

*"I am the place in
which something has
occurred."*

Claude Levi-Strauss

New York Jazz Stories

FIRST EDITION

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FROM THE PAGES OF CADENCE MAGAZINE

This collection of stories is a combination of anecdotes told by the artists and excerpts from longer interviews. This material was originally published in Cadence Magazine.

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New York Jazz Stories: An Introduction

**DAVID HANEY,
PIANIST,
COMPOSER,
BORN IN 1955,
FRESNO, CA, USA
TALKS ABOUT
JAZZ STORIES**



David Haney
New York Jazz Stories
Joe's Pub, New York, 2017
PHOTO CREDIT R.I. SUTHERLAND-
COHEN, JAZZ EXPRESSIONS.

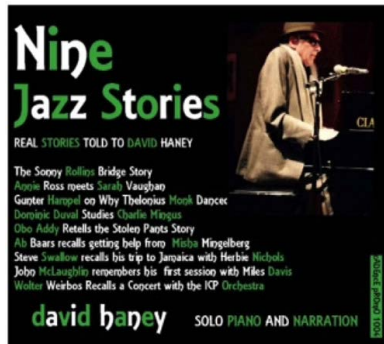


David Haney, 2015
PHOTO CREDIT: PATRICK HINELY
© WORK/PLAY

My name is David Haney. I am a composer and pianist who has had the good fortune to work with some of the greatest improvisers of our times: Roswell Rudd, Buell Neidlinger, Julian Priester, John Tchicai, Andrew Cyrille, Bernard Purdie, Han Bennink and others. I have recorded numerous albums, both with them, and with many younger players.

In 2012, I read that Cadence Magazine was planning to cease publication. I had the good fortune to obtain the rights to Cadence Magazine and continued the publication under my ownership. One of the first tasks I assigned myself was to interview more than 50 jazz performers for future articles. During the interviews, I asked each artist for an anecdote about a turning point in their lives. Their short, insightful, personal narratives first appeared in Cadence Magazine as the Jazz Stories series. Since then, I have released the stories on CD, and retold them in live concert settings in New York and Los Angeles. In 2014, other writers began submitting Jazz Stories to the magazine, and the volume of material continues to grow. The contributing editors have been the lifeblood of Cadence. I am grateful to them for their efforts toward the success of the publication and the success of the Jazz Stories project. I also thank my son Colin Haney, who transcribed many of the stories, and who was essential in helping to set up the new Cadence Magazine and the Jazz Stories Project.

FURTHER LISTENING



**ANNIE ROSS,
SINGER,
BORN IN 1930,
LONDON,
ENGLAND, DIED
JULY 21, 2020:
REMEMBERING THE
TIME SHE TAUGHT
A SONG TO SARAH
VAUGHAN.
RECORDED IN 2012.**

FURTHER LISTENING



Hi, my name is Annie Ross. I'm a singer and performer and an actress and a cookbook author and a lyricist, and I just want to tell you about a story concerning Sarah Vaughan.

When Jon Hendricks and Dave Lambert—when we were Lambert, Hendricks and Ross — we played a gig at the Apollo Theater. And we had played there many times. We always stopped the show, because we started there and the public took us as one of their own, and so we were appearing with people like Redd Foxx, Moms Mabley, the Basie Band, the Ellington Band. It was fantastic.

So I get there the first day, and I go up to my dressing room, and, as you can imagine, to be on the same bill with Sarah Vaughan was fantastic. And I was in my dressing room — they were very funny dressing rooms because, at that time, they were all lined with linoleum, and you always knew to take the can of roach spray when you went to the Apollo. And so you would spray the dressing room to keep the roaches out, they would go next door, the people next door would spray, they'd come back. So this game went on and on.

So, in the middle of this, there's a knock on the door, and in walks Sarah, and she says "Annie!" I said "What?" And it was one of the great moments of my life: She said "Teach me doodlin." Well, for me to teach Sarah Vaughan one of my songs and solos was beyond my wildest dreams! I think that's a great story.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**APOLLO
THEATER**
53 W 125TH ST,
NEW YORK, NY

GPS Location:
40° 48' 36.0648" N,
73° 57' 0.2016" W

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
from Grand Central:

Take the A, B, C or D
trains to 125th Street
and walk 1.25 blocks
East to the Apollo
Theater.

Take the 2 or 3 trains to
125th Street and walk
1.75 blocks West to the
Apollo Theater.

Take the 4, 5 or 6 trains
to 125th Street and
then either take a taxi
or a bus Westbound to
8th Avenue/Frederick
Douglass Boulevard.
Walk .25 blocks East to
the Apollo Theater.



COURTESY OF THE APOLLO THEATER



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New York Jazz Stories: Annie Ross



Annie Ross, in 2011 - PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

**SONNY ROLLINS,
SAXOPHONIST,
BORN IN 1930,
NEW YORK,
NY, RECOUNTS HIS
"BRIDGE STORY."
RECORDED IN
FEBRUARY 2012.**



Sonny Rollins
circa 1992,

PHOTO CREDIT: MARK LADENSON



Sonny Rollins
circa 1988,

PHOTO CREDIT: MARK LADENSON

I am Sonny Rollins. I am a saxophonist and somewhat of a composer, and I have been performing and recording since 1948, working with great musicians the Modern Jazz Quartet, Miles Davis, Art Blakey. I played and recorded with the great Charlie Parker, and with Coleman Hawkins.

OK, well, New York is about people living next to each other, and if you play an instrument, a musical instrument, you're going to have to be open to the fact that your neighbors might have to go to work while you want to practice your instrument and that's always been a big, big problem for me. So, anyway, I was living down on Grand Street in the Lower East Side, by the way, and the same situation was obtained. You know, people in the apartment over me. And I had a problem, because, as I said, I'm a very sensitive person; I don't like to bother other people. I don't like to cause them any sort of discomfort, and, of course, that basically was the problem. So I happened to be walking in the neighborhood on Delancey Street, anyway, I was walking, and I was sort of walking towards the bridge that goes across to Brooklyn. I saw the steps leading up to the bridge, and I just, you know — I hadn't even thought about that, and I walked over, and I walked up the steps, and there in front of me was this expanse of bridge. Nobody up there in the middle of the day, so I said, OK, and walked across the bridge. I walked across the bridge, nobody walking in any direction. There were trains coming across the bridge, automobile traffic, and below them was the river, and there were boats coming up and down the East River. And it occurred to me that this would be a perfect place for me to bring my horn and practice in perfect peace, and I wouldn't be disturbing anybody, and I could blow as hard as I wanted, as long as I wanted.

I had taken a sabbatical, basically, at that time. And so, I would go up there day and night, and nobody would bother you. New York City is a

New York Jazz Stories: Sonny Rollins

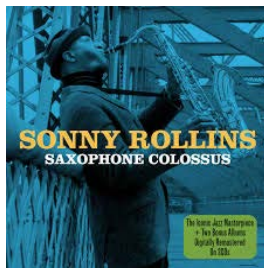


Sonny Rollins at the San Francisco Opera House, February 22, 1982

PHOTO CREDIT: BRIAN MCMILLEN

very cosmopolitan place, the people are very sophisticated. They walk by, see some guy playing, and they don't give a hoot and they just walk by. And I would be there. I took some of my friends up there with me at different times, and it just was a gift from heaven. And I stayed up on that bridge until being discovered up there by a jazz writer who happened to live in Brooklyn and was walking across the bridge, and he knew that I was on a sabbatical and had disappeared from the music scene. This was my intent, until then. So he wrote a story, and then news got out and, "Oh, Sonny is on the bridge." And it turned into a very romantic story, which indeed it is: this lone musician practicing on the bridge and under the New York skyline, and the boats going below, and sometimes I'd blow my horn at the boats and they'd answer back. It was really a magical experience. Eventually, though, I had to come back to work. But, you know, then I still went there to practice. So I eventually went back and I had to work, but I had that really high, high point in my life, and, I mean, I'm just eternally grateful for my whole career. I'm grateful that I'm paid to do what I love, to play my saxophone. I am grateful that I'm able to make a living playing, and make some art. And, by the way, I had a nook at the bridge where I couldn't be seen by the trains or the cars, so if they heard me, they couldn't see me, so it was just a perfectly private spot. And that's the story of the bridge.

FURTHER LISTENING



Sonny Rollins
Saxophone Colossus

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE MANHATTAN AND BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, NY



**GPS Location:
40.7136° N, 73.9724° W**

DIRECTIONS

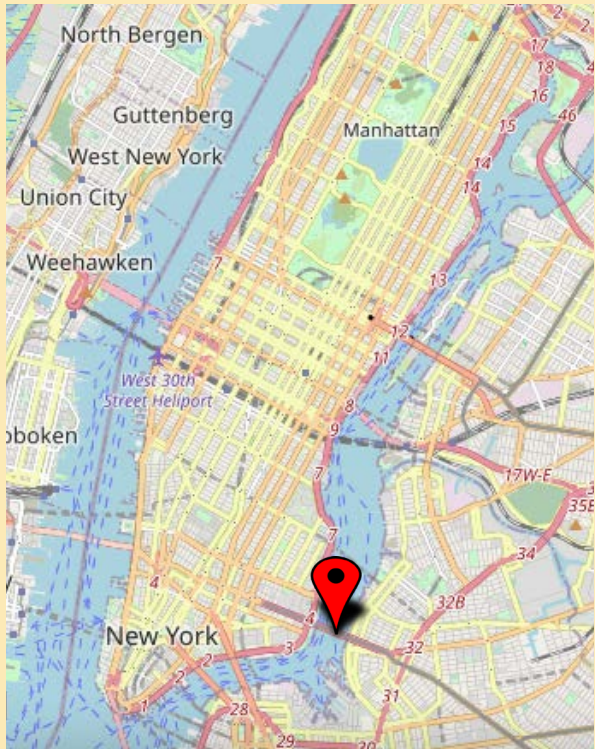
By New York Subway
from Grand Central:
Take the J, M, or Z trains
Subway, pedestrians, and
bicycles cross East River

DESIGN

Suspension bridge and
truss causeways
Total length: 7,308 feet
(2,227 m)
Width: 118 feet (36 m)
Longest span: 1,600 feet
(490 m)

HISTORY

Architect: Henry
Hornbostel
Designer: Leffert L. Buck
Opened: December 19,
1903



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Damaged by fire while
under construction in 1902



Circa 2007

"Considered from the aesthetic standpoint, the (Williamsburg) Bridge is destined always to suffer by comparison with its neighbor, the (Brooklyn) Bridge. Whatever criticism has been made against the conservative features of the latter structure, it has always been conceded to be an extremely graceful and well-balanced design. It is possible that, were it not in existence, we would not hear so many strictures upon the manifest want of beauty in the later and larger (Williamsburg) Bridge, which is destined to be popular more on account of its size and usefulness than its graceful lines. As a matter of fact, the (Williamsburg) Bridge is an engineer's bridge pure and simple. The eye may range from anchorage to anchorage, and from pier to finial of the tower without finding a single detail that suggests controlling motive, either in its design or fashioning other than bald utility."

- Scientific American (1903)

New York Jazz Stories: Sonny Rollins



Sonny Rollins 2008 - PHOTO CREDIT: MARK LADENSON

**STEVE SWALLOW,
BASSIST,
BORN IN 1940,
FAIR LAWN, NJ,
USA,
RECOUNTS HIS
TRIP TO
JAMAICA WITH
HERBIE
NICHOLS.**



Herbie Nichols

FURTHER LISTENING



Herbie Nichols Trio

My trip to Jamaica with Herbie Nichols must have happened in 1960 or '61.

I had played with him previously in Roswell Rudd's Lower Manhattan loft; Roswell had organized a small band (I remember that Jual Curtis was the drummer) to play Herbie's music, which I loved, in rehearsal. I'd also worked the occasional small club with him — the Riviera and Page Three come to mind. In that context he had a remarkable ability to play extraordinary, individual music masquerading as ordinary and conservative.

I was called, at the last minute, to play in a Dixieland band on a Turkish cruise ship, which was to sail from Brooklyn, to the Caribbean, through the Panama Canal and up the West Coast. The leader of the band was a "moldy fig" cornetist named Walter Bowe (or Bow — I'm not sure), who was subsequently sent to prison for plotting to blow up the Statue of Liberty in the company of a couple of FBI agents. The clarinetist was Ted Bielefeld, a sculptor who owned a clarinet. The drummer, whose name I don't recall, was a relentlessly flashy bebopper. And there was Herbie. We met at a pier in Brooklyn and set sail. As soon as we'd left land our salary was cut. Herbie made a dash for the rail, but we restrained him. As I recall, Herbie had pretty much no baggage, just his black suit, white shirt and tie, which was all I'd ever seen him wear.

We set up in the ship's "salon" for tea time, and launched into the standard Dixieland repertoire. We promptly emptied the room, and it stayed pretty much empty for all our subsequent performances.

The ship's amenities were minimal: dinner was lamb chops and chocolate ice cream, every night.

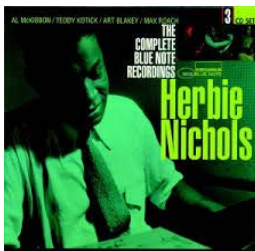
In the middle of the night, in the Caribbean, I was awakened by a loud clunk, followed by a weird silence. In the morning we were told that the engine was broke. We wallowed in the open water for a couple of days, as I recall. Without

New York Jazz Stories: Steve Swallow

FURTHER LISTENING



Herbie Nichols,
Love, Gloom, Cash, Love



Herbie Nichols,
The Complete Blue Note
Sessions

refrigeration, the chocolate ice cream melted and was dumped overboard, forming a sickly dark scum on the water. Eventually we were joined by another boat, which towed us to Jamaica, apparently the nearest port.

We were eventually ferried ashore, along with all the passengers, when it became clear that the boat wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. The U.S. diplomatic representatives did what they could with us all. Our band was lodged for free in a local motel, in exchange for performing by the pool. We spent a few days in limbo, exploring the island, and were then flown to New York. We had no money — the U.S. government paid our fares. We arrived back in Manhattan with barely enough money between us to get to our homes.

Herbie was a pleasure. He wrote poetry daily during our adventure and, sensing my sympathy, showed it to me every evening. I ended up with several pages of verse in his own elegant hand, but I subsequently lost them. And, of course, he played beautifully.



Steve Swallow in 2012 - PHOTO CREDIT: MICHAEL HOEFNER

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

SAN JUAN HILL BIRTHPLACE OF HERBIE NICHOLS **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10023**

GPS Location:
40° 46' 19.97" N,
73° 58' 59.5" W

Directions
By NYC Subway

Take the S, or 7 trains to Times Sq. 42 St.; transfer to the 1 train to 66th St. Lincoln Center.

San Juan Hill is now the Lincoln Square neighborhood of the Upper West Side in Manhattan, New York City. The site is home of 16.3-acre Lincoln Center.



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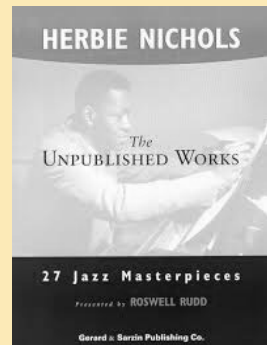
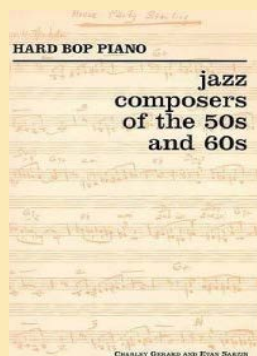
A row of residential housing and commercial establishments along 63rd Street, 1956



David Geffen Hall, home of the New York Philharmonic in Lincoln Center - PHOTO CREDIT AJAY SURESH

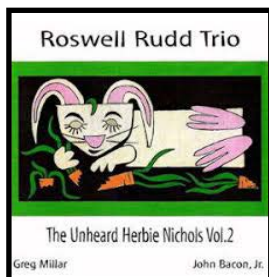
Further Reading

Miller, Mark (2009). *Herbie Nichols: A Jazzist's Life*. Toronto: Mercury Press Publishers.
Jazz Composers of the 50's and 60's contains three classic Herbie Nichols tunes.
Herbie Nichols - The Unpublished Works - 27 Jazz Masterpieces



**ROSWELL RUDD,
TROMBONIST AND
COMPOSER,
BORN IN 1935,
SHARON, CT,
USA (DIED IN 2017,
KERHONKSON, NY),
RECOUNTS A STORY
ABOUT PIANIST AND
COMPOSER HERBIE
NICHOLS. RECORDED
ON FEBRUARY 1,
2012.**

FURTHER LISTENING



The Roswell Rudd Trio
The Unheard Herbie Nichols

I'm Roswell Rudd, trombonist and composer, living in New York City, and also upstate in Kerhonkson, New York. I'm planning to go back to 1960 to 1963, and tell a little story about friend and teacher, and genius, Herbie Nichols. I'm telling this particular story about Herbie Nichols because I don't think it's been documented, and I prefer not to rehash stuff about his life that's already been published.

So, Herbie Nichols. To get an idea of how delving and how creative this man was, at the same time, you only have to listen to whatever recordings there are. To acquire an even greater awareness of the man and his musical powers, I suggest Herbie Nichols: The Unpublished Works, 27 Jazz Masterpieces, published in 2000 by Gerard and Sarzin. This consists of 27 manuscripts handed to me from time to time by the composer, from November of 1960 to March of 1963, most of which I was able to play, at least the melodies, with him. It was his wish on his deathbed that I, quote, "should do whatever I wanted" with these pieces, hence the publication. And as you read and play through this volume, you realize virtually all of Herbie's tunes are programmatic, that is, they are inspired by specific people and situations. You want jazz stories, so check out any of these tunes. Now, here's the recurrent basic scenario that runs through it all, as observed live by myself back in the

day. It happened various times, usually out on the street, on a break. Herbie loved conversation, and when there wasn't any, he would be trying to get one going. His typical technique was to throw out something mildly provocative, just testing the

waters for the sake of stimulating a response from someone who happened to be standing by. As the dialogue would grow more intense, hopefully, a third person would enter the foray. The mood could range anywhere, but the main thing was that three voices were now involved. And this was the provocateur's cue to step back in order to pay closer attention to the exchanges stemming from what he had initiated. You hear a lot of beautiful call-response in Herbie's music – just wanted you to know where a lot of it came from. And in these discussions, it would even get to a point where he'd pull out what he'd call his goopsheet, his notebook, and be actually writing down what he was witnessing, and be heaving with that deep sob-like laughter of his. That's the story.

**JOHN
MCLAUGHLIN,
GUITARIST,
BORN IN 1942,
DONCASTER,
ENGLAND, TALKS
ABOUT HIS
BAPTISM BY FIRE
WHILE RECORDING
THE MILES DAVIS
ALBUM, IN A
SILENT WAY.**



John McLaughlin
circa 2016

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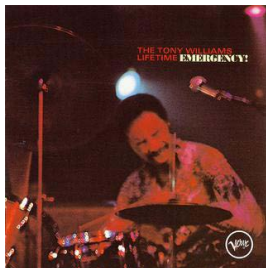
ON HIS FIRST RECORDING WITH MILES DAVIS

I'd met Miles the night before, at the Club Baron up in Harlem. I arrived the day before that to play with Tony, and Larry Young, in Tony Williams Lifetime. I got really lucky: I was in the right place at the right time. Because Miles knew that Tony was leaving his band, and he wasn't happy about that, because he loved Tony, we all did. He was the most unbelievable drummer. But he knew he'd found this white kid, so Tony invited me over to play. Tony had a week to finish off at the Club Baron with Miles, and so I was up there, and I ran into Miles. The next morning I saw him again and he said, "So . . . come to the studio tomorrow." That was like the biggest shock of my life. My hero! And that was it, that was In a Silent Way.

I was a nervous wreck, that's what it was like. No, I was thrilled, because I'd been following Miles since '57 or '58, and Tony, I met for the first time in '64, in Europe, in Miles's band. And I loved Tony, and at that point I was just thrilled to be there to play with Tony and Khalid Yasin, which was Larry Young's [religious] name. I'd been following him [Larry] because he was like the new Hammond organ guy, he was it. I was thrilled. And then Miles coming in and saying "Bring your guitar to the studio." That was so unexpected for me. And, of course, I arrived there and nobody even knew there was a guitar player coming in that day. And they said to Miles that there was no guitar part, so they had to make a photocopy real quick of Joe Zawinul's piano part. And so we ran it down a couple times, and I just read the piano part, the top part. And Miles said "Stop that," and looked at me and said, "So play it on the guitar." I said, "So, you want the chords and everything?" He said "Everything." I said, "Well, it's a piano part, you know, it's not a guitar part." "Is that a fact?" he said! I mean, I was already sweating blood. So he's waiting for me to play it, and it was gonna take a minute, and he wasn't happy about that. So he's look-

New York Jazz Stories: John McLaughlin

FURTHER LISTENING



EMERGENCY!
debut double album by The
Tony Williams Lifetime.

ing at me, I mean, the whole studio was stopped, everyone was in there, wondering what was gonna happen, and he turns around and says, "Play it like you don't know how to play the guitar." Ha-ha-ha! He was like a Zen master. And, of course, I heard the guys say, like, oh, that's a new one, I've never heard that one before, because he was well known for his cryptic remarks and his cryptic instructions to musicians. So, anyway, I said, I gotta do something, then I threw all the chords out, and I threw rhythm out, and I went off and played in E — everybody knows E — and off I went. Miles had the light out, and I didn't really know what was going on, I was just on Cloud 9, and sweating and everything. We finished the take and Miles loved it. He just loved it. And he loved it so much that he put it on the opening of side one, and the closing of side one. These were vinyl days.

And that was my baptism by fire with Miles in the studio.

FURTHER LISTENING



In a Silent Way - Miles Davis, 1969

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

**CLUB BARON
CORNER OF
132ND AND
MALCOLM X
BLVD, NEW YORK,
NY**

CLOSED

**GPS Location:
40.81242, -73.94259**

DIRECTIONS
By New York Subway
from Grand Central:
Take the 4, or 5 trains
to 149 St - Grand
Concourse.; transfer to
the 2 train to 135 St.

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Courtesy of Harlem Bespoke



Revolution Books,
New York



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New York Jazz Stories: Warren Smith

**WARREN SMITH,
DRUMMER,
PERCUSSIONIST,
BORN MAY 14,
1934, REMEMBERS
NINA SIMONE
AND ANDY
STROUD.**



Nina Simone in December
1965



Nina Simone in 1969
PHOTO COURTESY OF
RE-EMERGING FILMS

I was friends with Montego Joe, who I met at the Manhattan School of Music. He became one of Nina's early musical directors and he got me to work with her. She had just bought a home in New Rochelle so we went up there on a weekly basis. I found myself for the first time in my career, arguing with the boss/musical leader over various things, sometimes it was over very petty stuff. But man, she had such a wide range of musicality, everything from Jazz to Classical music. I remember when she got tense, there was a nervous vibrato in her voice and when she was relaxed, she had the silky smooth tone that came out. She was a very contentious person and I got myself drawn into several arguments with her. One day on a plane down to Atlanta I sat with her husband Andy Stroud. During the trip, I asked Andy why sometimes the piano at their home was on the back porch and sometimes it was inside the house. He said, "Man, sometimes she makes me so mad that instead of taking it out physically I just get up and move that fucking piano and then I move it back!" She never made me that mad but I eventually had to just quit, but, man, the music was worth it and she was such a great musician as a singer and with her range on the piano. I really liked the sultry depth of her voice. I was one of her longest lasting drummers.



Warren Smith in 2018.
PHOTO CREDIT, KEN WEISS

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

ROAD TRIP



THE BIRTH PLACE OF NINA SIMONE.

**NINA SIMONE
PLAZA
TRYON, NORTH
CAROLINA**

**GPS Location
35.20860, -82.23347**



PHOTO CREDIT: NANCY PIERCE

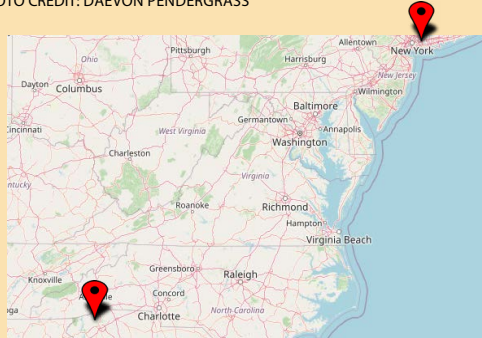
The sixth of eight children born to a poor family in Tryon, North Carolina, Simone initially aspired to be a concert pianist.

With the help of a few supporters in her hometown, she enrolled in the Juilliard School of Music in New York City. She then applied for a scholarship to study at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, where she was denied admission despite a well-received audition, which she attributed to racism.

In 2003, just days before her death, the Institute awarded her an honorary degree.
Wikipedia



PHOTO CREDIT: DAEVON PENDERGRASS



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**LESTER CHAMBERS,
BORN IN 1940,
MISSISSIPPI, USA,
ON
THE MILES DAVIS
GET UP WITH IT
SESSIONS.
COMPILED BY T.
WATTS.**



FURTHER LISTENING



As much as lovers of Miles Davis are not going to want to believe it, the Prince of Darkness pulled a dirty fast one on me.

I first remember Miles Davis checking out the Chambers Brothers while we were still on the New York coffee house circuit. One night as we were on stage at the Café Wha?, I saw Miles (even though I didn't know him yet) standing in the kitchen doorway watching us perform. During a break, I asked the bartender who that was.

"Aw, man, that's the world-famous trumpet player Miles Davis. Don't you know him?"

"No, but I'd like to meet him," I said. As fate would have it, Miles was on at the end of our last set.

However, about a year later, we were doing pretty well and playing a disco in Greenwich Village called the Downtown.

Miles came in there a few times and left messages for me to get in touch with him. I didn't respond because, you know, sometimes you put things in your pocket and they don't come back out after the little girl comes by!

Anyway, speaking of girls, I introduced him to his then future wife, Betty Mabry, who, of course, became Betty Davis. She was one of a kind and before her time. She was the deal. She was real and totally honest with herself. She and Janis Joplin had the same kind of heart.

After the Chambers Brothers signed with Columbia, we started recording the album *The Time Has Come* at their New York studio. One day, we were getting out of the car and Betty Mabry, whom we had met at the Electric Circus or the Cheetah Club at a gig (I can't remember which) ran up on us, talking fast, and said, "I just wrote this song for Lester, cuz I know he can sing it. I know he can sing it, I just wrote it." Then she started singing it: "I'm goin' uptown to Harlem, gonna let my hair down in Harlem . . ."

I thought to myself, this is right on, so we went upstairs and presented it to David Rubinson and immediately worked it out and it became a very

FURTHER LISTENING



Miles Davis Compilation Album
Get Up With It 1970-74.

well-regarded song. While we were laying tracks for *The Time Has Come*, Miles was recording at the same time. When our group with Betty and her friends got off the elevator, Miles saw her and asked me later, "Who is that girl?"

"Her name is Betty."

"Oh man, I like her. That's my kind of woman. Who does she belong to?"

"She doesn't belong to anybody. We're just good friends."

"Man, I want to meet her. You gotta introduce me to her."

So I introduced them and the rest is history. As a matter of fact, I've not seen her since. On the song "Uptown (To Harlem)," David Rubinson hooked it up and the Chambers Brothers learned it right away.

Rubinson brought in a great session piano playing woman whose name I can't remember, who just made the music happen. It was a great session. Anyway, a couple of years went by and Miles and I became good hangout partners. He invited me to bring my harmonica up to his brownstone. This was in the early '70s. He was really keeping up with me on my off time with my brothers. It was interesting. We ate some shrimp, which he loved and couldn't get enough of. He liked it so spicy hot that it was almost painful to eat. Then we would sit around and play music, him on trumpet and me on harmonica.

One day, he invited me over and shouted from upstairs as I knocked, "Come on in, the door is open."

So I opened the door and went in. Now, Miles didn't have much furniture downstairs cuz he didn't want anybody comin' over. He was that into himself and had very few friends.

He had a stool sitting in the middle of the room. He said, "Have a seat, I'll be right down." I sat down on the stool. There is no art on the walls, nothin' to see. So I sat there, five, 10, 15 minutes, and it starts to seem ridiculous. There is nobody up there with him. Nothin' is movin'. Well, he was up there

watchin' me to see what I would do. So I got up and left.

The next time I heard from him, it was through Columbia Records. The message was that Miles Davis wanted me to record with him. The next day he sent a limo for me and I went to the studio. This was for the session that would eventually be released as his album *Get Up with It*. We recorded some stuff that he was doing and I played on it. When all the musicians took a break, I stayed in the studio cuz I knew what they were going to do. I told them I would be there when they got back. So I was writing this tune that I didn't have a name for and started playing, not knowing they were listening to, and recording, me in the sound booth.

Miles took it, incorporated it into a tune with the rest of band on the date, played all around it and called it "Red China Blues." Then, on the credits, he changed my name from Lester Chambers to Wally Chambers. I had no idea until the album came out. When I didn't get a copy, I went to see why. I found out that they had eliminated all the harmonica work I did on the album except for "Red China Blues."

I confronted Miles about it: "Miles, why did you call me Wally Chambers? You know damn well who I am. We've been doin' all these things together and you call me Wally Chambers?"

He looked at me, crossed his legs, took a hit off his cigarette and said, "Well, who the fuck is Wally?"

I said, "I don't know. Who is Wally?"

"That's what I mean. Wally don't exist. Wally ain't nobody. Wally ain't got no driver's licence. Wally ain't got no birth certificate. Wally ain't got nothin'," retorted Miles.

"Miles, that's really cold," I said.

As if to challenge me, he responds: "What the fuck you wanna do?"

I just said "You're a cold-blooded motherfucker, man." I got up and left and never saw Miles again. I did however, call his company many times trying to get it straightened out. They finally told me that Miles said to leave it like it is. I appealed to Columbia, but they, too, turned a deaf ear.

Miles had really wanted me to leave my brothers and go on the road with him. We really did sound good together. He tried to convince me that my brothers weren't on par with me musically.

He said "I need you with me."

I said, "No, man, I can't do that to my brothers. I am a Chambers Brother."

He called me a bunch of stupid mf's for that. Then he said, "I was gonna offer you \$50,000 a month. I thought that might change your mind."

"No, man, my loyalty is with the Chambers Brothers." In hindsight, I think that's why he bit me back. Cuz I wouldn't leave the Chambers Brothers and go with him.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



CAFE WHA

**125 MCDUGAL
ST, NEW YORK,
NY**

**GPS LOCATION
40°43'49.866"N
74°0'0.247"W**

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
from Grand Central:

Take the 4 or 6 train
to Bleeker Street; take
the D or F train to W 4
St - Wash Sq.



circa 1970s



circa 2007



circa 2009

PHOTO CREDIT AJAY SURESH



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JASON MILES, JAZZ COMPOSER, PRODUCER, ARRANGER, BORN IN 1951, BROOKLYN, NY, USA, TALKS ABOUT HIS FIRST MEETING WITH MILES DAVIS.

I was home one Friday night in January, 1986, when I got a phone call from Marcus Miller. We had been working together for over a year now as I was doing synthesizer programming for him on the different albums he was producing. He asked me if I was busy on Saturday. I said "no what's up?" He said that he had heard from Tommy LiPuma who told him he signed Miles Davis to Warner Brothers and was looking for material for his new album. He said he was working on some songs and asked if I could bring a few synthesizers to his home and work on some new music for Miles. Of course I was like "I'm down!" What an opportunity: something I had dreamed about, working on a Miles Davis album!

I brought a couple of synths over, one being my Emulator 2 which was new sampling technology. This would put the music squarely in the future with new technology. Marcus had the song and music together but we were looking to create a new sound and vibe for Miles. Upon hearing the songs I immediately had some ideas. They worked from the get go and the demos came out great and Marcus got the gig. One of the songs we demoed ended up being the title track TuTu. The sessions were in Los Angeles however and I didn't go out with Marcus. I set him up with the sounds we used and sat by the phone as he called a few times to make sure everything was happening the way it should. The sessions went great and he was coming back to New York to cut more tracks and finish the album. For the next 4 songs I would be in the studio with them. I heard the first tracks and they were amazing and fresh sounding: a success, as what we were doing was definitely cutting edge for the time and especially to jazz. So there we were at Clinton Studios. My synth rig is there and I had all the tools I needed to do the sessions. Tommy LiPuma walked in and I introduced myself to him: a legend in this business for sure. He was cool and friendly. I saw a smallish figure in the main studio room and it was Miles. He was messing with his horn. Marcus came over to me and says "Yeah that's Miles, you might as well go in and meet him because you're going to be here for either 5 weeks or 5 minutes! It's up to you!" I took a deep breath walked into the rooms and introduced myself to him. "Hi Miles, I'm Jason Miles and those keyboards in the control room are mine. I work with Marcus and anything you need from me just ask. I know how to use all of them and make great sounds as well. That's what you heard on the first songs." He gave me a long stare. He looked at me and said in his raspy voice "I like your name!" I said "Thank You". He said something like "OK see you later..." and I left the room. I looked at Marcus and said "I'm still here" That was my first encounter. That moment built into a 5 year personal friendship and working relationship that encompassed 3 albums.

New York Jazz Stories: Jason Miles



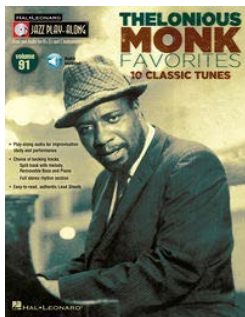
Miles Davis and Jason Miles, circa 1985.

**GUNTER HAMPEL,
MULTI-
INSTRUMENTALIST
AND COMPOSER,
BORN IN 1937,
GÖTTINGEN,
GERMANY,
TALKS ABOUT
THELONIOUS
MONK.**



Gunter Hampel in 2008

FURTHER LISTENING



My name is Gunter Hampel. I was born in Germany, in Göttingen, in 1937. I met Thelonious Monk. I was introduced to him in one of his concerts by my manager, who was setting up that concert, too. So Monk looked in my eyes, and I've never had any person again in my life look like, he saw so much in my eyes. It was unbelievable.

So he asked me, after the concert, if I could come with Nellie, that was his wife, but first he wanted to know more about European music. So the first question he had put to me was like, "Who is copying me here in this country?" Well, you see, I thought, OK, I know all the copycats here, and so, I was not mad with them, but I didn't think so much of them. But he wanted to know because, he said "The more people copy my music, the more fans I am going to have." See, it's just a different switch than anyone has to it. Here I see someone who wants to learn jazz should not copy too much, he should learn, but this was his aspect.

So we were sitting all night and talking and talking, and he got everything out of me, whatever that was, and then we became very, very good friends. He often was calling me, and Nellie and me and him, when I was coming to New York, but then he got more sick, and then he — he disappeared. But Monk — you see, the critics had written in *DownBeat* and in other magazines that he, that he doesn't play all the time; he gets off his piano and lets the other people play. But what Monk was doing was, Monk was getting up — I watched that in that concert — he was getting up from the piano, and Frankie Dunlop was playing the drums. He was a dancer, yeah? He was a real dancer. He played drums, but he was dancer. And Monk, he went up from the piano and danced, and he was very voluminous at that time. It was like a bear dancing, but the musicians played with his moves, though he wasn't playing the piano. That's what Monk was doing.

**LORRAINE
GORDON,
CLUB OWNER,
BORN
IN 1922, NEWARK,
NJ,
USA, REMEMBERS
MONK, MAX
GORDON
AND THE VILLAGE
VANGUARD.
RECORDED IN
DECEMBER 2011.**



Lorraine Gordon, Circa 2010s



Max Gordon in 1935.

Hello, I'm Lorraine Gordon, and I'm calling from the Village Vanguard in New York City. And I'm sure it's well known, as it's now 76 years old, in the same location. Max Gordon opened it in 1934, my husband—or '35, so that makes it 76 years old, and, unfortunately, he left us, but he left it in my hands and so I do keep it running. And I'm very proud of it, and everybody else loves it, and they come from all over the world. So it's a very happy experience for me to book it and to run it and to take good care of it.

But I've had a long life in jazz, and I have to say my first husband was Blue Note Records' Alfred Lion, and through him I had the good fortune of meeting Thelonious Monk. And because of that, we did the first great recordings of Thelonious on Blue Note Records, and he was not even known then. Well, today, he's known as the great genius I always knew he was, and he did play here, as I booked him here many, many years ago. However, that's just a little chapter in my life, and the main part is the Vanguard, which is hale and hearty and wonderful and has great talent, and people come from all over the world. And I love taking care of it, and I work sometimes morning, noon, and night, a few shifts. But it deserves a lot of care because we want it to stay here forever. And it's been a pleasure talking to you all, and whenever you are in New York, do come on down — those 15 stairs are down, and 15 stairs going up, but it's good exercise. So come, and we look forward to seeing everybody at this illustrious club.

**DICK GRIFFIN
REMEMBERS
THELONIOUS
MONK.
TAKEN AND
TRANSCRIBED
BY KEN WEISS.**



Dick Griffin By Ken Weiss.



FURTHER LISTENING

Underground, Thelonious
Monk, 1968

THIS MEMORY WAS TAKEN ON MAY 23, 2018, AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE 23RD VISION FESTIVAL AT BROOKLYN'S ROULETTE. GRIFFIN APPEARED IN THE AUDIENCE EACH NIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL AND SNAPPED PHOTOS OF THE MUSICIANS BETWEEN SETS.

When I first met Thelonious Monk in '67, I was playing opposite him at the Village Vanguard. I didn't drink or smoke or do anything so I spent most of my time in the kitchen with him. He was prancing around and I played some multiphonics on my horn, and he stopped and said, "Play that again." And then every time someone came into the room we had a routine. He'd throw his hand up and I would play the multiphonics, and he would grit his teeth and say, "Check that out." So we became very good friends, and Nica, the baroness, was around and she knew that Thelonious liked me, so every time I came to any club, and they were sitting there, she would always make me come to his table and sit down with him. I felt like I was his adopted son. And a lot of times, I'd walk into his dressing room and we'd just be there. We wouldn't say a word to each other, but we'd always be on the same plane. And I was there while he was recording his Underground record. He'd come into the room I was in and say things about the recording. One of the things he said to me was very insightful, he said, "Making a record is like writing a book. Every song on the record is like a chapter in the book, and the record is gonna' be here longer than you are so you want to make sure that you make a very good record." That's what he actually said to me. I felt in awe of him because coming from Jackson, Mississippi, everybody that came into the room [to visit him] was my hero. All these great guys that I had never seen in person. But at the same time, I was playing with one of the greatest saxophone players – Rahsaan Roland Kirk. I was playing with him and I was playing Monday nights with Sun Ra at Slugs so I was around a lot of prolific, influential musicians who mentored me.

MULGREW MILLER, PIANIST BORN IN 1955, GREENWOOD, MS, USA (DIED IN 2013, ALLENTOWN, PA), TALKS ABOUT MEETING WOODY SHAW.

My name is Mulgrew Miller. I'm a jazz pianist, and I've played with Art Blakey, Betty Carter, Woody Shaw, Tony Williams, Benny Golson, Freddie Hubbard, Bobby Hutcherson, Ron Carter and James Moody. The list goes on and on and on, and I've also made a lot of records with younger musicians. But I'd like to tell the story of how I became a part of the Woody Shaw band. I was a student one summer at the Jamey Aebersold clinics, and Woody was one of the teachers there for the summer, and—for the week, I guess—and he came by to listen to our piano class. We had a piano class one day. I think Joanne Brackeen or someone was the piano teacher, and that was a sort of piano lab with electric pianos. And what we did was we went round robin, playing a chorus of the blues, you know, from piano to piano on electric pianos, and Woody Shaw was standing up against the wall, listening. And after the class, I just wanted to meet the great Woody Shaw, so I went over to him and introduced myself, and said, "Hello, Mr. Shaw, my name is Mulgrew Miller." He said, "Yeah, man, you sound good. I'll see you in New York in a couple of years."

And so, to make a long story short, I ended up in New York, and I went down to the Vanguard, and I was playing with the Ellington Orchestra, and whenever we were in New York, I would, you know, head out to downtown, to the Village, to hear whoever was playing, and my favorite group to hear was Woody Shaw's group. I also loved Dexter Gordon; and Johnny Griffin had a group. Cedar Walton had a group, and so on, and those were some of my favorite groups to hear.

But I went down to hear Woody Shaw, and on the break, he said, "I remember you. You're the piano player with the funny name." And he said, "I told you I'd see you in New York in a couple of years."

The amazing thing was that when he told me that, it was two years to the week to when he first met me, and from that point, you know, we kept crossing paths until eventually he hired me for the group. And so that experience has been one of the great experiences in my career, and I'm so happy that I had the chance to play with Woody Shaw. He was just one of my favorite artists.

New York Jazz Stories: Mulgrew Miller



Mulgrew Miller, PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**VILLAGE
VANGUARD**
178 7th Ave S,
New York, NY

GPS Location
40° 44' 9.6" N,
74° 0' 5.8" W

DIRECTIONS
By New York Subway
From Grand Central:

Take the 7 train to
Time Sq.; take the 1 or
2 train to 14 St.; walk
0.2 m i



PHOTO CREDIT: ALVIN TONG



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New York Jazz Stories: Sonny Rollins

**SONNY ROLLINS,
SAXOPHONIST,
BORN
IN 1930,
NEW YORK,
NY, TALKS ABOUT
THELONIOUS
MONK.
RECORDED IN
FEBRUARY 2012.**

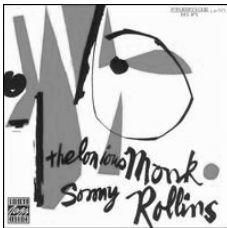


Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins



Thelonious Monk, circa 1947

FURTHER LISTENING



Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins, Studio Album released in 1954

My name is Sonny Rollins, I'm a saxophonist and somewhat of a composer.

THELONIOUS MONK

I heard Monk on a record with my idol, who was Coleman Hawkins. He was the piano player on the record. I'd never heard of this guy, but I thought, wow, I really like what he's doing. Then, when I was getting older, I ran into Monk one time, and we played, and he took me under his wing, so to speak.

I used to rehearse with his band down in a little small apartment down on the West Side.

I think we played in the bedroom. All the rooms were small. We had a lot of guys, I think there were four guys in there, playing in that small room. You know, they'd be playing Monk's music and saying, "Monk we can't play this!" But by the end of the night, everybody was playing and it sounded great.

So Monk sort of schooled me, and I looked upon him with the Indian way of looking at things, I looked at Monk as a guru. I had the opportunity to spend a lot of time with Monk. He was a good personal friend and everything else. Monk used to come to my house and play my piano, you know. But I think he was just playing. Now, whether he was composing at the same time, I would imagine he was, because it was the nature of jazz. In jazz, you perform and you compose at the same time. So I think probably he was composing. A lot of Monk's great compositions, not knowing for sure, I suspect he did solitarily. He wrote those by himself, and then he brought them out to have other people play them. I suspect that's what happened. But talking with Monk, of course, was like playing jazz. He's not gonna play the same thing every time, so he's composing in the sense, or he's formulating in dreams, and so on, while we're playing, you know.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

**THE LONIOUS
MONK'S
GROUND
FLOOR
APARTMENT**
243 WEST 63RD
STREET, NEW
YORK, NY



GPS Location
40.77414, -73.98768

DIRECTIONS
By New York Subway
From Grand Central:

Take the S or 7 train to
Time Sq.; take the 1,
2, or 3 train to to 72
St; walk
0.6 mi



circa 2017



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New York Jazz Stories: Sonny Rollins

Half these guys sit down and write it all out. But yeah, if you get it together, you do it while you're soloing or while you're performing, really, especially in my case. I'm a prime example of somebody who learns my material and then when I'm performing my mind is blank and I'm just clay. And whatever comes out is the form of composing, and it is as spontaneous and as far away from conscious thought as possible.



Sonny Rollins, circa 2008, PHOTO CREDIT: MARK LADENSON

New York Jazz Stories: Randy Weston

**RANDY WESTON,
PIANIST AND
COMPOSER, BORN
IN 1926,
BROOKLYN, NY,
USA, ON HIS EARLY
DAYS IN
BROOKLYN.**



Randy Weston in 2007
PHOTO CREDIT: BOB TRAVIS

My name is Randy Weston. I'm from Brooklyn, New York. I am a pianist, composer, and activist in African culture and civilization. To be a musician, there are so many directions where you wanna go. Do you want to make a lot of money, do you want to do pop, play a piano bar, do you wanna play burlesque, or what? There are so many directions in music, which way you wanna go. Like Jabbo Williams, he made one recording for Savoy, and we were very close. Now, at that time, I was in the restaurant business with my father. I wasn't a professional musician. I was in the restaurant business, that being in the late '40s. This was a restaurant right here [his home]. From there, I took that restaurant over; I ran it for three years. My father had opened up another restaurant. But I was so in love with the music; there were a lot of professional musicians, so I had a piano in the back of the restaurant, and articles on Monk, and articles on Eubie Blake, Willie the Lion, whatever. And we stayed open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. We had the greatest jukebox in the world. On that jukebox you could hear everything: Louis Armstrong, Sarah Vaughan, Duke Ellington; but also Shostakovich, Darius Milhaud, Stravinsky. So, the musicians would come, sometimes 2 or 3 in the morning in the restaurant, and we were like, "Who's better, Coleman Hawkins or Lester Young?" So Herbie Nichols was part of that group who would come to the restaurant. It was very spiritual. During that period, I heard some great musicians that never made a recording. Never made one record; it was incredible, that period — '40s, '50s, '60s.

When you go to the motherland Africa, the first language is music. I don't care whether you go to Morocco or South Africa. So that tradition carried on with us. So when we grew up, it was just a natural law; everybody knew musicians, and we heard all kinds of music: calypso, black church on Sunday, the blues; our parents might bring in some kind of opera, so we had all kinds of music. So that's why I say it was incredible.

New York Jazz Stories: Randy Weston

People like Herbie; people like Elmo Hope; people like Walter Bishop; oh man! Sonny Clark; so many wonderful pianists in their 20s who already were three days without goin' to bed. A friend of mine knew every afterhour club in Harlem. So he'd make his gig, and then we'd go to an afterhours place, and 4 o'clock in the morning, everybody starts; and you'd get through and come up, the sun would hit you right in the eyes. So that period was just incredible.

And, also, the most important part: it was the parents that took us to hear everything. It was our parents that took us to the black church. It was our parents that would bring the best music into our houses; and different music, they might come up with an opera; they might come in with like calypso. So, even our mothers and fathers, they were the ones who taught us about music. We had to take piano lessons, or dance lessons or violin, and it was a period of serious segregation, but culturally rich — Harlem, Brooklyn, Kansas City, all the cities, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh. And everybody had to be original. You couldn't sound like somebody else. Get out of the way. You better have your own thing.



Randy Weston African Rhythms PHOTO CREDIT CAROL FRIEDMAN

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**RANDY WESTON WAY:
LAFAYETTE AVENUE
330A LAFAYETTE
AVE, BROOKLYN,
NEW YORK, NY**

**GPS Locatio
40.68859, -73.96219 n**

DIRECTIONS
By New York
Subway
From Grand Central

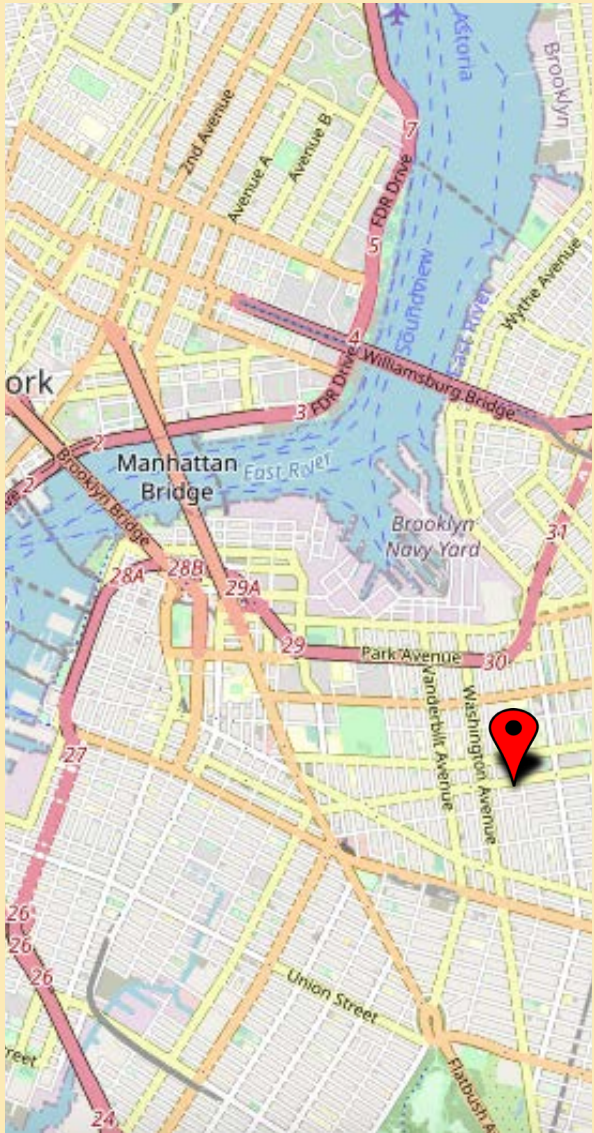
Take the 7 train to
Court Sq Station;
take the G train to
Classon Av;
walk 0.1 mi

*Weston home and
family restaurant back
in the '40s*



**Block Co-Named In Honor
Of Late Jazz Musician**

PHOTO CREDIT LAURIE CUMBO



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New York Jazz Stories: Billy Cobham

**BILLY COBHAM,
DRUMMER,
BORN
IN 1944, COLON,
PANAMA, TALKS
ABOUT ONE OF
HIS MENTORS -
RANDY WESTON.
COMPILED
BY T. WATTS.**

FURTHER LISTENING



Get Happy with the Randy Weston Trio

I focus on Randy Weston a little bit because I know that Randy was blacklisted from the U.S. in the '50s and moved to Africa, way back then. It was because he was a musician who chose his own path. He had his own successful record company back then. Those were the days in which artists had to have cabaret cards in New York, obtained at the cabaret license bureau, which was overseen by the New York city cab medallion bureau. So you had to go to the taxicab bureau to get a cabaret card. You had to pay these people off and then go around the corner on 52nd Street to the musicians union to get a musician's card. All of this was just so that you could do what you did for a living, which was play. They wanted to control where you played, whom you played for and, yeah, there was a reason for unions. I'm not saying there shouldn't have been unions, but come on, man, you're an artist. I can see the musicians union. But then to play a club, you're paying extra to some bunch of goons who are controlling the territory, if you will, calling it insurance, for whatever it is. So Randy Weston decided that he didn't want to do that, and because he didn't have the right credentials, was forced to leave the country. One could very easily say black musicians were taken out because they wanted to lead. I don't know. It's not that deep for me. It's just that somebody wanted a piece of your money, win, lose or draw, and you had nothing else to say about it. They allowed you to play and he decided not to go that route. So he left. What's interesting about him is that he has been back many times since. He's a walking griot. These are my models: Randy Weston, Yusef Lateef, Dr. Billy Taylor and Roy Haynes.



Randy Weston PHOTO CREDIT: CAROL FRIEDMAN

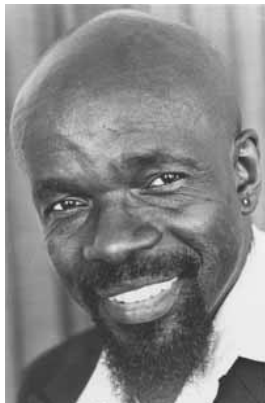
New York Jazz Stories: Steve Swell

**STEVE SWELL,
TROMBONIST,
BORN IN 1954,
NEWARK, NJ, USA,
SHARES A MEMORY
OF MAKANDA KEN
MCINTYRE.**



Steve Swell

PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

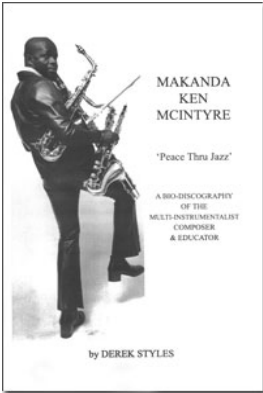


Makanda Ken McIntyre

In the early 1980s, in New York City, I was what was known as a jobbing musician. That meant, literally, I would take any job on the trombone I could find. I was making a decent living, getting to travel some as I had never been anywhere outside of the New York City metro area up to that point in my young life, and I was having fun. I had grown up listening to jazz, big bands, R&B, rock 'n' roll, the blues. At 15 years old [1970] I had heard Roswell Rudd on the radio for the first time and was hooked on that area of the "new thing," as it was called. But by the time I graduated high school and started college in Jersey City, I was more interested in just making a living as a musician. And there were plenty of opportunities to do so in the 1970s. My first professional engagement was with a top 40 band, which was a band that played the music that was most popular at the moment. This led to other gigs in New York, like salsa gigs, big band gigs, weddings, bar mitzvahs, klezmer gigs, Broadway show tours, even an occasional marching band. Like I said, it was fun, I was in my early 20s and I had the energy to get around to all parts of the city and the surrounding area, sometimes doing three gigs in a day. The \$25 to \$100 gigs all went to support the life of a young musician that was pretty decent. In 1984, I was invited to play with Makanda Ken McIntyre, who had regular Saturday-Sunday rehearsals and performances of his music at his loft on West Broadway in Lower Manhattan. I had just spent the previous two years in the Lionel Hampton and the Buddy Rich bands. In my mind, even though I did all those non-jazz gigs, I figured the occasional jazz gig, especially with those two bands under my belt, made me a "professional" musician and a jazz professional, at that. I was in for a huge awakening. Makanda was a great musician and a great teacher. I brought all my professional "chops" into his band, which meant I listened, followed instructions, and did my absolute best. As deep as I thought I was, I was painfully unaware of my shortcomings. Liquor

New York Jazz Stories: Steve Swell

FURTHER READING



did not help that condition, it only enhanced it. Around the third rehearsal, I played what I think of now as one of my "safe" solos: in the pocket, good tone, nice technique, et cetera. When I finished and the next soloist was already playing, Makanda came around behind me and whispered in my ear, "That wasn't shit." He said it very softly, in a matter-of-fact way. I was stunned, to say the least. When the piece was over, Makanda asked me personally what I was doing, what and where I was playing. I explained my basic week with the gigs I was doing. He then said to the group that if you wanted to play creative music that is what you should do. Then he said, "If you want to make money, you can always clean toilets." Growing up in New Jersey, I worked in my father's gas station doing exactly that, so the analogy hit home for me. While I would never trade those early experiences in so many areas of music, what Makanda said to me that day started me on my way to a deeper self-awareness of what it is to be a creative musician and a human being. That was my jazz epiphany. I feel lucky and grateful for him having the courage to tell me that.

FURTHER LISTENING



New York Jazz Stories: Steve Swell



Steve Swell. PHOTO CREDIT KEN WEISS

**JULIAN PRIESTER,
TROMBONIST AND
COMPOSER, TALKS
ABOUT MOVING
FROM CHICAGO
TO NEW YORK IN
1957. RECORDED
ON JULY 5, 2011,
IN SEATTLE, WA,
USA.**

FURTHER LISTENING



Philly Joe Jones
Showcase



Julian Priester
Keep Swingin'

I am Julian Priester. I have been performing as a jazz artist. I prefer that term, artist, as opposed to jazz musician.

I decided I would officially move to New York City because both Lionel Hampton and Dinah Washington were headquartered there. By this time, I was familiar with New York, and I felt that it was time for me to make the move. So, I did that, and once I arrived in New York, I went down to a club called the Five Spot, where Johnny Griffin, an ex-Chicagoan, was performing with Thelonious Monk. We went directly to the Five Spot, and Johnny Griffin, that evening, after that same gig, took us to his apartment. And Monk was there. Johnny cooked breakfast for all of us, and we sat around and talked. You can imagine my pleasure, to be in New York and on the first day be having breakfast with Thelonious Monk. That was wonderful. Johnny Griffin was also instrumental in introducing me to Orrin Keepnews, who was the vice president of Riverside Records. Orrin Keepnews was putting me to work in the shipping department, boxing up the records and sending them out to various distributors. At the same time, in the same shipping department was Kenny Drew, the pianist, Chet Baker, the trumpet player, Wilbur Ware, the bass player, and Philly Joe Jones was also in and out of there during that time. So I had an opportunity to collaborate with a few of these individuals, Philly Joe Jones in particular. I did a recording with him. I also did my first recording as a leader, a recording that came out titled *Keep Swingin'*, which had a photograph of me in front with my trombone in my hand, and the background was a picture of somebody like John L. Sullivan, the prizefighter, and so the image was like musically swinging and John L. Sullivan was a very successful individual in the fighting business, so it all fit together. I also did some other recordings at Riverside Records with Johnny Griffin, Blue Mitchell and — who else? I think there was one more;

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**5 SPOT
5 COOPER
SQUARE
NEW YORK, NY**

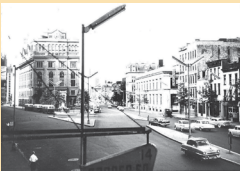
CLOSED

**GPS Location
40.72934, -73.99064**

DIRECTIONS
By New York Subway
From Grand Central

Take the 4 or 5 train to
Astor Place;
Walk 0.3 mi

*The Five Spot Café
was a jazz club located
at 5 Cooper Square
(1956–1962)*



Cooper Square, New York,
1957

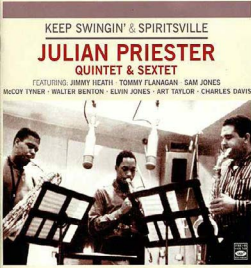
PHOTO CREDIT:
EDWARD MENEELY



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New York Jazz Stories: Julian Priester

FURTHER LISTENING



I can't think of the name right now. But that was sort of like the launching of my career. As a result of recording with those individuals, who already had a reputation, it sort of elevated my image as a jazz artist. I wasn't a rookie any more. I had credentials, and I was able to use them to move even further up the ladder in the jazz world. So, I wound up staying in New York for eight to 10 years, during which time I performed and recorded with, oh, Freddie Hubbard, McCoy Tyner — as a matter of fact, McCoy Tyner was on that second album I did for Riverside Records. On the first album, my rhythm section had Tommy Flanagan on piano, Sam Jones playing bass, and Elvin Jones on drums, and the saxophonist that was on that recording with me was named Jimmy Heath, one of the Heath brothers.

And again, that elevated my stature as a jazz artist. You know, I'm in really good company performing with those individuals. And that also made me eligible to record with other individuals — Donald Byrd — and Sam Rivers, I did a recording with him. I did a recording with Duke Pearson's orchestra. You know, so it was really good times I had in New York.



Julian Priester in 2015.

New York Jazz Stories: Jay Clayton

**JAY CLAYTON,
SINGER, COMPOSER
AND EDUCATOR,
BORN IN 1941,
YOUNGSTOWN,
OH, USA, TALKS
ABOUT THE NEW
YORK LOFT SCENE
IN THE EARLY
1960S.
RECORDED ON
JANUARY 27, 2012.**



Jay Clayton

FURTHER LISTENING



Jay Clayton
Happy Who?

I'm Jay Clayton, and I'm from Ohio. I went to school in Ohio — Miami of Ohio — and that's where I started singing jazz. There were some jazz musicians on campus, and, of course, there was no jazz education. But, I loved the music. So, when I graduated in 1963, I went to New York, where I began singing jazz, in and out, as you know, and in the early '70s, I started to teach. So, I guess when somebody asks me what I do, I say I'm a jazz/new music singer/teacher/composer. I lived in Soho before Soho, this was in the 60s and there was no Soho.

I was working in the offices, and just a short story about even the whole loft thing is that I didn't know about lofts, of course — I'm a little girl from Ohio. But I came out in '63, and I had this office temp. And there was a painter from Holland, and we were doing this really dumb little job. I mean, I was literally writing people's account numbers on this, for insurance policy thing, you know, to open an envelope, put it in a cubby. And I met this woman from Holland, and she invited me over for dinner. She said she lived down on Lispenard Street. And it was great. She was a visual artist, and there were only four lofts in this building, and I thought, wow, how great could this be, that you could play music. They weren't musicians, but I knew that you could do it. So, lo and behold, a couple weeks later, she called and said there was one available, and that it's 80 bucks a month. So, short story long, I moved in. Actually, I had met this woman, a roommate, from uptown, and we both took it, with no heat yet, you know, by the time winter came we had to get a space heater. No real bathrooms, no real kitchen — the whole thing, raw loft, but it was great. So eventually — I lived there for a while, even had my kids there, got married — Frank Clayton.

And I just honestly, I was in my 20s, it was hard to get gigs, who was I? I was Jay Colantone at the time, so I decided I have to perform, how am I going to learn, you know? So I started

FURTHER LISTENING



Jay Clayton
The Peace of Wild Things

inviting people, just doing it in my loft, you know. I would put it in the back of The [Village] Voice. It was free; I had no money whatever. We went on for a while. I wish I had more documentation of it. I know they were handmade flyers and the whole thing. And people like Sam Rivers, Joanne Brackeen — they were guests — Judy Bluth, Jeanne Lee, of course, Bob Moses, I would just advertise it. How did I do it?

I guess just in The Voice, and by word of mouth. Charged a buck and a half. Anyway, for me that was so pivotal because I was serious about it and I got to play with all these people, you know, so that's an anecdote, I guess. It was back before the big movement, you know. It was little related, but then I would go to Sam Rivers'. Joe Lee Wilson used to live around the corner, and then he started the Ladies Four, then Life Communication, which was a . . . Dave Liebman and Bob Moses and those guys had something to do with that. It's so long ago, I can't remember!



Jeff Berlin in 2007

JEFF BERLIN, BASSIST, BORN IN 1953, NEW YORK, NY, USA, ON PLAYING WITH JOE PASS.

I used to play with Joe Pass. Out of respect, I kept my bass playing simple for him. One day, we were rehearsing a tune and he suddenly stopped playing, turned to me and said, "How come you never play that busy shit for me like you do for everyone else?"

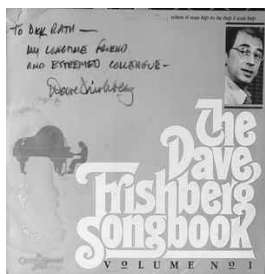


Joe Pass and Jeff Berlin in 1987

New York Jazz Stories: Dave Frishberg

**DAVE FRISHBERG,
PIANIST,
VOCALIST,
AND COMPOSER
BORN IN 1933,
SAINT
PAUL, MN, USA,
TALKS ABOUT HIS
EARLY DAYS IN
NEW
YORK. RECORDED
ON AUGUST
28, 2011.**

FURTHER LISTENING



I had a day job when I got to New York, after I got out of the air force. Well, I had to have a day job to stay in New York, but I joined the musicians union right away and began to take gigs around New York. But they weren't jazz gigs; they were just dumb club dates and whatever I could find. I didn't know anyone in town, really.

I found this loft, on Sixth Avenue and 28th Street or something like that. It was the loft that belonged to the photographer [W.] Eugene Smith. Hall Overton was living in that apartment – it wasn't an apartment building, it was kind of an old tenement building. You had to walk up three flights to get up to these lofts, very funky lofts. On the third floor, there was a beautiful grand piano that belonged to Hall Overton and another beautiful grand up on the fourth floor. Little did I know that, on the fifth floor, Eugene Smith had suspended microphones and was recording all this stuff. They had jam sessions going on 24 hours a day in this loft. The inhabitants of the loft at the time were Ronnie Free, a wonderful drummer, probably the best drummer I ever played with in my life. He was probably about 18 or 19 years old at the time. And the other was Al Haig, was living there. Al Haig, one of the great characters of jazz, one of the best pianists that ever lived in the jazz world – also a character.

It was at that loft, going to those all-night sessions, I got to play with the best musicians. I didn't know who they were; I mean, I knew their names, some of them were well known. I got to play with these professional jazz musicians and that, really, was the second turning point of my life, when I decided I really want to do this – this is what I want to do. This is why I came to New York. To hell with the day jobs! I quit, and began to work as a professional musician every night after that. For 15 years, I was practically steadily employed. I did work a lot at it; it all worked out. But I remember it was going to that loft that I felt my feelings about music as a career took shape.

Up there, there was no longer any doubt in my mind whether I wanted to be a professional musician or not. It was a tough, competitive world, and everyone, including my dad, would tell me how it's a tough life and all that, and I was ready for it. I wanted it. And what hit me was, this is what it feels like to play with really good musicians. It was a great treat for me, and a great nourishing experience for me as a musician, to get to play with them and to listen to the other piano players, and to be accepted among them. It was a great feeling and I knew exactly what I wanted to do. I thought, I'm going to be a piano player for the rest of my life. And that's what happened.

FURTHER LISTENING

My Dear Departed Past



Dave Frishberg

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



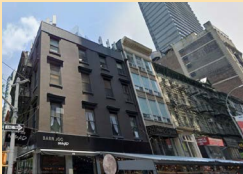
**LOFT OF
EUGENE
SMITH**
**SIXTH AVENUE
AND 28TH
STREET, NEW
YORK, NY**

**GPS Location
40.74627, -73.99046**

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central

Take the 4, 5, 6, or 7
train to Times Sq - 42
St, take the N or R
train to 28 St
Walk 0.1 mi



circa 2019



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**DOMINIC DUVAL,
BASSIST, BORN IN
1944, NEW YORK,
NY, USA (DIED IN
2016), TALKS
ABOUT MEETING
CHARLES MINGUS
IN NEW YORK.
RECORDED
ON JULY 25, 2011.**



Dominic Duval

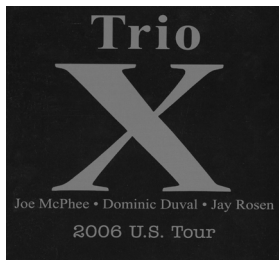
FURTHER LISTENING

Dominic Duval's String Ensemble



Slate of the Art

Mark Whitecage Tomas Ulrich Jason Hwang



My name is Dominic Duval. I'm a bass player. A lot of people might know me for the records I've done for Cadence and CIMP, as well as quite a few European labels. I'm originally known to be someone who works in the avant-garde world, but I also do many different types of music. My tastes are varied. They're eclectic — as eclectic as I am. I'm here to speak about my experience with Charlie Mingus, which was a short period of time.

I was working in New York City. I'd just gotten out of the service. This was in the '60s. And I decided one of the things I needed to do was investigate some of Charlie Mingus's work. Of course, there were the many recordings he'd been involved in, including some of my favorite ones with Max Roach and Bud Powell, but about mostly his work with ensembles, the way he constructed music through the bass, and the way he managed to lead a band behind an instrument that doesn't necessarily make it an easy thing to do. Bass is, of course, a very low-pitched instrument with not much projection. And when you have five or six or 10 pieces playing at the same time, a lot of your thoughts and desires go unheard because of the sonic discrepancy of the instrument. Well, Charlie Mingus was scheduled to do a date at the old Two Saints. I believe it was on St. Marks Place. I remember, it might've been the Half Note at the time. I was there for a week, and I'd spoken to my girlfriend at the time, and I'd decided I'd take her one night. Well, we walked in there at the beginning of the session, and there was hardly anybody in the place. There was a bartender, there were a few customers at the bar, talking, and Charlie Mingus was setting up at the bandstand. And there were a number of people sitting down. I think his girlfriend at the time was this blonde lady that he finally married. Well, we had a couple of beers, and we were sitting there, watching him. I was totally blown away by his power as a bass player: first off, his attack, the way he maneuvers through changes, how he develops a rapport

with the band, and how he would stop every once in a while to give people information on how he wanted his pieces played, what they were doing right, what they were doing wrong.

You always knew who his favorite people were because he never discussed anything with them. He only discussed it with people he wasn't that friendly with. And there were a few of them in the band, they were always getting chastised about one thing or another thing. And Charlie was a tough man, the way he pronounced things, and the way he said things, it was pretty much like he was pounding on the table all the time and saying "I want this done THIS way, NOW!" And, of course, these guys are trying to do this. Poor Jimmy Knepper, playing the trombone, he's trying to get this stuff across, and [Charlie would] say, you know, "Hey, man, you're playing that sloppy as shit, man!" And that's the way Charlie would go about instructing people. "You can't play that bullshit behind me, man!" And he had that going. So the first night I was interested in his attack, but I decided I was going back a second night, and I did. It was a lot more conclusive that time. I saw that the pieces had come together since their first rehearsal, which I imagine was the night before. This next night was smoother. They played through a number of Charlie Mingus's known compositions. And I just stood there and watched him. The way he moved through the instrument, he was like one with the thing. And the sound he was getting was incredible, on an old bass, without an amplifier, gut strings, pushing the hell out of this band. And some heavy-duty players too. Charles McPherson, I forget who was on piano, it might've been Don Pullen or somebody else. I know Danny Richman was on drums and Jimmy Knepper was on trombone. I decide I'm going back one more night. I decided I was going to write down the stuff I'd seen him do and kind of steal some of his licks. He had some famous, favored licks that he would play. And he looks at me, like halfway through the session, I guess, the first hour I'm there. He says "What are you doin' here kid?" And I look at him and I say, "Well, to be honest, Mr. Mingus, I'm here to try to learn from you." He says "You're trying to rip off my shit?" I didn't know what to say. I'm 21 years old. This guy, one of my heroes, is asking me if I'm trying to rip him off, right? I said, "You know, I'm just trying to learn from you." But, really, what I wanted to say, and what I wound up saying — he said "You're ripping off my stuff, right?" I said yes. He said, "Tell you what, why don't you play something for me. We're gonna take a break. You're a bass player, you play something for me." And I said "I can't." He said, "No, you just play something for me; play a walking bass line." I got up there and I pick up his instrument and I play it for about two minutes, and he looks at me, and it's sort of a scowling sort of look, and then he started to look and says, "You know, kid? You're pretty good. I could really make a great bass player out of you. Why don't you take lessons with me." And I said, "No, I really can't, I don't have the money, and

New York Jazz Stories: Dominic Duval

I'm getting ready to go back on tour." I was 21 years old and I think I was on leave. I say I can't. He says, "Well, when you get out you come and look me up." And I always remember that, thinking what I learned from him in those three days has gotten me to where I am today as far as being more of a leader as a bass player. Being a bass player and being a leader, I think I got the most from watching Mingus and how he pushed his sound out and how he got people to move the way he wanted them to move without saying a word. So that's my Charlie Mingus story. And I really enjoyed my time watching him and learning from him, the master that he was.



Charlie Mingus in 1976

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**SLUGS'
SALOON**
242 EAST 3RD
STREET, NEW
YORK, NY

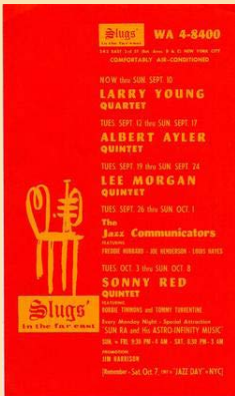
CLOSED

GPS Location
40.72203, -73.98162

**CLOSED
OPERATED FROM
THE MID-1960S TO
1972. NOW A DELI.**

DIRECTIONS
By New York
Subway
From Grand Central

Take the 7 train to 5
Ave; take the F train
to 2 Av
Walk 0.5 mi



Handbill for Slugs' Saloon
in the Far East showing
Sun Ra and His Astro-
Infinity Music performing
there on Monday nights.



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GUNTER HAMPEL, MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST AND COMPOSER, BORN IN 1937, GÖTTINGEN, GERMANY, REMEMBERS HIS TIME IN NEW YORK.

Most people don't understand: we musicians, we are characters who don't think so much in styles and categories. Our life is determining our music. I'm not playing jazz because I've learned it in a school. See, that's the difference with the Gunter character. Let me tell you a little about my life in New York. I had children, so when I was going out in the streets — we used to play in the streets in New York because we had no money — we would go to the Bronx, where my wife Jeanne [Lee, the singer, poet and composer, now deceased - Ed.] lived, and we didn't have money, so we went with the flute and the clarinet out onto the streets to play! We mostly improvised, or, yeah, whatever. We had the most beautiful meetings with people on the streets. I could tell you hours of stories of how people took our improvised music and did something with it. They started to dance around us, or they just came by. . . that was in the beginning of the '70s. And one day, we played, and these kids came up, 15, 16, with a ghettoblaster, and wanted to use the spot where we were. So they looked at our music and we didn't stop, because we didn't have enough money yet and needed more cash, so we kept going. They wanted to take the place, but they were so shy, not pushing us away or anything, so they started to move to our improvised music! And there was one of the first break dancers, which are now very famous in the business. But they took our free music, just clarinet and flute, and just started to move to it, and this is why I know it can be done. So, when I saw them dance, and there wasn't just one trying to make money out there, but also a whole gang of little kids who couldn't do this at home, because their parents didn't want it done or schools thought it was garbage. You know how people invent stuff. So they came out on the streets, and did this thing, and I saw in them the old Afro-American attitude we have when we have jam sessions. Remember in those old jam sessions, playing the blues or something, when we'd end a phrase like "din . . . da doodily dun-un dee doo-da . . . ba," so the next one was taking it over, saying, "din . . . da doodily dun-un dee doo-da . . ." and then spins his own line, so he's taking over the phrase you were doing. And those break dancers, the very same thing. No one taught them this. Then I looked into the whole history of it. I met some older black people who remembered the times before Charlie Parker: Duke Ellington up in Harlem, they had those hoofers, they called them. They were doing all this crazy stuff in the music. You sometimes see it as very eccentric in old movies, but they just were doing this. But the real thing was that they were taking the music, and formed with their body a dance structure. You know, like tap dancing and all this stuff, was all preparing what later those break dancers were doing. Only these people didn't know anything about it; it was in their blood. The only place in New York you could still see this kind of stuff, but it's all gone now. When you go to the Hudson River, it didn't matter, from uptown to downtown, the black people would always meet at the river.

By the river, at night, it was the only evidence of what was really happening in New York — not in the jazz clubs or the dance clubs or the discothèques. There was just an ordinary life going on. See, we jazz people, we sit in our jazz clubs and we don't know that this is happening. But I have children. When I went out in the '70s on my bike on the streets . . . my kids had all those punks coming into our house, because they were that age. My kids didn't color their hair blue, but we had all these weird characters in our house. Your life is more connected when you have children. And these kids, they just wanted to do their own thing. And they did what every generation does, they started to dance. They started to sing, and did the hip-hop and all the stuff. I discovered that all hip-hop is related to the only jazz instrument we have. We have most European instruments, but the only jazz instrument we have is the drum set. The drum set had been put together by the first jazz drummers. Louis Armstrong has a record, "St. James Infirmary" or whatever, where they go to a funeral, marching on the streets, and then they came home from the funeral, and started to play Dixieland to forget the dead people and start to do their own lives. So they went to bars, they went to clubs, and then they put the drum set down on the floor. See that's when we had the invention of the drum set, when they put it down. When people were no longer playing it on the street but setting it down (laughs). Maybe the first person was hitting the drum with his foot, but someone built a foot drum machine. And then someone said, hey, I don't need you to play the cymbal anymore, I built my own cymbal, so, the hi hat was born. And then they assembled . . . this is how the jazz got together, because in classical music you have five, four, six people in an orchestra to play all these different things. And all this music from hip-hop, even done in a studio electronically when you don't have a real drum playing anymore, you've still got the "shhh — ch- wichiwhichiwhitchi-," you've still got the sound of it. They've taken the sound of our jazz drum to do hip-hop and everything. So there are many more times that jazz has looked for other venues. Jazz is developing into a lot of other things. And us old hats have to realize what we have started when we started playing jazz. So my kids were loving hip-hop. They liked our music, too, but this was the thing the kids were doing. When I was going out on the streets at night at 2 o'clock in New York, to go to the river, because when I am at home, my head is full, and I've been working all day, like in an office in my house. I'd go take a bike ride, because the fresh air was coming from the sea, and all the people were dancing and working and everything. They were doing more jazz life than you could hear from the jazz musicians playing in the clubs. So that the hip-hop going on there was action. It was really very good. Sometimes, I came to cross over one of the avenues, and on a little island in the middle, there were a couple of guys rapping. This was the very first rap scene in New York. I was with my bike, and was sometimes the only white person standing there, because there were all the kids from Harlem or from New Jersey and Queens, and what would they do? Dance.

New York Jazz Stories: Hal Galper

HAL GALPER, BORN IN 1938, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, USA, PIANIST, TALKS ABOUT THROWING HIS ELECTRIC PIANO AWAY.

This is Hal Galper, I'm originally from Salem, Massachusetts. I'm a pianist; an author; composer; and publisher.

INTERVIEWER: At a certain point, you got rid of your Fender Rhodes and you wanted to get back to acoustic piano. Can you tell us how you got rid of the piano.

Hal: Well I was living about two blocks away from the Hudson at the time; and I just wheeled the son of a bitch down to one of the piers and tossed it in. Kinda tried to make a statement. I haven't played an electric piano since. I had to get back to the piano. That was where everything I wanted was - in the piano. It was the best move. At the time, I wasn't feeling that comfortable on acoustic piano also, so the electric piano was a little easier to play but all the sounds that I could get out of the electric piano - I realized a lot of them I could get out of the acoustic piano. I just had to work harder. It was bigger challenge. So I made a commitment to the acoustic instrument. She's a cold hearted bitch that doesn't give you anything. (LAUGHS) You have to get it out. The acoustic piano, she hides her shit from you. You have to get all the tricks she puts in your way to hide the instrument. She gives you nothing. You have to get it out.



Hal Galper

New York Jazz Stories: Gunter Hampel

**GUNTER
HAMPEL, MULTI-
INSTRUMENTALIST
AND COMPOSER,
BORN IN 1937,
GÖTTINGEN,
GERMANY, MEETS
J.C.
HIGGINBOTHAM.**

FURTHER LISTENING



SPIRITS - Gunter
Hampel and Perry
Robinson

OK, here is a very short story about the message of jazz.

There was a concert in New York, which was called The History of Jazz. So the concert was starting, New York, all famous musicians, with Dixieland and swing, and went all the way up to modern times. And I and Perry Robinson, who was in my band at the time, we were invited to join. It was in one of those churches. And so when they played Dixieland, we didn't wait till the free jazz was on, we played with those Dixieland players and people were saying, hey, I thought these guys were free jazz musicians: they cannot play, yeah? You know, we played with our clarinets, we played Dixieland and swing and when it came more and more to the modern times, then a lot of these people stopped playing. But there was this trombone player, was a very old man, old black man, he kept on playing. His name was J.C. Higginbotham. He played with Louis Armstrong and all that stuff. And then when we played the free part, he couldn't stand up any more and he sat down. And when he was getting off the stage, he said, "When you call this free jazz, I've played this all my life." OK? So that is the real message of jazz.

FURTHER LISTENING



J.C. Higginbotham

**BOBBY ZANKEL,
SAXOPHONIST,
BORN IN 1949,
BROOKLYN,
NY, USA, SHARES
SOME MEMORIES.
COMPILED BY KEN
WEISS.**



Bobby Zankel,
PHOTO CREDIT KEN WEISS

I've had so many wonderful experiences, and I have been so blessed to play with so many great players. I've played with so many of my heroes; it's been quite a musical life. The memory that stands out in my mind is sort of a collective memory: it's my relationship with Cecil Taylor. I remember hearing him in 1969 for the first time at Slugs, and then meeting and playing with him the next year. I performed with him for the first time in 1971 in New York, with Ornette Coleman sitting in the front row. I played with Cecil at Carnegie Hall in 1974, with Jimmy Lyons and Charles Tyler on either sides of me. These are great memories, but the experience that's most profound in my mind was the experience of this past spring – March and April of 2016. I had seen Cecil at the end of 2015, and his arthritis was really painning him and he wasn't playing at all, although his spirits were remarkably good. He talked vaguely about something coming up at the Whitney Museum, which I really didn't understand because the Whitney is a museum, and what would a month retrospective about a musician be doing at an art museum? I spoke with Ben Young, Cecil's friend and archivist, in February, who said Cecil had asked me to perform with him at the museum, and we talked about rehearsing, which was very exciting.

As time went on, there were no rehearsals, although Cecil went to the museum a few times to rehearse there, so he was playing a little bit. But by March, it seemed like he wasn't going to the Whitney and still there were no rehearsals. One stop along the way was Cecil's birthday party at the end of March, which was only two weeks before the supposed performance, and Cecil was in so much pain. It was so hard for him to move that I really didn't think that he would be playing. I had been going up to New York frequently at the time, to visit my daughter, who had Down Syndrome, and she passed away on April 7, which was a very, very profound experience for me. The first person I took Astaro to see when she was born in 1972 was

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



WHITNEY MUSEUM
99 GANSEVOORT
ST, NEW YORK, NY

GPS Location
40.73974, -74.00885

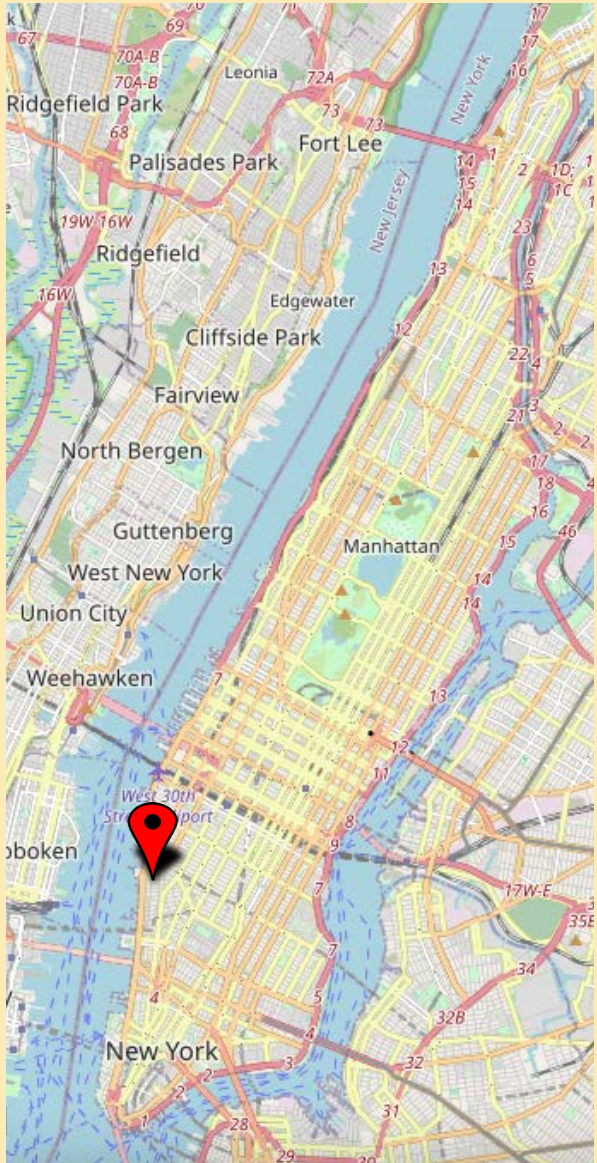
DIRECTIONS
By New York
Subway
From Grand Central

Take the 4, 5, or 6,
train to 14 St Union
Sq; take the L train to
14 St, 8 Av
Walk 0.4 mi

*Museum exclusively
featuring 20th-century
& contemporary art by
American artists, most
still living.*



Whitney Museum of
American Art
PHOTO CREDIT: AJAY SURESH



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Cecil, so the tremendous sadness of this loss seemed like a part of a larger mysterious cycle It came down to the day of Cecil's scheduled performance on April 14 at the Whitney. I had spoken to him the day before, and it looked like he was gonna play and then he wasn't gonna play. So, I woke up the day we were supposed to play, uncertain. I called him and spoke with his caretaker and she said he was eating, and then he was in the bath, and it went on and on, and it didn't seem that he would get over to the Whitney to play. I've known Cecil for a long time and when he doesn't feel like it, he doesn't do it, no matter how big it is. So I went to work — I teach music in a jail. I came out at my lunch break and spoke to some people in New York who were with Cecil, and they said he hadn't gotten out of bed yet, but that I better come up to New York because he needed me to play with him, so I headed up the Pennsylvania Turnpike to the Whitney. Cecil wasn't there when I arrived. The place had been sold out, 500 tickets, for months, and people were lined up. Cecil was supposed to perform with Min Tanaka, the great Japanese dancer he's worked with for many years, and Tony Oxley, but he wanted also some of his New York and European players with him. It was a beautiful experience when Cecil arrived and Min Tanaka's manager said, "Min will only dance with Cecil, he won't dance with these other guys," and Cecil looked at me and said, "I've known this man since 1970. He knows my music." And I was really touched. The playing that night was really unworldly. Cecil was like a kid. He was playing so beautifully, so fluidly and energetically, with a big smile on his face the more excited the band got. It was sort of like time traveling. It was so wonderful to share that experience with someone after so many years. You know, it was a very, very gratifying experience, and I hope to have more.

BACHIR ATTAR [LEADER OF THE MASTER MUSICIANS OF JAJOUKA] Taken by Ken Weiss on 4/1/19

THE DAY ORNETTE CAME TO MY VILLAGE

It's my best memory, in 1973 when Ornette Coleman comes to the village, along with other great artists like William Burroughs and Jazz critic Robert Palmer. It was amazing for me to experience it as a child [9-year-old]. They stayed and made music for a week every night in the village. It was Ornette and his guests from Europe and America. They made music from sunrise to sunset. I remember that and [how] Ornette recorded all that week. It was legendary, and the most magic music I ever listened [to] in my life. It was with my father and Ornette Coleman in the village! It was something that never can be happen again. That's why Ornette is the one, he surrendered to the music because he's a great artist. He's one of the best of them in Jazz. He described free Jazz. I think what he mean about free Jazz – it's like free to be witness of human being music from the earth. I love Ornette, that's why I love Ornette always, because he's more than open. He's a human musician, as Jajouka is human music. I hope, along with the help of Ornette's son, Denardo, to get out 20 hours of music on CDs of Ornette and my father.

LAST VISIT WITH ORNETTE

I've had conversations with Ornette, but my English is not very good. When I visited him the last time, even before the tribute for Ornette in Brooklyn, I visited him in his apartment. There are videos of this because he took them. We talked and [Laughs] I told him I am going to do a song on him called "Anytime" because when you say to him, 'Oh, I will come to see you next week,' he would say, "Anytime, anytime." Anytime, I love that anytime. I have a song called "Ornette Anytime."

ORNETTE'S FUNERAL

His funeral was amazing, I was there with my brother. I was invited to the funeral to lead the procession. I saw him in the room with his family. I have to play one song, a song for the funeral, but when I see him in the open coffin, I forgot the song I was going to play, really. After I left [the private room], I don't know what to play. I said to my brother, 'I don't know what to play. I forgot what I have arranged, it's gone!' Because when I see him sitting in the coffin like this, that was Ornette, but he was smiling. But the song comes to me, just like that. It was different, I had never played something like that in my life. I think you can see it on YouTube. That song, I didn't know how it comes to me. It's crazy, I don't know, it just came that moment.

New York Jazz Stories: Bachir Attar



Bachir Attar, PHOTO BY KEN WEISS

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



RIVERSIDE CHURCH

490 RIVERSIDE DR.
NEW YORK, NY

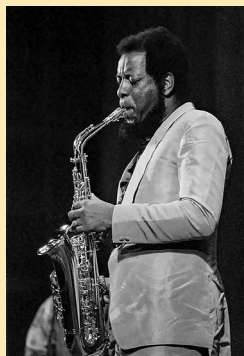
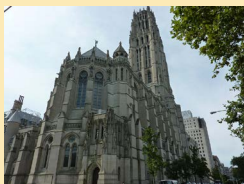
GPS Location

40°48'43"N 73°57'47"W

DIRECTIONS

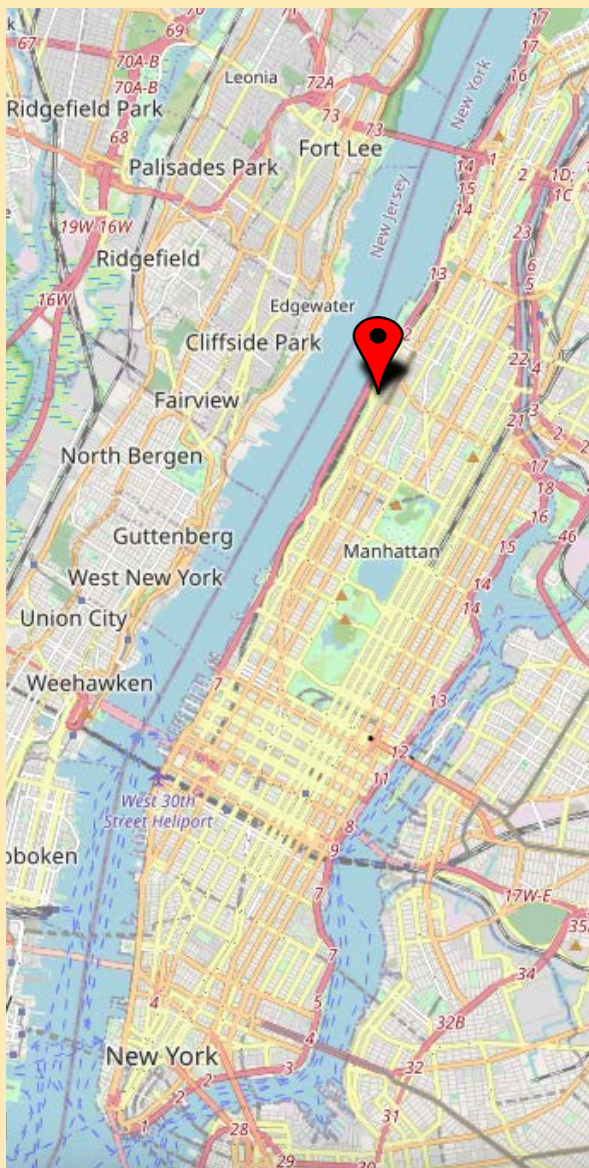
By New York
Subway
From Grand Central
Take the 7, train to
Time Sq, 42 St; take
the 1 train to 116 St
Station, 8 Av
Walk 0.3 mi

The funeral for Ornette Coleman was at New York's Riverside Church in a three-and-a-half hour service that featured remembrances and music.



Ornette Coleman

PHOTO CREDIT: JP ROCHE



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BURTON GREENE, PIANIST, BORN IN 1937, CHICAGO, IL, USA, REMEMBERS THE FIRST OCTOBER REVOLUTION FESTIVAL. TAKEN AND COMPILED BY KEN WEISS

This memory was taken after Greene played a solo set in Philadelphia on October 8, 2017, at the inaugural "The October Revolution of Jazz & Contemporary Music Festival" produced by Ars Nova Workshop.

This is "The October Revolution Festival," which is in a way a commemoration of the original [The October Revolution in Jazz] festival in 1964 that I played on with the Free Form Improvisation Ensemble with Alan Silva, and it was the kickoff of the Jazz Composers Guild started by Bill Dixon and Cecil Taylor. That guild only lasted about six months. It was a communal organization of the nascent free jazz movement in America that started in New York. Bill and Cecil had a beautiful vision about how musicians could band together and take all the important, new, freely improvised music since the beginning of the '60s, let's say, off the market and into the hands of the artists themselves. We talked of getting a building for rehearsals and rooms for recording, and we'd make the concert conditions based on our own terms for which venues would be suitable for us to play our music under the prime conditions, et cetera. And Ornette Coleman was in the wings watching all this, getting information about what was happening at the guild meetings. In the beginning, everyone was very motivated, but, unfortunately, after a little while, the threads started coming apart because some people were kind of desperate financially at the time. They talked about solidarity, but if somebody offered them a 50-dollar gig at a cheap venue, they'd go for it simply because they had to feed their family. They had to do what they had to do. The point is that the message of communal interest did not filter down enough, which is a pity. We'd start getting into discussions about what is the meaning of jazz, et cetera, or who took \$25 out of the treasury and didn't replace it. There was some bickering going on, and the original motivation started getting obscured within a few months. At a certain point, I bumped into Ornette Coleman on the street, and he said, "Burton, are you guys still screwing around with this nonsense of money and the meaning of jazz?" He said he had talked with John Coltrane, and both agreed if we stopped screwing around and got our real purpose together to address the original motivation of Bill and Cecil, that they would come in. And I had an immediate epiphany that we could have had practically all the important music since about 1960 under our own control because at "The October Revolution," everybody was there, from Albert Ayler to Sun Ra and the Chicago guys, so we artists could have self-determination what to do with our music. It didn't go that way. It's a pity. When is America gonna grow up? They're supporting bombs in this country, not balms. For me, the whole purpose of the free movement was to express atomic energy in a healing way, because when you are consciously

New York Jazz Stories: Burton Greene

repeating a certain idea, it gathers momentum like centrifugal energy that will explode eventually. A lot of us did explode (atomic balms), but so many of us didn't or couldn't put back the pieces, peacefully. Fortunately, I met Swami Satchidananda a short time later, and he helped me put back the pieces with yoga and meditation. A lot of my brothers, my compatriots, are not around today because they didn't put back the pieces. What really is sad for me is that I see all this gentrification money stuff, big cities becoming nothing but playboy components, and if you don't have a lot of money, then get out, and the rents going up. Culture is out. Kids growing up on their cellphones, what do they know about free jazz? I see it in Holland, where I live, and everywhere. "Fashionism" rules the day! Excuse me for being an old hippie, but, I'm sorry, it comes down to being generous and kind and loving, and that is THE common denominator, which will bring us out of the muck and mire and into something real.



Burton Greene in 2017, PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

**ELVIN AND KEIKO JONES;
CENTRAL PARK AND THE WORLD'S FASTEST TEA
BY JAMES BENNINGTON**

I had a strange dream the other night. I dreamed that my old boss Kieko Jones came into a club I was playing and sat down right in front. She was older and so was I as a middle aged man. As soon as our set was finished, I stood up and said, "I'd like to acknowledge a great presence here tonight...without a doubt one of the grand ladies of this music. Ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Keiko Jones!" The room roared. I came down from the stage and hugged her. We then sat down and had a wonderful heartfelt reunion and spent the rest of the evening catching up and reminiscing.

And then I woke up!

This seemingly hard Japanese woman married jazz legend Elvin Jones in 1968 and stayed with him until his death in 2004. A savvy and aggressive businesswoman, Elvin's career soared; some have speculated that he wouldn't have survived without her. As Elvin liked to say "We have sort of a mom and pop operation. She runs the store and I drive the truck!" Indomitable would be a good word to describe Kieko Jones.

Why am I dreaming about this woman? Because for two years I worked for her and her husband as their assistant and had been hanging around them some years prior to that. Trying to learn something. Tough stuff man!

I have many memories of that time and of her. The first time I saw Elvin Jones in person, Keiko was nimbly and efficiently flitting back and forth before, during, and after the concert. She ended up crouching low, Asian style, and watching the concert near where I sat. I remember Elvin's bass drum came unloosed from the riser and he finished the tune with his arms and leg splayed full out. After the piece, someone yelled from the audience "Kill the tech!" and Elvin shyly said into the microphone, "I can't. I love her." Indelible is another word. Keiko and I once sat cramped in the back of a van, speeding our way along New York side streets to or from the Blue Note, and we were having a nice quiet conversation on the way to a Jazz Machine gig. When I asked how she and Elvin met she became very angry and said "No James!" She wouldn't speak to me the rest of the way.

Her legendary energy and shrewdness were ever present on all our jobs...one had to keep up. Her sense about the music and how it should be presented was absolute, from whether or not the band wore tuxes or jazz machine t shirts, to the money being right, to very sound of the music (she was one of a privileged few allowed to sit in the control room with Rudy Van Gelder). She came to know exactly what what needed for Elvin to get his sound across live and on record.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



HOME OF ELVIN AND KEIKO JONES

415 Central Park
West, New York, NY

GPS Location
40.79533, -73.96236

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central

Take the 7, or S train to
Time Sq, 42 St; walk 0.2
mi to 42 St Port Auth,
take the A train to 103
St
Walk 0.1 mi

*Legendary apartment
building that had once
housed Art Blakey, Max
Roach, and Elvin at the
same time!*



circa 2019



Elvin Jones

PHOTO CREDIT TOM MARCELLO



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New York Jazz Stories: James Bennington

A favorite memory is when I was told to come to their home at 415 Central Park West one afternoon. I was working for them at the Blue Note for the week. My days were free once the drums had been set up that first night. I hailed a cab to the legendary apartment building that had once housed Art Blakey, Max Roach, and Elvin at the same time!

From the moment Keiko answered the door wearing a shower cap, house wrapper, and slippers, everything was rushed. It was the downstairs apartment they used for an office and storage. I saw several drumsets boxed up...a wall of audio tapes, and a wall of video tapes. In the small neat office she kept in back, there over the desk hung the only picture in the room, a very large panoramic photograph of Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Heath, James Moody, and several other big name Jazz veterans lined up on stage with Elvin at one end in full action...I found out later it was taken from Dizzy's 70th Birthday celebrations at the Blue Note.

I found myself trying to look around the home of my hero with everything a blur! She cleared me out of the office and past all the Jazz Machine t shirts pressed and hanging on a rack...

We took a small elevator to the apartment directly above which was their home. She swept me into the dining room and seated me there. She disappeared into the kitchen and came back with hot tea almost boiling in the cup. She kept saying, "Come on James! Drink! Drink! This is New York now! You have to pay attention! Be yourself! You're in New York City now! Anything thing goes!" and "You have to listen!"

To my disappointment, Elvin was asleep in his room. The days when he would hang out were coming to an end when I came into the picture. I had heard many great stories from others, but when I went to work for them, the main thing was work and rest. Elvin would sleep most of the day to have the energy for that nights performance, travel, etc.

Keiko turned down a lucrative clinic offer for Elvin on a west coast tour, and since I would have loved to have attended, I asked her why she said no? Probably would have netted \$5,000..."Because that is when Evan (Elvin) takes his nap. We cannot disturb his routine." was the simple answer. As soon as Elvin finished a set, she was right there with a large terry cloth robe, covering him quickly...she once told me that she wanted to play the bass. Why bass? I asked. "Because I want to help him!"

I managed to finish the scorching tea and was ushered quickly to the door. "See you tonight at the club James and remember, this is New York!" Before closing the door, she pointed across the hall and said quietly, severely, "Max Roach."

I stared at that door a few moments after we parted. I stared at the number and the wood and decided not to knock. Then I left there, at my own pace, as if I lived there...said 'Hey' to Elvin and Keiko's (and Max's and Art Blakey's) long time doorman, got outside, and did something I'd always wanted to do; took a walk through Central Park.

*The Author was mentored by Elvin Jones during the last decade of his life. He officially served as Drum Tech and Band Manager from 2000-2002 (see Modern Drummer Magazine).

RHYS CHATHAM, MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST, BORN IN 1952, NEW YORK, NY, USA TALKS ABOUT HIS JAZZ EPIPHANY MAY 24, 2016. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS

So I started out as a classical player and my instrument was flute. I became interested in contemporary music, and played the music of Edgard Varese, Pierre Boulez, Mario Davidovsky, and the entire literature for contemporary flute in the late '60s. And then I met up with a nice lady who was a jazz pianist, and she invited me to go see a concert in a place on Bond Street that I had never been to. I suppose this was in 1972, and I didn't have much exposure to what we call jazz. I had listened to John Coltrane albums, especially *Giant Steps*, but I literally didn't know anything about it at all. So my girlfriend took me to this loft kind of building, and it turned out to be Studio Rivbea, Sam Rivers and his wife's place, where they put concerts on. We went downstairs to the basement and it was very comfortable with very interesting people. There was incense lit to cover other kinds of "incense" that was prevailing down there. It was the beginning of the '70s, everyone was smoking pot. So we were all very comfortable, listening to this music. I heard a group play, I think it was a quintet, and I was absolutely amazed, because, for me, to my ears, the music that they played sounded so precise. It sounded like "Stimmung" by Karlheinz Stockhausen, with that kind of precision, which is a piece that Stockhausen wrote in the '50s for woodwind quartet. This was a quintet with a person playing soprano saxophone along with a bass player and a drummer and probably a trumpet player. The leader was Steve Lacy. I didn't even know who Steve Lacy was at that point, but for want of a better word, it blew my mind! It was through that experience that I decided it was time to take a new look at jazz. Eventually, a friend gave me a tenor saxophone that he wasn't using. The thing about tenor saxophone, or really any saxophone, is that the fingering is very similar to flute. It's better if you had started out on clarinet to play saxophone, but it didn't matter. I hooked up with a tenor player named Keshavan Maslak, who was in from the West Coast, and he knew everything about how to play tenor. Back then, the emphasis wasn't on technical playing: the emphasis was on free playing. I learned my scales with Keshavan, but soon he said, "Rhys, you just have to follow your heart and follow your nose, so now we're gonna forget about the scales and we're just gonna jam." And that's how I got my start in the jazz tradition. It was Steve Lacy, it's all his fault! I later met Steve when I moved to Paris in 1988. I had married someone in New York City who was French, a dancer studying with Merce Cunningham, and after five years of living in New York, she decided she wanted to go back to France and said if I wanted, I could come with her (laughs). So I decided to go, and Steve Lacy was in Paris. By then, I knew a lot more about him and I had gotten much more deeply into jazz.

New York Jazz Stories: Rhys Chatham



Rhys Chatham in 2016, PHOTO CREDIT KEN WEISS

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**STUDIO
RIVBEA
SAM RIVERS
LOFT**
**24 BOND STREET
NEW YORK, NY**

GPS Location
40.72687, -73.99370

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal

Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 6 train to
Bleecker St
Walk 0.1 mi

*Famous loft of Sam
Rivers the building
was once owned by
the painter Virginia
Admiral, mother of
Robert DeNiro.*



Studio Rivbea - Sam Rivers
and Joe Daley - July, 1976
PHOTO CREDIT TOM MARCELLO



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**ANDREW CYRILLE,
DRUMMER,
BORN IN 1939,
BROOKLYN, NY,
USA, TALKS ABOUT
HIS EARLY DAYS IN
BROOKLYN.
RECORDED ON
JULY 27, 2011.**



I am Andrew Cyrille, and I was born in Brooklyn, New York, USA.

Jazz Drums was a meeting of jazz drummers, people like Willie Jones and Lenny McBrowne, and there was Lee Abrams, who came to help the kids, of which I was one, in the drum and bugle corps back in Brooklyn, New York. Willie Jones used to play with Lester Young, and Lee Abrams played with Dinah Washington. I think he played with Lester Young, too, if I'm not mistaken. Willie Jones played with Monk, also. And Lenny McBrowne did a lot of work with Paul Bley, or had work with Paul Bley, pianist, and also he had done something later in his career with Jon Hendricks. One they did, "Blues for Mr. Charlie." I think he was the drummer in the orchestra. I think they were out in California, if I'm not mistaken. I know that's one place that they were, so maybe they did some other traveling.

So just being around those guys, and they began telling me that there were other ways to play drums, other than being, you know, in marching bands. And they taught me about people like Max Roach and Shadow Wilson, Art Blakey, and people like that. And, of course, too, I used to see Benny Goodman with Gene Krupa. Krupa was, you know, a big star at the time, because Goodman was a big star, and Krupa was doing all those solos like "Sing, Sing, Sing." Things like that. And, of course, there was Buddy Rich; he was there also. Just being able to see those guys, hear about them, and look at how they played the multiple percussion set, the drum set, you know, with the two feet and the two hands. That, of course, interested me to try and find out if I could do that. So they started showing me certain things to do with my feet, et cetera, in relationship to my hands.

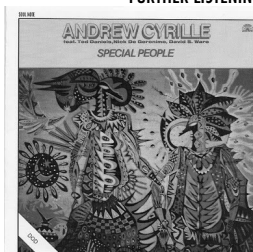
And one thing about the drum and bugle corps, though, it was really good because it was a very basic kind of application of learning rudiments, and rudiments are sticking patterns, you know, for drummers. And it's a series of 26 that were defined by the National Association of

New York Jazz Stories: Andrew Cyrille



Andrew Cyrille,
PHOTO CREDIT: SHAWN BRACKBILL

FURTHER LISTENING



Rudimental Drummers, back in the '20s, I think. But anyway, being able to play the rudiments, and play them, you know, at certain tempos, and playing with the bugles, you know. And it was usually bugles. They had different kinds. I guess they had bass-sounding horns, as well, and regular bugle. That would be in certain formations in the orchestra on bugle corps.

So, that kind of got my ear together, and had me to begin thinking about how the stuff was put together, that is, the sounds of drums, and the sounds of the other instruments, et cetera. And then while I was at Saint John's University being a chemistry major, I was working with some of the guys who had worked with Charlie Parker; Duke Jordan, the piano player, and Cecil Payne, and I started doing gigs with some of the kids my age in the neighborhood who were playing music, and we used to play parties and things like that.

And the thing that kind of really turned me on, as far as really wanting to get into the arena of playing jazz, was Gigi Gryce. I remember seeing him at a club in Brooklyn called the Continental, and he had a band there. I can't remember the names of everybody. I remember the drummer's name, I think, was Bobby Richardson, and the bass player was Michael Meadows. I can't tell you if Billy Coggins was the piano player or not, but I can't remember who the piano player was. Gildo Mahones, somebody, and then there was Gigi Gryce, and I remember seeing Gigi, and he was just so dapper and intelligent looking, and he would play the music and I would hear all of these sounds, et cetera, and I would say, "How are you making that sound? How are you doing this? How do you know when to start and stop?" And the other part of me said, "Gee, they look like they're relatively successful. I think if I pursued that, I could probably make a living." (laughter)

So that kind of triggered my appetite for jazz, and at the same place I would see people like Jackie

McLean, you know, with Pete La Roca, and who else? It was so long ago — Pete La Roca was the drummer, who could have been the bass player? Maybe Spanky DeBrest. Some of those people, I can't tell you exactly. But anyway, that's the thing that kind of whetted my appetite to pursue the music, and, of course, with the kids in the neighborhood with whom I was playing. They were also interested in jazz, so we would listen to records and compare one musician to another, and talk about him or her, you know? Like we were discussing a plate of food or something like that. You know, I like this because of that, and the sound they made, and this one sounded better than the other. You know, just opinions, as far as teenagers are concerned. There were the kids in the neighborhood, also, you know, who had jazz records, and they used to come over to my house, and I'd go over to their house, and we'd listen to records that we had bought, perhaps on the weekend after getting paid from some of our part-time jobs. So that was one real trigger, and then the next thing, too, was that I met Max Roach when I was about 10 or 11, and he was married to my best friend's sister, so, you know, I met him, and one thing kind of led to another. I began buying records, a lot of records, and listening to them, and then to drum set, trying to find out how those guys did what they did. And I continuously applied myself.

Then, one evening, I was doing a university talent show, and actually I decided to play a drum solo. So, after I played the drum solo, a lot of the kids in the audience came up and said, man, if you can play drums like that, what are you doing here? (laughter) So, I thought about that, and also Juilliard was a place that a lot of musicians aspired to go, and did go, as a matter of fact, with Juilliard, and it was the Manhattan School of Music in New York. And, you know, some of my young colleagues were saying, "Hey man, why don't you try getting into Juilliard? I could do that myself." I'm quoting them. So, I decided that I would take the test for Juilliard, and, lo and behold, I took the test and I passed. And, you know, I went back and told the dean at Saint John's that I had decided that perhaps I would try going to Juilliard. So he said, "Well, you can go there and try, and see how you like it, and if you don't like it, you're always welcome back here."

So I went to Juilliard and kind of never looked back.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

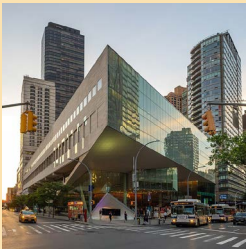


**THE
JUILLIARD
SCHOOL**
**60 LINCOLN
CENTER PLAZA,
NEW YORK, NY**

GPS Location
40° 46' 23.09" N,
73° 58' 55.66" W

DIRECTIONS
By New York
Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 7 or S train
to Time Sq 42 St; take
the 2 or 3 train to 66
St Lincoln Center
Walk 0.1 mi

Established in 1905



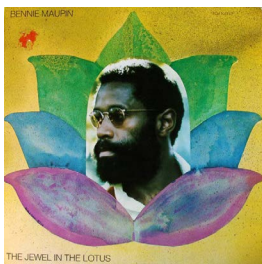
Alice Tully Hall
Alice Tully Hall and
Juilliard School
PHOTO CREDIT AJAY SURESH



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**BENNIE MAUPIN,
MULTIREEDIST AND
COMPOSER,
BORN IN 1940,
DETROIT,
MI, USA, TALKS
ABOUT
HORACE SILVER.**

FURTHER LISTENING



Bennie Maupin in 1974



The Horace Silver Quintet -
You Got to Take a Little Love.

This is Bennie Maupin, and I'm from Detroit, Michigan, and I play multiple woodwinds: bass clarinet, tenor saxophone, the soprano saxophone and, mostly, alto flute.

The story that I'd like to share, basically, is centered around the great composer and pianist Horace Silver. Actually, I worked with Horace's groups in the late '60s — 1968 to almost 1970 — and during that time, I was able to experience some really great moments. And basically at the beginning of my career in New York City, it was Horace Silver who actually hired me and brought me to California for the first time. I was able to go to Europe for the first time with him. There were a lot of experiences that I had as a result of my involvement with Horace.

Now, I'm very grateful for the opportunity that working with him afforded me, and he was very gracious to me. He actually recorded one of my songs called "Lovely's Daughter," which was sort of a rare thing because Horace recorded mostly his own music, not the music of his sidemen. And so that particular song is on the recording that he did for Blue Note, called *You Gotta Take a Little Love*. So during that time, it was really wonderful because we were in Europe for the first time, during the fall, I believe, of 1968, and we were actually on tour with the great Muddy Waters, and Otis Spann, and a singer by the name of Joe Simon, who was very much in the mode of the great Sam Cooke, and a gospel group from Philadelphia known as the Stars of Faith. And we toured Europe for an entire month with the Newport Blues Festival in Europe that was sponsored by George Wein. And going to Europe with Horace in such good company, and it's Billy Cobham on drums, and the great John Williams playing bass, and Randy Brecker playing trumpet. Our group, it was a very hot group, and actually, if you go on YouTube, there's something you can see on YouTube with that particular band if you just type in Horace Silver, Bennie Maupin, Billy Cobham. However, the trumpet player on what you might see on YouTube

FURTHER LISTENING



Horace Silver in 1989.
PHOTO CREDIT - DMITRI SAVITSKI



Bennie Maupin, circa 2010s

would be the great Bill Hardman. And we played in Denmark, and it just happened that Bill Hardman was there at a time when Randy Brecker wasn't able to be with us for one concert.

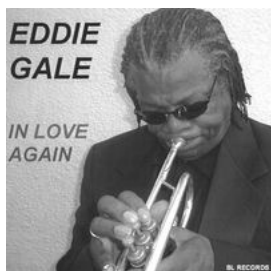
He was there actually with Art Blakey. But it was Horace Silver who gave me many, many good connections with the Blue Note record label, and while I was in a rehearsal once with Horace's group, preparing for this first tour to Europe, the great Lee Morgan stepped into the rehearsal room, and everybody, of course, knew who he was. And he walked right over to me and asked me if I'd like to do a date with him for Blue Note, and I said yes, of course, and it turned out to be one of those recordings now gone and become a classic, known as Caramba.

And to fast-forward to the present day, I was in New York City about a week ago—this was just after the first of November in 2011—and I made contact directly with Horace's family, and was able to actually go visit Horace, who now resides in New Rochelle, New York, which is just north of Manhattan. And I had a wonderful time with him. I had heard that he was very ill and so many different rumors that all proved to be very false, and I was happy that I could actually go spend time with him one afternoon.

I took my bass clarinet; I played for him. I composed a piece that's basically written in honor of Lester Young. When I told Horace that it was called "Message to Prez," he smiled and shared with me the fact that Lester Young was one of his favorite musicians. I do believe that it was Lester Young who actually introduced Horace to the world, just like Horace introduced me to the world of jazz and jazz listeners. So that was something that, I just wanted to clear the air about that, because Horace's influence as a mentor in my career is very, very outstanding. So there are many stories that I could share with you, but I feel that this one is the most important because it brings us right up to the present day.

**EDDIE GALE,
TRUMPETER, BORN
IN 1941,
BROOKLYN,
NY, USA, SOLVES
THE MYSTERY OF
GETTING INTO
CLUBS DESPITE
BEING UNDERAGE.
COMPILED BY T.
WATTS.**

FURTHER LISTENING



What we did was, you know, the hats that we wear with the [stingy] brim and all? As young boys, we used to call them men hats. The grown men would wear those hats wherever they went. So we, as young men, would wear those hats in order to appear older and get into the clubs. That's how I got in to see Prez [Lester Young]. I didn't know anything about him. I just saw his name up there and the picture. And, man, we wanted to go hear that. So, we learned through the culture: Oh, that's Lester Young; they call him Prez because he was so great on his saxophone; he was a leader in it. Or it was Dizzy Gillespie or other leaders at the time who became icons to us. Miles Davis with the muted trumpet — the richness of space in his solos.

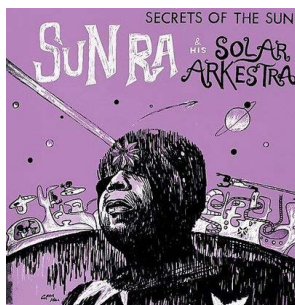
After coming up through the Scouts all those young years, it made me want to pay attention to the jazz culture. How they dressed differently. They didn't wear sneakers and stuff. They dressed up sharp, with nice hats on, et cetera. It made a very different impression in my life about music. It's a way of life. It's not just something you do to enjoy, or just to be pleasing. And as I grew up more, it wasn't just about making money. We didn't think of it that way. We did it because of the love that we found in expressing ourselves. Later on, though, you discover it's about making a living. Before I got with Sun Ra and Cecil Taylor and all them, I was with a group called the Afro Jazz Lab. Every weekend we would be playing a party in somebody's basement, picking up a little change. We had a good time doing that. We didn't worry about who was promoting it, who knew us or who was writing about it. We didn't think like that. We were just having a good time playing music,

**EDDIE GALE,
TRUMPETER,
BORN IN 1941,
BROOKLYN, NY,
USA, ON WORKING
WITH SUN RA, CECIL
TAYLOR AND JOHN
COLTRANE.
COMPILED BY T.
WATTS.**



Sun Ra circa 1970s

FURTHER LISTENING



When I reflect on the Internet, I go back to the teachings of Master Sun Ra about the whole idea of space. He was teaching this in the '50s. And that's just what the Internet is about. It's all taking place in [cyber] space. Space music. The creativeness of the Sun Ra lyric "Space Is the Place." These are realities now, more clearly than ever before. I met him through Scoby Stroman, who was Olatunji's drummer at the time. I used to see Scoby get up on stage and drive the whole Olatunji band in Brooklyn.

Sun Ra was like a stepfather to me. We were very close. He would come to Brooklyn and I'd introduce him to people that were in my life. I'd go to Manhattan with him, and we would walk the streets. He would describe to me all sorts of ideas, intellectual word play, and descriptions of things. I was a married man at the time and didn't live in the housing that Sun Ra had for his Arkestra members on East Third Street. John Gilmore, Marshall Allen, at times Pat Patrick (whose son Deval Patrick became the governor of Massachusetts) and Ronnie Boykins, all lived there with Sun Ra. I rehearsed with them on East Third Street, right down the street from Slugs'. Sun Ra got famous at Slugs. When the word got out, people from all over the world would come to Slugs' to see the Sun Ra Arkestra on Monday nights, where he played every Monday night for a year.

I believe the first recording I ever did was on a Sun Ra album entitled Secrets of the Sun. He would have me stand next to the piano, rather than in the horn section. When he wanted me to solo, he would point and say "Now you play." He called me the original avant-garde trumpeter, because I would create my own solos off of his music. On the road, I was responsible for carrying all the music for the rest of the horns. Working with Sun Ra was very exciting for me because he was so adventurous. Playing with him opened the door for me to get involved in the whole music scene. I did many dates with him in the Tri-Cities area, down to Georgia and across America to California.

New York Jazz Stories: Eddie Gale

In his last days on Earth, I visited him in the hospital in Alabama. I'm still in touch with his family. They became fond of me through Sun Ra.

CECIL TAYLOR

Actually, working with Cecil Taylor was even more difficult than working with Sun Ra. Cecil came and asked me to play with him after I did a couple of post Sun Ra things with Booker Ervin at Slugs.

Cecil would give you the notes from the piano at rehearsal. You had to transpose the notes on the spot.

"Okay, trumpet, here's your notes."

I'm like, what the heck? I would say to Jimmy Lyons, the alto player "Jimmy, how you do this shit man? Come on."

He'd say "Play it through here and then write it out." So, I learned through these challenges, reading books on music theory. I was elevated to the major music scene by playing with Cecil because he was on Blue Note.

I also recorded with Larry Young during that period because I had the popularity going. We got together through alto sax player James Spaulding, whom I talk to frequently to this day.

I played with John Coltrane twice at the Half Note. The first time it happened was at the Half Note in Manhattan, on a stormy night, believe it or not. I had been wanting to deal with John. A friend of mine talked me into going over there. The club was packed. John was playing with Elvin, McCoy and Jimmy Garrison. There were several other musicians there, as John was letting people who were into the music come and play with him. Pharoah Sanders, Dewey Johnson and a few other cats were lined up there, waiting to sit in. So when the band took a break, I went over to where John was standing near the bar and introduced myself. I said, "Mr. Coltrane, my name is Eddie Gale. I'm a trumpet player from Brooklyn and I came over here to see if I could get a chance to play with you."

He glanced over at the line of cats waiting by the stage and said "I gotta see; I don't know yet."

I said, well, thank you, Mr. Coltrane, and turned to walk away.

He said "Well, wait a minute. Let's see what happens." And they all heard him tell me that. So we all got a chance to play, but I was the last one to go up that night. After the set, John came up to me and asked me what did I do or take to make me play the way I was playing. I really didn't know exactly what he was referring to, so I said "Well, I don't take anything, Mr. Coltrane."

John and I became pretty tight after that, and he encouraged me to stay in touch with him. During that period, I was between day jobs, and at one point had to pawn my horn. I told John about it, and he had me come down to Birdland where he loaned me the \$35 to get my horn out.

I told him "Mr. Coltrane, I will definitely pay you back."

He told me "Don't worry about it. Just don't stop playing the way you play."

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**HALF NOTE
JAZZ CLUB**
289 HUDSON
STREET, NEW
YORK, NY

CLOSED

GPS Location
40.72589, -74.00780

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:

Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 7 or S train to
Time Sq 42 St; take the
1 train to Houston St
Walk 0.3 mi

*Operated on Hudson
Street from 1957 to
1972 and at 149 West
54th Street, from 1972
to 1974*



HALF NOTE CLUB, CIRCA 1960S



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New York Jazz Stories: Eddie Gale

The second time I played with him, John Gilmore joined us on the bandstand with the same lineup. John Coltrane was between John Gilmore and myself, and during his most fervent playing that night, went down almost to his knees. It was one hell of a performance. Someone took pictures of it, but I never got a chance to get the pictures. We were out there! People have asked me what it was like playing with John. All I can remember is the horn played itself. We were out to lunch.

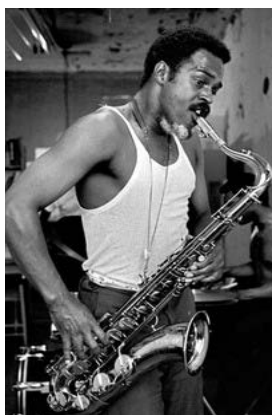
I was actually supposed to play on his *Ascension* album, but lost touch with him when my phone went out of service for a while. He used to encourage me to call him collect, and when he couldn't reach me for the *Ascension* date, he hired Freddie Hubbard instead. I was playing with Byron Allen at the time. John passed about two years after *Ascension* was recorded.



**JOE MCPHEE,
SAXOPHONIST
AND COMPOSER,
BORN IN 1939,
MIAMI, FL, USA,
TALKS ABOUT
NEARLY
MEETING ALBERT
AYLER. RECORDED
IN 2011.**



Joe McPhee in 2004
PHOTO CREDIT: SETH TISSUE



Albert Ayler

Hi, this is Joe McPhee. Here's a story. In 1964, I was in the army, and the army band I was in traveled to Copenhagen, and I was looking for Albert Ayler. I had read about him in *DownBeat*, et cetera, and I was just looking to hear some of his music, to find out what they were talking about. I wasn't successful there, but I went to the Montmartre because I heard he had been there, and I met Booker Ervin, who graciously allowed us to sit in with his band. And then, when I got back to New York in 1965, the very first thing I did was go to New York City, to a record shop on Eighth Street, to find some of Albert's music, and I found a copy of *Bells*. And I was standing there looking at it — it was this clear, see-through LP with a silkscreen painting on one side — when a voice over my right shoulder said "What do you think about that music?" And I said, "I don't know, but I'm looking forward to hearing it because this is really an interesting-looking recording here." And he said "Well, that's my brother." And it was Donald Ayler, and he said to me "I'm a trumpet player" and I said, "Wow, I'm a trumpet player, as well. I just got out of the army, and I'm trying to find some of the new music I've been reading about." And he said "Well, listen, we're having a rehearsal," and he wrote down the address, gave it to me on a piece of paper, and said, "Why don't you come on over?" And I said, "Oh, you know, I really would like to do that, but I don't live here in New York City. I live in Poughkeepsie, New York, and I really have to run and catch a train." And so the rest of the story is that I never got to meet Albert Ayler. But, in 1967, after John Coltrane died, I went to the funeral and there I heard Albert's quartet, of course, and Ornette Coleman's trio, at that funeral service. And I did hear Albert subsequently at *Slugs*, et cetera. So that's my story, and I'm sticking to it. Thank you.

JOHN O'GALLAGHER, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1964, ANAHEIM, CA, USA, ON WHAT IT WAS LIKE MOVING TO NEW YORK CITY IN 1988. COMPILED BY LUDWIG VAN TRIKT.

It was a very exciting time for me. The music scene in New York City was ripe for new voices. It seemed like there was a kind of nexus of the old guard and the new. The Knitting Factory had just opened and the whole downtown music scene, which flourished in the '90s, was just starting. I can remember going down to Bradley's and hanging, hearing Tommy Flanagan while sitting at the bar next to Freddie Hubbard and George Coleman. Everyone, and I mean, everyone, was there. For me, it represented a snapshot of what the heyday of jazz in the 50's must have been like. I always felt like the jazz community was always welcoming. There are always going to be some people who vibe, but mostly I think musicians are cool that way. I can remember going to Jay's, which was an uptown club on Broadway, to see Clifford Jordan. I'm friends with Sam Newsome, who was in the band, so Clifford invited me to sit in. I remember afterwards how warm and supportive Clifford was; he was a true gentleman.



John O'Gallagher

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**KNITTING
FACTORY**
47 E. HOUSTON
NEW YORK, NY

MOVED

GPS Location
40.72481, -73.99474

DIRECTIONS
By New York Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:

Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 4 or 6 train to
Bleecker St
Walk 500 Ft



circa December 1988
PHOTO CREDIT MARK WEBER



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LOTTE ANKER, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1958, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK, TALKS ABOUT HOW SHE WAS INFLUENCED BY JOHN TCHICAI. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.

That was very early and it's kind of a paradox what I learned from him, because the Sunday workshops were followed by going out and drinking tea and he would almost never comment on music; but in some weird way, he got his points of view out there. I think he was meditating and he was studying Buddhism at that time, so maybe he was in kind of a nonjudgmental thing, but he would say a little down-to-earth thing about something, such as, it's not in tune. We all had a lot of respect for him because he had a lot of charisma. Later, when I was older and had more of my own language, I played with him, and I remember still having the same respect for him. He gave us technical exercises and he was a traditional teacher, but his way of being, his tone, his melodic sense and phrasing, were influential to me at that time.

I had a weird experience in December 2013 in New York, where I was very jet-lagged and I had just come back from Hanoi. I had been playing a gig at The Stone with Mephista [Sylvie Courvoisier, Susie Ibarra, Ikue Mori] and there were three of us in a taxi going back to Brooklyn. And since it was so crowded, I put my saxophones in the trunk. I was the last one on the route, and when we got to my stop, I asked the driver to open the trunk, but he really didn't understand what I was talking about. He was a little spaced out, and I kept asking him. Finally, he started opening his door, so I got out of the cab and closed my door, and then he closed his door and just took off, and I was standing in the middle of the night somewhere in Brooklyn. He drove really fast and I tried to run after him and yelled, but he was gone. That had never happened to me before. I called Sylvie, and her husband, [violinist] Mark Feldman, said, "Call the police." So I called the police and they said to stay where I was; but nothing happened. I stood there, feeling really terrible. I called the cab office and reported it, but they soon closed for the weekend. I had other concerts to play, so I borrowed Tim Berne's alto saxophone and tried to survive the concerts.

I must say that I really felt like shit. It's like losing your kids. I called the cab office again Monday and they were able to track the cab by GPS, and they put me through to the driver, and I was just super, super happy. He said he would drive them to me the next day, which was Christmas Eve. I waited all day, and he wasn't coming. I finally offered him \$80 and he came right away, and it all ended in a good way. I'm sorry if that was a very long story.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**THE
STONE
NORTHWEST
CORNER OF
AVENUE C AND
2ND STREET,
NEW YORK, NY**

MOVED

**GPS Location
40.72124, -73.98104**

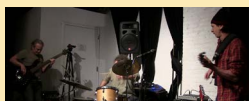
DIRECTIONS

By New York
Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:

Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 4 or 5 train
to Canal St; take the
J train to Delancy St
-Essex St
Walk 0.5 mi

Founded in April 2005
by John Zorn

In 2018, The Stone
relocated to The Glass
Box Theatre, in the New
School at 55 W. 13th St.,
New York, NY



Percy Jones at the Stone
PHOTO CREDIT ALEX LOZUPONE



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New York Jazz Stories: Lotte Anker



Lotte Anker, PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

**LOU MARINI,
SAXOPHONIST,
BORN
IN 1945,
CHARLESTON,
SC, USA,
REMEMBERS
ROCKIN' NEW
YEARS
EVE SHOW.**

FURTHER LISTENING



Well, my name is Lou Marini. A lot of people know me as “Blue” Lou Marini from The Blues Brothers, and I’m a saxophonist, of course, and a composer and arranger. And I grew up in a small town in Ohio, and I’m a longtime committed New Yorker, since 1972. I moved to New York then to play with Doc Severinsen’s band, and shortly thereafter, I joined Blood, Sweat & Tears. I was working with Doc, and then one night I went to hear Clark Terry’s band, and I had done a clinic with Clark, and he had encouraged me to come to New York. He was wonderful to me. And I met Bargerón and Soloff, and I think I sat in with the band that night. And then Bargerón, Dave Bargerón, called me up a few days later and asked me if I’d like to audition for the band. I actually took Joe Henderson’s place, but Joe never really played any gigs. He did some rehearsals, and then decided he didn’t want to do it, so I came in and I played and got the gig immediately. And we started working and did an album almost

immediately, too. So we did a couple of my tunes on that album, and, you know, it was like a, it was good because immediately I was working and had visibility, and guys began to know me and hear about me from other players, you know? So, of course, now Blood, Sweat & Tears, we kid around because every good young horn player that I know in New York, and guitar player and bass player, drummers, too, it seems like they all, at one time or another, have played with the ongoing Blood, Sweat & Tears band that continues to tour and play the music, you know? And so I kid around; I say, “If we ever had a Blood, Sweat & Tears reunion, we’d have to rent Madison Square Garden just for the cats (laughs).” A few months ago, Lew Soloff came by my pad, and he said he’s got to play me something, and he had a DVD of the first Rockin’ New Years Eve Show that Dick Clark put on, and it was our band and The Allman Brothers. And there was a big opening medley, or an opening tune, of “Auld Lang Syne,” and I arranged it for three guitars in triads over pedal point bass, you know? With, like, just sailing and rubato, and then we had this long, long jam with both bands playing, and it ended up with, I mean, B.J. Thomas sang, the guys from Three Dog Night sang; Billy Preston ended up singing and playing organ. It was like a whole giant thing. And then, a little later on in the show, there was our band playing, and I had arranged a tune called “I Can’t Move No Mountains,” and it was an extremely difficult horn part, and, man, we sounded so great. Our horn section sounded so great and so relaxed. I was really, I was knocked out with it, you know? And it really brought back some great memories, but I didn’t think we sounded that good, and when I heard it, it made me proud, you know? Just really nice to hear.

MARVIN “BUGALU” SMITH, DRUMMER, BORN IN 1948, ENGLEWOOD, NJ, USA, TALKS ABOUT WORKING FOR TOWN SOUND RECORDINGS. RECORDED ON DECEMBER 5, 2011.

How I went to Town Sound’s recording studio: When I got to high school, they had what they called work study. And I remember, I couldn’t wait to get to be a senior because when you got to be a senior — I saw the seniors go to school at 8 o’clock in the morning, like everybody else, but 12 o’clock, when people took their lunch, I saw these seniors get in their car and leave, and I didn’t never see them come back until the next day. So when I got to high school, I asked a woman, the counselor, “Well, what is that thing when I see seniors going out and getting in them cars and leaving and I don’t never see them till the next day?” And they said “They’re doing work study.” And I said “Well, what is work study?” They said, “Well, you go to school in the morning, and then you go to work in the afternoon at some job that’s in the town, and then you get your grade from that.”

So when I got to be a senior, they opened a recording studio in my hometown, Englewood, New Jersey. It’s very famous; big people lived there: Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, George Benson. They lived on what they called a hill. We called it the Englewood Cliffs, and it’s up in the mountains, and the houses up there are big mansions and stuff. Anyway, Town Sound opened this—it’s called Town Sound because it was a man named Ed Townsend. He’s very famous and ended up in Hollywood and all that, but he opened this studio up, and I knew it was down there, so I said, you know? I want to be a drummer.

I had to be about 16 or 17 at the time. “I want to be a drummer, and the way I can be a drummer,” to continue this, “I don’t want to go get me a job at the pet shop, or get me a job at the auto mechanics shop because I don’t know anything about cars, and I don’t want to know anything about cars. What I want to do is play drums. I’m going down there to Town Sound to fill me out an application to get me a job as a sweep-up man, and the go-get-it, go-get-the-hamburger man, go-get-lunch man and the switchboard man, because one day, there’s going to be a hole in there, and somebody’s going to say, Bugalu, I heard you play drums. We got an opening. Somebody didn’t come. Drummer didn’t come. We heard you play drums. Can you come upstairs to the studio and play drums?”

And I knew that I would say yes, but until that time, I was running the switchboard in the studio, and I was going to get them lunch, and I was sweeping up, and I was cleaning toilets, and I was doing anything I could. I just wanted to be in the building. So I got the job, and I did all that, and then one day, Bernard Purdie, one of the famous drummers, he used to live in Teaneck and I lived in Englewood. Bernard couldn’t come to the gig, couldn’t come to the recording studio, and they said exactly what I thought

they would say: “Bugalu,” — Marvin — well, I wasn’t named Bugalu then; I hadn’t gone to Europe yet, but, “Marvin, we heard you played drums. We got to make this session. The musicians are up here. Can you come up and play drums?” And I threw the broom down, and I threw the switchboard down, and I went up to Studio A, and I sat at the drums, and I played my first recording date.

And after that, they never asked me to go back to the broom or nothing, none of that. I never did none of that no more. I was actually playing drums, and I loved it. I was in school in the morning, doing regular stuff that you did in school, and 12 o’clock, I was in the studio, and it was a professional — it was the only professional wooden studio — it was made out of wood, which is a good thing to make a studio out of all wood — and everybody from James Brown to Wilson Pickett recorded there, and I was the drummer on a lot of those cuts.

So that’s where I learned about the recording console, and I always made friends with the engineer, and we had a great engineer named Frank Clock, who later became the engineer of the Crusaders. They used to be called the Jazz Crusaders, but then when they wanted to get into more popular music, they dropped the jazz part out of it and just called themselves the Crusaders.

So that engineer was a good friend of mine. I worked under his guidance — I mean, it wasn’t really like he was giving me lessons; we were hanging, we were hanging out in the studio, and I was the drummer and he was the engineer. Later, when he left and went with the Crusaders, my mother wouldn’t let me go to California when they invited me, another engineer came in, and his son was very famous.

I’ll tell you his name, Orville O’Brien, but his son later became Master Gee of the Sugarhill Gang. They had a hit record; they had many hit records. They had a hit record called “Rapper’s Delight.” That was the first group to do rap in Englewood, New Jersey, and they were very successful, and they did it from a studio called All Platinum Records, was on Palisade Avenue. And they later became known as Sugar Hill, owned by Joe and Sylvia Robinson, and Sylvia just died a couple of weeks ago.

So I was around all those people all my life, and I learned the recording engineering, and now, when I look back at it, it’s really strange that I’m the CEO of the 48-track studio. So, I mean, my life is almost like a fairy tale, man.

New York Jazz Stories: Marvin Bugulu Smith



Marvin Bugalu Smith, PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

ROAD TRIP

 **TOWN
SOUND
RECORDING
ENGELWOOD,
NJ**

CLOSED

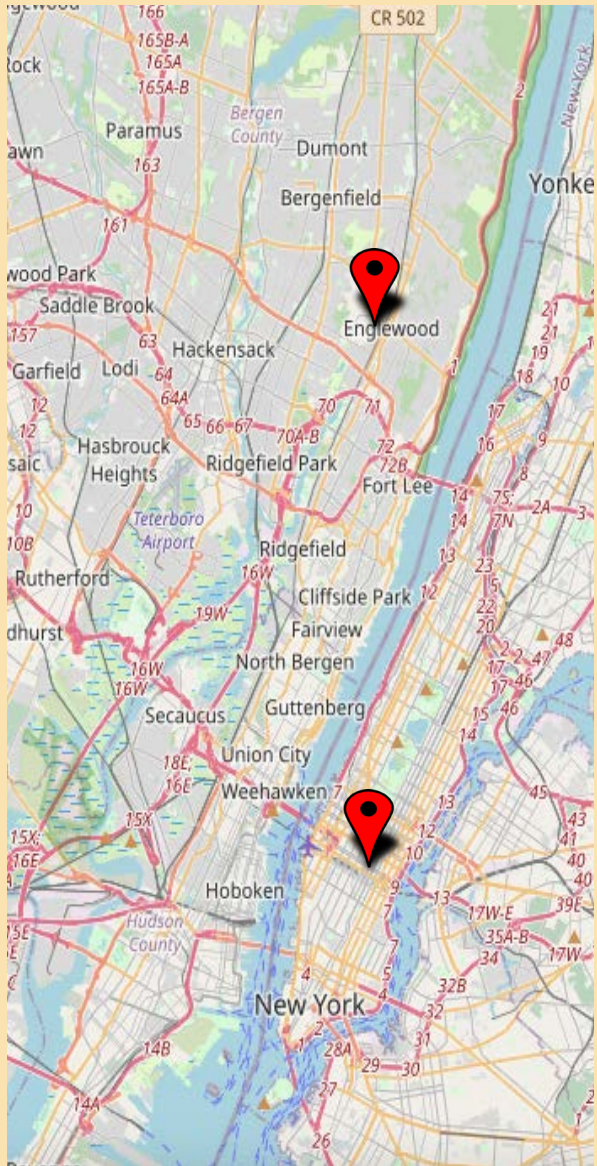
GPS Location
40.891197°N 7
3.972515°W

DIRECTIONS

From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 166 Cresskill
Bus
Walk 0.1 mi



ED TOWNSEND - I WANT
TO BE WITH YOU / DON'T
LEAD ME ON - TRU-GLO-
TOWN



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VICTOR JONES, DRUMMER, BORN IN 1954, NORTON, NJ, USA, TALKS ABOUT HIS MUSICAL INTERESTS.

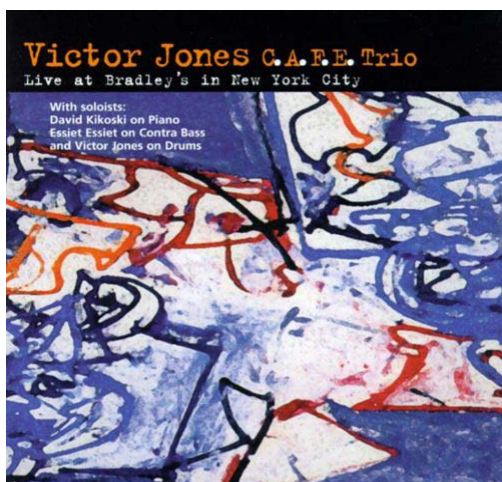
Well, my name is Victor Jones. My good friends call me Ya-Ya, those who have known me for a long time. I'm a drummer and I also play trumpet, write music and produce records, and I'm a recording artist. I've done a number of projects, as a teenager.

I started out on what I guess would be called the Chitlin' Circuit with Lou Donaldson when I was a teenager, 17 or something, with Jimmy McGriff and all those kind of guys, Jack McDuff and Dr. Lonnie Smith and that whole scene, and a stint with George Benson. But this is just my drumming.

I came from "the Oranges" in New Jersey. I played in the high school wind ensemble and the marching band and the brass ensemble as a trumpet player. I studied trumpet all through school; I never played drums at school. Then I got a scholarship to Berklee College as a trumpet player. And I was playing classical music on trumpet.

Anyway, fast-forward to Lou Donaldson, as far as my drumming is concerned and the jazz thing is concerned. Before Lou Donaldson, I was playing with a lot of R&B and rock bands around New Jersey Essex County area. And I was born in Norton, New Jersey, but I was raised in the Oranges. But I played in that whole thing; we played in all the music of Ohio Players and Earth, Wind & Fire, of course, the music of the day, and tons of James Brown. So these influences have entered my life and also rock influences, no doubt. I'm interested in contemporary music today and what's going on in the popular world. So what else can I say about that?

FURTHER LISTENING



LOREN CONNORS, GUITARIST, BORN IN 1949, NEW HAVEN, CT, USA, TALKS ABOUT HIS TEACHER MICHAEL SKOP. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.

Michael Skop was a great teacher that I had in college. He was an authentic disciple of Rodin. He taught some crazy ideas that you couldn't get anywhere else about time and space and line drawing. Yeah, he was a phenomenon, I think. We learned about space and time and how they were the same. Rodin talked a lot about that when he was alive. A picture has time and space in it, especially time, which is a very hard thing to grasp in your head about what that means, but it has something to do with the reality of the universe. It's hard to talk about that. Another thing that Skop also talked about was holding things "in privation," not laying everything out there. When you do that, your art or your music has potential energy. You create without the help of sound or silence. When you hold a ball up in the air, but it hasn't dropped yet, that's potential energy. Privation: potential energy. That's why a painting is more than the paint and the canvas.



Loren Connors and Chris Forsyth, PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

New York Jazz Stories: Loren Connors



Loren Connors and models, PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

STEVE LUCENO, BASSIST, BORN IN 1954, NEW YORK, NY, USA, TALKS ABOUT PLAYING WITH DRUMMER JAMES ZITRO. COMPILED BY JAMES BENNINGTON.

Well, James was one of those friends of Bert Wilson, from way back when, and they lived together in the Oakland area. They moved to New York together and shared an apartment there in New York. They spent a lot of time developing their own particular way of playing together. They had an unusual connection to each other: they were always understanding where each other was going, and just the two of them playing in a duo was a magic thing, because of how well they could read each other and follow each other. So when James came to visit a few times, I did get to play a few gigs with him [Zitro], and Bert, and they worked with many other bassists and piano players at the time also. Fred Raulston, and he's a vibes player, wonderful vibes player, was on this particular gig that we played when I first met Jim. I remember when I first met James Zitro, and we did a little tour, and again, it was a great spot for me to be, just learning from these people who had been doin' it for longer and had dedicated their lives to it in such a great way. I truly admire their ability to read each other's minds, direction-wise, in the music. That was what I particularly got from playing with both James and Bert, and there were certain people who could do that with Bert. James was one who could do that very well; they had this magic connection. That kind of thing has happened several times, you just, you know, you meet two people who really connect together and then you come in to this conversation that they already have as musicians, as a third or fourth member in a band, and I want to, in that situation, be there to enjoy their conversation, and to be sure that you're not in the way, you know what I mean? That is the beautiful thing that's happening, so you want to make that happen even on a more brilliant level, and try to connect with them yourself, of course, on your own conversational level, but you don't want to change things. So, everything is a learning experience. So, when I first met James, I was learning his particular way, his particular way of making the music come to life. That's always so interesting to me because people are so different in their approaches. You really meet, over the course of a lifetime playing music, so many musicians who do things quite differently from each other (laughing) . . . and as a bass player, a lot of times, you're picked up to complete a band, complete a quartet, or a quintet, or whatever, and you need to really focus in and listen to where these people are comin' from and how you can be there with them.

New York Jazz Stories: Steve Luceno



Steve Luceno

TIZIANO TONONI, DRUMMER, BORN IN 1956, MILAN, ITALY, ON MEETING ANDREW CYRILLE. COMPILED BY LUDWIG VAN TRIKT.

It was '78, the city was unbelievably stimulating, there were things happening constantly, musically it was still the New York loft scene. I was completely blown out; I met so many people there — some through drummer, Andrew, Cyrille others simply going around or attending events here and there. Andrew took me under his wing, and I started straight from the basics. I was very fortunate to start with him. Of course, I knew some of his stuff with Cecil Taylor, but I was put in the condition of understanding straight from the beginning that tradition was the only way to speak the language, and eventually build from there to develop your own language. Yes, I started from the basics of coordination and technique. I started reading, and from that time on, I got deeper and deeper into theory, harmony, and music history. I remember one episode that occurred the following year. It was the fall of '79. Andrew had come to Europe with his band. After the gig and the recording in Milano, I was with him at the central train station, helping him to get his drums on the train. (Back then most of the American musicians traveled Europe by Eurail, a sort of a pass that lasted one month for all trains.) I had in mind to enroll for this classical music school in Milano, and so I asked Andrew if he thought this could have been a good choice. His answer was simple and doubtless; he told me, "Well, you know, the more you know, the more you can tell." And so I did, and I will always thank him for his answer. He always pushed me to learn, try, see what I could do. I learnt a lot simply hearing him talk, or looking at how he managed all the different situations you go through when you're on the road. Of course, one of the most important parts of my learning process was to be able to stay in the recording studio with all of them.

PERRY'S POWER BY JIMMY BENNINGTON

He had a little place, a building with only a few other tenants. Maybe only one...they rarely spoke or saw one another. Mornings he would play Jazz radio very loudly and would then go about his day...the late Perry Robinson.

There was a tiny stairway that led to a tiny room (Perry's bedroom), a still tinier alcove where there was the worlds smallest keyboard, a music stand, his clarinet, a window, a faded poster from a show from long ago, and little else. Even though we'd stayed up rather late the evening before on my arrival, Perry was up like a quiet firecracker going about his daily routine. I could hear him going about, saying something here and there. Once the radio started though, that was it and I ventured into the kitchenette to find Perry busy preparing food. He sensed my presence immediately and whirled around with a hearty 'Good Morning Maestro! Oh Ho! and Aha! Did you Sleep very well? Can I make you some Breakfast!?' When I discovered what it was he was making, I wasn't up to it and may have just had some toast. He was making a grand sardine sandwich with all the trimmings and then some...it was comprised of a dark heavy Russian bread that Perry stressed the greatness of many times, there was a special kind of sardines you had to have, not just any can would do, then there was the choice of either spicy kimchee or old world authentic cabbage (quite a decision to make in the early a.m.!)...I wrote it down per Perry's instructions...it's lost to time now. I called it Perry's Power. Because, after sweating and snorting the gigantic fish sandwich down with patience and reverence, sweat poring from his cheeks and forehead, he made a He-Man stance, flexing his wiry arms and growled "AAAaaauughooo! Maestro! That is it! I am Ready! Ready for Anything! Aagh Beautiful Baby! Beautiful!"

He took me up to the alcove where he composed, he took his ocarina from his neck, and played a little thing. It was quite nice, the window letting the light in. I could see see that no matter how small the piano might be, or how austere the setting, great things could happen, were happening, and would be happening...

I had come in for a few gigs and a recording with Perry. The night of my arrival, I offered to take take him to dinner to show my gratitude for him putting me up. Only the year before, Perry had been my guest in Chicago, and he insisted it was only fitting that I should be his guest on my next New York visit. I told him to pick his favorite spot, anything goes...he chose a modest Japanese place nearby, and we ate and drank copiously, laughed and shared some great moments...

One thing I noted was the gusto with which Perry ate; he perspired when he ate and I felt that he was on a very strict economy always and that a meal out was a fairly rare treat. Keeping in mind that musicians and artists are often invited to dine with the wealthy...they like having us around, but times between, artists have to think about that next meal, that rent payment, etc.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

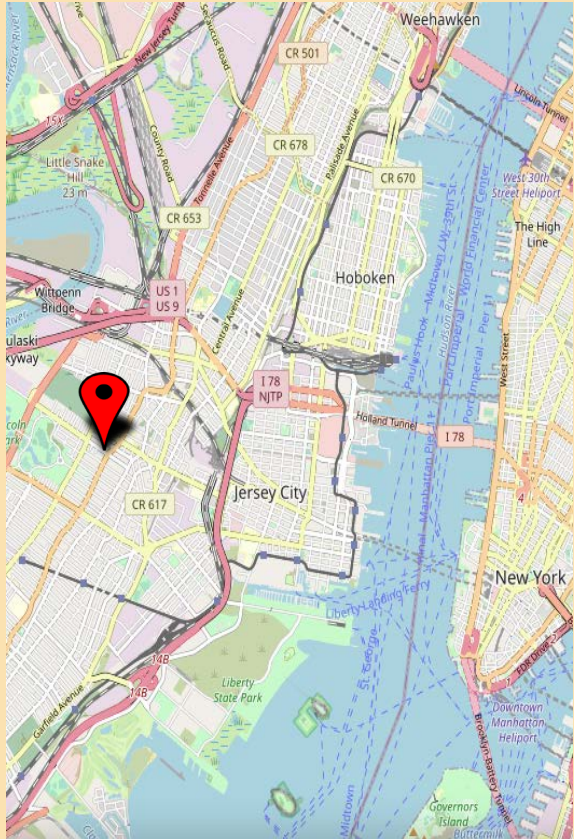


**PERRY
ROBINSON
HOME**
**125 DUNCAN
JERSEY CITY, NJ**

GPS Location
40.72810, -74.07558

DIRECTIONS
From Grand Central
Terminal:

Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 7 or S train to
Time Sq 42 St;
take the 119 JERSEY
CITY AND BAYONNE
VIA JFK BLVD-
Walk 0.1 mi



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Jimmy Bennington and Perry Robinson

The most creative gigs are not usually money making endeavors and so a loss is to be expected. As Lester Young told a musician who couldn't make an out of town gig because of low pay, Lester told him, "Man, you got to save up to make those out of town gigs!" He told me that even though he had a few standing invitations to go to Europe, a festival in Germany in particular (Freiburg), he usually wasn't paid much if at all...just airfare, room and board, expenses...but little money.

He took me into his bedroom and showed me a beautifully embroidered sack, a silken magician's bag if there ever was one, and let me thrust my hand in among a mass of cool Euro coins..."When I need to, I just take this bag down to the currency exchange and convert em!" To say that he was frugal would be doing him an injustice, as Perry would give the shirt off of his back to just about anyone, but, he was thrifty and resourceful in every sense. Perry also confided that he lived in a 'commercial' apartment and that whenever the owner visited the building, the landlord (who respected him as an artist) would call Perry to alert him. It happened on a day I was there, and the procedure was to slide the big door across the kitchenette and bolt it down with a padlock, then, taking our beers and our smoke, Perry locked the door behind us that lead to the upstairs alcove.

We heard the landlord bustling about in the main room below...we smoked and whispered quietly...it was maybe twenty minutes or so later that the owner left...we remained that way for some minutes when Perry gracefully rose from his cross-legged position and went to the 'world's smallest keyboard'. It was quiet and deathly still and he played an elusive original melody he'd been working on. It came out like so much cool water, it spilled out and came to you like an old friend. Then he sprung up when the notes had died away and said, "To the day Maestro! To the day!" and we left that little place and went out, and about, to the city of New York, that Perry knew like the back of his hand.

He was quiet and still on the Path train; almost invisible. His eyes were lidded and his head was down...we walked down this way and that, took a left, then a right, and we were there; Manhattan. Safe and sound in the club...and he was in his element and played like the bird he was, floating above the din.. soaring.

We parted a few afternoons later, when my taxi arrived. We rested in the window waiting. Everything had already been said and we sat in a comfortable and satisfied silence. Then Perry pointed a finger at an old record album hanging askew on the wall and quietly asked, "Do you know about 'Funk Dumpling' Maestro?"

Perry Robinson - Maestro!
One of our Great Heroes

**STEVE COHN
MANHATTAN VIA CHICAGO AND HACKENSACK
BY JAMES BENNINGTON**

Oh, New York. You want New York? Steve Cohn. New Jersey New York. Great and modern pianist, composer, shakuhachi master, writer, painter, proud father, seeker, liver of life, and veteran improviser, sure, but also a complete madman behind the wheel! It was a few years ago now when I had come to New York to perform at the Cadence Jazz Festival. With me were Mr. Cohn and legendary clarinetist Perry Robinson...

I had gotten in to New Jersey the day before with Steve meeting me at the airport. I didn't notice anything too unusual during the drive to his place other than maybe trying to remind myself, 'hey you're in the East now and they drive a little more aggressively here'. A take-out Mandarin lunch carried home in the old fashioned white boxes with wire handles. Many cartons left empty and much music played as day turned to evening and we awaited the great Ed Schuller's arrival for even more music...it was all fine and good, a wonderful memory now...even when Ed called out to Steve and I "...and you're gonna pay my tolls!"

The next day I woke up in Steve's well known Hackensack home/studio. So many great artists have passed through, to record, to jam, to hang. Steve had gotten up like a jack rabbit early in the morning, done his exercises, and had already accomplished a few errands when I emerged from my room well before noon (my friend, the late Chuck Carter from Stan Kenton would say, "He's got that little boy shit happening.")

I discreetly mentioned to Steve that I had seen a tiny mouse run along the wall into a small crevice across the room and he immediately said, his finger in the air, "That is Andrew, the landlord, and if you see him again please tell him that the rent check is in the mail by Thursday!"

It's a great old time warehouse you don't see too much of anymore, situated right at the train tracks, with a drumset upstairs that Steve puts in a lot of time on, and a piano downstairs which is kept fastidiously in tune; the sound of the trains rumbling past, their whistles blowing, have augmented the music we made there tremendously.

(*see Jimmy Bennington/ Steve Cohn 'No Lunch in Hackensack', Unseen Rain Records)

After a shower and some time and care in getting ready for the day, I felt much better than I had a right to, considering the night before, not to mention the traveling in from Chicago. A sunny exploration of Hackensack, the shops and restaurants, the people...one of the great aspects of being a musician I think...to observe new places and be inspired and rewarded for doing so...usually the money isn't so hot, the accommodations not five star, the very effort is often tremendous. I remember well that this trip I am writing about broke me for two or three months; it was a clawing thing to get caught up. But that sunny Hackensack day, feeling good, experiencing the new air and new people, feeling my appetite deliciously growing... a fine stroll and a

fine discourse between Steve and I; many ideas passed back and forth. As always, few will be realized, but some will and that's what's important...and don't forget there's the gig tonight in Manhattan...the Shapeshifter! We had a leisurely lunch at a Mexican place Steve knew of; we haggled over the check and had a thoughtful walk back to the studio. At some point, both of us became very quiet. Steve put some music on, that fit the mood, and we stayed like that for some time with few words exchanged. Then we both retired to our respective rooms to be still and to rest.

The movements of the inexorable jack rabbit that is Steve Cohn woke me, but I lay there awhile, just listening and breathing. And then I too was up, and, like Steve, trying on the clothes I was to wear for the night's performance. They were running live stream video and we wanted to make sure to look good...Perry, I think, wore a tank top and sandals when we picked him up.

I finished off the Mandarin leftovers and washed it down with a last beer. Musicians can be very detail oriented; they have to be lest something is left behind. After double checking we had everything we needed, we made our way to Steve's van.

As we passed the first toll road, Steve mentioned that the traffic was worse than usual. We had left early to avoid it, but...from that moment on Steve picked up the pace and became more and more brazen. Even though I didn't care for it, I had to admit it was masterful...he was in charge. Whether asking someone for directions or being the first to Go when the moment arose, he was the lord and master. We picked Perry Robinson up in Hoboken. From Hoboken, with Perry's love and freedoms from 1969 in the back seat, it was a race! A death race that gave no quarter! Questions were barked and rubber was burned. Impossible turns and narrow escapes enveloped us and I rebuked the merciless driver who turned a deaf ear. That, or reminded me of our dire mission...it was a bitter race against time. The word 'Beautiful', exclaimed simply and often, came from Perry in the backseat. I cursed aloud, I apologized to people who never had a chance to hear my words on the air, and I prayed. I went from sitting to cringing.

Then Perry had to 'take a leak'...another detour. I was numb when the engine started again. And then, we were there! Steve parked the large van with ease and took the keys from the ignition like putting ink back in a bottle. With a sly smile and feigning chagrin, he said "Hey! I got us here didn't I?" I had to admit that, what with the traffic and all, the craziness of downtown Manhattan, we most likely, No (!) we would have missed our slot. I said the only thing I could say, "Yes, you did." My wit failed me and what I wanted to say is unprintable...I met his intent gaze, own a mock challenging pirates brow, with a smile and arched brow of my own...as I said the words, the fear drained from my body and turned into a weariness that would soon turn to victory, for all of us...we would make beautiful music that night.

We emerged from our ship. We stood and stretched our legs and backs. We clasped hands and even laughed! I know Steve did...and then I walked over to the Shapeshifter and warmly shook Mathew Garrison's hand.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

SHAPESHIFTER LAB



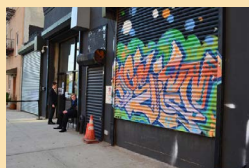
18 Whitwell Pl,
Brooklyn, NY
11215

GPS Location
40.67650, -73.98601

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St

Take the 4 or 5 train to
Atlantic Av - Barclay Ctr
Walk 0.8 mi



Courtesy of Trip Advisor



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New York Jazz Stories: Bill Crow

**BILL CROW,
BASSIST, BORN
DECEMBER 27TH,
1927, IN OTHELLO,
WASHINGTON,
SHARES A STORY
ABOUT THREE
PEOPLE NAMED
RED**



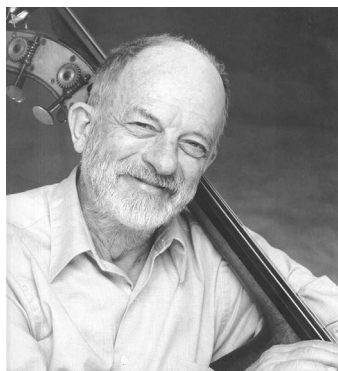
Rune Gustafsson, Keith Moore "Red" Mitchell and Egil "Bop" Johansen



Red Norvo c. February 1947, photo by William P. Gottlieb



Well, Red Kelly and Red Mitchell were sharing an apartment on the Upper West Side, and Red Norvo had just lost Charlie Mingus—he had left the trio—so he had heard Red Mitchell play down at Birdland and thought he was a wonderful player. It was dark down there, he didn't really get a good look at him, but he asked somebody for his number and he called up and the voice answers, says, "Hello." And he says, "Hello, is this Red?" And he [Kelly] says, "Yes." "This is Red Norvo. I got a gig in Chicago for a week. You want to come and do it with me?" He says, "Yeah, sure." "Okay, I'm driving out, I'll pick you up." So they get in the car and they drive out, and they get to about Cleveland, and Norvo turns around to Red and says, "Say, Mitchell, are you getting hungry?" And he says, "Mitchell? I'm Kelly!"



Bill Crow

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**BIRDLAND
JAZZ CLUB**
315 W 44th St
#5402
New York, NY

GPS Location
40.75988, -73.98966

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 7 or S train to
Time Sq 42 St;
Walk 0.3 mi



*The original Birdland,
which was located at
1678 Broadway, just
north of West 52nd
Street.*



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New York Jazz Stories: Billy Cobham

**BILLY COBHAM,
DRUMMER, BORN
IN 1944, COLON,
PANAMA,
RECALLS A
MOMENT WITH
ROY HAYNES.
COMPILED BY T.
WATTS.**



Roy Haynes in 2007

My parents bought me a bass drum, a snare drum, a hi hat stand and a ride cymbal stand with no cymbals, cuz they couldn't afford them, and a seat. To this day, I have that snare drum around here somewhere.

Roy Haynes signed my permission to get into the New York High School of Music and Art when I was 13 years old. You had to get someone to recommend and sponsor you to gain admission to special schools in New York. Because of Roy, I had a great boost. Years later, it was so gratifying to me to see him come out to my show and stand off to the side and hear me play, or even be my opening act at Perugia Jazz or something. I remember the days when I was going, "Mr. Haynes, when I grow up, I wanna be just like you." He would say, "Be careful son, be careful."



Billy Cobham in 2005, PHOTO CREDIT: REY ALVARADO

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



HIGH SCHOOL & ART

**443-465 West
135th Street
New York, NY**

**GPS Location
40.81979, -73.94995**

DIRECTIONS

By New York
Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St

Take the 7 or S train
to Time Sq - 42 St;
take the C train to
135 St.
Walk 0.2 mi



circa 2019



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**CHRISTOPH
IRNIGER,
SAXOPHONIST,
BORN
IN 1979, ZURICH,
SWITZERLAND,
TALKS
ABOUT JAZZ IN
NEW
YORK.**

QUESTION AND PHOTOS
BY KEN WEISS



Christoph Irniger

PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

What strikes you as being different regarding Jazz in America versus Jazz in Switzerland, or perhaps Europe in general?

Irniger: I would say that how musicians play jazz in New York is less focused on the detail; they just jump in. It's more a "no risk, no fun" kind of vibe. Often I go to a session [in New York] and everybody brings their music, and they just throw down what they just wrote that morning, and say, "Let's try it. One, two, three, let's go!" In Switzerland, it's more like, "Maybe I have a piece here and maybe we could try it?" And then we explain it for half an hour and then maybe we practise a part then, but we don't play it because it's not finished. The way music is approached in New York is just much more relaxed, and it doesn't have to be perfect all the time. I think in Switzerland, nobody is throwing out something which is not finished. I really like the approach that I've learned here, and that's really the thing I want to take over to Switzerland. Whenever I come here, I realize that I have to just jump into the music.



Christoph Irniger PHOTO CREDIT: KEN WEISS

**DAVID LIEBMAN,
SAXOPHONIST,
BORN IN 1946,
BROOKLYN,
NY, USA, TALKS
ABOUT TRUMPETER
FREDDIE HUBBARD.
RECORDED ON
FEBRUARY
21, 2012.**



David Liebman in 1975

FURTHER LISTENING



Jimmy Cobb
So Nobody Else Can Hear

I'm David Liebman, a saxophonist, originally from Brooklyn, New York, and living now, for the last 25-plus years, in northeast Pennsylvania, the Pocono Mountains region. The story — well, the lesson to me, and I often use it in teaching — is having to do with how the best musicians are the ones who want to get everything right. This was in the early '80s, around 1981 or '82, and there was a record date led by Jimmy Cobb, with Walter Booker on bass, Larry Willis on piano, Pee Wee Ellis on saxophone, myself on saxophone, and guest Freddie Hubbard, at least for a few songs. Now in 1981, I was 35, 36 years old. I had already played with Elvin Jones, Miles Davis, and had a group of my own. You know, I had some sort of reputation, but still, of course, held somebody like Freddie Hubbard, or Jimmy Cobb, for that matter, in great awe and esteem. I was a little intimidated by the fact that he would come to this recording, and that he would play an arrangement of mine for three Horns — for him on trumpet, myself on soprano, and Pee Wee on tenor — a tune of mine. I was no big, great arranger, so you know all that added to the Excitement — a little nervousness. He comes in — this is in Manhattan — dressed to the nines, as he always was, with a fur coat that probably cost more than my house, with a bunch of people with him, as I remember it. And, of course, everybody kowtowed to the great Freddie, who was probably the greatest trumpeter who ever played jazz, in a certain way. Everybody was really nice and respectful, high-fiving and all that, and I was quiet. I didn't know him; I might've met him once or twice, but not really, I had kind of made acquaintance with him. He kind of looks around and says, "OK, what're we doing?" and Jimmy says, "Oh, a tune by Dave." "OK, let's go." So we put the parts out. And this is a tune of mine called "Piccadilly Lilly." People still play it. Not a difficult tune, but, you know, you have to watch your p's and q's at one part or another of the song. So we do the arrangement.

We play the first take, and it seems to sound OK. I can tell that he's not quite as accurate as he could be, or I'd expect him to be, on a certain part of the tune. So there comes this moment at the end of the first take – and, of course, when I talk about this to anyone who has recorded, everybody can identify with this moment of silence as to who would be the person to talk first. Would it be the arranger, or composer, me, would it be the heavy on the date, Freddie, will it be the guy who's running the record date for who it is, Jimmy Cobb, will it be the engineer, or the producer? Who's going to say the first word? I don't know who said it, but, of course, when the take ended, you had that little moment of silence and somewhere along the line Freddie said, or somebody said, let's go in and hear it. So we go into the booth. I get what's called the captain's seat, like on a boat, 'cause it's my tune. I'm sitting right in the middle. It's a rather large booth, so Freddie and the other musicians are spread out in the back. They could've been back even 20 feet, not right on top of you. So it comes to this point in the bridge of the tune, and he played a wrong note or two, and I know it. I don't know if anybody else knows it.

So, out of the back of this gigantic booth comes this almost like yelling at me: "Liebman! That wasn't right, was it?" Balking at me, you know, sort of a challenge, and sort of an acknowledgement. So I said, well, not really. And I know that it's Freddie. He says, "Well, I guess we gotta do it again." So we just went right in. We did two more takes, and, of course, suffice to say, by the third take, he could completely swallow the tune and spit it out for breakfast — it was, like, so absorbed. Everything went well and that's the end of the thing, and it never appeared on record; I just have it on tape. But the lesson was, I thought, even then as I was getting a little experienced, musicians like that, they come in, and they're just perfect. Everything they do is perfect. They never have any doubts, they never falter, they're gonna be just superhuman. And here was a guy, number 1: admitting a mistake, which he could've gotten by, nobody would really know. And number 2: making sure he got it right. It's an obvious lesson, but it was very clear to me there that, sure enough, that's what separates the men from the boys. You've got somebody who's really on the top of the food chain, and they are the ones who will ask questions, and say, what is going on, how do I make this better? And that was a great lesson from Freddie Hubbard.



David Liebman in 2014

**EDDIE GALE,
TRUMPETER, BORN
IN 1941,
BROOKLYN,
NY, USA,
DISCUSSES
THE UNIVERSITY OF
THE BANDSTAND.
COMPILED BY T.
WATTS.**



Eddie Gale



Illinois Jacquet

When I was coming up in the '50s, those that came before me talked about the university of the bandstand. That's when musicians would come together after hours and jam. That's where you would learn the concepts and philosophies behind the music.

Generally, the band would work Tuesday through Sunday in the clubs and the jam sessions would happen on Monday. There would be a house band hired for these Monday night sessions, and other players would come in and jam. It was at one of these sessions that Sonny Stitt told me to "Go home and learn to play slow." I was taken aback. I was thinking, as fast as he played that alto, good gracious, I wanted to learn how to play trumpet that fast. I didn't realize it at the time, but he was encouraging me to develop my tone by playing half and whole notes, ballads and things like that. At the university of the bandstand, Clark Terry told me about Arban's Complete Conservatory Method for Trumpet. My first teacher Kenny Dorham stressed that as well.

Another aspect that was stressed at the university of the bandstand was looking good on stage, and stage presence. You had to be sharp to be a musician in New York. When I sat in with Illinois Jacquet as a teenager, I had on my double-breasted jacket. Back then, guys were straightening their hair. Illinois Jacquet had his hair done. I tried that, too, once, but it got too close to the scalp and started burning. I had to leave that alone! Today, when musicians try to come on my stage wearing sneakers, I have to tell them to please wear shoes: it's mandatory. In the '60s, when we did the Ghetto Music performances, I had the orchestra wear robes with hoods on them. We were the first group that I know of that had that type of attire. The reason we were doing it is because I felt that with 60 or so musicians in front of a large audience, I needed to keep their attention, and the hoods kept them from looking from side to side. Stage presence is very important.

New York Jazz Stories: A Photo History
photos and captions
by Patrick Hinely



New York Jazz Stories: A Photo History

FLORIAN WEBER (BORN NOVEMBER 11, 1977, DETMOLD, GERMANY) – PIANO (AT LEFT) Engrossed in chess game with DAN WEISS (born Hackensack NJ, March 4, 1977) – drums, during break in ENJA recording sessions, as Matthias Winckelmann (born April 7, 1941, Berlin) – producer, looks on, at Systems Two Studios in Brooklyn NY.



Photo Credit: ©2011 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Weber's music is complex, but then so are Weiss' abilities to play in unusual time signatures, making for an engaging musical meeting. Weber and Weiss played more than one game of chess, with quiet intent, in the control room during breaks on both of the days of recording sessions I attended. This one occurred right next to where executive producer and ENJA label cofounder Matthias Winckelmann was sitting, and he has swiveled his chair to observe, giving the photograph the potential title of 'three guys holding their chins.' Having worked at least a couple of dozen sessions with him over the years, I can say that Winckelmann has always preferred the light touch to the heavy hand. Constantly balancing an awareness that the meter is running whether the taxi is moving or not with the knowledge that artists do best when allowed to move at their own pace, he graciously lets things happen far more often than he makes things move. This is a rare gift.

New York Jazz Stories: A Photo History

LIONEL LOUEKE (BORN APRIL 27, 1973, COTONOU, BENIN) - GUITAR
(at lower left) Listening to playback during ENJA recording sessions, with (clockwise)
Dan Weiss (born Hackensack NJ, March 4, 1977) – drums, Thomas Morgan (born
Hayward CA, August 14, 1981) – bass, and Max Ross (born April 3, 1981, Kiev, USSR) –
engineer, at Systems Two Studios in Brooklyn NY.

Loueke is one of the most relaxed individuals I have ever encountered in a recording studio, yet anyone who might think his easy-going nature means his work is less focused need only hear him play to know otherwise. He makes it all look simple, exuding an unconditional rejoicing unlike any I've heard since Wes Montgomery. Guitar star though he is, one who has had the good fortune to work with some big-name heavies from early on, Loueke doesn't fancy himself; the day he was there, he was just one of the guys in the band. His contributions both fleshed out and transformed Florian Weber's compositions, which I would imagine is what the composer/bandleader had in mind when he invited Loueke to be part of the forthcoming BIOSPHERE album. This image is the latest in an ongoing series of tableaux in that room, which, except for digital equipment being added, hasn't changed much in the 20 years I've been shooting there, where musicians must deal repeatedly with their harshest critics: themselves.

My guess on this one is that Loueke liked what he was hearing.



Photo Credit: ©2011 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**SYSTEMS
TWO
STUDIOS**
120 DITMAS AVE,
BROOKLYN, NY

CLOSED

GPS Location
40.63569, -73.97732

DIRECTIONS
By New York Subway

From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to 42 St - Bryant
Park
Take the F train to
Church Av.
Walk 0.6 mi



SYSTEM TWO STUDIOS
RECORDING STUDIO



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New York Jazz Stories: A Photo History

JAN HAMMER (b. 1948, Prague, Czechoslovakia) – primarily a keyboard player, though in this case, drums, and GLEN MOORE (b. 1941, Portland, Oregon) – bass. New York City, May, 1974

Afternoon jam at Larry Karush's loft, Mercer Street at Grand, New York City. Later in the day, they were joined by guitarist John Abercrombie and Marc Copland, who was then a saxophonist, with a different name. Oregon bassist Moore was subletting a corner of Karush's loft, making him the host. Soho, at that time almost beginning to gentrify, still offered enough on-street parking for Hammer, who was just recently resigned from the Mahavishnu Orchestra, but still a decade from creating the soundtrack for *Miami Vice*, to park his VW squareback directly in front of the building. Through the afternoon, from time to time, he would peek out the window to make sure it was still there. It was. The music went in many directions, most of them marvelous. This is the most lasting souvenir of my first foray into the jazz world of New York City, and the oldest image in my Work/Play® portfolio.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1974

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



LOFT OF LARRY KARUSH MERCER STREET AT GRAND, NEW YORK NY

**GPS Location
40.72145, -74.00149**

DIRECTIONS
By New York
Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 4 or 5 train to
Canal St
Walk 0.3 mi



Larry Karush renowned pianist, composer, and educator, Larry is revered for his performance and improvisation in jazz, 20th- and 21st-century Western classical music, African-based percussion, and the music of North India

COURTESY OF REED MAGAZINE:

JUNE 2014.



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New York Jazz Stories: A Photo History

GARY PEACOCK (b. 1935, Burley, Idaho) –bass, James Farber, recording engineer, PAUL MOTIAN (b. 1931, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, d. 2011) –drums, and PAUL BLEY (b. 1932, Montreal, Quebec) – piano New York City, January, 1998

Break during recording session, Avatar Studios. Though I've been shooting ECM recording sessions since 1980, this was the first one I'd attended without label founder and producer Manfred Eicher on site for the proceedings, but then anyone trying to guide these three master musicians in any specific direction would have quickly come to understand the concept - and the futility - of herding cats. Seemingly through collective intuition, they'd go in and play for a while, then take a break for a while, with the breaks usually lasting longer than the times playing, involving much hanging out, badinage, and the drinking of large amounts of coffee, in effect a sort of old home day for long-time friends who didn't get to see one another, much less work together, very often. This photograph appeared in the booklet for their trio album *Not Two, Not One* (ECM 1670).



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1998

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



**AVATAR
STUDIOS**
**441 WEST 53RD
STREET, NEW
YORK, NY**

GPS Location
40.76658, -73.98456

DIRECTIONS

By New York
Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:
Walk to Grand Central
42 St
Take the 4, 5, 6 train
to 59 St. Lexington Av
take the R to 57 St
Walk 0.6 mi



Power Station at Berklee NYC, formerly known as Avatar Studios, and originally as the Power Station... The building was originally a Consolidated Edison power plant; but after a period of vacancy, it was used as a sound stage for the television game show Let's Make a Deal. In 1977, it was rebuilt as a recording studio by producer The complex was renamed Avatar Studios in May 1996. In 2017, the studios were renamed back to Power Station...

Source Wikipedia



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MICHAEL WHITE (born 1933, Houston, Texas) – violin, New York City, July 2004, died 2016.

This was shot during one of the periodic reunitions of John Handy's 1965 Monterey quintet, which, luckily for me, recur occasionally enough to warrant rehearsals, this one on a midweek afternoon at the Iridium, near Times Square, at that time one of New York City's premiere rooms for many American artists who more often play overseas. We see White between the neck of Jerry Hahn's guitar and the bass of Don Thompson (the unseen band members being saxophonist/leader Handy and drummer Terry Clarke). Finally meeting up with White completed a quest for me: it took more than 25 years to catch up with everyone who had been a member of The Fourth Way, that quartet in many ways the West Coast's predecessor to Weather

Report. White can assay a sound of lace filigree that has the strength of tempered steel, and it was a delight to hear him participate in this elevated conversation among friends of long standing.

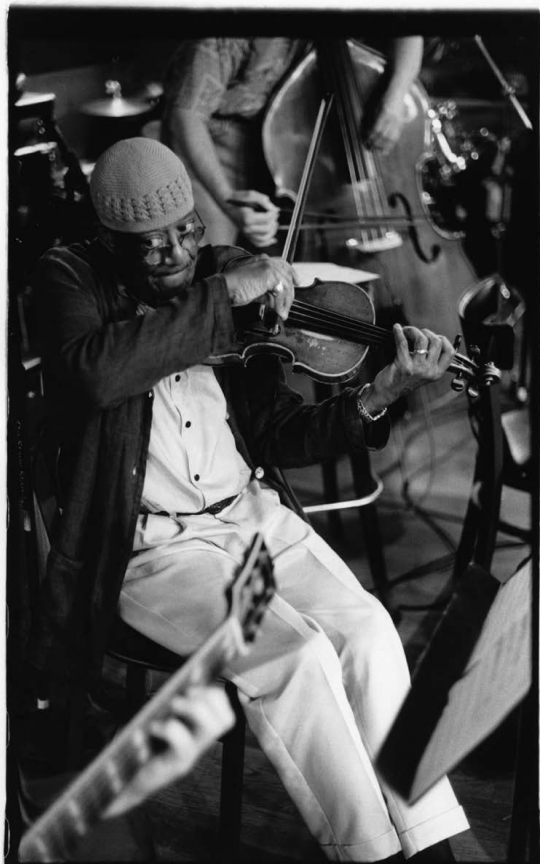


Photo Credit: Patrick Hiney ©2004

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



IRIDIUM JAZZ CLUB

**441 WEST 53RD
STREET, NEW
YORK, NY**

**GPS Location
40.76185°N
73.98358°W**

DIRECTIONS

By New York

Subway

From Grand Central

Terminal:

Walk to Grand Central

42 St

Take the 7 or S train

to Time Sq 42 St; take

the 1 or 2 train to

50 St

Walk 0.6 mi



PHOTO CREDIT AMERICASROOF



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This was shot during recording sessions for Prime Directive (ECM 1698) but was not chosen for use in the CD booklet, because Holland wanted no photos of himself alone, only with his bandmates.

Fortunately, there were plenty of those, too; I also shot him in the good company of his quintet at the time, comprising Chris Potter, Steve Nelson, Robin Eubanks and Billy Kilson, enough to make a clean sweep of all the album's photographs, including the front cover (!) Holland wore many hats in the studio, serving as producer as well as composer, bandleader and player. He excelled all around. These sessions took place in the same room where, some two years earlier, I had documented him as part of the quartet for Kenny Wheeler's album *Angel Song* (ECM 1607). For a room without windows, the light is pretty good, though there isn't much - just enough...



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 1998

Dave Holland

October 1, 1946, Wolverhampton, England
Recording session with his quintet, Avatar Studio,
New York City, December 1998

Previous publication: 2008 Jazz Calendary

Paul Horn

portrait, Riverside Park, New York City, November 1985

by Patrick Hinely



Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1985

The afternoon almost got away from us without any pictures.

We'd been sitting and talking for several hours. I don't think Horn said anything that he didn't also write, later in that same decade, in his own book (*Inside Paul Horn*, Harper Collins, 1990, ISBN 0-06-250388-X). I can't be absolutely sure of that, since some of the tapes I made that day remain, 29 years later, still not transcribed. In any case it was our first meeting, and I did much more listening than talking, as hard as that might be to believe for (too) many who know me...

Once I noticed that the sun was heading toward the horizon over the New Jersey Palisades, I knew that if we were going to do an outdoor shoot, it was time to get moving. This Upper West Side apartment where Horn was headquartered during his visit to New York City was on Riverside Drive, adjacent to the park of the same name, so we decided to cross the street and take a stroll in that park. Horn asked if he should bring a flute. I said yes. Little did I know.

We soon found ourselves in a part of Riverside Park far enough above the Henry Hudson Parkway for the traffic noise from below to virtually disappear, and far enough west of Riverside Drive to yield relative silence from that direction as well, at least on this particular afternoon in November. We had the place all to ourselves, in my experience a rare occurrence during daylight hours anywhere on the island of Manhattan.

After advising me to tell him what I wanted him to do for the pictures, Horn began to play his flute. I don't recall any specific tunes, but every note sounded pure, and comfortably familiar, as if I'd heard this music a million times before, yet every note still sounded brand new in its unfolding.

Even more uncanny was how, time and time again, I would think, while peering through the viewfinder, that it would make a better shot if Horn turned one way or another – and he would then proceed to do exactly that, though I had not given him a single word of direction. It happened too many times to be mere coincidence. He couldn't have been following my eyes, because both were obscured by the camera body. To this day, I still have no explanation for this, except to use a term I learned from a Japanese friend of a friend: it was beyond science.

We were simply there, in the moment, at once both being and doing. To all appearances, not much was happening – but there was a lot going on...

Thinking back on it now, trying to approach that situation from strictly either Eastern or Western perspectives doesn't really work, and may best be explained via another totally different and unique belief system, one which predates the East/West twain that shall never meet: the native Australian concept of walkabout, in which the nomadic journey along ancestral paths itself becomes its own destination, and only by the singing of the songs as one traverses the land are the people and the land brought fully into existence.* I ask pardon from skeptics if I cusp too closely on the mystical here, but I have no other - rational - explanation for what was a very real personal experience.

Soon after the sun dropped below the horizon, the light went flat, and Horn stopped playing. Though the temperature was now in the 40s, I felt warm as I packed up my gear and the three rolls – more than 100 frames - of film I had shot. He asked if I thought I had gotten anything good. I replied: "If I didn't, I don't deserve to" and thanked him for his time – and his music. To this day, that's still the only outdoor concert I've attended in New York City for an audience of one, and I still feel blessed to have been that audience.

Patrick Hinely

* As futile as trying to explain walkabout may be, a comprehensible stab at it can be found in Bruce Chatwin's final book, *The Songlines* (Penguin, 1988, ISBN 978-0140094299).

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go



RIVERSIDE PARK, 72ND ST TO 129TH ST, NEW YORK, NY

GPS Location
40°48'15"N
73°58'12"W

DIRECTIONS

By New York Subway
From Grand Central
Terminal:

Walk to Grand Central
42 St

Take the 7 or S train to
Time Sq 42 St;
take the 1 train to 116
St - Columbia University
Station
Walk 0.3 mi



PHOTO CREDIT MOMOS



© OPENSTREETMAP CONTRIBUTORS - OPENDATACOMMONS.ORG



Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1997

NORMA WINSTONE
at a friend's apartment having a cup of tea
New York City - February 1997

When we met up for this shoot, Winstone, a first lady of song both as vocalist and lyricist, was somewhat at loose ends in New York City. The trio Azimuth, one of the 20th Century's more innovative amalgams of jazz and chamber music, with Kenny Wheeler, John Taylor and her, had been booked for a week at the Blue Note, but at the last minute, Kenny ended up staying home in London, down with the flu. John got word in time to not catch his flight, but Norma was already en route. We sat and had a nice chat, during which the curtains behind her began to dance in the breeze while the sunlight played across them. It was, to quote her lyric from a tune she wrote which is included on the Azimuth '85 album, "Breathtaking," adding just the right kinetic element in the moment.

STEVE SWALLOW
break during rehearsal
with Ohad Talmor
Adam Nussbaum's
kitchen
Highland Mills, New York
September 2009

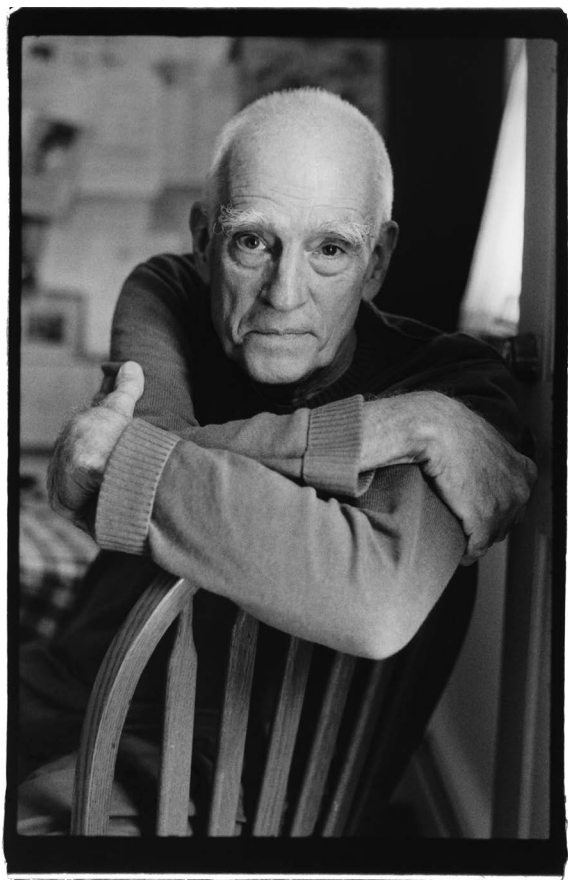


Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 2009

As I recall, we were waiting for the coffee to brew, hanging out after the Trio had wrestled several new tunes into submission. This is as nearly perfect an example as I've yet created combining simultaneous serendipity in feeling, light and geometry. It is totally circumstantial, yet at the same time it is totally with intent; the two are not mutually exclusive, and in this case I find them inseparable. I didn't make this happen; I had the patience to wait and let it happen. I would refer anyone wanting to further explore these paradoxes to Henri Cartier-Bresson's book *The Mind's Eye*. He comes closer than anyone else to explaining the inexplicable. It pleases me to no end that Swallow likes this image so much he's been using it as his publicity shot.

Peacock was filling in for an unavailable Dave Holland, and was literally in the middle of the back line between Peter Erskine and John Taylor, both of whom were doing their best to help him get familiarized with Wheeler's charts, which are not simple. All this in the middle of a snowstorm, mind you. Evidently there were copious annotations on the charts, perhaps in script esoteric to all but decades-long colleagues Holland and Wheeler, and I just happened to catch Gary taking his very first glance at one of those. His look is very much out of character as I usually think of for him: the wise voice of experience, a zen master who can feel the sound of his bass as easily as he hears it, issuing forth from heart more than mind. Yet it is also perfectly in character for him: completely in the moment, reacting honestly to what life has put right in front of him. The gig that evening, by the way, was glorious. The one time Peacock got lost, Taylor rescued him with a flourish, playing piano with one hand while rolling a cigarette with the other.

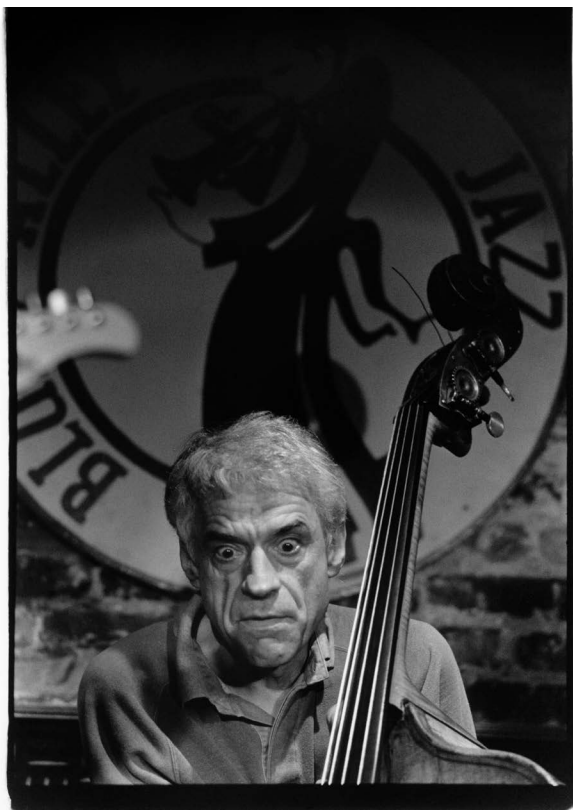


Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 1991

Gary Peacock

May 12, 1935, Burley ID

Rehearsal with Kenny Wheeler Quintet, Blues Alley, Washington DC, January 1991

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go

ROAD TRIP



**BLUES
ALLEY**
1054 31ST
STREET, N.W.
WASHINGTON,
DC 20007

GPS Location
38.90456, -77.06143

DIRECTIONS

By Car
4 hr 3 min (239 miles)
via I-95 S
This route has tolls

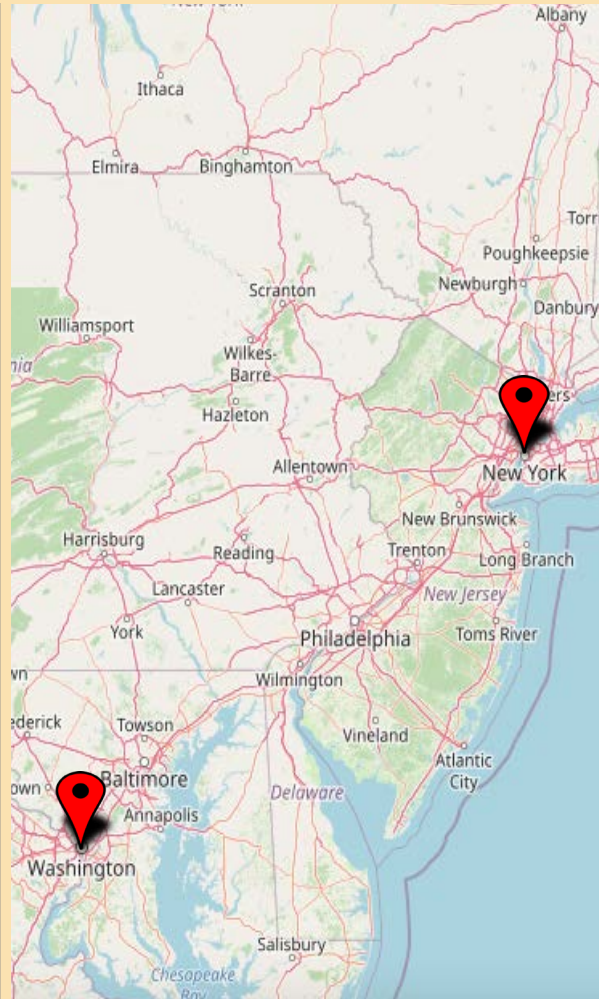
Blues Alley, founded in 1965,[1] is a jazz nightclub in the Georgetown neighborhood of Washington, D.C

Blues Alley also has a non-profit jazz arm, the Blues Alley Jazz Society, dedicated to jazz education and outreach for young performers in the local area. Education and outreach programs include the Blues Alley Youth Orchestra and Blues Alley Jazz Summer Camp.

[Wikipedia](#)



PHOTO CREDIT RUDI RIET



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MEDITATIONS ON MILT HINTON, AND MORE...



Bill Gottlieb and Milt Hinton looking at slides in Hinton's basement, St. Albans, New York, March 1994, ©1994 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

This set of photographs evolved from observing the 20th anniversary of a photograph I caused to happen in March, 1994 by bringing together two fellow photographers, both known far and wide, who knew of one another, but had never actually met up except in passing. This same image turned out to be part and parcel to my declaration of independence within the jazz world, after about 20 years of chasing ink.

That's Bill Gottlieb on the left and Milt Hinton on the right. They are looking at projections of Milt's photos in his basement, the same basement where he used to jam and sometimes record with friends and neighbors such as Freddie Green and Zoot Sims. Bill had chauffeured me from his home in Great Neck (another adventure unto itself, especially on the Long Island Expressway). That confab quickly turned into a day I wished would never end: I was getting to visit with both of my 'adopted' grandfathers in the world of jazz photography. We all took a lot of pictures of one another and had a good time. This photograph is my favorite souvenir of a day that remains unique and wonderful to me, conjuring the presence of two great creative spirits whose work informs my own. Seldom have I had the good fortune to spend such quality time with figures so influential.

New York Jazz Stories: A Photo History

Later that same month, after five years of dishing up around 3,000 words of news – everything from upcoming gigs to obits – per issue for a DC-based jazz monthly, I parted ways with said newspaper-turned-magazine. This was precipitated by a phone call from the publisher, who proposed paying me commensurately less when my word count was, as it sometimes was, under 3,000. I said that was fine as long as he'd also pay me commensurately more when my word count, as it sometimes did, exceeded 3,000. End of conversation, followed shortly by another phone call, this one from his servile minion, informing me that my services were no longer needed.

I can't honestly say I didn't miss the money, but I've never missed giving up another weekend every month, chained to a typewriter while wrestling a foot-plus-high stack of press releases into submission. More than that, though, I figured that if I was now able, without the imprimatur of any particular outlet or organization, to make a few calls and instigate summit meetings such as that of Messrs. Gottlieb and Hinton, I could probably keep myself about as busy in the jazz world as I had time for – and could do that without the constraints imposed by tunnel-visioned editorial control freaks. I had become a free agent, and ever since, my affiliations have consistently been more creatively fruitful and satisfying, if not always also more remunerative...

Before we proceed to the main course of Milt, a bit more on Bill Gottlieb (1917 – 2006): He compiled an iconic body of work, primarily during the late 1930s and on through the 1940s. Selections therefrom have remained in print in book form since first being published as *THE GOLDEN AGE OF JAZZ* in the 1970s, most recently from Pomegranate (1995, ISBN 978-0876543559). His oeuvre of 1600+ images is now in the collection of the Library of Congress, and can be seen via memory.loc.gov/ammem/wghtml/wghome.html, which site also includes a more comprehensive biography than will be found here.

Some work by Milt Hinton (1910-2000) can also be found online, at www.milthinton.com, as well as information about two excellent books of his work which have appeared, the more recent and impressive of which, *PLAYING THE CHANGES: MILT HINTON'S LIFE IN STORIES AND PHOTOGRAPHS*, was published by Vanderbilt University Press in 2008 (ISBN 978-0826515742). I wrote about it in *CODA* magazine #340 (August/September 2008), and about his earlier volume, *BASS LINE*, published by Temple University Press in 1988 (ISBN 978-0877226819) as part of an appreciation of Hinton in *CODA* #297 (May/June 2001). His work is fortunate to have David Berger and Holly Maxson as its champions. Hinton's collection has assumed a life of its own under their tutelage, including the presentation of his autobiography in what is very much his own voice.

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Hinton's musical career – and his photographs – spanned from the 1930s to the 1990s, and he is credited in Lord's discography for having played on 1174 recording sessions ranging all across the musical spectrum. He did for New York studio work what Wilson, Hampton and Christian had done for touring bands with Goodman: he broke the color line without ever trying to be anyone but himself. He never sought the spotlight, always playing to make the whole band sound better, with that ego-free selflessness possessed only by totally secure creative beings, a quality I find both admirable and enviable.

Hinton's pictures are the ultimate inside jobs of jazz photography, because he didn't have subjects so much as he was simply making spontaneous pictures of his friends and colleagues as they went about the business of living their lives. This he did with intuition and affection, and he was generously gifted with both. He is the only musician I ever met who played at the original Minton's and Knitting Factory, and seemed just as much at home on the downtown scene in the late 1980s as he had been uptown in the late 1930s. "The Judge," as he was known, covered a lot of waterfront. He also knew his way around a bass.



Wayne Horvitz, Milt Hinton, Marty Ehrlich and Kevin Norton performance at the Knitting Factory, New York, June 1989 ©1989 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

With this one-off ensemble playing what was then the downtown scene's highest-profile venue, it was my good luck to be stuck overnight in New York on the way home from a festival in Canada. This gig was set up by drummer

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Norton, a former Hinton student, who felt so honored that Hinton had agreed to play on it that he renamed the group as the Milt Hinton Quartet. Ehrlich, no slouch on clarinet, was wailing as Horvitz and Norton, respectively, set him up and egged him on, while there in the center of this swirl of activity, Hinton fluidly glued it all together with an open-ended swing that defied gravity. Charlie Haden was in the house, and after set's end, he hugged Hinton in virtual genuflection. It takes one to know one.



Branford Marsalis and Milt Hinton performance, Trio Jeepy, North Sea Jazz Festival, The Hague, Netherlands, July 1990 ©1990 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

This band's (its other member was drummer Jeff Watts) double-LP was still a recent phenomenon when they were booked for one of the 14 stages at the world's largest jazz festival. Branford, already pre-eminent among his siblings as a musician if not celebrity, sounded gleefully unfettered in his repartee with Watts and Hinton, both of whom were energetically and enthusiastically responding in kind. They were having the sort of fun that leaves one exhausted at set's end – but a good sort of exhaustion, brought on by giving one's all and doing it well.

New York Jazz Stories: Where to Go -

HISTORICAL NEW YORK

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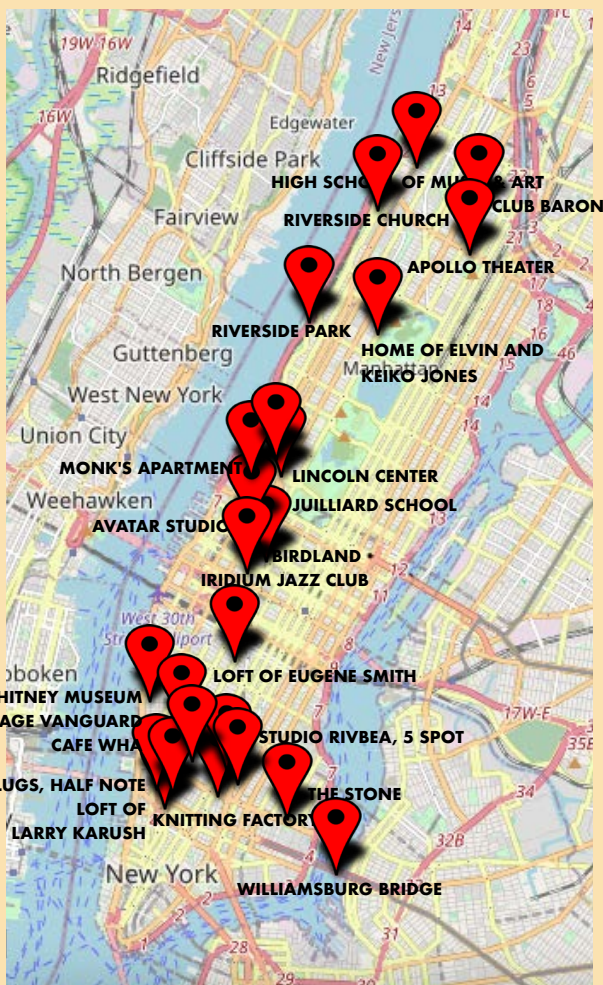
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