

Art Walk // A Critical Guide to the GALLERIES

Los Angeles Times

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By William Wilson and Suzanne Muchnic

DOWNTOWN

A new downtown gallery has a novel mode of operation. Instead of maintaining a stable of local artists, coordinator Lyn Kienholz rents a loft in an old commercial building, then sublets it to out-of-town and foreign galleries, dealers, art institutions and organizations. The idea is to provide a forum for art not yet seen here.

"I'm selfish enough to want to know what's happening in the rest of the world," said Kienholz. "If you can't travel the world, you bring the world here." Apparently the concept is catching on fast: The first two years are booked solid with art from Milan, Munich, Paris, New York, London and other cities.

The initial show, sponsored by Foreningen Tagares Skola in Sweden, consists of colorful cloth banners by Swedish artist Moki Cherry. The imaginative banner maker has designed sets for her husband, jazz artist Don Cherry, particularly in "organic music" programs. She also has produced cloth backgrounds for television opera.

Cherry's theatrical experience is clear in her work's scale, vivid color and readability. She seems to have an intuitive sense of design, though compositions are crammed full of visual excitement. The banners exude a casual rightness despite effusive activity.

Lush, silky fabric, patterned borders and swirling elaboration put us in mind of Oriental scrolls and Far Eastern passion for decoration. A huge Buddha and mandalas extend the Oriental flavor to subject matter but Cherry's vision is international. She includes a Swedish summer place, New York skyscrapers and lots of pure fantasy in overlapping animals and figures. Zigzag machine stitching forms raised line throughout cloth collages. Sometimes three-dimensional flowers are added.

Through it all, Cherry is more interested in content than craftsmanship as she delivers a shot of exotica and optimistic fervor. (LAX 814, 814 S. Spring St., third floor, to May 31.)

—S.M.

VENICE

LA CIENEGA AREA

Jack Reilly, a young Californian formerly of Florida, is a coolly competent painter whose work fits into the abstract illusionist genre. His canvases have pin-striped rectangles that seem to hover several inches above pastel, air-brushed backgrounds. The illusion works because the rectangular strips come with duplicate cast shadows.

Reilly and his compatriots are visual tricksters who make us believe flat surfaces are three-dimensional. It's all part of a tradition that has ebbed and flowed since the Renaissance. Artists have achieved startling verisimilitude in painted objects and people for several centuries.

New Yorker James Havard and Bay Area artist Joe Doyle float brushstrokes, drips and squiggles over thinly painted backings that look like thick impastos. Reilly's paintings are more restrained but hardly revolutionary. He does offer immediate pleasure in carefully orchestrated compositions, meticulous technique, complexity of shadows and ambiguity of light sources.

Unfortunately, once we get past the double take and appreciation of facility, there's little left to contemplate. (Carter-Sarkin Gallery, 540 S. San Vicente Blvd., to May 12.)

—S.M.

PASADENA

We've seen Curtis Hoekzema in occasional group shows. Now he solos with a large batch of canvases, a couple of watercolors and a few contour drawings. Hoekzema blends art historical knowledge with invention, drawing on Fauves, expressionists and various modern giants while insisting on his own vision.

Results are not 100% successful but they are energizing. The work is sometimes raw and awkward. Fortunately, it is rarely languid. Hoekzema makes us believe a real person is looking, seeing and translating as he invests ordinary scenes with sculptural majesty.

The artist paints portraits, figure studies, landscapes, urban scenes and still life expressionistically, always solidifying form and exaggerating contrasts. Boldly patterned

In a drawing that is also a note, Moki Cherry (1943–2009) tells the story of a king who goes to see a wise man to learn the secret of creating pictures. The wise man begins by saying that you first have to understand painting. Then he goes on to explain that in order to understand painting, you have to understand dance, and to understand dance you need a knowledge of instrumental music, and to achieve that, you first have to learn to sing.

This allegory helps to illustrate Moki Cherry's approach to art and her multifaceted oeuvre. In 1962, she moved from Skåne to Stockholm to study at the Beckmans College of Design. The people around her did not draw any sharp lines between design, art, theatre or music. In the mid-1960s, she met the American jazz musician Don Cherry (1936–1995), and they embarked on a close collaboration. Separately and together, they made happenings, music, art, posters and album covers. They toured and performed together, combining the various forms of expression on stage in time and space. To describe the lively and open context of which they were the centre, Moki and Don came up with the concept for Movement Incorporated in 1967. The name was later changed to Organic Music.

Moki Cherry was both typical of her age, and also a trailblazer. She stood out from the notorious 1970s tendencies on the Stockholm art scene that levelled rebellious attacks on "the establishment". Although her oeuvre had clear political overtones – with a distinctly feminist agenda in several of her works and a more socially critical stance in her later collages – she was not as

consistently argumentative as, say, her friends Marie Louise Ekman or Niki de Saint Phalle. Instead, Moki Cherry's art leaned towards the contemporary experimentation with alternative ways of organising everyday life – counterurbanisation, living off the land, arts projects for kids, and so on. Her ambition was not primarily to point out shortcomings, but to define the values that were worth protecting and fighting for. What kind of life was desirable?

In 1970, Moki and Don Cherry moved to an old school house in Tågarp, Skåne, where they lived according to the motto of "the stage as a home, and the home as a stage", in Moki's words. Eventually, they formed an arts society for art, music and performing arts, along with the Octopuss-teatern project for kids and teenagers. Tågarp became a social meeting place that was almost like a commune at times. The following year, the couple participated in Moderna Museet's *Utopias & Visions 1871-1981*, an exhibition with its point of departure in the revolutionary government that ruled Paris in spring 1871, the Paris Commune. "The only utopia that has been realised on a large scale in modern time," as the catalogue announced. Moki and Don operated an open stage as part of the exhibition. This collaboration was successful to the extent that when the curator, Pontus Hultén, was asked to start up Centre Pompidou in Paris, he invited them to set up a temporary *Atelier des enfants* [Children's studio] before the institution was completed.

Throughout her artistic career, Moki Cherry lived without making any clear

distinction between life and art. Most of her works have no frame, both in the literal and figurative sense. What we see is not paintings. Each object is intimately linked to a context, ideologically and practically. Some of them are even utility goods. Travelling and touring were integral to the music, dance and situations in which people met. But, together with the artist's background in fashion, the tours were also one of the reasons why Moki made textile appliqué works. They were portable, and easy to pack and hang.

The exhibition *Moment – Moki Cherry* highlights the 1970s, but includes works made from 1967 to 2007. Mixing originals, documentation, music and stage photos, the ambition is to inscribe the objects in an itinerant narrative on the road between life, art, pop, jazz, politics and *Gesamtkunstwerk*. The artist herself characteristically refused any form of labelling: "I don't think of my art as similar to, or belonging to, any particular culture".

Curator: Fredrik Liew

Moki Cherry (1943–2009)
1962–66 Beckmans College of Design. 1963 Meets Don Cherry. 1966 First album cover for Blue Note. 1967 Paintings and large collages/applications in textile. 1966–1977 Touring with Organic Music. 1969 Touring in France, Italy and Turkey. 1970 The move to Tågarp. 1970 Don teacher at Dartmouth College, opera with the students. 1971 *Utopier och visioner 1871-1981*, Moderna Museet. 1971 A children tv series in Tågarp. 1972 A series of radio programs for children. 1973 Exhibition Galleri 1. 1973 86 concerts at schools around Sweden, touring in Italy. 1974 *Atelier des Enfants* commissioned by Pontus Hultén and Centre Pompidou in Paris. 1975 Cultural community Tågarps skola. 1977 Moki and Don loft in New York, live in Sweden and USA. 1978 Octopuss-teatern in Tågarp during nine summers with season finales at Moderna Museet. 1981 Scroll sawed works in wood. 1986 Exhibition Kristianstads museum. 1987–1988 Exhibitions in Sweden and New York. 1995 Don Cherry dies. 1996 Gallery Ping Pong Malmö. 2003 Kulturhuset Håssleholm. 2008 Landskrona konsthall. 2009 Gallery Kleerup.

www.modernamuseet.se

Moki Cherry, No Title, ca. 2005
© Moki Cherry. Photo: Prallan Allsten/
Moderna Museet.

House of Linder

Linder Sterling—most often referred to, in Madonna-like simplicity, as Linder—has a long-held fascination with the images of others, drawing on photographic source material to create provocative, unruly takedowns of contemporary culture and gender politics (as well as the odd record cover: her image for the Buzzcocks's single "Orgasm Addict" in 1977 is particularly iconic). *The House of Fame* at Nottingham Contemporary draws together the works of Aubrey Beardsley, Max Ernst, Moki Cherry, Mike Kelley and more—delving into the key image influencers (some obvious, some highly surprising) of the British, resolutely punk artist from throughout the years. Here, Linder discusses some of her personal highlights in the show.



MOKI CHERRY



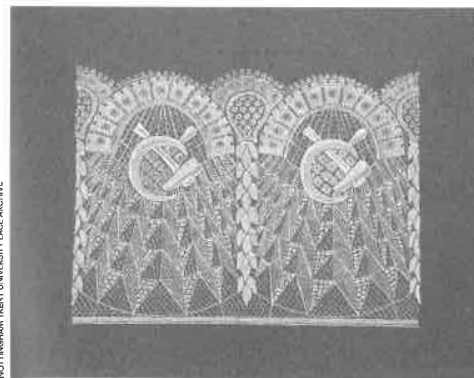
This page
Moki Cherry
Organic Music, 1975

Opposite, above
William Hallam Pegg
(Detail) Needlepoint Lace and
Embroidery Panel recording
the Abortive Economic
Conference of 64 Nations
in London, 1933 with
its Concomitant Orgy of
Destruction, 1933

Opposite, below
Inigo Jones
Torchbearer: A Fiery Spirit,
1605-1606

I've been aware of Moki Cherry's work since the 1970s, mainly through the album sleeves and graphics that she created for her partner, the jazz musician Don Cherry. Their dictum, "the stage as a home and the home as a stage" has been the pole star of the curatorial process of *The House of Fame*.

WILLIAM HALLAM PEGG



NOTTINGHAM TRIENT UNIVERSITY LACE ARCHIVE

William Hallam Pegg was a Nottingham designer of hand and machine-made lace, he was also a Communist, a rare combination in Britain in the 1930s. I marvel at the strength of Pegg's political conviction coupled with the delicacy of his draughtsmanship, one slip of the pen and he may never have had the heart to redraw.

INIGO JONES

The title of the exhibition at Nottingham Contemporary takes its name from a Ben Jonson masque from 1609. Inigo Jones's accompanying drawings of the *The House of Fame* as a rotating machina versatilis, plus his accompanying costume designs for Queen Anne and her ladies, reveal royalty hand in glove with spectacle. Cue the next royal wedding.

"The House of Fame" runs 24 March to 24 June at Nottingham Contemporary



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF CHATSWORTH SETTLEMENT TRUSTEES

FOTOGRAF OKÄND, BILDEN ANVÄNDS MED
TILLÅTELSE FRÅN CHERRYFAMILJEN

Moki Cherry med gästerna i utställningen i topi-
er på Moderna museet i Stockholm 1971.
Don Cherry vid pianot.

MOKI CHERRY

Konsten och musiken. För Moki och Don Cherry var det ingredienser i det större allkonstverk som var livet. De inspirerade varandra, gick parallella vägar. Nu visas hennes konst – en konst som står på egna ben, men där Don Cherrys musik många gånger är en del.

AV THOMAS MILLROTH

MOKI CHERRY (1943–2009) påminner om vad konst kunde hoppas på. Och ville vara. Det kan kännas litet vemodigt. Det var en tid, 1960 och 70-talet, av allvar så fyllt av lek att inga andra regler gällde än framtidens. Vilka de nu var. Mycket olika vår egen tid. Jag måste sjunka in i den gamla romantiska tanken om tidsandan för att förstå vad Moki Cherrys återkomst på konstscenen har att berätta.

Redan i fjol presenterades ett magnifikt glömt verk från 1981 i en samlingsutställning på galleri Ping Pong i Malmö. Höghuset växer välsignade av kooperationens evighetsslinga, medan en galen bilist skitar ner och en mor med barn skriker av fasa över samhällets kvinnomyter, typ ormen i paradiset. Men en självsäker kvinna betraktar eländet utan att förlora modet. Hon är nog en släkting till den berömda Superbrud, som Kristina Elander, en av Mokis medutställare, skapat. Ingen av dem tål struntprat. Precis som andra i tiden som Marie Louise Ekman och Sture Johannesson. Mokis textilier hör hemma i det konstnärliga sammanhanget. Självklara, nästan naiva, formuleringar som sliter masken av varje förutfattad mening för att söka drömmen. Gycklande extas och ironi i svängiga former, ibland med eko från Kalifornien, fast här anpassade till landsbygd och svenskt politiskt raseri.

LANDSBYGD, DÅ MÅSTE JAG nämna Tågarp, där ju Moki och Don Cherry slog sig ner 1970. Snabbt ett centrum. Vi rör oss inte självklart i en urban miljö.

I den här formvärlden går det inte att förbise musiken. Hellre än formvärld skulle jag skriva människans kärna. Ja, så pretentiöst vågade konstnärer och musiker tänka och verka. Tanken på det gemensamma levde ännu. Med rötter i jazzen svämmade musi-

ken över av strömmar från hela världen. Multi kulti? Inte riktigt så enkelt.

I DAG FINNS STRIKTA träkmånsar som skulle tala om appropriering. Men då var det inte fråga om att sno något från någon minoritet, hur skulle man kunna sno något som borde vara gemensamt?

Och frågan vem som var först hoppar vi över. Det handlar mer om den förändring som föreslogs av konst och musik i ett öppet flöde. Sambandet mellan den dansanta, transartade musiken och konsten resulterade inte i en avantgardistisk visuell hållning. Konsten ville vara affischer, böljande, drömska, textilapplikationer, där material och motiv vaggade mig i balans. Oaggressivt. Det var nytt och det skar på tvärs mot den rörelse som samtidigt ville skapa konst som propaganda; numera stendöd (ofta redan då!). Drömmarna var mångfärgade och Moki Cherry skapade bilder av detta, inte utan skarp kritisk blick på tidens samhälle. I en tid då textilkonsten åter kom på dagordningen skapade hon textilkonst som överskred textilkonstens tekniska begränsningar; hon gjorde bild, som råkade vara tygbaserad, vilket gav kroppsna, fysisk känsla.

JAG TÄNKER PÅ MOKI och Don Cherry i ett sammanhang av underjordiska rotträdar, rhizom. Oberoende av plats och tid bär de frukt av och till. Det kan vara ett flöjtsolo av Don Cherry, en böljande ikonisk textil full av material- och färgprakt. Vad som föregick eller kom sedan blir ointressant. Den tankefiguren ska glömmas, för Moki och Don Cherry gjorde det i sitt täta spel mellan musikens och bildens rytmer och klanger. Då vi talar om rhizom finns ingen början och inget slut bara ett intensivt nu, ett mitt i. Där rörde sig inte bara Don Cherrys musik men också tidens underground- ▶

MOKI CHERRY HEMMET SOM SCEN

”SCENEN ÄR ETT HEM, hemmet är en scen.” Moki och Don Cherry uttalade inte bara sin vilja – de levde den. Till sammans. Hela deras tillvaro omvandlades till en kreativ process som pekade mot att det var livet och själva levandet i sig som var den konst de ville uttrycka.

Moki själv beskrev det som att ”vi var varandras musa. Jag älskade hans musik och

spelade. Han inspirerade mig till att uttrycka mig visuellt och Don älskade min konst”.

Don Cherry var den kände jazzmusikern från USA, Moki – eller Monika Karlsson som var hennes tidigare namn – hade gått Beckmans i Stockholm och var textildesigner och konstnär. Under några år skapade de ett gemensamt allkonstverk i ordets allra vidaste mening, ändå föll ofta Moki Cherry i glömska, kanske beroende på Dons kändisskap, kanske beroende på att Don var man, Moki kvinna.

1967 döper de sitt projekt till Movement Incorporated. Den 19 juli samma år genomförs den första helkvällen på ABF-huset i Stockholm. Moki skapade dekoren, kläderna och till och med de handgjorda biljetterna och musiken spelades av Don Cherry, Bernt Rosengren, Brian Trentham, Maffy Falay, Bengt ”Frippe” Nordström, Torbjörn Hultcrantz och Leif Wennerström. På väggarna hänger Mokis tygapplikationer och rummet är fyllt av levande ljus och rökelser i en mycket avslappnad miljö som Keith Knox hängivet beskriver i brittiska



Don Cherry och barn i Moki Cherrys lägenhet i Gamla Stan på 1960-talet.

”Under några år skapade de ett gemensamt allkonstverk i ordets allra vidaste mening, ändå föll ofta Moki Cherry i glömska, kanske beroende på Dons kändisskap, kanske beroende på att Don var man, Moki kvinna.”

Jazz Monthly. Det är ett pågående skeende, utan början eller slut, organiskt.

Bara några dagar senare åker de ner till Köpenhamn i en bil fylld av instrument, tyger, symaskin med mera. De bjuder in musiker till konsthallen Charlottenborg, Moki gör affischer, syr kläder där några av musikerna blir till insekter och Don Cherry till en tiger. En kompis till dem tillverkar fyrverkerier. Kvällen blir långt mer än en musikalisk händelse.

Under 1967 och 1968 är Don och Moki ett energicentrum för den alternativa kul-

turen i Stockholm. Under 1968 leder Don studiecirkel för ABF och på de privatinspelningar som finns hör man hur musiken inte är skild från det övriga livet. Barn springer omkring, röster talar – och musik spelas. Don leder musiker som Rosengren och Maffay Falay och de spelar och diskuterar om turkiska rytmer, om hur viktig andningen är för musiken, om improvisationens betydelse. De är ute i skogen och de får besök av indiska musiker. Gränser förflyttas och musiken blir större.

I en intervju berättar Don Cherry: ”Orga-

nic Theatre startade med att jag och Moki åkte från stad till stad. Nu ingår en mängd människor som vi har kommit i kontakt med. Det är som en universell familj över hela världen... Vi har samma kärlek till musiken, och musiken har växt och är organisk. Och alla har vi växt tillsammans.” Musiken genomgår förändringar, den fria improvisationen får större betydelse, melodierna mindre. Samtidigt finns lekfullheten kvar, tillika strävan efter det enkla (som ibland var väldigt svår).

Hösten 1970 flyttar familjen Cherry in



MAGNUS NYGREN

Festival in Stockholm

THE Stockholm Jazz and Pop Festival, organised by Ludvig Rasmussen, took place July 17-23 around Kungsträdgården, the "Central Park" of Stockholm, mainly in the Sju Sekel (the Seventh Seal) Restaurant. Whilst I did not manage to attend all the concerts, those that I did hear proved quite interesting. The musicians appearing throughout the series were almost entirely Swedish.

On the 18th I heard the Nisse Sandström Quintet with Mats Hagström (tp) and electric cello), Björn Lindh (pno and flute), Erik Dahlbäck (dms), Bengt Linnarson (bass-gtr) and Sandström himself on tenor sax. Essentially what they did was to make up a mix-tape, using electronic sounds, breaking glass etc, ending with a countdown to launch of the first space capsule; there was the tension and excitement of the blast-off and POW! the band started. This was the music of the plastic age, rock beat, shrieking saxophone, electronic feedback, guitars and lots of noise. So this is the pop/jazz scene! The drummer thundered out a repetitive, battering, Beaver Harris type pattern, the electric cello swelled the feedback, the sax shrieked and the bass-guitar bellowed the bass line. The ensemble was surprisingly mobile but seemed to lack direction. I wondered why the musicians were striving for this sound. Maybe power was the goal, the huge beat and the big sound. It was certainly dynamic and you could dance to it. Sandström's honks and squeals were swallowed completely by the monstrous texture. Everything was affected by the rock beat, even the feedback ensemble seemed to swing to it. The whole thing most certainly did swing. Suddenly the feedback subsided and Sandström's tenor belted into *Down by the river-side*, swinging like a booting Ben Webster. This changed into a section where the feedback was just self-sustaining, through which the drummer continued banging away. Hagström's flute appeared over the feedback and then everything was faded down, leaving the mix-tape to perform whilst the band took a breather. Blast-off... and more music!

On the 19th I heard the Persson Sound, led by Bo Anders Persson, which on this occasion was a more traditional feedback and contact-microphone group, with Persson and



Sven-Ake Johansson

Peter Kowald

Peter Brötzman

Thomas Tidholm (flutes), Arne Ericson (electric cello) and Thomas Gartz (dms). The opening section was closer to the spirit of Stockhausen's recent Stockholm concert than it was to jazz as I know it. Good gracious, this must be pop music! Drummer Gartz joined in with much hammering, but as far as I could ascertain there was no attempt to swing. A film was shown, rather badly, which didn't add much to the very loud proceedings. Some of the textures I found quite interesting, but I wasn't sure what I was supposed to be listening for and after awhile I found the contact microphone squawks and the flute feedback rather too piercing for my enjoyment.

On the 20th, a large early evening crowd saw a happening at the open air Stora Scenen (the Big Scene) in the middle of Kungsträdgården, perpetrated by pianist Lars Werner and his band, who subsequently assembled on-stage for some excellent, hard-driving bop. Later that evening, the same band played at the Sju Sekel. Besides Werner, the group included trumpeter Otto Donner from Finland, American tenorist/flautist Dave Leibman, together with local musicians Christer Boustedt (alto), Göran Ostling (tenor and Swanee whistle), Jan Carlsson (dms) and Sven Hessel (bass). The scores, mostly by Lars Werner, were handled with tremendous fire and attack, reminiscent of the old Tadd Dameron or Ronnie Scott bands. Werner's band however, was rather more romantic. Trumpeter Otto Donner has a clear, strong sound and besides having an excellent technique he has the ability to play some interesting solos of great swing. Boustedt is an accomplished musician with a beautiful alto tone, but he lacks spaciousness and my interest wanes when he squeaks towards the new thing. Dave Leibman (a new name to me) is a straight ahead swinger, somewhere between Sonny Rollins and Eddie 'Lockjaw'

Davis, moving into both camps at times. When he's building à la Rollins he really is very good, but as the excitement mounts he goes into snorts and high harmonics which are rather cliché ridden. Leibman is certainly very swinging, and emotively so, particularly in his tenor sax work. Pianist Lars Werner was musically the most interesting and he seems to express himself less in melodic terms than in textures and harmonic contours. Frankly I would like to hear a lot more of Werner's piano work. The way in which he cohesively manipulated the tempos with Hessel and Carlsson was very fine. Admittedly the bass and drums team of Hessel and Carlsson is probably the most adventurously swinging in Sweden at the present time and on this evening they did steal a certain amount of artistic weight from the front line.

Things had begun to flag a little when the band was joined by Bengt Nordström on soprano, not one of his best appearances but one that produced a kind of antagonism within the group and resulted in some real solo ferocity, notably from Leibman. Nordström's music proved to be too far out to fit meaningfully but there is no doubt that he challenged the rest of the musicians to produce their most effective solo work of the evening.

On Friday the 21st, the Peter Brötzman Trio appeared at the Sju Sekel, with Brötzman (saxes), Peter Kowald (bass) and their Swedish drummer Sven-Ake Johansson. This is a West German group and a very wild one too, with a searing, shrieking tenor attack over the shifting rhythms. It is a very ugly sound, but one which can be very exciting when the whole thing gells, as it most certainly does at times. The effect of this on a musician standing next to me was to make him shout, "Yeah! Kill 'em". It's that kind of music and Brötzman is in his own way, much further out than Albert Ayler. Their forthcoming record for the

ESP concern will be of interest to followers of this area of the new wave. The trio works together very much as a group and the contributions of Kowald and Johansson are important to the total sound. Johansson is certainly a very fine and really quite subtle drummer.

The Sven Hessel Quartet held forth on the 22nd, featuring Sven Hessel (bass), Jan Carlsson (dms), Christer Boustedt (alto) and Dave Leibman (tenor and flute). This band was most effective when it was at its most rudimentary, with gutty riffs over what is probably the most swinging bass and drums team in Sweden. The chamber music sound of the scored sections, with their pretty melodies, contrasted sharply with the down home nature of the more interesting solos. The rhythm duo was in fact a good deal more interesting than the front line and there was a strange feeling of the tail wagging the dog. Nonetheless, this was an evening that produced some quite enterprising music.

On Sunday the 23rd, the Sju Sekel witnessed a plastic happening, organised by the Gorilla magazine, a Swedish journal of avant-garde pop culture. The Gorilla people bought themselves a 'happening kit' composed of such goodies as 'Super Stuff' from the Wham-O Manufacturing Corp, played rhythmic but very monotonous music, mainly from tape, and let the paying customers entertain themselves with the things in the kit. 'Super Stuff' is a kind of space age plasticine which you can make faces with, or rub into some-

one's hair. It stretches for ever, so it has lots of possibilities and the audience discovered most of them. It was a rather bemused evening.



MOVEMENT Incorporated became a reality with its first environmental evening, in the Sadler Salon of Stockholm's ABF-House, on Wednesday July 19th.

The decor, costumes and hand-painted tickets were organised with love by fashion designer/artist extraordinary Moqui Karlsson, whilst the music was brought into existence by trumpeter Don Cherry. In the band were Brian Trentham (trombone), Bernt Rosengren (tenor, oboe, sitar), Muffy Fallay (trumpet), Bengt Nordström (soprano sax), Torbjörn Hultcrantz (bass) and Lief Wennerström (drums).

Around the walls above the audience were Moqui's flamboyant paintings, startling in the subdued light. In the centre of the room was the band, replete with candles and incense-burners, disporting on a magic carpet. The atmosphere was tangibly peaceful and the audience seemed beautifully relaxed.

I arrived during the interval and in the second half was treated to a suite (as yet untitled) which ranged across the most complete gamut of Cherry's music that I have yet heard. Much of the music was polyphonic in nature with a great deal of call and response, and there was an underlying exoticism which appeared strikingly in the peculiar, but very

natural rhythms. Fallay's Turkish sounds juxtaposed with the haunting baroque of Rosengren's oboe and the wild, tender lilt of Cherry's trumpet, sometimes resulted in rhythmic shapes that hinted in the direction of Terry Riley. Trentham's trombone added powerfully to the success of an ensemble which was topped crazily by Nordström's soprano.

Some of the music was more cohesive and gripping than other parts, but the last thirty-five minutes or so fell into three sections each of which was consistently amazing. This part included the most satisfying work I have yet heard from Nordström, who possesses a sound and attack which is as original as anything in the new-wave, being an extraordinary mixture of Albert Ayler, Swedish folk-song and Boyd Senter. Both musically and personally, Bengt Nordström offers a powerful challenge and despite a very real talent, his public performances have frequently aroused considerable anger, sometimes violence. The suite ended in a really far-out ensemble, led by Cherry walling unbelievably on Indian flute. There is a tape...

Moqui Karlsson and Don Cherry state their intentions very clearly, "there has to be a new presentation of music, a complete environment". As they say "this is the start of a new era". Their carnival has just begun and if Movement Incorporated can maintain these kind of artistic standards in their future presentations, this will indeed be the start of a new era.

KEITH KNOX

record reviews, 1:

PRESTIGE-SWINGVILLE SERIES, PART 4/ALUN MORGAN

BUCK CLAYTON WITH BUDDY TATE—BUCK AND BUDDY: Buck Clayton (tp); Buddy Tate (ten); Sir Charles Thompson (p); Gene Ramey (bs); Mousie Alexander (d)

	Hackensack, N.J.—December 20, 1960
2766 <i>High life</i>	Swingville 2017, Fontana (E) 688.404ZL
2767 <i>Can't we be friends</i>	issues as last
2768 <i>Birdland Betty</i>	issues as last
2769 <i>Kansas City nights</i>	issues as last
2770 <i>When a woman loves a man-1</i>	issues as last
2771 <i>Thou swell</i>	issues as last
-1 omit Tate	

THIS session took place in the middle of a snow-storm and Mousie Alexander had difficulty in getting to the studio. Buck remembers the twentieth of December, nineteen-sixty, as a day of trouble yet the music heard on this LP sounds happy and relaxed. There is a very clean and polished sound to the ensemble work and Buck's own solos are supreme examples of confidence and good taste. His main feature number is *When a woman loves a man*, a text-book example of how to play the trumpet both with and without a mute. Perhaps the most memorable track on a memorable LP is *High life*, a gay and infectious theme followed by some of the best Clayton and Tate work. It is hardly surprising that the musical atmosphere is akin to that of the Columbia/Buck Clayton Jam Sessions (despite the limited instrumentation) since Tate and Sir Charles Thompson were two important members of the jam session series. It is very easy to underrate Buck Clayton due to the consistency of his work; he

has never, to my knowledge, played badly on record and seldom performed better than he does here.

AL SEARS—SWING'S THE THING:

Al Sears (ten); Don Abney (p); Wally Richardson (g); Wendell Marshall (bs); Joe Marshall (d)	Hackensack, N.J.—November 29, 1960
2735 <i>Already alright</i>	Swingville 2018
2736 <i>Take off road</i>	—
2737 <i>Moving out</i>	—
2738 <i>Record hop</i>	—
2739 <i>The thrill is gone</i>	—
2740 <i>Ain't no use</i>	—
2741 <i>Out of nowhere</i>	—
2742 <i>In a mellow tone</i>	—

WHEN Al Sears left Johnny Hodges's little band in the early 'fifties he set up his own music publishing company. Since that date he has cropped up on record occasionally, usually as part of a rock-'n'-roll group. Esmond Edwards of Prestige decided to give Al the chance of making his first full LP under his own name. The result is a pleasant album but one which does not really call on Sears to extend himself. Most of the tracks are blues or jump tunes played over a rhythm section which has clearly had experience of the rhythm and blues field. Joe Marshall was the drummer with Johnny Hodges's small band and the beat he lays down at times is formidable. Richardson plays rhythm guitar on most tracks but emerges to take a

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