

Jazz collegians who should graduate

By IFAN PAYNE

REVIEW

I WAS talking the other day to an 18-year-old acquaintance who is into current pop and I mentioned Adam Faith. "Never heard of him," she said. "Tommy Steele?" I ventured. "No." Fame is fickle.

So I decided not to mention Lonnie Donegan, Chris Barber or Humphrey Lyttelton. Nor the Dutch Swing College Jazz Band, which was performing in St David's Hall

on Thursday evening.

Neither, to judge by the small audience, do many other people hereabouts remember the DSC.

This was genteel, sedate stuff with, for the most part, little drive or inspiration and even less swing.

I do remember way back when, when indeed I had been surprised by this band's vitality. But time and personnel changes

have taken their toll.

The rhythm of today's Dutch Swing College Band is deadening, like sludge on the beat.

Fred Murray's pretty but un-jazzy stride piano solo during *Tailspin* merely served to show that he's no Fats Waller.

And for the all dextrous finger work by Henk Van Drakestein during *Perdido* on his five-string upright electronic bass, he has little rhythmic sense. No Brian Torff he.

The concert had its entertaining moments like Huub Janssen's flashy stick work during his showy drum *Blues*.

It finally began to warm up during *Chinatown* and from then on for the last quarter of the concert the band clicked into a little more life.

There was, during *Muskat Ramble*, even an attempt at Bill Watrouse-type multiphonics by trombonist Dick Kaart. But even this was the wrong style for the music.

Memories are OK. But where jazz is concerned these collegians should graduate.