

CHANGE / 2



New York Art Quartet: ESP---1004

Roswell Rudd, trombone; John Tchicai, alto sax; Lewis Worrell, bass; Milford Graves, drums; LeRoi Jones, reading his poem: "Black Dada Nihilismus".

Note:

Since the labels on this album are mixed up, I've tried to correct them. As referred to below:

Side A, no. 1 - No. 6, by Tchicai
 no. 2 - Rosmosis, by Rudd
 Side B, no. 1 - Short, by Rudd
 no. 2 - Sweet, by Rudd

FIRST RECORDING OF MUSIC BY THE N.Y. ART 4

"A hitting of your fingers on the drum shoots out all the sounds and begins the new harmony"

--Rimbaud, trans. by Emanuel Carnevali

This music grasps the potentials of variable musical room. Rooms, Resonances, Space lived in receiving this music maintains constant change of size & form, and the soundings of manned-instruments are the objects shaping this space. Not "listen to" this sound-material, it acts on you. Run the course of it long enough & you will learn to move easily inside, among its forms. But it maintains a landscape you must learn to inhabit, with no other guides than your own pulse & head holding times. What time is it? What poles & walls, now. How Hear = How Move.

Walk out of a color movie onto daylight street.
 Roll radio frequencies. Scan across 6 columns
 newsprint. Mark neon-signs' pulse as base-rhythm
 & crowd-corner-speech as musical lines (any number).
 Take any site's pulse; as many elements as possible.

(Disciplines for an Awareness, hearing...)

No "melody" here -- MELODY: a more Romantic faith: that what may come, might last. Not their concern. Rather: placement, shifting, toppling, to be over, turned away from, the next second. Timbres, soundings, noise, & nerve to move. Head awareness swivels 360 degrees. The incessant changes, take up, sight from, & move on. To move in time. What stands, still, to be defined, is not their measure.

No. 6, by John Tchicai

Head-Sector: follows the sweep of the Gesture (to phrase men together). Graves moves their pulse using big-cymbal & bass-drum linked, a topped & bottomed simultaneity-drive -- no sound in the drum-combine more important than another. Rudd playing "riff" figures involved primarily in variables of sound/timbre used in enunciating them, & the intervals extending out from their sides. Ensemble fades -- strong weather dimming out. Worrell solo: a calming place. Graves: closed-cymbal leap to open-cymbal figure. Then drum timbres alone -- uses snare-rattle of open-snare to vary range of drum noise -- stick sounds, rims, like clacks of the tongue & teeth. Theme back in, on a 3 point emphasis "riff", ending down on held tones. Full open 'bone ends.

Rosmosis, by Roswell Rudd

Short Head of "tune-up" phrases. Graves: feel of each drum & cymbal as a separate voice -- maintains separation in simultaneity -- a thorn-fabric of stems all (either) way(s) -- stop-lights find their own pulse & operate, defining tone of avenues. Slow limits (Worrell), & Graves maintains differences. Open cymbal roll is held to be a single placement (as, in older forms, one "note" defining its position). Rudd in -- Graves growing a thicket of bells & rods, behind, Rudd free, above, to place his long holds. Worrell enters in regular medium pulse, & Graves immediately moves out of either side of it. No ONE FRAME of time ever held to continuance. Rudd alone, high 'bone sliding sounds & tabs of harmonics slipped in, sound electronic -- "that horn, in the wall, there!", WSB's "little hi-fi blue note". A final whisp of static-laced air. Wait. Now fast ensemble group gestured in (similar to Ornette Coleman's "Harmonic Unison" on Free Jazz date, see album notes there). Tchicai: a calm blue drive thru leaf-shingle & grass-roof towns -- the train passing behind church & oil stacks, not seen but noted. A matrix of flashing signals. Rudd's 'bone long film-notes barely sensed in sub-stratum of walls & signs. Drums shift the switches & chatter of the hex-storm & the latest colored models. The tube opens behind, rises out into blue vista of newsreel tracks -- Graves allowed his field activity at the edge. Turned oxygen valves -- water stains traced values. Snares snapped to head & back, chime with choked big-cymbal knock. Silence. Worrell: finger sliding string provides "after-sound" rhythms -- top high string turns ceramic pipe tapped with ring finger, a tube blown softly across. His final (slowing down) pitch leaves this music-sector's end open. We are left, still, over a precise point of the field. Eye resting in air. Horizon-scope free.

Short, by Roswell Rudd

'Bone & cymbal, the vent angled open, air sifts in on a sunshaft. Day lights in the car-barn or deserted studio of white boards. Glass of dust & water on the desk. An aggregate of waiting. Slashed cymbal is sharp awakened touch of light raying, & shut off. Theme takes all up & bends gently down -- a dance form curve -- billow of gold hair. Rudd holds the grey double-image of Tchicai. Cymbals' breath holds air against taut heads -- cane chair -- drum seat. Sounds in back perimeters of room. Seep. "I can't be sure I really heard..." Ghost. Presences. Ectoplasms. Phantasms arguing noise. Bass sound so close to brass tone, closes to electric "alien" hum in the room, hard to pinpoint definitions. "Can't believe, if..." Worrell sliding the wood & hairs on glass. Graves tapping copper casks, tin chair rods. Flight thru the arc-lit shop. Now back to the dance-turns to fade in&out of focus down to a knock, 3 floors down. Graves sounding loose snares (they resonate the pitch of the drum). Tapping the back room table. An almost too close, quiet.

Sweet, by Roswell Rudd

LeRoi Jones reading his poem in medium room-speak modulations. Worrell follows the spoken rhythms. Graves cymbal-sharps the tints of violence, kicks the word-soloist. A general feeling-around backing-rhythm. Placing these words in the noise-matrix they arise from. A rustle of sound-origins.

Horn Theme Entry: the new lavender, rhapsodic of cement shucked building faces, & wad shirtfronts of the street killers. Fade on sound of Kill, bare, around the corner -- "We turned off that street". A new vista of the amber turning lights in heads, out & on. Drip of metric blue neons -- nearly lost current -- in back, your grey head edge. 'Bone's clear day voice (bulb grey sun) under shag iron street pole.

"I see there, I recognize him, I know him, he's..." Drift. Shift rock & tide. The street tracking black knobs & shell prints in shale. Grasp a sodden knob of metal & hair. A draped run for the subway. Damp. White window frames, punctured air from Graves'

cymbals. A fluorescent slow ride of blank newspapers & memory-drainage sense. Drift of sands under the silver familiar picture. Pick up speed to the grottoes "out a town". Arguing heads far under the frosted carflange grass. A gust blows arm & shoulder vista of leak ocean out, ending of the bottom-line. Crushed dreaming of City brought indoors, far away from caught fact. Grit of imprint people stapled at corners. Recurring snow-flake bulb of nostalgias, out of slow waves of mottled data. Remnant sight of all windows open at a grey tidal space (strata wiped glass) where the mind will pick all out again. Whole accumulations of serial fact, rilled up to dry & cool out flat. Particles let slip from open lip & eye. Moments. Fired again on. Minutes.

Seconds.

Flashes.

Silences.

---Clark Coolidge
26:I:66 Providence

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Giuseppi Logan NOTES --- 1.

ESP---1007: Logan, sax & oboe;
Milford Graves, drums; Don
Pullen, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass

not in/at song, but mouth learned sounds
music's percussion points
chamber of the mouth, sounding up (clack!)
from belly to chest report at
the teeth tongued lips (tok!)
from in, to sound fill
teeth tapped (to) a room

Indian
student drummers
learn the Ragas

(learn to do something entirely stop for a year)

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(DANCE OF SATAN)

the smoke train moves in suddenly
there are lead blocks, rings,
down plungers, sand printed states
--- re-set carriage of the mind

(spacing of melody-line: X-X-XXX
f'f'f'f'ag

Measure = Row of Placements

(not mere repetition of beats' sites)

a line drawn across the board, on, the wall out the door
down the hall... (Olson, in Vancouver, 1963

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(DIALOGUE)

start that sign says: "This is NOT ARAB music"

call Ornette / call out of Bird

slow 3s (A-G-C, A-...etc)

anchor = density-blocks

tabla sounds pulses, to
the skull, lit from the inside
mouth

sector of "the no-signature" (not
 "free-time" or "rubato")
the endless serial changes

this is not arab music

.....

come back to 3 when
gravity draws them back
become regrounded

.....

2 men in black suits move
laterally to the eye in a white
room --- one once again as
distant --- they cross & swerve
--- a few jumps --- torsion ---
they are expressionless
they keep you from wandering

.....

back to 3 alto comes in
 goes out on a cry --- Goodby!

watch thru train window
the room in back pass by
we're OUT --- Graves slaps
his pocket

-- -- -- --

(TANEOUS)

the man's hopping in in
a green-striped suit & you
give him a chance

Gr
av
es^o
Cym.

{ da-ding da-ding da-ding (rapid variables)
1 2 3 etc.

a Wash of percussion sounds
rainstorm variants on
changing materials/surfaces

[take on the driving
landscapes of a Raga]

the prisms hang & wave by
themselves by the wall

the music holds, opening
up huge spaces & then tightening
you up

(the wall's moving)

"man's loose? Why doesn't
somebody tighten him up?"

(knees reaching the summit)

time as spaces or bodies'
filling --- the color doesn't
matter, except as sign
for distinguishing (as in painting, Guston, etc.)

incredible Graves & Gomez duo
constantly shifting field-elements
piano-entry as a pure percussive

air is shaped-dust (no
2 the same?) in a magnetic
field --- insistance shifting polarities

tenor in ---

a pounding on the Mask
from within, the rod-tongue...

Logan giving illusion of
playing "no-notes" pure
sounds --- they shift & fill

Graves' solo : sticks, big tom,
bass drum, hi-hat, rims
chipping --- moments on & out
the train --- he gives you an
Angle-Iron-Run.

piano
in back

tenor back in
hear sonority of bowed-Gomez & Logan
had to cry again
taste him again &

lash the bowed tongue

(BLEEKER PARTITA)

opens Latin-4
low octave E's (piano)

Logan (B to D)

feel 4ths
E's hold it down

feel this music as Weights in Space, moved & first balanced on the tongue & pressed forward to the teeth -- then out into (to fill) the room. This is all taking place in a room.

to move from notes out to sound -- sounds that objects make. Men are objects and have (to do with) objects, sound them constantly (weighed, but never found wanting). A man never runs out of things if he stay aware, to the touch. Some objects the mouth won't swallow, but moves to the front, feels, & they stay with & fill the room.

piano descending 4ths

Can't whistle these tunes? Because they're way in already, don't surface unless something bypasses memory in front & touches them deep & brings them up (to the mouth? ...)

Gomez bass, big tone solo,
the Haden-Brain in the next room
exuding hums -- a lovely
quiet, pointed by Graves' cymbal.
Gomez finds some electric
chimes, softly stroked by the end

Theme-Sector: this brings you down from the 3rd floor -- you learn these stairs & memory helps, but you're still in a room, ground-floor back-apartment this time, & you're thinking about how the back of block-street looks -- you stroll the cement in your room -- familiar sights -- it's been a week since the last presence of this room -- there you've been busy, tho this room too is yours, out this window are your trees because you touched them, touched you & tasted their bark -- yes, that's City, New York, a grey 2 P.M. -- you & shades, & leaded-glass against white walls, & the shadow of the leaded-glass cut cymbals. The wet tongue quivers & darkens.

The After-Feel/Image : a many colored map of silence.

(TABLA SUITE)

closeness of high oboe
& high inside piano sounds
the "high" established

& Graves' tabla comes in (weeds
 in ice-lake, & back
 stairs broken box sounds)
 great blue open harps start
 & tabla stirs the latin hand
 ...but you're mistaken (get in
 between those periods again)

an incredible glowing prism note
 (Pullen stroke)

pedal brings strums shut
 Gomez: sparse, finds his openings
 & steps between lightly

Gomez alone
 fingers around throat (gentle) bring
 your hand down
 feel the bulbs of the hum-strung
 throat

Gomez enters above the bridge
 he sights Logan streaking below
 it's suddenly raining
 he sees Logan's lips & teeth
 & his tongue move, but's too
 high to hear
 he & Graves sight the
 sun & descending birds
 almost at once

- - - -

(DANCE OF SATAN)

there are piled oil drums
 marked: "Bright Cargo"
 & the luminous locomotive
 pinks with dawn, sways
 its trunk

the air's thick but it's OK
 keep your mouth open
 'specially when you've got
 nothing special to say
 & don't worry 'bout the
 ozone-layer ("get feet wet...")
 the wires are in somebody
 else's head

spaces where they use the off-balance meter (4 & 3) to move either way, like Indian
 technique -- scope of row of beats, 7 for instance -- accented different beats each
 measure, the "off-balance-stride"

lost in the YEARN of the numbers
 to move on

there's never an end

you might decide to go after ~~more~~ steps
 what here? what forms
 what shade now?

- - - -
 (DIALOGUE)

little bulbs at the teeth
 light the blood-air inside
 you're amazed in the
 mirror, your mouth's been
 open this whole space
 (What shape is the gap of
 this "hour"?)

"I felt that the inside of
 my skull was shapely
 for a minute, & I don't think
 it was my mind
 that felt it"

Pullen shuffles his discs
 they are slightly flattened rose
 spheroids, chart buds,
 one is marked: "Smoke
 Gets In Your Eyes", the leaves
 of a fake-book bulb up
 (the Juke inflates) they rise, pass
 close, you feel them past
 your lip/teeth-slot & bite
 gently -- they taste like the
 last catch of lost images

- - - -
 (a possible conclusion)

the totems of this music
 rise from the set of
 your jaw -- any time
 grip to sculpt
 your mouth, you shape, you
 open, & stamp & close

(another, possible...

as well as ears
 lights on in the record room
 pieces of music shuffling spaces in the room
 look around while listening, grasp

(the white-bulb inside, the milk prism, cylinder

tabled
lights)

Every. Thing.

Sounds.

--Clark Coolidge
27:1:66 Providence

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Jazz in concert at the Village Vanguard: Father Tom Vaughn, piano; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. "The 'In' Congregation", "I get a kick out of you", "I've grown accustomed to her face", "Chim Chim Cheree", "Mr. Cholly", "Get Me to the Church on Time", "Where is Love?", "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise". (RCA Victor LSP 3577)

I saw this record lying on the editor's desk in the office of the Daily Collegian, our college newspaper, & seeing Elvin's name on the cover, I asked the editor if I could borrow it for a day. She said O.K., if you do a 5-line review of it for the paper. This is what I wrote:

You don't even have to listen to this record to dig it. Like all the people in the audience whom you can hear talking & laughing in the background without paying any attention to the music & then applauding like mad after each tune, as if it was the most important piece of music they'd ever heard. This is music for dead ears. What's so sad about it is that it has to be Elvin who, almost exactly one year ago, made ASCENSION with John Coltrane, which everybody should be listening to right now, 24 hours a day. What's happening?

When I came home & put this record on the record player, me & Charles were cracking up. What a funny record. But after a while it didn't sound funny anymore. It sounds as if we were in the year 2000 and these 3 cats were asked to give a demonstration of what bebop or "soul" or "funk" used to sound like 50 years ago. The "In" Congregation is the epitome of the whole album. Elvin starts out with what sounds to me like a couple of rock 'n roll licks & one can see the crows clapping hands & snapping fingers & moving toward the sides, forming a circle, while the lead couple moves toward the center with the beat, "doing the thing". When was that? 10 years ago? 20? Malcolm talks about it in his autobiography and LeRoi Jones talks about it somewhere. Beautiful. This record was made in 1966. And the hand clapping on it is for REAL. Go, Father, go.

Shit, I'd never expect anything different from someone who is Episcopalian priest in a small town like Midland, Michigan. I would never have looked at the record twice if it hadn't said Elvin Jones and Art Davis on the cover. How did Elvin get on this scene, I want to know. Father Vaughn says he used to attend sessions at Elvin's house in Pontiac (not far from Midland). That's where he knew him from. I drove thru Pontiac not too long ago, the city with the Wide Track Drive and the obscene bowling alleys on almost every corner. Do you really want to go back to that scene, Elvin?

We used to say, talking about people we knew, "It can't happen to him," or, "it'll never happen to her," meaning that they would never