

aven

Me  
 criticism and melancholy from the Sade.  
 The surface of Babeheaven's soulful dream-pop might be all soft contours and but these still pop, a pervasive disturbing the... Crooning layers of vaporous Nancy Andersen millwave Sade, her poised channelling more historic didn't access. Hers that at communi- summing longing plea of "Let me amid the smother- of the title track, of addictive love. es scanning the distant storm the sublime her escapist pinned by expected chord rare guitar al shoegaze- We Wanna, ars Andersen ay Blue, and e thrilling – she more often.

Stevie Chick

DL/LP  
 based  
 take expansive  
 Depicting this exploratory octet's meditative performance of a slow-evolving, epic reminis- period Talk Talk, ly shot art house line's debut ue situated them and of a disused cool. With its Appa- ectronica and esical influences,

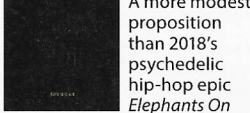
the rest of their eponymous debut is similarly daring. Experimental miking techniques, spare strings and choral singing feed into almost devotional-sounding, mostly instrumental pieces which flag the band's improvisational roots. Quiet marvels such as IWR, beginning with languid Spanish guitar then suddenly party to an astonishing sonic reveal, are highly impactful, while found sounds are woven in dramatically (Hurtle). Though the percussive, struck guitar strings interlude Zilch is perhaps an inquiry too far, caroline's flare for conjuring the liminal space between sleep and wakefulness frequently enchants.

James McNair

**Cypress Hill**

★★★★ Back In Black MNRK1.CD/DL/LP

**DJ Muggs goes AWOL again, but Black Milk brings the darkly funky noise.**



A more modest proposition than 2018's psychedelic hip-hop epic *Elephants On Acid* – which saw returning DJ/producer Muggs corral the group from the rock-rap wastelands into which they'd latterly blundered – Cypress Hill's tenth finds Muggs again absent, ceding the desk to Detroit producer Black Milk. The resulting sinewy, minimal funk delivers their most purely hip-hop release since breakthrough *Black Sunday*, with veteran MCs Sen Dog and B-Real on pugilistic form throughout. The dominant lyrical theme remains their beloved herb, though good vibes are in short supply: virtual legalisation in most of the US hasn't led to a cessation in the 'war on drugs', and the limber, dubby likes of Open Ya Mind and Bye Bye train paranoid eyes upon the Feds behind the door. Bare-knuckled rhymes and eerie song-song hooks deliver the trademark thrills, though Muggs' lysergic touch is often missed.

Stevie Chick



**Mattiel**  
 ★★★★★ Georgia Gothic

HEAVENLY.CD/DL/LP  
**Alternative-pop duo from Atlanta impress with their chameleonic shapeshifting.**  
 Mattiel's subtly subversive third LP impresses with the craft of their songwriting and their eclectic, chameleon-like skipping between styles. There's some fine wit at play here – opener Jeff Goldblum re-imagines The Strokes as '60s girl-group crooning a wry paean to a man resembling the offbeat Hollywood star. And singer Mattiel Brown is an adept shapeshifter, affecting a weathered croon on the twang-driven *On The Run*, channelling the metropolitan funk of Luscious Jackson on Subterranean Shut-In Blues and seesawing at will between the overdriven swagger of early Karen O and the vulnerable ennui of late-era Karen O. You might struggle to identify where their influences end and begin, but Mattiel's charisma – and solid gold tunes, in the form of Lighthouse and the darkly gothic *Blood In The Yolk* – ultimately win out.

Stevie Chick

**Robert Glasper**  
 ★★★★★

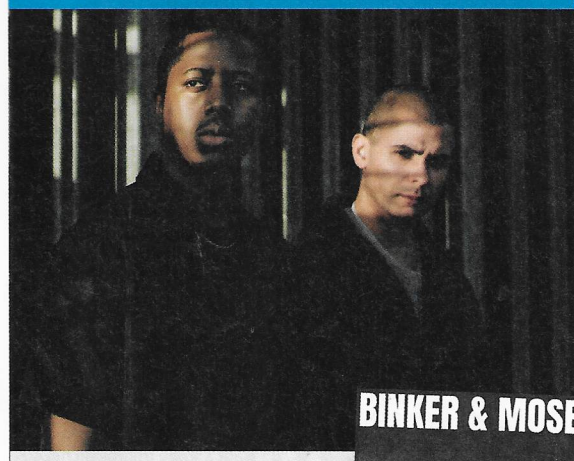
**Black Radio III**  
 LOMA VISTA RECORDINGS.CD/DL/LP  
**Third instalment of Houston jazz pianist's meld of jazz, hip-hop and soul.**  
 Robert Glasper's industry pull has expanded exponentially in the decade since *Black Radio* elevated him from the jazz shadows – reflected by a cast list that includes Gregory Porter, Common and Ty Dolla Sign. Far removed from the wild fireworks of his jazz sets, this song-based vehicle for more melodic chords and flowing keys boasts duets between Esperanza Spalding and Q-Tip (Why We Speak), Musiq Soulchild and Posnuos (Everybody Love) and a deep-voiced rap from Meshell Ndegeocello that perfectly marries with H.E.R.'s downcast balladeering (Better Than I Imagined). Much of the rest, however, is little more than showy, slick and generic R&B, with Glasper becoming virtually untraceable.

Andy Cowan



**JAZZ**

BY ANDY COWAN



**BINKER & MOSES**

**Binker & Moses**  
 ★★★★★

**Feeding The Machine**  
 GEARBOX.CD/DL/LP  
**The first studio LP in five years from London jazz scene's breakout stars traces new ground.**

Freewheeling tenor sax and drum duo Binker Golding and Moses Boyd had nothing written when they entered the studio with Max Luthert (a fellow veteran of Zara McFarlane's touring band). Luthert's modular synths and tape loops, often manipulated in real time, add an extra textural dimension to the wistful meanderings and brooding menace of *Feed Infinite* and *Asynchronous Intervals*, as piercing long notes give way to a gathering storm of polyrhythmic perversions. While previous outings majored on Golding's way with a hook, his melodies are less linear here, as parping Sony Rollins-like basslines, John Coltrane-ish mid-range riffs and high-pitched Evan Parker-esque chorales (breathtaking on *Because Because*) flutter above Boyd's lightning-fleet beat science. Packed with urgency, edge and scope, it's light years ahead of the competition.

**FEEDING THE MACHINE**

**ALSO RELEASED**

**Cécile McLorin Salvant**  
 ★★★★★

**Ghost Song**  
 NONESUCH.CD/DL/LP  
 Salvant claims to be embracing her weirdness on this emotionally turbulent sixth studio outing. The classically trained singer marries technical precision with oddball charisma, ragged juxtapositions and an exquisite tonal range, exemplified by the spooked title track's two-way with Brooklyn Youth Chorus and an almost a cappella reading of Kate Bush's *Wuthering Heights*. The resulting ruminations on loss prove both playful and deep.

**Joel Ross**  
 ★★★★★

**The Parable Of The Poet**  
 BLUE NOTE.CD/DL/LP  
 Since he surfaced on Makaya McCraven's *Universal Beings*, this NYC vibraphone maestro's compositional skills have belied his tender years. The moving motif of *Prayer* is a case in point, Ross's bright solo bursts augmented by his bandmates' surging melodic lines. Standout turns from saxophonist Immanuel Wilkins (Wail) and flautist Gabrielle Garo (Guilt) enhance material teaming with maturity and warmth.

**Avishai Cohen**  
 ★★★★★

**Naked Truth**  
 ECM.CD/DL/LP  
 The Israeli trumpeter's fifth ECM LP is a slow dance call-and-response with his bandmates. Predicated on an eight-note motif (heard at the start of Part II) and recorded after just one rehearsal, clever melodic turns hold sway as Cohen's winding refrains slip in and out of Yonathan Avishai's haunted piano figures and Ziv Ravitz's unexpected rhythms. Zelda Schneerson Mishkovsky's poem *Departure* supplies a moving finale.

**Tapani Rinne & Juha Mäki-Patola**  
 ★★★★★

**Open**  
 HUSH HUSH.CD/DL/MC  
 Finland's icy climate is harmoniously evoked across a spare blend of overlapping synths and woodwind. Tapani's breathy saxophone melodies on *Brevity*, lavish clarinet chords on *Fall* and painterly abstractions on *Still* find the RinneRadio mainstay (a veteran of Edward Vesala's ECM standard *Lumi*), responding with empathy to Mäki-Patola's slow-release refrains and warm bell-like drones. Contemplative jazz minimalism comes no better. AC