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Over oatmeal and decaf after a frosty Sunday morning run, I cooled down, then warmed up to Robert Stillman's "Horses" CD (Mill Pond Records). It was about the fourth time I had listened to it, and it really has me downright mesmerized.

Born and raised in none other than Portland, Stillman is a multi-instrumentalist/composer. The seven tracks on "Horses" are instrumentals that feature guitar, saxophone, clarinet, piano, organ and drum, all played by Stillman.

It's too easy to toss a jazz label on them because, while they certainly have a jazz heart, there's all sorts of blood being pumped through these songs.

There's a feel to it that will put you into a smiling, trance-like

state over the course of the seven-track, 43-minute album. Each song has its own distinct identity, and "Horses" sounds like something that was unearthed from a time capsule from an era before television and talking movies.

There you are, alone on a Saturday night in a strange town, and you're out walking after midnight toward the outskirts. Just when you're about to turn around and head back to who knows where, something off in the distance catches your ear. You squint and see a glimmer of neon, and then the sound becomes clearer, and the next thing you know you're sitting in the corner of a little nothing of a club listening to a kind of music that says, "Hey there, it's OK, just chill out with me for a while."

So there you sit, transfixed in your chair until the night gives way to the first slivers of daylight. Can you dig it?

Oh, and one more thing: This appearance at Space is actually a CD release show for Stillman, who has put a band together to re-create some of the magic of "Horses" in a live setting.

By the way, the band Flying, labelmates of Stillman, are also on the bill. They are the charming duo of Sarah Magenheimer and Eben Portnoy, and the stuff I listened to had a psychedelic yet

quirky simple sound that was delightfully fun and enjoyable. Kind of like Jonathan Richman meets Melanie against an experimental backdrop.

If that weren't enough reason to catch this show, there's also Portland's Seekonk. The followup to 2003's "For Barbara Lee" called "Pinkwood" is slated for a spring release. It is with bated breath that I wait to hear that one.

Seekonk with Robert Stillman and Flying, doors open at 8:30 p.m. Saturday, Space, 538 Congress, 828-5600, 18+, \$6