

Jazz

Part 2: Fantasy, vision and flavors

BY AINSLEY CRAWLEY

You thought it was gonna be a typical Stones concert. Mick hollering out "Satisfaction" and teasing the girls with his tongue while the band pumps out bluesy, chart topping rock music. I'm sure a few women threw their tops into the crowd when he says, "I can't get no... I can't get no.."

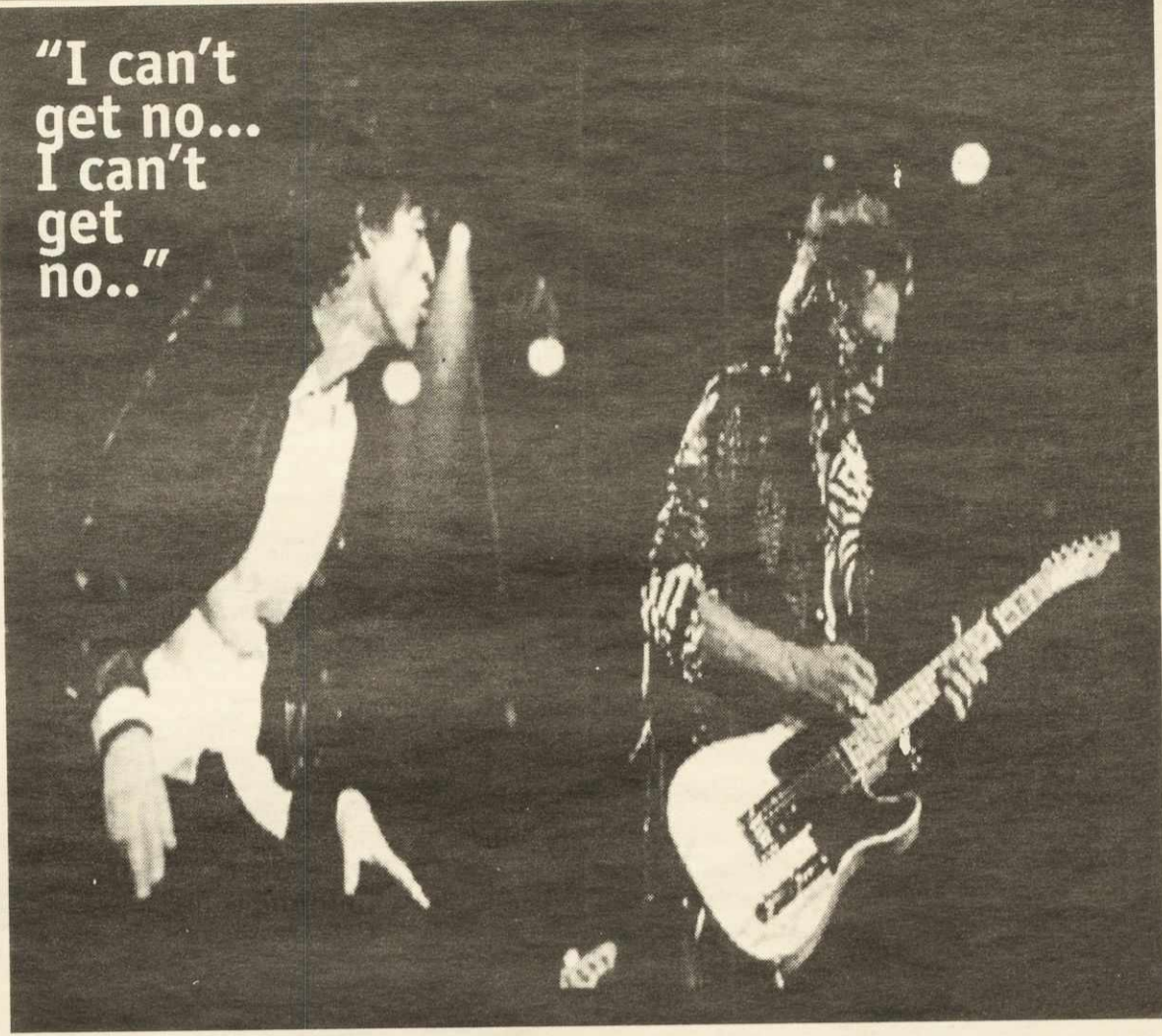
Miles, Herbie, Ron, Tony and Wayne started this mayhem an hour ago and jazz is renewed, suddenly saved and changed. Fusion is born. Why? Miles wants the music of the 60s to be included into his jazz and presents an extended version of rock and African rhythm in jazz chords with vitality and strength. Check

out "Miles runs the Voodoo" on the Brew LP.

It is played slow with slurred trumpet, piano phrases and modal extensions, but the repetition and beat taste like a new flavor of jazz. Everybody is a shade tighter and more musically articulate, but it is an experiment in time. Who knows what can be played? What's next? Nobody is afraid to try, to take a risk. Is that CBS record deal is still available for the Avante Garde Miles?

"Sorry Baby, it just happened", says Miles. He played what he wanted and it was loved by everyone.

A young Cellist played his heart out for a spot in a New York orchestra. He had practiced endlessly, had been told he had talent and naturally, could outplay



"I can't get no... I can't get no.."

anyone on the instrument. He had it!

Ron Carter would have been the first Black Cellist in the New York philharmonic orchestra in 1959. On the final days of tryouts, after a stellar performance that raised eyebrows, the Maestro called Ron aside and said, "You can go home now. It doesn't matter what you played."

The world was not ready for a Black Cellist in a New York orchestra. Ron said he knew why, but left throwing his cello. He picked up the bass and began to pursue jazz. He could potentially be the best that ever played the instrument. And, he was there that night in London in 1969 with Miles Davis at Etal Music Group and the rest is jazz history.

"Mr. Magic" was the first number one fusion hit. It was played in dance clubs and often heard on FM radio air waves. It had a unique feel of soft funk with a driving base lines and beat. A lyrical saxophone was lead by Grover Washington, the featured artist.

The competition was fierce and the conversion to fusion in 1973 was steady and overwhelming. Record sales began to skyrocket. Herbie Hancock released his *Headhunters* LP in 1974 and a new single, "Water-

melon Man" — a song with no lyrics and a funky beat. It climbed to number one on the Billboard charts and featured a bass clarinet lead by Bernie Maupin. A second single was taken from the LP and was equally successful.

That was it for me. I didn't need words any more to study jazz, living a pleasure beyond. Q's Melo Madness was another turning point. Hubert Laws, Chicago Team and Donald Byrd's works (a father figure in music) gave new, deeper meaning to musical rhythm and feeling in jazz chords.

It was amazing what Miles had started. The record companies had invested in the new jazz — the fusion movement. The first Yuppies bought fusion en masse. I guess they didn't need words any more either.

Count Basie sat politely with the Billy Holliday entourage at an after hours speakeasy in Chicago. Now he laughed with Lady Day and pondered recording those catchy boogie keys.

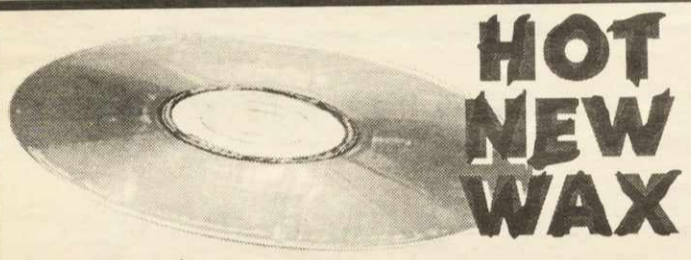
They surmised and laughed over cocktails dismissing the far fetched idea. The count could have had it all, and began rhythm expansion and claimed a future direction of modern music. It was not to be, and Count Basie stuck to his swing.

Professor Longhair decided to pursue boogie on the piano and now makes the claim. He experimented obscurity alone down South in Memphis. Longhair taught Ike Turner piano for a few months and Ike learned very well and left to gig around the South playing boogie and rockabilly to hysterical sold-out crowds. In 1949, Longhair had the foundation keys that are the basis of rock n' roll. The repetitions and the feeling of rock comes from blues, jazz and boogie that led to rockabilly and doo-wop.

Longhair made history, but died in 1976 only to be buried silently and unheard of. He owns the keys that shook the world. Music will never be the same because of Longhair.

The Crusaders have left the stage to thunderous applause and an era in fusion is over. But this show didn't really happen, it's just my fantasy. The styles of the fusion movement are many, varied and are tasty like candy.

Jazz has flavors. Call them jazz flavors because that's what they all add up to. Something to taste, sample and enjoy. The final word on music belongs to James Brown, whose funk innovation set the stage of modern music in its current form, representing his genius beyond all others.



Julie Doiron and the Wooden Stars — Self Titled (Sappy/Sonic Unyon)

For those of use who still shed a tear over the disbanding of Eric's Trip, this record certainly fills the void where Julie is concerned. After a solo full-length and an EP, Julie has taken her whispering melodies to the next level, teaming up with perhaps the least likely rock band, the Wooden Stars. On a record that proves talent is all that matters, Julie and the Wooden Stars each bring their respective gifts to the table in a beautiful mesh of raw emotion. — Jon

Inspectah Deck — *Uncontrolled Substance* (Loud)

One of the last of the Wu-Tang Clan members has piped up and delivered his long awaited album. *Uncontrolled Substance* by Inspectah Deck is as consistently chocked full of good beats and trademark Killer Bee lyric's as virtually all other Wu-Tang products. Inspectah Deck's rhymes are more witty and 'intelligent' than hip-hoppers tend to be, transcending music to an almost intellectual experience. Well, maybe it's not that good, but it is pretty damn good. — Pat

Folk Implosion — *One part lullaby* (Interscope)

Low Barlow is back again with his melodically and musically enhanced duo Folk Implosion and *One part lullaby*, a musical masterpiece by any standards. Few CD's make my constant rotation list, but this one wrote itself in. The tunes are deeply layered so that the melody may stick in your head, but each time the drum machine kicks, you're sitting on the edge of your seat, waiting for each individual note to overwhelm your musical tastebuds. Buy it. Right now. — Pat

Mystery Men — Soundtrack (Interscope)

This is a pleasant surprise, with a good assortment of musical tastes. There's a little something for everybody: pop-influenced rock like "Back in 1999" by John Oszajca and "All-Star" by Smash Mouth provide new rock bits. The Pub Pistols intermix 70's rock with contemporary rap/hip hop on "Keep Keep Movin". With "Night Fever" and "Disco Inferno" the Bee Gees and the Tramps make this album a hot party favour. — Nick.

Stir of Echoes — Soundtrack (Nettwerk)

The scores are composed by James Newton Howard; the vocals being provided by Moist ("Breathe"), Gob ("Paint it Black"), Dish Walla ("Stay Awake"), Stevie Wynn ("Nothing but the Shell), Poe ("Hello"), and Beth Orton ("It's Not the Spotlight"). Aside from the necessary pop-rock additions, if you like creepy music, this is the CD to get. The scores are generally quiet, fairly slow and unnerving. If you like the Beatles, you'll love Moist's track, and Poe's "Hello" is a nice, atmospheric piece, that complements the instrumentals well. Finally, if you like the heavier side of electric, check out Gob's rendition of the Stones tune "Paint it Black" — Shawn

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