

earl howard
5 saxophone solos



Solosolosolosolosolobackwardstissolosolosolos
 steve dalachinsky, nyc, 1/05

1. the soul of the bar/tender lies within the sacrifice of his song, where the scales are tipped, how the glasses clink, hardly the wolf's in heaven drinking, gone running oh my beautiful, sad days before us again, behind us again, the shrill acidity, entitlement to the platitude, come my sweet & lovely creatures, awake from your despair, await our words here in this country of border-less fields, let us rehack the differences as we collect our fallen angels.

2. drawn into the process i fall hard as i am drawn to you, pencilling in the crowded banished wilderness these fingers touch what is not there yet they feel it just the same, yet what is not there need not be touched, yet what is of the air or crooked or curved comes thru the senses like a wind engulfing melodies, tip, clink, abrupt softludes, eerie calls to the hunt, for peace, internal piece.

doors open, this will not cut unless i choose to cut it, rubbing the reed with your lips, a musically dry spit breathing textures, surfaces, afflickin the light until too their each their own from each they canst but flick no more these hellian ords cross shore to shore, poem-things each of 5 stanzas presented here, what is a solo? the ultimate height of one's personal expression, much interlring, splintering, hits *blue*, codgled out of the recesses, extends, expands reactive of world, of this place in here the space opens & there is self-made sound.

I am this instrument morefold
 yet mindful of its Otherness

3. solo — composition or passage for single voice, solfeggio, florid & flirtatious at times, quirky but never murky, carefully playing off itself, delineating ear/worlds, encompassing mirror images, referencing time without entering it, speaking within the perspective in which this music was made, coolly drawn performers around each statement, suspended within a profound shifting, adrift in a heavy weightless breathology, laughing, crying, kvetching, intercon- nected inner-locks opening closing again, bending, climbing, a serious good time, a painful joyful directness, raucous autobiographical sketches, hyphenated techniques, removed somewhat from both the physical & the spiritual, rooted in the emotional, harsh yet lyrical, phrases repeated & interrupted, a uniquely mixed blend.

broad yet intimate snapshots of an ever changing terrain, demanding, agitating, guff, crazy, yet at times soothing & weirdly relaxing, ranting, personal, inviting, but daring, taking it outside while holding it together, dance-like rhythms referencing known & unknown sources, sauces, filled with jokes - puns - fresh, graceful, honest, intuitive, stalking the notes, the phrases.

10:04 11:58 12:23 7:33 21:15
1 2 3 4 5

mutable 17521-2

earl howard

FIVE SAXOPHONE SOLOS

Earl Howard, saxophone

These solos were recorded in the painting studio of Robert Berling in Cochection, NY, summer/fall 2004.

mutablemusic

109 West 27th Street, Seventh floor, New York, NY 10001
 Phone 212 627 0990 • Fax 212 627 5504 • Email: info@mutablemusic.com
 www.mutablemusic.com ©2005 ©2005 Mutable Music. All rights reserved.

4. these pieces are complex yet contain the simplest sentence structures, the rudiments of sound and language, speech in a new context exhibiting an intense primitivism, to be or to be something else again, "how are things?" they sometimes ask, "well considering every day's a new day here in the void everything's just fine, just ask the wolf, he's sure to have some answers."

every nuance is imparted here, color, shape, weight, organic contours, the way any good spontaneously flows, a breaking with harmony and rhythm, these "songs" are stripped of all desire to please, though they always seek to engage, but never to pursue or persuade, they are consumed by their own need to be free, to be heard clearly but not necessarily to be understood, they almost entirely shun refinement, in the concrete sense of the term, and seek rather an odd uneasy relationship with the abstract.

Earl Howard has made some kind of connection here > a new set of soliloquies, dialogues, in one case almost polylogues, his own voice somewhat delicate and innocent, forged from old hard rules, letters of the law not broken just reinterpreted, reinvented with an almost reverential melancholic solace, ballads well mixed, served to the brim & slipped gently.

ah . . . that was good, scary but warm, bar tender another round.

Painting: *Earl* (2005) Oil on linen, 26" x 26", Robert Berling
 CD design: Matt Schickele