

Brotherhood's sounds fascinate

If you imagine staring hard at the horizon, trying to make out a particular figure, you will experience a similar feeling as listening to Chris MacGregor's 'Brotherhood of Breath.

Everything appears to be fuzzy -- all blurred edges. Then, quite suddenly, the object (or tune) becomes sharp and crystal clear and you wonder if it has been there all the time and you

had not noticed it.

And just as suddenly as it appeared, it has gone and something else emerges from the haze.

You may not like MacGregor's band, who played at the Carlisle Hotel on Friday last week, but you can't help being fascinated by them.

At times each musician seems to be going his own way -- quite content with his own tune, or happy to chip in with a few riffs or

even a single note, even now and then.

Then, without a perceptible sign from their leader or saxophonist Dudu Pukwana, the whole group launch into a new sequence. Occasionally it was one that was so unmistakably funky that it almost forced you out of your chair and on to your dancing feet.

It was a strange experience and a performance that will be savoured by all who witnessed it.

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