



Introduction

Artistic creation has always been my passion.

From the sky to the stage, the universes are juxtaposed.

Words, lines, gestures, movements, sounds, colors, lights, these different energies overlap, harmonize, destroy each other permanently.

Beauty is a work that I seek to achieve ...

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Ahmad Jamal – Blue Moon

Man of music, memory of the world

Moon of crystal, stars of sound, you shine and sparkle in the musical firmament.

A prayer from the soul of the universe. an ocean of sounds and vibrations delving down into the darkest, bluest depths. a tidal wave. movements that inscribe themselves on our flesh, leaving traces like scars or tattoos. presence. then absence.

Memory of that first time when pictured a rainbow and tried to reproduce its colors like the moon pulls on the sea to create the tide and its ceaseless ebb and flow, so you move men and women, draw them to you. time stands still when you are there: we can only whisper encore, more...

Man of light, man of mystery.

That smile of yours. like a second skin: those magnificent. authoritative gestures that punctuate the grammar of your music

Those knowing smiles you give your musicians, watchful. amused. and loving, but tinged with strictness that great humility at the heart of your superb self-confidence: that unerringly clear understanding of the illusions of this world: that elegance of your whole being, where both words and notes are exact, carnal, carved out of the very substance of the world

That combination of presence and distance: the simple directness of your art. its beauty. its simplicity. So complex, yet so straightforward... - its complexity. so intricate yet so simple. music that brings forth tears, notes and emotion in a single flow...

A man touched by grace

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Ahmad Jamal – “Saturday Morning” Album

Saturday morning

Alerts and delights us in our transiency allowing us to taste the nectar of the variations. The respirations. The movements of life.

What are those steel, bronze, silver, golden and crystal bells ?

Where are we going?

Where and why go and why not stay where we are?

Saturday *morning* a musical stone that rolls in the depth of our minds, like a song that is forever sung inspired by the hereafter. Essence of the essence of the beginnings of music where minims. Crotchets, quavers. Semi-quavers remain tirelessly the same. So why is everything so different? Talking holds no weight before this right to exist. This force causing us to madly love life.

Life is simple. Why complicate it?

In the same way that light can blind us music bewitches us.

The *saturday morning* joyful mantra

That encourages you to take your time. To slow your pace, to stop running and to sing. To dance. To stretch out time. To open to open, to open. Crack the shell as does the may-beetle with its wings on awakening flight to somewhere unknown. Pure joy of a *saturday morning*.

Life is simple. Why complicate it?

Return to the origins of orchestrated sound and the silences of unknown notes.

Life is simple. Why complicate it?

Behind this music laughter springs as on the first day of spring when buds of the chestnut burst. When blossoms of the cherry. Explode.



When blades of wild grass spring from the ground. When one saturday morning
the clouds dance with men. When piano and bass strings. Percussion skins and
drum cymbals dance transfuse into the hidden corners of the earth and sky.

Where all memories of music of
The world entwines. Funk blues, be-bop, rap
Our bodies empathize with this magical world of sound. Become specks of dust.
Fly freely away.

Take. Take back and start again. Like a child learning to take one step. Then
another like the steps of life we climb to life's end singing, humming. Whistling.
With the appropriate lightness. So as not to fall come on, go ahead. Go forward
and smile

Life is fun where are you going? To the left. The right. Straight ahead. Just don't
go back or only just a small step.

Life is simple. Why complicate it?

Go on

Start today, *saturday morning* it is market day for people and cattle
it is a day to watch the sun 's journey the new moon still there in the sky
to take the time to stroll and to love to say to oneself today *saturday morning*
All is aright why fret. Why let my thoughts worry me
Since it is the present time far from the past and further still from tomorrow, it is
time to gather the petals of soul
it is time to embrace the fresh or warm early morning air
To swallow the tears that flow down one's cheeks with happiness

For merely being alive none of this changes with time time without age and
suffering. Go then tomorrow is in the distance all this is but a game. The game
of existence.

Little man do not cry, life is simple

Do not forget that you will waste time often for nothing



It is easy to love, to observe, to listen, to advance even in the night for always morning will dawn the next day the morning of a cycle that begins the morning.

After night, the morning,
After dreams, reality,
After reality, non-reality,
After life. Death,
After me. You.
After the *afters*,

It is the after of tomorrow. Everything stops but that is an illusion, everything continues, turns, veers and returns that makes one dizzy but that is life it is the same time all the time.

Life is simple, why complicate it?

It is. So simple to arise a *saturday morning* the right foot left foot, on your
The right all fours that this
No matter providing that this morning be the one where lips smile at the light of
day that words ring like sparks of love, fireworks of the soul. Petals of silver,
golden and crystal.
The heart expands like a peacock *parading* at the dawn of a *saturday morning*.

Life is simple. Why complicate it?

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Ahmad Jamal & Yusef Lateef
Live at The Olympia

AMERICAN CLASSICAL MUSIC

I saw two geniuses on stage at the Olympia catch themselves writing the history of American classical music

I saw them wonder and marvel at each other and then merge both musically and spiritually. I saw their boundless respect for each other as an expression of gratitude for the gift they were given at birth; I saw their amazement at this humble greatness.

I saw at the saxophonist's house the life's work of a musician, a great composer, a writer, a painter, a sculptor making different instruments, flutes and other small wooden objects which produce a magical sound. At his house, I saw entire rooms where dozens and dozens of boxes have been carefully stored for years.

A secret Collector of his own creations, that's Doctor Yusef Lateef who has a magical way with sounds, words and forms and has inspired the musical vibrations of nature.

Thank you. I saw on the walls of the pianist's house posters, photos, letters, all kinds of souvenirs delineating his life as an artist, the life of a major composer with two Steinways and, as a backdrop, the sound of a waterfall pouring into a silver river and birds singing praises to the birthplace of Indians. Ahmad Jamal is a man who carries us on his wings into a world of souls, like a traveler heading into the hereafter

Thank you

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Ahmad Jamal

Live in Marciac

Monsieur Ahmad Jamal.

Just two words: THANK YOU.

Thank you for that pure, rare and shining moment.

Thank you for that fiery energy, that power, that knowledge of harmony of sound, touch, voice, color - and the understanding smiles.

Thank you for that awareness of impermanence in giving all. As if for one last time, with the burning conviction that « everything is possible.

Thank you for the gift of sharing in love, beauty and the exceptional. Thank you for this ballad by a choir with a single heart beating in unison.

I cannot forget... I cannot forget that concert... That concert on 5 august 2014 at jazz in Marciac.

That diamond, shining in the firmament.

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Ahmad Jamal – Album « *Marseille* »

Ahmad,

you take us into the places in our minds where the doors of History open again,
more than twenty-five centuries after the birth of Marseille.

This kind of music is the essence of life, and in it brotherhood, freedom and
equality resonate like drum skins imploring mankind to be more human.
Barefoot, as if stripped, we roam through the entrails of that world, and with our
eyes closed, we caress the ground with the sun of our infinite vibrations.

We travel with our ancestors across the bay of Lacydon. They are on the boats
or gathering together to walk on imaginary water. Armies' swords clank and
horses hooves pound through the town. Apollo, Caesar, Gauls, Romans,
Carthaginians. Syrians and Africans battle in the wind, on the waves and on the
cobblestones of Massalia.

And this music rings in our heads. But their hands reach for each other, their
fingers stretch out, Tentacles and suckers connect in the hopes of bringing
together men and continents.

Women have been keeping an eye on this advancing world for decades and the
ships set sail for an imaginary journey across love with the profound desire to be
together and enjoy the freedom of living. It's the era of brotherhood.

Flashback and back to the future Marseille, open your doors. Put on your mantle
of eternal light. To sing a hymn to beauty and freedom. Yes. I hear all of that in
this musical journey.

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Ahmad Jamal – Album « *Ballades* »

The song of your memory like the constant whisper of a cascade

Eternal

Entangled ecstatic emotions of great noble purity through which music

Flows like raindrops on a white lily's petal. An invitation to travel in space and
in the universe to do away with the time when eternal love would shine:

Your law of octaves influences our existence in which was vibration, energy and
motion, The echo of seven subtle notes to be found for example in Blue Moon or
Saturday Morning.

On a bed of clouds the colors of the rainbow your hands strike a chord and send
shivers down our Spines, like words telling us the story of all that are your :
Erroll Garner Duke Ellington, Bile Holiday. Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and
so many more **BALLADES**

All our love goes to you.

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Lucky Peterson – Album « *The Son of a Bluesman* »

The Son Of A Bluesman

The return of Lucky Peterson and emergence of the new generation of Blues.

A flashback from the twenties to the present as we remember B.B. King, John Lee Hooker, Buddy Guy, Lightnin' Hopkins, Little Milton, To Santana And James BROWN.

The Blues of the genius seems to have always been familiar and impressed in our minds.

Lucky Peterson has a role in the history of humanity inscribing his small place into larger history of Blues.

« *I AM STILL HERE* »

This magnificent composition becomes "We Are Still Here", it is a collective utterance, a universal cry, a testimony to the long road towards of the wounded animal.

Lucky, a light in the dark starry night.

Lucky, a she-wolf feeding mankind, refreshing hearts, giving nourishment to the soul with the milk of its torn flesh.

Lucky, an unavoidable legend of the world and its ghetto.

Lucky, a fire of tears, a hymn to life.

Lucky, a divine shrine of a living mythology where the links of love are those of our destinies.



"HERE, STILL HERE, I AM, WE ARE"

Lucky Peterson, an erupting volcano of lava of tearing sounds inundating the world with gratitude for Love. A cosmic figure of the blues, lucky, with a vocal arrow transpierces the world with the vibrating words : "I Get Joy, I Get Joy".

"The Son Of A Bluesman" as announced in the title of the album, is in the Process of becoming: Lucky Peterson,

THE FATHER OF A BLUESMAN

Catherine Vallon-Barry
Traduction: Audrey Jenkinson



To Lucky Peterson – Album “Tribute to Jimmy Smith”

Blues - breaker wave, tidal wave.

Lucky,

Phantom of Jimmy Smith delivering a prayer to the universe.

Lucky,

Angel with blues wings, fly for Jazz,

Marks out in the sonorous sky the “Transmission” constellation,

Springs all the musical and carnal ties between five luminous stars, genuine
celestial diamonds :

Archie Shepp, Herlin Riley, Philippe Petrucciani, Nicolas Folmer, Kelyn Crapp.

Yes.

Yes, sublime in *Singin' This Song 4 U*.

Yes.

The roots of suffering urge the golden sax of Archie Shepp,

His bronze voice recalls the slaves.

Yes.

The organ, the guitars, the cymbals and the trumpet scream.

Yes.

The word "Love" remains tattooed on men bodies for eternity, hell and paradise.

Yes.

Ray Charles, Jimmy Smith, Wes Montgomery, George Benson and so many
others emerge in our heads, buds of the boughs of a same tree, world tree,
cosmic tree, symbol of the creator Blues: Tree Of Life.

Jimmy – Lucky

Catherine Vallon-Barry



To Sahin Novrasli – Album “*From Baku to New York City*”

From the Western to the Eastern world
From East to West
From Georgia, the Balkans, the World
Shahin brings together cultures
And carries us into his dreamlike journey
Sweet fantasies of the Soul
Bridges for our memory’s thoughts
Longing for happy moments
Longing for lover’s dreams
A garden for our lives most fragrant flowers
An infinite race with an unknown finish line
The peculiar time of metamorphic states
Silence
Life lights up
Thank You Shahin

Catherine Vallon-Barry