

Saxophonist Gary Bartz, with his corona of white hair, joined the fray with meteoric runs, stop and start bursts and a rolling thunder that bordered on caterwauling. But how beautiful the caterwauling was.

Tyner leaves plenty of room for his bandmates to solo, and in almost every tune, bassist Gerald Cannon and drummer Eric Kamau Gravatt had their turns. Their playing, insistent, urgent, impatient, left the germ of the tune behind, rendering it beside the point. The effect was of a sonic locomotive hurtling down the tracks. Woe betide the hapless listener who got in its way.

Coltrane's "Moment's Notice," from his seminal 1957 album "Blue Train," followed. Bartz rocketed into the stratosphere, Cannon's bass became more than foundation and Gravatt's drumming matched Tyner's booming block chords and thundering right-hand octaves in its searing precision.

The band slowly left the stage, and in what should have been an oasis of peace as Tyner sat alone in the spotlight, an annoying hiss of feedback (a microphone left on, perhaps?) was so distracting that a listener had to fight desperately to hear the surging passion within the ruminative chords and the brief nod to stride piano. Problems with sound systems have long plagued the Berks Jazz Fest. A fly buzzing around the keyboard seemed to save the number as Tyner assured the crowd, "He's in the union!"

The remaining four numbers in the set seemed to have gone without titles. I asked Cannon for a set list as he packed his upright bass and he shrugged his shoulders.

"We forget them as soon as we play them," he said, smiling. Just as well.

But a contemplative reverie formed under that soft light. Tyner referred to his wife and said "There's always tomorrow." The piece unfurled gradually, mustering its own quiet propulsion and landed somewhere between contemplation and elegy.

Bartz seemed to search for something elusive in his solo, exploring the center of the song, relishing the melody's core. Tyner's right-hand octaves left that core behind, if only briefly, and they dissolved back to the center of the keyboard of his Steinway concert grand.

When Trucks came onstage, the evening changed. His slide guitar evoked the great Duane Allman, for whom Trucks' uncle, Butch Trucks, played drums in the 1970s. Trucks and Bartz were conjoined twins as they traded eighth notes in what had the feel of a cutting contest.

Tyner's playing at 70 remains as explosive, as nuanced and, at the right moments, as tender as it was when he, Coltrane, Jones and bassist Jimmy Garrison ravaged the jazz landscape in the early 1960s.