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Three intuitive solutions manifested themselves. Strangely the most obvious: to go with the flow and adopt an all-out power trio approach was used only sparingly. But once taken, it really delivered on the excitement, with Dunmall false-fingering to modulate and vary the tonality, speaking in tongues through overblowing, and availing himself of the middle and lower registers to thicken the density of his lines. To be heard amid this mayhem, Kane had to saw frantically or even resort to repeatedly striking the strings with his bow for percussive effect. More contrasting was the option of pitting sparse sustained notes against Bianco's polyrhythmic rumble, setting up a tension between Dunmall's ruminative tenor saxophone with its elemental yet bucolic cries, abetted by Kane's gentle almost subliminal plucks on bass, and the churning drums. Later, long-held soprano notes evoked a foghorn through the mist, while a spare pedal point from the bass proposed a calm amid the storm. However, the most frequent approach was one of measured tale-spinning, realized through call and response exchanges between the saxophonist and the bassist, atop the drummer's sonic gyre.

One of the trio's strongest suits was the winning blend between Kane's bass, particularly with bow in hand, and Dunmall's inventive full-toned tenor saxophone. In fact, Kane's signature sound was the fantastic high arco tracery of visceral yelps extracted by bowing just above the bridge of his bull fiddle, utilized with great efficacy throughout. Alert to Dunmall's trajectory, the bassist responded to a soprano saxophone squeal by straightaway sawing a squealing arco rejoinder. His intense and physical bowing, his face screwed up tightly, also defined his solo. With the rapid to-and-fro, quick-fingered modulation producing a litany of wavering cries.

Dunmall has carved out a world-wide reputation for himself, garnering plaudits wherever he appears, with his participation in the Profound Sound Trio just the most recent manifestation. Fundamental to this recognition are his unfathomable depths of invention and ostensible lack of rote defaults. His artistry bears regular observation and repeated listening. Against Bianco's tumult the reedman paced himself admirably, posing balanced phrases, then pausing before launching another. Building but not repeating, his constructions took on a rough-hewn beauty. At times his pauses lengthened, as if considering what worked and what didn't, but gradually, inexorably, the phrases become longer, the contours more undulating, the pauses shorter until he was crouching low for deep gutbucket blasts punctuating his enthralling tirades. One could only concur with drummer Hamid Drake's opinion of Dunmall's talent voiced on the illuminating DVD portrait *Deep* (FMR, 2009) where he says: "the beautiful thing about Paul is that he has his own voice. He has the thing that most musicians are searching for, but only few find."

As already intimated Bianco was a perpetual-motion dynamo, a force of nature like a waterfall or a bursting dam unleashing a rhythmic torrent, then seeming powerless to stop until spent. Although he might have started quietly on occasion, as in a spacious duet with Kane, where he deployed one mallet and one stick on cymbals and toms, he always finished up in the same place—an avalanche of hypnotic sound: a rumbling stasis derived from constant motion.

When it came, the ending was cathartic. Everyone upped the already considerable intensity. Dunmall increased his velocity, fluttering on his straight horn, as the bassist was reduced to a hard strum on a repeated note. Bianco's head was swinging from side to side while his hands were a blur. Kane added a wordless incantation to the saxophonist's speech-like soprano muezzin call, like a ghostly echo above the thundering turbulence, conjuring a majestic almost shamanistic cadence before Bianco's gong-like cymbals ushered in the close, much appreciated by select audience on this cold winter's night.

By the end, metaphor had matched reality. They were truly on fire.

(John Sharpe)



**tracklistings:**

1. Ritual Beyond
2. Feathered Stone
3. Saraswati
4. Beyond Rituals

Recorded by Chris Trent at Delbury Hall 15th July 2009.