I was at my Berklee studio all the time that I realized I could not promise you any order,” she said at the beginning of the set, “because I jump from one to another and I don’t know in advance where I’m going.”

The 12 tracks don’t necessarily seem incomplete but they are something like touchstones, keys to Bittová’s enigmatic work. The album opens (as did the concert) with “Fragment I”, a delicate piece for voice and kalimba. “Fragment II” is a slight piece centered on simple bow repetitions but then “Fragment III” (employing a Gertrude Stein text) has multiple parts and variations worked into its three and a half minutes. Later, she uses a Chris Cutler lyric and plays a Joaquin Rodrigo song, but the album never comes off as anything but her. What that quality is, however, isn’t an easy thing to pin down. Bittová’s music can be charming and haunting. It carries a bohemian feel of her Czech home and language and can be childlike, trancelike or mournful. But her own compositions (all but one here) always come off as deeply personal. On the album she rarely works in obvious structures but manages to find paths that seem innate and intuitive.

Live, she played violin melodies so slowly they almost became drones and sang melodies so quickly they were almost rants and then flipped the formula. Bird songs emanated from her strings and her mouth at different times, almost as if they were incidental, flying by outside the window. She captivated the audience in the dark room and commented on how she thought she was as she played one miniature after another. But the full house loudly demanded more when she took a second bow rather than playing more. She conceded with an upbeat, strictly metered piece, moving backward across the stage as she played and sang, then exiting with a flurry and a shout.

A compact disc can’t contain all her allure, but her glow is embedded in the audio, one of her most evocative and beautifully recorded - solo efforts.

In the Bible, the city of Babel was where the dissemination of languages and scattering of humanity occurred. The title of alto sax player Uri Gurvich’s album BabEl references this biblical episode ironically. The incident at the tower resulted in confusion and dispersal; Gurvich explores the intertextuality of different musical languages and cultures on this outstanding album, dancing on their common ground.

Gurvich’s songs are inspired by Israeli and North African music but they encompass various styles, genres and moods. The dynamic “Pyramids” is steeped in the hardbop tradition; “Nedudim” is fusion-spiced and has a fierce organ groove of which Jimmy Smith would be proud and the passion of the John Coltrane quartet is at the heart of “Valley of the Kings”.

The alto saxophonist and the band can also play with a heartening tenderness, as evinced by the intense, brooding and lovely “Alfombra Magica” and the somber “Hagiga Suite”, a beautiful tribute to victims of the Holocaust.

The leader also reinterprets and invigorates folk tunes like the hard-driving “Camelao” and “Scalarica de Oro”, the latter embodying the album’s spirit most vividly. This traditional wedding song, with lyrics sung in Ladino (Spanish Hebrew), gets a non-traditional reading with a cool rock spin, including keyboard highlights that mimic guitar riffs.

Gurvich takes this musical excursion with a band of keyboard player Leo Genovese, bassist Peter Slavov, drummer Francisco Mela and guest Brahim Fribgane playing oud and additional percussion. Their collective musicianship and on-a-dime interplay is fabulous. But it’s Gurvich’s energetic leadership that is the driving force throughout BabEl. His alto is multifaceted, light and clear with an intermittent touch of grittiness. He concedes with a Chris Cutler lyric and plays a Joaquin Rodrigo song, but the album never comes off as anything but her. What that quality is, however, isn’t an easy thing to pin down. Bittová’s music can be charming and haunting. It carries a bohemian feel of her Czech home and language and can be childlike, trancelike or mournful. But her own compositions (all but one here) always come off as deeply personal. On the album she rarely works in obvious structures but manages to find paths that seem innate and intuitive.

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