

JAZZ

December 1981

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The Australasian contemporary Music Magazine



**BRUCE JOHNSON
ON THE BELLS AND
AUSTRALIAN JAZZ**

**BRISBANE
JAZZ CONFERENCE
GEOFF BULL INTERVIEW
BOB SEDERGREEN**

by Adrian Jackson

THE JAZZ LADIES

by Joya Jenson

BOB BARNARD

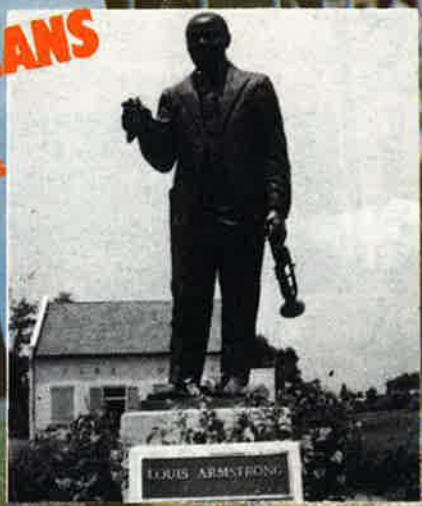
by Dick Hughes

LEN BARNARD STORY
(Part 6)

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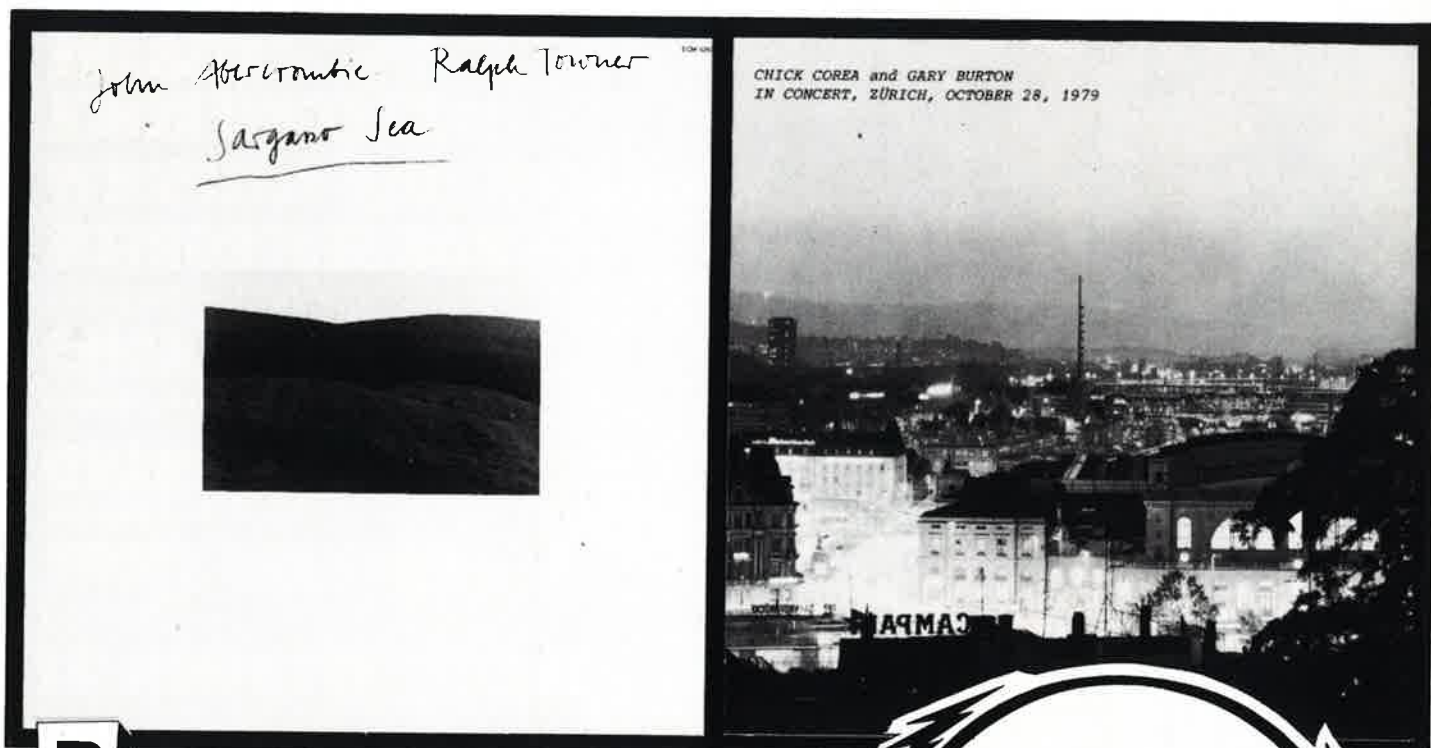
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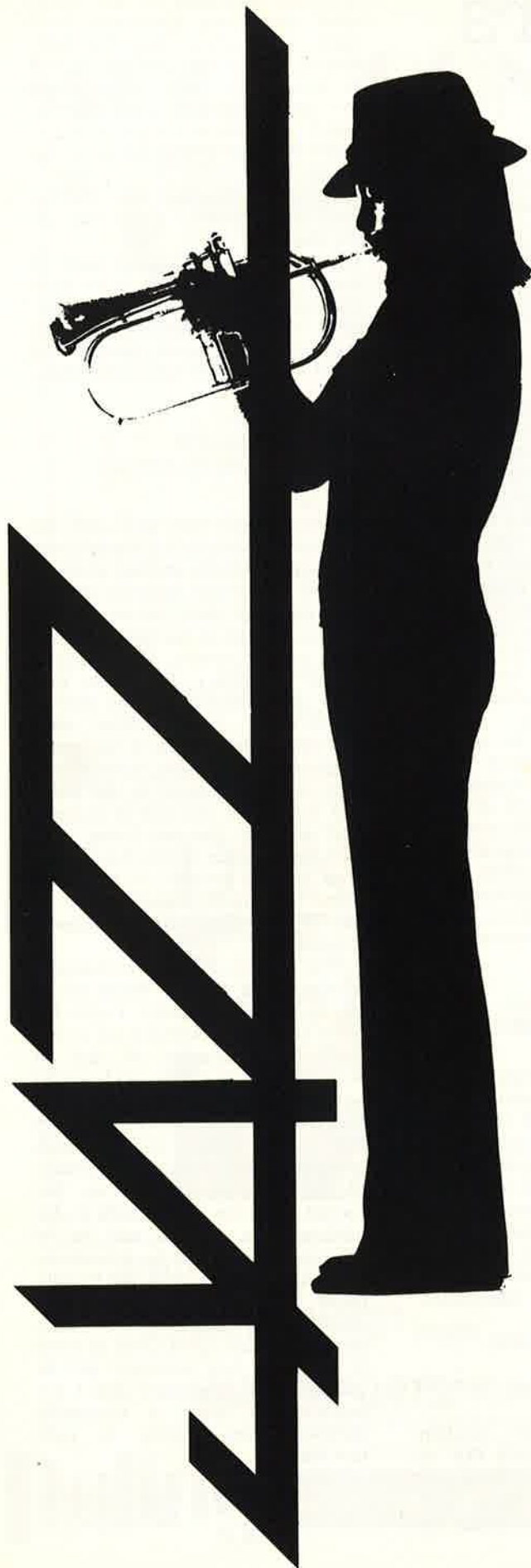
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Edit.

This is our sixth issue, and we at JAZZ are delighted to announce that the magazine is now one year old.

With many early hurdles cleared, we are confident that the magazine is here to stay and will continue in its chosen objective: to serve Australian jazz.

It is with great pleasure, at this juncture in our infancy, that we dedicate the present edition of the magazine to an institution which is 36 years old in December, 1981: the Australian Jazz Convention.

We have invited Australia's foremost Convention authority Norm Linehan to write on the event, which began in 1946 and is now the longest running annual jazz festival in the world.

It is fitting that Graeme Bell and Roger Bell — stars of the 1946 Convention and still going strongly today — should be on the cover of this edition of JAZZ. Bruce Johnson, in Part 1 of his article 'Is There An Australian Jazz?' deals in some detail with the early Bell recordings.

There are other treats. We publish an interview with Geoff Bull; Joya Jenson, in her Jazz Ladies series, writes on Pat Qua; I report on my recent visit to New Orleans; Dick Hughes expands on his claim that Bob Barnard is Australia's greatest jazz musician; in Part 6 of the Len Barnard Story, Len takes us through Asia with Galapagos Duck.

I would also like to draw your attention to Dick Scott's report on the first National Jazz Conference, held in Brisbane on October 11. Although that meeting passed no resolutions, there was a strong suggestion that Australian jazz should have its own national body. Could such an organisation be formed? How would it work?

These are questions for all of us who wish to see Australian jazz survive and prosper.

ERIC MYERS
Editor

Letters

Dear Sir,

I thoroughly agree with the sentiments expressed by Alan P. Gibson in your 'Letters' of September/October 1981, regarding first, the high standard of your magazine and second, the slotting of Jim McLeod's Jazztrack from 11pm-1am on ABC-FM radio.

I have been a fan of Jim McLeod since he hit the ABC-FM airwaves, but I have been unable to listen to a complete programme since his Saturday timeslot of midday — 2pm ceased. Like Alan Gibson, I would plug for an earlier spot for Jim.

Another problem faced by many jazz lovers is that they (and I) are also Ian Neil fans and like to listen to his ABC-AM radio presentation Music to Midnight from 10-12pm. If we are in a position to sit up after 11pm, we therefore face the dilemma of which programme to listen to, or whether we should dial change from Ian to Jim and back again.

Our dilemma could be resolved if Jazztrack came on from 8-10pm, thus allowing listeners the opportunity of enjoying four hours of jazz a night. However, as this probably cuts across ABC policy, regarding the main emphasis of its stereo radio programmes, an acceptable compromise would be the return of Jim McLeod's Saturday jazz sessions from midday to 2pm.

Your sincerely,
MURRAY S. METHERALL
Marmong Point, NSW. 2284

Dear Sir,

My wholehearted congratulations on the continuing presentation of your fine magazine and its always improving editorial content. I am pleased to see the interesting reports on the international festivals — perhaps some forward information dates and programs for the regular important international events could be included from time-to-time? I am sure that it would be appreciated by your readers.

Keep the good work going.
Yours faithfully,
R.E. CHESLETT Terang, Victoria.

Dear Sir,

As a keen follower of jazz - modern and traditional - I would like to ask what is being done to foster new blood in the traditional scene, both here and overseas. Traditional jazz has

been the backbone of the music scene since they discovered Bach really was worse than his bite. Almost every name muso has come up through the ranks of the Saints and the popular Muskrat Ramble. Yet if you look at the groups today you'll find few young musos in the line-up.

If it keeps up, trad jazz will be dead in 10 years - along with all the players.

Your mag presents a good cover of the music scene, but it is an issue such as this you should investigate. Why not a competition to find Australia's best small group. That might help lift jazz out of the blues.

Yours sincerely,
BELINDA MULLINS
Port Augusta, South Australia

Dear Sir,

I really must take issue with the somewhat self-righteous Sharon Judd. Although perfectly entitled to object to the connection between alcohol and jazz, to deny its connection is an indication of her lack of knowledge of jazz history. The biographies of Bix, Dizzy, Fats, Jelly Roll et al. are redolent with the stuff — call it 'hops', 'lucy', 'a fifth', what you will. When I was a youngster in South-east London, some of the best jazz was played in the pubs; and this still is the case in Sydney. Well now, if the jazz-loving wine buff has no place in this fine journal does sexual politics? I have not found too much attention paid to jazz in *Refractory Girl* or *Adam's Rib*.

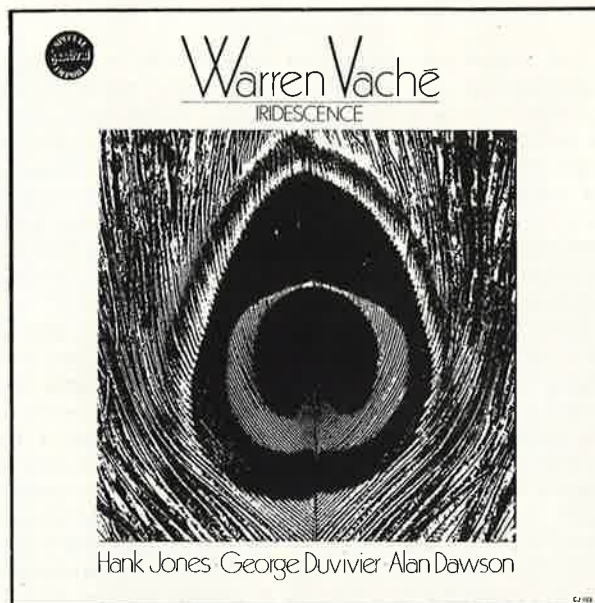
The point is that jazz in Australia is where you find it. Which brings me to my second point. I have for some time been working on a 'definitive' bibliography of jazz in Australia (1921-1981) and would welcome input of the more ephemeral material — concert notes, clippings from local, campus and jazz club newspapers, non-Australian references to the local scene and so on. The format will be the standard for bibliographies but it will be in subject sections and be extensively cross-indexed. The work will be published and is registered with the Australian Advisory Council on Bibliographic Services (AACOBs) as work in progress. Any assistance will be gratefully acknowledged and I am prepared to travel a reasonable distance from Sydney to sight rare material.

PETER J.F. NEWTON
Balmain, N.S.W.

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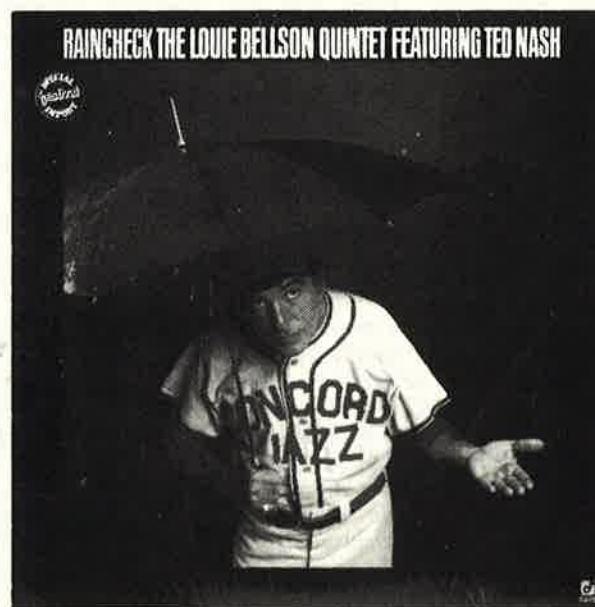
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...is there an Australian jazz ?

(Part 1.)

By Bruce Johnson *

The debate on whether or not there is a distinctively Australian jazz rumbles like a perennially empty stomach, and with occasional bursts of flatulence. On both sides of the question there's an abundance of simple-minded vigour, desperately romantic affirmations opposed to humourless and impatient denials. It was probably first suggested that there is such a thing as an Australian jazz spirit by the English when they heard the Bell band in 1947. But since then there has been little or no attempt to argue the point with any sustained attention to the evidence of the music itself.

Perhaps because it was Graeme Bell's band that first attracted the observation, most subsequent intuitions on the subject have directed their attention to Melbourne in the forties. If only for this reason, that still seems to be the suitable starting point for any discussion of the subject. If there is some justice in this, then the question must be why Melbourne? And why the forties? To the first of these questions I have no answers of my own, but can refer readers to the chapter called "Jazz Dags" in Andrew Bisset's *Black Roots White Flowers* for some sympathetic and stimulating speculations. The period in question is another matter, however. Communications technology had not yet reached the point where the world could be swamped almost instantaneously by the cultural products of any one country. The Australian sensibilities then were less flooded by any exotic data at all. More particularly, there was less American saturation. This country was still very much an outpost of England. Schoolchildren swore allegiance to the king and knew more about Anglo-saxons than about Asia. Radio broadcasters assumed a twangy approximation of a BBC accent, and our dreams were of Albion. The US was full of crass, loud upstarts, a nation of Nouveau Riche. Consider the situation, then, of someone who, by whatever means, developed an attachment to jazz. Jazz was vulgar and American, peripheral to an Australian cultural consciousness still dominated by a European musical tradition. Whatever disadvantages in this for the jazz fan, they were likely to be balanced by the fact that jazz was therefore so far beneath the attentions of the 'respectable' arts that it was never intimidated by academic notions of rectitude. The incorrigible delinquency of the music ensured that the legislators of aesthetics ignored it, leaving the artists themselves to respond to it directly, poetically, authentically. At the same time contact with the source of the music, the US, was less promiscuous than now. In Mike Williams' *The Australian Jazz Explosion* Graeme Bell describes the difficulty of getting more than a handful of 78's at a time (p.2). The combination of these circumstances proved to be dramatic. There was less access to the American product, and what there was was less mediated by commentators, college courses, critics. The contact with the music



Graeme Bell band 1945: From left Graeme, Roger (seated), Pixie Roberts, Russ Murphy, Cy Watts (seated), Bud Baker.

was as fragile as a filament, and took place in a rarefied medium. The result was incandescence.

So much for a theory. Does the music bear it out? Again, before we get to it, we have to cut our way through some thick undergrowth of prejudice and myth. The one concerning instrumentation has proven to be particularly resilient. Even close observers of the Australian jazz scene have tended to remember those days as a paradise uncontaminated by the supreme symbol of modern jazz, the saxophone. Norman Linehan bared his soul in a scholarly *Mea Culpa* (*Quarterly Rag*, July 1980, No. 16), and reminded himself simply by looking at the evidence that the musicians themselves never seemed to be afflicted by any prejudice against the instrument. To his documentation we can add the remark that from the time of Roger Bell's first commercial recording in 1943, scarcely a year passed up until the end of the fifties when Bell or a band led by someone associated with him did not make several recordings using the sax, including at least one essay, *Ole Miss*, by Pixie Roberts on baritone in 1950.

We come up against other and equally entrenched misconceptions when we try to investigate what models might have inspired the Melbourne jazz musicians of the forties. Graeme Bell has conceded the influence of Lu Watters, and on some of the former's records the matter is unmistakably confirmed. But it is an enormous and unacceptable jump from this to claim, as some do, that Bell is indistinguishable

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

from Watters and that therefore there is no such thing as distinctively Australian jazz. Graeme himself had been listening to jazz for nine years, and playing it for seven, before Watters made his first records in 1941. Bisset, again, documents this priority (pp.114-6). By 1946 the Watters sound is present, but we must remember that it was superimposed upon a band whose members had already been working together for, in some instances, ten years. Once again, all we have to do is listen to the music – not one track, but the corpus. In fact, if you draw up a list of songs recorded by Bell during the forties, the number which also shows up on issued Watters recordings is comparatively minute – a statistic hardly in accord with the charge of self-effacing imitation.

A glance at some of the common properties equips us to be more discriminating. Both bands recorded *Muskrat Ramble*, Watters in 1941 and Bell in 1951. The first and uncritical impression is of similarity, largely because of the same tempo and key, and the use of two trumpets on both. But listen more closely. The routines are different. The Australian version significantly has more solo space, and a looser feel, breaking into a freer spontaneous collective improvisation towards the climax. In the Watters version the two trumpets remain more tightly locked together. This is part of a general pattern, emerging again in a comparison of Bell's 1947 *Canal Street* with a Watters 1946 airshot of the same song. Other differences are more overtly matters of musical personalities. Pixie Roberts' clarinet work in *Muskrat* is much stronger than Ellis Horne's, who is barely audible throughout. This muscular authority was always to be apparent, and Roberts' contribution to the sound of the band will be taken up again later. The feel of the rhythm section is also different. Lou Silbereisen is much lighter on the tuba than Dick Lammi in the Watters band, approaching more closely the sound of Adelaide tuba player Bob Wright. This more supple quality may be related to the fact that Silbereisen just as often played string bass, and even though he frequently tended towards two beat tuba figures (listen for example to *Panama*, 1952, and *Ballin' The Jack*, 1949), the stringed instrument generally imparted more bite and bounce, giving the band a more sprightly sound than the more lugubrious stateliness of the Watters group. The two versions of *Canal Street* summarize these differences, with the Bell band having more elasticity and energy. Roger Bell's trumpet lead is more assured than Lu's, sits more magisterially astride the beat. The ride-out has a tremendous jubilation generated largely by the two trumpets playing more freely against each other, while Watters and Bob Scobie remain more severely parallel. In all this, I'm not denying the often more prominent similarities, but they are not overwhelming enough to refute the suggestion that the Bell band has its own sound. If it were that easy, then where did they get all those combinations that Watters never used – guitar, string bass, two reeds, saxophones?

Good question, perhaps. Where did they? Not such a difficult question, since Graeme has never been coy about it. The band was much impressed by the Condon recordings for Commodore, and you can hear the free-wheeling gusto of those sources on tracks like *At the Jazz Band Ball* (1945) and *Two Day Jag* (1944). Bisset records their enthusiasm for the Muggsy Spanier Ragtime releases of 1941, and Graeme's responsiveness as a pianist to Jess Stacy and Joe Sullivan (p. 115). In conversation, Graeme listed Brad Gowans, Jelly Roll Morton, and Tommy Ladnier, as being among Ade Monsborough's favourites, and Max Kaminsky and Bix Beiderbecke for Roger. If we want to find a category of influence in all this, the closest one that comes to hand is the group of white musicians who have become known as the Chicagoans. The aural evidence confirms the suggestion on many occasions.



En route to England: From left Lou, Ade, Jack, Pixie, Roger, Graeme (seated)

The nervousness of the Roger Bell band on its first commercial recording, which also featured Max Kaminsky (1943) could be read in part as the trepidation of musicians in the company of an idol. The simple presence of a saxophone in the lineup is consistent with this. Kaminsky and arch-Chicagoan Bud Freeman had already recorded together; Splinter Reeves' tenor solo on *Ja Da* from that Roger Bell session is infused with a strong dose of Freeman. Pixie Roberts, too, displays the same kind of tone and (in a more primitive form) phrasing as Freeman on the later recording of *Two Day Jag*. The earlier Bell bands often conveyed the same ebullient carelessness of what might be termed academic taste as the sometimes mannered swagger of the Condon groups.

But this still doesn't lock the Bell/Bell/Monsborough bands into one pigeon-hole. A common feature of their recordings was the use of two reeds, almost as much as their use of the saxophone. Splinter Reeves plays a tenor solo on that first track, and in just about every year from then up to the late fifties one or more of these musicians put together a number of sessions involving the use of more than one reed player. Graeme recalls that this was primarily initiated by Ade who had in mind the example of some of the Clarence Williams washboard bands. This takes us a very long way indeed from the Lu Watters and the Eddie Condon styles. Our categories are becoming so large as to be of little use. When that happens it's time to go back again to the music itself and to try to hear both the forest and the trees that make it up. Jazz is music which is shaped by the individuals who play it, and it has often happened that a whole epoch in its history was defined by the domineering stature of one musician – Armstrong, Parker, Coltrane. If we try to attend more closely to the personal voice of particular players we stand a chance of hearing something essential about sources. I have already

alluded to the importance of Pixie Roberts in shaping the sound of early Melbourne jazz. Even a casual scrutiny of his individual contribution brings to mind a name which hasn't even been mentioned yet: Johnny Dodds. Graeme Bell's second commercial recording includes an original called *Unrealistic Blues* (1944). The ghost of Dodds is clearly audible, as it is again for example on the beautiful *Alma Street Requiem* (1945) and *Jenny's Ball* (1947). Once the name lodges in the mind, other things click into place. Well . . . up to a point.

The first commercially released record that Graeme made under his own name was *Georgia Bo Bo* (1944). Johnny Dodds' *Georgia Bo Bo*? Well of course. Lil's Hot Shots, 1926 — Louis, Johnny Dodds, Kid Ory, Lil Armstrong, Johnny St. Cyr. The inspiration is obvious. But I said up to a point. Yet again, a comparison of the two reveals an independence of mind in the Australian version. It was recorded in the living room of a boarding house or hotel belonging to bass player Ted Laing. The fact that it was made at 3 a.m. may point to circumstances that helped to liberate the band from the confines of the original. That the Armstrong record was the model is suggested by the vocals on the two versions: Louis and Roger Bell both anchor themselves to the tonic, the key seems to be the same, and so is the tempo. But where did someone in that living room get the idea to introduce the song with the words "Let Her Go"? The routine is different. The Bell band dispenses with the opening verse, substituting a briefer musical introduction. The instrumentation is different. The Armstrong take is obviously the one the band had heard, but there is no attempt to recreate it pedantically. The band has bunged together what it had, memories of a song from 1926, and the casual clutter of several years of listening to whatever it could lay its ears on, arranged to form a construction which is its own. Armstrong hovers in the background and directs our thoughts to other, now obvious, possibilities. We go again to *Unrealistic Blues*, and hear the sound of Louis' mentor, King Oliver, in Roger's trumpet work. But that quirkish trombone solo by Harold Broadbent has no suggestion of Kid Ory or of Oliver's trombonist from his most celebrated sessions, Honore Dutrey. Oliver is there again in the vibrato and attack of Roger's muted work on *Alma Street Requiem* — a masterpiece in the idiom, as full of conviction as the small black groups which, it now seems, inspired the band. *Just Gone* (1947) is a song from the Oliver/Armstrong repertoire. But, hang on. Instead of two trumpets we've got two reeds. The band is in top form here, a magnificently sustained exercise in collective improvisation, one of the best records ever made by

an Australian traditional band. But having the cheek to double up the clarinets instead of the trumpets, which, with Monsborough's versatility, it could have done.

Two reeds. Another possibility springs to mind. One of the most famous such combinations in the earlier days of jazz was that of Jimmy Noone and Joe Poston, clarinet and alto respectively. Play something like their 1928 version of *Tight Like That*, and the resemblance to much of the Bells/Monsborough material is inescapable. The vocal has the same insouciant and lightly erratic strut to it as you find in Roger's singing, as for example on the version of *I Want a Little Girl* he recorded (with two reed players, Ade and Tom Pickering) in 1949. Even more interesting is the alto style of Joe Poston. One of the trademarks of any record including Ade Monsborough is the tone and phrasing of his alto playing. No-one else at the time seemed to sound quite like that. Well . . . so it seemed, indeed. But play the sax solo on Graeme Bell's 1952 take of *Jenny's Ball* and follow it up with the Noone/Poston *Tight Like That*. The similarity of many elements of the two alto players is uncanny. Was there a clique of Joe Poston copyists in Australia in the forties? It seems improbable given the state of availability of records. But on a recording under Graeme's name of *Ole Miss* in 1950, Bruce Gray and Ade swap fours on altos. Several things are interesting about this exchange. First, that if it were not for overlap, it would probably never be noticed that two different musicians were at work, their approaches being so similar. Second, that they are both irresistibly reminiscent of Joe Poston. In 1950 the Bell band gave a farewell concert immediately preceding its second European tour. A private recording of this was made and on it we hear the sound of Ade Monsborough announcing *Who Stole The Lock*. The players are Monsborough (alto), Pixie (clt), Silbereisen (string bs), John Sangster (washboard), Graeme (piano), and Bud Baker (bjo.). When Ade is not indulging in a rather ferocious vocal, he produces music that could have come straight out of the Apex Club in the twenties, the club with which Noone and Poston were closely associated.

Next month's concluding instalment will look at inspirational sources which the Melbourne musicians found in Australia itself. It will also indicate the reverse process, that is, the extent to which Australian jazz of the forties influenced the music in other parts of the world; and finally, will sketch what seem to be some of the specific characteristics of the spirit of the idiom.



The Bell band, 1946 Australian Jazz Convention. From left, Russ Murphy (drs), Ade Monsborough (cl), Roger Bell (trpt), Pixie Roberts (cl) Graeme Bell (pno).



The 1946 Convention: Cy Watts (trom), Pixie Roberts (cl), Ade Monsborough and Roger Bell (trpts).

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

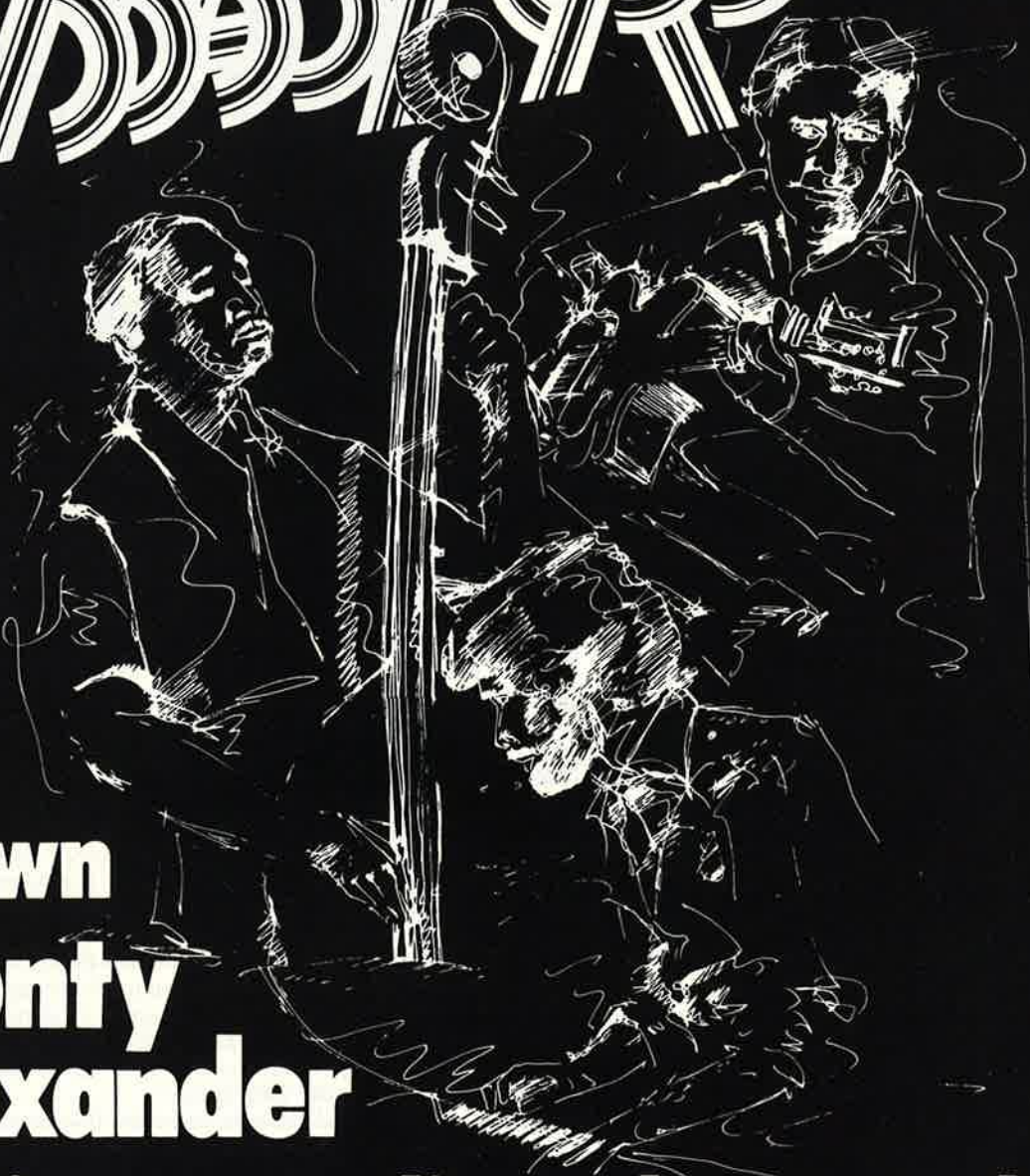
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The Jazz Ladies

PART III
By Joya Jenson *

Next March, at the Balmain Art Gallery in Darling Street, Rozelle, there will be an exhibition of paintings by an extraordinarily gifted Australian artist who is better known as jazz pianist. Perhaps even better known as the mother of Chris and Willie Qua. Pardon me, that should read, Chris and Willie Qua are the sons of Pat Qua, pianist, painter, sculptor, poet, and a lady who has, for the past ten years carried on a blissful love affair with her world of visual art.

"Painting has possessed me," Pat says. "It's a thing that a solitary person can do, and I think I'm a bit solitary. Musicians can't be solitary, they have to be with other people really, but with painting the more you are by yourself, the better it is, because you can concentrate. Of course, you need the stimulus of other people, too, but the actual physical painting is such that you don't need anyone else. It's the ideal occupation as far as I'm concerned. You can create a world, a different world; when you're painting a picture, you can imagine yourself there. It has a lovely sort of astral travel feel about it."

Pat's passion may be painting, but with her rich musical background, she cannot and will not entirely forsake her musical heritage. She realizes that her future will incorporate a happy balance between the two arts. "I really can't do without either. And they don't conflict all that much, because there are times when I get tired of sitting at the easel and I go and sit at the piano. I might get a bit of paint on the keys but it comes off with turps!"

Pianos have played a considerable part in Pat's life. Her father, who was a good sight reader and at one time played for the silent pictures, would often "crash around on the piano" at home. Her mother, a violinist, was "an extra good piano player who never played the wrong chords. You know, Joya, it's important to have a mother who plays the right chords!" There were always a couple of pianos in the home, very often together. Duets were the order of the day, and voices raised in song. "I remember a lot of singing of a formal nature, people standing up and rendering songs in all seriousness. It was all very nostalgic and it's a pity it doesn't happen any more."

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



A young Pat Qua, snapped at Adelaide Convention, 1961

When did she first get turned on to jazz? "I'd had the usual piano lessons as a small child, but I didn't like it at all because I was terrified of the teacher. She was probably quite a normal person, but I was a timid child, and it nearly put me off the piano for life. It wasn't until I got away from thinking of it as a disciplinary instrument that I started to enjoy it. I was in my early twenties, and going through a lonely time. I bought an old piano; I think it cost fifteen pounds. It seemed a natural thing to play simple sorts of blues. And I knew about Jelly Roll, of course, I always knew about him. I used to listen to the old 78's."

Playing piano at her first Australian Jazz Convention in the fifties proved extremely nerve-racking. "It was 1955 and Katie (Dunbar) was there, too. She was starting off her blues singing, and we wobbled our way through. She was all right, but we played very cautiously." They were also part of a 'girls' band Pat organised for the Australian Jazz Convention at the Railways Institute Hall in Sydney a few years later, a band that turned out to be decidedly unisex. "Adrian Ford was dressed up marvellously in a dress and carrying a parasol. Des Bader, a very good banjo player who used to live in Sydney years ago, was dressed in some sort of flowing garment. I remember Des singing *Ding Dong Daddy* in an extraordinary voice, I suppose it was meant to be female. And that was the 'girls' band."

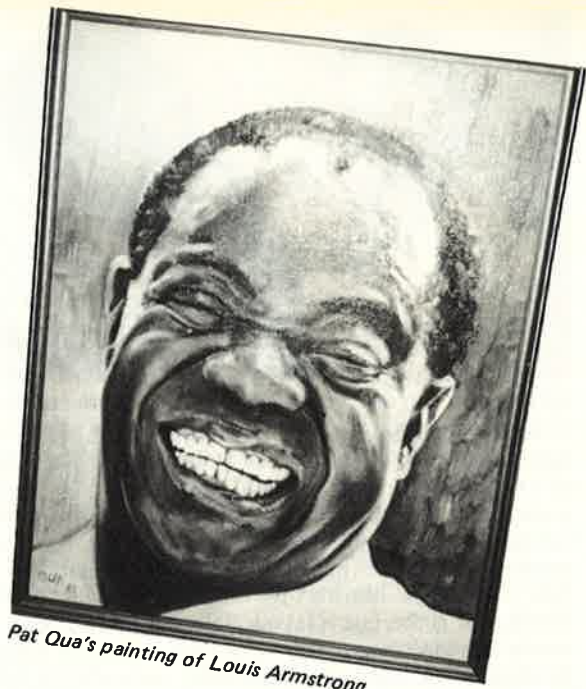
Pat Qua also happens to be the first woman to play piano at the Sydney Opera House. This came about when the Sydney Jazz Club arranged a fund-raising concert for the 1965 Convention, and at that time the Opera House was a long way from completion. "The men struggled up the concrete steps with the piano, and it was placed amongst a lot of scaffolding. There was nothing on one side of the steps and everything was half-finished. There was a good view, though,

because there were no windows in. It wasn't a very glamorous occasion, as you can imagine. We should have played the Bricklayer's Theme Song — *I'm Getting Cement-All Over You.*" (Pat graciously apologised for the appalling pun).

Her first professional engagement was with well-known reedman Graham Spedding at a surf club at one of Sydney's northern beaches. The night and the music were hot, and so apparently were some of the tempers, for there were a few fights among the crowd. Then there were the days with the Ford Brothers and the Ocean City Jazz Band. "It was like being with the Marx Brothers. Barry was a very funny bloke, played trombone and used to do all sorts of absurd things. There was Vince (Ford) the trumpet player and Eddie (Ford) the banjo player — that band goes back a long way."

Over the years, this lady has been involved with so many bands that it's not easy for her to recall personnel, dates and venues. And if you go from club to club, she says, they all start to look the same after a while. But some places retain their charismatic, sometimes humorous, associations. "That was quite a good scene, down at the Ironworkers'. There used to be two bands, the Paramount and the Black Opal, in two halls, and there would be a lot of sitting in. And there was a lot happening down at the Rocks with John Huie's and the Brooklyn. John Huie's was all compressed into one room before they opened it out, but people used to crowd in. I think John Huie went away to live on a desert island. Anyway, it's now called The Rocks Push where Galapagos Duck started off.

"The Brooklyn used to be crowded also — we played inside the bar. There was an old piano and a hole in the floor which was a constant source of fear among the band that they might step into it. It was the entrance to the cellars. Of



Pat Qua's painting of Louis Armstrong

course, one night the inevitable happened; I can see him now, the tuba player, with his head sticking out of the floor, hanging on by his hands; he was pulled out before he could fall the other ten feet. It used to have a certain element of suspense about it, the Brooklyn, a very wild pub, very dynamic."



JAZZ

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HILTON INTERNATIONAL SYDNEY



Pat Qua with Ken Olsen "The Cakewalk King", in the 1960s

After the Brooklyn, Pat was with Nick Boston's Colonial Jazz Band for a few years; they all had a good time doing lots of Jelly Roll tunes. The song *Deep Creek* was marvellous, according to Pat, but the only time she got it right was at a Convention in Melbourne. This lady, who has made her presence felt at so many Conventions remembers "a long time ago, first hearing the Red Onions at one of the Melbourne gatherings playing Jelly Roll (Morton) arrangements. I hadn't heard any band play them and it had never occurred to me that they could. They were playing things like *The Chant* and *Jungle Blues* and I listened, entranced. Of course, I've heard other bands do them since, but that was a very nice awakening to the possibilities of local talent."

High on the list of local talent are her two gifted sons, Chris and Willie Qua. Would she have preferred them to choose another profession? "No. I saw it was inevitable that they'd become musicians because I could never get them to bed at night and I could never wake them up in the morning. And that made them unfit for any occupation but music. Then, of course, I didn't want to force them into it, so I used to discourage them as much as possible and tell them to go out and play football, but they insisted on edging their way in to the piano and edging me out, and finally they took possession and they haven't been able to stop practising since."

They are all good friends, and seem more like brothers and sister, but Willie (leader of the popular Sydney group Quill's Folly) told me he regards her as his child, "a sort of problem teenager," and laughingly spoke of the time when Pat was working during the day as a schoolteacher (she is a graduate in Economics from Sydney University) and at night in a Dixie band. The Department didn't like teachers moonlighting, and "somebody was having a witch hunt. Officially, she wasn't allowed to play, so she got a pair of sun-glasses, a stick-on moustache and beard, and there was this strange-looking person at the piano." Willie added that there's an incredible picture of the unknown piano player around to prove it.

Chris (with Willie, one of the foundation members of Galapagos Duck, now freelancing) fondly recalls, "Mum was instrumental in providing an environment through our childhood and teens that was entirely musical and exciting . . . Willie and I were always surrounded by musicians." The Toronto-born Canadian, Jack Qua, Pat's ex-husband and father of Chris and Willie, was a Convention trustee,



The Ray Price Quintet: From left, Paul Simpson, Mike Hallam, Ray, Lindsay Doyle and Pat

played ukulele, and, says Pat, "sang German songs very nicely. He had a good jazz collection, an excellent taste in jazz and literature. I've got a lot to thank him for, really. He introduced me to some marvellous authors."

The house at Ashfield over the years has been a haven for rehearsal bands; probably no house in Australia can boast such musical comings and goings. "They spent a lot of time rehearsing and didn't have anywhere to practise, so they used to come over here. And, of course, they were all starting off, too. Now, after twenty years, they seem to spend so much time playing professionally that rehearsals don't seem to be the thing they were . . . Geoff's (Bull) band used to come, and also the Riverside Band from Perth, a lovely band."

John Bartlett, the bassist with the Riverside Jazz Band, now plays with Pat in the Tom Baker Swingtette, a group that truly lives up to its name, swinging like mad and heavily in the groove. Originally from California, Tom Baker, good friend, confidante and travelling companion to Pat, formed, in 1976, the San Francisco Jazz Band, with which the lady toured America in 1978. Some of the recordings made by this band in Sydney are quite perfect, according to Pat; "one of these days, people are going to realize just how good it really was."

When Col Nolan was leaving the Ray Price Quintet in the early seventies, Ray phoned Pat about joining the band. "I enquired incidentally who was going to play bass, because that's very important. Ray said, 'Oh, we don't have one, there's a little keyboard thing, you play that.' It was a diabolical instrument known as the Busillachio, a keyboard bass. Colin used to play it marvellously, with complete association of both hands, but for me it was like having frontal lobotomy, having to play the wretched thing with my left hand, and try to play the right hand on the piano, whereas normally your hands fit together on the keyboard; you're really playing at right angles, and I used to have to think very hard to play this truly diabolical invention."

Ray reminisced, "When Pat joined the orchestra, she was suffering from agoraphobia. We went on a tour of Tasmania in mid-August, and it was freezing. We had to get up at seven in the morning — I think it was the first time she'd ever done that. On stage, I'd turn 'round and yell, 'Steady!' regarding the tempo, and Qua would quail — she'd positively quail! But she got cured of her agoraphobia. I was sorry to lose her, she was a marvellous person. I remember one time, we'd been discussing pre-War days, and I said to Pat, 'Did you dig those Vitaphone shorts?' Not batting an eyelid, she replied, 'Personally, I preferred slacks.'"

Pat's dry, irresistible sense of humour was well in evidence when she drew cartoons for Sydney Jazz Club's Quarterly Rag, which at that time had Kate Dunbar as editor. During her University days, Pat Qua was a prolific cartoon contributor to Honi Soit. "And I managed to squeeze in a few essays. Poetry didn't strike me until later in life. I really didn't know anything about it, or about painting, either." Her portraits and landscapes stand as splendid testimonials to these last "ten years of bliss." Glorious landscapes of the French countryside ("to go there is like going to the Promised Land") pleasure the eye and restore the soul, while Jazz Giants (painted from huge blow-ups of photographs) preside harmoniously over the Ashfield house. "I'm having a good time; it's a happy stage of my life. I've realized that life's short and I must get cracking while I can."

Life may be short, but it will never, ever be dull with Patricia Qua around. If, like me, you feel at times like berating her for her incredible modesty, you still have to admit she's unique. And from the walls, Duke, Louis, Coltrane, Billie and Bix look down knowingly. I guess they dig the lady too.

JAZZ

Is Bob Barnard Australia's greatest Jazz Musician?

By Dick Hughes*

When Wild Bill Davison and Bobby Hackett came to Sydney in July, 1972, they went around to see their old colleague from Eddie Condon roaring nights, Jack Lesberg. Lesberg was the bassist who came here first in 1956 with Louis Armstrong, then with Eddie Condon in 1964, then on an independent visit in 1971. On this visit he got together a band which consisted of Chris Taperell on piano, himself on bass, Alan Geddes on drums and Bob Barnard on cornet and flugel horn.

They made some tapes and Lesberg played them to Hackett and Davison, who had come out here for the Kym Bonython Salute to Louis Armstrong concert series. And when Hackett and Davison heard Bob Barnard, they said: "What did we have to come out here for?"

Now Davison and Hackett are two of the great trumpeters of what we can call the Eddie Condon-Chicago-Dixieland school, two of the greatest trumpeters in jazz.

I quote them to begin this short, solicited piece on Bob Barnard. And I emphasise "solicited". Not that it's a heavy burden to write a piece about Barnard, who happens to be my favourite Australian jazz musician. But the piece was solicited by Eric Myers, who has noted that from time to time I refer to Bob in my columns in the Daily Mirror and the Sunday Telegraph as my favourite Australian jazz musician or as Australia's greatest jazz musician.

But, in a sense, this is a hard thing to do, because when it's all boiled down it's a matter of personal prejudice — and that's a hard thing to justify.

Here's an oblique example of what I'm driving at. You can talk until you're black or green in the face about chlorophyll and photosynthesis, but you can't exactly explain why grass happens to be green — and not red or blue.

Similarly, I can't explain exactly why Bob Barnard stands out for me as Australia's greatest jazz musician. I could talk about inspiration and drive and beauty of construction and the ability to hold back and the ability to ride out, thrilling a whole band with his lead work. But other musicians here have those qualities too. It's just because I find them in greater quantity and a better balance in Bob's playing. And that's why I say that *for me*, he's the greatest here. Besides, I like his style of music better, although I'd like to hear him more often outside the context of Dixieland, for want of a better word.

Moreover, I've had the pleasure of hearing Bob mature over the years, of becoming his own man. I first heard him in brother Len's band at the 1949 Australian jazz convention in Prahran Town Hall. He was nothing like Australia's best musician then, but two years later, when I used to go down to hear the band at Mentone Life Saving Club on Sunday nights,



Dick Hughes (foreground) with Bob Barnard, Macquarie Hotel 1958.

he was well on the way. The Louis Armstrong influence was obvious then, but you could also hear echoes of the work of George Mitchell, who sparked so many of the Jelly Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers sides.

I went to England in 1952 and came back at the end of 1954, just in time to miss the first Australian tour by Louis Armstrong and the All-Stars. And I remember in 1955 Ade Monsborough — Father Ade, as he was called; father of Australian revivalist jazz — saying that Bob Barnard must be the greatest trumpeter then playing (outside Louis, of course).

I don't think I'll ever go so far as to say that. After all, the aforementioned Hackett and Davison and people like Henry Allen and Dizzy Gillespie were playing at the time.

Bob used to play with my band once a week about 1969–70, and one day he showed another facet of his musical development. "Let's play *Louisiana* and *Rhythm King*," he said one Saturday afternoon at the Windsor Castle Hotel in Paddington. Now these are tunes associated with Bix Beiderbecke. And there was Bob playing in a Bix bag.

But he wasn't doing note-for-note imitations and reproductions of Bix's phrases. He was playing it all in his own individual style.

Bud Freeman, who recorded with both Bix and Louis, was deeply impressed by Bob's playing when he came out here for the 1975 Convention. For Freeman, Bob was not only the greatest trumpeter he had heard outside America, but was worthy of inclusion in the top ten in America.

Now I know none of this justifies my assessment of him as (a) the greatest Australian jazz musician playing today or (b) my favourite Australian jazz musician playing today.

They are just a few rambling thoughts about this awesome musician who is so technically accomplished and whose inspiration equals his technique.

You should hear him yourself. No doubt, most of you have.

If you haven't, remedy the defect — and then you can either agree with me or tell me I'm a mug. At the time of writing, Bob Barnard has three regular gigs: with the Bob Barnard Jazz Band at the Marble Bar on Tuesday nights, the Old Push on Wednesday and Thursday nights, and at the Orient Hotel, with his quartet — hear him stretch out the ballads — on Saturday afternoons.

* Dick Hughes, jazz pianist, critic and raconteur, writes on jazz for the Daily Mirror and Sunday Telegraph in Sydney, and has published his autobiography *Daddy's Practising Again*.

WAY OVER YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS

By Eric Myers who recently visited the Crescent City.

Louis Armstrong was born in New Orleans on July 4, 1900. He was unquestionably one of the greatest figures in the history of jazz, and certainly the first genius that the music produced. By the time he was 30 years old, he had changed the course of jazz history and therefore the history of Western music itself.

In view of this, it is perhaps natural that jazz activists in New Orleans were upset that the city contributed not one cent to the statue of Louis Armstrong which was unveiled last year.

Louis Armstrong Park, which houses the statue, covers some 30 acres on the edge of the famous French Quarter in New Orleans. It is bordered by North Rampart, North Villere, St. Peter and St. Philip Streets, and has a number of walkways and bridges over a large lagoon area.

The 20-foot, two-ton bronze statue of Louis was financed by private subscription world-wide, and was initiated by a group which included the musicians Clark Terry and Benny Carter. It stands on North Rampart Street, not far from the site of the infamous Storyville area, where jazz was nurtured in the early years of the twentieth century.

The criticism that the city fathers did not contribute to the cost of the statue is, to some extent, mediated by the fact that 10 million dollars was spent by the city over eight years on the construction of Louis Armstrong Park.

Still, Donald M. Marquis, the authority on early New Orleans jazz and author of the book *In Search Of Buddy Bolden: First Man Of Jazz* (1978) has pointed out that, at the unveiling of the statue and inauguration of the park on April 5, 1980, the "little people" who raised most of the money for the statue were entirely overlooked, even though, inside the statue, there is a list of contributors.

Some felt that the inauguration was a disaster. Big jazz names such as Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Dave Brubeck, Joe Newman, plus the Olympia Brass Band and various New Orleans musicians were herded together for an impromptu jam session that was disorganised and badly amplified.

Also, many were amazed at the statue itself. Some felt it looked more like Papa Celestin. I must admit that when I saw it myself I had to agree that it looked very little like Louis.

Still, 12,000 people attended the inauguration, among them Louis' widow Mrs. Lucille Armstrong. Food was served, including Louis' favourite red beans and rice.

Despite these reservations, traditional jazz fans have applauded this tribute to Louis Armstrong. Writing in the magazine *The Second Line*, the journal of the New Orleans Jazz Club, Floyd Levin wrote this year: "What a giant stride in the history of jazz! Never before in American history has a musician been so honored . . . This final gesture by a city in the deep south is a clear indication that Armstrong, Bechet, Morton and Ellington can now share the aura of respectability with Monet, Renoir, Cezanne and Picasso . . . We should all be proud."

As I was in New Orleans for only four days, I took a three-hour bus tour of the city and environs to get my bearings quickly, and was astonished to find that Louis Armstrong Park was not on the agenda — the bus did not even drive past the statue! When I questioned the guide as to why not, he stated that the Park was adjacent to the black ghetto in New Orleans and there had lately been muggings in broad

daylight, so the tours were steering clear of that part of town.

Also Louis Armstrong Park does not appear on current tourist maps of New Orleans. Still, I managed to find it, not far from the one building which remains of the old Storyville area — Storyville was closed in 1917 — and was saddened to see that it is in a lonely disused area of the city.

It is interesting to note that Louis Armstrong Park also includes what was once Congo Square — the area in New Orleans where blacks gathered for African-style dancing up to about the middle of the nineteenth century. The Municipal Auditorium, built around 1930, is situated on that site.

Donald Marquis, whom I met in his office at the Louisiana State Museum, confirmed the general view now held that the dancing at Congo Square had little real influence on the evolution of jazz. "Congo Square didn't last much after 1840," he said. "It is a myth."

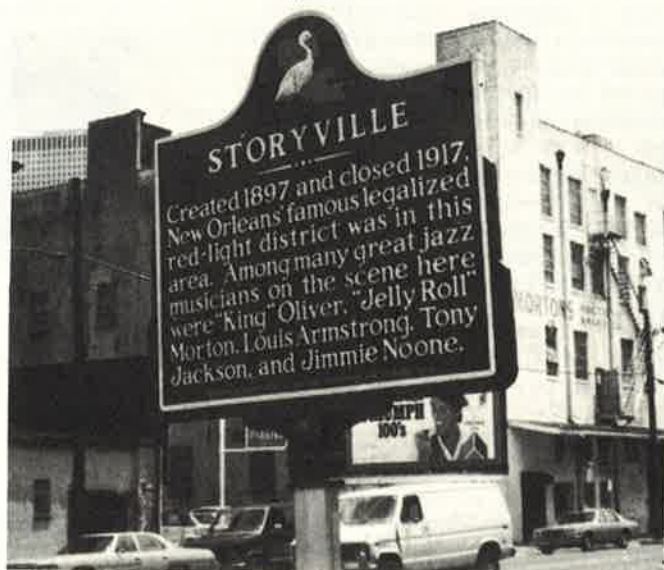
Marquis stressed that, even in a city which is consciously promoted as "the home of jazz," the survival of the music is at stake. He gave the distinct impression that, just as in other areas of the world, jazz lovers in New Orleans are in a chronically embattled position, always forced to defend the music against the forces of darkness.

Not least of the threats is the commercialisation of the music for the benefit of gullible tourists. Many of the bars, strip joints and restaurants in the French Quarter feature bands which look like they are playing traditional jazz, but are given away immediately by their sound.

White dixielanders in boaters and striped shirts rip through great standards like South Rampart Street Parade and Dippermouth Blues — but at frenetic, razzamataz tempos.

As in red-light districts all over the world, there is something sad about these venues. The musicians play to deserted rooms, while apprehensive tourists peer in, wondering whether the music is the real thing, and whether they should venture in to have a drink at rip-off prices.

At least while I was in New Orleans, many of these bars



Pics: Margaret Sullivan



Emmanuel Paul



Storyville . . . the last surviving house

were not well patronised, even while the streets were overflowing with tourists. Most of the white dixieland bands I saw were comprised of slick operators and opportunists who have turned a great classical style of jazz into circus music. I was relieved to see that their lack of respect for the original music was apparently obvious even to the average tourist who knew little about jazz.

The real mecca for tourists seriously interested in early jazz is, of course, Preservation Hall — one of the last bastions of the real thing in New Orleans. Ironically, there is no attempt to rip off the tourist at this oasis of genuine jazz. Admission is \$1 a head, and you can stay as long as you like.

Preservation Hall is 151 years old and was opened in its present form in 1960 by art gallery owner E. Lorenz Borenstein. The first house band was that led by Kid Thomas Valentine, who is still playing there at the age of 85. Valentine plays in the style of a pre-Louis Armstrong school of New Orleans trumpeters which includes Natty Dominique and Mutt Carey. He still has a robust, unpolished sound that roars as we imagine Buddy Bolden's trumpet might have roared.

Kid Thomas has said: "People that retire just sit around and die. I'm gonna keep playing as long as the Lord gives me health and life. You never stop learning about music even if you play 90,000 years."

Other than himself on trumpet, Kid Thomas' band included Worthia Thomas (Trombone), Raymond Burke (clarinet), Emmanuel Paul (tenor sax), Dave Williams (Piano), Frank Fields (bass), Emmanuel Sayles (banjo) and Stanley Williams (drums).

On another night I heard Kid Sheik Colar's band, which included Kid Sheik (trumpet), Manuel Crusto (clarinet), Preston Jackson (trombone), Sweet Emma Barrett (piano), Father Al Lewis (banjo), Stewart Davis (bass) and Frank Parker (drums).

Sweet Emma Barrett was known for wearing a pair of bright red garters attached to brass bells which she jingled while beating rhythm with her feet. Now about 76 (she won't admit her age), she has had a stroke and is paralysed down the left side of her body. But she continues to play spirited piano with only her right hand.

On a third evening I heard Percy Humphrey's band with Percy on trumpet, Willie Humphrey (clarinet), Frank Demond (trombone), James Prevost (bass), James 'Sing' Miller (piano), Narvin Kimball (banjo) and Cie Frazier (drums).

There are now less than 200 musicians in New Orleans who were active before 1940, and it is likely that, once these players are gone, genuine New Orleans jazz will die forever.

To hear them play in Preservation Hall is to experience American romanticism first hand. People sit breathless at the feet of these elderly men who still play with great feeling, occasionally getting the music to burn.

Their performances are very much a ritual. "No smoking, no taping, no movie pictures," says Percy Humphrey in a monotone before his band launches into a set. These dignified old men play seated, but usually stand to take a solo. After each number they sit gravely and motionless, neither acknowledging the standing ovation, nor drinking it




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in. They seem to know, that, somehow, it is meaningless.

At the conclusion of a set they remain in their chairs while the audience, having heard the obligatory 20 minutes of the genuine article, file out in search of whatever else New Orleans has to offer. Only a few zealots stay indefinitely.

The benign old musicians sign autographs on LPs that are brought over to them. Sometimes they are bemused to be given the wrong record to sign, and they bark out the fact that this is somebody else's record. This quite irritates them.

When you speak to these men you find they are simple, warm and quietly spoken. Emmanuel Paul, the tenor saxophonist who played the most extended solos I heard in Preservation Hall, told me that the best music in New Orleans is played at funerals. Coincidentally Henry "Booker T" Glass has just died at the age of 101.

"Booker T lived a long, long time," said Emmanuel Paul. Glass was one of the last surviving musicians whose musical development pre-dated the Dixieland style of the early 1900s. He was a contemporary of Buddy Bolden. One of the last pioneers of New Orleans jazz, he was best known for his work with the Olympia Brass Band, and had continued playing until 1973 when his eyesight began to fail. His funeral was the following Tuesday, when I had to be back in New York.

Emmanuel Paul and his colleagues picked up immediately on my accent. Their eyes lit up brightly at the mention of Geoff Bull, the Sydney cornet player who often visits New Orleans and plays with them.

The music played by these last representatives of New Orleans jazz is relatively unsophisticated, and that very lack of sophistication means that it can be successfully approximated by opportunists who appear to play in the same style. But no music I heard in New Orleans had the subtlety of musical feeling displayed by the black bands. And the dignity of these old men was in stark contrast to the slickness of the white musicians playing in the same idiom.

The typical process in the history of American jazz has

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been as follows: the blacks create the music; then the whites commercialise it and sell it. So we come to the two white jazz musicians who are now institutions in New Orleans — the clarinetist Pete Fountain, and the trumpeter, Al Hirt.

Pete Fountain plays clarinet Tuesdays through Saturdays at 10 pm on the third floor of the New Orleans Hilton. The cover charge is \$15 a head and the minimum charge in the vicinity of \$12 a head. Therefore, a couple will pay over \$50 for the privilege of hearing Fountain and his band play.

Similarly Al Hirt hits the tourist's pocket in a big way. He plays Wednesdays through Saturdays in his own club Basin Street South, which is situated in Bourbon Street, the main street of the French Quarter. The cover charge is \$17.50 a head, which includes two drinks. With food and more drinks, most couples will spend at least \$60 to hear Hirt play the trumpet.

I was outraged at these charges, which were ridiculously incongruous in relation to the \$1 admission charge to hear the genuine black exponents of the music in Preservation Hall. I therefore chose to take a stand, striking a blow, I felt, for the real music. I boycotted the commercial variant of New Orleans music, represented in its most advanced form by Pete Fountain and Al Hirt.

You don't have to be in New Orleans long to realise that, in fact, the white "Dixieland" interpretation of New Orleans jazz is played much better in Australia than it is in New Orleans. Local bands led by Bob Barnard, Graeme Bell, Paul Furniss, Mike Hallam, Geoff Bull and others, are much truer to the original spirit of the music.

Al Hirt is, of course, a native of New Orleans. No doubt, when he dies, the city fathers will put *his* statue in the main street, Canal Street, or perhaps in Jackson Square, facing the Mississippi. Meanwhile, in a seedy part of town, the vandals will be scratching away at Louis Armstrong's statue. Already the mouthpiece of his trumpet has been chipped away.

Still, I found New Orleans a charming and beautiful city which still retains a fascinating cosmopolitanism derived from a mixture of Spanish, French, American and African cultures. The food is superb, and those visiting the city should not miss K-Paul's, which is a home of Cajun cooking — a style of French cooking developed by French Canadians who lived a relatively isolated life in the swamps around New Orleans for some 200 years.

The old St. Charles Avenue streetcar is the only one still running in New Orleans. The original Streetcar Named Desire, of Tennessee Williams fame, is parked forlornly in the markets area next to the Mississippi, a relic of the past. The St. Charles Avenue streetcar takes you out to the elegant mansions of the Garden District.

By the way, avoid the temptation to take a cruise on a Mississippi riverboat. Once on board, hundreds of passengers are prisoners, forced to peer endlessly at miles of ugly swamplands, oil refineries and chemical factories which line the river. The Mississippi of Huckleberry Finn has long vanished.

However, there are many delights which I haven't been able to go into here. At Jackson Square, for example, you can have your portrait painted quickly by sidewalk artists. It is uncannily reminiscent of the Place Du Tertre, one of the most colourful squares in Paris.

If any readers are considering going to New Orleans, to be back in Australia by December 15, bear in mind that Pan American Airways has a 'Companion Fare' which enables two people to travel to Los Angeles clipper class for the price of one normal ticket. Pan Am also has a special Pioneer fare for connecting flights to other cities, including New Orleans.

Everyone who goes to the Crescent City loves it. I did, despite my feeling that the music is largely being desecrated. New Orleans is a city for hedonists.

JAZZ

an interview with geoff bull



The Sydney cornet player GEOFF BULL has been a strong advocate of traditional New Orleans jazz since 1958, when he attended the Australian Jazz Convention in Sydney, and became interested in records by early black musicians. Self-taught, he began playing in 1959. In 1962 he formed the Olympia Jazz Band. He has visited New Orleans many times and has toured the US, Europe and Japan with various traditional jazz musicians. He now leads a group which plays at the Cat & Fiddle Hotel, Balmain. Recently he spoke to ERIC MYERS:

EM: What was the difference between the Bunk Johnson-George Lewis revival of New Orleans jazz in the 1940s, and the original jazz played earlier in the century?

GB: Well, "revival" is a word that's been used for it, because they got Bunk playing again - he hadn't played for many years. But, all through that time, the others were making a living out of playing. It was not a real revival for them. Maybe it was a revival of interest in their music.

Had the music evolved much over that time?

All sorts of music change in different ways, according to what's happening at the time, and those guys were playing songs that hadn't been written in the 20s. They were play-

ing songs from the 40s, but they still played them in much the same style. People think Just A Closer Walk With Thee was an old hymn, It's not; it was written in the 40s. It was a current popular song of the day amongst the black people there. On one of the first recording sessions that Bill Russell did, one of the AM sessions, George Lewis recorded This Love of Mine, which at that time was a Frank Sinatra hit. So the style of music didn't change much, but the material they were using did.

If most of the New Orleans musicians were still there making a living out of music, what about the demolition of Storyville in 1917, the players losing their jobs and going up the river to Chicago, and so on?

That's crap, because it's untrue. It's been written up that way, because it makes it glamorous. In its early days, black music was frowned upon by white society, so in order to dismiss it, the easiest way was to give it an air of unrespectability, to say it's whorehouse music. That wasn't true; the whorehouses never did have bands, they had piano players. The bands got more work out of the church - street parades, picnics and all that sort of stuff, sponsored by the benevolent societies.

These are myths that have been perpetrated, then?

Yeah, and it's like the distorted lines that people draw between styles of music. People say "What do you play? - New Orleans style, classic jazz style, Chicago style, or this or that?" As far as I'm concerned, the big difference is not between whether you play like a band from the 20s, or like a band from the 40s, namely the so-called "revival" bands. It's the style of music, either black or white. To me, Louis Armstrong is much more like Kid Thomas than he is like Bix Beiderbecke, even though Bix made his recordings at the same time as Louis. There's a noticeable difference between the approach to music of black and white musicians, in all spheres. I don't know that much about it, but to me there's a difference in approach between black and white modern musicians. There was always a difference in approach between, say, Cannonball Adderley and Paul Desmond.

Doesn't that put you in an ambiguous situation being a white man and preferring the black styles? Do you try and play as much like the black players as you can?

Absolutely, completely.

But you're a product of white culture in Australia. Doesn't that present a problem?

It's very difficult to find other people who have the same ideas as me

about playing music, and it's hard to find people to listen to the music. In Sydney's traditional jazz scene, the usual Double Bay, Saturday afternoon pub drinker who supposedly likes a bit of trad, is obviously more orientated towards, shall we say, the Kenny Ball style of music than he is towards Kid Thomas. For that reason, it's difficult for most people who come and listen to what I'm trying to do, to really know what I'm on about. It doesn't really matter to me, as long as enough of them come, so I don't lose the job, and I can afford to continue doing what I want to do. I think it's wrong to say it's impossible for a white man to play a black style of music; it just takes a much more conscious effort to try and do it.

Why do you spend so much time in New Orleans?

It's a totally unduplicatable experience. You can't do it anywhere else. I'm not deluding myself that the bands are as good as they used to be - they're not. But there are a few people there who still play that sort of music better than anyone else in the world, and that's one of the reasons I keep going back there.

How do you relate to the old black musicians?

When you get to know them well enough, it's like knowing somebody here well. You don't talk about anything special, except what happens to come up at the time. For my own interest I try to draw out experiences from them that they've had over the years. Manny Sayles (the banjo player in Kid Thomas' band) is a very good friend of mine. When he gets off the gig he likes to go and sit around the bar, and have a couple. He's been a professional musician all his life, and he's been everywhere and done all sorts of music jobs. You mention a name, and that gets them started. That's what I like to do with them, because you can learn a lot more about different musicians. When you get to know them well enough, they're just like other friends. The only thing is, I tend to forget they're old men. Suddenly a lot of good mates of yours are guys in their 70s! But, they don't think of themselves as being old either - they're still working for a living.

When I was in Preservation Hall, I had the feeling that they were being treated, to some extent, as tourist attractions, historical curiosities.

They hate it. Kid Thomas has been playing there for over 20 years. There are some classic stories about the typical American tourist. Kid

Thomas often stands up on his chair for the last chorus of Tiger Rag. One time, the place was packed, and all you could see was heads. This woman peered over the heads, saw Kid Thomas' head above the others and said: "Hey George, come and see this - they've got a trumpet player here who's nine feet tall!" Another time Kid Thomas was sitting there between sets, with the people filing out, and a woman said to him: "Excuse me, Mr. Thomas, you're real old, aren't you? How old are you?" And he looked her dead in the eye and said: "One hundred and twenty-seven, lady".

By the same token, I felt also that there was a genuine respect for the old black players.

Almost all of the guys, in their own ways, have that magnetic thing about them. They engender the respect, and in their own way they're all showmen. People go in there to have a look at the museum, but they become aware that there's something special going on. Even when that place is packed, they don't use a microphone for singing and the whole audience will quieten down enough to even hear Sweet Emma (Barrett) sing.

Can you tell me anything about Sweet Emma?

When I was living there, you'd almost dread the phone going, because it would be Emma. Once again, she knows a lot of stories. She recorded in the late 20s with Papa Celestin, and played on the riverboats. Now, she sits in a little house, stuck in a chair, or sits up in bed all day, and she can't walk, so she gets on the phone. As soon as she rings, you know there's 45 minutes gone. But those 3 nights a week in Preservation

Hall keep her going. On the one hand she's a big drawcard to the business, so they're exploiting her to that extent. But, on the other hand, she looks forward to those three nights. She gets there and puts on her little tantrums. I've lifted her out of the car at times, put her in the wheelchair, and wheeled her in there. You say "How you doing, Emma?" and she'll say "I'm in a good mood tonight - I'm gonna give them tourists hell!" They'll be asking for autographs, and she'll say "Get lost, I'm too busy". It keeps her adrenalin going.

So far as the Australian traditional jazz is concerned, the current of opinion now seems to be, regarding the Graeme Bell and Dave Dallwitz-type music, that Australian jazz developed its own style of jazz which is derived from New Orleans jazz, but which has its own unique qualities. I'm afraid I totally disagree with that. I think it's a little bit wishful thinking on the part of those people. I mean, Frank Coughlan had bands playing a type of jazz in the 30s; he was influenced by the big bands, and Frank Coughlan had bands that played like Miff Mole and those types of people. As far as I'm concerned, the earliest Graeme Bell, Len Barnard and Frank Johnson-type bands are pure extension of Turk Murphy. To me, they sound exactly like San Francisco bands. The revival band that Tom Baker had a few years ago - I was over at the Balmain Convention in 1975 the first time they played, and all the old die-hards who had been at those first few Conventions went "Ah, back to the old Frank Johnson band." In other words, it sounded like what they heard before, which is what I call



Geoff Bull (centre) with Louis Nelson (left) and Raymond Burke (right)

San-Francisco-style. I don't think there's anything unique about Australian jazz at all, in that way.

Why did Australian bands play in this "San Francisco style", then?

Because it was easier to relate to other white people adapting to a style. To me, that would be like a revival band trying to copy Ken Colyer or Acker Bilk - getting their influence from these people instead of going back to the original people who started it all. If I wanted to play in a band that did all those 20s-type arrangements, I wouldn't listen to Lu Watters, I'd listen to King Oliver - because Lu Watters listened to King Oliver. But, in the meantime, what Lu Watters produced, to me, is not at all similar to King Oliver, and I find King Oliver much more similar to Bunk Johnson and George Lewis than to Lu Watters. Watters himself was a swing band trumpet player earlier in his career, and then he got on to the older records. He actually wrote arrangements for his whole band - you can buy them now, somebody's dug them up and printed them. The Frank Johnson, early Graeme Bell, and Dave Dalwitz records sound, to me, - I wouldn't say copies of Lu Watters records - but I'd say they based their style completely on that.

To what extent, then, is there an Australian jazz?

I don't think there really is; I don't think there's any noticeable Australian style of jazz, except for the fact that a lot of the early bands played in that San Francisco style. Now the bands didn't sound exactly the same, because no two bands ever do, and maybe the odd guy had a distinctive sound, Pixie Roberts maybe did - whether you like it or not is another thing. But I don't think there's any particular Aussie style of jazz, and I think if you played one of those early 40s records by any one of those established Australian bands at the time, then played a Lu Watters, or played a Bay City Jazz Band, which is another California-type band, and then you played a George Webb's Dixielanders from England, it would be fairly similar right through. Claude Luter, before he went on an out-and-out Johnny Dodds and Sidney Bechet kick, had a band that was also very similar. The Australian players related to other white people.

So, this stuff about the birth of an Australian jazz, and the development of an indigenous style is rubbish? Max Harris, in *The Bulletin* recently, said that the Graeme Bell music in Melbourne was part of the cultural



Geoff Bull in New Orleans with Raymond Burke (centre) and Emmanuel Sayles (banjo)

rebellion of the 1940s; it was nationalist, for free expression . . .

It's the same thing as saying that Johnny Dodds used to turn up with his clarinet in a piece of brown paper with elastic bands on it. Johnny Dodds was a famous musician, playing a series of famous bands, in well-established clubs in Chicago. He was well-paid, and probably played most nights in a dinner suit. But, it sounds glamorous, like the closing down of Storyville. Did you ever see that movie called *New Orleans*, that Louis (Armstrong) was in? In that, all the whores are walking down the street with their mattresses over their shoulders, all the musicians are holding their instruments, with their heads bowed. It's a lot of crap, the same thing with the Australian jazz. Just because it happened to be in the Eureka Youth League hall and because, in the early days, Graeme and Roger (Bell) and a few of them might have been slightly left-wing in their political views, it's like the Che Guevera of jazz, or something. People like to do that, they like to glamorise things, and make it into something which it isn't really.

Would a lot of people in the traditional jazz world accept this stuff? Would the people who go to the Australian Jazz Convention swallow that myth?

A lot of people who go to the Conventions swallow it because they want to, because it's the style of music they relate to. The hard, cold facts of the matter, as far as I'm concerned, is that most people in Australia who do relate to jazz relate to that sort of jazz that is in their realm

of experience. In other words, they relate to good-time, happy, white Dixie. It's been proved over and over again. Go to the (Sydney) Hilton, and look at the bands they hire there. Go to Red Ned's. They like straw hats, striped shirts and white pants, plenty of comedy, the odd bit of gyrating, so it looks like hard work, and a bit of sweating here and there. But keep it light and happy, lots of smiles and lots of fast tunes. It's not just here, it's the same in America. There's a whole cult of white jazz clubs there, California in particular. Sacramento had a festival with 72 Dixieland bands and, of those, I think there were three or four black musicians.

How would you place someone like Bob Barnard in this general spectrum?

When he first started, he was in a band that played - shall we call it for want of a better name - that "early Australian jazz". He had a lot of natural ability right from the word go, he was lucky enough to come from a musical family, and get started early, so the technique side was no real problem to him. He obviously got on to a lot of things Louis (Armstrong) was doing. I don't know if there's a lot of Louis now. He seems to have tempered that with other things, less strictly traditional jazz. I don't know if he himself says what he really prefers. To me, it sounds as though he prefers white trumpet players in general to black. For instance, he sounds as if he likes Bobby Hackett a lot, Bix (Beiderbecke) as well, rather more than someone like Red Allen, or Lee Collins. He's got

the technical ability to play like Roy Eldridge, but he doesn't seem to have that approach to it; he seems to have a more decorative approach, not so much a fiery approach. Over they year, he seems to have developed a more embellishing approach.

What is it that is missing from the white music, for you?

You can call it "hotness", but to explain what that means to me: it's a lot to do with the rhythmic complexity, the way they approach playing, both in the rhythm section and also in the way the front-line people attack what they're doing. Louis is a classic example of someone whose rhythm is very complex. He can play the same phrase that he played in the previous chorus maybe, but he'll do it in just a different spot, and it comes out sounding quite different. If you hear a record by a good white band, and hear the same tune by a black band, it's different. It's like the difference between Fletcher Henderson playing his tunes, and Benny Goodman's band playing Fletcher Henderson arrangements of the same tunes. Jazz is a combination of African and European music. The white bands are far more European orientated than the black bands are, and that was particularly so in the early days.

Why does traditional jazz exert such a fascination today? Why do people want to preserve it?

Because it is one of the genuinely valid art forms that have come out of the 20th Century. Why do people want to preserve Chopin or Mozart? Because they are also genuinely valid art forms that came out of their period. Why do you pay millions of dollars for a Van Gogh painting, when he wasn't such a good painter in terms of technique? The valid contributions from the past keep coming back.

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INTERVIEW:



Over the last decade, I have had the pleasure of hearing pianist Bob Sedergreen play on many occasions: with vibist Alan Lee, with a succession of bands led by Brian Brown, as the focal point of the Ted Vining Trio, with Onaje, as the wild card in Peter Gaudion's Blues Express, providing fairly heroic support to visiting stars Jimmy Witherspoon, Phil Woods, Richie Cole and Milt Jackson, even solo.

I have always enjoyed and admired his playing for its unflinching swing and qualities of joy, resourcefulness and commitment, and his determination to take chances at all times in search of inspiration, which he seems to find more frequently than most. He has long impressed me as a jazz musician who often plays 'above himself' because he has the courage to do just that.

In the last few years, he has continued to increase the scope and depth of his playing, and his confidence in it, to the point where he is obviously one of the best musicians in Australia. We have too few others who can so consistently be so exciting, original, inventive, surprising and enjoyable.

I won't try to describe his playing. As with any really good jazz artist, his playing is a reflection of his listening and playing experiences, and his own personality. There are certainly traces of several major modern stylists in his playing, but the sum total of his music is pure Sedergreen. If you want to hear how Bob Sedergreen plays, check out his recordings with Brian Brown, Ted Vining, Onaje or Jimmy Witherspoon, or better still hear him in person. If you want to know how he came to play like he does, along with his views on how jazz is and should be played in Australia, read on.

Bob Sedergreen

By Adrian Jackson

"I came to Australia from England in 1951. I did learn piano for a few years as a kid, but that was only because I had to take lessons. Once I got out here, I had better things to do than play piano. My first real interest in music was when people like Little Richard, Chuck Berry and Freddy Bell & the Bellboys came along. I was a teenager in the rock'n'roll era, so I got right into that. I had a rock'n'roll band playing school dances and such, and one of the guys used to push me along to hear dixieland, and I found I liked that: it was raw and came out of the blues, I could relate to it. I started listening to all the records like Chris Barber and Ken Colyer, later Louis' Hot Fives and Hot Sevens, Basie, Ellington and Muggsy Spanier.

"I was more interested in listening until one night I went to a party and heard this fantastic record playing, called *Kind of Blue*. I got right into Cannonball Adderley — the band with Nat and Bobby Timmons related to rock'n'roll, and had the same qualities as the dixieland, the good dixieland, that I'd heard — and that made me want to play. So I took lessons from a sax player called George Jury who showed me how to play behind him.

"By my late teens I was doing gigs — learning on the job, piano, sax and drums doing waltzes and foxtrots, just learning about harmony and rhythm as I went along — and on my 19th birthday, I met an alto player named Fred Bradshaw. He played a lot like Paul Desmond; he played me Brubeck's *Live At Carnegie Hall*, and I'd heard nothing like it before, and thought it'd be a beaut thing to do. So I soon joined his band, and spent about 8 years with him, in which time I learned a lot about how to play behind a saxophone player, and how to get a group sound and feeling. We played very tight, arranged music, not too far from the Brubeck Quartet, and we were very committed to our music;

we thought that some of the other people on the scene at the time, like Barry McKimm or Brian Brown, just had it wrong. Towards the end, I started listening more to Cannonball, Miles, John Handy, Stitt, McCoy and Elvin — the more hot, intense sort of players — and Fred and I split up.

"In the late '60s I was fortunate enough to do a bit of playing with the great alto player Frank Smith. He presented me with a challenge at the time when I was representing the American model, he'd make me do things like, 'Play an Aborigine jumping out from behind a bush', and he could do that because he played from inside himself. So that gave me something to think about. Meanwhile, I'd learnt a bit more about comping, by following a couple of piano players everywhere around Melbourne, namely Tony Gould and Johnny Adams.

"I was keen to get into the hotter sort of modern jazz, and I got the opportunity in 1971 when I met Ray Martin at a recording session, and he introduced me to Ted Vining, who invited me to go up to the Prospect Hill Hotel, where he was playing with people like Brian Brown, Keith Stirling and Graeme Lyall: that was something I learned a lot from. It was great, and of course still is, to play with Ted Vining and Barry Buckley, because they are all about total intensity. They don't give you time to think your ideas out, you've got to just play as hard as you can and hope for inspiration.

"Ted would always play me Coltrane, Sanders and Shepp records, and what influenced me the most was McCoy Tyner's playing. I was becoming more aggressive in my playing, which didn't change when I joined Alan Lee's band, 'cos he was just as aggressive as Ted. I spent a couple of years with Alan, playing music similar to the Trio, except there were less modal tunes; Alan looked for happy tunes all the time, so that was all very enjoyable.

"Things really took off for me in '74, when Ted managed to get me into the Brian Brown Quintet. We

played a lot around Melbourne, and in Sydney, Perth and Adelaide, and did the *Carlton Streets* LP. The music could be fairly free, or it could be rock'n'rolly in the sense of you might have to role play in an unselfish manner. When Barry Buckley came into the band, we followed a more modal course, similar to the band he had in the '60s, with a lot of shrieks from Brian and sounds of intensity from the rhythm section. And of course, since Barry and Ted left a couple of years back, I've continued playing with Brian.

"The rhythm sections we play with now don't have that same sort of intensity as Barry and Ted. There are still passages of intensity, but in general there is more opportunity to think things out, and a lot of lighter sounds that are very pleasant to listen to. That's been useful to me, and I think it's been what Brian needs at the moment.

"I don't think that Brian's music changes, he just reshapes it to suit the players in the band. For instance, he wrote songs like *Hilltop* or *Carlton Streets* in the 60's, but he did things like insert a rocky section into *Carlton Streets* for me. One thing that broadened his concept of writing was when he and Tolley started mucking around with synthesisers, working with eerie sounds and shapes rather than time signatures and harmony; for instance, the recurring patterns on *Upward* and *Sundance* were influenced by synthesisers.

"But really, Brian's writing isn't too complicated, it's simple music that sounds heavy because of the way Brian builds things up, using dynamics to get somewhere, using shapes and colors and textures, as he has said, like an architect. And he's not scared to try different effects, anything that might help the piece. Over the years, of course there has been some change in the actual harmonic and thematic construction of his music, but Brian's motives for writing music are the same.

"Apart from playing with Brian, I'm doing a bit of playing with Onaje, and the Blues Express, and different other gigs around the place every now and then. In fact, I quit my job in the printing industry this year, and I'm now in music full-time. I'm teaching at the Victorian College of the Arts, teaching elements of composition, and acting as a balance against Brian Brown and Tony Gould, offering a different point of view to the students to make them think about music. I've got some students of my own, my other job is at Presbyterian Ladies College, where I teach the techniques of jazz piano, and I find that enjoyable.

"Onaje is very important to me. That grew out of Peter Gaudion's Blues Express, when Allan (Browne), Dick (Miller) and I decided we should form another band to develop some of our ideas about modern jazz, which wasn't what Peter really wanted to play in his own band. Even though the personnel is similar, they're two different bands. I joined the Blues Express when Vic Connors left (after they'd made the record),

and I've really enjoyed trying to fit into what is basically a dixieland bag. Onaje was formed for the main purpose of presenting modern, original material. We've developed a strong repertoire, and we're getting a really good rapport going, and I think we'll do something worthwhile toward developing an Australian character through composition.

"The main thing wrong with jazz in this country is that there is no such thing as an Australian style, although there are individuals like Brian Brown and John Sangster who have developed their own Australian style. Too often, what I hear in Australia is people trying to hang onto the style of music that they hold dearest, whether it be 20 or 50 years old. For instance, I remember the Melbourne New Orleans Jazz Band with Nick Polites, and the original Yarra Yarras, they had that sort of lively, cheeky spirit that I'm sure was what the original jazz was all about, but I don't hear many successful attempts to re-create that spirit these days. They might play the style very well, but without that rough edge.

"Or in Sydney, there are some bands who've tried to break away from the American model — like Jazz Co-op, Serge Ermoll, Crossfire — but most of the others simply lack originality. Whatever the style, real jazz should capture the spirit of freedom and the idiosyncrasies of the individual, that are what jazz should be about. We should realise that we're never going to



Onaje

Bob Sedergrreen

sound like the Americans — unless you want to live their culture, leave school early, be unemployed and discriminated against and beaten up, and suffer like they have — because we have a WASP culture. Once we accept that we are different from the Americans, and should be different, we can look to develop that as an advantage. People like Ted Nettlebeck, Brian Brown, David Tolley, John Sangster, they've developed genuinely original styles. I don't think my playing has an Australian style as yet, I've got to eliminate the odd Oscar Peterson lick still. Of course, you have got to listen to the Americans, but sooner or later you've got to want to be more than a poor duplicate, and the sooner the better, the more the better.

"That's why I've had such a competitive attitude whenever I've played with any Americans, to let them and the audience know that we can play jazz too. If you go up there with a kow-towing attitude, they'll pick on you anyway, you'll play shithouse, and they'll go away saying no-one in Australia can play.

"With Phil Woods, the harder I played, the more he loved it. They're just people like we are. The way to make them respect you is just to give it everything. And, of course, I learned a lot from playing with people like Phil Woods and Milt Jackson. Richie Cole taught me a lot about making an audience receptive to your music, while Jimmy Witherspoon really showed me what the blues are about as an art form, how to play it slower and the value of playing more simply.

"Over this last year or so, for the first time in my life, I've sat down and really thought about my own philosophy about music, which is really very important; after all, what's the point of blowing if you don't know why you're doing it? I've realised that the people you need to get an effect on are the audience — not the musicians you play with or the peer group or the critics. Too much is spent thinking about the start and middle of the

product, and not enough about the end product. I believe that jazz will die unless we can get through to people and make them realise that jazz is really an adventuresome, exciting sort of music. I don't think we're going to do that if we just play what's gone on before, and hang on to our established images. All these people hanging onto what's no longer relevant, the trumpeters trying to play like Dizzy or Freddie Hubbard, all those saxophone players doing terrible John Coltrane imitations, are not helping the cause of jazz at all.

"If you think about the end product, you'll be aware that if you know what you're doing, you can use dynamics, rhythms, certain harmonies to get a particular effect on the listener, which could be one of pleasantness, of wanting to move with the music, of shock or surprise and so on. I'm not saying you should cater to the listener, but you don't just cater to yourself. When I met Sam Rivers, he told me he tries to take his listeners through as many colors and feelings as possible, in a free performance. I don't do it in a free way, but that's a philosophy I agree with; I try to take the listener on as many trips as I can through my music.

"I now realise how important it is to leave a good impression on an audience. My compositions always aim to make people feel happy. Some players can be so wrapped up in being good craftsmen, they might be giving an illusion that they're enjoying themselves, but they're not, and they're just fooling everybody.

"I'm not talking about giving everybody an armchair ride. My idea of a good performance is one where the musicians are competing, not with hate, but with knowledge and wit and soul, and they make it a really lively performance where everyone is really being challenged, and any audience can see that something is happening. Like in the Quintet with David and Dure, people would say they enjoyed the music because they recognised we were taking them on a whole lot of trips. People are always saying how much they enjoy watching the Ted Vining Trio because of the rapport that's obviously there, that makes us play at our very best. I honestly believe that you should always give it everything you've got every time that you play".

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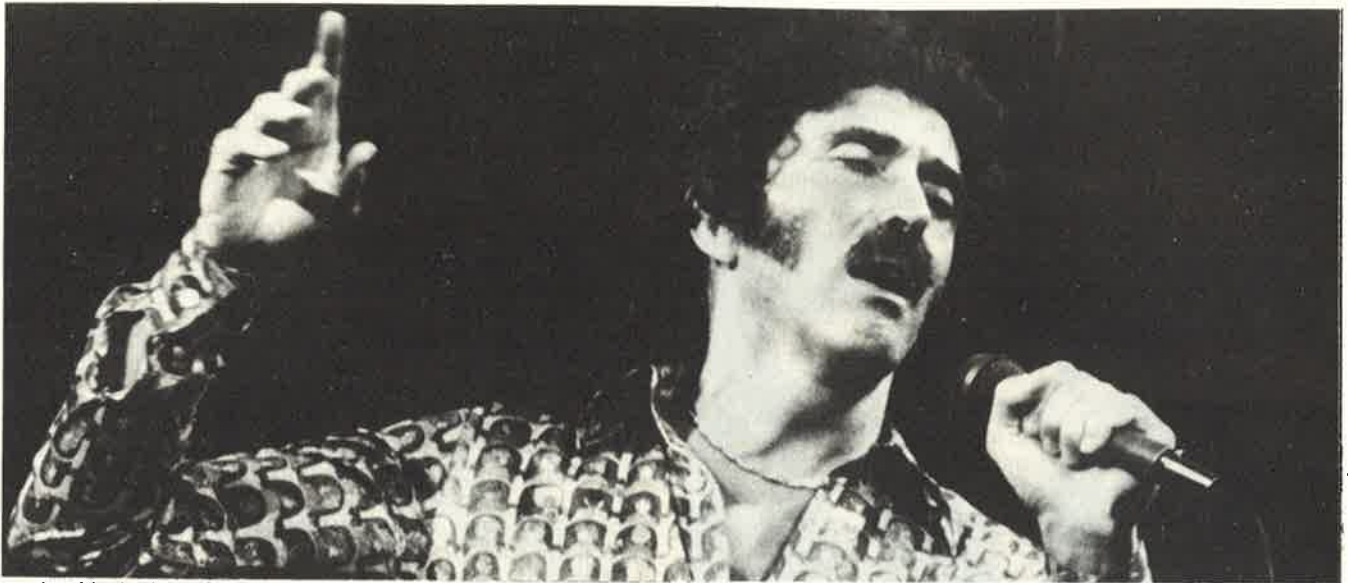
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Mark Murphy: a successful tour

By Eric Myers



Mark Murphy

As Mark Murphy's recent successful tour of Australia showed, the possession of a cult following, rather than a mass audience, is no handicap.

It means that, of course, he is well-known only to a coterie of dedicated jazz lovers. But this situation has one great advantage — his fans are made of stern stuff.

"A cult audience is a specialist audience with a distinctive taste", said the 49-year-old Murphy. "When I perform, I can always count on the front seats being filled by my people. They spread the word."

"It's sort of like being a poet; a poet always has a small audience. My fans are not subject to fads and trends — they know what they like. The nicest thing is that people bring in all my records going back many years."

It is a fact, however, that Mark Murphy's audience is growing. With the resurgence of jazz over the past few years, he is now being increasingly recognised as one of the handful of great jazz singers in the world today.

His LP *Satisfaction Guaranteed* won him in 1980 his first Grammy nomination. This year he was voted No. 1 male singer in the *Down Beat* magazine Jazz Critics Poll.

Murphy is known in the jazz world for his extraordinary musical excellence. He does not merely sing. He employs distinctive adventurous, and highly individual phrasing. He performs complex jazz originals, many of which he has written the lyrics for. Also he is an expert exponent of scat singing, the spontaneous improvisation of melodies set to wordless vocals.

Does this expertise come from specialist music training? "I'm not a pianist, but I play enough piano to understand the harmonic structures of the songs I sing," he says. "Still, I'm mainly an audio singer — I simply hear it. I guess I get that from my Irish-Celtic background."

Murphy was brought up in Syracuse, New York. His parents met and married in the Methodist Church. Many of his relatives were musical and sang in the church choir where he too sang. "That's the best musical training you can get", he says.

He was still a child when one of his uncles, a jazz record collector, introduced him to records by Art Tatum. Murphy was particularly taken with the pulse in Tatum's version of *Humoresque*. Soon, he was hooked on jazz.

In a lifetime of listening to jazz, he feels that the instru-

mentalists who has influenced him most is the trumpeter Miles Davis. Murphy believes that Davis has a certain vocal quality in his playing. "When I hear Miles play, I think he knows the words to a song."

Mark Murphy may be working solidly these days, but things were not always so good. He left the United States in 1964, when he found work hard to get, at a time when jazz was reeling under the onslaught of rock music.

Luckily, he had more strings to his bow than just jazz singing. He had majored in drama at Syracuse University and sang with the Gilbert and Sullivan Light Opera Company in New York.

When he arrived in England, he was therefore able to do film work as a character actor. "I played a lot of Italians and gangsters over ten years in Europe," says Murphy, who is dark, with black curly hair and moustache. "I also played Jesus Christ in a TV pilot called *The Passion of Christ*, but nothing came of that. It was never released."

Murphy has dedicated his latest LP *Bop for Kerouac* to the chronicler of the Beat Generation, Jack Kerouac. On the album he reads selections from Kerouac's *On The Road*, the book which revealed a subterranean world of subcultures which Middle America hardly knew existed.

"Jack Kerouac had an insight into all the alternate lifestyles that existed outside mainstream America," says Murphy. "He knew what was happening for the Eleanor Rigbys of this world."

"I think you could say F. Scott Fitzgerald did the twenties, and probably Hemingway the thirties. Certainly Kerouac has given us a memory of the fifties that, as long as people can read, will never die."

"He really was the guru of the 1950s. He wrote pure jazz prose which has kept alive the flavour of those years. For people who were never able to see Charlie Parker, Kerouac shows it all — you can't not see it — it's magic."

"He opened up a Pandora's box of all kinds of lifestyles that now we take for granted. It was all there, but it was hushed up and covered up. He really is the man responsible for giving us the seeds of the free lifestyle we have now."

For the hundreds of people all over Australia who turned out to see Mark Murphy, there is good news: he is very likely to be performing again soon in Australia, perhaps as early as September, 1982.

Australian Jazz Convention...

By Norm Linehan*

When the first Australian Jazz Convention was being planned in 1946 nobody had any idea that it would happen again, let alone that it would still be happening 35 years later. Perhaps for that reason we took it all fairly seriously but jazz music being what it is it did not take long for some humour to creep in. The following year John Cummins, the

year after year in different costumes, for example top hats and cloaks in 1948, straw boaters and blazers in 1950, and a superman outfit in 1952. We lost Joe fairly early in the piece but Cummo has upheld the tradition and last year at Forbes appeared in the street parade as a Mississippi gambler, making a fine contrast with Viv Carter's early style British military outfit.

The street parade, originally conceived as a means of publicising the Convention, has developed into a short period of spontaneous joy and happiness, capturing the attention of the local population, enjoining the closing of streets in capital city and provincial town alike, with the co-operation of police and local officialdom, and generally spreading the feeling of gaiety that jazz in general, and the Convention in particular, display. Early street parades were mounted on the back of cars and trucks, but it is a long time since the marching parade was introduced, and it is a stirring sight to see perhaps 200 jazz musicians and as many or more second-liners marching through the streets under the musical direction of John Pickering.

There was also the unofficial parade at Cootamundra in 1959 at about 2 a.m. when some people had to catch the overnight train to Melbourne and Paul Marks organised everybody out of the hall to march them down to the station. The local residents were very nice about it.

For all the formality with which it is surrounded — Committees, minutes, executives, reports — humour has always been apparent in the make-up of the Convention. A good example was in 1963 when Ron Thompson, taking advantage of a printer's error from the previous year, created the comic strip character "Jolly Ron Mokton" and featured him throughout the year in pre-Convention literature, and particularly during the week in what must be the most elaborate program the Convention has yet produced.

The good humour does not stop short of the music, as was seen when Kenny Davern and Paul Furniss did musical battle on the stage at Hobart in 1977, and you need to have been there to know just what happened. But they still talk about it, and Kenny later described Paul as the best sparring partner he had had since Bob Wilber. Something of the sort happened between Paul and John McCarthy at Forbes last year. And there was the after-hours session at Hobart in 1971 when the group was going along very nicely on a 12-bar blues until John Murray came in and blew himself right out for about 12 or 15 choruses, after which everyone quietly packed up and went home. After 35 years of course the musical highlights could fill a book.

At the early Conventions it was the Committee's practice to invite the interstate visitors and some selected Melbourne musicians to dinner on the evening preceding the start, but after a while this got a bit big and instead they hired a local hall for an after hours party which was still called the Welcome night but this too got out of hand and now the first evening is officially programmed as Welcome Night.

Also in the early years the four days were partly taken up with record sessions and discussion groups, which I think were needed at the time as we were mostly still feeling our way in jazz. Nowadays, with so many more musicians attending, these things have been abandoned, and even though it has been extended to six days, the people drawing up the program do not have an easy task, the more so as it is now usual to program two or even three halls simultaneously. Even so, we manage to keep one day free for a picnic which



Forbes 1980: Viv Carter and John Cummins

only one of us then to own a motor-car (I may exaggerate here) filled his 1924 Overland tourer to overload capacity and parked outside the "Herald" office in Flinders Street until they took notice and a photograph which was subsequently published.

Cummo and his cars were a feature of several of those early Conventions, the Minervas particularly appealing to the press photographers, and I remember a trip from Prahran to Collingwood for lunch when Warwick Dyer and I stood on the petrol tank of an almost bodyless Minerva and performed antics that must have been highly illegal as well as perilous. John Cummins and Joe James were the resident comedians of the Convention in those days, and the title is not to be taken lightly as it is no mean effort to appear

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

was introduced at Adelaide in 1951 in place of the riverboat trip, there being no river there to speak of.

Indeed, the riverboat trip itself is rarely held now, due I think more to the lack of suitable craft than any other factor. Even Melbourne, where the jazz riverboat existed well before the Convention, would perhaps now have difficulty in coping with the numbers. This is a pity since it was a little bit of tradition associated with the origins of the music. The picnic in any case turned out to be such a success that it has become a regular feature of the Convention in its own right.

Other recent additions to the week's program have been the jazz Church service, and the jazz breakfast. Whether they remain is up to each organising Committee, and will depend, I suppose, like the riverboat, on suitable facilities being available. On the other hand there is an air of expectation at any Convention of what new thing they may have in store for us, since they do not always tell us beforehand.

When the editor asked for this, he suggested I write about some of the more light-hearted incidents at the Convention and re-reading what I have done it seems I have gone too far the other way in an effort to dispose of the image outsiders once had of jazz people as drunken layabouts. We do drink a lot, but what the outsiders don't realise until they see us at it, is that we do no harm. The Sergeant of Police at Dubbo in 1970 is reported to have said that he never saw so many people drink so much without any trouble. It was also at Dubbo early in the year when John Parker approached the police for a licence for the hall and he said, in effect, "Jazz people?" and John said, "Just ring Ballarat, we were there last year", and the Sergeant rang Ballarat, came back and "Yes, how long would you like the licence for?"

They only need to experience us once to find out, as did the Forbes council who did most of the organising last year, and when it was all over said, "How soon can we have you back again?" So I suppose it is all right if I relate a few of the drinking incidents but leave out the names because I protect other peoples' reputations so that mine may remain intact. Indeed, perhaps it is best if I tell one on myself, again at Dubbo (what a year that was) when these young people had built this stack of beer cans almost to the roof and being in a bad mood, for a reason I no longer remember, I kicked it down, and with the best of good will they set about rebuilding it.

At Cootamundra in 1959, because of a dispute with the licensee on the opposite corner about the use of the piano, we drank the Globe Hotel dry in four days so that he had to borrow beer from all over town, and at Coota in 1955 Christine (was that the Railway Hotel?) was borrowing it from as far away as Stockinbingal. This is a constant problem with licensees. We go and tell them "We are having a jazz convention and there will be a lot of people here and they will drink a lot of beer", and they say, "Look, you run the jazz festival (they always call it a festival) and I'll run the pub", and two days later they are crying because it is the Christmas period and they can't get any more beer or staff, and they could have sold twice as much already.

Of course we don't always drink a lot of beer. At the welcome night in Fremantle in 1979 they bought ten barrels and about ten o'clock the hall was very crowded and hot, so some others and I went outside for an hour or so and when we went back in, there was hardly anybody left, and when we got to work in the morning, and a lot of people from the Eastern states who had got up at perhaps 5 or 6 am to catch the early flight had lost three hours on the way and had a very long day, as far as they were concerned it was already 2 am, so they had gone home to bed too. They



Pic: Norm Linehan

Melbourne 1948: Fred Starkey, Joe James and Stuart Rendall. This was the little Minerva. Somebody couldn't spell. It rained, too.

only used three barrels.

During an after-hours party at one of the Melbourne Conventions we ran out of beer because of a lot of free-loaders — Ade Monsbrough's remark was, "They've scoffed all our grog!" — so we contacted a police station who provided us with an off-duty policeman who escorted us to the local sly-grog and then came back to the party.

It wasn't all grog. In the musicians' information sheet for the 5th Convention in Sydney in 1950 it says, "We regret that owing to the extreme shortage of beer in Sydney, we have been unable to organise an Official Welcome". Which may indicate that in a way it was all grog.

Even so, we survive. At Adelaide in 1978 we had 15 people who were at the first Convention in 1946, and at Forbes last year we put on two bands with some instrument swapping of eight musicians who had been at the first.

The Australian Jazz Convention is essentially a week of social contact, for many of us a once-a-year get-together which is not to suggest that it is not taken seriously in the organisation and running. It is an efficient and, in some ways, complex operation, but we don't let the formalities interfere with the fun. Some of the bands put together for the Convention have included Canary Conference and Polites' Polecats which are a fairly obvious play on words, while others such as Admiral Emu's Kiwi Pluckers are rather more cryptic. So are some of the winning original tunes, such as Adrian Ford's *Vy-Vee* and Neville Stribling's *Don't Know Yet*, and it would spoil the joke to tell the reason for these.

It is desirable to emphasise that while many of the concerts are open to the public, admission to the private functions is limited to registered musicians and delegates. Some Conventions have placed restrictions on registration, and the present Committee have indicated their intention of doing so this year at Geelong. This is entirely at their discretion, and my own experience in the past is that there have been sound practical reasons for doing it, not always the same ones.



MORE CONCORD JAZZ FROM FESTIVAL

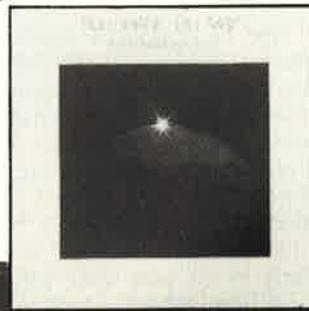
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The Cane Report
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The Cane Report



In the last edition of *Jazz*, I discussed the unfortunate situation that exists overseas, particularly in the United States, when it comes to the availability of records by Australian artists, no matter what type of music. Not long after the magazine was published, a paragraph appeared in the *Sunday Telegraph* written by Sally McMillan from New York, as follows: "American fans of Australia's *Against The Wind* are disappointed. Scores of viewers who caught the series fell in love with the theme song and made enquiries about buying the soundtrack. Unhappily they learned the music was only for the series. Next time viewers hope to tape it straight from the set."

Now I must eat a small portion of humble pie. It would appear that it is not the fault of the local companies that records by local artists do not get distributed abundantly throughout the States, but more the fault of the American companies who, along with their \$3,682,000,000.00 LP and singles market per year (1980 figures from *Billboard*) are not too interested in promoting a product, unless it can be done so nationally. In the case of *Against The Wind*, the show played at different times in different cities so, although the record was offered for release, the Yanks weren't interested in taking up the option.

A thought just struck me. In 1969 a dispute which involved Australian radio stations over higher copyright payments for English recordings, resulted in only Australian and American music being played here and, until things were settled, our local artists got the air time they so much deserved. I wonder what would happen if our local companies came up with the following suggestion to overseas companies: For each one of your records released in Australia, we want one of ours released in your country. I know that the American releases way outnumber ours, but if we became a little tougher, we might stand a chance of a wider selection of material, particularly jazz, seeing the other side of the world. It's not such a scatterbrained thought. To use *Billboard* again, the 1980 figures for the total Australian record market were 38 million units sold, valued at over \$200 million. Not even the Americans can afford to lose out on their share of such a market. Think about it.

And now to the good news. Having bitched about everyone I can think of for the past five issues, I'd now like to take some time out to thank all the local record companies for their co-operation in a new venture I am about to enter into. However, I hasten to add, all is not forgiven. I was a little saddened as I entered into this project to see the small percentages of locally pressed jazz records with some companies. Maybe if I'm successful enough in my venture, my success will be proof that there is a lucrative market for jazz. Now to the news.

Peter Brendle, publisher of this magazine and yours truly, have joined forces and gone into a business with Palings.

For some time we've all felt that Sydney — dare I say

Australia — has needed more specialist record stores, particularly in the area of jazz. I know there are stores that already have large selections of jazz but they carry other categories of music as well, and the staff therefore have to be conversant with them all.

Even though an acquaintance of mine said that it's a bit like carrying coals to Newcastle, we are soon to open a Jazz ONLY record shop in the Palings store situated in George Street near Wynyard — number 338. On the 4th floor of this building you will find JAZZ 338, as the shop will be known, and I hope that what we are doing will meet with our customers' approval.

We will carry thousands of local and imported jazz LP's and cassettes, all easily displayed so you can make your selection simply. Then we are bringing back something that has been missing for so long in retail business, whatever the commodity being sold: personalised service. We are installing listening facilities where you can sit down and listen as you make your selection. During busy times, if you have to wait a few minutes to hear your record, we have a lounge area and a coffee machine where you can make yourself a free coffee and listen to the specially taped background music, featuring highlights from jazz LPs currently available. There will be a selection of sheet music for jazz musicians, as well as books and anything else we can think of that will please the jazz devotee.

I will of course be continuing the special customer import service that I've been running for years at the other Palings store. Just in passing, while mentioning imports, if not on the opening day, then very soon after, I will have a selection of imported albums that will knock you out. This will include material that has just come to the surface again after 15 or so years, and the pressings are fabulous. And, if that isn't enough, from time to time we will be presenting local jazz artists performing during shopping hours, as well as, hopefully, jazz clinics that will be held in the evenings after hours. This will be possible since we have included a small stage in the layout of the store.

So, remember you're reading about it first here. It's something long overdue, and I'm sure that you, the readers who are jazz record customers, will help it to be a success. Incidentally, Australian jazz artists have a section to themselves.

There are many more ideas to put into operation as time passes, which will make your shopping for jazz records and tapes that much more enjoyable. Remember the store is called JAZZ 338. It is on the 4th floor, Palings Building, 338 George Street, opposite Wynyard. Phone number 232 7022.

One final request. I can answer most record enquiries, but there is one I'm still trying to find the answer for. If you have a similar one forget it. A customer recently asked me: Would you have any authentic avant-garde Aboriginal music featuring the bass?



Peter Brendle (right), pictured with Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis, two of the world's great guitarists available on records at Jazz 338

Overseas Report

U.S.A.

By Lamont Patterson, Las Vegas

EYES OF TEXAS ON JAZZ

ODESSA, Texas, located mid-way between El Paso and Fort Worth in the heart of the rich Permian oil basin, produces 25% of USA's crude oil. Once a year it also produces a "marathon of jazz" that flows as freely and purely as the "black gold" that gushes out of the wind-swept plains.

This columnist's computer came up with these big Texas stats: - 350 jazz aficionados paying \$125.00 per person, heard 26 hours of uninhibited jazz, Tuesday through Sunday, by 23 jazz giants, playing 162 standard tunes. This 15th Annual Private Jazz Party, held in the Inn Of The Golden West, is sponsored by the Odessa Jazz Association and Ernie Schur, in addition to being President of the organization, is also President of the First National Bank of Odessa.

Las Vegas trombonist Carl Fontana was one of the favorites. So were 27-year-old Scott Hamilton on tenor sax and 73-year-old vibist Red Norvo.

ODES of Odes-sa: - Flip Phillips, former member of Woody Herman's "First Herd", was most effective when he swung, "Swingin' The Blues" Carl Fontana's trombone solo of "America The Beautiful" was brilliant . . . Plaudits to three prodigious pianists: John Bunch, Lou Stein and Ralph Sutton. . . Bunch for several years was musical director/conductor for Tony Bennett. He was also a prisoner of war in Germany for 2½ years . . . Lovely Louise Tobin, one of the early thrushes with Benny Goodman and former wife of Harry James, gave an approving nod to Mr. Hucko's solo of "Stealin' Apples" - and, why not, Peanuts is her husband. George and Lela Kemerer, two jazz fans from Roswell, N.M., brought several copies of 1941 Metronome Magazine to show how trumpeter Yank Lawson, bassist Bob Haggart, and drummer Cliff Leeman looked 40 years ago. . . Clarinetist Johnny Mince is better than ever and looking younger. Al Grey, who was with Basie for 20 years, selected the tune "St Louis Blues" to demonstrate his mastery of the trombone, Drummer Jake Hanna, formerly with Woody Herman, is second to none . . . NYC has always produced outstanding musicians and this Party had its share, like: trumpeters, Ed Polcer and Warren Vache; reedman, Bob Wilber; trombonist George Masso; bassist Jack Lesberg and Michael Moore; and father and son gui-

tarists, Bucky and John Pizzarelli, Jr. . . . The "piece de resistance" was bassist Bob Haggart doing his famous "Big Noise From Winnetka". Sitting in for the legendary Ray Bauduc was the flamboyant Butch Miles - superb . . . Texas, for 6 days, added 23 stars to their lone star flag. It was a swingin', flag-wavin' Party

PATTERSON PATTER: He often sings that Chicago "Is My Kind Of Town", and he has a big hit with his record "New York, New York", but Frank Sinatra has proved he still has a soft spot in his heart for Hoboken, N.J., his real hometown. Frank has donated \$5000 to Hoboken High School to be used for a Student Scholarship Fund. Can't you just see some jazz cat when he grows up and says, "I was educated by Frank Sinatra" This columnist has discovered that when "Ol' Blue Eyes" sings "New York, New York" he is really singing about himself: - "king of the hill, top of the heap" Radio station KGIL in the San Fernando Valley near Los Angeles gave a 66 hours tribute to Mr. Sinatra, the longest ever, from Thursday through Sunday. They aired 732 selections, going back to the days when he was a \$75 a week "boy singer" with Harry James and right up to date with material from his Grammy-nominated album, "Trilogy". You can imagine the number of listeners with tape recorders taping some of rare Sinatra gems.

Speaking of Harry James he is the best example for believing that the Big Bands never left. Las Vegas Nick Buono, who has played trumpet for Harry for almost 42 years, told this scribe that he has had very few days off since the first of the year. This past March the Band gave a series of concerts in the Teatro Opera in Buenos Aires, Argentine, a spot they played 20 years ago. Sinatra gave five concerts this past August at the same place. During August Harry takes what he refers to as a "Sea and Track" vacation . . . a dip in the Pacific Ocean not too far from Del Mar Racetrack in California where he watches his horses run. . . Jazz as usual is going strong way down yonder in New Orleans with Milt Rich and his Dixie and Saints swingin' at "Maison Bourbon". Other great jazz joints are "Crazy Shirleys", "Paddock", "Blue Angel" and of course Al Hirt playing in his own place. The great Pete Fountain is at the Hilton Hotel and Preservation Hall features traditional jazz every night of the year. This past September Woody Herman opened up his club in the Hyatt Regency Hotel, appropriately named, "Woody Herman's". It seats 500 people in banked, theater-style. The show format is called, "From New Orleans to Swing" which offers a cavalcade of jazz starting with the early forms, then to swing, then to bop and on up to some far-out stuff of today. Woody continues to be ageless

and tireless.

Duke Ellington's recording of "Black and Tan Fantasy" has been inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame, and why not?

The name TEAGARDEN is most meaningful in the jazz syndrome with Jack considered the best trombonist ever, and brother Charlie who played trumpet with Paul Whiteman and Tommy Dorsey. There is still another member of this jazz family and still playing today, sister Norma. At 70 she is one of the most sought after pianists in the San Francisco area. . . . If any of you are planning a holiday to S.F. stop by Turk Murphy-Earthquake McGoon's for good jazz. Also the Hyatt Regency Hotel, Gold Dust Bar, Professor Plum-Iron Works and Ray's Bar and Grill. A new place has just opened called the "Jazz Palace" which seats 350 jazz fans. . . Pianist-composer Mary Lou Williams will be sadly missed by all. No woman instrumentalist has meant more to jazz than she. At her jazz funeral Mass in New York City, Dizzy Gillespie played "Con Amore", while Marian McPartland played blues which Miss Williams had based on a W.C. Handy tune. Pianist Rose Murphy played "Mary Lou"

"BASICALLY COUNT"

His Excellency, "The Count of Basie" was 77 years young on August 21, 1981.

"When I was 12 years old playing in the John Du Sable High School Big Band in Chicago I first heard Mr. Basie and even though I now have a PhD in music, I find that his ensemble work, dynamics and leadership have influenced me during my entire professional career". These are the esteemed sentiments of another skilful pianist, Las Vegas, Dr. Kirk Stuart, who gave a tribute to his idol, the "Kid From Red Bank, N.J.", WILLIAM BASIE. This jazz columnist/historian was the emcee and it all took place in the beautiful Desert Inn and Country Club, Las Vegas, Nevada.

BEFORE coming to the Desert Inn almost three years ago, Kirk was musical director/conductor for internationally-known singing stars, SARAH VAUGHAN, DELLA REESE, NANCY WILSON AND JULIE LONDON.

ACCOMPANYING DR. STUART, the complete artist, were BART BROADNAX on bass, DENNIS ALLEN on drums and special guest, RICARDO, on percussion. All three of these musicians are true professionals and a great respect and rapport is generated nightly between them and their leader because they love what they are doing - playing JAZZ.

KIRK was hoping that his close pal Joe Williams who resides in Las Vegas would be available to honour his former boss to whom he is quite grateful, but Joe was appearing at Rick's American Cafe in Chicago that evening. This is the reply I received from Kirk when asked before the tribute if he might be singing some of Joe's tunes: - "are you kiddin',



Lamont? I wouldn't attempt to sing 'Everyday I Have The Blues', 'In The Evening' or 'All Right, Okay, You Win'. A blues singer I'm not, but we might play them." . . . The evening, however was not without a Basie alumnus. The internationally-known tenor saxman, Las Vegas, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, home from an European tour, was on center stage riding hot choruses, on "Whirly Bird", "Jumpin' At The Woodside" and "One O'clock Jump". "Jaws" was with Basie for more than 20 years and also served as Road Manager.

THE DOCTOR and his excellent, young musicians honored Nat King Cole in April and there were as many people in and around Raffles Lounge as there were any night in the sold-out Crystal Room watching the hit 'Chorus Line.' The same was true for the evening called "BASICALLY COUNT".

A close Count Basie-Kirk Stuart relationship has existed over a period of years and the articulate Doctor looks back to 1957 when the "Count" would have him rehearse the band in Birdland. Composers and arrangers would bring in their wares on a given afternoon and instead of Basie sitting at the Baldwin he would sit at a table in the vacant nightclub, saying, "no, that one doesn't swing, or, yes, we can use that one because FRANK FOSTER who wrote "Shiny Stockings" can take a hot tenor solo on it." In the meantime, Kirk was taking full advantage of having the opportunity to sit in for the great Basie. Stuart's biggest thrill came last April when he played the "One O'Clock Jump" at two shows, plus 8 other tunes, with the band at Ambassador College in Pasadena, Cal. . . . Needless to say, Stuart digs Basie, and vice versa.

THE former Professor of Music at Howard University in Washington, D.C. was asked beforehand what Basie tunes he would be playing and without hesitation he answered: "Shiny Stockings", "Cute", "Splanky", "A Late Date", "Five O'Clock In The Morning", "Broadway", "Corner Pocket" and in the true tradition of Count Basie he played "April In Paris" one more time, once.

THIS columnist first saw the Basie band when impresario John Hammond brought them in from Kansas City and Chicago, circa 1938, to play at the Famous Door on 52nd Street in New York City. In 1970 and 1972 this writer was invited by the Cunard Line to cover a 11 and 13-day Caribbean cruise with Basie on the Queen Elizabeth II. The theme "One O'Clock Jump", therefore, is not new to me. My assessment over a period of years is that the band has always been precise, efficient and most predictable. It also swings and the "Count has maintained his royal image for over four decades with dignity and honor".

IT is interesting to watch Mr. Basie at work. He calls audibles like quarterback Terry Bradshaw of the Pittsburgh Steelers and with a nod or cryptic musical flurry the reeds and brass immediately get the message and are off and swinging'. His rhythm section since the Kansas City days when he took over the Bennie Moten band has been Basie's identification, not forgetting his "P l i n k! P l a n k! P l i n k!" on the piano, Freddie Green, discovered by John Hammond at the Black Cat Club on West Broadway in New York City, has sat next to the maestro for almost 45 years, playing his rhythm guitar. Bassist Walter Page and drummer Jo Jones were the other members of the original brilliant rhythm section. Jo is playing gigs in NYC.

We know that Ellington was called "The Duke" because he was always elegantly groomed and had 200 beautifully, hand-tailored suits in his wardrobe, but how did Basie get the name "Count"? . . . During a broadcast the announcer said that the name Bill was too common and asked Basie if he could call him "Count" because it sounded more aristocratic. Basie, far from being the loquacious one, grunted, "Okay". From that time on he has made a happy addition to royalty . . . There is still another "Count". Recently I mentioned in one of my columns that Nick Buono has played trumpet with Harry James for almost 42 years.

Well, back in 1948 during the glamorous movie heyday, Nick attended a star-studded cocktail party in the James' palatial Beverly Hills home and with a martini in one hand and a cigarette in the other, gorgeous Betty (Grable, then Harry's wife) observed how Nick was holding the cigarette and exclaimed that he looked like a Count. So, since that day, Nick is known to Harry and close friends as "Count" Buono. Subsequently Harry and Betty named one of their horses "Count Cool" after Nick and the first time he ran which was at Golden Gate Racetrack near San Francisco he came in a cool first. Of course,

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here in the Las Vegas Casinos, the word count means something else.

STUART was asked how he would best describe Mr. Basie and his answer was: "No one can set a tempo like Basie with his unique introduction to each tune and the rhythm section and other members of the band coming in on cue. He's a pace setter." Kirk does somewhat the same when he goes through an intricate and inspiring introduction with Broadnax and Allen attentively waiting for that certain note or nod and then providing the strong, excellent backup rhythm.

Once Kirk gets into a tune he thinks orchestrally and when he played "Shiny Stockings" he made you feel, without electronics, that there were five saxophones, four trombones and four trumpets on the bandstand. On the ballad "Lil' Darlin'", he had a warm, smooth flow with an occasional hint of a rich, probing classical fullness. He has a masterful approach to any type of tune. When you heard his flawless, dancing right-hand runs on "Blue and Sentimental" the Basie influence was very much in evidence. Stuart also has the innate ability to effortlessly shape composers' melodies to his own-developed design which is dense, lush and showing a spirited wisdom.

COUNT BASIE and KIRK STUART are cause for gratitude . . . It was a great tribute to the GREATEST.



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The jazz world was given plenty to think about following the first ever National Jazz Conference organised by Queensland jazz figure Dr. Mileham Hayes in Brisbane on Sunday, October 11.

Dr. Clive Pascoe, Director of the Music Board of the Australia Council sounded a warning note — explaining that funds available were running at 66% of the 1975 level.

He explained that the Council was operating under a Federal Government that says the user pays — and expectations from the Council will have to be modified accordingly.

He went on to say that emphasis would be placed on the individual artist for funding and that organisations and groups should be prepared for a massive amount of self help.

To end this the Council will provide "a whole range of material and advice to enable smaller groups to get into the private sector."

"The Council will organise a follow-on conference in December through which we hope to get clear, precise advice from you on what you want done with jazz," Dr. Pascoe said.

One of the main reasons for the conference was a move towards national co-operation.

In his letter of invitation to delegates Dr. Hayes put it in a nutshell — "It is our impression that jazz in Australia gets a raw deal, but that's mainly the fault of jazz itself. How can people help unless we resolve a national platform, improve media relations and deliver an informed approach?"

Everyone came away from the convention firmly convinced that some form of national body is essential.

The funding for other art forms, particularly opera, has been a contentious issue in the jazz world for some time.

It is obvious, however, that bodies controlling opera, theatre and their like got their act together many years ago.

The impromptu, and to the outsider, haphazard approach to jazz is one of its joys but there must now be very strong organisation behind it.

Dr. Pascoe gave an example of the current thinking of the Council

when he said he had had to explain to a string quartet that they were not an organisation for funding purposes — merely 4 musicians playing together. "The Council adopted two main principles, the pursuit of excellence and the access to the arts. Jazz is a worthy applicant on both counts for funding. The idea of a strong national voice for jazz is an excellent one and will help the work of the Council to formulate policies most suitable to jazz," Dr. Pascoe said. He also made it plain that while the Council will consider overseas artists on a state of the art basis funding would be aimed mainly at Australian artists.

In his opening address the Queensland Minister for Culture, Tony Elliott, added fuel to the opera controversy. "Jazz is an art form that is demonstrably capable of being able, at least partially, to be self supporting," he said. "Opera, with its musicians, singers, set designers and costumes, is cost intensive — jazz is not.

"Clearly jazz requires less public funding than opera. Popularity cannot be the overriding criterion for public support. There appears to be a dangerous tendency for some people to take the least demanding form of jazz and to therefore perpetuate a kind of jazz mediocrity. We must provide for experimentation and expansion," Mr. Elliott said.

The Minister also announced that Queensland would receive \$3.7 million for the Arts in 1982, a substantial increase on previous years. There was no indication on what proportion would be for jazz and it is obvious that the rise was designed to cover the cultural side of the 1982 Commonwealth Games to be held in Brisbane.

Dr. Hayes replied strongly to the Minister's remarks. "There seems to be two furphies — one, that opera is cost intensive and two, that jazz is not. We can translate this to mean that opera is excessively wasteful and jazz blackmails volunteers. The Cellar (Dr. Hayes' jazz venue) is not living proof that we are economically viable. We hover between insolvency and bankruptcy each week. We have run out of volunteers. The problem we find is that the rest of the music is getting funds — jazz is not," he said.

Other speakers at the conference

spoke on relations with the media and the search for more coverage; education of musicians both as individuals and at conservatoria; and jazz as an art or a business.

Speakers at the 1st National Jazz Conference were:

Media: Dick Scott (Sydney),
Adrian Jackson (Melbourne),
Peter Magee (Brisbane),
Bill Haesler (Sydney).

Educators/Musicians:
Len Barnard, Bob Barnard,
Graeme Bell (Sydney),
Jan Sedivka (Hobart),
Frank Johnson (Brisbane),
John Speight (Sydney).

Jazz Funding/Promoters:
Clive Pascoe, Peter Brendle (Sydney),
Kevin Siddell, Mileham Hayes,
Colin Myers, Russell Lyons (Brisbane).

On the subject of self help Mount Isa Mines' PR Colin Myers made the point that large corporations, whilst interested in funding a variety of activities, were only interested in people who demonstrated responsibility and a high degree of organisation. He warned not to expect it to be either easy or quick. "If you want a quick answer — it will always be No," he said. He gave the strong impression that large corporations will not hand out money willy-nilly but would require some return for assistance.

So there we have it.

The only source of funds are either Government — State or Federal — and private enterprise. While neither groups have gone out of their way to demonstrate generosity, there are funds available. But only to those who go about it in a thoroughly professional manner.

What Australia needs is an organisation similar to Britain's Jazz Centre Society, vigorous body in the UK that has grown since 1968, into the country's biggest promoter.

In conclusion JAZZ magazine is 101% behind a national body — we will also be interested in hearing from you. Let us know where and how you see the future of jazz in this country. We will publish as many letters as space permits.

In our Jan/Feb issue we will take a look at Britain's Jazz Centre Society — one of the most ambitious projects for jazz anywhere in the world.

... Adelaide

By Don Porter

As usual these jottings are left to the last minute and with a forthcoming tour of Japan looming up in a couple of days, several articles to write, and the bank overdraft looking worse than Mrs. Thatcher's financial strategy, life is a little chaotic.

Having started on that note let's stay with the blues. I love 'em all but don't ask me to understand them - jazz musicians I mean.

September 21 and 22 saw the visit of top jazzmen Buddy De Franco and Terry Gibbs who turned in a melodic, inspired performance of bop-tinged swinging jazz. At the end of their first night appearance they were accorded a standing ovation from the audience - incidentally the first of a distinguished array of visitors to the Tivoli Hotel to receive such a reception.

No blues yet? Well let's dig in. Where were all the (local) jazzmen? Certainly not in the audience. To be sure Adelaide had its problems with petrol rationing but I would have crawled on my hands and knees through a pit of rattle-snakes to catch such a performance - and die happy.

Whether it's a case of *deja vu*, artistic insularity, or the character of the contemporary music scene with its diversification into so many different styles all operating under an umbrella-like label called "jazz" I don't know. But it is certainly vastly different from the classic days of jazz one reads about when top jazzmen in the States made it a point to catch their fellow musicians in performance.

Are local musicians really so good that they can pass up the opportunity to hear some of the legendary visiting artists? No apologies for these comments, except to those jazz musicians who did turn up.

Of course there is another side to the coin. I nearly didn't go to hear the Graeme Lyall Quartet - *mea culpa*. And what a performance I would have missed. Graeme seems to be relishing his return to a real jazz format and with the backing of bassist Bob Arrowsmith, Graham Morgan drums plus local pianist Ted Nettlebeck (replacing Tony Gould) the group played some forthright, down the middle, modern jazz. I don't think I've ever heard Ted play better - and to top it all off, it took on the nature of a jam session with Adelaide based, American born Glenn Henrich joining in on alto, and US musician and educator Tom Ferguson slipping onto the piano stool.

So Miles Davis is back playing again. I believe any promoter in this country can have him for \$50,000 a performance. He commands up to \$100,000 a night for appearances in Japan, so it's a real snap. But two visiting US jazzmen (on separate tours) told me, more in sorrow than in anger, that his present playing, while showing flashes of his former brilliance, lies more in the disco field than in jazz.

No one begrudges him any financial reward he makes but when it is done under the guise of "jazz" it unfortunately raises aesthetic problems.

The 1982 Adelaide Festival of Arts program has just been announced - Keith Jarrett, George Melly with John Chilton's Footwarmers, and singer Jeannie Lewis. No complaints really - and at least all the attractions are presented at a reasonable hour, unlike the last Festival. But when one considers the artists we have been hearing over the past few months and promised for the coming months, (e.g. Mark Murphy on November 16th) I can't get too excited about the Festival line-up.

Finally the Southern Jazz Club keeps the trad-mainstream banner flying high at the Highway Inn with its weekly presentation of local bands and visits by the Storyville All Stars and the Graeme Bell All Stars (almost sounds like a heavenly constellation!)

With kind regards to Terumasa Hino and Toshiko Akiyoshi, I remain, yours in jazz.



Graeme Bell

... Canberra

By Carl Witty

Jazz activity in the National Capital is once again gaining momentum with a fine program of interstate and overseas bands being presented at Canberra's frequent jazz venue, the Southern Cross Club.

Galapagos Duck, the Storyville All Stars, the Tooth's Big Band (featuring Jan Adele and reed man Carl Barriteau), the Graeme Bell All Stars, the Bob Barnard Band, Dave Liebman and Richie Beirach (from the U.S.A.) and the Keith Stirling Quintet were all featured during August, September and October. Undoubtedly, the coup of the season (in my very biased opinion) was the appearance at the Southern Cross Club of American jazz vocalist extraordinaire, Mark Murphy, on November 15. Murphy is currently rated number one in the United States but it is fair to say that his work is not generally appreciated in Australia by other than the cognoscenti. I hope this tour changes the situation.

In a more parochial vein, A.J.'s Restaurant in the city centre now presents modern jazz each Sunday night. Among the bands to feature are Double Identity and Marilyn Mendez's Loose Ends. The room is ideally suited to the purpose and it would be a shame to see less than enthusiastic support.

A.J.'s patrons on a recent Sunday were delighted to hear Dave Liebman and Richie Beirach sitting in with the house band. They blew till the early hours and at one stage Liebman, who is renowned for his saxophone work sat in on drums. This is the sort of informal jazz activity that is so lacking in the Canberra modern jazz scene. Let's hope it augurs well for the future.

A show that required listening was the appearance by dynamite vocalist Ricky May at the Canberra Labor Club on Sunday, October 25. Marilyn Mendez was

May's support act.

The Canberra Jazz Club recently attracted a small appreciative crowd to their new Southern Cross Club venue to hear Marilyn Mendez' Loose Ends and the Mother Truckers J.B. It was the first time out for Mendez's new lineup featuring American pianist Vince Genova. Peter McDonald and Kuhl DeWitt remain on bass and drums respectively.

October 25 saw the club members off on a coach trip to Bateman's Bay and on November 15 Canberra met Sydney at the annual pilgrimage to the historic Berrima pub.

The Central Western Jazz Club at Parkes recently played host to Canberra's Fortified Few. The band played two jobs; and informal alfresco affair and a highly successful fund raising night at the local Leagues Club which raised over \$1,300 to aid in cancer research. Reports from the musicians involved tell of the great hospitality of the Parkes and district jazz lovers.

New blood in town

The name Vince Genova has been popping up in this column so it is appropriate that an introduction be made

A two year research grant from the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies brings Genova to Canberra to work in the esoteric field of ethno-musicology. He hails from the United States and is a super-



Ricky May

...Illawarra

By Geoff Reedy

It may be only coincidence, but jazz seems to be blossoming in the Illawarra district with the advent of spring. The Kiama Jazz Committee increased their credibility with two well organised and professional promotions, the Illawarra Jazz Club in conjunction with the Festival Of Wollongong staged a very successful weekend jam at the Grand Hotel and two international jazzmen, Dave Liebman and Richie Beirach opened their Australian tour with a concert at the Wollongong City Gallery.

The first K.J.C. promotion took place when the DON BURROWS QUINTET delighted a capacity audience at the Kiama Bowling Club in late August. Although predictable, the program was varied and

lative pianist in addition to his academic pursuits.

His earliest musical recollections are of piano lessons at the age of six with a proclivity to things classical.

In 1955 he entered the School of Performing Arts in New York . . . 1961 found him in the U.S. Navy Presidential Band and in 1964 he took time off to study with Oscar Peterson in Canada.

His credits read like a "Who's Who" . . . Roberta Flack, Eddie Henderson, Larry Coryell, James Moody, Richard Davis, Sonny Rollins, Elvin Jones, Ron Carter. . . these are some of the musicians with whom he has worked.

In his native Pittsburgh he worked for two years with saxophonist Eric Kloss. His most recent highlight prior to arriving in Australia was a 9 month world tour with Harry Belafonte.

We in Canberra now have the advantage of his presence.

WHAT'S ON IN CANBERRA

Hotel Dickson, Dickson. Saturday 4-8pm
The Fortified Few.

The Boot and Flogger, Kingston.

Jazz from time to time. (See local press).

The Contented Soul, Phillip.

Pierres Hot 4. Thursday nights.

Fat Cat City 5 or the Jerrabomberra J.B.

Friday nights.

The Finnish-Australian Club, Macquarie.

The Fat Cat City 5. Thursday nights.

The National Press Club, Barton.

Graham Coyle. Friday and Saturday nights

The Labor Club, Belconnen

Alex Powell and Marilyn Mendez.

Thursday nights.

Jazz bands from time to time.

(See local press).

Bogart's, Civic Centre.

Charlie Russell Trio with Sallie Sallis.

Friday and Saturday nights.

Southern Cross Club, Phillip.

Jazz program from time to time.

(See local press).

well paced, with the result that most musical tastes were catered for. Apart from the straight ahead jazz standards, the bossa nova tunes and variations on the classics were obvious crowd pleasers.

With Don was John Hoffman, trumpet and flugelhorn, Tony Ansell, keyboards, Don Andrews, guitar and Len Barnard, drums.

The first set opened with a rousing *In A Mellow Tone*, with Don on clarinet and John, flugelhorn. They, as well as Ansell and Andrews were able to stretch out and develop meaningful solos; Hoffman was particularly impressive, his playing on the large bore instrument being clear toned and crisp. His solos were well constructed, as was all his work during the evening. Don Andrews comped forcefully and his solo work was fleet in the Christian manner.

Pianist Ansell proved to be an exuberant, forceful keyboard player, bringing to the electric piano a character seldom heard on that instrument. Burrows and Hoffman combined flute and flugelhorn in a superior, biting arrangement of *Blue Bossa*. Don switched to alto for a spirited *Strollin'*, his sparkling, hard biting attack more than a match for the muted trumpet and Silver inspired piano.

The two Dons joined forces for a delicate *Pavanne*. This foray into the classics, along with variations on Bach, was extremely popular. However, the highlight of the night was Hoffman's showcase, *It Might As Well Be Spring*, with sensitive support from Andrews.

In summary, the concert was a little disappointing for the hard core enthusiast, although those with broader musical tastes were obviously well satisfied.

The K.J.C.'s second venture was a Sunday afternoon solo recital by Julian Lee at the Wollongong Conservatorium. In the delightful surrounds of Glennifer Brae, Julian entranced a 'by invitation only' audience with a well balanced selection of well known standards, generously sprinkled with works by Gershwin and Ellington.

Spokesman Dennis Koks said that the K.J.C. was very happy with this low key promotion and hoped to repeat it in the near future.

Julian is scheduled to appear at the Kiama Bowling Club in early November. On this occasion he will be in the company of Kerrie Biddell, John Hoffman, Jack Thorncraft and Willie Qua.

Billed as the Big Blow, the Illawarra Jazz Club's contribution to the Festival of Wollongong was an unqualified success. Held over two days at the Grand Hotel, the featured bands were the ABBEY JAZZ BAND, GRAEME BELL'S ALL STARS and the regular house band, GRANDSTAND. However, as jazz clubs from the far south coast and Campbelltown were also represented, impromptu groups were of the order. It was particularly pleasing to note that the always responsive and at times wildly enthusiastic audiences ranged across a wide age group.

This was the Jazz Club's most successful promotion to date, largely due to the efforts of energetic secretary, Lance



Don Burrows

Martin and has strengthened the club's aim to promote and encourage jazz on the south coast.

The Wollongong City Gallery is another excellent venue for music with surprisingly good acoustics and a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere. A small but attentive audience was on hand there in late September, when Dave Liebman and Richie Beirach played the first concert of their Australian tour.

The program was a mixture of standards and originals, with Liebman doing most of his work on soprano. While the duo format allowed them both to stretch out and develop their themes, it resulted in a sameness as the concert progressed.

Sydney band NADA impressed in the opening spot. The members of this group are Ian Esplin, bass, Andy Evans, drums, Keith Manning, tabla, Rodger Pell, guitar and local musician Jim Denely, flute. Jim is also involved in the administration of the Gallery concerts.

Their music was varied and colourful, drawing heavily on ethnic sources, and deserving of the warm response from the appreciative audience.



Richard Beirach & David Liebman

...Melbourne

By Adrian Jackson

The big news in Melbourne has been Sydney entrepreneur Barry Ward's move to take over the music room at the Prince of Wales Hotel in St. Kilda. Melbourne has long needed a good, successful venue to act as a focal point for any expansion of interest in modern jazz, as did The Basement for the Sydney scene in the early-mid 70's. At this stage, it is only possible to describe Mister Ward's as a mixed success.

Mister Ward's kicked off brilliantly on August 21 and 22, with Joe Henderson drawing fairly good crowds. Art Pepper packed the room for four nights in the next week. Local singer Vince Jones had been planned to front the house band every Thursday-Saturday, but pulled out to concentrate on setting up a late-hours (11pm-1am) venue at the Tankerville Arms Hotel in Fitzroy; so Johnny Nicol was brought in as resident performer. Lack of publicity saw very disappointing attendances for Nicol, and even Galapagos Duck failed to draw the following week. Ward's soon dropped the idea of having a resident band. I suspect that Melbourne's modern jazz fans are likely to ignore a venue if it presents the one band every week. Mister Ward's drew fairly good numbers for David Liebman and Richard Beirach on October 2 and 3. 3PBS-FM haven't been left out of it altogether; they used the room to present some improvised 'Niewzic' from David Tolley and David Allen, a local guitarist who returned to Melbourne after 20 years abroad as poet and experimental rock star with Soft Machine and Gong; PBS will also be presenting pianist Jeff Pressing with his World Rhythm Band on Tuesday nights through October, and possibly beyond; they have also recorded most of the concerts presented by Mister Ward's, for later broadcasting.

At this stage, Mister Ward's has done nothing to prove that a venue can succeed by presenting modern jazz several nights every week in Melbourne; however, I expect the room will become an invaluable part of the scene, with the apparent revised strategy of trying to draw crowds frequently with a strong lineup of special attractions — both top jazz artists who must draw the real jazz fans, like Mark Murphy, and more widely-appealing acts, like Georgie Fame, Ricky May, etc, who will draw a non-purist audience, but let more people know about the room.

As for the music: Joe Henderson certainly proved himself a remarkably controlled and resourceful tenor saxophonist, capable of playing exhaustive solos of unending drive and knowledge. Given that he was essentially flexing his chops in a modern bebop style, the Sydney rhythm section did their job with unobtrusively reliable support (Paul McNamara, Craig Scott, Alan Turnbull), but I feel it a pity that they didn't interact more with Henderson and push him into more genuinely exciting music. The jazz was good,

but I am sure it could have been more than simply a display of Henderson's virtuosity and musicianship. Local singer Vince Jones opened quite enjoyably. He fronts a quintet whose asset is his voice, and he uses it very well, singing ballads intimately, swings brightly and scatting smartly. His is an act that should entertain jazz fans and the 'average' listener alike.

Art Pepper was absolutely brilliant. I have heard too few artists play with anything like his degree of intensity, finding inspiration so consistently. His rhythm section was good, the material strong, Pepper's own playing never less than hot. Some truly magical moments linger in my mind: a magnificent, spontaneously-developed slow blues; a brilliant "Round Midnight," the first time he had duetted with George Cables on that number; and a heart-rending treatment of "Everything Happens To Me." Onaje opened each night very well with strong versions of the numbers on their "Straight As A Briefcase" LP.

I heard Johnny Nicol with a trio put together by Tony Gould, whose piano support and solos were typically superb; Nicol's music had obvious appeal to both some jazz fans and MOR listeners.

Tolley and Allen's 'Niewzic' concerts included a good deal of theatre, much of it quite funny, in their performances. I found some of the music empty, most of it quite enjoyable and stimulating.

Liebman and Beirach played with predictable musicianship and empathy. Their choice of some standards to balance their originals was good; "Nardis" was especially well-explored. Beirach's playing was attractive and intelligent; the focus was mostly on Liebman's soprano sax. I was surprised to find he has given up the tenor, but it does take him from being one of dozens of top tenor men to being one of a very few excellent soprano players. His virtuosity on soprano was dazzling, as he used the duo context to explore a wide range of needs, including fierce intensity. For his next tour, Liebman hopes to perform as part of a world tour with Beirach, a bassist such as Eddie Gomez, and the Sydney String Quartet. Here's hoping that one happens. Local band Odwalla opened at Ward's. On one night, the band

was often too loose, but on another night, when saxophonist Martin Jackson, pianist Jamie Fielding and drummer Allan Browne were joined by Barry Buckley on bass, the band produced plenty of exciting contemporary jazz, displaying a lot of drive, imagination and daring on numbers like "John Coltrane," "Ishmael" and "Song For Che." If Buckley remains with the band, Odwalla should really be worth following.

Buddy DeFranco and Terry Gibbs also toured in September, playing at Alexander's in Brighton, also at the Musician's Club.

Another venue worth a mention is the Green Man coffee lounge in Malvern, which features Jamie Fielding on piano, Tom Cowburn on bass guitar and vocals and Allan Browne on drums, on Sunday nights. Other jazz choices on Sundays are the Linken-Fielding Big Band at the Aberdeen Hotel in Fitzroy, the Barry Veith Big Band at the Middle Park Hotel, and the Brian Brown Quintet at the Commune in Fitzroy.

Another Sunday venue will be in operation by the date of publication, at the Flying Trapeze theatre restaurant in Brunswick. Davil Pepperell is putting it together: he plans to alternate Vince Jones, Brian Brown, Onaje and Odwalla every four weeks, playing from 1-4 for \$4 admission, and might change the name for Sundays to Dr. Pepper's.

As previously mentioned, the Brian Brown Quintet has done well in playing at the Turkish restaurant Alasya 2. It has become monthly, with the next dates being Nov. 7 and Dec. 12, the price at \$12 for music and meal.

Peter Gaudion, who did so well with jazz at the Victoria Hotel when he had the licence there, has taken over entertainment at the nearby Beaconsfield Hotel. His Blues Express is doing well with its entertaining style every Friday and Saturday night, and the hotel has also done very well with Galapagos Duck there several times now in recent months, charging \$10 a head. Ruby Braff and Ralph Sutton will have done three nights there by publication: another place where jazz is showing signs of health in Melbourne.



Galapagos Duck

... Newcastle

By John Armstrong

"Whether Art Pepper can, in a non-metropolitan centre, attract a crowd big enough to cover all the CJS's cost will be interesting", I wrote in the last issue of JAZZ. To help offset costs, door charges were increased from \$4 to \$6. On the night of August 31 (the big night), there was a standing-room-only audience, and, although the Contemporary Jazz Society was not laughing all the way to the bank, it was very pleased with its work.

Forgetting the financial side, Art Pepper and his Quartet presented a truly marvellous evening of modern jazz. I wrote in the Newcastle Herald:

"I doubt if there have been many jazz concerts in Newcastle as incredible as that given by the Art Pepper Quartet last night... when he finally made his exit more than 250 people were in a giddy euphoria, having heard one of jazz's master improvisers."

The historic (for Newcastle) performance was divided into jazz standards, including Donna Lee, originals by Pepper, Straight Life (presented in lava-hot fashion), Red Car, For Freddie and Patricia, ballads such as I Love You and Everything Happens to Me and solo spots for his pianist, George Cables.

I thought that Pepper was a musical architect who built truly beautiful solos. Much of his greatness is due to the rapid and brilliant flow of his improvisatory ideas. This he demonstrated aptly in a wonderful version of Everything Happens to Me, which lasted more than 20 minutes. His technique, emotional depth and imagination are remarkable.

I also made the point in The Herald that there seems to be greater esprit de corps and more enthusiasm when overseas jazz giants elect to bring their regular musical associates to Australia with them rather than to employ Australian musicians with whom they have not previously worked. George Cables laid down a handsome harmonic carpet for Art to tread on. The fluency of bassist David Williams was amazing and Carl Burnett's drums were always so - right.

Pepper, whom I believe is the greatest living jazz altoist, played his heart out for the entranced Newcastle audience. His appearance lasted for about three hours. I think that the success of the evening has given encouragement to the CJS, which has to juggle with its funds, to promote overseas stars while the public demand is strong.

Pepper visited Newcastle on the eve of the City's annual Spring Festival, the Mattara. Along with art, flora, sport, drama and other events, jazz was often demonstrated during the festival. The Maryville Jazz Band, the Newcastle-New Orleans Jazz Band and the Roaring Horns Dixieland Band (with guest pianist Milton Ward) stirred up a lot of interest at functions outdoors.

At the Royal Motor Yacht Club,

Toronto, on September 6, the occasion was billed as 'The Return of the Native', because trumpeter Bob Henderson was playing with the Maryville Jazz Band. Bob currently belongs to Graeme Bell's Dixieland Band. At Toronto he enjoyed himself with some of his cronies from his earlier years in the Hunter Region. The Royal Motor Yacht Club presented a second Mattara highlight on September 13 - a 'Summit Meeting', featuring Nick Boston (cornet) and the Maryville Jazz Band.

On September 7 the Northside Big Band gave a concert in Newcastle which left many people wondering why they had not been here before. In addition, people wondered why Christ Church Cathedral had not been used for jazz before.



Northside Big Band

Visiting jazz artists usually perform in clubs in Newcastle. However, with the Cathedral made available to the CJS by the Dean of Newcastle, the Very Rev. Robert Beal, there was an alternative venue which, with its high ceilings and colourful banners, brought a new dimension to music in this city. Moreover, kids were able to be taken to the concert.

Apart from having to cope with some acoustic problems, the NBB performed meritoriously and will be well received if they ever make a follow-up run from Sydney. The Big Band format - on many numbers the brass and reed sections swung mightily in unison - was ideal for the Cathedral and its rich surroundings. During the six years of working as a unit in Sydney, the NBB appears to have established a sound understanding of a successful big band's requirements. By rekindling the flame that was lit by Count Basie and other greats, the young musicians are enjoying the excitement of playing good, big band arrangements.

I thought that the programming was most satisfactory - from Berigan's I Can't Get Started, through the Glenn Miller hits to originals by Sam Nestico and Sydney's John Holman. The final set was a Count Basie medley, climaxed with an extended version of One O'clock Jump. This brought a warm sound of grateful applause from 450 people for a most rewarding evening, different from local jazz presentations of the past because of the fine venue.

Directing our thoughts to the future, the CJS is gearing up for Mark Murphy's appearance at the Waratah/Mayfield RSL Club on November 9. Whereas Murphy is not an unknown in this corner of New South Wales, his appearance will require a lot of promotion. Certainly

Art Pepper was better-known as a jazz artist. However, Murphy is an offer the CJS cannot refuse, as he is an outstanding jazz singer. On the strength of the turnout for Pepper it seems that the society may not have to dip deeply into its reserves.

... Perth

By Ron Morey

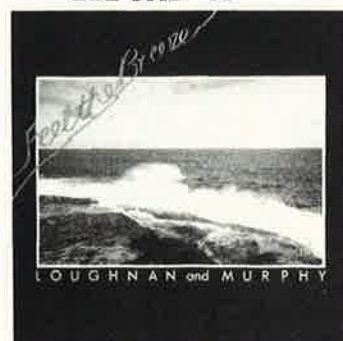
UPSON BAND RISES LIKE THE PHOENIX. Perth never had a big band really worthy of the name until the emergence of the WILL UPSON BAND during the middle and late 70's. The probable reason for this state of affairs was that we had no catalyst of Upson's calibre until that time.

The young (still in his 30's) English-born pianist/arranger/composer managed to gather a pretty good outfit together, got some gigs, and actually made a commercially-released record - *Live At Pinocchio's*.

As a consequence of being involved in the Perth studio scene with its attendant jingles et al, Will eventually opened his own recording studio, and became more and more involved in that side of things. Add to this the unfavourable economic situation, and the big band sort of fizzled out.

The good news is that Will has reformed, and in two recent gigs at the

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The band's chief strength lies in the ensemble and section areas. Will has drilled the troops to a fine pitch of professionalism, so that the Basie charts, which predominate, have a bite akin to the band of the Count himself. Particularly impressive are the trumpets, led by Scottish dynamo, Eddie Martin.

Unfortunately there are only a couple of outstanding soloists in the new Upson crew (as, indeed, was the case with its predecessor). These same two worthies sparked both outfits, and are saxophonists — altoist Roger Garrod and tenorist Jim Cook. The former has a staggering tour de force in Leonard Feather's *I Remember Bird*, playing non-stop as a musical ornithologist, and has the ability to acquaint himself well in this arduous field. Jim, meanwhile, attacks every solo as if it's his last, with juggernaut impetus and unflinching ideas. Aptly named, he cooks at the drop of a down beat.



Roger Garrod

Pat Crichton, late of the DALY-WILSON BAND, takes all the trumpet/flugelhorn solos, but I find him a rather lustreless player. I understand he's been having mouthpiece problems of late, but I must confess I've always found him tonally austere and lacking in a flowing conception. Although not quite so modern in outlook, Eddie Martin has a nice, fat tone and good phraseology, and I wish that Will would give him an occasional solo spot.

The trombones are fine as a section, but again lack a noteworthy soloist. Andy Ross did have one ballad feature, which was tonally nice, but stuck very close to the melody. He's capable of improvising to better effect — perhaps he'll get back into it, given time.

The 17 pieces (5 trumpets, 4 saxes, 4 troms and 4 rhythm) would count for little without the drum powerhouse

that is Bruno Pizzata. Highly skilled in every respect of the percussive art, he really excels most when goosing a big band.

Will's charts, for the most part, are fairly uncomplex at this stage. As mentioned before, the Basie-types predominate, along with things by the likes of Henry Mancini. They are nonetheless effective, however, due to the quality of the band's ensemble precision. When something more ambitious, like the aforementioned Leonard Feather piece, is tackled, then the WILL UPSON BIG BAND, Edition 2, takes off with a vengeance.

On the two occasions that they've performed at the Perth Jazz Society they've had very large, very appreciative audiences; obviously there's still enormous interest in big bands. It's to be hoped that the economic climate will allow Will to continue with this undertaking. As has often been said before, there's nothing quite as exhilarating as a big band in full cry!

... Sydney

By Ken Pitkin

Clubs throughout their existence go through changes of committee, location, and designation, the Sydney Jazz Club is no exception, having had its share of change of venues, and committees. This year will see a significant change in designation, the club was formed in 1953, and known simply as "The Sydney Jazz Club", during the following years moves were made which in 1967 culminated in the formation of "The Sydney Jazz Club Co-Operative Limited".

In fact for a while both "The Sydney Jazz Club" and "The Sydney Jazz Club Co-Operative Limited" ran concurrently until the S.J.C. Co-Op Ltd took over completely. The aim being that in a reasonable period of time the club would have its own premises. Unfortunately that has not come about, nor is it likely to eventuate. At the 1981 A.G.M. a resolution was tabled, and subsequently accepted, which instructed the incoming committee to wind up the affairs of the "Sydney Jazz Club Co-Operative Limited", to enable the organisation to revert to being "The Sydney Jazz Club" with funds in the Clubs accounts being placed in the care of three trustees, for use in setting up a new Sydney Jazz Club.

Hopefully, the committee that was elected and undertook the formidable task of getting past accounts in order, for presentation to the Co-Operative's Administration will have completed the task by November, the bulk of the work being done by the President — Neil Steeper, Secretary — Carl Maynard, and Treasurer — Bob Middleton. Additionally throughout the year the Committee still managed to present a number of successful and different functions, such as the late night sessions, and the "Return to the Mott" nights.

To complete the year, the committee will present the following functions for members.

Friday 6th November Transport Club, Regent Street — Midnight to 3 am — a band organised by Bob Barnard, of musicians he does not normally appear with.

Sunday November 15th — a bus trip to Berrima to meet up with Club members from Canberra, Illawarra, Campbelltown, etc. Location as usual the Surveyor General Hotel.

Wednesday November 18th — Fund raising concert in aid of the 36th Australian Jazz Convention to be held in Geelong over the Christmas period. At the time of writing, bands taking place had not been confirmed.

Sunday November 29th — Harbour Cruise — with Nick Boston's Colonial Jazz Band, always a good response from members.

Friday December 4th — late night at Transport Club, Regent Street — presenting "The Ladies of Jazz" — Kate Dunbar, Claire Kittel, Jean Williams, Pat Qua, and it is hoped that Nancy Stuart, and possibly Margaret RoadKnight will agree to appear, accompanied by suitable backing musicians.



Margaret RoadKnight

This was in addition to the regular event at Berry Island Reserve, Wollstonecraft, where in a typical Australian bush setting, a barbeque is held (Fire regulations permitting), with Jazz band provided, invariably a really good time is had by all, for November the date is Sunday, 22nd November. And the band will be Dave Ferrier Jazz band. For December, Christmas special, the band will be Noel Crow's Jazzmen, on Sunday December 13th.

The picnic — barbeque, is held every month, on the first Sunday after the third Friday, except when coinciding with public holidays, and Christmas holiday period, when most people descend on

some unsuspecting country town for the annual Australian Jazz Convention.

To the 1982 Sydney Jazz Club Committee I wish every success in their functions, and the coming year.

From around the jazz scene:

Sunday arvo, Bondi Hotel, from 3 pm to 6 pm — Adrian Ford Jazz Band is still going strong, with a fairly good attendance from the local, and not so local jazz followers, so why not get along there some time.

Down at Circular Quay, at the "Old Push", George Street, Friday evening from 8 pm to 11.30 pm wine and dine while you enjoy the music of Paul Furniss and The San Francisco Jazz Band, food and drinks reasonably priced, and there is always a nice friendly atmosphere, service is very good as well. Well worth a visit one evening.

Alternatively for an equally good night of Jazz, but in different surroundings, with a different style of menu, call in to "Soup Plus" and hear the wonderful music of the Dick Hughes Famous Five. They are there from 7 pm until 10 pm each Tuesday and Friday. "Soup Plus" is in George Street, City, just along from King Street.

Saturday afternoon, from 3 pm until 6 pm, still in George Street, this time down in the Rocks area, at the Orient Hotel, you can hear the very lyrical, and distinctive trumpet playing of Bob Barnard, and his quartet, where a capacity crowd is always in attendance, and there is a nice friendly atmosphere, but if you want to see the band, as well as hear them, an early arrival is recommended.

Wishing all jazz fans everywhere a very Happy Christmas, see you either at or after the Convention.

Sydney venues presenting Jazz 3 days or more per week, — please check with venues regarding bands!

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Radio:

MONDAY: 3pm: From Trad to Mod —

2MBS—FM; 10pm: Music to Midnight/

Ian Neil — 2BL; 11pm: Concert Jazztrack/

Jim McLeod — ABC—FM, **TUESDAY:**

7pm: Robin's Nest of Jazz/Robin Forsaith

— 2MBS—FM; 10pm: Music to Midnight/

Ian Neil — 2BL; 11pm: Jim McLeod's

Jazztrack — ABC—FM; 11.30pm: And

all that Jazz — 2SER—FM, **WEDNESDAY:**

Noon: Jazz with Kevin Jones — 2MBS—FM;

7pm: Joy-a-Jazz/Joya Jenson — 2MBS—FM

10pm: Music to Midnight/Ian Neil —

2BL; 11pm: Jim McLeod's Jazztrack

— ABC—FM, **FRIDAY:** 7.15pm: Jazz

on a Friday Night/Eric Child — 2BL;

10pm: Music to Midnight/Ian Neil —

2BL; **Midnight:** Jazz all through the

Night — 2MBS—FM, **SATURDAY:**

10.25am: The World of Jazz/Eric Child —

2BL; 11am: Bebop and Beyond — 2MBS—

FM; 10pm: Music to Midnight/Ian Neil —

2BL, **SUNDAY:** 7pm—10pm: Weekend

World/Phil Haldeman — 2KY; Noon:

Jazz Gallery — 2MBS—FM; 10pm: Music

to Midnight/Ian Neil — 2BL; 10pm:

Open End — 2SER—FM,



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...Tasmania

By Allan Brown

Live jazz has taken a turn for the worse in Hobart recently. Due to poor crowds and unco-operative publicans, we now find only one traditional jazz group working in Hobart — the Southern City Jazz Ensemble are still holding down their spot at Tattersalls Hotel on Wednesday nights. The other groups usually working such as the Pearce-Pickering Barrelhouse Band, Jazzline and the Whaling Company are all enjoying an enforced holiday at present. All is not lost, however, as evidenced by the enthusiastic turn-out for visiting musicians. Mike Hallam and Doc Willis from Sydney had two successful nights in Launceston and Hobart, supported by local musicians, and sponsored by the Jazz Action Society. Early October also saw the long-awaited return of John Nicol to Tasmania, courtesy of the newly-formed Contemporary Jazz Society. John and Col Nolan, plus two local musicians, played three successful nights in Hobart, Burnie and Launceston, which has now enabled the Contemporary Jazz Society to raise a fund for further concerts. Billy Field and the Bad Habits Band also included Tasmania in their recent tour schedule.

Jazz Action in Hobart is still running the monthly jam session at the Globe Hotel, now called Jazz Club '81, which has been an outlet for some of the more enthusiastic amateur and professional musicians to display their talents. Arrangements are also well under way for Jazz Action's annual New Year's Eve Jazz Ball, which was so successful last year, as part of the Tasmania Fiesta programme. Two bands will take part — the Pearce-Pickering Barrelhouse Band from Hobart and Alan Leake's Storyville Jazz Band from Melbourne. The Jazz Ball will be held at Laetare Gardens in Moonah; tickets are available from Fullers Book Shop in Hobart or by telephoning Marion Pearce on 43 7232.

The ninth annual reunion jazz dance organised by Kaye Staveley and original Pearce-Pickering members also attracted the usual enthusiastic response.

Jazz in Launceston retains a high profile, with the Jazzmanians still drawing good crowds at Rosie's Tavern each Thursday and Friday night. The Jazzmanians, of course, are Ted Herron (guitar), Max Gourlay (clarinet and violin), Bruce Gourlay (piano), and Bill Brown (Drums).

Launceston also has an active big band, which has Ross Challender as musical director. Other members include Barry Nas (tenor sax), Brian Nicholls and John Laing (alto sax), Lou Stackhouse (baritone), Ray Veevers, Scott Tinkler, Mark Barratt and John Munday (trumpets), John Handy, Dean Minol, Gordon Scott and Bob Elder (trombones), Keith Treasure (guitar), Bob Tennant (drums) and Harry Mouten (Bass). The big band is working sporadically, with regular appearances at the Old Tudor Inn coming up soon. The ABC in Hobart gave traditional jazz in Hobart a boost with a concert at the Odeon

Theatre, late in October. Groups appearing were the Emu Strutters Jazz Band, the Southern City Jazz Ensemble, and the Pearce-Pickering Barrelhouse Band.

JAZZ NOTES FROM LAUNCESTON (TASMANIA)

By Peter Newman

Although Tasmania is a small State it does support a Northern and a Southern Jazz Action Society. The Northern body received its separate identity in 1979. Peter Coleman who had been Northern Governor of the state body became president.

The Society has approximately 160 members and as the population of Launceston is only big enough to support a jazz band working one night a week we have regular concerts by local and visiting musicians instead of full-time gigs.

The Constitution of the Northern J.A.S. states that one of its aims is to 'promote the interests of Australian jazz . . . by all means possible,' and to this end, since 1975 there has been a wide variety of jazz activities.

The fourth Sunday afternoon of the month has been a regular time since 1976 for J.A.S. concerts. These were originally held at the Cornwall Hotel (along with 'Rent Parties' at Mrs. Bridges' Restaurant) then the Hotel St. George, followed by the C.T.A. Club. At present the Society holds 'Jazz, Jug & Jam' at the Tamar Yacht Club, an intimate and pleasant setting right on the Tamar River.

Local musicians who have been stars of Society concerts and who have admirably supported visiting artists and bands include Bill Browne, Bruce and Max Gourlay, Ted Heron and Keith Stackhouse. Some of the bands which have played for the Society's 'do's' are The Emu Strutters Ron Graham's Dixielanders, Ross Challender's Modern Four, The Mersey River 3 Plus 1, the Hot Jazz Strings, the Don Gurr Quartet and Bruce Haley and Friends.

The Society's activities have not been confined to Launceston as concerts have been held at Devonport's Formby Hotel, Scottsdale and at Bicheno on the East Coast.

Some of the artists whom the Society has presented or been instrumental in presenting include Bob Barnard's Jazz Band, The Storeyville All Stars with Beverley Sheehan, the Pearce Pickering Band, the Ian Pearce Trio, Graeme Bell's All Stars, Galapagos Duck, the Creole Bells Jazz Band, the Maple Leaf Jazz Band, Ken Herron, Penny Eames, Eberhard Weber and Colours and most recently Nancy Stuart and Paul Furniss.

Apart from arranging concerts, the Society has organised Children's Jazz Concerts at the State Library and Adult Education Centre in Launceston specifically to interest children in jazz and enable them to hear live music. Concerts have also been held at High Schools, farm schools and Matriculation Colleges for the same purpose. Social functions have included river boat trips, barbecues, and cabarets.



Eberhard Weber

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...and we've also heard

By Dick Scott*

It is not only the small hotels that feature jazz — the mighty Hilton chain plays its share of the good stuff as well. The Marble Bar in the Sydney Hilton has been featuring jazz for more than three years with the great sounds of the likes of Bob Barnard and Mike Hallam bands. Now they have added to the list one of the most enjoyable bands around town — Nat Oliver's Sheik music. And it is a happy re-association with the Marble Bar for Oliver. Older Sydney fans will remember his trumpet being part of the scene in the Marble Bar when it was in the Adams Family Hotel demolished to make way for the Hilton. And top singer/pianist Jenny Sheard's Trio has taken over Juliana's disco in the Hilton for a three month season that started in October. She and drummer Jack Savage and bassist Lloyd Swanton perform every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday from 5.30 — 8.30 pm.

Strange are the workings of commercial radio. Their almost total ignorance and rejection of jazz in the face of a wealth of evidence of its popularity needs no further emphasis in this magazine. One shining light in the all-pervading pap they churn out has been Phil Haldeman's Weekend World on 2KY. Haldeman presents a 'total variety music' programme, but makes no secret of his deep love for jazz. He is also an unashamed and persistent champion of Australian artists, having programmed on several occasions a full six hours of local talent which he knows stands up against the best in the world. He has interviewed just about every visiting jazz artist from Gillespie to Brubeck and all stops between. Besides, many locals have had their first, and often only, radio interview and airing of their music on Haldeman's programme. Now the sad news... Haldeman's programme has been slashed in half and moved

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

from its popular 9am—3pm slot to radio's notorious dead spot 7—10pm on a Sunday up against the almost traditional Sunday night movie. Not surprisingly, this caused somewhat of a furore among Haldeman's huge following many of whom are not what could be strictly called jazz fans but lovers of good music. 2KY was flooded with phone calls and letters and a 2000 signature petition was taken up at the Manly Carnival over the October long weekend. 2KY was only moved to the extent of an unprecedented PR exercise with letter writers and journalists receiving a diatribe extolling the virtues of country music 24 hours a day, seven days a week!

On the brighter side, 2CH is moving steadily behind jazz. In June they brought out six former Glenn Miller sidemen under the leadership of Tex Beneke and supported by locals for five sell-out concerts at the Sydney Opera House. In other words 15,000 paid to listen to jazz — and we all know jazz doesn't sell! Obviously very happy with this success they then spread some of the joy around by sponsoring the three young big bands at the Manly Carnival. It will surprise no-one in Sydney if more of this ilk is seen and heard from 2CH.

No news to anybody that Mark Murphy recently wowed them in venues right throughout Australia and New Zealand. If you missed a concert or want to keep the memory fresh Avan Guard released his latest album *Bop for Kerouac* to coincide with the tour.

Mark has selected the cream of musicians to back him on this album like Richie Cole on alto and tenor, Bruce Forman on guitar, Bill Moyes keyboards, Bob Magnusson and Luther Hughes on bass, Roy McCurdy and Jeff Hamilton on drums and Michael Spiro on congas and timbales. The album also includes original readings by Jack Kerouac on two tracks. Steve Allen said of *Bop for Kerouac* '... anyone seriously



Mark Murphy

interested in jazz singing should have a collection of every Mark Murphy album ever made... 'Others available from Avan Guard are *Stolen Moments* and *Satisfaction Guaranteed*. Any difficulty getting the discs can be cleared up by contacting Avan Guard on (02) 267 5753.

We have just received announcement of the first Central West Jazz Convention to be held at Parkes over the June long weekend (12th, 13th and 14th). As the dodger says good venues — great people — good accommodation — seven motels — eight hotels — three caravan parks — five licenced clubs. Further details from Bernie Crowe, 4 Glenwarrie Place, Parkes. Phone (068) 62 1283.

The Berlin Jazz Fest runs from 5th to 8th November — a bit late to set out now, but they have an interesting and varied programme put together by George Gruntz. 'Within today's jazz scene, richer than ever before, priorities had to be found,' he says. 'Throughout all concerts wherever possible artists and groups were invited which represent the following aspects: 'Women in Jazz,' 'Jazz in Japan' 'Free-Funk' and as an instrument the guitar. Groups include: Ase Akase Trio, David Freeman Quartet, Hidehiko Matsumoto Quintet, Maynard Ferguson Big Band, Steve Kuhn Quartet, Winton Marsalis Quintet, Marian McPartland Trio, the Lounge Lizards, Amina Claudine Myers, Ira Sullivan, Irene Schweitzer Quartet and the John Scofield Trio.

A new jazz club opened in Brisbane on Saturday August 15th, called JABBO'S. It's situated at 409 George Street, City and is operated by the ever popular Vintage Jazz Band.

Spokesman Mike Hawthorne, still shell-shocked, told of turn-away crowds and that's great.

Admission is \$5.00 first up, which includes 12 months membership and \$3.00 thereafter.

Legitimate musos are admitted free. The club is licensed and is open 7.30 pm to midnight Saturday only, although other nights are planned for the future.



Col Loughnan and Steve Murphy

Galapagos Duck has flown its Basement nest and is touring Western Australia and the Northern Territory for Musica Viva. They are due back in December in time to promote their latest album - 'Journey to Birdwood' for EMI. Other record news sees recent arrival from New Orleans, former opera singer Coco York has already put down a record under musical direction of Sydney pianist Serge Ermoll . . . Guitarist Steve Murphy and reedman Col Loughnan have combined on their own label 'Seaside' through EMI . . . Bob Barnard pianist Chris Tapperell and Mike Hallam pianist Joe Allen have one in the pipeline, but with a twist Tapperell will be on reeds on some tracks and Allen will take up the mallets on vibes . . . and there is more to come from the great Sangster/Benge connection.

Perth Jazz Society President Graham Fisk returns to 6UVS-FM every Saturday night at midnight with 2 hours of "The Best of Jazz." From 'Jelly Roll to Jarrett,' the programme will present all styles of swinging jazz as well as PJS news, and some private tapes and interviews obtained in the UK and USA recently.

This brings to four the number of jazz programmes presented by PJS members, the others being 'New Radio Jazz' on 6NR every Saturday morning, FM Jazz-The Swinging Years every Tuesday evening on 6UVS, and FM Contemporary Jazz every Thursday night.

Peter Noble of the International Concert Connection has announced that the American saxophonists Sonny Stitt and Richie Cole will be touring Australia and New Zealand from December 10 through 22. The confirmed dates are Sydney (December 11 & 12), Adelaide (Dec. 13), Perth (Dec. 14), Melbourne (Dec. 15 & 16), and Sydney again (Dec. 18 & 19). Other dates are yet to be announced for Brisbane, Auckland, Wellington and Hobart. Both Stitt and Cole will primarily play alto saxophones, so the tour promises to be a monumental alto battle. In fact, the tour will be called The Alto Summit.

Pianist with the group will be Jack Wilson. He is one of the most respected of the West Coast session men. Leonard Feather says of him 'Wilson's experience and diversity have made him one of the most important pianists on the West Coast.' Bass man Ed Gaston and drummer Alan Turnbull complete the quintet. At two of the Sydney dates the two altoists will be backed up



Monty Alexander

by the Daly/Wilson Big Band at the new Pitt Street Jazz Supper Club. Also on the same bill will be some of our very best reedmen including Errol Buddle, Bernie McGann and Dale Barlow.

And Peter Noble promises more. In January 1982 he expects to be bringing Herb Ellis, Monty Alexander and Ray Brown.

Later next year Noble will be bringing out Phil Woods and his multi-award winning quartet.

Checking the trends in musical instruments around the jazz and big bands in the United Kingdom, it would appear Boosey and Hawkes (long time leader in brass and concert band brass instruments) are making a big impact with their Sovereign "Studio" trumpet and "937" Band and Jazz trombone.

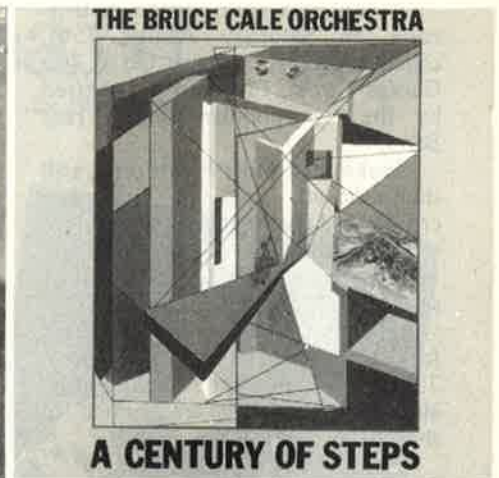
With names like trumpeter, Derek Watkins, from the James Last Band and well known session trombonist Roy Williams and Don Lusher taking to playing the brand. Added to this it is also reported that a number of top U.S. big band trumpet sections are using Sovereign as well as it enjoying a popular following in Australia.

One of the newest FM stations has recently started broadcasting in the Wagga area - 2AAA-FM. Their licence is only for weekend broadcasting but does contain three hours of jazz (10-11 pm Friday + 2-4 pm Saturday) shared by Peter Cowan-Lunn and John Ansell. They have only been going three months and need all the support they can get. If anyone wants further information, or can help, contact the station P.O. Box 519, Wagga Wagga. Phone (060) 21 5594.

Those with an eye for detail will notice a change in editor in this issue. Eric Myers has become editor and I will be associate editor. Lest there be any rumours of bad feeling or bitchiness, regrettably all too prevalent in jazz circles, let me say that I am more than happy to serve with Eric on this magazine. He has long had my admiration as a perceptive and accurate critic and holds the unique position of being Australia's only full time jazz writer.

We are more than happy to publish details of your club or society activities, but, please, as much advance notice as possible.

Deadline for each issue is at least six weeks before publication.



Record Reviews

MARK MURPHY
 "Bop For Kerouac"
 (Muse MR 5253) Avan Guard

Well, I've finally dried my eyes after hearing the most gripping, gut-wrenching version of the classic *Ballad Of The Sad Young Men*. It's not a pretty piece, but a poignant song of futility and loneliness. And Mark Murphy, capturing the sadness, wrings the living daylights out of it, after leading in with Kerouac's lines from *On The Road*. But don't misunderstand — this is not an album of Music To Cry By; it's mostly a joyous celebration of bebop, as well as a dedication to the late Jack Kerouac.

From the top, Mark is bopping, bouncy and breezy on Miles' immortal *Boplicity*, with lyric added titled *Be Bop Lives*. With Mingus' *Goodbye Pork Pie Hat* (given lyrics, and previously sung, by Joni Mitchell) Mark out-Jonies Joni; after all, he's the supreme master of singing jazz classics as they should be sung.

Parker's Mood brings out some low-down, bluesy swinging, with Mark's rich resonant voice delivering Kerouac lines from *The Subterraneans*, telling of Bird on the stand. Mark sings *You Better Go Now* with a tenderness and sensuality that would make it impossible to leave. And throughout there's some wonderful wailing from reedman Richie Cole, and conductor/keyboardist Bill Mays shows great sensitivity and supportiveness.

The tour de force is *Sad Young Men*, with that last anguished note. Just when you thought it was safe to suppose Mark had reached his peak, he lays this on you. You're in deep again, flipping again.

I can see Mark Murphy accepting his Grammy right now!

Joya Jenson

CONCORD SUPER BAND II
 Concord Jazz CJ-120 (Festival Records)

This two-record set was recorded in Tokyo in 1979 during the Concord Jazz All Stars second Japanese tour. The Stars are Scott Hamilton, tenor: Warren Vache, cornet and flugelhorn: Dave McKenna, piano: Cal Collins, guitar: Phil Flanigan, bass: and Jake Hanna, drums.

From McKenna's rumbling eight-bar intro to *Crazy Rhythm* to the closer of the second set on Side Four, the Count Basie's *The King*, it's a right royal, swinging affair. Scott Hamilton never ceases to amaze with his command of his

instrument, his rich, full-blooded sound and his love affair with the swing idiom. Sinatra's Nancy will surely have a laughing face if she hears this version of her dedication tune with young Scott's expeditions and those of the not-quite-so-young Cal Collins. Collins displays a delicious country feel at times and has a refreshing bluesy flair.

Limehouse Blues spotlights the big man with the technique to match, Dave McKenna. After exploring the verse, he launches into four choruses that gain momentum with each one, until he is striding majestically. Eighth notes dance from his right hand, while his famous left lives up to its fame.

Now and again, Warren Vache gets into a Bobby Hackett bag, but out of it for a poignant reading of the lovely old Rodgers & Hart show tune *My Romance*.

All in all, it's marvellous mainstream, and you'll hear among the quotes a couple of sly beauties, *I'm Just A Prisoner of Love* in the Cal Collins solo on *Nancy*, and bassist Flanigan slipping in *Moon Over Miami* on *Crazy Rhythm*.

Super Band — Super Duper!

Joya Jenson

THE BRUCE CALE ORCHESTRA
 "A Century of Steps"
 Larrikin LRJ 071

On *A Century of Steps*, Bruce Cale presents his music via two ten-piece orchestras recorded on separate occasions.

All the tunes are Cale originals and, except for two of them, were arranged by him.

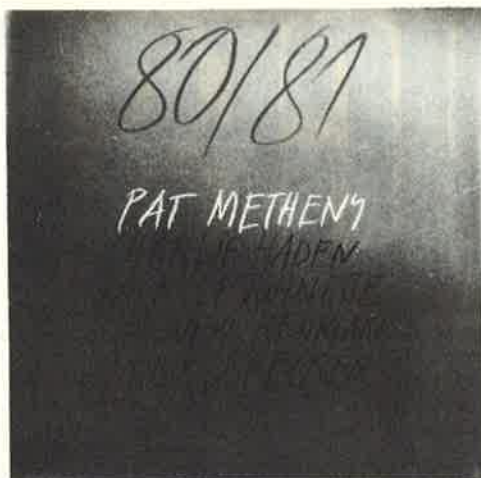
Most of the tracks on this above-average album substitute Rick Miller's percussion work for the standard 'kit' drums. The results enable close listening to the ensemble which occasionally shows lack of rhythmic drive.

The title track is a study in contrasts. After Charlie Munro displays his rich, sensuous alto tone, an improvised piano duet between Bryce Rohde and Paul McNamara ensues.

Rohde and Munro play with unerring accuracy when stating a complex unison melody which proves to be the complete antithesis of the childlike simplicity of the last theme.

From Where We Came, is a song dedicated to John Coltrane, pleasantly sung by Chris McNulty.

Michael Bartolemei's electric piano solo washes across the ears with cool, 'easy-listening jazz', sounds consisting of many Corea/Hancock mannerisms.



Dale Barlow and Mike Bukovsky contribute flute and trumpet solos respectively and respectfully before returning to the last verse.

Other notable musical moments include Rick Miller's eastern percussion sounds on *Marin*, Bruce Cale's swift, singing bass solo on *The Upper Run*, Munro's soprano sax exposition to *Land of The Aborigine*, and Dale Barlow's consistently energetic tenor solos throughout the whole album.

The cover, incidentally, features a striking, semi-abstract painting by Bruce Cale which adds a colourful dimension to an otherwise mono-chromed cover.

Roger Frampton

PAT METHENY

"80/81"

ECM 1180/81 (Carinia Records)

I don't know whether ECM's Manfred Eicher was responsible for teaming Pat Metheny with Charlie Haden, Jack DeJohnette, Dewey Redman and Mike Brecker, but whoever the cunning culprit is should be congratulated.

The young guitarist on this, his first two-record set, may be keeping company with heavyweights, but not to worry, his musical muscles are ready for the action; the outcome brings some exciting, intriguing jazz, encompassing the traditional and contemporary.

The *Two Folk Songs*, written by Missourians Metheny and Haden respectively, are captivating enough to move the most stubborn Missouri mule. Brecker's tenor is featured, and he's furiously "outside" as well as in.

The rhythm section, in the only trio cut, *Turnaround*, display their wonderful way with the blues on an Ornette Coleman 12-bar of the 'fifties. Metheny's sparkling lines follow a particularly compelling solo from bassist Haden. As for DeJohnette, he always seems to be saying something important without beating you over the head with it.

Open is open to all comers for free blowing, while *Goin' Ahead* spotlights Metheny in solo/overdubbed duo contexts. The beautiful theme, *Every Day* is melodic and waltzy; the title track boppish, with fire from Metheny and fireworks from Redman.

And, as we've come to expect from ECM albums, the recording quality is impeccable.

Joya Jenson



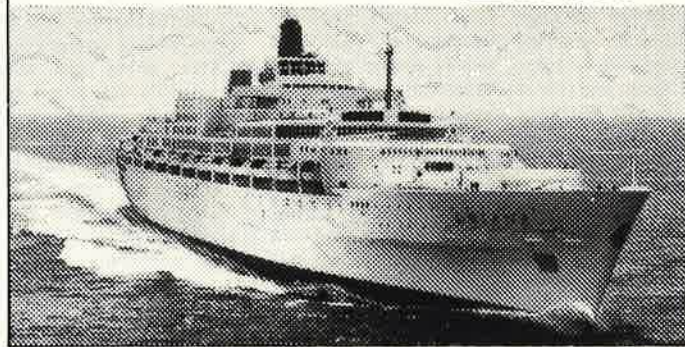
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RECORD DIGEST

BY JOYA JENSON

ERNESTINE ANDERSON

- "Never Make Your Move Too Soon"
- Concord Jazz CJ-147 (Festival Records)

The combination of singer Ernestine Anderson and pianist Monty Alexander is a very tasty and potent brew. And added to the concoction is the redoubtable bassist Ray Brown and drummer Frank Gant. Brown's throbbing bass provides the intro to *As Long As I Live*, but mostly his big, beautiful sound is there, enhancing, supporting. The title piece, a low-down Blues, is a romping, stomping opener, while the tender track, a heart-warming 1938 standard called *Old Folks*, is given the kind of treatment it deserves. Ernestine's warm, lovely voice caresses *Why Did I Choose You*, and swings easy on *Poor Butterfly*. The lady has taste and style - and a monster of a pianist along on the date.



Gary Burton

GARY BURTON/CHICK COREA:

- "Duet"
- ECM 1140 (Carinia Records)

There are seven Corea compositions here, including four of his *Children's Song* miniature pieces; a delightful dedication to singer Gayle Moran, *Song To Gayle*; and the popular *La Fiesta*. His crystalline piano, heavily shaded at times, fuses and blends beautifully with mallet master Burton's glorious chimings. They dance in unison, share reflective moods, each creating inspiring underpinnings to enhance the other's solo voicings. One of the two Steve Swallow pieces, *Never*, gives more than a passing nod to Duke Ellington's *In A Sentimental Mood* but still goes its own meditative way. This cut is one of the most pleasurable rewards from a pairing of talents who are even better than on their earlier *Crystal Silence* collaboration.

SAM MOST:

- "From The Attic Of My Mind"
- XANADU 160 (ARD)

All eight tracks are Most originals and most original. There's the lovely bossa nova, *Breath Of Love*, the blueish *Out Of Sight*, *In Mind* and *Blue Hue*, the funky *Keep Moving*, a sublime ballad, *You Are Always The One* and a swinging *What Is, Is*. Sam is breathy, blustery, beautiful; his rhythm section sparking and powerful. Pianist Kenny Barron digs in solidly, and so does Czech bassist George Mraz when called upon to do so; Warren Smith admirably handles the percussion chores, and Walter Bolden the drum chair. This is the flautist's third splendid album for Xanadu, and is what Sam refers to as a restful and pleasurable experience. It surely sounds that way.

ONAJE

- "Straight As A Briefcase"
- East EAS 082

This is the second LP from the popular Melbourne group that drummer Allan Browne formed early last year. Gary Costello has replaced the original bassist, Derek Capewell, and trumpeter Peter Gaudion is conspicuous by his absence, but the present quartet are still as dedicated to recording original music in a non-compromise situation. *Blossoms*, written by Allan Browne, is a beautiful piece with a distinctive European sound. Pianist Bob Sedergreen and reedman Richard Miller show a lyrical romanticism here, and, on his original *Con Fusion* ("well thought out, but sounds confusing"), Sedergreen proves he has a little ragtime in his soul. Onaje fans won't want to miss this one.

QUASAR

- "Man Coda"
- Aija YPRX-1821

Playing their own imaginative compositions, this trio of dedicated Brisbane musicians comprises Len Henderson, electric guitar and effects; Barry Tiplady, electric bass guitar and effects; and Trevor Tiplady, percussion. They share a nice feeling for space in their music, and at times sound familiar with outer space! They are not too far out, however, as this 1980 session reveals, nor is the metal too heavy. Trevor Tiplady's *Zeltgeist* is a dancing, spritely spirit of the times, while his little charmer, *The Little Prince*, is filled with gentle, floating motifs and colours. If you aren't into electronic music, listen with open ears - you could be pleasantly surprised.

TAL FARLOW

- "Chromatic Palette"
- Concord Jazz CJ-154 (Festival)

Here is the first album that guitarist Farlow recorded with pianist Tommy Flanagan, and empathy-cum-musicianship is the name of the game. The guitarist's mercurial runs, extraordinary harmonic flow and dynamic know-how are legendary. On *I Hear A Rhapsody*, Tal uses an electronic frequency-divider he made; when he plays a note, the divider lowers it one octave, giving the effect of another instrument playing along with the guitar, one octave down. Flanagan is his usual masterful self, and the third member of the trio is the relatively unknown young acoustic bassist, Gary Mazzaroppi. His two-finger pizzicato pluckings on *If I Were A Bell* indicate that we'll be hearing much more from him, and *Bell* is a ring-a-ding-ding Farlow/Flanagan romp.



Tal Farlow

MEL TORME & BUDDY RICH

- "Together Again - For The First Time"
- RCA VJL1-0265

Buddies Torme and Rich, in spite of the tongue-in-cheek put-down of each other in the cover notes, share mutual respect and musicality. Most of the arrangements (some quite complex) were written by Mel Torme, with the notable exception of the Marty Paich scoring for *Blues In The Night*. Torme may not like his old nickname, The Velvet Fog, but it surely fits, particularly in the ballads, and Buddy and the band are with him all the way. The special section written for Ella Fitzgerald that segues into *Lady Be Good* provides a scating swinger, with Mel and Buddy trading fours, twos and ones. Add to all this special guest the incomparable Phil Woods on *Here's That Rainy Day* and you have riches indeed!

JOHN SANGSTER:

– "Don't Mean a Thing if it Ain't Got That DOO-WUP DOO-WUP DOO-WUP DOO-WUP"

– Rain-Forest Records RFLP 004 (EMI)

The first in the Jazz Music Series, a John Sangster collection written for, and featuring, some of Australia's finest jazz musicians. It's special Sangster fare of the quality straight-ahead kind, played by a "lively little orchestra", with effective, and, at times, brilliant soloing. Highlights include: Errol Buddle (tenor), Paul Furniss (alto) on *Eyebrows Up Doo-Wup*: Bob Barnard (trumpet), John Costelloe (trombone) right down tin-can alley with his jam-tin mute on *Makes No Differents*: Tom Sparkes (cor anglais), Graeme Lyall (tenor) on one of the most beautiful of the Sangster themes, *Three Moons (Two Up, One Down)*: Keith Hounslow's muted pocket cornet on *Everything You've Got*: and good things from Tony Gould, Ian Bloxson, Smedley, Sluggsy and Darky. Who could ask for anything more, even another Doo-Wup?

LENA HORNE

– Live on Broadway – "The Lady And Her Music"

– Qwest 2QW 3597 (WEA)

Not a jazz album, but a two-record set of a two-hour, one-woman Broadway show from one of the great performers of our time. Lena Horne, an ex-Cotton Club dancer, sang with the bands of Noble Sissle and Charlie Barnet and appeared in many Hollywood musicals in the 'forties. Her reminiscing is delivered with delicious humour – sometimes raunchy – that is quite contagious. She sings mostly great show tunes that have become standards, including a song taught to her by "a beautiful man named Fats Waller", *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter*, and a charismatic, show-stopping version of *Stormy Weather*. This 64-year-young lady is a powerful belter and a strong ballad interpreter with loads and loads of pizzazz. Who doesn't love Lena?

BENNIE WALLACE:

– "Bennie Wallace Plays Monk"

– ENJA 3091 (ARD)

Although showing a deep respect for past sounds and shapes, this young tenorman from Tennessee has his own ideas, chops aplenty, and is one of the most exciting talents to come along in recent years. A sort of "freer" Scott Hamilton, he's caught the 'Trane, journeyed over the Sonny Rollins *Bridge* to more futuristic places. Trombonist Jimmy Knepper, who works hand-in-glove with Wallace, displays an enchanting wistfulness on his solos – evidence the up-tempo *Evidence* and the ballad, *Ask Me Now*. The latter also throws up the melodist Wallace, who at times strikes like Big Ben (Webster). Eddie Gomez shows his bass virtuosity, and Dannie Richmond lends a nice controlled beat to the outings. I'm sure Monk would approve.

BOB BERTLES & PAUL McNAMARA:

– "Misty Morning"

– Batjazz BAT 2079

These two fine Sydney musicians pair their considerable gifts in a duo context that comes off perfectly. It's clear to see (and hear!) they share a rapport and respect for each other's creative outpourings, each allowing the other plenty of room to stretch out and make himself comfortable.

Bob Bertles plays tenor, alto and soprano saxophones, alto and C flutes, displaying a technical brilliance that can be extremely moving and lyrical. Apart from some exquisite piano from Paul, who bares his classical roots, the album also showcases McNamara the composer. *John, Jim, Elvin, And McCoy* is a fitting tribute to Coltrane and his classic rhythm section, and *Brooklyn* is stunning. But then, all the cuts demonstrate original inspiration in writing and performance. This two-way conversation definitely improves with each hearing.

PAUL CHAMBERS/JOHN COLTRANE

– "High Step"

– Blue Note BN-LA451-H2 (EMI)

This is a two-record set from classic 1956 sessions, plus a newly discovered 1955 date. At that time, both principals, with drummer Philly Joe Jones, were members of the Miles Davis Quintet, and the Quartet cuts here added pianist Kenny Drew. Others in the fine supporting cast are Donald Byrd, trumpet; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Horace Silver, piano; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Pepper Adams, baritone; and Roland Alexander, piano. If you are familiar with the work of Coltrane, Chambers, and the other worthies, you will realize the significance of the sessions. Suffice it to say, if you are not familiar with it, there isn't a better time than right now to start listening. Either way, you will be participating in some vital, adventurous explorations – as David Liebman said, "Trane's legacy is beyond the notes and the music itself, especially in our present era".



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The Len Barnard Story (Part 6)



Jam session on the Great Wall

— “I sat in the orchestra, between the kettle-drums and the side drum. You can't be too close to an orchestra. The sound is quite different, more voluptuous, more significant, when you are in the middle of it. Everything takes on a new aspect. The orchestra becomes a set of individuals, delicately inter-related, instead of one huge machine —.”

Arnold Bennett (Journals 1899)

Those of you who follow these rantings are, I fondly hope, aware that they are not a carefully selected parade of detail, but just very random reminiscences.

With Galapagos Duck, we had Roger Frampton on piano, filling in until Ray Alldridge was free of touring commitments.

There was always a great atmosphere at The Basement, and the band was firing.

I have a comical recollection of the washboard duets perpetrated by Tom Hare and myself. We would start off flailing away with great bravura, eventually swapping “fours” on the laundry type rhythms. It was then that Tom's wide, bright, Vaudevillian smile would crumble into grimaces of pain as the metal thimbles chewed into his cuticles.

We recorded the album “Magnum”, then toured Asia for the Department Of Foreign Affairs, which was negotiated through Musica Viva and Peter Brendle. Firstly to Jakarta, its frantic traffic, and the wonder of the Balinese gamelan bands. The plangent sound of the percussion instruments

and the charmingly unexpected crescendos and pauses captivated us completely.

It was near election time and the military boys were doing plenty of strutting.

Two of our concerts at universities were cancelled because of “student unrest,” so we were able to get together with a large gamelan band, where I had a lovely time, sweating the while, trading eye-brow-raising passages with these cheerful men. Jack Lesmana was very hospitable, and we had a few informal sessions with Indonesian All-Stars, in which Jack was the fine guitarist, and Benny Mustafa the excellent drummer. Thence to Bombay and the first Jazz Yatra Festival (Yatra is the Indian word for pilgrimage). The airport was chaotic, and they mislaid one of our trunks of instruments, later found on the tarmac at 3 a.m. with the “This Side Up” arrows pointing downwards. Bombay is enchanting, exasperating, reeking of history and other things, charismatic, teeming with tricky humanity, mysterious to the newcomer, cricket loving, religious, enigmatic, and Indian.

But then, all my life I've been handicapped as a debater or controversialist or condemner by finding myself to too large a degree ranged also on the other side.

One word about Galapagos Duck at that particular time. A good band can always rise to the occasion, but a really good band can pick the occasions that are worth rising to.

This one was at Rhang Bavan on Thursday night, February 16th, 1978 to an audience of 2,000, who had been bludgeoned by a seemingly interminable barrage of electronic "free-form" from Zbigniew Namyslowski (Poland) and the Volker Kriegel Quintet (West Germany).

Willis Conover announced us, and we came on rhythmically, blowing straight and clean, and cracked the place up. We were still on stage at 1 a.m. and nobody had left. It was a riot. Now, don't get me wrong, dear listener, I don't for one moment suggest that our music was any better than that preceding us. It's just that a lot of guys misunderstand the cerebral acceptance of an audience, and won't come to grips with the fact that people en masse want to be entertained and not educated.

Then we took a train to Poona (Last Outpost Of The British Raj), 100 miles north of Bombay. We were driving to the Nehru Memorial Hall in a minibus, and saw a superannuated grand piano being trundled along a dusty road on a cart propelled by six Indian labourers. There was only one piano available and that was it. When the Indians arrived at the hall with it, there ensued an hour of gesticulating d'amour as they got it on stage. Then, Roger Frampton found it was a whole tone flat. The promoter assured us that it would be tuned, and when we came back later, he said — "Ah! Tuner has just left. Piano O.K. now —." But piano was the same as before, and we discovered that there was no piano-tuner in the town, and only one in the whole of Bombay. Thanks to Roger's musicianship, we played the concert with him transposing everything down a key, and myself on a borrowed boy's drum kit from the Don Bosco Home.

This prompted a good song title — "There Ain't No Tuner In Poona, And There's Only One In Bombay —." It has yet to be written. Then we did three concerts in Colombo where we met a strangely assorted bunch of local musicians, one of which was a bass-player called Lucky, who was permanently stoned, and who kept a flask of warm arrack on his hip. We stayed at the Galle Face Hotel, which is pure Somerset Maugham, ocean, palms, noiseless gliding waiters, smell of spices; all the overtones of a gracious bygone era.

Thence to Hong Kong for one concert. John Gunn, of the Australian Embassy in Peking had heard of our tour, and arranged to get us there. The train from Honkers to Kwangchow (Canton) was curiously elegant with white lace antimacassars on each seat. This was the border of Red China,

Galapagos Duck and Peking Duck



Galapagos Duck pictured outside Beethoven's birth house in Bonn. R.t.L. Greg Foster, Len Barnard, Tom Hare, Ray Allridge, Chris Qua, Peter Brendle (Manager).

and it was a tiresome time as the guards searched all our equipment. We were cracking gags to them about concealed explosions and contraband — always a mistake — utterly humourless. Maybe the reason for the term — "inscrutable Orientals" is that there is really nothing to "scrute". Then on a plane full of Chinese soldiers to Peking, where I was billeted with Peter and Wendy Phillips in the Foreign Compound. We did two concerts at the Embassy in the "Great Hall Of The Australian People". Not one Chinaman was present. The audiences were Embassy staff from Norway, Britain, Africa, America, Australia, all starved for live music, so Roger helped make it live by hopping about the stage (from piano to sopranino) like a small, slim, prehistoric bird. Peter Phillips speaks fluent Mandarin, and he arranged for us to visit The Great Wall, a real experience, and the Ming Tombs, an unreal experience. Then to Manila, which is full of raging hysteroids, and Singapore, where my favourite cowbells were stolen from backstage. During all this time, the band was developing a subtle change in style, with looser arrangements, and more individual blowing space. Back in Sydney, Peter Brendle came in as permanent manager, and we recorded "Right On Cue" for Polygram.

Peter negotiated a European tour and we left in mid 1979 for Frankfurt.

We drove to Kassel for our first concert and met several German jazz-lovers, jowls crimson with good cheer.

This was subsequently an eventful tour which must perforce await the next issue.

next issue:

January/February, 1982



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