



**HEINER STADLER,  
BRAINS ON FIRE,  
LABOR 7069**

CD 1: NO EXERCISE / THREE PROBLEMS / HEIDI / BEA'S FLAT, 60:13. CD 2: LOVE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AIR (ALTERNATE MASTER) / U.C.S. / ALL TONES / THE FUGUE NO. 2 (TAKE 1/ORIGINAL MASTER), 72:09.

satisfying set overall.

Jason Bivins

This is a killer reissue from the composer, pianist, and bandleader Stadler, expanded to include extra material from the original sessions. For the most part, the music is vintage free-bop, brought off marvelously by a series of fantastic lineups. Shifting pulse-tracks define the opener, with fine turns from Jimmy Owens, a blistering Washington, and the leader, whose fractured, fragmented lines and chords provide an interestingly tensile presence. Stadler leads different configurations through urgent, positively churning music like "Three Problems," where Workman and White are punishing, Washington soaring with a real emotional commitment. There's a severe, even sour edge to the drift and texture of "Heidi," buoyed by incredible arco from Workman, some inside-piano clouds, and pinched tones from Washington. This piece slowly rolls out into a unison stutter that's quite compelling. With "Bea's Flat," we switch over the Europe and the Big Band of the North German Radio Station. It's a glorious showcase for full-throated brass and the band as a whole digs into the big shouting arrangement that makes the fullest use of the ensemble's dynamic range. Here we have Dudek with a quizzical solo over rolling toms, Schoof and

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## New Issues

Collective personnel:  
Heiner Stadler (p, cond),  
Jimmy Owens (tpt), Tyrone  
Washington (ts, flt), Garnett  
Brown (tbn), Reggie  
Workman (b), Brian Brake  
(d), Lenny White (d), Dee  
Dee Bridgewater (vcl), Joe  
Farrell (ts), Don Friedman  
(p), Barre Phillips (b), Joe  
Chambers (d), Manfred  
Schoof (tpt), Gerd Dudek (ts),  
Albert Mangelsdorff (tbn),  
Wolfgang Dauner (p), Lucas  
Lindholm (b), Tony Inzalaco  
(d), The Big Band of the  
North German Radio Station,  
Dieter Glawischning (cond).  
December 1966 and July  
& October 1973, New York  
City; July - September 1971,  
Teaneck, NJ; February 1974,  
Germany

**META MARIE LOUISE,  
SUNNY SPOTS,  
METONIC 0004**

CONTACT KID / DEATH  
AND DISCIPLINE /  
GENETIC ENGINEERING /  
GRAMAMA'S FLOWER POTS  
/ PATCHWORK / AIR / NO. 8  
/ ZYTSPIU / BLACK, WHITE  
AND COLOR / MARIE VS  
LOUISE / MICROPHYSICAL  
EXERCISE / DREAMACHINE /  
INTELLECTUAL LABOR, 40:49.  
Max Usata (vcl), Momo (vcl),  
Marc Stucki (ss, ts, bcl, flt,  
elec, vcl), Manuel Engel  
(kybd, elec), Kevin Chesham  
(d). No recording dates or  
locations given.

Mangelsdorff ace on the brass, and so many different pinwheeling sub-sections and cross-cutting lines, bright color and counterpoint everywhere (Dauner's piano here fully channels the probing, idiosyncratic style of the composer). The second disc opens with a killer duet for Workman and Bridgewater, and it's great to hear the vocalist in such an open context, her rhythmic inventiveness and tonal range proving a capable match for the great bassist: "I love you, I trust you. It's my turn, it's your turn." We're treated to a return of the blistering quartet with Washington and Workman on "U.C.S." and the spacious, rubbery "All Tones." Perhaps most fascinatingly, there's a real treat with "The Fugue #2" where a crack 1966 sextet of Owens, Farrell, Brown, Friedman, Phillips, and Chambers dazzles throughout as the ride that knife-edge between free-bop and free. Fabulous stuff.

Jason Bivins

This record was a tough one to stomach. The players seem to have their sights on the right kind of music, sitting at the intersection of the noise scene, free jazz, and basement punk. But to my ears, both ideas and musicianship fell consistently short of the mark. The basic sound is semi-distorted atmospheric, heavy on warbling sax, and repetitive keyboard and drum grooves. I was reminded frequently of those WOO Revelator sessions that popped up regularly nearly a decade ago, with music that's gritty but often amateurish sounding. In fairness, the musicians try hard to achieve some dynamic range. But it just doesn't seem like they can quite pull it off in terms of feel, control, and technique. They're also a bit too committed to breakdowns and other faux hip-hop gestures. Additionally, as Stucki clucks painfully, it becomes obvious how weak the IDM gestures of tunes like "Death and Discipline" are. On "Genetic Engineering," the distorted vocals and instrumental perambulations sound like Lightning Bolt sound-checking, while the muttering, spindly playing on "No. 8" seems uncertain as to exactly which idiom it's referencing (the spacy, low-end tattoo "Air" is far more effective). I'm quite simply befuddled by why improvisers would want to explore