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whole point was it was built as a sculpture, so when people came they would experience it as a dimensional form. I distribute the sound." The piece has been described as "calling up the image of sand dunes being imperceptibly shaped and re-shaped by the wind."

In 1973 Hassell took another step and began studying with Pandit Pran Nath, an Indian vocal master. This was, to date, the most influential step taken and is what shaped the music on Hassell's two albums: *Earthquake Island* (Tomato) and *Vernal Equinox* (Lovely Music), which received a four and three star review, respectively, in the July 12, 1979 down beat.

Hassell's trumpet sound is unique. Despite the presence of such jazz fusion figures as Miroslav Vitous and Dom Um Romao on Earthquake Island, the music is fresh and farflung from anything that has been done in the fusion field. Hassell calls his music "intuitive."

"After all this sort of classical, very formal training, I've gone the only way I guess one could go if one didn't want to continue doing that the rest of one's life. This is the only way I can really come to terms with all the kinds of music that are happening on the globe. I have to understand them somehow and in order to understand them, I have to understand what they evolved from. All around the world there's a myth for every music-like it was given by the wind or the birds. It's that kind of relationship I'm trying ever constantly to link up with. And at the same time not forgetting that, just as the wind and the trees and their tradition is part of their environment, so my growing up and listening to things out of loudspeakers, electronics and that sort of thing, is my environment—so I try not to negate that, but put it in perspective. In the same way that European music, European traditions and influences, need to be put into perspective in relation to other cultures. It just pervades our thinking so that we still have this attitude of being totally superior and seeing everything in terms of white, Western glasses."

Jon Hassell's instrument is the trumpet. It sits on a bench in his empty apartment on New York's Park Avenue South. The apartment contains some pillows strewn about, some recording equipment, a tabla and a small dog named Beeper. On the stereo, Hassell puts a tape of himself in performance at New York's Kitchen, an experimental music outpost in Greenwich Village. The music which emerges is sensuous and floating. The trumpet, played through a harmonizer, sounds a touch like latter day Miles Davis, but not really. There is much half-valving and squeezing of notes.

"The trumpet style is getting more and more primitive and I try to relate to that conch shell type of feeling, to consider the ancient aspects of making a sound in a horn. If I can make all the pitches with my lips without having to use the valves for anything, I can use the valves for ornamental type things. There are things the trumpet can do that the voice can't do. I'm really discovering. This many years down the line and everyday I'm picking it up and I'm studying the trumpet. I can't imagine I'll ever stop it."

But again, the big problem is category. Jon Hassell thinks he might be better off trying his toes in the waters of new wave rock. "If you come in through the new wave side, I think you have a much better chance. I'm trying to shift, and perhaps the association is kind of spurious, I'm trying to shift in that category. There's a lot of things in that category right now that stretch pretty far."

However he gets it, Jon Hassell deserves an audience. Lately, he has been considering doing some work for the electronic rock pioneer Brian Eno. In the meantime, Hassell

begins to study new forms.

"Right now I don't see an end to the kind of inspiration that I'm getting from music of other cultures. It would be more of an achievement if one could use a western instrument to express something of another kind of music of another culture then it would be to merely use the instruments of that culture. I'm leaving myself open so that I can be the mixing bowl."

# CAUGHT!

# JONI MITCHELL THE PERSUASIONS

PINE KNOB MUSIC THEATRE CLARKSTON, MICHIGAN

Personnel: Joni Mitchell, vocal, guitar; Mike Brecker, soprano, tenor saxophone; Pat Metheny, guitar; Lyle Mays, keyboards; Jaco Pastorius, bass; Don Alias, drums and percussion.

The Persuasions—Jerry Lawson, Jimmy Hayes, Joe Russell, Jayotis Washington, Taubo Rhoads, vocals.

On a cold night Joni Mitchell drew a hillside full of listeners to the open air Pine Knob Music Theatre, in the woods north of Detroit, for her first area concert in a number of years.

Mitchell's music has increasingly exhibited the intuitive subtleties and concern with sound textures characteristic of jazz. Her collaboration with bassist Charles Mingus gave this concert tour a special "jazz flavor" that set it apart from her earlier work.

The unlikely combination produced a superb album, *Mingus*. In liner notes Joni described herself "... standing by a river... feeling it out—and Charlie came by and pushed me in—'sink or swim'—him laughing at me dogpaddling around in the currents of black classical music." It's not surprising that Joni emerged from her baptism a more strongly individual artist, able to draw heavily on other idioms without losing her own identity.

Opening the show, the Persuasions, an a cappella male vocal quintet, displayed a high refinement of the r&b gospel tradition. They offered a short, high-energy set, but the appreciative crowd was unable to provide the audience participation needed to ignite this call-and-response music.

Joni's support came from a group of jazz musicians whose grubby attire contrasted with her sophisticated skirted suit and heels. With Brecker still in the wings, the group opened as rockers with *Big Yellow Taxi* ("they paved paradise, put up a parking lot"). *Coyote*, from the *Hejira* LP, used Pastorius' acoustic-sounding electric bass for obbligato countermelodies.

Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, probably Mingus'



best-known composition, was the first Mingus item programmed. Ms. Mitchell's lyrics have always been rich, benefiting from personal imagery well matched with the intricacy of her melodies and harmonies. Her words to Mingus' classic add rather than detract, broadening its mood, expanding its references. The rhythm here was loose. Brecker's tenor solo was angular and probing; Joni's crystalline voice danced with a true jazz vocalist's fluidity.

Pastorius' unaccompanied bass solo, which followed, left me less than impressed. His accompaniments had been effective, but his solo seemed mostly a pastiche of technique and effects, and the finale—placing the bass on the stage and slapping it with the neckstrap—was particularly showy. Technique seemed to dominate content here.

The Dry Cleaner From Des Moines returned to Mingus territory, and after Joni's vocal came a high point of the concert: Brecker, Pastorius, and Alias spun out a long string of blues choruses, Brecker mixing up his unique blend of late Coltrane and funk, Jaco providing a strong counter-voice. After Amelia (Joni self-accompanied), Hejira (more bass-infront), a restrained Alias conga solo, Furry Sings The Blues, we reached God Must Be A Boogie Man, a delightful setting of phrases from the opening chapter of Mingus' autobiography, Beneath The Underdog.

To close, the Persuasions joined Mitchell and, backed only by Mays' organ-voiced Arp, recreated her Shadow And Light as an eerie, enigmatic hymn, with considerable emotional impact. The crowded hillside demanded more, so Joni, the Persuasions, Brecker and Alias returned with an unrehearsed Why Do Fools Fall In Love?—doo-wop rock, complete with Joni's glottal, two syllable "love" and a booting Brecker solo. The audience coaxed Joni out once more, and she performed Woodstock solo.

Whatever the dialect, Joni Mitchell speaks with her own voice. This long, satisfying concert demonstrated the range and ability of that voice.

—david wild



