

moran's vibraphone toots you into thinking you're hearing a harpsichord.

Highlights are the two Steve Lacy compositions "Somebody Special" and "Art". "Somebody Special", is a simple melody based off of an Indian Raga scale that lends itself beautifully to the droning vamping pedal tone treatment given it by bassist Massimo Biolcati and the fine drum work of Take Toriyama. The well constructed polyphonic soloing of alto-saxophonist Jeremy Udden builds to a marching momentum until Monika's nursery rhyme delivery of Brian Gysin's introspective words cuts through with sonorous clarity, precisely joining in unison for a perfect landing. "Art" is the last cut on the CD and the one that focuses the most on sound and abstract ideas—its dark tone and dreamlike atmosphere is representative of the creative formula by which this project came into being and which is summed up in Herman Melville's words, "what unlike things must meet and mate". The collective improvisation works well within the structure of the intricate composition and achieves the outcome with reverence and contemplation.

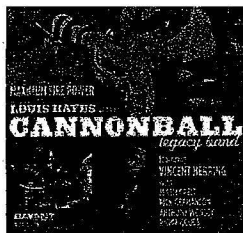
Recorded and mixed in 2005 by Joel Hamilton and Ted Young at Studio G in Brooklyn, New York, one of the most appealing characteristics of *Bright* is its visual as well as aural aspects achieved through the expertly blended acoustic and electric sounds that synergistically move and mutate throughout the CD allowing for the various textures to take shape on their own, naturally.

Something this non-trite and non-cliché should be every musicians' final hope for any creative project's outcome. *Bright* is a conceptual venture that reveals an understanding of where songs come from. The art of song is something we no longer see in mainstream jazz primarily because of the fear of not selling records or getting air-play on the other-than-college radio stations or ruffling the feathers of the so-called keepers of the flame. Thus, the interpreters have run out of ideas and have become inept at using the ideas of others—recycling everything that has gone before and calling it "carrying on the tradition" while ignoring the fact that the catalyst for jazz in the first place was something called discovery. Vocalist, poet, composer, arranger, Monika Heidemann, has accomplished something very important with her 2006 release *Bright* in that she has made something boldly different, courageously and honestly inspiring in the true tradition of jazz music. I think most people would agree that the Monika H. Band is creating some very good art.

Louis Hayes and the Cannonball Legacy Band

MAXIMUM FIREPOWER—Savant SCD 2078. www.jazzdepot.com. *Jessica's Birthday, This Here, Lisa, Little Boy with the Sad Eyes, The Two of Them, Sweet Georgia Bright, New Delhi, Sack o' Woe, Autumn Leaves, Unit 7.*

PERSONNEL: Louis Hayes, drums; Vincent Herring, alto saxophone; Jeremy Pelt, trumpet,



coronet; flugelhorn; Rick Germanson, piano; Anthony Wonsey, piano; Richie Goods, bass.

By Peter Steinberger

This terrific CD pays joyous tribute to Cannonball Adderley. If the man himself is listening up there, he has a big smile on his face.

Tributes to Cannon—and there have been several recent ones—are long overdue while the world of hard bop may have revolved principally around Blakey and Blue Note, the Adderley brothers were certainly a serious factor in their own right. (Notwithstanding Blue Note's justly revered *Somethin' Else*—which featured not a working band but a pickup group, albeit one of the greatest pickup groups imaginable—Adderley was basically a Riverside artist.) No one played hard bop better than Cannon, and the best of his bands were simply smashing: hip compositions, sparking ensemble work, soloists with chops to burn, an irresistible soul-bop sensibility that seamlessly blended the high art of modernism with the folk art of the sanctified church.

Those very same virtues are amply on display here. Hayes—legendary patriarch of the session—was, along with Bobby Timmons, the main direct link between the Adderleys and the world of Blue Note, having been with Horace Silver before joining Cannon. Not a bad apprenticeship. Now he leads a quintet of young(ish) fire-breathers in a celebration of the Adderley band's buoyant, irrepressible sound.

The tunes are cleverly, and democratically, chosen: just one—the classic but much neglected "Little Boy with the Sad Eyes" by Brother Nat (the Adderley band's best writer), along with Cannon's own hard-driving "Sack o' Woe," as well as marvelous compositions by no less than four Adderley sidemen of note: Charles Lloyd, Victor Feldman, Sam Jones, and Timmons (whose soul-bop anthem "This Here" is surprisingly played in four rather than the original three, to nice effect). It was a great book—the Adderleys especially loved nasty, deep-grooving vamps—and it sounds as fresh today as it did four decades ago.

Is Vincent Herring the leading altoist of the moment? Could well be. His performance here is outstanding, even stunning. Yes, the attack and sound are largely derivative. He channels Cannon with uncanny, even spooky accuracy; it's hard to believe that he didn't learn to play by listening to those old Riverside records for hours on end. But the lines themselves are clean, boisterous, exciting, brilliantly inventive and entirely new. He also eats up-tempo alive. This is jazz playing at a very high level.

The level is matched—very nearly exceeded—by Pelt, who offers one knock-your-socks-off solo after another: alterna-

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CARLA WHITE a voice in the night

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tively funky and pensive, brassy without mute and ruminative with. He, too, pays respectful homage, sounding utterly Natural at times and playing cornet as well as trumpet and flugelhorn. But his facility, meaty tone, sure-footed intonation and soaring ideas put him squarely in the Brown-Byrd-Morgan-Hubbard tradition, and he embraces that tradition with swagger and poise. Without putting too fine a point on it: Brother Nat's got absolutely nothing on this guy.

The high-octane, super-charged rhythm section—the CD is aptly named—fairly explodes with exuberant brilliance, and all of them contribute first-rate solos. If these guys weren't having a blast making this CD, then it's hard to know what having a blast means. Hayes himself plays an awful lot of drums here—he seems especially partial to the triplet these days—but he plays them fabulously well. Approaching his 70th year, his powers and his energy are completely undiminished. I doubt that I've ever heard him sound better.

As a tribute to a band, a book and a beloved giant of American music, this CD—following up on Hayes's also excellent "Dreamin' of Cannonball" (TCB 2002)—succeeds at every level. But more than anything else, it's a tribute to the power of Cannonball (and the percussionist who is now his musical executor) to inspire a generation of massively talented and seriously accomplished 30- and 40-somethings to pursue the very highest levels of mainstream jazz, and to produce a knock-out of an album that—blasphemous though it may be to say—compares