

arts and entertainment

Jazz guitarist awes Kimball audience

By Jeff Taebel

Joe Pass opened the Lincoln Jazz Society's concert season Saturday night with an awe-inspiring performance. Pass treated the wildly enthusiastic Kimball audience to two sets of fluid jazz improvisation and guitar mastery. He was given a standing ovation and was called back for two encores.

concert review

Pass captivated the crowd from the beginning of the show, as he created an incredibly full sound for a solo guitarist. He displayed amazing rhythmic sense and timing on all of his songs, regardless of whether he was playing lush chords or lightning fast single note leads.

Not an imposing figure

Pass did not cut an imposing figure on stage, as one might have expected from one of the world's greatest guitarists. Rather, he exuded a warm feeling that can only come from an artist so totally devoted to his music.

He played as though entranced by the incredible sounds emanating from his guitar, stopping occasionally to give the audience a "report" after every two or three numbers.

Pass strengthened his rapport with the audience when he spoke, apologizing for occasional rough spots in the songs and making humorous references to problems he was encountering during the show, yet his dexterity on the fretboard was so overwhelming that the few buzzing notes were all but unnoticed.

Some old standards

Some of the highlights of the show included renditions of old standards such as "Green Dolphin Street," "Nuages," "It Ain't Necessarily So" and "Summertime."

Also included were a few pop songs such as "Misty," "Just The Way You Are" and "Masquerade." Pass injected all these songs with a wealth of musical ideas that were probably never conceived of by the authors.

German orchestra displays virtuoso precision

By R. A. Weigel

With music as rich as its heritage and history the Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig performed to capacity audiences Thursday and Friday evening at UNL's Kimball Hall. Billed as East Germany's greatest orchestra and sometimes referred to as one of the world's best, they enthralled and enchanted with their virtuosity and precision.

concert review

From the first chord of the Mendelssohn's *Italian Symphony*, one could tell that musicianship was having a field day. The violins were terribly precise in their bowings thus making for a superb sound. In the *Saltarello: Presto* the speed and difficulty of the string section left one breathless. Even at such acceleration, the

shape of each note was defined and accurate.

Pass would usually begin his song with a reading of the original melody, creating fluttering arpeggios with his fingers in the upper registers, supporting himself by playing a walking bass line with his thumb.

After he had payed tribute to the song in this fashion, anything was likely to happen and usually did. Pass would explode in a flurry of slurred notes, come back with some precision single picking and lead back into the song with some impressive unison octave runs. Sometimes he'd do all three at once.

Audience awed

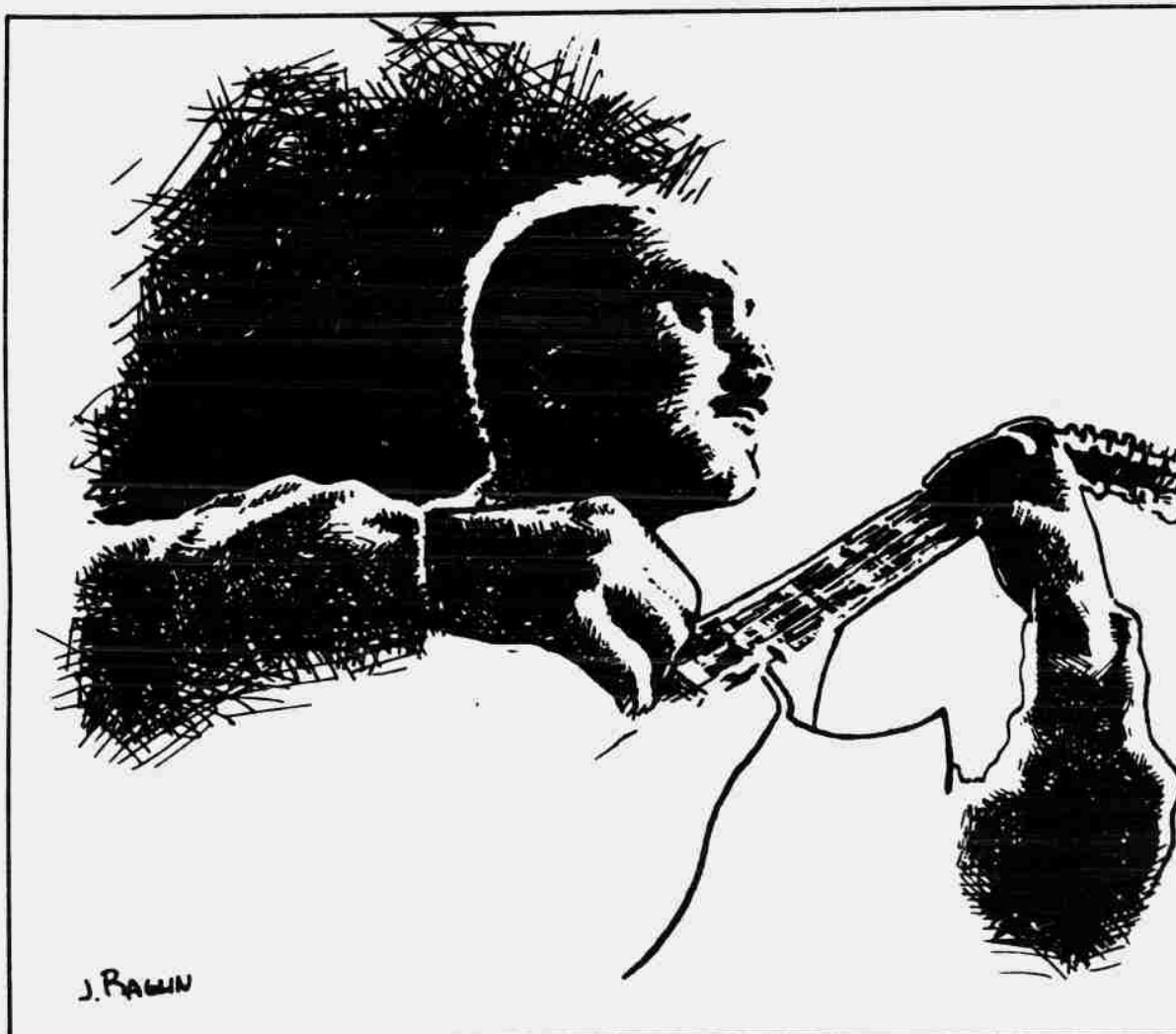
During the slower songs, members of the audience would gasp aloud at Pass' expertise, yet he had so many ideas coming across in so short a time that no one could

concentrate on any particular riff, lest they miss something else.

Pass has often stated in interviews that he prefers to work alone because of the improvisational freedom that solo performances afford. Pass is his own back-up band, creating with only a guitar a compelling sound that few ensembles can ever hope to achieve.

Pass thanked the audience after his first encore for "sitting there and listening" and offered to play a request the second time he was called back.

However, sitting and listening was no problem. As one Jazz Society member stated in his introduction of Pass, "this should be a fine way to cap off an almost perfect day." It was.



J. RAWN

piece had finished.

The conductor, Kurt Masur, follows in a long line of famous conductors of the Leipzig Orchestra, including Felix Mendelssohn, Bruno Walter, and Gustav Mahler. He conducted without the music in front of him and without a baton. The way he used his hands to give entrances and nuances to the different sections was incredible; one had the impression of a master magician exerting his magical spell over the instruments.

The *Prokofiev Concerto* (No. 2 in G, opus 16) for piano and orchestra was flavored with the mixture of nationalism and modernism that make it an audience pleaser rather than having the triteness of complete modernism. It was compassionate and accurate in its performance. Peter Rosel's piano virtuosity was intense and sometimes rather pounding, especially in the second movement. His showpiece in the finale was beautifully performed despite the audience's overzealous reaction to applaud before the

The *Bruckner Symphony* (No. 3 in D Minor), the "Wagner Symphony", has much of the spice that Wagner has in his own music. The largest orchestra of the evening displayed genuine emotion in the opening *Misterioso* section with the cello speaking their truths much as Beethoven's cello does in his ninth symphony. The horns in the finale also had such character with a more throaty European sound than can be heard by an American orchestra.

Conducted like the building of a wall (or perhaps the tearing down of one) the work seemed to lay musical brick until the finale had created something more than man himself could cope with.

To hear such an orchestra revives one's faith in the power and duplicity of music, the one language that speaks for all men.

It's not that a communistic country can create music finer than could be heard from any of our major orchestras, but perhaps as musicians they can finally say some of the things they could not say otherwise.

Record prices too high to beat mid-term blues

In the twilight of our economy those with the "lots of yucks with Yankee bucks" philosophy of life are going to receive a good swift kick in the crotch.

For those of us who have learned to get the yucks without the bucks, there may be slightly less pain, but we're going to hear the crunch loud and clear.

michael zangari

Back in the days of the depression (a re-occurring nightmare that usually coincides with mid-term deadlines) all things could be patched up by simply making your way to your local dealer and by buying an album. The combination of treating yourself to something you really wanted and the influx of new ideas and music was enough to change the color of the sunset.

Precious albums

Putting the bucks away to actually get an album was not a monumental undertaking, but it was just tough enough to make every album you did buy precious.

When you are sweating to scrape up the bones to buy an album, no LP you buy is going to be a bad one, even if the *Daily Nebraskan* reviewer thinks it sounds like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir after a bean feed.

Reviewers get their albums free. This is similar to what it must be like to be an eighth-generation Rothchild. *Nothing* is good enough.

With retail prices on LP's going up to nearly 10 bucks a shot within the year (that's 1/4 of my monthly food bill) it will be good to remember that tidbit of information about reviewers, since they'll most likely be the only ones with albums.

It'll make conversations like the following seem normal:

Q: "Have you heard the new Dylan album?"

A: "No, but I read the review..."

Review of collections

People will more than likely have review collections (in alphabetical order.) At intimate gatherings of friends, the dedicated might get a familiar gleam in his or her eye and say, "I've got a copy of the review of the new Tom Waits album..." and proceed to read it to you. Mood reviews will be saved for the more subtle of seductions.

People will always need music. If albums are out of reach, perhaps people will consider making their own art. People's taste in art amazes me anyway. Look for tenor kazoo sections at local jam sessions.

If you think this joke is getting a little played out, you're not alone. Let's get back to brass tacks and wrap this up.

Along with LP prices going up is the news that we have a better than average chance of paying a royalty tax on blank recording tape and tape equipment. No shelter at all from this storm.

I leave you with this prediction:

If you think that the mid-term depressions are a kick in the crotch, wait until you try buying an album to ease the pain.

