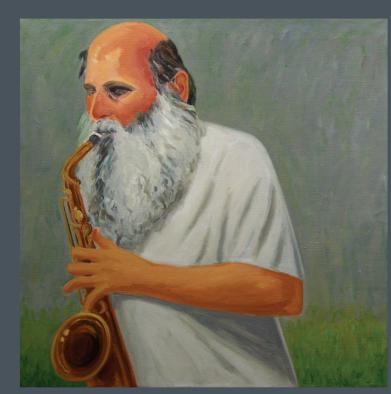
mutablemusic

These solos were recorded in the painting studio of Robert Berlind in **Cochecton, NY, summer/fall 2004.**

Earl Howard, saxophone



rare times when artificial light & true light collide & merge. the wolves are drinking in heaven, tip, clink, prayers for the extinct, telling us stories of the gaps between those Solosolosolosolosolosbackwardsissolosolosolosolos

earl howard

FIVE SAXOPHONE SOLO

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

steve dalachinsky, nyc, 1/05

eerie calls to the hunt. for peace. internal piece. of the air or crooked or curved comes thru the senses like a wind engulfing melodies. Itp. clink. abrupt solitudes. 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 2. drawn into the process i fall hard as i am drawn to you. pencilling in the crowded bansheed wilderness these

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

yet mindful of its Otherness I am this Instrument morefold

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

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

Painting: Earl (2005) Oil on linen, 26" x 26", Robert Berlind

ahthat was good. scary but warm. bar tender another round.

rather an odd uneasy relationship with the abstract.

he's sure to have some answers."

just reinterpreted. reinvented with an almost reverential melancholic solace. ballads well mixed, served to the brim &

polylogues. his own voice somewhat delicate and innocent. forged from old hard rules. letters of the law not broken

not necessarily to be understood. they almost entirely shun refinement, in the concrete sense of the term, and seek

engage. but never to pursue or persuade. they are consumed by their own need to be free. to be heard clearly but

they sometimes ask. "well considering every day's a new day here in the void everything's just fine. just ask the wolf,

speech in a new context exhibiting an intense primitivism. to be or to be something else again. "how are things?"

4. these pieces are complex yet contain the simplest sentence structures. The rudiments of sound and language.

breaking with harmony and rhythm, these "songs" are stripped of all desire to please, though they always seek to

every nuance is imparted here. color. shape. weight. organic contours. the way any good spontaneity flows. a

Earl Howard has made some kind of connection here > a new set of soliloquies. In one case almost