

# JAZZ

The Australasian contemporary Music Magazine

May/June 1982

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**VINCE JONES:**  
New Melbourne Jazz Star

**LEE JESKE ON AUSTRALIAN JAZZ**

**Jazz Education -  
THE STAGE BAND**

**MERV ACHESON STORY  
(Part 2)**

**DAVE DALLWITZ (2)  
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**John Shand Talks To  
ALAN TURNBULL**

**PAUL McNAMARA**  
By Eric Myers

**Jack Mitchell on  
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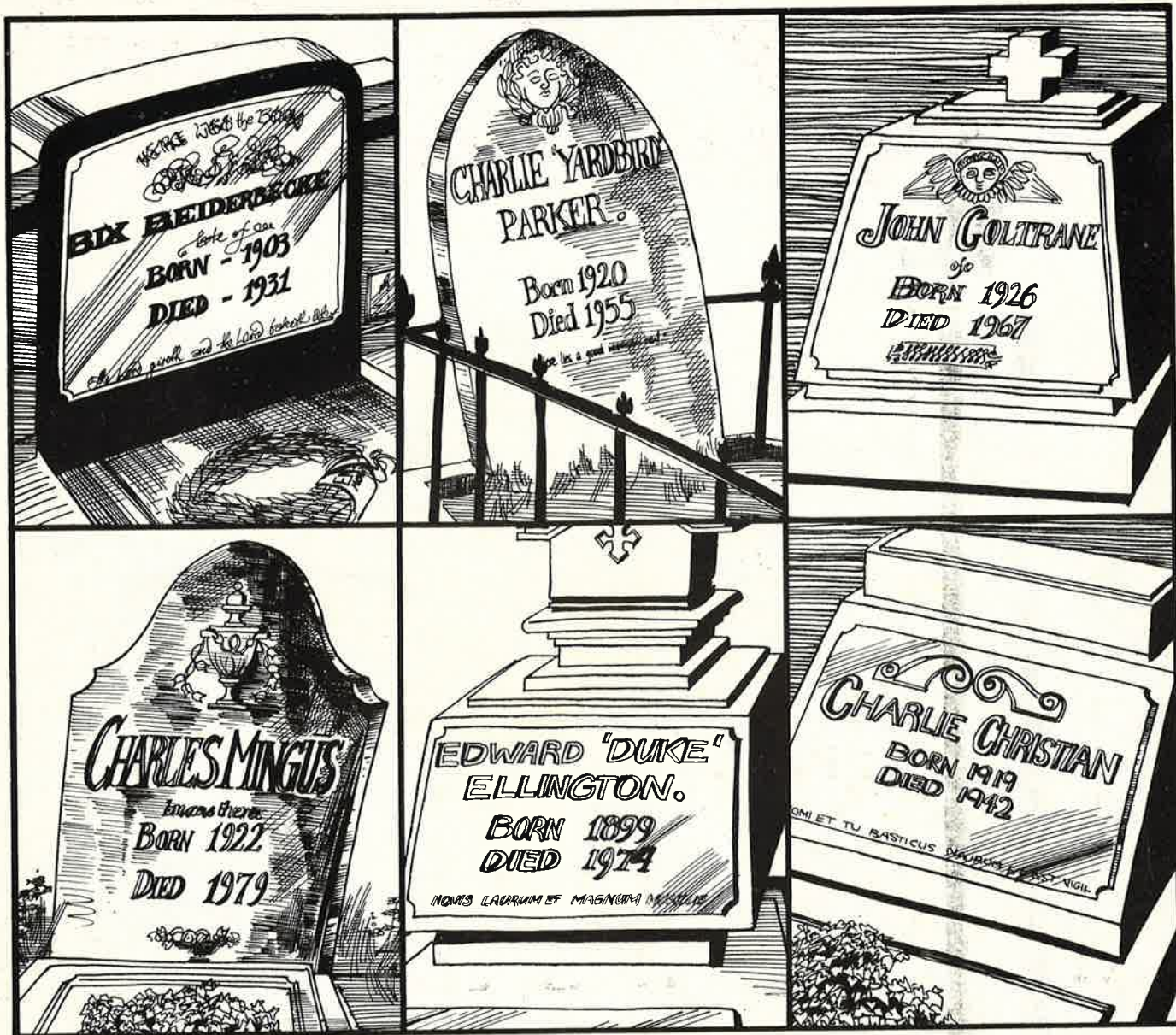
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New LP



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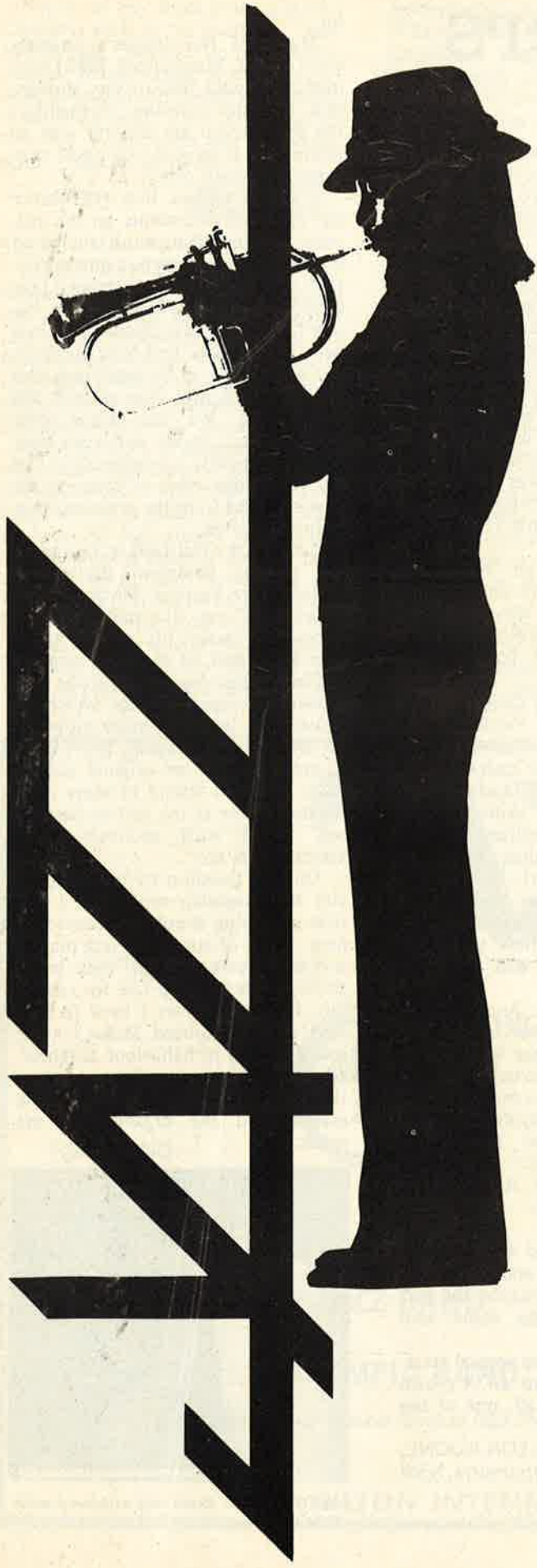
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Cover: Vince Jones (Photo by Libby Brown)

Editor: Eric Myers  
Associate Editor: Dick Scott  
Advertising Representatives: Noel Crow (Sydney), Paula Langlands (Melbourne), Margaret Sullivan  
Art Director: Margaret Brown Typesetting  
Typesetting: Adelaide: Don Porter  
Writers: Canberra: Carl Witty  
Dubbo: Gillian Alm  
Melbourne: Adrian Jackson  
Newcastle: John Armstrong  
Sydney: Len Barnard, Bruce Johnson, Clement Semmler, Jack Mitchell, John Shand, Norm Linehan, Bill Haesler, John Clare, Richard Hazlewood, Dick Montz, Ray Martin  
United States: Lee Jeske

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# Edit.

*During the short time I've been editor of JAZZ Magazine, one thing has increasingly bothered me: the fact that many jazz musicians don't know that this magazine exists or, if they do, they are entirely apathetic about it.*

*Obviously, it would be ridiculous to suppose that a magazine such as this could survive indefinitely without strong support from the very group of artists whose activities and product we are seeking to promote and publicise.*

*It appears that, in the past, JAZZ Magazine has not captured the confidence of the musicians in the field. If this is true, we are now doing our best, under new editorial control, to rectify that situation and produce a magazine which all people in the Australian jazz world can be proud of, and will wholeheartedly support.*

*Jazz is essentially an elitist art form which appeals to a select minority of discriminating music lovers. Under these embattled circumstances, the name of the game in the jazz world is support, and I am therefore puzzled by the fact that, while we have hundreds of subscribers from the general public, we have only a handful of active jazz musicians as subscribers.*

*We seem to be in the peculiar position of trying to promote an art form where the artists themselves, who stand to gain most from a successful jazz publication, couldn't care less whether the magazine exists or not.*

*Also, I have been disappointed in the various jazz societies around Australia. Recently I wrote to every known jazz society in the country seeking support for the magazine. While some of them are now helping us distribute the magazine (and I thank them for their assistance) a number did not even bother to reply to my letter.*

*This sort of apathy naturally makes us wonder whether Australian jazz fans want to have a magazine such as JAZZ. We can't go on forever producing a magazine like this unless we have overwhelming support from people in the jazz world.*

*If a groundswell of support does not exist, then why are we busting our guts to put out this magazine? Why are we imploring the best jazz writers in the country to write for measly fees, trying to keep production costs down to a minimum, then scraping around to pay the bills, with no financial reward in sight? Think on these matters.*

ERIC MYERS  
Editor.

# Letters

Sir,

It's nice to see some things don't change. It's clear from some of the articles in your last two issues. Forty years ago Hugh Panassie wrote that Armstrong had gone "commercial". Today we make the same complaint about Freddie Hubbard.

In the fifties we argued about the New York, Chicago and West Coast styles. Today we write articles about whether there's an "Australian Jazz".

Thirty years ago we complained that the public didn't appreciate how good our Australian jazz musicians were, and grizzled about the entrepreneurs. And there was also lots of backbiting between musicians: the same sort of thing that Hal Galper finds discomfiting.

Of course there's an "Australian Jazz". If you listen to enough jazz you'll be able to tell. Why shouldn't Hubbard do what he wants and make money? Are we simply jealous of his talent?

All power to Greg Quigley. Two days at Birkenhead Point proved that. I haven't noticed too many of his critics putting their cash up front and taking the risks. Teaching and playing are different skills. This is true whether the musicians/teachers are American, Australian, Yugoslavian or Calathumpian! It's almost irrelevant whether we should use more Australian musicians in teaching clinics. It's how well they can teach, not how well they can play, that counts.

A few years back Andre Previn said that he hardly ever read books and articles about jazz because he felt it was not music to be coldly dissected like a body in a morgue. Jazz is supposed to be enjoyable to listen to. It's supposed to swing. It's supposed to be "hot" — or even "cool". But above all, it's supposed to be fun to listen to — and hopefully to play.

We do have world class jazz in Australia. But if not enough people are paying to listen, maybe the performers ought to do some soul searching.

Jazz doesn't deserve special treatment. It has to stand on its own feet. Music is, after all, one of the performing arts.

LEON NOONE,  
Turramurra, NSW

Sir,

Many of Hal Galper's observations (JAZZ, March/April 1982) have merit. I would like to say, though, that I do not consider "eyeballing" the players you are playing with so important, as long as you never stop listening to each other.

I would suggest that Hal Galper has made his comments on the attitudes of Australian musicians based on the people whom he came in contact with at the Summer Jazz Clinics — students, teachers, etc. We don't have all that many musicians here in Australia and New Zealand, but we do have many musicians who are both beautiful jazz players and professional. We also have some excellent jazz bands and even have some composers of originality. To my knowledge, none of these people have suffered from the problems that Galper has cited.

I heard the Hal Galper Trio playing at The Basement during the Sydney Jazz Festival. Much obvious "eyeballing" on the stand did not appear to assist his music which sounded dated, at most times without inspiration (especially in the long drawn-out, repeated tags which he insisted on, in almost every tune that he and his trio played), and lacked inventiveness of an original nature. As a musician friend of mine commented to me at the end of Galper's set, "That stuff sounded better twenty years ago".

On the question of the deficiencies of Australian musicians, I feel that one thing should be mentioned here. Some of our young jazz players should become aware of their insensitivity in turning up late for rehearsals. In the 13 years I lived in England and the United States I never saw this kind of behaviour at rehearsals. Each player understood that time was valuable both for the players and the organiser of the music.



Hal Galper . . . dated and without inspiration.



Music of any kind is not a sport. Concepts such as "as good as", "the best", and "better" do not really matter. What matters is that we do have people in this country who play music very well. Let's all recognise this fact — musicians and audiences alike — and get on with it.

**BRUCE CALE,**  
Hampton, NSW

Sir,

Others may wish to debate the conclusions drawn by Bruce Johnson in his search for an Australian jazz sound. I should simply like to refer to two matters of fact in Part 2 (February 1982), which do not reflect on his scholarship since he has had to depend on his sources.

It is incorrect to suggest that jazz records were difficult to get in Australia in the late 1930s. The EMI catalogue for 1939 listed many records by a lot of jazz groups of varying musical shades, ranging through the alphabet from Louis Armstrong to Teddy Wilson. It would be tedious to list them all, but they included 36 records by Fats Waller, 36 by Duke Ellington dating from as early as 1926, and such esoteric items as Bix

Beiderbecke's *In A Mist* and Clarence Williams' *Organ Grinder*. It was my experience that all of these catalogued items were readily available, off the shelf, from 1939 to 1942 and I believe it was no different in earlier years.

Many more jazz records were available from the English catalogues, simply by order through the local record shop, delivery taking 2-3 months. (It may warm Peter Cane's heart to know that my dealer for these imported items was Palings.)

The other point is that in 1938 William H. Miller's was by no means the first significant jazz collection in Australia. Those of Ron Wills, Eric Dunn and Ted Elliott pre-dated Miller's by several years and may have been greater in number. Bill Holyoak's may have beaten them all. Ellis Blain was presenting a jazz program from the ABC in Tasmania in 1937 for which a record collection of some substance must have been available, perhaps the ABC's or Blain's own.

Of course the word "significant" could itself be debated but that is beyond my present ambit.

**NORMAN LINEHAN,**  
Bondi North, NSW

Sir,

Regarding Eric Myers' article, "Jazz Education in Australia: The Issues" (JAZZ, Jan./Feb., 1982), I would simply like to say that from my experiences with him, Greg Quigley has jazz music and the propagation of that music solely at heart.

The issues lie not with Greg Quigley but, instead, with the attitude which either attempts to make a universal art form a selfish, nationalistic event; or which simply closes one's mind to that which is unknown and uncomfortable.

Thank you very much. All the best to you and your magazine.

**ED SOPH,**  
North Haven, Connecticut, USA

*Editor's Note: Ed Soph is an American drummer who has worked in bands led by Woody Herman, Bill Watrous, Stan Kenton, David Liebman, Clark Terry and Lee Konitz. He has on many occasions taught in Greg Quigley's jazz clinics. In early 1981 he was artist-in-residence at the NSW State Conservatorium of Music for three months.*



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# VINCE JONES: New

By Adrian Jackson\*

Melbourne-based singer and trumpeter Vince Jones appears destined to enjoy the sort of success that always seems beyond the grasp of jazz musicians in this country, Don Burrows excepted. He has striking natural talent, with a rare blend of musical ability and almost charismatic appeal that enables him to entertain and satisfy both the diehard jazz fan and the 'average' listener who might have no real understanding of jazz.

Since he appeared on the Melbourne scene about a year-and-a-half ago, Jones has won the respect of peers and critics and, more importantly, has attracted a steadily growing audience. He has appeared successfully in Sydney and at the 1982 Perth Festival, and has recently completed a debut LP, to be distributed by EMI. I can see no reason why Vince Jones should fail to establish himself on a national basis within the next year or so.

He must be the most convincing male jazz singer Australia has produced. He sings bop numbers, such as Mark Murphy's arrangement of *Farmer's Market*, with remarkable agility and flair, and can swing and scat most enjoyably on medium-tempo standards; but it is a ballad singer that he is most arresting. For a start he sings good songs, but he really brings out the best in them with his intimately romantic approach. On evergreens like *As Time Goes By* or *I Can't Get Started*, Jones exudes style.

He comes across as a polished performer, but never loses the feeling of spontaneity that is so crucial for a jazz singer.

Jones is also an effective horn soloist, playing trumpet (open or harmon-muted) or flugelhorn for solo breaks on vocal numbers, or for instrumental performances such as *Oleo* or *Night in Tunisia*. He is no dazzling or adventurous virtuoso, but achieves a rich tone on his horn, and displays some good ideas (usually melodic) in his concise features. He also has the benefit of tidy, sympathetic backing from pianist Mart Saarelaht, guitarist Doug De Vries, Bill McDonald (bass) and Peter Blick (drums).

Vince recalls, "My parents were always strongly musical. My Dad was master of the local brass band, he was always practising around the house; my Mum is a lovely singer, she never did much professional singing, but I think I got the ear for singing and the idea of the flow of singing, from her singing around the house. Also, I got used to hearing jazz 'cos Dad was a jazz freak, always playing records or listening to the radio: Diz and Miles back to Armstrong.

"We came from Scotland when I was 10, in '63, came to Wollongong. Dad took me along to the local brass band when I was 15, I played trombone for a year, just fiddled with it. Dad got me a trumpet, but I never used it; it was only when I'd done the HSC and left school that I just got this feeling, I had to play a trumpet. By then, I'd got into listening to modern jazz, mainly thanks to Freddy Payne, a terrific trumpet player who's in Adelaide now: he got me to listen to *Sketches Of Spain*, so I loved that, and got all the other Miles records, and dug out Dad's old Bix Beiderbecke and Diz



Pic: Libby Brown.

records. So I got out the trumpet and started to play.

"I got some work playing trumpet with some local rock bands. Before long, we were doing jobs like playing at the Whiskey Au Go-Go in Sydney. There was this top Filipino band, Black Opinion, there and I got to hang out with this amazing trumpet player, Fred Concepcion. He had incredible power and precision, never a bum note. He taught me more in a few days than I would have learned in ten years otherwise.

"Back in Wollongong, I met up with some guys from Melbourne, Geelong actually. I went down to Geelong with them, and we did some work around Melbourne as Forum. We were into funky soul stuff, like the Average White Band. I got a buzz out of the horn section work, and the high singing parts. After that, I joined a band called Southern Wind, which was a good hand, with a lot of original material from Jose McLaughlin. The next band I had was Stash, which was also into R&B-soul.

"The bands always had problems staying together, but I still thought it was a much better scene than Sydney, which I thought I'd find hard to break into anyway. I went back to Wollongong for a while, but every job I went for in Sydney, was in a club act where I'd have to wear a purple suit, or playing trumpet charts that I couldn't really read. At least in

\* Adrian Jackson is a freelance writer who has appeared in a number of publications, including *Rolling Stone Australia*. He has been jazz critic with the *Melbourne Age* since 1978.



# Melbourne Jazz Star

Melbourne I'd found guys who were doing what you wanted to do, whereas in Sydney you were doing what you had to do to make money.

"I went back to Melbourne and got Stash going again. But I decided it wasn't what I really wanted to do. I know there's a lot of colours I can get in my voice, but I couldn't at that volume. The turning point came when my sister Angela, who's a great singer, got me a job on a cruise ship, with her, sharing the singing. I suddenly had to work hard on my reading for the cornet, and learn a lot of songs. The audience wanted the old numbers, everything from *Strangers In The Night* to foxtrots, and you had the same audience every night, so you had to learn an incredible repertoire to make it different every night.

"And I found that those old songs, the good ones, are great to sing, and great to play on. I got a flash that I could do this, do it well, and really enjoy it. When the cruise finished, I got offers to do some funky things, but I turned those down because I'd decided I wanted to get a bunch of guys together and do some jazz things.

"We got a gig at The Skydiver, a Carlton coffee lounge

that was open til 2 in the morning. It was the only place like that in town, and bit by bit we built up an audience. We got it together there, and I learned a lot from the guys, especially Mark, who's a fanatical bebop player, and he kept throwing all of that stuff at me.

"On the other hand, I impressed on them the attitude I had that you're an entertainer, not just a musician. So we developed a more polished presentation. Clifford Hocking came in one night, liked us, and booked us to open for Oscar Peterson, which was great." (The Vince Jones Quintet went over very well with the capacity audiences.)

"We started pulling good crowds at the Skydiver. We left when the owner put up the door charge, but wouldn't put our money up. Paul Dallas gave us a really good gig two nights a week at the Tankerville Arms. That really brought us together, and we drew an amazing cross-section of audience, from the Carlton trendies to the hardcore listeners.

"The Tankerville changed its policy, brought in a Greek band to go with the restaurant. And just recently, we got the gig on Friday nights at Blues Alley, so that's what we're doing now."

*Continued overleaf*

## NEW RELEASES



### WATCH WHAT HAPPENS VINCE JONES

TRACKS: Dream; I've Got You Under My Skin; When I Fall In Love; Loose Bloose; Martini Time; You Don't Know Me; Watch What Happens; As Time Goes By.

EMI YPRX 1933



### NEW HARLEM LIVE BEFORE A RECORDED AUDIENCE

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Recent highlights for Vince were the Melbourne Jazz Festival and the Perth Festival. He says, "The Melbourne Jazz Festival was the first experience I've had of singing unprepared with guys who didn't know what I was going to do. They wanted it that way, they didn't want to know about any charts. I showed Norman Simmons *Farmer's Market* and he said, 'Oh, a blues in F', and I said it's not just a blues in F, but he said not to worry. He said *Satin Doll* would be cool, I said, 'Well, there's this thing I do on the end . . .', he just said, 'Don't do it this time'. So, I went on stage terribly nervous, and counted *Farmer's Market* in just too fast, and Norman Simmons and Victor Lewis gave each other a look, had a bit of a snigger, but I got through it. And it turned out just wonderful. *I Can't Get Started* was the best I've ever sung it. Those guys really felt that song, and the accompaniment was just so beautiful: those guys know all about space, and feel, and chords. I got a real buzz out of it.

"Clifford Hocking booked me and Mark to go over to Perth, where we worked with John Etheridge and a local rhythm section: John's a great guitarist, we all really hit it off, and went over really well. So that was great, too."

The record, *Watch What Happens*, is now available through EMI. Vince is very happy with the way it turned out. "John Bye offered to help us get a record together, which was beautiful. He just wanted us to do our thing, our way, a jazz album.

"Russell Smith, who is a good friend of mine and a great musician, helped with some arrangements and acted as producer. His experience and guidance were invaluable. We had to do virtually one-takes, so we did it with the live set-up and vibe as much as possible. We're satisfied with it, and we learned a lot for next time."

Vince describes himself as "a very optimistic person. I have ambitions to play around the world, at these jazz festi-



Pic: Eric Waterman.

*Not only a singer, but an instrumentalist as well. Here is Vince Jones on the flugelhorn.*

vals in India, Europe, even America, or in Brazil. I mean, why not? We've got something different to offer. By being insular, the guys here who really want to play, they don't sound like anyone else, they play honest colours that are different from the California hype or the frantic street colours of the New York guys; guys like Doug, or Allan Browne, or Jamie Fielding. I know playing overseas won't happen tomorrow, but it's worth thinking about."

Vince is the first to say that there is still room for improvement in the way he plays. "I'm just growing as a jazz trumpet player now. I'm really into the changes, but it's a slow process getting that mind-to-fingers thing going. I'm listening to all the really cookin' trumpet players. I guess the one I most relate to is Chet Baker, because he had a great ear, and stuck to a simple range, but what he did there was just fantastic. I'd never be able to play like Clifford Brown, but it's listening to those guys that's made me realise it isn't licks that count, but knowing the changes and being able to do something with them spontaneously. I know I can only get better as a trumpet player, if I keep learning about changes.

"As a singer, I'm more and more influenced by horn players, Coltrane and so on, 'cos that's who I'm listening to. My feel is influenced by them, my tone, timbre and use of different intonation. My diction is getting a lot clearer, I suppose listening to the standard of jazz singers around at the moment.

"A lot of singers go off the window with harmonies and put all these passing notes in; I could do that, but it isn't me. I respect that special breed of songwriters who wrote the songs I sing, I don't feel I can do anything to the melody but give it the best sound possible; to interpret the melody as it is, sing the melody to its fullest. And, of course, to give the lyrics as much life as possible.

"I'd like to get into writing my own songs, when I find the right partner. But my most important ambition, I guess, is that I don't ever want to sing anybody else's licks. Ever."

The Vince Jones group appeared in Sydney about a year ago, and reportedly made quite a favourable impression. Sydney fans will have another chance to enjoy Vince Jones' talent when the Quintet returns to Sydney in late May and early June. They will be at The Musicians' Club or The Basement.

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# IS VINCE JONES THE NEW BILLY FIELD?

Eric Myers reviews the *Watch What Happens* LP

Well, is he? All jazz writers know that this is the sort of idiotic question raised by, say, a newspaper editor who wants a STORY. 'Yes Eric, I know he is a great musician, but is he INTERESTING? Is there an ANGLE?'

If I have saddled myself with a dubious task, let me try and tackle it anyway. Certainly there is a superficial resemblance between Billy Field and Vince Jones: both are young, reasonably good-looking, and can sing well enough to spread their appeal beyond the hard-core jazz audience to the wider group of middle-of-the-road music fans.

This potential for commercial success is something that Vince Jones could well exploit. Billy Field did it by writing his own songs, then hiring the best arrangers and musicians from the jazz world to provide the backing. He also had the use of his own recording studio. The result was *Bad Habits*, an LP full of powerful, danceable big band arrangements, highly reminiscent of the swing era.

Vince Jones, obviously with less resources behind him, has come up with a much more modest effort. *Watch What Happens* is a collection of standard songs with the singer backed by his working Melbourne group: Mart Saarelaht (piano), Doug De Vries (guitar), Mike Williams (bass), Peter Blick (drums) and Alex Pertout (percussion). The quality of the recording (which overall is excellent) suggests that the tracks were put down quickly and without too much fuss. The LP therefore captures the sort of spontaneity that, I imagine, would be characteristic of a live Vince Jones performance.

The opening track is an easily paced tune in medium four called *Dream*, written by Roland Kirk. Vince Jones articulates a difficult melody with ease, in a style not unlike that of Eddie Jefferson, whom I imagine Jones has been listening to.

Jazz fans will also be interested in the version of *Loose Bloose*, which is credited to the Bill Evans Trio. (I would like to know who wrote the words). It has an extremely complex melody, stated skilfully in unison by Jones and Saarelaht on piano, after which Saarelaht and guitarist De Vries take relaxed and thoroughly professional solos with Blick using brushes.

*Martini Time* is an attractive, swinging original by Jones himself, which indicates that he has talent as a songwriter. It has a band break with a couple of 7/4 and 5/4 bars, plus a 16-bar scat solo which is a ripper.

The other five tunes on the LP are well-known — some would say hackneyed — standards: *I've Got You Under My Skin*, *When I Fall In Love*, *You Don't Know Me*, *Watch What Happens*, and *As Time Goes By*.

There are many musical highlights. After a short, spirited solo from De Vries, in *I've Got You Under My Skin*, plus a drum break which effectively disguises the time, the tempo doubles and Jones takes off in fine scat style. Scat singing is one of the most difficult skills in all art music. To sound as if you are making it, you have to be very good, and it is to Vince Jones' credit that his 24-bar break is consummated well. He is not a great scat singer, but he swings, and his phrasing is very musical. He obviously has the raw material to work with.

Generally, the musical approach on this LP is predictable: laid-back, relaxed, compact and measured solos without too much fire, from Jones himself on flugelhorn and trumpet, De Vries and Saarelaht. The emotional level of the music is what you might expect in a sophisticated, late-hours supper club — remember those? — where couples are drinking, eating and talking over a background of not too strident music. Jones' approach is the kind that goes well with romance.

And there you might have it. Vince Jones the romantic ballad singer? I agree with Adrian Jackson that certainly he is most arresting in the ballads. In fact, the strongest performance on the LP is *As Time Goes By*, which he performs with just Ron Rosenberg on piano. This song is a well-known old chestnut (the only successful song written by poor old H. Hupfeld, but what a beauty it was) and Vince Jones breathes much life into it. The first 16 bars are sung *colla voce*, then at the bridge a gentle, lilting tempo is established, over which Jones stretches out a little, bending the vocal line judiciously. He then picks



Vince Jones

Pic: Eric Waterman.

up the flugelhorn (or is it the trumpet?) and improvises a tasteful, impeccable 16-bar solo, before building the song to a climax.

I can't say I'm mad about the ending. At the climax of the song, Jones quotes from Cole Porter's *Let's Do It*, James Moody's *Moody's Mood For Love*, before ending on a scat passage. Somehow I feel that the LP therefore finishes on a derivative note. I have the same feeling about the introduction to *Watch What Happens*, where Jones uses the old *My Kind Of Girl* intro. Also the opening trumpet line on the LP which introduces *Dream* is actually the melody of the Richard Rodgers tune *Manhattan* (as well as the melody of *Dream*). These snippets sound too much like clichés — clever, Vince, but not hip!

What is lacking on the LP is real excitement and passion. There are times when I feel that Peter Blick should have picked up the sticks and exploded onto the cymbals, giving the soloists a boot. A singer like Mark Murphy, whom Vince Jones would have heard live last year, builds his bright numbers to a real level of excitement, so that his slow, soft ballads have added poignancy. Light and shade; tension and release — these are essential aspects of the music. Many people looking for a wide range of emotions in music will find *Watch What Happens* a little bland.

Still, make no mistake about it, Vince Jones is good. He is blessed with a splendid, musical voice which he uses always with subtlety and good taste, and it is a great thing for Australian jazz that he is now on the scene, and visible around the country. He is obviously still paying his dues, but if he develops musically and is managed intelligently, he has a great future ahead of him.

*Footnote: To return to the question of Billy Field and Vince Jones ... Who cares? I'm sorry I brought it up. Australia has few enough quality male singers in the jazz field — there is plenty of room for both of them.*



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

(Part 2)

By Bruce Johnson\*

Although the Southern Jazz Group made its last record in 1951, Dave Dallwitz was the only founder member present, and he himself withdrew from the traditional scene before the year was out. In effect the band had broken up in 1950 when it lost the trio of musicians who seemed to have carried the flag of traditional jazz in Adelaide from its beginnings: Bruce Gray, Bill Munro and Bob Wright. John Malpas evidently departed the band at about the same time, since he last recorded with it in June 1950 and then showed up recording with Bruce Gray's All Star Jazzmen in June 1951. Lew Fisher left in 1950, ultimately to form his own group. Joe Tippet, who had been replaced during his honeymoon in early 1949 by Kym Bonython, was subsequently finding that his commitments as a photographer were preventing him from taking on any other night work. His association with the band accordingly trailed off.

Besides appealing to our desire for documentary accuracy, the story behind the dispersal of 1950 assists enormously in understanding of what made the SJG tick. Broadly speaking there are two versions, but I believe the differences are matters of emphasis. All witnesses agree at least on this, that the basic cause was tension between Bruce Gray and Dave Dallwitz, from which it is reasonable to deduce that each was possessed of strong musical views. Bob Wright's recollection is that it came down to a clash between Dallwitz's 2/4 and Bruce Gray's increasingly 4/4 preferences.

Many things should be taken into consideration in assessing this account, not all of them consistent with one another. First, if it was a rhythmic matter then Wright, as brass bass player, was well situated to know. Second, this kind of stand-off is consistent with what we shall later see to be the lines of development of Dallwitz and Gray as musicians. But is it consistent with another point to emerge later, that Adelaide traditionalists seem generally to have paid more attention to the goings-on of the front line than to the rhythm section? Perhaps so — you can express a basic preference for, say, 2/4 without becoming exercised over the subtleties of the matter. Without being as specific as Bob Wright, Dallwitz generally agreed and conceded ruefully his own youthful intractability:

*Dallwitz: It was really caused by a bit of a divergence between me and Bruce, which was rapidly overcome after the breakup . . . We were never enemies, but at the time I must have thought that we were. Because Bruce seemed to be going his way — he had his own band — . . . Somehow or other I didn't feel that Bruce was 'on my side' at that time, although he was obviously still keen to work with me judging by what he said then and afterwards. I decided to have a reshuffle. Which was probably wrong on my part.*

\* 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 here, in England and the USA. Currently he is with the bands of Paul Furniss, Dick Hughes, and John Hahn. He presents a regular jazz programme on 2MBS-FM, where he is also the Jazz Co-ordinator. He writes a weekly column for the Sydney Morning Herald, and writes also for the newsletter of the Jazz Action Society of NSW, and the Sydney Jazz Club's Quarterly Rag, of which he is editor.

*Johnson: Musically wrong, you mean?*

*Dallwitz: Yes. Oh, not only musically, but personally wrong. I think, you know, if they were willing to work with me, I shouldn't have done it.*

*Johnson: So you actually fired Bruce.*

*Dallwitz: Yes. Bruce and Bob . . . I conferred with Bill first. I didn't just do it cold. But then Bill left almost immediately afterwards . . . even though he had agreed with what I was suggesting. He still changed his mind afterward.*

*Johnson: When you say that there was a difference of opinion with Bruce, did it manifest itself in stylistic preferences?*

*Dallwitz: Yes. Now, for instance, in the choice of pieces, compositions. Bruce often disagreed with what I decided we should play. So, it must have been a personal clash, for him to voice his disagreement in that way. Of course, if I'd been the person I am now, I would've just gone along with it . . . But in those days I must have been pigheaded.*

This account broadly agrees with that of every other member of the band. Except Bruce Gray's. Bruce agrees as to what happened, but not precisely as to why.

*Gray: Trombonist Deryck Bentley was coming in on the scene then. We all felt that he was probably a better trombonist than Dave. That was mainly what it was all about as far as I was concerned. We wanted Dave on piano. We thought he would be of more value to the group . . . Lew had sort of dropped out by that stage.*

*Johnson: Why wouldn't he do that?*

*Gray: I don't know.*

*Johnson: It wasn't a stylistic matter, about you, for example, wanting to move on to a more modern idiom?*

*Gray: No. No. Not at all at that stage.*

This is an interesting account for a lot of reasons. First, whenever it was possible to test recollections, Dallwitz's memory was less reliable than Gray's — it seemed to be the difference between a speculative mind and a pragmatic one. Yet here it is Dave Dallwitz's reconstruction that squared with consensus. Second, Bruce Gray's version has a compelling circumstantial specificity as well as a persuasive internal logic. And yet not one other person even hinted at those circumstances, notwithstanding Bruce's comment that 'we wanted the change'. Nor is it entirely consistent, on the face of it, with what subsequently happened after the breakaway. Bruce and I were trying to reconstruct the later personnel of the SJG — Tas Brown on clarinet, Keith Hounslow on trumpet . . .

*Johnson: . . . Dallwitz on trombone, since he's sticking to his guns and still playing trombone. Who —*

*Gray: No, no. He then went on to piano.*

*Johnson: So the whole issue . . . How strange.*

*Gray (laughing): Yes, I thought so at the time.*

*Johnson: Do you think therefore that there might have been something else in his stubbornness, since he so easily moved over to piano after you left anyway?*

Long Pause. Then in an eloquent but inscrutable tone, Bruce replied, "There could have been".

*Johnson: Any suspicions? Then or now?*

*Gray (laughing): Not really. No. I think the pressure had been there for some time before that. Before the Sydney trip . . . there was a sort of pressure right through the Sydney trip . . . I said to the guys, 'When I come back, I'm finished. That's it.' . . . But that was the only reason as far as I was concerned. (Pause) Oh, apart from Dave's normal doomatic character.*



Perhaps it helps to have worked for a long period in a band to see how these two accounts can be reconciled. You begin with two potentially incompatible temperaments. One of them is younger and, for a time, more malleable, respectful of a leader who knows what he wants. Gradually the younger one develops, perhaps works in another band in which he is the dominant sensibility. A point is reached where the forcefulness of the original leader becomes oppressive to the younger musician, particularly if the former seems to be stylistically static while the latter is developing. Resentments fester, until one day the younger man becomes inwardly attached to a specific issue. Perhaps the leader intuitively accepts it as such. The other band members have scarcely noticed it, but it will become decisive for one of them. The fuse burns down, the band explodes, and in due time the air clears and people are talking to each other again.

Years later all of them remember the cause, but one individual still remembers vividly what to him was the issue. It's a familiar pattern. 'Why did X leave the band?' you ask the other members. 'Oh, he and the leader weren't getting on together.' But ask X, and he'll say something like, 'I remember clearly. One night I wanted to play *Mood Indigo* and he wouldn't.' Perhaps this reconstruction is too fanciful. This at least is unassailable: that the SJG disintegrated largely because Bruce Gray and Dave Dallwitz had come to the parting of their ways. There was some inevitable acrimony at the time. Apparently its ripples spread across the pages of the local press in reports of the disputed ownership of the band name. But the break was cathartic. The resentments quickly dissipated and the alumni have long since been on the friendliest of terms.

It was also a fertile disintegration, as a bursting seed pod. Most of the members became founders or part of the nuclei of other bands. Bruce Gray already had another band of his own; it had given its first performance on November 6 1949 at the King's Ballroom. It now absorbed most of the old SJG, and Bill Munro's association with his long-time colleague continues today. Lew Fisher formed his own band after a short spell playing trumpet alongside Munro in Gray's All Stars. His career was attenuated by a stroke which left him without the use of his right arm (though I can remember the buoyant feeling of playing over his left-handed comping at a party in the mid-sixties). He died at about the age of 50. Bob Wright and John Malpas both went with Bruce Gray and from there into a succession of traditional groups both separately and together. Wright is currently with the Captain Sturt Band. Dallwitz retired from the traditional jazz scene in about 1951 and returned in 1971, since which time he has been prolific as a composer. Of this, more later.

At times the paths of these various musicians have crossed and re-crossed. It is probably safe to make this claim: every traditional jazz musician from Adelaide has at some time in his career found himself playing in the company of one of the members of the old SJG, and therefore has probably been influenced and inspired by one or more of those musicians.

The influence and inspiration of the SJG have operated in subtler ways also, and this takes us to the significance of the band in terms of the history of jazz in South Australia. Visibly and invisibly, it was the SJG which largely determined the character of Adelaide jazz, as well as the way it was perceived in the Eastern States. In the first of these

Pic: R. T. Pederick, courtesy John Rippin.



The Southern Jazz Group, photographed at the Tivoli Theatre, Adelaide circa 1947-48. From left: Lew Fisher (pno), John Malpas (banjo), Bob Wright (sousaphone), Dave Dallwitz (trombone), Bill Munro (trumpet), Joe Tippett (drums), Bruce Gray (clarinet).





Dallwitz (trombone) and Gray (clarinet) playing together, circa 1948-50. The clarinetist on the right is Don 'Pixie' Roberts.

pieces I cited the response of Graeme Bell and his colleagues to the Adelaide band at the first Australian Jazz Convention. To them it was a distinctive sound which came to represent Adelaide jazz, an opinion shared by Wright, Tippet and Gray when they heard the interstate bands for the first time. It's difficult to isolate the characteristics of that sound now, on the principle that what we are no longer familiar with all seems to look much the same. Witnesses of the time, however, often point to the two-beat foundation as being distinctive. Bob Wright and Joe Tippet both agreed that Adelaide has remained essentially a two beat town, and that this goes back to the SJG. And to this I can add my own memories of growing up as a musician in Adelaide. To think

of jazz was to think of a tuba in the rhythm section and the rhythmic feel it imparted. It was not until working elsewhere that I began to be sensible of the expanded possibilities of a four feel and of the stylistic tyranny of two to the bar. The latter is a pattern which imposes very real restrictions upon the way you think in the front line, though I was unaware of these as restrictions until I began to work with four beat rhythm sections.

Why had I not thought about this more analytically in Adelaide? Why had I generally submitted to the authority of the two beat pattern? A cluster of responses that emerged during the interviews began to suggest an answer, and it goes back again to the SJG. It's not just that the SJG was a two beat band, but that, *in addition*, and beyond that fact, comparatively little thought was given to other rhythmic possibilities. That may sound odd when it is remembered that it was the rhythm section in particular that struck the interstates at the first AJC. But what I'm suggesting (and I'll develop some evidence for this later) is that once the SJG had, by whatever means, arrived at this distinctive fundamentally two beat feel, it then devoted most of its subsequent attentions to the harmonic possibilities of the front line.

The suspicion that this may be so is fortified by some examination of the origins of the band sound. Various recordings provided models — Spanier, Ellington, Morton, Armstrong — and there were occasional opportunities of hearing in person musicians whose impact was inspirational. Dave Dallwitz remembers hearing trumpeter Nick Stefakis play for the Adelaide Jazz Lovers' Society, in the company of Alf Holyoak and Jim Hogan, among others. Bob Wright was one of several who formed the impression that Stefakis was an American serviceman. However confused or vague the details of his background, there was no ambiguity about the impression he made, and indeed it seems likely that the belief that he was an American developed from the mature assurance and authority of his playing. In fact he was born in Melbourne of Greek extraction. Graeme Bell, who furnished that piece of information, remembers Stefakis playing with his band, and describes his style as being a combination of the sounds of Muggsy Spanier and Buck Clayton. Here is a shadowy but significant figure who perhaps deserves more attention than he has yet received. The above influences, however, are not immediately relevant to the business of the two beat style of the SJG.

Finally, the real architects of the sound were the actual members of the band, and each contributed something in his own way. The light sound of the washboard as used by Tippet at the first AJC was apparently distinctive, and had arisen from a suggestion by Alma Hubner, a member of the AJLS. Munro's trumpet playing has always been personal and in fact Dallwitz nominated his sound as the most individual voice in the band. No-one disagreed, however, that in terms of instrumental skill Bruce Gray was the prominent star. When trying to define the 'Adelaide' sound of the SJG, Bob Wright singled out Bruce's contribution as essential. And Bruce himself, after some argumentative leading from me, conquered his considerable modesty sufficiently to concede that it was probably true to say, as has been said, that he was "one of the founders" of an Australian clarinet style. Certainly the Memphis records of the time suggest that his was the most precocious, and still developing, front line voice. Bob Wright was probably no less accomplished on his own instrument, the tuba. Except for a feature like *Ragtime Tuba* however his impact would generally have been less obtrusive. But no less powerful: it is arguable that the uninterrupted favour in which the brass bass has been held in Adelaide traditional jazz goes back to the virtuosity of this one man and his work in the SJG.

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Pic: Norm Linehan.



Bruce Gray at the Third Australian Jazz Convention, Melbourne 1948.

Paradoxically, the chief conscious architect of the band's style was the man who, on his own admission, tended to spoil the music by virtue of his instrumental limitations. Dave Dallwitz spoke of his piano solo work as not worthy of rating; but his trombone playing, he said, was even worse. Notwithstanding this assessment, everyone I spoke to agreed without hesitation that it was Dallwitz who, as leader, arranger, and inspirational mentor, was responsible for what the SJG sounded like. The tightness of the band which had impressed Bell in Melbourne was the work of Dallwitz, who was doing the band's arrangements. It was his seriousness and conviction, in fact, which had originally drawn Bruce Gray to the band. Dallwitz's commitment was virtually ideological. Because he specifically wanted the sound of a tuba he gave Bob Wright, who had been primarily a drummer, instruction on the instrument. He was, as Clem Semmler remembers it, a pioneer in South Australia of specifically traditional jazz. His fervour was apparently evangelical and went beyond designing the sound of the SJG. He took an interest in the younger Adelaide musicians as well. He coached the front line of John Pickering's band against the background of the SJG rhythm section. And I found it especially interesting that it was Dave Dallwitz who led Alex Frame to take up the trumpet in 1948 — Alex was my own inspiration in Adelaide in the sixties. It was Alex who seemed to summarise Dallwitz's importance to traditional jazz in the forties most pithily: "He was right on to what was the up and coming thing at that time, traditional jazz of the early type. That's what he wanted, that's what he set out to do. And he got it." Gray, Munro, Wright, and the others enjoyed traditional jazz and had been playing it since the early forties. When they came into the SJG Dave Dallwitz channeled this musical energy into a steadfast cause, a mission. They were admirers of the music: he was a proselytiser on its behalf.

Next issue: After the SJG — a summary and some analysis of the work of these musicians, in particular that of Dave Dallwitz, since the breakup of the Southern Jazz Group. Bruce Johnson will present a programme on 2MBS-FM reviewing the music of the SJG and the men who constituted it, on a date to be announced at the conclusion of the next and last in this series.

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# PAUL McNAMARA: A Jazz Thinker

In June, the Sydney jazz pianist, educator and composer PAUL McNAMARA flies overseas to study in New York for eight weeks. He is taking up one of the two Don Banks Memorial Fellowships for 1982, sponsored jointly by the Music Board of the Australia Council and Pan American Airways. Recently, he spoke with ERIC MYERS:

Some people might consider Paul McNamara an Americophile, if there is such a word. In the jazz education controversy which has been simmering for some time, he has been one of the most forthright supporters of the American musicians who have been coming to Australia to teach in Greg Quigley's summer jazz clinics.

As one of the most respected teachers himself in the Jazz Studies course at the NSW State Conservatorium of Music, McNamara does not appear to be threatened by the periodic presence of the Americans. While other local jazz educators have avoided the clinics like the plague, McNamara has attended all of them since they were inaugurated in 1979.

His orientation towards the Americans goes back to 1974. Up until that time, he enjoyed a steady but unspectacular career in Sydney music. He had replaced Bryce Rohde in Claire Bail's club band when Rohde left to live in the United States; he had played with the Daly-Wilson Big Band in its early stages; and he'd worked with Doug Foskett's quartet for three years at the Wentworth Hotel in the early 1970s.

In 1974, McNamara was in the Associated Motor Club Band when the touring Buddy Rich Big Band played a series of concerts there. This was a major turning-point in his musical development.

"That was my initial exposure to live American music, which absolutely floored me", he now says. "I never realised that there were people who were that involved in music. They were totally committed.

"You'd be staying in a hotel, right? The first sound you'd hear in the morning was all these trumpet players and trombone players warming up. Around about lunch-time, if you got yourself together and staggered out to the pool, they'd all be standing around the pool, playing and swapping fours.

"It was total involvement and total commitment to the music. I stood around with my jaw open. Here, I'd never been involved with anybody who had put the music first. In this country it seems to be different things — your personality, how many schooners you can drink, how much money you've got in the bank. But, with the Americans I met, it seemed to me, the thing they were mainly interested in was the music".

That sort of commitment which McNamara detected in the Americans was not totally absent from the Australian jazz world. He had also struck that phenomenon earlier with the Sydney pianist Chuck Yates, whom he had studied with extensively. He credits Chuck Yates with giving him a badly needed sense of direction in the late 1960s.

"I can vividly remember going to Chuck and he picked me up by the scruff of the neck, metaphorically speaking, and put me on the rails. He got me to play the piano much better, to listen to the sound of the piano, he got me involved in the extensions and the substitute changes — all the things that are necessary."



Pic: Jane March.

"Chuck is an excellent teacher. It's a shame that his teaching isn't available to more people and by that I mean that a lot of people go along to him wanting the magic wand treatment. If it takes any longer than having to concentrate for ten minutes, a lot of people really aren't interested."

"In those days I'd never seen anybody like Chuck before and he certainly used to scare the daylight out of me. But if you can get past that, he has a lot to offer. He's also a lot more mellow now than he used to be."

"He was able to give me some of the information which these Americans now give at the clinics. I don't really know where Chuck was getting it from. I guess he worked hard at it. I think he would put on Oscar Peterson records, or Art Tatum or Bill Evans records, try and get bits and pieces down, and later on explain the logic by which they did certain things."

"The other guy who was doing that, twenty years ago, was Frank Smith in Melbourne. It seems to me from talking to Alan Turnbull over the years that Frank Smith was onto the same things that the Americans are talking about now. He was aware of the rhythm section finishing the phrases, the Miles Davis Quintet with Herbie Hancock, getting technique out of the road so you can say what you want to say — so many things."

In 1974 Paul McNamara joined the popular Galapagos Duck group, and stayed with the band for two years. He had good times with them, saw a lot of Australia he'd never seen before, and got the opportunity to record with Don Burrows for the first time, on the LPs *St. James* and *Moomba Jazz 76 Vol. 2*.

But, basically, McNamara was too serious for the fun band that the Duck was. "It was quite a productive time", he says, "but musically it didn't match up to what I expected."

After leaving Galapagos Duck in late 1976, McNamara began to formalise his knowledge and think seriously about teaching. He wrote and recorded a cassette piano course for beginners. In 1977 he published a small, scholarly book called *A Twelve Tone Concept For Contemporary Jazz*. Commented George Golla: "I wish there had been something like this available when I started."

In 1978 he joined the Bruce Cale Quartet, and appeared on the LP *Live At The Opera House*, recorded when the



Quartet played opposite Ella Fitzgerald. In the same year he began teaching seriously.

That year he first met the American jazz educator Jamey Aerbersold, who gave a talk at the Musicians' Club some months before Greg Quigley's summer jazz clinics started seriously in 1979. Once again, McNamara was amazed by the American approach.

"Someone would say 'have you got something on walking bass lines?' Jamey would pull out the information and put it on his overhead machine. 'Ron Carter does this and this and this; Sam Jones does this and this and this'. Somebody else would say 'what about blues?' 'Right, blues...'"

"Jamey had all this stuff at his fingertips, completely analysed, organised and structured. Firstly, it never occurred to me that it was possible to systematically go through the music and codify the goings on to that extent; and secondly, to see someone do that, and not be removed from the music, but be part of it... I was moved by the way he had classified and digested the music."

In 1979 McNamara attended the first Summer Jazz Clinic. Later in that year, he was teaching himself at the NSW Conservatorium of Music.

If Paul McNamara's star as a teacher was on the rise, so too was he developing as a player, and becoming in-demand. In 1979 and 1980 he worked with Bob Bertles's group Moontrane, did a national tour with the Daly-Wilson Big Band, played with the David Baker String Ensemble, the John Hoffman Big Band, and the Laurie Bennett Quartet, as well as a number of groups under his own leadership.

In 1981 he was invited to play piano for the visiting American stars Milt Jackson and Joe Henderson. At the 1981 Sydney International Music Festival, working with Jackson, McNamara found himself in an unenviable situation. During the performance, he had to play some numbers which, initially, he didn't know the changes for, and had to work out the chord structures as he went along, listening carefully to Jackson and to the bassist Ed Gaston. Still, he took it in his stride.

"In essence, that's what the music is about — spontaneity", says McNamara. "Sometimes you fall flat on your face, other times you only fall as far as your knees, and sometimes you don't fall at all. But if you keep doing it, eventually you get to stay on your feet."

"Looking back on it, I could have handled it a bit better than I did, but it's impossible to match Milt Jackson's musicality. To play with him, you can feel on the bandstand the energy and the musicality pouring out of him, in a way that not many people ever get to experience. There are not many Milt Jacksons in the world."

"The Joe Henderson tour was a little different, because we'd run down most of the songs we played. Joe was a man of amazing resources. He doesn't really need a band. The time, the changes are going on perfectly all the time, and yet he's taking chances and pulling the thing out of shape, he gets really aggressive and plays all the harmonic things and honks at the bottom of the horn... all those things. And yet the whole thing just runs like a Swiss clock. I don't know what you can say about that kind of excellence."

McNamara has also been burgeoning as a composer, and a number of his compositions have been recorded on the Bob Bertles Moontrane LP, recorded live at the Musicians' Club

in 1980. They include *Valley Of The Tweed*, *Psychic Surgeon of Baguio* and *James Cook RN*.

I wondered why he had named one of his compositions *James Cook RN*.

"There are a few people in history I would dearly love to know", he says. "James Cook is one of them. It seems to me that he was possibly the greatest navigator of all time. The fact that someone like him could sail all over the world and know, with a sextant and a couple of charts, where he was — that's chops!"

"Unlike so many of those Navy captains at that particular time, he wasn't what we might currently term a 'wack'. From reading his diaries, he seems to have been an extremely humane sort of guy. I think, in his own way, he understood that when he came in contact with the Aborigines on the east coast of New South Wales and the natives in New Zealand and Hawaii, he knew that he was bringing, for them, the end. That seems to underly everything he did, and anybody who is that perceptive has got to be a great man."

In June, Paul McNamara will arrive in New York for the first time. What does he expect?

"I hope to get another level of insight into music by listening to it in the clubs, talking to New York people on their own territory, and I expect to find out more about playing the piano, hopefully by studying with Richie Beirach, Hal Galper and Barry Harris — certainly those three guys for a start."

McNamara feels that, as a recipient of the Don Banks award, there is a considerable responsibility involved. "I feel an obligation both to myself and to people who are going to subsequently apply for the grant, to do it properly. There have been a few instances in the past when people haven't used grants properly. I want to do it firstly for myself and learn as much as I can, but I also want my track record to make it easier for others in the future."

## JAZZ



Paul McNamara at the piano, Sydney International Music Festival, 1981. On the right is Milt Jackson (vibes). Between the two is Ed Gaston (bass).

Pic: Edmond Thommen.



# DES TOOLEY: *The Rhythm Girl*

By Jack Mitchell\*



Although a lady, Belle Sylvia, fronted the first jazz band to appear as such in Australia, at the National Theatre, Sydney in 1918, and Mabelle Morgan replaced her for the Melbourne season, and various lady pianists had what they described as jazz bands in the twenties, the first lady of significance in Australian jazz appeared in 1929. Her name was Des Tooley.

There is no doubt about this — we do not have to rely upon hearsay or distorted memories for Des left us more than forty sides recorded for Parlophone between 1929 and 1931. From those grooves we can recall the sound of Australia's first jazz vocalist — male or female. Naturally she won't remind you of Penny Eames or Judith Durham — she is a product of her time, the late twenties. Her influences would have been people such as Annette Hanshaw or Ruth Etting, but make no mistake — Des Tooley

\* Jack Mitchell, a dentist who lives in Lithgow, NSW, is a writer and researcher into Australian jazz records. He has in manuscript form an Australian Jazz Discography. He is well-known internationally and contributes regularly to overseas publications, including the English discographical magazine *Storyville*.

was a jazz singer; and she was usually accompanied, on record at least, by top jazzmen such as Abe Romaine or Frank Coughlan.

Let me quote from the Parlophone release supplement of May, 1930: "It is difficult to define the art of Des Tooley — an art which has earned for her extraordinary popularity as a radio artist and as an exclusive Parlophone recorder. The listener is impressed simultaneously by her rich, spicy voice, her enthralling personality, her perfect sense of rhythm and diction."

Despite this "extraordinary popularity" very little is known of Des Tooley apart from her records. Where she was born, where she worked, whether she was married, whether she even thought of herself as a jazz singer, I do not know. She certainly appeared often on radio. In those days a new record release could be played on radio once a day for fourteen days; after that once a week! This meant many programmes were live from the studio. The evening programme on 2BL, February 19, 1930, was:

8.00 pm — ABC Dance Band  
8.31 — Des Tooley — songs  
8.37 — F. Lambert

9.05 — Des Tooley  
9.11 — S. Alexander.

Des' songs for the night were *Smiling Irish Eyes*, *Old Pals*, *He's So Unusual*, *The Song I Love*, *Don't Be Like That*, *Wedding Bells*. Not exactly a jazzy repertoire, and we must be grateful to Alan Wright, A&R (and everything else) manager of Parlophone then, who chose more suitable material for Des to record.

Presumably Des also worked in cabaret and vaudeville, but I have not found any reference to her in the contemporary press.

She is believed to have appeared in *Showgirl's Luck*, Australia's first musical film. Legend has it that this movie started as a sound-on-disc, but finished as sound-on-film. Whatever, it had a very short run, and no complete copy seems to have survived. Maybe the *Last Film Search* will unearth a copy. Her last records for Parlophone were made in 1933, but she continued to work on Sydney radio into the forties. In 1944 she recorded five titles with Phil Skinner on the Regal Zonophone label — these I have not heard, but they are said to be quite undistinguished.

An unconfirmed report says that Des Tooley died in destitute and demeaning circumstances in the mid-fifties. Supposedly this made the front page of the *Daily Mirror*, with an article critical of Actors' Equity for not looking after their former members. Interested researchers have been unable to trace this particular newspaper.

So there it is — really very little to tell about such a historically important and musically interesting singer — but I can tell you this: Des Tooley lives up to the title bestowed upon her on the label of Parlophone A-3557 — *The Rhythm Girl*.

Here is a list of the titles Des recorded for Parlophone — the original 78s are getting a bit scarce now, although several of these issues were fairly common. The titles marked \* were issued in 1975 on HMV OXLP-7584 but with such a lack of publicity that it is now as hard to find as some of the 78s. Those marked † were reissued on Lyric 3305, a limited edition LP from Melbourne. Some of the scarcer items were unavailable when the LPs were produced, but have now been traced. They could well appear on an LP in the future.

DES TOOLEY ON PARLOPHONE  
A-402-2 *Can't Help Lovin'*  
    *Dat Man* A-2758  
A-440 *Walking With Susie*\* A-2830  
A-441 *Breakaway*\* A-2830



|       |   |        |
|-------|---|--------|
| A-475 | Mean To Me  | A-2905 |
| A-476 | Where The Bab Bab<br>Babbling Brook                     | A-2905 |
| A-481 | Am I Blue*  | A-2911 |
| A-483 | Singin' In The Rain                                     | A-2907 |
| A-483 | Singin' In The Rain*<br>(alternate take)                | A-2944 |
| A-489 | He's So Unusual*  | A-2931 |
| A-490 | My Sweetier Than<br>Sweet*                              | A-2931 |
| A-491 | Tip Toe Through The<br>Tulips                           | A-2940 |
| A-492 | Painting The Clouds<br>With Sunshine                    | A-2940 |
| A-498 | Somebody Mighty Like<br>You                             | A-2955 |
| A-499 | I Wonder What Is Really<br>On His Mind*                 | A-2955 |
| A-504 | Blue Eyes   | A-2961 |
| A-505 | Following You*  | A-2960 |
| A-506 | I'm Sailing On A<br>Sunbeam*                            | A-2960 |
| A-547 | Ragamuffin Romeo  | A-3018 |
| A-548 | Happy Feet  | A-3018 |
| A-553 | Livin' In The Sunlight,<br>Lovin' In The Moon-<br>light | A-3037 |
| A-554 | You Brought A New<br>Kind Of Love To<br>Me              | A-3037 |
| A-567 | Cheer Up, Good<br>Times Are Coming                      | A-3060 |
| A-568 | If I Had A Girl Like<br>You                             | A-3060 |
| A-591 | On The Sunny Side<br>Of The Street                      | A-3084 |
| A-592 | Swinging In A<br>Hammock*                               | A-3084 |
| A-602 | I Am The Words, You<br>Are The Melody                   | A-3110 |
| A-606 | Three Little Words†                                     | A-3122 |
| A-607 | I'm Doing That<br>Thing*                                | A-3122 |
| A-608 | Confessin'  | A-3123 |
| A-609 | On The Sunny Side<br>Of The Street                      | A-3123 |
| A-616 | On A Little Balcony<br>In Spain                         | A-3139 |
| A-617 | Nobody Cares If<br>I'm Blue*                            | A-3139 |
| A-638 | Here We Are   | A-3185 |
| A-639 | Ten Cents A Dance                                       | A-3185 |
| A-666 | I Wanna Sing About<br>You*                              | A-3251 |
| A-667 | How The Time Can<br>Fly*                                | A-3251 |
| A-670 | Goodnight Sweet-<br>heart                               | A-3250 |
| A-671 | Jazz Up Your<br>Lingerie                                | A-3250 |
| A-674 | Yes, Yes, My Baby<br>Said Yes†                          | A-3284 |
| A-675 | Bend Down Sister  | A-3284 |
| A-685 | Blah, Blah, Blah  | A-3322 |
| A-686 | Delicious   | A-3322 |
| A-19  | Hold My Hand  | A-3477 |
| A-72  | Pied Piper Of<br>Hamelin                                | A-3477 |
| A-732 | Please  | A-3557 |
| A-733 | The Lies Love   | A-3557 |

## LEE JESKE\* writes on AUSTRALIAN JAZZ

Although I have agreed to put on paper my feelings about the jazz scene in Australia, I admit I do so with some trepidation. It is both unfair and unwise to pretend that in a scant two weeks I absorbed enough of the scene to start pointing my finger and spouting my oft-times less-than weighty opinions. Frankly, I will be the first to admit that my view of Australian jazz was barely a glimpse. For one, due to the scheduling of the Sydney Jazz Festival (and to my own schedule in terms of the amount of time spent in the country), I was only able to hear first-hand the artists who were signed to appear — I understand that there is something of a club rivalry in Sydney and certain musicians play at the Paradise and won't set foot in the Basement, and vice versa. So there perhaps were musicians I didn't hear for that reason.

For similar reasons, my listening in Sydney was confined to one club — The Basement — and a shopping centre — Birkenhead Point. So I can't comment on the club "atmosphere" in Sydney, except to say that I was quite impressed by the sheer number of hotels that feature live jazz on some regular basis. I honestly don't think I've ever seen as large a jazz scene in any other city outside of New York. By not partaking of *that* aspect of Sydney jazz, I didn't hear a single of Sydney's trad bands. I understand that Australia excels in (what I would call) Dixieland and I regret not having heard a single example of it — although nearly everybody assured me that I couldn't leave Australia without hearing Bob Barnard. My apologies to Mr Barnard.

Okay, that disclaimer over with, I guess it's time to get down to the crux of the question. After spending two weeks in Sydney, listening attentively to almost all the local bands (I'm sure I was the only member of The Basement audience who frequently arrived to hear the opening set and left as Freddie Hubbard was setting up), and, subsequently, listening to a small handful of albums

\* Lee Jeske, *Jazz Magazine's* US correspondent, lives in New York. He was in Australia last January for two weeks, and attended the Sydney and Melbourne Jazz Festivals.

supplied by Eric Myers and Chris Batty, what is my overall reaction to Australian jazz?

I'm not awe-struck, to say the least.

Basically, jazz is a very passionate music. The best players have a fire that burns inside of them — they don't sound studied and stiff. Even when they are having an awful night, that glow is there, as is the excitement of hearing their inner music battling against whatever elements are holding them back. You don't have to be a John Coltrane or Charlie Parker to have this element — oh no. You don't even have to be, technically, a very good musician to have it either. You just have to have a love for jazz — a deep, true love for jazz — an idea of what you are trying to say, and a way of translating those thoughts and sentiments through the limitations of your chosen instrument. It sounds simple, but, of course, it's extremely difficult. Yet the best musicians — the musicians who survive all the vagaries of the music business to produce jazz that is of high quality — manage to transcend the difficulties.

I am not trying to intimate that *struggle* is necessarily important, nor am I suggesting that certain styles of jazz are more conducive to expressiveness than others. Great poetry takes many forms — some of it is prolix and grand, some is stark and simple, some is whimsical and frothy. Some is written after months



Bernie McGann: fist in your ear alto style.

Pic: Jane March.



and months of internal struggle and grief, some is tossed off in two minutes on the back of an envelope. Some of it is written by geniuses, some is penned by simpletons. A ten-thousand word epic does not necessarily have any more to say than a simple haiku. A poet is as great as his ability to express his inner feelings on paper, similarly a jazz musician is as great as his ability to express those feelings in music.

What I found lacking in much of the jazz I encountered in Australia, was passion. Much of what I heard seemed perfunctory, as if the players were resigned to their limitations in face of the challenge of having to share the bill with the likes of Freddie Hubbard, Johnny Griffin and Miroslav Vitous. I realise that some of the audience at The Basement was either wolfing down oysters or sitting on their hands during the opening sets, but it seemed that a good portion of the crowd was attentive and interested. Most of the players, however, didn't display much confidence in themselves or their music. The solos frequently seemed to be tossed off, as if the player was more interested in length than content. Much of what I heard was shallow and bland. Although many of the players were technically proficient, their playing seemed to be *learned* not felt and their solos seemed to be cliched and interchangeable. I got the same feeling from most of the albums I've listened to as well. I point to a certain lack of passion for the music.

The Australian musicians I have been most impressed with include Bernie McGann, Don Burrows, George Golla, Dale Barlow and Bruce Cale. All of them are world class musicians who are as good as their American peers.

Bernie McGann knocked me out on the last night of the Sydney Festival with a vibrant, gritty, fist-in-your-ear alto style. His mind is fleet, his tone is original, and he tore through his set like a man with a mission. McGann sounds like no alto saxophonist I've ever heard and I'd welcome any opportunity to hear more of him. Unfortunately, only pianist Bobby Gebert was able to keep stride with McGann in his own quartet — convincing me that he's a first-rate bop pianist.

Don Burrows and George Golla first caught my ear at the 1980 Jazz Yatra in Bombay — I dug them then and I dug them again at Birkenhead (which is probably better suited to a circus than a concert, but that's be-



Pic: Jane March.

*Don Burrows and George Golla: extremely sensible, talented players.*

side the point). Burrows has a marvellously swinging sense of time and space, and a lovely deep clarinet tone, not to mention a beautiful flute sound. Golla shares Burrows' sense of swing, but brings a laid-back humour to the music that I find enchanting. I realise that Burrows and Golla are unique in that they have been together for many, many years and are popular enough to call their own shots. Of course, that helps enormously, but it also helps that they are extremely sensible, talented players.

Dale Barlow is, clearly, heads above every other young player I heard. He has a warm, though hard-edged, tenor sound which translates well to the other reeds, but, most importantly, he has a gutsy exuber-



Pic: Jane March.

*Dale Barlow: in the post-bop vein he has a real talent.*

ance that is so overwhelming, he doesn't appear to play many dishonest notes. Barlow seems to strain when he is playing too far outside, but in the post-bop vein he has a real talent. I would be very surprised if he doesn't develop into one of the finest jazz soloists Australia has ever seen; I was not surprised to find that he appears on half the albums I've listened to.

Finally, Bruce Cale seems to be an intelligent and sincere composer. So much of what is purported to be "jazz composition" is either watered-down classical composition or trumped-up riffs. Cale seems to write interesting structures that are well-developed without being pretentious. His festival quartet — Barlow, pianist Roger Frampton, drummer Alan Turnbull and himself on bass — was certainly the most professional and satisfying *unit* of local players I heard. They played *together* and were all attuned to each other. Turnbull is one of the few acceptable drummers I heard on the entire festival and I wouldn't be surprised if that lack of good drumming doesn't rein some of the soloists. Bruce Cale's LP, *A Century Of Steps* contained the same rewards as his quartet — excellent composing and terrific soloing from Barlow.

Other musicians that I was impressed with — quality players *without* that little something extra — included Keith Stirling, Paul McNamara, John Sangster and Cheryl Black. All four I would be delighted to hear again — Stirling is a soulful, unhurried hard-bopper; McNamara



(mainly on the basis of album work, notably *Misty Morning*) is an elegant and romantic pianist and composer; Sangster seems to be a delightful vibist and a rich composer, I regret I didn't have the chance to hear with his own group or explore his many, many albums; Cheryl Black is a nonsense vocalist with a definite jazz feeling and a luscious voice.

Some of the people I was much less than moved by included Kerrie Biddell, Galapagos Duck, Ricky May, Ron Lemke and Ned Sutherland. Biddell is a pop singer with a plain, dime-a-dozen delivery, I'm told she's a good jazz singer, but if she does: sing jazz on a jazz festival, when does she?; the Duck, also highly recommended, are extremely ordinary — they play every style of jazz and none of them very well at all; Ricky May is obviously a crowd pleaser, but his vocal style is much too derivative of Mel Torme to be very impressive; Lemke is everything that is bad about Australian drumming — he's a metronomic time-keeper at best; Sutherland is a screechy guitarist with a sharp, ugly tone.

Nobody else really moved me too much one way or the other. I found many competent, though rarely interesting, players. Some players did interest me — Roger Frampton, Phil Treloar, Serge Ermoll, Mark Isaacs, Dave Panichi (the last three on LPs) — but I have the feeling that there is much more to them than I encountered and I want to avoid making rash judgements if I can.

I find it somewhat amusing that there is a controversy over Greg Quigley's importing of American musicians every year to run clinics. There is a lot of talk about "Australian jazz", about forming a unique,

national form of jazz that is apart from American jazz. This is not going to happen until Australian musicians shed this reluctance to learn from the source. Very few jazz musicians of any value began their careers by not emulating the great musicians that came before them. If there are people who think that they aren't going to be able to learn any more from Johnny Griffin than from Col Loughnan, they are wrong. Personally, I feel that more will be learned from sitting and listening to Griffin play than from a measly week of seminars, but there is no question that as long as the United States and Australia is over there, it's easier to bring them to you than you to them. There can't be a trumpet player worth his salt in all of Sydney who isn't a lot richer from Freddie Hubbard's presence. Only from absorbing and listening and imitating will Australia produce any jazz of its own. It has certainly happened in Europe — Miroslav Vitous' group was a perfect example: one Czech, one Norwegian and a pair of Britons. I don't have to list the dozens of excellent and innovative European musicians that have been produced thanks to American records and participation on jazz festivals. If the Australian film industry didn't learn from the American film industry, there wouldn't be a steady flow of brilliant Australian motion pictures.

I feel that if jazz musicians worry less about identity and more about keeping their ears open and playing their hearts out honestly and fearlessly, only good things will happen. Most of the Australian musicians I heard have got to loosen up and let go.



Pic: Jane March.

Bruce Cale: his group played together and were all attuned to each other.

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Dick Hughes, 1982.

I can't remember exactly when I first met Dick Hughes. Perhaps about 1957, though it may have been earlier, but I think at the Macquarie Hotel where he was playing with Bob Barnard and Ray Price. It was pretty exciting for the faithful few of us in those days to think that at last, in Sydney, you could hear such jazz in pubs.

But our paths had crossed in a sort of way some years before that. In the early 1950s when I was in charge of radio programs for the ABC, a very bright lass who had worked in my department as a program planning officer and had gone to London to pick up a few ideas from the BBC, wrote me that she had met over there a very clued up young bloke, who wasn't only a terrific jazz pianist, but was a journalist and a university graduate to boot, and he could get me some marvellous interviews for Eric Child's Saturday morning show.

This must have been about 1953 because a year before I'd met Eric in Brisbane along with Darrell Miley and Ian Neil who were there in those days, and I'd arranged for him to start his national jazz show then. Anyway, Dick went ahead and with the co-operation of the BBC recorded some of the best jazz interviews I'd ever heard. There were Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson and others, and I remember one in particular with Marian and Jimmy McPartland that was a beauty. (Funnily enough I caught up with Marian a couple of years later at New York's Birdland

\* Clement Semmler was formerly Deputy Chairman of the ABC. He writes on many subjects, including jazz, for *The Bulletin*.

# DICK HUGHES

By Clement Semmler\*

where she was on the same bill as my old Adelaide mates, Jack Brokensha, Bryce Rohde and the rest of the Australian Jazz Quintet. She remembered Dick and that interview quite well.)

As a matter of fact I was so impressed with these interviews I seriously thought of offering Dick a job in the ABC Talks Department as a radio interviewer and reporter when he came back — until I heard him at piano. After that I wouldn't have changed his career for worlds.

Incidentally, he continued his radio interviewing with great success. In Paris in 1954 he met up with one of his idols, Sidney Bechet, listening to him night after night at the Vieux Colombier and striking up a friendship with him. Eventually, with the help of RTF (the French equivalent of the ABC) he got Sidney into a studio and did a marvellous interview.

There's a strange parallel to that. About the same time I was in New York paying nightly visits to a jazz dive in 46th Street, striking up a similar friendship with Henry "Red" Allen who was leading a wonderful group there including Buster Bailey and Claude Hopkins. Red was intrigued that I knew so well an old track of his called *It Should Be You*. Anyhow I persuaded the BBC's New York office to give me a studio, and Red came down from Harlem and did a great interview which, like that of Dick Hughes, was heard in Eric Child's program.

In the late 50s and early 60s, before the heavier cares of ABC office caught up with me, I used to trail around the various jazz spots and see and hear a good deal of Dick. He became and remains for me one of the few jazzmen I'd go out on a cold night to hear — he probably more than most. I remember some happy nights at Adams Hotel where he played superbly with John Sangster, John McCarthy and others, and also a roaring stint at the Ling Nam, then in King Street.

Dick would be one of the best-natured and most genial of jazz men I've ever met — in the category of Wild Bill Davison, Jack Lesberg, Graeme Bell, Don Burrows and people like that. I got into the habit of asking him to play and sing *Everybody Loves My Baby* which I honestly believe he does as well as Fats Waller did, but always in his own

style. Not that that sort of praise would be new to him — there was an occasion when a homesick negro seaman heard him singing and playing *Flat Foot Floogie* one night and said, "Man, I couldn't hear better in Harlem", or words to that effect.

Another time, in those earlier years, I remember Douglas Fleming, the BBC man in Australia (who was nuts about trad) was in our party listening to Dick playing at his best and one thing led to another and he (Dick) invited us around to his pad later in the evening. Well, it was in the small hours when we remembered this, but we imagined him waiting for us, so we headed for Darling Point at about 2 am. Somehow we got into his room and he was fast asleep. But he woke up, produced some cans of beer, a player and some records and we had a session till dawn's early light. Now, even Southern hospitality couldn't beat that!

Years later I was hosting a small party at the Journo's Club where Dick was playing, I think with Bruce Johnson on trumpet. There was a bit of dancing going on, and my daughter, who had a thing about my Dorsey Clambake Seven recording of *The Music Goes Round and Round*, asked me if I thought Dick could play that. I thought it unlikely but I said I'd give it a go. He not only played it — it brought the house down and suddenly the whole dining room was dancing and singing it.

That's one of the secrets of Dick Hughes' popularity and success — he's perhaps the most infectious jazzman I've ever known. When he gets to that piano it's an involvement of Hughes, piano, audience and if he's in a group, his fellow-musicians, all in one — an empathy that's quite remarkable.

Dick's success in top jazz company on the concert platform are too well-known for me to have to re-chronicle, but I remember a night when this empathy was almost mind-boggling. It was the last Sydney night of that incredible Eddie Condon, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman group that Kym Bonython brought to Australia in 1964. (My God, just think of them, there was also Vic Dickenson, Dick Cary, Cliff Leeman and Lesberg — the Australian jazz concert-going population should have been put in jail for not giving Kym greater support than he got with that



lot.)

Anyway, Dick's little group of McCarthy, Costelloe and Bryan Kelly which opened the show, ran hot that night, and despite their distinguished partners-in-concert, almost carried the night in one number, *Tin Roof Blues*, which was absolutely fantastic.

Of course none of this is, or should be surprising. Dick had a jazz upbringing *par excellence*, as he would admit in his impeccable French. What could have been better than the Melbourne boys he ran with in his youth — the Bells, Ade, Bill Miller, Tony Newstead, Willy McIntyre (his mentor), George Tack, Wokka Dyer, Smacka Fitzgibbon and the rest. Melbourne was the cradle of Australian jazz in the 1940s, make no mistake about it, and these musicians did much to inspire the early Jazz Conventions where Dick played so notably too.

Since then he's rubbed shoulders and played with some of the best jazzmen in the world — in England, in France, in the USA. He's one of the most, if not *the* most, cosmopolitan of Australian jazzmen, and this is reflected in his playing anytime, anywhere.

Dick Hughes is always generous in his praise of his fellow musicians. Yet he himself good-humouredly deprecates any suggestion of his own greatness. Well, it's about time the record was set straight. In a lifetime of listening to jazz pianists on record and in the flesh all over the world, I consider he ranks with most I've heard. He has few peers in Australia. At any rate, from Mike Nock and Rohde to Tapperell, or from Johnny Adams, Jack Allen, Graeme Bell to Col Nolan, Dick Hughes sits in the top echelons, playing his way, memorably and truly, into Australian jazz

history.

Last year, in a jazz article in the *Bulletin*, I referred to Dick "outstriding Fats Waller". In a Christmas card to me he obviously thought it was a joke. It was no such thing. As a stride pianist Dick Hughes is simply superb — that style where in his own words, "... the left hand maintains a steady, unrelenting, roaring bass while the right hand smashes thirds and rips off clusters of notes."

There may be a very good reason for this. Among the masters of this style, such as Waller, Joe Turner and the rest, is Mary Lou Williams, especially in her earlier work. If you listen to some of her tracks like *Night Life* and *Drag 'Em*, you'll see what I mean. Well maybe when Dick took lessons from Mary Lou in London (as her only pupil) in 1954, a few important things stuck. And when he combines his exciting stride piano with his unique singing, well frankly I think he's capable of outstriding all comers.

Not for a moment that that's the limit of his piano style. His lyrical, meditative and blues work is as polished in execution as it is emotionally moving in its context. If you listen to tracks like *Winin' Boy Blues* and *Blues Serenade* on his Festival LP of piano solos you can be in no doubt about that.

His contributions to Australian jazz as a performer have been matched by his work over three decades as a jazz journalist, critic and reviewer — all this, it should be stressed, as a part-time occupation since Dick is a full-time newspaperman by profession. A few years ago he capped all this with his jazz memoirs, *Daddy's Practising Again*, which I regard as one of the most entertaining books in the whole literature of jazz. You have to go back to

Condon's *We Called It Music* and the Shapiro-Hentoff *Heah Me Talkin' To Ya* for the same ebullience. The only other jazz book I've enjoyed as much in recent years was one, the title of which eludes me for the moment, written about the Scottish clarinetist, Sandy Brown, who died in 1975.

Interestingly enough, Dick played on and off with Sandy Brown in 1954. He categorises him, quite unequivocally, as "Britain's best". That's another thing I admire about Dick Hughes as jazz critic and journalist. His judgements are spot on, and even if they mightn't meet with everyone's agreement, his wealth of experience can produce convincing evidence. Of course Bud Freeman is the greatest of the white tenormen (a conclusion I had come to when I heard him in the flesh for the first time at Condon's in Greenwich Village in 1955). Of course Pee Wee Russell was the greatest of the white clarinetists. Ditto. Of course Bob Barnard is in the world's top ten of jazz trumpets. And so on.

But Dick's shrewd and individual jazz judgements, which always distinguish his weekly jazz columns, can go into the lesser-known by-ways of the music. For instance years ago (he may even have forgotten this) he wrote some sleeve notes for the EMI disc of *Three Strings and a Dash*, that marvellous combination of Mick Fowler with his nose trombone, Wally Ledwidge and Jack Craber, plus Bob Barnard. Dick wrote, inter alia, that the record included "some of the finest jazz trumpet ever put down on record in Australia", and that one track, *Honeysuckle Rose*, was "one of the most relaxed jazz recordings ever made in this country." Well, if you listen to this album you know that once again he is in the ten-out-of-ten class. (Personally, I believe this record is, or should be a collectors' piece — I wouldn't part with my copy for a thousand bucks.)

Anyway, there it is. Time, place and circumstances have meant I've seen much less of Dick Hughes in his many stints in recent years, but I'll catch up with him again, some time, some place. At least, praise be, I know he's around. In the meantime I quote Bill Haesler's words of ten years ago: "Few Australian jazz musicians have contributed so much to Australian jazz music as Dick Hughes". But that, as I say was ten years ago. What is owed in 1982, I can only say, is getting near the proportion of the national debt!



Hughes with Sidney Bechet in Paris, 1953.





Pic: Brian Scott.

## ALAN TURNBULL

### talks to JOHN SHAND

Alan Turnbull has become the best known face-behind-the-drums in Sydney jazz. Through his early association with Don Burrows and George Golla, he was widely considered No. 1, but the influx of Americans in the past couple of years has clinched the deal. Not only is he a regular member of support bands on these occasions, but he has become *the* local drummer to use when the Americans come here without sidemen.

The list of such associations now includes Gary Burton, Milt Jackson, Joe Henderson, Phil Woods, Sonny Stitt, and Freddie Hubbard. He finds it invaluable to be able to talk to these people, who might have just finished working with players of the calibre of a Roy Haynes, or an Elvin Jones, and discuss his drumming with them.

The difference in style between the fifties time feel of Sonny Stitt, and the eighties time feel of Joe Henderson is considerable. Both have been favourite musicians of Alan's for twenty years, who is able to adapt his drumming, and weed out the things that do not suit their personality or their playing.

"Joe Henderson just wanted a continuous rolling thing; throw the dice, really go for things," says Alan. "I played things I'd never really played before. He wanted complete interaction, whereas someone like Sonny Stitt, or Milt Jackson really wanted me to play a straighter time feel. They wanted to hear the 'two' and 'four' on the high-hat, and it was more of just a rhythmical thing for them to work off.

"You have to learn that what suits one doesn't suit the other. You want to make the guy play as well as he can play, and not hinder anything. Over the last twenty years I've found that you're working not so much with styles, but with individuals.

"Don Burrows has a certain rhythmical concept which he likes to hear; George Golla has a different rhythmical concept. So in a band, you're playing for one, one minute, and the other the next. Don plays up on the time, George plays back on the time, so you have to manipulate things to make it sound alright."

Alan's experience is considerable. At the age of fourteen, he was playing in nightclubs in Melbourne, while still at school during the day. At the same time, he used to practise with a 'Music Minus One' record, that had Phil Woods playing on it. Two decades later, he found himself playing some of those same songs, *with* Phil Woods in person.

The learning experience between those two episodes has been intense. At thirteen, fired with an ambition to play drums like Gene Krupa, he had begun learning from the leading Melbourne drummer, Graham Morgan. Morgan introduced him to the playing of people like Max Roach, Art Blakey and Philly Joe Jones.

"By fourteen, I had all my Miles records with Philly Joe. At Melbourne High School, they had a jazz club, where everyone would play their trad records. I'd put on Miles's band, with Coltrane and Cannonball Adderly, and I don't think they dug it too much. I just found what Miles played was more interesting: the rhythmical things were hipper than some of the earlier stuff."

Alan was taken by the togetherness, interaction, and overall sound of the rhythm section of Philly Joe, Red Garland, and Paul Chambers.

"I thought, 'Gee, there's a three way conversation there, which is really lovely,' and I spent most of my time listening to those records, and trying to find people who could play the way they played. Darcy Wright is an old Paul Chambers man, and he could relate to the things that I was trying to play on the drums, so we worked very well together."

Alan played a lot of free music in the early sixties, which he thinks was good for his development as a player, though an unpopular musical form with many people. He suggests it may be more fun to play than to listen to.

He has since worked in all fields: big bands, small groups, singers. It was Graham Morgan who advised that if he wanted to make a life out of music, he shouldn't narrow his perspective. This involves continually updating his playing, as jazz drumming evolves.

It is Alan's flexibility that has kept him in demand. For example, while not considering himself a great funk drummer, he has played funk in units such as Kerrie Biddell's group Compared to What. It is a matter of always being prepared to meet the requirements of a particular piece of music, and of making it as logical as possible for the other people who are playing.

Originally from Melbourne, Alan moved to Sydney in 1965. The move came because Melbourne couldn't provide the variety of musical contexts that he needed. He sees a difference in playing styles between the two cities. The Melbourne players he finds more aggressive. This is possibly because with so few venues, the players spend a high proportion of their time practising rather than playing, and when they do get up on stage, you get the last year's drumming in one night.

Alan finds jazz is often too demanding to play every night. For many years now, he has been working in registered clubs, which he finds can be just as challenging and satisfying as the jazz gig. And, of course, it allows him to make a living out of playing the drums, which would be very difficult just playing jazz.

Studio work was only an important part of Alan's career in the early sixties. Since then, there have been several album sessions, including those with Don Burrows and George Golla. More recently, there was the *Bad Habits* album by Billy Field, but he does not seek out studio work. If it is offered, he will take it.

\* John Shand is a freelance writer and drummer who has a day gig with the Australian Opera.



Currently, he is working with David Martin's quintet, John Hoffman's small group and big band, Errol Buddle's quartet, Don Burrows, and Julian Lee. "Sometimes I work seven nights a week; sometimes six, five or four. It depends; I move around. Sometimes I might have to do a club gig instead, so I sort of work casually, or 'freelance' is supposed to be the better word for it."

Alan also teaches. Each Friday, he works at the Conservatorium for Don Burrows, in the Jazz Studios course. He has been doing this for a couple of years now, and currently has five students, who are semi-professional players, doing the Diploma course.

He also teaches privately, mainly beginners. This has gone through phases where he might have as many as fifty students, while at other times having none at all.

"In Melbourne, Barry Woods and I had a drum school where we were teaching one thousand kids a week, a dollar a lesson. It was a good idea, but it got a bit crazy. I enjoy teaching. I probably should do more of it, but I'm involved in a lot of playing. However, anybody who wants to ring up can come out and learn something. I go through stages where people trap me, and I start teaching.

"The music that I know best is probably jazz music, and there are certain mechanical techniques you have to use, which are different from funky music, or rock music. It's a lighter technique, using the fingers."

Sometimes, he finds teaching can be a strain, mainly because of the demands he places upon himself. "It's no good teaching someone a redundant way of playing the drums. There's a lot of that goes on. There are a lot of young people sounding very old, because they went to bad drum teachers. A lot of people don't teach the right books.

"There's an old saying, 'If you can't play, you teach'. Some of the teachers are a little bit suspect, either because they don't do enough playing, or they don't play well enough, so they subsidise their income by teaching. It's good in that it's better to have some tuition than none, but sometimes the wrong people can really screw you up. It's a shame.

"I learnt from Graham Morgan, who also taught Warren Daly and many others. He was very skilful in what he taught me, and I've been laughing ever since. I was taught the right way in the first place, and I've never really had to alter anything.

"But you don't always get those teachers. Learning from the right person saves time. You can spend six months with somebody, and be right for the rest of your life. With someone else, you can spend ten years, and get nowhere."

Many people have felt a relative lack of quality in the playing of local drummers and bass players, compared with the widespread excellence of our horn and piano players. This has generally been attributed to a lack of good teachers. With Don Burrows, Alan was instrumental in using the Conservatorium to rectify the situation.

"We got Ed Soph and Todd Coolman to come out for three months, to see if we could help the local drummers and bass players, and it worked with some of the younger ones. But some of the older players didn't care too much about Ed, I think, which is a pity. Not only is he a fine player, but he's probably the best drum teacher that we've had here.

"We are pretty isolated here, though not as much as we were in the sixties, when we got very few jazz people out here. You'd see the odd concert, then they'd be gone the next day, so you really had no idea of their technique, or what sort of studies developed them to what they are. But now we seemed to have covered a lot of that with Ed Soph and the other people. I think Greg Quigley's workshops have made a lot of people aware that a little more knowledge won't hurt them."

One of the most readily discernible trademarks of Alan's playing is his cymbal work. There is a constant crashing,

splashing, pinging, and sizzling, colouring the music in a unique way. He has had some of those cymbals for twenty years now, but obviously the cymbals themselves aren't as important as learning to play them properly.

"You can get a million different sounds out of one cymbal. I remember seeing Shelley Manne play with the LA Four, with just a twenty-inch ride cymbal, and he probably got more sounds out of that one cymbal than I'd get out of about three, just through his skill and knowledge of music.

"I think a lot of drummers are looking for the magic cymbal — the elusive cymbal that's going to make them sound like Elvin, or Tony Williams or whatever — but it's like on a piano: each guy's got a different touch.

"One of the problems of playing the drums, is that you can spend too much time thinking about other drummers, and worrying whether somebody's better or worse than you, when you should really devote all your time to yourself, because you're the one that really has to cope in the long run.

"Naturally, I steal bits and pieces from everywhere. But I was told by Frank Smith years ago that I spent too much of my time worrying about what other drummers in town were doing, and what other drummers in America were doing. I was spending hours and hours listening to other people, where he figured it was better if I devoted my time to my own playing, and sorted that out, which is a much better way of doing it."

It is this attitude that is crucial to the development of an individual voice, the most important quality for a jazz player. This is something Alan has obviously achieved.

"I try and spread myself around, and get as much experience as I can with various players, and eventually, one day, it will all fall into place."

JAZZ



The Don Burrows Quartet snapped at the Coliseum, Rome, 1972. They were on the way to the Montreux Jazz Festival. From left: Turnbull, George Golla, Ed Gaston, Burrows.



# NANCY STUART: Two Tributes

## I — By Len Barnard\*

Nancy Stuart originally came from Sydney, but it was in 1947 that she first began singing professionally, after an audition for Phil Leggett in Melbourne, and she sang with a 10 piece band which had Teddy Preston and Roger Smith on pianos. Good players. Good music.

At Leggett's Ballroom ("Continuous Dancing On The World's Best Dance Floor"), she sang mostly stock arrangements of popular songs of the time, but included *Loch Lomond*, based on the Maxine Sullivan recording, that masterpiece of controlled simplicity. After this engagement, she came back to Sydney, forsaking the music scene (except for listening intently) to raise a family of four children, assisted naturally by husband, Jim.

But it was at the Jazz Convention in Balmain in 1974 that she hit the boards again, causing many after-performance comments — "Have ya heard Nancy Whatsaname?" — "Didn't that sound great —" — "Best I've heard in years" — and her local star was in the ascendant at last.

Then followed a period of being very much in demand, culminating in her first album titled, with admirable lack of fuss, *Nancy*. Recorded at Earth Media Studios in 1977, it was a peppy debut and got plenty of air-play, particularly from Caroline Jones on the ABC, and sold moderately well. Then, in 1979 she suffered the tragic loss of her husband. Jim was a gentleman, always affable, cheery, and Nancy's greatest supporter in her revived career as a singer. But our girl is made of stern stuff, and kept on the good work. Then came an offer from EMI for a second album. The musical arrangements were by Jack Grimsley, who has a wonderful grasp of idiom and were recorded at EMI last year with the following personnel: Terry Wilkinson (pno), John Allen (bass), George Golla or Steve Murphy (gtr), Bob Barnard or Ken Brentnall (tpt), Errol Buddle or John McCarthy (reeds), plus a veteran drummer.

The album is for release on 5 May 1982, and is very well balanced (none of us fell over at any stage).

The tracks — *Shiny Stockings, I Ain't Got Nothing But The Blues, Misty, Please Don't Talk, S.G. Brown, Beginning To See The Light, Tangerine, Sunday, Everything Happens To Me*, the old *Loch Lomond*, and Oscar Levant's *Wacky Dust*. Nancy is a no-nonsense performer, and is utterly reliable in the studio.

Most of her vocals were put down in one take. *Sophisticated Lady* is the title. Excellent choice.

Nancy is a small, compact, cheerful person with a complete lack of precious prima-donna-like tantrums or temperament, approaching her work with true professionalism. This makes working with her a real pleasure. Her singing has a rare quality. She sings in the middle range with great phrasing and placement of notes that swing lightly with just the right impetus, and with none of the flip mannerisms

\* Len Barnard is a veteran drummer who works with the Bob Barnard Jazz Band. He played on Nancy Stuart's new LP on EMI, *Sophisticated Lady*.

\*\*Bruce Johnson's copious credits are listed on page 10.



Nancy Stuart in performance. In the background is her long-time friend and pianist George Hermann.

that are so common among many so-called jazz singers. Doesn't need them. She just chooses songs that are good musical statements within themselves, and delivers them in a refreshingly forthright way, which would delight their original composers.

Now she has quite a large following in Australia, and I, for one, will be surprised if this new album doesn't at least double her number of admirers.

## II — By Bruce Johnson\*\*

The best jazz musicians and singers have several avenues along which to explore their talents. Take singers for example. Ella Fitzgerald's music virtually expresses a philosophy of art, music as a transcendence of self in a brilliant and abstract virtuosity. On the other hand a singer like Billie Holiday might be said to express a philosophy of life: "I've been around, and it hurt a lot". Billie's singing was essentially



private, the audience eavesdroppers on a rueful meditation. Then there are singers in the tradition of Sophie Tucker. Their music is also a philosophy of life: "I've been around and, boy, am I having a ball". For singers like this it's the spirit and vigour of the message that counts. The audience aren't eavesdroppers; they're guests at a party.

And there you have Nancy Stuart. For those who know her work, it's enough to say of this record that it *is* Nancy, backed by as classy a collection of musicians and arrangements as anyone could wish for. To talk about her style to someone who's not familiar with it is hard for me. I can't hear her voice as a thing isolated from her. Her voice is her. Some musicians disappear behind their music. Nancy singing, is the Nancy you know and drink and joke with, set to music. Her personality is her voice and vice versa. She doesn't sing in order to transcend life, but to affirm it. So to talk about her work on this record is to talk about what kind of person she is.

Try this, I remember in the winter of 1977 doing a gig with her in Dubbo. It was in a huge tent, surrounded, it felt, by leagues of tundra. While the jazz band played the partygoers huddled around a couple of braziers way up the other end. While the alternating local rock band played everyone kept warm by dancing. Except the Sydney band, which froze, all but Nancy, laughing, talking, drinking with the guests. We finished around 5 am and I made my way to the motel, grim and petulant, thinking of the 8.30 am flight we were booked on, to be followed by the Vanity Fair, to be followed by the Journalists' Club. The only sleep I got was feigned. The rest of the band decided that my room had the

best acoustics. Led by Nancy they drank and sang through to the moment it came to leave. When they sought variety, and for a bit of a lark, they put pennies on my eyes, preached black baptist funeral orations, and sang gospel songs to Nancy's lead. At 7 am, babbling, we made our way to the airport by cab. By the time the flight arrived back in Sydney, the musos, in their thirties, were gaunt masks. Nancy, approaching sixty, was wondering about an early opener.

That's what her voice is like. That's why she's at her best on songs that get up and go, that say, "Good to see you; how about a beer," that wink at you for the love of life. When Nancy sings all anger ceases. And all remoteness. No white violet, no soft focus daisy fields, no heavy reverb carrying us up to some distant and virginal repose in the ether. Her live appearances are full of joy, and you can still hear the smile in her voice on record. What singer wouldn't be cheered by a backing band like this: Len and Bob Barnard, John Allen, Terry Wilkinson, Ken Brentnall, Errol Buddle, John McCarthy, George Golla, Steve Murphy. As both section players and soloists these are among the very best jazz instrumentalists in the country. Bring them together on the imaginative and often arresting arrangements of Jack Grimsley and you have a rock solid jazz foundation.

Don't play this album looking for an exploration of the limits of musical possibilities. It's not a recording that extends your jazz consciousness. It doesn't wish to be. It does something else that jazz can also be good at, and in fact probably started out doing — it creates a feeling of good will, of fellowship. It says enjoy yourself.

## PRESENTING A GREAT NEW ALBUM FROM ONE OF THE FINE ARTISTS OF JAZZ IN AUSTRALIA



## NANCY STUART "SOPHISTICATED LADY"

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# JAZZ EDUCATION

Supplement No. 1 — THE STAGE BAND

## TUNING A STAGE BAND By John Speight\*



John Speight in action with the Northside Big Band.

In young big bands and young ensembles generally, one frequently encounters lack of accurate tuning. When a high school band is in tune, however, the overall difference is quite remarkable.

High school band practice times are necessarily short and usually very little time is available for training the band to tune up. I have found that, ideally, *at least 30 minutes* must be spent tuning the band at each rehearsal. A good idea is to insist that every player listens to each tuning in turn, and at random, players can be asked to indicate where the player's note is in relation to the guide tone.

A method worth trying is as follows: All players tune to the guide tone of A or B flat above middle C on the piano. Then when all feel reasonably satisfied with their tuning, each section checks itself as follows while the rest listen carefully (this includes the drummer). Each of the four trumpeters sounds and sustains

the tuning note one after the other, with each entering about a second after the preceding player. Any player who is not "spot on" will stand out the instant he comes in. There will be a noticeable pulse or vibration between the two notes. As each player enters after the other, the out-of-tune player can be isolated. When all in the section are in tune, pass on to the next section with the same technique.

An additional check can be made by making each section sound out the chord of B flat 7 concert — i.e. B flat, D, F, A flat. The section leader can indicate who plays what. Here again, it is advisable to swap the notes around within the section.

It is important to remember that the members of the band should develop their own tuning ears. It is of little use if the director has to constantly indicate whether a player is "up" or "down". Tuning devices which employ strobe display or other indicators are useful for the conductor but, for the players themselves, it is most important for them to develop their ears without the aid of these devices.

All instruments need to be tuned constantly in performance. Although

an instrument may be in tune on B flat above middle C, it could be well out on much higher notes. Players should tune up with a strong note — played at approximately the same volume as in a performance.

Remember that bad intonation may not be just a matter of tuning; it can be caused by incorrect technique. This is best remedied by obtaining the advice of an expert on the particular instrument. Unless all players are using good technique, it is quite impossible for a band to play in tune.

Yet another recommended method for tuning is to ask one player who is already in tune to play a short note of about 1-2 seconds duration, either before or after the same short note is played by another player. It is more desirable to have the "tuning" musician play his or her first note, so that he or she cannot adjust as the note is being sounded.

In conclusion, it cannot be too highly stressed that the young musician should develop and train his ears to know good tuning. It is strongly advised that he practice tuning at home, matching tones against other instruments such as a piano, organ or another electronic instrument.

\* John Speight is Deputy Master and has been Specialist Music Teacher at Harbord School since 1979. He has been musical director of the Young Northside Big Band since 1976, and of the Warringah Stage Band since 1977.



## THE BIRTH OF THE STAGE BAND

By Jim Holbert\*

The term "stage band" was originally a euphemism, coined in the southern states of America in an attempt to avoid association with the "sinful aspects of jazzing and dancing". The stage band movement in high schools accelerated in a pattern similar to the rapid growth of school concert bands after World War I.

World War II brought about the need for citizen soldiers to be drafted in 1940, and soon every service camp, base, and ship had its resident military/dance/jazz band. The US Navy School of Music at Norfolk, Virginia, even included swing and jazz in its wartime training procedures. The Armed Forces Radio Service (as well as Tokyo Rose) broadcast vast amounts of swing and jazz throughout the world via recordings and live performances at military bases. At the end of the war in 1945, the US Congress enacted the GI Bill Of Rights, which was to allow thousands of ex-service band musicians to finance a college or university music education degree. These musicians brought with them into the schools a great deal of personal experience (some were current or ex-members of bands headed by Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Woody Herman, etc.)

The first suitable stage band arrangements appeared in 1954 — a set of four by Art Detric. Detric's arrangements of Duke Ellington's music began to appear the next year, and in 1956 Sammy Nestico (then arranger for the Airmen of Note, the official US Air Force stage band) began offering his long series of arrangements for stage bands. Other professional arrangers contributed stage band music in the 1950s, among them John LaPorta (formerly with Woody Herman), Neil Hefti (famous for his Count Basie hits) and many others.

The first US National Stage Band Camp/Festival was held at Indiana University in 1959. The festival was a great success, and stimulated many newcomers to the world of jazz education to seek information and start "stage bands" in their own schools.

This new breed of band director *now* was aware of the advantages of this "new" jazz/swing/rock approach to music education. The jazz medium was chosen because it offered the student:

1. The challenge of increased responsibility for one's individual part;
2. More opportunity for individual creativity;
3. Greater identification with contemporary, vibrant and more relevant styles of music which aided motivational problems.

In Australia the jazz education/

stage band movement is currently in its early stages of development. For approximately nine years the NSW Conservatorium of Music has been offering a Jazz Studies program incorporating classes in improvisation and arranging as well as combo and stage band performance. Those of us who are currently incorporating jazz education into our schools music program sincerely hope that more band directors and schools will join with us in an effort to further the interests of jazz education in Australia.

## STANDARD STAGE BAND ARTICULATIONS



**Heavy Accent**  
Hold full value.



**Heavy Accent**  
Hold less than full value.



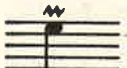
**Heavy Accent**  
Short as possible.



**Staccato**  
Short—not heavy.



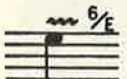
**Legato Tongue**  
Hold full value.



**The Shake**  
A variation of the tone upwards—much like a trill.



**Lip Trill**  
Similar to shake but slower and with more lip control.



**Wide Lip Trill**  
Same as above except slower and with wider interval.



**The Flip**  
Sound note, raise pitch, drop into following note (done with lip on brass).



**The Smear**  
Slide into note from below and reach correct pitch just before next note. Do not rob preceding note.



**The Doit**  
Sound note then gliss upwards from one to five steps.



**Du**  
False or muffled tone.



**Wah**  
Full tone—not muffled.



**Short Gliss Up**  
Slide into note from below (usually one to three steps).



**Long Gliss Up**  
Same as above except longer entrance.



**Short Gliss Down**  
The reverse on the short gliss up.



**Long Gliss Down**  
Same as long gliss up in reverse.



**Short Lift**  
Enter note via chromatic or diatonic scale beginning about a third below.



**Long Lift**  
Same as above except longer entrance.



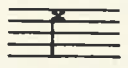
**Short Spill**  
Rapid diatonic or chromatic drop. The reverse of the short lift.



**Long Spill**  
Same as above except longer exit.



**The Plop**  
A rapid slide down harmonic or diatonic scale before sounding note.



**Indefinite Sound**  
Deadened tone—indefinite pitch.

**Note:** No individual notes are heard when executing a gliss.

\* Jim Holbert has been Instrumental Music Director at Sydney's Newington College, Stanmore, since 1972.



# What Can APRA Do For YOU?

By Eric Myers



John Sturman, Managing Director of APRA

So, you're a jazz composer. Are you a member of APRA? Do you receive royalty payments for the performance of your own compositions? If not, then you may well be missing out on a substantial amount of money to which you are entitled.

First of all, you may well ask, what is APRA? Answer: the Australasian Performing Right Association Limited. It is an association of authors, composers, music publishers and other music copyright owners. Members of APRA assign to the association the broadcast, public performance and diffusion rights in their works. Thus, there exists a single central authority to whom users (i.e. those wishing to obtain permission to perform musical works in public) can apply.

If it were not for APRA, individuals wishing to obtain permission to perform musical works in public would have to ascertain the individual ownership of the copyright in each piece of music they wished to use, and then obtain direct permission against payment of a specific fee. Because of the thousands of musical works in gen-

eral use daily, such a procedure would be impracticable from the point of view of both the individual owner and user.

APRA, by the way, is a non-profit organisation. After meeting administration costs, it distributes its income to its members and affiliated societies.

To take the enquiry one step further, if APRA is an association of copyright owners, what actually does copyright involve?

Copyright in relation to a musical work is the exclusive right which its owner has over its use and his entitlement to rely on the law to prevent others from using his work without his authority and payment of appropriate compensation to him.

The owner of copyright is entitled to control:

1. The reproduction of his work in material form, i.e. the making of a record.
2. The publication of the work, i.e. the issue of sheet music copies to the public.
3. The performance of the work in public, i.e. in a restaurant, cinema or concert hall, etc.

4. The broadcast of the work, i.e. by radio or television stations.

How does this affect the jazz composer/performer? Take the case of a jazz musician who works regularly in jazz venues and performs his own compositions. Most venues which feature such live performances will have been issued a licence from APRA. The licence, in effect, grants that venue permission to authorise the performance in public of copyright music under APRA's control.

All venue owners are normally required to pay a prescribed fee — it may be a percentage arrangement or a flat amount — in order to cover the royalty payments due to those copyright owners whose music is performed in that venue.

In the case of jazz venues, proprietors will be very unlikely to provide details of performances. Therefore, it is up to the jazz composer to undertake the following procedure:

1. Join APRA; it costs nothing. The applicant need only establish that his works are being broadcast or publicly performed.
2. Register his works with APRA. This involves things such as the title of the work, its duration, the publisher (if the work is published) and so on.
3. Provide APRA with the titles of works performed, the relevant date and venue, and the number of performances.

John Sturman, Managing Director of APRA, points out that it is virtually impossible for APRA to know what compositions are performed in the 80 or so jazz venues in Sydney. Therefore, the association relies heavily on its members to provide the information.

A jazz composer who works regularly, performing his own original works, is foolish, therefore, not to be a member of APRA. He might well be depriving himself (or herself) of some hundreds of dollars in royalties.

APRA is at 25-27 Albany Street, Crows Nest; its postal address is PO Box 567, Crows Nest, NSW, 2065, and its telephone number (02) 439-8666.





## One Mo' Time Down Under

By Eric Myers

The sensational musical *One Mo' Time*, which recaptures the atmosphere of New Orleans in the 1920s, is now playing at the Comedy Theatre in Melbourne, and will open at Sydney's Her Majesty's Theatre in July.

It has a cast of four black American singers and dancers, and is very much a tribute to the black vaudeville performers of the 1920s. Indeed, the character played by Sylvia 'Kuumba' Williams — Big Bertha Williams — is said to have strong echoes of Bessie Smith.

Briefly, the plot centres on a company of four singers and dancers which arrives in New Orleans to play a segregated New Orleans vaudeville house in 1926. They are on the Theatre Owners Booking Agency (TOBA), also known as the Tough On Black Asses circuit, because of bad pay and touring conditions.

The stage is divided, so that the audience sees them both in the communal dressing room and on stage. The show is "full of foot-tapping jazz and blues and black vaudeville songs", wrote Derek Jewell in London's *Sunday Times*, 19 July 1981. "The magic of *One Mo' Time* is that it transcends its parts. Its meanings — and it has several — are memorably transmitted through an explosion of melody, joy and humour."

The show also features Vernel Bagheris, who wrote and directed the original production which began in New Orleans itself in January 1978.

It was successful enough to move to New York's off-Broadway Village Gate Theatre in October 1979, where it is still running. Also, it is still running in New Orleans with an alternate cast.

The Australian production also features Topsy Chapman and Thais Clark, which means that audiences here will in fact see the whole cast that appeared in the English production recently at London's Cambridge Theatre.

Some of Australia's leading traditional jazz musicians will provide the music for the production. They include Geoff Bull (trumpet) and Paul Furniss (clarinet).



From left: the best man Noel Foy, Peter Gallen, Jan Cragg. Leading the wedding throng is the Grand Marshall Neil Steeper.

## Balmain Jazz Wedding

By Adrian Ford

Peter Gallen, who plays bass with Nick Boston's New Orleans Jazz Band, married Jan Cragg on Sunday afternoon, 11 April last, at Elkington Park, Balmain.

The wedding party and guests met at Dawn Fraser's pub, the Riverview Hotel in Balmain, and after a few drinks, a New Orleans-style marching band took to the streets, and the guests followed them down to the park.

A civil ceremony was conducted in the park, in front of the band rotunda. After the ceremony, the band struck up again, and with the newly wedded couple, the best man and the bridesmaid between the band and the grand marshal, all went up to the pub again. After another stint in the pub, food and drinks were imbibed at Peter Gallen's place against the background of music from a host of well-wishing musicians. They included Neil Steeper (marshall), Adrian Ford and Eric Gibbons (trombones), Nick Boston (cornet), Barry Wratten (clarinet), Paul Martin (tenor), Lloyd Taylor (snare) and Don de Silva (bass drum).

Peter Gallen is well-known for his New Orleans-style bass playing. Jan Cragg is an American expatriate who has been in Australia for some years, and has now settled in Sydney. Peter and Jan are now in New Orleans for their honeymoon, attending the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, which takes place from April 30-May 9, 1982.



# REG HOSKINS

Interviewed by Norm Linehan\*



Most Sydney record collectors will be familiar with Ashwoods, at 376 Pitt Street, where many of us have bought our second-hand records for many years. Originally dealing in second-hand books and stamps, Ashwoods took in records during the 1939-1945 war, and the interest in jazz was heightened when they were joined by Fred Starkey, an enthusiastic jazz collector, and a founder-member and first president of Sydney Jazz Club. Since Fred's death in 1972 the shop has been managed by Reg Hoskins, another long-time jazz record collector.

I first met Reg in 1942 when we were in the Army at Dubbo, NSW. Reg was an officer and had his own quarters, which he shared with Ron McDuie. One evening as I was passing I heard jazz music coming from a portable gramophone so I made myself known and was invited in. I think Reg and Ron were slightly dismayed at my interest in the Goodman/Shaw/James music of the day as they had long ago discovered Armstrong and Beiderbecke, but they were very nice about it and it may well have been then that my real education in jazz began. Recently I spoke to Reg at the rear of the shop:

\* Norm Linehan is a freelance writer and photographer. His *Australian Jazz Picture Book* is still in the shops.

*RH: Yes, Norm, I first started to hear jazz on radio, 2KY and 2UE, about 1933. I started work at age 13 at McDowell's as a city messenger and I would go to the second-hand shops and the markets on Friday and pick up the odd 5 cents and 10 cents 78 rpm record. I joined the Sydney Swing Music Club in Rowe Street before the war when Ron Wills had it. I started off with second-hand records and then as I could afford it, I used to buy the issues as they came out. My first contact in jazz was a chap called Ted Elliott who had a very good collection of Jelly Roll Morton and Bessie Smith records. He was one of the first to import records from England and to make contact with American collectors. He was helpful to me in those early days, as was Jim Somerville the pianist, who was a friend of Ted.*

*Ashwood Pty. Ltd. is only a trade name, from Ashfield and Burwood. The founder was Raymond Carl Gumpertz, a German name although he was Australian born, and he opened up first in Ashfield with stamps and books, in 1932, then about 1937 or 1938 he moved into the city. He brought in records during the war. A lot of servicemen including Americans went in there and asked why he didn't have records and he got the idea that it would be worth trying. Fred Starkey was working on the trams after the war and he used to go in there for records, and he got pally with Mr Gumpertz and left the trams to join Ashwoods. I think this would be about 1951.*

*Then he wanted another man and I knew Fred from jazz, at that time I was working at McNaught's the shoe shop and I used to go to Ashwoods for records, and in 1952 Fred asked me to join them so I did. Later we got a third man, Neville Wright. We were only renting the building in Bathurst Street and in 1959 the owners decided to sell it so we moved here to Pitt Street and Mr Gumpertz said, "We are going to own this one, not rent it", so we went a bit tight on our purse strings but we owned it before he died in 1964. Fred Starkey died in 1972.*

*NL: You've had some other jazz people working in the shop?*

*Yes, Eric Dunn worked with us after he was with EMI, then he went to Nicholsons and back to EMI. Soon after Eric joined us he, Fred, Neville*

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and I put some pressure on the boss to get rid of the stamps as by this time LP's had come in and we were really busy with the records. We also had Peter Burgis with us for awhile, who is now with the National Library in Canberra, in charge of their Sound Archives. He was a good record man, knew his job. Geoff Gilbert was with us during Fred Starkey's time. Apart from working here, when Fred was in charge the place was always full of jazz people. He was on the Committee of the Sydney Swing Music Club and the Sydney Jazz Club. He was a well-known record collector and I remember once in particular in 1955 he put on a concert for the Len Barnard Jazz Band at the Assembly Hall and organised it all from the phone in Ashwood's.

**What proportion would jazz form of your general sales?**

Jazz is a good market; we've never got enough. It's a limited market, not as big as our popular and classical sales, but we never have any trouble with the jazz records, we sell them all the time. We have more trouble buying than selling. We have an ad in the Telegraph every day and that brings a lot of phone calls, and we have been at it for so long we are well known. Some people say Ashwoods is an institution rather than a shop. We've bought some huge collections. One of the first jazz collections was Jim Davidson's. Fred bought that just before I joined the shop, about 1951, a wonderful collection.

**You'd see very few 78's these days?**

Yes, they're tapering off. I bought \$25 worth of classical 78's yesterday but they're pretty grubby. Another thing about 78's is the years have made them brittle and they need a lot more gentle handling, especially in English and American copies. You've got to make sure they're not fractured or warped from being in storage. Then again the ballet, the symphonies, the concertos are the worst as far as sale goes because they're competing with the modern LP, unlike jazz records where people are interested in the particular performance. Mind you the classical vocals are still popular; Richard Tauber sells like wildfire but the instrumentals, we can hardly give them away.

**In the jazz area have you had any great discoveries?**

Yes, many. Only last month we had a red Parlophone of Margaret Johnson from 1923, with the Clarence Williams Blue Five with Sidney Bechet, in mint condition and in

the original cover. They still turn up. The thing that made me laugh was on the label, Margaret Johnson contralto.

**Are you still actively collecting?**

Yes, but there's not all that much I want. A strange thing happened with my collecting. I came up from 1932 and I used to listen to Brian Howard on 2KY and Geoffrey James Montgomery Jackson who had a half-hour on 2UE on Sunday afternoon. I started on the usual things, the blues singers, the swing era, but after the war when they first issued the Bunk Johnson's it just killed me. I didn't go and sell my Beiderbeckes and Armstrongs but from then on I loved Bunk Johnson, George Lewis, Jim Robinson, Alton Purnell, all of those. These days, when I listen to Geoff Bull, I detect snippets of Bunk, Wooden Joe, Howard, Thomas and Dee Dee. It's the jazz sound I enjoy the most.

**Do you still have all your 78's?**

No, I sold all of those, except I'll tell this one against myself. As a boy

I was always keen on the three top crooners, Bing Crosby, Russ Columbo and Al Bowly and I've kept all the Al Bowly records. These days there's a world wide boom in Al Bowly. The World Record Club recently put out a boxed set of 14 LPs of him with the Ray Noble band recorded in only four years, 1930-1934. That must be some kind of a record. And here they are re-issued 40 years after his death.

You know we feel we should have some kind of celebration this year. There aren't many in the second-hand record business. There are Martins down on the corner and Lawson's up the street, and the Pitt next door, but we've been in business for 50 years. The only one that goes anywhere near us was the Talkeries in Castlereagh, old Mark Gilbert, but I think the business died with him. I love this business. I take ten tablets a day to keep the blood pressure down but I love what I'm doing and I expect eventually I'll be carried out.

## DEADLINE FOR MUSIC BOARD GRANTS By Eric Myers

It is an open secret that, in the past, jazz musicians and composers have generally been tardy in taking advantage of funds which are available for a great variety of projects from the Music Board of the Australia Council.

Musicians from, say, the classical field are said to be far more diligent and professional with their applications, and this may account, at least in part, for the fact that, in relation to other art forms, jazz gets so little funding from the Music Board — the state of affairs about which Brisbane's Mileham Hayes has been so vocal over past years.

It is worth noting therefore that the closing date for 1983 grants is looming up. It is, in fact, 28 May, 1982.

In a recent interview with JAZZ Magazine, the Director of the Music Board Dr. Clive Pascoe (who has now retired) made the interesting point that, for some years, funds have been available to assist concert activities, but people in the jazz world have rarely applied for such funds. I think we can say with some certainty that it is not widely known in jazz circles that such funds are available, and under what conditions.

Let us now rectify that situation. Take the case of an established, professional jazz ensemble which has organised a series of performances in 1983. It can apply to the Music Board for assistance to cover any ant-

icipated deficit involved in the promotion of such performances.

The Music Board would need details of the planned performances and the anticipated budget. Also, the applicant should have applied to state and local government authorities for assistance.

In the Music Board literature there appear to be two provisos: (1) The professional ensemble making the application should be well-established with "at least three performance seasons" behind it. (2) The group has a better chance of being funded if its repertoire includes works by Australian composers. As most jazz musicians perform their own compositions, this should not be a difficulty.

It is also worth noting that applications may also be made by formally constituted societies, professional entrepreneurs and performance organisations which are involved in presenting concerts involving professional Australian jazz musicians.

People in the jazz world would be well advised to fully explore the availability of these funds, and funds in a number of other categories, such as composition, documentation, and education. For copies of the Music Board brochure detailing the Board's policies and programs, ring Sydney (02) 922-2122 or write to PO Box 302, North Sydney NSW 2060.



# JAZZ CRUISE ON THE MURRAY

By Don Porter\*

Following the successful jazz cruise last year the Murray Explorer sets out from Renmark on its 5½ day (6 night) 1982 Jazz Cruise on 11 July.

Jazz in the United States had close associations with the railway and, in this context, more specifically the Mississippi paddle steamers in the early years of this century.

While the M.V. Murray Explorer can boast neither paddle propulsion, calliope, nor cornet players like "Sugar Johnny" or the clarinetist Laurence Dewey, there are compensations.

In terms of material values the 122 passengers travel in air-conditioned comfort, are bedded in twin cabins with private facilities, and right royally fed.

But perhaps for jazz lovers a more important aspect is to recapture something of the spirit and con-

viviality of the Mississippi river boats.

The music will be supplied by one of Adelaide's most popular trad groups – Captain Sturt's Old Colonial Jazz Band plus guest artist Mal Badenoch.

Regular trumpet player and leader of Captain Sturt's, John Van Der Koogh, is unable to make the trip but his place will be taken by jazzman Graham Eames. Graham has been described by Mike Williams in his book *The Australian Jazz Explosion* as "... a straight-ahead trumpet player in the mainstream mould, with a strong lyrical feeling" and would be well known to regular attenders at the Australian Jazz Conventions and through his appearances at Melbourne's Jazz Party.

Two of Australia's jazz veterans are in the band. Bob Cruickshanks (clarinet, alto, baritone) was a member of Sydney's Port Jackson Jazz Band between 1946 and 1948, while Bob Wright was a foundation member, on tuba, of Adelaide's Southern Jazz Group under the lead-

ership of Dave Dallwitz. Bob will be playing trombone with the present outfit and the rhythm section comprises Brian Green (sousaphone), John Cavanaugh (guitar and banjo) and Jim Dean (drums).

Supporting CSOCJB is pianist Mal Badenoch. Another original of the Australian jazz scene, Mal was associated with Maurie Le Doeuff and Bobby Limb in the early Adelaide jazz group The Jive Bombers.

A pianist, who started his musical career on trombone, Mal has sat in with such greats as Rex Stewart, Louis Armstrong and Buddy Rich; opened the piano bar at Sydney's Menzies Hotel, and was for some years cruise director and pianist on the Sitmar Line. More recently he has been Entertainment and Convention Director at Surfer's International Hotel.

All in all, it sounds like a great week of fun, relaxation, travel, and jazz. Bookings for the cruise, costing between \$288 to \$355, can be made at any travel agent, direct to Murray River Development (08) 211-8333 or, if you want to help Adelaide's trad jazz organisation, the Southern Jazz Club through (Mrs) Pat Boyle, 676 Brighton Road, Seacliff Park, SA, 5049.

\* Don Porter is JAZZ Magazine's Adelaide correspondent, and jazz writer for the Adelaide Advertiser.

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# JIM DAVIDSON

By Jack Mitchell\*

Jim Davidson died in Bowral Hospital on Friday, 9 April, 1982. Possibly unknown to many of today's music fans, he was the leader of Australia's first, and most successful, swing band.

Born in 1902, James Hutchinson Davidson began his musical career in the brass band world about 1917, and switched to drums for dance work. In 1924 he joined Jimmie Elkins' Orchestra, which played theatre circuits in Sydney and Melbourne. This band also did dance work at the Coogee Casino in 1925, and the Manly Dungowan in 1926, but soon returned to theatre work. They also broadcast over 2FC, and recorded for Columbia — in fact the Elkins group was the first to record electrically at Homebush — the day before the factory's official opening on 14 October, 1926.

In its issue of 6 April, 1927, the American journal *Variety* said: "Jimmie Elkins has the best jazz band in Australia at present."

Later in 1927, Elkins' brass section was augmented by a young trumpeter from New Zealand — Jim

Gussey. Davidson and Gussey were to be close associates until the war years. After a long run at the Wintergarden Theatre, the Elkins Band moved into the Wentworth Hotel, one of the plum Sydney jobs in those days. When this job finished in October, 1928, Elkins retired from music to study architecture, and most of his sidemen went into Jack Woods' Orchestra at the Ambassadors Restaurant — another top job. Davidson was Woods' deputy leader.

When the Ambassadors burned down in February, 1931, Davidson went into pianist Gordon Rawlinson's Group at the Oriental Cafe; not quite as salubrious a venue. It wasn't long before Rawlinson handed over the leadership to Davidson. The others were Ray Tarrant (tpt); Dudley Cantrell (tbn) and Harry Danslow, soon replaced by Frank McLaughlin (saxes). This quickly became known as the hottest band in town.

In August, 1932, Davidson arranged a Rhythm Concert at Hillier's Cafe, doubling the size of his regular group with Jim Gussey (tpt), Tom Stevenson (tbn), Chic Donovan, Pete Cantrell (reeds) and Orm Wills (bass). This was a great success; but its most important factor was the presence in the audience of entrepreneur Jim Bendrodt. Bendrodt's enterprise, the Palais Royal, was suffering a marked drop in business, and he was astute enough to see in Davidson and his music the solution to his problems.

Bendrodt spent up big refurbishing the hall and advertising it, and when the 1933 season of the New Palais Royal opened with a Gala Ball on Friday, 5 May, on the stand was Jim Davidson and His Orchestra, with the Hillier's personnel intact. This night broke all records, according to Bendrodt, and the next night, the first "popular" night drew 5000 dancers. The thirties dance/swing craze was off and running — two years before Benny Goodman hit the Palomar jackpot!

It is not a ridiculous or intemperate claim that Jim Davidson invented "swing" — merely further proof that musical and entertainment trends and fashions are worldwide. When something becomes the fashion, whether it be jazz, swing, crooners or rock 'n' roll, it's because

the world was ready and waiting for it. But this is not the time to pursue this line of thought.

Davidson's highly successful Sydney season was followed by one at the St. Kilda Palais de Danse, and then they returned to Sydney for the 1934 season. Later in the year Davidson signed a contract with the ABC, enlarged his Orchestra and took it to Melbourne, whence its broadcasts were relayed to all States. They were back at the Palais Royal for the 1936 season, but in October that year, the whole band was placed under contract, and it became Jim Davidson's ABC Dance Band. It was now centred on Sydney — Melbourne had its own Dance Orchestra led at that stage by Al Hammett.

The Davidson outfit was undoubtedly Australia's most popular — as well as broadcasting it did several interstate tours, both with visiting celebrity artists and in its own right.

In June, 1941, Davidson and seven of his musicians enlisted in the AIF and Jim Gussey took over as leader. Later the band was retitled the ABC Sydney Dance Band, and it kept on swinging until the butchers cut it down in March, 1946.

Davidson formed an Army Entertainment Group which he took to the Middle East, and after the war, he went to London as head of the BBC's Light Entertainment section. After his retirement he is said to have considered (and with justification) this BBC period as the height of his career, but jazz fans will always remember him for his great swing band from 1933 to 1941.

So great was his success in 1933, that Columbia signed him up and his records were great sellers, even in the still depressed thirties. In 1977, EMI reissued 16 of his tracks on LP (HMV OXLP-7630) which include his best hot tracks. His *Original Dixieland One Step* is good; *Marmalade* is an outstanding swing track, but my personal favourite is *Forty Second Street*, recorded at his first session in June 1933. One of the significant records in the Australian jazz catalogue. Most of the approximately two hundred sides recorded by Davidson are of little or no jazz interest but there are enough that are to ensure that his place in our jazz history will remain secure.

\* For Jack Mitchell's credentials, see page 16.



# Scrapple from the Apple

By Lee Jeske\*

No matter what barometer you're using, there have only been a couple of handfuls of musicians who can be termed "jazz geniuses" and most of them didn't survive to see the 1980s. One who did was Thelonious Sphere Monk. It's odd how we expect our beloved giants to live forever and when they die — either suddenly or after a protracted illness — it is always a great shock. The death of Thelonious Monk was particularly heartrending because of the way he chose to spend his last five years.

"He's just tired, stopped playing, doesn't want to play no more. I don't know what's going through his mind. But you know how he's influenced all the piano players."

Those words sum up the deep silence in which Monk lived from the time he last performed in concert — at Newport/New York in 1976 — till the day he died. But they were not spoken *about* Monk, they were spoken *by* Monk, in 1966, talking about Bud Powell. Monk lived his last years in silence — talking little, playing the piano not at all. But as long as he lived, there was always the prayer that he would be back amongst us — playing his sharp, wry, swinging melodies and doing his own personal dance. That prayer ended with the great man's life.

Thelonious Monk's funeral was held at Saint Peter's Church in Manhattan and, like most of his concerts and club dates it was standing room only. Mourners filled the small church and spilled every which way — up the stairs, behind the altar, everywhere. John Gensel, the minister to the jazz community, conducted the service, Ira Gitler read the eulogy, George Wein read a tribute, but the body of the service was done not in words, but in music. Beginning with Paul Jeffrey and a student ensemble, one hour before Monk's casket was brought in, and ending four hours later with Monk's close friend Barry Harris, Thelonious Monk's music rang forth. Monk's body was on view and the musicians performed inches away from him, but not one of them played weepingly — it was a joyous celebration of an incomparable talent. By the end of the service Charlie Rouse, Randy Weston, Ben Riley, Muhal Richard Abrams, Marian McPartland, Larry Ridley, Eddie Bert, Walter Bishop Jr., John Ore, Gerry Mulligan, Adam Makowicz, Ray Copeland, Ronnie Mathews, Frankie Dunlop, Tommy Flanagan, Sheila Jordan, Lonnie Hillyer, Sadik Hakim and the aforementioned Jeffrey and Harris, had said their goodbyes to Thelonious Monk in the best way possible — by playing his timeless, living compositions.

Before bringing Monk's body to its final resting place, the funeral cortege made one stop — pausing in front of the broken-down spot on 116th Street that used to house Minton's Playhouse, where oh-so-much took place some four decades earlier.

\* Lee Jeske is Jazz Magazine's US correspondent, based in New York.



William P. Gottlieb's famous shot circa 1940-41, outside Minton's Playhouse. From left: Monk, Howard McGhee, Roy Eldridge and the manager of the club Teddy Hill.

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A jazz giant who is still very much with us is Ornette Coleman. Ornette Coleman set a lot of people's conception of jazz, and music in general, on its ear 25 years ago. Embattled at first, Ornette stuck to it and, of course, now we recognise his genius and, by listening to the groundbreaking albums of the '50s, we wonder what the fuss was all about.

Well Ornette Coleman, as we now know, is not one to rest on his laurels. A few years ago he started experimenting with electronic instruments and funk rhythms and a new concept of improvisatory interplay which he called "harmolodic". Not surprisingly, Ornette Coleman spawned a whole gang of bands who followed his formula. Material, Defunkt, The Lounge Lizards, The Decoding Society, Jump Up, James 'Blood' Ulmer and others have been using this fusion (if you'll pardon the expression) of funk and free jazz to great advantage. It has broadened the audience for these players to include the 'new wave' rock crowd, but, more importantly, when the music works it swings like the dickens. Call it 'punk jazz', 'free funk', 'no wave' or whatever the hell you want — it's papa is Ornette

Coleman and, as he proved recently, he is its greatest purveyor.

I must say, I am quite used to smokey, dank little jazz clubs of all sorts. The Ritz, where Coleman and company held forth, does not fit that description. It is a rock/dance palace that features one huge dance floor, a balcony and a stage. It also features a large movie screen and loud, loud, loud taped music. The movie screen is used, for the most part, for squiggly, colourful lines which undulate in time to the taped ruckus, but occasionally a film clip or cartoon rolls by. At one point, quite suddenly, the throbbing stopped, the dancing stopped and everybody stood dumbstruck as the famous film clip of Bird and Dizzy playing *Hot House* was shown. Then the throbbing and dancing started up again. This was all as prelude to Ornette and Prime Time (his band).

I took refuge upstairs and waited (and waited and waited — these places are in no rush) until Prime Time was introduced. I have seen the band a couple of times in the past year, since Ornette began a heavier personal appearance schedule, and by this time they are razor-sharp. Ornette's alto sliced through the two drums, two guitars and two electric basses (including the remarkable Jamaaladeen Tacuma) like a machete. The set lasted an





A young Ornette Coleman.

hour-and-a-half and it was awesome — foot-pounding rhythms, short riff-like melodies and a raucous combination of clawing rock and roll and sizzling free improvisation. Ornette's sound is splendid and he played with barn-burning urgency. Some of the crowd watched, some danced, some just jumped up and down in place. The reaction was extremely warm and Ornette Coleman, dressed in a tuxedo of brown satin brocade, surveyed the crowd

and grinned.

\*\*\*:\*\*\*\*\*

Still another jazz legend is William Basie. After zillions of miles on the road, Count Basie and company are still very much at it. The only difference now is that the world is paying attention. Since Basie passed his 75th birthday, people have been falling all over themselves to pay him tribute. It seems that every concert the band plays is billed as "A Salute To Basie", is taped for public television and is attended by hordes of people who paid little or no attention to jazz a decade ago. Okay, Basie deserves it. He accepts each salute and honor with the same non-committal aplomb that characterises his piano playing. There he was, a few months ago, wearing a medal around his neck and sharing a box at the Kennedy Center in Washington with the likes of Helen Hayes, Cary Grant, Rudolf Serkin, Jerome Robbins and the guy who laid the medals on all of them, Ronald Reagan. And here he was at Radio City Music Hall participating in "To Basie With Love", a lengthy salute from the world of pop music — Stevie Wonder, Lena Horne, Dionne Warwick, Quincy Jones, Wayne Newton, Teresa Brewer and a batch of others, including "number one son" Joe Williams.

I will say up-front that I usually don't like these gala, all-star affairs. You never get to hear enough of the people you like — they're here and gone in a flash. There's too much frantic movement and the whole event ends up more like a TV show than a concert. This evening was no exception — a song by Teresa Brewer and, *whoosh*, she was gone, two extraordinary performances

by Joe Williams and, *zap*, he was gone too. And on and on. However, there were two performers who were allowed lengthier appearances (aside from the Basie band, which was on-stage the entire evening and played two long sets on its own) — Stevie Wonder and Wayne Newton.

I am not much of a fan of pop or rock, but I firmly believe that Stevie Wonder is a genius — he is one of the finest *songwriters* alive, he is a remarkable interpreter of his own material and he is an exceptional arranger. His set was breathtaking — leading his own small unit in tandem with the Basie band through five incredible numbers, culminating in a rousing explosion called *Do I Do*. If somebody has the good sense to put these two forces (Wonder and Basie) together for a full evening or a full album, a high point in 20th Century music will be reached. It was a potent half-hour.

Wayne Newton was the other end of the spectrum — his set was so tasteless, so corny, so *bad*, that it is a wonder he had the nerve to sign up for the program. What he was even doing there is anybody's guess, but I was looking forward to his appearance — he is *the* biggest star in Las Vegas, rarely travels East and is frequently acclaimed as one of the country's great entertainers. How bad could he be? His version of *The Impossible Dream* (of all mundane things), complete with drum rolls and angelic choir, was indescribably awful.

It's some 48 years since Count Basie first took charge of Bennie Moten's Orchestra and, in the end, in his own best tribute, as he slogs down that road one more once.

JAZZ

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# Reports From . . .

## . . . Adelaide

By Don Porter

Adelaide has just completed its biennial cultural bun fight masquerading under the name of the Festival of Arts.

While on the one hand summation of director Jim Sharman's overall programming over the full artistic offerings came down more on the credit than debit side, there were also mutterings describing the Festival as ". . . an obscure celebration of elitist art . . . (which) appeals only to a tiny minority of our population".

But leaving aside such weighty questions the jazz offerings were thin on the ground. In the red corner Keith Jarrett, ". . . unique talent or king of pretension?" Lee Jeske may well, ask. I find it extremely difficult to absorb his Freudian approach to his "spontaneously improvised" piano compositions. Particularly when the "orgasm" never seems to coincide with the artistic climax! To be fair no one can deny Jarrett's piano technique or his assimilation of diverse musical influences but, in purely jazz terms, while his offerings are by no means inaccessible or esoteric, they lack the drive, pulse or capacity to sustain interest (at least in his lengthier forays into musical expression).

In the blue corner was George Melly accompanied by John Chilton's Feetwarmers. Great jazz? Not really, but in place of pretension we had entertainment. Although marred by bad acoustics and Melly's fault in working too close to the microphone, the whole performance was enhanced by George's feel for the idiom. He is not a great jazz singer but proved to be an entertaining interpreter of great jazz songs — leavened by a somewhat Rabelaisian wit. And Chilton's work on trumpet, particularly his use of a variety of mutes, should not be over-

looked.

Jarrett versus Melly? It may well be that the former was the more technically and artistically the better fighter, but Melly was a better puncher!

Really the answer might rest with something Earl Hines said to me. "What differentiates jazz? Well I know it comes from the heart. Musicians such as Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, and many others — well we were just friends with the joy of music in our ears, we had no concept of making history". But of course this is just what they did, creating and reshaping a new musical art.

But note they did this, as Hines says, from the heart — with technique, skill, and artistry but without pretension — and there, my friends, is the nub of the question. There is a world of aesthetic, philological and philosophical difference between "art" and "Art".

On 13 March the Festival of Big Band Jazz was staged at the Adelaide Town Hall. Without the backing of the Festival of Arts or The Fringe it was the brainchild of local musician Neville Dunn. Neville, with the aid of some dedicated helpers and some 80 local musicians who gave their services voluntarily, put on a concert which unearthed a wealth of talent that I, and many in the large audience, were previously unaware of.

Five bands were represented — the Adelaide College Big Band under the leadership of Hal Hall; the Edgar Beck Big Band based on a local outfit around the Banksia Park Community Centre; Phil Langford's Big Band which, I believe, only had one rehearsal prior to the concert; the Harry Settle Big Sounds — the only one of the bands working regularly (at the St. Leonards); and the Neville Dunn Big Band which meets fortnightly and operates purely as a rehearsal and "kicks" band.

A pity that the economic climate is such that big bands are something of a rarity as far as public appearances are con-

cerned. Certainly these five outfits exhibited a level of expertise, particularly in their tight ensemble work, that made the whole afternoon so enjoyable.

Hit financially by the lack of support for an overseas band's appearance at one of this State's country centres, the Jazz Action Society is making something of a comeback. On Tuesday 30 March local jazz artists rallied to the cause at the Tivoli Hotel to present an evening of mainly modern jazz to an appreciative and quite large audience.

The Andy Sugg Quartet, now appearing at the Maylands Hotel, set the proceedings off to a good start, followed by Small Hours who have a weekly Thursday stint at the Waymouth Tavern. I know I promised a profile on this group but it will have to await the next issue.

Listening to these groups I was reminded by Trevor Wilson (the "Jazz Collector" of radio station 5UV) of the pervasive influence of John Coltrane among the younger generation of sax players.

A change of pace and style came next with the Janet Seidel Quartet. Janet delivered some very talented piano and vocal work in a program of bop and ballads — and more. For the occasion she was aided by Schmoe on sax, bassist Dave Seidel and drummer Billy Ross — back in Adelaide again.

Janet Seidel may be heard solo Wednesday through Saturday in the piano bar of the Gateway Inn — and if you are in Adelaide I suggest it might be worth a visit to catch some of her wide repertoire of jazz standards and popular songs.

In anticipation of what was to prove to be the ill-fated non-appearance of Phil Woods, Glen Henrich formed the New Adelaide Saxophone Quartet. Their appearance on stage resplendent in evening dress and buttonholed red carnation represented something of change in sartorial attire. But it was in accord with the "chamber music jazz" — namely Phil Woods' 15-minute *Suite for Four Saxophones* performed with impeccable musicianship by Glen and his fellow musicians.

The evening finished with one of Adelaide's leading modern jazz groups — the Ted Nettelbeck Quartet with Ted on piano, Schmoe (reeds), Laurie Kennedy (a drummer who really listens to what his compatriots are doing) and bassist Dave Seidel.

With all the Festival and other activities I have been somewhat neglecting the weekly Southern Jazz Club meetings of late but will certainly be attending their Jazz Special on Thursday 29 April when five outfits will be on hand.

## . . . Canberra

By Carl Witty

Firstly, apologies for the lack of a Canberra report in the last two issues. Things are now back on an even keel.

It was gratifying to see a capacity crowd attending the first of the Canberra Jazz Club's events for the year. The fine turn out was in response to a plea to members to rally in order to avoid a projected increase in membership fees. The Fortified Few and the Jerrabomberra Jazz Band entertained with characteristic exuberance.

The CJC's activities during the past year have been eclipsed by the highly successful jazz concert series presented by the Canberra Southern Cross Club. There is no chagrin on the part of the Jazz Club's committee or members; jazz



Pic: Norm Linehan.

George Melly: in place of pretension we had entertainment . . .



activity in the nation's capital has never been as frequent or as qualitative as at present. At the time of writing the bands that have featured at the "Cross" during 1982 are Mike Hallam's Hot Six, a Basie-Ellington night featuring Australian jazz luminaries too numerous to mention, and the Bob Barnard Band. Bands appearing in the near future are Geoff Bull's Olympia Jazz Band, and Noel Crow's Jazz Men. Incidentally, if the Basie-Ellington tribute is playing in a venue near to you . . . don't miss it!

The third Canberra Food and Wine Frolic has come and gone once again, featuring the Graeme Bell All Stars and the Marilyn Mendez Band. An estimated 60,000 souls flocked to this annual event to sample the epicurean delights and appreciate the fine jazz music offered.

Old news it may be, but mention must be made of the superlative concert presented by the Galapagos Duck and the Bob Barnard Jazz Band under the banner of *One Doesn't Know Do One*. Due to scant promotion the show was not as well patronised as it should have been. With a little more thought on the part of the promoter the room could have been filled twice. It was one of the most entertaining and varied jazz programs that has been presented in this city to date. Catch it if you can.

Canberra's longeval Fortified Few celebrates its sixteenth year of music making with yet another season at the regular Hotel Dickson venue. They are also building up a regular Friday night following at the Hotel Ainslie. The band enters 1982 without their illustrious pianist of late, Graham Coyle. Graham has returned to his old stamping ground Melbourne and no doubt will be renewing musical associations of years past. Although the band has not settled on a permanent replacement, the ubiquitous American pianist Vincent Genova is lending his very capable assistance.

Very few mourned the passing of Canberra's only modern jazz venue of late, AJ's Tavern. Although only operating for one night a week the room was showing some promise as an after hours blowing spot for visiting players. The proprietor kept the venture going against the odds but lack of interest on the part of all but a few diehards finally closed the doors.

It is interesting to note that local promoters of large scale entertainment events are featuring a token jazz presence. Canberra is once again in the midst of a season during which a crop of new venues spring up. Sadly, these are usually short lived.

One band which is getting its fair share of what work there is to offer is JB and the Jazzmen (formerly known as the Fat Cat City Five).

The Marilyn Mendez Band is now installed in a new Asian restaurant, the Satay Hut. Whilst this is not a jazz venue per se the considerable jazz talent of pianist Vince Genova makes this a place that jazz buffs would particularly enjoy. Also with Genova and Mendez are Tony Hetherington (bass) and Kuhl DeWitt (drums).

What's on in Canberra . . .

Hotel Dickson, Saturday afternoons. The Fortified Few.

The Boot and Flogger. Occasional jazz. Check first.

The Contented Soul. Thursdays and Fridays. Jerrabomberra JB or Pierre's Hot 4.

Old Canberra Inn. Sunday afternoons. Various jazz bands.



Pic: Brian Boulton (Daily Liberal).

### Enjoying jazz Dubbo-style — at the zoo!

Dusty with a side dish of disco territory up here!

Called on the Dubbo Amateur Theatrical Society during rehearsal and told them that year 12, South High School, had challenged them to a Panel Van Cram to help me raise money for Multiple Sclerosis. They accepted after a minimal amount of bullying. Then approached Year 12, S.H. School and told them that DATS had challenged them to a "car cram" etc., and so this created interest among the youth of the city. Got them on to TV practicing, with DATS infiltrating dressed as Year 12 students looking strangely incongruous in school dresses and heavy moustaches. Also did a TV interview myself and was able to plug the jazz one more time.

Dick Andrews indicated he would donate his services for the day and would motor over from Gosford. Ian Boothby, who made such an impression at the November Jazz Day and who helped me so generously with donations for raffles, also said he was going to do the same.

Travelled many miles in my little Escort promoting and chatting up the various publicans in all the towns plus the newsagents (the local gossip centres). Placed as many posters in strategic positions as possible (mens and ladies "loos" in big shopping centres plus staff eating rooms highly recommended!) The whole town seemed to be humming about the "Jazzing At The Zoo". Then Nancy Stuart said yes, she would be able to make it if she took an early Sunday morning plane to Dubbo! The icing on the cake. I knew now that only one thing could ruin the whole show — rain!

The day previous to the Jazz Day it poured rain and I was glad for the property owners but started looking skywards and praying constantly throughout the day. My house guests from Sydney, Shirley Horsenell and Margaret and Jim Mooney were put to work as soon as they arrived and we spent until late on Saturday night cutting up streamers to decorate the front entrance of the Zoo.

Sunday was a perfect Dubbo day of sunshine. The people started to stream into the Zoo much earlier than the star-

Canberra Fair. Sundays. Occasional jazz. Check first.

Hotel Ainslie. Friday nights. Fortified Few.

The Satay Hut. Fridays and Saturdays. Marilyn Mendez Band.

Canberra Jazz Club. Occasional jazz at the Southern Cross Club.

Bogart's. Fridays and Saturdays. Charlie Russell Trio.

## . . . Dubbo

By Gillian Alm

Two thousand people poured into the beautiful grounds of the Western Plains Zoo at Dubbo on Sunday, 28th February for a day of jazz music and frivolity under the most idyllic conditions one could hope for.

Having held a jazz concert at the end of November which was an unqualified success I was approached by the curators of the Western Plains Zoo to hold another jazz rort at the Zoo and, in so doing, raise money for the coffers of Multiple Sclerosis.

Never hesitant when the chance arises to promote jazz in the Western District of NSW I got into top gear rather rapidly and had only 17 days to get everything organised.

I sat down and painfully did a free-hand poster (with a logo borrowed from the JAZZ magazine) then proceeded to do a deal with Macquarie Publications, who printed 200 of these at a very reduced cost.

I sent out 500 letters with the Western Plains Zoo logo atop to radio stations, TV, newspapers, business houses, jazz clubs, ordinary mortals and even accosted people in the street and told them it couldn't fail to be a great day.

I went on radio to explain to the general listening public what jazz delights were in store for them if they turned up at the zoo, and then was confronted with the problem of how to lure the young people of the West into the Zoo for the day. We are, after all, smack in the middle of Slim



ted commencing time of 11 am and I sold the first jazz hat at a little before 9 am.

The musicians who donated their time for free were marvellously generous throughout the day and kept up a constant beat coming through the sound system (also donated free). Those taking part were Brian Archer and the Bathurst Jazz Band, John Boatswain and the Apple City Jazz Band, Ron Allen and the Dubbo City Jazz Band, Barry Nash and the Sweet Sherry Stompers (Parkes and round about) Ian Boothby and an impromptu quartet and, of course, the ever popular Dick Andrews, a particular favourite of the jazz lovers of the West.

The music was very well received, the crowd comfortably spread around on the soft lawns, shaded by beach umbrellas. They were generous to a fault when we persisted all day in trying and succeeding to extract as painlessly as possible all available cash from their pockets.

The panel van "car cram" was a riot with the television cameras unable to televise this segment because of the crowds which gathered. DATS won by cramming 42 into their van. However, they had removed the petrol tank we discovered much later, which was a very crafty move and quite what one would expect of DATS.

Now we come to Nancy Stuart. Most of the people from the Central West had only heard of Nancy through my radio and TV appearances. They were most unsure when this tiny little lady of indeterminate age confronted them from behind the microphone. To see the faces of the same crowd after Nancy's first bracket was some transformation. To put it in a nutshell "She slayed 'em!" The Dubbo City Jazz Band formed a little clique of their own, called The We Love Nancy Stuart Central West Fan Club.

The musicians and singers got free feed and liquid refreshments all day, so they were happy. The crowd got a chance at 25 raffles for the price of a one dollar hat, listened to good music all day, visited the same bar and food stalls as the musicians (for a price) and they were happy. A lot of people visited the Zoo who had never done so before, so the curators were happy. The day made \$5,000 for Multiple Sclerosis and finished at 7 pm. It poured with rain at 10 pm so the farmers and I are still happy! Multiple Sclerosis is hysterical.

My thanks to Di Gaston, Ian Neil, Phil Haldeperson, Eric Child, and even good old James Dibble (what did he mean - "Where IS Dubbo?") Shirley Horse-nell, Jim and Margaret Mooney, who did as much good plugging and publicity down at the Sydney end. As that big broad says at the end of the Morecombe and Wise show . . . "I love you all!"

## ... Melbourne

By Adrian Jackson

Some recent developments suggest local musicians may have learned the best way to get gigs is to do some work for themselves. Four top bands - Pyramid, Brian Brown's Australian Jazz Ensemble, Tony Gould Trio, and Jeff Pressing's World Rhythm Band - have decided to rotate to present a jazz concert every Tuesday night at the otherwise dormant Mister Ward's room at the Prince of Wales Hotel in St. Kilda. The first four nights to be booked are April 20 to May 11, but I am sure it will become a permanent setup,

an arrangement which cleverly avoids local fans' apparent aversion to seeing anyone who plays a venue every week.

Odwalla has started using The Met for afternoon concerts, on the last Sunday of each month. They will play with a different guest musician every time, and share the bill with more established artists every month. The first concert was a success on March 28. Odwalla (Martin Jackson on sax, Jamie Fielding on piano, Barry Buckley on bass, Keith Pereira on drums, with Ray Pereira on percussion) played a good set, as did Mark Simmonds' Space Society Orchestra (Steve Elphick on bass, Phil Henderson on drums and Simmonds on tenor, with local guests Jamie Fielding, and guitarists Gordon Mathieson and Lee Penglis).



Pic: Jane March.

Barry Buckley.

Their straight-ahead jazz swung strongly, and the original material was very worthwhile, especially the numbers which incorporated the guitarists: Simmonds would disclaim any simple inspiration by the Ornette, Ulmer, etc. school, but it was music of approximately similar intent that succeeded in generating a good deal of genuine excitement. I would be keen to hear a lot more of the music that Simmonds is playing in this broad-minded field of creative fusion.

For the April concert, Odwalla will have Steve Miller on trombone, with the Brian Brown-Bob Sedergreen Duo to finish the concert; for May, they have booked vibes player Craig Beard, and will present Tony Gould playing duos with bassist Stephen Hadley. I am confident those concerts will become a regular event, also: they are well-planned from the jazz point of view, admission is cheap (\$3.50, or \$2 concession, for some four hours' music), and the room has a really good atmosphere, and a BYO licence.

The Victorian Jazz Club has found a new venue, the Duke of Kent Hotel. Situated near the corner of LaTrobe and Elizabeth Streets, it seems a much better venue than the Manor House, as a music room, for the parking facilities, and the comfort of the room. The VJC will be presenting top trad-mainstream bands there every Saturday night from April 17, from 9 pm to midnight. Call 240-9032 or 211-9613 for details about VJC. Meanwhile, the Storyville Club will continue at the Manor House (to which they're accustomed) every Friday night.

Other venue moves . . . Onaje is no longer playing Wednesday nights at the Renown Hotel, although the Allan Browne

Quartet is still doing Thursdays there. Vince Jones is no longer at the Tankerville Arms, but at Blues Alley, at the Blush and Stutter Hotel, in Nicholson Street, North Carlton. He is there on Fridays, while Frenz Again (Rozzi on vocals, Marle Genovese on guitar, Colin Hopkins on keyboards, Stephen Hadley on bass guitar, Peter Blick on drums and Alex Pertout on percussion) are doing Saturdays.

I caught the Vince Jones Quintet at the Grainstore on March 30 when they launched their superb debut LP *Watch What Happens*. The quartet played a warmup set sans Vince, with young pianist Mart Saarelaht and guitarist Doug De Vries stretching out most impressively on straight-ahead bop numbers. Vince later sang and played brilliantly; the night was certainly a success.

Other concerts . . . On February 17, as part of the MSO's free concert series at the Myer Music Bowl, Don Banks' *Nexus* was performed by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra (conductor Celia Hopkins) and the Australian Jazz Ensemble (Brian Brown on soprano sax, Bob Venier on trumpet and flugelhorn, Tony Gould on piano, Gary Costello on bass and Virgil Donati on drums). The music was performed with impressive finesse by all; an interesting attempt at marrying a jazz combo with a symphony orchestra.

March 2 John Etheridge with the Bob Sedergreen Trio. A brilliant guitar technician, who mostly played pretty good jazz with good support. March 3, Chick Corea provided a real anti-climax to the Stuyvesant Music Festival. Percussionist Don Alias apart, I thought Corea's sidemen were unexceptional, and they followed their leader in playing slick, gutless music that gave me no excitement or interest. March 7, George Benson gave a predictable, enjoyable performance of pop music with minimal relation to jazz. March 8, Cleo Laine and John Dankworth thrilled a capacity audience, as they did for five concerts at Dallas Brooks Hall. I found his playing proficient but of little real interest, her singing undeniably brilliant but only occasionally substantial, and with very few jazz qualities at all. March 11, Keith Jarrett's concert proved he had feet of clay with a first half of unsuccessful meandering, but reconfirmed his great talent with the sublimity he achieved in the second half - the music was not so magnificent as I heard at his 1978 concerts, but was both impressive and satisfying.

## ... Sydney

By Richard Hazlewood

It hardly seems a month, since our last issue went to press, and so much seems to have happened around town. One of the highpoints was the short visit by Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand). I caught the show at the Sydney Town Hall a couple of weeks ago, and what a night it was! The first half really sorted out the men from the boys. It was a slightly self-indulgent tour-de-force; just over an hour of continuous improvisation, covering just about every aspect of his style and technique, yet with a constant underlying feeling of anger and tension. At many moments during this amazing bracket I really felt he would slam down the piano lid and storm off the stage, such was the tension I felt. Some people walked out during this set,



Pic: Jane March.



Ray Alldridge: playing up, hamming it up . . .

and others left at interval. Those that could come to terms with this man's inner feelings were treated to a much less heavy second set. For sure, there were the radical political songs, but the feeling was much

more open. There were some delightful tributes to Duke Ellington, John Coltrane, and Thelonious Monk, and there seemed to be a sympathetic rapport between Abdullah and the sparse, but appreciative, audience. This was not a show, or even a planned concert; rather it was a superb example of the creative spirit at work. This really was art for art's sake, and although demanding at times, the overall experience was very satisfying.


On the indigenous front, it's not often that we can enjoy a brand new band featuring all new talent, a refreshing enthusiasm for their music, and a youthful reverence for the roots of modern jazz. Last Tuesday I was invited to the Observer Hotel in the Rocks area to review the Simon Rowe Sextet. Simon and his mates are all young, inexperienced, and really paying their dues in a lousy venue, yet this was one of the more enjoyable nights I spent listening to jazz during the month. They play an updated blend of bebop and West Coast Cool, featuring Simon Rowe (battered flugelhorn and trumpet), Dave

Hickson (sax), Peter Mickunas (guitar), Graham Bladwell (piano), Chris Frazier (bass), and Brian Swain (drums). Typical of the material they played was Monk's *Round Midnight*, Oliver Nelson's *Stolen Moments*, the classic *Green Dolphin Street* and bebop standards from the late 40s. Simon Rowe played some unadventurous but pleasingly melodic lines, mostly on flugelhorn; Dave Hickson on tenor sax has a competent technique and a good sense of dynamics; Peter Mickunas on guitar is probably the best musician in the band with a good technique and the ability to sound laid-back all the time. It was hard to judge the other guys because the piano was atrocious, and the small empty bar hardly allowed the drummer to stretch out — although it was to his credit that he could hold back yet still be reasonably tight and sensitive; Chris the bass player provided a steady support, pushing the band at times, but occasionally losing direction. Don't go to hear this band for brilliant musicianship or masterly improvisation. Do however go to hear their enthusiasm, the great tunes they play, and some of that all too elusive commodity, the spirit of jazz!

Anyone who took the trouble to venture down to The Basement on Tuesday nights in March was party to a rare treat. The vivacious Di Horder, Mike Walsh's regular guest chanteuse, was breaking out and singing some fine jazz with an eight piece band led by the irrepressible Ray Alldridge on piano. Di Horder is not a sophisticated singer, but she has an honest approach, a good sense of dynamics, a powerful voice which is at best in the mid-range, but tends to be a bit hard edged in higher registers, and an impeccable choice of material. She is a diminutive blonde with a cheeky smile and a spunky image. Highpoints were Randy Crawford's *One Day I'll Fly Away*, Quincy Jones's *Everything Must Change*, *The Best That You Can Do* from the movie *Arthur*, and an untypically slow and soulful piano and voice duet on the old hackneyed standard *Am I Blue*. Playing in the band with Ray Alldridge were Ned Sutherland (guitar), Wayne Rowntree (bass), Laurie Thompson (drums), Ian Bloxson (percussion), Herb Cannon and Peter Scott (trombones), and Peter Dilosa (trumpet and flugelhorn). The band played with lots of fire, the charts were good, and Ned and Ray were playing up, hamming it up, and fling it up as only they seem able to do. Sydney really is becoming a centre for the best singers working in Australia, and it's good to see such an enthusiastic crowd for a gig like this, especially on a Tuesday.



Di Horder: a cheeky smile and a spunky image . . .



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# ...and we've also heard

By Dick Scott\*

I often get complaints from parents with children who are interested in jazz but find difficulty in going to the usual club and pub gigs. This is an understandable complaint and one that needs looking at since the youngsters are all new fans and supporters of the music. Fortunately organisations such as the Sydney Jazz Club provide facilities and functions that can include the kids. Probably the most popular is their Berry Island picnics on a Sunday afternoon. The SJC's Vivien Bowman explained that the picnics are on the Sunday following the third Friday every month. They run from 1.30 to 4.30 p.m. in a barbecue setting at the end of Shirley Road, Wollstonecraft. Another SJC event that will include kids is a bus trip to Berrima in May together with Gordon Walker's Washboard Band. Members \$12, visitors \$14 and children under 16 \$7. The club also intends having film nights and a ball later in the year.

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Noel Crow has changed the name of his group to Noel Crow's AUSTRALIAN Jazz Band. Not so much from a burst of nationalism but for the simple but exciting reason that they are off to the States for the Old Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee in late May. They can be assured of top crowds with the organisers predicting between 100,000 and 150,000 fans at various venues over the Memorial Day long weekend. An international line-up will include bands from Canada (The Climax Jazz Band), England (The Mersey-sippi Jazz Band, surely one of the longest running groups in the world), Scotland (The Jazz Advocates), West Germany (The Allotrio Jazz Band), Austria (The Blue Note Seven), Japan (The New Orleans Rascals) and other bands from Sweden, Finland, France and Holland. And from Melbourne a band led by Lachie Thompson including Bob Barnard, Neville Stribling and Ade Mon-sborough plan to attend paying their own way.

Noel Crow's Jazzmen are the only band from Australia being subsidised

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



Noel Crow's Jazzmen: left to right, Jeff Hawes (trombone and vocal), Kevin Keough (trumpet), Geoff Allen (drums), Noel Crow (clarinet and tenor sax), Col Best (electric piano), Verdon Morcom (piano).

by the Sacramento committee.

The Jazzmen have also accepted a booking from Pan Am Airlines to appear for one night at the Sheraton Hotel in San Francisco at an official Sydney/San Francisco "Sister City" function to be attended by many expatriate Australians and city dignitaries including the mayor of San Francisco.

There are other engagements in and around Sacramento plus negotiations are under way for a Sunday afternoon gig at the Hilton Hawaiian Village in Honolulu on the way back to Australia.

The Jazzmen will be the guest band at the inaugural Central-West Jazz Festival to be held in Parkes, over the Queen's Birthday holiday weekend, June 13-15. In addition they will perform at the Parkes Leagues Club on the Saturday night.

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Most people would think the connection between jazz and diplomacy rather tenuous, although the likes of Armstrong and Ellington made tours for the United States State Department from time to time. Now visitors to London can not only have their consular difficulties sorted out but get all the information on the local jazz scene. Clarinetist Greg

Gibson is the Australian Government's number three man at Australia House in the Strand. And naturally his off duty time is taken up with more than a little blowing. Not surprising for a man who was a professional musician before working for the government. In April this year he put on a concert with a band of top musos calling themselves Jazz Australia (UK) Inc. Besides Greg there are four other Aussie musicians and, in a nice diplomatic touch, one Pom and a New Zealand vocalist. The Australians who need little introduction are Don Harper, Dave Macrae, Chris Karen and Barry Dillon. The odd couple out are guitarist Denny Wright and singer Joy Yates.

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Jenny's Wine Bar, which many will remember in Goulburn Street, Sydney a couple of years back recently re-opened at 423 Pitt Street. Now jazz is back at the venue with a group led by drummer vocalist Craig Collinge. They will be there from 8.30 - midnight on Tuesdays.

Collinge started playing drums at ten years of age; worked extensively with Australian band Procession in England with Manfred Mann Chapter Three, and toured with Alan Price



and Friends. He has also worked and recorded with Third World War, The Shadows, Jim McCartney of the Yardbirds and did a US tour with Fleetwood Mac. While in England he worked with avante garde piano player Keith Tippett. Since returning to Australia he has worked and recorded with Marcia Hines, Doug Parkinson, Serge Emoll, Roger Frampton, Bob Bertles, Bernie McGann and Tony Buchanan of Crossfire.

Tim Brosnan (electric & double bass) started an early and varied musical education at school studying piano, tuba and trumpet before learning electric bass from Dave Ellis, musical director for Billy Field and Julie Anthony. Started playing professionally while still at school and took up double bass at University. He then became involved with the State Conservatorium's Jazz Diploma Curriculum including Judy Bailey's Ensemble for 2 years. He has recently worked with the Bernie McGann Quartet and for the past two years played live and studio gigs with Leon Berger, also appearing on TV shows *Countdown*, *Nightmoves*, *Sounds* etc.

Bob Gebert hails from Adelaide where he began studies, including six years harmony and composition. Bob received an Australia Council Grant to study in the USA where he played as support trio and band on concerts by Sarah Vaughan, Dave Brubeck and Louis Armstrong. In Australia he worked as pianist and percussionist in rock musical *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* as well as appearing on numerous ABC Radio and TV shows with John Sangster Trio. He composed the score for the movie *Crystal Voyager* and has accompanied Helen Humes, Dick Haymes, Bette Martin, Kamahl and Dee Dee McNeil. He has also toured for the Arts Council of NSW with Jeannie Lewis and played and recorded with Renee Geyer and Jon English.

\*\*\*\*\*

The ABC recently made a breakthrough that jazz had been waiting for for years. Not only jazz on television in a reasonable time slot but also FM radio broadcast simultaneously. And the man behind it all ABC-FM jazz presenter Jim McLeod is to be congratulated on a first class product. Programmes still to come are:

May 3 Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass for the entire programme.

May 10 Brian Brown Sextet, Jenny Sheard Trio, Bob Hower Quintet, Adelaide College Big Band and Joe Henderson with Craig Scott, Alan Turnbull and Paul McNamara.

May 17 Keith Stirling Band, Julian Lee and Friends, Brian Brown Sextet, Don Burrows and George Golla, Maree Montgomery and Friends and the Glen Henrich Quartet.

May 24 Freddie Hubbard and Rufus Reid's Expedition for the whole programme.

May 31 Onaje, Mark Murphy, Art Pepper, Judy Bailey and Friends, Dave Liebman and Richard Beirach.

June 6 Julian Lee and Friends, Bruce Hancock Quartet, Graeme Lyall Quartet, Johnny Griffin Quartet, Julian Lee, Glenn Henrich Quartet and the Jenny Sheard Trio.

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Bruce Cale's Concertino for Double Bass and Orchestra, Op. 33, will be broadcast on 2FC on May 7, at round 9 p.m. This is a jazz bass version with symphony orchestra. The Melbourne Symphony Orchestra is conducted by Patrick Thomas, and Cale himself is performing the work. This performance is part of the ABC's New Music Workshop series.

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Despite being a Sydney-based magazine, we try to keep it as national as we possibly can. We would be delighted to run information and news from around Australia but must rely on you, the readers, to keep us informed. So let us have your thoughts and reports.

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# Record Reviews



**DUKE ELLINGTON**  
 "Duke Ellington 1927-1930"  
 (Vols. I & II (World Record  
 Club R. 09396/7)  
 "The Legendary Duke Ellington"  
 (CBS CSP 168)

The two volume set of Ellington is basically a collector's piece, comprising tracks either previously unissued (at least in Australia) or which appeared for varying periods as 78's. They sound like pre-electric recordings, a situation however which is more than compensated for by their historical value.

For instance, Louis Metcalf appears on the 1927 tracks (this was before he joined Luis Russell and later King Oliver) and he is seldom thought of as an Ellington man. Then there was clarinetist Rudy Jackson who played only with the band during 1926/7; a New Orleans musician with a Jimmy Noone sort of tone, as can be heard in his solo on *Chicago Stomp Down* (Vol. I side 1). On this side too is the Ellington band as The Washingtonians, where Bigard replaced Jackson, playing a 1928 version of *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* under the title of *Harlem Twist*.

On Vol. I side 2 we have the band as the Cotton Club Orchestra, by now with Bubber Miley, Whetsol,

Hodges, Carney, Bigard etc., with early versions of *The Mooche* and *Hot and Bothered*. And especially there is one of my favourite early Ellington pieces, *The Blues with a Feeling*, long cherished on an old, scratched Parlo. 78. This is the same version, where by now Otto Hardwicke (alto and baritone) had joined the band and also Freddie Jenkins. He was one of the most brilliant but under-rated Ellington trumpets (he stayed till 1934) as can be heard on this track with his lovely lyrical choruses against the unison saxes — an arranging ploy that was to become the Ellington hallmark.

Vol. II sees the band taking shape into the 1930s, with first of all, some 1929 tracks as *The Harlem Footwarmers*, again bringing back 78 memories, with *Jungle Jamboree*, *Snake Hips Dance*, *Big House Blues*, etc. These were tracks that brought many of an older generation into jazz. Juan Tizol was now in the lineup and Cootie Williams, of course.

Side 2 has the 1930 tracks, showing the band now settled into a punchy, well-drilled outfit swinging away in such memorable pieces as *Three Little Words* and *Ring Dem Bells* — the latter with those well-remembered single note choruses by Cootie. On this side too is the first recording of that Ellington classic *Rockin' in Rhythm*.

It's a pity that one or two tracks are marred by the alleged singing of Irving Mills who should have stayed at home. Thanks to him, *I Can't Realize You Love Me* (Vol. II, side 2) could probably qualify as one of the worst Ellington tracks ever.

This doubtful honour is, alas, shared by some of the tracks on *The Legendary Duke Ellington*. Un-

fortunately there is no information provided as to personnel which further reduces the album's value to a collector, even a rabid Ellington fan. *Sultry Serenade* has some recognizable Hodges and there's some fine Ellington piano on *I Can't Believe* etc. But one wonders how the Duke could possibly have lent his name to the version of *Singin' in the Rain*, a rather horrible and pedestrian commercial arrangement, and an even worse track called *On a Turquoise Star*, with choirs and voices and unlimited schmaltz.

Clement Semmler



**LESTER YOUNG**  
 "Lester Swings: Lester Young"  
 (World Record Club R.  
 05816/7)

At first sight this album is rather off-putting, since the tunes listed include *Peg o' My Heart*, *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*, *Count Every Star*, *In a Little Spanish Town*, etc. But the mastery of Pres turns banality into jazz delight, and no student of the jazz saxophone should miss this two-volume set from one of the most graceful and imaginative tenor men in jazz history.

These discs are the product of five small groups — one in Los Angeles (1945), and the rest in New York (1950/51). The LA date had Nat Cole and Buddy Rich; the New York sessions were quartets, one with Hank Jones, Ray Brown and Rich, the other three with John Lewis as pianist.

The pop tunes which Young embellishes so magnificently are complemented by a number of standards (*I Want to Be Happy*, *Mean to Me*, *Waterfront*, etc.) and by some Young originals which are the highlight of the discs, especially when Lewis accompanies. He seems to me the perfect foil for Young — keeping invariably to a simple piano line, leaving Young to blow his lyrically imaginative choruses. This is especially true of the last three tracks of Vol. II, all Young originals. First there is *Down 'n Adam* and *Lester Swings*, taken at a relaxed medium tempo, and finally perhaps the best track of all, *Slow Motion Blues* — almost worth the price of the album, where I doubt if I've ever heard better playing from Pres.

The sleeve notes by Neil Tesser,

## NOTES ON OUR RECORD REVIEWERS

*JOHN CLARE writes on jazz fortnightly for the Financial Review, and general articles, including some jazz, for the National Times.*

*BILL HAESLER is one of Australia's leading authorities on traditional jazz.*

*DICK MONTZ lectures in jazz history, big band and trumpet at the NSW Conservatorium of Music. He is probably the most in-demand lead trumpeter in Australia today.*

*ERIC MYERS is a freelance writer and jazz critic with the Sydney Morning Herald.*

*DR. CLEMENT SEMMLER, former Deputy-Chairman of the ABC, writes on jazz and other subjects for The Bulletin.*

*JOHN SHAND is a freelance writer and drummer who has a day gig with the Australian Opera.*

*RAY MARTIN plays bass with the Bernie McGann Quartet.*



who reviews jazz for the *Chicago Daily News*, are an admirable addition to Lester Young discography, not only for the professional analysis of each track but also for his metaphorical interpretations. Thus: "Three Little Words is notable for the way bits of theme keep popping up like a treasured piece of cloth skilfully stitched in a quilt", which, when you listen to the track is perfectly true, and here again is one of the master's best solos.

Clement Semmler



### ORNETTE COLEMAN

*Soapsuds* (Artists' House AH 9406), Coleman: Tenor saxophone and trumpet; Charles Haden: bass

It is interesting to see how art can give every appearance, at times, of having natural checks and balances.

Hard on the heels of Coleman Hawkins, with his highly figured and, for the time, chromatic lines, there followed Lester Young with his spare, open, largely diatonic style.

Similarly, Dizzy was followed by Miles, and John Coltrane by Ornette Coleman. In no case, however, was there a pure return to past simplicity. Where there seemed to be a reaction to increasing complexity, it was counterbalanced by increased freedom.

Young's sophistication allowed him to leave out the obvious, to eschew certain constructional detailing, and to create poignant or breezy melodic figures which seemed to float in their own harmonic space. At the same time these fitted together with the soundness and simplicity of modular parts. It is hard in retrospect to imagine the contemporary resistance to his eminently accessible style.

Some of the same things can now be said about Ornette Coleman, but the analogy can be drawn only so far. Coleman uses intervals which it will never be easy for some people to listen to.

But for long stretches how wonderfully melodic he is, how toughly and buoyantly he swings, how expressive in all its modulations, from tone of a giant buzzing bassoon to dry, grainy, glaring upper register, is his sound; which, if Johnny Dodds's shrill unyielding sound is a jazz sound, is surely a jazz sound!

Coleman's solos are often packed

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with phrases so purely melodic that you might think he is quoting from lovely and innocent songs. Mostly they are all his own. Between these are glissandi and bending notes thrown like streamers, squawking exclamations and bursts of running babble. If nothing else, Coleman has caught pure impulse in music.

The main criticism of course is that it doesn't 'make sense' from a purely musical point of view. It is harder than with anyone before him to show just where he extended the vocabulary, in what relation his innovations (or novelties if you please) stand to hitherto accepted musical systems. Was he simply trying to play like Charlie Parker, without bothering to learn all his chords? Maybe so in the beginning, when I think he could be called a genuine primitive.

However, he managed to create something cohesive which, in contrast to some of the 'free Jazz' which followed it, sounds almost formal. He claims to have invented his own 'harmelodic' system, which I have never seen satisfactorily explained. In some details I know exactly what he is on about.

Pablo Casals pointed to an emotional 'system' of phrasing which existed simultaneously with and could in his reckoning over-ride the purely musical system. What he was talking about was of course rubato and tempered pitching (in one progression it is actually correct to pitch a note a little sharper than one would pitch the same note in another context). Pulse is in some degree influenced by the stress patterns of the emotional system. This is a romantic approach. So is Coleman's. But it has its own discipline, and it works.

It works, that is, if the players are as well attuned to each other as Coleman and bassist Charlie Haden, whose elastic tread throughout these duets is like the very ground Coleman walks on; like a trampoline rather, giving and giving back.

There are no surprises here for those who have heard Haden in Coleman's band, or have heard their duet on Haden's *Closeness* album; but there is great satisfaction in hearing them work with such sympathetic precision, finding interesting twists and extensions of ideas they tried in prototype a long time ago.

Coleman's tenor playing is scarcely a surprise either. It sounds so much like his alto playing that I had to play another record to get the alto pitch into my head and convince myself that the listing was not a mistake. There are, however, certain subtle differences, mainly in the middle register where he gets the hint of a very old fashioned dance band sound (such as usually issues from a plastic saxophone, but not Ornette's overblown/plastic alto). This is used to quite lovely effect. His pitching is

not quite as certain on the tenor, which has the negative advantage of showing that he knows exactly what he is doing on the alto.

While I have been an Ornette Coleman fan since I heard 'Change of The Century' around 1960, I have until recently been dubious about his trumpet playing. A duet with Haden a couple of years ago showed an enormous improvement, and so does the one track here on which he plays trumpet.

A very satisfying record, to be listened to with the exclusive attention you would give a book or a film. It is as background that Coleman can irritate. I don't hold that against him.

John Clare



## THE ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND

Recording during the legendary 1919 Tour of Britain (World Record Club WRC - R03039)

The historic role of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band has never been disputed for they were the first jazz group to record and thereby set the path for black and white imitators to follow. What they created in 1915 and eventually recorded in January-February 1917 was their interpretation of the music they had absorbed in New Orleans — a mixture of rag-time, popular dances and songs of jazz. We now know that they did not invent jazz but they were certainly responsible in a large way for its original popularity.

The musical role of the ODJB is not so readily accepted and there is a school of thought which maintains that if you have heard one record by them, then you have heard the lot. Not so — as this first comprehensive release of their entire recorded output from the ODJB 1919-1920 British tour illustrates.

*Barnyard Blues, At the Jazz Band Ball, Ostrich Walk, Tiger Rag and Satanic Blues* are presented together with more popular tunes of the period including *Tell Me, I've Got My Captain Working For Me Now, Sphinx, Mammy O'Mine and Alice Blue Gown*. Here on one LP is a fine cross section of the band's repertoire of the time.

The personnel which appeared in London were not the same musicians who made the Victor sides which so electrified the public in 1917. Nick La Rocca, Larry Shields and Tony Sbarbaro were originals. J. Russel

Robinson (piano) and Emile Christian (trombone) had replaced Henry Ragas, who had died in the Spanish 'flu epidemic in 1918 and Eddie Edwards who was in the army.

All 17 sides were recorded in London between 16 April, 1919 and 14 May, 1920 for English Columbia and provide a generous cross section of typical white Dixieland jazz, ODJB style.

The reissue has been excellently remastered with all tracks in chronological order and for the collector of early white jazz it more than fills a gap. Brian Rust's notes provide the details of the ODJB's British tour with typical Rust thoroughness. This release may not be everyone's selection but for those with a taste for early jazz it is worth buying for musical and historic reasons.

My "members only" copy came from World Record Club, 605 Camberwell Road, Hartwell, Victoria 3124 and is good value at \$6.99.

Bill Haesler

## Bob Florence Big Band

Live at  
Concerts By The Sea



## BOB FLORENCE BIG BAND 'Live at Concerts By The Sea' (Trend Records TR-523)

Despite what many small-band musicians will tell you, big bands are a significant part of the music we call jazz. Big bands require a team spirit, a common goal, good time and good music, just like small bands but, in addition, they require a submergence of the individualistic, "I'll go my own way", "do my own thing" spirit of so many small-band players.

Some find this a negative, others a positive, thing. I can say that when a good big band with team players hits together in an ensemble, there is a collective emotional and intellectual impact that cannot be ignored even by the most insensitive audience.

Big bands are a composer's medium and have been since the days of Jelly Roll Morton and Fletcher Henderson. Soloists are always important — they can make or break a band — but so too are compositions and arrangements.

In short, big bands incorporate just about everything in jazz, and Bob Florence's band is the state of the art. The art also includes recording engineers who know how to equalise the sound of the instruments and to balance the orchestra on tape so that it represents the band's best live sound. This takes engineers who listen a lot, with ears that have holes in them. The engineer



on this recording certainly fits that description.

The members of the Bob Florence Big Band are all accomplished, big-money professionals in Los Angeles, California. They include Buddy Childers, Steve Huffsteter, Nelson Hatt, Gene Goe, Warren Leuning (trumpets), Charles Loper, Herbie Harper, Don Waldrop, Chauncey Welsch (trombones), Bob Cooper, Pete Christlieb, Ray Pizzi, Bill Perkins, Lee Callett, Kim Richmond (woodwinds), Joe DiBartolo (bass), Nick Ceroli (drums) and Bob Florence (piano).

In the tune *Be Bop Charlie* on Side 1, the rhythm section grooves from the first bar. There is sympathetic by-play between the brass and saxes, and a nice swinging bebop solo from Bob Hardaway on tenor, characteristically playing in time throughout the solo. All the solos on this LP, by the way, have this good time-feel. The trombone solo by Charlie Loper builds energy throughout. Notice that the rhythm section *accompanies* the soloists.

*Wide Open Spaces* on Side 2 has a slow, bluesy, relaxed groove. The rhythm section is the thing to listen to on this track. They lay it down so well that the rest of the band can feed off it. There is good counterpoint between sections in the arrangement. The 12/8 swing feel never fails. This is the classic big band blues style.

*I'll Remember* is a jazz/rock ballad featuring the six member saxophone section at the head. In this tune there is flowing counterpoint and team spirit. Pete Christlieb's stylish tenor solo starts as a duet with piano. Note his unerring sense of time, which holds throughout, even without bass or drums. This is the jazz solo of the record.

An up-tempo blues *Party Hearty* features Bob Cooper and Warren Leuning. Again notice how the rhythm section locks in. This tune could have been inspired by the Stan Kenton recording *Live At The Tropicana*, where *Puck's Blues* or *Random Riff* have the same voicing effects, and happen to be in the same tempo and style. The drum solo at the finish is musical and not overbearing.

Don't miss this LP. Its companion record *West Lake* is even better. If you can't find these records locally, order direct from Trend Records, PO Box 48081, Los Angeles, CA, 90048, USA.

Dick Montz



### JELLY ROLL MORTON The Gennett Piano Solos 1923-24 (Swaggie 801)

### THE WOLVERINE ORCHESTRA 1924 with BIX BEIDERBECKE (Swaggie 801)

### FLETCHER HENDERSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA The Pathe Sessions 1923-25 (Swaggie 803)

Ferdinand (Jelly Roll) Morton's recorded contribution to jazz music extended from June 1923 to July 1940 and ranged from piano solos to large orchestras all of them, with few exceptions, featuring Morton's own compositions.

The history of jazz has produced a few brilliant talents in its long history and there is no doubt from either the classic or modern view that J.R. Morton was one of the greatest.

On 17 and 18 July, 1923 during a very successful session with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Morton put down six of his own compositions as solos for Gennett, including the classics, *King Porter Stomp*, *Wolverine Blues* and *The Pearls*.

Morton returned to Gennett's Richmond, Indiana Studios on Monday, 9 June 1924 and recorded eleven more titles involving twenty takes, a remarkable feat for any musician. Again all of the compositions were Morton originals.

Now all of the 16 issued titles (including alternate takes of *New Orleans (Blues) Joys*) have been re-issued locally on the Swaggie label.

The selection is an anthology of Morton music, for included here in the original form is *Kansas City Stomp*, *Grandpa's Spells*, *Shreveport Stomp*, *Jelly Roll Blues* and *Perfect Rag*.

A must for all jazz lovers whatever your persuasion.

"Bix apart, they weren't really a very good band" — So states Bix authority Richard Sudhalter on the notes to Swaggie's second 800 series Vintage Jazz Archives release.

I don't care what the eminent Mr. Sudhalter says, I've had most of these recordings by the Wolverines for nearly 30 years and they have never sounded less than great; but then first impressions are often the most lasting.

Bix Beiderbecke was only 21 when he made these, his first records, in 1924 and they were to push him into the limelight of the big time, the *Goldkette*, *Trumbauer* and *Whiteman* Orchestras and musical immortality. Seven years later he was dead.

Collected together on this LP release are the 15 issued Gennett titles made when Bix was the Wolverine star, plus the final two sides made in December 1924 and featuring his replacement, 17-year-old Jimmy McPartland.

For collectors who care the alternate takes of *Susie* and *Lazy Daddy* are included together with the jazz classics *Fidgetty Feet*, *Jazz Me Blues*, *Oh Baby*, *Copenhagen*, *Riverboat Shuffle*, *Royal Garden Blues*, *Tiger Rag* and *Sensation*.

The Bix story on record is not complete without these historic sides, highlighting the talents of a legendary jazz man with his first regular band.

Shame on you Mr. Sudhalter!

Volume 3 of Swaggie's Vintage Jazz Archive Series is concerned with the entire 19 sides made for Pathe by Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra between November 1923 and February 1925.

They are rare, historic and musically variable. Not all collectors of early jazz rate the 1920-24 Henderson band very highly, in spite of the presence of Coleman Hawkins and Don Redman, for many of the arrangements lack the fire and swing of the later period.

Similarly the tunes are not well known jazz items, being typical only, of the era with such titles as *Old Black Joe's Blues*, *31st Street Blues*, *Shake Your Feet*, *Swanee River Blues*, *Warhorse Mama* and *Say Say Sadie*.

When Louis Armstrong joined Henderson in late September — early October 1924, the band came alive. Together with Charlie Green, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Redman and Hawkins; Louis' presence helped turn a competent orchestra into a great band. The last seven tracks on this reissue are among the first made by Louis Armstrong with Henderson and are not only important from a historic viewpoint, they are musically superb, proving beyond doubt the genius of this great jazzman at age 24.

The Henderson Pathe's need not be in every collection but they are worthy of a listen — who knows, like





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me, you may like them.

One important thing about the first three Swaggie 800 series releases is their clarity considering the condition of the original 78s.

Remastering has been meticulously carried out by international expert, discographer and British musician, John R.T. Davies, who I understand will continue to contribute in like fashion to successive releases in this important reissue series.

Bill Haesler



## JAMES BLOOD ULMER "Are You Glad to be in America" (AH13)

If you haven't heard James Blood Ulmer, do yourself a favour. No-one, I mean no-one, plays guitar like this guy, and there's a possibility he might be having a hand in revolutionising improvised music before our very ears. But I don't want to put you off. I'm not saying he's God, he's just good.

This record has been out for a year, and was recorded a year before that, but like Ornette's albums, it will still sound fresh a decade from now. The sidemen include some of the heavies from the current New York scene; David Murray on tenor; Oliver Lake on alto; Olu Dara on trumpet, and both Ronald Shannon Jackson and G. Calvin Weston on drums — sometimes together, and sometimes separately. The extraordinary bass playing goes sadly uncredited.

The album opens with the title track, which has Ulmer singing a backhanded tribute to America. The funk is turned on immediately, but it is unique: liquid rather than solid. The horns riff loosely and flowingly, while the two drummers set up something more urgent and primal than conventional funk.

*Layout* is one of a number of tunes on the record that is reminiscent of Ornette's writing. The funk feel is a little more rigid on this one. Ulmer's solo, and his playing in general, has incredible rhythmic attack, and a likeable jerky melodicism, that is very vocalised, a bit like Eric Dolphy on alto. Murray enters for one of those solos which encourages the hairs on the back of your neck to curl.

*Pressure* places a light bouncy melody over military drumming — lots of press rolls and bass drum from both players. The improvising here is collective. Both *Revelation March* and *Interview* have formidably fast unison themes, highlighting the drumming of Ronald Shannon Jackson. Both pieces also temporarily unwind into improvisations, but with the quarter note pulse strictly maintained.

*Jazz is the Teacher (Funk is the Preacher)* stands firmly in the shoes of James Brown, Ulmer's vocal and all. The horns are tight, and the guitar darts and jabs around them.

*Light-Eyed* has a glorious melody, rather like Ornette's *Lonely Woman*. Lake is sinuous, Murray riveting, and Ulmer's conversation with both remarkable. As on *Time Out*, his mind and fingers are so fast, he's like a guitarist version of Cecil Taylor: you listen more to clusters, colours, and the overall thrust, rather than a specific melodic development. But I refuse to call it an acquired taste, because the emotional impact should be immediate.

This is new music in the making. It sounds like funk, but the improvisations are very free. The bass keeps the funk intact, but it still converses. The drums play eighth or quarter note feels, but they are not locked in — they are free to join the improvisations. So as I said, do yourself a favour, and have a listen to something with Ulmer on it. It's a new direction. You could even dance to it!

John Shand



## KATRINA KRIMSKY, TREVOR WATTS "Stella Malu" (ECM 1199)

Pianist Katrina Krinsky is a new face for me, but Trevor Watts, on soprano and alto, is an old favourite. Since 1966, Trevor Watts and fellow Pom, John Stevens, have maintained various groups under the title of the Spontaneous Music Ensemble. The company in that unit has been notable: Steve Lacy, Rashied Ali, Don Cherry, Evan Parker, and Dave Holland among them. Concurrently, Watts and Stevens maintained Amalgam, improvising in a much more swinging style.

I have never heard Watts in a more gentle, pastoral vein than in this duet album. It is his credentials, as much as the sometimes bluesy virility of his playing, which justifies this album claiming space in a jazz magazine. For her part, Katrina Krinsky is closer in style to the piano writing of Eric Satie or John Cage than any jazz players. Those two comparisons are most obvious on the title track, which is a piano solo.

Throughout the album, her playing is delicate and caring, set mainly in the upper register of the instru-

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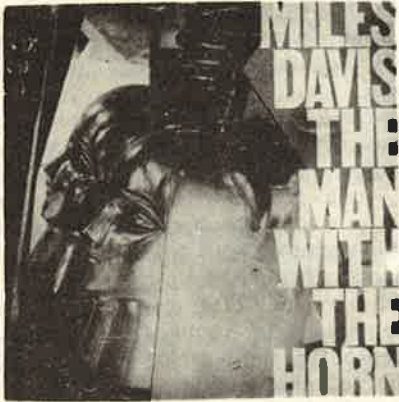
Watts has one solo piece, *Rhythm Circle*, a short excursion into the world of delayed echo, used on his soprano.

For the most part, their duets are total interactions, not split into sax feature segments and piano feature segments. These improvisations are always relaxed, but never aimless. Krimsky lacks the virtuosity of Watts, but is always alert and sensitive. Watts brings his considerable melodic powers to bear, notably on *Mial*, and *Moonbeams*, the latter having almost as many rests as notes.

*Villa in Brazil* has the happiest mood of the album, with Watts playing a bouncy theme and improvisation over a relatively rhythmic piano.

Watts is a more soulful player than is common on many of these so-called 'chamber jazz' European releases, and Krimsky is so responsive that her delicate tinkling is never cold. Overall, it is a particularly appealing blend of prettiness and warmth, of aesthetics and emotion. The beauty of this record will appeal to those of you who loved, for instance, the duets between Charlie Haden and Jarrett, or Alice Coltrane.

John Shand.



### MILES DAVIS "The Man With The Horn" (CBS SBP237569)

This album has been available for some months now and has probably sold well. After all, it's Miles's first for almost five years.

For those who attempted to keep pace with Miles from his playing/composing apprenticeship days with Bird, through his classic quintets/sextets, it was getting rough trying to assimilate his late 1960s work, such as on *Nefertiti* and *Miles In The Sky*. Nonetheless, it was all there: rhythmic flexibility, advanced thematic/harmonic structures, tension and release, dynamics, etc. You kept up or you returned to *Kind Of Blue*.

Then came *In A Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew*, and that's where many of the boppers' Miles record collections terminate. Mr. Davis was through with the "song" format and the acoustic resonances. His new concept seemed — arguably — acid-rock and funk-inspired, with multifarious blends of electronics and percussion plus space aplenty for the development of emotionally charged statements.

A series of such albums followed

into the 1970s. It was left to the individual listener to make up his own mind. Maybe it depended on what you were doing at the time the record was playing. Notwithstanding prejudices, Miles was saying his piece, and he did attract a new generation of fans. Then... nothing.

Occasional rumours emanated from New York: he was rehearsing a band; he was seen in a studio; he was sitting in with various anonymous uptown groups. Now, with customary casualness, he launches back with *The Man With The Horn*, with production by his long-term associate Teo Macero.

The LP comprises six "tunes" — four by Miles, and the title track and *Shout* by electronics exponents Randy Hall and Robert Irving. The Miles "tunes" are, in fact, barely tunes as such. His working group at the time of these sessions — Bill Evans (soprano sax) who is no relation to either the late pianist or Yusef, Marcus Miller (fender bass, and a good, dirty one at that), either Mike Stern or Barry Finnerty (electric guitar), percussionist Sammy Figueroa, and veteran Davis drummer Al Foster — seem largely to have set up in the studio and started, ostensibly directed en route by the boss. A familiar pattern?

The pervading rhythms are mostly funk in four-bar phrases, save for a 4/4 *Ursula*. Evans is a capable saxophonist, whose solos are adequately structured in the Liebman mould. Guitarist Stern mostly offers distorted and energetic rock raves.

The Hall and Irving cuts sit easier even though they are somewhat divorced from the LP's main essence. The "head" of *Shout* is reminiscent of Herb Alpert, and *The Man With The Horn* a vocal tribute to Miles himself, sung by Hall. Slightly gratuitous for Miles?

In short, it's not a great jazz album, but rather appealing in a strong funk vein. Essentially, however, there is plenty of Miles and it does serve to prove that he is still a major jazz force. His chops are in excellent shape and his sound still one of the most arresting voices in modern music.

Because this is Miles — and good Miles — buy it and be thankful that we still have him. As a footnote, the recorded sound is excellent, and the playing time generous by contemporary standards — over 25 minutes each side.

Ray Martin



### SAM McNALLY "First Chance" (EMI Custom Records YPRX-1927)

For some years now, many jazz purists have refused to accept "jazz/rock fusion" or "crossover" music, as it came to be known, as a legitimate form of jazz.

However, when someone like Miles Davis — one of the top handful of great innovators in the history of jazz — is so immersed in jazz/rock fusion, perhaps we all have to do some rethinking. Also, since the mid-1960s, we have increasingly seen the emergence of younger musicians who use rock feels as naturally as the older swing feels. Can anyone argue that Chick Corea does not play jazz?

Having said that, let me come to the Sam McNally LP *First Chance*. This is unquestionably an album of "crossover" music, with a distinct leaning towards the rock end of the spectrum, rather than the jazz end.

McNally is an outstanding keyboard player who has worked in the Marcia Hines, Renee Geyer and Johnny Farnham bands. Originally from Melbourne, he is now living in Sydney and no doubt is making a good living in the recording studios. Consistent with his experience, *First Chance* is an album of contemporary music, full of excellent compositions, beautifully played by a collection of top Melbourne musicians.

In fact, it is so representative of contemporary sounds that this in itself could be a handicap. Many of the tracks are hardly distinguishable from the soft-funk muzak which comes through radio stations like 2DAY-FM and 2MMM-FM. That is, great background music for eating, drinking, making love, driving your car, or whatever you do for leisure, but not music to listen to with the inner ear.

Still, there are some memorable highlights. Chris McNulty sings the song *Wonderland* in her powerful, inimitable style, making it happen with her usual ease. The tune *Keep This Thing Together* is an inspired latin/rock composition which I would rank with Julian Lee's *Porto Alegre*, recorded on Lee's Battyman LP. On *Mellow Mind/Continuum*, there is a short, exciting solo from the Melbourne trumpeter Bob Venier.

Moreover, Sam McNally shows that he knows his way around the various synthesizers that now make up the armoury of the contemporary keyboard player.

Not the least of the album's attractions is the opportunity to study carefully the playing of one of Australia's few drum virtuosos David Jones, who is present on most of the tracks. I think only Warren Daly would match him for precision and time.

So, this is a good LP, but with a light pop ambience, rather than a solid jazz flavour. Sam McNally has great talent and shows that he has a solid foundation on which to develop as a composer and player; I hope *First Chance* is not his last.

Eric Myers



# The Merv Acheson Story

(Part 2)

In the last edition of JAZZ, Merv Acheson described his initiation into music and alcohol, his early career in journalism, and the advent of World War II, whereupon he enlisted and was posted to the 17th Battalion Military Band. He concluded Part I with the entry of America into the war, which was to bring about a boom in the music business. NOW READ ON:

With the USA in the war and troops pouring into this country, the Australian Army decided to form a number of entertainment units, each consisting of a big stage band plus variety artists (all men).

At first there had been only one such unit made up mostly of ex-ABC Dance Band men who had enlisted with their conductor Jim Davidson and were sent to the Middle



*Digger musos: Merv Acheson and trumpeter Marsh Goodwin in Martin Place, 1941. Both were members of the 17th Battalion Band.*

East. Davidson had by now risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in charge of all army entertainment units.

As more units were formed suitable players transferred rapidly from the Battalion Bands. I went to the 116 Rhythm Ensemble, a large Paul Whiteman-style orchestra based at Marrickville Army Depot. This orchestra was conducted by veteran band leader, tenor saxophone and violin player, Gordon Andrews, who had been musical director at Grace Brothers Broadway Ballroom for many years. It had: three trumpets, two trombones, five saxes (some doubling clarinet or violin), cello, viola, three violins, drums, bass, guitar and no less than five pianists, plus half a dozen assorted singers and comics and a compere.

People may ask — why five pianists? Well, money was no object as most of the musicians were on the base pay rate of six shillings (60 cents) a day. And each of the pianists specialised in a certain field — one backed the acts, one played in the big band, one played for a vocal group, one played in the small jazz band within the orchestra, and one spent most of the time playing accordion as a featured solo artist.

Jazz and dance band name musicians of the era were scattered throughout the aggregation. Some of these are still active, some have dropped out of the business and some are dead. Names that come to mind include: Frank Marcy, Jimmy White, Ronnie and Clyde Hogg, Ron Metcalfe, Peter Leunig, Johnny Best, Ron Stevenson, Bruce Kerr and Keith Gleeson. Leading the strings was that fine classical violinist Eddie Cockman, who at the time, was also struggling manfully with the alto saxophone.

The entire troupe played at special dances for members of the forces in big halls everywhere and gave concerts at large army camps. It also recorded a weekly radio show at station 2CH which was broadcast on the civilian network and to troops through the Pacific zone.

The big band broke up into small groups to play at various bases which could not accommodate the entire show, which took up a full size theatre stage with its specially built music stands, lighting, loud speaker system and various props.

I led the jazz group, a four or five piecer, and that was when things started to get interesting. This combo was continually being sought by various American units to play dances and concerts at bases far and wide.

Among the ones I remember best are the Herne Bay USA camp for white soldiers where we were plied with rum and coke — the first time some of us had imbibed this particular mixture, which had a variety of interesting results including one of the musicians missing the transport back to base and spending the night shivering in the local railway waiting room only to be picked up next morning by the MPs on suspicion of AWL. The unit got him out of that but to my knowledge





Merv with Stan Getz, backstage at the Sydney Town Hall, March 1980.

he has not touched rum and coke for the past 39 years.

At Herne Bay one night a slightly built American soldier in his thirties wandered over to us, announced that he was the regimental bugler and asked could he sit in on trumpet. We said OK, he got his horn, said *Whispering* would be fine and started in.

He played wonderfully well in a Bix Biederbecke style and kept it up through the whole bracket. It turned out he was Andy Secrest, Bix's old sidekick in the Paul Whiteman Band. His unit moved out a few days later and we never saw him again.

Then there were the two bases for negro soldiers at Warwick Farm and Randwick each of which had its amateur jazz band. These bands had no big names but they swung and had a good big sound.

Coloured units were used mainly for trucking supplies. These men worked hard all day, but were never too tired to sit in with our group when it played a show at either camp or to ask our help with technical problems. They had access to some good charts through the American Red Cross and regularly attempted numbers like *Tuxedo Junction*, *Red Bank Boogie*, *Blues in the Night* and various Ellington compositions.

Strangely enough none could improvise well and few tried to. Up until that time I had imagined that most, if not all, negro musicians would have a built in flair for spontaneous creation of solos, but this proved wrong. However, they were enchanted with our small, all improvising jazz group and repeatedly had their officers apply for us to do more shows.

This was in the heyday of small and big band jazz in America and Swing Alley, 52nd Street, was the hub of New York, while big name bands toured everywhere and the excellent "territory" bands covered the backblocks areas — all playing jazz of some sort. So our black audience was already conditioned to the music we played.

During this time the whole of the 116 Rhythm Ensemble was in barracks at Marrickville when the senior officer, a major, decided on an inspection of all personnel, including the band.

Now, apart from their stage uniforms, the musicians were a motley throng, no two dressing alike during the day but wearing anything that came to hand ranging from shorts and sandals to jungle greens with two-tone civilian shoes.

They had had no military training or drill, usually milled about like "Brown's Cows", and were as undisciplined as

could be expected when 30 or 40 temperamental artistic souls gather together.

As the only man there with any real army experience, my two years in an infantry battalion band, I was appointed to take the parade at 24 hours notice.

After frantically sending most of them home to get their gear — they kept practically nothing but their stage clothes in camp — I went out with them behind the huts where none of the real soldiers in other parts of the base could see us, and after about an hour's work, had them forming up in two reasonably straight lines. No time to go into the intricacies of forming threes or fours or doing any of the usual everyday military drills.

Came the next morning with the inspecting major on the offing, and there we were on the parade ground all dressed alike in the uniform of the day — khaki shirt, shorts, socks, brown boots, puttees and slouch hats — then just as the all-powerful major began marching towards us from one direction an apparition appeared from behind a hut.

I had missed one man — a well known comedian. At the crucial moment he joined the parade wearing a pink civilian shirt, long winter army trousers, civilian shoes of a frightening bright yellow colour, and — horror of horrors — an army issue slouch hat with the brim cut down, the top pushed into a pork pie shape, and a large coloured feather sticking out of the pugaree (a wide army hat-band).

There was an awful silence when this spectacle came face to face with the major and then the 40 musicians started to double up with mirth and break ranks while the officer went a startling shade of purple in the face.

When he regained some of his composure he turned to me and said — "What is that?" — before I could answer he went on "Get that man out of my sight — I never want to see him again — in fact I never want to see any of this crowd again — what have I done that they should be billeted on me?"

He added as an afterthought — "Have them use the back gate I don't want anyone to think they're mine."

During the seven or eight months more we spent in that camp I never saw him again. He avoided us like the plague and the day we left I thought I heard a sighing and sobbing noise coming from his office about half a mile away.

During this period the American Army took over the old German Club just off Flinders Street, Darlinghurst which had been closed with the outbreak of war. This was a magnificent two storey building which had a ballroom with a stage at each end, parquet dance floors, built-in service bars, and every convenience of the age. This became the Booker T. Washington Club for negro servicemen and merchant seamen.

An Australian musician who also was an electrical contractor to the Americans was appointed musical director and later made an honorary Colonel in the US Army — he was Giles O'Sullivan, a drummer, a stage personality and an energetic organiser.

He formed a 14-piece Australian band to play the club plus a girl vocalist, and was able to use his position with the Americans to requisition the services of local musicians in the forces whenever they were stationed in Sydney. This was just about the best band I have ever played with.

I spent some of the most musically rewarding nights of my life at this club which was as near as we are ever likely to get to the old Savoy Ballroom in Harlem.

Next issue: The wonderful Booker T. Band, visiting celebrities, touring with Australian and American forces bands, the Sydney jazz scene in 1943-44, a difference of opinion with the Army brass.

MERV ACHESON





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