

This week
"The Friday Edition"
salutes Eugene music.



THE Friday EDITION

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P I A N O M A N



It was a year ago Christmas when I first met Paul Owens. I was with a friend in the Portland's New Market Theatre, a one-time train depot with a high, open corridor made of the brick that reflected the strength of the early 20th century. The crowd was light and Owens's music seemed to move about them, sometimes embracing and holding them as they walked. He played alone and I stopped to listen and watch. As he played others paused and listened, unknowingly offering the emotions that are the reason he plays.

My music is reflections and impressions of the feelings that are felt universally and communicated through the sounds of music. I see and feel life and let it come back through sound. My music weaves classical, jazz, blues and folk, and in ways it defies definition. Every time that I play a song it has a different texture to its weave, a slightly different fabric.

I listened for a while and saw that he had tapes near for sale to passers by. I talked with the tall, slender man and felt as though I was with an old friend. A few people lingered, complimenting Owens and buying tapes from his dwindling supply. He continued to play and we continued to talk, discovering that we both lived in Eugene. He was in Portland with friends and thought that the atmosphere of the New Market Theatre would be a nice place to play and sell a few recordings. I agreed.

**Story by Michael Duncan
Photographs by Hank Trotter**

I really like a live audience. I feed on their energy. If they are relatively quiet and putting out nice energy themselves, usually it's real powerful. If they feel it and I feel it, it can be very dramatic. I love those moments best. I find that when I play outdoors, when people can come and go, that it sets up a situation where only people who want to be there, are there. That is the best audience. A beautiful place usually makes for beautiful music.

It wasn't long before the tape I bought was worn from long playing time and recording copies for friends. The holidays were over and I returned to classes. It wasn't too long before I saw Owens playing a game of pick-up basketball in Esslinger.

Basketball. I love the game. It's a real art, the movements are like dancing with a ball. I think what I like best is the random nature of the game. It's an improvisation like the way that I play the piano. I have all original compositions but I don't write music. I have the songs

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