

**WHERE HAVE ALL THE JASS JOINTS GONE?????  
OR A DINSAUR**

**Where have all the real jass joints gone?**

**I heard they got tired of being po packed up and left this vibe.  
Leaving no joints to play big, beautiful, black, spiritual, sounds.  
Leaving no joints for the creativity of spontaneous  
improvisations.**

**Leaving no joints to chase the music into space.**

**Leaving us behind for the gratification of more diverse economic  
settings.**

**Snubbing, ignoring, the flight to go where no note has gone  
before.**

**Where have all the real jass joints gone?**

**You know those small dark joints where the music constantly  
chased the intimacy of creativity.**

**With musicians executing the rumbling sounds of an infectious  
music.**

**Allowing the musicians and the audience to make love to  
become more than one.**

**What ever happened to those joints with those real ass kicking,  
bitching, cutting, jam sessions?**

**The constant challenge of the challenge.**

**Those furious, ferocious, sweating, dripping battles.**

**Spacing beyond wee hours, light into daylight.**

**Bringing the magic of music with the juju of the rising sun.**

**Where new changes were built off old changes that were  
reinvented.**

**What ever happened to those joints where the music was like a  
thundering fiery erupting volcano?**

**Filling the night with stinging notes of hot and cool lava.**

**Filling the night with notes that grabbed the heart and soul.**

**Music that laid down the journey of thousands of musical  
journeys into space.**

**It was like solos weren't repetitions of the soloist before the set  
before, the night before, the gig before.**

**But were made for that moment.**

**Changes weather inside out, outside in.**

**Or some real other deep space.**

**It was from the heart.**

**Everybody was plugging into the HEARTFELT, of the HEARTBEAT**

**Even drummer and the bassist got a chance to be heard.**

**I mean, really heard.**

**You know in today's world of high tech madness, attempts are made to strip away the culture of the music.**

**To take it to new horizons without understanding it's foundation.**

**Without understanding that jass is like the pyramids, a marvel of mathematical engineering to behold.**

**Built to withstand the infinite creativity of man.**

**It is truly a blessing an extinct rarity to find a place called home.**

**Where the music grows and festered like wildfire.**

**Where the music's only limit is space.**

**So I wish those cats's that's fooling, lying to themselves making all that money uptown, downtown, out of town around town would come home.**

**Cause all we got left is a few dinosaurs.**

**The Velvet Lounge and Fred Anderson.**

**A true dinosaur.**