

05-04-2023

Note: Prelude to Novel Pure Love

Ahmad Jamal "Poinciana"

Had a dream the other day- Ahmad Jamal was passing on...

Woke Up to present world two, three weeks later

News ...-TV, NPR Radio-announced, confirmed Ahmad Jamal's passing.

Ahmad passed on In The Spirit to holy ancestral world...

Harkened back to 1958 spiritual template for sojourners of Truth carved in stone of vinyl album titled- Not For Me-Live At the Pershing in Chicago.

MY first introduction, sublime awakening to African American classical music Jazz...

Didn't call this moment Jazz then---it was a spiritual sound of music emoting from a juke box at place up the street from my "grade school" Benton on Kings highway and St Louis Avenue, with in the perfect pitch PI of 314 on the telephone.

We were 11, 12 and 13 years of age-African descendant pre-teens.

"Poinciana" was the record. Long playing Psalm. Didn't hear such sounds on the radio.

Had one black oriented station in town these days-"Sweet 1600." Other stations were white lifestyles playing songs like "Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bed post overnight."

St Louis Hop was on the air emulating American Bandstand out of Philadelphia PA

American Bandstand showcased white kids with some sense of rhythm. The white kids on the local St Louis Hop moved like babies learning to walk. Some blacks like my G-D sister and friends appeared on St Louis Hop.

Poinciana! We didn't know if it had lyrics or what lyrics were. A smoothed-out stereo church piano sound like falling rain permeated our being. A muffled drumbeat, and bass player choreographed our dance movements. Mystically guiding us to paradise. Bass leading way....as piano glided us to mystical lands beyond our state of existence-a subliminal message from G-D...

Jamal had my father's first and middle name- Frederick Russell-before his holy awakening to Ahmad Jamal... Heaven's musical notes is state of mind a child can understand...

I remember two bronze skinned girls dancing to a well spontaneously choreographed and climatic rendition of Poinciana. I always say "we danced to even classical music-jazz when I was in grade school."

I have yet to see a so call professional troupe do "Poinciana", from Ahmad Jamal album, "Live at the Pershing" in Chicago-1958. An eponymous spiritual moment capturing the holy silence of creation of space and time in rhythmic motion. Witness to paradise. In this moment Jamal melodically takes us through the heavens.

2.

The silent language of dance as manifest through two black pre-teen girls gives "Poinciana" as recorded "Live at the Pershing" in 1958 due homage and mystical translation. A true dance recital of Poinciana would have to be from this recording. I don't know if another version can be duplicated.

I don't think Jamal himself was able to align the universe, live or otherwise, as he did in the time and space recording "But Not For Me-Live At The Pershing" room in Chicago 1958.

Poinciana is not even the title song of album but on the flip side of But Not For Me.

Should I ever get the means, I'll produce/commission a dance performance-Poinciana.

It can be done. I witnessed my pre-teen peers of 11 and 12 do it.

Surely, a professional dance troupe could emote a grand mystical performance of "Poinciana Live At The Pershing."

The year before we witnessed black children having to be escorted to school by national guard troops through hostile white mobs in Little Rock Arkansas. President Dwight D Eisenhower had ordered the soldiers there.

"Poinciana" kept our "Eyes On the Prize" vision of the Promised Land-Blissful Peace On Earth Goodwill To All Human Kind..."