

**CEDAR WALTON QUARTET**

**“Bluesville Time” (Criss Cross Jazz 1017)**

**Recorded: Monster, 21 April 1985**

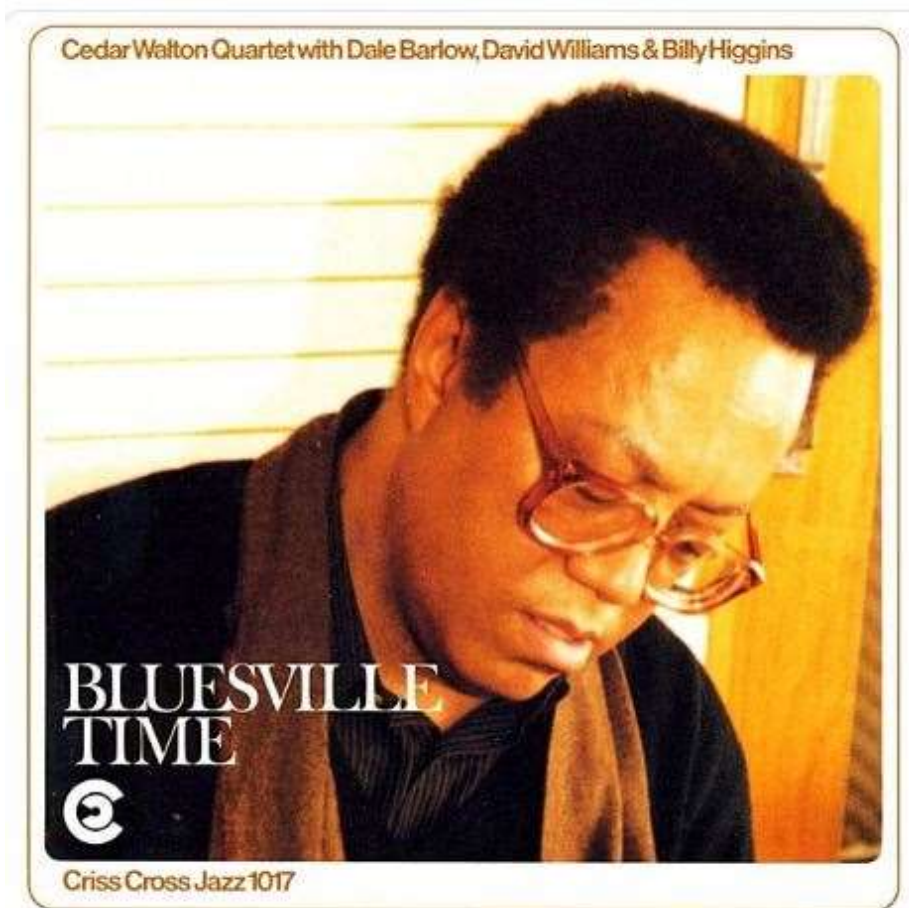
***Rubberman; Naima; Bluesville; I Remember Clifford; Ojos De Rojos***

**Album Review by Richard Cook**

**Artists: Cedar Walton (piano), Dale Barlow (reeds), David Williams (bass), Billy Higgins (drums).**

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*[This review appeared in the UK magazine “The Wire”, May, 1986, Issue 27.]*



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*\*Richard Cook was a British jazz writer, magazine editor and former record company executive. A writer on music from the late 1970s until he died in 2007, he edited “The Wire” for seven years, and was co-author, with Brian Morton, of “The Penguin Guide to Jazz Recordings”, which lasted for ten editions until 2010.*

**W**ALTON'S REP IS CAPITAL-LETTER musician — the sort of pianist every cat wants in their band, because he knows every chord, each turnaround, has an eloquent fill at every moment, and a touch you could count feathers with. As a result, maybe, he's not all that exciting to listen to: but this outing has some excellent guts in the form of Dale Barlow.

Barlow is a young Australian tenorman with a terrific air of authority. He comes broadly out of the usual Rollins—Coltrane lineage, without any slavish imitation, and if we've heard a lot of these licks before they're delivered with a vibrant freshness. The outstanding moments come in *Naima*: this is a sunny rendition where Barlow shines over the angularities of Trane's style and comes up with a reading different to anybody's.



*Dale Barlow: a young Australian tenorman with a terrific air of authority...*  
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Where, in Walton's opening solo, a mood of acquiescence is set up, Barlow manages to make the music harder without banging it to pieces. His solo has a pessimistic minor streak that a crying tone carries off ideally, and the buoyancy of the rhythm section stops grimness creeping in.

Elsewhere there's a neat Walton original in *Ojos De Rojos*, some politely funky business-in *Bluesville* and a dreamy turn through *I Remember Clifford*. Walton must have played this tune often, and his own thinking is glib, but Barlow is altogether more pointed.

Very worthwhile, with the bonus of Billy Higgins at his most stirring throughout.