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*'Sincere' jazz takes a
bow on the 'Brow*

NEW crucible for high-temperature jazz and flaming youth—a “sincere” jazz club in Hillbrow. Opened on Wednesday. Up a flight of stairs. Split-pole-and-rattan decor. Dim light.

The cognoscenti rapt and immersed. . Others — children of striking beauty and defiant mien—have come for the social ride.

The band—piano, tenor, horn, bass and traps — is mixed. Spotlit are the Africans; the White pianist is just out of the beam.

The double bass plays with his back to the crowd.

The sax takes a lick. Free-blowing, lungs and heart in it. The pianist is utterly sent. The sax plays a riff.



"He's good," authoritative comment comes out of the gloom behind me. "So's the trumpet — when he stops blowing clinkers."

Personally, I find them over-dramatic — too much simulated agony on the faces.

No dancing. Foot-tapping, to be sure. An occasional shuffle of the hips. But no other visible stimulation.

One talkative *jeune fille* in a shift dress plus an inward-curving black hair-do that looks like an old-fashioned walrus moustache growing out of her head and pointing down the sides of her cheeks is shushed by neighbours.

Talk is difficult, anyway, in this volume of noise.

Atmosphere astonishingly smoke-free.



Boys with fringe beards and pudding-bowl Cassius, Curtis and Beatle haircuts predominate. One girl in full evening fig—*le dernier cri*, *cinq - cento* Florentine page-boy bob, long, strait evening-gown, bored look, the lot.

Someone takes up a collection for the combo—in a little basket used a moment ago for crisps for munching.

By midnight, lots have gone home. But some still come.

Sincere? It'll find its own level.