

sticker Dean Spunt keeps his foot to the floor, guiding their songs around by the nose like a fresh-baked pie with agile cartoon legs. Spunt also sings, which might explain his penchant for his single-pedal—when you are responsible for rhythm and melody you tend to consolidate your attack. He's a big believer in the K.I.S.S. method (Keep It Simple Spunt), and his narrow focus both hinders and helps the duo get over, more the former than the latter in a live setting. *Everything in Between* is tight and all, but I find myself flashing back to their live show. The tandem, while familiar with each other to the point of instinct, put forth a pretty uneven batch. *Weirdo Rippers* seems a long way off, those gorgeous explorations taken down a shade. A lot of times, when bands strip things down, they're trying to sound like they do onstage, on-record. Their intentions unclear to me, all I can do is assume they did what they felt was right. I just wish I could figure out why *Everything in Between* doesn't quite HIT hard enough. It's like the latest Wavves record, without those two-to-three songs that just MURder and, at the very least, make for good mixtape fodder. **Grant Purdum**

**No Mor Musik**  
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UGEXPLODE CD

**Mark Edwards-Weasel Walter Group**  
*Blood of the Earth*  
UGEXPLODE CD

**Weasel Walter**  
*Invasion*  
UGEXPLODE CD

No Mor Musik is the trio of Kenny Millions (né Keshavan Maslak) on tenor saxophone, clarinet, guitar and vocals; Weasel Walter (usually a drummer, but heard here on six-string electric bass); and on drums and vocals, the mysterious Nondor Nevai, a member of the group To Live and Shave in L.A. 2 as well as a composer in his own right who practically defined the term "Brutal Prog." Even if this date appears to be collectively improvised (indeed, the six pieces here were culled from many hours of tape), Nevai's frenetic, high-octane athleticism and throaty shouts are decidedly front and center. Free jazz, progressive music, no wave and metal may have been blurred elsewhere, but it's hard to

imagine it having ever been done more powerfully. "No Mor Song" is a cathartic whirlwind, a sludgy stew of six-string bass, guitar feedback, saxophone peals, occasional yells, growls, acid declarations, and Nevai's take on a blast beat. When Millions stretches his multiphonics over a pounding rhythm section like James Chance in hyper-speed, the trio's unwavering audacity is clear.

*Blood of the Earth* is the second volume of an ongoing collaboration between Walter and drummer Marc Edwards, whose most high-profile work has been with Cecil Taylor and David S. Ware. Though their first disc, *Mysteries of the Deep*, featured a rotating cast, the lineup has solidified to a sextet with bassist Adam Lane, saxophonists Darius Jones and Elliott Levin, and trumpeter Forbes Graham. The band's closest affinity is the hell-bent-for-leather free music captured on looser Actual and ESP sides, albeit played with a punkish gnash and recorded in crisp fidelity. Lane's bass is supported by distortion pedals, and Jones and Graham produce a canvas of glos-solalia that's far from even traditional "atonality." Yet as fierce as the set is, there is an undercurrent of—dare I say it—swing. Graham's trumpet has a fat, full sound reminiscent of Jacques Coursil's pre-bop bravura, while Levin's tenor and flute work has a burnished gravitas. While obviously "of the now," *Blood of the Earth* is a good old-fashioned free-jazz blowout, sometimes lyrical but in no way pristine.

Since Walter's recent work has mostly been improvised, it's easy to forget that some of his outfits, like the Flying Luttenbachers, actually played compositions. With *Invasion* Walter returns to the drummer-composer role. The four pieces here feature guitarist Henry Kaiser, reedman Vinny Golia, trumpeter Liz Allbee, bassists John Lindberg and Damon Smith, and percussionist William Winant—a cross-section of California heavies. It's amazing what a little compositional input can do in this context—short bursts at marked intervals on "Nautilus Rising" act as a linking thread while horsehair flies, blasts of air heat up the proceedings, and phrases contract and expand. A loose, rockish march from Winant might act as the keystone for trilling trumpet, soprano and arco bass, while in Walter's hands, the music yields a more angular athleticism,

evolving into long-tone collectivity teased by continual percussive staccato. There's a sick-sweet cruelty to "Flesh Strata," drums played off one another in hacking, Toy Killers-like lock-step while guitar, trumpet and bass clarinet slide through a bent tone-row. Passages of extreme front-line density never stray too far from the rhythmic onslaught, Kaiser's flinty comping and jittery accents a winy prod to Walter's juggernaut and the incisive flutter of soprano, bowed bass and trumpet. *Invasion* is one of the best documents of Walter's Bay Area work, and it will be interesting to see how composition winds its way back into his arsenal.

**Clifford Allen**

**William Parker  
Jason Kao Hwang  
Will Connell, Jr.  
Zen Matsuura**  
*Commitment: The Complete Recordings*  
1981/1983  
No Business Records CD x 2

No Business Records continues their documentation of neglected loft-era free jazz with this package supplementing the sole release by the group *Commitment* with a previously unissued concert performance from Germany. These count among the first recordings of all four of the group's members, as well as being an early convergence of free jazz and Asian folk music. This collective quartet formed when saxophonist Will Connell, Jr., a veteran of Horace Tapscott and Chico Hamilton's groups, met violinist Jason Kao Hwang at the Basement Workshop, a center for Asian-American politics and poetry. The first (unrecorded) version of the group featured bassist Jay Oliver and briefly, drummer Denis Charles, before the rhythm section was restocked with William Parker and Zen Matsuura.

These four gigged around NY in the early '80s, finding a home at Soundscape and, with the urging of Verna Gillis, recording an album which was first released on Hwang's Flying Panda record label. The five pieces from the album chart an original sound. Hwang's non-tempered harmonic sense marries Chinese string music and the searing intensity of free jazz. Connell switches between alto, flute, bass clarinet, and wood flutes, bringing a folkloric exoticism to the group sound. Parker hadn't quite

hit the lithe muscularity of his mature style, but he's still readily identifiable and provides a stalwart center to the music. Matsuura was a fortuitous find as a drummer, his lithe pulse and keen ear for textural playing integral to the group sound.

On the studio session the group moves through stately declarations of the heads (composed by Connell, Parker, and Hwang) and then spark off on impressionistic explorations that take their time to develop. Hwang and Connell sometimes stoke things with incendiary solos, but for much of the session they build improvisations from the dark hues of breathy alto and flute and quavering string inflections. Parker's bass lines bubble along, countering the other two as Matsuura's splashes and tuned rolls provide coloristic contrast and open momentum. But they also crank things up: sample the impassioned solos by Connell, Hwang and Matsuura on the violinists' "No Name."

The rest of disc one and all of disc two contain a live recording from the 1983 Moers Festival; what it lacks in sound quality, it more than makes up for with sheer energy. From the outset, the group locks in on a collective pulse and pushes the music along with coursing vitality. Two pieces stretch past the 20-minute mark, the musicians reveling in open-form sections for small percussion instruments, whistles, flutes, and percussive bass. There are also some splendidly thunderous excursions: listen, for instance, to Connell's scorching solo and Hwang's cyclone zeal on "Diary for One Night," which set the stage for Parker to take off on the kind of rolling bass solo he has made his own over the ensuing years. Sure, the improvisations wander a bit at times, but the music's energy offers plenty of rewards. **Michael Rosenstein**

**Kevin Parks  
Joe Foster**  
*Acts Have Consequences*  
self-issued CD x 2

Based in Seoul, Korea, expats Kevin Parks and Joe Foster are part of a small but active scene of electro-acoustic improvisation documented on labels like Manual and Balloon & Needle. The two put out the well-received *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt* a few years back, and this self-released effort is a worthy follow-up. There are eight pieces over two CDs; each builds gradually, the discrete

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**ug 44 Marc Edwards/Weasel Walter Group**

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GROUP



'Blood of the Earth' CD \$14  
HARD FREE JAZZ w/ double drums feat. Darius Jones, Adam Lane, Elliott Levin and Forbes Graham. All fast, all furious all the time.

**ug 42 Orthrelm - s/t CD \$14**

an anthology of the band's insane pre-OV output remixed from the original tapes by Colin Marston (Krallice, etc.) This is pure BRUTAL PROG at it's most fast, intense and relentless.

**ug 41 NO MOR MUSIK CD \$14**

SICK punk/jazz/dada featuring mythic madman Nondor Nevai with Weasel Walter and Kenny Millions. Indescribable, bizarre, bilious, abstract, hallucinatory death/free/aktionist confusion.