

thoughtful phrasing and acute expressiveness, while the Everly Brothers' "Crying In The Rain" is a brilliant illustration of Buffalo's economical guitar style and arranging skills (just as sad and beautiful as it was with lyrics).

"Slidin' Into The Blue Door" further displays Ware's versatility, on electric slide and countrified Tele, while the perfectly titled "Back Row Rendezvous" is like instrumental doo-wop. This is one guitarist who refuses to be pigeonholed — thank God. — **DF**

DVDs

Emerson, Lake & Palmer 40th Anniversary Concert 2010 MVD

This DVD was recorded at the High Voltage Festival in London during the summer of 2010. ELP was a definitive progressive band of the '70s (and sporadically thereafter), but this vid is of historic interest in that it documents what is likely their last concert.

Overall, the performance is competent, but that's a far cry from their golden years, or even the superb '90s reunion tours. Unlike the Rolling Stones, Emerson, Lake & Palmer are not a band that has aged gracefully, and this DVD is at times difficult to watch. Keyboard hero Keith Emerson has had infamous medical problems with his hands, and you can both see and hear this — his famous, high-speed organ lines are dramatically simplified, and certain runs are shaky at best. Singer/bassist/guitarist Greg Lake sings in key, but on bass he appears to have trouble locking into the labored, off-kilter grooves of Carl Palmer, a man who once defined meticulous timing among rock and roll drummers. At times, you can almost feel the three men grimacing on stage to keep the ship afloat.

As the DVD winds to an end, you realize that the 40th Anniversary Concert doesn't signify ELP's comeback. It's the portrait of a band at its final, desperate ebb. — **PP**



Jimi Hendrix The Dick Cavett Show Experience Hendrix/Legacy

This disc includes edited versions of the shows that feature Cavett's opening monologues, interviews with Hendrix, and Jimi's performances from his appearances on Cavett's talk show in July '69 and two months later, a few weeks after his closing set at the Woodstock festival. The disc also has screen shots of Jimi's notes from a pre-show interview and a short feature with Cavett, Billy Cox, Mitch Mitchell, and others talking about Hendrix and those appearances.

On the second, Hendrix wields a white SG to perform "Isabella" and "Machine Gun," accompanied by Cox and Mitchell (bass and drums, respectively) and percussionist Juma Sultan. The

performance is musically first-rate, but, exhausted from the break-neck pace of touring and recording, set by an exploitive management, Jimi eschews acrobatics and pyrotechnics for a performance that's more than a run-through but less magical than his sets at Woodstock and Monterey Pop. There are striking, even poignant, differences between this one and both his animated performance of "Hear My Train A-Comin'," with iconic white Strat, and his interview with Cavett on the July show. On that show, a not yet 27-year-old Jimi displays loads of bovish charm and natural sexiness, and is a quick-witted match for a respectful but mischievous Cavett. Also on the July show, bandleader/drummer Bobby Rosengarten and bassist George Duvivier provide sure-handed accompaniment for "Train" from deep inside the pocket, showing obvious respect for a guest they realize is not just a freaky hippie pop star but a legitimate and accomplished musician.

Hendrix is always fascinating as both a person and a performer. This disc gives a brief but revealing and captivating glimpse of both. — **RA**



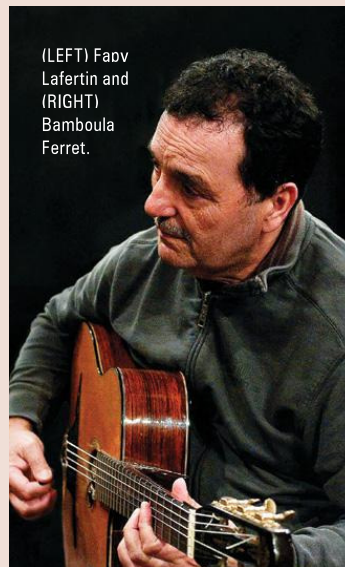
Johnny Winter Live at Rockpalast MVD Visual

It's a shame the oft-coined phrase "Clayton, Beck, and Page" isn't finished with "and Johnny Winter," as his blues-based soloing was such an important part of rock guitar history.

This German show was recorded during the period he was collaborating with Muddy Waters, and it shows. Backed by bassist/harmonist Ion Paris and a drummer, Winter rocks with joyous abandon through Freddie King's "Hideaway," "Suzie O," and Jimmy Rogers' "Walking By Myself," among other bluesy classics. Winter and Paris even trade places on "I'm Ready," allowing Paris to show off his own feisty guitar chops. We finally see Johnny pull out his slide on a medley that kicks off with Robert Johnson's "Stones in My Passway" and features some dazzling bottleneck work.

The camera work is good, and there are lots of close-ups of Johnny torching the necks of his Gibson Firebirds (he even stomps on a phase shifter from time to time, adding a wet, swampy vibe to his tone). On Willie Brown's "Mississippi Blues," Winter gives the audience a little lesson on the blues roots of rock and roll. Interestingly, he talks later in the show about "fighting a losing battle" in trying to convert his fans to the blues, but again, this was '79, the height of the punk/New Wave era.

Ultimately, the DVD comes off as a bit of musical evanescence, showing the Rev. Winter trying to keep his flock listening to the blues and paving the way to the mighty words of the Delta and Chicago bluesmen who came before him. It's electrifying stuff. — **PP VG**



(LEFT) Fapy Lafertin and (RIGHT) Bamboula Ferret.



At Long Last!

Eduard "Bamboula" Ferret and guitarist Fapy Lafertin's famous recordings of Gypsy jazz, old-time Gypsy music, and French chanson were legendary among fans — although many never had a chance to even hear them. These recordings were so rare, so hard to find, that they had become almost mythical — or perhaps, apocryphal.

Bamboula and Lafertin's two collections of homemade tracks were released in the late 1990s on CDRs and sold at Gypsy religious festivals and pilgrimages in Europe; from there, they were passed around as much-coveted bootlegs among connoisseurs. Throughout the years, the acclaim for Bamboula's music continued to swell: Most who had somehow gotten a chance to listen in agreed that these were true classics of Gypsy jazz. Bamboula's sinuous, otherworldly, Lafertin's dashingly acoustic guitar lines are the perfect accompaniment: glorious Gypsy jazz riffs and sublime accents to the vocals.

Now, tiny Spocus Records in Belgium has released a collection on CD, and the world can finally hear Bamboula's musical legacy.

Bamboula was born in 1919, and thus was of

Djano Reinhardt's generation. But while Djano spent his life in the jazz spotlight, Bamboula traveled Europe in a Gypsy caravan as a troubadour playing music for dances as well as at country fairs and small town markets. He performed with two



Bamboula Ferret and Fapy Lafertin Ou Welto Risella Spocus Records

cousins who have also become Gypsy jazz legends: Henri "Piotto" Limberger and his brother, Alfred "Latcheben" Grünholz. These three musketeers called themselves Les Piottos.

In later years, the musicians taught their children the music, and these younger generations of Gypsies formed bands, inspiring such famed Gypsy jazz ensembles as Waso, the Rosenbergs Trio, and more. Yet Bamboula himself didn't record until he was in his sixties.

It was Bamboula's nephew, Waso guitarist Fapy Lafertin, who

finally convinced him to preserve his legacy. In 1998, Lafertin shepherded Bamboula into a studio and paid for the sessions himself. Bamboula sang both old songs and original compositions, highlighted by Lafertin's fabulous acoustic guitar solos. Backing came courtesy of rhythm guitarist Dadie Lafertin and bassist Wiwits Lafertin with Bamboula adding his violin on several tracks. A second session followed with either Koen de Cauter or Tcha Limberger on bass.

The results were magical. The first self-released CD, *Oe Dioevia*, was followed soon after by *Me Am Kalle Marsch*. Rainica from waltzes to hymns, chanson to jazz. Bamboula's voice is otherworldly — deep, rough, and well-traveled. With these songs old and new, he transports listeners back in time, sinuous in Roman as well as several tunes in French. Lafertin's Selmer guitar lines wind through the songs, tying them together into perfect packages.

Sadly, Bamboula himself didn't live to see the official release of his music. He died in September 2008 at the age of 89. But his legacy of classic Gypsy music and jazz lives on — at long last! — **Michael Dreani**