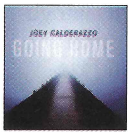


mentary on the war itself: He explores the emotions of both armies as well as the former slaves who found a new set of struggles in the war's aftermath. With bits of stride, boogie-woogie and ballad in his playing, Burrell captures the poignancy and levity of the time. Swell, who can blow gently or fire shots as needed, contributes greatly to the music.

MIKE SHANLEY

JOEY CALDERAZZO

GOING HOME (Sunnyside)



Joey Calderazzo has carved out a sneaky-good career for himself.

Probably best known for replacing Kenny Kirkland

in the piano chair of the Branford Marsalis Quartet, he has released nine discs as a leader over the past 24 years. Although they routinely garner plaudits, he's not the type of highly conceptual stylist who registers in the polls. His art is mostly formulated by the breadth and precision of his craft.

Going Home piques the intellect and challenges that breadth and precision with open-ended tunes that encourage improvisation. (Seven out of the nine cuts are Calderazzo originals.) He operates in a classic piano-trio format with bassist Orlando le Fleming and drummer Adam Cruz, and it's a pleasure to hear their tentative forays on foundational riffs and barebones themes gradually quicken into more detailed textures and confident interactions. The slow-boiling intensity that eventually enlivens "Manifold" and "Legend" is a particular highlight.

Calderazzo has absorbed the contemporary masters of his instrument in a manner that informs rather than sacrifices his own identity. You hear the prowling gallop of McCoy Tyner, the playful hopscotch of Chick Corea and the ascending vamps of Herbie Hancock all churning within the mix of his improvisations. The Crescent City jazz-funk of "One Way" (previously heard on Calderazzo's 2011 album of duets with Branford Marsalis, *Songs of Mirth and Melancholy*) feels like a delightful hybrid of Hancock and Dr. John. The better of the disc's two standards, "Stars Fell on Alabama," is a perfectly rendered soul-blues tearjerker that variously recalls Ray Charles and Hank Jones.

Calderazzo invokes all these link-

ages without any sense of pastiche or indebtedness, creating a personal style that yields enhanced professionalism and reduced notoriety. There are no guest stars except for Marsalis blowing plush tenor on the elegantly subdued "I Never Knew." The rich trio interplay that characterizes most of the record is overshadowed by Calderazzo's muscular virtuosity on the final two numbers, "Mike's Song" (a tribute to his early employer Michael Brecker) and the emotionally evocative title track, performed solo, that closes the collection. It's a polished coda for a sneaky-good record.

BRITT ROBSON

THE JOHN COLTRANE QUINTET FEATURING ERIC DOLPHY

SO MANY THINGS:

THE EUROPEAN TOUR 1961 (Acrobat)

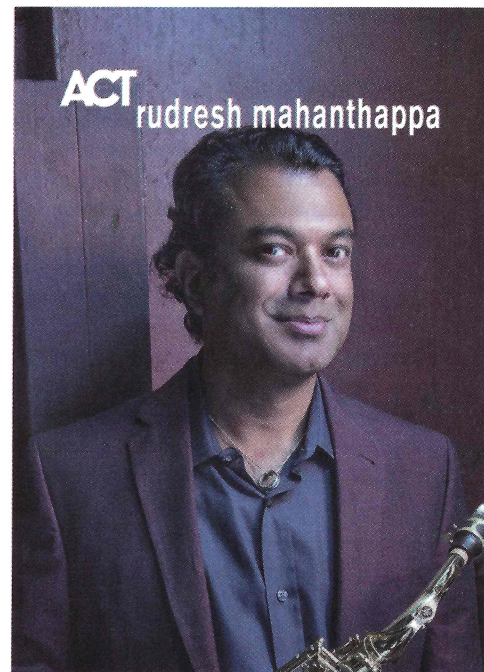


Eric Dolphy's bolstering of the Classic Quartet into a titan-heavy quintet has long split the Coltrane camp. The naysayers cite

an ensemble sound that had become too busy, with Dolphy, as master colorist, providing too many bright and distracting rays. The Dolphy booster club touts a more progressive mode of thinking, pointing to a flexibility in Trane's sound that fed back into his compositional thinking and led to his avant-garde apex.

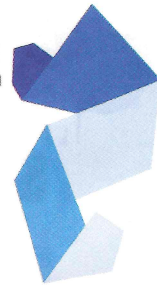
The Village Vanguard recordings from early November 1961 feature a smattering of Dolphy, but this four-disc set, culled from Paris, Copenhagen, Helsinki and Stockholm in the later portions of the same month, is a veritable Dolphy marathon. This stuff is rare: air shots and field recordings in varying quality but all of it listenable—and all of it headstrong, manful and galvanizing.

The "Blue Train" from the first show on Nov. 18 at L'Olympia is unlike any other surviving cut of the song, and in this instance some of the rougher sound—it puts one in mind of a cleaned-up version of Alan Lomax's 1941 Son House recordings—adds propulsion and intensity. So does Elvin Jones, who sounds like he's channeling Tony Williams by way of Chano Pozo. He is, incredibly, louder than Coltrane, and Coltrane is plenty loud. The cymbals and snare carry much of the load, which makes for an intriguing contrast with his



ACT rudresh mahanthappa

Rudresh Mahanthappa ACT
Bird Calls
Adam O'Farrill
Matt Mitchell
François Moutin
Rudy Royston

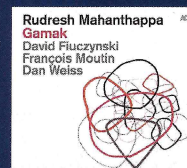


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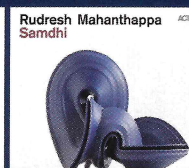
Rudresh Mahanthappa / alto saxophone
Adam O'Farrill / trumpet
Matt Mitchell / piano
François Moutin / acoustic bass
Rudy Royston / drums

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approach on “Delilah” from Copenhagen on the 20th, the percussive textures coming principally from the bass drum, with Reggie Workman’s bass thuds sounding like they’re emanating from inside the hollow of a swamp log.

Trane had his controversial Parisian debut just the year before with Miles Davis, and while he drew ire back then, no such deal this time: He has this audience, and you can sense its appreciation during one of the collection’s six versions of “My Favorite Things.” This one is almost pastoral, all sweet melody that lends an Ellingtonian

vibe, whereas the version from the second show is downright draconian—that is, until Dolphy enters and provides respite on flute. The radio hit of “Things” had a lot to do with Coltrane’s gift for melody, a quality often underappreciated in his output; having said that, Dolphy could surpass him, and to hear him voice the central phrase is to bask in something any of the great melodists—Mozart, Schubert, Porter, McCartney—would swoon before.

In Copenhagen, we get a rocked-up “Blue Train” with hints of rhythm-and-blues and hard bop, and an extra helping

of soul in Coltrane’s solos that have the energy of a Hendrix or Parker. Speaking of Bird: For all of his avant-garde leanings, Dolphy absorbed the vocabulary of Parker and Gillespie like perhaps no other jazz musician. When he takes a blues chorus, and does so deftly at the tempo of a “Ko-Ko,” you realize he could paint a representative sonic picture just as capably as he could spin out some musical cubist art.

McCoy Tyner picks up on all of that attendant fire and blasts off some of his own, particularly on the Helsinki version of “I Want to Talk About You.” It’s intriguing to hear a piano solo, in the center of all this smoke, harken back to 1930s pianistic approaches, but the stride playing is a mere centering of the ear before a departure to the postmodern realms. In a few years, Tyner would complain that he was being drowned out by his band-mates—if this was what he was remembering as the salad days, no surprise then.

The Stockholm set boasts the best sound; it’s not consistent, really, but at the best of times it’s on par with the Vanguard recordings. The best “Things” is here—maybe the best version anywhere—as well as a Dolphy bass clarinet solo on “Naima” that feels like his famous “God Bless the Child” effort set to accompaniment. This is one ripped-open world, jazz like jazz had never really been, core heat advancing upon the surface.

COLIN FLEMING

GIL EVANS PROJECT

LINES OF COLOR: LIVE AT THE JAZZ STANDARD (Blue Note/ArtistShare)



The second outing from Ryan Truesdell’s Gil Evans Project presents a transition to the live medium, and if it’s possible

for Evans’ arrangements to have more bonhomie than they typically do, it’s in this setting. Rarely does a big band sound so intimate and almost touchable as it does across this most generous spread: We have six newly discovered works, a couple of arrangements kitted out with previously unheard sections and three Evans charts from *Time of the Barracudas*, *Concorde* and *Greensleeves*.

Cut over several nights in May at NYC’s Jazz Standard, *Lines of Color* has that familiar Evans swing that was always interpolated with what we think of as modern touches—spicy accents, playful melodic nods, elements of Spanish music that sug-

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