

whatever was fashionable at the time. They had integrity and a sense of humility."

Much has been made of Childish's influence on the work of Tracey Emin. The pair met in 1982 at Medway College of Art and Design, where Emin was studying fashion.

Childish maintains the confessional element to Emin's art owes much to the ideas he was dabbling in at the time and he is somewhat prickly when the subject is raised.

"It's not really a big deal for me but I think it will all come home to roost for her," he says. "Anyone who looks at my work down through the years will find out for themselves how much influence my work has had on hers. It is just a shame that Tracey hasn't been a bit more gracious about it."

The two have since fallen out. "Tracey stopped talking to me a couple of years ago after we had known each other for 18 years. She broke off all contact with me because I wouldn't stay quiet if people asked me questions about her. She said that was unacceptable," he says. He tells the story of a piece cut from a BBC2 profile of Emin, apparently at her insistence. "They told me that she wanted to be a household name. I said, 'What, like Harpic?'"

As his profile rises in Britain due to his involvement with the Stuckists and increasing interest in his work, is Childish in danger of achieving the kind of commercial success and media attention he purports to despise so much? His answer is typically self-deprecating. "Many people keep telling me I'm just a talentless old arsehole and that should keep me in my place." ♦

Visibility stakes high in Belfast

The Visual Arts at the Festival were better represented this year. In particular the exhibition of pieces throughout different parts of the city was entirely correct. Even braver thinking would improve further this aspect of proceedings.

For example, the **Diwali Lights** (QUB Art Gallery) should have been en plein air, around the Quadrangle at Queen's; confusing the lecturers and frustrating the engineers. Indoors they buzzed in too great proximity to the viewer. Intricately worked low fi, the Lights were arches and panels, illuminated by scented glass bulbs wrapped in coloured plastic and sequenced to animate printed religious scenes/imagery. Kitsch, other, positive.

The Ormeau Baths Gallery featured **Willie Doherty** and what could be defined a bifurcate exhibition of his work. One part retrospective of covered ground, dislocated colour photography. One other, current, tracking new departures. The black and white works upstairs, with the video installation,

were better. They crackled with anticipation. Evidencing more poise than he has (works such as *Vanishing Point* were anticipatory of accomplishment), the Northerner seems settled.

Settled into unsettling, the installation is initially ugly beatific. It becomes more. Recurrence, suggestion, such are the techniques. The meaning only Doherty full knows. Better left thus. This work is too unanswerable to maul with comprehension. It is beautiful alone.

Rather like the **Hot Air Installation** in the City Hall. Or: **The Goodyear Mollusc** in the Hallway. One hopes that certain of the more aesthetically cataleptic MLAs passed by. They might have benefited from the experience: sucking in air, their brains pawing for a meaning. Better than the habitual sucking in sand like the Psyll, fighting the wind for whispering surrender. It might also be hoped that it attracted the attention of the clean checked youth forever decking the Hall's perimeter like some shifting scarlet raffia.

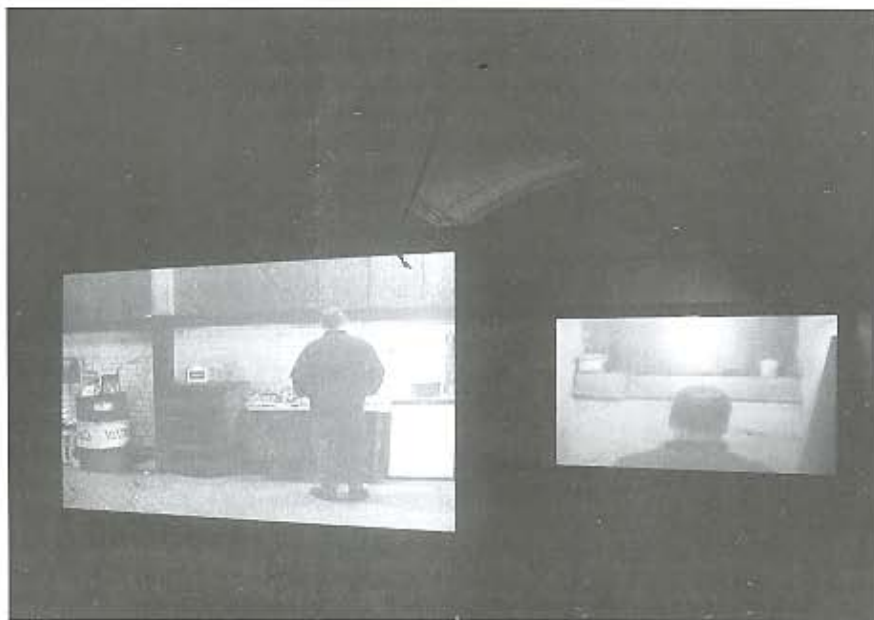
The piece was worth while installing, and particularly in the City Hall, which seemed humanized by the process.

Further analysis of **Ten Men Artists** revealed not much more. There was insufficient charge to the work to justify the schema. All was little. The little clay men were roughly crafted. The presence of a little garden shed operated so as to remind the viewer of Charlie Dinmock's sorely overexposed paps. The mock van was little surprising and the tape playing in the interior a sure bore.

Not wholly displeasing, but the extra attention paid to the arts at festival time should be exploited by the OMAC. The Centre is normally a sure thing for good shows. This exhibition was too little wonderful, too much water feature.

The Divis Flats Project was more significant. Rita Duffy's baby, it was an apposite finale to the festival. Turning a grotesque slab of drear against the mountain into an oddly charismatic art piece was her achievement, and the residents testament, Wellworth

The visual arts were more visible at this year's Belfast Festival at Queen's. **CIAN O'NEILL** had a look, while, opposite, **GEORGE KERR** was (mostly) impressed at this year's jazz presence



a sound out from the artist.

Any artist worth their salt must ask themselves: what is the function of what they're doing? In the instant case it seemed to be that of reclaiming the bulk of the city from the grubbing lumpen-bigot, who have according to the artist culturally ghettoized the city. That the art work was affixed to the south facing side was practical (there were more residents, more windows on that side) but also gestural. Art has a place in each street and painted portico.

And, more specifically, it has a place in a re-thought context. Duffy: Visual art is no longer confined to galleries. As a recovering street artist (gone days in NY.) she might well know. Though she is sometimes prone to lapses—she has exhibited and will continue to exhibit in galleries, in

the US, Hugh Lane, etc. The specific problem as she sees with her home town is that there are too few inclusive artistic centres, utilizing fully our funding monies.

The Project seems to have achieved a little something—making visible the city, making beauty momentarily credible and unafraid to raise its head above the parapet. That Duffy hopes to see art assist the process of normalization in this area is to be commended. That she hopes to see Ulster men get in touch with their feminine side and learn the value of compromise is admirable. That this for her includes Mr. Trimble wearing turtlenecks is something which surely no decent person could ever tolerate. Peace at any cost? Never, Rita. Never and never. ♦

Jazz notes ring true

In a transformed Whita Hall—asymmetric seating, integral bar, warm-up sounds to dance to, a roadie appears on stage with twenty clean white towels—followed by their owners. Together they build a wall of sound that matches anything Shine is doing across the road and soon people are dancing with as much energy to the Jazz Jamaica All Stars.

The material is mostly own-compositions: chaotic, defiant, anarchic with regard to melody and harmony but with religious fanaticism for rhythm and meter. From Latin and Reggae to Swing and Salsa and Samba and soon only the dead don't dance.

To describe the Jazz Jamaica All Stars as Big Band is to do them an injustice—they're big in number and deliver a very big sound but yet, with their innovative approach to melody they've distanced themselves from the Big Band mainstream. To describe them as World Music is to do them a worse injustice and yet they have been described as both. Their delivery of sound and polyrhythmic approach leaves them in a category of their own.

You could be forgiven for thinking that a guitarist who played with Ella Fitzgerald in the 1950s would, like Wes Montgomery or Barney Kessel, have stayed in the comfort-zone of the soft bop tradition; but Jim Hall's inventive style—free from recurring signature riffs or motif, sets him apart from the bop mainstream. And his recent collaborations with Pat Metheny, Joe Lovano and others attest to his innovativeness and compositional expertise.

Hall's playing isn't without influences—at times he seems to borrow from Django Reinhardt or others from Charlie Christian. But his ripe, rich tone, subtle delivery and ingenious use of space give him a uniqueness amongst players of his generation.

You could have heard a plectrum drop.

Composer and trumpeter Dave Douglas opened in the Guinness Spot with an extended own-composition that begins like a New Orleans funeral march, minor chords, grief, out of tempo; before moving into a steady, rhythmical pattern, with Douglas, at times sounding soulful like Chet Baker, at others like the greatest technician you've ever heard.

Then Japanese drum machinist Ikue Mori boots

up her lap-top and all hell breaks loose as the sextet begin communicating in a language that's outside of the traditional jazz-speak and into a discourse that dismantles barriers of convention and boundaries of time. Cutting edge stuff.

Four In Perspective opened with 'A Lark' and so it was, Kenny Wheeler's maturity of expression on flugel horn was there but vocalist Norma Winstone's wordless lament and Hersch's set-em-up-Joe style was nothing short of sentimental.

It got worse: "This next ones about depression its called 'Black Dog Pays A Visit'". And when they crawled out of that one Hersch says Now for a happy song. But it didn't work because everyone especially the band—was still depressed with the black dog.

When Baywatch babe look-alike, Diana Krall comes on stage at the Waterfront you wonder for a moment about the cost of the tickets. Then she sits down at the well-tuned grand piano, nods her long blonde hair at the well-heeled audience and counts-in, a finger-clicking tempo for 'All Or Nothing At All'.

Krall's smoky, alto voice has a maturity beyond her years and her mellifluous tones and phenomenal phrasing give new meaning to old standards. Her piano playing style sits somewhere between, the flowery Oscar Peterson and the innovative Keith Jarrett with McCoy Tyner and Monk in her best moments. And she speaks the truth, and her trio speak the truth when they deconstruct the old Burt Bacarach/Hal David original 'The Look Of Love' and re-present it as the jazz classic it should have been or, as a result of Krall's treatment, could become.

Belly dancers, the Japanese underground and African tribesmen in Inst. shirts provided the cinematic backdrop to local jazz innovator Brian Irvine's latest creation, When Heads Collide.

Individually all five musicians are outstanding—by any standard; together they generate a pluralism of sound and excitement that kicks ass, kills cliché and breaks all the rules of convention. Inventive, spontaneous and courageous they move in and out of time signatures, distort tonality and show that harmony is just for wimps. ♦