

NEW ISSUES



Julian Priester by Ken Weiss

CHARACTERISTIC PITCHES WITH ROBIN EUBANKS MULTITUDE

SILTA 906

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COMMON NONSENSE. 79:54.

Paolo Lattanzi, d, comp, arr;
Eubanks, tbn (1,4-8,10,11); Daniel
Rosenthal, tpt; Rick Stone, as;
Leteris Kordis, p;
Greg Loughman, b.
Aug 19&20, 2009, Boston, MA.

modern ironies. But his singing is amateurishly difficult to listen to: nasal, intermittently flat, and emotionally uninvolved. He obviously has some sort of following; this appears to be his seventh CD, and the notes advertise a CD/DVD package of *America's Greatest Songs* that includes "You Will Be My Music" and "Jailhouse Rock." But while reading the melody straight, Feroni often hits off-pitch notes. Even the presence of Dena DeRose (who can sing and improvise) doesn't make this CD listenable. Had this been parody, it would have been painfully amusing in small doses: but it's clear that Feroni is singing as well as he can.

Sylvia Bennett, the star of (5), is a competent singer with a breathy, intimate style. Her voice is always attractive to the ear, but this CD never goes beyond late-Sixties Easy Listening. For those who yearn for the Golden Era of Eydie Gorme, Lainie Kazan, and Vicki Carr, this CD will be a refreshing interlude. However, Bennett delivers lyrics flatly, as if every word meant the same thing. When she sings of "Witchcraft," the spells seem pedestrian, easily avoided. Competent pop, no more.

Michael Steinman

Everything is in place for this session by a collective (Characteristic Pitches) of young players—with ringer trombonist Robin Eubanks sitting in on most numbers—playing a set of originals by drummer Lattanzi. Those compositions with ephemeral melodies provide intriguing frameworks to challenge the players, and everyone rises to the challenge, though it's no surprise that Eubanks tends to rise a little higher with his robust style where even the spaces between notes resonate. But trumpeter Rosenthal, alto saxophonist Stone and pianist Kordis also fully engage the essence of Lattanzi's work. And the rhythm section with bassist Loughman flows through the tunes' structures and responds to the soloists. So what's not to like? Nothing. What's to love though? I kept putting this on because I expected to like it more after a strong first impression—those compositions and Eubanks, and to some extent Rosenthal's probing chromatic lines—but I was left feeling more appreciative than moved. "So Many Puppets Around" realizes the promise most. It opens with a jaunty head that bounces back on itself. Eubanks is in typically fine form and the horns jump in with a tight figure leading into Stone's acerbic spot. The piece closes with a reprise of that interlude figure. This recital is undeniably skillfully rendered.

David Dupont