

joefiles 149 - jazz vol. 2

the night jazz became your only constellation

needle

on the

vinyl

jazz

album

is

the

prick

of

a drug

that

will

keep

you

alive

and

singing

forever

in

that

real

kinda

haze ...

after & before modern day jazz tale

.. two1361@aol.com
to me
8 hours
ago...

Joe, hello.
Thanks for the interest.
I am really jammed
with work and can't
do anything more
than I am now
but thanks
all the same.

Henry (Rollins)

--

to RollinsMGT, two1361
3 days ago...

Hi Henry:

wanted to ask you for a bit of time
to discuss music with you for my
Neon Jazz Interview series.

Specifically,
I want to talk about your
Rollin's Choice: Blue Note Selections
by Henry Rollins album,
along with some underpinnings of the jazz & music you dig.

It would be an elightening honor
for me and my audience to get to know you

period.

Woods

When the
First headline came over
The wire,
I had a tiny bang of tear
And then I looked around
And realized I may have
Had the final interview
With a legend
And the words of his
Legacy,
Which was to have changed things for
The good
And I think about his
Voice in that
Fiery
Tone and hearty
Look back on all the jazz
Tracks he laid down,
I knew that
Phil Woods
Was more than
Legendary ..

He was
The best of mortals
In an immortal
World of the living.

KC Jazz Blame

Some agent out
Of New York
Asked why
His client Lee Konitz
Could never
Get a gig in KC.

After some time,
I got him in touch
With a KC cat that
Would never get back with him.

After some words back and forth,
I was being blamed for
Something I never did or
Had anything to do with.

So, I was
The fall guy for Lee Konitz
Not coming to Kansas City
And therefore,
No interview was going to be granted.

After all the
Words and promises I deliverd,
I was never going to get to talk to Lee.

And as I told this agent to take a long nap
And find another town to be annoyed with,
I hit my final period
And figured it's just
Better that I have
The lasting memory of
Lee
And that tasty music
Which will be better
Than anything

Ever
In this KC town of ours.

An agent from
Belgium
Was asking me specifically
What I wanted to talk with Toots about.

I sent her my questions.

They were standard,
But with a bit of the flair
And she came back
Saying I was going to be too personal.

And in all the words I could
Imagine to try and
Convince her that
My aim is to not
Corner or
Find angles,
I decided that
My energies would be better used
Towards cats
Ready

And willing
With a long forest of jazz
Delights
Ready to give me
That unhindered helicopter ride
And
Find out
What
The
Real
Soup is all about
Without all the
Clouds.

Genius

I
Was talking to the
Kid prodigy about
Giving a bit of time
To some small change out of KC.

He said he was delighted
And to get ahold of his agent.

Back and for the words went,
And phone calls
And nothing.

Finally, I told
The kid known as Joey Alexander
That I never got a response

And that was that.

Sometimes
The big jazz pants are
Just too much to
Slip on
And
Sticking with a good
Worn pair
Of
Old sweats
May just be
The
Way to live.

The jazz legends

The legends always call
To set it up.

Ernie Watts.
Henry Butler.
Lou Donaldson.
Michael Carvin.

They pick up the phone and
Talk.

No email.

No bullshit.

Who are you?

What do you want.

And then the appointment is etched into a book
And the magic
Is

Set to begin
In the
Old
School
World
Of
Now.

CT

He said that
He
Could only
Do hunks
Of
15 minues or
so because
it
was heavy to talk
about his life.

And as our talk began,
He was real and optimistic
About gigs these days,
Wanting to know about KC
And
Laying it down
Like
There
Was no pretense.

And as
The words kept on going
And going
Up to the 15 minute
Mark and above,
I know
That we were onto something

And
The
World of Charles Tolliver
Was Much Cooler than
Anyone could have ever
Possible
Imagined in 15 minutes
Or less

Of
Fame.

I keep
Waiting
On
Word from
One
Starlet
That
Keeps
Singing through
The annals
Of history
Like
A
Tiger
Waiting
To
Break through
Every paper bag on
The planet ..

Oh Blossom Dearie,
Where
Are you
On
The
Planet today?

Land of Jazz Worship

She
Was in a slight echo
From a flat in japan
Talking
The words of a selfless theology
As she went on about
Her abstract version of jazz
And being grateful
That the world
At hand has embraced her version
Of things.

And has she stitched
Together
A narrative of coming to America
To learn from masters,
Then return to her homeland with
The love of her life,
There was a lift of human joy
That penetrated her
Vernacular
And as
We got off
The phone
I realized that sotako
Is at the top of
Her mr. fuji
With that
Clear,
Jagged jazz
The world
Is always trying to get.

The Blues Jazz Man

He had a clear
Verbal meter
As he talk about all the New Orleans
Years of jazz paino playing,
But it was one story that
Got him laughing
In that old southern tone
Full of sweet music.

A man that lost his sight as a youngster,
He has forged the arts with a vision
That is unmatched.

He told me about a time that he
Fooled a town outside of San Francisco and
Drove a car in a parade as a blind man.

When someone form the SF newspaper world
Saw this and printed the picture in the paper,
The car in the parade was banned from future years
Because it let a blind man drive.

And as the bemused laughter
Rose over the phone wires from KC to NYC,
It was pure
Soul
From New Orleans
That kept
Everthing
Pure
And afloat.

Northern Logic

He was ringing
Through
The clear
Canadian skies into
My American phone
With a vigor,
Like a well groomed guitar.

He loved
His family.

Dug travelling.

Had too many friends to name.

He told me that jazz folk
Were the happiest,
Most evolved sort of folks
He has ever been around

And that was enough
For him
To know
That he made
The right choise
In living

As the world according
To Mike Rudd
Tumbled forward
Like the best
Set of jazz speakers in
Outer space ..

Gangster Jazz Man

All he wants
To do when
We talk in
10 years
from
now is to
be in
a
hot tub
sipping
cristal
and
for
all I know,
he was
doing it while
we
spoke
on the phone
and
he
laughed at uncertainty like it was
some hard jazz
tune
he
had
cinced without trying.

Jazz Meal

siskind said all
the students
called him fred harsh,
but his
knack for survival
and being a modern legend
was well enough
for these
jazz kids to
listen
so that one
day their
eyes can gleam
like tiny starlets
hanging
like a picture in
the village vanguard
someday
just smilin'
like
old john Coltrane
in his worn,
cool
ways.

Miles & Miles of Ron

ron spoke so
low
as he glided over
the miles of his
life
with playing
on stages
in Denver
and around
the globe
and the jaunts
with bill frisell
and jamming
with the finest
cats on the planet.

And it was the
Almost high
Whisper
That
Was
Just a subtext
To the loud notes
That come from his
Trumpet like
Some bastard ghost of
Miles Davis
Ready to come back to life
And take on another
Kinda jazz colored cape.

Gracie of the Jazz Future

It's always those
Early jazz albums
And the
Crazy fathers that
Let their daughters
Hear the best of
The jazz
The other kids
Have never heard of
That
Brings about
The next
Starlet
And as Gracie
Thought about
Her unfolding
legacy,
it was clear
she had no idea
where it would
land,
but knew the summersault
over the
jazz clouds
is
going
to
be
the best damn
part of it
all.

George in Orbit

in that cool,
storied tone
from a
hotel in Copenhagen, Denmark,
Garzone
retold the tales of
Elvis,
Not getting drafted in
Vietnam,
Tom Jones
And the wonder of
Jamming on stage
With jazz brass
So tall,
It hard to polish those
Horns as regular ceivilians ..

But as his old Italian roots
Were described,
He was just a lucky kid
From the right side of
The Boston train tracks
That made it around the world and
Again
Like

Some
Cool cat
Just licking his way
To the bottom
Of the
Jazzed over milk bowl.

Jazzy Germany Joe

The German born
Man named Joe
Said that
His dreams
Of New York City
Were vastly different
Than all the
Images on the TV
And magazines,
And he couldn't imagine
Why the government wouldn't
Fund the arts ..

It's done in Europe
And the vitality,
Health and
Strength
of a country is abound
in a socialistic fervor
with plenty of smiles and music notes flying.

And as he finished telling me that
The government pays for
Bands to play,
I looked out of the capitalistic
Skies about
Me and wondered
When America is going
To get
It
Right
In a the stacks
Of jazz
That have been
Made

And reissued.

Soprano in Baritone

The baritone

Sax man

Said he

Loved

Waking up

In the morning

To

See

His family

And knowing

That

There

Is

More

Love

To accompany

All

The

Jazz,

Baby.

The Proverbial Jazz Mark

The impeccable
Cool
Of a young
Jazz cat
Ending in
Guiliana
Talked in
Metered,
Impromptu
Thoughts about
Where he has been
And where all of this
May end up
And neither of
Us knew
As
The
Jagged jazz
Line
Continued to
Whip about like
A
Snake on a mission
To
Anywhere
Hidden,
Yet
Unsecretive.

young jazz cats with chops.

The Spielberg Jazz Scat

he told me about
multimedia jazz live shows
and then went on
to paint a picture of
his childhood in
southern California.

All the those images of
Spielberg's early films
Came into my Missouri brain.

And when I told J. Nelson this,
He said that a neighborhood next to his
Was where they filmed ET.

And as our laughter roared
Louder
And louder,
I figured it
Was rather
Alien
That more
People
Don't dig
His blend of
Spacey jazz goodness.

Northern Legends

The Canadian
Jazz legend
Said
He had no idea
He won the big
Award
Until he
Went to a party
And it was announced
And the liquor
Flowed forth
In all it's different
Colors
Or
Consistencies,
But it
Was no matter,

K. MacDonald
Is set to
Keep on making
That music
From here till
The end of time
No
Matter
What
The
Critics
And
Bottle
Caps whisper
To him
In
Small
Enveloped messages.

Rigazzi

Talked about some
Years he played his
Jazz in Italy,
But it was
His hours filling
In
With
Stan Getz
And feeling that
Sort of blissful
Stage pressure
That
He spoke about
As
The
Next annal
Of spoken
Jazz story
Went up and around
Like a curling smoke
Ring from
A
Getz solo
I never got to see live,
But heard it as Steve spoke
Like
We were both right
There in the audience
For a one time only
Gig.

KC Jazz Gospel

From the innards
Of the jazz church,
Dr. Hathaway
Spoke
In a
Music metered pentameter
About the days
Art Blakey stopped by
And other
Legends of the music world
Came in for
A beer
And to blow a
Horn.

He said
In his St. Louis blues swagger
And
Explained KC
Like there was
No looking back
And the
Subsequent
Generations
Will be the
Next
Mist of lore
To keep Kansas City
Thundering
The jazz
Thunderclap
For
Thousands
Of
Needed years to come.

The Enduring Jazz Keeper

A tiny old
Voice of a man from the
Guts of Wales
Talked about a
Web site dedicated to
Jazz cats on
Film
And he just
Couldn't take
The Beatle's Brit invasion
And really
Would have like to
See Bird at Massey
Hall,
Many would have,
Yet didn't,
Because he
Said there was a boxing match
That night and
The biggest jazz legend ever
Was
Just another
Sprinkle on the
Ice cream cone
Of
Another night in the
UK,
Much like
Joe Spibey
With his
Jazz wonders
On celluloid.

Every Single Vibe at Once

Vibes man
Stefon
Was developing a
New logorhythm app
And has a mobile
Learning lab
And all the jazz he was
Creating
And
The
World
Was
One wondrous
Meld of
Possibilities
That was
Spinning
In front of his
Words like
Only
A
Mallet was going to
Get in the
Way or a
Huge
Line of
Silver bars

Waiting
To
Let each of us know
The
Real
Vibes
The way they
Should be
Communicated.

The Wise Roder

For all the many
Hours,
Days and venues
In the
Lineage of
Randy
And his
Breckner
Jazz
Express,
He
Sounds like
A
Man explaining
A walk in the middle of the
Night to get a warm cup of milk,
Instead it's a thick encyclopedia
Explaining all the names of
Jazz we listen to into infinity
And the
Laughs the masters of jazz dole
Out and the
Old venues that became legendary
And the horns that were used to
Etch a classic bought in an old
Dime store
And every other possible
Drip of honey from the
Storybook of jazz
Told with cool improve meter
Like a
Massive red star roaring across
The music sky like a comet that may
End it all,
But will barely miss enough
For us
To have a
Story to tell.

The Elation and Punishment of Joey

He talked
In a calm,
Middle aged man manner
About how he moved to North Carolina
To escape the running, the drugs, the girls
Of the New York City life
That course through his
Blood for decades ..

And now his
Best friend Branford lives down the street
And it's golf
And cars
And his new wife and boy
That get him like the
Music he pounds out
With pure soul on the white and black keys.

But his voice only
Got high and strained like
The impossible jazz bridge
In a tune you'll never forget
When he explained as a teen
That his father died suddenly of heart failure
And his home burned down.

And it took him some minutes to climb
Down from the historic grief
To again
Retell the time he
Just shared a month or so ago on stage
About a jam session that
Was the best
He ever
Had

And

The nirvana he felt
And wouldn't have if
Life didn't kick
The absolute shit out of our brains
Like the best and worst improv
The planet can provide.

Erskine Chronicle

We had to reschedule
Our talk because of a trip
To Switzerland,
But once back,
This jazz man that
Spent some time with
The Steely Dan and
Many others,
Sipped his coffee high in the
Allure of the LA hills
To talk about
Being a content
Jazz sage
Well down the road,
But with many more
Stops to make before
The
Drums silence.

The Meeting of the KC & NYC Piano Men

The Kansas city

Jazz

Piano man

Held counsel

With the

World's

Piano man

And when billy pulled

Up a chair to see

Joe play in the late

Night hustle of another

Hotel lobby

Blaring with

The sound of keys coordinating

Into a heap of beauty,

It

Was the little guy that won

And the big shot

Got

To get back to

Those gritty

Needles of new york

Humility

Just for a minute

In a Kansas city

Hour.

Theo Bein' Big in Smalls

All he ever wanted to do
Since his
Parents took him there at
16
was play
like a real jazz
pro
in
Smalls

And all these years later
The metered
Cool of Theo's voice
Sails
Like the best jazz tune I heard
In some time
As
He
Retells
A
Suitcase of tales
As a big shot
In his shrine ..

All big
In the Smalls
On that New York Island, baby ..

Steve's Valliant Jumble Humble Stumble

The humble
Jazz legend
With the
Anonymous sounding name
Ending in Wilson
Soared
Over the
Cobblestones of
His polished jazz journey ...

It was calm,
Metered
And yanked with good mustard
As I looked out from the parking lot
I was talking from
Watching the
Shimmers of
Yellowed light
Hit the huge lake ahead
Of me
Like
Thousands of
Flimsy pieces of
Gold paper
Lining my metaphor
With
The soundtrack of
Steve blaring
In
Jam up unison.

The Legendary Shame

These days
He's one of the finest jazz cats
Flush on the
Music market today.

Selling,
Playing and
Creating a legacy that
Will never be forgotten.

But it was in the beginning that Marc
Got the
Slam from
The best in the
Business.

As Marc played the
Piano in front of the school,
Wynton Marsalis halted
Him and
Drubbed him in public.

The shame was bloody,
And it took years to shake.

But these days,
Mr. Cary has aged into a wise
Sort of soul and knows that was
The turning point in his life.

And after that day,
The music was going to change
And it did like
That cymbal tossed at the
Feet of Bird
In a crash of
Criticism that becomes
Legendary.

Locke Muses

Joe mused about
Being stuck on a tarmac
Outside of Moscow
And it was
Freezing cold
And hours had slipped by.

Then the questions
And unease of the passengers
Started rising ..

As it peaked,
The vibes legend
Look out of his
Frosty glass into the world beyond
And say some airport guys
Holding a huge
Fresh fish over the plane's engine
Trying to lure
The
Cat from the guts
Of
Death
And
Kickstarting
A Russian plane
Into the
Frozen,
Happy
Skies
Free of
Lost cats.

No one
Joe Locke Podcast Interview
Cat stuck in airplane engine in Russia

Good Israeli Jazz Tales

She grew up in Israel
And served her time in
The military
And
Held a belief
That was
Free of a god
Or
Fences.

Anat
Gushed
About what it
Was like to perform
With her brothers on stage.

That was her religion.

And once she was
Done telling me
What it was
Like to be a Cohen
And give the world their
Blend of jazz,
I paused
And realized that
She just gave me another
Key
To

What living this life
Is all about
In the brother and sisterhood
Of
It all.

The One Shot Tonight Show Big Shot

Ian
Went of for some time
How jazz cats
Are the smartest,
Funniest cats around
Playing
The hardest music
In the world.

And the cool that came out
Of his voice
Was that of a man
Who plays locally for
Handfuls of folk,
And that's
A-Ok with him.

Instead,
He's on national TV every night
As part of
The Tonight Show Band

And you would never
Have known,
Should any of us really care
When these guys finally
Blow their horns
And lay out the
Truth in a way

You will only
Hear
That
Way

Once.

Kristian's Tale in a Gary Shout

He is
A filmmaker
By that
Has St. Clair
In his name ..

He loves Gary
McFarland
And feels the world should know
His groove,
History and lore
A
Bit more.

And when he
Retold the tale of
Gary drinking a
Slug of liquor tainted with methadone
And
Having a sudden heart attack,
I could sense that it was breaking his heart
Again.

And this new film he
Made would mend the pieces of
That mysterious death
And
We all
Get healed
By the only thing
That will
Never, ever
Die.

.. that music ..

Truth in Dots

the young trombone
cat
named Gibson
talked about
how Curtis Fuller
said
Wayne Shorter was like
A
Bag of dots.

And it didn't end there.

When you are around a bag of dots,
You just see dots,
But as you step away,
Back,
Afar at a safe distance,
You begin seeing the big picture.

And Curtis saw this in
Wayne
And David told me
All about it

As another mighty truism of
The jazz diet
Of wisdom
Made everything
A
Bit clearer
like the big
yellow
dot
in the sky
all the time.

Weaver Waltz

There's a young
NYC diva
That is channeling
That
David Lynch
vibe
And if she is just careful
Enough,
They may etch her
Lyrics on a log
Carried by
A
New crazy lady
Across
The town
Of Twin Peaks
In
The show
Reboot
As
Her music
Wafts about
The
Scene
Like
The fumes of a
Drying painting
Lynch
Would make
Of her supple
Tucked in a
Blue Velvet dress.

The Missed & Made

In all the near miss interviews
I could have had
With cats like
Andre Previn,
Wynton Marsalis,
Toots Thilemans,
Kenny Burrell
And the like,
I only
Tend to remember

The ones that did happen

Like the gospel of
The jazz architects that I speak with.

They get lost thinking about
Who they may want to play with,
But will spend
Many savory minutes
Examining what
Did
Go
Down
On the boulevard of

Jazz dreams
Blobbing around
In the final shot

In that beautiful
Bottle of bourbon.

Gannon-esque

oliver
asked me how I
found about about
his blend of
Canadian jazz guitar
Goodnees,
And I told him
He had been on my radar
For sometime.

Mr. gannon was a sort
Of a legend
In these American parts.

And through his
Laughter,
He promised he was going to
Tell his wife who is
Fighting cancer
That one.

He said he needed
All the big shot
Clout in
The house
He could
Get.

And that magic
Is in
Houses all
Over
The
Jazz map.

He
Said that last night
He
Woke up in the
Morning and
Etched a tune
With his horn
That his deceased dad
Had played for him
Dream
There in the top of Brooklyn, NY
And it got me
Thinking about my
Dad
Being gone
For some years now
And being from brooklyn
And those
Notions
Collided into pure
Jazz cool
To know this
Cat B. Turner
Had turned the dreamy
Night into
A
Real tune
He can hum
In the sun of day,
Baby.

Late Show Dreams

I asked him
What he wanted to be
When he grew up
And
He said
That he ran
Into Paul Shaffer in
A NYC grocery store
By Lincoln Center
And told
Him that
He dreamed of being
Him as a kid
And
As the conversation
Between a young
dan kauffman
and paul
went on
in a busy
grocer's aisle
in America,
another dream
was
becoming realized
in the
only accidental
way
possible.