

All that jazz in its full-bodied flow  
is the life of the heart of the soul...

Fats Waller said "If you gotta ask what jazz is, yuh ain't never gonna know." Still...jazz is poetry too fast for words. Jazz is a brush fire of sound workin' and steamin', jinkin' and side-steppin'. Whether smooth, cool school, barrelhouse, ragtime, swing, jump, bop, hard bop, funk, fusion, free, or whatever, jazz is a way of saying much with little. Jazz makes you see a "funky thide of signes." Jazz can also be taken as seriously as your life.

Chi-Town

"Why did they build that @\$% lake next to this city?" one time first-ward alderman Hinky Dink Kenna once asked. He didn't know that jazz in Chicago is cooler by the lake. Bud Freeman thinks Chicago (and not New Orleans) is where jazz was really developed, and where it actually happened. Like bluesman Junior Wells saw it, "There ain't nothin' that goes on nohow that don't come in Chicago."

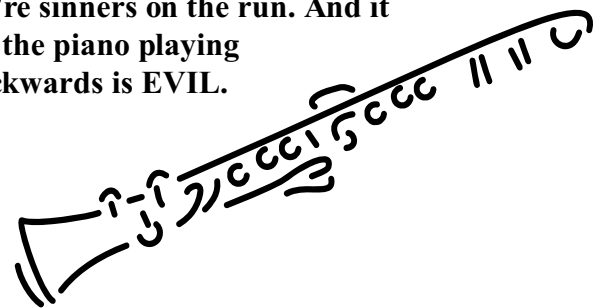
Kind of blue

But life has a way of blowing too many blue notes. In just a day and a night, we can find ourselves on the blue train, our life playing a clarinet's lament. It ain't just life that gets us in a funk. We blow hot and cold. We'll always be misbehavin', and like a fool on a hill, we can't even name our own tune.

Mercy, mercy, mercy!

There goes the neighborhood we all live in. An artful dodger slidin' up the street, arpeggio around the corner, and shuffling down the block is the jazz way of saying we're sinners on the run. And it doesn't help that "Changachangachang Mal Waldron" slips in at the piano playing countertempo, "Up popped the devil." After all, LIVE spelled backwards is EVIL.

Charlie Mingus suggests "Better Get Hit in Your Soul," but most simply "Can't Get Started." The Weather Report reports that we're in for heavy weather. Courtney Pines tells us to journey to the "urge within." But what do you think we'll find looking in there!?! Mercy!



What is this thing called soul?

Don't even think it ain't nobody's business what you do. French jazz singer Edith Piaf gave some deathbed advice to her sister: "All the @\$% fool things you do in life you pay for." Somebody's watching what you do, and what you do comes back on you. Guaranteed.

# *Listening to the Voice that is*

**Jazz may put us in touch with our soul, but then what do we do? Go Miles in the Sky? Follow Miles Davis's "7 Steps to Heaven"? "Take the A Train"? And what really makes us blue is that train called death. In the words of Norwegian jazzman Terje Rypdal, "What Comes After?"**

**Your soul obviously needs more than jazz. Your life, your entire being needs a love supreme, and a love supreme more clearly defined than John Coltrane's version. It's not the Duke, the Count, the Kid, or the Birdman our souls really need. We need to listen to the voice that is.**

## *The Real Soul Man*

**is the Son of Man, the King of Kings. The life he gives our soul lasts forever, and it is a life that brews luminous. Jesus wasn't just blowing his horn when he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." You and I need him—the love supreme. And it ain't long until the gig is over.**

