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The Brotherhood of Breath, that free-wheeling collective of advanced improvisers, were in good form by their erratic standards at the Queen Elizabeth Hall last Wednesday when Chris McGregor's new hour-long opus, "Our God Is A Consuming Fire," was unleashed.

It had impressive structure in parts, especially at the beginning when, against an exciting choo-galoo beat, ensemble tone colours and gorgeous solos (especially by Mark Charig's cornet) were dominant. The double string-bass team of Harry Miller and Johnny Dyani were also in their richest vein.

But enthusiasm which runs riot as self-indulgently as the Brotherhood's ultimately turns tedious. They play too long, too loosely. Finally, a man came on stage apparently pointing out the time to McGregor, who produced a flourish and abruptly departed while the other musicians uneasily blew their last not with a clang but a whisper.