



Jack Walrath

s and r Vestigium

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cs, woodwind), Peter
h Seth Bennett (b),
chael Somerset
(m Macari (t), Lee
ater (laptop), James
Michael McMillan (g),
Aby Vulliamy (viola)
Rec. date not stated

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is a Warm Puppy' is a closely arranged, joyfully twisty romp, 'Religion' hints at a dirge but ends on a major cadence and 'End the Beguine' crosses tango with off-kilter rock. And the album sounds great. Walrath and tenor saxophonist Abraham Burton are a warm front-line blend and both improvise with a controlled, cleanly articulated and confident attack. Walrath's trace of Don Cherry spike pushes his harmonically rooted style to the limit, while Burton sits each phrase with spine-tingling precision, and laces the album with the blues. There are also tributes to Bobby Timmons and 'Fathead' Newman as well as Ornette Coleman. Best of all, the rhythm section is a dream. Pianist George Burton is soulful and impressionistic in turn and drummer Donald Edwards crisp, tight and urgent. And underneath it all, Boris Kozlov's bass walks and rocks, bows beautifully on 'Beauty is a Dangerous Thing' and without fuss or fanfare, threatens to be the star turn. **Mike Hobart**

Kamasi Washington The Epic

Brainfeeder BFCD050 ★★★★★
Recommended

Kamasi Washington (ts), Thundercat, Miles Mosley (b), Ronald Bruner Jr, Tony Austin, (d) Patrice Quinn (v), Ryan Porter (tb), Brandon Coleman and Cameron Graves (p, kys) plus strings. Rec. date not stated



The title is not to be taken lightly. In numbers it translates as: 3CDs; 17 songs; 32-piece orchestra;

20-piece choir; 10-piece band. With scale being such a defining feature of this music it is also worth noting that there are 172 minutes to contend with, and it is to

penchant for long-form pieces in which melodic lines are ornate anthems wrapped in finely shaded orchestral threads. Although music industry marketers will inevitably tag this as 'spiritual jazz' the dominant aesthetic thankfully avoids any of the sub-genre's clichés, such is Washington's desire to draw together references that are refreshingly disparate. In real terms that means that the all-important choral basis of the music – mostly sleek soprano lines that soar around the themes like a volley of flutes and piccolos – blends Horace Silver and Pharoah Sanders from the 1980s rather than 70s (think the former's *The Continuity Of Spirit* and the latter's *Heart Is A Melody*), while some of the rhythmic and harmonic content has the authoritative, dark-to-light stance of the great Horace Tapscott's Pan Afrikan People's Arkestra. Washington's own playing, with his dry, stark tone and concise, clenched phrasing is impressive, but the greatest achievement of this work is the newness that springs from a deep historical root. Moving from hard swing to funk to some of the digital age sensibilities scoped out by Thundercat, this is an album of progressive present day thinking that willfully acknowledges its debt to the past, as befits the ongoing relationship between the two. So if there is a sample of a Malcolm X

speech it is relevant to the current political debate: There's nothing wrong with being a Muslim. There is something very right about the premise and execution of this work.

Kevin Le Gendre

Zu Cortar Todo

Ipecac IPC-168 ★★★★★

Massimo Pupillo (el b), Luca T Mai (bs), Gabe Serbian (d), with Joey Karam (kys), Stefano Pilla (g, b) and Maestro Gilberto Mahua Ochavano (v). Rec. July 2014

Goodnight Civilization was one of the prime artefacts to emerge from the weightier extremities of jazz/no-wave last year. Introducing new recruit Gabe Serbian (The Locust) to the fold, the EP marked an intensification of Zu's already bruising post-Painkiller belligerence, refocusing the trio's mutant low-slung funks beyond the asteroid fields to uncharted celestial regions, voyaging like The Thing's cybernetic scion, or a more malevolent alternative to Norwegian black jazz magi, Shining. *Cortar Todo*, the unit's first full-length album in five years, continues with the heavy interstellar vibes, punctuating the rapid rhythmical lurch of 'Orbital Equilibria' and the all-burners-firing savagery of 'Rudra Dances Over Burning Room' with palate-cleansing palliatives. These latter ambient transmissions, such as the unsettling 'Serpens Cauda', assail the avalanche of blast beats and Brötzmann-style bawl, languidly migrating over Red Planet ranges like a phantom division of John Carpenter's dead creeping insidiously across the contours of Bastard Noise's *Rogue Astronaut*. Elsewhere, 'The Unseen War' suggests the appealing spectacle of Fantômas flagellating a pair of Madness' saggy slacks, before mercifully crushing Suggs and co stealthily underfoot. This is the rancorous reach elevating *Cortar Todo* above the countless slug-baiters bludgeoning our battered brains with ever-blunter weapons.

Spencer Grady

Massimo Pupillo of Zu



Speed

im Burton (ts),
Kozlov (b) and