

strive for both.

Sunday night's concert was conceived as a whole, and any attempt to evaluate what the musicians were about must proceed with this in mind. To attempt to recreate the magnificence of this music in words is obviously impossible, and would, with this reviewer at least, result merely in a riot of superlatives. Consequently, I will outline the concert, indicating basically what happened.

Wild horns

For the first half hour the horns—Dudu Puckwana (Alto); Ronnie Beer (Tenor); Margezi Feza (Pkt. Tpt.)—fought each other, their instruments, and

their audience, wildly. Underlying continuity was established by excellent Ellington-like camping from MacGregor on piano, and by Johnny Dyani on bass and Louis Maholo on drums. A repeated riff pattern allowed the musicians to come together briefly. Without intermission the band moved into the second section. After a fine piano introduction the whole band plunged into a driving riff reminiscent of a post bop jump band. Again the campings were Ellingtonian, as was the general unison. Puckwana asserted himself in an intense, driving solo. Feza followed and then Beer. Throughout this section

After a twenty minute break—the musicians had been playing for an hour—the band broke into Fascinat' Rhythm. Feza broke startlingly out of the Free Form introduction, soloed well, and gave way to Beer, who took a good but not too successful solo. MacGregor took over, revitalised the number, and gave way to an excellent final ensemble. The next number was, I think, a rework of Jelly Roll Morton's 'Winin' Boy Blues' and the band performed superbly, the trumpet came over the ensemble clear and strong, and the whole was exquisitely modulated. The next number was Puckwana's and Maholo's. Both men had

form. The band's encore number featured some really wild alto, and the best tenor and trumpet playing of the evening.

On the basis of this concert I look forward to hearing this band again: they have a lot to offer both now and in terms of potential. Already, they have an outstanding soloist in Puckwana. **Finally, it seems to me that Jazz, and late night entertainment generally, get something of a raw deal at Essex, dumped as it is in the middle of nowhere. Must the place die at 12 p.m.? Would our beautiful but uncomfortable lecture theatre suffer if it were used later on? What about proper entertainment facilities?**

Wyvern (Essex Uni) May '68