

A man with dark, wavy hair and a serious expression is looking down and to the left. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored, button-down shirt. The background is dark with some architectural lines on the left. The name 'FREDERIK STEENBRINK' is overlaid in the center-left. 'FREDERIK' is in red, and 'STEENBRINK' is in white with a red-to-white gradient.

FREDERIK
STEENBRINK



When we talk about American music as our country's gift to the rest of the world, we're generally referring to two closely related forms, jazz and the Great American Songbook. But in listening to this exciting new album from the excellent European singer Frederik Steenbrink, I'm struck by how these two bodies of music jointly transcend the generations as well as the continents.

In the hands of the Dutch-born, Paris-based singer, writer, composer and entertainer Frederik Steenbrink, the two forms are not only thriving, but continue to work together, each complementing and supporting the other. As rendered by Mr. Steenbrink and orchestrated by the talented arranger and drummer Philippe Maniez - and played by an ace big band featuring many of the best jazz players in Paris - these well-known songs of the '30s and '40s sound both classic and contemporary.

The format here reminds me of a classic album by the late Mel Tormé titled *My Kind of Music*. This 1961 release consisted of half classic songs by the great Broadway tunesmiths Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz, while the other half was original songs by Mel himself. Frederik employs a variation on that idea here: half of the songs are by one of the great icons of popular songwriting, the legendary Cole Porter, which alternate with worthwhile originals by Frederik and Phil.

Of the Porter songs, Frederik and the band do a particularly outstanding job with "Love for Sale"; it's the rare male singer who delivers that once-controversial song exactly as written. "You're the Top" is a welcome duet with Frederik's longtime singing partner, the formidable Isabelle Georges. I'm also particularly taken with "Anything Goes", which features an impressive baritone saxophone solo by Balthazar Naturel.

The original numbers are also noteworthy; "Stains of Love" is a highly original list song set in a lilting yet swinging pattern, "Sunday in New York" is something very interesting indeed; it's an upbeat, hard-swinging number, yet the lyrics and the story they tell is precisely the opposite of what you'd expect - In direct contrast to the melody, it's a surprisingly melancholy and downbeat tale of two lovers, not meeting, but rather breaking up.

This album proves that great American music is alive and well, all over the world.

WILL FRIEDWALD

Will Friedwald writes about music and popular culture for *The Wall Street Journal*, *Vanity Fair*, *The New York Times*, *The New York Stage Review* and other publications. He is the author of ten books, including the award-winning *A Biographical Guide To The Great Jazz And Pop Singers*, *Sinatra! The Song Is You: A Singer's Art*, *Tony Bennett: The Good Life*, and *Straighten Up and Fly Right: The Life and Music of Nat King Cole*. He has written over 600 liner notes for compact discs, received eleven Grammy nominations and appears frequently on television and other documentaries. He is also consultant and curator for Apple Music.

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1. **JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS** (C. Porter)
 2. **STAINS OF LOVE** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)
 3. **I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU** (C. Porter)
 4. **SO UNREAL** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)
 5. **ANYTHING GOES** (C. Porter)
 6. **SUNDAY IN NEW YORK** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)
 7. **I CONCENTRATE ON YOU** (C. Porter)
 8. **ALARMING SAFETY** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)
 9. **LOVE FOR SALE** (C. Porter)
 10. **NOWHERE AT ALL** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)
 11. **HOTEL AMOUR** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)
 12. **YOU'RE THE TOP** (C. Porter)
 13. **TAKE ME HOME** (F. Steenbrink/P. Maniez)

Recording

Artistic direction **ISABELLE GEORGES & FREDERIK STEENBRINK**

Musical direction & drums **PHILIPPE MANIEZ**

All songs arranged by **PHILIPPE MANIEZ** except (5) **BASTIEN BALLAZ**

Piano **NOE HUCHARD** (1, 3, 5, 7, 9 & 12), **MAXIME SANCHEZ** (2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11 & 13)

Double bass **VIKTOR NYBERG**

Guitar **VLADIMIR MEDAIL**

Trumpet & flugelhorn **JULIEN ECREPONT, MALO MAZURIE & THOMAS MESTRES**

Alto saxophone & flute **PASCAL MABIT**

Tenor saxophone, clarinet & flute **ADRIEN SANCHEZ**

Tenor saxophone & clarinet **CORENTIN GINIAUX**

Baritone saxophone & bass clarinet **BALTHAZAR NATUREL**

Trombone **LOIC BACHEVILLIER & BALTHAZAR BODIN**

Bass trombone **LUCA SPILER**

You're the Top is performed in duet with **ISABELLE GEORGES**

All original songs

Music **FREDERIK STEENBRINK & PHILIPPE MANIEZ**

Lyrics **FREDERIK STEENBRINK**

Produced by **ENCORE MUSIC**



I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

This album has its roots in New York, where I was taking some classes at The New School university one hot summer. What better place for an aspiring singer-songwriter to soak up the essence of things than New York?

Showman's, Smoke, Birdland, and the Off- and On-Broadway theaters where new forms of music and entertainment were trying to make their way. I saw, listened to, and admired Randy Newman, Liza Minnelli, Tony Bennett, and Michael Feinstein.

One hot Sunday afternoon, despite all the craziness, urgency, and effervescence, I felt as if the city had come to a standstill. It was about to rain, a storm was rumbling over the towers and their lonely walls, and nothing was moving, even in Central Park.

From a small café on the corner of 57th and Broadway rose a Cole Porter melody. A few lines presented themselves to me: Sunday in New York, the rain before it falls, no one's going to the park, a Yiddish band plays Yerushalayim Shel Zahav, a drunken homeless journalist, a horde of Chinese bumblebees, the piano plays a Porter tune, at the Waldorf Astoria tea salon... I jotted them down in a notebook, not knowing what to do with them at the time.

The following Monday, a friend took me to The Village Vanguard, where the big band played "Anything Goes", by Cole Porter again. A few years later, when I moved to another home, I stumbled upon these lines and others: "Sunday in New York", "Hotel Amour" and "Take Me Home". I'd worked Cole Porter down to the last detail and listened to the big bands of Count Basie, Duke Ellington, and Benny Goodman over and over again. It all seemed to come full circle.

I was missing one element, a partner, until I came across a drummer in a Paris club. As we chatted in the bar after the concert, we discovered that we shared the same inspirations. The idea was there: the big band, Cole Porter, and the lyrics for new songs.

It has taken me two years to bring together what I consider to be some of the finest young talent who perceive the phrasing necessary for this kind of music. The title "I Get a Kick Out of You", by Cole Porter, of course, is also a personal dedication to New York, Paris, and the talented musicians involved.

FREDERIK STEENBRINK



STAINS OF LOVE

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

If you would be my queen
Then I could be your king
The morning sun will bow for us
And hummingbirds will sing
In our little kingdom
You'll be my everything, you'll be
The stars, the moon, the dawn
The first sound of spring

You can be the stars
And I can be the seas
You can be the rivers
And I can be a trees
You'll be my favorite tune
I'll play it on repeat
You can be the stains of love
That sweeten ev'ry beat

You can be red wine
I'd be your table cloth
The coffee in my coffee pot
On every shirt I've got
You could be tomato juice
On my new designer shoes
You can be a drop of blood
Or a diamond in mud

I won't be afraid to use every cliché
Just to say how much I love these stains
They won't go away they make me feel
A little dirty I'd say, but I like it

You can be the stars
And I can be the seas
You can be the rivers
And I can be a trees
You'll be my favorite tune
I'll play it on repeat
You can be the stains of love
That sweeten ev'ry beat

We'll travel 'round the world
And everywhere we'd go
We'd have to find a laundromat
And watch the waters flow
But in our little kingdom
I'd offer you more wine
In our little kingdom
You could spill it one more time

You can be the stars
And I can be the seas
You can be the rivers
And I can be a trees
You'll be my favorite tune
I'll play it on repeat
You can be the stains of love
That sweeten ev'ry beat

SO UNREAL

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

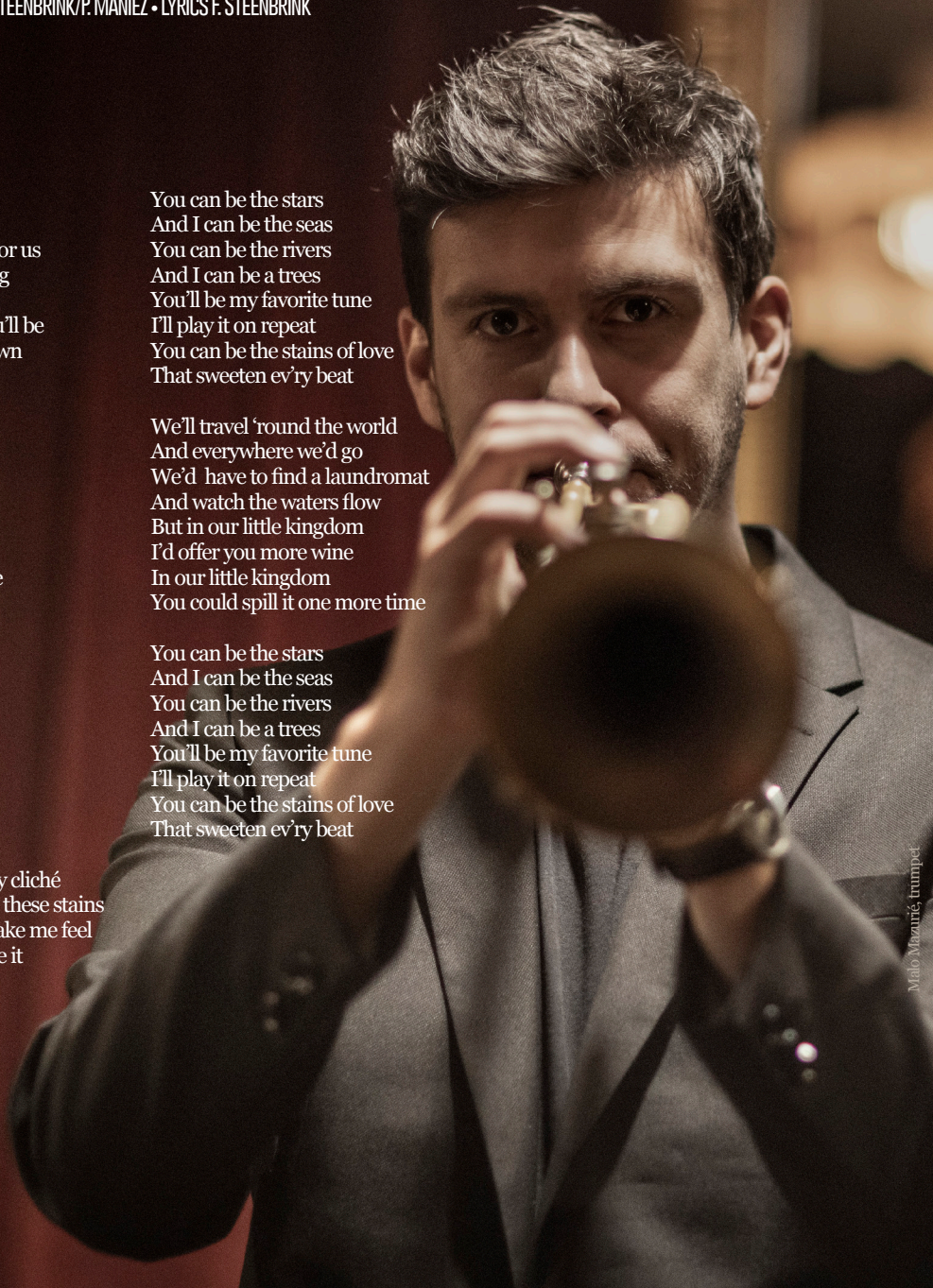
I kept you out of my fears and my pain
We always did what we thought was for real
You closed a door and turned into a stranger
Now clouds only know how I feel
Clouds only know how I feel

I kept some pictures you took on my phone
We never had anything to conceal
You blocked me out of your dreams and you moved on
Now clouds only know how I feel
Clouds only know how I feel

Silent words under blue lights
The winter's cold and dark
I stay awake, can't find a way
To sleep being apart
My heart is drenched in sparkling wine
That keeps you on my mind
The daily bliss, the happiness
They didn't seem that unreal to me

Now clouds only know how I feel
Clouds only know how I feel

Silent words under blue lights
The winter's cold and dark
I stay awake, can't find a way
To sleep being apart
My heart is drenched in sparkling wine
That keeps you on my mind
The daily bliss, the happiness
They didn't seem that unreal to me



Milo Mazuric, trumpet

SUNDAY IN NEW YORK

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

Pigeons are painting Wall Street's bull
White as ash on Sunday noon
An crazy tourist hops on the bus
Underground a Yiddish band
Plays Yerushalayim Shel Zahav
And gets a fiver for a broken amp

A drunken homeless journalist
Rides a bike on Fifty-Ninth
Gets hit by a cab and a delivery guy
A horde of Chinese bumblebees
Queues for Tosca at the Met
In the park the bear Gus takes a nap

It's Sunday in New York
The rain before it falls
No one's going to the park
It's Sunday in New York
These solitary walls
Windows opened wide
Gene won't go outside

It's Sunday in New York (Nothing's going on)
It's Sunday in New York (Nothing's going on)
It's Sunday (Nothing's going on) in New York

The piano plays a Porter tune
At the Waldorf Astoria tea salon
Protesters for climate change stay silent
A passerby helps a guy
Who gets hit riding on his bike
And gets a selfie of the cab's crime

It's Sunday in New York
The rain before it falls
No one's going to the park
It's Sunday in New York
These solitary walls
Windows opened wide
Gene won't go outside

I'll gather up my dreams
I'll put them in a drawer
I'll put all your CDs
In a box by the door
Your beauty set
Your headphones too
I'll leave a note here for you

It's Sunday in New York
The rain before it falls
No one's going to the park
It's Sunday in New York
These solitary walls
Windows opened wide
Gene won't go outside

It's Sunday in New York (Nothing's going on)
It's Sunday in New York (Nothing's going on)
It's Sunday (Nothing's going on) in New York

Stand clear of the closing doors please

ALARMING SAFETY

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

You're such a doll, your eyes shine bright
But silence won't protect you
It clashes with the neon lights
State your opinions, girl you've made your point
I have a beer and I stare outside
There's so much to avoid
And I can feel it coming, it's a distant drumming
It's a fading polaroid

This alarming safety, breaks me up
I should be getting off on the next stop
This alarming safety, throwing glitter in the air
But I don't care, I just don't care
I see shimmer everywhere
I see shimmer everywhere

You tell the story, let your feelings go
Your words are cold so why
Don't you tell me something I don't know
You've got your reasons, you met someone new
Sure, there's an end to every show
Still your eyes are brimmed with dew
I can feel it coming, it's a distant drumming
It's a fading polaroid

This alarming safety, breaks me up
I should be getting off on the next stop
This alarming safety, throwing glitter in the air
But I don't care, I just don't care
I see shimmer everywhere
I see shimmer everywhere

NOWHERE AT ALL

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

Look at us standing on the edge of the line
Nothing aches more than the blows these times
Trying to resist a raging hurricane
Tearing and ripping 'till it scatters us away

No I won't break, make no mistake
I'll hold on to you, climb over a wall for you too
I won't break, I won't fall, I'll stand and I'll hold
On to you without your love

I'd be nowhere at all (Without your love, I'd be lost and cold)
I'd be nowhere at all (Without your love, I'd be gray and old)
I'd be nowhere at all (Without your love, there'd be no gold)
Nowhere at all

Look at me running under Northern Lights
Trying to avoid the high tide of these fights
Calm down baby and you'll be alright
I'll hold you and keep you warm in the lights

And I won't break, you make no mistake
I'll hold on to you, climb over a wall for you too
I won't break, I won't fall, I'll stand and I'll hold
On to you without your love

I'd be nowhere at all (Without your love, I'd be lost and cold)
I'd be nowhere at all (Without your love, I'd be gray and old)
I'd be nowhere at all (Without your love, there'd be no gold)
Nowhere at all

HOTEL AMOUR

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

Strolling through a narrow alley
Mem'ries surface from the dust
Somewhere there's a small hotel
Try to recall the things you said
Turning stairs in scarlet red
Black lights and white dentelle
Walking up these stairs again
Wond'ring why you wouldn't stay
In the window rose the sun
Lovin' you I won't regret
Everything we never had
I'm running from a smoking gun

Hotel Amour we had a few
Kinda wonderin' why we always do
Hotel Amour your love's infernal
The night is eternal, do you wanna know
I'm sad to see you go, I'm sad to see you go
When morning dew ends the show

Ever hiding from the truth
In clouds of fear and fairytales
From Amsterdam to Saint-Germain
Up and down and still somehow
If I know then what I know now
We'd still be drinking pink champagne
We were then what they now are
Looking for a shelter place
Lonely shadows in the rain
Scared the daylight would defy
A brief hello a short goodbye
We tried to jump a moving train

Everything we could have been
A house, a job, a yard
A place to hide from lonely nights
And ghosts of Christmas past
A role to play and lines to say
Upon these shadows on the wall
But you tell me, now who's to be
The fairest of them all
I'm sure you heard when yesterday
Was calling for redemption
'Cause it's all right until it's wrong
When all what's left's a fairytale
And two lonely broken hearts





TAKE ME HOME

MUSIC F. STEENBRINK/P. MANIEZ • LYRICS F. STEENBRINK

The house is filled with empty rooms
Shelves are crowded with perfumes
Of lives and loves that we were once
I came back here but it's all gone
The changing colors of the lawn
Much I owe to the grass that grew
Here back in nineteen eighty-two

Sometimes I wonder, where to go
If winds don't blow, times are slow
Sometimes I fear, I drift, I roam
These memories take me home

Dust has piled up on the shelves
Neighbors moved to somewhere else
The fair is slowly moving on
A yellow raincoat in the hall
The empty house seems far too small
I had to come back here once more
Holding hands in nineteen eighty-four

Sometimes I wonder, where to go
If winds don't blow, times are slow
Sometimes I fear, I drift, I roam
These memories take me home
Memories take me home

Teenage loves and candy floss
Bridges and creeks we dared to cross
Cinnamon smell of apple cake
A melody of love's refrain
In my heart it will remain
It's all part of what I have become
Since I left home in nineteen ninety-one





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On 18 & 19 May and 20 November 2023

Recording engineering by **SAMI BOUVET**

Assisted by **AURELIEN MAROTTE** and **SOFIANE MEKDOUD-SION**

And **BB24 STUDIO, PARIS**

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Recording engineering by **JULIEN CLARAC** and **ROMAIN BURGEAT**

Mixing and mastering at **LABOMATIC STUDIOS, PARIS**

By **DOMINIQUE BLANC-FRANCARD**

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