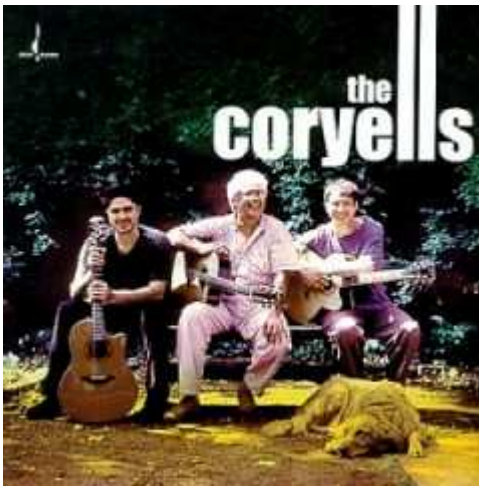


The Coryells

Larry Coryell, Julian Coryell, and Murali Coryell

Perhaps the inventor of the oft-misused jazz-rock idiom, guitarist Larry Coryell can now claim a most unlikely feat. He's the father of a veritable guitar dynasty, or at least that's what The Coryells seems to demonstrate.



From the charged, three-part suite that opens this album to the closing track, Coryell and his sons (Murali and Julian) are fantastically dialed in to a guitar virtuosity that's matched by Chesky Records' pristine audiophile setting. Larry stands out, of course, but sometimes just barely. He's awash in gushing strums when the threesome is cooking, and he's enveloped elsewhere in Murali's bluesy vocals and guitar.

Percussionist Alphonse Mouzon and bassist Brian Torff acquit themselves gingerly in the sonic recesses, framing the guitars with perceptible but not driving rhythmic forces. Many guitar-rich sessions are too closely aimed only at musicians. Here, Murali's vocals (especially) on Mingus's "Goodbye Porkpie Hat" make it clear that this is a session both fiercely talent laden and entertaining.

--Andrew Bartlett