

# Combo is one hot act sez Marlowe

Johnny Griffin Quartet  
Palms Cafe

review by Michael Skeet (thanks to R. Chandler, D. Hammett & espy. M. Spillane)

Character goes by the name of Johnny Griffin. He's in town this week with three other guys, working out at the Palms. Little, guy, slight build. Blows a mean tenor. Has a funny stance, though. In fact, looks like he has to go to the bathroom. Real bad.

Who the hell cares how a guy stands, though, when he plays like that? This show had everything Mingus Dynasty lacked: spirit, joy unfettered imagination — a good time was had by all. Fancy words about his playing won't cut it. This was a feeling, pure feeling. At times, you could have knocked the entire audience over with a brick. The guy had style and presence, no doubt.

He made a point of telling us he wasn't alone up there. Actually we'd noticed. Some kind of rhythm section he's got with him; these guys play together like one warm body, and keep a high



photo Ray Giguere

degree of individuality and originality at the same time. Big words in a big sentence, sure. But it's a big sound.

Griffin's got this sense of humor about himself. I like that. A guy who's laughing at himself is too busy to snarl at

you. He's also got incredible skill. His fingers moved so fast at times they made everything in the place seem to be standing still. This is a guy who loves what he's doing, and does it well enough that everybody else loves it too.

Griffin's the front man, sure, but you

don't want to forget the others. Pianists seem to get lost in the shuffle in most quartets, but Ronnie Mathews stands out. This is a Serious Musician — I wish he'd crack a smile once in awhile. When a lack of flashing teeth is the only criticism they can bring against you, though, you gotta be doing something right. Great presence, strong style.

Ray Drummond plays contrabass. Sounds different than the other bassists I've seen lately — a thicker, fatter sort of sound. Should get more solo time — he did great stuff on the samba he wrote for the band.

Kenny Washington. The guy's getting his licks in while he's still young — 22 now and he was here with Betty Carter two years ago. Again, he stands out from the standard fare. Takes chances. Abrupt pauses, changes in rhythm show up in his solos (he had a couple long ones Tuesday night). Sometimes leads to ragged edges, but they're exciting, right? Keeps ya moving, and that's jazz.

Hey, I went Tuesday 'cause it's my job. I'm a writer. I cover that beat. But I'll be back. You should see the show, too. The guys'll make you feel good about yourself. You've got til Saturday night. Right?

## Aussies score bullseye

Breaker Morant,  
Towne Cinema

review by Peter West

*Breaker Morant* re-enacts the trial of Harry Morant and two of his comrades in South Africa about 1901. The three were Australians recruited by the Imperial Government to help in the fight to subdue the Boers. The film makes it clear that the English military establishment looked on the Australians as ill-bred and undisciplined colonials: one charge against Morant was that he allowed his men to call him by his first name.

Despite this, the Australians fought well against the Boers, pushing all before them. They were led however, to execute prisoners, and one of them was thought to have shot a German missionary. So for the Empire's sake they had to be charged with murder.

Bruce Beresford's film uses these themes to make a very powerful film indeed. Edward Woodward is a credible

'Breaker' Morant, though we never see him display the horsemanship which earned him the name. Other actors are good without exception, while Jack Thompson as the Tenterfield lawyer has never acted better.

Editing is tight to the point almost of excess — there is not a spare moment in the film. This is certainly refreshing when one thinks of the films that would have benefited from such cutting, notably *Apocalypse Now*, which would have been improved with the removal of the last hour or three. The film demonstrates, too, the close attention to lighting that made *Barry Lyndon* so remarkable.

All in all, this makes a powerful and thoroughly enjoyable film, probably one of the best I've seen in the past two years, and one which would be enjoyable if seen again. *Breaker Morant* can join the other landmarks of Australian film: *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, *Jimmy Blacksmith* and *My Brilliant Career*. It's a film that makes me proud to be an Australian.

Identify the author of, and/or title of the poems from which the following selections are taken:

1. A savage place! as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted by woman wailing for her demon-lover!
2. Then out spake brave Horatius, The captain of the gate: "To every man upon this earth Death cometh soon or late And how can man die better Than facing fearful odds For the ashes of his fathers And the temples of his gods?"
3. In America you'll get food to eat Won't have to run through the jungle and scuff up your feet You'll just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day It's great to be an American
4. The cuckoo then, on every tree Mocks married men; for thus sings he, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo!" O word of fear, Unpleasing to a married ear!
5. Hey there, Tony me boy Don't let them get in your hair With a good education you may become A multimillionaire.

## ARTS QUIZ



6. From too much love of living, From hope and fear set free, We thank with brief thanksgiving Whatever gods may be That no life lives forever; That dead men rise up never; That even the weariest river Winds somewhere safe to sea.
7. He thought he saw a Buffalo Upon the chimney-piece He looked again and found it was His Sister's Husband's Niece "Unless you leave this house," he said, "I'll send for the Police."
8. Here's to champagne, the drink divine, That makes us forget our troubles; It's made of a dollar's worth of wine And three dollars worth of bubbles.
9. I'll be somewhere over Jordan swinging low I'll hear them tape-recorded angels in life-like stereo.
10. You are beautiful as Tirzah, my love comely as Jerusalem terrible as an army with banners.

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# about round about round

by Michael Skeet

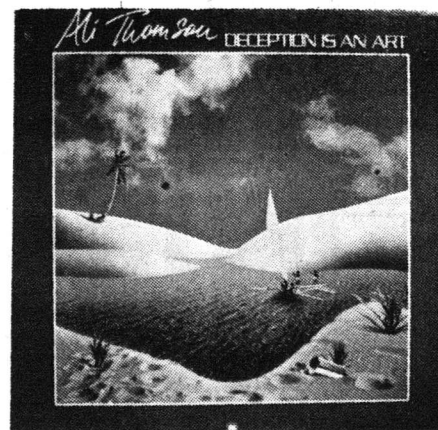
Ali Thomson  
*Deception Is An Art*  
(A&M SP4846)

Maybe Ali Thomson looks on himself and his career thus far as being

somewhat ephemeral and unbelievable. From out of nowhere, he had a better-than-modest success with *Take a Little Rhythm*, his 1980 debut album. Now he's released another recording, and the guy has yet to make a concert tour! How to

Succeed In Pop Music Without Being Trying, and all that. The title of this album begins to make sense.

Thomson is an unassuming,



thoroughly pop performer - songwriter: Boz Scaggs by way of Christopher Cross. Some of the songs on *Deception* border on the simplistic (no crime in the music biz today) and we've heard the arrangements before (hey, Boz is Big Biz and Chris Cross copped a couple Grammys), but wotthehell, archie, as Ali himself says in *A Simple Song*, "...some of us speak our mind/And some of us don't care."

*Deception Is An Art* is real okay, and if you don't expect too much, you'll be able to listen without losing your lunch.

The Damned  
(*Black Album*)  
(A&M SP70012)

What's happened to The Damned? Have they sold out? Or merely cleaned up

## Martineau and Units get by



Joanne Martineau and Units  
Centennial Library Theatre

review by Elaine Sax

Saturday night, Joanne Martineau and Units filled the Centennial Library Theatre with bright, energetic sounds. Energy. That's the key word. Their driving force, never irritating or abrasive, rests comfortably between optimism and a certain 'joie de vivre.'

It's a shame that only thirty people heard the two-hour concert — their

hollow-sounding applause was rather embarrassing. Then again, Joanne did not always do justice to herself. A hoarse voice is a curse for any singer, but most would not have belabored the issue with squeaky introductions to the songs. Couldn't the four male "units" or special guest, Rick Garn, have spoken to the audience instead?

The rasping voice did take its toll on Joanne's singing ability. She often avoided sustaining notes. Yet these notes should have been held longer since a few pulls would have effectively contrasted the fast-paced lyrics. At other times, there was a slight, but noticeable, awkwardness as Joanne would grope uneasily for notes beyond her natural range.

In spite of the voice problems, Joanne fared surprisingly well. During the opening song, *My Kinda People*, Martineau and Units made a favorable impression.

Too bad they never kept it up. A few shrill notes from the Rhodes electric piano were a nuisance. So were Jo's nervous coughs and lip-smacking which, when amplified through the sound system, interfered with her attempt to chat with the crowd. And, all too often, the band members seemed lost in their private worlds. They rarely, if ever, made

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