

AUSTRALIA'S JAZZ MAGAZINE

# Jazz Under





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## **AND QANTAS**



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**Jazz Down Under Tour 1975.** Kings Holidays and Qantas are planning the trip of a lifetime for Australian jazz fans — Newport in New York and Montreux in Switzerland, the biggest and best jazz festivals next year.

The Tour plans to leave Sydney 2nd July and to return on 29th July, taking in New York, London, Paris, Montreux, Nice, Florence and Rome. Jazz and the sights of Europe as well! What more could you want?

Also from Union Tours comes news of a Tour to the New York/Newport Jazz Festival next year, flying Pan Am between Australia and U.S.A.

We will be giving more details on the festivals and tours as they come to hand.

# **EDITORIAL**

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A warm welcome to John Clare who has now joined us as a regular contributor. In our next issue, out in January, he will be covering the concert tours we are shortly to see and hear. In that issue too, again with John's good services, we'll be featuring that fine group from Melbourne led by Brian Brown. And something for the trad fans, our March issue will feature a run down on the Australian Jazz Conventions past and present with articles on some of our prominent, more traditionally orientated groups.

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In response to enquiries made after our first issue, it should be mentioned that this magazine is distributed mainly through record shops and jazz clubs. It is not possible to produce sufficient to cater completely for casual sale, therefore to ensure you receive a copy regularly, we strongly recommend placing yourself on our subscription list.

# OUT AND ABOUT

## HORST'ING AROUND

On the market right now are two double album sets by two of our very best modern jazz groups. "THE DON BURROWS QUARTET AT THE OPERA HOUSE" — Cherry Pie CPS 1017-2, came out a little while ago, just in time to snatch the award for the best jazz album of the year, and it deserves it too. It's also the group's farewell present to their many fans because, as you all know, they disbanded last month. The second double set is by the JAZZ CO-OP which is hitting the market this week. It's simply called "THE JAZZ CO-OP" and is on Philips. It's also an excellent album and I'd like you all to rush out and buy it.

The MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA is touring Australia at this very moment. Mahavishnu John McLaughlin, is the unique musician whose guitar playing had a profound influence on today's musical scene, having been amplified by his associations with Miles Davis, Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Chic Corea and Carlos Santana. It's an eleven piece orchestra which also includes a string section led by the French violin ace, JEAN-LUC PONTY. Also on violins are, Stephan Kinder and Carol Shive. Marchall Westbrook - Viola, and Phil Hirschi - Cello, complete the string section. The rest of the line-up is Steve Frankovich - Trumpet and Flugelhorn, Bob Knapp - Flute, Trumpet, Flugelhorn, Gayle Moran - Lead Vocals and Keyboards, Raphe Armstrong - Electric Bass and Bass Violin, and Drummer, Michael Walden. The tour dates are, November 8 - Perth Concert Hall, November 10 - Melbourne Festival Hall, November 12 - Sydney Hordern Pavilion, November 14 - Melbourne Festival Hall, November 15 - Adelaide Thebarton Town Hall, November 17 - Sydney Hordern Pavilion, November 19 - Brisbane Festival Hall.

A few weeks back the pocket-sized big band, "SPOKE" made a guest appearance at THE BASEMENT. They played some powerful, very tight and interestingly arranged music. It proved so successful, that they have been booked for a return engagement which will occur on Tuesday, November 19th and Tuesday, November 26th. The line-up of "SPOKE" is, Avits Neeme, Leader - Guitar. Serge Ermoll - Piano, Hugh Webb and Keith Dubber - Trumpets, Charles Munro - Alto Sax, Dave Owens-Tenor Sax, Derek Long - Trombone, John Bartlett - Bass, Ross Rignold - Drums. It's the latest addition to our ever-expanding jazz scene and a lot of hard work and dedication went into making this band go—so don't miss it!

THE GRAEME BELL ALL STARS returned to THE BASEMENT last Monday and they will be there every Monday all during November and right up to Christmas. Graeme of course, is on Piano and with him is, Paul Furniss - Reeds, Cliff Reese - Trumpet, Ken Herron - Trombone, Harry Harman - Bass, Geoffrey Proud - Drums.



JOHNNY NICOL 'S LATIN SOUL are in the studio right now doing an LP. The recording is sponsored by the publishing giant, Chappells, and will be released on Philips, most likely during February, 1975. In the meantime, they are still packing them in every Tuesday night at the SHALIMAR Restaurant in York Street, opposite the back of Wynyard.

To all of you people who read this column I would like to extend to you best wishes for a happy Christmas and New Year and I hope you keep on digging this exciting music called, "Jazz" for a long time to come.

Peace.

Horst Liepolt.

## TWO GENERATIONS OF BRUBECK

The Opera House is a pretty deadly place, poor acoustics and the public address sounded horrible — whether by inferior design or inept operator I don't know. To make matters worse the atmosphere was formal and kitsch to the extreme, completing the requirements for killing spontaneity. At least the seats were comfortable.

Admirably aware of the situation, Dave presented the show as one big happy family with endless bowing and toothpaste smiles.

Brubeck Senior's playing wasn't bad, but nowhere near as exciting as with Gerry Mulligan, Alan Dawson and crew last time he was here. The lads played

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Jazz Down Under — November, 1974.

# OUT AND ABOUT

competently but without fire, though some of the compositions were fairly interesting. A sea of adoring bank clerks indicated by thunderous applause they'd appreciated the finer points which had somehow eluded me.

"Robbed . . . . should've known better", I grumbled into my beard trudging Quaywards, brightening a little at the thought: "at least its Tuesday; there'll be some good jazz at the Basement".

Judy Bailey's group were most satisfying and I was feeling quite human again when I walked the junior Brubecks plus entourage. Come last bracket Judy and her bass player Ron Philpott were sharing the stage with a mass of Brublets and their mates.

A blind man would have had no show of recognising them as the same musos. Danny Brubeck propelled the rest beautifully, pure energy of an easy flowing kind rare in drummers. The front line raged, Perry Robinson on clarinet and Jerry Bergonzi on saxes being the most impressive. Sydney jazz "character" Joe Lane sat in for some nice scatting. It was free form all the way, played well and with feeling.

Queried afterwards, Darius Brubeck replied: "Oh yeah, we always play like that at concerts and like this in jams."

Leroy Suave.

## THE BRUBECK SIDEMEN: JAMMING AND TEACHING AT THE CON

Dave Brubeck has never been a favourite pianist of mine. Miles Davis's is one of the few jazz rock fusions that I find completely satisfying. For those flimsy reasons I didn't see Brubeck and his offspring in concert. Later I heard that clarinettist Perry Robinson was in the band, and I began to kick myself. Though he is barely audible on Archie Shepp's "Mama Too Tight", he makes intriguing contributions to several old ESP recordings. A very free soloist with many of the tonal qualities of Pee Wee Russell and Edmond Hall.

All was not lost, for Robinson and a tribe of the Brubeck cats — two of whom looked like photographs of the old man wearing a wig — arrived at the Basement while I was listening to Judy Bailey's band, which incidentally creates one of those few jazz rock fusions that I find . . . . . Someone asked Robinson if he was going to play. "How could I not?" he replied, smiling blissfully at Judy's band. Last set saw everyone climb onto the stage and let the music blow them where it would. In and out of several kinds of beat it meandered, rocked and steamed. Joe Lane got up on the stage and sang imaginary saxophone, bringing the house down, and the whole thing was passing strange, nor easily forgotten.

More good news: Mike Williams and friends had

Jazz Down Under — November, 1974.

persuaded Robinson, tenor man Jerry Bergonzi, mouth harpist Peter "Mad Cat" Ruth and bassist David Powel to stay over and give a three day series of workshops at the Conservatorium with Howie Smith, Phil Treloar and Roger Frampton.

Watching most attentively from the front row of the crowded Joseph Post Auditorium as Robinson demonstrated some of the things he had not been taught on clarinet — didgeridoo-like effects in the bottom register, a sudden shrieking pursuit of all the upper harmonics of the horn — was a nun.

Perry explained that many unorthodox techniques —throat rasps and growls— had been used in early jazz, but that swing and then bebop had shifted the emphasis to a cleaner, more direct sound. "Today, we are trying to combine all these things. This is where we are at. Freedom. Outer space . . . ."

There followed a free collective blow, after which bassist David Powel admitted that this sort of thing could bore people if they came to it with preconceptions of what melody, rhythm etc., should be. Both audience and players had to listen in as open and intuitive a way as they could. Nobody seemed bored, but one listener did ask to hear how the group would treat an old standard. They responded with a fine version of "Round Midnight" on which Roger Frampton and Jerry Bergonzi distinguished themselves. Then a blues on which Howie Smith employed many startling devices without ever losing the grand soaring and rolling essence of the blues. A variety of metres were demonstrated. In fact they played and talked about so many things over the three days — each of which ended in a free for all with young and old local lads blowing — that I am still digesting it.

One thing that stays in my mind: Don Burrows asked Jerry to talk about the modes he had worked with during his solo on Miles' "All Blues". Jerry went to the piano and demonstrated chord against chord, scale against scale, stood up and concluded . . . "and, well, just anything that sounds good!"

John Clare,

## SYDNEY JAZZ CLUB NEWS

The most popular function of the Sydney Jazz Club Year is the Christmas Chicken and Wine Night. It will be held this year on 13th December in the Number Two Hall at Paddington Town Hall. In order to please all tastes we have booked the bands of Nick Boston and Geoff Bull to provide non stop entertainment all night, so get your tickets early as the numbers will have to be limited.

Tickets from: Ron Gray; phone: 637-1098, or any Committee Member.

Incidentally, the Committee of the Jazz Club is Eric Richards - President, Ron Gray - Secretary, Geoff

# OUT AND ABOUT

Gilbert - Treasurer, Ian Cave, Bill Bailey, Adrian Ford and Graham Kellaway.

Jazz Club members who are interested in record collecting should get in touch with Ron Gray to be put on the Collectors Mailing List. There are some really exciting records becoming available very shortly.

There have been some huge crowds at the Jazz Club picnics all through the winter so I expect we shall have standing room only during the coming summer months. The picnics are held in Berry Island Reserve, End of Shirley Road, Wollstonecraft. Starting at mid-day on Sunday, 20th October, we shall have the Harbour City Jazz Band, on 17th November, it will be Eric Richards' ill Chosen Seven and on 15th December, a grand Christmas picnic with the Unity Jazz Band plus the Harbour City Band.

**Geoff Gilbert.**

## AUSTRALIAN MAINSTREAM: BOB BARNARD'S JAZZ BAND

On Tuesday and Wednesday nights at the ROCK'S PUSH and Thursday nights at the STAGE DOOR TAVERN jazz enthusiasts can listen to a band led by one of Australia's finest jazzmen - trumpeter Bob Barnard. With him are John McCarthy on clarinet and saxophones, trombonist John Costelloe, pianist Chris Tapperall, bassist Wally Wickham and, sharing the drum spot, Allan Geddes or Len Barnard.

That this band is playing regularly is one sign of an expanding jazz scene, for in the past lack of venue and monetary considerations prevented these musicians from doing anything more than "oncercs" at concerts.

Indeed I was surprised to learn that this is the first band Bob has led, though he always hoped and believed that someday "it would happen for us all together".

"Bob is Australia's most famous sideman", joked John McCarthy.

The appeal of this band comes from not only the high standard it reaches musically, but also from the selection and arrangement of the material. There is conscious determination not to play "formula music".

"We play what could be called traditional mainstream", McCarthy pointed out. "But we play what appeals to us. We are open to all types of music", added Barnard.

These comments are borne out if one spends an evening listening. There is no rehash of "the same old stuff", for a typical bracket may begin with "Spinning Wheel", followed by a King Oliver composition, and ending with a medley which features each member on a different tune



**Bob Barnard (left) having Breakfast with American Trumpet Stars Wild Bill Davison and Bobby Hackett during their Australian Tour 1972.**

"We try to develop our music and sometimes we have to forget about what the audience expects us to do", Bob insisted almost dogmatically. "We want to take our audience with us, but we won't be held back with nightly requests for "Tiger Rag". I haven't heard any complaints."

Space prevents a discussion of individual styles and individual contributions to the overall sound, but in my opinion it is tremendous music which cannot be categorised.

A few weeks ago, Perry Robinson, the clarinetist with Brubeck sat in. He and McCarthy proceeded to play duets of tremendous freedom, while the others easily adapted. At the back of the room John Sangster - who has sat in on piano! - and John Pochee applauded with delight.

With bands of this standard and clubs like The Basement and the Rock's Push, jazz has a bright future.

**Peter Rechniewski.**



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# OUT AND ABOUT

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

Most musicians dream of having a son or daughter who shows an interest in music. Well for Llew and Pam Hird the dream has come true with a vengeance. Their fifteen year old son Karl Hird is already making a name for himself on clarinet and sax. And in fact is making up what must be the most unique front line in the business.



Karl Hird at the Newcastle Jazz Club 1974.

With Llew on trombone, Pam on trumpet and Karl on clarinet and tenor, you have the blowing section of the recently formed "Sydney Stompers", one of the hottest New Orleans style bands in town. I had the pleasure of playing with the band at the last jazz convention when Karl was only fourteen and he stunned a large and enthusiastic audience with his beautiful fluid style, his version of the George Lewis classic Burgundy Street Blues was quite startling in its maturity.



Pamela and Llew Hird with veteran New Orleans Trombonist Louis Nelson (Australian Tour 1973).

I quite confidently predict that Karl will be a star of the future if he keeps up the good work. You can catch the Sydney Stompers at the Macquarie Hotel in Wentworth Avenue, Thursday nights and Saturday afternoons.

Geoff Gilbert.



29th. Australian  
Jazz Convention  
Melbourne 1974.

This year the Jazz Convention is being held in Melbourne. The venue is the Dorset Gardens Hotel/Motel, Croydon, in the foothills of the Dandenong Ranges, 26th - 31st December.

The first Australian Jazz Convention was held in 1946 at the Eureka Hall, North Melbourne, and for the past 29 years the Convention has been regularly attended by a growing number of musicians and jazz enthusiasts.

Whilst arranged on the basis of giving the assembled musicians the opportunity to play together and to each other, provision is usually made for public access in the form of organised concerts and a street parade.

The Convention, the oldest musical festival of its kind in the world, belongs to those who participate in it. Neither the musicians nor members of the organising committee are paid, and any profit from the public concerts is passed into a trust fund which goes towards guaranteeing the continuation of the Jazz Convention as an Australian Institution.

The Committee this year has been negotiating with American trumpeter Clark Terry to come to Australia for the duration of the Convention.

If you would like to register a band, arrange accommodation or simply require further information, please write to Box 2421V, G.P.O., Melbourne, Victoria 3001.

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AT ITS BEST

THE DON DE SILVA BAND

FOR BOOKINGS PHONE 94 4585 - 31 1571

# Brian Brown



opening the aspect of an arrival from a strange place. And of course there was nothing haphazard about it. Brown and Sedergreen were repeating a spiralling phrase in unison, but playing it so fast that it sounded completely free. You became most aware of it when it had ceased, and Brown began intoning Eleanor Rigby slowly through the atmospheric swarm of sound. I am trying to remember whether Brown switched to soprano during this piece, or whether I am recalling a similar holocaustal solo on that instrument later in the night. At any rate there was a Brown solo which increased in power, barking and roaring against Vining's rising cymbal hiss, until I moved into another mode of consciousness - believe me - and then an exchange between Brown and Tolley who produced the most extraordinary range of bowed and plucked tones from an acoustic bass wire up to a wa wa pedal!

Everything the band played - originals or outside compositions, in complex metres, free time or in straight eight or four to the bar - had a distinctive quality that transcended the virtuosity of all the players. This is more than a band. It is a concept. At the same time all members made startling individual contributions. I doubt that the most reactionary jazz buff could avoid being swept along by the ecstatic swing of pianist Sedergreen. Nor could I imagine the band's repertoire failing to hold said reactionary's interest.

## Comes to Sydney

Where are all my spent superlatives now that I need them most? In a period of remarkable jazz activity, Brian Brown's band from Melbourne had probably the most dramatic impact of all. Things began to hum the moment they took their positions on the stand at Sydney's Basement. Indian lady Dure stood with one hand on her tinkling tree of percussion, serene and alert, waiting for Brian Brown's signal. Brown stood facing her with his tenor, side on to the audience. Drummer Ted Vining, bassist Dave Tolley - looking oddly judicial in spectacles, poncho and courtly long hair - and electric pianist Bob Sedergreen: all poised as though to spring out of deep meditation. Brown dipped his head and a chattering rainforest of sound sprang up.

The coiling intricacy, the bristling energy of this collective outburst, and the abruptness with which it reached a compelling intensity had a double shock effect - it cauterised conventional doubts (Where's the beat? What are they doing?), yet it gave the

I remember Brian Brown from the old Jazz Centre 44 at St. Kilda some twelve or thirteen years ago. He was a quiet and unusually dedicated young man who had already done his share of starving for his music. The broad, coffee coloured tenor sound has changed little (it looks a hell of a lot like the same instrument!) but to this basic tone he has added a universe of expressive inflections and distortions. He plays flute and soprano now as well - the former in a particularly individualistic way. I understand that he has been given an Arts Council grant this year. I can think of no-one who deserves it more. After years of non-recognition he is still able to create music which is in my opinion even more vital and challenging than any played by the excellent American musicians who were here with Brubeck.

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**(Music Editor, HI-FI Review).**



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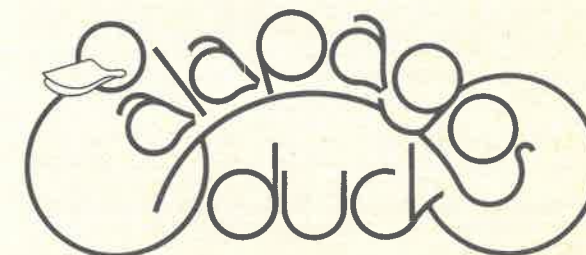
## JAZZ ON THE AIR

Commencing Monday, 11th November, Melbourne jazz fans will get their first regular radio jazz programme for at least ten years - or is it longer than that? Hosted by Ralphe Rickman, it will be on Monday evenings 7-15 - 8-00 p.m., on Melbourne ABC 3LO

Ralphe says that apart from including interviews, the programme will feature Australian jazz for at least half the air time.

Peter Hume.

## AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR JAZZ GROUP



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**HORST LIEPOLT JAZZ PRODUCTIONS**  
32-0949 SYDNEY

## RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK and the VIBRATION SOCIETY

Rahsaan Roland Kirk is one of those musicians who has been prepared to listen to varying forms of music and whose style embraces all jazz styles. He has long admired the traditional elements in jazz.

He is a multi-instrumentalist who plays very good tenor sax., as well as unusual variants of the saxophone and flute and other assortments. An exuberant performer, he will play 2 or 3 instruments at the same time and in the next breath launch into a tenor sax solo, possessing, as did Harry Carney, the ability to play for long stretches without taking a breath. His art entertains as well as provides moments of high musical value.

His tour of Australia in November is backed by the Red Onion Jazz Band for the Sydney and Melbourne concerts, and in Adelaide the support will be provided by the Eric Bryce Septet. The Red Onions toured with Rahsaan for approximately three months in Europe during 1971, the second of their 'European sojourns'.

With Rahsaan Roland Kirk will be, Kenneth Rogers (baritone sax), Henry Pearson (bass), Donald Smith (piano) and John Goldsmith (drums).

Peter Hume.

## JAZZNOTE RECORDS

Some years ago the successful recording of a benefit concert in Melbourne led to the idea of forming a production outfit, dedicated to recording Australian jazz. With Allan Leake, Warran Allan, Stewart Morris, Bill Linton, Max Hull and Bill Hawtin at the helm - all jazz fans from Melbourne - this idea became the east-Jazznote label.

After an LP by the Storyville Jazzman, the Jazznote 'Australian Jazz of the Seventies' series was commenced. Devoted to preserving the sounds of established Australian bands, the series is produced on a continuous basis and has already featured bands from Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra and Adelaide. Tapes of several more are awaiting issue, and the planning of recording sessions continues.

The Jazznote issues cover traditional, mainstream and modern jazz, the artists themselves have a share in production, and obtain a return on this investment.

If you have difficulty in finding the records or seek further information, write to :Jazznote, c/o P.O. Box 111, Kew, Victoria 3101. The contents of the Jazznote records already available will be discussed in our next issue.

*Jazz Down Under - November, 1974.*

harbour city jazz band



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featuring

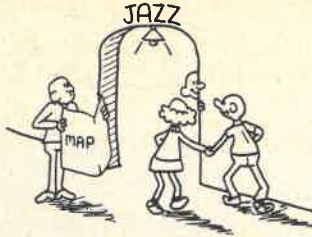
THE HIRD FAMILY  
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## DON'T MISS OUT

Get your copy of DISC & TAPE REVIEW every month for news on all the big new record and tape releases - at your record store.

## SYDNEY



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**SHALIMAR**: 47 York Street, Sydney. Latin-Soul-Jazz, Monday to Saturdays: Accent. Every Tuesday Johnny Nichol's Latin Soul.

## MELBOURNE

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**CENTREPOINT**: Bourke Street, City. Monday; Tuesday and Saturday 6-00 — 10-00 p.m. Ray Lewis Quartet with Nick Polites. (TRAD).

**CENTREPOINT**: Bourke Street, City. Wednesday; Thursday and Friday. 6-00—10-00 p.m. Golden Leaf N.O.J.B. (TRAD).

**BEAUMARIS HOTEL**: Beach Road, Beaumaris. Wednesday, 7-00—10-00 p.m. Frank Traynor's Jazz Preachers. (TRAD).

**LEMON TREE HOTEL**: cnr. Rathdown and Grattan Streets, Carlton. Wednesday 7-30—10 p.m. The John Frank Trio. (CONTEMPORARY).

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Australian Tour presented by Kym Bonython

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ADELAIDE TOWN HALL 15th NOVEMBER.

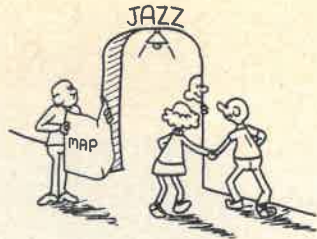
**THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA**

With John McLaughlin and Jean-Luc Ponty.

Presented by Robert Raymond.

8th November: PERTH CONCERT HALL; 10th November: MELBOURNE FESTIVAL HALL; 12th November: SYDNEY HORDERN PAVILION; 14th November: MELBOURNE FESTIVAL HALL; 15th November: ADELAIDE THEBARTON TOWN HALL; 17th November: SYDNEY HORDERN PAVILION; 19th November: BRISBANE FESTIVAL HALL.

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## Focus on:



Sydney has rarely lacked an audience for contemporary jazz developments. A stable venue where the relatively small but not insignificant band of enthusiasts may gather has been the problem. A scene has developed lately on Monday and Tuesday nights at The Basement in Reiby Place, with musicians like Judy Bailey, Bernie McGann and John Pochee playing to enthusiastic crowds. Usually when this happens, you will find that something of special interest surrounding a particular group has opened the door. The Jazz Co-op is the group currently making the breaks.

The most obvious thing about them is their skill. American tenor and soprano saxophonist Howie Smith would not have been asked to teach jazz at the Sydney Conservatorium if he were not himself well schooled and highly proficient. Roger Frampton has a lot of jazz behind him on piano and alto, and he has performed difficult contemporary classical works for piano as well as taking part in the improvisations of David Ahern's AZ Music group.

Bassist Jack Thorncraft returned about two years ago from England, where he played with many of the best Britishers, including the legendary Phil Seaman. He has been playing in The Last Straw with McGann and Pochee, as well as with the Co-op . . . "Now that we've got the bass player we've been looking for all these years . . ." I heard Pochee say one night . . . In Australia there are not many drummers with the broad training to compose and arrange, who are still able to play with fire and freedom. Phil Treloar is one of the few. Most of your well schooled studio drummers sound studied and polite. Phil, in contrast, shines when the playing is free and there is a lot of energy moving about.

However, the really important thing about the Jazz Co-op is that each concert is a gradual progression to the point where conventional technique becomes irrelevant. Usually they will begin the evening with crisp swingers, happy rockers and sensuous ballads. The music is polished and cleanly articulated. Unlike The Last Straw, who are on fire from the opening number, the Jazz Co-op may start off sounding a little glib. It seems to me that they are either intent on delineating a departure point, or that they are more than usually cautious about forcing anything beyond an easy buoyancy - an uncomplicated pleasure in the physical act of playing.

Of course there is a lot of curiosity about the American "Professor of Jazz", and at this stage he shows, without seeming to try too hard, that he undoubtedly has the chops. His playing is brightly lyrical - certainly his own despite the obvious influences - but in these early tunes a hint of something shines through which says to me: College of Music Approved. His attack is sharp and fast, his sound big enough for him to ignore microphone, but I feel he is deftly scoring the air, not displacing it. Perhaps my reaction has something to do with his athletic presence. I was not surprised to learn that he

is interested in underwater photography. We still expect our jazz musicians to look slightly dissipated. A lot of the tunes will be by members of the Co-op, and though many will have modal lines which are both airborne and cryptically angular, the overall effect will be quite familiar to anyone who has listened to jazz no more recent than that of Thelonius Monk or Miles Davis from around the Kind Of Blue period.

As the night goes on, the basic forms will be subtly stretched. There will be a point where you realise that each player has chosen a different multiple of the original metre, that one player will be just outside it all, flying freely. Later, the beat may completely disappear, to be replaced by a kind of still point around which the energy passes from man to man, like flying yarn. Oddly enough, they will now have begun to really swing. Thorncraft and Treloar will create tense retardations and sudden blizzard-like releases of momentum. Howie Smith will be producing more and more speechlike tonal distortions, and his playing will now have begun to bite.

The flow of Frampton's playing will be broken by hesitations and emphatic dissonances, tight chromatic knots played so rapidly that an aura of glistening overtones will remain for an instant after each phrase. He will reach into the piano to play strings with one hand while stabbing out bright fragments with the other. Phil Treloar will be producing a brittle thicket of percussion, punctuated by sharp reports, cymbal hisses and clashes. Jack Thorncraft will contribute momentarily to this agitated field of sound, and then open the whole thing downward, bowing his bass in slow motion along some dark subterranean stream.

Now Howie Smith's collegiate blue water meditative reserve has completely disappeared. The bell of his instrument is circling, flying upward, dropping, jerking to one side, followed by chattering and crying streams of wild language. And Roger Frampton is almost inside the piano - but what are these wails and moans, snatches of Swahili, gargling in his throat? Everyone is doing it. Their voices are rising and falling like an eerie wind. Phil Treloar is scraping something down his big cymbal, tempering the cymbals resonance so that the resulting brassy screech follows definite contours. At this moment there is no sound that is not musical. There are no



two things which do not have some indirect effect on each other. The barriers have fallen.

Suddenly it is over and many people in the audience are on their feet. Others are collapsed in their chairs, laughing and shaking their heads in disbelief. When the applause dies down, they drop in to Ornette Coleman's Old and New Gospel — straight ahead steaming to which you have become so sensitized by the outpouring which preceded it, that you feel like dancing on the table. To those who might suspect this whole production may only be necessary in order to achieve something very basic which less serious bands can hit straight away, I can only say: go along and experience the whole thing. It is, as they say, something else.

It is true that enormous concentration goes into this music. Though Howie Smith makes humorous announcements, and though he looks and sounds like a wild piper when he warms up on the soprano, or a sunny visaged and gold bearded satyr while he is shaking his strings of bells, he rarely smiles. I have seen Roger Frampton pile idea upon idea until there is room for no more of it in the air. He has stopped playing and drummed his feet, eyes screwed shut and mouth agape like Picasso's screaming horse of Guernica. When he advances upon the microphone with his alto, bent forward and slowed by concentration, he has all the blithe saunter of a three toed sloth creeping from the jungle. Yet the music is

full of laughter.

I heard one rather belligerent listener ask of his companion, "Well what do you think of the piano player NOW!" as Roger released a long dingo howl while vibrating his adam's apple with his index finger. "Well that doesn't matter, he can still play the piano," was the slightly apologetic reply. Yet neither of them could take their eyes off what was happening on the stand.

When Roger came down to hear The Last Straw, one of the musicians sat at his table during a break and said, "I hear you're in good voice", Roger Laughed.

At the time of writing, they are recording a double album for release through Philips. Roger agreed that the final breakdown of traditional devices at the end of the record could sound dangerously like a gimmick - a freak out ending - if it were allowed to happen naturally. There will probably be many takes of that track before the right one emerges.

The success of the other material may be threatened by the Jazz Co-op's perfectionism. This is a complex consideration, for their concern is not confined to matters of technique. Still, after one take of a Roger Frampton tune which had everyone in the control room - including four or five musicians - nodding and whistling in appreciation, the group



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came back looking worried. They had all made what seemed to me rather minor mistakes.

I watched Howie Smith put down three unaccompanied tenor solos - such as he will often play in concert. Each was better than the preceding one, but he gave no indication whether he was satisfied or not.

Roger and Phil Treloar had made two takes of Neffertiti on the previous night. I heard the first one played back and was quite astonished. Roger declared that it was too static; they had hung too long on one idea. Only when the second was played did I have a faint inkling of what he could have meant. This began much more quietly and moved through a series of more delicate interactions between pianist and drummer, until the music suddenly opened as though along a maze of invisible trellis work.



I have heard a number of recorded performances in this idiom, but few which have been more immediately dazzling, nor seemed as intently beautiful at first hearing. Heightened attentiveness due to knowing the musicians involved may have had something to do with it. Sitting in the darkened control room (the studio too has been in twilight throughout the recordings), listening with my eyes shut, it was like seeing Luna Park suddenly go on, peopled, lit and in intricate motion. Brilliant grids of sound disappeared as soon as they were perceived. Rippling and staccato figures moved simultaneously. As it finished I looked at Jack Thorncraft, who had not participated, for some confirmation of my impressions. His eyebrows went up.

"That's better", said Roger. "But I wouldn't mind doing it again".



The problem now is to stand back and evaluate what these undoubtedly brilliant musicians are doing. The opportunities for hearing this kind of music in the flesh are still limited. One's response may be exaggerated.

Probably I will only know when I have listened to Jazz Down Under — November, 1974.



the album for a few days at home. At this stage, I would be very surprised if it did not contain some of the most important jazz recorded in Australia. All of this is of course subsidiary to the fact that the Jazz Co-op are giving performances which seem to be experienced in a pretty intense way by almost everyone who comes to see them, whether they are familiar with recent jazz or not; and of course they are creating an interest which may allow other excellent musicians - some of whom I've mentioned - to play regularly before receptive audiences. I find it amazing that some people can maintain so high a level of creativity despite the frustrating lack of opportunities to play.

With club owners giving bands like The Jazz Co-op a try, rather than deciding in advance that they will scare the crowds away, with a magazine like this appearing and with record companies opening a little more towards Australian talent, we may see a healthy co-operative in all areas of Australian jazz.

John Clare,  
(Music Editor, "HI-FI Review")

#### JAZZ CO-OP PERSONNEL:—

HOWIE SMITH:

Soprano/Alto/Tenor Saxophone  
and Percussions

ROGER FRAMPTON:

Alto Saxophone/Piano  
and Percussions

JACK THORNCRAFT:

Bass Violin  
and Percussions

PHIL TRELOAR:

Drums/Tam Tam  
and Percussions

# BASICS IN JAZZ

## PLOP, CRACKLE & SCREECH

There are alarming reports from the U.K., that lovers of so-called classical music have tended to boycott a certain record company for lack of quality control and a finished product which leaves a lot to be desired, almost entirely in the area of surface noise and poor signal-to-noise ratio. It is high time we in this country did the same thing, but while so far as the jazz issues are concerned all would seem to be acceptable from the local presses, several of the small overseas companies are getting away with some of the worst examples of actual recording and pressing that I have come across in a close association with the LP record ever since its inception. This, of course, is not the fault of the local companies which distribute these offensive and almost totally unplayable examples of the record producers' non-art. My blood pressure goes up several notches when I put a record on the turntable and hear the banshee wailing of a solo piano, the pick-up swinging from side to side from a centre hole, which I measured as being in the region of one tenth of the old fashioned inch out of true. Then come the scratches, bumps and a peculiar high pitched squeal which seems to be common to only one U.S. distributor and which I encountered on two separate labels from this concern. The Australian agents are most upset about this, but say they have not so far had any other complaints. Both of these are recordings made within the last year or so and are now on their way back to New York.

At reigning prices this kind of thing simply is not good enough, so march them back to the shop or get in touch with the local distributors direct.

## AIR CONDITIONED JUNGLE

One of the great literary disappointments of late has been Duke Ellington's book, "Music Is My Mistress", distributed by Tudor. I looked forward to this with a great deal of anticipation, completely ignoring the fact that there was absolutely no reason to suppose that Ellington could match his music with words. The Ellington image was complex, the basis of which was his music which incorporated some of the greatest soloists jazz will ever know and who were responsible for a texture which made the Ellington sound the only one of its kind. The book is rather like some of the latter day Ellington concerts, which included sounds of the past, Lawrence Brown, Hodges, Carney and Cootie, old as well as new writing, and the embarrassing finger snapping hipster routine and multi-lingual farewell. 'Respectability' seemed to dog him throughout his career, especially in the years after Billy Strayhorn strayed into the camp. Ellington's affection for and acceptance of him as a comparable writer is well known, but at least one Australian saw Strayhorn as the death knell of the true Ellingtonia

I suppose that most of us thought that we would

get some sort of glimpse into Ellington's private life, his marriage and offspring, but apart from a tribute to Mercer as an adult there is very little. These pen portraits come under the heading of "Dramatis Felidae" and include some strange and barely related people. His values are also suspect, from a jazzman's point of view. For example, he devotes 32 lines to Paul Whiteman and only 12 to Count Basie. Several statements are left unfinished, such as the reference to Don Redman who "played on one of our earliest recording sessions" so we have to rush to our discographies to find out. There is also the continual reference to "respectability" and certain members of the band who were clean, well dressed and behaved like gentlemen. Even Freddy Jenkins, "Little Posey", is credited with being "a perfect gentleman who dropped the right names of all the 'right people' in Ohio". There is the reference to Benny Goodman's admiration for Fletcher Henderson's band and sending for Fletcher to do some arrangements for him. Ellington says "that was consistent with good taste, and I am always glad to be identified with those who have good taste".

The book costs \$15.40, but should not be missed as it demonstrates once again what a difficult man to document Ellington was, even by himself. Stanley Dance got close to it with his series of reminiscences by band members and associates in "The World of Duke Ellington", published by Macmillan, and of course the definitive, but restricted survey of his beginnings is Gunther Schuller's "Early Jazz", Oxford University Press.

"Music is my Mistress" is precisely that, and very little more. Someone, somewhere must know and be willing to give us the true story. Ellington by Ellington is enlightening, often amusing, but leaves so much to be told.

## DOCTOR McCARTHY I PRESUME?

On 27th February, 1973, I went across to see Jack Bradley at the New York Jazz Museum to pay my respects and tape an interview. On the previous afternoon I had seen some interesting films using jazz as a theme or background. These, I realise, are common enough to Americans and Europeans, but woefully unseen in Australia. Maybe something could be done to right this wrong? There's a lot of activity in Sydney and Melbourne at the moment to promote jazz by the Jazz Action Society, even to the extent of inviting visiting Americans to stay over and show us what it's all about, and if the planners are prepared to do some organising and research, we might have the opportunity to see a great deal of jazz on film. Perhaps Barry McRae can assist? Anyway, as I was saying, there I was with a tape recorder at the ready, more or less, when I became aware that I was being eyed off, not unpleasantly,

# BASICS IN JAZZ

## PLOP, CRACKLE & SCREECH

There are alarming reports from the U.K., that lovers of so-called classical music have tended to boycott a certain record company for lack of quality control and a finished product which leaves a lot to be desired, almost entirely in the area of surface noise and poor signal-to-noise ratio. It is high time we in this country did the same thing, but while so far as the jazz issues are concerned all would seem to be acceptable from the local presses, several of the small overseas companies are getting away with some of the worst examples of actual recording and pressing that I have come across in a close association with the LP record ever since its inception. This, of course, is not the fault of the local companies which distribute these offensive and almost totally unplayable examples of the record producers' non-art. My blood pressure goes up several notches when I put a record on the turntable and hear the banshee wailing of a solo piano, the pick-up swinging from side to side from a centre hole, which I measured as being in the region of one tenth of the old fashioned inch out of true. Then come the scratches, bumps and a peculiar high pitched squeal which seems to be common to only one U.S. distributor and which I encountered on two separate labels from this concern. The Australian agents are most upset about this, but say they have not so far had any other complaints. Both of these are recordings made within the last year or so and are now on their way back to New York.

At reigning prices this kind of thing simply is not good enough, so march them back to the shop or get in touch with the local distributors direct.

## AIR CONDITIONED JUNGLE

One of the great literary disappointments of late has been Duke Ellington's book, "Music Is My Mistress", distributed by Tudor. I looked forward to this with a great deal of anticipation, completely ignoring the fact that there was absolutely no reason to suppose that Ellington could match his music with words. The Ellington image was complex, the basis of which was his music which incorporated some of the greatest soloists jazz will ever know and who were responsible for a texture which made the Ellington sound the only one of its kind. The book is rather like some of the latter day Ellington concerts, which included sounds of the past, Lawrence Brown, Hodges, Carney and Cootie, old as well as new writing, and the embarrassing finger snapping hipster routine and multi-lingual farewell. 'Respectability' seemed to dog him throughout his career, especially in the years after Billy Strayhorn strayed into the camp. Ellington's affection for and acceptance of him as a comparable writer is well known, but at least one Australian saw Strayhorn as the death knell of the true Ellingtonia

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get some sort of glimpse into Ellington's private life, his marriage and offspring, but apart from a tribute to Mercer as an adult there is very little. These pen portraits come under the heading of "Dramatis Felidae" and include some strange and barely related people. His values are also suspect, from a jazzman's point of view. For example, he devotes 32 lines to Paul Whiteman and only 12 to Count Basie. Several statements are left unfinished, such as the reference to Don Redman who "played on one of our earliest recording sessions" so we have to rush to our discographies to find out. There is also the continual reference to "respectability" and certain members of the band who were clean, well dressed and behaved like gentlemen. Even Freddy Jenkins, "Little Posey", is credited with being "a perfect gentleman who dropped the right names of all the 'right people' in Ohio". There is the reference to Benny Goodman's admiration for Fletcher Henderson's band and sending for Fletcher to do some arrangements for him. Ellington says "that was consistent with good taste, and I am always glad to be identified with those who have good taste".

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you understand, but with some degree of quizzical appraisal, the gentleman in question, for it was, indeed a he, dug his hands deeper into his camel-hair British warmlike overcoat and gazed at the ceiling. There was something about the goatee beard which tickled my memory, not from first hand acquaintance, but some long forgotten photo. Surely it couldn't be? Yes it definitely was. Well, anyway there's only one way to find out. "Albert McCarthy", I said and shot out my hand. "Yes, how did you know?", he replied. Well, from then on it was all smiles and reminiscence. Dave Carey and "Jazz Directory", "Jazz Monthly" and his record supervision. The trouble was that he never even intimated the purpose of his visit to New York. It may, of course, have had something to do with the publication of his book, "Big Band Jazz", William Heinemann (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., a tome of vast proportions and a definite "must" for the discographically minded.

No, I'll amend that. It's much more than for the discographically minded. It has a great deal to do with the conditions of work and the changes in acceptance of the Black bands; McCarthy seems to understand what made a great many of these bands tick. To research a book of this nature and size, in old fashioned measurements 8½" x 12" and over 360 pages, one requires a great deal more than the current discographies and biographies. You have not only to know the music and its background, you must also love it, and this, I think, Albert McCarthy does.

## ONYX SPREE

Stephane Grappelli made a curious remark after the programme we taped one morning during his second visit to Sydney. He didn't like Jack Teagarden's singing, in fact there were only one or two people he considered to be jazz singers at all, the best being Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday. We didn't have time to go into the subject further, but I wanted to include Earl Hines and Helen Humes. Hines has been singing consistently but sparsely throughout his career and includes at least one vocal track on most of his sessions. Helen Humes, on the other hand, was all but forgotten until her comeback with the Basie band at Newport last year, apart from the odd recording session, of which two were released here, both on Contemporary. Now along comes Onyx 208, "Don Byas — Midnight at Minton's". These Onyx albums are made up for the most part from the legendary Jerry Newman Collection, a unique series of on-the-spot amateur recordings from the early 1940s. Newman was a student at Columbia University and the sight of his portable disc recorder was welcomed by the sitters-in at the after and after-after-hours joints in Harlem who didn't object to hearing their playing reproduced in this way. Try taking any sort of machine that remotely resembles a recording unit into almost any U.S. club nowadays and you are required to check it in at the door for collection on leaving. However, that's by the way. This Don Byas

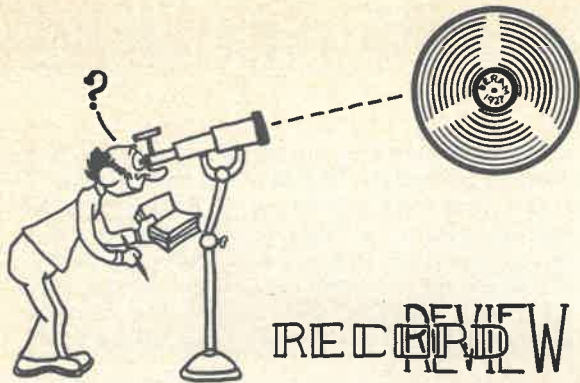
session at Minton's has a superior surface and contains some of the best Byas and Helen Humes extant. Both were members of the Basie band which was appearing at the Savoy Ballroom nearby, and on this occasion were jamming with Thelonius, Kenny Clarke and the inevitable Joe Guy on trumpet. Helen's two tracks, "Stardust" and "Exactly Like You" are among the best, if not *the* best things she recorded.

It's very easy to overlook Don Byas, he was overshadowed by Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Chu Berry and Ben Webster, the giants of the tenor saxophone, but he came closest in style to Hawkins. He was born in Muskogee, Oklahoma, in 1912 and had a varied and valuable background with some of the territory bands of the period, including T. Holder, Benny Moten and Walter Page's Blue Devils. With these bands he played alto saxophone, having started out on violin, and switched to tenor in about 1933. Later he was in a band which accompanied Ethel Waters, then worked for Lucky Millinder and Don Redman, joining Andy Kirk in 1939. Edgar Hayes, Benny Carter and Count Basie came next, followed by a group led by Dizzy Gillespie during which time he became a familiar figure on 52nd Street, jamming with the great and near-great who made up the all star bands of that famous area. He rejoined Don Redman and toured Europe with him in 1946. Like so many of his nature he fell under the spell of the free and comparative easy life in the European capitals and settled in Holland, where he remained until his death in 1972 at the age of 60. In 1950 he included what must have been one of the highlights of his career, a spell with Duke Ellington during a European tour.

For sheer historical and musical impact, "God Is In The House", Onyx 205, is the cream of their catalogue. The quote is said to derive from Fats Waller, Tatum's inspiration on his, Tatum's, own admission. When Tatum came into a club where Waller was playing, Fats interrupted the music and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I play the piano, but God is in the house tonight". This is also one of Jerry Newman's excursions into the never-never of New York night life in 1941 with Tatum actually singing on two pieces, 'Knockin' Myself Out' and 'Toledo Blues'. Accompaniments include whisk brooms and bass, the locations were Reuben's at 242 W. 130th Street, Clarke Munro's Uptown House, the Gee-Haw at 198 W. 34th Street, and three pieces recorded at Newman's apartment. On the final two tracks, 'Lady Be Good' and 'Sweet Georgia Brown', Tatum, Ebenezer Paul on bass and Frank Newton on trumpet deliver some of the most exciting after-hours jazz ever captured for posterity, and it's taken all this time to let us hear them.

In the next issue I hope to report on the new book on Bix Beiderbecke, 'Remembering Bix — A Memoir Of The Jazz Age', by Ralph Berton, distributed in Australia by Tudor.

Eric Child.



From Spirituals to Swing. Carnegie Hall Concerts 1938/39. Count Basie Original Orchestra; Benny Goodman Sextet; Meade Lux Lewis; Lester Young; Buck Clayton; Sidney Bechet; Tommy Ladnier; Big Bill Broonzy; Joe Turner; Helen Humes; Charlie Christian; James P. Johnson; Lips Page; Jo Jones; Albert Ammons; Pete Johnson.

Side 1: I Got Rhythm; Flying Home; Memories of You; Blues with Helen; Mortgage Stomp; One O'Clock Jump; Blues with Lips; Rhythm Man.

Side 2: Good Morning Blues; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; I Ain't Got Nobody; Don't Be That Way; Mule Walk; Carolina Shout; Weary Blues; Sister Kate.

Side 3: Stomping at the Savoy; Honeysuckle Rose; Gospel Train; I'm On My Way; Four Day Creep; Lady be Good.

Side 4: Mountain Blues; The New John Henry; Cavalcade of Boogie; Done Got Wise; Louise, Louise; What More Can Jesus Do; My Mother Died A'Shoutin'; Paging the Devil.

This magnificent two-record set is on Vanguard 47/48. It consists of excerpts from two concerts organised by John Hammond and is an indispensable set in any comprehensive jazz record collection. There's such an embarrassment of riches that I scarcely know where to start and I should point out that the artists listed above are only those whose names appear in capitals on the record sleeve. The list omits other giants like Freddie Greene, Benny Morton (the trombonist who'll be out here with The World's Greatest Jazz Band next April), Artie Bernstein, Sonny Terry, Fletcher Henderson, Ida Cox, Walter Page . . . and the Golden Gate Quartet and Mitchell's Christian Singers.

Mention Carnegie Hall concert and most jazz fans think automatically of Goodman's January 1938 historic presentation. Rightly so, but there's more exciting and more varied music on this set than on the Goodman.

But — to repeat — where to start?

I'll plump, virtually at random, for Blues with Lips, by the Basie band — make that THE Basie band, for it was the best of all the great bands he has led. There is a crackling, almost tangible, excitement in this performance, which stars Hot Lips Page, that great trumpeter whose death so distressed Louis Armstrong when he learned of it on the last day of his first tour

of Australia, twenty years ago. Hot Lips indeed.

Why, the man doth bestride that great band like a Colossus as he pours his heart and soul out in chorus after chorus of a medium-fast blues paced by the volatile Jo Jones on drums and introduced by the Count's piano at its prancing, dancing best.

John Hammond introduces Basie as "one of the shyest men in jazz" before Basie's piano solo with rhythm of I Ain't Got Nobody. Marred only by its brevity, it is a perfect example of Basie's fusion of the disparate styles of Earl Hines and Fats Waller.

Sidney Bechet leads his New Orleans Feetwarmers (including Tommy Ladnier on trumpet and James P. Johnson on piano) through a sizzling Weary Blues and whips them into a stirring medium blues after two ragged-but-right choruses of Sister Kate.

James P. Johnson claims his right to the title of Dean of the Harlem Stride Pianists on his unfortunately under-recorded solos of his classic compositions, Carolina Shout and Mule Walk.

The 1938 bash marked the first concert hall presentation of boogie woogie and Pete Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons - the first and best of the powerhouse boogie men - throw caution to the winds and reach a peak of shrieking, hysterical intensity on Cavalcade of Boogie.

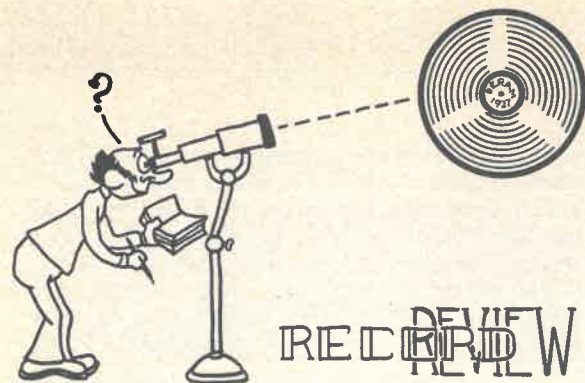
But more important are the first - and, so far as I know - only recorded performances of Lester Young on clarinet and Charlie Christian on guitar. Young, of course, is better known as a tenor saxophonist, but, the bulk of all his recorded work on clarinet, shows that he was also one of the masters of that instrument. His style on it is as close to the New Orleans veterans as it is to the contemporary swing men.

Christian brought to the guitar an entirely new technique - springy rhythm, phrases articulated like those of his great contemporaries on the horns. For confirmation try Good Morning Blues.

The Goodman Sextet works out on I Got Rhythm, Flying Home, Memories of You, Stomping at the Savoy, and Honeysuckle Rose. The intricate riffs on the last choruses of Honeysuckle Rose sound simple, but try copying the accents some time. Christian shines again on these tracks and the other BG sidemen are Hampton, Fletcher Henderson, Nick Fatool (in the unenviable position of succeeding Gene Krupa and Dave Tough) and Artie Bernstein, one of the great, unsung bass players.

This is the most sophisticated music on the set. The most primitive is the harmonica wailing of Sonny Terry on Mountain Blues and The New John Henry. From spirituals to swing and back to the blues with the country hollers of Big Bill Broonzy and the city shouting of Joe Turner, both accompanied by Pete Johnson.





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Hammond introduces the "wonderful new singer with Count Basie", Helen Humes, now back in the limelight in America. Blues with Helen is one of her greatest songs and the limpid, liquid, floating clarinet of Lester Young is sheer delight.

All the tracks I have mentioned, plus several others, are classic, timeless jazz. But I wish there had been more swing and less spirituals. The Mitchell Christian Singers and Golden Gate Quartet tracks are sincere, moving and authentic, but they do go on a little too long . . . for my liking anyway.

What say we all bombard John Hammond with requests to release other excerpts from these concerts? There must be some more and if they are only three-quarters as good as these, they too must be worthy of a two-set album.

I don't want to finish this unashamedly rave review on a jarring note, but honesty compels me to note that some of these tracks weren't recorded in the concert hall at all, but at a later date in studio. Who cares? To say that these are all concert performances is possibly the whitest lie in the history of jazz.

Dick Hughes.

#### JUDY BAILEY'S NEW ALBUM

Beautifully packaged, pianist Judy Bailey's new record "One Moment" on Phonogram is always pleasant, often delightful, but never as good as it could have been. It was actually recorded six months ago, and the band is now playing a range of new original material, and has developed an individual way of incorporating rock elements. Saxophonist Ken James has improved enormously over the last few months, in solo and ensemble playing. Thus a much better record could have been made more recently for release now (no-one has successfully explained to me the delay in releasing Australian records)

Still, it's very good, and it could have sounded much better even at the time it was made if John Pochee's drums had been recorded with some immediacy. Pochee is one of the master drummers — anywhere! But if you had never heard him before, you would have to know something about drums to gauge the full extent of his talent from this recording. I am suspicious of producer Sven Libaek's comment on the sleeve: "Judy has taken a step in the right direction in the fight against 'noise pollution' which has crept into jazz . . ." Has he in fact produced the record with the dynamic values of a cooler period of jazz?

I'm taking up this limited space with negativity because another recording will be made soon. Please get the drums right - not drowning everything, but sharp and immediate, and above all interacting with and spurring the soloists rather than serving as a distant background. Sven may call it noise pollution, but it's stirring to hear in live performance; particularly the way Pochee and bassist Ron Philpott



THE



JUDY BAILEY

QUARTET



build together in a controlled frenzy. Similarly, Judy's work on the piano strings, and her various percussion effects, are not just exotic background, but integral parts of her sensitive compositions.

An enjoyable record though - with six Bailey originals and two old standards (You've Changed and a fresh sounding Lullaby Of Birdland) - which I've found myself relaxing to quite a bit.

John Clare.

# THE RECORD DIGEST

# CO-OP JAZZ

Roger Frampton : Howie Smith  
Jack Thorncraft : Phil Treloar  
A two-record set that creates  
a new standard in Australian  
Jazz recordings

released now on



6641 225

distributed by Phonogram.

## With HORST LIEPOLT

Since the last issue of **JAZZ DOWN UNDER** two months ago, jazz record buyers have been blessed with a large number of releases, and with a little bit for all tastes.

**PHONOGRAM RECORDS PTY. LTD.:** released albums by two of our finest jazz groups. "THE JAZZ CO-OP" a two record set on Philips. It features Howie Smith on Soprano/Alto/Tenor Sax, Roger Frampton-Piano/Alto Sax, Jack Thorncraft - Bass, Phil Treloar - Drums. They all play percussions and they all use their voices. In the next issue of **JAZZ DOWN UNDER** there will be a very comprehensive review of this outstanding set . . . . . The other one is by Judy Bailey. With her is Ken James on Soprano/ Tenor Sax, Ron Philpott - Electric Bass, John Pochee - Drums. It's the **JUDY BAILEY QUARTET** which has been making the scene successfully since early this year. On page 15 of this issue there is a very detailed review of this album which is called "ONE MOMENT", Philips 6357018 . . . . . English blues man **JOHN MAYALL** who has just completed his third Australian tour with his latest edition, an all American band, has an album out with the same band, called "THE LATEST EDITION", Polydor 2391141 . . . . . A hard swinging Oscar Petersen Trio you can find on "OSCAR PETERSEN", Metro 2356028. This is a re-issue and presents this master pianist at his best . . . . . Also on Phonogram there are some very good big band re-issues. "THE SECOND BIG BAND SOUND OF DUKE ELLINGTON", Metro 2356131 recorded live at the Antibes Jazz Festival in 1966. Great stuff again, and a special bonus is the guest appearance of two Ellington veterans, Tenorist Ben Webster and Ray Nance, Cornet and Violin . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF JOHNNY HODGES", Metro 2356125. The glorious Alto Sax sound of Hodges at his best, accompanied by many Ellington sidemen . . . . "LIONEL HAMPTON LIVE", Fontana 6870512. A 1954 concert performance in which he shows his powerhouse hard swinging band at its very best . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF WOODY HERMAN", Metro 2356130 1951/52 Herd. "Blue Flame", "Prelude To a Kiss", "East of the Sun", are some of the tracks. Phil Urso - Tenor, Bill Perkins - Tenor, Ernie Royal - Trumpet, Urbie Green - Trombone, Nat Pierce - Piano, are some of the sidemen . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF BENNY GOODMAN", Metro 2356128 1937/38. This is the band which made the top . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF GENE KRUPA", Metro 2356126. A 1956 session organised by Norman Granz. It's another reunion of Vocalist Anita O'Day, Trumpeter Roy Eldridge, with their old boss Krupa. . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF BUDDY RICH", Metro 2356129. This session included most of the top then so-called West Coast school of musicians . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF HARRY JAMES", Metro 2356127. Recorded between 1959 and 1964 and comes from one of his very productive periods. The arranger then was Ernie

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With HORST LIEPOLT

Since the last issue of **JAZZ DOWN UNDER** two months ago, jazz record buyers have been blessed with a large number of releases, and with a little bit for all tastes.

**PHONOGRAM RECORDS PTY. LTD.:** released albums by two of our finest jazz groups. "THE JAZZ CO-OP" a two record set on Philips. It features Howie Smith on Soprano/Alto/Tenor Sax, Roger Frampton-Piano/Alto Sax, Jack Thorncraft - Bass, Phil Treloar - Drums. They all play percussions and they all use their voices. In the next issue of **JAZZ DOWN UNDER** there will be a very comprehensive review of this outstanding set . . . . The other one is by Judy Bailey. With her is Ken James on Soprano/ Tenor Sax, Ron Philpott - Electric Bass, John Pochee - Drums. It's the **JUDY BAILEY QUARTET** which has been making the scene successfully since early this year. On page 15 of this issue there is a very detailed review of this album which is called "ONE MOMENT", Philips 6357018 . . . . English blues man **JOHN MAYALL** who has just completed his third Australian tour with his latest edition, an all American band, has an album out with the same band, called "THE LATEST EDITION", Polydor 2391141 . . . . A hard swinging Oscar Petersen Trio you can find on "OSCAR PETERSEN", Metro 2356028. This is a re-issue and presents this master pianist at his best . . . . Also on Phonogram there are some very good big band re-issues. "THE SECOND BIG BAND SOUND OF DUKE ELLINGTON", Metro 2356131 recorded live at the Antibes Jazz Festival in 1966. Great stuff again, and a special bonus is the guest appearance of two Ellington veterans, Tenorist Ben Webster and Ray Nance, Cornet and Violin . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF JOHNNY HODGES", Metro 2356125. The glorious Alto Sax sound of Hodges at his best, accompanied by many Ellington sidemen . . . . "LIONEL HAMPTON LIVE", Fontana 6870512. A 1954 concert performance in which he shows his powerhouse hard swinging band at its very best . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF WOODY HERMAN", Metro 2356130 1951/52 Herd. "Blue Flame", "Prelude To a Kiss", "East of the Sun", are some of the tracks. Phil Urso - Tenor, Bill Perkins - Tenor, Ernie Royal - Trumpet, Urbie Green - Trombone, Nat Pierce - Piano, are some of the sidemen . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF BENNY GOODMAN", Metro 2356128 1937/38. This is the band which made the top . . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF GENE KRUPA", Metro 2356126. A 1956 session organised by Norman Granz. It's another reunion of Vocalist Anita O'Day, Trumpeter Roy Eldridge, with their old boss Krupa. . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF BUDDY RICH", Metro 2356129. This session included most of the top then so-called West Coast school of musicians . . . "THE BIG BAND SOUND OF HARRY JAMES", Metro 2356127. Recorded between 1959 and 1964 and comes from one of his very productive periods. The arranger then was Ernie

Wilkins . . . "THE SPECIAL MAGIC OF ASTRUD GILBERTO", Metro 2356123. Astrud, from Rio De Janeiro, with her unique style . . . "THE SPECIAL MAGIC OF PAUL ROBESON", Metro 2356122. This should make his fans happy.

**FESTIVAL RECORDS** have given us a little bit of a be-bop revival. And why not. **DIZZY GILLESPIE** "IN THE BEGINNING" a two record set Prestige L 45413/4. Recordings from 1945 and 1946 and also some from 1950. They include the first ever be-bop recordings made during that fruitful partnership of Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, and the genius of the Alto Sax, Charlie Parker. It also features some of his early big band tracks . . . . Another album is titled "DIZZY GILLESPIE BIG BAND IN CONCERT", GNP Crescendo/Harlequin L 25085. It was recorded in 1949 at the Pasadena L.A. concert, with two exceptions - "Roundabout Midnight" and "I can't get Started", both of which were recorded the year before at a Paris concert at which I was lucky enough to be present. Listening to those sounds again today brought back memories and reminded me that what I thought then, still stands - that with all due respect to all those big band leaders, Dizzy's big band was the greatest to ever walk the earth . . . In this little be-bop revival we also got "THE GREATEST JAZZ CONCERT EVER" which used to be called "Jazz at Massey Hall", Prestige two record set L45405/6. This is a set which should be in every home. It features on the first side Alto Saxophonist, Charlie Parker who, by the way, is playing a plastic saxophone on this session. Dizzy Gillespie on Trumpet, Bud Powell on Piano, Charlie Mingus on Bass and Max Roach on Drums. The second record is Powell, Mingus and Roach only. They were supposed to be doing two concerts - an early evening and a night one, but the problem which Charlie Parker had at the time prevented him from appearing at the later one. In other words he freaked out. Nevertheless the trio records are a bit of alright, and as I said earlier, this set should be in every home. Quincy Jones "BODY HEAT" AM L35173 is his latest, and while it is similar to previous albums, it is even more funky and more exciting and more black - if that's possible . . . . In a much later bag is "TAMBU" by Cal Tjader and Charlie Byrd Fantasy L35205. It has a lot of latin soul elements in it and the percussionists are getting it on and doing very interesting things . . . . Bill Evans "THE VILLAGE VANGUARD SESSIONS" two LP set Milestone L45335/6. This is, to me, the best of Bill Evans you can buy on record. Evans - Piano, the late great Scott Lafaro - Bass and Paul Motian. Recorded live on 25th June, 1961. These recordings showcase the talents of that very small and very elite minority of white musicians who have left a permanent mark on jazz . . . The last one is another beauty. John Lee Hooker "BOOGIE CHILLUN" Fantasy L45433/4. This material was recorded live in 1962 in Sugar Hill in San Francisco and presents John Lee Hooker on Guitar and vocals only. The material on side 3 and 4 has never been released before. If dark, emotional

blues is your bag, then you're going to rush out and get it. If it isn't you better do the same.

**W.E.A.** We got Gil Evans, "SVENGALI" Atlantic SD 1643. Gil Evans is the guy who worked in collaboration in the late fifties with Miles Davis when amongst others, "Sketches of Spain" and "Porgy and Bess" were created. Apart from that he's been leading a hell of a lot of fantastic big bands, but nothing ever reaches us here - you have to break your arse to get hold of them. Now we've got his latest "Svengali" and it's an absolute gas . . . . Passport "LOOKING THRU" Atlantic SD 7042. This is the top German Jazz/Rock group, Passport, led by ace tenor/soprano saxist Klaus Doldinger, who visited us early in the year for only a couple of days. It is a very exciting fusion of elements of today's music which should not be by-passed, and the album received a five star rating in Downbeat recently . . . "THE BLUES - A REAL SUMMIT MEETING" Atlantic 2 LP set, SD 90003. Recorded live last year at the Newport in New York Festival. It features B.B. King, Muddy Waters, Big Mama Thornton, Eddie Cleanhead Vinson, Clarence Gatemouth Brown, Jay McShann, Lloyd Glenn, Arthur Big Boy Grudup. Excellent, excellent, excellent . . . "E.H. IN THE U.K. - THE EDDIE HARRIS LONDON SESSIONS" Atlantic SD 1647. Eddie Harris on electric saxophone, electric trumpet and vocal through horn, in another exciting exotic funk session, and they're made with the cream of English rock players. . . . Les McCann "LAYERS" Atlantic SD 1646 recorded 1973. This album is a pleasure to me. Each McCann album is sort of an extension of what he did before - developing ideas. Very good piano playing, percussions and electronics keyboard . . . Turk Murphy Jazz Band "THE MANY FACES OF RAGTIME" Atlantic SD 1613. Recorded in 1972 at the beginning of the ragtime revival. This is perhaps the most satisfying of all ragtime albums which have been issued here . . . Herbie Hancock "TREASURE CHEST" Warner Bros., 2LS-2807. This absolutely beautifully put together set comes from three albums Herbie recorded for Warner Brothers in 1969 and 1973 with sidemen Joe Henderson - Flute/Tenor, Johnny Cole - Trumpet/Fleugelhorn, Garnett Brown - Trombone, Buster Williams - Bass and Tootie Heath - Drums and later with Eddie Henderson - Trumpet/Fleugelhorn, Julian Priester - Trombone, Bennie Maupin Flute/Piccolo/Bass Clarinet/Soprano Sax, Buster Williams - Bass and Billy Hart - Drums. Herbie is a piano wizard and this set a treasure chest. "PHILLY JOE JONES AND ELVIN JONES GET TOGETHER" Atlantic 1428. Philly Joe Jones and Elvin Jones - Drums, Blue Mitchell - Trumpet, Curtis Fuller - Trombone, Hank Mobley - Tenor Sax, Wynton Kelly - Piano, Paul Chambers - Bass. Without a doubt, Philly Joe and Elvin are two outstanding percussionists. And this is not an album devoted solely to long drum solos. Blue Mitchell etc., plays effective, if relatively short, solos in setting the stage for the two Jones.

# LISTENERS' CORNER

Hi! This section of **JAZZ DOWN UNDER** gives you, the reader, enthusiast and possible in-the-woodwork fanatic a chance to come out and give your views, blues, dues and possibly cues to swap information on your favourite music. Let's hear if you have a favourite record, track, tape or want to say something about a new one issued. Maybe you want to obtain that long out-of-print 78 or early Coronet LP, e.g. Jam Session Coast to Coast Hackett/Condon, etc. Someone out there may be about to sell or at least send a tape.

How about comments on a group or musician? Whatever happened to Ken Flannery of Port Jackson Jazz Band? What did you think of the Grappelli/Scott concert?

It's your magazine as well as ours!

You can know a person for years and not know of his or her interest in jazz. Take Bruce James - another jazz buff from way back.

He started listening to old 78's of his father's featuring Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby and "that well known group" Harry Roy and his Tigeragammuffins. Moving into his teens Bruce followed other Dixie-landers, which would be a fairly normal course to take.

However, on joining the "working class" he decided to splash out and buy his own equipment. "My father preferred a new TV set so I pooled my savings and put a deposit on a PHILIPS all imported portable stereo player. Friends thought I was mad to pay £83 - so what?"

By this time his interest moved to Brubeck and Peterson and specifically piano and bass. "One favourite I have is an old Verve album: A Jazz Portrait of Frank Sinatra. Ray Brown plays a great bass, an education for anyone to hear him in the Oscar Petersen group."

"I collected everything by Brubeck and Petersen. By the way, I prefer and enjoy the early Brubeck stuff to his latest, although I did dig his concert at the Opera House. Some of the best jazz I have is the 3 Poll Winners albums on Contemporary by Barney Kessel, Shelley Manne and Ray Brown."

"Unfortunately I made the mistake of lending records too liberally, so I sold a lot of Dixie and others which I regret of course. However, original Benny Goodman, Errol Garner and others are cherished."

"My buying now is restricted but I still pick up any new Oscar Petersen and enjoyed the latest MJQ. Brubeck is still a great professional and I think his combination with Mulligan on At The Berlin Philharmonic demonstrated their unique combination."

"Unfortunately my wife doesn't share my enthusiasm for jazz but I can easily sail off with my headphones on. My equipment is really modest but adequate. Pioneer PL-12 turntable, Sony 3-way speakers and AKAI M-10 recorder."

**Jim Cattlin.**

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## Judy Bailey Quartet

## one moment

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# NEWS AND VIEWS FROM OVERSEAS

By BARRY McRAE.

Four of the most recent visitors to Ronnie Scott's Club in London have been Sonny Rollins, Bill Evans, Horace Silver and Roland Kirk. It is true to say that the critic's rather overworked word 'stylist' could apply to all four and it raises the question as to whether this should be construed as a compliment or otherwise. In a blindfold test none of them could fool the average jazz follower for more than half a chorus. Yet the same could probably be said of Boyd Senter, Herbie Mann or any other highly individual stylist. What these men proved at Scott's is that having a very personal mode of playing can, in some cases, be an asset and in others something of a snare.

Rollins remains one of the most outstanding saxophonists in jazz and while the essence of his style is the same as it was in his first recording dates with Babs Gonzales in the late forties, he has taken an expansive look at subsequent developments. In the middle fifties he was himself a trend setter and his intelligent examination of post-Coleman jazz has left us in 1974 with a man for any musical occasion. Yet he is essentially a stylist, in that his complete means of expression is dominated by the Rollins' method and every idea owes its shape and duration to the style itself.

Evans is a musical introvert held in high regard by such hypercritical anti-whites as Miles Davis and Charlie Mingus. I have never shared their enthusiasm totally and usually found his introspective piano altogether too effete for their turbulent music. He was always very much more at home in the intimate trio, where his highly creative, if somewhat studied approach could have freer rein. Unfortunately, time has made the style all important and Evans today tends to rest on just that, rather than extend himself.

Silver, in contrast, is a much less inventive pianist, tightly bound by a stylistic straight-jacket of his own making. He has always been more comfortable in a small combo and is an underpraised song writer. Ironically, the restrictions of his piano style have proved a great asset in the group situation. His famous quintet of the fifties and his subsequent units have reflected his piano style in much the way that the Red Hot Peppers put the miniature of Jelly Roll Morton's rag-influenced piano on to a larger canvas.

In the work of Roland Kirk, we encounter the ultimate stage, in which style has begun to subjugate all else. Kirk, still jazz's best flautist and a gifted tenor saxophonist, has finally surrendered to the god of style. In a way it was inevitable, if only because so many of his devices (dare we say gimmicks) are truly unique. This has forced him into a situation in which not only does the audience expect to see them all paraded but it looks for newer and even more impossible tricks. As we saw at Scott's in

September, the desire to demonstrate the Kirk style has now almost swamped the man's tremendous natural ability as a jazzman.

Considerations of style are to some extent uppermost in any examination of contemporary traditional jazz. For some enthusiasts the pure format of trumpet, trombone, clarinet and rhythm is a pre-requisite for success. Even allowing for the fact that New Orleans of the pre-twenties was rarely like that, it is to some extent an accepted formula. Certainly George Lewis and most of the American revivalists favoured such a line-up and ironically influenced more European bands than did Louis Armstrong, Johnny Dodds or Jelly Roll Morton.

Perhaps this applied more to the boom years of traditional jazz but in Britain, in particular, there are still a considerable number of bands convinced that this is the only way to play. A band might copy slavishly, in the name of authenticity and thereby abandon any pretence of creation. Alternatively, it might extend the idiom so much that it can no longer be considered traditional in the real sense. As in most things, the extreme course of action in either direction can be aesthetically fatal, offering something like the Temperance Seven, an indeterminate sized orchestra that ended up as a parody of the twenties dance band or Alex Welsh, who transcended the style by embracing the methods of the swing era

Perhaps the best balance of the old and the new is found in the work of Chris Barber. In Pat Halcox he has one genuine improviser and, over the years, he has built up an impressive 'book', tailored to the men in the band. The extent of Barber's personal contribution to Britain's r and b scene is not always fully appreciated and today he maintains a strong blues element in his music. An electric guitarist is featured in such items and is also used in original tunes like *Battersea Rain Dance*, when the band seem closer to New York's hard boppers than to Crescent City. None of these departures seem to have affected his more normal New Orleans' style and, when working in that idiom, he retains the well defined lines that have always been a feature of his ensemble playing.

Alex Welsh's failure to embrace many styles comes from the band's strength rather than its weakness. The band is really a Condonesque Dixieland unit and this is what it does best. The leader's driving cornet, with traces of Wild Bill Davison thrown in, gives power and direction to the group, while the rhythm section is tasteful without receding into anonymity. The problem arises around the solo talents of trombonist Roy Williams and saxophonist Johnny Barnes. Both have something to say musically and both seem to find the Dixieland formula too restricting. As if to accommodate these men, Welsh now includes quite a

number of jump numbers in the mainstream manner. Certainly this allows the solo space that they require but it does not completely suit the band. If the rhythm takes its inspiration from the classical thirties style of Basie, it never quite makes it. They begin to plod and the front line play unison riffs in support that are hardly more exciting. There is the atmosphere of lifelessness that is never evident when they do a Dixieland 'pot boiler' like *Riverboat Shuffle* or an appropriate feature like *Davenport Blues*. I feel certain that the members of the band would disagree with this conclusion but the fact remains that their spiritual home is Chicago not New York.

One man certain of his direction is Ken Colyer. It is sometimes implied that his dedication to the principles of pure contemporary New Orleans' music is mindless copying. Certainly Colyer is a very limited trumpeter and he does take his inspiration from a very specialised part of the New Orleans' tradition - from the men who, for whatever reason, remained in their home town, and who later became influenced by what critics thought their music should sound like. But Colyer taught British traditionalists one vital lesson. He established the fact that the idiom could and should be very subtle. Each successive Colyer band was balanced and given his trademark of light bouncing ensembles and cleanly executed breaks. Solos were kept to a minimum and the true collective spirit of the music was captured with sometimes frightening accuracy.

Much the same dedication to the correctness of the style can be found in the work of Steve Lane, George Webb and the Black Bottom Stompers. While bands like Terry Lightfoot, Kenny Ball, Monty Sunshine and Acker Bilk temper their traditionalism with an acceptable amount of 'show biz' window dressing. Lesser known units like the Avon Cities, the Merseyssippi and the Eastside Stompers also carry the torch and the highly individual Chicago-style cornet of Freddy Randall often re-appears to brighten the scene. Mike Daniels and Chris Waterford have extended their music into the big band field and Alan Elsden has had almost as much success as Barber in introducing an element of r and b into the fabric of his work.

Other players have moved on completely and will be discussed in the next issue, when the British mainstream scene is examined. This leaves only George Melly, a man who does immeasurable good for the traditional clubs. His presence is enough to guarantee a capacity crowd and his records give no impression of the man in live performance. The limitations of his voice and the annoyingly unjazzlike phrases he often adopts are exposed on record. In person his indescribable presence over-rides everything else and, aided by the excellent John Chilton Feetwarmers, he carries all before him

Equally powerful but very difficult in content is *The Connection*. This is the Jack Gelber play that includes jazz musicians in the cast and which ran successfully in America with men of the calibre of Cecil Taylor and Archie Shepp. It was recently produced in London at the Hampstead Theatre Club and featured altoist Trevor Watts, pianist Keith

Tippett, drummer John Stevens and American bassist Ken Carter. The action provides for both the humorous and the poignant but does leave room for some powerful free jazz. Throughout its limited season the four men played with tremendous consistency and maintained the spirit of ad-lib so vital to the whole play.

Record releases are still very promising, although some players still find the need to issue their own labels. Notable in the British field are the powerful *Live At Willisau* (Ogun OG 100) by the Brotherhood of Breath and the intriguing *Peace For You To Share* (A Records A 001) by the Spontaneous Music Ensemble. The same situation exists in America, of course, although I am not sure how easily such items can be obtained in Australia. Local modernists, however, would find the effort to get some of the Survival records very much worth while. Three albums by Rashied Ali groups (SR 101-2 and 4) are particularly notable and the quintet item with trumpeter Earl Cross and saxophonist Bob Ralston is outstanding (SR 104). *Dialogue of the Drums* (Institute of Percussion Studies IPS ST 001) by Andrew Cyrille and Milford Graves is obviously more specialised but would certainly appeal to any avant garde drummer.

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