



Bridges & Chris Cheek
South Lamar Boulevard
CD Ref. brownie 18 | petit indie 2013

1. Furn Esh Shebbak
2. Banter
3. Free Improvisation
4. Anedònia
5. January 11th
6. Serendipia
7. Loser's Cafe
8. Snails
9. Pau
10. Artlessness
11. The Album
12. South Lamar Boulevard

Alfons Bertran (drums)
Guillem Callejón (guitar)
Dimas Corbera (double bass)
Chris Cheek (saxophone)
David Soler (pedal steel & guitar)

Recorded and mixed by
David Casamitjana.

DISCOGRAPHY



Bridges & Chris Cheek South Lamar Boulevard

The project Bridges has not stopped growing since the beginning of its career with the self-titled album *Bridges* (Quadrant, 2009). Soon came *Mans* (Quadrant, 2011), a giant leap with the addition of the guitarist and composer David Soler. Now Chris Cheek's unfading art joins the group of four, to offer with the unassuming humility of the genius something as difficult as the emotional nakedness. There is no voyeurism here worthwhile, simple realization that things of worth should be displayed openly, as direct as possible. Five friends making music of high octane and contrasted beauty.

It is easy to make analogies with building bridges, but there is a must to recognize that the music offered by this young trio has graduated with honors in creating structures that unite banks to be solace for lovers of good music regardless of genres. In the music of Bridges there is a high degree of improvisation, but it may not be unreasonable to assume that it is a true finding of the very nature of man, the bold man, indeed. In their third work *South Lamar Boulevard*, boldness is shown in abundance.

The result of the incorporation of Chris Cheek to the group enhances the atmospheric texture that already characterized the trio since its inception. The saxophonist expands the base sound with his ability to express the intricacies of the dreamy territory that always accompanies him. His tenor engages in substantive dialogues with the guitar of Guillem Callejón, the bass of Dimas Corbera and the drums of Alfons Bertran, harmonizing his voice with the guitar of David Soler, in what it is a high-scale emotional fusion.

So the quintet settles accounts with the jazz tradition that has opened itself to root music, in which *Americana* and *Country*

are linked to the cinematic atmosphere of vast prairies, centenary trees and large rivers. That all this becomes an illusory journey tinges the music of Bridges with certain melancholy, but nostalgia soon turns into reverie, as if hope was always the right path to reach the destination.

The group enjoys what can be sensed as real and attends the spectacle of seeing the wonder of emotional connection between the group and the guests in live performances. The pleasant mood lasts beyond the concert, so it is not idle to talk of long-term experience. The vibrations produced by the late phrases of Chris Cheek, the embracing rhythm and the captivating guitars from parallel sides make memory to end up carving a straight road to the pleasure center, that place of brain reward, becoming addictive for being so busy.

Music of quiet sunsets, with the exception that here the sun doesn't set, as if unwilling to go away for not missing anything of the miracle of this unusual music, monstrous in its strangeness, of accomplished prodigy and rarity.

The pedal steel guitar of David Soler combines with Chris Cheek to draw harmonies bordering on vocal sounds for their eloquence and adjustment capacity. The stories told refer to psychic landscapes, to places that arise from the senses to become a favorite place for the rest of the vital mismatch. The illusory spirals of the tenor sax with which Chris Cheek rocks the soul are a must listen. Also, the guitar transparencies of Callejón and Soler —blessed solos in *Serendipia*— are not far from the findings of Kurt Rosenwinkel or Ben Monder, sometimes couples of the saxophonist from New York. The relationship with the peculiar narrative forms of Jeremy Udden, those calm times, are beginning to build a solid foundation from which to



In the area of feelings, there are chasms between people that cannot be crossed with words. However, music can help to build bridges. —bridges—

Bridges &
Chris Cheek



understand new ways of approaching improvised musics that try to hold fast to the third millennium. So it is confirmed the avantgarde refining of Country, the quintet protected in the eternal value of the melody, in the states of transition between sleep and wakefulness, in that half-sleep where everything is possible, because the borders fade with minimal effort.

The album could be in continuous play, hoping that certain states of happiness never conclude. Although it may be worth giving up for a time this welfare soundtrack, until we recognize that we are jonesing for it. The solution, then, is obvious: *South Lamar Boulevard* directly into the vein.

Music for emotional journeys behind the wheel of a Cadillac, or on the flower leather sofa of the living room. Music that refuses everything that does not have overtones of nobility. Anything else should expect a better opportunity to be seen.

Finally, we will not be afraid to talk about Beauty, well capitalized, when arising the name of Bridges Trio in conversation. There is no blush when it is imposed with the force of truth the musical power of the trio and its luxury guests. Ready to dream, if the guitar with easel of David Soler didn't travel through the compositions, it would not be a bad company a Fender Rodes or a Whirlitzer, but that pedal steel is not a substitute, but a substantial part of what the group knows best to offer when finding similar sap. All feeds, of course, but there are areas that enhance the already valuable: Bridges Trio have joined the nutrients Chris Cheek and David Soler with spectacular results. If the saxophonist could be imagined as a fortuitous cross between Stan Getz and Charles Lloyd, the horizontal guitarist would not be out as an hybridation between Daniel Lanois and Grez Leisz.

Fathers, perhaps many, but the maternal genetics of the renewed Bridges endured since its inception: the trademark is self-demand, the extent of looking, daring to face the challenges of the future and, of course, a great deal of excellence, that allows them to cope projects with the security of the elect: Guillem Callejón (guitar), Dimas Corbera (bass) and Alfons Bertran (drums) fly very high already. Take a seat for this sunset suspended on the horizon that is *South Lamar Boulevard*. Today they have become a quintet. What jazz has joined together, let no man put asunder.

Enrique Turpin / musical journalist



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