

HARRIET TUBMAN THE TERROR END OF BEAUTY

SSC 1536 - AVAILABLE 11/23

The runner dashes toward the cliff's edge, his hang glider's wings rattling above. He has reached the crest and, before he can think to stop, he is falling. For those few seconds before the wind mercifully sweeps him away, he is in a freefall, in a state of exhilaration, heightened awareness and, perhaps, terror. Yet, he has committed himself and had to push through the fear in order to soar. The members of **Harriet Tubman** find this an apt analogy for their musical approach. For over two decades, guitarist Brandon Ross, bassist Melvin Gibbs and drummer JT Lewis have thrown themselves into making music that is sans genre, infective and overpowering.



AARON GOLDBERG AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

SSC 1521 - AVAILABLE 11/16
ALBUM RELEASE CONCERT @ JAZZ STANDARD
NOVEMBER 29-30 & DECEMBER 1-2 (7:30 PM & 9:30 PM)

At The Edge of The World, documents Aaron Goldberg recent collaboration with drummer and percussionist Leon Parker, a brilliant innovator and performer, in a new trio along with the gifted bassist Matt Penman. Together the three aim to engage the audience with spontaneous musical dialogues based around uncomplicated source material. To this end Goldberg allowed the band's repertoire to develop in a natural way, aiming to build something inspired out of something simple.



iTunes.com/Harriet Tubman iTunes.com/AaronGoldberg www.sunnysiderecords.com





Corona 1996 Cecil Taylor (FMP) by Pierre Crépon

In the space of four months, jazz lost two unquestionably major musicians. Cecil Taylor and Sunny Murray's early common work was foundational, but during those years-from the late '50s to the mid-'60s-the era of complete freedom of format had not yet come. The pianist and drummer's relationship then became an on-and-off affair and the previously unreleased Corona constitutes the sole documentation of a duet encounter. It nevertheless came out without much fanfare, available only as a download at the Destination: OUT Bandcamp store, part of a slowly unfolding FMP Archive Edition series. The music was recorded at the Total Music Meeting in Berlin 22 years ago this month, one of the rare contexts where it was still possible to hear Murray considered as the musician he was: a world-class improviser to be paired with other members of the music's top-tier.

A Murray cliché is that he was the first musician who figured how to stop playing time. A different kind of time is at play here, corresponding to the storied relationship of two very singular individuals.

Between short segments for voices framing the duet, Taylor introduces his composition with a feeling reminiscent of the dance steps he often sketched on stage. Density rapidly builds, Murray conjures his classic style of rustling cymbals and rapid hi-hat pulse, before reaching deep in a career-spanning bag. The Taylor-ian stream of linked motivic fragments keeps up for almost 50 minutes, carrying Murray's precise strokes in spiraling waterfall-like dances.

Density fluctuates, Taylor tiptoes or jumps and Murray is strong. The concert was among the last times the pair played together. Does *Corona* sum something up? Is this music that can lend itself to final assessments? No, but it is another link in a long and solid chain, another occasion to examine, uncluttered and anew, what two truly towering artists had to offer.

 $For \ more \ information, \ visit \ destination-out. band camp. com$



End To End Barre Phillips (ECM) by Andrey Henkin

50 years ago this month, Barre Phillips ushered in the quietest revolution in music history. He didn't mean to do so. He merely spent three hours or so in St. James' Church, Norlands in London, playing his bass unaccompanied at the urging of contemporary classical composer Max Schubel. The edited results came out as Journal Violone on Schubel's Opus One label (and, alternately, Unaccompanied Barre on UK's Music Man and Basse Barre on France's Futura). And while Ray Brown had technically beaten him to it with 1956's "Solo For Unaccompanied Bass" from Bass Hit!, those two minutes could have been excised from any jazz

tune of the period while Phillips' improvisational approach achieved new sounds from and new uses for the bass heretofore unexplored at such length. *Journal Violone*, it should be noted, predates Anthony Braxton's *For Alto* by three months.

Phillips was uniquely suited to this project. Unlike later free musicians, he came out of tunefulness—albeit progressive—working in New York in the mid '60s with Bob James, Attila Zoller, Archie Shepp and Don Friedman. His move to Europe was aesthetic and he soon fell into an impressive avant garde coterie of Mike Westbrook, John Surman, the Kühn Brothers, Siegfried Kessler, Michel Portal, Friedrich Gulda and many others over the ensuing decades (Phillips is based in the South of France). So his aesthetic by the time of recording *Journal Violone* mixed structure and freedom, American jazz and European improv, deep wandering by a deep wanderer.

Solo bass albums didn't take right away. Five or so years later, Maarten Van Regteren Altena made one. Then Harry Miller and Ali Haurand. Kent Carter and Barry Guy followed. Soon Malachi Favors and Dave Holland dipped their toes into the water. Phillips himself did it a few more times. But now the solo bass album is both a staple of the improvisational genre and milestone any outward-leaning bassist has to pass. Things have come a long way from *Journal Violone*, whether it be the incorporation of electronics or methodologies ranging from noise to minimalism to subsonic. It should also be stated that Phillips was not selfish; he also inaugurated the bass duet, a format to which he would also keep returning in his career.

This long historical preamble leads us to the aptly titled *End To End. Journal Violone* was Phillips' debut as a 'leader'. *End To End* is to be the final recording under his name. Few artists have the opportunity for bookending their careers so gloriously. And, simply put, the album is gorgeous. This is the kind of document that the famed sound of ECM, founded by a former bassist in Manfred Eicher, was made for—to hear the three-dimensionality of every swipe of the bow, each pluck of the finger, all the intakes of breath that make this album so human.

What is most admirable here is the ever-present internal logic across each of three suites, "Quest", "Inner Door" and "Outer Window". We are never lost following Phillips' excursions. His use of arco, pizzicato, col legno, majestic double stops, overtone manipulation and other techniques is, unlike some other solo bass albums, fully in the service of the tapestry he is weaving. Phillips isn't trying to do too much and, as a result, has accomplished so much more. He returns to variations of a lovely, mournful theme, tying together the 43 minutes and half a century.

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