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ANNISE HADEED (right) a product of Phase II Pan Groove; and (below) the saxophonist with Claude Sommier's DJOA quintet went down well with the crowd

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# Damp opener for Pan Jazz VII

By TERRY JOSEPH

**T**HE OLD FAITHFUL numbered no more than 1,000 at the Spektakula Forum on Thursday, for the opening night of Pan Jazz VII and even so, the final act suffered from major attrition resulting in no more than three or four hundred people being present for the final note.

Tonight, the show moves to Pier 1 in Chaguaramas and is expected to draw large crowds, because of the picnic-by-the-sea atmosphere and the presence of the Phase II Pan Groove and the group Yellow Jackets.

But Thursday night did not help a potential audience probably still stressed out by the delayed result of last Monday's general election.

After an on-time start, the Amoco Renegades trotted out their repertoire, the crowd warming up to them only after their version of Sonny Rollins' "St Thomas Girl".

They followed it with Antonio

Carlos Jobim's "Samba de Orfeu", George Benson's "Masquerade" and a calypso medley, which started with the sprightly folk-song "Zingay Tala-la" and included Lord Melody's "The Ice Man", Kitchener's "My Pussin" and Sparrow's Drunk and Disorderly".

After the first break came the Claude Sommier's DJOA Quintet from Paris and their performance included Annise Hadeed, a product of Phase II Pan Groove and admitted admirer of Len "Boogsie" Sharpe.

In addition to Hadeed, DJOA featured one saxophone player, bassist (playing an upright electric), drummer and a percussionist. Sommier himself played the grand piano.

But the percussionist was the hero of the evening, parading a series of instruments and gadgets, none of which was there for mere show.

This Frenchman moved easily between the African talking drum and shekere to the chimes and Chinese gong, setting out a series of moods that accompanied a series of compositions by Sommier himself

and Hadeed.

"Callaloo" and "Zandolie" were two of the Hadeed numbers that really went down well with the crowd, featuring like many of the others, extensive solos by the percussionist.

At one point, local jazz pioneer Scofield Pilgrim, here for the festival, rose from his chair, as if to peer more intently at the range of gadgets surrounding the busy percussionist.

Wistar Matthew, himself quite a collector of jazz music described him as "just plain miserable". "Clearly this boy is mischievous", said Matthew, using local parlance to coin his reverence of the artist.

Jerry Gonzalez and the Fort Apache Band came on after the break. Their music had been advertised as Latin Jazz, but failed to deliver that kind of Mongosantamaria sound that many members of the audience admittedly expected.

The music did however, have its own integrity and Jerry himself, moving easily between the muted trumpet and a set of five congas, was more of a magician than a musician in the eyes of most spectators.

He did a number of interludes, with musical conversations involving John Staplefield's work on the soprano saxophone.

But the audience had had just enough of the Pan Jazz VII first night and began to walk out much as would occur during the late session of a bad calypso tent.

They missed some of the good parts, however, not being there for an exchange between keyboards and muted horn, worrying through their fingering as they exchanged notes.

It was 12.45 a.m. when Jerry Gonzalez thanked us all for being there, not recognising perhaps that we would have to convey his thanks through other media to the hundreds who had missed much of his performance.

