

JAZZ

March/April 1982

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The Australasian contemporary Music Magazine



Lee Jeske writes on
KEITH JARRETT

FREDDIE HUBBARD
INTERVIEW

JOHN SANGSTER
by Len Barnard

DAVE DALLWITZ
by Bruce Johnson

JAZZ YATRA
by Eric Myers

behind the mike—
WILLIS CONOVER

MERY ACHESON STORY
(part 1)

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM
by Richard Hazlewood

CLEO LAINE
Here in March



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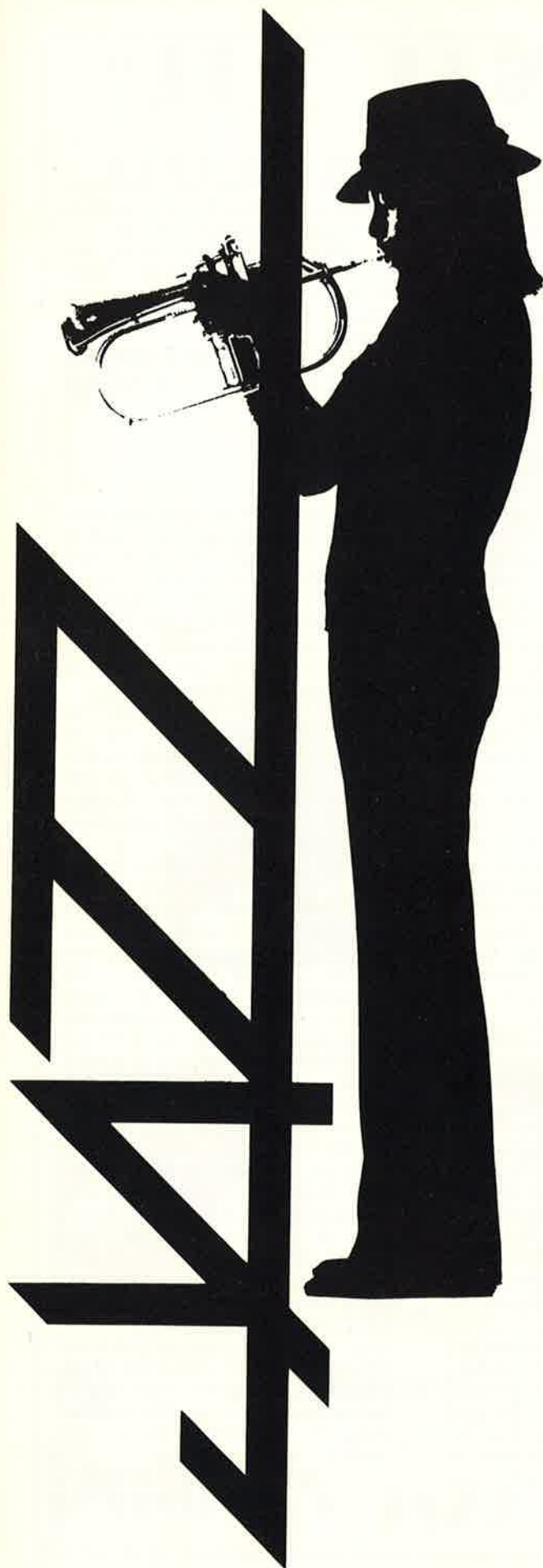
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Edit.

What is wrong in the Australian jazz world? Despite the evidence that jazz in this country is a more healthy and vibrant art form than ever before, there are many outstanding instrumentalists and singers all around Australia, particularly in the modern and contemporary idioms who, for one reason or another, rarely perform.

Also, following the various festivals in the New Year, which bring in overseas jazz artists to appear in many capital cities, all the gossip in the air is depressing. Various jazz promoters are reported to have gone broke, and there is talk of bounced cheques and musicians leaving for overseas without being paid.

Perhaps it is time for jazz entrepreneurs to concentrate less on conducting expensive tours of overseas stars and promote more wholeheartedly our own jazz performers. It is always nice to hear the so-called jazz greats from other countries, but one only has to hear a collection of international jazz groups (as I did recently at Bombay's Jazz Yatra festival) to realise that Australian groups, if only we knew it, are world-class.

Any number of our local groups would have killed 'em at Jazz Yatra: Crossfire, Phil Treloar's Expansions, the Dale Barlow Quartet, the Bruce Cale Quartet, the Keith Stirling Quintet, Pyramid, the Judy Bailey Quintet, Onaje, the Brian Brown Quartet, Serge Ermoll, are just some of the names which spring immediately to mind. Incidentally, these are mostly the contemporary and avant-garde players in our jazz spectrum, and most of them find it hard to get regular performances here. Overseas, before jazz audiences, they would be a sensation.

Some of you will notice that JAZZ magazine has joined the group under the umbrella of Showcast Publications Pty.Ltd. This is perhaps an appropriate opportunity to remind you of something obvious: we need the support of our readers in the form of subscriptions. Since the inception of JAZZ magazine, no-one has made much money out of it. In fact, many of us have continued to be involved in this magazine purely on a voluntary basis, hoping that we can produce a magazine that will be popular and helpful to jazz itself — the music we love.

We must have strong public support if the magazine is to survive and prosper. \$11 for a year's subscription is a small price to pay to help keep JAZZ afloat — the only national jazz magazine in this country. Consider what we can do for jazz; subscribe yourself, and encourage your friends to do likewise.

ERIC MYERS
Editor

Letters

Sir,

I cannot let pass without comment Geoff Bull's suggestion (JAZZ, December 1981) that the Frank Johnson, early Graeme Bell and Dave Dallwitz bands based their styles completely on the recordings of the Lu Watters band. Whatever similarities there may be, there is one thing that sets them apart. Watters was at the time exclusively and definitively a two-trumpet band; the three Australian bands were not.

Certainly Ade Monsborough played trumpet with Bell for some years, including during the two tours of Europe. On the first of these he played trombone and clarinet, and if it were not for a short passage on one track among the many recorded in Europe in 1947-48, one might wonder if he had his trumpet with him. On the second trip there is some two-trumpet work but the records show that this was usually confined to the opening passages after which Monsborough changed to clarinet for some interplay with Pixie Roberts — a feature in fact of records Monsborough made with Bell even before the first tour. The two-trumpet parts differ from Watters to the extent that Monsborough and Roger Bell more often played muted while Watters and Bob Scobey invariably played open. And the 1945 recording of *Georgia Camp Meeting / Back Home* is clearly inspired by King Oliver, as C. Ian Turner reported at the time.

Ken Evans used to sit in with the Johnson band, on other instruments as well as cornet, but cannot be regarded as a regular member of the band. He appeared on only one of the numerous recording sessions by Johnson 1948-1955, in 1949, which seems to, have been part of the two-trumpet fad that swept Melbourne briefly about that time and can hardly be attributed to the Watters recordings of 1941-1946 which had been well known in Australia for some years.

As for Dallwitz's Southern Jazz Group, with or without Monsborough's brief association of about six months in 1950, this band had a style so distinctive that any comparison with Watters is meaningless, so much so that in 1979 it was

proposed as being *the* distinctive Australian jazz sound — a proposition, I must add, that I do not accept.

I respect Geoff Bull's views, but I think it must be a long time since he heard the records to which he refers and his memory has not served him well.

NORM LINEHAN
North Bondi 2026

Sir,

As a recent visitor in Sydney from South Australia I was keenly awaiting my visit to many jazz venues. On a Saturday night I attended The Basement for a performance featuring guitar players such as Steve Erquiaga, Ike Isaacs, Jim Kelly and the like. This night was part of the Sydney Jazz Festival.

Little did I know what an intemperate experience I was to have. The music was of a high quality and so the aural element of any live performance was satisfied. All other elements of the live performance of music were forsaken.

After paying nine dollars for admission I was told to go upstairs because the downstairs level, where the musicians were, was too crowded. Visibility of the stage was utterly denied despite the management's attempt at using mirrors to see through what amounts to a crack in the floor. As if the bar prices weren't enough, the air conditioning system was effete, such that when I did sneak downstairs this burden had to be born in addition to the inconstant view of the musicians through people's heads. Apart from three bar stools, the only seating provided was for the diners, most of whom talked loudly and showed no interest in the music. Meanwhile the standing multitudes, being tense Sydneysiders, jostled and tussled for the best positions. Threatened fisticuffs and unpleasantly vicious stares were exchanged as the perspiration dribbled. High quality background music was the counterpoint to an evening set to test anyone's animal endurance.

MARK BLUMBERG
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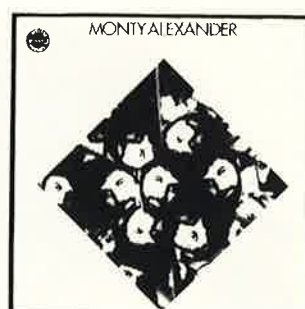


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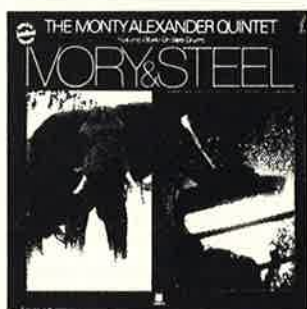
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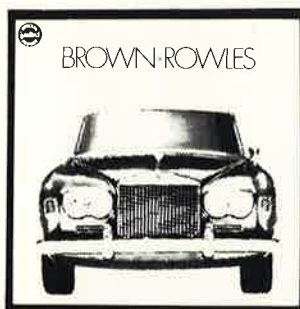
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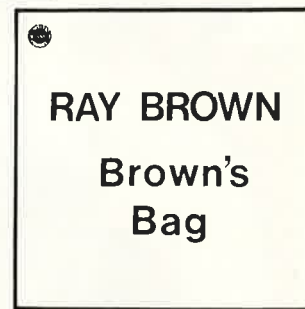


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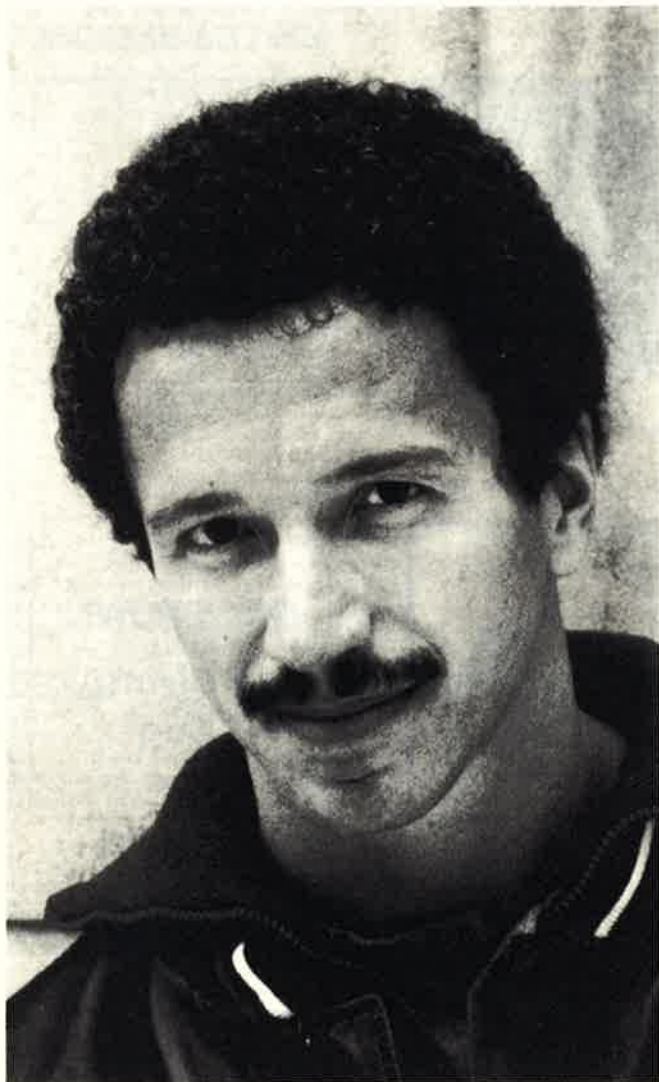
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KEITH JARRETT: A UNIQUE

by Lee Jeske *



Keith Jarrett. How can one describe Keith Jarrett? He possesses a prodigious talent as a pianist and kind of instantaneous composer. He is also one of the reigning Kings of Pretension: refusing to play on anything but a black concert grand piano, constantly berating audiences for their noisy behavior (coughing at a concert is, after all, a sign of inattention and boredom), refusing to do interviews, writing pompous program notes for his own concerts, trying to give

* Lee Jeske is JAZZ magazine's US correspondent, based in New York.

the appearance of being black (he's not).

He is also one of the most unpredictable and restive talents in modern music: turning out solo piano recitals; for a time leading two co-existing jazz quartets -- an American version (Dewey Redman, Paul Motian, Charlie Haden) and a European version (Jan Garbarek, Jon Christensen, Palle Danielsson); recording such esoteric material as the sacred hymns of composer/guru G.I. Gurdjieff; appearing at New York's Avery Fisher Hall playing the works of 20th Century classical composers Lou Harrison, Colin McPhee and Peggy Glanville-Hicks with the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra; recording on the pipe organ of West Germany's Ottobeuren Abbey; performing his orchestral work, *The Celestial Hawk*, with the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall as part of a program that featured the works of such distinguished (and present in the audience) American composers as William Schuman and Roger Sessions; releasing an unwieldy ten-record boxed set of solo appearances in Japan (*The Sun Bear Concerts*).

What is rather remarkable about all this is that Keith Jarrett retains a popularity that is unprecedented in jazz and is even rare in the classical realm. The Metropolitan Opera House in New York's Lincoln Center presented, over the past couple of seasons, only two solo piano recitals. Both sold out very quickly. One was by Keith Jarrett. The other was by Vladimir Horowitz.

How is this possible? *Who* is going to these concerts?

In the early '70s Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea were often mentioned in the same breath. However, the only thing the two pianists had in common - aside from tenures with Miles Davis - was their popularity. Corea became a jazz superstar by leading a flashy, electronic fusion ensemble, Return To Forever. Jarrett became a star by doing solo acoustic piano concerts that were wholly improvised. And Jarrett never sat still - figuratively *and* literally. When classical music critics began to pay attention, Jarrett would do an about-face and perform with one of his jazz quartets, or appear at a Newport Jazz Festival concert that included McCoy Tyner and Herbie Hancock. He would also turn off handfuls of critics by his constant movement at the piano: giving the appearance that he was lost in the fits of inspiration, Jarrett would gyrate and gesticulate, frequently ending up by playing on his knees. He would also keep up a constant murmur of high-pitched squeals that, at times, would become a form of vocalizing. Genius, communing with unseen spirits, said his admirers. Showboat, said his detractors.

Where did this anomaly spring from?

Keith Jarrett was born in Allentown, Pennsylvania, on May 8, 1945. At the age of three it was discovered that the young Jarrett had perfect pitch and, right out of swaddling clothes, he began taking piano lessons. He remembers his first solo recitals were for the Allentown Women's Club. He was six or seven years old. Sometime in there he was attracted to jazz and actually put in some time with a dixieland band and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. At the age of 17, Jarrett received a *down beat* scholarship which enabled him to attend the Berklee School of Music.

At Berklee he began explorations of various jazz forms

TALENT OR KING OF PRETENSION ?

and would sit in with the likes of Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Tony Scott. After his tenure at Berklee, Jarrett moved to New York and spent four months as one of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (trumpeter Chuck Mangione was another member). In the spring of 1966, Charles Lloyd hired the pianist.

The Lloyd band was unusually popular, for a jazz unit of the mid-'60s. They constantly toured Europe and made a widely-publicized tour of the Soviet Union in 1967. The Lloyd aggregation - which included bassist Cecil McBee and drummer Jack DeJohnette - began to break through to the rock audience. They were booked at both the east and west versions of Bill Graham's Fillmore and began the stream of rock listeners who would become more and more devoted to jazz as the next decade progressed. Certainly Jarrett's flamboyance, not to mention his astonishing technical prowess and his ability to play the soprano saxophone as well as the piano, was an important factor in the group's popularity. During his stint with Lloyd, Jarrett began making his first recordings as a leader, for one now-defunct Atlantic subsidiary, Vortex. The music on those albums ranged from brilliant to awful. Best was a trio album with Haden and Motian, *Somewhere Before* (recently reissued on Atlantic's new Jazzlore label), which included, aside from the Jarrett originals, versions of the standard, *Dedicated To You*, and the Bob Dylan composition, *My Back Pages*. Worst was an album called *Restoration Ruin* which included Jarrett lyrics, Jarrett vocals and Jarrett on no less than eleven different instruments.

In 1970, Keith Jarrett signed on with that harbinger of jazz talent, Miles Davis. From Miles's bands of the few years of the late-'60s and early-'70s would emerge an entire generation of jazz stars: John McLaughlin, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul, Billy Cobham, Tony Williams, George Benson, Ron Carter, Jack De Johnette and Airto Moreira. To name a few.

In the unbelievable short ten years since Keith Jarrett parted company with Miles Davis, he has done everything contained in the second paragraph. He began various experiments in the early-'70s: a duet album with Gary Burton and one with DeJohnette, adding Dewey Redman to the trio with Motian and Haden and, most importantly, found an audience for his incredible solo concerts. Jarrett became two separate entities - a leader of an experimental, though always swinging, jazz quartet (with a contract with Impulse Records) and a recitalist of instantly-woven, lengthy piano explorations (with a contract with ECM Records).

Surprisingly, it was the solo pianist Jarrett who took off. His ground-breaking three-record set, *Solo Concerts*, caught fire and attracted a diverse audience, from the jazz fans who were already familiar with him to the classical fans who were attracted to his obviously rich absorption of classical modes and techniques, to rock fans, who were attracted by the heavily romantic qualities of the music (I'm tempted here to compare Jarrett to Rod McKuen or Neil Simon or others who have found a wide popular appeal working in an artistic art form, but that wouldn't be fair to Jarrett - he is, really, much better than that).

At the same time that the solo appearances began to garner wide attention, Jarrett solidified his jazz reputation appearing at the Newport Jazz Festival two successive years, once as the opener for a concert featuring Mary Lou Williams and Sonny Rollins and, the next year, sandwiched between the unlikely combination of Oregon and the Thelonious Monk Quartet.


As the '70s progressed, Jarrett grew in popularity, grew in diversity of projects and grew in pretention. He eschewed electronic instruments completely and began spouting hare-brained philosophies of life and art. He constantly stopped concerts in mid-stream to lecture the audience on their demeanor and self-consciously began to play the role of The Artist.

As an example of this, I quote here the program notes for *The Celestial Hawk*. The quotation marks, parenthetical

Clifford Hocking presents

KEITH JARRETT

plays
SOLO PIANO

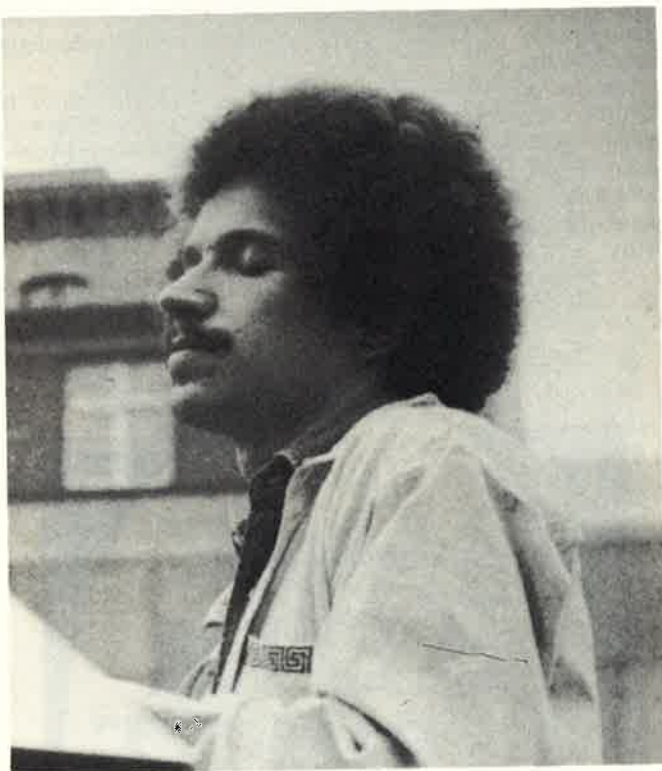


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remarks, and italics are Jarrett's:

I suppose the purpose of program notes is, many times, to "explain" (after the fact) the piece to be heard in terms that might "help" the listener "understand" what the composer was trying to do. Or what went through his mind; or what the dream he had meant; or why (symbolically, of course) he or she used three trumpets; or what blueprint was used to create such "new" sounds, etc.... But this presupposes an already existing knowledge on the part of the composer that I neither have nor wish to have. To me, the process itself is what it's all about. I don't want to use the process, but I might like to hear it.

This piece beckoned me for a long time (several months) until the day when I finally let the first mark on the music paper appear (after falsely thinking that I would create the first sound); after that I was in the hands of the music, not vice versa. I was the process, not the policeman. It's the only role, perhaps, worthy of the Muse.



Keith Jarrett in performance

Of course, what confounds one's wish to tear apart this claptrap is the fact that *The Celestial Hawk* is a handsome piece of work that, while not approaching the depth or breadth of William Schuman's *Symphony No. 3*, with which it shared the program, showed a burgeoning talent of Jarrett's for symphonic composition.

As a matter of fact, Keith Jarrett is constantly confounding audiences and critics. When one thinks that he is going to disappear into a miasma of higher consciousness, he turns around and does something as down to earth as going into the Village Vanguard for a week with a jazz quartet. The result of that engagement - which was marked by unbelievably long, huddled lines snaking down Seventh Avenue from Max Gordon's landmark hole-in-the-wall - was the energetic and delightful *Nude Ants*, which showed that Jarrett is still an earthy, funky piano player. If you can ignore the constant bird noises that emanate from his throat.

Personally, I am more fond of Jarrett's projects than of his solo playing. I have always found his pianistics, for the most part, high-level noodling. Granted, at times he reaches

astounding heights of improvisation, but I think what he is most in need of is a personal, instantaneous editing mechanism. His solo *Facing You* LP is a delight - the pieces are short and to the point. When Jarrett begins one of his awfully-repetitive, awfully-long solo pieces, I find that I begin a squirming action in my seat that rivals the pianist's similar motions on stage. The 10-record *Sun Bear Concerts* to me epitomizes this meandering side of the solo pianist Jarrett. It is almost unlistenable in its turgid verbosity.

In one of his last interviews with a member of the jazz press, conducted by Robert Palmer and printed in *down beat* in October of 1974, Jarrett pretty well summed up his attitudes toward solo playing:

I'm not in a position to describe in words where it comes from. I've been letting it happen all by itself so much that I'm looking at it as something completely independent of me, which it really is. I'm just transmitting it. But recently I did eight solo concerts in Italy and I realised I was playing almost the same thing through whole concerts. I started to think I was boring the audience. Before the trip to Italy I had the experience of playing in a small room and I was playing one note. I got so much into this note that it was the only note I played for ... several minutes. I think I was getting harmonics out of it and I thought I was getting different intensities that would definitely affect people if they were listening. But suddenly I had the thought, I'm sure they're not listening the way I'm listening. So I went on to something else. When the concert was half over, someone came backstage, and I was very curious and about to ask about that part of the concert, but he said, you know that part where you were playing one note? I heard all kinds of things in there. I said, really? Do you know anybody else who felt that way? He said, I was able to see the whole audience and everybody else was obviously hearing the same thing.

Then when I went to Italy and that thing occurred to me I said to myself, you've been letting it go for so long and it's worked every time; you have to let this go, you can't change it because it sounds too much the same, that's conditioning the music. It turned out that people were attracted to the music in a way they'd never been attracted before, even people who'd heard my solo concerts. And I wasn't playing anything that was obviously attractive, it was maybe boring.

There is no way to underestimate or second-guess Keith Jarrett. Even his solo concerts, of late, have been showing new emotional depth. But there are too many Keith Jarretts to pigeon-hole. If you don't like the solo albums, turn to the group albums. About the only thing that Jarrett hasn't done recently is perform variations on jazz standards.

There is one amusing anecdote that points to this new hybrid audience that Jarrett attracts. At the aforementioned concert with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Jarrett was to perform three works of other composers. There was no improvisation involved and, save the jazz reputation of the soloist, no reason to treat the event as anything but a recital of 20th Century classical chamber works. However, naturally a good part of the audience was there thanks to that annoying habit of fans that causes them to follow blindly wherever the object of their affection leads. This disparity - between the classical and jazz halves of the audience - was noticeable because the jazz coterie insisted on clapping at the end of each movement, something which is definitely declassé in classical circles. These constant interruptions caused the concertmaster to wag his head with dismay. The irony, of course, is that without Jarrett's presence, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra would not have sold out the 3,000 seat Avery Fisher Hall. As a footnote, I found the concert to be a suffocating bore, but I don't pretend to be able to cast judgements on chamber concerts of any sort.

No matter how you slice it, Keith Jarrett is a unique talent. And even when he puts out something as trite and dotty as an album of G.I. Gurdjieff's sacred hymns, he invariably follows it with something as rich and beautiful as *Invocations/The Moth And The Flame*.

JAZZ

HAL GALPER WRITES AN OPEN LETTER TO AUSTRALIAN JAZZ MUSICIANS



832 6th Avenue
New York City 10001

26 January 1982

I have been invited to Australia as a teacher and performer for the last four years and in that time I have had the pleasure of meeting many of this country's musicians, students and teachers. In my individual discussions with them, a theme began to develop concerning the isolation of Australia's jazz musicians from each other. JAZZ magazine has generously afforded me a public forum from which to address this issue.

The most obvious symptom of this problem is the apparent difficulty of the performers in a group to look each other in the eye while playing. This isolates the musicians from each other and makes everyone sound separated. "Eyeballing" is integral to group improvisation. It allows for the passing of "signals", keeps one in contact with the others on the bandstand, suppresses the tendency to withdraw into one's own instrument and tends to focus one's attention on the total sound of a band. Group improvisation is an intimate process and requires that the individual barriers that we erect to each other in society not be brought to the bandstand. The bandstand should be "the safe place" in which to be open,

intimate and vulnerable. All one's defences will work against him on the bandstand. All preconceptions will lower performance levels. The sanctity of the bandstand must be preserved in order for all concerned to be free and creative. The interdependence required for group improvisation cannot be achieved if each musician stays isolated within himself.

This isolation from each other manifests itself in many and varied ways; the hoarding of new information, the lack of respect for each other's musical abilities and differences, and aversion for frankness and confrontation of ideas, provincialism (Sydney versus Melbourne, America versus Australia, etc.) a lack of communication between musicians around the country (in Europe where similar geographical problems exist one often finds a band containing members of four different countries,) and a lack of humility concerning the awesome, never ending process of learning and playing jazz. One cannot learn *anything* without first admitting "I don't know". The improviser requires the correct information but more importantly requires the appropriate attitude. One can have access to the best knowledge but of what use is it if one's attitude is counter-productive?

It would be presumptuous of me

as an American to speculate on the reasons for the occurrence of this syndrome in Australia but I suggest that it would be proper and fruitful if Australian musicians did so. The artist's prime consideration as an individual is the establishment of an optimum creative environment in which to learn and play. This must be the universal standard to which all artistic questions *must* defer, i.e. do my actions contribute to an optimum creative environment?

The relationship of the artist to society is a universal theme, but the relationship of artist to artist is a specific situation that exists only in jazz, the only group improvised art form. Quite often politics and self interest stifle the open discussion of important issues but in the end the solution is more a matter of individual conscience than an organised mass movement.

CORRECTION: In Eric Myers' article 'Jazz Education in Australia: The Issues' (JAZZ, February 1982) it was stated that the Australian Jazz Foundation received \$25,000 from the Music Board of the Australia Council. Following the provision of this information to the magazine, this figure was revised by the Music Board in consultation with Greg Quigley, and reduced to \$21,000. This sum was provided for assistance to jazz clinics in Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart and Perth in 1982.

Traditional Jazz In Adelaide: DAVE DALLWITZ AND THE SOUTHERN JAZZ GROUP

by Bruce Johnson *

This began with a request for some articles on Dave Dallwitz and traditional jazz in South Australia. It happened that at the time the request was made I was shortly to spend a few days in Adelaide, so I took the opportunity of interviewing not only Dave but also a number of musicians who had been associated with him during the days of the Southern Jazz Group, as well as several other individuals who were well placed to witness the events of that period.

Ideally one conducts a preliminary round of interviews, collates the information, then returns to the subjects to resolve ambiguities or follow up new leads. Time did not permit me this last, so that a few words are necessary on the sources and reliability of my information. In Adelaide I spoke to Dave Dallwitz, cousins of Bill Munro and Bob Wright, Bruce Gray and Joe Tippet. Whenever I refer to their views or quote them, these interviews are the source unless otherwise specified. Of the other two regular members of the SJG, one, Lew Fisher, has died, and the other, John Malpas, was apparently out of town. I also interviewed Alex Frame who was an up and coming young trumpet player at the



Pic: Norm Linehan

Southern Jazz Group, Melbourne, 1948. Joe Tippet drums, Dallwitz trombone, Bill Munro trumpet, Bruce Gray clarinet, Lew Fisher piano John Malpas benjo behind Dallwitz. The banjo player behind the bass drum is unidentified.

* 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 2 MBS-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.

time, and Malcolm Bills, whose relevance will become apparent.

Apart from the enormous fund of information I thus gained I was also made aware of numbers of other musicians who could have clarified this crucial period for South Australian jazz if I had had the time to see them. John Pickering's name is only one of many that spring to mind. I was able to tie up a few loose ends back in Sydney during conversations with Clem Semmler, Graeme Bell and Errol Buddle. But (and this is the point of my preamble), there is much more light to be cast on the subject, and much more light available to do so. The following material is therefore open-ended. It is meant to raise questions, indicate directions, rather than to close the matter. Dozens of people reading this will know that they are in a position to clarify or correct what I have said. I, and all jazz historians in this country, welcome their assistance.

Initially I had intended to form some general assessment of the way in which the work of Dallwitz and his associates affected the development of jazz in South Australia. But as the interviews proceeded it became clear that something else was needed first. You can't assess the significance of events until you have determined what the events were. I had assumed that the raw facts were much as Bisset unequivocally sets them out in his *Black Roots White Flowers*. I would begin with these and build up a picture of their implications. But as I spoke to those involved, Bisset's hard-edged picture began to dissolve. It became evident that, for all the importance of his pioneering work, it was often based on too limited a range of sources and overestimated the reliability of particular individuals' memories. Before I could begin to discuss the significance of various episodes I would have to find out more about the nature of those episodes. While the boundary between an event and its implications is often indistinct, this scheme nonetheless imposed a neat structure upon the two articles. To begin with I shall simply set down what I have been able to establish regarding the early history of traditional jazz in Adelaide. I shall go on then to discuss some of the musical implications of that history, the way in which what happened in the past helped to determine what is still happening today.

I have to begin with a name about which I know almost nothing. In all the hours of interviewing that I taped in Adelaide, I never heard it once. It wasn't until I returned to Sydney that Clem Semmler referred to a piano player, Dean Hay, calling him the 'patriarch' of South Australian jazz. Those who have read Semmler's work know that he doesn't use words idly. Future students of the period should therefore follow up this pianist who was apparently recreating the spirit of Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons as early as 1932. Dave Dallwitz dates his own earliest and decisive ("this was for me") exposure to traditional jazz at 1928 at the age of 14 (in Bisset, 15), when he heard a recording of *Mississippi Mud*. He doesn't remember which version, but was struck by

(Part 1)

the distinctiveness of the sound. Between then and 1936 when he came under the influence of Ellington, he was playing jazz on the piano and trying to induce friends to form bands. "But nothing of any great merit ensued until the early to mid forties." This takes us up to the Southern Jazz Group.

Before the formation of that seminal band however another preliminary chapter was being written, and by a group of musicians who are still active on the Adelaide traditional scene. It came as a great surprise to me to find that musicians as fresh and vital as Bill Munro, Bruce Gray and Bob Wright have apparently spanned the whole period of development of traditional jazz in South Australia, and virtually together as nuclei of successive bands. The name which brought them together as musicians, though they were perhaps not to know this at the time, was J. E. Becker, who founded the Adelaide College of Music. In this connection he circulated among the metropolitan primary schools to recruit talent for a boys' military band. As Bruce Gray told it: "We were all invited in with our mothers and fathers and sat down at the table. And he said, 'I've been watching your son playing the fife and I think he'd make a pretty good reed player, clarinet in particular. Here's a lovely sterling silver clarinet.' And it cost 37 pounds 10 shillings if I remember rightly. And my eyes are out on stalks, you know, this beautiful looking thing. And we bought it."

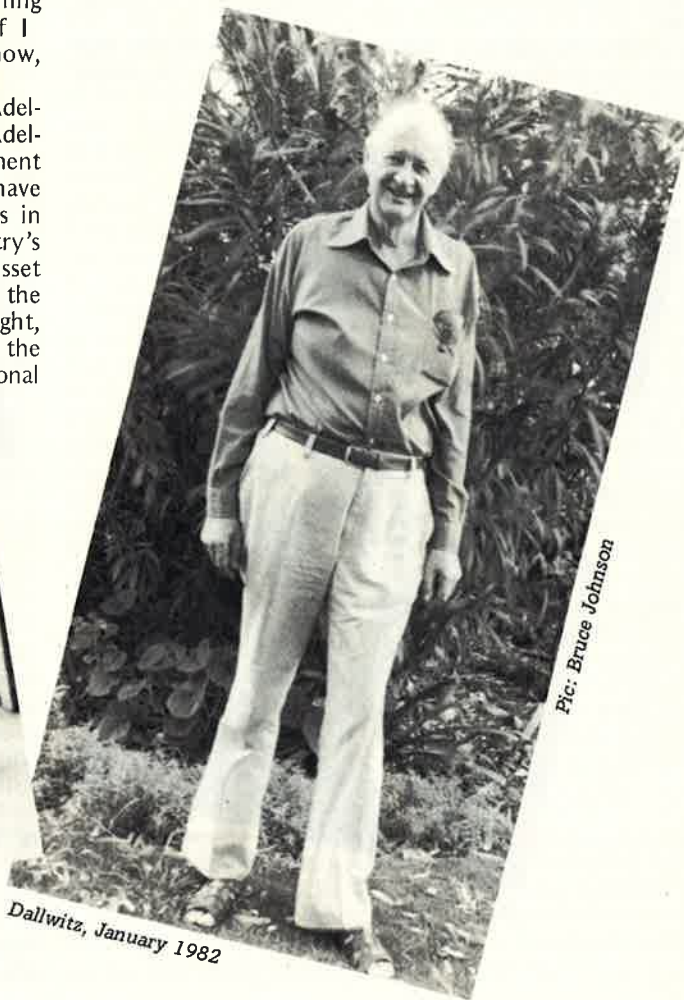
Apart from the importance of Becker's enterprise to Adelaide music in general, it might be said to have done for Adelaide jazz what the accumulation of military band equipment in post-bellum New Orleans is sometimes alleged to have done for American jazz. It placed musical instruments in the hands of those who would become some of the country's major jazz figures. The story is summarised by Bisset (99-100), but what is relevant here is that the ACM was the training ground for Bruce Gray, Bill Munro and Bob Wright, three musicians who seem to have been in whichever of the bands happens to be suggested as Adelaide's first traditional group.

One of those must be the quartet of high school students, Gray, Munro, Wright (dms.) and Colin Taylor (p.) who in about 1943 played *Mood Indigo* and *Playmates* at a High School Concert. There were other jazz musicians active in Adelaide during the early forties - Bobby Limb, Maurie Le Doeuff, Dave Hopkins, Errol Buddle, Clare Bail, Bob 'Beetles' Young - but according to Clem Semmler's recollections these men were working in a basically mainstream idiom. This introduces a conceptual problem of course. What would have been thought of as mainstream in the forties is a sound which we would be less inclined to distinguish from traditional today. Subsequent experimental developments have muted the differences between forties mainstream and traditional jazz. But this healing of divisions should not lead us to forget the sharpness with which they were perceived at the time. Dallwitz recalls the strong sense of loyalty to one's idiom, often intensified by a siege mentality. According to the notions then current, therefore, there seem to be grounds for the claim that Munro, Gray and Wright played in Adelaide's first traditional jazz band.

In 1941 the Adelaide Jazz Lovers' Society had been formed. The founding members included Bill Holyoak, collector Maurice Gerdeaux, and first president Clem Semmler. There is an unusual unanimity among the musicians I spoke



Pic: Norm Linehan
Dave Dallwitz, Melbourne 1947



Pic: Bruce Johnson
Dallwitz, January 1982

to that this sign-posted the beginning of the jazz movement in South Australia. Semmler sees the war as helping it develop momentum: jazz groups precipitating out of visiting American service bands helped to stimulate the interest already being aroused by records and the broadcasting of jazz, first by Semmler on the ABC and then by Bill Holyoak on 5AD. The former presented the first broadcast of a live jazz performance in 1942 or '43, a band which included Limb and Le Doeuff. It was a mainstream band. But according to the recollection of at least one witness, the first live jazz presentation at the Adelaide Jazz Lovers' Society was in a more traditional style. This leads us to what seems to be the next major band in the history of the traditional jazz movement in Adelaide: that led by Malcolm Bills. It might be said that the high school band led by Bruce Gray doesn't really qualify as the first of its kind since it was hardly a working group. Alex Frame is only one of many musicians who agreed that Malcolm Bills' band was probably the first traditional band in Adelaide. But look who pops up in the personnel: Bruce Gray, Bill Munro and Bob Wright on drums, as well as Bills leading from piano. The latter's account of the early days of the group was generally confirmed by Gray. Taught by well known Adelaide musician Wally Lund, Malcolm Bills developed something of a reputation as a boogie-woogie pianist. His earliest group work was with the Clancy brothers, Jack on clarinet and Bob (a.k.a. Dan) on drums in about 1940, at least five years before the formation of the SJG. This was apparently a practice group, however. He formed his Dixieland Group in 1942 or '43, personnel as listed above, presumably 75% of which was still in high school.

It is Bills' recollection that, as a soloist, he was the first musician to perform at the AJLS, and that his Dixieland

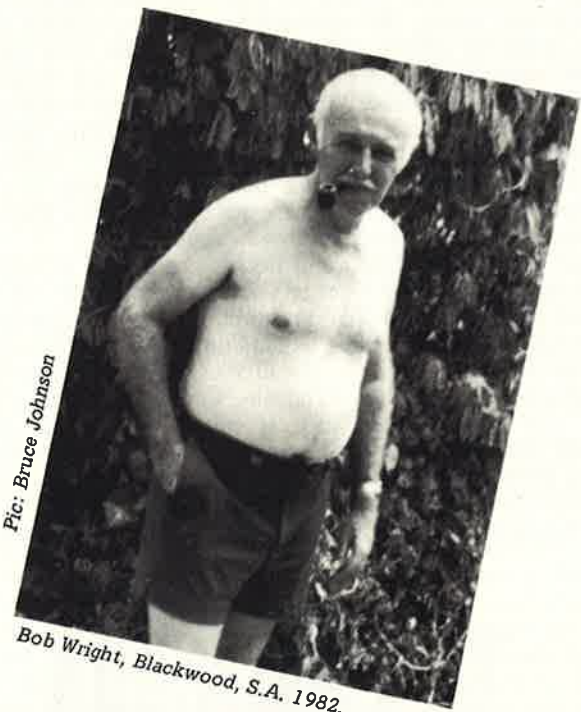
Group became what might be termed its first 'official' band. Semmler was unable to confirm this from memory. Although the basic personnel was Bills, Munro, Gray and Wright, other musicians who played with the band at various times included Mal Badenoch (tbn), Shirley Appelt (gtr), bass players Max Dickson, John Foster and Ron Ackfield, and visiting trumpet player Nick Stefakis. The band recorded for 5AD through the offices of Holyoak, including a session with possibly John Broomhead on drums and Munro moving to valve trombone while Stefakis played trumpet. The last named will play a further part in our story. I spend some time on this band for several reasons. As I have said, although it is scarcely known today, even among jazz scholars, it can reasonably claim to be Adelaide's first working traditional jazz band. For another, it seems to have been the band from which and alongside which the SJG developed.

And this is where things get hazy. No two members of the SJG or people alleged to be members of the band, agree as to the way in which it grew out of the small population of traditional jazz musicians in the early forties. By collating the interview material, by testing against documented evidence the memories of those involved, and bearing in mind those variables, by logical inference as well as intuition, I think we



Bob Wright on tuba, Melbourne 1947.

Pic: Norm Linehan



Pic: Bruce Johnson

Bob Wright, Blackwood, S.A. 1982.

can recreate a reasonably accurate account of what happened. If this were a full length book on the subject I'd append the argumentative process by which this picture is assembled. Demands of space allow me to set out conclusions only, except where there happens to be some particularly striking documentation.

First we must remind ourselves of the fluid environment of the jazz musician. Then, as now, there was a certain amount of personnel overlap and mobility among bands. There is no doubt at all as to the existence in the early forties of the Malcolm Bills Dixieland Group. There seems to be little doubt that as early as 1945 there was a band which was already called or would soon be called the Southern Jazz

Group. But from here on we're in trouble. Some have claimed that Dallwitz joined the Bills band, took it over, and changed the personnel and the name to SJG; that is, that the two bands existed serially and not simultaneously. Joe Tippet's recollection is that the band was not called the SJG until after he joined it in early '46. Alex Frame remembers hearing drummer Ray Warren, not Tippet, in a band called the SJG in '46, presumably before Tippet joined. Dallwitz recalled joining the Bills band because Bills, the *trombone* player, dropped out in 1944. Bills remembers both Dallwitz and Fisher sitting in with his band at rehearsals, but he gives



the date of his departure from the Adelaide scene as about 1947 when he moved to Whyalla. Bob Wright denies having been a founder member, but joined SJG in early 1946 when it already bore that name. Dallwitz says that Wright was already in the band when he joined it. Dallwitz and Tippet say the name was arrived at after discussion; Wright says it was *retained* (thus implying the existence of a SJG before Dallwitz) on an impulse. The accounts are tangled beyond belief.

Alex Frame drew my attention to a most useful piece of documentation which tended to confirm the memories of those who began to seem most reliable. In *Jazznotes* †63, April 1946 there is a short comedy sketch based on the current Adelaide traditional scene, written by Dallwitz. It opens with a list of the personnel of two bands:

1. Malcolm Bills' Band - Bills (p.), Mal Badenoch (tbn.), Bruce Gray (clt), Bill Munro (tpt), Dan Clancy (dms), John Foster (bs).
2. The Southern Jazz Group - Dave Jenkins (tpt), Dave Dallwitz (tbn), Bruce Gray (clt), Lew Fisher (p), George Brown (bs), Claude Whitehouse (dms), John Malpas (gtr).

There is no reason to assume that Dallwitz perversely invented these bands; the comedy doesn't require it, indeed, it is one of those pieces that relies upon the audience's recognition of familiar faces and groupings. So whatever else anybody says, we are entitled to assume that the SJG existed side by side with Bills' Band, sharing some of its personnel. As it happens, the details given here are more or less in agreement with what Bruce Gray and Bob Wright could remember. But this is still not quite the foundation personnel. For the first two or three rehearsals of its existence as the Southern Jazz Group the band included a young alto player, Errol Buddle. His recollections of the original personnel tallied with *Jazznotes* (without prompting), with the addition, of course, of himself. He recalls that the band's first rehearsal was at the home of his parents on Anzac Highway, and probably took place in 1945, but certainly before January 1946. After a few rehearsals and perhaps one gig it was decided that the alto was inappropriate, so Errol, who in any case had conflicting musical commitments, dropped out. There were to be three other personnel changes before the SJG consolidated itself in a more or less stable

form. Dave Jenkins, who was more of a big band stylist, was replaced by Bill Munro, and Bob Wright took over on tuba. Joe Tippet took over what must have been a pretty hot drum seat: he remembers replacing Slick Osborne, who presumably succeeded Ray Warren who apparently had taken over from Claude Whitehouse - all between April and about June of 1946.

In the meantime the Malcolm Bills band continued to exist but in an increasingly desultory way. Apart from the conflicting demands imposed upon several of its members by the increasing activity of the SJG, the leader was approaching the completion of his degree in dentistry (he currently has a practice in North Terrace). *In simple*, then, our historical scheme for the rise of traditional jazz in Adelaide begins to look like this: emerging from a disparate collection of musicians, we have the core of Munro, Gray and Wright. They begin with Gray's high school band and move on to the band of Malcolm Bills. At some point in the early forties a band called the SJG appears, gradually attracts the nucleus of the Bills band and becomes stabilised under the leadership of Dave Dallwitz. As we shall see in the next of these articles, this second circumstance was especially decisive. In this way we arrive at the band which, minus Lew Fisher, attended the first Australian Jazz Convention in Melbourne in December 1946, where it made its first recordings.

That Convention was itself a crucial event in the history of Adelaide jazz. Although some of the members of the SJG had made individual trips to Melbourne before and in some instances heard the Bell band, the impact of the Convention was generally held to be inspirational. Dallwitz speaks of coming back "all aflame", Tippet and Gray describe how far their enthusiasm for the music, already enormous, was further renewed by the discovery that they were by no means alone in their dedication to traditional jazz. Munro was interested to notice regional qualities which distinguished bands from different states. The Convention became a target for the band's further development "We all got very enthusiastic," says Bruce Gray. "As soon as we got back I can remember Dave saying, 'We must do so and so, and we must do so and so, for the next Convention' ". But it worked in the opposite direction as well. Under Dallwitz's leadership the SJG had become a tight and disciplined band. Graeme Bell recalls that they were "the hit of the Convention". It was the first time he and his colleagues had heard what he called that "bouncy, limpid style, light and airy". This had a lot to do with the instrumentation, itself the product of chance and design. Fisher having been unable to make the trip, the band lacked a piano. It also used washboard instead of drums. As Alex Frame said, this was an unheard of combination. Add to that the virtuosity of Bob Wright, almost certainly the most accomplished tuba player in jazz anywhere at that time, playing (as Graeme describes it) on-beat against the off-beat accents of the banjo, and the SJG made its mark with a sound that distinguished it from the Eastern states bands. Its members returned to Adelaide inspired. But what they perhaps did not realize at the time was that they had established the existence of what many musicians came to regard as a distinctively South Australian style of traditional jazz. They had put Adelaide jazz on the map.

JAZZ

In the next issue: the breakup of the Southern Jazz Group and the subsequent activities of its members, together with a discussion of the influences which shaped their musical thinking and the influence which they in turn have exercised on the more recent course of jazz in Adelaide.

JAZZ YATRA: a success despite all



Tony Gould performing at Jazz Yatra.

Pic: Pankaj Shah

by Eric Myers *

Can you have a successful jazz festival when your main drawcards - guitarist John McLaughlin and violinist Stephane Grappelli - do not appear, and your emcee - Willis Conover - drops out at the last minute?

Such was the depressing note on which Bombay's Jazz Yatra festival, held over four nights last January 28-31, began. McLaughlin had been scheduled to appear with the jazz/raga fusion group Shakti on the opening night. A few days earlier, however, he had fallen while playing squash in Paris, injuring his left hand and causing internal bleeding. There were rumours that he might still come to Bombay and support the festival morally, without actually performing, but he didn't show up.

Stephane Grappelli, who turned 74 two days before the opening of Jazz Yatra, has been around a long while. Perhaps it is time he showed signs of mortality. It was tough luck for the promoters, Jazz India, that he developed heart trouble the week before the festival, and his doctors advised him against the long trip from Paris to India.

When it became known that the emcee, the American broadcaster Willis Conover, took ill and could not come to India, people began to speak openly of a jinx on Jazz Yatra. Conover may be relatively unknown in the United States, but amongst Asians who tune into the jazz broadcasts on the Voice of America, he is a household name.

* Eric Myers visited India and attended Jazz Yatra as a guest of the Government of India Tourist Office.

Conover's presence would be sorely missed. The stand-in comperes were of mixed quality. The American musician Billy Taylor compered for two nights. Although an experienced radio broadcaster in New York, he seemed stuck for words in the huge Brabourne Stadium, where the festival was staged. Terry Isono, the Japanese promoter and broadcaster, who compered the last two nights, was much more sincere, but his English is elementary and faltering. Still, his accent caused great delight, as in when he repeatedly announced the John Coltrane composition *Love Supreme* as *Rove Supleme*.

Despite this profusion of disasters, the Indian organisers pushed ahead stoically. Acceptance of fate and resignation in the face of adversity are qualities endemic to the Hindu philosophy which permeates India. It is these which, I guess, enable the Indians to survive an array of social disasters. It is not for nothing that John Kenneth Galbraith has described India as a "functioning anarchy."

The festival, a biennial event, held previously in 1978 and 1980, was this year reduced from a week to four nights. On the other hand, it was for the first time shifted to an exceedingly large venue: Brabourne Stadium, the leading cricket ground in Bombay and site of the sleepy, British-style Cricket Club of India.

The stage was set up on the oval, facing one of the large grandstands. There was room for 15,000 people, although attendances hovered around five to eight thousand per night. This was a large jazz audience by Western standards, but the promoters were hoping for more in a city of nearly nine million, where 40,000 turned out recently at the same stadium to hear the African group Osibisa.

My first concern, naturally, was the appearance on the opening night of the Australian group McJad - Melbourne Contemporary Jazz Art Duo. In other words, the pianist Tony Gould and the trumpeter Keith Hounslow, at that time on a tour through Asia sponsored by the Department of Foreign Affairs as part of its cultural relations program.

Hounslow and Gould followed the bluesy, mainstream trio led by the American pianist Billy Taylor. As they came onto the stage, it was difficult not to feel anxious. With some 15 international groups appearing, there was a strong feeling in the air that each group epitomised the strength or otherwise of its indigenous jazz environment. The credibility of each country's jazz movement was on the line.

I was also affected by glowing talk of the outstanding performances by Australian groups at previous Jazz Yatra festivals: Galapagos Duck in 1978, when Roger Frampton's solo piano spot made such an impact; and the Don Burrows/George Golla Duo in 1980. Burrows, of course, was popular; few people had heard the clarinet played better. But, in an interesting reversal, it was Golla who was remembered as the most outstanding player - "the guitarist's guitarist", I was told by a number of local Bombay jazz enthusiasts.

In the light of these achievements, McJad's contribution to the 1982 festival was disappointing. It was not that they played badly. But their unusual and esoteric brand of freely improvised jazz, in an undemonstrative chamber music style, seemed dwarfed in the huge, balmy, open air of the Brabourne Stadium. There was always some doubt that the sound of their two instruments was big enough to make an impression.

There were other mitigating circumstances. The acoustic piano was not a first-rate instrument, and so bad that Billy Taylor used it only for one or two numbers, preferring the Fender Rhodes (which also was faulty). Gould tried the electric piano, where he seemed totally at sea, but then stuck with the acoustic one, which obviously suited better Hounslow's acoustic flugelhorn and pocket trumpet.

Under these circumstances, Gould and Hounslow did not attempt the free-form music which we know in Australia. Instead they played music that was, for them, unusually traditional and melodic, including versions of *My Funny Valentine* and *Someday My Prince Will Come*.

I felt it was a highly creditable performance which reinforced how deeply Keith Hounslow is informed by the jazz trumpet tradition. His *Essay On The Blues*, in which he recalled at will many seminal trumpet sounds was such a tour de force that Terry Isono, who was sitting next to me, became excited and called out in halting English, "Yeah, take it on home."

In overall terms, however, McJad did not deliver their music with great success to the volatile Indian audience. They appeared self-effacing, detached and uncommunicative, lacking the elan and self-esteem of other groups. There was a certain spiritual intensity in the musical air in Bombay, and McJad's music was lacking in that quality.

There was an important element missing too from the audience. Although the Indians are very knowledgeable about contemporary and avant-garde jazz, I wondered if they had heard much classic and bebop jazz - the illustrious tradition from which Keith Hounslow borrowed with such a sure touch. I had the feeling that Hounslow's deft quotations were falling on deaf ears.

The inaccessibility of McJad's music could also have been rooted in the piano approach of Tony Gould. The sounds he produced were often restless and jarring, behind the sweet blowing of Hounslow. The critic Vivek Karakatte, writing in *The Times Of India*, put it this way: "Tony Gould's approach to the piano was heavy-handed and full-blooded, but lacked delicacy and clarity of phrasing." This judgement was widely echoed in subsequent discussions about the duo's performance.

Ultimately, the music presented by the Australians was received warmly and politely, but it was not the splendid performance one might have hoped for at this important event.

The group Shakti, which has taken the fusion of Indian classical music and Western jazz to a high art, followed McJad. Even without John McLaughlin, it was an exciting group, featuring the violinist L. Shankar, who played a specially constructed violin with two bridges. This extraordinary instrument, wired electronically, was able to prod-



Fig: Pankaj Shah

Keith Hounslow at Jazz Yatra: informed by the jazz trumpet tradition.



L. Shankar with double violin.

uce the whole range of string family sounds from the bass violin upwards.

I was particularly astonished by the Indian players' highly developed ability to articulate complex (and extremely extended) lines in unison. Also the rhythmic subtleties and tone colours of the percussionists were mesmerising.

To compensate for the absence of McLaughlin, the American flautist Herbie Mann and his bass player Frank Gravis sat in with Shakti. Mann claimed, in advance interviews, that there would be a natural meeting of the minds between himself and Shankar, but the resultant music was curiously bland and characterless.

On the second night of the festival, Yolande Bavan, originally from Sri Lanka and now resident in the US, got a great reception. Australians will probably remember her from the late 1950s when, for a time, she was the band singer with the Graeme Bell band. Later, she went on to replace Annie Ross in Lambert, Hendricks and Ross.

Backed by the Indian pianist Louis Banks and (from the Billy Taylor Trio) Victor Gaskin (bass) and Keith Copeland (drums) she breezed through an extremely impressive repertoire, including *Lil' Darlin'*, Horace Silver's *Doodlin'*, *Hush Now Don't Explain* (in a touching tribute to Billie Holiday), *Shiny Stockings*, Mingus's *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat*, Ellington's *In A Mellow Tone* and others.



Pic: Pankaj Shah

Yolande Bavan with Victor Gaskin (bass) and Keith Copeland (drums).

There was a fascinating collection of jazz groups from Europe, Asia and the United States. Of particular interest were the groups from Eastern Europe: the Sofia Quartet (Bulgaria), B.P Convention (Yugoslavia), the Petrowsky Trio (East Germany), and Blue Coral (USSR). These groups may not have had the overall technical brilliance of, say, the Americans, but their performances were so warm and spirited that one had to conclude that jazz is strong and vibrant behind the Iron Curtain.



The Giorgio Gaslini Quintet.

Some of the groups were truly outstanding. On the third night the Giorgio Gaslini Quintet from Italy presented a searing mixture of free jazz and hard bop, built around the incredible keyboard virtuosity of Gaslini himself, one of Italy's most distinguished musicians.

The closing night of the festival was dominated in brilliant fashion by the outstanding big band from Japan, Miyama's New Herd. Executing rich, full arrangements covering an extraordinary range of jazz sounds, this band brought the festival to a close on a high level of excitement.

It was noticeable that the members of the New Herd did not particularly shine in the area of individual improvisation, although all were competent and fluent. But I have seldom heard richer and more musical section work, and more brilliant and exploratory arrangements. The New Herd must be one of the most disciplined and impressive big bands in jazz today.

Bombay, known as the gateway to India, is a teeming commercial city where, for some 50 per cent of the population, the main issue is mere survival. On the way to the stadium, one had to walk past horribly deformed beggars (there are reputed to be 70,000 beggars in Bombay) and push through hordes of homeless people, a reminder that there is no social security system in India.

Yet, in the midst of unbelievable squalor and poverty, a group of educated, jazz-loving zealots led by the Secretary-General of Jazz India, Niranjan Jhaveri, has found a solid and increasing appetite for jazz. Jhaveri believes that, while India has a classical music tradition that is 5,000 years old, jazz - which is less than 100 years old - is the greatest hope for international musical brotherhood. Judging by the good feelings generated at this festival, he and his colleagues are doing something well worthwhile.

Their claim that Jazz Yatra is the only cultural event of international significance held regularly in the Third World is probably an overstatement. Still, the event is a fascinating meeting-house of different musical cultures, and I would like to see a much more impressive and wholehearted Australian participation in future festivals. Why not three or four Australian groups? Australia, after all, is the major jazz force in Asia.

In conclusion, Jazz Yatra 82 might have begun on a few sour notes, and there was general agreement amongst the locals that it never reached the highs of 1978 and 1980. Yet, I found it an invaluable and educational experience, reinforcing what I had only suspected - that there are vibrant and autonomous jazz movements in the most unlikely countries of the world. The American jazz scene is just one of many. For me, it was a surprisingly successful festival. Roll on 84.

JAZZ

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STAYING OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT

Leading European drummer Jon Christensen talks to John Shand

Jon Christensen is a stylist. He propels, swings, and colours each band he works with in a highly original manner. His cymbal work has a relentlessness and an urgency that must make the front line feel like they're in a mini with Mack truck breathing down them. However, he is a player of enchanting subtlety and sensitivity, sufficient to carry him through the out-of-tempo free excursions of Jarrett or Vitous.

Live, his playing seems slightly more forceful, less restrained than some of the recorded output, exuding an energy and joy in his playing that is contagious and captivating.

Christensen was in Australia with the Miroslav Vitous group, to teach at the summer schools, and play some gigs. His comments on the clinics gave another perspective on the jazz education controversy. He was unaware until he arrived that he was, in fact, here to teach. As he understood it, the visit was primarily to play gigs, and also to do some clinics with the *whole* quartet. By the end of the week at the Conservatorium, he was concerned for the students.

"Many of the drummers here I've talked to haven't been playing more than forty-five minutes, altogether, in a week, which I think is stupid. They should be able to play more.

"In Scandinavia, they have these little jazz clubs in the evenings, so all the students can go and jam there, often being joined by the teachers. There's nothing like that here."

Born in Oslo in 1943, Christensen

never had the luxury of formally studying jazz, there being no clinics, no jazz university courses, no jazz teachers, period. By the late fifties, he was playing in rock 'n' roll bands, and other dance bands, much of whose material came from the Art Blakey repertoire.

"If you played a wedding, you'd squeeze in a tango here, or a waltz there, and the rest of it was jazz. But people didn't think of it as jazz, because it was just the dance music of the day, which was very nice, you know. It gave you a chance to really play something."

He learned by listening to records, and listening to the American bands coming to Oslo. Having the good fortune to get a gig as a house drummer, he worked with touring Americans, who usually played with the local rhythm sections. These included Dexter Gordon, Sonny Stitt, Don Cherry, Kenny Dorham, Steve Kuhn and George Russell.

"I remember the first job was with Bud Powell. Playing with lots of these heavy guys, I learnt a lot when I was still young. They told me very nice things, and helped me to get the gig going."

Christensen's recording career did not really begin until he met Manfred Eicher, shortly before the latter set up the ECM label. Since then he has played on nearly two dozen ECM albums, in bands led by Keith Jarrett, Miroslav Vitous, Jan Garbarek, Terje Rypdal, Eberhard Weber, and Enrico Rava, as well as

sessions for Ralph Towner, John Clark, Rainer Bruninghaus, and others.

Many jazz lovers find much of the ECM output somehow too 'pretty' and 'European', because it is so much more removed from the blues than most American jazz. Manfred Eicher has produced every album the label has pressed, leading to stories of him dictating to the musicians to ensure conformity to the 'ECM sound'. I asked Christensen about this.

"There are so many stories about that, you know. Maybe you've heard." He laughs. "But I think he's a nice guy. I know what he likes in music, and I know he's not into the American blues and bebop thing. He prefers music based on the contemporary European classical traditions. But we don't think about all those things when we go into the studio."

When a session is not meeting expectations, Eicher may make a suggestion or two, "But he's not like Adolf Hitler". Christensen would rather attribute the 'ECM sound' to the approach of the musicians involved, and the sound of their instruments - "Take a guy like Eberhard Weber. He has a very special sound; even before Jaco Pastorius came around, he had that open, fretless kind of sound."

Eicher often takes an active hand in putting together the different combinations of players. This was the case with the Jarrett/Garbarek 'Belonging' band. Jarrett had already recorded an

album using Garbarek, when Eicher suggested using Garbarek's rhythm section of Palle Danielsson and Jon Christensen.

Jarrett himself is in Australia, around the time of publication, for his second solo concert tour. Along with some breathtakingly beautiful music, the last tour produced several reports of an archetypal 'temperamental artist'. Is he easy to work with?

"Oh, yeah. As a person he's not that easy, but he's very nice to the musicians he works with. However, he can really be a drag when he's stopping the concerts because someone is taking pictures, or somebody's coughing; also to people who like to interview him, or critics. But he has so much energy, so much music flowing out of him, that it was very enjoyable to work with him.

"Sometimes we would just walk on stage; we didn't have to talk about anything. Maybe I would start with a drum solo that would lead into some sounds here and there: the piano would start. Then maybe Jan or Keith would play a little phrase from a tune, and we would all know that tune was coming out now. So it was never organised, never any charts. Perhaps he would say to me, 'Can you play some kind of back-beat feeling there,' or 'This is some kind of country song,' things like that."

It is normal, in Christensen's experience, for there to be no real band leader. Everyone shares the money, shares the costs. The 'leader' is simply the composer. The music is arranged collectively, with the drummer obviously making suggestions about rhythm and colour.

"I'm satisfied with being a sideman, if you can call it that. I've been lucky because I've been working with different people all the time, and I'm meeting new challenges in playing different kinds of music."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:

All the following records are on the ECM label, distributed in Australia through Carinia Records.

- 1007 *Afric pepperbird* - Jan Garbarek Quartet
- 1015 *SART* - Jan Garbarek Quintet
- 1041 *Witchi-Tai-To* - Jan Garbarek/Bobo Stenson Quartet
- 1050 *Belonging* - Keith Jarrett
- 1060 *Solstice* - Ralph Towner
- 1115 *My Song* - Keith Jarrett
- 1145 *First Meeting* - Miroslav Vitous
- 1185 *Miroslav Vitous Group*

DALE BARLOW: A Capricorn going places

A horoscope is a map of the planetary positions in the heavens as at a specific time, date and location of birth. A birth chart is a 'portrait' of the basic character and personality of a given subject, providing insight into the mental processes, natural aptitudes, and the potential of the subject. It reveals the areas of life through which maximum development can be achieved. JOY JOYCE, member of the Federation of Australian Astrologers, takes a look at the birth chart of the Sydney saxophonist DALE BARLOW:



CAPRICORN was the Sun Sign under which Dale Barlow was born and this earthy element often produces a very sensitive feeling for music. Broadly speaking, this is the segment of humanity devoted to serious dedication to practical development of the talents and the progressive structuring of the business potential. There is cool, patient ambition here for fame and fortune although extreme caution can hamper early success and Capricorn people are usually given some type of frustration or delaying obstacle to test their endurance. Sheer determination and the ability for prolonged hard work finally achieves hard won social and financial security and prestige, but often this comes later in life.

LEO on the Ascendant of his individually charted horoscope is responsible for the fiery show of self-projection and his theatrical entry

into the world of creative entertainment, and the same positive outlook will flow on through all his life interests. This stubborn, self-willed Leo temperament demands room for independent development, to perform as a soloist, as a teacher and as an actor at some time. He finds it difficult to compromise because he is a perfectionist and a little intolerant of shoddy workmanship. For this reason he probably tries to master as many supportive facets of his profession as possible - a sort of one-man-show ... Eventually, of course, he'll discover that it's wiser to concentrate on the most natural of his talents, but he'll still have plenty to say about the handling of the other details ... The ego will also want to feature in the literary field of writing as well as lecturing. When his over-sensitive Capricorn soul sinks occasionally into emotional despondency this dramatic Leo influence will encourage Dale to improvise brilliantly in the blues idiom...No experience will be wasted....

SCORPIO intensity and emotional depth derived from the moon (as well as other planets framed against this constellation) further ensure that Dale has the powerful drive to follow projects through to a successful conclusion. This describes the rather inscrutable, deeply secretive outer personality encountered by family and friends, representing the third major dimension of his profile. The Scorpio content adds a great deal of intuitive feeling for musical and rhythmic interpretation, as well as a psychic sixth sense for analysing an audience or public response.

Because Dale is more of an introvert than a brash egoist it may be a long time before he is able to convince himself that he's 'arrived' so he will continue to need reassurance and encouragement to apply all his attributes positively. He obviously has much to give and from several different sources of talent, during the fulfilment of his particular destiny.

CHARMED LIVES: CLEO LAINE & JOHN DANKWORTH

By Eric Myers



The saxophonist John Dankworth has been, for over 30 years, the most celebrated and successful jazz musician in Britain.

Born in 1927 on the outskirts of London, he had an impeccably middle-class background. In a recent biography* Graham Collier points out that, unlike the archetypal jazz musician, Dankworth never had any trouble with alcoholism, drug addiction and marital problems. He was once aptly described as "'couth, 'kempt and 'shevelled'."

By 1946 Dankworth was a clarinet student at the Royal Academy of Music. His was a precocious talent and when he turned to jazz his rise was quick and immediate. By the age of 21, he was known as the best bop alto saxophonist in England; in 1949 he was voted Musician of the Year in the *Melody Maker* jazz poll.

He began his career as a successful musician leading his own small and big bands. Branching out from pure jazz, however, he went on to become one of England's leading composers of film and television music. He has written

music for some 20 films, including *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *The Servant*, *Darling*, *Accident*, *Morgan* and *Modesty Blaise*.

By the end of the 1950s he was known internationally. In 1959 he was voted in the top six (along with Agatha Christie) of a schoolchildren's poll in Finland for "the Britisher they would most like to meet."

In addition he has written a number of musicals and some classical music. Moving into the Establishment, he became friends with Princess Margaret, and was able to experience that excruciating form of popular acceptance, a *This Is Your Life* program. In 1974 he received a CBE. There is no doubt that in 1982 he is still the front-runner for the first jazz musician to receive a knighthood.

Yet, despite his considerable achievements in music, in Australia we may never have heard much about John Dankworth had he not married the singer Cleo Laine.

A working class girl, Cleo was born Clementina Dinah Campbell in 1927, the same year as John Dankworth. Her mother was English, her father Jamaican. She always wanted to be a singer and first appeared professionally at the age

* *Cleo & John: A Biography of the Dankworths*, by Graham Collier, Quartet Books, \$8.25

of 12.

In 1952 she joined Dankworth's jazz group as the resident singer, at a time when it was enjoying considerable success. She was already married, and it took some time for a relationship between the singer and the bandleader to flourish.

The distance between Cleo and John was first bridged when they kissed, like everyone else, at a New Year's Eve party, and neither felt the embrace to be totally platonic. Their relationship was, however, a slow simmer rather than an all-consuming conflagration, and its satisfactory development was apparently built on an identification of musical interests, reinforced by artistic success. Meanwhile, their affection grew.

Cleo Laine's story, like that of her husband's, is that of an artist who began in the jazz idiom, but whose great talents enabled her to meet a wide range of new challenges. She has had considerable success as a straight actress on the English stage and appeared in many musicals. She was in *A Time To Laugh* with Robert Morley and Ruth Gordon; appeared as Titania and Hippolyta in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and has done Brecht's *The Seven Deadly Sins*. She has taken on many interesting and demanding projects, such as the performance of the verse of W.H. Auden and T.S. Eliot set to music, and Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*, reputedly the most difficult vocal piece in all art music.

During the 1950s and 1960s Cleo Laine and John Dankworth had many artistic triumphs which are too numerous to list. But real fame and commercial success came only in the 1970s, with best-selling records and triumphant tours of Australia and the United States, including sell-out concerts at Carnegie Hall.

Among the highlights of their 1975 tour of America was the concert on July 26 at the Hollywood Bowl. With John fronting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Cleo sang to 12,000 people, becoming the first British

female singer to star in her own concert at that venue.

To date she has received gold discs for the LPs *Feel The Warm, I'm A Song*, and *Live At Melbourne*, and platinum awards for *Best Friends*, with the guitarist John Williams, and *Sometimes When We Touch*, with the flautist James Galway. In October 1979, Cleo joined her husband on the Queen's Birthday Honours List, when she received an OBE.

Graham Collier's biography *Cleo & John* is a lively work, but the author's style is not that of the conventional biographer. Interlaced with his own narrative, he includes long transcriptions of taped interviews with the Dankworths,



Alec Dankworth, 20, playing bass on this tour.

their friends and colleagues, plus reprints of many reviews of their performances appearing in the English and American press throughout the years. As well as a biography then, this book is not unlike a collection of historical documents, which the reader can interpret himself.

It includes a generous number of photographs going back to the 1940s, and contemporary fans might be surprised to see early photographs of Cleo Laine. In most of them she looks, to say the least, somewhat dowdy and chubby, rather unlike the stunningly attractive and stylish woman she now is in her fifties.

For voyeurs interested in the private lives of the famous, there is very little in this book. It is a strangely impersonal biography and some may see this as a weakness of the book. We are, for example, told very little about their two children. Their son Alec was born in 1960 and their daughter Jackie in 1964. (On their forthcoming tour of Australia, Alec will be playing bass with his parents). It may be that Cleo Laine and John Dankworth have had a relatively uninteresting life outside music.

Still, one wonders how two leading professionals, working together in an art form, can have enjoyed such a successful and apparently trouble-free marriage. This question is tossed off, somewhat lightly, by Dankworth: "It's a thing that could founder at any time. Realising it's a fragile thing is probably why it survives."

So, in this book, there is little for the general student of human relations. But there is much for the student of British jazz, popular music and the arts, and for those wondering how two jazz artists were able to branch out and meet new challenges, always with supreme success. Cleo Laine and John Dankworth have led charmed lives.

JAZZ

Clifford Hocking presents

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LAINE
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DANKWORTH



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BRISBANE Festival Hall, Fri. 19.
NEWCASTLE Civic Theatre, Sun. 21.
CANBERRA Canberra Theatre, Tues. 23.
ADELAIDE Festival Theatre, Fri. 26, Sat. 27.

JOHN SANGSTER: an appreciation

by Len Barnard

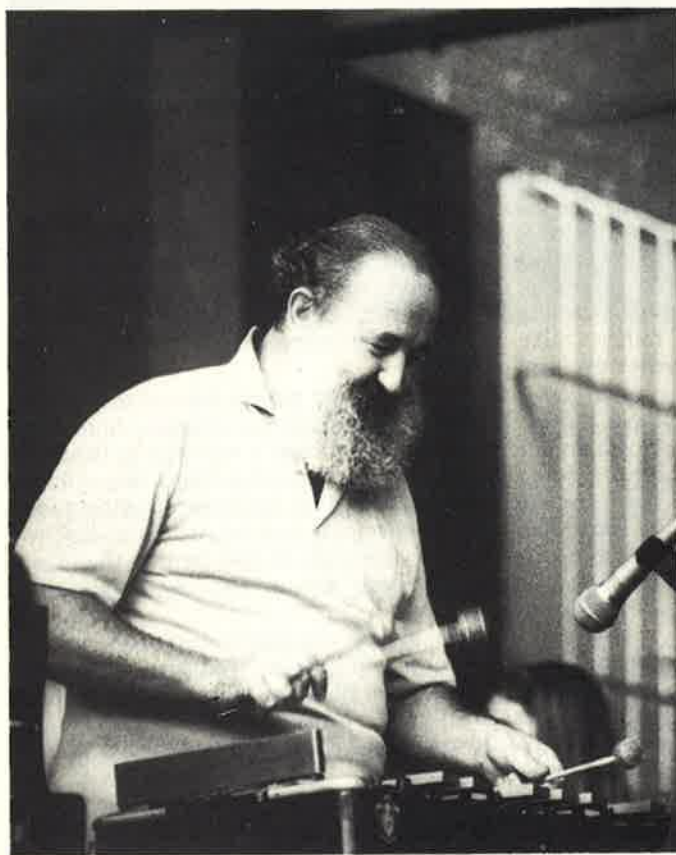
- "The loveliness of these works wears no disguise, so that it is singular that the full distinction of it as theatrical music was not comprehended by those who should have appreciated it: it was so pretty as well as so beautiful, that often it was contemptuously dismissed by those who pride themselves upon the possession of taste -". Osbert Sitwell (1946)

To write an appreciation of an old friend is not all that easy, if one is to keep objectivity and the true essence running parallel. But to plunge in thus:-

J.S. is from hardy Scots stock, and wasn't born with the modern gift of insincerity. In his younger days, he always had the questing mind, hearing all, reading voraciously. With all this absorption into his raw talent, his life needed only the heat of experience to fuse them together. In fact, even today, his music is really shreds and bits of what-not snatched from a hundred-and-one queer corners.

From 1948 he was ever-inventive, blowing the hottest cornet, examples of which are regrettably rare on record. I would often meet him at the old Musicians' Club, 31 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, which was full of cheery, confident little men looking like waiters down on their luck. Graeme Bell needed a drummer for his 1951 tour of Europe, so J.S. got himself a ragged drum-kit with kapok-filled Chinese tom-toms, and mastered the idiom in a disgustingly short few weeks.

Then, back in Australia, Graeme broke up his band in 1955, and went to Brisbane with J.S. as a piano-drums duo,



John Sangster on the vibes.

working the Celebrity Club, and the Blue Moon. These were the sort of night-spots where the braised steak came out of Tom Piper cans, and the booze was not only mediocre, but expensive. This didn't worry J.S. in the least, as his appetites for life were very flexible, and he always had a love for John Barleycorn (and all his relatives) whatever the quality. At this stage, he began writing his first arrangements which he laughingly recalls from time to time, but his work today is as sophisticated, subtle in conception, and original as any other writing in the world.

He was, and still is, one of the best drummers in Australia, but it is difficult to get him on the tubs these days. Probably sheer cussedness.

Or an awareness that he has found his true place in the scheme of things as a creative composer and superb vibraharpist, with a built-in metronomic sense, whatever the time signature. Above all, he hasn't lost the spirit of fun in music. Because of his own fundamental involvement in a performance, he has sometimes admitted an impatience with the "is-it-my-turn-yet?" players, but never shows it on the stand. He pines for a little vivacity, a little boldness, a little variety, a few gestures. And he never lets his work as musician-composer override his feeling for humanity, for he knows it is not a crime for a man to know nothing about art and care less. He will spend hours talking to a bricklayer, who is, on the point of bricklaying, vastly superior to Richard Wagner, John Sangster, or anybody else who can't lay one brick on top of another. That shows a lack of preciosity, and a glut of largesse.

The creations of J.S. on "themes" such as a "Bix" album, or a "Duke" album, are not a pastiche of historical sounds, but a fresh re-working, with a tilt of the head towards those sounds. Unlike some others, he is not producing only a rumpity-tumpity caricature, but creating his own homage to the heroes of his youth. With very strong original sinews under the skin.

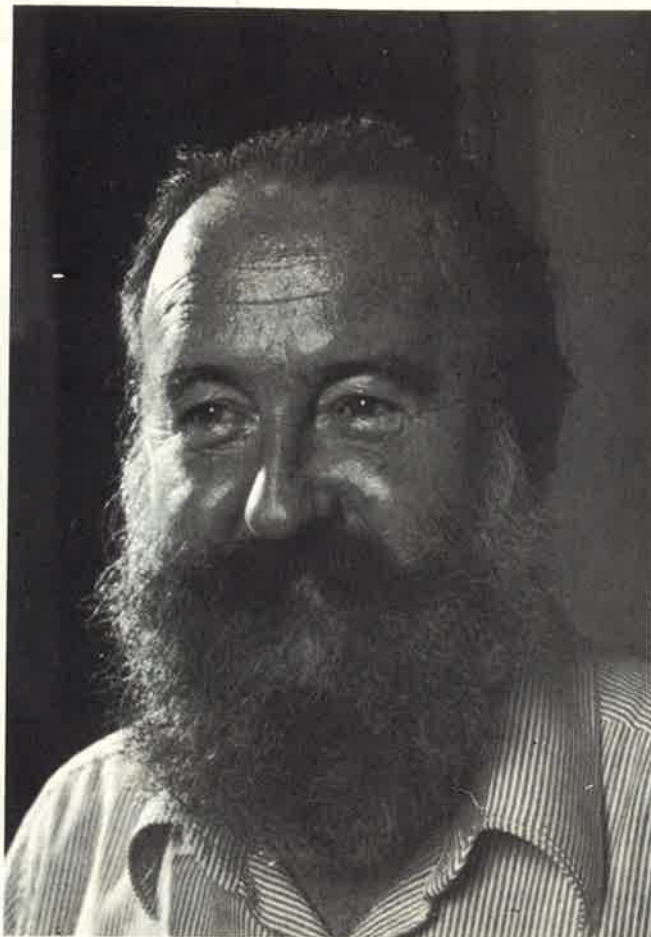
J.S. has two ways of writing. He carries pencil and manuscript always, and may be found in the corner of a loud crowded bar, the cacophony of which seems to abet rather than retard his thoughts, or in utter seclusion and quiet at Narrabeen, watching pelicans and reed-warblers the while. He hears the whole arrangement in his head, then simply writes down the instrumental score to make it sound precisely that way. Says he writes best around sunrise. Oddly enough, the pieces written in a raucous pub will sometimes be calm, introspective and serene, and those written in peaceful surroundings can be uproarious musical elations. It's a style of the maddest motley, but of motley so deftly cut to fit the situation, and none of those writings ever reach what G.K. Chesterton would have called - "the dazzling pinnacle of the commonplace." And, as he writes, he is already choosing the appropriate players, and mark you well, the men he hires are not just mere, jaded interpreters, for J.S. works with great flexibility and an ear for change in the recording studio. "One of these pieces would be perfect for Herbie Cannon on trombone, or maybe John Costelloe. I'll ask 'em both anyway -".

I know no other, who, at the end of a monumental 3-day drinking bout still has an acuteness of perception in things going on around him, and a brightness of mind and wit whilst at exhaustion point. All this is allied with generosity, cheerfulness and a curious charm of manner. John, a roundish genial man, who, although no dandiprat or polished dresser, could talk his way into Government House in the morning, and be thrown out of "The Drum and Trumpeter" in the evening. He holds the dubious record of having been asked to leave the Musicians' Club when he was the only customer on the premises. This was mid-afternoon, not closing time. The natural gifts of J.S. are allied with a capacity for hard work, and when a project looms, he eschews all the above human comforts and gets cracking on the task until the coda sign is marked, and the beast is slain. Over the years, he has done hundreds of soundtracks for movies and TV and many animated cartoon specials (colour). Some of these were for the American company A.P.I. and include *Robin Hood*, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and a re-vamping of *The Mikado*, called *The Gentlemen of Titipu*. All of these are 90 minute specials. For Hanna-Barbera he wrote *The Funky Phantom*, his own personal favourite.

After writing *The Hobbit Suite* in 1973, his Tolkien star was flaming hotly, and thence came *Lord Of The Rings* in three double volumes, and *Middle Earth*, a companion double album. In these works, the conception of which is most eclectic, it is difficult to choose the best composition, but *Goldberry (Vol. II Lord Of The Rings)* is the best piece I've heard in two decades and that includes works by Cage, McCartney, Ellington, Humble or Sculthorpe. It has transition, blance, shifting of tension, and beauty of form. A cameo. Among other cameos. Over the last few years, J.S. has written the musical backgrounds for Ivan Smith's readings of poetry by Wilfred Owen, Heine, Coleridge and others on ABC radio, and his current venture with Martin Benge into Rain Forest Records could be described as altruistic-with-hope-of-eventual-profit.

A brave undertaking in a country where records are not sold by the bushel for their jazz content. Two volumes of John Sangster Jazz Series are currently available, and a third is imminent. It will be called *The Specially Built Underground Aviary*, a title to delight many limerick buffs. This is starting to read like a discography, a remorseless parade of past endeavours, but there is always new work in preparation, and that sun-filled, dog-filled, butt-filled music room at

Narrabeen there are piles of scores from a fecund imagination that await performance and recording.



John Sangster

When Dill Jones, the great jazz pianist was here recently, Brother Bob took him home and played some J.S. music to him. I met him later and he said - "Who is this Sangster anyway? He writes his arse off! Beautiful!!" He's no dill, that Jones! What more to say about J.S., a man who can acquit himself admirably as a performer in the company of any jazz player in the world, who writes superbly, with his own Muse in mind, and is a staunch supporter in times of trouble.

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Album RFLP-004
Cassette RFC-004

NEW RELEASE:
Vol TWO : "REQUIEM"
Album RFLP-005
Cassette RFC-005

36th AUSTRALIAN

The 36th A.J.C. was held at the recently completed Geelong Performing Arts Centre (Vic). The six days 26th to 31st December 1981 were a feast of music of various styles from the solo piano of John Gurney to the large orchestra of Deakin University. About 1300 musicians and delegates were registered for the week, with an additional 100 per day on day tickets.

The Geelong P.A.C. contains two theatres, both of which were fully programmed during the week, about 140 bands appearing in the printed program. As usual some did not turn up, and others did without notice, but this was all taken care of by Alan Stott, programming officer, who said that although there was the customary re-shuffling his work had been fairly straightforward.

Accommodation officer Mary Bould said that even though the attendance was large and most of the people needed somewhere to stay she was able to find something even for those who left their plans to the last minute. Most of the Melbourne people booked in for the week. Mary Bould and other committee members spoke of the assistance and co-operation they received from the local hotels and other business houses.

Apart from the concerts, the week included a jazz church service on Sunday led by Mick Potter, the jazz breakfast at the Royal Geelong Yacht Club attended by about 450, and the street parade through the city which was large, colourful and well-organised. The original tunes competition attracted seventeen entries, none of which was outstanding and several of which contained easily recognised strains from old and well-known jazz standards. The winning tune was *Roll On, Friday* (Alex Frame), with an encouragement award to Bob Pattie for *Don't Corio When I Leave*.

At least sixteen people were present who had been at the first Convention in 1946, among these Ade Monsborough, Roger Bell and



Pics: Norm Linehan

Bob Cruickshanks and Alex Frame

Dave Dallwitz. Guest artist Dill Jones was making his first appearance at an AJC and had several program spots during the week, on his own and with other musicians, as well as sitting in at some of the local hotels and generally having a good time, including playing washboard in the street parade. He spoke highly of some of the bands he had heard, particularly the New Harlem Jazz Band, and Lachie Thomson's New Whispering Gold Orchestra, a "Convention-only" band which Lachie has organised for some years playing in the manner of the big bands of about fifty years ago, which Dill Jones described as the most authentic reproduction of that era he had heard. He also appreciated, to use his own words, the warm outgoing manner of the people he had met at the Convention

Because of professional engagements many regular bands were unable to appear. Some that did however were Peter Johnson's Riverside Jazz Band, Rank 'n' File, the Golden City Seven, Steve Waddell's Creole Bells (with a second cornet added Steve called this his San Francisco Bells), Captain Sturt's Old Colonial Jazz Band, the Yarra Yarra Jazz Band and the Storyville All

Stars. Some of the regular "convention" bands, although the personnel tends to vary from year to year, were Nick Polites' N.O. Stompers, Neville Stribling's Jazz Players, John Bates' Jazz Band and Bill Haesler's Washboard Band. John McCarthy and Paul Furniss presented themselves (again with Clare Hansson) as Canary Row, another play on words that confused a few people who do not know their John Steinbeck as well as they ought. Bands put together for the Convention were sometimes under such prosaic names as Davey's Westgarth Seven, Le Hot Swingtette, and the Riverside Quartet, while some of the more imaginative were Vic's Vapor Rubbers, Barnacle Bill's Bilgewater Buglers and Percival Prawn's Packawackas Jazz Band.

The Convention this year did its own recording instead of giving it to an outside contractor as has been the practice in the past, and cassettes were available on a 24-hour delivery. Another innovation was video-tapes which were shown in the foyer shortly after the performance and again copies were supplied 24 hours later.

It would be impossible to listen to all of the bands at the Convention so that I shall not attempt a survey of the music, and in any case those I did

JAZZ CONVENTION

by Norm Linehan *

hear reflect a very personal selection. Among those that did excite me were the Cascades Ragtime Ensemble where Jane Smith and Lyn Thomas played some authentic ragtime music on two grand pianos. Nick Polites with a rhythm section delighted me as usual, and the girl singers were out in force with Claire Kittel and Kate Dunbar doing some two part things, Penny Eames confirming the impression I gained at Forbes last year that her own definitive style is emerging, and Beverley Sheehan singing a tremendously exciting bracket with a band that included Clare Hansson and Lachie Thomson.

The Geelong P.A.C. had the facilities required, including bistro, snack foods, and in particular its own licen-

sed bar, so that with the Committee ordering the beer and the Centre selling it (I was told the Director of the Centre is a member of Geelong Jazz Club) there was no trouble in the drinking department as I referred

to in the previous issue. In fact there was really no trouble anywhere, and Convention Secretary Judi Anderson said that although there had been a lot of work everything had gone well and there were no major problems.



Kate Dunbar and Claire Kittel, with Peter Gray, bass.

* Norman Linehan is a free-lance photographer and writer who has been to many Conventions. His *Australian Jazz Picture Book* is still in the shops.



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TUESDAY:
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WEDNESDAY:
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HILTON INTERNATIONAL SYDNEY

FREDDIE HUBBARD: interview

When he was in Sydney recently, the 43-year-old American trumpeter spoke with ERIC MYERS. The interview took place on Saturday, January 16. Here are excerpts from that conversation:

EM: Are you an admirer of that funk music we can hear in the background?
FH: Well, that fusion music, where you mix jazz and rock together, has become very popular in the States. I think it's helped a lot of musicians make it economically. I've done some of it in the last five years, especially when I was with CBS. I did several albums; they weren't too successful. I would say that when I was with CTI Records, I was more successful with that kind of music.

Basically, your reason for doing that sort of music is to make a living?

Well, some of it's fun. I just recorded an album in Los Angeles with Alan Ferguson, who's a well-known writer in the States - TV stuff. We did some pop songs....I don't see anything wrong with it. On the other hand I've been planning on trying to get some musicians like Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner and Eddie Gomez, and go out and play some straight-ahead stuff.

When Woody Shaw was here last year, he was a little hard on you. He was saying that you had sold out your integrity by playing funk music. Does that sort of comment bother you?

Integrity, eh? It bothered me until I played with him in Norway recently. I don't think that, after playing with me, he would say that again.

Are you and he good friends, or rivals?
I think he's let the people there sort of pit him against me, but he knows deep down in himself what's happening. You tell him any time he's ready to play with me, just let me know. We can play any kind of music he wants to play; it doesn't make any difference.

In terms of musical values, your tastes are pretty wide? You dig playing those crossover things?

Why doesn't Woody mention Miles? 'Cause Miles was the one who started all this. If you're talking about "crossover", I would say he's more into rock than any of us. It's just that Woody hasn't been through what I've been through; he hasn't played all the different kinds of music that I played. I've played with just about everybody, and I like to play what I want to play, and I hope people like it. I have to look out for myself and make a living.

When you say he hasn't been through what you've been through, do you mean....?

He hasn't played with Coltrane, he hasn't played with Sonny Rollins, Ornette ... He hasn't played with all those guys like I have.

So, you feel your jazz credentials are well enough established?

Yeah, I should be free enough to elect the kind of music I want to play. I'm not saying funk is the best music, but whenever I'm playing I put forth my best effort. And I don't think you should ever



Hubbard at the Basement

put people down. I never did that. Especially Woody shouldn't put me down, after he copied my shit! Sounds kinda dumb to me.

How do you expect to be remembered by future jazz historians? As an innovator?
Well, I've done that! (Laughs) What else do you want?

In what ways have you been an innovator in jazz?

Well, I think my style of trumpet playing is kind of different from, say, Dizzy's, or Miles's, or Clifford's. I think I started a little bit of a trend, because I not only try to play like a trumpet player, I try to play like a tenor player. By working with tenor players so much, it kind of changed my style - accenting notes, and my ideas. I used to work with saxophone players so much, that I found myself trying to play their ideas on the trumpet.

Your technique would be the greatest in the history of jazz trumpet, would you say?

You see, technique is something that's an individual thing. I can't say that mine is

the greatest, but I can say it's one of the greatest. Dizzy's technique to me is the hottest.

Your sound on the trumpet is a really warm, fat sound. I imagine that's a natural sound which you've had from a young age.

Well no, I played French horn and I think that helped determine my sound today. I played mellophone, I played tuba, which opened that hole between your teeth when you're playing. To get that full sound, I had to kind of open up, which makes it kind of difficult in terms of keeping an embouchure. It's a different movement; it took a long time, about ten years, to do some of those things.

Also, your physique is important to your sound, isn't it? You're a fairly powerful man.

(Laughing)... You mean overweight! Well, I used to lift weights, I used to run a lot. Not any more, since I moved to L.A., not as much. I have a swimming pool, and swim a bit.

Obviously, you're glad you made the move to L.A.?

Yeah, for more reasons than one. One reason was that I got tired of the race. Those guys in New York, you know, they're so competitive and you lose sight of a lot of other things that are very valuable to me in life - like being nice to yourself, and nice to other people. I don't deal much with the people in California, but it's a nice place to live. When I'm off the road, it gives me a chance to relax.

How do you feel when you go back to New York to play?

It's a charge, you know, but the last time I was there, everybody came on and said like, "Now Freddie, is he still playing?" It was the same old shit. But I played the same way.

You're a little bit tired of that competitive attitude in jazz?

Yeah, I don't think it's really helped that much. When Ornette (Coleman) and those guys came on the scene, there was a big change - you know, jazz went down. People just didn't understand it. But they put him up there as the star, and all the rest of the guys started fighting to see who could play the furthest out - avant-garde, you know, away from the changes, and all that. And half of them didn't know what Ornette was doing. I even jumped on the bandwagon, trying to play way out, but I'm still basically a melodic player, and I think melodic playing will outlast all of it. You'll notice that Miles and Dizzy always keep a certain kind of melodic thing going no matter what they're playing.

Does that mean you're dubious about the work you did on Ornette Coleman's Free Jazz album? How do you regard that now? Well, now it sounds simple, compared to what some of the guys are doing now - Sun Ra and all those guys. But at the time I didn't like it; I didn't understand it too much. Now I do, 'cause I've done more study in that kind of music with Ornette. Did you have a similar feeling about Ascension, the Coltrane LP, or was that a different bag?

(Laughing) That was built on four scales. There was an interlude, with a melodic end. (Sings some phrases). Then we'd play on another degree of one of the scales. Trane was always looking for something new to play, you know. Did you know Coltrane well?

Kinda well.

I gather, from reading about him, that he was a fairly tortured man; he carried around a lot of pain.

No, no. When he was younger he drank a lot. I think once he got off that, he started practising all the time, and everything became just music. His whole life was music.

He was obsessive about music, wasn't he?

Yeah man, he'd practise all day and all night, in the breaks on the job ... which is beautiful .. He was a great man, a nice man too, a good heart.

Very quiet?

Very quiet. He had been so loud when he was young, I guess he felt it was time to shut up. (Laughs).

You don't seem like a quiet man; you seem very confident...

Well, I'm very open. I used to be shy, but

I've had experiences with different people that opened me up. It made me try to feel people more, 'cause I used to carry a chip on my shoulder. I was really off into a kind of racist bag. I felt I was being condemned, almost, by white people. That was the general trend in the United States, to try to subjugate most ethnic minority groups to some kind of suppression, so I felt as though I should try to suppress them. I got out of that. I think most white people are looking for sincerity, which is very difficult in the circumstances, in everyday living. I mean, you don't have that problem much here, 'cause there's not that many ethnic minority groups here.

No, we have pretty much a homogeneous white culture.

I didn't ask to be brought to America; I would have liked to stay in Ireland, keep my suntan and enjoy life. (Laughs) But okay, I was there and my early childhood was one that really left a scar on me, but I think I've gotten rid of that now, and I feel pretty good, and I'm not bitter any more. I can look at people without feeling ashamed, and wonder what they think. I don't give a fuck. But it takes time for that.

I felt when I heard you play that you were a very confident, full personality.

But it's not that easy to be that way. People take it for some kind of arrogance. Arrogant? Me? Country boy from Indiana? But New York made me hard that way, to get over it. And that's what Woody's doing now. He's going through that stage I went through in New York, making people think more of him. I dig that but don't fuck with me! When we're talking about me, I can play! Get his horn out! I think I'll make a record with Woody and check him out, and get rid of all this. There's another young boy playing too - Wynton Marsalis - he's going to be alright.

Yeah, I heard him in New York.

He's got the background and he's gonna play ... ooh shit! As soon as he learns how to swing a little better.

He doesn't know how to swing?

To swing takes time.

How long does it take?

It takes a little bit of living, and different experiences. That's the reason I tried to check out all the different groups, their styles: Ornette, Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey, J.J. Johnson, Miles, Eric Dolphy... all different styles, and try to compile them into one thing, so I can say I can

play with anybody. Even some Dixieland if need be. (Laughs)

Can I ask you an obvious question? Why was Clifford Brown your idol?

He had that warm sound, his technique was good, he played very genuinely. He was able to express himself on the trumpet, so he must have been a good hearted man. I never met him, but he must have been a great guy. His sound just grabbed me, and it stayed on my mind. It's a great tragedy that he died.

Yeah, 25 years old. It's young, isn't it? He was swinging at 25 ...

25, yeah! But he had played with Chris Powell and Lionel Hampton and all those kind of people. Now, you know the kind of music Lionel plays. You see what made him a whole person, a whole kind of player? By playing the different kinds of music.

How do you regard Miles now?

He's great.

Have you heard his new band?

Yeah, some of the music I can't listen to. But when I was in New York the time before last, he came down with a tape of some of the songs he was coming out with. He played some things for me. I said: "Miles - slick!" He knew that, after being out for five years, whatever he came out with had to be catchy. It wasn't musically as dynamic as I might have liked, but it was commercial, and it was still Miles, in his sound.

Do you expect to be doing any more work with VSOP? [Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Tony Williams and Ron Carter].

No. I'm gonna try and do something different. I want to try and get Elvin [Jones], McCoy [Tyner] and Joe Henderson.... Again, that's a different kind of music; I'll have to switch up my stuff. I'd like to do that.

Who do you think is the greatest trumpeter in jazz?

I think Dizzy is.

Still?

He's fantastic. I'll never forget we were in San Sebastian, Spain, about a year ago, on tour. I was downstairs in the dressing-room, 'cause I was closing the show. He was playing so much shit up there, he had the people in an uproar. I had to go up and see what he was doing. He was playing some stuff, man, I never heard him play in my life. It was just one of them nights. God, ooh, Jesus - he was doin' it! Top to bottom! He's fantastic!

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BEHIND THE MIKE-

WILLIS CONOVER

by Ken Weatherley *



Willis Conover (left) pictured with Duke Ellington.

Willis Conover, the voice so familiar to most of us through his nightly program on the Voice Of America, is possibly one of the most knowledgeable people in the world of jazz. Yet in Washington, where the program originates he is a stranger in his own land. Washingtonians are familiar with many of the domestic radio personalities, but blink at the mention of Conover's name, despite an audience and influence that dwarfs many of the "local boys". The reason - Conover's broadcasts are not heard in the U.S.

According to a *Washington Post* report, that's just fine with Conover, as he prefers anonymity, is uncomfortable with the term "disc jockey", and disavows any effort to become a personality. In at least eighty countries, to inestimable millions of people, Willis Conover is a strong, clear, even voice that brings music, primarily jazz, into their homes via short-wave radio. The *New York Times* once estimated that up to thirty million listeners are glued to

* Ken Weatherley was the former host of *Jazz Scene* on Melbourne's now defunct radio station 3ZZ. He also has been the Australian correspondent for the London-based music magazine, *Crescendo International*, (a magazine with a very heavy leaning towards jazz). Ken has also served from time to time on various jazz society committees.

short wave receivers picking up one or more of his *Music USA* programs each week. Conover claims that this estimate is "exaggerated".

Speaking slowly, avoiding colloquialisms, sustaining the tone so it will carry well on short-wave, making sure the syllables will still be there when the frequency fades in and out, has helped many foreigners to learn English. Many have told him how they learned to speak the language by simply listening to his programs.

He once commented on radio listeners: "I see the listener as one person at his radio, because he doesn't feel like part of a crowd out there in radio-land". His thoughts on U.S. jazz radio programs generally: "...Now, I must make a confession of my own. I like steak, in the French, Italian and Chinese cuisines, but I would not like any one of them three times a day, every day, all my life. So, after seven hours a day in my *Voice Of America* studio five days a week, listening, timing, rating, grading, researching, writing, programming and introducing music, I don't go home and turn on the radio. Or play many records for pleasure. My appetite has been satisfied, so I'm badly qualified to comment on jazz in the most important of the media: radio. Except my own radio programs."

Conover, whose home is in New York, spends several days each week in Washington, D.C. at the VOA studios in three gruelling seven-hour sessions. The music is selected from his personal collection. "... the equivalent of 70,000 three-minute pieces of music". He tapes five half-hour programs emphasizing traditional American pop music, but his fame of course stems from the 45-minute jazz programs that are broadcast on a staggered schedule so that fans can pick up his show in the evening hours anywhere in the world. He comments: "A sense of programming-sequence is more important than knowing a history of places and dates. I believe that the most tone-deaf of listeners can be reached through a conscientious selecting and sequencing of records in a program."

As Don Picard of *TWA Ambassador* magazine so rightly points out, "... the popularity of his short-wave shows is remarkable. Technically, short-wave is not particularly good as a medium for music. Varying atmospheric conditions prevent music or voice from having the fidelity of medium, long-wave or FM broadcasts. But as any regular listener to his show will testify, the basic rhythm, style and tones of jazz transcend short-wave's technical limitations, and make Conover's program popular even in Western countries where jazz records and local FM jazz shows are readily available."

Willis Conover's radio career began in and around Washington in the early forties. He also began promoting some jazz concerts - no easy task in a segregated town whose white club owners didn't take kindly to music written and performed primarily by blacks. The resume on him appears to cover just about everything! In the early fifties he was a concert producer and orchestra organiser in Washington D.C., and joined VOA in 1954 when *Music USA* was born. From 1956 - 64 Conover was Program Adviser and Master of Ceremonies at the Newport Jazz Festival; became a trustee at Berklee School of Music in 1966, and also during that year became Program Consultant to The White House. Perhaps his most notable production was the birthday program

for Duke Ellington which took place on April 29, 1969. During 1970, he was appointed chairman of The White House Record Library Commission, and also during that year became the recipient of the Record Industry Association of America's Annual Cultural Award. And so it goes on, committee member and/or adviser on numerous panels connected with cultural presentation.

Despite his heavy work schedule, Conover has travelled in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Spain, France, Britain, Belgium, Holland, West Germany, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Finland, Norway, Australia, Switzerland, Algeria, Tunisia, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina and the USSR. Jazz enthusiasts in a number of those countries treat him to a hero's home-coming-type welcome. In several cities in the U.S. and overseas he has supervised the recording of jazz festivals, the best of which have often been on *Music USA*, particularly of course Newport and Monterey.

Though jazz is the focus of his life, at 60 he does enjoy other forms of music, but the Chinese-water-torture quality of endless Muzak-style music infuriates him. Which brings us back to jazz - what is jazz really? Conover answered that question in an interview in *Ambassador* magazine by saying, "Jazz is America's classical music. Rock is - at the moment - its spring fertility rite. Some say rock is just another form of jazz, as dixieland, swing and bop were. My mind tells me this could be true, my heart tells me it's false".

Why has he spent his life playing jazz and popular music? "... the classical music of America is the best of two kinds of music: jazz, which is largely, though not exclusively the work of Afro-Americans, and the enduring American Song, which is largely but not exclusively the work of Euro-Americans. The best of Ellington, Charlie Parker, the Armstrong Hot Fives and Hot Sevens, certain things by Coltrane, certain things by Bill Evans, Art Tatum - it's great music! And it's accepted as such in many countries overseas. Anyone who does not know that has not been there.

"I often play things that do not particularly appeal to me, when I recognize that they have musical substance, because the program should be both representative and

selective. It's about fifty per cent the best of current releases, and about forty per cent the enduring greats. The remaining ten per cent is about equally divided between the roots of the music - New Orleans, Dixieland, Ragtime - and the avant-garde or so-called free music, which strikes me as a redundancy, since jazz is a free music to begin with. But it means free of previously agreed upon tempo, or key, harmonic changes and so forth."

Conover accounts for jazz's worldwide appeal, beyond its merit as music: "First, the vitality, the passion, without which no work of art can live. Second, the improvisation, which died out in European music. And thirdly, the fact that most jazz musicians prefer to base their variations on musically interesting songs."

In the U.S. Conover notes, there is more live jazz being played in colleges, universities and high schools than anywhere else. More jazz, that is, in large ensembles - big bands. In smaller groups or as soloists, these young musicians may still be at the apprentice level. Every year, Woody Herman, Buddy Rich and (before his death) Stan Kenton, among many other bandleaders, hire musicians who graduate from American universities and colleges. Probably some older musician at the school, himself a former member of a professional band, recommends the outstanding graduates.

"What seems to have happened is this," Conover continues, "many professional musicians of the thirties and forties went into military service, upon discharge and returning to civilian life, entitled them to scholarships for additional education. With teachers' degrees, they began teaching music in schools and organising student-musicians into dance bands and jazz orchestras. As a result, there are now at least six hundred big bands, playing jazz, in American colleges and universities. (North Texas State University alone has at least six big bands.) American high-schools also have from fifteen to twenty thousand bands playing some kind of jazz."

Willis Conover is not a government employee; he produces his radio programs on a contract basis for the Voice of America, outside of which he is a writer, producer, plus a narrator on radio and television shows. His Friends of Music USA clubs, with a minimum of twelve

members in each chapter, now total more than 1600 chapters, (about 25,000 members) in 94 countries. He writes and sends each chapter a bi-monthly newsletter.

Apparently, he's on a first name basis with just about everyone in the jazz world. American and foreign jazz greats often meet for the first time in the living room of his Manhattan apartment overlooking Central Park, where he resides with his wife Shirley Carroll.

What's so great about jazz? "... the first record to appeal to me was Charlie Barnet's performance of *Cherokee*, which, to some people, whose tastes are moored in New Orleans jazz, makes me something of an upstart, and, to others, who follow the avant-garde, makes me an old fogey. Exactly at what point popular music becomes jazz, and vice versa, I wasn't sure then, and I'm not too sure now..."

Television, he says, is a jazz wasteland! "In America, outstanding musicians play in orchestras for talk-shows, but the television audience hears very little of it. The audience in the studio may get a good concert while the band warms up, before the show goes on television. European television does much more and much better with jazz, musicians tell me. I haven't had the opportunity to see as many of these programs as I'd have liked. I will say that the best jazz-for-television films I've seen are made in Poland."

I think the *Washington Post* sums up Willis Conover best with this comment from a Russian listener. "Your program is so important," the Russian told him privately, "... because the world changes, history is re-written, governments disappear, but every night you turn on the and there's Willis - he's dependable!"

For the short-wave enthusiasts, the following information has been supplied by VOA for tuning into *Music USA*: heard nightly from Monday to Saturday at 1415 (GMT) through till 1500 (GMT), as follows:

Metres	KHz
13.9	21615
30.7	9760
49.1	6110
19.8	15160
31.4	9545
25.6	11715
31.4	9565

The real Afro-Jazz ABDULLAH IBRAHIM in Australia 1982

by Richard Hazlewood*



South African pianist Abdullah Ibrahim, once known widely as Dollar Brand before his conversion to Islam, will be touring Australia during March and April. It is now twenty years since he emerged from South Africa, firstly into Europe and then into America and ultimately the whole world. Perhaps it is also time to reflect on this remarkable man's music, and its origins and influences.

Born into the deprivation of District Six in Capetown 48 years ago, Abdullah Ibrahim grew to maturity in an atmosphere of hatred, oppression and violence. Apartheid was the name of the game, and to survive you had to play it. None of us in Australia could begin to understand the demoralizing, frightening and dignity crushing effects of being deprived of one's personal freedom.

Amidst oppression there are many tools that humanity can fall back on to find strength, to motivate itself, and to relieve tension. One such tool is music, and the musical traditions of Black Africa are perhaps the richest in the world. Music for a purpose, music for pleasure, music for worship, music for work, and music

* A management consultant in the computer industry, Richard Hazlewood was brought up from an early age on a diet of jazz.

for dance. A rich tapestry of sounds, brimming with passion, excitement and soul. Adolf Johannes Brand was surrounded by the music of his people. His family were musically oriented and at the age of seven he took up the piano. By the age of seventeen he was a working pianist. His head was full of the sounds of Africa, aware of the formalities of his training, and excited by the sounds of jazz from America.

In the very early 60s the Jazz Epistles were born, a local band featuring Dollar Brand on piano. Very quickly his fame spread throughout South Africa, and then into Europe, and by 1965 he was touring America with the encouragement of Duke Ellington. What he played was not jazz tinged with Africa, it was true African jazz. In many ways modern African music developed in parallel to its American counterpart. Yet the root of both was in the rich folk culture of Africa. The American influences were there for sure. Duke Ellington and Thelonious Monk especially had a major influence on the music of Dollar Brand, but so too did the tribal music and the music of the streets and dance halls of Capetown, the 'highlife' music.

Listening to Abdullah Ibrahim playing is a true sensual and spiritual experience. One moment he is light

and flippant like dancing children; then he is a thunderous brooding storm of rolling chords and intensely repetitive bass patterns; then he is a hundred drummers superimposing rhythms, cross rhythms and poly-rhythms of crashing chords; then when you least expect it he is bathing in the lush-life romanticism of Ellington. He is a skilled, literate and disciplined musician, dramatic yes, but never excessive or obscure. Even his long extended improvisations, full of repetitive phrases, seem to push forward constantly to a logical conclusion.

It's a hard road that Abdullah Ibrahim has chosen to travel, and his life hasn't always been a positive one. Passionately involved in the struggle for freedom at home, his inner turmoil and his conflict between God and radical politics, have all shown themselves on his musical sleeve. To listen to his music alone is a memorable experience, but to be in communion with his feeling, to get behind the music, is to get closer to to humanity and understanding. Go out of your way to share a few brief hours of your life with this remarkable man.

JAZZ

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U.S.A. Report

Scrapple from the Apple

by Lee Jeske *



Max Roach - the drum can be a melodic instrument.

Is there something about playing the drums that keeps a man (or woman) healthy and sane?

Think about it: although jazz casualties over the years have taken their toll on every aspect of the music, drummers seem to survive the longest. Perhaps it has to do with the fact that they spend their careers sitting. Of the original Ellington Orchestra, Sonny Greer is the only surviving member. Not only that, but, well into his 80s, he still takes the occasional job and still displays a flamboyant, rakish sense of humor, style and playing. Jo Jones, the original fan belt of the Basie band, recently celebrated his 70th birthday by continuing his every-Tuesday-night gig at the uptown West End Cafe. Papa Jo, as he's commonly known, is still as irascible and grumpy as ever - nobody who mounts the stand with him, or, for that matter, is seated in the house, is safe from his grouchy, cobra-like temper. But everyone puts up with him because, dammit, he's still one of the finest streamlined percussionists around. He sits up there

surrounded by the smallest drum kit imaginable - the type a 14-year-old might get as a beginner's set - and creates seamless, small masterpieces of rhythm. He is a textbook of time and swing.

Other drummers who are still rattling the pots and pans include Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Roy Haynes and Max Roach (try to find another instrument of the be-bop era from which so many founders remain). Not to mention Philly Joe Jones, Buddy Rich, etc. etc.

I started thinking about this one night in Seventh Ave. South, the Greenwich Village club owned by the Brecker Brothers. Max Roach was holding forth with his quartet but, for the first set, it appeared that one of the band's members (I believe it was trumpeter Cecil Bridgewater) was late. Of course, that didn't phase Max Roach. He took the microphone and explained that he was going to play a number of solo trap-drum (multiple percussive instrument, to Mr. Roach) pieces. Now normally the prospect of listening to much more than a half-chorus drum solo is enough to make me want to run for the hills. However, there is one drummer who can carry an entire set of solo drums and that drummer is Max

Roach.

If I could give every drummer in the world some advice, I'd tell them to go listen to Jo Jones for one evening and to Max Roach for another. It will prove two things to them: that the drum can be a melodic instrument, and that you don't need pyrotechnics to wow an audience with a well-tuned set of ears. It is hard to listen to Max's *The Drum Also Waltzes*, and not come out humming it. Neither Jones nor Roach twirls his sticks, shakes the earth with cymbal explosions or pounds his tom-toms as if there's an urgent message to convey to the next village. No sir, they work up a presentable, melodic piece and present it melodically. I could listen to Max Roach play solo drums all night.

Needless to say, I didn't have to. After a totally delightful half-hour, Max brought on the rest of his superb quartet - the constantly growing tenor saxophonist Odean Pope, bassist Calvin Hill and the tardy Bridgewater - for a sparkling set.

George Benson is not the first ultra-talented jazz instrumentalist to learn he could sing. Nat Cole, of course, is the

* Lee Jeske is JAZZ magazine's US correspondent, based in New York.

prime example of one who abandoned what was fast-becoming a very influential piano technique for a pop career as a crooner of molasses and cream. Nat Cole returned every so often to a small-band format, but, for the most part, he lived and died a singer.

George Benson seems to be going the same route - his popularity as a middle-of-the-road vocalist is enormous. He sells out halls the size of 500 Village Vanguard, he sells more albums per year than Wes Montgomery sold in his lifetime, and he is, quite handily, a millionaire. Okay - I won't begrudge George Benson his right to any of this. In fact, I sort of like his singing (though I prefer Nat Cole, but that's a different story). What frustrates me is that every time Benson has shed his role as singer and got down to some serious guitar playing he has sparkled. Witness a stunning performance on television with Benny Goodman a couple of years back when the guitarist pushed the clarinetist to rarely ventured for heights on a burning *Seven Comes Eleven*; listen to Dexter Gordon's last Columbia opus; or try to find a tape of Jimmy Carter's White House jazz jamboree of '78. George Benson is still a smoking guitarist, in a decidedly Wes Montgomery-ish bag.

So imagine my surprise when the Bottom Line (a 500-seat club) posted "A Special Evening of Jazz with George Benson and Friends." Well, George Benson sneezing would bring out enough people to fill a relative salt-box like the Bottom Line (relative to the 6,000 seat Radio City Music Hall where he normally holds forth). But the key word here is jazz. Well the tickets sold out in a flash and there was a general clamour at the door the night of the event. In some ways I was sorry that Benson didn't pick a larger venue for this - most of the people holding the prized ducats were going to be wanting to hear *Give Me The Night* and other light-weight epics and if Benson was seriously going to give them a night of honest, cooking jazz, he should have allowed more people in for the instruction. Plus the normal New York City jazz fan is not used to having to bring sleeping bags and thermoses to buy tickets to a concert. So I'm afraid a lot of people who deserved to get in were left out in the cold, as were a lot of people who were in need of a first-class introduction to jazz.

As I entered the club for the second show of the night, I espied a list of George's "friends": Tom Browne, Tom Scott, Kenny Barron, Ralph McDonald, Marcus Miller, Earl Klugh and Omar Hakim. Now wait a minute - whose definition of jazz is this going to be? Was I suckered into creeping out into the cold night for another set of electronic prattle from the fusion-mongers listed (save the always delicious Barron)? Well, my fears were unfounded. The band (minus Klugh who was being saved for some special two-guitar forays) came out and immediately launched into *Au Privave*. Before I left two hours later (and mind you, the set was still in progress - I was just suffering wee-hour-exhaustion), the band jammed through *Mercy, Mercy, Senor Blues, Moanin', Cherokee*, and a bunch of others. I was impressed: Benson is still one of the best of the funky, Montgomery brand of guitarists, and trumpeter Tom Browne is a far-sight better than his fusion albums would make you believe. Tom Scott, I'm sorry to report, is just as awful as his fusion albums



George Benson: teasing the jazz hard-liners?

allow, if not worse. He is a honker, pure and simple.

Warner Bros. recorded the evening, but all in all, what is the point? Is this part of a fusion backlash, or was this just George Benson amusing himself and teasing the jazz hard-liners? The audience, I might add, ate it up. Hopefully, this will prove to Benson (and others) that he *can* have his cake and eat it too. Why not make an album of vocal pap that is going to sell ten trillion copes and then turn around and make a jazz album that is going to sell ten thousand, but might, just might, turn some of the ten trillion's heads around? Why not? It is up to such popular personages as George Benson to lead his loyal masses. I hope George Benson's return to jazz clubs is something that he will pursue. I hope he's serious. I hope it's not just another one of ... *these masquerades*.

You can argue with me, but my vote for the best new album of 1981 is David Murray's *Ming* on Black Saint Records. Everything is good about it - the compositions are striking and original, the instrumentation (an octet) is well matched and integrated and every player is superb. It is a magnificent album and it reminds me of the best work of Charles Mingus. It is jaunty, it is swinging, it is a *bitch* and David Murray, at age 25, seems like a massive talent. Sure, his work with the World Saxophone Quartet, and all the other things he's done, has been superb but *Ming* is something else. *Ming* is magnificent.

So when the Public Theatre announced a David Murray Octet one-nighter, you know I was down there in a hurry. The octet was the same as the album with two exceptions - Dick Griffin for George Lewis on trombone and Jimmy Lyons for Henry Threadgill on alto. Otherwise it was Anthony Davis, piano; Olu Dara, trumpet; Butch Morris, cornet; Wilbur Morris, bass; and Steve McCall, drums. The concert proved the album was no fluke.

David Murray's voicings are rich and

bright. He seems to have really worked on the right sound and hand-picked the instrumentation to get that sound. Also, and most importantly, his compositions stick in the mind - they are melodic and memorable. But in the case of jazz, a leader is frequently only as good as his players and, Murray's tenor playing included, everybody was just right. Olu Dara has more than a dash of Cootie Williams in him, his solos are growly, earthy creations, particularly on the romping *Dewey's Circle*. Butch Morris, by contrast, is introspective and feathery, a mellower brassman. Dick Griffin is an underrated chameleon of a trombonist - he can employ a deep, guttural brogue, a breathy whisper or an air-out-of-the-balloon effect. Lyons is one of the finest, raunchy, sheet-of-sounds altoists around (although, personally, I prefer Threadgill's more thoughtful approach). And enough can't be said about the rhythm - Wilbur Morris is a riveting bass player and Davis and McCall are two of the finest players on their respective instruments. I may sound effusive, but, believe me, it's quite an octet.

The band performed a good deal of *Ming* and a wide swatch of their next album for Black Saint, *Home* (which annotator Stanley Grouch tells me is "five times better than *Ming*", something I'll believe when I hear it).

My main concern is that Murray can keep this unit (or some version of an octet) together. Economically it is next to impossible, but if anybody can advance the scope of the mid-sized group it is Murray. The music is accessible, bluesy and oh-so intelligent. It has power and spirit and somebody should take notice of it before this becomes strictly a recording unit. Although there are jazz clubs opening up left and right hereabouts, club owners still are reluctant to lay out for eight pieces when they can fill their clubs with trios. Similarly, club-goers are reluctant to pay a higher door charge to finance such experiments. All anybody has to do is take one listen to *Ming* and it should become quite clear why such chances, on both the part of the promoters and the listeners, are so important.

reporting from...

...Adelaide

By Don Porter

Jazz is to be accorded something of a first in the series of 45 minute simulcasts on television and ABC-FM radio.

Commencing on April 5 it will go to air in each State at 10 p.m. each Monday. Full details are not yet to hand as I write but the first three sessions will be:—

Program 1 April 5 Freddie Hubbard Schmoë & Co/Keith Stirling/Judy Bailey Quartet with John Sangster/Mark Murphy.

Program 2 April 12 Art Pepper Quartet.

Program 3 April 19 Johnny Griffin Quartet/Julian Lee and Friends with Kerrie Biddell Bruce Hancock Trio/Don Burrows and George Golla.

There are a host of top Australian and overseas musicians in the following seven programs. Mounting and presenting such a series has presented quite a few technical problems. But producer-director Henry Procope, compere and associate producer Jim McLeod (who was responsible for the selection of artists) and the Australian Broadcasting Commission deserve praise for their efforts in producing what promises to be a top class jazz presentation.

Incidentally there is talk of the possibility of releasing an LP featuring the high spots of the simulcasts but no doubt such a venture will require successful negotiations concerning contractual commitments of some of the artists concerned.

I was talking to Keith Conlon manager of public radio 5UV and drummer/vocalist with the Bruce Gray Six the other day about their program "The World of F. Scott Fitzgerald" commencing on March 1 at 9 p.m.

I can't be sure how much jazz music will be included in the series but the third program due to go to air on March 15 is entitled "The Jazz Age" and as well as a dramatisation of one of Fitzgerald's short stories includes some documentation of "the roaring twenties" plus the music of the day. Jazz or not the eight programs, produced by National Public Radio in the US, look to be an interesting evocation of the era for Adelaide listeners.

Mention of the Bruce Gray Six brings to mind the outstanding qualities of this group — and especially its founder members Bill Munro (trumpet and flugelhorn) and Bruce himself (clarinet, tenor, alto and flute).

These days I hear them all too infrequently but a couple of weeks ago they were at the Southern Jazz Club together with guest ex-Adelaide now Sydney trumpeter Bruce Johnson.

To some extent their rare record appearances don't do them full justice, but both Gray and Munro in live performance are among the best trad-cum-mainstream Australian musicians I have heard over a span of some forty years of jazz listening. Many years ago I wrote that if they had been born in the US (or even Melbourne or Sydney) and chosen

to make jazz their sole profession they would have been among the top performers in the field. I see no reason to change that opinion.

The present line-up consists of Bruce, Bill, that multi-instrumentalist Glenn Henrich (reeds, flute, vibes — and God knows what else), Ted Nettlebeck — slumming (sic) from the world of modern jazz — on piano, Jazzer Hall (guitar, banjo — and in the absence of Jerry Wesley overseas also operating foot bass) and Keith Conlon (drums and vocal). And Keith offers very acceptable vocals indeed which give a lift to the well chosen and less hackneyed repertoire in the band's book. Record companies please note — but preferably record them live.



Fig: Bruce Johnson

Bruce Gray

The last few weeks has seen a resurgence of interest in jazz if the capacity audiences attending The Jazz Masters, Griffin/Hubbard, and Kenny Ball and His Jazzmen concerts are any indication.

And each of them provided excellent musical fare whether swing, modern, or trad. Really labels don't matter, if the quality is there it will win through.

Certainly The Jazz Masters (Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; and Monty

Alexander, piano) excelled with a swinging, exhilarating performance from a trio who justified their title; both Griffin and Hubbard had musicians (and other ranks) in the house applauding their technical mastery; while Kenny Ball and his men demonstrated that entertainment and humour are not incompatible bedfellows with good jazz. Personally it will be a long time before I forget pianist Duncan Swift's tour-de-force on the Jelly Roll Morton composition *Pep* which had an audience of over 600 on their feet in appreciation.

After the concert Kenny Ball spoke to me about his deep appreciation of the work of the brothers Barnard — Len and Bob. I couldn't agree more.

If there was one sour note it was the rumour about the non-appearance at an interstate concert of one of the overseas musicians — unnamed but he plays trumpet and flugelhorn. If true it was unprofessional to say the least, if untrue I apologise.

Next issue a little more about some of the local groups — particularly *Small Hours* a group of young musicians who are burning up the local modern jazz scene.

...Melbourne

By Adrian Jackson

The New Year got off to a good start with the annual Free Entertainment In Parks jazz festival, with various bands playing lunch-hours in the city square or parks, and finishing with a weekend of jazz at the Myer Music Bowl. I caught the Sunday afternoon concert, with Frank Traynor's Jazz Preachers entertaining the large crowd first, and more often than not, proving that they can play jazz that is well worth listening to. The next set was a sheer delight to listen to, with Traynor's rhythm section backing up banjoist Ray Price and Bob Barnard, who was in superb form on a variety of standards and Armstrong numbers. The Don Burrows Quintet, with George Golla, Paul McNamara, Craig Scott and Alan Turnbull, followed with some brightly enjoyable swinging, before the Graeme Bell Allstars went through their paces, warm and tight. Don Burrows was then crowned FEIP's King of Australian Jazz — fair enough. It was good to see so many people lapping up local talent and enjoying it so much.

The major event of the month, however, was the AJF's Melbourne Jazz Festival, running seven nights from Jan. 23–30 at the Prince of Wales Hotel. It was a big success, with packed houses on most nights, being treated to a feast of great jazz.

Brief notes about the overseas performers. Johnny Griffin played dynamite tenor sax, his Quartet's sets were excellent. The Miroslav Vitous Group's improvisations on their original music were quite fascinating, with the leader's arco soloing most stunning; their understated intensity was something different — a good example to our players that music can be jazz without being 100% American. As with all the major performers, my only complaint was that I didn't hear enough of them.

The 'lesser' names also did their bit. Pianist Mike Nock displayed his fresh melodic grace in admirably open-sounding duo sets with vibist Dave Samuels, and guitarist Vic Juris, both of whom were worthy partners for Nock. Guitarist Steve Erquiaga and pianist Hal Galper each played very good trio sets, assisted by the excellent drummer Victor Lewis and fine bassist Rufus Reid. And Norman Simmons showed lovely touch in his trio set with Reid and Lewis as well as his accompaniment to the local jazz singers.

Perhaps as important as its value in awakening the local audience, and giving them the chance to hear first-class jazz, was the opportunity it gave local bands to be heard by a larger-than-usual audience. First up was Odwalla, who gave a typically solid performance of contemporary American jazz. Pianist Jamey Fielding stood out with his brilliant ideas and execution, Martin Jackson played some strong sax solos, and Barry Buckley and Allan Browne held the rhythm together very well. Vibist Alan Lee put together a band with Ron Anderson on reeds, Bob Sedergreen piano, Stephen Hadley bass and Alec Pertout conga: their set was quite pleasant, but never really got into anything. Brian Brown's Australian Jazz Ensemble presented a fairly tightly-worked-out program of themes and riffs: it was enjoyable enough, but nowhere near as exciting or satisfying as this lineup could be.

Wednesday saw Bob Sedergreen, Gary Costello and Allan Browne provide the local rhythm section for L.A. trumpeter Bobby Shew's Quintet (Bill Reichenbach on trombone), and they did the job brilliantly. Sedergreen's expansive solos were a special treat, as was Shew's superb playing. They all enjoyed playing together as much as we enjoyed listening. Guitarist Bruce Clarke's Quartet, with Geoff Kitchen on reeds, Gary Costello and Larry Keane on drums, was the most old-fashioned band to appear, and although Kitchen's swing era reeds style was of some interest, the set was basically dull. Onaje was certainly the best local band to play, giving strong performances of some of their originals, and also a great revision of Kid Ory's Willie The Weeper. More so than any of the other local bands, they had something of their own to say, and said it emphatically and with pleasure.

On the Saturday night, Jamie Fielding played a trio set with Ted Vining on drums and Barry Buckley on bass: it obviously lacked the rapport that Vining and Buckley share with Bob Sedergreen, but there was a tangible meeting of and agreement between unfamiliar styles and ideas that produced some good moments. I would certainly be interested to hear this combination again. Finally, The Australian Jazz Singers went down very well with the audience, and obviously appreciated the backing of Simmons, Reid and Lewis. Paula Langlands sounded assured, although not really my idea of a jazz singer. Suzie Dickinson sang some Billie Holiday songs with real feeling, but I felt she overdid the imitation of Billie's accent: she sings better with her own voice. And Vince Jones sang well, perhaps not as comfortably as with his own band, but he sounded good on Farmer's Market, I Can't Get Started and Satin Doll.

Meanwhile, on Jan. 24 and 25, the Beaconsfield Hotel did good business with the Monty Alexander-RayBrown-Herb Ellis trio, whose playing of old standards, grooves and blues was a pure delight, with Brown's tone, time and taste a special thrill.

Continued overleaf

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Mark Simmonds

A few good Sydney musicians are currently in Melbourne working with *The Rocky Horror Show*. Some of these, calling themselves *The Space Music Orchestra*, shared a Sunday afternoon with *Odwalla* at the *Spotted Dog* coffee lounge on Jan. 31. They were tenor saxophonist Mark Simmonds, bassist Steve Elphick and drummer Phil Henderson. The latter two set up a good feel for Simmonds to blow with and over, displaying a lot of control and energy. They played some standards and some originals, and were joined for two numbers by Jamie Fielding. On the whole, they proved themselves strong jazz players, well worth listening to. *Odwalla* had earlier played an excellent set, with guest drummer Ted Vining adding greatly to the band's intensity. It was a good concert, with both bands communicating their commitment to the audience.

... Sydney

By Richard Hazlewood

In late December I switched home base from Melbourne to Sydney, excited by the opportunity to cover the Sydney jazz scene each issue. Despite its rich jazz heritage I was disenchanted by the apathetic Melbourne audiences, bored by an endless plethora of traditional jazz, much of which was second rate, and weary of excessive avant-gardists.

Despite the tales of woe from certain Sydney musicians I am pleased to report that this big exciting city has an equally big and exciting jazz scene. In fact, not only is Sydney the centre of Australian jazz, it is also the catalytic point from which our truly indigenous new wave is emanating. Even the trad here is more exciting!

In the seven weeks or so that I've been here my head has been saturated by so much good jazz from all eras, past present and future. It's available almost

any night, as is reasonably priced food and booze, and in many venues until the early hours of the morning. One notable jam session kept me up until 5.30 a.m.! A quick glance at the gig guides is almost like reading the index of a jazz encyclopaedia. Bob Barnard, Merv Acheson, Julian Lee, Judy Bailey, Kerrie Biddell, Col Nolan, Errol Buddle, Johnny Nicol, Noel Crow, Jim Kelly, Graeme Bell, John Sangster, Col Loughnan, Ray Aldridge, Barry Duggan, Lucy Brown, Roger Janes, Ken Schroeder (here to stay I hope) Ned Sutherland, and too many more to mention. I've heard so many superb musicians in so little time that I've forgotten half their names, but this is a weakness that time will correct.

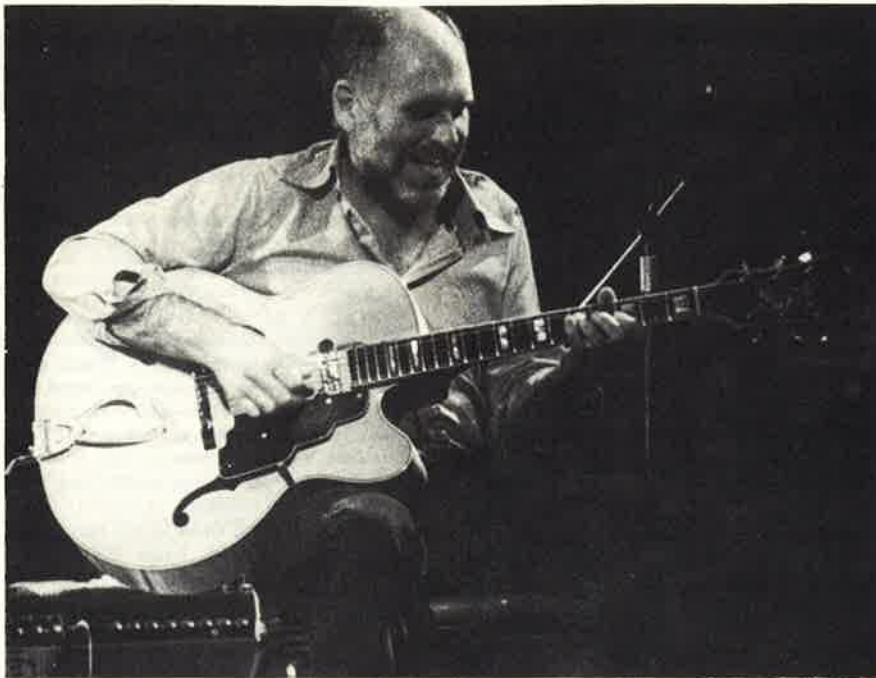
Of the venues I've visited I am pleased to say the standard of facilities is very high, the audiences are enthusiastic, and where there is a cover charge it's usually very reasonable. *RED NED'S* at Chatswood offers good value food, a delightful atmosphere, and thanks to the excellent management of Adrian Churchill the staff are friendly and efficient. Out west at the *JAZZBAH* in Petersham, Dave Goodmans has potent-

ially one of the best venues in Sydney. There is a large courtyard for those hot nights, inside the staging gives everyone a good view and the drinks are very reasonably priced. They also have a very varied program of music. At the risk of sounding critical however, it's black decor creates a sombre mood, and a bit more attention to cleanliness and professional service is necessary if they are to attract regular large audiences away from the city and the trendy zones. In Balmain there are two terrific pubs, the *UNITY HALL HOTEL* and the *DRY DOCK HOTEL* which offer lots of fun. Both have a good atmosphere with more than their fair share of eccentric characters, there are good cheap restaurants nearby, and of course the drinks are very cheap! There are many other venues, some I've only glanced at, some I haven't been to yet, and some, such as the numerous piano bars, exist only on the fringes of the jazz scene. I will eventually elaborate more on such fine venues as the *Musicians Club*, *Soup Plus*, *The Paradise Jazz Cellar*, *The Old Push*, *The Marble Bar* and many others.



Coco York: skilled and musically literate...

Pic: Jane March



Ned Sutherland: a powerful and emotional guitarist.

One venue I must mention is *THE BASEMENT*, which deservedly is a legend throughout Australia. After 25 years of following the jazz scene, in many countries, I have been to few places that are better. The atmosphere is always buzzing, the two storey layout is unique, the food is good value, and the service is excellent, even when it's packed. You can be close to the music or well away from it, and each regular seems to have his favourite spot. The music is of a consistently high standard featuring the best of our contemporary musicians, and many of the visiting greats from overseas. For visitors from interstate this venue is a must!

Of the music I've heard, my first rush of enthusiasm could fill this magazine. However in the interests of our readers' sanity I'll limit myself to a few gigs that have really excited me. Others I'm sure will cover the festival, but it sure was one hell of an introduction to jazz in Sydney. Firstly I must mention the brilliant *JIM KELLY*. His mostly electric quartet can offer beautifully liquid romanticism, and fiery aggression in a very contemporary style that treads a path somewhere between Weather Report, John Coltrane and Carlos Santana. They never fail to grab and hold my fickle attention. Jim's own guitar playing is masterly, moving and poetic one minute, and raunchy or breathless the next. I admire him for taking risks, and for consistent effort. I have heard Miles Davis' *All Blues* a tangled web of lost direction one night, and a cohesive masterpiece the next. Jim Kelly I'm sure will stay at the top for many years.

One particular highlight recently was a late night session at the Basement by the *RAY ALDRIDGE QUARTET* with the American singer *COCO YORK*. Coco is a young singer who hails from New Orleans, and no doubt will have to leave us just as we discover her. Not a true jazz singer, but a skilled and musically literate performer. Her repertoire moves comfortably from soul, to standards, to gospel, some fine blues shouting, and the best of contemporary songs. Her voice is operatically trained yet her roots

are planted firmly in the rich traditions of Black American Music. Ray Aldridge is an excellent pianist with an individual and percussive style which often reminds me of Britain's Stan Tracey. His accompaniment and long rolling solo on *God Bless The Child* were superb and controlled with an underlying feeling of tension and drama. The instrumental quartet brackets were exciting with some excellent guitar work from Ned Sutherland. He is a popular session musician I am told, and I can see why. A powerful and emotional guitarist when solo, but as an accompanist he is empathic and understatement personified.

COL NOLAN and *JOHNNY NICOL* are putting down some relaxed dinner jazz at Red Ned's on Monday nights, but there are enough moments of real fire to grab your attention. Johnny has a unique style which blends his guitar and voice into a cohesive whole. Comparisons with George Benson are inevitable, but I think unfair. Johnny hasn't deserted jazz for a start! Col Nolan is a very talented and very complete pianist who seems to blend into any situation. His technique is superb and I'm looking forward to hearing him in a variety of contexts. Sitting in with them the night I went was *Trude Aspelung*. A delightful and talented young singer from Capetown in South Africa, she has just moved to Sydney after building up a large following in Melbourne. She has a warm rich voice, impeccable taste and musicianship, and no doubt will soon be enrapturing Sydney audiences. Watch out for her.

These then are my first impressions of Sydney. Much of my listening time has been taken up by the festival and its visiting stars. Freddie Hubbard and John Griffin, and other visitors such as Melbourne's Dance Hall Racketeers have brightened my life no end, but aren't relevant to this column. However they happened in Sydney, so they need to be mentioned. So too should Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen. Often pilloried for his commercial efforts, he is nevertheless a fine bandleader and is bringing some superb British musicians with him. Try and catch some of their poorly promoted gigs if you can.

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BOOK REVIEWS



Bob Barnard

Bob Barnard, Graeme Bell, Bill Haesler and John Sangster on The Australian Jazz Convention.

Ed. Norman Linehan. Published by the Australian Jazz Convention Trust Fund, Sydney 1981.

This small, 20-page booklet consists of paraphrased interviews of the above-mentioned four men, conducted by Norm Linehan between March and September 1979. All were encouraged to give their thoughts on, and experiences regarding, various Australian Jazz Conventions, so it is an invaluable source document for anyone concerned with this unique event which has been running annually since 1946.

As an outsider who is too young to be aware of past Convention controversies, I was struck by references to those jazz conservatives and purists who were, at one time or another, opposed to any form of modern or progressive jazz. At the 1958 Convention John Sangster, Jim Somerville and Bob Cruickshanks played *It Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing*, (composed, incidentally, by Duke Ellington in 1932). They were informed (politely) that they weren't entirely welcome - their music was too modern. "I got banned," says a bewildered Sangster. "I was barred. Up till then I thought I was a traddie, just a jazz musician."

Similarly, at the 1952 Convention, Graeme Bell remembers that the big band he assembled caused some ill-feeling, even though the arrangements were no more revolutionary than those of the early Ellington and Luis Russell bands. Charlie Blott, Splinter Reeves and Stan Walker were even more audacious - they presented some out-and-out bop music. They "were greatly reviled by the mouldie fygges." Bob Barnard also remembers this as the occasion when "the boppers got in."

The bitterness generated by this incident is also reflected in the Bill Haesler interview. "Bill said he and the Committee were quite disgusted at what the bop group did, not only by the music itself but because that band had agreed to do something in the Eddie Condon mould and had broken their promise, which as well brought down on the Committee the wrath of the traditionalists." How archaic this dispute now seems in 1982 when bebop (or bop, as it became known) is just as much a historical style as traditional jazz!

Amongst a great deal of esoteric talk about the Conventions, there are many delightful quotations. Consider Bob Barnard's reaction to the playing of the American trumpeter Rex Stewart at the 1949 Convention: "Here's me, looking at this real black man playing the trumpet. Terrific!"

This booklet goes into a number of issues that will be of interest mainly to Convention insiders. Should some local musicians or bands be paid? How important is the Original Tunes Competition? Where should the Convention be held? What can the Committee do to ensure that the Convention survives in the future?

Those who are interested in questions like these will find Norm Linehan's booklet essential reading. The booklet, however, has wider relevance. The Australian Jazz Convention is an extremely significant cultural event in this country. Needless to say, it is entirely unrecognised outside a small circle of two or three thousand jazz fans. One has to agree wholeheartedly with John Sangster: "There is nothing like it anywhere in the world."

Eric Myers

Australian Music Directory, ed. Peter Beilby & Michael Roberts. 1st Edition, 1981. Recommended price, \$14.95.

We have long lacked a comprehensive guide to Australian music. With the publication of this volume, we still do. The book contains tables, lists, claims about comprehensiveness - all the apparatus of encyclopaedic authority. It allows us to believe that it is an exhaustive account of more or less current Australian music. Well, let's see how thoroughly it reviews jazz, one of the most abundant and fertile musical forms in this country. In section 1 it has complete chapters on rock in the 60's, rock in the 70's, rock into the 80's, folk and acoustic (the latter is, presumably, music which is distinctive in its property of being received through the sense of hearing), country music. A chapter on jazz? No sir. Could it be that the editors conceive of rock as being the only really significant Australian music? Their comment that "regular recording of local artists only began in the early 1960's" makes one wonder if those thousands of songs

recorded by Australian jazz musicians in the 40's and 50's were just figments (non-acoustic music perhaps?).

There is a "comprehensive" record listing, "a guide to current recordings of Australian composers and musicians". It has a jazz category. Try these: only two Len Barnard albums are listed, including one called *Len Barnard's Famous Jazz Band*, for which no label or catalogue number is given. I wonder which of the half dozen or so records bearing that title and currently available, is meant. Onaje is not listed. Noel Crow is not listed. The Convention Original Tunes L.P. is not listed. There is a list of Live Music Venues. What sort of live music? Just rock? No. Here's the Basement, Unity Hall, Soup Plus. So it's meant to be a directory of jazz joints as well. But, while they list a Paradise Jazz Club in Mt. Druitt, they don't appear to have listed the Paradise Jazz Cellar in the Cross. The Vanity Fair Hotel, a jazz pub for 10 years? Nope. Who's this list for? The information beside each entry is address, telephone number, and seating capacity. "Where'll we go tonight, Debbie? Here's a good place; it holds 50 people." There's a listing of jazz books. Four in all, not including the one jazz discography we have by Mitchell, nor Mike Williams' *The Australian Jazz Explosion*. Jazz magazines? Since they list *Jazzline* and the *Perth Jazz Society Newsletter*, it appears that they spread the net wide indeed. Not wide enough, however, to catch *Quarterly Rag*, the *Jazz Action Society Newsletter*, or even the only national jazz magazine in the country (yes, this one). All these omissions were simply ones I checked off the top of my head, without any systematic search. God knows how many more would show up on closer inspection.

While it has no bearing on the specifically jazz content (or lack of it), the layout should be mentioned. It is evidence of the increasing infiltration of advertising techniques into informational material. Typographically and pictorially it is not always easy to tell where advertising leaves off and text begins. The line between being informed and being manipulated is scarcely visible. In addition, the text itself becomes afflicted by that enervation of the word which advertising requires before it can function. The chapter titles, for example, are in most instances flamboyant but meaningless gestures, requiring subtitles by way of supplementary clarification. There is an ominous thesis in all this. Be warned. In terms of jazz, the title of this book makes it not simply useless, but dangerous. Its casual flirtation with jazz amounts to promises it does not keep. Save your money.

Bruce Johnson

CONCERT REVIEWS

Miroslav Vitous Quartet. Sydney Jazz Festival, Birkenhead Point and The Basement, January 17.

It is always a hapless time for music critics when a group like the Miroslav Vitous Quartet performs in Sydney. Following the concerts, one is usually berated by jazz fans who have been thrown into bewilderment. What is this music? what does it all mean? they ask. Is it jazz?

Let me try and re-articulate the kind of hesitant interpretation which, inadequately, I tried to put to such confused souls.

The 34-year-old Czech bassist Vitous and his quartet - John Surman (soprano and baritone saxophones), John Taylor (piano) and Jon Christensen (drums) presented, so far as I could see, European free jazz in one of its most brilliant and virtuosic forms.

At Birkenhead Point during the afternoon and again at The Basement the same evening they showed that, apart from snatches of prepared melody, their music was completely improvised, without a pre-ordained structure. This is not to say that the music was unstructured, for a surprisingly firm structure was generated as the music evolved.

The music was therefore a matter of lightning thought processes, completely dependent on the sensitivity and brilliant ears of the four players. I felt that there were occasional patches of aimless warbling, but generally the spontaneous musical dialogue was highly inspired, with free personal statements woven into a strong collective whole.

Miroslav Vitous, one of the founders of the group Weather Report, was an extraordinary bass player, both with the bow and the fingers. The Englishman John Surman displayed a strikingly beautiful tone and excellent ideas on the soprano and baritone saxophones.

Yet, individual brilliance was not the point. The rationale of the performance was the interplay between the four musicians - a creative process that transcended individual virtuosity.

Some people found this music incomprehensible. But then, we have not heard in Sydney much European jazz of this type, an idiom which owes as much to twentieth century classical music as it does to the black American music which most consider the essence of jazz.

I was struck by the feeling that jazz musicians of the type in Vitous's quartet are far better equipped to explore the avant-garde ideas in contemporary classical music, than the embattled classical musicians who have to notate their compositions. *Eric Myers*

The John Hoffman Big Band with Freddie Hubbard, Bob Rockwell, Cheryl Black. Sydney Jazz Festival, The Basement, January 25.

The final evening of the Sydney Jazz Festival, featuring once again the ubiquitous Freddie Hubbard, may not have had the shattering highs of earlier Hubbard performances, but it still had an aura of high quality musicianship which brought the Festival to an end on a positive note.

While Hubbard played previously with small groups, this concert saw him front-



Miroslav Vitous

Fig. Jane March

ing the outstanding 17-piece John Hoffman Big Band, reading arrangements, and delivering his exciting solos within a highly structured musical situation.

This was a much better effort than the schemozzle in December which saw the American saxophonists Sonny Stitt and Richie Cole thrown in with the Daly-Wilson Big Band. Hubbard and the Hoffman band had done two rehearsals, and special charts of Hubbard compositions had been written. This honest preparation was apparent in the workmanlike performance of some complex music, where anything might have gone wrong.

Freddie Hubbard was not the only soloist. The singer, Cheryl Black, more well-known in rock and pop music, showed that jazz is well within her grasp. She swung strongly through Ellington's *In A Mellow Tone*, captured a beautiful ballad feel in *My One And Only Love*, and breezed through the Mark Murphy lyrics of *Stolen Moments*.

The less I say about the American saxophonist Bob Rockwell, who was also featured, the better. Handicapped by an unattractive tenor sound, he showed, as he did whenever the group Expedition performed, that he is basically a run-of-the-mill saxophonist who plays long and pretentious solos. Yet, while in Sydney, he experienced a certain amount of wrong-headed admiration. Cannot Sydney jazz audiences, who tend to adulate any American jazz musicians, tell the sheep from the goats?

Freddie Hubbard showed once again - if ever there was any doubt - that he is in the great tradition of jazz trumpeters. Even in the sweltering atmosphere of The Basement on that evening, in a shower of his own sweat, he was able to articulate the kind of blistering and pugnacious solos which made his first visit to Sydney such an unforgettable event for local jazz fans.

If there are future Sydney Jazz Festivals (Greg Quigley is reported to be

extremely pessimistic about staging jazz clinics and the accompanying festival next year), there is one aspect which will need attention. In three of his four festival performances at The Basement, Freddie Hubbard did not appear until after 11 pm. My feeling is that jazz fans who pay \$9 are entitled to hear the headline artist much earlier in the evening, and for two sets - as on the opening night - rather than one.

Eric Myers

The Chris McNulty Quintet. The Basement, February 23.

The fact that Sydney is now chock-full of outstanding singers and instrumentalists - the kind of phenomenon which prompts writers to invent phrases like "jazz boom" and "jazz explosion" - means that, although the jazz scene is vibrant, there is never enough work to go around.

One performer who should be working regularly is the outstanding singer Chris McNulty, recently from Melbourne, but now living in Sydney and, it would seem, headed for the big time.

At this engagement at The Basement, she showed that she has an unusually powerful and full-throated style, built on lots of long notes, exploiting her strong and natural vibrato. You don't have to listen to Chris McNulty long before you realise that she can really sing, and with an intuitive ease, particularly in her high register.

Her high register is a lovely and musical vehicle - her great strength. In fact, its very strength leads her into the tendency to push the melody out of its written register and up into the stratosphere, where she feels most at home, and can soar over the rhythmic feel.

This tendency to improvise the melody is not in itself objectionable. In fact, some of her scating of last choruses - as in tunes like *All The Things You Are*, *Three Little Words* and *Like Someone In Love* - were highly inspired and always tasteful.

Yet, like many purists, I feel that the opening chorus of a standard song should contain the essential notes set down by the composer, even if the phrasing is adventurous. Once the melody is stated, then any variations are welcome. That is the essence of jazz.

This observation might seem like carping. Overall, this tendency does not detract greatly from the brilliance of Chris McNulty's singing. But it is a characteristic feature of her approach to swinging tunes (though not, interestingly, to modern and funk tunes.)

Her repertoire was a wide mixture of swinging standards, funk songs and the great ballads. I enjoyed most her versions of gentle rock tunes like *The Closer I Get To You*, *One Day I'll Fly Away* and Stevie Wonder's *Lately*, which she sang magnificently.

Her band was an excellent combination of strong individuals: Tony Ansell (keyboards), David Colton (guitar), Phil Scorgie (bass) and Doug Gallacher (drums). Playing with no axe to grind, and giving each other plenty of space, these experienced, seasoned musicians burned along steadily all evening, giving the singer the kind of sympathetic backing she might have had in the recording studio.

Chris McNulty has been seen far too little in Sydney venues. Given the exposure, she unquestionably would be able to generate a large following.

Eric Myers

...and we've also heard

By Dick Scott*

As in other art forms, jazz has its collection of the enigmatic and the eccentric. No one more so than Thelonius Sphere Monk who died in February aged 64. Monk was a



Thelonius Monk

largely self-taught pianist who took up piano at the age of six and remained untutored in main for the rest of his life. It therefore comes as no surprise that his style was highly individual to the point of almost obscurity, earning him, properly, that much used cliché "a musician's musician". He was associated with that crucible of bebop - Minton's - helping with Parker, Gillespie, Clarke et al to turn the music world around. But his individuality apparently did not sit well with the new form and it was the likes of Bud Powell that came to the fore on record and performance.

While the others continued to carry the new direction in all directions world-wide, Monk dropped back into obscurity, refusing to compromise his spare style for the frenetics of early bop.

The hard bop movement later realised what Monk was about, but even then there were few who were comfortable alongside him. Among those who did were the likes of Milt Jackson, Art Blakey and Sonny

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Rollins and there are earlier recordings with Coleman Hawkins and John Coltrane.

A narcotics charge in the early fifties saw him lose his cabaret card without which no performer could play a venue in New York. Monk did not perform publicly for six years but he did record, including one disc of Ellington compositions, probably designed to get him to a wider audience. But it was in concerts that the enigmatic side came out. The average concertgoer found his on-stage antics hard to fathom - long minutes of waiting after the rest of the group had been on stage for some time, then a further wait whilst he sat, head down, staring at the keys. And when he did play at times it was so sparse as to be almost a travesty. For the patient it was all worthwhile - he would demonstrate all his brilliant virtuosity and individuality in breathtaking solos.

His influence on the younger group of pianists has been profound, notably Cecil Taylor. Illness curtailed his activities in his later years although he did perform at festivals in New York in the mid-fifties. Earlier he made a tour of Australia with the Giants of Jazz that included Dizzy Gillespie. Apart from the still popular compositions - *Round Midnight*, *Straight No Chaser* and *Blue Monk* his legacy to jazz will be the important one of demonstrating that not only are uncompromising individuals essential to the music, but that they should, and can, be encouraged.

Spotted on the bookshelf. James Lincoln Collier's definitive *The Making Of Jazz: A Comprehensive History* - from Delta at around \$14. Rodney Dale's *The World Of Jazz* from Phaidon. This is a potted history of the music mainly in pictures, some familiar, but many not published before. The pics are mostly black and white, although the colour sections are excellent, and include a couple of youngsters called Graeme Bell and Humphrey Lyttelton, taken, I would guess, around 1947. For nostalgia buffs and collectors there are old 78 labels scattered throughout the book. The illustrations range from the very earliest to some that appear to have been taken only months before the book was publish-

ed in 1980. A re-release this time. John Clellon Holmes' *The Horn* from Creative Arts Book Company at around \$9. This is one of the few worthwhile novels set in the jazz scene and is a classic.

The leading character, Edgar Pool, is a composite of Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Wardell Grey and others. The author, in a new introduction written in 1979, says that the first chapter was written in 1952 after he had made the transition from Dixie to Bop with the help of Beat figure Jack Kerouac to whom the book is partly dedicated. But it was not until the death of Charlie Parker in 1955 that Homes felt he had the ending he needed. He goes on to say, "These twenty-odd years later, I occasionally read back in *The Horn*, and am embarrassed by its flat-out earnestness, its overflow of language, its obvious musical flaws. But I recall, too, the thrill of writing it, the stubborn hope for our future that sometimes made the afternoons of writing pulse. I've never regretted the book. To have it in print again is a personal satisfaction. Jazz, the illegitimate child of our 'peculiar fate' as black and white Americans, provided for this then-young writer the first word that announced the intention of the finished work. Consider. At the very least consider these people, these sounds, without which we would all be less alive." So, for those who may remember, and for the many, many more who had no opportunity to experience, those days from the thirties to the fifties when jazz was making so many changes, this is the book to give, more than any factual article could, the authentic feel of the times.

On the Melbourne record scene, two locals have new releases. Synthesiser specialist David Tolley can be heard with his own compositions and improvisations on *You Know You Know* on Cleopatra Records. With him throughout is percussionist Dure Dara and Keith Hounslow (flugelhorn) and David Cahill (guitar) guest on a track each. Age writer Adrian Jackson reported recently that "this music takes some getting used to but such genuinely creative music warrants an effort from listeners seeking more than predictable music." and "those who have list-

ened to Tolley and Dara will expect their music to be unique, fascinating and challenging, amusing, puzzling and enlightening and this LP is a worthwhile documentation." The other new release is of a group of youngsters forming the MSC Big Band which is also the title of the disc. The players are for the Melbourne State College's music department and may not be freely available. Enquiries can be made to Peter Whitford on (03) 813 2120.

Still on the record scene, that excellent Perth group Manteca has a new release available through ABC records. As we go to press that most prolific of composers John Sangster is back in the studio to add to a range of releases under his own Rainforest Records that have included *Peaceful, Requiem: Tribute To A Loved One, It Don't Mean A Thing etc., Meditation* and several others. This man gathers about him the very best of musicians and often composes for an individual player a la Ellington. When he hits the studio, sessions are likely to go for hours over several days and the result is several records of consistently high quality and interest.

Sydney singer Chris McNulty has got together a group that can be heard at the Basement during March and the idea is also to put down enough tracks for an LP in April. With her are Tony Ansell (piano), Dave Colton (guitar), Phil Scorgie (bass) and Doug Gallacher (drums).

Other record news sees Sydney pianist Serge Ermoll in the studio with visiting greats Herb Ellis (guitar), Ray Brown (bass) and also Richie Cole (alto sax). Ermoll supported Ellis and Brown before they played their Musicians' Club concert with Monty Alexander. Apparently Ellis was concerned that Ermoll's more avant-garde style would not go well with his more straight ahead music. However, after one number (a Jobim composition) in the studio Ellis was more than happy with Ermoll and we can look forward to a great record towards the middle of the year. Completing the group at the recording session were reedman Barry Duggan and drummer Stewie Speer. The other session saw award winning altoist Richie Cole together with Ermoll and George Golla (guitar), Keith Stirling (trumpet), Alan Turnbull (drums) and Ed



Herb Ellis



Serge Ermoll

Gaston (bass). The release, later this year, is called *The Cloud* and is an Ermoll composition.

Other States have already seen them, but Cleo Laine and Johnny Dankworth will be in Sydney (Capitol Theatre) on the 14th and 15th of March and at the Civic Theatre, Newcastle on the 21st. Check your local press for other dates. With them will be Daryl Runswick on keyboards, Bill Le Sage on vibes, Kenny Clare on drums and their son Alec Dankworth on bass. Also in Sydney during March will be piano virtuoso Keith Jarrett and Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand). Once again local press will be your best guide. Serge Ermoll has plans to bring out German pianist Joachim Khun who was last here for the Qantas Festival in January 1981. The two artists that make up the jazz content of this year's Peter Stuyvesant International Jazz Festival - Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and Chick Corea - will also be touring extensively.

That excellent Melbourne organisation, Free Entertainment In Parks (FEIP) has been entertaining the public with all kinds of activities for some years. And jazz gets its share. A week of jazz in the open air ended with two great days at the Myer Music Bowl. On the Saturday it was *Contrasts In Jazz* with a line-up of Galapagos Duck, Frankie Gow, Maple Leaf Jazz Band, Roger Bell and his Pagan Pipers, Vince Jones Quartet and the Doug Surman Big Band presenting the Australian Arrangers' Award in association with the Musicians' Union. In the evening they presented the *Jazz Story* - a three hour sight and sound spectacular tracing the history of jazz from the Congo to the Music Bowl. It starred Frank Traynor, Helen Violaris, Paul Wookey and Antonio Rodriguez among others presenting a tribute to Buddy Bolden, King Oliver, Scott Joplin, Duke Ellington, Bessie Smith and Glenn Miller plus a section called Jazz Today.



Don Burrows crowned FEIP King of Jazz 1982.

A jazz band march started off Sunday's events with bands making their way from the City Square to the Music Bowl. Then it was the 10th Annual Melbourne Jazz Festival with a programme including Bob Barnard, George Golla, Don Burrows, Ray Price, Frank Traynor, John Sangster, Graeme Bell plus the Band of Legends that pioneered Australian Jazz. Highlight of the afternoon was the crowning of the King of Jazz this year going to the redoubtable Don Burrows. He is in good company - previous winners have been Frank Traynor (1975), Graeme Bell ('76), Georgia Lee ('77), Bob Barnard ('78), John Sangster ('79), Smacka Fitzgibbon ('80) and Ray Price last year.

Record Reviews



DAVID TOLLEY AND DURE DARA "You Know You Know" (Cleopatra Records 1981)

There are more than a few creative jazz musicians in Australia who have gone further than mastering the language of jazz, and gone on to develop their own vocabulary. There can be few, if any, who could claim to have done what David Tolley has done, namely develop their own musical language.

Since he concentrated on playing synthesisers some six years ago (when he left the Brian Brown Quintet in 1976, he was regarded as a brilliant bassist and a musician of uncommon imagination), David Tolley has developed his command of his multiple keyboard instruments to the point where he can produce a stunning, seemingly infinite, array of sounds, electronic sounds that express his ideas and responses as naturally as the sounds of an acoustic instrumentalist, only on a much broader scale.

The music he plays is nothing if not original. Its roots in his jazz experiences are obvious, as it is undeniably rhythmic, and involves either improvisation on pre-composed themes or wholly spontaneous composition. His background as an artist and sculptor is also well in evidence, as his music is often unashamedly self-indulgent, and can be deliberately vague and obscure. It is certainly art rather than entertainment (although some of the tongue-in-cheek musical or theatrical gestures of Tolley and such frequent collaborators as Dure Dara and Daevid Allen show that they can design their art to be entertaining as well as thought-provoking).

I have always had a lot of respect for Tolley's artistic courage, even when I have found no satisfaction in a particular performance; therefore, I am pleased to say that his performances over the last year or so have been, increasingly, consistently rewarding. Which brings us to the record at hand.

You Know You Know, released late in 1981, is a compilation of excerpts from performances recorded throughout 1980. I expect that an album of 1981, or even more current, performances would provide a better record, but as a documentation of Tolley and Dara's music, this serves fairly well. There are eight pieces, extracted from more extended improvisations.

All feature Tolley playing lead, backing, bass and percussion synthesisers; on six of them, he is joined by Dure Dara, who plays gongs, cymbals, bells and chimes, invariably offering sound colors appropriate to the music. Bass guitarist David Cahill and flugelhorn player Keith Hounslow make effective contributions to a track each. All but two tracks feature Tolley's poetry, which he variously speaks, sings, mumbles or gargles.

There is definitely an orchestral conception in Tolley's mind. On each track, his machines provide rhythm — an

oscillating pulse, a deliberate beat, or funky polyrhythms — and lead lines that might be stabbing, flurrying or tentative musings, fleshed out by vast spacey backgrounds, floating or swelling and fading.

The combination of poetry and music is interesting. At times the words seem to serve me good purpose; they are most effective with the amusing *Some Of Your Best Friends*, most cogent with *Two Soon To Tell*. The net effect is a compilation of musical thoughts and statements (the former in the majority) that serve as a fairly representative and rewarding documentation of the music of David Tolley and Dure Dara.

It isn't a simply satisfying record to listen to; your reactions to what it suggests may well alter every time you listen to it (there is little point in merely 'hearing' it). And, as many knee-jerk dismissals will surely go, it ain't jazz — but it embodies several of the virtues that many of Australia's jazz musicians ought to be more concerned with.

If you can't find *You Know You Know* in your local record shop, enquire via Musicland at PO Box 121, Elsternwick 3185.

Adrian Jackson

GRAEME BELL AND HIS DIXIELAND BAND "Czechoslovak Journey 1947" (Swaggie 1394) "Paris 1948" (Swaggie 1395)

Graeme Bell is a remarkable band leader. For over thirty years he has not only managed to remain in the public eye but has also consistently maintained a high musical standard with regard to his jazz bands.

Probably, for reasons of nostalgia, I still consider the 1946-1948 Graeme Bell Dixieland Band one of the best. This is the group which Graeme took on a historic European tour, the first Australian jazz band to do so, and as Bruce Johnson rightly argued in the last two issues (Vol 2, nos. 6 and 7) of *JAZZ* magazine, the one which made such an impact on the European jazz scene.

Swaggie Records, following its usual policy, has now given us an opportunity to reassess the musical worth of this remarkable group of Australian musicians by reissuing in chronological order all of the recorded sides made by them for the Supraphon label in Prague and the Pacific label in Paris.

Until now collectors and enthusiasts have been denied a complete compilation of these great recordings, excellently remastered for Swaggie by British discographer/musician/exporter John R. T. Davies.



The Bell band in its early years played and fortunately recorded for posterity a variety of relatively obscure tunes, which even today few bands (even the current Graeme Bell All Stars) bother to play. These two reissues include a fine selection of these items including *Just Gone*, *Organ Grinder*, *Get It Fixed*, *Dallas Blues*, *Riverside Blues*, *Willie The Weeper*, *Birmingham Bertha*, *Mandy Make Up Your Mind*, *I Got What It Takes*, *Wolverine Blues*, *Come Back Sweet Papa* and *It's Right For You*.

There is also an excellent range of band member original compositions, many forgotten, but all good. *Czechoslovak Journey*, *Walking Wenceslas Square*, *Blue Tongue Blues*, *Shabby Gal Rag*, *Deep Pacific*, *The Jazz Parade* and *Square Dance*. All in all a value packed bonanza of 32 tracks on the two LPs.

Roger Bell's fine cover notes recall the facts of the tour and the stories behind the making of the recordings, the complete (bar one reissued title) results of four recording sessions.

Don't be put off by the fact that these tracks were made in the 1940s. They are classic Australian jazz, made by musically competent pioneers and should be in the collection of anyone interested in Australian or traditional jazz.

Bill Haesler

TERJE RYPDAL / MIROSLAV VITOUS / JACK DE JOHNETTE
"To Be Continued"
 ECM 1192

This, the second album these three musicians have recorded together, is diverse and full of surprises. Not the least of these is the last piece, *Uncomposed Appendix*, on which DeJohnette sings a wordless improvisation against a backdrop of sparse piano. The effect is quite beautiful — his voice reminiscent of Englishman Robert Wyatt — and my only complaint is that it is only about two minutes long.

Another surprise is the extensive use of double tracking. *Mountain in the Clouds*, a Vitous composition, has simultaneous pizzicato and arco bass. He plucks a relentless time feel with DeJohnette, while bowing a lovely melody and improvisation in the 'cello register. Rypdal sits out on this one.

On another of his pieces, *Morning Lake*, Vitous doubles on bass and piano. Multi-tracking in this sort of music can sound a little weird. The interaction between the players is so important that when an instrument is overdubbed, it sticks out, because the others aren't responding to it. On this track, the drums and bass are nailing each other to the floor, but the piano is in limbo, trailing the other instruments, but not in turn being chased.

Rypdal contributes two typically floating compositions:

settings in which his own playing sounds most at home. DeJohnette manages to infuse some fierce, out of metre drumming into *Maya*, the longer of the two, without upsetting the serenity. He is a most sensitive drummer.

DeJohnette himself penned the title track, which borders on fusion, with some loose funk from Vitous, and a wailing, heavily distorted guitar.

The remaining piece, *This Morning*, credited to all three, has Rypdal playing an airy, quite pretty flute.

Eicher's production is, of course, exceptional, allowing the full beauty of the sound of each player to shine through. That quality helps bind the music of three leaders, all stylistically unique, into a homogeneous, satisfying album.

John Shand

OSCAR PETERSON
"Oscar Peterson In Russia"
 Pablo Records 2625-711

Whitney Balliett, one of the most elegant of writers on jazz, once described Oscar Peterson as "... the best cocktail pianist in jazz," demonstrating that wit and journalistic skill are not necessarily compatible bedfellows with critical acumen.

To be fair to Balliett, there have been occasions when Peterson's early eclecticism and rhapsodic forays at ballad tempo may have warranted such comment.

But if anyone today needs to be convinced that such an opinion is both inadequate and inaccurate they would only need to listen to this two-record set.

Recorded in Kallin in 1974, and released in 1976, it has only just become available, to the best of my knowledge, for the first time in this country on a limited import basis.

But it was worth waiting for, ranking with or even surpassing *The History of an Artist* or *A Salle Pleyel* as a demonstration of the great pianist's jazz virtuosity which encompasses most facets of the history of jazz piano — blues, ballads, boogie, stride, swing, improvisation, technique and harmonic sophistication.

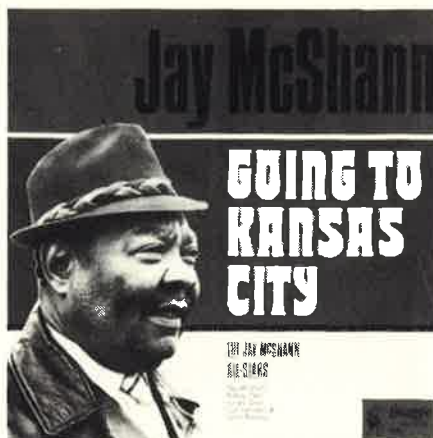
The record has Peterson playing solo, as a duo with bassist Niels Pedersen and, with the addition of drummer Jake Hanna, taking on a trio format. It may be that the rhythmic muscle added by bass and drums enhances the trio tracks for my ears.

Your favourite tunes may differ from mine but *Just Friends*, *Li'l Darling* and *Hallelujah Trail* are a sampling of its highlights.

If you don't enjoy this record, then I feel you are missing the very essence that goes to make for the wonderful world of jazz — swing, improvisation, taste and technique. And in the person of Oscar Peterson all these qualities abound.

Don Porter

Record Reviews



JAY McSHANN ALL STARS:
 "Going To Kansas City"
 (Swaggie: Stereo 1322)
JACK TEAGARDEN
 "The Golden Horn Of Jack Teagarden"
 (MCA 227) (From the World Record Club)

Here are two facets of jazz over the last 50 years that will bring nostalgic delight to a legion of the faithful. For these albums represent two styles of jazz that have most significantly influenced the development of the music over five decades of its history.

The McShann album takes me back to a happy meeting I had with Nat Pierce when he was touring some years ago with Erroll Garner for Kym Bonython - as a sort of manager and trouble-shooter as I recall less than as a performer. Quite accidentally we had met up at the Melbourne airport on a flight to Sydney, and Nat, a cheerful and uninhibited character and a fund of information, especially on the Harlem jazz scene of years back, made every minute of the trip a memorable one.

Somehow we got round to Kansas City jazz (I seem to remember he had some connections there) and most of his theories about it are exemplified in this free-swinging album that jumps from go to whoa. He regarded McShann as no less a considerable influence in this mid-west jazz style and its impact both on the east and west coast jazz than say Basie or Benny Moten.

This album was recorded in New York early in 1972 when McShann was still based in Kansas City where for 35 years he'd operated as a band leader throughout Kansas, Omaha and Minnesota with occasional recording and band stints in New York and Chicago. His quintet here has Gene Ramey (bass) and Gus Johnson (drums) with whom he was re-united after nearly thirty years, and the tenor saxmen Julian Dash and Buddy Tate.

The emphasis, as with so much Kansas City jazz, is on the blues, for which the saxes are just right. More than that, as Pierce had stressed to me, riffs and riff tunes, as Basie and others have shown in their arrangements, are an essential part of the Kansas City style - and the tenor sax is almost the ideal riffing instrument.

In this connection, a six minute track of *Moten Swing*, built about a riff, is as exciting as any I've heard - including the original Moten version. At a lovely, relaxed tempo (less hectic than the Harry James and Basie performances), it nevertheless builds up, with imaginative improvising, to some climactic moments, especially from McShann himself, a pianist who like Joe Turner (in that wonderful solo of *Love For Sale*) has that remarkable capacity (Oscar Peterson comes to mind too) to convey a big-band atmosphere through the keyboard. Throughout this album, indeed, McShann's right hand remains an uncannily effective substi-

tute for balancing brass instrumentation.

There are two tracks from the Basie repertoire - *Doggin' Round* and *Blue And Sentimental* - the former with the tenor men in some gut-stirring sequences, the latter notable for some opening choruses from Dash that rival Coleman Hawkins for their breathy blues-blowing. Also there is one of the rare examples extant on record of Buddy Tate on clarinet which he plays in a full-bodied tenor sax sort of way. It's a long, perfectly controlled and contrived solo.

For the rest, *Hootie's Ignorant Oil* (a fast blues) and *Hootie's In Hutchison* are McShann originals; *Four Day Rider* has a characteristically flamboyant McShann vocal; and there's an interesting reminder that K.C. produced quite a number of early bop men, in the track *Say Forward I'll March* which has discernible bop overtones.

So from Kansas City to Chicago style, which is the dominant motif, it seems to me, in this anthology of performances by Big Tea with various outfits over a span of years from 1929 to 1953. Of course we can all have our interpretation of styles and I guess jazz critics argue just as fiercely as do literary critics in defence of their pet theories. But to me, Chicago style was the well of what we now call mainstream - and that view is fortified by the string of jazzmen on these tracks from the Rollinis, Red Nichols, George van Eps, Hines, Bobby Hackett, Venuti, Lang through to Goodman, Armstrong, the Condon gang and of course the Teagarden brothers Jack and Charlie.

So we have that rare Louisiana Rhythm Kings 1929 track *Basin Stree Blues* (Joe Sullivan, Peewee, Red Nichols, the leader, etc.) at one end of it and at the other, Jack's own outfit with brother Charlie (trumpet) and sister Norma (piano) in a 1953 *Body And Soul* version.

And the stuff in between is jazz collectors' treasure trove - the Lang/Venuti *Beale Street* and *Farewell Blues*; *Davenport Blues* where Bunny Berigan's trumpet and the lovely, lyrical notes of Mannie Klein's cornet combine with the young Goodman's clarinet (this was 1934) and Teagarden and Adrian Rollini's tenor; and Jack and Louis horsing round with *My Bucket's Got A Hole In It*.

And especially the Condon boys in a few tracks, the best of them, *The Rose Of Rio Grande* (1947). Ah, what memories of Eddie's Greenwich Village joint where nightly I'd sit stupefied with the music and Miller's High Life beer watching Wild Bill Davison parking his chewing gum beneath his chair between his wild choruses, and Peewee up there too and Gene Schroeder at piano. The same trio here take the Rose apart, with Teagarden sitting in, sounding as he always did with any group, a perfect part of the ensemble, and blowing at one moment as smooth as honey and the next rough as guts.

Clement Semmler



VARIOUS ARTISTS

- "Jazz Party '76"
(World Record Club RO 3429)
- "Jazz Party '77"
(World Record Club RO4404)
- "Jazz Party '78"
(World Record Club RO5585)

What a momentous thing for Australian jazz that the World Record Club have put these three albums on issue.

For apart from being a veritable feast of jazz as the titles imply, they settle the argument for good and all about the existence of a recognizable Australian jazz style.

Jazz historian Andrew Bisset has had his say, seeing it genuinely in existence as a confluence of music streams from the great capital city dance bands of the 1930s and the later emergence of talented "amateur" jazzmen, and yet, as these albums confirm, not related necessarily to Australian jazz compositions as such, since the style is rather a matter of particular improvisation and interpretation.

Eric Child sees it as a sort of free flowing pioneer, even bushranger, spirit; a perceptive comment for most of the practitioners from Dallwitz, the Bells, Flannery, Pearce and Pickering to the Barnards, Dick Hughes, Mike Hallam, the Duck, Col Nolan, et al. I thought Bruce Johnson put it in a nutshell in the last issue of this journal when he wrote inter alia, "... jazz is one of the most virile, and in the locally transmitted forms, authentic components of the Australian culture."

As my few cents worth in the argument I've said much the same in print down the years. So if someone were to say to me, well then, which of the tracks in these three albums is *your* best example of what Australian jazz sounds like or what only Australian jazz *could* sound like - here's my answer.

But I preface it by saying that not only are these albums as a whole a reflection of the uniqueness of Australian jazz, they are also destined, in my view, to become Australian jazz classics of the future, which is all the more reason why you should get hold of them while the going is good.

But back to the question and answer. I give you, from the 1977 album, *Blue Lou*. If I've played this track once I've played it a hundred times. And I'm not alone. You'll hear it frequently in Ian Neil's and Eric Child's radio jazz shows. It's alive and joyful and well, it's just crazy, and it's Melbourne or Sydney or Brisbane or the beach and the birds and the outback, and yet, there's the paradox, it's an Edgar Sampson/Harlem-New York tune. Which brings it back to a matter of interpretation. You can line it up with the All Stars version, or Goodman's or the dozen and one others on record - and this version remains *sui generis*, Australian jazz.

For my money pianist Johnny Adams takes the honours,

and in that company they aren't easy, but cripes, he must have been inspired at the Park Royal Motor Inn that Melbourne day in August 1977. But then, so were Bob Barnard, John Murray, Johnny McCarthy and the rest.

On the 1977 album, by the way, McCarthy leads and sings with a simply great version of *Atlanta Blues*; Penny Eames, who is part of the tradition of the Jazz Parties, sings *Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me* with what is substantially the Bob Barnard band, which band, to add to the local colour, also plays a Dave Dallwitz composition, *Billabong*. And again, the Australian stamp is to put on the Cootie Williams piece, *Downtown Uproar*, where the Parkville boys with the Party's founding father Alan Leake on drums, Tony Orr (banjo), Ian Pearce (piano) and Derek Reynolds (trumpet) and the rest, triumph notably over a pretty difficult piece of jazz.

The 76 album is largely the Barnard-Pickering-Pearce-Penny Eames and co. combination. The album, I know, is too well known to local enthusiasts for me to particularize upon - but for sheer ebullience and joie de vivre it takes stacking. But again, to emphasize my point about an Australian jazz style. Perhaps the two outstanding tracks here are the Billie Holiday favourite, *Miss Brown To You*, on which Penny Eames abetted brilliantly by Barnard, Greg Gibson, Costello, Pearce etc. puts her own inimitable stamp, and *Christopher Columbus* (of Horace Henderson/Goodman fame) where again the Southern Cross, per a jam session group of the previously mentioned, plus John McCarthy, John Murray, Geoff Kitchen, Graham Eames and others, hangs nicely over the scene.

The 78 album is just as fascinating, but largely because the net of an Australian jazz is thrown much wider here - and there is a greater stress on individual performances. There are the Storyville All-Stars (Leake, Reynolds, Murray etc.) with King Oliver's *Buddy's Habits* and Roger Bell and Paul Furniss giving us *Ballin' The Jack* at the trad end of the scene, so to say - and on the other side Keith Hounslow's cornet solo masterpiece *Blue Rex* (with stylish backing from Tony Gould's piano) and Tom Pickering, Paul Furniss and Geoff Bland (some lovely piano too) in Pickering's original *The Belly Rub*. And just to make it more cosmopolitan, Frank Gow romps away (piano and vocal) with Fats Waller's *24 Robbers*.

And a final observation overall on the three albums. What a galaxy Australian jazz has in its pianists. Represented here alone are Chris Tapperell (Jack Lesberg always told me Chris would reach the top), Vic Connor (some lovely choruses in *That Da-Da Strain*), the superb Johnny Adams, Bland, Gould, Gow and Pearce. And they're only a fraction of the talent alive and well around the jazz spots in all the states.

Clement Semmler

RECORD DIGEST

by JOYA JENSON *

THE STAN GETZ QUARTET

- *The Dolphin*
- Concord Jazz CJ-158 (Festival)

"There are four qualities essential to a great jazzman. They are taste, courage, individuality and irreverence." The speaker, Stan Getz, who, on his first Concord date, exemplifies these qualities. This is the best Getz in years, and what's more, he's sharing completely compatible company with Lou Levy, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; and Victor Lewis, drums. The tunes include *My Old Flame*, Clifford Brown's hard-to-blow but divine-when-it-works *Joy Spring*, and *The Night Has A Thousand Eyes*, which Stan burns up mightily. The title track, a gentle bossa nova, opens the set, and establishes right from the start the burnished, lyrical tone, the command and the extensive range of the tenorman. All in all, a magnificent tribute to our wonderful, watery friends.

handle longtime favourites *Careless Love* and Leadbelly's *Rock Island Line*.

RED MITCHELL QUARTET

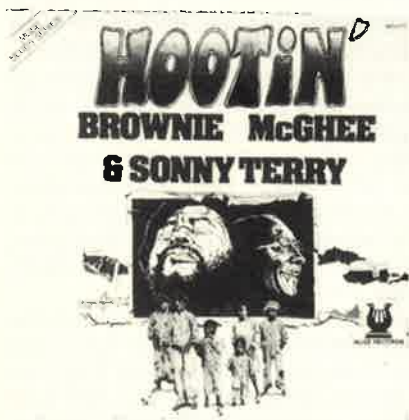
- *Red Mitchell Quartet*
- Contemporary S7538 (ARD)

This is a welcome re-issue of a 1957 recording date with James Clay, flute and tenor; Lorraine Geller, piano; and Billy Higgins, drums. Red was one of the top Hollywood bassists before he left to settle in Europe in the late sixties. His suppleness of tone and fine "walking" are evident, and there are some nice little counterpoint things between the flute and the bass, especially on *Paul's Pal*. This Sonny Rollins tune swings from go to whoa, and, even at that time, the fire and drive of the young Billy Higgins was in evidence. Lorraine Geller shows excellent taste, although she was destined never to fulfil the promise of greater things to come, due to her early death. Still, this LP serves to demonstrate her already considerable talent.

ART PEPPER ET AL

- *Five Birds And A Monk*
- Galaxy GXY-5134 (Festival)

A veritable feast for lovers of sax! Especially the bebop kind. The five Birds are Charlie Parker originals, while the Monk happens to be *Round Midnight*, which is given a thorough working-over by John Klemmer. This perhaps the least satisfying of the cuts, but there's so much strong and inventive blowing on the album that the weakest is still far from sickly. Five tenorists (Johnny Griffin, Joe Farrell, Joe Henderson, Harold Land and Klemmer) are featured along with altoist Art Pepper, who shows, on *Yardbird Suite*, that he hasn't lost any of the old magic. The stand-out track is Johnny Griffin's *Billie's Bounce* with Joe Farrell's *Confirmation* runner-up. A Bird in the hands of these cats is worth any fan's money.



BROWNIE MCGHEE AND SONNY TERRY

- *Hootin'*
- Muse MR 5177 (Avan-Guard)

All the many fans of these two legendary bluesmen will welcome this re-release from '59 and '61 sessions. Much more than urban and country bluesmen, however, they have a repertoire that embraces boogie-woogie, rhythm and blues, rock'n' roll and folk. *Little Sally Walker* is an outstanding example of their originality. This children's song, with clever harmonica work by "boss of the country harp", Sonny Terry, is moulded by guitarist/vocalist Brownie McGhee into a blues chant performance that is quite unusual. Also included are two rare, re-issued tracks by rhythm and blues singer, Casey Hart. Still, the stars are Sonny and Brownie, who know just the right way to

CARLY SIMON

- *Torch*
- Warner Bros. BSK 3592 (WEA)

One of the most expressive of contemporary popular singers, Carly Simon, has recorded an album that could appeal to many jazz fans as well as lovers of pop. As the title implies, the tunes are all sad ballads of unrequited love, including some of the great torch songs of jazz. Duke Ellington's *I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*, orchestrated by Marty Paich, is beautifully sung by Carly, with David Sanborn soloing on alto. Other tracks feature solos from the Brecker Brothers and some delicate vibes from Mike Mainieri, while pianist Warren Bernhardt backs the lady on all but one cut. Alto master, Phil Woods, who works so well with singers (and without them!) adds his poignant wailing to *Body And Soul*. Small wonder Carly Simon carries the torch high and handsomely.

THE HI-LO'S!



THE HI-LO'S!

- *Now!*
- MPS 0068.264 (Carinia)

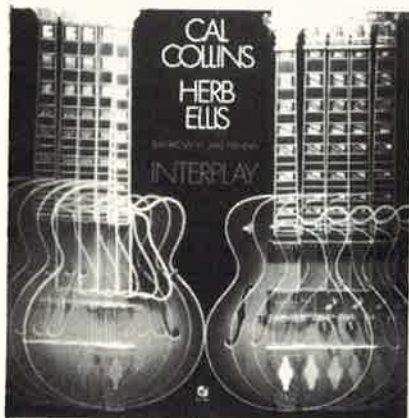
One of the greatest vocal groups in the world is The Hi-Lo's, comprising Gene Puerling, Clark Burroughs, Bob Morse and Don Shelton. Their musicianship is impeccable, as indeed it was also before they split up in 1962. This is a worthy follow-up to their *Hi-Lo's Back Again* 1978 album. No worries for them on key changes or quickly shifting tempos, for the Hi-Lo's have marvellous control, timing and intonation, and are a perfect example of what constitutes the creme-de-la-creme of jazz vocal blendings. Listen to the glorious harmonies of *Lazy Afternoon*, *Every Time We Say Goodbye* and *The Night We Called It A Day*. In fact, listen to any, and all, of the cuts. You'll hear plenty of highs and no lows with The Hi-Lo's.

* Joya Jenson is a Sydney freelance writer and broadcaster, who has a jazz program every Wednesday at 7pm on 2MBS-FM.

ART TATUM, ERROLL GARNER, BUD POWELL, BILLY TAYLOR

- *Echoes Of An Era*
- Roulette VJL2 0264 (RCA)

The art of jazz piano is well documented here on a double album by three late greats and one who is still extremely active in many aspects of the music, Billy Taylor. Billy's tracks feature three different rhythm sections that include Charles Mingus and Jo Jones. The Grand Master, Art Tatum, with guitarist Tiny Grimes and bassist Slam Stewart, plays evergreens like *Flying Home* and *I Know That You Know*. It's interesting to hear a different version of *I Know* on Side Three performed by the seminal bop pianist, Bud Powell. The incomparable Erroll Garner is represented by two trio cuts and four solo piano excursions, both from 1947. These are vital echoes of a bygone era, still fondly remembered, still influential.



CAL COLLINS - HERB ELLIS

- *Interplay*
- Concord Jazz CJ-137 (Festival)

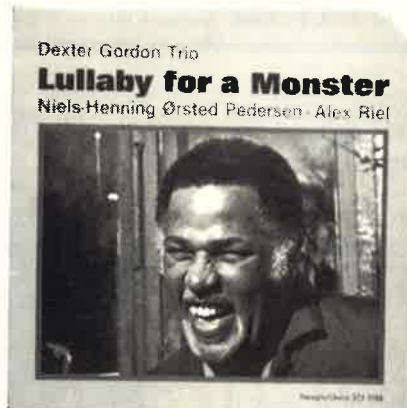
This live recording from a Concord Jazz Festival appearance in 1980 teams guitarists Herb Ellis and Cal Collins with Ray Brown and Jake Hanna. A formidable foursome, to say the least. The guitarists' styles may differ, but they work well together, and apparently share the same wavelength: the bassist and drummer, solid as rocks. The material ranges from Duke Ellington's *I Got It Bad* through a couple of originals to the standards, *I'll Be Seeing You* and *People Will Say We're In Love*. *People Will Say* bubbles and cooks. In fact the whole album provides a very tasty, satisfying dish. Apart from Cal, Ray and Jake, it's got the Herb: small wonder it's finger-pickin' good.

GALLERY

- *Gallery*
- ECM LC2516 (Carinia)

This is not soul, but good-for-the-soul music, played by five musicians whose creative outpourings are just right for the genre. Vibraharpist David Samuels and drummer Michael Di Pasqua, ex-forming members of Double Image, founded Gallery with Paul McCandless, David Darling and Ratzon Harris. McCandless, well-known for his magnificent work with Oregon, plays soprano saxophone, oboe and English horn, and David Darling demonstrates what an extraordinarily gifted cellist he is. Like the pictures in

a gallery, this musical counterpart is a wide-ranging, multi-coloured, interwoven texture of sombre, dark hues and light, airy embellishments. David Samuels has penned three of the pieces, and his four-mallet work shimmers superbly. Call it chamber jazz or whatever, it's a stunningly beautiful album.



DEXTER GORDON TRIO

- *Lullaby For A Monster*
- SteepleChase SCS 1156 (ARD)

Perhaps this LP should be titled *Lullaby By A Monster*, seeing it comes from the tenor elder statesman Dexter Gordon, one of the most influential of the bop saxophonists. Recorded in 1976, the big sound of the elegant, sophisticated Dex is well served by two of Denmark's favourite sons, bassist Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen and drummer Alex Riel. *Nursery Blues* begins with some boppy *Baa Baa, Black Sheep*, and the quotes from Dexter start a-coming. Listen for *Pop Goes The Weasel* on *Nursery Blues*; *Lady in Red* on *Lullaby*; *Poinciana* and *Swinging On A Star* on *Green Street*, and *I Won't Dance on Tanya*. *Born To Be Blue*, with its *Parker's Mood* quotes really demonstrates what a great ballad player Dexter is. Some lullaby, indeed!

ETTA JONES

- *Save Your Love For Me*
- Muse MR 5214 (Avan-Guard)

At time of writing, this album has been listed in the Grammy Awards Final Nominations. You don't have to listen long to understand why. Occasionally, during an Etta Jones set, you can hear an inflection here, a nuance there, reminiscent of Dakota Staton, Helen Humes, Billie and other special jazzbirds. However, there's still the unmistakable Jones stylising. She's no copycat. The rhythm section includes Cedar Walton, who reminds us what a splendid accompanist he is, and that veteran bassist and backer of singers, George Duvivier. Etta's regular partner, tenorman Houston Person, solos effectively, and the material is first class. It embraces Hoagy Carmichael's *Georgia* and *Stardust* (complete with verse), the ever-green *East Of The Sun* and the torchy *My Man*.

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Toshiko Akiyoshi

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Quincy Jones

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Gary Burton

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The Merv Acheson Story

(Part 1)

I first learned to drink liquor by inadvertently destroying a palm tree in a tub on stage at the old Cairo Ballroom in Drummoyne. I was 15 years old and on my first musical job with the George Fuller Band.

Before opening night I had received stern warnings from my mother about the evils of drink and the havoc it had wreaked in the lives of musicians. She knew many musicians because my father was a violinist then playing at the Sydney State Theatre.

During the show I dutifully poured whatever liquor came my way into the handy palm tree. By the end of three or four nights it was drooping pitifully and in a week it succumbed completely.

One night the band leader noticed it and said "What the hell have you been doing to that plant?" I told him and he said "You're pouring good liquor into a bloody tree while I'm dying of thirst. If you don't want it give it to me."

I did just that. Then I noticed that he was getting happier as the nights went on while I was bored, sad and thirsty playing weary old barn dances, waltzes and pride of erins. That's when I decided that if the grog made the leader look so cheerful and pleased with himself I would try it myself.

Now 45 years later I am still trying to see if I like it. Every day I go through about 20 schooners plus the odd bottle of Scotch trying to make up my mind. I think that after a few more thousand gallons I will be able to reach a definite decision.

I became a saxophone player literally by accident.

From a very early age I had been learning violin from my father. Then came the day when I was playing compulsory sport at school — some kind of football — I never was interested enough to find out what kind. In the first ten minutes I was laying in the dust with a broken arm. I have hated all organised sport since that day 50 years ago and have never been on a football or cricket ground or to a race track.

A year later, seeing that I would have to practically start all over on violin and that I was not keen on the instrument anyhow, my father asked me what I would like to play. By that time, 1933, I had begun listening to early jazz records, especially those with saxophone solos and I plumped for the tenor sax.

The next week I was the proud owner of a Beuscher-Elkhart tenor — a silver plated one with gold bell which cost just 19 pounds, the equivalent of \$38, a considerable sum in those days when musicians were lucky to get one pound for a night's work.

That saxophone lasted me for more than 20 years — into the mid '50's and it was the best one I ever had. I have never found a modern saxophone that would take the wear and tear that one did. It finally gave up the ghost in the middle of a ball in the Paddington Town Hall. A gaping crack appeared in the gooseneck and it gave a final wail and died.



A young Merv, snapped in 1939, outside Mark Foy's. Aged 17, he was then a cadet journalist with the Labor Daily.

I had only one lesson on saxophone from a workmate of my father. He told me which keys were for what notes and then said "That's all I'm going to teach you. If I teach you too much you could get my job." Eighteen years later I did have his job — the very same seat in the very same theatre but with a different band.

All my life has been a combination of music and journalism and I have found the two occupations go well together.

The journalism began when, while still playing with various bands, I got a cadetship on the old *Labor Daily* newspaper. I was only about 16 but they took them young in those days and you only needed the Intermediate Certificate which most kids obtained when they were about 15.

Jack Band, who was then chief photographer on the paper, reminded me recently of how I used to practice the saxophone in his darkroom whenever I got the chance.

By 1939 I was writing the first regular jazz column to appear in any daily newspaper in the southern hemisphere. I remember a very nice letter from the late and great Frank Coughlan following a column devoted to his band.

Whenever I was not working on the paper I was playing

the saxophone, doing one nighters in suburban ballrooms, performing in the sleazy and illegal after-hours nightclubs, going to jam sessions and musical parties put on by friends.

With all this going on I had no time for the usual teenage pursuits; for instance I never did learn to dance, although I have spent hundreds of hours making music for other people to dance to.

World War II changed all this.

The streets were blacked out, a midnight curfew was placed on all places of entertainment, taxis were not permitted to operate after that hour, beer became a luxury obtainable only on the black market, Scotch whisky on the black market soared to 4 pounds (\$8) a bottle, often diluted or not true to label, and this in a day when an ordinary worker was earning about 1 pound (\$2) a day.

There was a call-up for military service with little or no choice of unit, but I was tipped off privately that if I voluntarily enlisted before I could be called up I could pick my unit.

Being anxious to get into an army band — any kind of band, I enlisted and got myself posted to the 17th Battalion Military Band conducted by the late Gerry Pheloung, a phenomenal classical trumpet player in his younger days and what would now be termed a great musical educator.

Here, at the age of 19, I found I was required to play clarinet as well as saxophone, so I bought a Conn Boehm system and taught myself. The other clarinetists in the outfit played simple system old style clarinets with different fingering so they were not much help.

Now, 41 years later, I still have that clarinet and although patched up somewhat it still works, perhaps not well enough to play on stage but all right for parties.

At this stage I also acquired an old silver soprano saxophone. I had been listening to records by Sidney Bechet, Charlie Barnet and Johnny Hodges playing this instrument and always liked the sound.

My soprano turned out to be a bit of a flop — I quickly discovered it was high pitch (the old pitch common in the 1920's and half a tone higher than the modern low pitch) and could not be played with a band. But as it taught me to handle the smaller bore and fingering set-up and cost only 2 pounds (\$4) second hand it was not such a bad bargain.

The army, at that stage, did not disrupt my life as much as I thought it would. The military band was stationed at French's Forest, near Manly, and played parades through Sydney, war bond rallies, receptions for visiting military dignitaries, fetes at military hospitals and the regular duties like the changing of the guard.

Except for the occasional night-time concert for the officers' mess we were usually through our work by about five o'clock and free to do what we liked until the following morning.

The hardest thing I remember about those days was having to be up before six o'clock in the morning to march through the adjoining military camps playing bright marches.

Can anyone imagine 40 hung-over musicians trudging through the semi-darkness of early morning blaring out *Sons of the Brave*? — the only tune the whole band could play without music.

I vowed then that when the war was over I would never get out of bed until lunchtime and unless some very urgent business comes up I never do.

The 17th band was a great training ground for young musicians. In addition to its talented conductor it had players of the calibre of trumpeters Marsh and Gerry Goodwin and tuba player Mick Maher. Marsh died early, Gerry

went on to become N.S.W. President of the Musicians' Union and Mick Maher is still blowing up a storm playing with various Dixieland groups.

It was a large aggregation and a friendly one. If any of the players had a musical problem there was always someone there to help. A dance band was formed within its ranks which made up in gusto what it lacked in artistry.

Meanwhile there was plenty of work for jazz and dance players and the boys picked up their quota of casual gigs much as they did in civilian life.

When America entered the war the music business boomed — the droves of American servicemen entering Australia wanted entertainment and they had special officers and units to see that they got it.

Read on next issue — the best is yet to come.

MERV ACHESON



Merv Acheson was featured with the Dick Hughes Famous Five at a concert presented by the Jazz Action Society at the Sydney Musicians' Club on March 2 to celebrate his 60th Birthday and 45 years in music.

He is currently playing with the Hughes group at the Soup Plus Restaurant, George Street, on Thursday and Friday nights, at the Tilbury Hotel (Louis at the 'Loo), Woolloomooloo, on Saturday afternoons with his own band, The Mainstreamers, and Saturday nights with the Peter Piercy Quartet at the Mansions Hotel, Kings Cross.

He is probably the only jazz musician in the world to have won two music magazine awards 25 years apart -- Tempo's top tenor award in 1946 and Music Maker's top tenor award in 1971.

He is editor of the Musicians' Union Journal, a member of the Executive Committees of the NSW District and Sydney Branch of the Union, and a Director and past President of the Musicians' Club.

next issue: May/June 1982



JOHN McCARTHY

Vince Jones: *New Melbourne Jazz Star*, by *Adrian Jackson*
 Lee Jeske: *A New York critic writes on Australian jazz*
 Clement Semmler on *Dick Hughes*
 Dave Dallwitz and *Traditional Jazz in Adelaide*, by *Bruce Johnson*
 John McCarthy, by *John Clare*
 Backbone of *Crossfire*: Michael Kenny and Jim Kelly, by *Eric Myers*
 Adelaide's *Schmoe*, by *Don Porter*
Plectrum Spectrum: *Dick Scott on the Great Guitarists*
 Record Reviews
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