

Bob Greene & Peruna Jazzmen





Januar 1972 (De Tre Musketerer): Ole Olsen, bas. Robert S. Greene, piano – 'and his friend Nick'.

BOB GREENE & PERUNA JAZZMEN 1970-72

Den amerikanske pianist Bob Greenes indspilninger med Peruna Jazzmen er aldrig blevet udsendt i Europa, men kun i USA.

Karl Emil Knudsen, Storyville Records, tog derfor i foråret 2003 initiativ til at ændre dette forhold, men døde uventet den 5. september før end projektet kom i gang. Denne CD kan forhåbentlig langt om længe tilfredsstille de mange publikumsforespørgsler og udkommer som en markering af orkestrets 50-års jubilæum i 2009.

Musikkens tilblivelse beroede i sin tid på et heldigt sammentræf af tilfældigheder - men inden den del af beretningen først lidt om hovedpersonen.



Robert S. Greene er født den 4. september 1922 i New York City. Et pynteligt Sohmer flygel – ellers næsten uegnet til sit egentlige brug - prydede dagligstuen gennem de fleste barndomsår. Et par halvhjertede forsøg på klaverundervisning slog hurtigt fejl, hvorefter Bob Greene selv forsøgte at løse klaverets mysterier - og fik lært sig at spille på de sorte tangenter.

I skolen sad han ved siden af sin ven William Kapell, et musikalsk begavet naturtalent og senere berømt som klassisk koncertpianist. Willie kom ofte hjem til familien Greene, der nød at lytte til hans allerede dengang eminente klaverfortolkning af Mozart og Beethoven. Ved deres afgangseksamen fra Public School No. 6 i februar 1936 spillede Willie og Bob sammen "Isle of Capri" under den efterfølgende festligholdelse - på de sorte tangenter. Derefter fik Willie Kapell et stipendium, og forsvandt ind i den klassiske musikverden. Kapell var imidlertid en tidlig afgørende inspiration, og Greene lærte sig nu mere. Interessen for jazz blev vakt via swingæraens big bands. En januar-dag i 1938 overværede han Benny Goodmans første



Carnegie Hall Concert, hvor der også deltog Ellington- og Basie-musikere, oppe fra en balkonplads. Musikkens rytmiske puls gjorde voldsomt indtryk.



William "Willie" Kapell "og Robert "Bob" Stern Greene "on graduation day", februar 1936

Jess Stacy, Goodmans pianist, blev endnu et forbillede, og Greene tog for alvor fat på klaverspillet. Han fik tilfældigt demonstreret, hvordan man kunne lægge et par akkorder med venstre hånd og improvisere lidt med højre – de mest nødvendige grundregler.

På et andet tidspunkt hørte Greene nogle Victor-plader med Bix Beiderbecke, og han følte på det nærmeste jorden skælve under sig. I 1941, lige før krigen, blev Sohmer flyglet afhændet, og Bob Greene fik sit eget opretstående Steinway med smuk klang og velfungerende teknik.

"Det reelle forbindelsesled til Jelly Roll Morton var "King Porter Stomp" – jeg vidste ikke noget bedre end at høre Goodmans orkester spille den, som jeg syntes var deres bedste nummer.



Da jeg år senere fangede interesse for Jelly, fik jeg tilfældigt fat i "Jelly Roll Morton's Blues, Stomps, and Ragtime", en publikation fra forlaget Melrose. Imellem de aftrykte melodier fandt jeg til min store fornøjelse "King Porter Stomp". Min foretrukne Goodman melodi – skrevet af Jelly Roll Morton! Såvel en opdagelse som et tilfælde, men det satte skub i min interesse for Morton. Faktisk var der endnu en årsag. Lige gyldigt hvor meget jeg beundrede Stacy, og hans lille tekniske trille med de midterste fingre i højrehånden, så var hans venstre hånd et problem for mig. Stacy brugte ofte et interval på en oktav + en stor terts, og uanset hvor meget jeg forsøgte at eftergøre ham denne teknik, så kunne mine fingre ikke række så langt. Til min absolutte tilfredshed konstaterede jeg, at Jelly Roll sjældent anvendte dette interval i sin spillestil. Når han ikke spillede "stride", spillede

han i stedet en slags basunstemme i oktavspring med sin venstre hånd. Det kunne jeg i det mindste også magte. Men resten var et mysterium. Mortons riffs, breaks og harmonivalg var som et dykke ned i et svømmebassin. Jeg begyndte at nedtegne detaljer i en notesbog, medens jeg forsøgte at udrede, hvordan han konstruerede sine klange på klaviaturet.

Jazz'en havde dengang ikke vundet indpas hos middelklassen. Hvis man absolut skulle beskæftige sig med jazz, så var det noget, man dyrkede i det skjulte. Milt Gabler og Jack Crystal havde åbnet deres Commodore Music Shop på 136 East 42nd Street, og jeg besøgte



ofte deres forretning for at spørge dem, hvad jeg skulle lytte til. De sporede mig ind på Louis Armstrong, men det var Bix Beiderbeckes kornetspil, der rørte mig mest. Jack lagde "In a Mist" med Bix (som pianist!) på pladetallerkenen, men den forblev et lukket land. Milt og Jack var egentlig ligeglade med, om man købte en grammofoonplade – de var virkelig mere interesserede i at hjælpe én på vej, var forstående og venlige. Jeg anskaffede nogle Goodman plader og senere nogle Commodore udgivelser med Wild Bill. Jeg kom også af og til i deres forretning på 46 West 52nd Street.

Det var nu ikke hos Gabler og Crystal, at Bob Greene i første omgang blev gjort opmærksom på Jelly Roll Morton. Ved et lille jazz party nær Columbia University på Broadway sammen med bl.a. John Hyman Wiggs og Bob Wilber, i sommeren 1949, spurgte sidstnævnte Bob, om han nogensinde havde hørt om Jelly Roll Morton. Bob Greene benægtede, hvortil Wilber svarede: "I think he'd be a natural style for you." Næste dag begav Greene sig hen til Milt Gabler og anskaffede albummet "New Orleans Memories" på General. "Mit umiddelbare indtryk af Morton var, at sådan skulle et klaver lyde . . . Jelly havde en udtryksform, stil om man vil, og lyd som ingen andre. Til at begynde med havde jeg ikke megen fornemmelse af, hvorfor og hvordan Morton spillede, som han gjorde. Men da jeg fik noderne med hans klaver-soli, og fik anbragt grammofofonen ved siden af det ny klaver, kunne jeg nemmere øve mig til hans plader – derfra gik det langsomt fremad."

Enten må Greene have kunnet mere end som så, eller også er indlæringen gået fremad med stormskridt, for Greenes første professionelle engagement fandt sted endnu i 1949. Basunisten Conrad "Connie" Janis, oprindelig guitarist, født New York 1928 men midlertidigt bosat i Californien, havde vundet en amatørkonkurrence udskrevet af jazzbladet "Record Changer". På denne baggrund, og desuden med tanke på at finde arbejde som skuespiller i TV, drog han hjem til New York. Han fik held med musikken (og basunspillet, påbegyndt januar 1949), og sendte inden længe bud efter sine Los Angeles-folk, trompetisten Richard Smith og klarinet-

tisten Tom Sharpsteen. De dannede sidst i 1949 Tailgate Jazz Band i New York – *I must have met Janis at some private jam session* - sammen med Greene.



Jeg kom med Conrad Janis, da han bragte sit vestkyst band til New York, og det gav mig mulighed for at spille med Danny Barker og Freddie Moore, husker Bob Greene. Disse to New Orleans-veteraner var faktisk fast med i rytmesektionen, og meget af tiden var Louis Armstrongs fireman Pops Foster på bas. Orkestret havde stor succes i Stuyvesant Casino på Second Avenue, og senere på Central Plaza Hotel.

Stuyvesant, en ret stor gammeldags sal med masser af træpaneler, beliggende på første sal i en ældre kæmpemæssig bygning på New Yorks lower East Side, så dog ikke ud af noget særligt udefra. Neden for trappen sad Bob Maltz eller hans mor og solgte billetter. Men når man kom op i lokalet, så var det eventyrland, for mange af de musikalske forbilleder fra tidligere tider havde deres gang dér. Nogle



Milt Gabler og Jack Crystal i
Commodore Music Shop på
East 42nd Street - forretningen
udbredte sig til gadenumrene
136, 144 og 147.

Avisnotits 1950. Der blev afholdt andre jam-agtige Jazz Concerts juli-november. Ud over koncerterne spillede Conrad Janis' Tailgate Jazz Band løbende i Stuyvesant Casino.



år forinden kunne man i en periode jævnligt høre Bunk Johnson/George Lewis band'et sammesteds.

Når vi selv havde jobbet dér, var det paradís – “Baby Dodds and his Jazz Babies”, det var vist det allerførste Janis-band. Jack Crystal fra Commodore - med sit langagtige, sørgmodige ansigt og store hjerte - bød os velkommen og afvæbnede nervøsiteten. Det var givet Jack, der var primus motor i at få os engageret. Senere hen spillede jeg også noget klaver på Central Plaza Hotel. En dag kom Alan Lomax ind i selskab med Mabel Morton, hvilket jeg ikke bemærkede før end pausen, hvor jeg netop havde afsluttet med “King Porter Stomp”. Alan introducerede mig for hende. Hun sagde særdeles venligt: “Your playing reminds me so of my husband” – jeg kan stadig høre hendes bløde stemme for mig.

Desuden kørte jazzkritikeren Rudi Blesh band'et op til Club Tiptoe, Bridgeport, i Connecticut, hvor man gennem en periode spillede en række jobs. Efter Freddie Moore kom George Wettling med på trommer.

Conrad forenede musikken med sin TV-karriere. CBS lancerede en spændings-serie, "Halloween Hold-up", omkring hans person, og en anden serie, "Big Town", havde Tailgate'erne som hovedfigur. Band'et indspillede en LP for Circle, et pladeselskab som Conrads mor, Harriet Janis, var knyttet til – desuden udarbejdede hun bogen "They All Played Ragtime" sammen med Rudi Blesh.

The first rehearsal for "Baby Dodds and His Jazz Babies" was at Nola Studios, on Broadway, sometime in 1950. Baby wasn't well then. He had had a stroke in Chicago. I was up in the studio waiting for the others. Baby came in, lugging his bass drum. He was upset. I think Janis or someone had promised to meet him downstairs and help him up with the stuff. No one had showed. So he came in puffing and it was the first time I met him.

A little later he gave me the best and almost only real piano lesson of my life. I was so impressed by playing with him that – it was during a slow blues – I was bouncing my



hands off the keyboard, coming down from high on the keys and off them as if they were hot. At the end of the tune he came over to the piano and said, "Do you mind if I show you something?" I said no, I'd be delighted, honored. "Don't work your hands like that, bouncing off the keys," he said. "Just raise your hands, feel the weight in your arms, and let the weight of your arms and your fingers press into the keys. That way you get a tone."

Immediately I followed his instruction, and could hear the difference. Baby had given me the secret. Had showed me how. I am still grateful to him. I learned from the best. And years later Bill Russell said to me, "Baby Dodds knows more about playing every instrument than anyone else!" That lesson gave me a rich tone and made up for all those years of technique had I been properly taught. I still can't hit as many notes as a lot of other pianists, but Baby gave me a sound."

Senere betonede Baby Dodds bl.a. også det vigtige i kroppens siddehøjde i forhold til klaviaturet, og om hvordan et orkester skulle stille op på scenen for at publikum fik det bedste udbytte rent lydmæssigt.

Bob Greene var engageret som manuskriptforfatter for CBS, og havde samlet sine erfaringer i en bog om emnet. Forlaget Harper's blev opmærksom derpå – *they said radio was going out, but asked if I could do the same thing for television. I said I could, not knowing a thing about the medium and not really liking it. But Harper's was big time. So I agreed to do the book, quitting the Janis Band unwisely to concentrate my time.*

Elmer Schoebel (ex New Orleans Rhythm Kings) tog over. Det var netop Schoebel, der i 20'erne havde transkriberet Mortons klaversolo-numre for Melrose Publishing House - de selv samme numre, som Greene nu sled for at lære. *All I saw was the fellow who took my chair in the Janis band, and I was jealous. I didn't realize his connection to Jelly until, years later, when he was playing piano at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the Village and I would walk over and sit with him during intermissions. He was an awfully nice guy.*

Harper's udgav Greene's "Television Writing" i 1952, hvori beskrives, hvorledes handlingen i TV-stykker udtrykkes i en kombination mellem kameraføring, den talte rolle og tilhørende ageren; i 50'erne underviste han i disse fag på Columbia University. Tre gange tildelt Writers Guild Award.

Jeg spillede en hel del, men på det tidspunkt aldrig full-time. Jeg forsøgte at få alt ud af musikken undtagen det daglige udkomme, og den æstetiske belønning og glæden ved at møde en masse mennesker var i den sammenhæng nok. På den måde behøvede jeg aldrig at gå på kompromis, hvilket formentlig var den egentlige årsag til, at jeg bevarede den kontinuerlige lyst til at fordybe mig i Jelly Roll Mortons musik.

Jo vist . . . selvfølgelig bliver der trukket lidt på smilebåndet, når man holder sig til denne gamle opfattelse, især med alt det, der rent udviklingsmæssigt sker i dag. Der er nu stadig nogle særdeles ægte rødder og socialt dybe følelser i Jellys musik samtidig med – ikke at forglemme – at den var epokegørende i 20'erne.

I 1960'erne arbejdede jeg under Edward R. Murrow for Kennedy-administrationen i dokumentarafdelingen hos The Voice of America. Der blev jeg til omkring 1968, hvor jeg besluttede at blive musiker for en tid.

Greenes første vigtige recording session var med Sidney de Paris' Blue Note Stompers tilbage i juni 1951 med Omer Simeon (Jelly Roll Mortons klarinettist fra de oprindelige Red Hot Peppers optagelser i 1926 og 1928), Jimmy Archey, Sidney de Paris (medvirkede på Mortons Bluebird indspilninger i 1939), Pops Foster (medvirkede på Mortons Victor indspilninger i 1929) og Joseph Smith.

I got to know Frank Wolf and Alfred Lion of Blue Note Records through my friend Paul Bacon. Paul had done jackets for their albums. Al and Frank heard me play, through Paul's introduction, and recognized the resemblance to Jelly. I remember that Al drove me out to his Jersey home where he had a piano, and there I performed some tunes for him and Lorraine and Frank. I thought of it as a party, but they were sizing me up. Evidently they heard enough Jelly in my playing to think of duplicating Jelly's Bluebird recording session with Sidney de Paris years earlier. Coming back with Al on the West Side Highway, a cop



stopped him for speeding and I remember how annoyed he was, but a session was in the works.

I was excited about playing with Omer Simeon. I liked Jimmy Archey, and Pops Foster was so kind and a great help. But de Paris wanted me out of there, out of the studio, out of the band. I don't know what it was, maybe my color. Another drummer had actually been hired for the date and didn't show – de Paris got Joseph Smith to come down from Harlem, and he would have just as soon substituted another piano player.

Well, there I was sitting at the piano, trying my best, wearing my sneakers so I wouldn't be banging on the floor . . . yet de Paris was taking all the fun out of it, snarling at me just to play bass parts and chords when I wanted to do Jelly backgrounds instead of an 'um-pah' four-beat. Omer understood what was going on . . . how hateful de Paris was . . .



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Trods den trykkede stemning blev optagelserne udmærkede, og pladerne solgte godt. Denne session ansporede formentlig brødrene Wilbur og Sidney de Paris til umiddelbart efter at danne deres New New Orleans Jazz Band – en stil, de ellers for længst havde lagt bag sig – og orkestret indspillede siden hen en hel del plader og havde megen succes i 50'erne, hvor turnéerne også gik til Europa.

I 1951 var Greene med "Carl Halen and the Washboard Five", der indspillede for Riverside. Derefter en række andre bands og studio-sessions, bl.a. med Johnny Wiggs/Edmond "Doc" Souchon 1954, St. Peter Street Strutters 1964, Jim Robinson/Raymond Burke 1965, Zutty Singleton 1967-68, Eddie Condon's Barefoot Mob ved Manassas Jazz Festival 1968 og Don Ewell 1970.

Greene fremførte en lille hyldest til Jelly Roll Morton på Willis Conover's New Orleans Jazz Festival i 1969, som blev overstrømmende modtaget. Derefter kom han til Newport Festival, hvor interessen også var opmuntrende, hvilket medførte, at George Wein på et tidspunkt foreslog ham at danne et Jelly Roll Morton band. *Meanwhile I had been in Copenhagen where I met the Peruna Jazz Band and made a recording . . . we made some of the Red Hot Pepper sides over again and this proved to me that it could be done; I hadn't thought it possible. The Peruna Band did it without written music; everyone knew his part by heart.*

Leif Bjerborg: Papa Benny blev af og til uenig med sin banjo-mand Palle Bremer Nielsen, og diskussionerne kunne medføre, at Palle valgte at holde en mindre pause eller ferie. Ved et par af disse lejligheder bad Benny mig overtage banjoen indtil Palle var i humør til at spille på ny.

En august-aften i Vingården - jeg var denne gang tiltrådt i perioden juni/juli/august 1970 - hvor vi var kommet et stykke ind i andet sæt, lagde jeg mærke til, at der stod en mand nede foran scenen med ansigtet vendt op mod Benny. Jeg kunne ikke høre deres ordveksling, men Benny nikkede synligt imødekommende og pegede over på flyglet. Den faste orkesterbesætning inkluderede ikke en pianist, så

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et øjeblik efter sad den pågældende gæst bag klaviaturet på Vingårdens flygel – og spillede ubesværet med indtil næste pause.



Hilma Burt's "Mirror Ballroom", North Basin Street 209, New Orleans.
Antagelig er det en ung Jelly Roll Morton ved klaveret - i The Red Light District i 1904.

Tilfældigvis kom jeg i løbet denne til at stå ved siden af gæstepianisten, da vi begge måtte træde af på naturens vegne – toiletrummet fred var faktisk befriende, idet publikumssnakken i Vingården kunne være temmelig støjende. Det var gået op for mig, at han var amerikaner, så jeg forsøgte mig beskedent med: "Hi, I hear what you are trying to do." "What am I trying to do?" svarende han lidt brysk uden at se på mig. "Playing Jelly Roll Morton!" "Do you know about Jelly?", spurgte han forbavset, åbenlyst mere interesseret. "Certainly. I heard my first Morton record as a kid!" "Well . . ." sagde han og rakte hånden frem, ". . . my name is Bob Greene – I

don't understand how you can possibly know about Jelly Roll over here?"

Jeg svarede, at ret mange jazz-interesserede i Danmark formentlig vidste, hvem Jelly Roll Morton var – alene det fascinerede Greene dybt, om end han så noget tvivlende på mig, og ikke helt fæstede lid til udsagnet.

Da jeg spurgte, hvorfor han var i København, viste årsagen sig at være usædvanlig. En nær veninde af Bob Greene havde omtalt tre gøremål, som hun forudså afgørende for ham og pålagde ham at gennemføre. Greene følte sig halvvejs forpligtet, halvvejs inspireret til at efterleve sit løfte, og det tredje punkt havde netop været: "You must go to Copenhagen!"

Efter tre ugers besøg i Paris var han draget nordpå uden fast mål. Først havde han delt en biltur med en rejsebekendt til Bruxelles, dernæst var han endt i Hamburg. Og nu, den 7. august, var han kommet derfra til København med tog.

Vi talte lidt mere sammen, og jeg fik hans telefonnummer på Bahns Hotel. "My friend Nick is also here," sagde han, " - maybe we can meet another day and talk



"Well . . . my name is Bob Greene....."



about Jelly." Et par dage efter ringede jeg og indbød ham til middag. "Fine, thanks, I'll bring my friend Nick along!" Vi aftalte at mødes først på eftermiddagen, lørdag den 15. august, og derefter tage hjem til mig.

Ved min ankomst til hotellet undskyldte Greene, at hans ven Nick var optaget af andre gøremål, men han ville gerne selv komme til middag. Da vi nåede hjem på Nørrebro blev han meget forbavset over at konstatere, at jeg besad en pæn portion af Jelly Roll Mortons indspilninger for Gennett, Victor, Bluebird, Jazz Man og General på originale 78'-plader, som jeg oven i købet kunne afspille. Heriblandt Morton-plader, han aldrig havde hørt. Og optrækkelige fonografer og tragtgrammofoner, og en hel masse andet jazz. Samt et klaver. "Oh boy, Nick ought to see and hear all this," sagde Greene.



Palle Bremer Nielsen, der ganske uventede bidrog til begivenhedernes heldige udfald.

Da jeg spurgte, hvem den omtalte Nick egentlig var, viste han sig at være den berømte New Orleans klarinettist Albert Nicholas (som rent faktisk havde været i København mange gange førhen, hvor han spillede med bl.a. Adrians Bentzons New Orleans Orkester og havde indspillet plader for Karl Emil Knudsen/Sonet allerede i julen 1954. Dertil havde Nicholas spillet med Jelly Roll Morton i både 1930 og 1939/40. Under Københavnsopholdet løb Greene og Nicholas i øvrigt på Erroll Garner - de stilmæssigt forskellige opfattelser hindrede ikke en fælles frokost på Hotel d'Angleterre).

Greene afprøvede energisk mit Hornung & Møller, samtidig med at han stampe takten hårdt i gulvet. "Good piano", sagde han, "why don't you tape a couple of tunes?" Nostalgien fik hurtigt overtaget, og det endte med, at vi lod lyden filtrere gennem en særlig optagetragt til en af fonograferne - det endelige resultat havde den så tilpas skurrende lyd, at man følte sig hensat til et pladestudie i 20'erne.



Den københavnske Club Montmartre's Riverboat Shuffle på Øresund sidst i 1954. I forgrunden fra venstre: Ole Kærn, Lise West, Anders Dyrup, fru Dyrup, Henrik Johansen og New Orleans-klarinettisten Albert Nicholas. Både Lise West og Henrik Johansen har ved enkelte anledninger optrådt med Peruna Jazzmen, og Nicholas - tidligere sideman hos Jelly Roll Morton - og Bob Greene mødtes i Storyville-studiet den 20. august 1970.

En 10-15 pianosoloer senere sluttede Greene af med "This Is All I Ask" i en meget stille og bevægende udgave. Ikke desto mindre bankede underboen i loftet, og Bob Greene besluttede sig pludselig for at ville retur til hotellet. Da jeg havde fulgt ham et godt stykke på vej, skiftede han igen mening, og vi gik tilbage - og lyttede til plader resten af eftermiddagen.



I mellemtiden havde jeg forsigtigt spurgt ham, om han kunne tænke sig at prøve at spille med et band, der havde et indgående kendskab til og magtede Mortons musik. "Det kan ikke lade sig gøre," udbrød Bob Greene, " - det har jeg forsøgt flere gange i USA, men nej, det er der ingen musikere, der kan. De kender slet ikke musikken godt nok, hvis de i det hele taget overhovedet kender den." Jeg havde ikke held med yderligere at spore ham ind på forslaget.

Min kone havde forberedt en større middagsmenu, og efter desserten, som var pandekager med hjemmelavet is og syltetøj (Bob Greene viste sig at være en slik-mund uden lige), var han så opmuntret, at vi en rum tid talte om 'dette orkester', hvorom jeg så frejdigt påstod, at det kunne at spille Jelly Roll. Vi kom imidlertid ikke en fysisk afprøvning nærmere, men blev til gengæld mægtig fine venner.

De næste par dage fik Greene gjort sig mere fortrolig med Københavns caféer, seværdigheder og tillige musikerne i Ricardos og Papa Bues orkestre. Var himmelfalden over Rosenborg, Tivoli, Kronborg og de offentlige transportmidler; jazzstederne, torve, stræder og strøg – og forundret over, at man (dengang) kunne færdes på gaden uden at risikere antastninger af forskellig art!

Den 20. august indspillede han for Karl Emil Knudsen/Storyville Records i Vanløse Bio sammen med Albert Nicholas, Jens Sølund og Mads Ryskov. Nicholas var imidlertid ikke opsat på at fortolke Morton-kompositioner - "... those days are gone!", sagde han, og de divergerende opfattelser omkring repertoireet befordrede ikke optagelserne.

En af de foregående dage havde jeg fortalt Arne Højberg om Greene, og havde foreslået Arne at møde frem i Vanløse Bio. Dér blev han og jeg enige om at tage en chance - Arne skulle samme aften samle Peruna (som jeg også var medlem af), og så måtte vi håbe på, at jeg kunne overtale Bob Greene til at deltage i et musikalsk møde.

Efter Vanløse Bio tog Greene atter med hjem til mig. Hans sindsstemning var noget



Greene udenfor Vanløse Bio
den 20. august 1970.



"Baby Dodds' instruktioner gav mig min
tone på klaveret".

beklemt over, at forventningerne ikke var blevet indfriet i studiet. Endnu en god middag fik imidlertid sat humøret lidt op, og eftermiddagens knap så opmuntrende tildragelser ansporede ham til atter at overveje muligheden for at spille 'rigtig' Jelly Roll Morton musik. Endelig blev han tilpas nysgerrig og opsat på forehavendet, hvorfor vi gik ned på gaden, prajede en taxa og kørte over til Arnes hus i Vanløse. Undervejs kom Greene dog atter i tvivl, måske mest fordi han befandt sig langt uden for Københavns city-område.

Nede i kælderens, der var indrettet som øverum for orkestret, sad - foruden Arne Højberg med sin basun - Birger Seehusen, trompet. Claus Forchhammer, klarinet. Erik Spiermann, klarinet/altsax. Leo Hechmann, sousafon, og Lasse Borup, vaskebrædt. Og, ikke at forglemme, John Handreck, der optog aftenens tildragelser. På dette tidspunkt var Claus Forchhammer den faste klarinettist, men for en sikkerheds skyld blev Erik Spiermann, der var meget velbevandret i Mortons musik, indkaldt som forstærkning.



Som følge af ventetiden var lokalet allerede temmelig røgfylt. Ølflaskerne hobede sig så småt op, og stemningen fejlede ikke noget. Greene kiggede skeptisk på de ny ansigter, alle dækket af mere eller mindre fuldskæg og langt hår, nikkede forsigtigt, og trådte nølende ind i 'barbarernes hule'.

"What would you like to play?", spurgte vistnok Leo. Bob Greene var stadig en smule betænkelig: "What can you play?" gav han igen. "Whatever you like . . .", svarede Birger. "All right then - Mr. Jelly Lord!", råbte Bob Greene, vendte sig mod tangenterne, så han havde ryggen til os andre, og var straks i gang med Jellys piano introduktion.

Orkestret faldt blødt og perfekt ind, og spillede - efter Mortons devise - "the small black dots", som de nu engang skulle lyde i denne sammenhæng. Allerede i løbet af det første halve kor var det som om, at Bob Greene sad på nåle. Man kunne tydeligt aflæse på hans kropssprog, at det her kunne simpelthen ikke være rigtigt, og han drejede sig ustandseligt om for at se, hvordan i alverden man i en udørk som Vanløse - et stednavn han ikke engang kunne udtale - bar sig ad med at frembringe disse, i hans ører, uopnåelige klange med ". . .sweet, soft, plenty of rhythm", som foreskrevet af Mr. Jelly Lord himself.

Arne Højberg: Da vi var færdige med det første nummer, døde musikken fredeligt ud i efterklangen af den sidste akkord. Ingen sagde noget, før end Bob Greene rejste sig fra klaverbænken og vendte sig mod os: "I can't believe it . . . ah, oh, ho ho . . . this is insane. Did you tape this - can we hear a little? I can't believe it - I can play this all night! Wait a minute, wait a minute - let me just get it right in the piano break! I didn't think I was walking into a nest of experts. Becoming a Danish citizen? Yes, I'm thinking seriously of it! All right - let's do another take . . . give me the tempo . . ."

Bob Greene: . . . *they sat me down to the piano, and a moment later it happened all around me. Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers - or the nearest thing to them - recreated*

themselves. I remember stumbling in amazement up and down the keyboard while the sound welled up behind me; and I couldn't believe my ears. At that same moment I vowed to come back on another trip and settle into that basement for a while!

Arne Højberg: Vi andre forstod ikke helt, at der skulle være foregået noget særligt - måske lige bortset fra Greenes klaverspil - for sådan var vores udlægning af "Mr. Jelly Lord" jo altid blevet spillet!

Vi havde da nok lagt en god portion kærlighed til musikken i vores udfoldelser, hvad man formentlig trods alt kunne høre, selv om det er umuligt at komme op på siden af Mortons fabelagtige orkester.

Der blev spillet et pænt udvalg af Red Hot Peppers-melodier den aften, og først ud på natten og syv edsvorne venskaber senere rejste Bob Greene sig modvilligt fra flyglet. "Within a year I'll be back - and then let's record the music!", fastslog han, da han en sidste gang lod hånden glide hen over flyglet og tog afsked med dette for ham så specielle og - skulle det senere vise sig - skelsættende kælderlokale.

Bob Greene (april 2009): *I hope the Peruna record comes out. There should be a couple of good alternate takes. The experience that first day, hearing that band round me after you introduced me to Arne and the boys, is still simply wonderful. I've never forgotten it. It seemed a miracle to be surrounded by Jelly and his Peppers. That shall always stay with me.*

And that was really the inception of "The World of Jelly Roll Morton" - if they can do this in Denmark, I thought, I might be able to do it in America as well.

The tapes of that enchanted first evening, which changed my life, sounded good to me when I heard them way back - any musical problems don't matter if the booklet notes make the circumstances clear.

Næste morgen blev Greene transmitteret direkte fra Radio Husets Studie 11 i Gyl-denløvesgade, og først på eftermiddagen den 21. august fløj han tilbage til Paris.



Claus Forchhammer og Erik Spiermann.



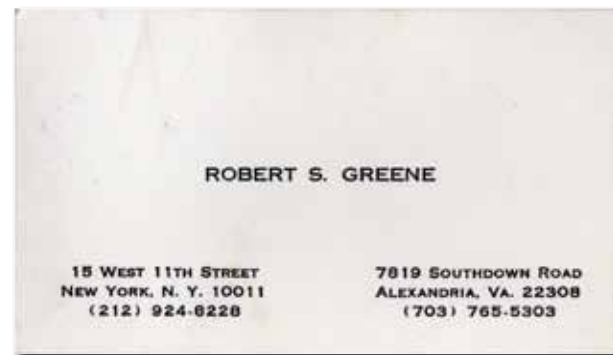
Jan Hem Andersen.



Leo Hechmann.



Lasse Borup og Arne Højberg.



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New York, September 2, 1970.

Dear Leif -

Back home at last. I didn't want to leave. Went back to Paris, but for a week only. My 45 days were up, so there was little else to do but to climb aboard my plane and head home. I was desperate to get back to a typewriter so that I could write a note that someone would read.

I saw you wave, and then the taxi was out of sight. But we will have other meetings. I thank you, my friend, for the many kindnesses you showed me. Tell Kirsten I send her my thanks, for her hospitality and the excellent dinners, and putting up with all the Jelly Roll Mortoning in her home!

And then, of course, Paris. Always so beautiful. The Tuilleries were lighted at night - lights on the playing fountains - and in the background that marvellous view of Paris from the Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. Some of the trees were starting to brown and redden. It was magnificent.

I played a bit with Irakli, who can be very good with his Louis-like horn, and Alain Marquet, who is a good Dodds clarinet.

But time was short, and nothing, absolutely nothing, could match that superb Jelly Roll band you introduced me to. I still cannot believe what I heard! I am so impressed with the band that I cannot put it in words. Most important, I'll be back with the piano and start to get my hands in shape. There is much to learn during the year. I'm anxious to be at it.

Hello to the band - do please convey my heartfelt thanks to them. Say hi to Kirsten and your lovely children. I think of all of you often. And to yourself - my best.
Let me hear from you.

Yours, *Bob*

I løbet af 1970-71 planlagdes adskillige genbesøg, der lige så hurtigt blev udsat. Greene var ivrig efter at komme tilbage, men var optaget i New Orleans det meste af sommeren 1971, og måtte tage sig af familietildragelser sidst på året.

Arne Højberg: Peruna fik selvsagt blod på tanden som følge af saltvandsindsprøjtningen, og Jelly Rolls musik blev ivrigt studeret i mellemtiden.

For mange år siden havde Leif fundet det trykte originalarrangement fra 1928 af Mortons "Georgia Swing" i en støvet reol nede i Imudicos på det nærmeste glemte lagerkælder i Colbjørnsensgade, og dette nummer afprøvede og indspillede vi med tilsvarende udvidet besætning i juli 1971.

Ud over de faste medlemmer blev Birger Seehusen og Erik Spiermann indforskrevet foruden Peter Nørrelund på tenorsax. John Handreck var parat bag båndoptageren. Det var virkelig musikalsk interessant at studere noderne og få lyden på plads i løbet af indspilningsaftenen. Nummeret er også medtaget på denne CD, hvor det passer godt ind i sammenhængen.

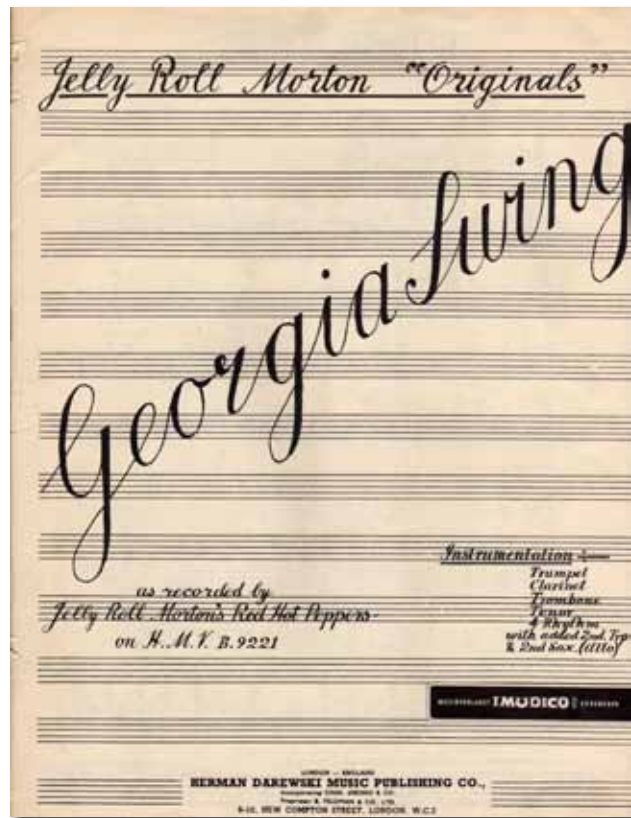
Bob Greene: *I managed to go back in January 1972. We made these recordings in that very same basement. Low, wood-beamed, some Playboy pictures stuck up on the wall, the smoke from the cigarettes driving me out into the hall at times for a red-eyed breath of fresh air, and then back again to the piano while Peruna kept doing the incredible. I learned more about Jelly's piano during that week than I could have dreamed of. For I wasn't getting it through speakers or earphones. I was getting it live!*



Peter Nørrelund.



John Handreck.



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Peruna Jazzmen med Bob Greene i "De Tre Musketerer" januar 1972, fra venstre: Arne Højberg, Lasse Borup, Leif Bjerborg, Jan Hem Andersen, Leo Hechmann, Claus Forchhammer og Bob Greene.

The excitement of the sessions was intense. We were trying to do what hadn't been done since the original recordings – a proper re-creation of the Red Hot Peppers. With the sound, the phrasing, and the beat. By January 12th, exhausted, we had finished. I left my heart in that basement. I hope to go over many times more to reclaim it.

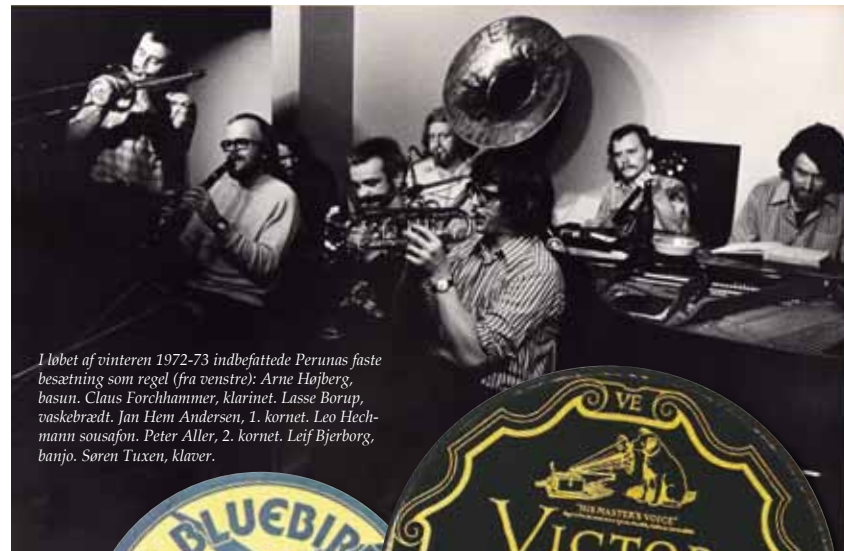
Arne Højberg: Der blev virkelig øvet en del på alle fronter, og endda var det svært at huske det hele – mest rækkefølgen på, hvem der skulle gøre hvad. Da vi den

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første dag, som var den 7. januar, havde fejlet et par gange, hentede jeg en rulle grundpapir; Bob skrev rækkefølgen på soli, interludes og breaks osv., ned over halvanden meter tapet, hvorpå det blev klistret op på væggen under loftet (så alle kunne se) forud for optagelsen af hvert nummer. Det hjalp da noget – men ind imellem måtte vi alligevel ud i et større antal takes, selvfølgelig flest, hvor det drejede sig om de virkelig svære numre. Vi forsøgte også at tage en af Mortons sene kompositioner, "Big Lip Blues" indspillet i 1940, og udføre den i samme stil og stemning, som præger de tidlige Victor-sessions i 1926. Det lykkedes egentlig nogenlunde. Det blev nogle hektiske dage alt i alt, og vi var mildt sagt godt udkørte til sidst. Der var flere af Jellys numre, som vi ikke fik så godt styr på, at musikken var høre værdig, men modet holdt vi oppe og der blev gået til makronerne med brask og bram. Et sted på et af båndene kan man høre, at desperationen er ved at bryde ud. Lige før en optagelse råber Bob: "Original Jelly Roll Blues, take 23 – Jelly, are you listening?". Og så lykkedes den endelig!

Bob Greene: *I think Europe has always been ahead of America as regards jazz because Europe looked at it as an art form and America did not. You won't hear a lot of people playing Morton, he's too damned hard. Dick Hyman with the Jazz Repertory Company has played it and made a very nice record for Columbia, however, with a completely different concept. I think Morton's music will remain a concert art but that it won't have a wide performing popularity, though it may have a wide listening popularity. The criticism levelled against us at the beginning has dropped off. They said: "Why are you trying to do the Red Hot Pepper tunes again, they were done?" I said: "Look at classical music. You don't say, because Arthur Rubinstein was playing Chopin, don't play it again. Or, when he plays it again, why is he playing it the same way?" Morton's recordings were his scores, though in fact Jelly wrote a great deal and sketched out the band performances. So we've gone to the performances to try to repeat some of them, obviously not note for note. They can't ever be as good as Jelly's, but what we've found so interesting is the impact on people listening to the Morton repertoire live in front of them."*



I løbet af vinteren 1972-73 indbefattede Perunas faste besætning som regel (fra venstre): Arne Højberg, basun. Claus Forchhammer, klarinet. Lasse Borup, vaskbrædt. Jan Hem Andersen, 1. kornet. Leo Hechmann sousafon. Peter Aller, 2. kornet. Leif Bjerborg, banjo. Søren Tuxen, klaver.





På de følgende sider er Bob Greenes egne oprindelige kommentarer anført under billederne – foruden nogle få opdateringer...



"... In foreign lands across the sea", Jelly dreamed, they would know all about his music. His fantasy came true after all. For in this foreign land, surrounded by the sea, in the tiny Kingdom of Denmark, Jelly is really a lord. By som strange and wonderful alchemy the music and his spirit did get there after all, and it's nice that in this album we can bring it back to share it with you."



*"Jan Hem Andersen and Birger Seehusen are the cornets, and both have captured the intensity of George Mitchell and his lyric phrasing. They play the music like they own it. Listen to Jan on "Sidewalk Blues" and Birger on "Cannon Ball", and you'll see what I mean.
Around October 1970, Jan Hem Andersen succeeded Birger Seehusen - who had been the main lead man with Peruna since 1968 - and Jan stayed with the band until mid-1973."*



"Arne Højberg, in whose blessed basement all this happens, runs a restaurant in Copenhagen, but his Ory trombone points to a menu of red beans and rice. He should run a place like Buster's in New Orleans. He swings and slides in chords like only Ory did, and listening to him during that week, I wondered if he knew how really wonderful he actually is. Arne is the founder of Peruna, and so far has been leading the band for 51 years!"

"Claus Forchhammer played the Simeon parts. I think Simeon would have been pleased and proud. The tone is warm and exciting, and the phrasing and the swing are all there. Listen to the wonderful way he weaves and ties things together on "Steamboat Stomp". It's more than just the Simeon influence. (Claus has been with the band from 1960-75 and from 1984 until today.)"





"Erik Spiermann plays both clarinet and alto. He doubles with Claus on several sides. But I simply couldn't believe what he did with 'Shreveport Stomps'. One of the days, while waiting for the others to arrive, we started it for fun to see how it would go – but we finished it for serious. Erik was a founding member of the band and stayed on for a couple of years. Since then he has often subbed for Claus Forchhammer and even re-joined the band for shorter periods."



"My friend Leif's banjo and guitar is pure St. Cyr. I've never heard a banjo played as well; and I don't think I ever shall. It's a beat with a floor of sound in it that you can float on. And it's got that twang to it that does something to you. He plays with love, and it shows. Leif was with Peruna from April 1970 to mid-July 1973 (– and has occasionally subbed with the band, even as late as 2007.)"



"Ole Olsen's bass alternated with Leo Hechmann's sousaphone. Jelly would have grabbed both of them. Ole's bass is straight out of John Lindsay, and Leo plays the most swinging sousaphone I have ever heard. He literally rocks. And his sense of tempo is perfect. He kicked off most of the tunes and set the beat for them. His taste and judgment are flawless – with Peruna since 1960!"



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"Søren Houllind I have met in New Orleans as well as in Copenhagen. I also went to his birthday party. Very early twenties. But don't believe it. For if you listen to that sound and beat you realize that he dates right back to the 20's – to Baby Dodds. He just looks like a young Dane going to school.

Ole Olsen and Søren Houllind were especially called upon to produce the characteristic fluent Mortonish sound in a couple of tunes since Jelly himself used string bass and drums in some of his Red Hot Peppers recordings."

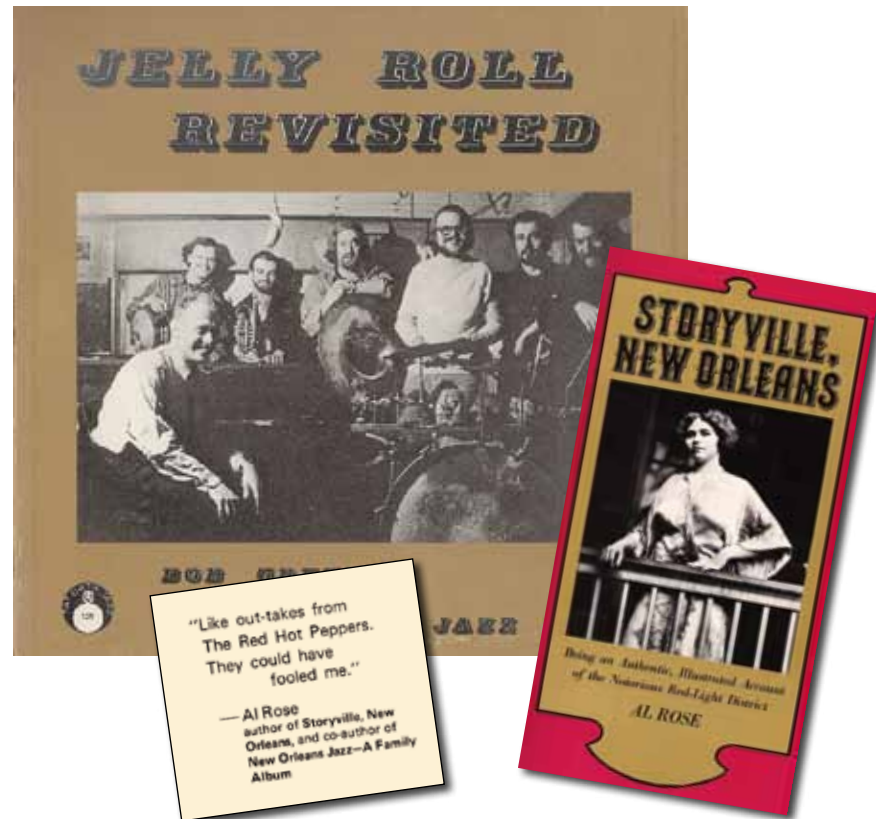
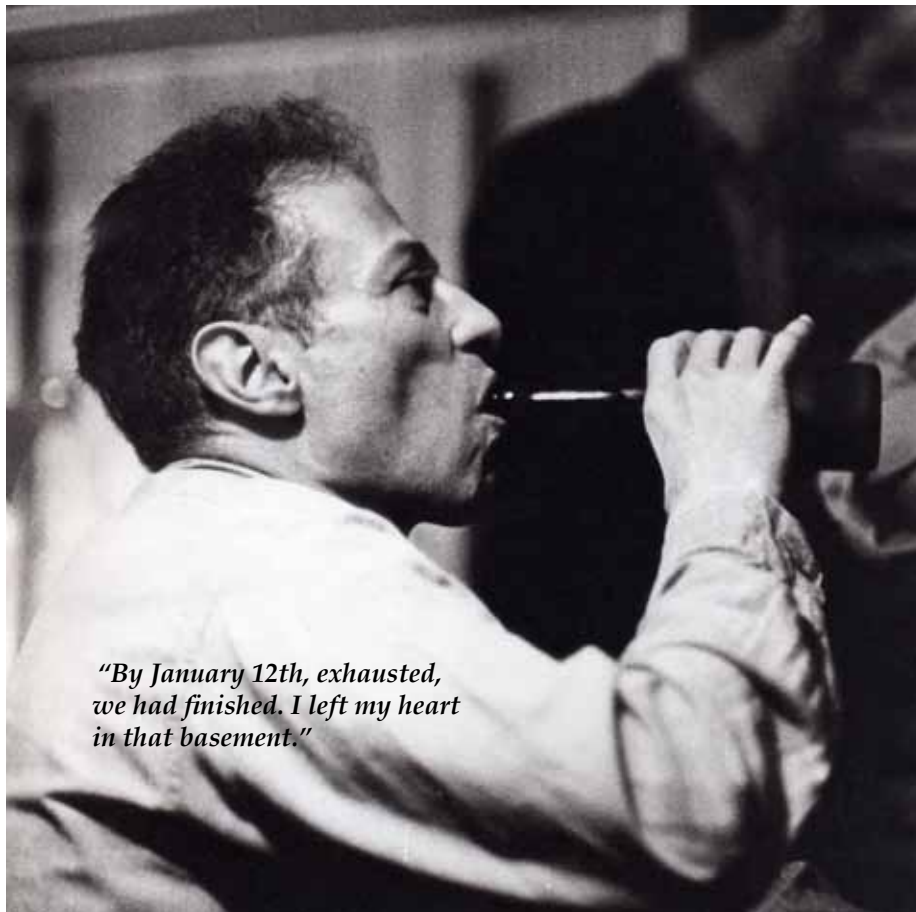
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"Lasse Borup is Andrew Hilaire and Tommy Benford in disguise. In this case, a black T-shirt and slacks which he always wears, and a black souped-up VW. He plays drums on most of these sides, and he has the wonderful beat and subtlety you won't find in drummers any more. He knows all about it. He should live in New Orleans.(With Peruna until around 1974. Subbed as late as 2007.) Leif, Leo, and Lasse had, prior to the rise of Peruna, formed the rhythm section of another band in 1958-59."



"Jelly, are you listening?"





Hensigten var selvfølgelig at få udgivet optagelserne. Også her spillede tilfældighederne ind, denne gang på mere besværlig vis. Spredte short-hand uddrag af Bob Greenes breve giver indblik i hændelserne frem til LP'ens udsendelse. Undervejs opbygger Bob Greene sideløbende sit eget projekt "The World of Jelly Roll Morton".

Paris, January 19, 1972: *Oh my – but didn't we have fun! And didn't we make good music!! Thank you for everything. You made Copenhagen a home – and I miss you all very much. Paris is somehow not the same as being at Nørrebrogade, taking my shoes off, having a wonderful dinner, and then making the music that is so important to all of us. Tell Arne, I left my heart in his cellar, and if – in the middle of the night – he should hear a chord sound softly on his piano, it is me.*

Paris, February 9, 1972: *. . . I wonder where the time has gone. It seems I was with you all a long time ago. Would I love to breathe again of Arne's smoke filled room!*

Alexandria/Washington, February 24, 1972: *Looking forward to getting tapes. A long month of work for you and Arne. Milestone Records might be interested. Thanks for Gorm's pictures – excellent and first rate! Sometimes I wake up in the night with visions of you and Arne standing there with all the tape running out on the floor . . . getting home-sick!*

Alexandria, March 25, 1972: *TAPES CAME! THIS MORNING! Wonderful! The bell rang, it was the postman. Rushed to read your letter – felt so close to all of you – and ran to the tape machine. Have listened only half an hour, the tapes are excellent! Spirit is there, music is there – we did it! "Shreveport" delights me. We just chanced upon it, I am very pleased. Until now listened to five tunes with joy and pleasure, which is really the test. Happy music, this. How grateful I am to you for saying hello that night in the Vingaarden – and all that happened since. This is making dreams come true! Say hello to Arne and all the boys – much happiness having those musical moments here in Alexandria now.*

Alexandria, March 26, 1972: *Bill Riddle (en personlig bekendt af Jelly Roll Morton sidst i 30'erne) and I spent all day yesterday listening. It was an amazing experience. He really could not believe it. Some of the stuff he found more relaxed than even Jelly's recordings. Trying to get Atlantic Records interested. Wish you were all here and we could have a picnic – it's a wonderful sunny Sunday today.*

Alexandria, April 5, 1972: *Tapes really fantastic. Played them for two friends who are experts – Bill Riddle here in Alexandria, and Paul Bacon in New York. Their response was wonderful. I think these are the best recordings made since the Peppers. And that Peruna is the best band I have ever played with. Looking forward to our next record already – as you say, we can in fact do even better. A few days extra work to have them all perfect. Say hello to Birger, Jan, and Arne – Claus, Leo, and Lasse. Tell Erik hi, his "Shreveport" was terrific. You scared my friends, Bacon said: "My God – that's St. Cyr!" I get the strangest reaction when they hear these records. Listening, and smiling, and laughing, and shaking of the head, and then listening again, as if they couldn't believe it!*

Alexandria, May 1, 1972: *Played tapes for Zutty Singleton. He was very impressed – the best band he had heard in a long time. Wonderful sitting with him, while he listened.*

Alexandria, June 9, 1972: *Milestone Records in New York interested . . . also waiting to hear from RCA Victor in Europe. The sound seems better and better to my ear.*

New York, July 27, 1972: *Good news – I am told RCA/Paris will issue our record. No contract yet. However, our LP will not be done until next June (1973). A long awful wait, however, worth it. We will get 8% royalty on wholesale price. RCA wants original tape...*

New York, August 6, 1972: *Spoke to the Union about bringing the whole band over to play Jelly, but the answer was that they want American musicians to do it. Understandable, but too bad. Peruna was the first thing on my mind. Jean Pierre Daubresse is here, and he*



feels certain that RCA is serious, and will make me a contract for the record.

New York, November 5, 1972: RCA maintains unabated interest, but nothing in writing. I think we should go ahead elsewhere. Still worth waiting for RCA, but I am impatient now.

Washington, December 21, 1972: Flying to Paris for Christmas. Want to see RCA and find out definitely if they will do something, or not. Seems Jean-Paul Guiter, in charge of RCA's re-issue program, was very impressed with the tapes, but he is new and still feeling his way in his job. Good even to be flying in your direction.

Alexandria, February 24, 1973: Quite ill in Paris, had to return to NY. RCA did not work out (etter sigende døde Jean-Paul Guiter og projektet blev skrinlagt). Have gone to smaller labels here. First one is Fat Cat Jazz, who is co-operating with Karl Knudsen of Storyville on a few issues. Can get us USD 300 for the date, fifty free copies + royalty. Second one a brand new company, who will pay USD 500, fifty free copies, but no royalty.

Alexandria, May 16, 1973: Have solid offer from Johnson McRee, Fat Cat Records, of USD 1.000 for the tapes. Will make good cover, good notes (by me), serious effort. Distribution pretty good. I suggest we agree. Record to be released August, 50 free copies sent to you.

Alexandria, May 21, 1973: Johnson McRee very excited, promises dignified documentary album. Let us make album notes together. I have Gorm's photos. Paul Bacon will contribute a fine drawing of Jelly. Getting my band together for the Newport Festival in NY. Benford, Milt Hinton, and Danny Barker are with me, quite a rhythm section. Front line not yet set.

New York, June 13, 1973: Rehearsing own band for July 4th concert. Milt Hinton

a marvellous joy last week-end! Thanks for band details, good liner notes. Excellent idea getting Al Rose to write a paragraph of appreciation – right touch for the album. Hello to Peruna, I'm so happy the record will be issued. This will hit all jazz people in the US.

Alexandria, July 16, 1973: Concert was grand success. Band came off nicely, worked hard, each man sacrificing individual sound to get Jelly sound. Benford's time excellent on brushes. Carson played Mitchell's lead, Effie Ory's parts. Herbie did nice low register work, kept in spirit. Hinton absolutely superb; a wonderful time with him at my left elbow. What a beat – and he loved it. Miked up his bass, and he came through with that old Lindsay sound. Danny Barker was perfect, big fat chords. Both shows got standing ovations, whole concert hall on its feet. We really did wind up the show. New concert offer early 1974!

Johnson's engineer found out that your first editing/mixing-tape is superb. Couldn't tell the difference compared to original tape. Going ahead now.

Washington, September 29, 1973: Everything fine with McRee. Test excellent. Have agreed with McRee that he is solely issuing any takes from our session until further.

New York, December 17, 1973: LP in production. Album front just right. How proud I shall be, one of the happiest weeks of my whole life. A wonderful reminder for all of us. High water point . . . my next concert at Lincoln Center, NY, February 16. Rehearsals not easy, musicians coming in from all over the country. Too expensive flying Barker up from New Orleans. Wish you were here to make the concert with us – not to mention the Peruna.

New York, January 13, 1974: Looked for Bernard Addison, but found Lawrence Lucie, who was on Jelly's Bluebirds in 1939! Band not as authentic as Peruna, yet a lot of fire. Fat Cat should be ready in February.

New York, March 18, 1974: Peruna LP finally out! I am pleased – hope Peruna are too. Lincoln Hall concert good success. Lucie couldn't make it, so guitar weak instrument. The



Hall sold out, however, deficit at bottom line. RCA Victor recorded concert, to be released April. Very different from Peruna record - one will not hurt the other. Interest in Jelly can only be widened. In fact you got as much advanced for the Peruna as I did for the RCA record, but impossible to re-coup expenses on orchestrations, rehearsal studios, travelling etc., total loss considerable, yet worth it to bring Jelly's name back.

New York, June 11, 1974: Enclose exciting piece from last Sunday's New York Times. It talks about the RCA record, and the Peruna record, and John Wilson obviously like Peruna tremendously. Millions of people will read this article - New York Times is read throughout the US and all over the world. Really more than we could have hoped for. Impossible to buy a review like that - it just has to happen.



Fra 1975 begyndte Bob Greene's "The World of Jelly Roll Morton" - som altså fandt sin oprindelse i Arne Højbergs kælder i Vanløse - virkelig at blive efterspurgt og turnéerne strakte sig ofte langt over en måned igennem en periode på godt og vel 10 år. Det fortæller Greene om på de efterfølgende sider.

Der opstod også mulighed for Peruna til at spille i New York, men band-medlemmernes forskellige interesser i dette og andre projekter kunne ikke forenes. Bob Greene besøger stadig Danmark med jævne mellemrum - det har aldrig ført til yderligere optagelser, men dog lejlighedsvis musikudfoldelser med Peruna, så sent som i 2007. Og ved det påtænkte Little Beat release-party den 29. april 2010 hos Peugeot/Bilhuset Taastrup.

Det lykkedes aldrig Bob Greene at få lov til at 'importere' hele Peruna Jazzmen til sine koncert-turnéer. Men Michael Zuschlag (tiltrådt 1973 som 1. kornet) og Leif Bjerborg (udtrådt 1973) fik i 1978 tilbudt at turnere i USA med Bob Greene's "The

World of Jelly Roll Morton". Imidlertid var Zuschlag forpligtet i et forestående Afrika-arbejdsprojekt, medens det efter en del 'red tape'-tovtrækkeri lykkedes for Bjerborg at opnå tilladelse (US Immigration working-permit samt det amerikanske musikerforbunds velsignelse) således, at han deltog i en næsten 7 uger lang turné fra Vermont i nord til Texas i syd. Efterfølgende førte dette til adskillige andre USA-besøg med musikalske drømmeopfyldelser sammen med mange af de oprindelige amerikanske musikere. Michael Zuschlag kom i 1989 med Peruna Jazzmen til Sacramento Festivalen i Californien samt New Orleans.

Fat Cats Peruna LP blev faktisk udsolgt længe inden Johnson "Fat Cat" McRee Jr., døde den 30. januar 1990.

John S. Wilsons anmeldelse på forsiden af New York Times' kultursektion kan have været en afgørende faktor for salget, en anden var måske omtale i jazz-tidsskriftet "Mississippi Rag". Wilson skrev bl.a.: "Now that Scott Joplin has been raised from obscurity to an Oscar Award, Jelly Roll Morton also seems to be on the way to rediscovery . . . The most dedicated of contemporary Morton enthusiasts is Bob Greene, who has been playing piano in the very distinctive and immediately recognizable Jelly Roll style for almost 30 years and, since 1968, has been devoting himself completely to the study and performance of Morton's music. He travels widely, sitting in with groups that include Morton's works in their repertoires... Almost simultaneously - and as if to point up the arrival of a Morton revival - three sets (Peruna, Bob Greene, and Dick Hyman) of Morton's music have been issued . . . a collection on which Bob Greene plays with the Peruna Jazz Band of Denmark, "Jelly Roll Revisited" . . . surprisingly, the Peruna Band stays much closer to the sound and feeling of the original Morton records than Greene's own band . . . led by trombonist Arne Højberg, the Peruna Band shows influence of Morton, ensembles are clean, clear Morton."



Fat Cat Records blev kun distribueret i USA, men Louis Barnewitz og Bristol Music Center specialimporterede, og en anmeldelse af Henrik Wolsgaard-Iversen fandt vej til de danske avisspalter i 1974, bl.a.: "De danske Red Hot Peppers, Peruna Jazzmen, fylder 15 år. En usædvanlig institution i det danske jazzbillede . . . Intet andet orkester har været så trofast overfor den prægtige genre fra tyverne, og har man syntes, at deres stædighed var tegn på uopfindsomhed, har man taget fejl. Peruna må opfattes som jazzens ubestikkelige vogtere, der af fuldt hjerte helliger sig at holde det bedste levende – spiller som det lød og skal lyde. Og et publikum værdsætter dette kald . . . i anledning af jubilæet udsender Walter Klæbels Hørøks snarest en LP med Peruna gennem årene. I mellemtiden kan man glæde sig over en amerikansk plade med Peruna og den amerikanske pianist Bob Greene, "Jelly Roll Revisited". Og som Al Rose, jazzforfatteren, siger: "Like out-takes from the Red Hot Peppers. They could have fooled me!" – jeg har forsøgt med lidt blindbuk selv, og alle troede, at det var selveste Mr. Jelly Lord i hi-fi. Seksten klassiske numre – det er til at blive rørt af, for det er gjort så kærligt og ægte, at man ikke ved, om man skal foretrække de originale indspilninger eller disse . . ."

MEN - på imponerende vis - PERUNA JAZZMEN + 1 DAME spiller stadig under ledelse af ARNE HØJBERG, her i år 2010, nu i sin 51. sæson og ofte med samme instrumentation som høres på denne CD. Orkestret har spillet i DR Radio/TV, overalt i Danmark, ved en lang række Europæiske Festivals, på Grønland, i Mellemøsten og i USA.

Yderligere udgivelser med Peruna Jazzmen fås hos:
www.jazzology.com og www.cdjazz.com
Storyville og Stomp Off LP'erne kan ofte erhverves på eBay's jazzplade-auktioner.



Peruna Jazzmen i dag. Fra venstre: Arne Højberg, Leo Hechmann, Peter Aller, John Neess, Mik Schack, Michael Zuschlag, Anette Strauss, Claus Forchhammer (foto: Hugo Rasmussen).



FERDINAND "JELLY ROLL" MORTON

Som Bob Greene fortæller senere på disse sider: "Jelly was back. It was his tunes, it was his spirit . . ."

Alt, der ligger til grund for denne udgivelse og de dertil knyttede hændelser, bunder i interessen for Jelly Roll Mortons musik. Mortons livshistorie skal ikke berettes her, og den efterspores desuden uovertruffet af andre. En fantastisk research åbenbarer fakta og detaljer, der alle indfører sig i den historiske mosaik, som Alan Lomax grundlagde med sine monumentale interviews af Jelly Roll Morton i Coolidge Auditorium, Library of Congress, Washington DC. Disse interviews fandt sted i 1938 fra den 23. maj til den 12. juni 1938 samt en opfølgning den 14. december samme år.

Jelly Roll Morton var midt-1920'ernes banebrydende modernist – og skrev avancerede kompositioner så sent som i 1940 – men i 1930'erne indhentede krise-tiderne også ham. Var han blevet blot et par få år ældre, kunne det måske have været hans musik, der var blevet grundlaget for hele revival-perioden, som blev dokumenteret og dermed nærmest grundlagt af Bill Russell. Foruden alle de tidlige Victor-plader, nåede Morton kort inden sin død at indspille nogle fremragende orkestresider for Bluebird og en række fine piano soli for General.

Læs om Mortons epokegørende og alligevel tragiske liv og levned på www.doctorjazz.co.uk – det gøres ikke bedre andre steder. Ferdinand Joseph Lamothe Mouton – bedre kendt som Jelly Roll Morton – født i New Orleans sandsynligvis den 20. september 1885 og død i Los Angeles den 10. juli 1941.



Jelly Rolle Morton i
studiet ved Bluebird-
optagelserne i New York
den 14. september 1939
(foto: Otto Hess).



THE WORLD OF JELLY ROLL MORTON

by Bob Greene

It started with a girl, as so many things do. We were having our last dinner together in the Village, in New York, before she went off to get married. She was wearing the white silk blouse I had given her for Christmas, and her face was full as I remembered it after love, and I suspected damn well what she'd been doing before we met and tried not to think about it. The place was small, on Sixth Avenue, and the table was so narrow I could have reached across and touched her blouse. Instead, we ordered.

I have no idea what we ate. All I remember is three things she advised. "Be good to Oscar," she said, for she liked my father. And, "Help Louise with her book." And then the third: "Go to Copenhagen." Copenhagen, I discovered later, was where she had her affair. "Go to Copenhagen." It stayed with me.

Oscar and helping Louise with her book aren't relevant here. But the third advice, "Go to Copenhagen!" is very relevant indeed. It was like having the three caskets of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" before me, each with its instructions. Two I had already opened. Now, some months later, August 1970, completely unaware, it was the time for the third.

Did I expect to find her in Copenhagen? Was she by the fountain in the Tivoli Gardens? I doubted it, yet it seemed the last bit of her that I could hold on to. So I went to Copenhagen, feeling like a sentimental fool. At least I was taking her instruction with me.

Warm days and pleasant nights. I stayed in a small hotel off the walking street, walked past old shops, looked at the large model of an old Parker Duofold Pen hanging over the door of a pen shop, had dinner somewhere, felt sorry for myself, and finally in the dark, behind the rounded red brick walls of an ancient church, heard some jazz coming from behind the door of an old corner building. Lonely,

I walked in. I had arrived at the Vingaarden.

It was Papa Benny's band; very good, traditional and swinging. Danes all around me, sitting in booths, rough hewn tables, some of the girls smoking pipes, long hair, jeans, the place full of smoke and sex. There was a grand piano on the stage but no piano player. I ordered a beer. After the band had played a couple of tunes I approached Benny, nodded at the empty piano, and asked if I could sit in. My hands were in good shape and my head was full of Jelly's sound. Leif Bjerborg, Benny's temporary banjo player, remembered what happened next.

"We had played a couple of tunes in the second set, when I noticed someone standing in front of the stage and talking to Benny. I could not hear the words, but Benny nodded obligingly and pointed to the grand piano in the opposite stage corner. The regular band personnel did not include a piano player, so a moment later the newcomer was sitting behind the keyboard - and played along with effortlessly ease until next intermission.

When I got down off the bandstand, I happened to stand right next to the piano player when we both had to obey the call of nature. Compared to the noisy premises of Vingaarden, the rest room was sometimes a most welcome relief in more than one way. It had dawned upon me that our guest was an American, and I tried with a modest 'Hi, I hear what you are trying to do?' 'What am I trying to do?' he answered somewhat bluntly without looking at me. 'Playing Jelly Roll Morton!' I answered. 'Do you know about Jelly?' he turned to me, obviously more interested."

Leif Bjerborg was right. I was more than interested! At that time, so few people were paying any attention to Jelly. I remember Jelly's dream, "In foreign lands across the sea....", and here this young Dane, zipping up, his English perfect, his smile friendly and warm, did in fact understand what I was trying to do. "I have some friends who have a band you might enjoy," he said. Would I like to meet them? I said that I would. Little did I realize that I had just opened the third casket.



What happened next in Arne Højberg's blessed basement seemed a miracle. It was completely unrehearsed, unexpected, and unplanned. Amid cases of Tuborg beer, cigarette smoke, a black grand piano somehow jammed into the crowded space, Leif Bjerborg had led me into the den of the Peruna Jazz Band. Uncapped bottles of Tuborg, beards, I didn't know one musician from the other. Someone said "What would you like to play?" I think I answered "Mr. Jelly Lord." I hit the intro in Bb when, suddenly, I couldn't believe my ears! For right next to me, Jelly's band formed around the piano, Jelly's notes, Jelly's intonations. What I had listened to on the old Victor 78's, incredibly, was now coming alive once again - real notes, real musicians, playing Morton as it hadn't been heard since 1927. The Peruna had learned it the same way I had learned it, from the recordings themselves. Like myself, they were fans. It was ragged, imperfect, but unquestionably there. Jelly's band sound. Suddenly I was no longer alone.

I had begun my solitary resurrection of Jelly during the first New Orleans Jazzfest just the year before. My friend, Willis Conover, who was running the Festival, let me make a small cameo appearance while they were changing sets down on the floor. To a scattered and mild applause, Willis introduced me as a pianist who would pay a small tribute to Jelly Roll Morton. But for me it was a shining moment. I had just come from Marie Leveau's tomb, the Voodoo Queen, where I had thrown a penny and quietly prayed for Jelly's soul. No one cared for Jelly or even thought of him then. I would at least put his name and a tune into the Festival. I look back with some amusement, but I was utterly serious and felt I had his spirit and redemption in my hands. Now, to the crowded auditorium, from a piano placed on a little stage in the balcony, I said a few words about him, that New Orleans was his home, that here he had once lived and played, and far from here he had died, broke and forgotten. With nervous fingers I began his moody "Don't You Leave Me Here."

First the chorus, then the channel, but when I got into his final chorus I began

to hear the audience keeping time with me. Suddenly they were clapping along. It was completely unexpected. I finished to solid applause from the full house. Startled but elated, I spoke of the French Opera, only a few blocks away, where Jelly had taken a little quadrille and turned it into a tune everyone knew, "Tiger Rag". Some applause. I hit it off at a good tempo. But now the crowd was with me. The clapping began again, on the beat, off the beat, until I was having trouble keeping myself in sync while playing my head off, slamming my left elbow on the piano to imitate the tiger's roar. When I finished, the crowd roared and applauded and I realized I had brought the house down. Jelly was back. It was his tune, it was his spirit, and I was modest enough to realize I was but the instrument, a symbol for the success he deserved here but never had.

Next day, from a booth on Canal Street, I called my father in New York and told him it had gone well. "Have you seen the New York Times . . .", I heard him call into the phone, "... get the Times!" From the newsstand on the corner of Royal, I bought a paper. There, in the music section, John Wilson had his review. It was beyond anything I could have imagined. "JELLY ROLL MORTON FAN SETS FESTIVAL ON RIGHT TRACK," he wrote. Until then, he said, the Festival had been routine. Then I, with love and devotion, etc., etc. . . . it was a review one might have died for, reading it there on Canal and Royal.

Now, a year and a half later, for the second time, I was back in Arne Højberg's basement in Copenhagen with the Peruna. Our first meeting had been so successful we decided we would make a serious attempt to recreate Jelly's Red Hot Peppers recordings. They had been done only once, in 1926-27, for the Victor Company. Our object would be to bring them alive again. It was, so to speak, an extension of what I had done with his piano solos in New Orleans.

I had with me a few notes and routines scratched on paper. While I had been gone the Peruna had done their own memorizing. Amid the cigarette smoke and the cases of Tuborg, we set to work. Soon our problem became evident. It wasn't



a question of reading notes, for this was not a reading band. It was a question of remembering what instrument and chorus came next. Jelly's arrangements were complicated. Who does what and when? Everyone knew their parts. It was a question of putting it together.

I remember, during a break, walking about the wintry streets in the neighborhood until I found a store where I could buy a roll of wall-paper. Back at Arne's, with a black marker I wrote down the individual routines - clarinet, cornet, ensemble, piano and so forth - tearing off a piece for each tune, which we then



Tommy Benford.

hung on the wall before us. It made all the difference. Now we could see who followed who. With the anxiety gone, we played our hearts out, chorus following chorus, the intonations, the sound, the swing. Jelly's flag was flying, and his dream of "...just a simple little chord, now at home as well as abroad..." was coming true. Tune after tune followed. The Peruna was magnificent.

If we can do it here, I thought while playing from the piano, why can't we do it at home? It was the birth of "The World of Jelly Roll Morton". That summer, back in New York, I duplicated at Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center the solo piano success I had in New Orleans. Once more a standing ovation. I was encouraged and determined now to bring Jelly's band to life again in America. Was there anyone who had played with him, with whom I might start?

Tommy Benford's name came immediately to mind. He had been the drummer on some of Jelly's best recordings. I telephoned him from the lobby of the City Ballet on 58th Street. Tommy was in his late sixties, working as a messenger for one of

the brokerage houses. He was due to retire. Would he be interested in playing drums in a reformation of Jelly's Hot Peppers? "I'm with you!" he said, and from that moment on he was, every foot of the way.

Things now began to fall into place. George Wein, who was organizing the Newport Jazz Festival in New York, agreed to let a reformed Hot Peppers perform in Philharmonic Hall that coming summer, sharing the stage with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and Turk Murphy's band from San Francisco. I had landed a booking, but that was all. Outside of Tommy Benford there was no band. I would need dedicated musicians, willing to involve themselves in the project, rehearsals, and with a flair for the past. As for the music, I would need far more than a roll of wall-paper. I would need written scores of those long ago 1926-performances, Jelly's exact notes. Only then could I duplicate the Peruna's remarkable accomplishment.

First it had been the Danes. Now it was the turn of the Japanese.

Enter Yoshio Toyama.

Toyama and his wife Keiko had spent a couple of years living in New Orleans. Toyama was a superb cornettist, playing then in the style of Bunk Johnson. He had Bunk's tone, the throw of the notes. But it was Toyama's ear I was after. Toyama could listen to an orchestration and transcribe the score. He was now back in Tokyo. Would he be willing to transcribe Jelly's Red Hot Pepper recordings? "What part do you want first?" he asked. "Everything!" I answered. "Except the piano scores. I'll learn those by heart because I can't read them!"

Working with the old 78'-records, which he transcribed to tape, he started with "Steamboat Stomp" and began adding tunes after that. Slowly they began arriving in the mail, staff paper sometimes torn out of a book, odd sizes and some odd shapes but the notes beautifully correct. Drum parts, clarinet parts, cornet parts, trombone, bass, guitar. The guitar parts were invaluable to me, for with his ear, he supplied chords I had missed in trying to learn the piano solos. With the orchestrations now coming in, I set about trying to gather the rest of the band.



For cornet I had already made my choice. It was Ernie Carson. I had met Ernie during a visit to New Orleans in 1964. Alan Jaffe who with his wife ran Preservation Hall, had pointed him out. It was in the carriage way in the Hall one night, during an intermission. "Come down to the corner. There's a cornet player you should hear." One thing about Jaffe - he only said things once. If there was a pot of gold lying at the end of a rainbow he'd recommend you pick it up, but no more and not again. That night the rainbow pointed to Ernie. He was playing at a bar on the corner of Bourbon and St. Peter Street. Jaffe and I walked in while the band was still playing. Carson was terrific, with punch and tone and long phrases like Bunny Berigan used to make. Most of all, he projected without making it harsh. And did he swing! When he came off the stand, I told him how fine I thought he was. Some months later we recorded together. He was just as great then. I called him in Atlanta - would he join the band? Without hesitation he agreed. Now I had the fabled Tommy Benford and a hot, driving lead cornet in Ernie Carson.

The clarinet came next. Once again Preservation Hall provided the lead. Enquiring, I heard the name of Herb Hall mentioned. He was the brother of the more famous Edmond Hall and ran a small stationary store in Queens. Easy to get along with, a perfect gentleman, and originally from Reserve, Louisiana. The thought of having a Louisiana musician in the band appealed, and everything I subsequently was told about Herb confirmed it.

Once back in New York I called him. His voice was soft and accommodating. He would be happy to see me. I took the subway out to Queens, followed directions, and entered his store. There he stood, tall and gracious, handsome and beautifully groomed, one of the kindest people I have ever met. His laugh was pure honey as I told him about the project and what I had in mind. I told him about the music, about Jelly, about our forthcoming appearance at Lincoln Center. He agreed to be part of it, with pleasure. Now I had a clarinet. Trombone, bass, and guitar remained.

My old friend Ephie Resnick was in New York, playing his tarnished trombone,



Herb Hall.

always learning, always saying he was just beginning to get it right. He had had it right for years, but would never admit it. I don't think Ephie had ever played a note of Jelly Roll's music, but somehow he "would get it right."

For bass I now screwed up my courage. Would the great Milt Hinton, the Judge, play bass with the band? I went into my speech - Jelly's music, his memory, a resurrection of what Jelly had brought to jazz and which had lain forgotten for so many years. It wasn't necessary. Milt had known Jelly, played with him, respected him. Milt had never laid eyes on me. It was Jelly who recruited him, not me. He agreed. Later on Johnny Williams took over.

The same was true for the great Danny Barker. I had known Danny for years, played with him in that long ago Conrad Janis band, and in later years visited with



Milt Hinton.

him in New Orleans when he was curator of the Jazz Museum. Danny knew Jelly intimately, had gigged with him and had dined with Jelly and Mabel at their New York apartment shortly before Jelly's epic drive to California. With his humour and talent, he would bring his big Gibson guitar and be part of it. Danny could make a sixteen piece band swing and we would only be seven. And with that Jelly had a band again. It would be Jelly's notes, his spirit, even some of his musicians. I could feel his presence. Now it was time to put it all together.

We rehearsed at Nola Studios on 57th Street in the Steinway building, just down the street from Carnegie Hall. I had mailed each man his scores plus a cassette of Jelly's actual 1926-27 recordings, so that he could consult the tape for the way Jelly had originally played

it. It was as close as I could come to having Jelly actually conduct. And it worked. I tried each tune, first at half temp, so everyone could be sure of his notes and there was no sliding over them. Harmonic problems appeared and were solved. Then we took the tune at proper tempo, nothing in-between. It was breathtaking. The sound was full, alive, and vital. It wasn't better than the Peruna, it was different. The Peruna recordings sounded older, more contemporary with Jelly, as if the



Danny Barker, guitar. Ernie Carson, trumpet. Bob Greene, piano. Herb Hall, clarinet. Milt Hinton, bass. Tommy Benford, drums. Ephraim Resnick, trombone. Barker, Hinton, and Benford all played with Jelly Roll Morton's bands.

cobwebs were still there. This band projected with a vitality which was Jelly playing today.

As mentioned above, our debut was at Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center, New York, during the Newport Jazz Festival that summer. Appearing opposite the two best traditional bands in the land, we swept the concert. The audience cheered, stood, acclaimed us. Both Turk and the Preservation Hall Band admitted we had bested them. Informally, it had been an old fashioned battle of music. But the bite



of our band, the rehearsals, the superb materials, the Toyama orchestrations, the freshness of spirit, all paid off. We knew it, and in the picture taken backstage in the green room one can see it. Jelly, as John Wilson reviewed the concert in the New York Times, had finally returned to New York!

It was the start of some ten years of touring, all concert halls, all tuxedos, all standing ovations. The band personnel changed but the success never stopped. Across the United States, out to the West Coast, South America, London's Royal Festival Hall, Carnegie Hall in New York. From the stage I told the story of Jelly Roll Morton, and we played his music. His life and work were out there for everyone to see. The successes, the injustices, the victories, the heartbreaks, all were there. Jelly himself couldn't have asked for more. Leif Bjerborg, the Dane who had started it all off, joined for one of the far West tours. Jelly's sister, Amide, appeared with her family, in evening dress, at a concert in Los Angeles. Eugene Colas, his nephew and an absolute double for Jelly, appeared at a concert in New York. Jelly, in his lifetime, had known despair. But now, posthumously, he was enjoying a success in concert halls he might only have dreamed of.

What did it mean? I often think of it now. Tommy, Danny Barker, Milt, Herb Hall, Johnny Williams – all are gone. Of the originals, only Ephie Resnick, Ernie Carson, and myself are still alive. And Toyama, playing in Japan. There are the pictures, the recordings on RCA Victor Red Seal, a George Buck recording of an English concert, and a whole filing cabinet of reviews and programs. But the sound has come and gone. The concert halls, the stages, the busses unloading at the stage doors, the hush of the audience as we came on stage, the excitement as the fire was lit, the black ties, the elegance of the music – all is over. It's the standing ovations that remain in memory. "Every night!" Ephie Resnick remembered. They stood up for Jelly Roll Morton. For it was his music and his life.

The personal satisfaction was great, but the sentimental satisfaction is even greater. Jelly came alive again, there is no question about it. He made a gift of his life and

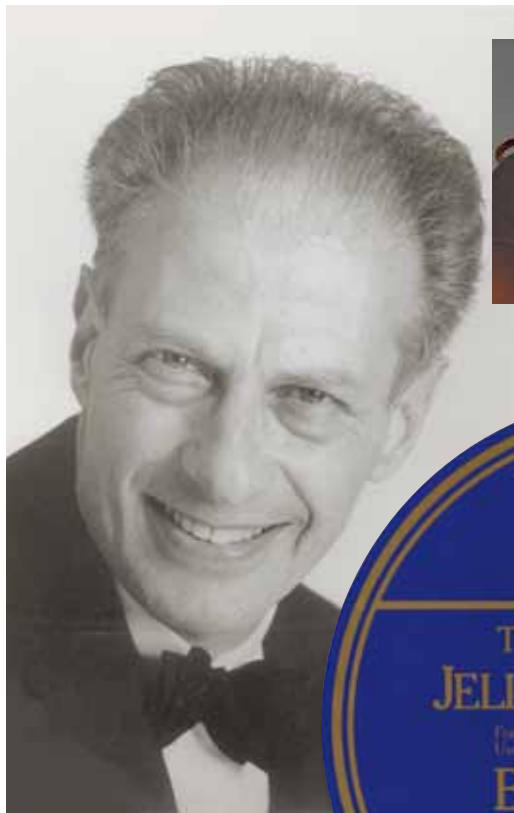
his music and we were able to give it tangible form. Old wrongs were righted, credits denied him in his life were rightfully attributed, old scores settled. I discovered his sister Francis Oliver living in New Orleans, and was able to provide the substantial help Jelly himself might have given her had he been alive.

I have often thought if Jelly and I were someday to meet in that far off land, what sort of encounter might we have. No question he'd push me off the piano stool and show me how it really should be done. But I think now, with a tear in my eye, that he might fill up a little himself, that we would shake hands and become friends. For in spite of his flamboyance, he was a gentle, sentimental man, and I think he would understand what his music meant to those of us who loved him, who believed in his claims and stood behind him. I think he would have embraced his old comrades in our band, and been genuinely moved that a Japanese musician had transcribed his notes, that his 1926 recordings on tape accompanied them so that, in effect, he could conduct.

But even behind that, he would have loved the Peruna, those bearded vikings, with nothing to gain, no concerts, no bookings, just the love of his music and enough dedication to learn his difficult scores and harmonies by heart and play them in a smoky basement with cases of Tuborg beer stacked about and a roll of paper hung up against the wall. The humor of that would have gotten to him and he liked that sort of thing.

And, finally, how it all began, that a young Danish guitar player would have recognized in a rather lost, sit-in American piano player, following the instructions of a vanished girl friend, a touch of Jelly's intonation and ideas, and in reality start the whole thing off.

*"In foreign lands across the sea...."
- it all came true, after all.*



BOB GREENE & PERUNA JAZZMEN DISCOGRAPHY 1970-72

The label Fat Cat's Jazz is American, all other issues are Danish. Discographical set-up as originally laid out by Brian Rust.

Per Birger Seehusen, tpt. Arne Sort Højberg, trb. Claus Forchhammer, clt. Erik Spiermann, alt. Robert S. "Bob" Greene, pno. Leif Bjerborg, bjo. Leo Hechmann, bbs. Lasse Borup, wbd.

Bangsbovej 22, Vanløse / Copenhagen, August 20, 1970

010870-1 Mr. Jelly Lord

HøreKiks HKLP13, Storyville SLP834,
LBR CD 10001

NOTE: The very first take from the very first meeting in Arne Højberg's music study. Other tunes recorded were "Doctor Jazz Stomp", "Steamboat Stomp", "Dead Man Blues", "Georgia Swing", "Sidewalk Blues", "Kansas City Stomps", and "The Chant" - some in several takes. Later on, copies of the full tape was distributed to a few collectors in USA with a piano solo by Bob Greene, King Porter Stomp, added.

Jan Hem Andersen, cnt. Per Birger Seehusen, tpt. Arne Sort Højberg, trb. Claus Forchhammer, clt. Erik Spiermann, alt. Peter Nørrelund, ten. Carsten Brøsch, pno. Leif Bjerborg, bjo. Leo Hechmann, bbs. Lasse Borup, wbd.

Bangsbovej 22, Vanløse / Copenhagen, July, 1971

010771-? Georgia Swing

Music Mecca CD1061-2, LBR CD 10001

NOTE: A number of takes were made with altered solo sequences. The above track was most likely take -5 or -6. This composition is to some extent resembling "She's Crying For Me" by Santo Pecora.



Per Birger Seehusen, tpt. Arne Sort Højberg, trb. Claus Forchhammer, clt. Erik Spiermann, clt. Robert S. "Bob" Greene, pno. Leif Bjerborg, bjo/gtr. Ole Olsen, sbs. Søren Houllind, dms.

Bangsbovej 22, Vanløse/Copenhagen, January 7, 1972

010172-3 Dead Man Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
020172-1 Big Lip Blues	LBR CD 10001
030172-2 Cannon Ball Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
040172-3 Steamboat Stomp	LBR CD 10001
050172-5 Original Jelly Roll Blues	Rejected

NOTE: ES present on 010172 only. Other discographies erroneously include a recording of "Georgia Swing" on this date. 040172 credited to JRM on original issue, however, later on ascribed to Boyd Senter.

Per Birger Seehusen, tpt. Arne Sort Højberg, trb. Claus Forchhammer, clt. Erik Spiermann, clt/alt. Robert S. "Bob" Greene, pno. Leif Bjerborg, bjo/gtr/dms. Leo Hechmann, bbs. Lasse Borup, wbd/dms.

Bangsbovej 22, Vanløse/Copenhagen, January 8, 1972

060172-5 Shreveport Stomps	Unreleased
060172-6 Shreveport Stomps	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
070172-1 Mournful Serenade	LBR CD 10001
080172-1 I Thought I Heard Buddy Bolden Say	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
090172-2 Beale Street Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
100172-2 Grandpa's Spells	Unreleased
100172-3 Grandpa's Spells	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
110172-3 Black Bottom Stomp	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001

NOTE: On 060172+080172 ES/RSG/LasseB only. On 070172 AH/ES/RSG/LeifB only. ES not on 10-110172. 110172 aka "Queen of Spades". 080172 aka "Buddy Bolden's Blues". 070172 aka "Chimes Blues".

Jan Hem Andersen, cnt. Arne Sort Højberg, trb. Claus Forchhammer, clt. Erik Spiermann, clt/alt. Robert S. "Bob" Greene, pno. Leif Bjerborg, bjo/gtr. Leo Hechmann, bbs. Lasse Borup, wbd/dms.

Bangsbovej 22, Vanløse/Copenhagen, January 11, 1972

120172-3 The Pearls	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
130172-2 Dead Man Blues	LBR CD 10001
140172-1 Sidewalk Blues	LBR CD 10001
140172-2 Sidewalk Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
150172-3 Mr. Jelly Lord	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
160172-2 Kansas City Stomps	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
170172-1 Georgia Swing	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
180172-2 Steamboat Stomp	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139
190172-2 Smoke-House Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001

NOTE: ES on 12-140172 only. Further takes of 190172 were rejected. 190172 originally titled "Creole". 140172 recorded 1924 as "Fish Tail Blues", cmp. by Lee Collins/JRM.

Jan Hem Andersen, cnt. Arne Sort Højberg, trb. Claus Forchhammer, clt. Erik Spiermann, alt. Robert S. "Bob" Greene, pno. Leif Bjerborg, bjo/gtr. Leo Hechmann, bbs. Lasse Borup, wbd/dms.

Bangsbovej 22, Vanløse/Copenhagen, January 12, 1972

200172-2 Big Lip Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
210172-7 Original Jelly Roll Blues	LBR CD 10001
210172-8 Original Jelly Roll Blues	Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ139, LBR CD 10001
220172-3 The Chant	Unreleased

NOTE: ES on 200172 only. Further takes of 21+220172 were recorded but rejected. 210172 originally titled "Chicago Blues" and copyrighted as "Jelly Roll Blues".

GENERAL NOTE: John Handreck engineered all dates. Fat Cat jacket is partly listing wrong personnel. Matrix Nos. not affixed until the present Little Beat Records CD issue.



LITTLE BEAT RECORDS/ARCHIVES

- har bidraget til bogen "Det var dans i Folkets Park" (Folkrørelsens Arkiv 2004)
- har bidraget til CDen "Erik Tuxen og hans Orkester 1932-36, Golden Years I-II" (2004)
- har bidraget til CDen "Kjeld Bonfils 1941-45, First Recordings, Vol. 1" (2005)
- har bidraget til CDen "Max Brüel 1950-57 Recordings" (2005)
- har udsendt CDen "Harlem Kiddies 1940-45" (2005)
- har udsendt CDen "Jonny Campbell Sextet 1951-62, Vol. 1" (2006)
- har udsendt CDen "Leo Mathisen 1927-38, Song of Souvenirs, Vol. 1" (2006)
- har udsendt CDen "Leo Mathisen 1938-40, Leo's Idea, Vol. 2" (2006)
- har udsendt CDen "Leo Mathisen 1940-41, Take It Easy, Vol. 3" (2007)
- har udsendt CDen "Leo Mathisen 1941-42, To Be or Not to Be, Vol. 4" (2008)
- har udsendt CDen "Leo Mathisen 1942-43, Terrific Rhythm, Vol. 5" (2008)
- har udsendt CDen "Swingstyrke 7 1978-82, Count's Place, Vol. 1" (2007)
- har udsendt CDen "Swingstyrke 7 2007, Right On!, Vol. 2" (2007)
- har udsendt CDen "Ib Glindemann 2008, Turn On the Heat" (2009)
- har udsendt CDen "Bent Jædig, The Free Spirit, 1963-2003" (2009)
- har udsendt CDen "Bob Greene & Peruna Jazzmen, 1970-72" (2010)
- udsender CDen "Hans Knudsen Jump Band, Everyday We Have the Blues, 2010" (2010)
- udsender CDen "Leo Mathisen 1944-48, Copenhagen Blues, Vol. 6" (2010)

Følgende har, posthumt eller personligt, bidraget til denne udgivelse: K. Abé/Japan, Paul Bacon/USA, Blue Note Records/USA, Circle Records/USA, John R. T. Davies/UK, General Records/USA, Robert S. Greene/USA, John Handreck, Otto Hess, Hans Holbroe, Arne Højberg, Peter Johannesen, Ole Karn, Karl Emil Knudsen/Storyville Records, Library of Congress, Johnson McRee Jr./USA, Melrose Publishing House, Mosaic Records/USA, New York Times/USA, Jens Erik Olsen, Riverside Records/USA, Rockmore Photo/USA, Allan Rasmussen, Hugo Rasmussen, Allan Stephensen, John S. Wilson/USA, Henrik Wolsgaard-Iversen. En ganske særlig tak til Mogens Hjere/Bilhuset Taastrup A/S, uden hvis indsats vore bestræbelser ikke ville syne af ret meget.

Kildehenvisninger:

- "Hendersonia" (Walter C. Allen/Walter C. Allen 1973)
- "The Rare And The Beautiful" (Manek Daver/Graphic-sha Publ. Co. Ltd. 1994)
- "Mister Jelly Roll" (Alan Lomax/drawings David Stone Martin/Duell, Sloan & Pearce 1950)
- "Storyville, New Orleans" (Al Rose/University of Alabama Press 1974)
- "Mister Jelly Lord" (Eric Townley/Laurie Wright/Storyville 1976)

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Materiale indenfor disse genrer lånes gerne til kopiering. Donationer modtages med glæde til indlemmelse i arkivet og dermed til brug for fremtidig historisk forskning og dokumentation.

BOB GREENE & PERUNA JAZZMEN 1970-72

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