

in concert

**Brubeck
for
young
and
old**

What can be said about Dave Brubeck that hasn't already been said?

Not a whole lot.

But when the 53-year-old jazz pianist and his sons (alias Two Generations of Brubecks) performed at Portland's Paramount Northwest Saturday, people still talked. Repeated words, yes, but honest words used in search of different ways to say what people have been saying for years—that Dave Brubeck can really play. And play he can and did. Some 1500 people heard him and called him back for five encores. And 1500 people saw that it was good and they called it music and they could have (and would have) listened to it all night.

Saturday night, the Brubecks had their thing together. No two ways about it; their music cooked. The crowd liked theirs well done and they got nothing but prime cut. The music provided a bridge between the two generations listening and their playing created a unity within themselves that carried them through the evening.

Brubeck and his sons began the set with "Three to Get Ready, Four to Go" and it was a fitting start. While the older folks let their reveries take them back in the nostalgic familiarity of the tune, the younger ones sat wondering how that kind of music could be emanating from the gray-haired old man on center stage. You're only as old as you feel, and, from the sounds of Mr. B's music, he feels fine.

After "Un-Square Dance" and a few other numbers, one which included a solo by Danny Brubeck that would put all previous Brubeck drummers to shame, the kids came out alone to prove a point.

Never let it be said that the Brubeck boys made it because of their old man's reputation. It sure as hell helped, but they all possess a plethora of talent and they use it well. Darius, 26, on Fender Rhodes organ is just a few steps behind dad; Chris, 21, proved to be the most versatile musician switching from bass to trombone to rhythm guitar throughout the show, and Danny, 18, played the drums to death.

Led by the writing skills of Darius, the steady drumming of Danny (which probably held the band together more than anything) and the help of a few friends, the Darius Brubeck Ensemble came out and did what the elder Brubeck had done earlier: captivated. Their set was long and drawn out, studded with dissonance and actually quite unprofessional but the music overshadowed this. The musicians rudely stalked the stage when not playing and jumped around like kids when their friends were playing well. Chris even neglected to plug his Fender Telecaster guitar into his amp until the set was half over. However, their music was good enough to pull them through. A band of any lesser talent wouldn't have had it so easy. But, of course, they were out to prove that they could make it on their own. The 1500 people sat convinced.

Mr. B's sons were good, but not as—and when Brubeck came back it was evident that he hadn't been forgotten. "Take Five" was one of the more popular numbers of the evening. It hadn't been forgotten either.

The concert provided a chance for the older generation to marvel at the wonders of Dave Brubeck, their rich attainment, while the younger generation sat praising their rather belated discovery. In either case, no one came out the loser. There was enough of Dave Brubeck for everyone.

Dick Baltus



**the
spagetti
warehouse**

(725 W. 1st Ave., Eugene)

Open Mon.-Thur. 5:30
Fri. Sat. & Sun. 5:00

THINK SPAGETTI

menu

DINNERS INCLUDE

Crisp Green Salad
(choice of bleu cheese, Italian or 1000 island dressing)
Individual Loaves of
Sour Dough French Bread and Garlic Butter
Ice Cream

SPAGETTI with Tomato Sauce	1 95
(One to Remember)	
SPAGETTI with flavorsome Meat Sauce	2 05
(Our most popular; it will be yours, too!)	
SPAGETTI with Clam Sauce	2 15
(for all Clam Lovers)	
SPAGETTI with Mushroom Sauce	2 15
(Sautéed mushrooms in our delicious tomato sauce)	
SPAGETTI with Chicken Liver Sauce	2 15
(Plump fresh chicken livers cooked in butter)	
SPAGETTI with Browned Butter and Warehouse Cheese ..	2 15
(Hot baked spaghetti, bedded down with a sauce for all Cheese Lovers)	
SPAGETTI Warehouse Favorite	2 35
(Spaghetti with choice of any two of the above sauces)	
SPAGETTI and Meat Balls	2 45
(Meat Sauce)	
SPAGETTI with Meat Sauce and Italian Sausage	2 45
(Delectable)	
SPAGETTI Medley Potpourri	2 35
(A generous share of clam, mushroom, chicken liver and meat sauces)	
SPAGETTI Child's Spaghetti Dinner	1 35
(Meat Sauce) (Under 10)	

Your favorite beverages including an excellent wine list!

THINK SPAGETTI

music

Not many people noticed it, but rock and roll died Friday night. It was not a sudden massive coronary, but a slow, methodic, and very unnatural death. The beginning of the end was observed at approximately this time last year. November, 1972, marked the arrival of the television concerts. Since then we have been bombarded with "In Concert," "Midnight Special," and the newly spawned "Rock Concert." These three shows represent mediocrity. What is truly unfortunate is that they have attracted the most outstanding rock acts and subjugated them and the viewers to all the horrors of television, complete with deliriously howling pre-pubescent audiences, zit commercials and Wolfman Jack. The appeal is geared toward the 12 to 15 year-old set exclusively.

This was painfully obvious last Friday when David Bowie "hosted" the most repugnant of the post-Carson spectacles, the Midnight Special. Simply put, it was a debacle. The show consisted of Bowie's 1984 Floor Show (He gave up live performances for this?) which featured a gaudy and totally superfluous dance troupe, a vapid Marianne Faithful, Carmen, a lackluster Latin group, the archaic Troggs, and of course David and the Spiders From Mars. There was nothing bizarre about the act. It was ostentatious, vulgar TV hype. Bowie was made not to look like the farcical prankster that he is—was, but appeared to be a mutant fiend, a diseased villain robbing innocent adolescents of their decency as well as their parents' money.

But what was much more despicable was Bowie's performance. He was just awful. Never once did we see evidence of his rock and roll genius. Doing songs from his latest "Pin-Ups" and the less than triumphant "Aladdin Sane" LPs, there was none of the glory that is David Bowie. Apparently he has embarked on new, more apocalyptic paths, shucking the superlative music of his masterpiece "Hunky Dory," and the epic "Ziggy Stardust." But even if Bowie still possesses greatness, it was virtually destroyed by his TV image. To make matters unbearable, we were insulted by the nonsensical antics of a certain Voorshenka who introduced the all-important and omnipresent commercials. (Who is she?) Other than singing his songs and looking glamorous (he wore at least half a dozen outfits), Bowie did not say a word. Some host.

Dave Braff

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