major American musicians will headline the jazz contingent at this year's Festival of Perth - trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, tenor saxist Johnny Griffin, bassist Rufus Reid, and pianists Chick Corea and Keith Jarrett.

These artists will take care of the modern-mainstream, through contemporary, to avant-garde portion of the jazz spectrum.

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Meanwhile, the more traditional end will see singer George Melly with John Chilton's Footwarmers, fellow-Briton, guitarist John Etheridge, and performances by U.S. bluesmen Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee and Jimmy Witherspoon.

Australia will be represented by the remarkable Melbourne-based modern jazz singer Vince Jones, and also the Perth female vocal trio Birdland.

There should also be some jazz interest in the appearance of perennial favourites Cleo Laine and John Dankworth.

Freddie Hubbard, one of the most influential trumpeters of the present day (he's the immediate stylistic fore-runner of last year's Festival jazz star Woody Shaw) will be at the Perth Concert Hall on the second night of proceedings, backed by the Rufus Reid Quartet. On the same bill will be the quartet of Johnny Griffin, the electrifying neo-bop saxophonist. Griffin's group will also perform at the Festival Club from February 8th to 13th. Griff's rhythm section comprises the excellent pianist Ronnie Matthews, bassist Ray Drummond (both on his superb album *Return of the Griffin*), and drummer Kenny Washington.

Bassist Reid's quartet will open proceedings in the Club on February 5th, the first night of the Festival. The leader has become one of the top half dozen jazz bass players in the world today. His sidemen are saxist Bob Rockwell, pianist Art Resnick, and ex-Woody Shaw and Stan Getz drummer Victor Lewis.

The Melly/Chilton/Etheridge package will perform at the Concert Hall on February 13th. Melly and Chilton will tour the North-West of W.A. from February 17th to 20th, and appear in the Festival Club from March 1st to 6th.

George Melly is not only a fine singer, specialising in the jazz of the 20's to the 40's, but is also an author, broadcaster, journalist, critic and raconteur. Trumpeter John Chilton is also a jazz author and historian, and his group complements perfectly the work of Melly, reflecting similar taste in jazz styles.

Guitarist John Etheridge, well-known for his playing with Stephane Grappelli, will be accompanied by two of Perth's finest, bassist Murray Wilkins and drummer Bruno Pizzata. This trio will be at the Club from February 22nd to 27th.

Bluesmen Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (a hit at last year's Festival) will return this year, together with the added attraction of the great blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon. This threesome will be at the Concert Hall on February 24th.

Astonishingly gifted and versatile keyboard artist Chick Corea will appear at the Concert Hall on February 27th. Billed as Chick Corea and His Friends, the identity of these Friends is unknown at the time of writing. If his fine 1978 album *Friends* is anything to go by, we can hope for artists of the calibre of Joe Farrell, Eddie Gomez and Steve Gadd.

Fellow-keyboardist Keith Jarrett, who, along with Corea, Herbie Hancock and McCoy Tyner, is one of the most influential pianists in contemporary jazz, will perform in solo at the Concert Hall

on March 5th. Like Corea, Jarrett has appeared in Perth once before, and his concert promises to be as phenomenal as ever, spanning not only the entire history of jazz piano, but before and beyond.

One of the "sleepers" of the Festival will be Scottish-born singer/instrumentalist Vince Jones, Australia's answer to Mark Murphy, and then some. Gifted with a voice mid-way between Murphy and the nonpareil Mel Torme, Vince also plays flugelhorn (and tenor sax?). His accompanist, also from Melbourne, is Mart Saarelant, and the John Etheridge Trio will augment this duo to quintet size. Having heard a tape of Jones singing and playing Mark Murphy-type material, I can only say he's going to knock everyone out at the Festival Club from February 22nd to 27th.

Finally, Perth vocal trio Birdland will appear at the Club on February 6th, while the famed Laine/Dankworth team and their quartet will be at the Concert Hall on February 15th, 16th and 17th.

Well, there you have it, and if there's not something to appeal to even the most esoteric jazz purist I'll be very surprised indeed. The only missing component will be the irreplaceable Frank (Discurio) Smith.

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The Perth Jazz Society's Big Band, launched with high hopes less than a year ago, is at a low ebb, according to its organiser Jack Kennedy.

"We're still rehearsing in Mt. Hawthorn every week, but we might have to pack it in," says Kennedy. "We have enough players in the trumpet and sax sections, but we're very short of rhythm and trombone musos."

Kennedy says the level of musicianship within the band is another reason why it's in the doldrums. He says the experienced players who were with the band at the start have left to pursue commercial interests. That has left the band with a large number of eager but inexperienced novices.

"They're still at the rehearsal stage, not ready for a complete evening's concert," says Kennedy. "In our 18 piece band, we've gone through 35 to 40 musos, and very few of those remaining are up to the standard we need."

The big band idea is not dead, however. Kennedy says if he has good players, the band will continue.

"We appreciate the help the PJS gave us," he says. "It was a good try."

A funeral was held Monday night for an elderly Notion. The Notion that died was the idea that a jazz band that plays one style of the music cannot play anything else. Officiating at the Hyde Park Hotel services was Pastor Galapagos Duck. The Rev. Duck took only three hours to bury the Notion with twenty tunes ranging from pure Chicago roughhouse to Jamaican Calypso.

The Sydney based Galapagos Duck, includes Tom Hare, trumpet and saxes;

Greg Foster, trombone and harmonica; Mick Jackman, vibes and keyboard; Bob Egger, piano; John Conley, guitar and bass; and Mal Morgan, drums. Though the personnel has changed markedly in recent months, they played crisp, tight ensemble passages, obviously well-rehearsed. Their visit was jointly arranged by the W.A. Arts Council and the PJS.

The Duck opened their first set with a straight-ahead jazz working of *Once I Had a Secret Love*. Then, with Hare on trumpet, it was Chaplin's seldom-heard *Eternally*.

Hare has absorbed much from Wild Bill Davison and his slashing, sure lead work was a joy. Hare then opened *Summertime* with a plaintive alto sax solo reminding one of Paul Desmond. From there, the tune leapt into a fast 3/4 groove, giving Hare a chance to play his trumpet both muted and open. An alto reprise finished out a most satisfying reading.

Pianist Bob Egger was the star on a medley of *Satin Doll* and *I Remember April*, done, as he put it, in the style of George Shearing. Then the soul-funk side of the band came forth with the Crusaders' *Sweet and Sour*. The tune was one of several on the bands' new LP to be released in December.

*Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me* was next, and what a delicious gift it was. Egger strode away mightily as though Joe Sullivan were in the house, and Hare, back on trumpet, used a beer glass mute with telling effect.

The second set was all contemporary. The catchy *Theme from MASH* received the same Duck treatment it enjoyed on their *In Flight* album. Foster's trombone solo revealed he has been listening to Curtis Fuller lately. A medium tempo ballad *Walk in Love* followed, including a Jackman vocal. The set concluded with two more funk numbers, which set the standees at the bar to dancing and clapping, and a Billy Joel tune *Root Beer Rag*. Egger at the piano summoned everyone from Wynton Kelly to Wally Rose in his sometimes moody, sometimes slapstick solo. It may not have been great jazz, but it was great entertainment.



Greg Foster and Tom Hare of Galapagos Duck.

A Duck original spotlighting Hare's flugelhorn opened the final set. As he did all night, Morgan played the drums with unassuming assurance, deftly controlling the tempo from slow to fast to slow again.

A lively version of *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* was next, and we heard the seldom used alto trombone employed fruitfully by Foster. He claimed it was difficult to keep in tune, then proved otherwise in a solo reminiscent of Bill Watrous. As he did all night, electric bassist John Conley offered a dramatic and stylish contribution.

There followed then a sublime musical moment, an original calypso called *Round the Horn*. Foster, Hare and Jackman all sparkled and the girls at the bar began dancing again, which was understandable because the beat was irresistible. You would have to go to Antigua to hear calypso jazz played that well.

Jackman sang Billie Holiday's *God Bless the Child* then Hare launched into a passionate tenor solo recalling Don Byas in his later years. After that was an earthy and swinging blues written by Sonny Terry, some more funk and it was over. The crowd begged an encore and got a jumpy *Basin St. Blues*, the best part of which was a delightful stop time trumpet chorus by Hare.

The band is called Galapagos Duck (a name given them by Spike Milligan), but perhaps their namesake creature should be the chameleon. At the drop of a downbeat, they can become almost any jazzband extant, and in the process should rid the jazz world of mandatory labelling by style. They have done the music a great favour.

## ... Sydney

An exciting thing happening in Australian jazz in 1982 is the full production show — unique stage sets, giant backdrops, lighting and other effects — featuring two of the country's most popular jazz groups, Galapagos Duck and the Bob Barnard Jazz Band.

The two bands, comprising 12 brilliant musicians, will mainly perform interlocked as one identity — as a big band playing Duke Ellington standards, as four pianists playing simultaneously, with drums and percussion raves, and vocal numbers. Bob Barnard will be featured as soloist in front of the big band, and along with many striking effects, the music of Fats Waller will be featured. This explains the title of the show, which will be *One Doesn't Know Do One?*, derived from the famous Fats Waller phrase.

This show is available for touring Australia and New Zealand from April 1982. All enquiries should be addressed to Peter Brendle Enterprises, GPO Box 1556, Sydney 2001 or phone (02) 221-3304.

The show will be broken in during the February period: in Canberra (Workers Club, February 13) and Newcastle (Belmont Sailing Club, February 27).

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# ...and we've also heard

By Dick Scott\*

One of the few defences we have against an oppressive society is that society's lack of a sense of humour. Indeed, totalitarian states can never stop themselves appearing ludicrous. This was brought very much to mind with the appearance of the book whose title would draw the eye of any jazz lover — *The Bass Saxophone* by Josef Skvorecky, published by Pan Books under their Picador label. It has two novellas which make excellent reading but of real interest here is the 18 page section covering the difficulties of playing, and broadening the knowledge of, jazz under the most oppressive regime of modern times — the Nazis. Indeed, the youngsters involved endured more bastardry than even the slavemasters of the South could mete out.

Those defenders of Aryan culture declared that jazz was Judeo-Negroid music. Czech born Skvorecky reproduces from memory the Nazi rules for popular music which, if you can ignore the horrors of the Holocaust, there was even a swing band at Buchenwald, truly border on the ludicrous. Skvorecky paraphrased the rules fifteen years after first reading them, but says they engraved themselves so deeply on his mind that their accuracy is implicit. Here they are:—

1 Pieces in foxtrot rhythm (so-called swing) are not to exceed 20% of the repertoires of light orchestras and dance bands;

2 in this so-called jazz type repertoire, preference is to be given to compositions in a major key and to lyrics expressing joy in life rather than Jewishly gloomy lyrics;

3 as to tempo, preference is also to be given to brisk compositions over slow ones (so-called blues); however, the pace must not exceed a certain degree of allegro, commensurate with the Aryan sense of discipline and moderation. On no account will Negroid excesses in tempo (so-called hot jazz) or in solo performances (so-called breaks) be tolerated;

\* Dick Scott is a professional journalist and jazz writer for the Daily Mirror and The Australian.

4 so-called jazz compositions may contain at most 10% syncopation; the remainder must consist of a natural legato movement devoid of the hysterical rhythmic reverses characteristic of the music of the barbarian races and conducive to dark instincts alien to the German people (so-called riffs);

5 strictly prohibited is the use of instruments alien to the German spirit (so-called cow-bells, flexatone, brushes, etc.) as well as all mutes which turn the noble sound of wind and brass instruments into a Jewish-Freemasonic yowl (so-called wa-wa, hat, etc.);



6 also prohibited are so-called drum breaks longer than half a bar in four-quarter beat (except in stylized military marches);

7 the double bass must be played solely with the bow in so-called jazz compositions;

8 plucking of the strings is prohibited, since it is damaging to the instrument and detrimental to Aryan musicality; if a so-called pizzicato effect is absolutely desirable for the character of the composition, strict care must be taken lest the string be allowed to patter on the sordine, which is henceforth forbidden;

9 musicians are likewise forbidden to make vocal improvisations (so-called scat);

10 all light orchestras and dance bands are advised to restrict the use of saxophones of all keys and to substitute for them the violin-cello, the viola or possibly a suitable folk instrument.

And to pile further stupidity onto a ludicrous theme let Skvorecky have the final word 'When this unseemly Decalogue appeared in a story of mine in Czechoslovakia's first jazz almanac (it was in 1958), the censors of an entirely different dictatorship confiscated the entire edition.'

Later on he adds 'Jazz still leads a precarious existence in the heart of European political insanity, although the battlefield has shifted elsewhere.'

Skvorecky has been teaching at the Department of English of the Erindale College in the University of Toronto.

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The more perceptive critics have noted elsewhere that, while jazz is healthy in volume in Australia, much of it does not appear to be interested in stretching the boundaries of the music. They are saying, frankly, that much of the local product is merely imitative. And despite the efforts of Dave Dallwitz, John Sangster and others in producing an authentic Australian sound the exploring of the bounds of the music has been largely ignored. Violinist Jon Rose is undaunted. Explaining his Relative Band Idea he says 'If you like, it's a band that isn't a band, the membership changes every time there is a concert. It is an attempt to bring together many different approaches to freely improvised music. Each individual's music is presented solo and in various combinations.'

'In this way, the many differences between the performers, in concept and style, are the basis of music-making. Most musicians concerned with Free Improvisation like to work in this sort of format — unfixed and mobile — like the music.'

The following musicians will be appearing in the Festival — Henry Kaiser (Guitar), Greg Goodman (Piano), Julian Driscoll (Trumpet), Jorg Todzy (Cello), Jim Denley (Flutes), Dave Ellis (Double Bass), Rik Rue (Saxo-

phone), Simone de Haan (Trombone), Phil Davison (Saxophone), Christella (Miscellaneous), and Jon Rose (Violin, Cello).

Three of these musicians are very well known overseas — Henry Kaiser, Greg Goodman (both from The U.S.A.) and Jon Rose (originally from London but resident in Australia). In fact they first met at The Moers International New Jazz Festival in Germany where they were performing this year.

All three have played with many of the innovators associated with this music — Dereck Bailey, Evan Parker, Toshinori Kondo, Paul Rutherford, Gunther Christmann, Maarten Alterna, etc — the list is long. Perhaps one of the most interesting associations (for electric guitar devotees) was that of Henry Kaiser and legendary Rock guitarist — Fred Frith (founder of 'Henry Cow' — the progressive Art Rock Band). There is a record available of this duo on Kaiser's own record label — Metalinguage.

Concerts will be held at Exiles Gallery, The Basement, 2MBS-FM, the Art Gallery of NSW, and at the Wollongong Art Gallery. Further information from Fringe Benefit Records (02) 455-1443 or Blues and Fugues on (02) 264-7722.



Violinist Jon Rose

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There have been several local record releases lately that demonstrate a lack of professionalism and, let's face it, proper promotion. I refer to the stupid habit of producing a record with no cover or liner notes other than a perfunctory list of titles and personnel. How anyone can imagine that their efforts will sell just on the name on the front cover is beyond me. Even the most avid collector of the greats will look askance, or at least with suspicion, at a release of their favourite without

explanatory notes. Is it arrogance or ignorance that leads to this basic lack of service to potential customers? If it is arrogance then we can do without them. If ignorance, there are a number of writers around who would deem it their duty to help any musician who feels that the written word is beyond them.

Presumably, these people go into the studio in order that their efforts will reach a wider public — so what is the point of repelling potential fans?

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Both Ray Brown and Herb Ellis have made frequent visits but pianist Monty Alexander will only be known on record. The trio will be here from the 19th January and will visit every major centre.

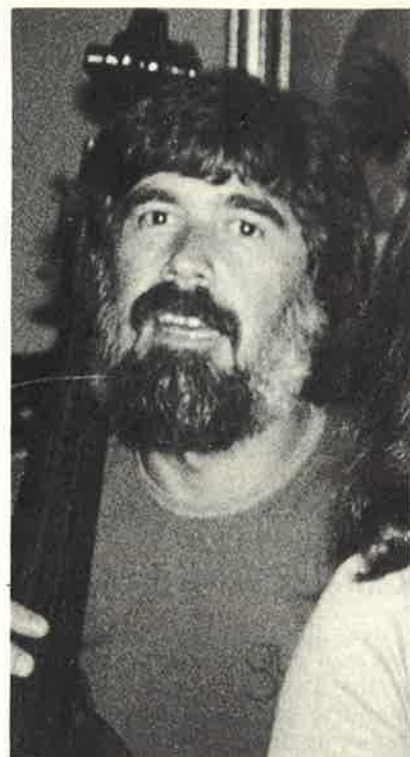
Others on their way on Australia-wide tours are Cleo Laine with husband John Dankworth, Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen, George Melly backed by John Chilton and his Feetwarmers. Chilton incidentally, is the author of the Who's Who that accompanies the excellent Time/Life series that has already released three record sets of Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington among others. Your local press will be the best guide to venues and dates.

Unfortunately the recent mail strike plus the Christmas/New Year break has restricted the amount of interstate news in this issue. Now that things are back to some sort of normalcy we will be pleased to report activities from right around Australia and New Zealand. But, please, let us have your information well before the publication date of each issue.



Bassist Ray Brown

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Another bassist, Dave Ellis

The Don Banks Memorial Jazz Fellowships for 1982, sponsored by Pan American Airways and the Music Board of the Australia Council, have been awarded to the pianist Paul McNamara and the guitarist Peter O'Mara.

O'Mara left Sydney in June 1981 in the company of the pianist Mike Bartolomei and the saxophonist Graham Jesse, to study privately in New York. He has studied with Dave Liebman, John Scofield, and Jack Wilson, and attended a one week seminar at a school in Vermont run by Attila Zoller. There he studied with Jimmy Rancey, Roland Hanna, and George Mraz as well as Attila Zoller.

Through Zoller he was offered a part-time teaching job at the jazz and studio music department of Memphis State University to begin in January 1982.

In September 1981 he left New York for Munich, West Germany, and played concerts in duo with Attila Zoller, who was then on tour in Germany. From October to December he worked with jazz groups in Munich, Frankfurt and Vienna, as well as with his own quartet.

O'Mara will take up the Don Banks Fellowship in May 1982 in New York. He hopes to teach in Memphis until the end of April 1982, then return to Sydney briefly before heading back to New York.

# Record Reviews



## JOHN SANGSTER "Requiem (for a loved one)" Rain Forest Records RFLP 005

Jazz composition is no less worthy and exacting a process than the writing of poetry. And it has always seemed to me that Dave Dallwitz and John Sangster – surely the most inventive, prolific and exciting of present-day Australian jazz composers – have certain affinities with their counterparts in our poetry.

Dallwitz, one might say, is of the Jindyworobak school; as with the poetry of Rex Ingamells, Ian Mudie and others, his jazz compositions like *Nullarbor* and the *Ned Kelly* and *Riverboat* suites are tied, without compromising their jazz integrity in the least, to a specifically Australian background. Sangster, on the other hand, like Douglas Stewart, Ken Slessor and others in our poetry, writes as an Australian, but with a more general perspective – from his Hobbits music, say, to the jazz equivalent of delicate love poems; in this case, Vol II of His Jazz-Music series, *Requiem (for a loved one)*, on Rain Forest.

With a line-up of the best jazzmen we can offer, including Bob Barnard, Graeme Lyall, John McCarthy, Keith Hounslow, Paul Furniss, Errol Buddle, – Sangster celebrates she who was "sweet . . . and lovely and lively and little . . . Bo Diddley we called her . . . . . but she never got to Paris France".

Here are nine tracks for the jazz connoisseur, whether in Sydney, San Francisco or Timbuctoo. As far as I'm concerned, Australian jazz came of age years ago; this album is further confirmation of the international status of our jazz and its musicians. From the first track, *Goodbye Bo Diddley* with the lilting lyricism of Lyall's tenor, McCarthy's clarinet and a superlative bass line from Chris Qua to the glorious ensembles of the last track, *Requiem*, the music is a delight of imaginative writing and its improvised interpretation. In short, a miracle of simplicity of theme and magnificence of execution.

It is really invidious to particularize. And yet one must record highlights like Bob Barnard's plunger solo in *A Song for Bo* (verily, Bubber Miley incarnated in 1981); the nostalgic elegance recreated by the clarinet sequences in *Nor Ever Got to Paris France*; Tony Gould's dreamily introspective piano backing to Barnard in *Little Sweet One*; Hounslow's cornet swinging and singing like a summer breeze in *Oo-Roo Boddil*; Herb Cannon's earthy trombone choruses over those magnificent clarinets again in *Little Lovely One*. All of which underlines John Sangster's writing genius and makes it jazz to cherish. Go buy it!

Clement Semmler

## FREDDIE HUBBARD "Outpost" Enja 3095 (ARD)

For some time, there have been those critics and fans who have lambasted Freddie Hubbard for "selling out" and all that kind of stuff. Well, there's no need for them to sound off any more on that score. All they need to do is give their ears a treat and listen to the music on this 1981 recording.

A five-track, most welcome, album, it is evidence of the prodigious technique, compelling chops and great ideas of one Frederick Dewayne Hubbard. The rhythm section is part of the quartet Freddie used last year for his New York dates: pianist Kenny Barron, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Al Foster.

Kenny, who was with Freddie in the late sixties, has a marvellously controlled touch, and is known for his meaty work. Bassist Williams demonstrates his full, rich sound and splendid intonation: his blowing on *Santa Anna Winds*, with the pianist's backdrop, imaginative, complementing, is extraordinarily effective. And Al Foster has the drive, consistency and true sense of dynamics that inspired the leader to say of him, "Al Foster knocked me out".

Freddie's on flugelhorn for a nicely shaded, lyrical version of *You Don't Know What Love Is*, and his scorching trumpet hits a double high C about the middle of his original *The Outpost Blues*. And dig that last note, F above high C! He hits it and holds it, even though it sounds rather thin, as though he hadn't fully prepared for it. But that's nit-picking.

What a thrill in store when the trumpetman makes his scheduled visit here, later this month! We'll be ready for Freddie, and, judging by this LP, Freddie is all ready for us.

Joya Jenson

This month JAZZ welcomes two distinguished jazz writers to its ranks of record reviewers. Clement Semmler, former Deputy-Chairman of the ABC, writes on a number of subjects, including jazz for *The Bulletin*; Bill Haesler is one of Australia's foremost authorities on traditional, or classic, jazz.



## THE GRAEME BELL ALL STARS "Jazz" Sea Horse Records SH 002

The current Graeme Bell All Stars is not all that new, having been formed in June 1979, about eight months before the Sea Horse recording was made in February 1980. So this review is long overdue.

Already the band has made an overseas trip, completed successful Australian, ABC, Arts Council and other tours and attended a Jazz Convention and a Brisbane festival.

Although the music on the album lacks the fire of the December 1981 All Stars, it is still representative of a typical G. Bell performance.

Graeme has put the group together with his usual finesse. Jack Wiard has, over his years in Sydney, shown a technique and musical ability few can touch, Ken Herron (sadly, for this was his last record) demonstrates again why many of us consider him one of Australia's greatest musicians and Bob Henderson is a driving hot lead trumpet player; the whole backed by a more than competent rhythm section consisting of Graeme, Stan Kenton and Ken Harrison.

The choice of tunes which includes *South*, *Melancholy*, *Georgia Camp Meeting* and *Muskrat Ramble* has been aimed at the buying public and not mouldy old collectors like myself, but as Graeme has been heard to remark on occasions, the jazz collector does not pay the rent — the public does; and that means Bell fans. So this record is for them.

Lesley Lambert has a pleasant voice to be heard to advantage on *Sugar*, Ken Herron and Bob Henderson have a vocal each, and the solo *Honey Hush*, highlights Graeme's competent piano talent, so often buried in ensemble playing and band solo spots.

His subtle arrangements shine through every now and then, just to prove that this is a working band and not another casual Sydney trad group.

The Graeme Bell All Stars, featured on this release may never achieve the popularity of the 1947 Dixieland Band, the 1950's Australian Jazz Band or the brilliance of the early 1960's All Stars with Bob Barnard, but time will undoubtedly prove this to be one of Graeme's better groups.

Sydney fans can catch this band at their leisure. Interstate and country Bell enthusiasts should add this record to their collection.

*If your taste in Graeme Bell's music is more nostalgic, then watch out for the reissues of the 1947-48 recordings made in Czechoslovakia and France on their first overseas tour, now out on Swaggie — but more about those next issue.*

Bill Haesler

## COL LOUGHNAN & STEVE MURPHY "Feel The Breeze" (Seaside YPRX-1862)

On this LP Col Loughnan (flute, soprano & tenor saxophones) and Steve Murphy (electric & acoustic guitars), by performing as a duo without the benefit of a rhythm section, set out to completely expose themselves in a highly demanding playing situation.

They cover a lot of ground, including sensitive readings of two of the great ballads in jazz, *Sophisticated Lady* and *When Sunny Gets Blue*. Another ballad *Body and Soul* is taken at a medium, swinging tempo. They effortlessly rip through the Charlie Parker classic *Confirmation*, and venture into Jobim-style bossa nova territory with the lovely Cole Porter standard *I Concentrate On You*.

Each musician contributes an original composition: *Feel The Breeze*, a ballad with beautiful changes by Loughnan, and a chunky blues by Murphy, called *The Coogee Shuffle*. *Entr'acte*, a somewhat dramatic exercise in Spanish-flavoured music, is a tour de force, showing Loughnan at his best on the flute.

My one reservation about this LP concerns the concept, rather than the music itself. Any group which performs without bass runs the risk of producing a feeling of austerity, which is demanding on the listener as well as on the performer. I hasten to say that the absence of a bass does not mean that there are any pulse problems in this music; both musicians have excellent time.

But the trend towards chamber music in jazz, which has encouraged musicians to form bass-less duos, has one inevitable result — the feeling usually that something has to compensate for the bass. Thus, Murphy makes a great fist of a walking bass on the guitar, and Loughnan occasionally contributes moving lines which approximate that role behind Murphy's solos, but my general feeling is that the end-product inevitably exalts musicianship and, to some extent, sacrifices warmth.

This may seem a paradoxical comment to make in the case of Col Loughnan and Steve Murphy, who are two of the warmest players in Australian jazz. Loughnan in particular is distinguished by his full sound on all instruments — a lush, modern, contemporary sound with just the right amount of vibrato.

In the end, therefore, this LP is basically about musicianship, which is tight, well-disciplined and undoubtedly superior, making the most of a limited playing situation. *Feel The Breeze* could only have been produced by jazz musicians of great ability and, in the case of Loughnan and Murphy, theirs is never in doubt.

Eric Myers

# RECORD DIGEST

BY JOYA JENSON

## JAY McSHANN

- "Going To Kansas City"
- Swaggle S 1322 (Carinia)

Blues-drenched pianist "Hootie" McShann is engaged in a loose, happy session with long-time friends, tenorists Buddy Tate and Julian Dash, bassist Gene Ramey and drummer Gus Johnson Jr. He also sings two of his originals, *Hootie's Ignorant Oil* and *Four Day Rider* in an easy, rollicking, infectious manner. A couple of tracks are from the original Basie band book, namely *Doggin' Around* and *Blue And Sentimental* - the latter must be one of the prettiest songs Basie wrote. Buddy Tate displays his soulful clarinet balladry on this track, a far cry from his hard-driving tenor style. As for the pianist/leader, he has a wonderful touch and is thoroughly familiar with the classic Blues form. The Kansas City tradition melts with the Jay McShann tradition in a rich blend.

## SHELLY MANNE

- "Shelly Manne & His Men At The Black Hawk, Vol. 3"
- Contemporary S 7579 (ARD)

Only three tracks (but what tracks!) to this classic 1959 re-issue, *I Am In Love*, *Whisper Not* and *Black Hawk Blues* - material that is really ripe for the picking by supreme blowers. And no worries, they are along, with ample space to stretch out and make themselves comfortable. The album also serves to remind us what a superb tenor player Richie Kamuca was; his wailing has to be heard to be believed. Joe Gordon's often delicate trumpet phrasing both complements and contrasts with Richie's, while pianist Victor Feldman and bassist Monty Budwig are in fine fettle with plenty to say. And say it they do - worthy rhythmical partners to Shelly, one of the greatest of the mainstream drummers. What delicious cooking! I can't wait for Vol. 4.

## GARY BURTON QUARTET

- "Easy As Pie"
- ECM 1184 (Carinia)

This 1981 recording from vibraharpist Gary Burton, with Jim Odgren, Steve Swallow and Mike Hyman, includes two Chick Corea compositions, *Tweek* and *Stardancer*, a Carla Bley, *Reactionary Tango*, Billy Strayhorn/Duke Ellington's *Isfahan* and Oscar Levant's *Blame It*

*On My Youth*. This last, complete with verse, is the most sensitive reading of the standard you'll get to hear. It finds the leader in a solo setting, and it seems Gary really feels the bitter-sweetness in every line of the lyric as the pain and the beauty come through. It's hard to imagine how the vibist's four-mallet work could be bettered, and the same goes for the excellent support given by bass guitarist Steve Swallow. *Isfahan*, from the Ellington/Strayhorn *Far East Suite*, features languorous, long lines from the little-known altoist, Jim Odgren, who should become better-known on the strength of his work on this track alone.

## STU GOLDBERG

- "Solos, Duos, Trio With Coryell & Subramaniam"
- MPS 0068.202 (Carinia)

This collection of pieces is an enchanting blend of Eastern and Western musical characteristics in all forms. Stu Goldberg, at times sounding like Keith Jarrett, is heard on two piano solo tracks, two duos with Larry Coryell, one duo cut with Dr. L. Subramaniam and a trio setting. The fast-flying improvisations of that truly amazing guitarist, Larry Coryell, on the only standard, *I Remember April*, are masterful and exciting, with some Charlie Christian licks thrown in for good measure. Using some very complex rhythms and gypsy-like melodies, one of India's premier violinists, L. Subramaniam, helps Western ears to a fuller enjoyment of the music, with his wide variety of harmonic variations: *Vrindavan* and *Satya Priya (True Love)*, passionate and moving compositions by Subramaniam and Goldberg, are based on ragas. Kipling notwithstanding, on this record the twain do meet - and with glowing beauty.

## ARTIE SHAW AND HIS ORCHESTRA

- "The Best Of Artie Shaw: Concerto For Clarinet"
- RCA VPM2 7000

There are so many ever-loving popular tracks on this two-record set issue that I can give only a few of the highlights. The 1938 band plays Artie's original theme, *Nightmare* and the million seller, *Begin The Beguine*. Any *Old Time* with Billie's vocal and Tony Pastor's tenor, and *Back Bay Shuffle* with Tony

again and the incomparable Johnny Best, are from that same session. *Deep Purple*, with the 1939 band that included Buddy Rich, features that vocal by Helen Forrest. *Frenesi*, *Stardust* and Artie's two-part *Concerto For Clarinet* are from the 1940 band. The late "Hot Lips" Page really lives up to his nickname on *Blues In The Night* with his trumpet and vocalizing. The year was 1941, and in the band were Max Kaminsky, Johnny Guarnieri and Dave Tough. There's *One Night Stand*, *Traffic Jam*, *Oh, Lady Be Good* et al. And, throughout, the glorious, soaring, lyrical clarinet of Artie Shaw. The cover notes could be more explicit, but the music is something else again. It speaks for itself. Simply great, and nostalgia plus.

## RICHIE COLE with PHIL WOODS

- "Side By Side"
- Muse MR 5237 (Avan-Guard)

The doyen of altoists, Phil Woods, and his star pupil, the ebullient Richie Cole, unite for an exciting live performance, recorded last year. And "tough tenor" Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis joins them on the first track, *Save Your Love For Me*, adding fuel to the fire. *Polka Dots And Moonbeams* has Richie in solo lyrical mood while Phil takes a breather, and the last cut is a tribute to Eddie Jefferson, *Eddie's Mood*, which segues into the old pop tune, *Side By Side*. Two bop anthems, Charlie Parker's *Scrapple From The Apple* and *Donna Lee*, find Phil and Richie digging in like there's no tomorrow. Before they jump into *Scrapple*, however, they make like they're laying down the sound track of a movie about two seals in love, and Richie expounds on the "molecules of bebop". Sheer alto madness!





RAY BROWN TRIO  
 Featuring Monty Alexander  
 and Jeff Hamilton  
 ERNESTINE ANDERSON



**RAY BROWN TRIO**  
 — "Live At The Concord Jazz Festival 1979"

— Concord Jazz CJ-102 (Festival)

Master bassist Ray Brown can do no wrong. For some spellbinding, listen to his first chorus on Jobim's *Manha De Carnaval* and you'll soon get the message, loud and clear. His pitch-perfect, mature technique and beautiful big tone don't stop there, however — they surge throughout the album. Jamaican-born pianist Monty Alexander is a combination of spice and everything nice, with his Caribbean roots burning brightly alongside his bop, blues and mainstream musings. For sheer excitement, lend an ear to his chorus on Hoagy Carmichael's *Georgia*. The third member of the group is the young, talented Jeff Hamilton, who took over the drum chair in the L.A.4 on the departure of Shelly Manne. An extra added attraction is the appearance of Ernestine Anderson on the five tracks of *Side Two*; she's an exceptionally good singer, at times funky and fun-loving, and will be long and lovingly remembered by her many fans here.

**JACKIE AND ROY**  
 — "East Of Suez"

— Concord Jazz CJ-149 (Festival)

The vocal talents and impeccable musicianship of this husband and wife team have always been a joy, and their distinctive brand of vocalese, coupled with Roy's stylish piano, continues to sound even better than ever. And here they keep good company with Paul Johnson (vibes), Brian Torff (bass), Ralph Hardimon (percussion) and Jeff Hamilton (drums). Jackie's and Roy's knowledge of the bebop changes they grew up with ignite on two bop war-horses, the title track and *Anthropology*. Johnny Mandel's *Close Enough For Love* shimmers with Jackie's crystal-clear, close-to-the-melody word vocal: their wordless wizardry and Roy's bright, punchy piano delight on *D'Light* (in the key of D — what else?). But the *creme de la creme* is the gorgeous treatment of Alec Wilder's *It's So Peaceful In The Country*, a celebration of the timeless quality of the music of the late composer/lyricist and of the generally underrated talents of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral.

**HAMPTON HAWES**

— "Live At The Jazz Showcase In Chicago, Volume 1."

— Enja 3099 (ARD)

Recorded "live" in 1973, a few years before the death of pianist Hampton Hawes, this album wasn't made available for release until 1981. The considerable talent of the man is heard on the four (two a side) tracks, with his celebrated swing well in evidence. The opener, *Stella By Starlight*, with its *Stormy Weather* quote, demonstrates his intense and romantic style — *St. Thomas*, his romping, crisp playing. And invariably the bebop roots come to life on the cuts. *St. Thomas* also features a drum solo by Roy Haynes, who prides himself on his swing thing, and is into everything — he really lays it on you like the drum bop master he is. Bassist Cecil McBee certainly doesn't let the side down either: with pizz or bow, he's a potent force.

**GLEN GRAY & THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA**

— "Swing Goes On — Sounds Of The Great Bands"

— Capitol VMP-1098 (EMI)

Glen Gray, with a band of top professional musicians, has re-created, from the original arrangements, solos and sounds of some of the big hits from the Big Bands of the Swing Era. There are eighteen tracks, including Tommy Dorsey's *Song Of India*, Woody Herman's *At The Woodchopper's Ball*, Lionel Hampton's *Flying Home*, Count Basie's *Jumpin' At The Woodside*, Glenn Miller's *String Of Pearls*, Bob Crosby's *South Rampart Street Parade*, Andy Kirk's *Moten Swing* and Benny Goodman's *Let's Dance*. Recreations are not everybody's bag, but if you're into them and you dig the big sounds of Swing, don't miss an opportunity to check this one out.

**HELEN HUMES**

— "Helen"

— Muse MR 5233 (Avan-Guard)

The lady is in top form, singing and swinging her way through six well-crafted tunes, backed by six remarkable musicians. It's always delightful to hear *Easy Living* and *You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me*, and there's an extra bonus in the inclusion of *Evil Gal Blues* and *Why Try To Change Me Now*. This last finds Helen in a mellow mood, reflected beautifully by her backing group, led by MD Norman Simmons, a "singer's pianist" and a marvellous soloist in his own right. Master bassist George Duvivier demonstrates the real art of walking, and when you add Joe Wilder (trumpet), Buddy Tate (tenor), Butch Miles (drums) and Billy Butler (guitar) you have the kind of great lineup the lady deserves. Helen Humes died last year. This album is a splendid testimonial to one of the swingiest singers ever.

**MARK MURPHY**

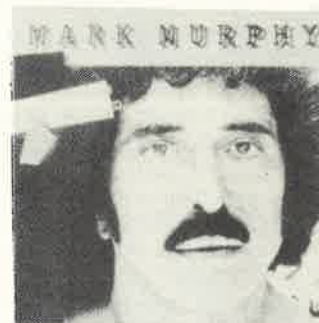
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# The Len Barnard Story

(PART 7)

— *“Beauty is the vision of the artist, and a man is a great composer of music not because he represents in sound what it feels like to be a locomotive, but because his mind is made of the stuff that would have made him a great musician before steam-engines were thought of,”*  
James Agate (1928)

When Galapagos Duck arrived in Kassel, Germany, we were welcomed by Willi Borcher, a gentle German with a slow American drawl. He was an ex-prisoner of war, and had been employed by the Americans as an interpreter in European prison-camps. He loved jazz and was the curator of the Kassel Museum and Art Gallery, which was once the Kaiser's summer palace. It was grandeur unsurpassed, with heart-stopping views, soft drizzle in diffused sunshine, handsome gazebos in superbly landscaped gardens, and evoked the whole ethos of the graciousness of the 19th century in one afternoon.

Our concert was a sellout, and very successful, so we charged across Europe into Switzerland and to the beautiful village of Les Avants, where Peter Brendle's sister, Ruth, was in charge of Joan Sutherland's house. Thanks to Ruth and Peter and their parents, the hospitality was first class.

We needed a band rehearsal, but everything “got out of hand,” as usual, and the only rehearsing that happened, was Greg Foster's long walks in the alpine fields, as he listened to the cowbells which were attached to every piece of cattle. Les Avants overlooked the highly expensive city of Montreux, where we played an outdoor Saturday after-

noon concert at the prestigious Festival. I feel that it has become an annual place-to-go-and-pose with-latest-gear-and-sunglasses, and the jazz is not altogether paramount as it should be. A vast complaint, I grant you, but one must report the basic observations and resultant feelings. So, it had all been idyllic so far, and we set off for Munich to a general dousing of spirits, due to a husband-wife feud between the proprietors of the Jazz Allotria Salon. The surname eludes me, but Herman the German and his Frau will suffice. The publicity for our appearance was poor, and we stayed 13 miles out of town at his motel, a ragtime establishment. Herman had the sallow complexion, thin wrists, and sharpish teeth of the habitual drunkard, and kept up a high pitched cackle which went (interminably), — “Nothing can possibly go wrong. Hee, ho hee —.” Anyway, on the night, everything possible went wrong. Herman's Frau wouldn't let me use the tatterdemalion Trixon drum kit, nor would they provide a piano, the upshot being that we packed up (I can still see the brass instruments going into those coffin-like green metal trunks), and left, amid glowering remarks of “very bad” from the sipping customers. I've never been quite sure whether they meant, knowingly, the feud of the management, or that the Australian band was being precious and recalcitrant. We roared back to the motel, to the mortified concern of the staff — and of Herman, apparently, who was “unobtainable”. We decided to drive all night to Calais, thence to London. Bureaucratic balls-up at Dover about work permits was overcome eventually, then we met James Hunt, Cultural Attache at Australia House, who was a gentleman and helpful as well. We played the 100 Club in Oxford Street, supported by expatriate Australians Dave McCrae (piano), and Ray Warleigh (saxophones). Or saxophone and half-dozen of the other. It was a sellout again, and this prompted James Hunt to organise a special concert in the main hall at Australia House, in which one only previous concert was performed by an obscure fiddle-player named Yehudi Menuhin. I think every Australian in London was there that night and you could “feel the warm”. Some of Tom's relatives from Dagenham were there. Always loved that word, Dagenham; sounds like a nondescript breakfast dish. They were enchanted, of course. Thence to Brussels and a concert on the steps of the Opera House, but a flashback here to the comic opera entry into East Germany. We wanted to visit Bach's house in Eisenach, about 25 miles over the border. The search, the spurious doubt about Ray Alldrige's passport photograph, the posturing, the \$10 each road tax, the whole charade was very enlightening, and not one smidgeon edifying. Same bunkum occurred on the way back. Grin and bear it? Only once, thank you. Anyway, after this tour, we came back and continued at the newly renovated Basement. Bruce Viles had got cracking while



Len Barnard playing at the Montreux Festival, 1980



*Galapagos Duck performing in Basel, Switzerland.*

we were away, and it was great to see the transformation, much of it due to Tom's work prior to the tour. Then came a job fit for the *Guinness Book of Records*. We flew from Sydney to Miami, Florida, via San Francisco (where Ray's synthesiser was knocked off), and New Orleans (where we didn't even smell the gumbo, but only the petrol as we refuelled), to represent Polygram Records at Musexpo. We played a 40 minute set at this vast function, and were on the plane at 7.30 a.m. the next morning for Sydney. In Miami, I bought some swimming trunks so that I could dunk myself in the Gulf of Mexico, but they didn't fit, and it rained anyway. I think.

Towards the end of 1980, Tom decided on a new policy for G. Duck, which involved two keyboard players, a more sophisticated lighting setup, and more electronic sounds. Some of us disagreed, and after the usual classic "throw-down" in the office, Chris Qua, Col Nolan, and myself resigned. No acid remains from this, as we are all close friends. As ever.

It was just a question of policy, which seems to have paid off for the band in the long scheme of things. The wheels turned fast then. Tom rang Laurie Thompson, and offered him the gig on drums which he accepted. Laurie had been with Brother Bob's band for some time. At 9.30 a.m. the next morning Bob rang me with - "What's going on?!!!!" I replied - "Well, I'm not working tonight, if you need a man on tubs -." So the old wheel turns again, and I'm back to where Bob and I first started, mainstreaming it up with the utmost vigour.

Len Barnard  
December 1981



*The Duck sightseeing in Germany*



*Visiting Alcatraz, San Francisco*

*NOTE: This instalment concludes the seven-part Len Barnard Story. For those who may have missed earlier instalments, copies are still available from the office of JAZZ magazine. Len Barnard will continue writing for us regularly. Next month he reveals all on John Sangster. Meanwhile, we are making strenuous efforts to bring you the Merv Acheson Story which, hopefully, will commence in our next edition.*



Lee Jeske on Keith Jarrett  
 Crossfire: *A Success Story?*  
 John Sangster by *Lên Barnard*  
 Johnny McCarthy by *John Clare*  
 Reviews of the Sydney and Melbourne Jazz Festivals  
 Norm Linehan Reports on the 36th Australian Jazz Convention  
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