



THE  
JAZZ  
STORIES  
PROJECT

COMPILED BY DAVID HANEY  
FIRST Edition



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

**Claude Levi-Strauss**

# Jazz Stories

## STORIES ABOUT

AB BAARS  
ALAN DAWSON  
ALBERT AYLER  
ANDREW CYRILLE (2)  
ANNIE ROSS  
ARCHIE SHEPP  
BARBARA DANE  
BARRE PHILLIPS  
BEAVER HARRIS  
BENNIE WALLACE  
BERT WILSON  
BILLY COBHAM  
BOB BELDEN  
BOB DOROUGH  
BOB NEWHART  
BRUCE HAMPTON  
BUEL NEIDLINGER  
BURTON GREENE  
BUSTER WILLIAMS  
CARLA BLEY  
CECIL TAYLOR (3)  
CHARLIE HADEN  
CHARLIE MINGUS  
CHARLES GAYLE  
CHARLES LLOYD  
CLINT EASTWOOD  
COLLIN WALCOTT  
CHRISTIAN SCOTT  
DANIEL SMITH  
DAVE FRISHBERG (2)  
DAVE HOLLAND  
DAVID EARLE JOHNSON  
DAVID FRIESEN  
DAVID HANEY  
DAVID KRAKAUER  
DAVID WARE  
DIANE SCHUUR  
DICK GRIFFIN  
DINO SALUZZI  
DIZZY GILLESPIE  
DON BYRON  
EBERHARD WEBER  
EDDIE HARRIS  
ELOE OMOE  
ELVIN JONES  
EMIL MANGELSDORFF

## STORIES BY

AB BAARS  
ADAM LANE  
ANDREW CYRILLE  
ANNIE ROSS  
ANTHONY BRAXTON  
ARCHIE SHEPP  
BARBARA DANE  
BENNIE MAUPIN  
BERNARD PURDIE  
BILL CROW  
BILLY COBHAM  
BILLY COBHAM  
BOB DOROUGH  
BOB MINTZER  
BOBBY TORRES  
BOBBY ZANKEL  
BRIAN SMITH  
BRUCE DITMAS  
BRUCE FORMAN  
BURTON GREENE  
BUSTER WILLIAMS  
BYRON MORRIS  
CHARLES GAYLE  
CHRIS ABRAHAMS  
CHRISTOPH IRNIGER  
DANIEL SMITH  
DAVID HANEY  
DAVID LIEBMAN  
DAVE FRISHBERG  
DICK GRIFFIN  
DOMINIC DUVAL  
DON ALBERT  
EDDIE GALE  
FRANCOIS CARRIER  
FRANK WALTON  
FRANZ HAUTZINGER  
FRED VAN HOVE  
FRODE GJERSTAD  
GEORGE HASLAM  
GLEN HALL  
GORDON LEE  
GUNTER HAMPEL  
HAL GALPER  
HAN BENNINK  
HANS LUDEMANN  
HUGH MASEKELA

# Jazz Stories

## STORIES ABOUT

ENRICO RAVA  
FLORIAN WEBER  
FRED VAN HOVE  
FREDDIE GREEN  
FREDDIE HUBBARD  
GARY PEACOCK  
GINGER BAKER  
GLEN MOORE  
GUNTER HAMPEL  
HAL GALPER  
HANK JONES  
HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON  
HERBIE NICHOLS (2)  
HORACE SILVER  
HUGH MASEKELA  
ILLINOIS JACQUET  
J.C. HIGGINBOTHAM  
JACK DEJOHNETTE  
JACK WRIGHT  
JAIMIE BRANCH  
JAMES ZITRO  
JAN HAMMER  
JAY CLAYTON (2)  
JEAN PIERRE RAMPAL  
JEFF MARX  
JEFF MOSIER  
JIMMY AMADIE  
JOACHIM KUEHN  
JOE BONNER  
JOE PASS  
JOHN COLTRANE (2)  
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN  
JOHN SCOFIELD  
JOHN TALYLOR  
JOHN TCHICAI (2)  
JULIAN PRIESTER (2)  
KLAUS KOENIG  
LEON RUSSELL  
LES MCCANN  
LESTER BOWIE  
LIONEL LOEKE  
LOUIS ARMSTRONG  
MAKANDA KEN MCINTYRE  
MAX GORDON  
MARVIN "BUGULU" SMITH  
MICHAEL SKOP

## STORIES BY

IRENE SCHWEIZER  
JACK WRIGHT  
JAIMIE BRANCH  
JAMES BENNINGTON  
JASON MILES  
JAY CLAYTON  
JEFF BERLIN  
JEFF MARX  
JOHN MCLAUGHLIN  
JOE MCPHEE  
JOE ROSENBERG  
JOHN O'GALLAGHER  
JON ROSE  
JOSEPH BOWIE  
JULIAN PRIESTER  
KHAN JAMAL  
KIDD JORDAN  
KIRK KNUFFLE  
LESTER CHAMBERS  
LLOYD SWANTON  
LOREN CONNORS  
LORRAINE GORDON  
LOTTE ANKER  
LOU MARINI  
MACK GOLDSBURY  
MARVIN "BUGULU" SMITH  
MIKE GERBER  
MIKOLE KAAR  
MISHA MENGELBERG  
MULGREW MILLER  
NELS CLINE  
OBO ADDY  
PATRICK HINELY  
RANDY WESTON  
RASHAAD KAGEE  
RHYS CHATHAM  
ROBERTO MAGRIS  
ROSCOE MITCHELL  
ROSWELL RUDD  
SONNY ROLLINS  
STEVE ELKINS  
STEVE HUNT  
STEVE SWALLOW  
STEVE SWELL  
SYVIA CUENCA

# Jazz Stories

## STORIES ABOUT

MICHAEL WHITE  
MIKE NOCK  
MIKE RICHMOND  
MILES DAVIS (4)  
MILT HINTON  
MISHA MENGELBERG (3)  
MONKIA ROSCHER  
NELS CLINE (2)  
NORMA WINSTONE  
NORMAN GRANZ  
NRG ENSEMBLE  
PAUL BLEY (2)  
PAUL HORN  
PERRY ROBINSON  
PHAROAH SANDERS  
PIERRE CHARIAL  
OBO ADDY (2)  
ORNETTE COLEMAN (2)  
RANDY WESTON (2)  
RED GARLAND  
RED KELLY  
RED MITCHELL  
RHYS CHATHAM  
RON FREE  
ROY HAYNES  
RUF DER HEIMAT  
SARAH VAUGHAN  
SONNY ROLLINS  
STEVE SWALLOW  
SUN RA  
SUN RA ARKESTRA  
THELONIOUS MONK (4)  
TRISTAN HONSIGER  
TOMAS SVOBODA  
VICTOR JONES  
WOODY SHAW  
WOLTER WEIRBOS

## STORIES BY

STEVE LUCENO  
TAD HERSHORN  
TIZIANO TONONI  
TONY BUCK  
TRISTAN HONSIGER  
URS LEIMGRUBER  
VICTOR JONES  
WOLTER WEIRBOS

# Jazz Stories

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## FROM THE PAGES OF CADENCE MAGAZINE

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## 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

**M**y 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.

I am also a publisher, and, in 2011, I took over publishing Cadence Magazine. 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.



**ANNIE ROSS,  
SINGER,  
BORN IN 1930,  
LONDON,  
ENGLAND, TALKS  
ABOUT  
THE TIME SHE  
TAUGHT  
A SONG TO SARAH  
VAUGHAN.**



Sarah Vaughan

**H**i, 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.

## Jazz Stories: Annie Ross

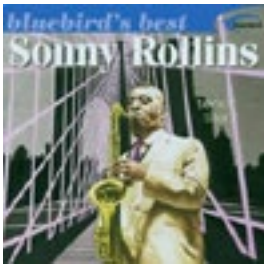


Annie Ross, in 2011 - Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

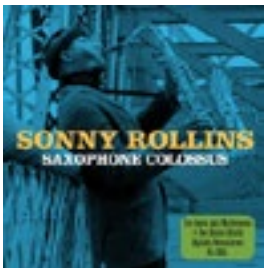
**SONNY ROLLINS,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN 1930,  
NEW YORK,  
NY, RECOUNTS HIS  
"BRIDGE STORY."  
RECORDED IN  
FEBRUARY 2012.**



Sonny Rollins  
The Bridge



Bluebird's Best  
Sonny Rollins



Sonny Rollins  
Saxophone Colossus

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.

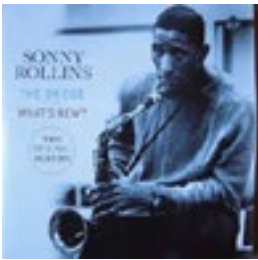
OK, well, New York is about people living next to each other, and if you play an instrument, a musical instrument, you're going to have to be open to the fact that your neighbors might have to go to work while you want to practice your instrument and that's always been a big, big problem for me. So, 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 practise in perfect peace, and I wouldn't be disturbing anybody, and I could blow as hard as I wanted, 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

## Jazz Stories: Sonny Rollins



Williamsburg Bridge, 1960



Sonny Rollins  
The Bridge



Sonny Rollins, circa 2011

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.

**WARREN SMITH,  
DRUMMER,  
PERCUSSIONIST,  
BORN MAY 14,  
1934, REMEMBERS  
JANIS JOPLIN.**



Janis Joplin in 1970



Janis Joplin in 1969

One day Gil Evans was doing a movie and he called me up at midnight and said, "I need a love theme for this movie and I don't have time. We have a recording at 8 o'clock this morning." So I stayed up that night and wrote the damn thing, this nice little chart, and handed it to him. We did all the parts and he liked it. He actually recorded it and it got on the record. So I became an arranger. At some point after that, Albert Grossman, who was Janis Joplin's manager, brought her to meet Gil Evans at my studio. Grossman said, "Gil, I want to introduce you to Janis Joplin." I didn't turn around but I heard what was going on. He said, "She needs an arranger. How would you like to arrange some stuff for her?" Gil said, "Man, I ain't interested in that! Why don't you ask this cat," and points at me. [Laughs] And Grossman turned around and asked, "Would you like to do it?" What this meant was he wanted me to go on tour with her. She had a band of Big Brother and the Holding Company's leftovers. Not all of the band was there – two or three horn players and the drummer, who happened to be one of my former students. So he hired me to be her musical director. They flew me out to San Francisco, bought me a tape recorder, and I recorded her with the band. I still have the original reel-to-reel tapes from that performance. I took the tapes back to the hotel room for a week and transcribed all the music and came back with newly arranged charts. When we went to Europe, they got us the Rolling Stones' studio to rehearse. I went in and rehearsed this band, got all the music together, and did this performance with her. We did a whole eight week European tour. By this time, I had been working with her about eighteen months, writing and rehearsing the band, and when we finished that eight week tour, I quit because I was coming back over to the same European cities the next week with a theater group called the Negro Ensemble Company for another eight weeks. I wound up spending most of that year in Europe. After I quit Janis Joplin, all her music came out that had my arrangements. It was just being in the right place at the right time, I guess.



## Jazz Stories: Warren Smith

**WARREN SMITH,  
DRUMMER,  
PERCUSSIONIST,  
BORN MAY 14,  
1934, REMEMBERS  
JANIS JOPLIN.**

**WARREN SMITH,  
DRUMMER,  
PERCUSSIONIST,  
BORN MAY 14,  
1934, REMEMBERS  
MAX ROACH.**



Max Roach, Three Deuces,  
NYC, ca. October 1947.  
Photography by William P.  
Gottlieb.



Keystone Korner, San  
Francisco, 1979

I remember one time she got intimidated because a tall, young singer from Martinique, or somewhere, came on stage before us. [Laughs] Janice was very aware of competition and very insecure about it. And this cat tore it up. He got down on the floor and shook and sang and the audience roared. When he finished, Janice said, "I'm not going on behind that." I said, 'Janice, they came to hear you.' She went into her dressing room and I had to bang on the door, 'Janice, will you get your ass out of there!' She was completely intimidated, man, because of this cat's success, she didn't want to follow that. Of course, when she hit the stage it was a standing ovation before she sang and she recovered. But she had a very fragile psyche. She wasn't a self-confident person at all and there were times when you really had to give her a few pats and hugs to get her on stage.

Remembering Max Roach Wow. I'll tell you one and this was before I even came to New York. I was in Chicago and one of my old buddies and I went out to see Max's group with Clifford Brown, Richie Powell, George Morrow and Harold Land. They're on stage and Max is playing and we're sitting at the bar right next to the bandstand. My friend turned to me and said, "Damn man, Max is playing so fucking loud I can't hear nothing else." I told him to shut up because I knew Max was sensitive. Well, Clifford was watching the audience like crazy and had read his lips and walked back to Max and said something into his ear and Max softened down and played that way the rest of the night. That showed me two things. It showed me how much respect he had for Clifford and the fact that he was open to variation and change if he was convinced it would help the music. Later on when I played with him, I could criticize Max but there were people who he would not take criticism from.

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



Herbie Nichols

Photo Credit: Getty Images

HERBIE NICHOLS TRIO  
HERBIE NICHOLS TRIO  
HERBIE NICHOLS TRIO  
HERBIE NICHOLS TRIO  
HERBIE NICHOLS TRIO  
HERBIE NICHOLS TRIO



Herbie Nichols Trio

**M**y 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

## Jazz Stories: Steve Swallow



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.

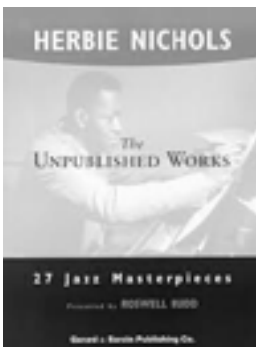


Steve Swallow in 2012

**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.**



Roswell Rudd, Flexible Flyer



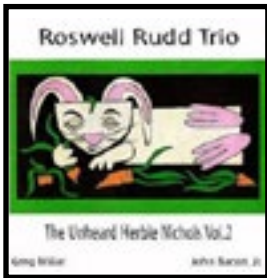
I'm Roswell Rudd, trombonist and composer, living in New York City, and also upstate in Kerhonkson, New York. I'm planning to go back to 1960 to 1963, and tell a little story about friend and teacher, and genius, Herbie Nichols. I'm telling this particular story about Herbie Nichols because I don't think 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

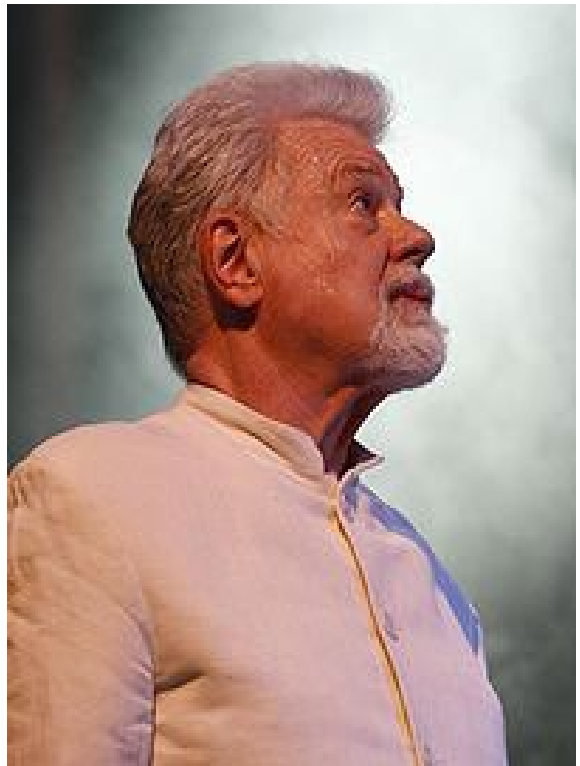
# Jazz Stories: Roswell Rudd



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.



The Roswell Rudd Trio  
The Unheard Herbie Nichols



Roswell Rudd, circa 2006

## Jazz Stories: John McLaughlin

**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, Tony Williams, Larry Young, circa 1969



Miles Davis  
circa 1955-56

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-

## Jazz Stories: John McLaughlin



Extrapolation, John  
McLaughlin, 1969



In a Silent Way,  
Miles Davis, 1969

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.



John McLaughlin, circa 2016

## Jazz Stories: Archie Shepp

### **ARCHIE SHEPP MEMORIES OF DON BYAS**

**TAKEN AND  
TRANSCRIBED BY  
KEN WEISS**



Archie Shepp in 2018,  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

*This memory was taken on May 23, 2018, just prior to Shepp taking the stage with Dave Burrell, William Parker and Hamid Drake on opening night of the 23rd Vision Festival at Brooklyn's Roulette.*

Archie Shepp: There have been a lot of incidents along the way but one interesting event that sticks out was when I met the great saxophonist Don Byas in Paris in the 1970's, over forty years ago. I had gone to a club called The Living Room, which is closed now. There was a very fine pianist playing there named Art Simmons from Virginia, and there I met Don. We [eventually] went across the street to a bar. Duke Ellington was in town at the same time and all of Duke's men were in the bar and I remember Don saying, rather lamentedly, "I had a gig here tonight but they cancelled it and I don't have any place to stay." And he knew all these guys in Duke's band very well but they were all drinking and when he said that, I think I was the only one who heard him. [Laughs] I said, "Don, I have a place that I'm subletting and it's rather large, and I have an extra room you can stay there." In fact, he stayed in my place about two months. I had a tour, I had been invited by Eldridge Cleaver, who was then the Black Panther Minister of Affairs in Algeria. He invited me there and I took along with me, Don Byas and Calvin Massey. We had no Western instruments, such as a bass or piano, but it was a very exciting time for me because Don was really a hero to me and I think one of the great saxophonists of that era and of our time. We had been invited to play with the Tuaregs, from Central Algeria, for a film that was being made. They had [an area of land] that we went to and we all played – Don, Cal and I – and later they filmed me on a camel with the scarf and the djellaba. Finally they filmed this dance scene. The idea of the film was that I was the American in search of my roots and I had found an Algerian woman who I actually never saw in the film. We married and had to do this ritual dance. The dance is a line dance



## Jazz Stories: Archie Shepp



Archie Shepp in 2018, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Archie Shepp

Archie Shepp in 2018, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



which involves two long lines of sabers. During the dance, the sabers are clacking – clack, clack, clack. They’re big, sharp swords. And the idea was that I was to play my saxophone, and this is the ritual – you have to dance through the line. So I was playing my horn and dancing, and if you made a mistake you could end up getting ... [Laughs] And I was conscious of that, although I wasn’t afraid of the situation. I remember dancing through this line of sabers by candlelight, and I was playing my horn. The end of the line was theoretically supposed to be my wife but I was just very happy to make it to the end of the line in one piece, even though she wasn’t there [in the film].

Cadence: Was Don Byas there for the dance scene?

Shepp: Don was there but he didn’t play for that performance. He was there in costume though.

Cadence: What did you get out of that time spent with Byas? Did he inspire or change you?

Shepp: Oh, profoundly. The thing about Mr. Byas was that he practiced somewhat like Coltrane – incessantly. Although Don had some problems at that point with alcohol. Every night, I remember, he would go out with his horn on his shoulder, strapped to it. He would go out looking for a jam session. He’d go out maybe about twelve and come back to the house early in the morning. He’d always find a session. I remember he came back one morning and I was in bed with a girl. He stayed in another part of the house and as I was trying to sleep, he started playing one of his favorite songs – I think it was “Stella by Starlight.” He played that and he often played “I Remember Clifford,” but he wouldn’t play the melody, just the changes, and this morning, I was trying to sleep, and he played very softly and very beautifully. He got to a point and I woke and I said, “Man, what are you playing?” Because he had gotten so far into the changes that I actually forgot the name of the song that he was playing. Don Byas was a tremendous man and a big influence on me. And Cal Massey, too, yeah.

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



Nina Simone in December  
1965



Nina Simone in 1969

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

## Jazz Stories: Lester Chambers

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



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

## Jazz Stories: Lester Chambers



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

## Jazz Stories: Lester Chambers

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.

## Jazz Stories: Byron Morris

### **BYRON MORRIS, SAXOPHONIST ON MEETING MILES DAVIS AT THE BOHEMIAN CAVERNS.**



Byron Morris in 1978  
Photo Credit: Annette Smith



Byron Morris in 2008

My meeting with Miles Dewey Davis. It was early 1965, and the jazz music world was all abuzz about the "enfant terrible" drummer Tony Williams, who was 19 years old in early 1965 when I first saw him playing with Miles. A friend of mine, and an excellent bass player; Lenny Martin, and I went to hear Miles's new group. Herbie Hancock, piano; Wayne Shorter, tenor sax; Tony Williams, drums; Miles, the leader, on trumpet; and we got a surprise, that Ron Carter, the bassist, was not present for this engagement — instead, Miles had a substitute bassist whose name I have forgotten after all these years. However, I do remember the incident that caused Lenny and me to meet and speak with Miles Davis.

When Lenny and I discovered that Ron Carter was not with Miles's band on this occasion, we were very disappointed, but, at the same time, very happy to hear Tony Williams and the other great musicians of Miles's second great band. At the Caverns, there were large columns from the floor to the ceiling in several places throughout the club. The club was so crowded that night that club manager Tony Taylor allowed us to stand and watch the band next to one of those large columns. We were quietly taking in the music, and I was listening intently to Tony Williams drumming. Lenny came closer to me and said, "The bass player is playing out of tune." I didn't respond right away, so I turned my attention from the drums to the bass, to try and hear what Lenny had mentioned. In my excited state I probably spoke back to him too loudly. I said, "Yeah! The bass player is a little flat!" to confirm what Lenny had said to me. The next thing I knew, I heard this other slightly hoarse voice say: "Who is that talking about my bass player?" I leaned forward to look around the column and came face-to-face with Miles Davis, who was standing on the other side of the column I was standing next to. "Oh! Mr. Davis," I said. "You're a musician?" he said. "Yes," I said, "my friend and I are both musicians." "Well, you have pretty good hearing, because that bass player is playing flat!" he continued.

## Jazz Stories: Byron Morris

"Why are you standing up and not at a table?" I told him the manager let us stand because there were no more tables available. "You two guys go sit at my table, which is over there near the bandstand," Miles said. Miles went back on the bandstand to finish the song they were playing. Lenny and I waited for the song to end, and we headed to the table Miles had pointed out to us.

We sat down, and then Miles came over and sat down also. I looked at Miles, the way he was dressed: tailored Italian-cut, high-end suit and shoes, beautiful silk shirt and contrasting tie, his hair just right, his horn had his name Miles Davis engraved on it. A very attractive waitress came over. Miles told her to bring three cognacs. Lenny and I looked at each other and smiled. Miles said: "Why aren't you guys playing a gig somewhere tonight?" I responded that we were on our way to a gig at a club in downtown D.C., at 10th and K streets, which starts at midnight and lasts to about 4 a.m. Before I could finish the explanation, our waitress with the three cognacs arrived, with the drinks in three large brandy snifters, each one half full of cognac.

Miles picked up his glass and said "Here's to you guys," and he drank a large portion from his glass in one swallow. Lenny followed Miles's example, and took down a large portion of his glass. I hadn't ever had cognac before, so I sniffed the liquid first, then let a small portion go down my throat, which seemed to burn all the way down to my stomach. I immediately put my glass down. Miles said, "So, this gig you guys have, any good-looking women come in there?" Yes, I said. "Oh hoooo!" Miles said. "How do you get there from where we are?" I explained how to get there from where we were at the Caverns. I pushed my glass of cognac towards Lenny, and it was time for us to leave for our gig at the Crows Toe. We shook hands with Miles and thanked him for his hospitality, and told him we hoped to see him later that night at our gig.

Miles didn't show. I don't believe we really expected him to. I can't speak for Lenny Martin — after all these years, he and Miles are both gone, as is Tony Williams. But, I will never forget meeting one of my all-time favorite musician icons, Miles Dewey Davis.



## Jazz Stories: Byron Morris



Miles Davis in 1990, Photo Credit: Mark Ladenson

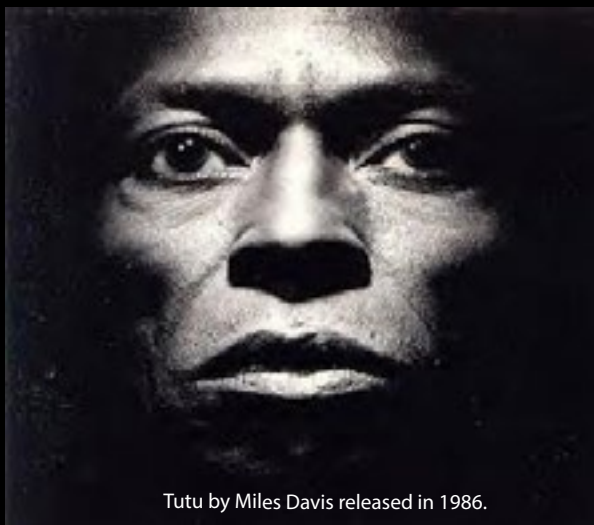
**JASON MILES, JAZZ COMPOSER, PRODUCER, ARRANGER, BORN IN 1951, BROOKLYN, NY, USA, TALKS ABOUT HIS FIRST MEETING WITH MILES DAVIS.**

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.



Miles Davis and Jason Miles, circa 1985.



Tutu by Miles Davis released in 1986.

## Jazz Stories: Gunter Hampel

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



Gunter Hampel in 2008



**M**y 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.

## Jazz Stories: Lorraine Gordon

**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.

**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



Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins, Studio Album released in 1954

**M**y 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.

Half these guys sit down and write it all out. But

## Jazz Stories: Sonny Rollins

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

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



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.





Dick Griffin in 2018, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**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

**M**y 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.

## 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 professional. Sometimes we'd hang out two to 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

## Jazz Stories: Billy Cobham

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



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

**BARBARA DANE, VOCALIST, BORN IN 1927, DETROIT, MI, USA, TALKS ABOUT OPENING A NIGHTCLUB IN SAN FRANCISCO'S NORTH BEACH IN 1961. COMPILED BY T. WATTS.**



Big Mama Thornton, circa 1955



T-Bone Walker in 1942

I called it Sugar Hill, Home of the Blues, the first blues club anywhere that wasn't located in the black community, per se, where the fainthearted white public was afraid to go. It was in North Beach, right across the street from the Jazz Workshop. I only had it for about a year and a half before (and I'm tempted to use the B-word but I won't) the investor, whom I didn't know very well, took it away from me. In my naiveté, I thought a handshake was a contract. I thought a person's word was their bond. I didn't have any paper on the thing. So, since she put the money up, she was able to put her name on the licences and took the club away from me. It was a really great room, a club that I'd planned to keep all my life, a way to give all those old blues legends a place to be heard, maybe for their last time, and a way to have a base where I could make my music and raise my kids without the constant absences.

Big Mama Thornton would come in often with her posse of girlfriends. They'd have a table in the corner, and she would get up and sing her heart out, because, if Big Mama is gonna sing, you gotta let her. She also liked the music of Whitson and Braud a lot. I'll tell you something else that people don't realize — she was a great ballad singer. She really sang some beautiful ballads at my club. I was really thrilled with that. That's why we had jams, so the artist could experiment and do stuff that they couldn't necessarily do at a regular gig.

On one occasion, when I had booked the great T-Bone Walker at Sugar Hill for a couple of weeks, I didn't get to spend much time with him. He did, however, stay at my home during the engagement and spent the time working out arrangements on the piano. My 12-year-old son Nicky, now known as Jesse, kept him comfortable, bringing him his scotch and orange juice all day as he worked, and actually got to know T-Bone better than me!

## Jazz Stories: Warren Smith

**WARREN SMITH,  
DRUMMER,  
PERCUSSIONIST,  
BORN MAY 14,  
1934, REMEMBERS  
ARETHA FRANKIN  
IN SWITZERLAND.**



Aretha Franklin, Live at  
Montreux Jazz Festival



Aretha Franklin, Live at  
Montreux Jazz Festival

Aretha Franklin, I did a number of tours with her. She was completely religious and she surrounded herself with family. She had a brother who was a cutup, he'd be on the bus with us, stirring up a whole bunch of stuff. Her father was a minister and they were all singing in church, but man, when she got on that stage and started taking off, it was unbelievable. I remember one day at the Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland, and I wasn't even on the job, I was with another band, and something had happened to her percussionist and I was asked to fill in with her band, so I did. Aretha was singing and we were all playing behind her and she got excited and jumped up and when she hit the ground her breasts fell out naked in front of all the large crowd of people. We all saw this. And she was so excited that she jumped up again and they went back in and everybody looked at each other and asked, "Did you see that?" But it was amazing. The people in the front row were like, "Ahhh!" But you know, it never fazed her, she never even realized that it happened. Now that was a memory that I will never release- just seeing her animation and that happen. I think part of the applause was from those of us that saw that! [Laughs] It's amazing how music can possess people and she certainly had that.



Warren Smith in 2018.  
Photo Credit, Ken Weiss

**KIRK KNUFFLE,  
CORNETIST AND  
COMPOSER, BORN  
IN 1980,  
DENVER, CO, USA,  
TALKS ABOUT JOE  
BONNER.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Here's a quick story about Joe Bonner, the great but underrated pianist.

I want to make special mention of Joe Bonner because there are still other Joes out there — unsung cats in places that might not be considered big jazz meccas but people that make their environment a special one for everyone, especially aspiring people like I was when I knew Joe. If it weren't for him, and just a handful of others, I would not have seen any window into what it was to be a real musician, the kind of talent involved.

Before my first gig with Joe, we had a rehearsal. We were going to play as a quartet and then be the band for a few singers. The singers brought their music, one just brought a recording. Joe listened to it and wrote out a lead sheet in real time with all the chord changes for us to follow. This still astonishes me, and when I was 19, it was downright spooky! He then told me a bunch of tunes we would play as a quartet and I died trying to hunt down charts for them before the gig. Understand, this was way before the Internet!

When it came time for the gig, we didn't do any of those tunes I hunted down. What we did do was super-fast rhythm changes and blues in several keys, among some other things. He waited until the gig was over, three sets later, to say anything to me. He slapped me on the back and said, "My man sounds good! You know I was with Freddie for three years, right?"

He was with Freddie Hubbard, Max Roach, Pharoah Sanders and a ton of others, and we need people like that in places like Denver.



Kirk Knuffle in 2016, Photo Credit Ken Weiss

**ANTHONY BRAXTON,  
COMPOSER AND  
MULTI-  
INSTRUMENTALIST,  
BORN IN 1945,  
CHICAGO, IL, USA,  
TALKS ABOUT HIS  
HEROES  
AND ABOUT MEETING  
JOHN COLTRANE.  
TAKEN AND  
COMPILED BY  
KEN WEISS.**



Anthony Braxton in 1976

When Anthony Braxton took the stage for his solo set on October 6, 2017, at FringeArts in Philadelphia, as part of Ars Nova Workshop's blockbuster new annual festival – The October Revolution of Jazz & Contemporary Music – he was armed only with his alto sax. This was a rare event — not the fact that he had only brought a single horn, he had done the same at the 2017 FIMAV [Festival International de Musique Actuelle de Victoriaville] in Canada — it was that this took place on American soil. Braxton estimated that he currently plays in his home country only once a year. “Thankfully, Europe has supported me,” he said. “I’m able to play over there.” At age 72, Braxton remains a physical and creative musical force. The solo shows aren’t easy for him. “I have to prepare for them like you would for a boxing match,” he said, as he thrust his arms through the air, showing off his best boxing moves. He also remains one of the nicest human beings you’re liable to meet. He’s filled with effusive praise for others and feels that interacting with his fan base after shows is “all part of it, it goes together [with the performance].” When told by a fan, who had brought a few records to be signed, that he had driven down from New York for the night’s performance, and that he had also attended the FIMAV concert, Braxton insisted that they meet for lunch sometime, leaving his admirer flustered – “I don’t know what to say. I’m flabbergasted.” Another fan invited Braxton to play a game of chess with him in the future but was informed there was to be no game. “I had to stop playing chess,” Braxton revealed, “because everything flies out the window and I start smoking cigarettes again.”

When a young music student introduced himself and noted that he had recently discovered Braxton’s music, Braxton wished the best for him but spoke from personal experience: “Good luck, because the harder you work, the better you get, the less people are interested.”



## Jazz Stories: Anthony Braxton



Anthony Braxton in 2017, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

### **THE FOLLOWING IS A MEMORY FROM ANTHONY BRAXTON OBTAINED AFTER HIS PERFORMANCE:**

I remember a magical moment in my life when I had been pushed back at the Plugged Nickel club in Chicago because I was too young, and I sat outside the club crying because I had been rejected that evening three times. My “brothers” painted a mustache on me, I changed clothes each time, and I would go to the Plugged Nickel and they would recognize me immediately and kick me out. Anyway, John Coltrane came outside of the club and he was so nice to me. I was crying because he’s one of my “daddies.” He was such a nice man. I was able to get in to see another set at a different time, and I saw a lady come in from the street with an umbrella and she didn’t like the music. And while he was playing a solo, she was pulling on him with the umbrella. I was ready to KILL her. When the set was over, she came up to John Coltrane to talk, and do you know, he was so nice to this lady! I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t believe it. I’ve never met a man like this guy. And so when I think about John Coltrane and Warne Marsh, Paul Desmond or Albert Ayler, so many great men and women who have helped me to have my life, I could not have found my way through life without my heroes and heroines who have pointed the way for me and helped me to understand what I was trying to do. And so, the experience with John Coltrane was like a magic, inspirational, healing experience for me. And I remember, even then, thinking that I want to be just like Mr. Coltrane when I grow up. Here’s the greatest saxophone player on the planet and he’s not like some super ego guy. He treated everyone with respect, and it taught me something. I met Warne Marsh and he’s the same way, nice to people. (His voice cracks.) And Paul Desmond? He’s different, but he was a nice man. I was gonna play trumpet. I wanted to be like Miles Davis when I was a young guy, but after I put on Jazz at the College of the Pacific and heard Paul Desmond, everything turned upside down and I have yet to recover. I will never recover. Even now, I buy the bootleg Brubeck records that have come out since everyone has passed. Something like 20 CDs have come out, I have them all, and the level of the music is the same. Even a bad night was a great night, that’s how good they were. So, I’m a lucky guy. Hooray for America, hooray for the masters of America, the men and women who have done so much positive work. May the cosmic forces of the universe help our country because we have a lot of good people in our country. That’s what I would say. Hooray for America, hooray for music!

## Jazz Stories: Anthony Braxton



Anthony Braxton in 2017, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

# Jazz Stories: Emil Mangelsdorff

## **PATRICK HINELY TALKS ABOUT EMIL MANGELSDORFF**



Emil Mangelsdorff,  
circa 2014

Photo Credit: Patrick  
Hinely  
© Work/Play



Emil Mangelsdorff,  
circa 2014,

Photo Credit: Patrick  
Hinely

It's hard to imagine this compact, gentle man of 90, a senior statesman in German jazz, as a juvenile delinquent, much less as an enemy of the state, but Emil Mangelsdorff was once considered both by the Nazi government. His teenage crime was playing decadent music of non-Aryan races and other rootless cosmopolitans, music we know as jazz.

He was made to pay. After being smacked around in a cell for three weeks by the Gestapo, he was conscripted into Hitler's army and sent to the Russian front. By war's end, he was a Soviet prisoner, spending the next five years in Latvia, mostly scraping rust off old ships, a task he says was far pleasanter in summer than winter. Though their barracks were within sight and easy walking distance of the Baltic, only once in those five years were the POWs allowed to go to the beach. Not for nothing was it called hard labor.

After being repatriated in 1949, he came home to a burgeoning musical scene in Frankfurt am Main, jumped right in, and has played a pivotal role in its ongoing development ever since.

In the postwar years, Frankfurt was the hub of the wheel for German jazz, which was a phenomenon unto itself, given that, in so many ways, it had to start with less than nothing in times of deprivation and devastation, yet evolved not only into something, but something of unique worth, strength and durability. As part of this, Mangelsdorff is a testament not only to survival, but to the triumph of the human spirit over adversity.

He turned 90 in April, and L+R Records issued a compilation of Mangelsdorff's work on that label, spanning from Jutta Hipp's quartet in 1954 up to his most recent album, recorded in late 2013 and early 2014. He has not made all that many albums under his own name, but he has recorded a lot, mostly for Hessian Radio (hR), where he, along with his younger brother Albert and their longtime colleague Joki Freund, were among the founders of the Frankfurt-based network's Jazz Ensemble, in 1958.

## Jazz Stories: Emil Mangelsdorff



Emil Mangelsdorff, circa 2014, Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © Work/Play

## Jazz Stories: Obo Addy

**OBO ADDY, MASTER DRUMMER, BORN IN 1936, ACCRA, GHANA (DIED IN 2012, PORTLAND, OR, USA). OBO'S FATHER, A WONCHE, OR MEDICINE MAN, TAUGHT OBO ABOUT DRUMMING. RECORDED ON AUGUST 5, 2011.**



Obo Addy, circa 1990



Obo Addy, circa 1980s

**H**i, my name is Obo Addy, from Ghana. Ghana is on the west coast of Africa, but I'm residing here in America. I've been living here for more than 30 years. I came here in 1978, to Portland. My work is entertaining people. I play music, and compose music. I play the drums; I tell people that. People ask me: what do you do? People who saw me just finish playing, and then they'll come to me and say, well, what do you do? I say, "What do you mean? I play the drums." And they say again "What do you do?" I say, "What's the matter with you? I said I play the drums." "Oh, you know, I play the guitar, too." I say, "You are different. Mine is to play the drums and that's what I do." I think there are people who don't think you can make a living out of playing the drums. So that's why they try to tell me, go get a job (laughs). They want me to go get a job, but I say no, this is what I do; this is what I've been doing all my life.

I was born into it, you know. My father was what Americans would call a medicine man, but we call it wonche. Wonche means father of the spirits, and they heal the sick. They possess some spiritual thing, and you can call it a demon that comes on them or comes on him and he will heal the sick or tell the future, what will happen. And celebrations are performed by drumming, dancing, and singing. My father married 10 women. He was busy round there, and all the sisters are all good dancers, good singers, and all my brothers are all good musicians and drummers.

I have brothers all over. Two, three brothers in the United States. I have some in Europe. I have nephews, all playing drums. We started it; they came to join us. So this is what I do, this is who I am and what I am. I do music.

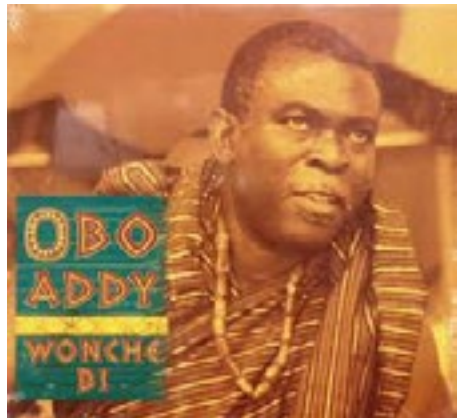
Through my drumming, you know, somebody would say, "Oh, so you are drumming and you say you compose songs, yeah?" "Of course, yes." My father taught us how to watch and listen through drumming. You know, my father took a drum and he say "Well, take a drum," then raise up his hands to play.

## Jazz Stories: Obo Addy



And I have to have the image in my mind to play with him, the phrase that he's gonna play. Yeah, play with him, not play after him or before him. No, no, no. He raise his hands and look at me. I said, "I don't think I can do it now." I was then six years old, eight years. He said, "I'll teach you to be able to pay attention and also watch somebody who is talking to you or teaching you something."

Most of my brothers didn't go to school very much, but they speak English. They learn it the same way. They look at somebody's face who's talking, the mouth, and learn how to do everything. And learning through that, I was able to learn how to put the sounds together to form a composition all the way to what you call a symphony of music. Of course, I hire some people to write it down — notation, staff notation. Yeah, so this is what I do.



Obo Addy, Wonche Di

## Jazz Stories: Obo Addy

**OBO ADDY,  
MASTER  
DRUMMER, BORN  
IN 1936, ACCRA,  
GHANA (DIED IN  
2012, PORTLAND,  
OR, USA).  
THE STOLEN PANTS  
STORY. RECORDED  
ON AUGUST  
5, 2011.**



Obo Addy, Okropong,  
Traditional Music of Ghana



Obo Addy, circa 1995

Hi, my name is Obo Addy. I'm from Ghana. I didn't know Joe Kelly, but he came to Liberia in the beginning of the '40s, with some musicians, to perform there. He was there for about 10 years, then came back. In the late '40s somebody said he was forming a band. I went and he said "I know your brothers." He was about 38 years or 40, and some of my brothers were the same age, in their 40s. And he said, "I know you can play drums. I don't want someone who can play Cuban samba or anything like that, I want someone who has ideas; like if you can take your father's drumming thing, and put it into our playing. Can you do that?" And I said "Yeah, I can try." Joe said "OK." He called a song and said "Let's play it." First he gave me the bongos, and said to tune them. And I can't find the key. And he said, "I thought you said you played one before." And I said, "The one I played has been already tuned." And everybody started laughing, I think they knew that I was lying. So he showed me how to tune it, and I was nervous, I didn't tune it as high as I wanted it, I was in a hurry. So I tuned it and they called the song and we started playing. This guy who brought his own drum was the conga player and my cousin had been playing with him already, so he was the trap drummer. We were playing and playing, and in those days, the bandleader would call a rhythm solo: everybody played together like our traditional music. You've got to listen to answer. And that's why, when we started, I thought we would wait and one person would play, then another, but no, everybody plays together. That's when I said, you've come to my country, now, if that's what you want, I can listen to everybody, listen to the trap drummer and I played and played and played. And then the conga player, too, is very good, and then I started rolling, rolling, "carudududu," I started rolling, rolling, rolling, and then the conga player also started playing some offbeats, so I couldn't get back into time. I was rolling, my shoulder was hurt, my wrists getting stiff, and he was



## Jazz Stories: Obo Addy

also playing "gurududu, gurududu, gurudubu." But he looked at me and stopped playing, and I stopped playing, and he stretched out his hand and I stretched mine and we shook hands and we both started playing. We listened to the trap drummer and we started playing. Now everybody started clapping. Joe Kelly stopped the band and gave us both a bow tie, and a white shirt, and he says for us to go find our own pants and shoes. I didn't have pants. I had shoes, but they had a hole in them. I went home and went into my brother's room and I took new pants that he hadn't worn at all, that Saturday afternoon, and took them to a tailor. Because [my brother] was way bigger than me, he had to destroy the pants to make them as small as my size. I didn't tell [my brother].

My friend did the same. His brother was going to a wedding, so he needed a new suit. My friend took the pants out of that and gave it to a tailor and made them small. So now we went to the gig and Joe Kelly put us in front because he'd never seen two young people playing drums like that. Then I couldn't go home and he couldn't go home. And I didn't know that he did that, but we were giving excuses, and so, we went to another club. Because we were wearing suits and pants and ties, they let us in. So we went to a place called Lidu, we'd get in and say "Joe Kelly" and they would say "Oh, come in." We were there until about 5 o'clock in the morning and then we left. We didn't know where we were going. I said, "Well, let's go to your house." He said, "Oh, no, no, no, no. We can't go to my house." You know, "I don't want to go to my house." So I asked why. I started thinking, what did he do? He said, "Well, let's go to your house." And I said, "I don't want to go to my house." He said "Why?" I said, "I don't know." And he said, "Did you do what I'm thinking you did?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "You took your brother's pants?" I said, "Oh my God, we are in trouble." You know, like, we could go to one house if we didn't have trouble there, but we both had trouble in our houses. So we did some trick and he sent me to his house. When I went there, his brother had a bottle of gin with a machete by it, and his mother was yelling at him: "You're gonna kill him? He is your brother. You're gonna kill him?" He said, "Why didn't he ask me? He is a thief, and thieves should be punished." His brother was drunk, saying that, and when he got a look at me he said "Hey! Wonche Di!" Because my father was called Wonche, Di means son, so father of the spirits' son. So he said, "Wonche Di, come here. You, and your friend, you are all thieves. Maybe you stole your brother's pants, too." I said, "No, no, no, no, no. Did he steal your pants?" He said, "Are you asking me? You know it!" And he took the machete and I ran out. I went to my friend and I said, "Your brother has a machete and wants to kill you." He said, "Oh, no, he's not gonna kill me." I said, "This time, he's serious." So I took him to my house. Before he went in, he saw my brother coming out, and my brother asked him "Where is Obo?" And he said, "Oh, uh, he left

## Jazz Stories: Obo Addy



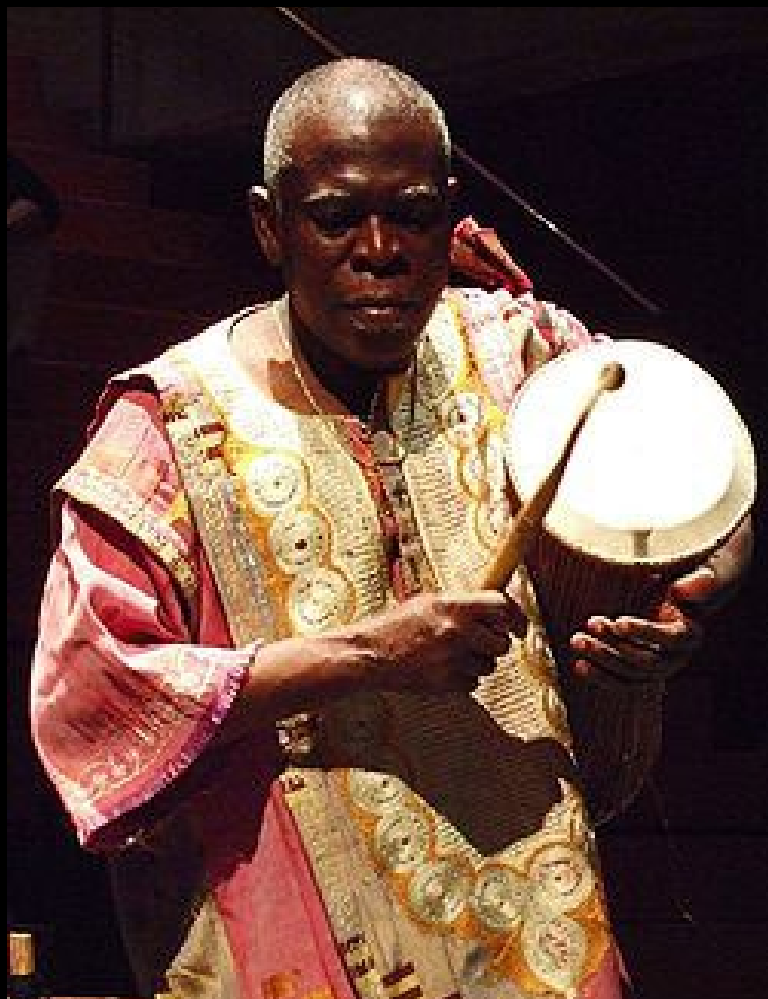
Obo Addy, circa 1980s



Obo Addy, circa 1980s

me at Lidu, so I thought he came home. He's not here?" "I know you are lying; he is hiding somewhere. Tell him that he should bring my pants back." My friend said, "Yeah, I'll tell him." I said, "What pants am I gonna bring him? I destroyed them already." So when my friend told me that, he came out and went home, and I went inside and my mother started yelling at me: "Why did you do that? Why didn't you ask him? He could give you other pants, but these new pants he hasn't worn before." I said, "He wouldn't give them to me if I asked him." And she said, "Well, why did you take them? That's stealing!" "I'll talk to him when he comes," I said. "I'll pay him when I get paid. I'll pay him." But then I was talking to my mom, and my brother walked in. My legs were shaking and everything. He looked at me and said "Why didn't you ask me?" He asked me that nicely. My brother has never known how to talk to people nicely. But that day, he said, "Why didn't you ask me? I know you just started playing in a band, you need pants, but why didn't you ask me?" I said, "I didn't think you were going to give them to me. But I will pay you." He said, "Do you know how much money you are going to make and then pay me? Stop, stop, stop." My mother was surprised because he was screaming in the house before I came in. I think somebody talked to him, or, I don't know, but I was wearing the pants, and he said, "Look at what you did." And we sat down with my mother and talked, you know, and he said, "If there's anything at all, you should come and ask me."

## Jazz Stories: Obo Addy



Obo Addy, circa 2011

## Jazz Stories: Misha Mengelberg

**MISHA MENGELBERG, PIANIST, BORN IN 1935, KIEV, UKRAINE (DIED MARCH 3, 2017, AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS), TALKS ABOUT PLAYING THE PIANO. RECORDED IN AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS, FEBRUARY 9, 2012.**



Misha Mengelberg  
circa 1985



Misha Mengelberg,  
circa 2011 - Photo  
Credit: Ken Weiss

I am Misha Mengelberg. I play piano. I was born in Kiev, Ukraine; but most of my life, I spent in Amsterdam. I started playing the piano, I think in 1938. I was three years old. Throughout my childhood I was improvising on the piano. I did not like very much to get lessons. I started with lessons when we were already living in Amsterdam. I didn't like the idea of them: I just liked to play piano, that was my thing. I could not have the lessons anymore after the year 1943 because of the war. Train service was disrupted and without gasoline for cars, I couldn't take the lessons anymore, plus my teacher was unavailable. After the war, I still didn't want to play pieces from other composers, and I was only interested in improvisation. That stopped sometime when I was about 15 years old. I went back to piano lessons because it was my highest goal to be a great pianist, as piano was my first thing to be interested in. So I studied and played the piano, and I hadn't the same need for my improvisations that I'd had in '42 and '43. All that improvising was more or less a little bit forgotten.

I played pieces that I had to play, this or that piece from Bach that you should know. "Play for us! You have made a choice to play the piano so play the piano!" From then on I only had interest in playing jazz music. So I didn't play Bach or Mozart or whatever composer, I played Mengelberg's playing of jazz piano. Well, that's more or less what I still do, playing the piano and improvising.



Han Bennink and Misha Mengelberg, circa 2011  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Misha Mengelberg



Misha Mengelberg, circa 2011 - Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**WOLTER WIERBOS, TROMBONIST, BORN IN 1957, HOLTEN, NETHERLANDS, RECALLS ONE OF HIS FIRST CONCERTS OUTSIDE OF AMSTERDAM WITH ICP ORCHESTRA. RECORDED IN AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS, FEBRUARY 9, 2012.**



Wolter Weirbos



Wolter Weirbos

I'm a trombone player named Wolter Wierbos. I've lived in Amsterdam since 1980. This group, ICP orchestra, made me move there. When I joined the group it was 1980, so I'm a real veteran now — it's almost 33 years next May. I'll never forget one of our first concerts was outside Amsterdam. I think we also had a couple in Amsterdam at the Bimhuis, the very old Bimhuis, and then we went to Tilburg. At that time, I didn't live in Amsterdam; I moved a couple months later, so I had to take a train to the north of the Netherlands, to Amsterdam, to meet Misha [Mengelberg] at his house. Misha was a driver, because there were 10 group members, so we had some cars going to Tilburg. I was scheduled in Misha's car with Larry Fishkind and Keshavan Maslak, so the three of us arrive at his doorstep, and I ring his bell. No answer. I thought, he'll be back in a couple of minutes. Now, Larry was coming with his big tuba, and he said, oh, yeah, Misha is always lazy, blah blah, let's ring the bell again. Brrrr! Nothing. Yeah, I thought, what can we do but wait. Just wait.

Then 15 minutes later, we thought, he should be here now, we've been waiting like an hour; then the door opened. Misha was in his house. He said, "Yeah, sorry, I just woke up." It was like 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At that time I didn't realize his day and night rhythm was completely swapped. He lived from 4 or 5 in the afternoon until the early mornings the next day. But it was kind of weird: we had disappointment at his house; we had no Misha, and it was one of my first gigs. I thought, what is this? He invited us in then, saying, like, "I'll make some breakfast for me," and he had to shower and everything but it was late already and I thought, shit, we have to go to the gig in Tilburg, which was, like, a two-hour drive, and Misha didn't worry. He said, "Oh, relax. Who wants a cup of coffee?"

He had done his shower program, and another half hour later, and we were thinking, shit, what's happening? And he said, "Yeah, I'm going to make

## Jazz Stories: Wolter Weirbos

some breakfast for myself. Do you want something too?" So we said, "Misha, we have to go to the gig." "Oh, urgh, yeah, OK." So, finally, we got on the road and it was just half an hour before the concert was supposed to start. So we were sitting there and I thought, what is this? What's happening now? And suddenly, on the highway, Misha starts to direct the band, and it is time to start the concert: "One and a two and a —" Of course we were not there. So we arrived in Tilburg much too late, I think one or even two hours later than scheduled. The room was packed, and I remember Han Bennink had like a purple head and was very stressed out because Misha was much too late. And the rest were there, of course, drinking, and the audience was there, and they loved it. It was such a happy concert — I think it was my second or third concert with ICP, and I'll never forget it. Band members literally fighting on stage, like kicking each other, and the audience thought it was part of the act. So that was my first experience with ICP in the '80s when I joined the band. I thought, wow, what is this? That's pretty wild. But since then, of course, I've known the perspective, with everything there, but back then I was just a young boy from the province. I didn't know shit.



Wolter Weirbos, circa 2011 - Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**HAN BENNINK,  
DRUMMER,  
BORN IN 1942,  
ZAANDAM,  
NETHERLANDS,  
TELLS  
A JOKE. RECORDED  
IN AMSTERDAM,  
NETHERLANDS,  
FEBRUARY 9, 2012.**



Han Bennink, circa 1967



Han Bennink, circa 2004

**M**y name is Han Bennink. I'm supposed to play the drums. I was born in 1942 in Zaandam, and that's in the Netherlands, so I am from there.

There is a story about two fat ladies walking in a lane in England, and they hear a voice, like "Help me, help me." And they were looking around, and it was a bit snowy, and still they heard a little voice: "Help me, help me." And finally, they found under a fir tree, a tiny, little, green frog, and the frog said, "Help me, I'm bewitched. If you kiss me on my mouth, it will be all over, and I will be a drummer, and I can play concerts all over the world for you, and I can make you rich. Any style you want." And so the less fat lady looked to the other one and said, "Please, kiss him on his mouth, then we're going to be rich. We will have no financial problems any more in this time. It's going to be fine; we'll have a guy with us, a drummer." The bigger lady looked at her very, very angrily, and she said, "You are dumb, aren't you? You can have much, much more money with a talking frog than with a jazz drummer."

It's a very old English joke I heard once from Chris Lawrence, a bass player. And, I used to tell it also, after or during a solo concert. Like, so, if you work the people, you vibe them up and these things. "By the way, do you know this joke?" And so, it sort of — it works like a counterpoint for me, and that's what I really want. For example, when I lie on the floor or sit on the floor, you change the acoustics; people are not looking to a guy with a red hat behind the drum kit, and, well, your set is going to be on the floor, and there's nothing any more, but it's just a theatrical effect. It has all sorts of meanings. That's why I do that.



## Jazz Stories: Han Bennink



Han Bennink, circa 2011 - Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**AB BAARS,  
SAXOPHONE AND  
CLARINET, BORN IN  
1955, AXEL,  
NETHERLANDS,  
TALKS ABOUT HIS  
ENCOUNTER WITH  
MISHA  
MENGELBERG.**



Ab Baars, circa 2000s

I usually find it difficult to talk about ICP [Orchestra], because I think ICP is a group that's hard to describe in words — to tell what's happening, who's doing what — and so I prefer to tell a little anecdote that was very important to me.

It was one of my very first concerts with the ICP, in '83 or '84. I think it was somewhere in Holland, a small village. We played Misha's arrangement of Thelonious Monk's "Reflections." He asked me to play a solo, so I played a solo, following the chord structure. Afterwards, he came to me and said, "Ab, listen. You don't have to play it that way." I didn't understand what he was saying. "No, you don't have to play it that way, you can open it up . . ." And that was a very important moment, because I started realizing that it's very important to tell your own story, whatever the situation is. At the time, I thought, well, I'll play a traditional piece that has a chord structure; I'll play, sticking to the chord structure, and when I play an open piece, I'll play differently. And that made me aware that it's possible to play freely within a certain structure. That helped me a lot, and I was able to develop my own voice by this little meeting with Misha.

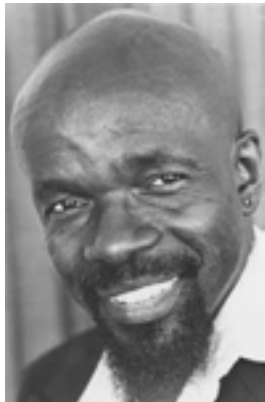


**STEVE SWELL,  
TROMBONIST,  
BORN IN 1954,  
NEWARK, NJ, USA,  
SHARES A MEMORY  
OF MAKANDA KEN  
MCINTYRE.**



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



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.





Steve Swell Photo Credit Ken Weiss

**ROSCOE MITCHELL, MULTI-INSTRUMENTALIST AND COMPOSER, BORN IN 1940, CHICAGO, IL, USA, TALKS ABOUT HIS EARLY DAYS IN CHICAGO. RECORDED ON FEBRUARY 27, 2012.**

**M**y name is Roscoe Mitchell. I'm a composer/multi-instrumentalist. I currently hold the Darius Milhaud chair in composition at Mills College, here in Oakland, California.

**A PIVOTAL POINT IN MY LIFE.**

Well, then, I'd have to go back to the beginning. That would be, like, after returning to Chicago in the early '60s. I joined up with the Muhal Richard Abrams' Experimental Band. It was a band that met every Monday night, where we were all invited to write for the band, and bring in our compositions, and get them played, providing us with an opportunity – if there was something that we liked or didn't like — we could change that and bring it back again. It was definitely a pivotal point for me.

I had been exposed to the music of Ornette Coleman when I was in the army. I didn't totally understand it that much at the moment. Then there were the times our band would go to Berlin and join the band from Berlin, and the band from Orleans, France, and Albert Ayler was a member of that band. And, of course, back then, you know musicians would get together and have jam sessions. I heard Albert Ayler, and what I did recognize, as another saxophonist, was that he had an enormous sound on the instrument. I think we were playing the blues, and I think Albert played the first couple of courses in a more conventional way, and then he started to move away from that tradition. That made an impression on me, but at the time I don't think I was able to comprehend that fully. I think it was probably when I got back home, out of the army band, and heard John Coltrane's "Out of This World" on the Impulse record titled Coltrane, where he was starting to use a modal concept to create improvisation. At that point I thought, well, maybe I should go back and listen to Ornette Coleman and Eric Dolphy, and so on, and then it started to make more sense to me.

But continuing on that side, I was fortunate to be in Chicago at that time, because there were many musicians that were also in Muhal Richard Abrams' big band that were starting to think of other directions in music also. This is, I think, when I started to feel differently about it. I would play a lot at sessions and so on and I'd start to hear other things, but at first I would reject them, and then when I did start to embrace them, the music started to flow for me.

## Jazz Stories: Roscoe Mitchell



Roscoe Mitchell, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



PHOTO CREDIT KEN WEISS

**NELS CLINE,  
GUITARIST,  
BORN IN 1956,  
LOS ANGELES, CA,  
USA.  
A MEMORY OF  
CHARLIE HADEN.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Charlie Haden in 1981

This is kind of an embarrassing, a kind of tormented memory, but it has its own kind of charm, I think. This story goes back to around 1982. At this point in my life I was in my late 20s, and I met bassist Charlie Haden, who had come into the record store I worked at, called Rhino Records, in West Los Angeles. Charlie, being one of my absolute idols, I was extremely thrilled that he had come into the store. My friend, Lee Kaplan, who worked at the store and with whom my brother and I sometimes played music, had done what he quite often did and told Charlie Haden that he needed to play with his friend Nels because I adored his music and that I played nylon string guitar, which was true — but, of course, I was terrified to meet and play with Charlie because I had such high esteem for him. There was a bit of that idol worship going on there. But anyway, Charlie was rather nice to me right away and I played a couple of gigs with him where I would just play “Song for Che” on the nylon string guitar with Bobby Bradford on cornet and Charlie on bass, and then Bobby and Charlie would play some Charlie Parker and Ornette stuff as a duo. This led to my friend Lee somehow finagling a gig, which he knew was kind of like a fantasy gig for me, in spite of my inherent lack of self-confidence. I was easily daunted, but he put on a duo concert of me and Charlie Haden. So I went to rehearse with Charlie at the little sort of pool house where he was living in Brentwood at the time, and he was pretty disappointed with the fact that I didn’t know a lot of Charlie Parker tunes. So it was hard to pick tunes that he liked and that I knew because I don’t know a million jazz songs. For example, he kind of dutifully made his way through “Nardis,” which I wanted to play, with some complaint. He didn’t like to be accompanied during his bass solos, there was to be no comping, and while we were rehearsing “Nardis” in his room, at one point, he started his bass solo and then went off into one of those sort of, I guess you could call it double-stop, freeform Charlie Haden bass solo moments. I thought he had just started



going free, so I just sat there and waited for him to give me a cue to come in, but he was keeping the form of the song in his head as he went and when he came back around to the one at the beginning of the A section, he stopped and said “Where were you?” (laughs) which was pretty embarrassing. Another strange thing that came out of this rehearsal was that he had asked me if I had a lot of effects like Pat Metheny, meaning, rack effects. He said, “You know all that stuff with the blinking lights,” and I said, “No, Charlie, I don’t have that. I have some pedals but —” and at that point this would have been like a box overdrive and a Boss chorus — this was the early ‘80s — so he said, “Bring everything, man, make some fuzzies!” (laughs). And I wasn’t hearing any effects on any of this stuff.

The day before the gig, which was at Miles Playhouse, by the way, in Santa Monica (my friends and I used to rent Miles Playhouse quite often for a very low price and put on shows ourselves) while working at the record store, at one point I put a record onto one of the shelves in the back room and ran my finger into a piece of cardboard album cover flat, and it sliced the middle finger of my left hand open pretty severely, right under the fingernail. I mean, it was bad, it was really bad, and I went home that night to my then wife DD, and I basically had a complete panic attack. I got in the middle of my bed, I covered myself up after putting a bunch of vitamin E oil or something on my finger, bandaging it, and realizing that there was no way that I could use that finger to finger the guitar without extreme pain and without opening the cut up. So the next day, without telling Charlie any of this, we soundchecked. I was so nervous already, but I have to say that this wound had me in a state of complete agitation. Right before the gig, Charlie said, “Oh, hey, man, there’s somebody I want you to meet. This is Jerry Hahn.” So the guitarist Jerry Hahn met me and looked at me somewhat askance, and by this time I was having a complete, like, I don’t know, I completely lost all confidence. I remember that Peter Kuhn’s trio opened the night, playing free jazz. Then our gig went on as planned. I couldn’t use my middle finger. A couple of times I accidentally put my finger down on the guitar, causing wincing facial expressions and pain. Charlie, I don’t know if he sensed that I was having difficulty, because I had this Band-Aid on my finger. I don’t remember that part. As I said, he was always very generous with me, but there’s no doubt in my mind that I played horribly that night, possibly acquitting myself somewhat admirably on “Song For Che,” which Charlie and I had done before, and which we would do kind of an extended improvisation on which was a joyous thing to try to do with Charlie. I ended up playing for years after that with the Liberation Music Orchestra West Coast, playing nylon string guitar, the only non-union member, the youngest member, and certainly the most nervous member of that group, which turned out to be an incredible experience for me as a Charlie Haden fanatic. But I really have to say that I really dodged a bullet when he didn’t fire me for life after that duo gig.

**JULIAN PRIESTER,  
TROMBONIST,  
BORN  
IN 1935, CHICAGO,  
IL, USA, REMEMBERS  
HOW HE SETTLED  
ON THE TROMBONE.  
RECORDED  
ON JUNE 5,  
2011, IN SEATTLE,  
WA, USA.**



Julian Priester in 1981.



Glockenspiel



Captain Walter Dyett in 1957

Well, I am Julian Priester. I have been performing as a jazz artist. As a member of the [high school] orchestra, I had to play in this parade. Now being a pianist, I was given an instrument called a glockenspiel. The glockenspiel is an instrument you wear in a harness around your shoulders, and it sort of looks like a — it has a keyboard, a metal keyboard in the fashion of the piano keyboard, and so you perform — you hit these keys with mallets, and the mallets were wooden and you struck the keys, and the sound that that produced was a very metallic sound.

That sound was harsh on my ears, and I did not enjoy playing that instrument, so I actually asked my instructor, Captain Dyatt, if I could switch to play a horn. I wanted to play a horn — anything to get away from that glockenspiel — and when he asked me what kind of horn I wanted to play, I had no idea. But I'd heard a rumor that one of my older brothers had played the trumpet at some point in his career, so I mentioned to Captain Dyatt that I would like to play the trumpet, and, coincidentally, there was no trumpeter available in the orchestra. So, what he did, he gave me an instrument that had the same fingerings as the trumpet, and that was the baritone horn.

Baritone horn you may be familiar with if you've seen these Salvation Army bands. These Salvation Army bands, the baritone horn was sort of a main instrument there, in addition to the bugle — or not bugle, but the cornet, and the trumpet and flutes, and instruments like that. So I took this baritone horn, and since I could already read music, it didn't take me a long time to become proficient on the baritone horn. But another hurdle presented itself, and that was that there was no precedent at this time for baritone horn playing in the jazz context. So, as it turned out — and this is another coincidence — that the mouthpiece that I was using to play on this baritone horn turns out to be the same mouthpiece that is used on the trombone. So without consciously choosing the trombone as my

## Jazz Stories: Julian Priester

major instrument, or my main instrument, it sort of coincidentally — I was led to the trombone in an unusual, a sort of sideways, effect. So that's how I arrived at the trombone; and the trombone is an instrument that's already accepted in the jazz orchestra and combos. There are many examples of trombones—trombonists, I should say, that legitimize that particular instrument. So, I arrived at the trombone, learned the trombone, and then, in a matter of weeks, I was good enough to play in the jazz orchestra on the trombone, so that was good.



David Haney and Julian Priester in 2018, Photo Credit Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Julian Priest

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



Philly Joe Jones  
Showcase



Julian Priest  
Keep Swingin'

I am Julian Priest. 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;

## Jazz Stories: Julian Priester



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.



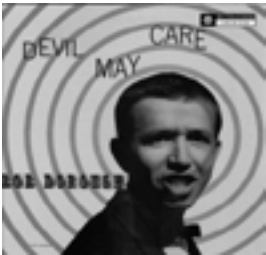
Julian Priester in 2015.

## Jazz Stories: Bob Dorough

**BOB DOROUGH  
VOCALIST AND  
PIANIST,  
BORN ON  
DECEMBER 12,  
1923, CHERRY HILL,  
AR, USA  
DIED ON APRIL 23,  
2018.**



Bob Dorough, circa 1980s



Bob Dorough, first album 1956



Bob Dorough in 2005

### **TALKS ABOUT ARMY MUSICIANS AND ARMY LIFE.**

A lot of them got in the official navy or army band where they went to school and learned music. But I got in from my peers, I mean there I was in this camp in Texas, suffering, crawling in the mud and all that, until they found out I was of limited service. Then one day I heard this announcement, "Private Dorough, report to headquarters, bring all your gear." "Bring all my gear?" So I packed everything up. I had a clarinet in my duffel bag but I wouldn't get it out because I was afraid the other guys would kid me, you know. They were fighting the civil war, the Northerners and the Southerners playing baseball and fighting about the North and the South, and I was staying on the sidelines as much as I could, haha. Anyway, he says, "Get in that jeep, you're going to the band." My college, I did three semesters at Texas Tech, majoring in band music. The bandmaster happened to know my warrant officer in that camp, and he said "You've got a good clarinet player in the artillery." I was in the coastal artillery unit, or anti-aircraft artillery unit, I've forgotten it all, haha. So when I went to the band it was like being released. All the cats in the band were living kind of a loose life. I mean, they'd come out in their pajamas and answer roll call. It was a row of huts with a parade ground in the middle, you'd come out, then back to bed, six men in each bunk house. You know, some of them had record players, some of them had hotplates, cookin' their own breakfast. So that was great.



Bob Dorough, Eulalia released in 2014

## Jazz Stories: Gunter Hampel

**GUNTER HAMPEL,  
MULTI-  
INSTRUMENTALIST  
AND COMPOSER,  
BORN IN 1937  
GÖTTINGEN,  
GERMANY, TALKS  
ABOUT HOW HE  
CHOSE THE BASS  
CLARINET.**



Gunter Hampel in 1964



Gunter Hampel in 2009,  
photo credit: Ken Weiss

**M**y name is Gunter Hampel. I was born in Germany, in Göttingen, in 1937, and I have been playing all over Europe. I came to New York in 1969 because my wife, Jeanne Lee, was from there, so it was easy for me. But I always wanted to come to the United States because jazz music was born there, and I wanted to learn more about this.

So I am a multi-instrumentalist. Today I'm mostly playing the bass clarinet, which came after I met Eric Dolphy. It was during a concert he had with Charles Mingus in Germany, and after the concert, I'd driven with my Volkswagon with Charles Mingus to the concert, and on the way back, I was bringing Eric Dolphy to the hotel, and on the way to the hotel, we passed by my flat, and he played my vibraphone, and I was allowed to play on his bass clarinet, and after that, he said "You should get one." And a few weeks later, I was in Paris, and the first thing I bought was the bass clarinet. That was in 1966, and since this time, I have three main axes now, as we say: vibraphone, bass clarinet and flute. But I also play piano; I'm a composer and arranger, but I only write original stuff. I mean, like, I walk through the streets and a song comes to me like that.

I also learned the flute because when you are in a hotel, you cannot play the saxophone, so I learned to play the flute.

I learned that we have to be more personal, to develop our own, but also the team work. Of course that was Duke Ellington, that was Charlie Parker, all these guys, Monk. I've met Monk. I've met a lot of people in my life. And I learned from them how you just have to be yourself.

## 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



Jay Clayton  
Harry 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



## Jazz Stories: Jay Clayton, Jeff Berlin



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, 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?"



Jeff Berlin in 2007



Joe Pass and Jeff Berlin in 1987

**JAY CLAYTON,  
SINGER  
AND EDUCATOR,  
BORN IN 1941,  
YOUNGSTOWN,  
OH, USA,  
REMEMBERS  
A VOCAL SUMMIT IN  
EUROPE.  
RECORDED ON  
JANUARY 27, 2012.**



Jay Clayton

My first album (I had recorded several, but the first album under my name) was called Jay Clayton All-Out. That's also when I met Julian Priester. I had met him years before in Chicago, when he was going to sessions and hanging out — that's how long ago — but, you know, we just said hello. We met because I started teaching at Naropa for three summers, just as my album was coming out. And there was a thing where Heiner Stadler — he's a composer, you don't hear much about him — I know during the whole revolution in the '70s, he was always trying to get more jazz out there. He had a very small label, but he helped me, he musically produced it, he was just behind it. Anyway, when it came out, he sent it to Joachim[-Ernst] Berendt. He writes a lot on jazz; he's a German guy; he was part of the Berlin Jazz Festival. And he did a thing in this little town in Germany; it was a meeting every year. He'd have a meeting of different instruments: one year it might be all clarinets, maybe it's all bassists, you know, maybe you'd invite five clarinets and get a rhythm section, and they'd record all week and then do a concert. And it's a summit, right. So, coincidentally, right around the time my first album Jay Clayton All-Out came out, Heiner, who knew Joachim, happened to send him the album. And I knew that Joachim Berendt knew who I was, but probably hadn't heard me in years, or whatever. So he must have been organizing this event for vocal improvisers right around the time he got this album, I'm guessing, and it must've pushed him over about me. So he invited me, Bobby McFerrin, Jeanne Lee, Urszula Dudziak, and Lauren Newton, who's an American singer who's been living in Germany for a long time, sings very free. He invited us, and he commissioned five composers to write for five improvising voices. I won't tell you who was on there, you're never gonna believe it: wonderful instrumentalists to play with.

## Jazz Stories: Jay Clayton

Anyway, that was a big deal for me because what happened was, that album came out. Bobby was on the first one. He got very famous right after that, doing solo. It was such a success, because we decided to do the second half of the program a cappella because we would get together, the singers — and I had already done what I called a voice group in the '70s where I would just have vocalizing improv. So we decided we wanted to do the whole second half of the concert a cappella. At first they were like, oh, no! But we did it. And it was so successful that we were invited to Donaueschingen, the other big festival in Europe, where Hindemith and Stockhausen and more contemporary music was presented, but they always had a jazz slot. By that time Bobby couldn't do it; he was already on the road doing his solo thing. But we had various different singers; for about 10 years, we toured. So that was a big one for me, because a lot of people from Europe probably know me only from that.



**GORDON LEE,  
PIANIST AND  
COMPOSER, BORN  
IN  
1953, NEW YORK,  
NY, USA,  
REMEMBERS  
AN EXPERIENCE  
WITH TEACHER AND  
COMPOSER  
TOMAS  
SVOBODA.**



Gordon Lee circa 1980s



Tomas Svoboda, circa  
2010s

So, I'm in the classroom at Portland State, and there's a few minutes left before the class begins. I had a piano transcription of Wagner's prelude to *Tristan und Isolde*, which I think is one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written, even though I detest Wagner as a human being. He was a racist, and I really cannot stand racism in any way. So it's a dilemma, but let's face it, there are many, many musicians who weren't great people, but were great artists. They were brilliant at communicating in their medium. Anyway, so I'm there playing on the piano, and it was actually part of, I think, a theory assignment from another class to analyze this piece: how the appoggiaturas and, you know, *échappées*, escape tones, and all this stuff, how it all works. So I was working on it, I was playing through the piece, and Svoboda heard me. So I said, "What is this? What is he doing here with this chord?" you know, "What do you call this?" He said, here, let me play it. So he sat down and he started playing. And he didn't even play through the whole thing, but many measures, I don't know, 30 or 40 measures of the piece. And at one point he sort of gets to a point and just stops. And I could feel that both he and I, coming from very different places — he's Czech, I'm American, he's 15 or 20 years older than me, so we have different perspectives — but we're both very moved by the music. At the same time, both he and I are very well aware who Wagner was, and he just sort of stops, looks down and sighs, and then looks at me sideways, and says, "You know, Wagner was a very egotistical man."



Gordon Lee circa 2010s

## Jazz Stories: Buster Williams

**BUSTER WILLIAMS,  
BASSIST, BORN IN  
1942, CAMDEN,  
NJ,  
USA, ON LEAVING  
PHILADELPHIA.  
COMPILED BY  
ALAN  
SIMON.**



Boss Tenors - Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, with Buster Williams



Buster Williams in 2016.

I have a reputation as a freelance musician that has played with a lot of people; but, you see, I came up in the time when you had a job, when bands stayed together. You see, when I first left Philadelphia, I left Philadelphia with Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt. My first gig with them was at the Showboat in Philadelphia. Nelson Boyd, the great bassist that had been with Dizzy Gillespie, was working with Stitt and Ammons, and the Showboat started on Monday, and he couldn't make Friday and Saturday, 'cause in those days gigs went from Monday to Saturday. He [Boyd] called my father to make the gig Friday night and Saturday, and my father was working, so my father sent me. So, after the first set, Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt took me upstairs and they said "JR" – they called me Junior – this was the first time anyone ever called me "JR." They totally ignored what my name was. "Junior, who the hell are you? How do you know how to play like that?" And man, these guys, they made me feel so good, and they said, "Look, when we finish here Sunday night, we're going on to Chicago and we're goin' on tour, and you want to stay with us?" I said, "Sure!" I had never been away from school, from Camden, I was 17 years old. So, 4 o'clock in the morning, Sunday morning, we packed up the cars and drove off and I ain't been home since!

**DANIEL SMITH,  
BASSOONIST,  
BORN IN  
1938,  
NEW YORK, NY,  
USA, DIED ON  
DECEMBER 19, 2015,  
TALKS  
ABOUT JEAN-PIERRE  
RAMPAL.**



Daniel Smith, circa 2010s



Jean Pierre Rampal

Hello, this is Daniel Smith, and I am one of the pioneers, so to speak, of performing jazz on the bassoon. At some point, on any instrument, there's a breakthrough that happens, which didn't happen before. Up until roughly the time of Jean-Pierre Rampal, pretty much the only instruments that were acknowledged as valid solo instruments in classical music were piano, violin, and sometimes the cello, like Piatigorsky, for instance. The only other times another instrument would be heard would be like if the first chair player in the Philadelphia Orchestra on oboe would do an oboe concerto. That would be it. But nobody really had careers on any other instruments in classical music, except for, you know, one little thing here or there. So, Jean-Pierre Rampal, who's pretty much a household name, he was building up a career in Paris. And, again, he wrote about this in his book called *Music, My Love*, and it's very interesting — the psychology or the politics involved here. His French manager was very keen on what he was doing. People would love what he would play, but if he tried to sell his career to American agencies and in other countries, they all said pretty much the following: A, nobody would want to hear a flute. B, it's boring. C, you can't hold an audience's attention, and on and on, like that.

So this is the situation, in other words, because nobody had done what he was doing on the flute before his time — in other words, the psychology is: if it was never done, then therefore, it can't be done. But, of course, it can, as we all know now. Finally, he made a breakthrough with one of the agents who was in New York City, and once he started to get a little attention, a New York-based disc jockey was starting to play his albums on flute, and the audience reaction was wonderful. It was a classical music station, and, based on that, then came the breakthrough. And then, as we all know, one thing led to another, to another, and then he became like a household name on flute. Now, jump to the next major soloist, who is still around, James Galway. Same problem, but in a

## Jazz Stories: Daniel Smith

different guise. I happen to know personally his former manager in London. I even know the man who got him involved in getting his albums onto RCA Victor. Now, Jean-Pierre Rampal was the name to market, so to speak, on flute, worldwide. So people would tell him, James Galway's manager: you can't possibly replicate it with another flute player — if you follow what I'm saying here now. So, that was his problem. Well, obviously he overcame that. He devoted a lot of time and energy.

Galway, at that time, was playing with the Berlin Symphony, and he got him to leave the orchestra, set him up in Switzerland, and do nothing but practise for two or three years while he built his career. This is, by the way, a true story. At that point, his name started to become the household name that we know today, James Galway. But, as you can see, in both cases, there were problems to overcome to get the recognition, or the instrument accepted.

Now, to add onto that, it took years to get the flute going; that would be Frank Wess, and then Herbie Mann, and others. And then the flute got a breakthrough; and then it happened on violin, you know, talking about Regina Carter. And then it happened on other instruments. So, again, when you're a pioneer, it becomes a double problem not only to learn how to play the idiom on the instrument, which is hardly ever done before or is rarely done, and then use that as a wedge to get a promoter or presenters or whomever to get you accepted. It's never a problem — and, again, this is almost a cliché among people who play music — it's probably never any big problem to be on a stage and get an audience to like what you're doing. That's a given, if you're good at what you do. The problem is, how do you get on that stage, or into that festival, or into a recording situation? That's where the problems arise. I call that political.

But it can be done. It has been done, as I just stated, on other instruments. And, with my fingers crossed, hopefully I am able to do that on my own instrument, or will do it.



## Jazz Stories: Dave Frishberg

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



**H**i, I'm Dave Frishberg, and I'm a pianist, and that's mostly what I think of myself as. Let me begin by saying I started playing piano by copying records from my brother's collection. The guys that I copied were Pete Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, and the lesser known boogie-woogie piano players. I was just entranced by boogie-woogie. I'm talking about when I was 12, 13, 14 years old. I was just playing those records, trying to copy them exactly. And Mort, my brother, showed me how to play . . . what the blues was, how it was built, with the I chord and the IV chord and the V chord. I don't remember what terminology he used, but I learned about that. I could play the blues in F, and C, and G, and I was satisfied. That's all I wanted to do. There were other things I was interested in doing, besides that, besides playing the piano. And when I sat down at the piano I could play boogie-woogie, and I was pretty good at it, I really was. I was a natural at it. I met a guy, a professional bebopper in Minneapolis, one of the working jazz musicians in town. He said something that was so interesting to me then, and I was just a kid. He says, "I don't want to teach you to play, you can play; but I can show you some things about music so you can learn to use the piano as a tool." Very interesting, so I said, good. And the very first lesson he taught me was the minor 7th chord. I was playing dominant 7ths, I knew how to handle them in the blues. He showed me how to play the blues by inserting that minor 7th chord when it resolves back into the last 4. Then something went off in my brain; it all connected with me. I immediately grasped what he was talking about: the concept of the two chord going to the five chord going to the one chord — 18th century harmony — and, wow, it made so much sense to me, and thrilled me so much. So I taught myself — I mean, he taught me maybe a dozen lessons, and then he was gone in the night, I didn't know him after that — but just from those things that he showed me, he opened up the world



## Jazz Stories: Dave Frishberg

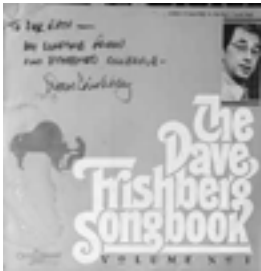


DAVE FRISHBERG

of music, and it was clear as crystal to me. When I got old enough to go to the university, and take courses in music theory, I just ate it up because it was what Jimmy was teaching me, or had taught me back in my younger years. So, I learned about that, and it all came very easy to me. And that, I consider that one of the big turning points in my life, because I liked songs, but all I could play was the blues. But now Jimmy had given me a tool with which I could make songs that sounded more like pop music. He showed me what the ii-V-I sounded like and how you use that. And the relative minor, and things like that, and conventions, of substituting chords by using the chord that descended from a half tone above, putting that in instead of the five chord. These were all the rules of modern jazz thinking – bebop, I guess, if you will. Which was just . . . I'm talking about 1948, '49. Charlie Parker records were new. And [Jimmy] played me the 78s of Charlie Parker and also some 78s of Bud Powell. And I forgot all about Pete Johnson and Meade Lux Lewis, and I was into bebop; I was teaching myself to be a bebop player. So, that, I consider one of the big turning points of my life: learning how to play songs with chord substitutions, which essentially was what bebop was about, or how to screw around with songs, you know, and distort them in a way where they become private property, almost. I went for it. So that turned my musical self on and I came to life as a would-be musician.

## 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.**



The next big turning point had to be when I got to New York and began to play jam sessions. 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

## Jazz Stories: Dave Frishberg

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.

### **My Dear Departed Past**



**Dave Frishberg**

## Jazz Stories: Dominic Duval

**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



Mark Whiting Tomo Uchik Jon Hwang

Dominic Duval String Ensemble



**M**y 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

## Jazz Stories: Dominic Duval

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

## 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

## Jazz Stories: Gunter Hampel

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



Gunter Hampel circa 1970s



Gunter Hampel Dance  
Ensemble circa 2010s

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

## Jazz Stories: Gunter Hampel

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.

**MIKOLE KAAR,  
SAXOPHONIST  
AND FLUTIST,  
BORN IN NEW  
YORK, NY, USA,  
RECALLS  
PLAYING WITH  
DIANE  
SCHUUR**

**H**i, my name is Mikole Kaar. I recently have been playing a jazz date with my quartet in Palm Springs, and Diane Schuur came to sit in with the band. We just finished playing "Giant Steps" when she came up to the bandstand and wanted to join us. I said, "OK, let's give 'em hell." She replied, "Let's give them heaven."

## Jazz Stories: Jimmy Bennington

**JIMMY  
BENNINGTON,  
DRUMMER,  
BORN IN 1970,  
COLUMBUS, OH,  
USA, TALKS ABOUT  
DIZZY GILLESPIE.**



Dizzy Gillespie

Going on 26 years in the music field now — notice, I didn't say business. I became a band leader in the early 1990s. Work as a sideman was scarce and unreliable. I wanted to play and develop, so I started my own groups and found my own work. As with everyone, I have had my highs and lows. As I approach 50, the highs are fewer and the lows longer and more protracted. Sometimes, in the morning, I'll wake up and speak the most vile vitriol aloud — almost like a purging reflex my soul uses to keep itself clean. Most of the bile and venom is directed at the gatekeepers and other assorted powers that be who decide just who gets to have a career and who does not. Those, many of whom you will never meet, who stop you from playing in the right places for the music. They stop you from getting to the people who love it. It seems the more accomplishments I rack up, the further away I get from the places that would allow me a decent life and living. It's funny. It's funny in a good and bad way sometimes, but weird and frustrating just the same, especially to sensitive artists.

When the protracted lows come on me, and the spirit weakens, I sit myself down. Always, my body, my wallet, my stress, ask: Why? Why do you do this? Why do you keep doing it? Are you a fool? And I sit and try to be calm, to let the thoughts and cares fall away. It takes a while. And then I think back to my earliest days in music and in jazz. It was in Texas that I was fortunate to see some great artists live that came through and made a big impression on me: Sonny Rollins, Randy Weston, Buddy Guy, McCoy Tyner, Clark Terry, George Coleman, Alvin Queen, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker, Sunny Murray and Sonny Simmons, Tony Martucci, and Tony Williams, are some that stand out, and Dizzy Gillespie.

It was a little place, now closed, called the Pilot Cafe. I had been there only once to see the McCoy Tyner Trio — a great show, and when I left, I took a club flyer about upcoming shows. The next day, a friend who had attended the show asked, "So,

## Jazz Stories: Jimmy Bennington

you gonna go see Diz?" I checked the advertisement, and sure enough, it said Dizzy Gillespie would be there the following month. "Of course," I told my friend. "See you there," he said.

Wow! Dizzy Gillespie! Dizzy Gillespie from 52nd Street . . . Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker . . . "Salt Peanuts" . . . in the flesh! Old, yes, but with a twinkle in his eye. There was a quintet of alto saxophone, trumpet, piano, bass and drums.

I remember, on saxophone, was little-known jazz legend Jimmy Ford, on drums was the great G.T. Hogan. I learned a lot about these cats later, like G.T. playing with Herbie Nichols. But on this night, I was a young kid just old enough to order a beer. I had a pretty, petite blonde with me and I tried to impart to her how special what we were going to witness was. I'm not sure if she got it, but she definitely reveled right along with me and my great enthusiasm and anticipation.

There was a rather crude and dated comic who opened the show. His humor did not sit well with the sophisticated jazz crowd, and even those who liked it, admitted that it was somehow out of place. I think it was because we were in the presence of royalty. And then the group appeared, but without Dizzy. They played two or three pieces, and even though they were great, I tried to conceal my growing disappointment. The young girl took my arm and asked, "Do you think he'll come out soon?" "Oh, yes," I told her, "look at all these people waiting." We ate our steaks and enjoyed our newfound freedom to have a cold beer. I watched G.T. — as close as I was going to get to hear and see what Philly Joe Jones was like — and then, there he was! He had an open shirt with a nice plaid sport jacket, and a big cigar in his mouth. The thick goatee was there, along with a sly grin on his face like he had played a good trick on everyone. He played maybe three tunes with the group. It was fun watching him interact with old pals like Jimmy Ford and G.T. Hogan. My girlfriend was horrified whenever Dizzy emptied his spit valve. I remember coming away with a feeling of disappointment, though. I felt he didn't play much, with very short solos, and gave too much space to the other group members. As I said, I was young.

About a year later, he came through town again, only this time he played at a bigger venue than the small, intimate Pilot Cafe — an old stage theater, also now closed, Rockefeller's, that put on many great shows throughout the year. It was there that I saw Tony Williams' last group. Still with the same girl, a Marsha Brady type, we took our seats in the front row of the balcony. We could see everything. I remember that this group was more along the line of what Dizzy was doing at that time, much more focused on Afro-Cuban and world music, with jazz underneath it all. They played "A Night in Tunisia," which Dizzy introduced thusly: "And now ladies and gentlemen, we will perform a composition that has been associated with me for many years

## Jazz Stories: Jimmy Bennington

now (long pause) because I wrote it. It has withstood the vicissitudes of the contingent world, and moved into an odyssey (pause). No shit!" The crowd roared, and Dizzy roared back, with an unforgettable and dramatic coda that reminded everyone why they were there. And why he was the greatest. Ed Cherry was on electric guitar and, at one point, Dizzy took out a long stick with bell-and-chime-type things all over it. He called it his African walking stick, and he really knew how to play it and make it come alive. He danced a jig with it and pounded it into the floor and caressed it at the same time. It made you realize how great his sense of rhythm and time was. When the band was into a swinging number, cooking, the music seemed to take on a gigantic shape, all enveloping. The music had not only "lifted the bandstand" as Monk would say, but lifted the whole theater, maybe the world and beyond. Everyone in that moment was having an absolute and undeniable ball! And it was in that moment that Dizzy, not playing but listening to Ed Cherry wail away, began to look earnestly into the audience. He shaded his eyes with his hand. He looked into the very front rows and scanned the whole of the first floor and then his eyes came up to the balcony. He continued to look like he was searching for something, and then his eyes rested on me. He held my gaze. His face was earnest and questioning. My girlfriend grabbed my arm and said, "He's looking at you! He's looking right at you!" People around us began to look at us too. It seemed like several minutes, instead of one long moment. I had to look away, but when I did and looked back, Dizzy was smiling a big smile at me. Then his eyes gently drifted off, back to the group. He picked up his trumpet, and the tune, and the show ended with another trumpet burst. He was to pass away only months later.

I felt funny after I left the theater that night. It was deep and it took me years to verbalize it, but I had it in my soul. Dizzy had imparted something to me, gave something to me to keep and cherish. It made me not want to let him down somehow, in all my endeavors in music. I think of that stare, that searching look that I now know was challenging me, asking me, "Are you up to this? If you are, it's yours; but you have to stick with it, because, it's a gift."

It's been a long, hard road these years later and, so far, I have stuck with it. Thank you, Dizzy Gillespie.

## Jazz Stories: Gunter Hampel

**GUNTER HAMPEL,  
MULTI-  
INSTRUMENTALIST  
AND COMPOSER,  
BORN IN 1937,  
GÖTTINGEN,  
GERMANY,  
REMEMBERS LOUIS  
ARMSTRONG.**



Gunter Hampel circa 1970s

When I was very young, I listened to the AFN. That was the American Forces Network radio. The first thing that I was really aware about was Louis Armstrong, because that man was singing to me like no one has ever sung, and what Louis Armstrong was handing me there, was giving me in his songs and music, was hope and glory. And the terrible war, if I tell you of my experiences of this war, you wouldn't believe it. But we don't want to go into that now. But this is the way I was, like, turned on to jazz. Because I had experienced nothing but war in my life: being eight years old, I thought the whole world was on fire. So when I heard Louis Armstrong — because I am a musician, and my father was a piano player, and roof maker to make his money — I heard something which I had never heard before. So, he turned me on; Louis Armstrong turned me on. I couldn't have asked for a better person to turn me on than Louis. From that moment on, I felt there was something that I wanted to go along to, this is how my life really started, when I was turned on to jazz music.



Louis Armstrong in 1953

## 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



Hal Galper

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



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.



J.C. Higginbotham

## Jazz Stories: Bruce Forman

**BRUCE FORMAN,  
GUITARIST, BORN  
MAY 14, 1956,  
SPRINGFIELD, MA,  
USA,  
TALKS ABOUT  
WORKING WITH  
FILM DIRECTOR  
CLINT EASTWOOD.**



Bruce Forman in 2011



I've known Clint for a long time, and I was at his 80th birthday party. And we're just hanging out and talking. Clint was there. I played the gig. We're talking for a while, and he kind of just out of nowhere said "That's right! Guitar!" And I'm going, well, I think Clint has lost it here, you know? He was thinking about something else, obviously. The next morning, he called me up and said, "Bruce, I've got this problem with this movie. I've got a bunch of music that I'm really just not happy with. Do you want to come in and try and help me out?" And I said sure. So I went in the studio, and I realized halfway into the studio, I'd just brought my jazz guitar, because everything I'd ever done for Clint was jazz, and then I go, man, this movie could be about a bullfighter, or something! You know what I mean? I called a friend of mine and borrowed a classical guitar, and a steel-string guitar, just in case. Turned out, he gave me what he called "Ozark melancholy searching music," is what he wanted. Which says steel-string acoustic guitar to me. He also said back porch, so I pulled out this acoustic guitar. He played a theme on the piano that he'd written, that was the theme of the movie, and I just extemporaneously created an hour of variations on his theme.

I mean, he didn't even give me the harmony, he just played the melody on piano that he'd written, and I just harmonized it, and turned it around, and made it major, made it minor — you know, brought it into various time signatures, various textures, just sort of a suite of improvised variations of the theme. He took it, and that was the last I heard from him until the screening of Million Dollar Baby, in which, it turned out, what I played was half of the movie's music. Then I got a screen credit for it, and ever since then, that's what we do. He calls me in, he's got a theme, he plays it, and I create these variations. It's a very jazz approach. And, of course, with digital stuff, he can cut it all up and use it to his heart's content. I've done three or four other movies with him like that. It's quite



## Jazz Stories: Bruce Forman

challenging, but it's really fun to walk in to a melody and have someone tell you what they want it to feel like, what the story's about, and have you just sit down. It's jazz, you know. I just make it up. I just try to come up with stuff that serves that purpose.



**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 Astara to see when she was born in 1972 was

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.



Cecil Taylor at The Whitney, New York, 2016

### **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

## 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

## Jazz Stories: James Bennington



### **JAMES BENNINGTON TALKS ABOUT ELVIN JONES- COLD GLASS OF LEMONADE: A BRUSH LESSON**

Ed. Note: James Bennington served as Elvin Jones Band Manager/ Drum Tech from 2000-2002 touring the U.S. Europe, and England (see *Modern Drummer Magazine*). His mentorship with Elvin lasted the final decade of the late drummer's life.

I always remember Roy Haynes' story about being a small boy and getting a brush lesson from an old man one afternoon on a hot porch. There was cold lemonade and the man showed him some things about brushes. That was the start, and who is to say just how much of an influence that played in his development?

That said, my first "lessons" with brushes really started with a local jazz drummer, Joe Ferriera, who I would go and see at a nearby restaurant and bar. In time, we came to exchange records, or "sides" as he called them. I just sat very close by and watched. He played brushes a lot; it was a piano trio with an occasional light saxophonist added. Joe would joke with me and say, "Now, don't go and steal all of my licks now!"

We would laugh and I would go right back to watching his hands and the brushes intently. But, the only official brush lesson I ever got came from Elvin Jones. It was September of 1994, and Elvin was playing for a week at a club in L.A. with his group, the Jazz Machine. The late Willie Pickens was on piano, Reginald Veal on bass, Greg Tardy on saxophone, and Delfeayo Marsalis on trombone. I had seen Elvin only once before on a one-nighter in Virginia with Ravi Coltrane, and had seen him for the last five nights there in L.A. when, waiting for a date to pick me up at the hotel, I felt a firm hand on my shoulder. I turned around and there was Elvin Jones! At the Holiday Inn! He said in his deep voice, "You've been at the club this week." He asked me what I was doing then, to which I immediately replied, "Nothing," and he invited me to join him on his daily walk.

We walked down Hollywood Boulevard. A few times, Elvin caught me off-guard, with some unexpected leaps and sprints in and out of traffic.

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There was also a tempo to his pace one had to keep up with. It was really great. I was respectful of trying not to disturb his walk. As we went along, I couldn't help but think of the wonderful piece on Elvin 'A Walk to the Park' by Whitney Balliet. We talked a little and I told him about the recordings I had been listening to with him that had just come at that time; his brother Hank's tribute to the music of Thad Jones and guitarist Sonny Sharrock's "Ask the Ages". Of the late guitarist Elvin said, "Playing with Sonny used to be very frustrating, but on that recording, Sonny brought it all together."

We then reached a point where Elvin thought we should turn back. Halfway back to the hotel, my date pulled up to the curb and asked me, "Who's that man you're walking with?" I'd pay good money to see that face again when I told her. She offered us a ride back to the hotel and Elvin accepted. I think he liked the company.

So, there we were in this pick-up truck, the three of us up front. I was in the middle and we all sat there smiling. She told him how great the show had been the night before, and Elvin said, "Well I hope we'll be able to do it again tonight!" and laughed his big laugh. I knew the ride was going to be short and just before pulling into the entrance, I picked up my dates brushes up off the floorboard (Yes, she was a drummer too!) and said, "Hey Elvin, aren't these the ones you use?" and that started it.

They were the classic Regal Tip with black gum-rubber handles with the telescoping feature. With the meat of his hand, he rammed the wire handle hard into the brush's base. "This is a joke," he said, meaning the option on the handle to have a slimmer or fuller brush. After he did that, I handed him a magazine and asked him to play his medium tempo swing pattern for us. He handed me the brushes back though and said, "Play yours first." I played with the left hand going clockwise and accenting the sweep on two and four. My right hand played a no-frills Jazz ride beat. I was nervous as Hell, and with Elvin sitting there watching me, I took no chances.

When I finished, he complimented me on a good sound and said he liked my pattern; the hands don't get in each other's way. Then he played. On the dashboard, his left hand seemed to go in an up and down, back and forth motion. Seeing him many times after that, I found there to be a slight oval to the edges. Like a very slim figure eight pattern on its side. The right hand more implied the Jazz ride pattern I knew with plenty of powerful accents, often falling around the 'one' and 'three'. It sounded funky and almost military at the same time, while never leaving the Jazz feeling. He did what I thought were four and five stroke rolls (single and double), and more when he brought his feet into it. For one beautiful moment we were transfixed by 'Classic' Elvin, really coming to life in that truck. He seemed to lose himself in that moment too. He became very excited and powerful and then, just as

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suddenly, he played a soft, half-hearted bar or two of swing, fluffed the last notes, stopped and mumbled something self-deprecating to shake off the intimate intensity of what had just happened...

He almost shyly asked what we were up to and would we be at the show that night. We said we would, and I got out and walked Elvin into the lobby of our hotel. Just outside, I thanked him for the great week of music, for the lesson, and for taking the time to hang out. "What are friends for?" he said, and gave me one of his great hugs. A gravelly whisper said in my ear, "You'll get a pair of sticks tonight."

I got the sticks on that final night during a standing ovation and the management came to my table and ushered me into the dressing room. Elvin and Keiko both thanked me for coming every night and invited me to hang out for a bit. I remember Keiko lighting her cigarette from a long cigarette holder...she saw me looking and said, "What!? We have to live too James!" She took a picture of Elvin and I together, me holding the sticks. That night, with Elvin's sticks clutched tightly in my hand, I went home on cloud nine. It had been a wonderful week, but that afternoon, with the walking and talking down Hollywood Boulevard...and the brushes...the way he laid it down, his intonation, the power and sincerity that he put into the act itself... that was my cold glass of lemonade.



Elvin Jones and Jimmy Bennington at Jazz Alley, Seattle, WA circa 2000



### **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. She once told a young engineer at The Knitting Factory in L.A., who wanted to mike everything up, that he didn't know the music he was serving;

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they went on mostly acoustic during that engagement.

When she did the soundcheck for the drums sometimes, the soundman had only a minute at most to do what was needed. She would play a jazz ride cymbal rhythm, a strange shuffle on the snare drum, keeping a unique two and four on the hi hat...then it was an uneven cadence from the smallest drum to the largest with the bass drum loudly going in a Sunny Murray four four...and ending with a crash of cymbals. If the soundman protested, Keiko would inform him that she had been doing this for thirty years, what had he been doing for thirty years she wanted to know, as she turned and motioned for me to follow her on to the next task...

In an airport on the West Coast, between flights, Keiko announced that she was going to get sandwiches for the group...I sat down with Elvin to rest a minute...and I swear we saw her coming back to us from the large airport corridor that she had hurriedly disappeared into! Elvin watched her approaching, gave a small sigh and sly smile and intoned, "She doesn't waste any time, does she?" No she doesn't. Sandwiches for all the group, all the different kinds: Turkey, Ham, Vegetarian, roast beef, 'no mayo please', 'no mustard please', 'onions on mine'...hell, she wasn't gone a minute and a half! She did mysterious things like that all the time.

Speaking of sandwiches, I once escorted Keiko, at Elvin's request, to a nearby grocery store near the hotel they were staying at in Seattle. She said she had to get some supplies; what she got was a bunch of cans of tuna and a loaf of bread and I walked her to the five star hotel. And at a Ronnie Scott's engagement, the head guy who had booked the show and I were chatting when we saw a waiter give Keiko a stack of about a dozen meat sandwiches all neatly wrapped in cellophane...he said with real English chagrin, "I don't understand, we have them staying at the finest hotel with everything gratis, the finest food, why does she do this?"

There would be a Lincoln Continental or a limousine waiting to take them home, but they would be seen climbing into a fan's old truck or jeep. Many was the time, that I rode back to the hotel in the back of one of those fine cars. The drivers always so kind, telling me, 'Hey everything's paid for, you might as well have some of that good whiskey!'

At a fine hotel in Carmel, California, I came across Elvin and Keiko on their way to the restaurant I had just left. They acted like pleased parents when I told them I had ordered a steak dinner with all the trimmings washed down with a good cold beer. Elvin asked what the rest of the group was doing and I told him that they had mentioned something about a complimentary buffet. Elvin immediately started rolling his eyes and shaking his head, saying "Complimentary! Complimentary!"...meanwhile Keiko was holding up her hands and her voice had gone up a notch as she said, "James! I don't understand! We pay them! We pay them! They don't know how to live James!" Then Elvin finished with, "I'll tell ya what 'complimentary' really means...the flies everywhere...been sittin' out for hours...augh!...that's what

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you call a bunch of cheap cocksuckers!!" and he unleashed his great laugh... "Teach them James." Keiko said.

She could be hard, and told me all the time, "People say I'm Hard...but... I... am... Honest!" She told people at concerts that I should "pay tuition to attend the Academy of Elvin Jones." She called me into the dressing room while Elvin was playing at Ronnie Scott's for a week in London, and asked me to sit down with her, which was torture for me, any other time a rare privilege, but not while Elvin was playing! She was having her ritualistic hot tea and she took her time before speaking to me. I'm sure she could feel my anxiousness to get back to the show, but she became thoughtful and asked me how things were, was I getting along ok, how was my hotel, etc. To all of which I gave a fast reply in the affirmative. Suddenly, she asked me "How you play the drum?" "How do I play the drums? Oh, you know, like Elvin." was my reply. Her face dropped to a shocked look and she exclaimed, her fist on the table, "Nobody play like Evan (Elvin)!!" I had to reassure her that I meant only that I played in the style, the feeling, the approach of Elvin. She calmed down, and after waiting a beat or two, told me to go back out and "Watch James! Watch Evan!"

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

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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).

**ADAM LANE,  
BASSIST,  
BORN IN 1965,  
BROOKLYN, NY,  
USA,  
REMEMBERS JOHN  
TCHICAI.**



Adam Lane,

Photo Credit: Rodrigo Amado



John Tchicai (Münster Jazz  
Festival 1987)

John and I used to play quite a bit at a local art gallery in Davis, California. We would play wonderful duos that I looked forward to more than just about any playing I was doing elsewhere. We would improvise, play his music, some of mine, and some fantastic standards of his choosing. I was always so fascinated by his choices. He loved Charlie Parker's "My Little Suede Shoes," also "Equinox" and "Body And Soul." Such clear references to saxophone legends!

One night, we were performing for a very nice crowd during a really cool opening night show at the gallery. His young son Yolo was at the show. Yolo was only a few months old at the time. John and I played a great set of duos and then took a break to chill and chat and eat. (John was always, whether at a local gig or on the road, always interested in eating!) During our break, the gallery owner put on some groovy soul music. It was a very positive vibe: great art, great people, great food, great music. I remember moving my stuff around, changing up my music for the second set, getting things settled, and then looking up to see an extraordinary sight. John was dancing with Yolo! He held that tiny baby close to his chest and danced around the whole gallery with him. Him and Yolo together. No one else was dancing, wasn't really a dance type of situation.

But John was. And what an incredible sight. This enormous man — he was six foot six inches, I think — with this tiny little baby, and a huge grin on his face. It was really such an extraordinary moment. Such a brilliant sight. Of the many times I've played with John, whether in Europe, New York, Davis, wherever, I always learned something that helped me grow tenfold as a musician. Quite often these musical growth spurts were somewhat extramusical. Not necessarily about playing music as much as living through the music, being in the music, and, even more so, in the moment. That one moment with Yolo, that vision of this enormous saxophone giant holding this tiny child so delicately, was for me a lesson about love and about joy. John had a tremendous amount of both, an absolutely tremendous amount. And he expressed both to the absolute fullest, whether he was playing music or being a dad, or sharing a great meal with friends. The moment of relevance for me was wrapped in that expression of joy and love. It was a moment I realized the importance of bringing the intangible emotional essence of being human into the music. The importance of capturing joy and love and converting that into sound, as much and as often as possible. It's one of those Tchicai moments I cherish and has guided me creatively to profoundly positive results.

## My Chicago Immersion - Taken by Ken Weiss

*This memory was obtained after Branch finished playing with an oddly named trio, Jaimie Branch Vs the Party Knüllers, with bassist Fred Lonberg-Holm and drummer Ståle Liavik Solberg at South Philadelphia's Da Vinci Art Alliance [Fire Museum Presents] on June 9, 2018.*

I guess in the spirit of playing with Fred Lonberg earlier tonight, I'll talk about how I got immersed in the Chicago Jazz scene. I'm a really big fan of Axel Dörner, the trumpeter from Berlin. He was playing a couple gigs [in Chicago]. He played with Keith Rowe at the Empty Bottle and then he played solo at Myopic Books, which is a tiny spot in Chicago. There were maybe fifteen of us in the audience and afterwards, I asked Axel for a lesson. And I think he was a little bit apprehensive but he said yes. He was staying at Fred's house and Fred was like, "Sure you can come over and do the lesson." And so I had the lesson with Axel, and Fred, I guess, heard it from upstairs and kind of poked his head in to see who it was, like if it was someone he knew, not realizing it was me. A couple weeks later, or maybe not even that long, he called me up to see if I could play with his Lightbox Orchestra at the Phrenology Festival in Chicago, it was like the Hungry Brain circa November, 2004, I believe. I said yes, of course, I was super into the music, super into the scene, but didn't really know anybody yet, and that night I ended up playing with, like sixteen guys, all guys, that would go on to be some of my core group of Chicago musician homies. There was Frank Rosaly, Tim Daisy, Jason Stein, Josh Berman and Keith Jackson all in the band. I was bike messaging at the time and had recently gone into the Jazz Record Mart to apply to work there, I was sick of riding my bike around. Josh Berman and Keith Jackson both worked at the Record Mart and that night I got a call back from the shop. And so, not only did I have the gig and met the fellas, but I got a job at the world famous Jazz Record Mart – all in one night – because of Fred Lonberg-Holm. That's a pretty good memory I think.

# Jazz Stories

Jaimie Branch



Jaimie Branch in 2018, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## **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.





Rhys Chatham in 2016, Photo Credit Ken Weiss

**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

## Jazz Stories: Andrew Cyrille



Andrew Cyrille,  
Photo Credit: Shawn Brackbill



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

## Jazz Stories: Andrew Cyrille

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.

**BARBARA DANE,  
VOCALIST, BORN IN  
1927, DETROIT, MI,  
USA,  
TALKS ABOUT  
BEING ON  
THE ROAD WITH  
BOB NEWHART.  
COMPILED BY T.  
WATTS.**



Barbara Dane in 1957



Barbara Dane and Bob Dylan  
in 1963.

You know, it seems that I've always had opportunities to be one of those performers whose name becomes a household phrase, but then, I would come up against a situation that involves betraying my own ethics, something I couldn't do. Once, a big agency booked me to tour with comedian/actor Bob Newhart in about 1960. He was just starting out, so this was before his TV show. It was his first big concert tour and I was the other half of the bill.

When they were putting the thing together, Jerry Perenchio, one of the most powerful agents in Hollywood, held a planning meeting to discuss the material that would be presented. At the time, I was featuring an Ida Cox tune entitled "Last Mile Blues." It vividly describes the execution of a black man, and his lover's lament, condemning the judge for his sentencing. The reason I featured that song was that the issue of capital punishment was about to come up again in the legislature in California.

When I sang that song at the planning meeting, Newhart just about had a heart attack. He said, "You can't do that. How can I do comedy after a song like that?" Perenchio interceded, though, and said, "Let her do it. It's one of her strongest songs." So we went ahead with the planning and they asked what musicians I was bringing. At the time, I was working with Kenny Whitson, a fabulous blues piano and cornet player who hated the system so much that he never recorded on his own. His only recording was with me on Capitol, and when they offered him a solo project after that, he wouldn't do it. My bassist, Wellman Braud, was one of the early members of the Ellington Band. He was with Duke for many years and people thought of him as the father of the walking bass.

Kenny Whitson had this great ability to comp on piano with his left hand while playing these wonderful cornet solos with his right. I told him, "Kenny, we need to get a bass player to free you up to play more horn." At first, he resisted saying,

## Jazz Stories: Barbara Dane



Barbara Dane with the Chambers Brothers circa 1960s



Barbara Dane circa 2015.

"They all give me a stomach ache!" Then he thought of Braud, who had retired and was living near L.A.

Kenny started courting him in a musician's way. He would go over to Braud's house and Braud would cook up some black-eyed peas while they talked. Maybe Kenny would bring over some greens to cook. Eventually, Kenny convinced Braud to play again, and that's how he became my bass man.

So, getting back to the Bob Newhart tour, when I told them what musicians I was using, Jerry Perenchio says, "Oh no, you can't bring a black bass player." I said, "What are you talking about?" I was ready to tell Perenchio to kiss my backside. The Ellington guys were always faultlessly professional. The way they carried themselves, the way they dressed, they were perfect gentlemen, not to mention Wellman's legendary reputation as a player.

I went to talk to Papa Braud, who was very hip to the workings of the music world. He argued hard for his opinion, which was that I should go ahead and do the tour without him because when it was done, I'd be able to write my own ticket, use whomever I pleased, because by then they would know my value. It was the only time in my life that I made that kind of compromise, but I did go ahead and do the tour.

So we head out on tour, playing all these big theaters across Canada and along the coast. When we pull into Sacramento, the capital punishment issue is slated to go before the state legislature the next day and I'm really primed to do that Ida Cox song. As I'm being announced and start to walk on stage, Newhart comes running over to me and literally gets down on his hands and knees and begs: "Please, please don't do that song!" My brain goes click, click, click, and I respond by saying, "OK, if I don't do the tune, I want my regular bass player back." I realized it wouldn't change a thing as far as the way the legislature voted. So, the next day, I have Braud back in the band, and he played the rest of the tour with us.

## Jazz Stories: Bennie Maupin

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



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

## Jazz Stories: Bennie Maupin



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.



**BERNARD PURDIE,  
DRUMMER, BORN  
IN 1941, ELKTON,  
MD, USA,  
TALKS ABOUT  
EDDIE HARRIS'S  
FINAL CONCERT.  
RECORDED  
IN OCTOBER,  
2011.**



Bernard Purdie, circa 1970s



Eddie Harris in 1974

Hello, folks. My name is Bernard Purdie, better known throughout the music world as Bernard “Pretty” Purdie. And I got that name when I moved to New York and they couldn’t pronounce my last name. So Bernard Pretty stuck. So it was Pretty Purdie for a while, until I was able to get my name, Bernard, back. So that’s the essence of where the name came from. Now, you were gonna ask me a question about Eddie Harris’s last concert. Well, Eddie Harris’s last concert was my record that he did that he played for me in Germany, with a big band.

And this was a 23-piece big band out of Germany — Hamburg, as a matter of fact. He had been sick for about three to five years, fighting cancer. It had stopped for a hot minute as they call it. Nobody knew that he was actually fighting the cancer for a long time.

Well, I was very close to him, but he didn’t know how close I was. So when I finally called him, I said, “Listen, you’ve been sitting home, and I need you. So I want you to come to Germany and play on my new record, my latest record that I’m gonna do.” And he just jumped for joy. He said, “Purdie! I didn’t know that you felt that way!” I said “Come on now, Eddie, I’ve known you for almost 40 years. We play together every once in a while, but the point is that you’ve done so much for the business, and for the music business itself.” And I says, “This is ideal for me. You’re giving me the person I want to be on my CD.” And he said, “OK. OK, we’ll do it.” And him and his wife, they came, and it was absolutely tremendous. He felt so good. I had him come over about a week early so he could get into the time zone and the relaxation of the whole thing, so he could come to rehearsals at his leisure. So he was happy. He ended up having a vacation. And I told him, “You stay as long as you want. You want to stay a couple of weeks, you got it.” And we did the recording. He was there at every rehearsal. He didn’t know when it was time for him to wanna play, he would just look, he’d be sitting there waiting, and then I’d go over

## Jazz Stories: Bernard Purdie



Purdie Album from  
Eddie Harris Final Sessions



Bernard Purdie, circa 2010s

to him, like "OK!" And he'd get up and want to play. And he was like a little kid. That's how I felt. That's how I've known things for so many years, when people point to you, like, "Come on!" cuz it happened to me, especially with John Williams, from doing the orchestra with him. It was great. It was a great feeling. So that worked for Eddie, and we did a live performance. We also did a studio performance. He played so different. It was so different that I was, like, whoa, I would love to have the live performance on my record. And he said, fine, whatever I wanted was good with him. He went back home. Two weeks after he was back home, the cancer came back. It actually came back and within a month's time he was gone. And I was, like, it was horrifying, because I didn't know, the whole remission thing was so . . . It just took him. It wasn't a slow process: it was two or three weeks, he was gone. When he went to the doctors, the doctors didn't know what happened, or why it escalated the way it did. And the only thing that I can think of is that he still wanted to play and he didn't tell anybody. He had that opportunity to play, and he did, and he did it with me. And it's something I'll live with for the rest of my life because it meant that much to me. So, we put out a long version of the live portion of the recording because it showed him. And you could have it on video, you know, they did it on that kind of thing. And I said, then do it. We don't have to do just the last record. Let the last record be him.

Doesn't bother me. Because the point is that what he did was gave it to the world. You know, he left doing what he wanted to do: playing some music. And he played it with me.

## Jazz Stories: Bernard Purdie



Eddie Harris and Bernard Purdie Album - The Last Concert

## 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

**M**y 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

## Jazz Stories: Billy Cobham

**BILLY COBHAM,  
DRUMMER, BORN  
IN 1944, COLON,  
PANAMA, ON  
WORKING WITH  
HUGH MASEKELA.  
COMPILED BY T.  
WATTS.**



Billy Cobham  
The Atlantic Years



Hugh Masekela in 2009

Hugh was the one boss I always felt did me a great turn. Hugh, of course, had a great hit with "Grazing in the Grass." He was also closely allied with Harry Belafonte, who had a great rehearsal hall on 57th Street, which, even back then, you had to have some money to have a place like that. This is 1967 or thereabouts. I was invited to go play for Hugh Masekela by Larry Willis. I was playing with Billy Taylor a lot, and Larry was familiar with what I was doing. So I went to audition for Hugh and I thought the band sounded great, man. I think Bill Salter was playing bass. He and Ralph MacDonald had a production company, wrote a lot of songs together and produced Grover Washington, who was in the army with me, as well. I had a small tie to a lot of these people, and in the process everything is going well. At the end of rehearsal, I decide to put out an idea to Masekela. I'd been doing some work on the weekends, like weddings, with a group that consisted of Eric Gale on guitar, Richard Tee on keys, Chuck Rainey on bass and, I believe, Pee Wee Ellis. We called ourselves The Encyclopedias of Soul. This was a forerunner to the highly acclaimed band Stuff.

So I said to Hugh at the end of the audition, you know this group could go a long way. Thank you very much, he said, trying to figure out where I was going with it. I had no idea what I was talking about. I was inspired by his wonderful persona. I wanted to offer something since Larry had recommended me. I said, "If you're into it, man, I can put us with some people that can get us some parties and dances, things like that." And he starts looking at me like I was out of my mind. "Grazing in the Grass" had sold millions of records. I had no idea. He then realized that I wasn't joking. That I just didn't know and was lacking experience. He said to me, "Let me just talk to you for a minute. I'm telling you this because I want you to take it and go and learn. You need to get out there. But I don't want you to do this now. I'm not going to hire you for this." The way he talked to me wasn't as if he were putting me down. If anything,

## Jazz Stories: Billy Cobham

it was an education. Whenever, I've seen Hugh Masekela since then, I always say, this is the one person who gave me the best advice in the world at the time when he fired me. And I can laugh about it because I was so naïve. I had no idea what I was doing. He saved me from going down the wrong rabbit hole. This is a guy who dealt with big political issues back in the day. He was married to Miriam Makeba at one point, and they were in the vanguard of the anti-apartheid movement. I get it now. I wasn't ready for any of that stuff. He kept me on the path, so to speak.



Billy Cobham circa 2015 Photo Credit: Anton Antonov

**BOB MINTZER,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN 1953,  
NEW ROCHELLE,  
NY, USA, TALKS  
ABOUT  
THE LOFT SCENE  
IN  
THE '70S.**



Bob Mintzer in 2016

In the early '70s, I was hanging out in the lofts, jamming a lot and meeting various players in the New York jazz community. Nobody was making very much dough back then, playing jazz, so we would supplement our income by doing weddings, Latin gigs, little pop gigs, whatever we could scrape together. In 1974, a fellow student at Manhattan School of Music recommended me to Eumir Deodato. I wound up playing bari sax and flute with him for that whole year. He had a hit record out with the Strauss "Zarathustra" music set to a disco beat. We traveled the world and I had a little taste of a good salary and good treatment. In the interim, I was playing with some of the salsa bands around New York City, and ultimately joined the Tito Puente Orchestra (with René McLean) in 1974, and then on from there to Buddy Rich, Thad and Mel, Sam Jones, et cetera. The musical community was a close-knit family back then, so if you were a good player, the word traveled fast, and opportunities would present themselves.



## Jazz Stories: Bruce Ditmas

**BRUCE DITMAS,  
DRUMMER, BORN  
IN 1946, ATLANTIC  
CITY,  
NJ, USA.  
A PAINFUL  
MEMORY:  
TOURING  
WITH ENRICO  
RAVA  
AND DINO  
SALUZZI.**



Bruce Ditmas circa 2010s



Enrico Rava Dino Saluzzi  
Quintet: Volver

I was living in Rome, playing with Enrico Rava, playing with a bunch of other people, and Rava was going to do this tour with Saluzzi for ECM. They were going to do the tour, six weeks, do a record, the whole deal – sounded great. And he was going to use Furio Di Castri, the bass player from Rava’s group at that time. But Saluzzi wanted these Argentinian guys, his brothers from down there, to be on it. So then they got Bob Moses to play drums. Well, Moses, I don’t know whether it was instinctual – he bailed out, so they hired me. I get on this thing. Well, I’m not coming with this Argentinian thing, so Saluzzi hates me from the get-go. I don’t know how he reacted positively to Moses either, but from the first rehearsal, you’ve got to play this traditional thing. And I’m saying to Robert: “You know what? This is not why you hired me, to play traditional Argentinian drums. C’mon!” And so, we did this tour, and every concert, we had this really great guitar player, Harry Pepl. The only drawback was, he had this quad speaker thing, he had four speakers all over the stage. And it was loud. And so the shit got loud and, of course, they blamed me. That’s OK, they can blame me for that. I’m not a particularly soft player. But every night, Saluzzi was just busting my ass – relentless, you know? And it got to the point where I told Enrico: “I’m going back to Rome. Get anybody else. Take me off. I don’t want to do the record. Please, give me a break from this!” He wouldn’t let me go, so I did the rest of the tour. We did the record, which people think is a great record. It’s a record called *Volver*. But at the end of that, Enrico didn’t talk to me until, like, 20 years!

But then it goes even weirder, because Enrico has got this autobiography that he wrote. It’s probably not in English; it’s in Italian. But in this book, he talks about this tour and how I’m the source to blame for everything that went wrong on this, and that how the record would have never even been anything if wasn’t for Manfred [Eicher, founder of, and producer for, ECM Records - Ed.] and his input. I’m telling you, what a load of kiss-up bullshit, if I



## Jazz Stories: Bruce Ditmas

might say. You know what? What was the big joke was that, we're in the session, and Manfred comes into the studio and walks over to Harry Pepl and takes Harry Pepl's guitar from him. And he's going to rip off some amazing chord, or something is going to come out, he's going to explain the whole thing.

And then he just gives it back to Harry and walks out of the studio. He doesn't say a word! And that became, like, a joke for the rest of the tour with Enrico, that he would never remember now, or be willing to say. But we did this record, and then at the end of the tour I go back to Rome; that's it!



Bruce Ditmas: Yellow Dust

## Jazz Stories: Lloyd Swanton

**LLOYD SWANTON,  
BASSIST, BORN  
IN 1960, SYDNEY,  
AUSTRALIA,  
SHARES AN EARLY  
MEMORY.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Lloyd Swanton

Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

When I was about two and a half years old, my mother took my siblings and me on a picnic to a river, and at one point I went back to the car, which was parked on the river's edge, with an older brother to get something, and then he left me there. I was playing around inside the car and climbed into the front seat, and, it would appear, that I bumped the hand break and the car rolled down and into the river. My mom turned around to just see the sunlight clinking off the chrome bumper bars as it disappeared over the edge. Miraculously, the car didn't sink straight down; it floated out into the middle of the river and a gentleman who was picnicking there, by the name of Irving Bramble, and who was a very strong swimmer, he dived in. My memory of it was that I was actually having quite a good time. I had no sense of the danger. He swam out to the car, opened the door, and the water came pouring in. And the car started sinking very quickly, so he closed the door again. I was refusing to come over to the window, which, fortunately, was open, so he leapt through the window and pulled me out and swam back as the car sank (laughs). Yeah, I was on the front page of *The Sydney Morning Herald* the next day.

So, I had a life in the public eye from an early age! I stayed friends with Irving, and I wrote a song in memory of him years ago on the first album of my band *The Catholics*. I only remember snapshots of the whole thing, and one of them was the next day when we went down to see the car being retrieved with a tow truck that hauled it out. Amazingly, my mother's handbag had floated out from the front seat of the car where it was, and landed on the trunk, and was sitting on the trunk of the car as it was towed out of the water.

## **BRIAN SMITH, BASSIST, REMEMBERS DRUMMER, BEAVER HARRIS. COMPILED BY JAMES BENNINGTON.**

**M**y good friend David Ware departed less than a month ago. I believe his first solo tour was with Beaver Harris, myself, and Gene Ashton, who is now, he has another name now, I can't recall it [Cooper-Moore - Ed]. But, yeah, that's who was on the gig. And it was quite an interesting exposé, you know, musically, and hanging out with Beaver (laughs). The thing that most rings in my mind: he didn't bring any drums over on the tour. Everywhere we went, they had drums for him — rightfully so — but when we came back to the airport at the end of the tour, he had at least three sets of drums that he had accumulated in Europe: you know, companies had given him, or he was endorsing or something. And so we ended up, the band, having to pay to get his instruments back to the States, and David said that he would take care of us. And one day he called me up, about two years later, and he straightened it out, 'cause it cost over a thousand dollars to get all those drums back.

Beaver didn't have any drums when he came, but he went back with about three sets plus! He was a wonderful guy, and I think about him every day. Bless his memory. He had one of the most beautiful wives I've ever seen [Gloria "Glo" Harris - Ed.]. He used to call her many times every day from Europe . . . Boy, he'd call this woman every day! We'd be missin' trains!



Brian Smith, Photo Credit: Kelly Weime

## Jazz Stories: Charles Gayle

**CHARLES GAYLE,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN 1939,  
BUFFALO, NY, USA,  
ON HIS APPROACH  
TO IMPROVISING.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Charles Gayle in 2011  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

My improvisation is based, I guess, on a couple things that may be no different from anybody else, but I try to have as much technique as possible. I don't think that's necessary, but I like to have it available so that whatever can be done technically, I can be able to do it. So I practise that every day. The reason I say that is because it's in my nature that I don't want to get too stuck in any kind of thing, and technique will take me out of there. Just having that available, whether it's playing chords or changes, new or old music, or something else, but I just depend on my heart. I just let it happen. I do plan a couple things, but it changes. Now, it's even something different, but I don't know if it's noticeable to other people, but I know in my heart that it's changing. Now I feel that everything I did before is inconsequential to me. I mean, I'm thankful, but now it's moving and very beautiful in my heart in a good way. I feel very free and relaxed to play now, probably more than ever.



## Jazz Stories: Charles Gayle



Charles Gayle in 2011, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Chris Abrahams

**CHRIS ABRAHAMS,  
PIANIST, BORN IN  
1961, OAMARU,  
NEW ZEALAND, ON  
SEEING  
THE SUN RA  
ARKESTRA.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Chris Abrahams

Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

One of my all-time amazing musical memories happened when I was in my early 20s and I was in a group with Lloyd [Swanton, bassist] before The Necks were formed. We had managed to get invited to the North Sea Festival in Holland, and, it must have been the day before our gig, playing on the roof of one of the venues was the Sun Ra Arkestra. Sun Ra was still healthy, and dancing and doing what he did, and it was one of the most amazing things to have seen. I feel so privileged to have seen that.

It gets back to when I first heard Sun Ra's music: it was on record and I had a very different take on it to what I had after I saw him live. I think seeing something live, like Sun Ra — I mean, the memory is important because I think it really showed the difference between the experience of purely recorded music to that of actually witnessing a live performance.



The Necks: Tony Buck, Lloyd Swanton, Chris Abrahams

Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Christoph Irniger

**CHRISTOPH  
IRNIGER,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN  
IN 1979, ZÜRICH,  
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

## Jazz Stories: David Liebman

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



David Liebman in 1975



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.



## Jazz Stories: David Liebman

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.

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



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, learning songs to please our audience.

**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



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.

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."

## 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.



## Jazz Stories: Francois Carrier

**FRANCOIS CARRIER,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN 1961,  
CHICOUTIMI, QC,  
CANADA, ON  
PLAYING WITH PAUL  
BLEY AND GARY  
PEACOCK.  
COMPILED BY  
LUDWIG  
VAN TRIKT.**



Francois Carrier



Francois Carrier  
Freedom is Space for the Spirit

What makes us who we are is the sum of all our experiences. Playing with Paul Bley, Gary Peacock and Michel Lambert in June 2003 were memorable moments indeed. The energy that comes out of sharing moments with such great musicians is staggering, and it definitely contributes to opening you up. By observing Paul and Gary with an open heart, you realize the importance and seriousness of music. Music becomes kind of sacred, not to say, spiritual. I am so grateful.

When I first decided to invite Paul and Gary, some local musicians told me that Paul was a diva, but I never believe what people say about others. So, I phoned Paul. It took two minutes for him to accept my invitation, especially when I told him Gary would also be part of the concert and the recording session. Five minutes later, knowing that I accepted all his conditions, he called me back to tell me that he wanted an extra \$1000 for his parking, and, guess what? I hung up! Then he called me back again and told me: "Hey François, I like your sense of humor. Forget about the parking fee. I'll come to the recording and concert anyway." I knew from then on that we were on the same wavelength.

After the session was finished, he came close to me and told me this short story — he must have told many others, but it was very sweet. "You can tell everyone that I am the only pianist in the world who played with Charlie Parker, Ornette Coleman and François Carrier." At that period of my life, I was getting away from the word jazz. It had less resonance to me, but Paul reminded me: "Your roots come from jazz, hence you are a jazzman. Stop saying otherwise."

I feel blessed to have had the opportunity to play with these masters.

## Jazz Stories: Franz Hautzinger

**FRANZ  
HAUTZINGER,  
TRUMPETER,  
BORN IN 1963,  
AUSTRIA, ON  
ATTENDING A  
HANNIBAL  
MARVIN  
PETERSON  
CONCERT.  
COMPILED BY  
KEN  
WEISS.**



Franz Hautzinger

Photo Credit: Daniel Cemborek



Hannibal Marvin Peterson  
in 1976

I think it was 1974, at the Jazz Club in Nickelsdorf, Austria, which was completely in the countryside. They had just started to make concerts there and I was just beginning to play in that area in a Czech brass band.

My cousins said, “Hey, Franz, you have to see different music!” So I went there and I remember when Hannibal came on stage — it was the first time that I saw African-American people live. We had a TV at that time; it was black and white, and I had no idea. I was 11, and my cousins said, you know, his trumpet bag is made out of the skin of an elephant’s penis. I said “Wow!” — I was really totally attracted, and then he came and played, like, incredible. I remember very well.

He played the music, I would say now, in the spirit of John Coltrane’s music: really inspired. And in the first second, I was inspired too. I knew this was what I had to do, too, because it was so strong at that time. He came and played, like, 40 minutes solo, and then the band came. I have never seen, before or after, such a trumpeter. It was incredible. I was born on a farm in a village with no music, just brass music. There were no books or education; so, for me, this concert opened a real world. It was an initiation or something. It was clear that I should go this way, but at the same time, it was also my death, too, because when I saw him, I thought that this was the way someone has to play trumpet. I went home. The next day I got really lucky: I went to the next village and they had a record store with a record of him! I mean, you cannot imagine this (laughs). So I bought this record, but there was no record player, so for two years, I had this record always with me. I was a jazz fan already, but I couldn’t play it, so whenever I was somewhere that I could play the record, I would play it. I heard what he did and I said, oh, that’s how you play. You play it like a saxophone. Of course, eight years later, I started at the university to study trumpet, and I started really to practice, and two years later, I was completely kaput. My lips were done.



## Jazz Stories: Franz Hautzinger

I had no breathing technique, I had no knowledge, I had very bad teachers, and I had a strong will. I practiced, and within two years, my lip was finished for more or less 10 years. So it was an initiation and death, all in one.



Franz Hautzinger in 2014 - Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

# Jazz Stories: Frank Walton

**FRANK WALTON,  
TRUMPETER,  
BORN IN  
BIRMINGHAM,  
AL, USA, SHARES A  
THOUGHT.  
COMPILED BY  
LUDWIG  
VAN TRIKT.**



Frank Walton

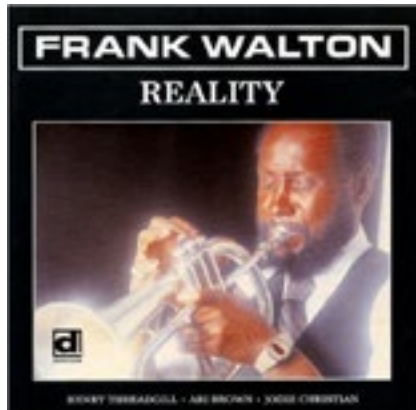
Interviewer: One of the most fascinating things about African-American jazz artists who are from down south is how, despite the racist and inferior school systems, many of the artists of your era are always articulate and, seemingly, educated. Please comment.

**FRANK WALTON**

The school systems were racist, but not inferior. Some of the most brilliant thinkers are from the Jim Crow school systems: Martin Luther King, Angela Davis (same school as Sun Ra). The music some musicologists label as jazz has its origins in the South: Monk, Coltrane, Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie and Booker Little, all from that system. Educated is to be able to use syllogism. Racism is systemic.



Frank Walton, Yoron Israel  
Live in Chicago



Frank Walton - Reality

## Jazz Stories: Irene Schweizer

**IRENE SCHWEIZER, PIANIST, BORN IN 1941, SCHAFFHAUSEN, SWITZERLAND, ON HER EXPERIENCE HEARING CECIL TAYLOR LIVE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 1966. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

This was when I heard him playing solo in Berlin, but I had also heard him before in Stuttgart with Jimmy Lyons and Andrew Cyrille or Sunny Murray. Well, it was a shock for me the first time I heard him play. I thought, it's not possible to play like that. How does he do it? I wanted to stop piano playing. I said, I think I'd better stop; I could never do like that. But I was influenced by the energy he had. That was it, really, for me; but it only lasted a year or two. When I had this trio with Rudiger Carl, he was copying Brotzmann, and I tried to copy Cecil Taylor, playing with arms and elbows and clusters, all the time with the high-energy playing. Later on, I heard Monk and Taylor playing solo at the same festival in Berlin. Of course, I knew the music of Monk. I had a couple of his solo LPs and trio and quartet recordings. But I had never heard him live because he didn't often come to Switzerland. So I heard Monk solo in Berlin and I thought it was for me. It touched me, really, and I thought this was the music that I really liked: it went right into my heart. The Taylor thing was OK, but I didn't want to play like that anymore (laughs). I didn't want to play the high-energy playing all the time anymore. Monk convinced me that less is more.



Irene Schweizer in 2012, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

### **FRED VAN HOVE, PIANIST, BORN IN 1937, ANTWERP, BELGIUM, TALKS ABOUT HIS PLAYING STYLE. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

**A**t 11 years, I got my first piano, a second-hand, heavy, big German upright made by Philipp [Berlin]. It had been a mechanical piano, an automatic player that was the predecessor to the jukebox. A blind piano teacher came once a week to our house, I think for a year, but he had an alcohol problem and fell asleep while he was teaching. I later went to the music academy and the teacher was a very classical teacher, but she knew my favorites and let me play some Schoenberg, Bartok and the French Les Six.

I went until I was 18 or 19 with this teacher, and ended the academy with a “degree first-rate.” The next step was the conservatorium, but [it turned out] I was interested in jazz and I needed street credibility, not the conservatorium.

I had a family by then, with three sons. I did several jobs and the only jazz was on the weekends for Americans dancing the foxtrot. This went on for nine years, and then I stopped the other jobs and we moved to the artistic part of Antwerp.

There was the Philipp piano on the second floor when we moved in, and we couldn't get it out. I needed a new piano. Antwerp had four or five piano shops then, and I visited all of them several times, but was attracted by a new brand only available in one shop. It was the first Yamaha in Antwerp — an upright — and I bought it. By now, it was the '60s and the free jazz was there. I played in a bar for a beer or two. Of course, this new improvisation was big fun in the beginning — all the things we discovered with our instruments! I have always, every day, played the classical exercises unless I went on holiday, but that would be only two weeks without piano. When I took a longer holiday with the grandchildren to the North Sea, I was happy we could stay a full month and there was a music academy I could go to every day. At home, I did only the exercises; I never improvised at home. For whom would I play? There are no people to react except my wife upstairs, and she knows everything.

That has changed, though. Now I have started to do improvisation at home and I like it: I find new things. The classical exercises are still there, but they're not the main thing. Unorthodox, I call it. I try to make the piano another instrument. The keys are bare, you cannot bend them. I try to make waves, glissandos, with my hands, not the fingers. I try to make a monster of the piano, a monster that roars but also can whisper. Faults? They don't exist. If you've not landed where you thought, straightaway grab, surprise yourself! At home I use two half grand pianos, a Petrof for classical playing and an Eldsjan that's better for improvisation.

## Jazz Stories: Fred Van Hove



Fred Van Hove in 2014  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



Fred Van Hove in 2014, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Frode Gjerstad

**FRODE  
GJERSTAD,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN 1948  
STAVANGER,  
NORWAY.  
KEN WEISS:  
DESCRIBE YOUR  
MUSIC AND  
SAXOPHONE  
PLAYING TO  
SOMEONE  
HEARING FREE  
JAZZ FOR THE  
FIRST TIME.**



Frode Gjerstad in 2008.

First of all, I am a self-taught saxophone player, so I'm making lots of mistakes when I play the saxophone according to how you should be playing the instrument. That never bothered me very much because it has been part of me from the day that I first got the saxophone. In the town where I lived, in Stavanger, there was nobody who could teach me. There was no saxophone teacher in town and no education in jazz or improvised music. My friends, who played bass guitar, had all taught themselves how to play, too, so that was sort of the natural thing to do – practicing and playing with other people and trying to find a way. I have to say that my musical roots are definitely in the jazz music. I used to listen to Coltrane a lot, then I stopped because there were so many people coming up that tried also to copy him, and I got sick of all that. I'm not gonna' put down Michael Brecker, or anybody like that, because they are very, very good musicians, but the way that they play is so influenced by Coltrane, it became sort of a nightmare, I thought. I guess my influence is a bit more Ornette Coleman. I also liked Arthur Blythe a lot, and I liked Ben Webster, Dexter Gordon, and Sonny Rollins. I feel I have a double side. On one hand, I feel connected to the jazz thing, and on the other side, I don't feel connected to it at all. Some years back, I started playing with electronics. I didn't play them, but I played with a guy who did electronics and, at that time, I was learning to play clarinet, and it was very exciting to play with him because he was dealing with sounds much more than the jazz tradition of improvising.

I cannot deny my deep love for jazz. Monk and Ellington, I love all that. And Gil Evans — whooo! I saw Gil Evans three times and every time was some of the best concerts I've ever seen. Recently, I've seen Wayne Shorter, and I thought the way that he still plays is so beautiful. I think that, today, he is the most modern jazz musician because he's traveling with all the luggage of the jazz tradition, and still he's managing to find a new way to deal with this. In my opinion, it's Wayne Shorter and Henry Threadgill — both of them are finding new ways within the jazz music. Outside of that, I think that most of the jazz music belongs in the museum these days.

## Jazz Stories: George Haslam

**GEORGE HASLAM,  
SAXOPHONIST  
AND RECORD  
PRODUCER, BORN  
IN 1939, PRESTON,  
LANCASHIRE,  
ENGLAND, SHARES  
HIS  
PERSONAL  
MUSICAL  
BOOKSHELF.**



George Haslam

Photo Credit: Mark Ladenson

Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Count Basie, Gerry Mulligan, John Coltrane, Steve Lacy, Paul Rutherford, Mal Waldron – a list of names that sort of indicates a path through jazz, names that suggest the sort of path I've taken during the past 60 years, individual names that represent bigger areas of the music. For instance, for Gerry Mulligan, read, West Coast jazz; for Count Basie, read, big band jazz; for Lester Young, read, everything that is good in jazz. I realize some essential genres are missing, but as I said, it's a personal path that I've taken. The important thing is that we don't move from one step to another, leaving behind our experiences, but we connect those experiences like books on a shelf. One trumpet tone from Louis Armstrong, for instance, *La Vie en Rose*, still has the same thrill for me as the impulsive piano chords of Mal. The path that these greats have outlined also charts my role from early days as a young jazz fiend, listening and enjoying it, through times when I would be making a close study of the music of these musicians, and, finally, to those names that I had the fortune to work with.

So what about today? It's always much more difficult to step back and appreciate events as they unfold, trying to sort out the wheat from the chaff, et cetera. It's much easier when we have the benefit of hindsight and, of course, memories, but I have a feeling that Lol Coxhill, Stefano Pastor and Ken Vandermark may be future additions to my personal bookshelf.

### **NELS CLINE, GUITARIST, BORN IN 1956, LOS ANGELES, CA, USA. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

I heard John Coltrane's *Africa* as a borrowed record from a friend who had bought it for his father who was a notable poet and kind of a weird influence on my life because he was the only super, wild bohemian nut that I knew, and still is – Jack Hirschman. He was sort of the poet laureate of San Francisco at one point. My friend David had lent it to my brother because he said, "Well, you like all that instrumental Frank Zappa stuff so you might like this record," which I find quite perplexing when I think back on it now, but he was kind of right. The first track was this edited version of "Africa," and that was another one of those moments where my brother and I just looked at each other and had no idea about what was happening. I just thought, "This is the most amazing music and why didn't somebody tell me?" Then I found out who John Coltrane was. He'd already died and I felt so bereft, I felt so robbed. I needed to know everything, I needed to know all about this man. My brother started investigating sort of randomly and went straight off into Miles, realizing that everything coming and going goes through Miles Davis. This was 1971, the beginning of so-called Jazz Rock, which later became known as Fusion, a word I like to use to upset people, but we know it's an essentially meaningless term. [Laughs] It kind of means everything instrumental that's not straight ahead Jazz and not orchestral or so-called Classical. This is the beginning of Weather Report and the middle period of some classic electric music by Miles Davis, of Herbie Hancock's septet/sextet, Tony Williams Lifetime, John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. These were huge, huge, heady moments for a high school freshman.

Coltrane, for me, was like the embodiment of the same energy I was feeling from Ravi Shankar, which was this very serious spiritual endeavor. It was not just musical expertise, or compositional novelty, or vision, it was all of this mystery and all of this beautiful energy. So I kind of became a Coltrane obsessive, after a whole period of Blues Rock and an obsession with the Allman Brothers Band and Duane Allman.

I'll tell you that I never plug in when I'm practicing or writing, whether it's an acoustic guitar or one of my electric guitars, and I'm sorry, I have way too many guitars. It's embarrassing, but it's all about something that strikes my fancy, either from just messing around, like I hit some kind of sound that leads me to believe that this could be a good idea, certain sonorities, if I hit a chord, and I just love that chord, then I start thinking of relative pitches that could be related to whatever scale is implied. Ok, and then I might think that was boring so what else can happen? So then I hear in my head what's the next note, the next place? Sometimes I just see what's in my head.

Sometimes I just have to stop, put the guitar away, hear the note, and then move on. That's how I write a lot. I have the guitar next to me and I hit notes



## Jazz Stories: Nels Cline

and write it down. Some of it's just based on idiomatic guitar sounds. I'll do that and then it needs a melody, so I'll do that. As far as what guitar I pick? For somebody who owns a billion guitars, it's kind of a joke because I really only need like ten guitars – acoustic, electric, twelve string, six string, single coil and a Humbucker [patented hum-canceling pickup].

That would pretty much take care of it but instead I have like a hundred guitars. I'm not kidding. I'm sorry but it's true. They're not all in New York though, half are in Chicago because there's room in the Wilco loft or at least there was before Jeff Tweedy started buying more guitars! [Laughs] I didn't use to be gregarious and somewhat comfortable speaking like I am now. I was super, super nervous. I don't know what happened.



Nels Cline, circa 2018, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**GLEN HALL, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1950, WINNIPEG, MB, CANADA, ON CHOOSING A PATH IN MUSIC. COMPILED BY BERNIE KOENIG.**

One night, someone showed up at a rock band rehearsal and said he had some stuff I would be interested in. He had four albums, and I can tell you what they were: *Sonny Meets Hawk!* with Sonny Rollins and Coleman Hawkins, *On This Night* by Archie Shepp, *I Talk with the Spirits* by Rahsaan Roland Kirk and *East Broadway Run Down* by Sonny Rollins. When I heard *East Broadway Run Down*, that was the end. It literally changed my life. I decided I had to learn how to do that. But growing up in Winnipeg, there was little chance of becoming a professional jazz musician. My goal was to become a professor of English literature. I really liked that. I was on my way to doing that. I was a teaching assistant in the English department at the University of Winnipeg and I was doing my master's thesis on William Burroughs. And Duke Ellington came to town and I got to sit in with some of his musicians. One of them took me aside and asked me what I was going to do. I said I was going to be an English teacher. He said anyone can do that, but you have talent. Don't waste it. From that moment on, I had to do music. So I finished up my academic work, got my degree and went off to Berklee. This was 1973. After a year there, I was told to go out and do it. And that is what I did until about 1984, when my first daughter was born.



Glen Hall, circa 2010s, Photo Credit: Bernie Koenig

## Jazz Stories: Han Ludemann

**HANS LUDEMANN,  
PIANIST, BORN IN  
1961,  
HAMBURG,  
GERMANY,  
ON MEETING PAUL  
BLEY.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Hans Ludemann, circa 2000s

I first discovered Paul Bley through Keith Jarrett because I listened to Keith's recordings and it made me want to listen to who he listened to. I found out that he was influenced by Paul, and when I checked out Paul's recordings, I really thought Paul was even more interesting than Keith. He seemed to be the original guy who invented this kind of lyrical playing, which was very free within the song forms and going outside the harmony and translating Ornette Coleman's concept of playing to the piano. I really admire the real original guys who invented something. The first transcription I ever did was Paul Bley's "When Will the Blues Leave?" I never expected to meet him, but two friends of mine, Gebhard Ullmann and Andreas Willers, invited Paul to do a record date with them in Berlin. I went to Berlin for their rehearsal and Paul (laughs), he doesn't like to rehearse. He was notorious for that, but I had no idea at the time. So, Paul heard I was a pianist and he said, "Oh, that's great. Can you play something for me?" So I did and he said "That was really great." I don't know, he may have just wanted to escape rehearsal. I ended up spending one or two days with Paul, showing him around Berlin, and he invited me to come visit him at his house, which I did a year later. I stayed at his house for a week and we listened to music every night until 5 a.m. He played all his old tapes. It was amazing. Some years later, he would also spend time at my house in Germany. When he had gigs in Europe, he invited me and I came. After a few years, we played some gigs and made a record together [Moving Hearts, 1994, ITM/West Wind]. He was almost my parents' age, but it didn't feel like that when I played with him. Jazz guys are cooler.

**JACK WRIGHT,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN 1942,  
PITTSBURGH, PA,  
USA,  
ON HIS BOOK ON  
IMPROVISATION.  
COMPILED BY KEN  
WEISS.**



Jack Wright

Photo Credit: Bob Wright

Since the '80s, I've been writing about free playing in order to work out my own relationship to what I was doing. That is, thinking feeds right back into the playing and vice versa. When I was traveling around in the '80s, I took some things I'd written and handed them out to people, little booklets. I felt that to just play music, just do your thing and leave, was not enough. I liked the idea of presenting some kind of question about what this is — what do I think I'm doing, what would motivate someone to do what is obviously not very popular. I wanted to get to people's subjectivity — hey, you can do this. Not only is free improv a strange phenomenon, but it creates a very different kind of Musician — not the career model — so, questioning is natural. Then in the early '90s, I had a period of collapse of confidence in my whole musical project.

I felt I was becoming a performer and I didn't want to be that; I just wanted to play music. A performer is aimed at the audience and personally needs to get a response from them. The best way is to develop some kind of shtick, however broad and imaginative it might be — something that will draw people and will give them a repeated experience, something their name will be known for. That's assumed, if you're a soloist; and at the time, I couldn't find many partners, so I was mostly playing solo. I felt the important thing to do is to play wherever you are at that very moment. Whatever is "free" in free improv, that's part of it. It throws you off track to need to get something back from the audience at the same time.

Anyway, my writing has this story background. I was part of the underground, that is, non-advertised, self-determined, New York improv community in the '80s. I was one of those with career aspirations. In the New York atmosphere, it's hard not to imagine someday making it. My dream took the form of: I'm in the tradition of saxophonists; people are gonna like this stuff once they hear it. Nothing inherently wrong with that, but it doesn't work that way. I didn't doubt

## Jazz Stories: Jack Wright



Jack Wright in 2016  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



Jack Wright in 2016  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

what I was doing was really good, so I couldn't understand why I was being shut out of the New York upward ladder. Talk about living an illusion! I thought I could go over the heads of the avant-garde honchos, but I was repulsed by what you had to do to get the gigs.

No matter how good or adventurous your music is, you must be associated with the right people, and your playing shouldn't be a threat to what they're doing. In fact, it must not appeal directly to people. It has to be mediated; music can't stand on its own. Also, I had been living in Philly and wouldn't consider moving to New York, which was a requirement to get in the game. After a while, several musicians I was close to were augmenting improv with other forms, and I wasn't about to start playing tunes or getting into conducted improv, like John Zorn's game pieces.

I'd been doing huge loops touring around the country, and, in '88, I moved to Boulder, Colorado, and stayed there for 15 years. I had a new love interest, but I was also in retreat from the New York scene, tail between my legs. Out there, I looked in the mirror and saw myself becoming something like the Wildman from Borneo in the circus. I couldn't stand that image. Not that I was very popular, but I could see where it was headed: the pattern where I would eventually succeed, like putting yourself on a conveyer belt. Boring! No audience in Colorado, but lots of people excited to improvise. That became FRIO, the Front Range Improv Orchestra, the first serious group of improvisers I'd been involved with. It wasn't a band, but a group actively playing privately together. We had a couple campout weekends in New Mexico. And in the early '90s, Boulder had the vibrancy of a local scene of all kinds of artists. While I was out there, I wrote about all the issues that had been bugging me, like, what does it mean to want people to approve of you?

Musicians especially get caught in this thing, like being caught in adolescence. It's very difficult to escape — I mean, for me, too. Anyway, when I

finally moved back East, in 2003, I felt like I was throwing myself back into the maelstrom, the real world. I was happy to do it — let's see what happens this time around. There was a resurgence of improv going on, and for that reason I was willing to follow some of the rules, like get a website, put out CDs, build the bio, organize. But after a while, I began to feel alienated from my music. You've got to sell yourself, and you're not supposed to notice you're doing it. The audience doesn't understand what it takes for musicians to get gigs, like boiling yourself and your music down to an impressive bio. You have to select the best music, which means what you think people are going to like. What really excites you gets lost. This confused me because I had this long period of focusing on being as honest as possible. So I pulled back a bit and used writing to get some perspective.

Then in 2011, I was invited to the Colloquium of the Guelph Jazz Festival in Canada to speak on the situation of free improvisation and how it evolved into the present. It was an academic gathering, but it was mainly improvising musicians I wanted to address, and that would be through writing something more extensive. My concern was the conditions we are playing under, how our playing is affected by our role as artist entertainers. This has a lot to do with what kind of music gets paid and what is thought unworthy of attention and an audience. Can we be free of obligations to the audience and the music world — I mean, internally, among ourselves — and play something that we don't know is going to interest anyone other than ourselves? How do we relate to each other and to the music world, that frames what we do? I traced this back through '60s free jazz and its later revival, and free improvisation as it developed in the UK and then in this country. What I learned is that the situation we're in now is very different from when free jazz and free improv originated, when these musics were made by a profession of performing musicians. Today, the vast majority of musicians are not thinking at all of having a career; that has become irrelevant to the playing of music for most.

Those coming out of music school are career driven, but when they have to face reality, the career becomes teaching, not performing. When was the last time musicians actually earned a full income strictly from performing? What percentage of musicians are doing that? There are no statistics on this, but I think at least the musicians know the answer. We just keep it to ourselves.



Jack Wright in 2016, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**JEFF MARX,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN  
IN 1951, DETROIT,  
MI, USA,  
ON HIS CHICAGO  
EXPERIENCE.  
COMPILED BY  
JAMES  
BENNINGTON.**



Jeff Marx, circa 2010s

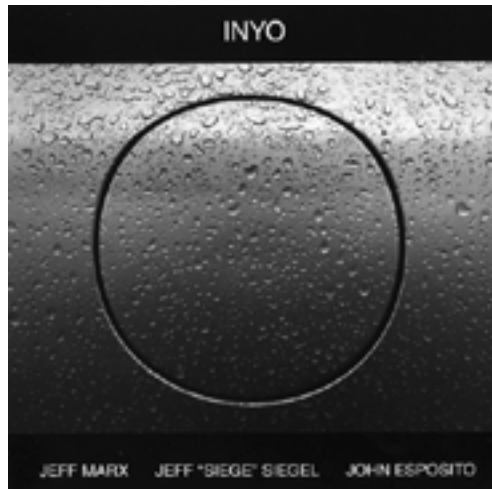
Well, over the years, I somehow got the opportunity to play with most of the musicians in Chicago that I knew of, and whose playing I admired. I had many great experiences. It really wasn't until I started to have strong feelings for the direction I wanted to go in, that things got much more interesting for me. You see, I moved to Chicago after spending 15 years in New York, which was for me a time of ultimate input. When I moved to New York, unlike most of my contemporaries, I was still in a certain learning curve in my development as a musician, because of the fact that I started playing at age 23. I had not yet really found my voice, so I was going out to hear some of the greatest musicians in the world on an almost nightly basis. After that, I was in a few groups with some people who were so strong that, I did my best, but often found my playing wanting for something. Then a friend of mine, piano great John Esposito, said to me in answer to my complaint:

"You gotta do the work." Well, up until then, I thought I was doing the work — until John turned over about five or six notebooks filled with all of these combinations of changes in all the keys, representing the work that he had already put in. It's one thing to look at, and practise, some radically different ideas, but, for me, the hard part was how to take harmonic ideas that fit one way on a piano, but on a horn it's a different story. In fact, that's what it is, and still remains true: that no matter what musical language you might be using, you've still got to "tell a story" when you are playing, as Lester Young used to say.

So when I came to Chicago, I was still absorbing those lessons, and it wasn't until I started playing that a lot of things started to come together for me. I was in Don Bennett's group, which was very busy for a few years. Don had such a great feel because he had a big heart and was very supportive. And I played quite often at the Velvet, where I was able to bring in any kind of group or



play however I wanted, which presented a real challenge for me. My gratitude to Fred Anderson, the great saxophonist who owned and ran the Velvet Lounge, is impossible to put into words. What I particularly loved was just talking about music with Fred, and listening between sets and after a gig to many of the often rare things he had on tape or CD. He was a walking lesson on how to not take things too seriously. I loved playing with the great drummer Dushun Mosley. Playing with Dushun is an experience that I hope to have again. Harrison Bankhead is an incredible musician — not just a great bass player, but a musical force of nature, whom I was fortunate to have played with many times. David Bloom from the Bloom School of Jazz, besides being a close friend, always provided, and still does, lots of searing insights into all forms of music. Brian Sandstrom is also one of those great bass players who brings a real openness and can play anything or in any direction you want to go. Elbio Barilari, a close friend and important composer, has included me in some really great playing opportunities in some very unique musical events, and also provided me a chance to meet and play with many musicians for the first time. It is very difficult to list names of people I've played with, without leaving someone out. Ron Perrillo is one of the best pianists anywhere, and we had some really great gigs along with Dennis Carroll on bass.



**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 Tisue



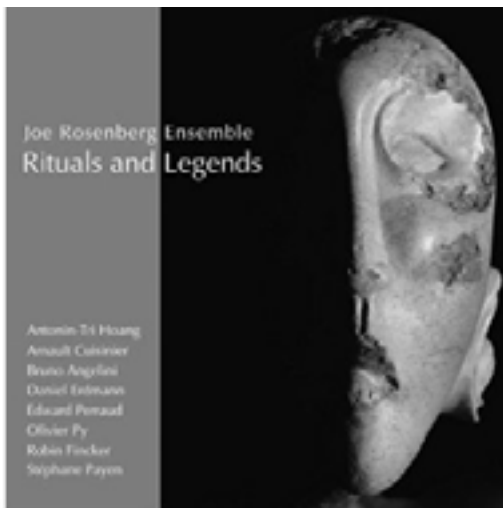
Albert Ayler

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.

## Jazz Stories: Joe Rosenberg

**JOE ROSENBERG, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1955, BOSTON, MA, USA, ON AN ENCOUNTER WITH ALAN DAWSON. COMPILED BY LUDWIG VAN TRIKT.**

At the end of each school year, everyone filled out a form selecting your preference for a private instructor on your instrument. So at the end of my first year, I put down Alan Dawson, not actually expecting to get him. So I was pretty excited when I saw on a bulletin board that I had gotten my first choice. At that time, Alan Dawson was the biggest jazz personality that I knew. He was a legend, at least at Berklee and in the Boston area. During the first week of the school year, proficiency evaluations were conducted for everyone, so the teachers were just going nonstop to get them all done by the end of the week. So I went in for my evaluation and he asked me if it would be OK if he ate lunch while we did this, as he hadn't had time all day. And I couldn't believe he was asking me if it was OK for him to do anything. I sat down at the drum set, and he was at his desk behind me, and he told me to play a simple drum roll, starting out slowly and then gradually get faster. I began to play, and after a few minutes, he tells me that I can start to play faster any time I want. Meanwhile, I had been playing full out for probably two minutes. The rest of the evaluation didn't take very long. He told me that we were going to have to go back and work on some basics, and that it wasn't a problem. He could not have been any nicer about the whole thing, but I was completely demoralized. The next morning I went into the administration office and changed my major from drums to saxophone.



## Jazz Stories: John O'Gallagher

**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

**KHAN JAMAL, VIBRAPHONIST, BORN IN 1946, JACKSONVILLE, FL, USA, REMEMBERS ORNETTE COLEMAN. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

I met Ornette, and he said: "Man, you gotta' find your own audience." I said thank you, and I did. I used to play his place on Spring Street. I used to go play his vibes; but I never got the chance to play with him or hear him play vibes.

Here's an Ornette story you'll like. I remember seeing Ornette one night in Paris on New Year's, but we didn't talk. I was hanging out at the Chat Qui Pêche club in Paris with some of my buddies and he came in. We were looking for girls, and I told my friends, "That's Ornette, I know he knows where some girls are at." (laughs) So when Ornette left the club, we followed him, and that motherfucker walks fast. Goddamn, Ornette! He walked the shit off us. He went to a club called Jazzland and we went in with him. We didn't get no girls. I forget who was playing that night, it was either Ted Curson or Hal "Cornbread" Singer.



Khan Jamal, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**KIDD JORDAN, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1935, CROWLEY, LA, USA, TALKS ABOUT ILLINOIS JACQUET. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

Well, the first thing is that Illinois Jacquet had the same teacher that I had. Illinois came from the same neck of the country that I did, and the old man always used to tell me, "Illinois was one of my students." I was his last student because he was old then, and he taught everybody in that area, and every time I went for saxophone lessons, he'd talk about Illinois. So when I heard Illinois, and he was honking and screaming, the way he played, I got an idea. That was my first inclination of somebody playing free. It wasn't free, but with that honking and squealing, I heard it and I liked it. There was also a local dude called "Batman" who was a hollerer and screamer. With those two, I had an idea that lent something to me: the high notes. I was playing off the saxophone before I got out of high school. I'd play high and people would look at me and say, how you play those notes? It was a natural part of my vocabulary, I could play in tune and some kind of way I fixed my fingers and my throat and I could get the notes. But when I got to college, they wouldn't let me major in saxophone. They put me on clarinet and I didn't want to play, I didn't want to play clarinet. I guess if I hadn't been the first person in my family going to college, I might have went back home, because that broke my heart. You see, a saxophone wasn't a legitimate instrument in the classical repertoire.

That means that I'm listening to everybody and I'm playing off the sound. I don't care how bad you are, if you're playing real stuff, and there's a whole lotta "out" people and a whole lotta jazz people that only play what they are playin'. People that can hear can tell. They are in one spot and the rhythm section is in another and they sound good. But when I play, I can't play by myself. People want me to play solo but I can't do that. I can play off of this air conditioner, I can play off sounds, I hear that. A lot of times I'm walking through the house and I'm playing and I hear a sound and I go right with it. I've trained my ear to do that. If you told me to sit down and play by myself, I won't be able to do nothing. When I talk about jazz, about giving something, it's a give-and-take. It's coming from somewhere. You've got to have some kinda stimulus; you've got to be able to hear and deal with what the bass player, and the piano player, is doing. If I hear a sound, I can duplicate it. I don't have perfect pitch but I can duplicate it, I can get in the key. Sometimes, somebody will say 'What key?' and I'll say whiskey, whatever key you want to play in, let's go! If you are with Cecil Taylor, what kind of key are you gonna get in? You know? Key doesn't mean anything.



Kidd Jordan, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**KIDD JORDAN, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1935, CROWLEY, LA, USA, ON WHAT'S REQUIRED OF A STANDOUT SPONTANEOUS IMPROVISER. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

What you gotta do is listen at the rhythm section, listen at the drummer, and everybody. Sometimes, I play the notes on the drum, not necessarily the rhythm, but the notes that the drummer's playing, so the people are not ever going to know what I'm doing, because they think that's just noise. The notes between the drums and the notes on the drumheads and the notes on the bass drum. A lot of times I'm dealing with that, but I never let the audience and what they think about me limit me from what I'm doing. I'm listening to everything and grabbing on to it like a drowning man. That's all part of the creative process. I'm always trying to go somewhere else with it. And I really can't play solo 'cause I don't have nothing in my system that's going to make sense by itself. I can't play no more than the people around me. The schools nowadays have the students sit down and practise their solos like we practise classical music, and I'll say this: a school will never be able to turn out a Coltrane or a William Parker or any of those really bad cats. You can go to school and pick up a whole lot of stuff, but you're going to have to come from within to create something. And a lot of people don't create nothing. I doubt if I ever created anything; I just play some crazy music. If you like it, it's crazy good; if you don't like it, I'm still going to do what I want to do and as bold as I want to do.



Kidd Jordan, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



**JOSEPH BOWIE, TROMBONIST, BORN IN 1953, ST. LOUIS, MO, USA, ON BEING RAISED IN A MUSICAL FAMILY.**

Oh, it was great. Lester and Byron were a lot older, so I was introduced to music at a very young age. At seven years old, I started playing the piano, and I started playing horn when I was long enough to stretch my arms, about 10, 11 years old. There was always music in the house. I would listen to Lester's group the Art Ensemble [of Chicago] rehearsing in the house. I can remember as a kid that Roscoe Mitchell's Art Quartet — this was before the Art Ensemble — rehearsed in the living room, and I was just listening. My first pop band, when I was 15, we always rehearsed at my parents' house, and later, we got a manager and we practiced at some office space, but I never played in a rehearsal studio till I got to New York. Of course, my brothers were the biggest influence musically because they taught me the first songs, and through them, I started to like avant-garde. I got involved in the Black Artists Group in St. Louis, with Oliver Lake and Bobo Shaw, at a very early age — I was 15. I was also doing pop music on my own because I had this rhythm and blues influence. Byron arranged R&B and Lester was a great R&B player, too. He was married to Fontella Bass and led her band in the '60s, and that was also a great influence. They would let me play a gig when I could play a few notes. So it was a cross between this R&B and the great history of jazz. St. Louis is the birth home of Miles Davis and Clark Terry, so there was a great jazz energy in St. Louis.



Joseph Bowie in 2011

**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.

## 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.**



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 Bargerone and Soloff, and I think I sat in with the band that night. And then Bargerone, Dave Bargerone, 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.



Lou Marini in 2007

## Jazz Stories: Marvin Bugulu Smith

**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

## Jazz Stories: Marvin Bugulu Smith

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.

## Jazz Stories: Marvin Bugalu Smith



Marvin Bugalu Smith, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



### **MACK GOLDSBURY, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1946, NEW MEXICO, USA, ON HOW WEST BERLIN DIFFERED FROM EAST BERLIN. COMPILED BY JEFF TODD.**

**E**ast Germany had jazz clubs, and Kulturhäuser, where they played free jazz, basically. They called it free, but it was more like Ornette Coleman. Not totally free — it had melodies and structures — but mostly free. When the wall came down, the West had to continue the funding. All over East Germany, there were these places, and you could do tours playing night after night in different ones. It wasn't real big money, but decent, much more than what a typical jazz club here in America would pay. So, I could go around and play in all these different Kulturhäuser. A lot of times the bands from the East would invite me, sort of like the Knitting Factory jazz festival in New York. People knew that I could play not only straight-ahead music, but that I liked to play this free kind of music, too. So, people would invite me to play. They were the greatest free musicians you'd ever heard in your life. Dresden was a great center for jazz in the East. They loved Dixieland there, first off. They had big Dixieland festivals that they've had for many years, long before the wall. And they had Dixieland bands coming from America and from all over Europe. A lot of my friends from New York who played Dixieland went there. They also had a great music school and they had Günter "Baby" Sommer — just an incredible drummer, like Max Roach or something — who was the head of the school. They had great teachers and everybody learned to play free jazz, so that became kind of the center of this movement. They played that music to promote freedom. So, it was an exciting music, exciting musicians. But after the wall fell, these places had to try to survive on their own. Before, they were subsidized by the state. The Kulturhäuser were good for me. I had just moved there, and I got to play everywhere and go to all these big places and do real tours.



Mack Goldsbury circa 2010s

## Jazz Stories: Mulgrew Miller

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

**M**y 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.

## Jazz Stories: Mulgrew Miller



Mulgrew Miller, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## Jazz Stories: Rashaad Kagee

**RASHAAD KAGEE,  
GUITARIST,  
BORN IN 1962,  
CAPE TOWN,  
SOUTH AFRICA,  
ON GROWING UP  
IN DISTRICT SIX.**



Rashaad Kagee



District Six, Cape Town  
South Africa



District Six, Cape Town  
South Africa



District Six, Cape Town  
South Africa

**M**y first 10 years were in District Six, and when I talk to you about myself, I'm talking about the average person that plays music in this little town probably started in their late teens or early 20s, because it wasn't an affordable thing to do. It wasn't a normal thing for a person to go to music school, because it was a very poor area there. Cape Town was a place where you worked and you bring back the money so you can eat and you see that you go to work the next day. The music was for weekends, and for the evening, and when you listen to the radio. There was lots of involved music; there were little stage shows in the cinemas — that was great. I grew up with groups like The Great Pretenders. We didn't have much exposure to international artists at the time when I was young. So when you hear music, maybe the Commodores, then you emulate, and you have groups that, to the T, will emulate that group with the voice and everything. There are a few groups like The Great Pretenders, that are pretenders, and they actually pretend to be that group.

And that was the culture of most of our music, and the background of our music. So, in other words, when you go into a jazz hall now to play, you find a guy with a trumpet that plays like Dizzy Gillespie, and you close your eyes and you hear, like, this is Dizzy Gillespie, and you couldn't understand why this guy is playing in this small hall. But that is the type of culture that I grew up in, because you listen to that and you don't really go further except for imitating that particular person to the T. I'm sure a lot of artists, like George Benson, he played like Wes Montgomery — but to a point where he could express himself and use it for getting his own sound, his own identity, his own voice. In our place, it sort of almost stops, because now you play like Wes Montgomery and everybody comes to see you and now we got food on our table. And the day you don't sound like Wes Montgomery, you find the theater empty.

## Jazz Stories: Roberto Magris

**ROBERTO MAGRIS,  
PIANIST, BORN  
IN 1959, TRIESTE,  
ITALY, SHARES  
HIS FEELINGS  
ABOUT JAZZ.  
COMPILED BY  
LUDWIG  
VAN TRIKT.**



Roberto Magris, circa 2010s

I simply love this music. I have become a jazz musician out of a boy playing classical music, and jazz is my music — it's something that is mine and represents me. I've listened to thousands (believe me!) of jazz records and I've played each solo, following note by note in my mind all the jazz masters, thanks to the fact that I have the perfect pitch. Of course, I take my time to prepare the arrangements and to compose new music, but I don't study nor do I practise the piano anymore; I just play when and what I like and I feel as music comes from heart, brain and "superior" places. So, I don't care about technique, and I have a sort of Zen attitude: hands just play themselves when music comes out. When I play, I don't think: I just play. However, it's always been very important for me to remain "focused" and connected to the society, daily life, family and work, in order to keep the "spirit of the time" and evolve as a human being and as a musician.



Roberto Magris, circa 2010s

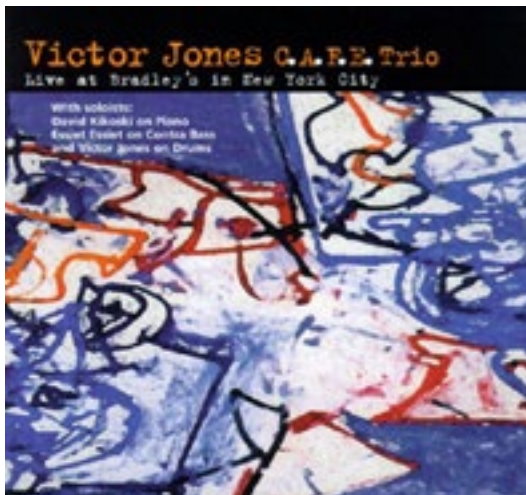
**VICTOR JONES, DRUMMER, BORN IN 1954, NORTON, NJ, USA,  
TALKS ABOUT HIS MUSICAL INTERESTS.**

**W**ell, 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?



## Jazz Stories: Hugh Masekela

**HUGH MASEKELA, TRUMPETER, COMPOSER AND SINGER, BORN IN 1939, WITBANK, SOUTH AFRICA (DIED IN 2018, JOHANNESBURG), TALKS ABOUT THE SOUTH AFRICA SOUND. COMPILED BY T. WATTS.**

This is the age of social media, with streaming and trending, et cetera. Music as we knew it, all over the world, is not the same anymore. Technology has made it so the only music you can really get is live performances. Some genres, like country & western, or classical, basically remain the same.

Everything else has become technical, and South Africa is no different. In the rural communities and deep in the townships, people still listen to native music and vernacular music. There is a big following for old style, so-called jazz, rock 'n' roll and R&B. There is a lot of musical activity, but a lot of it has become digitized. I'm more interested in the heritage concept, which is still as vibrant as ever. I'm very obsessed with its revival, renaissance and visibility



Hugh Masekela in 2007

**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



## 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.



Steve Luceno

### **STEVE HUNT, DRUMMER, BORN IN 1954, GENEVA, IL, USA, TALKS ABOUT WHEN HE STARTED TO PLAY MUSIC. COMPILED BY JAMES BENNINGTON.**

The first time I got involved with music was when I was the age of four, in our church choir, where I sang. I was basically a boy soprano since I was four all the way through high school. I would sing in choirs and so I first learned how to sing and learned about music in church, singing in choir. And then the first time I played drums was when I was in sixth grade, when we had our sixth grade choir concert and the choir director asked if anybody wanted to play drums and accompany our vocal ensemble. And so I said "Sure, I will!" And it was like a "clutch cargo" snares, off type of beat, and so I volunteered for that. And so that was my first performance (laughing) with the sixth grade choir at Lincoln School, in St. Charles.

It all really started when I moved to Crawfordsville, Indiana, my sophomore year in college, and I met my dear friend Eric Johnson . . . Eric Johnson is a pianist who lives in New York still as a professional musician, and Eric and I hit it off immediately to where we would spend almost every night in the basement of the chapel of Wabash College, which was where the music department was, in the chapel. In the basement they had a grand piano, and I set up my drums and we would go in there and play all night and just really improvise and play, just improvised music, and he would write things out on the spot; we just played free, so, that my first real experience in playing free jazz. Eric turned me on to so much music that I had no idea was around — you know, he turned me on to, like, Wayne Shorter and Native Dancer, which is probably one of my favorite all-time records ever; he turned me on to Albert Ayler, which I didn't have a clue when I heard what that was, I had never heard anything like it and at first I didn't know quite what to think . . . but, of course, I gradually became very fond of it. He turned me onto Lonnie Liston Smith, and, what's his name? — the keyboard player and trumpet player, oh, God . . . (sings "Cold Duck Time"). [Les McCann played keys and Benny Bailey played trumpet on "Cold Duck Time." - Ed.]



Steve Hunt, Photo Credit: Paul Crisanti, PhotoGetGo

## **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.

**TONY BUCK, DRUMMER AND PERCUSSIONIST, BORN IN 1962, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, RECALLS AN EARLY MEMORY. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

When I was a kid, I'd be in the house looking out at the garden and where the lawn was really a tight, hard line of green to the brown of the soil, where the rose bushes were — when I went outside I remember being really aware that the closer I got, the less defined this border between the green and the brown was. It wasn't just a straight, hard edge. As I played around in the garden, you could see that the ratio of light green to brown was changing; it wasn't a clear, hard line, and that the transition was blurred the closer you got. I remember it being an almost synesthetic feeling. I remember that physical feeling and the intellectual idea that things aren't always as they appear from one perspective as they are from another. That experience has given me a fascination, in music in particular, for the idea of transition of one thing to another, where it becomes that thing, that transition of one section of music turns into another. And that's the thing that The Necks pursue. Another childhood memory was when I was in first class [grade] at school, age six. There was a class activity where the teacher drew on the board some semicircles, circles and some lines of different lengths, and asked everybody to put them together to make something, to make a picture that made sense. And it was really obvious that it was a clichéd shape like an anchor. Everybody in the class was doing the same thing, so I thought, what's the point of doing the same thing as everyone else is? Because I had gone sailing with my father a lot, I'd rarely seen an anchor that looked like that clichéd anchor, so I drew two lines, making a shovel-type situation, which a lot of small boats have, a thing called a pick in Australia. It looks more like a pick than that clichéd one, so I drew that. The class all had to line up after one another and show the teacher our drawing and say what it was.

And so everyone's lined up and the teacher said, "Yeah, that's an anchor, very good. Yeah, that's an anchor, very good," and then I put mine up, which looked very, very different. It was a geometrical combination of shapes, and she said, "What's that?" And I said, an anchor, and the teacher actually yelled at me — "Have YOU ever seen an anchor that looked like that? Now go back and do it properly!" The thing was that I actually had seen an anchor that looked like that, but I dared not contradict her, and for the rest of my entire time at school, for years and years, I don't think I ever stood up and offered on my own volition any kind of input because of how that kind of creative thinking was greeted when I was six. I thought, never again. That's a very clear memory. I had creative thoughts out of school, but not in school (laughs). Bitch!

Jazz Stories: Tony Buck



Tony Buck, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**TRISTAN  
HONSIGER,  
CELLIST, BORN  
IN 1949,  
BURLINGTON, VT,  
USA,**



Tristan Honsiger  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



Tristan Honsiger  
Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

## **TALKS ABOUT LEAVING THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

The problem was that I took an audition and I met this very nice cellist who taught there, so I said, OK, I want to go there. I applied to several places and he said you can come and study with me, but then I arrived and he was gone. He went on sabbatical to England, or something. Actually, it was an interesting thing because I met some very interesting colleagues, particularly a pianist who studied composition. These were the people who influenced me in a certain way in the classical world. One time, we played Beethoven's five cello sonatas for a recital, and we decided to change the tempos and make rubatos and very exaggerated cello rondos and rubatos, and all the cellists that came, they all left after maybe the first sonata. That was a very good experience for me. But I left because it just wasn't what I wanted to do. At the time, I wanted more to play chamber music, and so I went to Peabody Conservatory [in Baltimore] the next year, and the same thing kind of happened. There was a cellist that I applied to study with through a Romanian violinist, who I also studied with in the summertime, but then at one point, I was really trying to stretch the time in what I was doing, and he said to me: "You can't play like [Pablo] Casals; you have to play like me." And I said "Oh." And I basically never returned. I had some friends — they were all foreign students — and they said, "Just leave, Tristan. Go away, get out of America." So I went to Quebec, Canada.



Jazz Stories: Tristan Honsiger



Tristan Honsiger, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**URS LEIMGRUBER, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN 1952, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, ON DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN MUSIC AND NOISE. COMPILED BY KEN WEISS.**

Noise is just another expression of sound. Music includes any and every sound. Any sound I discover becomes music. Sound is permanent. We cannot stop it and that's one of the reasons I don't listen very often to sound recordings any more. I rarely do, and I only listen to them when I want to hear something specific. Other musicians give me CDs to listen to; I have stacks of CDs I haven't heard yet at home. I don't listen to music just for fun. Listening is playing. When I was a teenager, I discovered sound through the music.

Today, I discover the music through the sound. When I listened to jazz in the '60s — Coltrane, Ornette and Miles — I was involved in the sound of their music. During free jazz [movement], the music started to change. The music became more and more sound oriented.

I am focused into sound to discover the music through sound. Sound becomes music; it becomes magic. What happens in a concert? It's all about a musical and spiritual experience. I want to risk as much as possible. No risk: no fun. It's a freefall. You cannot catch the music; the music catches you and, quickly, it goes away. After this experience you are no more the same.



Urs Leimgruber, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss



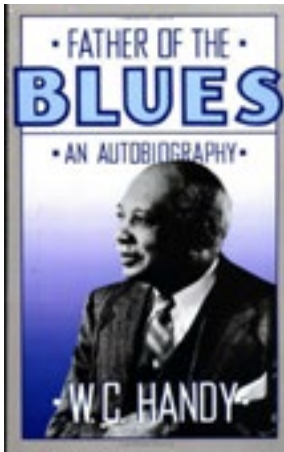
Urs Leimgruber, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

Hello, this is Sylvia Cuenca, drummer from San Jose, California, and I wanted to briefly talk about five teachers that have had an influence on me over the years. The first one is Scott Morris. He was a tasteful drummer who was very much in demand in the San Francisco Bay Area, as well as internationally. He helped me to develop my independence and technique around the drum set and it was very inspiring to study with him. I'd say the next one would be Victor Lewis. I first met Victor at the Stanford Jazz Workshop in Stanford, California when I was a student there. He encouraged me to make the move to New York City, and when I arrived I studied with him for a while. He taught me about developing as a supportive team player, and tastefully interacting with other musicians. He made me realize the importance of being relaxed, focused, and aware of my breathing while playing. Victor has the ability of knowing exactly what to play at just the write time. He's an amazing musical drummer and one of my favorite composers. To this day I'm still inspired by his playing and writing. Another person is Adam Nussbaum. He helped me develop a sound on the kit, and to develop my independence. He was always very encouraging and supportive. I received a study grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, and I chose to study with Keith Copeland for one year. It was an incredible year of growth for me. We worked on technique, independence, and he turned me on to a lot of great recordings.

I've always been a huge fan of Brazilian music. I met a drummer, Por Quino, in New York City, when he was playing with Tania Maria. He has his own unique style, and he's played with some of the best. It was so great to study Brazilian grooves on the drum set and percussion with him. Any chance I get I still go to hear him play live.

And here's just a few thoughts on what I learned from playing with Joe Henderson. Joe would say "play what you mean and mean what you play." He taught me to play with conviction and to be aware of the form of a song by constantly singing the melody of a song in my head, behind solos, including my own drum solos. I learned how to be a sensitive and musical team player in a small group setting, and I was always amazed at the high level of consistency Joe played with every single night. It was so inspiring. As a sideman with Joe, I had the opportunity to play in a trio setting with bassist Charlie Haden as well as George Mraz. Some other sidemen included Cecil McBee, Fred Hersch, Billy Childs and Herbie Lewis to name a few. I held the drum chair with Clark Terry for seventeen years. The opportunity to work with him greatly contributed to my growth personally and professionally. I learned about playing in the swing bebop style, and the history of this music including the lineage of musicians and their contributions. I learned the ability to adjust spontaneously to different musical situations in front of a live audience. I learned the importance of being well-versed in the American Songbook and classic jazz standards, including the lyrics. I learned the importance of simplicity, and how to play clear, strong time. I learned a great deal about listening intensely and engaging in tasteful musical conversation. Lastly, some thoughts on current events of mine. I'm developing my writing, and collaborating with different musicians on a variety of projects. I'm continually challenging myself and hopefully growing in the process. I'm constantly striving to play music on a higher level. The standard was set very high years ago, and there's still so much to learn from the masters of this music. I also hope to record again in the near future.

**BOB RUSCH,  
WRITER,  
PRODUCER, BORN  
IN BROOKLYN, NY  
IN 1948, TALKS  
ABOUT HIS FIRST  
INTERVIEW WITH  
W.C. HANDY.  
TRANSCRIBED  
FROM A VIDEO,  
RECORDED IN  
REDWOOD, NEW  
YORK, ON JULY  
28, 2011.**



The first person I ever interviewed was W.C. Handy. I was probably about 12 years old and I trucked this very heavy dictaphone type thing that my friend's father had, who was a shrink, and I guess recorded his shrink sessions on it. We trucked it up to Tuckahoe NY, which is where W.C. Handy lived. I didn't know too much about W.C. Handy but I was already a serious jazz fan and I knew that he had written St. Louis Blues, and played cornet or bugle or something. Anyway we got to his house and he came down these stairs in one of those elevator chairs, that...well it goes up and down stairs for you, you sit on it and it goes up. That was the first time I had seen one of those, this had to be the 1950's. I was wide-eyed, you know, these are heroes, musicians, W.C. Handy, he was an old guy and he was blind. We pushed the microphone up in front of his face because we didn't want to miss any words, it was very important. And he started telling us about his life and he started crying. I thought, "this is remarkable, this must be important," and everything else. We did the interview and years later it was transcribed and ran in a little underground magazine called Mumbblings, which nobody had ever heard of, and nobody still has ever heard of, probably. And one day I came across part of the transcription of that, and I read it, and it was so basic, so simple, you know, one of those occasions, and I've had many of them, where I wish I could've done it again. I remember, though, going back and listening to these transcription discs, they were these green discs. You could hardly understand it at all because we'd put the mic so close to him, we didn't want to miss anything. We didn't realize we might be overloading it. The one thing I remember Handy said to me, because we asked him all the basic, cliched questions like "how did you write those tunes?" and "how did you come up with those things." He said, "you know, the tunes: I lived in Memphis, it was an urban area, people had these backyards where they'd hang laundry and stuff like that." And I, having lived in New York City, knew exactly what that was, because lots of tenements had backyards where you played. Anyway, he said, "women would come out in the morning, they'd hang their laundry, and they'd talk back and forth, they'd say things like 'oh, didn't that moon look lonely last night,' and I just transcribed that and put it into tunes. It was really conversations that I kind of heard and I'd put it into music." That's my main and favorite W.C. Handy story.

## **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 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. 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

## Jazz Stories Jimmy Bennington

to make those out of towns 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 jus 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 sprang 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



**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

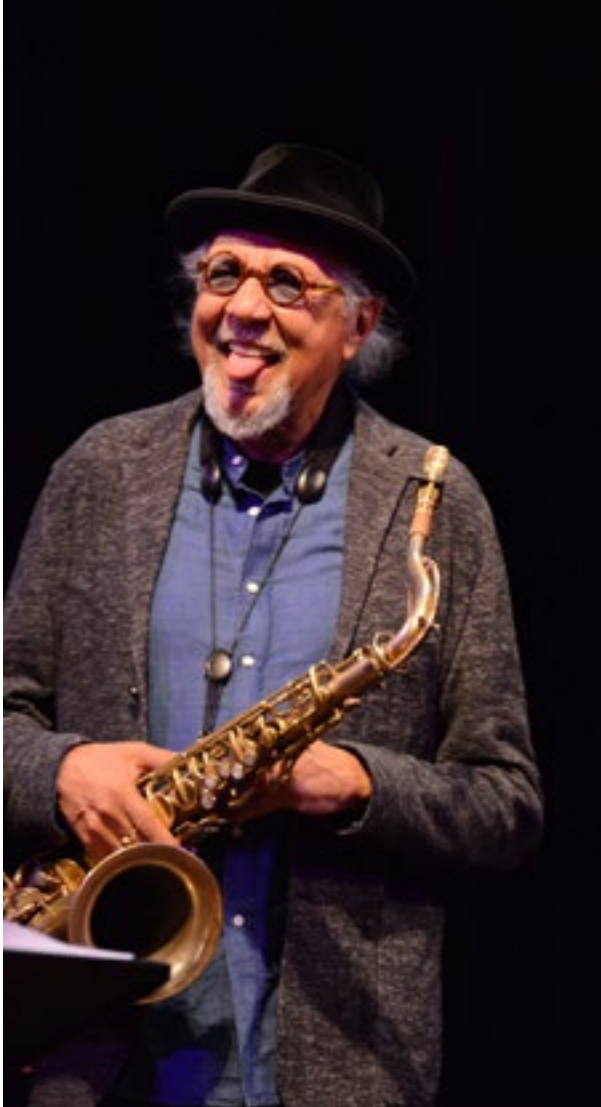


Well, Red Kelly and Red Mitchell were sharing an apartment on the Upper West Side, and Red Norvo had just lost Charlie Mingus—he had left the trio—so he had heard Red Mitchell play down at Birdland and thought he was a wonderful player. It was dark down there, he didn't really get a good look at him, 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





Charles Lloyd in 2016, Photo Credit: Ken Weiss

**CHARLES LLOYD,  
SAXOPHONIST,  
BORN IN MEMPHIS,  
TN, USA, IN  
1938. KEN WEISS  
REPORTS ON  
A CONCERT IN  
PHILADELPHIA.**

Montgomery County Community College presented Charles Lloyd for the third time over twelve years and each time it's been a memorable event with different prominent bandmates. This time he came with The Marvels – Bill Frisell (e l g), Reuben Rogers (e l b) and Eric Harland (d). After a rather lengthy opening banter session – Lloyd revealed he wasn't a techy guy – he promised no more interruptions (a promise he kept except when he awkwardly asked that nobody open the doors to come in or out. "I don't want that door open when we're playing," he said. "If you're not in here – cool." Lloyd has other projects that are more emotively spiritual than this one but he had great fun working with Frisell. During Frisell's solo on

"Shenandoah," he took a breather, sat down, and rocked back and forth, kicked his feet up and said, "Yeah, good!" Lloyd's tenor and flute still strike passionately and he peeled back layer after layer of many musical sides including an opening Blues – "Nu Blues," Dylan's "Masters of War," and later "Tagore," "La Llorona," and an earnest encore of "Abide with Me" and "Come Sunday"...



One of the most enigmatic and darkest figures in music, Ginger Baker, started a rare tour of the States [his first American Jazz tour since '97] on 10/8 at Bucks County Playhouse. Situated in the beautiful, bucolic setting of New Hope, Pa, on the banks of the Delaware River, the Playhouse was packed with drummers and Cream fans drawn from the area and surrounding states, each with their own stories to tell of how Baker had inspired them at an early age. Generally considered to be the greatest rock

drummer of all time, Baker has always referred to himself a Jazz drummer, and his current band, Ginger Baker's Jazz Confusion with Pee Wee Ellis (ts), a legend in his own right from time spent with James Brown, Alec Dankworth (b), son of famed Jazz musicians Cleo Laine and John Dankworth, and Ghanaian hand percussionist Abass Doodoo, certainly helped to further his reputation as a Jazzman. Opening with Wayne Shorter's "Footprints," Ellis quickly removed any doubts of his Jazz chops with some hard driving sections, leading into the second tune, Ellis' own "Twelve and More Blues," which included a lively give-and-take tenor sax and bass display that headed far-out creatively. Baker, after all these years, is still a freak of nature on a kit featuring double bass drums. His sense of time is uncanny and his use and understanding of African polyrhythms, for a Westerner, is perhaps unmatched, a skill well-earned from years living in Africa. His sound is large and loud. The only reason he didn't dominate all portions of each of the nine tunes presented was a tribute to the virtuoso talents of his bandmembers. Baker's first very demonstrative segment occurred on the third song, "Ginger Spice," going toe-to-toe at length with Doodoo for a scintillating African inspired workout. Baker, whose impulsive and antisocial personality always precedes him, was in full control of all that this night, at least on stage, even to the degree of playing off his reputation. After the rousing cheers that followed "Ginger Spice," he yelled, "Stop heckling! Behave yourselves!" Later in the evening, after more cheers, he went on to say, "You want to watch me die! You'd like that, right?" The breathless legend also revealed his tender side, informing his fans, "I want people to understand, I'm 74-years-old and I've got a lot of physical limitations. If I can't play all you want me to, I'm sorry, but I do my best." The first set ended on a high note with a nod to his past Ginger Baker's Airforce days with "Aiko Biaye," which provoked boisterous approval from the numerous old heads in the seats. After a short break, a rejuvenated Baker continued his drum dominance and then unceremoniously walked away. Doodoo, who Baker introduced as, "My right-hand man and bodyguard," also proved to be his number one cheerleader, urging the listeners to shout "Ginger Baker" to summon the quartet back to work. For the encore, Baker explained, "In my life, I've had many bad things happen to me and I always ask - why?," which led into the band's performance of "Why?," a lighthearted ditty that required the audience to yell "why" at the breaks. Post-set, many fans gathered at the stage front, photographing the deserted drum kit and handing over all sorts of items to a stagehand to get autographed as the grandmaster settled into a dark back room to smoke cigarettes, bent over, his hands holding up his head.

## Jazz Stories: Pharoah Sanders



Pharoah Sanders, saxophone player. Photo Credit: ©2013 Ken Weiss

**KEN WEISS, DOCTOR AND WRITER, BORN IN PHILADELPHIA, PA, USA, IN 1958, REPORTS ON A PHAROAH SANDERS CONCERT.**

**PHAROAH SANDERS, SAXOPHONIST, BORN IN LITTLE ROCK AR, USA, IN 1939.**

Sanders, sporting a bushy white beard, trimmed moustache, and dashiki, spoke little, choosing to say it all through his horn. His longer saxophone solos never reached the incredible piercing highs of his past playing but it still remains a unique experience to be bathed in his matchless tone. Most of the elements we've come to expect in a Sanders' performance were there - the crowd-pleasing dance, where he twists down and then up, and the singing into the bell of the horn, added flare to the set, although he never broke apart his horn to blow through the segments. The rhythm section played well as a trio, with each laying out impressive solos at times. The night ended with an emphatic stroke, a short version of Sanders' signature song, "The Creator has a Master Plan." It's universal message of peace, love and understanding hits home every time...



Ginger Baker 6/28/14 at Havana in New Hope, PA, photo credit Ken Weiss, copyright 2014.

**KEN WEISS, DOCTOR AND WRITER, REPORTS ON A GINGER BAKER CONCERT.**

**GINGER BAKER, DRUMMER, SONGWRITER, BORN IN SOUTH LONDON, ENGLAND, IN 1939.**

Ginger Baker's Jazz Confusion band was back in New Hope, PA for the second time in 9 months on 6/28/2014.

This time at Havana with the same band (Pee Wee Ellis, ts; Alec Dankworth, b; Abass Dodoo, perc), same set list, and same stories, although they were shortened this time – "We're nearing the end of an extremely grueling tour and I'm not doing very well," he announced. After opening with "Footprints," Baker implored the audience to throw money in place

of applause, to which a listener yelled, "A silver dollar coming your way!" The temperamental drum legend wasn't having it and screamed back, "Go fuck yourself!" That was the end of the yelling section of the night and some pretty powerful drumming followed. Ron Miles' "Spice" was introduced by the leader as, "This is the number which is a Baker killer," and right he was as it required epic pummeling, after which, Baker was helped up and off the stage for a short intermission. The highlight of the second half came after Baker stated that, "Mr. Baker regrets he is unable to play today but he will try." "Aiko Biaye" offered a very tribal feel and some very earthy sax playing from Ellis but the best part was the long duo percussive portion where Baker and Dodoo hammered away as a unit. I'd like to mention the fan that drove in from Cleveland, Ohio to catch a night with his hero. He paid the \$90 cover and his goal was to touch Baker, which he did, stroking the legend's right arm as he left the stage, much to the displeasure of the large security guard leading the escort.

## Jazz Stories: Don Albert

**DON ALBERT,  
MUSICIAN AND  
JOURNALIST,  
BORN IN  
1930, CAPE  
TOWN,  
SOUTH AFRICA,  
ON MUSIC FROM  
CAPE TOWN.**



Opening Day Cape Town  
Int. Jazz Fest. 2016

What I have found is that there is a definite style that emanates from Cape Town.

A listen to the late Basil "Manenberg" Coetzee or Robbie Jansen from the Mother City [Cape Town], compared to Khaya Mahlangu or Barney Rachabane from Johannesburg, highlights the differences in interpretation.

Coetzee was emphatic when he told me in 1987, "My music is South African, not jazz."

Abdullah Ibrahim feels all the music that comes from the coast of Africa has a similarity. The rhythms are very much alike, as compared to what is played inland.

I have always felt that the rhythmic swagger of the Cape has a lot in common with the beat of Brazil. For example, just compare the sounds of the Cape Town Carnival with the Rio Carnival.

To me, there seems to be an umbilical cord joining the two. I think there is a great resemblance in the samba and Kaapse Klopse.



Don Albert circa 2010s

## Norman Granz - Tad Hershorn talks to Mike Gerber. Written by Mike Gerber (Excerpt)

**J**azz at the Philharmonic impresario, manager of Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson, founder of Verve and Pablo record labels – Norman Granz was one of the foremost facilitators in jazz history. And courageously principled in his stand against racial bigots on behalf of musicians he represented....

Born in 1918 in Los Angeles, the son of Jewish immigrants, Granz refused to accept second-class treatment for black musicians. How, I asked, did Granz get into the jazz business, and what explained the man and his principles?

"He was a student in UCLA in about 1940-41 and the LA jazz scene was really quite active at the time. Nat ["King"] Cole was out there developing his trio and very popular. That was one of Norman's early close friends and took him on inside the black jazz scene. Norman was hanging out in these black nightclubs, going to jam sessions – a lot of Norman's ethic goes back to those early days. Norman went around to some of these nightclub owners and said 'I could book a show for you, like a contractor, and here's the way I would do it, there would be pre-conditions that you advertise ahead of time so you pay these musicians, and don't wait for them just to walk in the door and play for free. Put tables on the dancefloor because this is music to listen to and not to dance to. And third you've got to open up to all patrons. And if the shows are successful and you want to keep them, then you'll integrate the audiences seven nights of the week.'.....

"I phoned Norman one time, I said when you look at the lives of unusual people, whether you're talking about Picasso or Basie, you certainly want to know about their background, what influenced them in the direction they took. It's not exactly a threepenny question. But that's just part of Norman's very private side, and I just figured to pick up that line of questioning again was really at my own risk. This was a very mercurial man."

It was perhaps that aspect of his character that induced the great clarinetist and bandleader, Artie Shaw, when I interviewed him for my own book, *Jazz Jews*, to deride him as "a prick". That response, which shocked me, was certainly not in reaction to Granz's line on race matters – Shaw was one of the first white bandleaders to employ black musicians, and even dared taking Billie Holiday on tour of the racially segregated southern USA.

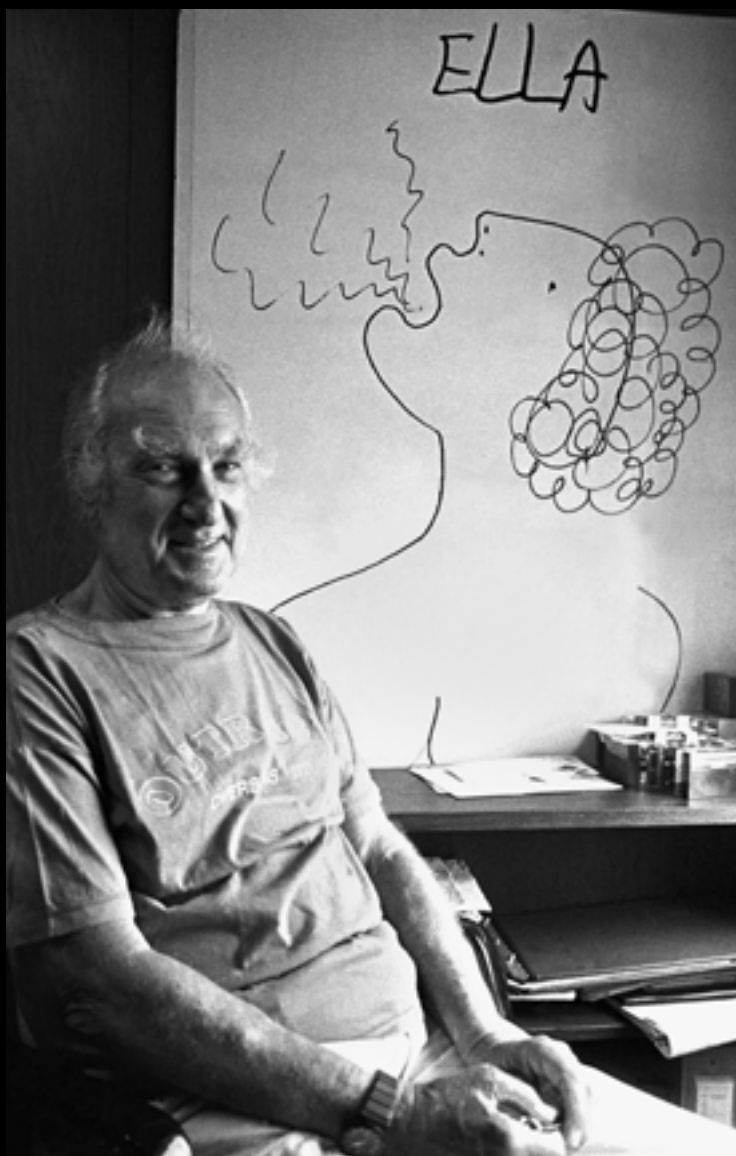
From Tad I learned that mentioned Granz had been in the Communist Party; did that not come back to haunt him during the McCarthy years?

"He was in the party I think somewhere around 1945 to 1947 and it was actually like a musicians' group. It came back in terms of having to deal with that in 1956. The House Un-American Activities [Committee] came to Los Angeles to focus in on party influence in the music business, which was getting pretty obscure. But he knew ahead of time that he was probably going to be subpoenaed."

Granz was on a trip abroad when he came to believe he might be called to testify, and, as Tad put it, "went on the lam" for several weeks in Mexico before returning. "He told me that he had fled to Mexico for a while to avoid a subpoena with the idea that, even though he was self-employed, that that kind of publicity might damage his business.

"In October '56 he called up the FBI office in Los Angeles and they sent agents over and they went somewhere and they talked about it, and Norman offered information, answered all of their questions except implicating other people, and they pretty well concluded that he was not worth putting on any security index or anything like that. Even though the FBI did not put Granz on the Security Index, they did try and lift his passport, I believe in 1958, when he applied for a passport renewal

# Jazz Stories: Norman Granz



Norman Granz, Photo Credit: Tad Hershorn

## Jazz Stories: Norman Granz

in Geneva and checked the box stating that he had once been a member of the communist party. He went down to the State Department with the general counsel of CBS and got the decision reversed."

Tad confirmed that Granz sometimes recorded music for the historical record that he knew was unlikely to make a quick buck, even when it was more modernist – until Granz's tastes caught up – than the pre-bebop jazz that had first fired his enthusiasm. It was the JATP jam concerts that provided the foundation on which Granz launched his first labels. What Granz did was something of a revolution in jazz presentation.

"It was like a brand," attested Tad. "He took an idea and ultimately just turned it into a juggernaut, integrating it with management, recording, and he's the only one who did it quite that way. It was like Norman Granz's take on jazz."

Tad sees a progression from what Granz started to George Wein's innovations in jazz presentation several years later. Wein, yet another Jewish facilitator of jazz, in 1954 founded the annual Newport Jazz Festival, and went on to establish many other major jazz events, also the Newport Folk Festival.

Could Granz, I ventured, be criticised at times on qualitative terms in that there was a feeling that some of the JATP jams – assemblages of sometimes stylistically disparate musicians – were a bit over the top?

"Certainly there were musicians who felt that that was like a circus-like atmosphere, and maybe even a parody of jazz. Dizzy Gillespie said that JATP reflected Norman's weird sense of competition. A lot of critics panned it. There was a lot of very good music too. He had a reasonable idea of who might play well together."

Such as Lionel Hampton (vibes) and Stan Getz (tenor sax), on the 1955 Hamp and Getz LP playing on my turntable as I write these words. Delightful music-making, with the stellar rhythm section of Lou Levy (p), Leroy Vinnegar (b) and Shelly Manne (d) completing what is an all Jewish/African-American line-up.

I shifted the interview focus to individual musicians closely associated with Granz, like Ella – could you say her music improved, or the reverse, through Granz's input? "It was just more focused. You can go back to the Decca years and say they were responsible for projecting her across an audience for 20 years. In the long run, the Verve years are more significant." Most famously, it was for Verve that Ella recorded her Songbook series of albums, her definitive interpretations of the tunes of great American popular composers.

Unquestionably Granz deserves enormous credit for keeping the careers of many older musicians on the rails when first bebop then rock and roll threatened their livelihoods. Art Tatum, for instance, the phenomenal pianist who towards the end of his life recorded a series of solo and small group albums and for Granz's Pablo label. That, Tad said, was Granz at his best: "He knew that Tatum was ill, that he probably didn't have a long time to live, and felt that Tatum never really got his just dues. So the idea of taking him in a studio and saying just play whatever you want I think has pluses and minuses. Without Norman, there would not nearly be that catalogue of Art Tatum. On the other hand there are people like Hank Jones [another prominent jazz pianist] who say that one way you don't record Tatum is to just take him in a studio and run this through like sausage. It's an example of where Norman had a conviction about something, he could afford to do it and he did it, and there are just people who can be critical even of a fairly monumental project like that. He thought that jazz was in Tatum's debt, and that Tatum was such a unique player that he just didn't have the fame or the prospects."

That whole humanitarian side could, Tad reflected, be "clobbered" by the fact that Granz could be such a bastard:

"This is a guy when they wanted to give him a Lifetime Achievement Grammy, just said 'I think you guys are a little late' and didn't take it. Not particularly helpful in documenting a lot of the history that he made. That is just part of the mystery of him. On the one hand you feel that he never really got his just desserts, on the other hand he never really made it easy for someone to do it."





Photo Credit: Jon Rose

Written  
by  
Steve Elkins

### INTRODUCTION:

#### WHEN AURAL MAPS COLLIDE:

It is no minor anecdote in the history of metaphors that when Jon Rose set out with a violin bow to make music from the longest stringed instruments on Earth, he discovered that they are fences in Australia. The dingo fence alone is approximately twice the length of the Great Wall of China. Before that, Australia's Rabbit Proof Fence was arguably the longest thing of any kind ever made. After the Australian government made it their official policy in 1931 to separate children of half-Aborigine/half-white parentage from their tribe to raise them in camps as domestic laborers for whites, three young girls famously escaped and realized that they could find their way home by walking for nine weeks along the Rabbit Proof Fence which stretched nearly 2,000 kilometers across the continent. It was one of the longest walks in the history of the southern hemisphere, and they succeeded. To keep such massive physical objects standing and functional, individuals known as "fence runners" are made responsible for patrolling their own relatively "small" 150-mile section of such fences in some of the most remote and hostile locations on the planet. Some can't handle the loneliness: fence maintenance in Australia has a history of suicides, murders, and lonely graves.

# Feature

## An Aural Map of Australia



Hollis Taylor and Jon Rose

When considering the gargantuan labor and loss of life required to build such enormous musical instruments, it is a fantastic irony that their engineers had no idea they were constructing them all the way across the only continent whose entire landscape had already been transposed into a musical score. The original custodians of the land believed that nothing existed unless it had a song which could be sung. By knowing the song of every rock, tree and lump of dirt, Aborigines not only possessed a sonic map which allowed them to navigate their way through the unforgiving landscape, but also to experience the spiritual significance of every topographical detail in their path as musical notes scattered by their totemic ancestors. "In theory, at least, the whole of Australia could be read as a musical score," Bruce Chatwin once wrote. "There was hardly a rock or creek in the country that could not or had not been sung. One should perhaps visualize the Songlines as a spaghetti of Iliads and Odysseys, writhing this way and that, in which every 'episode' was readable in terms of geology...a featureless stretch of gravel was the musical equivalent of Beethoven's Opus III."

## Feature An Aural Map of Australia



Jon Rose, photo credit: Hollis Taylor

By being just insane enough to “go bush” for over four years, conjuring music from 25,000 miles of Australia’s fences and the Songlines they arbitrarily cross, Jon Rose and his partner Hollis Taylor understood that they had stumbled upon a continent-wide musical spy hole into how the human mind invests dreams in its surroundings for the dividends of meaning they may return. What the Aborigines saw as a gigantic spiritual web of living musical vibration, the Europeans saw as a blank canvas on which to project the sanctity of private property (sound like the music industry?). Where the Aborigines saw a desert that could only sporadically support a few dozen people over an area the size of a major county, the Europeans saw a perfect place to plant two million head of cattle to materialize their nostalgia for home. To calculate the amount of fencing the Europeans constructed to falsely convince themselves they could stabilize the colossal consequences of such quixotic fantasies, you’d need a measuring stick that stretches from the Earth to the moon. Looking further back, the invention of barbed wire in the nineteenth century

## Feature An Aural Map of Australia



Read and Listen—  
the Great Fences of  
Australia project, book by  
Hollis Taylor with DVD of 40  
outback concerts:  
**Post Impressions**  
hollistaylor.com

coincided almost perfectly with the start of the modern state of Australia, where it was erected ad nauseam to the tune of millions of kilometers, transforming the continent into a prison colony for England. This theme park of suffering was primarily reserved for impoverished homeless people who received lifelong banishment for violating laws protecting private property. At the time, this was a worse offense than attempted murder, which was classed as a misdemeanor until 1803. As historian Robert Hughes put it, “Such lives confirmed [that] the worst offense against property was to have none.”

But, in one of history’s fantastic ironies, these prisoners had been banished to a land whose native inhabitants had no concept of private property whatsoever. The Aborigines had over 40,000 years experience knowing that to make one place as your home in that environment was suicide, so “to feel ‘at home’ in that country depended on being able to leave it” (Chatwin). They saved nothing, routinely set fire to several square miles of territory just to catch the handful of goannas or marsupial rats that hid in bushes, and kept on the move while they did so. For them, surviving required such boundless creativity and fluid movement, that “ownership” of the land equated to understanding it, and knowing it’s inner song.

Each individual inherited some fragment of the landscape in its musical form, and by adding up



Photo Credit: Jon Rose

## Feature An Aural Map of Australia



Jon Rose, photo credit: Hollis Taylor

the individuals and the music they were entrusted with, you'd have a sonic map of the continent. This was needed not only to navigate through it, but to preserve it: for them, nothing existed unless it was sung into existence, and to stop singing would cause it to disappear. Knowing the music incorrectly could result in the death penalty. It would not only unravel creation, it could cause one to stray off the Dreaming Tracks of their ancestors.

So in the Australian outback, Rose found himself at the intersection of two very different musics, arising from two cultures projecting their own dreams upon the vast landscape when they gazed upon it. Fences and Songlines were each unique sonic articulations of ownership, giving voice to how these cultures related to their surroundings: one defined by a physical material that divides and the other by a cross-cultural transmission that connects. "The outback fence, that iconic divider and protector, is a metaphor for the duality with which the human mind analyzes and copes with situations," Jon once said, "All human beings have this in common. There's the unknown and stepping into it or stepping away from it. The difference in culture is that European man decided to make it a physical barrier... At the same time, fences also mark...the notion of belonging to lands and cultures and political systems... fence construction has inadvertently given us a means of expressing musically, with a direct physical connection, the whole range of intense emotion tied up with the ownership of the land."

All of this puts quite a spin on the observations of French economist Jacques Attali: "Music, as a mirror of society...is more than an object of study: it is a way of perceiving the world. A tool of understanding...Music, the organization of noise...reflects the manufacture of society; it constitutes the audible waveband of the vibrations and signs that make up a society. An instrument of understanding, it prompts us to decipher a sound form of knowledge."

Perhaps in the sonic map Jon Rose has made of Australia's fences, we have a clue, a picture, of why music affects all of us so deeply. Perhaps our personal distinctions between music and noise reflects (and affects) our internal map of the borders we cultivate

## Feature An Aural Map of Australia



Ross Bolleter Ruined Piano Sanctuary



Rod Cooper's Vessel Bowing Mechanism  
photo credit: Jesse Boreham

within ourselves and then project back upon the world we experience. Perhaps music is not just a movement of air that triggers emotional reactions in us, but a magnifying glass which makes us stand in relation to our notions of “self” and “other,” value and worthlessness, transcendence and the mundane, and re-evaluate them. Perhaps music compels us to rethink the maps our lives make out of the complex phenomena of the world around us.

And this is one of the reasons why I see, in Jon’s Australian odysseys, a picture of what can happen when music goes to work as an active ingredient within us. It is a realization of something John Luther Adams once said, “All my life I’ve believed in the possibility that one person can change the world, and in the imperative to do so. Yet it’s not really the world that needs to change. It’s the quality of our attention to the world.” By setting out to make a sonic map of the fences that divide Australia, Rose wound up with an additional map, of the people who live on both sides of these fences. Many of them were musicians and instrument builders living in remote locations across the continent without any infrastructure to catapult their unique musical voices out of their geographical isolation. They had to rely on the impetus that Rose has described as “the do-it-yourself nature of music in this country;” and the good fortune of finding themselves in the path of someone like him who cared enough to pay attention to these people and places that most would rather ignore. Jon compiled the musicians he met from both sides of Australia’s fences into a giant chamber orchestra at the 2005 Melbourne Festival. They performed together on the same stage as if to suggest precisely what fences cannot contain.

By following his own Songline through the Australian desert, Jon was able to give voice to an inner life of Australia that had never been heard before (at least not in unison). It’s one of the reasons I traveled halfway around the world to Australia twice in 2009, retracing Jon’s footsteps. It’s why I found myself in a punk club in Sydney watching Lucas Abela scream into amplified glass before we discussed the music he makes on electro-acoustic trampolines, destroying CDs with amplified skewers, and the race tracks he was making out of vinyl records to be played by modified remote

## Feature An Aural Map of Australia



Rod Cooper, photo credit: Tim McNeillage



Stelios Arcadiou (Stelarc)  
photo credit: Nina Sellars

control cars with styli attached to their undercarriages. It's why I rode a bus 12 hours north the next day to hear one of the last Aborigine gum leaf players pull a branch of her backyard gum tree to her lips and make the leaves sing like Caruso. It's why I journeyed to Australia's central red deserts to find an Aborigine women's choir and a singing dog, and listen to the only air in the world where Mass is breathed in the language of the Western Arrernte.

It's why I made sure to get to know everyone helping Jon construct his chamber orchestra of bicycle-powered instruments, because I was sure they would each turn out to be a musical cosmology of their own. Sure enough, that's how I met Rod Cooper, who was building a full-size sailboat in which every part (well over a hundred) is to be bowed or plucked as a musical instrument; Garth Paine who was placing bio-sensors on dancers to make music directly from their body movements; and Robin Fox who was using lasers and cathode ray oscillators to make the underlying geometry of music visible to listeners as they hear it, while writing music for people with cochlear ear implants, so that they can once again enjoy the sound of music without technological distortion.

Then of course, there's Jon's friend Stelios Arcadiou, known as Stelarc, who had a cell-cultivated third ear implanted into his arm, and has allowed his body to be controlled remotely by electronic muscle stimulators connected to the internet. But there are other Australians who don't view their own bodies as such obsolete musical technology. The Tasmanian guitarist Greg Kingston has turned his physical disability of Tourette Syndrome into musical ability, deliberately harnessing the sporadic and explosive short-circuiting in his basal ganglia into an entirely original style packed with such alarmingly speedy energy, humor, sadness, stupidity, and wisdom that it makes him cry (along with the audience). David Harvey has a severe form of autism in which almost every action, including conducting trees, graves, people, and the city as his own giant musical composition, is, according to Jon Rose, "making sense of his world through music. I'm not suggesting that we all go round conducting trees or traffic, although

# Feature

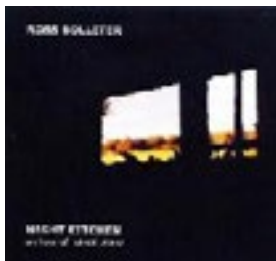
## An Aural Map of Australia



Ross Bolleter Ruined Piano Sanctuary



Ross Bolleter Ruined Piano Sanctuary



Listen to Ross Bolleter:  
**Night Kitchen, An  
Hour of Ruined Piano**  
Emanem Records #5008

I'd be the first to sign my name up to such a project, but I find David's perception of a holistic musical environment much more compelling than the last performance I heard at the Opera House." Multiple sclerosis couldn't stop John Blades from becoming a major figure in Australia's alternative music scene, and he told Jon that his condition had actually reversed through his involvement with music.

Jon documented over 200 artists across Australia, each with something valuable to contribute to our understanding of what music is and can be. Before Jon, some of them had never been given a stage, let alone a place in any "official" or "approved" histories of how our species uses sound to engage with our surroundings. "My point is that you can and should research and write your own history," Jon has said, "if it has content, it will ring true. It might also provide the materials with which to challenge the future...a desire and passion for experimentation in the face of official mediocrity."

Jon has argued that the history of modern Australia can be seen as running parallel to the history of its fences. But his aural map of the country reminds us that this does not have to remain its legacy. Creative music is the sound of our struggles against the limitations of our bodies, our technology, our language, and our geography. It is the imprint we leave on our social confines. It can transport us to a height where we look down and see how impotent such fences really are. At that altitude, those on all sides of fences may experience music as a celebration that we "own" nothing, but share much.

Steve Elkins



PHOTO  
JAZZ STORIES  
photos and captions  
by Patrick Hinely



# Jazz Stories A Photo History

CARLA BLEY (BORN LOVELLA MAE BORG, MAY 11, 1936, OAKLAND CA) – ORGAN, WITH THE SWALLOW QUINTET

Notating charts of Steve Swallow's music during set-up and sound-check, Birdland, Neuburg-am-Donau, Germany, October 29, 2011. Two things set this particularly photo-opportune moment apart from my previous 30+ years of photographing this first lady of American music. First is that she was playing in someone else's band, a rarity in itself, and second, she had basically

turned me loose with my camera, which had never been the case before, even when I spent several days with her and her big band as they rehearsed and recorded her LOOKING FOR AMERICA album in 2002. I've always tried to respect her space, and to finally be validated for doing so was as good a feeling as realizing, a decade ago, that I'd been the first photographer since Garry Winogrand allowed to spend as much time in the studio with her and her band, and Winogrand's wonderful wanderings during the ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL sessions had occurred 30 years earlier! While this is not something I'll engrave on my tombstone, I am none the less proud of it. This photograph was a finalist in the Jazz Journalists Association 2012 Photo of the Year competition.



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

# 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®

**W**eber'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.

# 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®

## 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

**A**fternoon 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

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

FREDDIE GREEN (b. 1911, Charleston, South Carolina, d. 1987) – guitar, with the Count Basie Orchestra, Lexington, Virginia, February, 1985



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1985

This is one of the few images of my personal work which I shot on my day job as University Photographer at my employer (and alma mater – 1973), Washington and Lee University. The scene is W&L's annual Fancy Dress ball, an event once grand and notable on the southern circuit of high society, by this point a nostalgic hold-over among the school's many traditions. Shooting from the gymnasium balcony, I noticed that Green's guitar had no amplification. During one of the band's breaks, I asked saxophonist Eric Dixon how they could possibly hear him, and he responded that they didn't need to actually hear Freddie playing, because they could feel his playing. Green did take a solo that evening – four notes' worth – and they were good ones. This photograph took first place in Jazz Photo International 1985.

JAZZ CALENDIARY 2008, comprising nearly 60 of Patrick Hinely's Work/Play® photographs, including several which have previously appeared in these pages, was published in 2007 in Germany by Jazzprezzo (ISBN 978-3-9810250-3-3), with an introduction by Tad Hershorn. Officially out of print, a few copies remain available from the photographer. For more information, e-mail: [phinely@embarqmail.com](mailto:phinely@embarqmail.com)

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

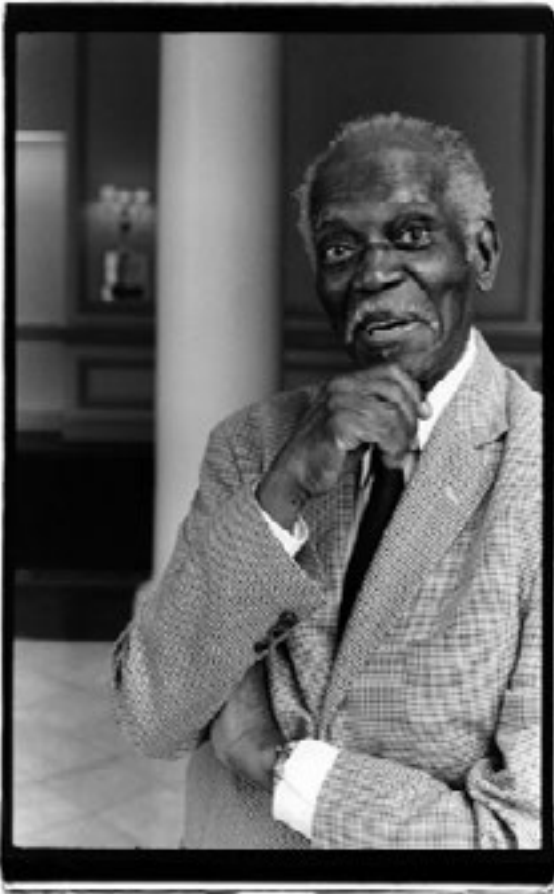
GARY PEACOCK (b. 1935, Burley, Idaho) –bass, James Farber, recording engineer, PAUL MOTIAN (b. 1931, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, d. 2011) –drums, and PAUL BLEY (b. 1932, Montreal, Quebec) – piano New York City, January, 1998

**B**reak 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

# Jazz Stories A Photo History



HANK JONES (b. 1918, Vicksburg, Mississippi, d. 2010) – piano  
Charleston, South Carolina, May 2006

Photo Credit: Patrick Hiney © 2006

This impromptu portrait was shot outside the ballroom of the ritzy hotel where Jones was staying for his appearance at Spoleto Festival USA.

When someone says it's usually 90 during May in Charleston, that holds true for both the temperature and the humidity, neither of which deterred the gracious and elegant Mr. Jones from his usual wardrobe. Blessedly, we never had to leave air-conditioning. The only other pianist I've ever met with as fine a touch also came to New York from Detroit: Tommy Flanagan, and the mere mention of that name brought this smile to Jones' face, who, despite Flanagan's having been gone for almost five years at the time, Jones referred to in the present tense – but then, so had Flanagan, during a concert nearly a decade before, referred to Jones' late brother Thad in the present tense, repeatedly, before playing each of the several of Thad's tunes in his set list that evening.

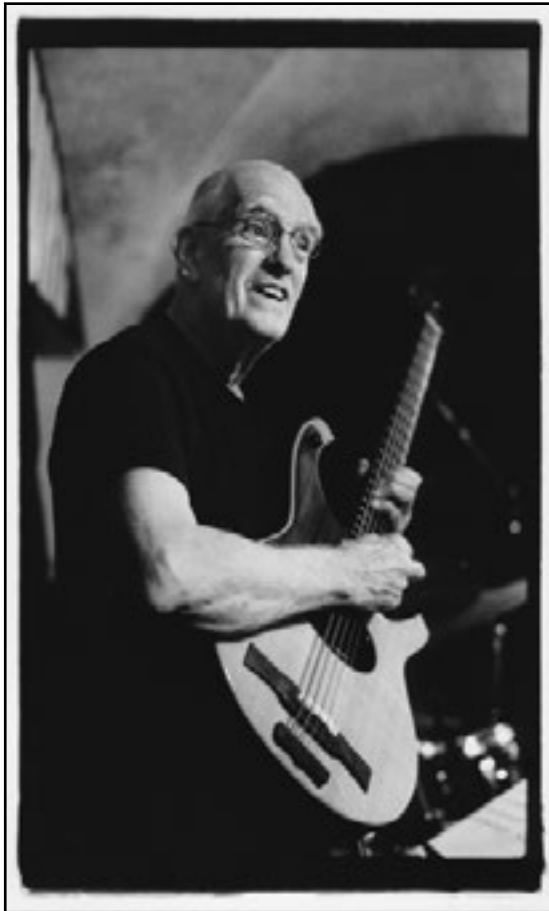


# Jazz Stories A Photo History

STEVE SWALLOW (BORN OCTOBER 4, 1940, FAIR LAWN NJ) – BASS GUITAR

During set-up and soundcheck, Birdland, Neuburg-am-Donau, Germany, October 29, 2011

After all those years of being the bassist in other people's bands – primarily those of Gary Burton, John Scofield and Carla Bley – here was Swallow finally touring with his own band, and this was only the second gig on the group's inaugural tour.



He wasn't euphoric, but he was having a good time among his chosen cohorts (Carla Bley, organ, Chris Cheek, saxophone, Steve Cardenas, guitar and Jorge Rossy, drums). They played two sets, a full evening's romp through Swallow's original repertoire writ especially for this ensemble, and the music ended much too soon. An album was recorded at tour's end and will appear on the XtraWATT imprint of Bley's WATT label. This room is one of the most gracious spaces I've seen in use as a nightclub; it's a deep basement where, in centuries past, barrels, casks and kegs of fermenting beverages were stored. Everywhere one looks there are arches, and to my eye, there is no such thing as too many soaring arcs.

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

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

LES McCANN (b. 1935, Lexington, Kentucky) – pianoCharleston, South Carolina, May 1988



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1988

Appearing at Spoleto Festival USA in reunion with Eddie Harris (19 years after the famed Montreux recording, their rendition of Eugene McDaniel's "Compared to What" still set the stage on fire), the affable McCann is seen following the conclusion of a combination soundcheck and press conference at the Cistern of the College of Charleston, a sumptuous setting as long as it doesn't rain. He was signing an autograph for a member of the media when some of his adoring public formed an impromptu queue. Long have I thought this situation could be akin to what the opening of MacBeth would look like if it had been written by Louis Jordan. Beware, Brother Beware...

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

RON FREE (b. 1936, Charleston, South Carolina) – drums  
Hot Springs, Virginia, July 2000

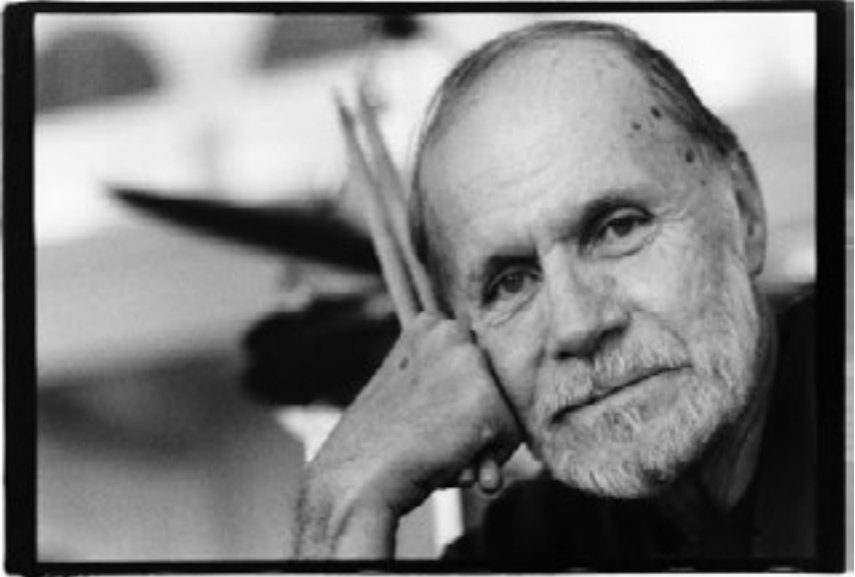


Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©2000

Until Oxford American magazine commissioned me to shoot some portraits of him for a piece by Sam Stephenson, I had no clue Free was living right over the mountain from me: he was the stuff of legend, an up-and-coming new player in 1950s New York who had mysteriously fallen off the jazz radar by 1960. We'd actually met once before, when he was in the pickup band for Jay McShann at a Spoleto jazz picnic in 1985, on a plantation near Charleston SC, but we hadn't kept in touch. This time, we met up at an even grander plantation, The Homestead, a prestigious old resort where Free has now been de facto drummer-in-residence for more than a decade. This portrait was shot in early afternoon in the dining room there, where, as Free puts it, he is paid several evenings a week under the jazz subsidy act, i.e., he is paid to not play jazz. I've been lucky enough to catch him elsewhere and otherwise, in more jazz-opportune contexts, where he embodies a protean, ego-free ability to let less say more.

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

KENT KESSLER (b. circa 1956, Crawfordsville, Indiana) – bass, MARS WILLIAMS (b. 1955, Elmhurst, Illinois) – saxophone, HAL RUSSELL (b. Harold Luttenbacher, 1926, Detroit, Michigan, d. 1992) – saxophone, drums, and leader of NRG ENSEMBLE

Berlin, Germany, November 1991



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely © 1991

This performance at the Franz Club by one of Chicago's wooliest free jazz groupings was for an ECM Records album debut party, eastward across town from NRG's appearance at the concurrently-running JazzFest Berlin. While the clouds of cigarette smoke hardly smelled like incense, the light falling in through the windows did make the place look like a cathedral, specifically that of St. Herman of Leonard. After the festivities had concluded, I caught a ride back with my fellow photographer, Berlin's finest, Detlev Schilke, who drove us back via the Brandenburg Gate, so when I passed through it for the first time, not only was I going from east to west, but was riding in a Trabant. This photo appeared as the back cover of the CD booklet for *The Hal Russell Story*, ECM 1498.

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

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



Photo Credit: Patrick Hiney ©2004

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.

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

ELOE OMOE

(born 1949 as Leroy Taylor, died 1989)

- bass clarinet, in the Sun Ra Arkestra. Performance, Lexington VA, July 1989

Sun Ra's concert was easily the most surreal musical occurrence ever in this hotbed of social rest where I've lived for more than 30 years. In its original 1980s incarnation, Lime Kiln Arts, an open-air venue, usually included one jazz-like event in their primarily bluegrass-oriented concert seasons, and indeed an event it was when they booked Sonny Blount's bunch. With dancers, costumes, and all the other stagecraft, it was not inappropriate that Ra's extraterrestrial revue performed under a circus-like tent. While some of the locals didn't know quite what to make of it all, there were

also plenty of us for whom space was the place, and we grooved on the elevated level of both individual and collective musicianship permeating the band. Omoë's solo was only one of many moments of wonderfully down-to-earth yet also intergalactic surprise.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1989

Also published as the front cover for *Extended Play* by John Corbett (Duke U.Press, 1994) and *Breath Into Bone* by J.R. Thelin (Smalls Books, 2010).

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

LESTER BOWIE (born 1941, Frederick MD, died 1999) – trumpet, with the Amabutho Male Chorus

Rehearsal/soundcheck/warmup, October 1991, Berlin.

The South African singing group had just arrived at the main hall for JazzFest Berlin to prepare for the evening's performance, with the Art Ensemble of Chicago. While AEC's loading in was still in progress on stage, the Amabuthans gathered around Bowie, seated in the front row, and all were conversing and discussing in both languages, verbal and musical. I wish I could conjure up now the harmonies they created as they searched for a working balance of structure and freedom. They made it all sound so easy, so natural. Though Bowie, the most profound of jokers, was not yet in his customary lab coat, I can say with all certainty that the experiment was a success.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1991

Also published in 40 Jahre JazzFest Berlin 1964 - 2004.

# Jazz Stories A Photo History

LOUIS SCLAVIS (born 1953, Lyon, France) – reeds  
At dinner before performance, Berlin, November 2003.



Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©2003

The scene seen is in the cellar canteen beneath the main hall for JazzFest Berlin, where Franco and his staff feed multitudes of musicians, technicians, house staff and media workers, all in time to make curtain. That is Sclavis' guitarist at the time, Hasse Poulsen, at top center, bringing desserts back to the table, where the bandleader is holding forth to his other bandmates. I have long been fascinated by such impromptu glimpses of life in the process of being lived, in which musicians look like any other people, as they go about doing some of what they have to do to be able to make music the way they do. If one were to conclude from this image that I am an admirer of Henri Cartier-Bresson, one would be correct.



# Jazz Stories A Photo History

MIKE NOCK (born 1940, Christchurch, New Zealand) – piano  
Portrait – June 1999, Edmonton, Alberta.

This was shot during a break in Mike's afternoon practice at Edmonton Jazz City, one of the longest-running Canadian festivals, which Australian-resident Nock had traveled even further to get to than I had. I'd slipped into the room and been listening to him for a while; he proved beyond any doubt that not all who wander are lost. Nock was so involved in his music that he hadn't noticed my arrival, and I was savoring this private recital when the piano, all too soon, fell silent. I applauded, which rather startled him, and, when he found out I hadn't just come in, he apologized for going on so long at the piano! On every good trip, there comes a moment, sometimes early on, sometimes not, when I realize I've shot something so strong that if I had to cut my travels short and go home right then, I could go home happy. This was one of those moments.

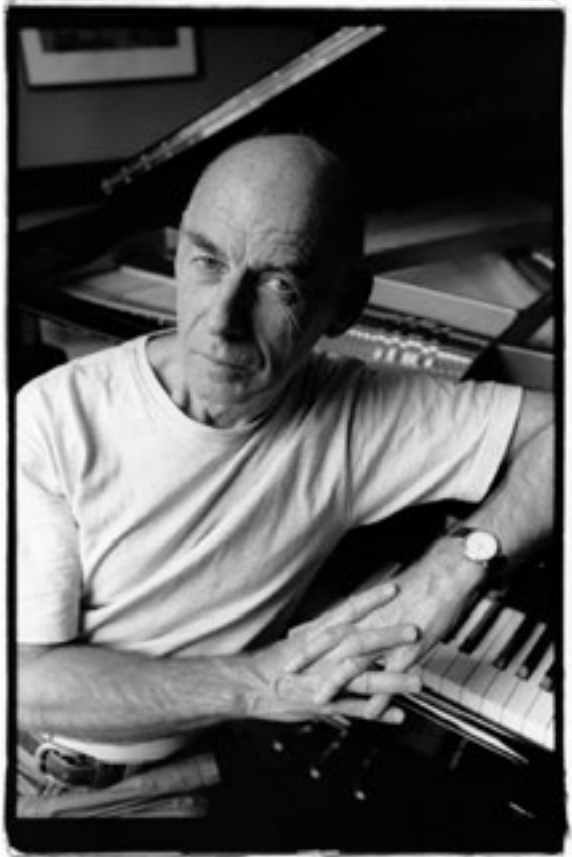


Photo Credit: Patrick Hinely ©1999

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## 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

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

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).

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## A QUARTET OF PORTRAITS by Patrick Hinely

29 years after the fact, Paul Horn remains unsurpassed as the most intuitive portrait subject I have ever encountered, – with results I still find pleasing. My hope is that the following four portraits offer proof that he has not been my only success. I have come to think of portraiture as a collaborative act between subject and photographer, though no two have been alike. With Horn, our communication during the shoot was almost entirely non-verbal. Each of these other portraits involved differing amounts and varieties of collaboration between subject, shooter and location, yielding, to my eye, images which each possess their own unique charms.



Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1977

## COLLIN WALCOTT

set-up and sound check before Oregon concert

Tampa Theatre

Tampa, Florida

November 1977

Walcott, like all four of the Oregonians, knew I was working while they were setting up, and we had a long enough history by this point that they trusted me to not step on their instruments or trip over wires, et cetera, so I felt myself in harmony with the musicians as we all went about our tasks. Collin, gone 30 years now, told me this photograph showed more clearly what he liked best about being on the road than any other he'd ever seen, which I have always taken as a great compliment, since he was a pretty good photographer himself. He said I showed him as much at home as he got on the road, afloat in the middle of his array of instruments. Though his back is turned, I still consider this a portrait, because I know the subject did too.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 1995

**KLAUS KOENIG**  
en route  
on a Deutsche Bahn train  
between Koeln and Hannover, Germany  
October 1995

Since we'd made an unannounced stop between stations, composer and bandleader Koenig was getting a bit antsy about making it to his teaching gig on in Hannover on time, and I don't know how long we sat there on an immobile train, but I do remember there was another train, a freight, going in the opposite direction on the next track, between us and the sun. The direct sunlight came through only in those fleeting intervals while the space between cars was passing. Klaus doesn't like to pose, so this is him simply as he was, wondering when we'd get rolling again, perhaps with a hint of impatience, but not with me - with Deutsche Bahn. My unofficial title for this one is "Beethoven on the Train."

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



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.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

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

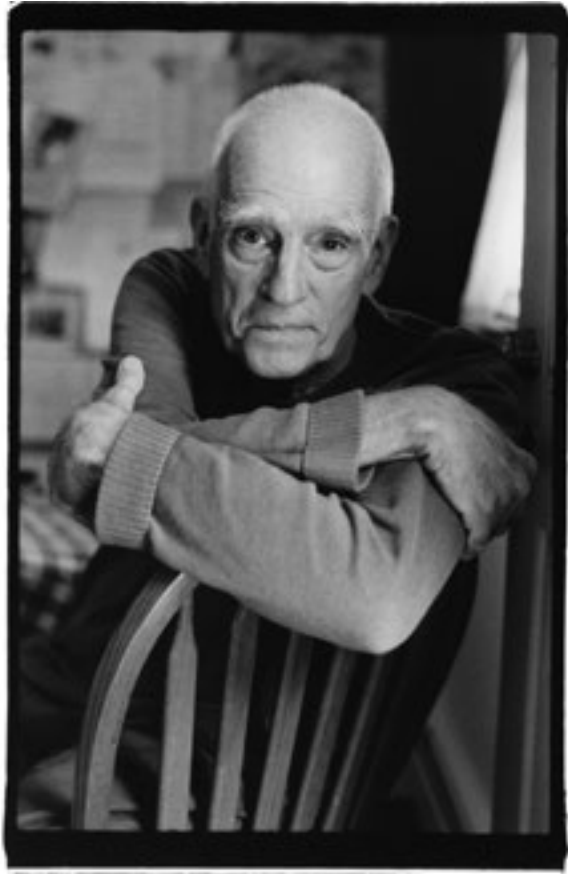


Photo credit Patrick Hinely, copyright 2009

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.

# BASS IS THE PLACE

A portrait, a performance, a rehearsal and a recording session

Early on I noticed that bassists tend to be more team-oriented than other players. Then I began noticing that ensembles led by bassists tend to sound more like bands and less like aggregations of soloists, no matter how many able soloists are involved. Could it be that those most often cast in a traditionally supporting role more greatly appreciate the opportunities presented by being in charge? Another positive side effect of more often inhabiting the back, rather than front, line is having the whole ego thing in a more constructive perspective. While bassists enjoy being in the spotlight as much as anyone else, they do not tend to excessively bask there.

Then there is the story of the suspect in police custody who just won't talk; he refuses to answer any questions, keeping his lips zipped no matter what approach the interrogating officers use. As a last resort, the cops bring in a bass player, who tunes up and launches into an impassioned solo rendering of "Body and Soul." So of course the suspect finally talks – because everybody talks during a bass solo...

All black and white photographs are © copyright in the year of their creation by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®; and, unless otherwise noted, were previously published in Jazz Calendiary 2008 by Jazzprezzo, via Nieswand Verlag of Germany (ISBN 978-3-9810250-3-3).



# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

This depicts an artist deep in thought and even deeper in the moment, listening to and conversing with his colleagues Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry and Billy Higgins.

Haden has always had a way of getting down to the heart of things, sometimes with such a directness to seem simple when, upon closer examination, it is anything but, and he turns out to be keeping the pulse of the planet. He liked this image enough to either suggest or insist (depending on who you ask) that his record company use it on the covers of his entire six-album series of The Montreal Tapes.

That fax from Paris remains the only time a major record company has called on me, rather than the other way around, to negotiate fees for the use of my work. This shot remains my most copiously remunerative image, a satisfaction made even more rewarding by knowing Charlie likes it so much.



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 1987

## Charlie Haden

Born August 6, 1937, Shenandoah IA, died July 11, 2014 in Los Angeles, CA.

Performance with Ornette Coleman, Kino Delphi, JazzFest Berlin, November 1987

Jazz Calendary, 2013 Grammy Broadcast

Previous publication: cover for 6 CDs, The Montreal Tapes series, Verve/Polydor France, 2008

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

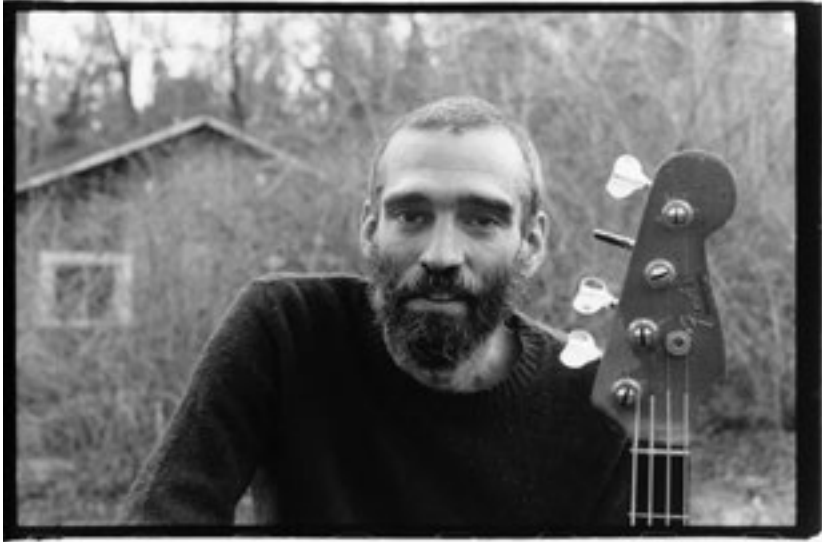


Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 1979

## Steve Swallow

October 4, 1940, Fair Lawn NJ

Portrait in his backyard, Guilford CT, December 1979

This portrait is a simple, straightforward image, made with a 50 mm lens, the oldest picture in my portfolio shot with what has long been considered the 'normal' lens, i.e., encompassing a field of view closest to how most people 'see'. So the pounds of more exotic gear I was lugging around stayed in my bag that day. There is poetry in learning this from photographing Swallow, for his process of creating music, be it a composition or a solo, involves not only making sure all the elements are well paced and placed, but also leaving out everything that doesn't need to be there. At the time, his first solo album (on which he plays only one solo) was just out, and he was serving as bassist for three bands, those of Gary Burton, Carla Bley and John Scofield, so his being at home was rare enough in itself. I'd thought the combination of relentless touring and low December light was what yielded that aura of vague emaciation, but years later he told me that my visit had come on the day after his wife left him.

Previous publication: Jazz Forum magazine, 1982, ECM Records publicity use, and 2008 JazzCalendary

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

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

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

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 -



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*

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

BASS IS THE PLACE (CONTINUED):

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.

## 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](http://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](http://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.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

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 Good man: 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

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

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.



## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Milt Hinton portrait, hotel lobby, The Hague, Netherlands, July 1990

©1990 Patrick Hinely, *Work/Play*

Hinton was waiting for his ride to the airport when our paths unexpectedly crossed in the lobby of the festival's hotel housing musicians. He seemed totally comfortable as I made a few shots. It was easy to keep to his aesthetic of using only available light, for that has long been my own preference as well. I loved that he didn't pose: he was an all-or-nothing package, one I willingly signed for.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Charlie Haden, Milt Hinton and Dave Holland 3/4 of the Bass Masters Classic at University of Virginia JazzFest, Charlottesville VA, January 1994 (not pictured: Richard Davis) ©1994 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

It sounds like an alliterative, to say nothing of alphabetically arranged, law firm: Haden, Hinton and Holland. When I think about the span of these three guys, and their formative participation in the musics of Ornette Coleman, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis, this gathering and collective depiction seem even more remarkable. This festival program was one of genius, arranged by avant-impresario Reggie Marshall, for what was then an adventurous - and substantially funded, a rare combination - college jazz festival. This one actually took place during an ice storm, though all of these leader's bands kept the stages ablaze.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Barre Phillips, Photo Credit © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Barre Phillips (b. October 27, 1934, San Francisco CA)

Duo performance (and Joelle Leandre)

Total Music Meeting (TMM), Quartier Latin, November 1988

Though TMM was described by some as the anti-JazzFest, it was not. Through the years its co-producers usually included FMP (Free Music Productions, a local yet global record label) and the same city/federal agencies which supported JazzFest, at least back in those days while the city was divided, as it still was in 1988, when I made a late-night trek, after the main festival's evening extravaganza at Philharmonic Hall, to what was then the Quartier Latin (now the Wintergarten, far more glitzy and upscale – and far less artistically adventurous, which is true of too much around the new Potsdamer Platz) for a bill beginning late and rollicking on into the wee hours, as was TMM's standard procedure at the time, running most every night of JazzFest as a sort of after-hours alternative, more aligned with the thriving European free scene than the main festival's offerings, featuring such regulars as Peter Brotzmann. Its following was quite loyal, if smaller than JazzFest's, including some who enjoyed both, crossers-over like myself. The room was intimate enough – and the audience respectful enough – for this two-bass act to play acoustically, and while I don't remember any specific tunes, I do recall the feeling of having been taken exploring, on an adventurous journey that passed through many interesting points as it traversed terrains from rough and rugged to tranquil and bucolic in its unfolding. A rare treat.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Mike Richmond, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Mike Richmond (b. February 26, 1948, Philadelphia PA)

Packing up after concert with George Gruntz Concert Jazz Band

JazzFest Berlin, House of the Cultures of the World. November 1998

Richmond's resume already read like a Who's Who of Jazz when I got this shot after the last gig on a European tour with George Gruntz's Concert Jazz Band. Richmond was Gruntz's bassist of choice for more than 20 years, in contexts ranging from trio to big band, plus an opera. This tour had included recording sessions as well as performances, on a schedule less leisurely than those for which Gruntz was famed among top-flight musicians, many of whom – Richmond included – signed on whenever their already-busy schedules permitted. So while he was winded, he was not exhausted, just happy to have played so well and glad to be heading home, yet also sad to part ways with so many brother bandmates. That looks like Gruntz near a ladder in the far background, where he would have been while packing up his scores from the evening's concert. To me, this image imparts a feeling of being on the road, of being in that limbo of transit between one destination and the next, even though still on the turf of the latest one. I think of situations like this – which can, I hope, evoke a transient poetry all their own – as showing some of what jazz people spend 95% of their time doing, part of that big everything that must be done to make possible that other 5%, the part that we in the audience see and/or hear.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Barry Guy, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hindy, Work/Play®

Barry Guy (b. April 22, 1947, London, England)

Rehearsing with his New Orchestra for JazzFest Berlin

Rehearsal Hall, House of the Berliner Festspiele, November 2009

Guy is seen in one of his less kinetic moments at the helm – where he served more as navigator than commander - of his international if occasional aggregation, each member of which need only be awake to be at the ready, and all of whom revel in inhabiting that zone of open-ended collective endeavor contiguous to both order and chaos, where the British variety of free jazz resides. His own dance with his bass encompasses everything from caressing it to practically wrestling with it, each in turn as the moment demands. At the helm of this lot, he must herd cats while surfing on a wave much larger than himself, and he loves every minute of it. The challenge in a rehearsal like this is to make sure his colleagues, who included Evan Parker, Trevor Watts, Johannes Bauer, Herb Robertson, Paul Lytton and Agusti Fernandez, among others, who are getting familiar with the music for the first time, is to make sure they know how he wants it all to move, without telling them what to play, yet letting them dive in and get acquainted with the waters while also holding something in reserve, not to be revealed until the actual gig, at which point they can surprise the audience, each other – and, if they're lucky, maybe even themselves. Nevertheless there was plenty of spirited blowing, much to the enjoyment of all present, while nobody showed nearly all of their cards. They were just getting warmed up.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Eberhard Weber, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Eberhard Weber (b. January 22, 1940, Stuttgart, Germany)

portrait

at his hotel, near Wittenbergplatz, November 2009

Weber was on that same evening's bill at JazzFest Berlin 2009 as Barry Guy (and Dave Holland – talk about bass being the place), but not to perform: he was there to receive the Albert Mangelsdorff Preis, a German jazz musician's highest national accolade from his colleagues. Not that he is any stranger to awards: The Colours of Chloe, (ECM 1042) his debut album, was chosen album of the year for 1975 by the German music critics' organization, with Weber also being named artist of the year. Before being sidelined by a stroke in 2007, Weber recorded another dozen varied and consistently brilliant albums under his own name for ECM, been a member of Jan Garbarek's quartet for nearly 20 years, and moved to a small town in France. He was staying over in Berlin for some highly specialized physical therapy, long enough that I could join him for coffee at his hotel one morning. Though naturally still somewhat vexed by being unable to play, Weber did not dwell on it during our visit. Rather, he expressed enthusiasm, in his usual low-key fashion, for the new project he had embarked upon: listening to the tapes of all those years of concerts by Garbarek's quartet, with the goal of identifying solo passages between tunes that could stand on their own as what he prefers to call spontaneous compositions. The dozen he chose comprise his 2012 album Resume (ECM 2051).

## JAZZFEST BERLIN 2013

### ECLECTIC, ELECTRIFYING, EDIFYING

*an illustrated report by Patrick Hinely*

**T**hough they're holding off until next year's run to celebrate the anniversary of its 1964 premiere, this was the 50th edition of JazzFest Berlin. 2013's performances didn't hold off on setting stages afire during all four nights – and I caught barely half of what was on offer. Though the festival unfolds at a pace which is totally possible to keep up with, doing so can result in profound sensory overload, defining beyond a doubt what is meant by the term “too much of a good thing”. In any case, I shall critique only what I personally witnessed in its unfolding.

As always, the program was a thoughtful assemblage of presentations with several levels of thematic links among artists, styles and cultures. All were presented with world-class production values and a sense of history, the latter through (usually) brief introductory remarks by knowledgeable critics, including the festival's own Artistic Director, Dr. Bert Noglik, who placed the artists about to perform into a much more comprehensive context than one is likely to glean from reading far too much of what passes for jazz journalism these days.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Christian Scott, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

New Orleans trumpeter Christian Scott and his band were up first on opening night, and they kicked righteous ass. To call him a robust player is accurate but inadequate. He is at his best mining and refining that rich vein of ore first exposed by Miles Davis during the 26:54 of “Right Off” on the Jack Johnson soundtrack (CBS, 1970). Scott’s band blasts their way through it all beautifully, with a hint of later-period Cannonball Adderley overlaying the Milesian vibe, yielding an appealing amalgam of strength and subtlety. Hearing younger players like this reassures me that the music, despite decades of jeremiads about its impending death, is in capable hands, and has many bright moments in its future.



## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Joachim Kuehn, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Second and last on the evening's bill, German pianist Joachim Kuehn had a hard act to follow, but repeatedly delivered the goods with "Gnawa Jazz Voodoo," his regular trio (Moroccan bassist Majid Bekkas and Spanish drummer Ramon Lopez) being augmented by four percussionists from three different regions of Africa, and as special guest, saxophonist Pharoah Sanders.

At 74, Sanders's coals are banked but the fire still burns. This was actually a Berlin festival reunion with Kuehn, 45 years on, since both appeared there as part of Don Cherry's big band back in headier days. A bit of that same outer-edge spirit was in the air, though far more focused this time around.

The context kept Kuehn fruitfully occupied in ways that channeled his cogent energy, long known for verging on reckless abandon, letting his estimable jazz chops inform the Euro-classicism wherefrom he comes, sounding as good as he's sounded since recording with Zbigniew Seifert in 1976 (*Man of the Light*, MPS). The percussionists' costumery and stage presence were striking, but they also earned their keep musically, giving stimulating cross-rhythms to what was, overall, a bubbling juggernaut.

This photo of Kuehn at the piano, listening to Sanders, was shot on the day before their performance, at rehearsal, which was at least as electrifying as the concert itself. At the end of it, the musicians were all laughing and hugging one another, practically dancing. I've seen more than one rehearsal in that room wrap up with everyone just packing up and quietly leaving. Not this one.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Pierre Charial, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Night #2 opened with Michael Riessler's 10-piece Big Circle project, including his long-time collaborator Pierre Charial on barrel organ (pictured). Riessler, who hails from Ulm, in the south of Germany, is a composer, saxophonist and bass clarinetist who has thrived in unusual settings, none more so than with Charial's barrel organ, an ungainly contraption somewhat similar to a player piano in that it can only play rolls, in this case in the form of stacks of cards attached end to end, which of course cannot be varied except in tempo, which is controlled by the speed at which Charial cranks the organ's advance wheel. As nice as many of the horn charts for the band were, the highlight of this set was a duet between Riessler and Charial, which was, by turns, energetic and impressionistic, but all sounding like a deep and heartfelt conversation between old friends.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Jack DeJohnette, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

If Jack DeJohnette has ever toured with the same people in his band more than once, I must have missed it, and if he's ever toured a band under his name that was less than outstanding, I've missed that too. This quartet was no exception. He has found a wonderfully inventive cohort and foil on bass in Jerome Harris, of Sonny Rollins renown, in many ways here the power behind the throne. George Colligan's creative keyboards added a fullness to the band sound that was substantial without becoming lugubrious, a fine line, but he was most surprising on pocket trumpet. Then of course there was that force of nature known as Don Byron.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Don Byron, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

In the past, Byron has appeared at this festival in several contexts, this time around splitting himself between tenor sax and clarinet, and excelling on both. DeJohnette powered the band sound with force and grace, as the moment demanded. In and around a satisfying set, much fun was had by all, each doing some singing and messing with some soul and gospel tunes and influences, but never letting that deleteriously deter them from the main course of jazz cooking.

Later that evening, Ernst-Ludwig “Luten” Petrowsky was, on the verge of his 80th birthday, celebrated with a three-band program that nicely showcased the breadth and depth of his uniquely pioneering role in the development of jazz in the old East Germany. The multi-reed giant may have first developed his acerbic sense of humor as a survival technique to deal with the Kafkaesque nature of a barely post-Stalinist regime, but in any case it has now evolved to the sublime, and he punctuated his concert with anecdotes that brought laughter as loud and long as the applause repeatedly provoked by the music.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Ruf der Heimat Quartet, Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

He is seen here during the first set, with his Ruf der Heimat Quartet, which was followed by another of his quartets, Ornette Et Cetera, including his wife, the distinguished vocalist Uschi Bruning, but it was the closing set that brought down the house, by Zentralquartett, a grouping that began more than 40 years ago, comprising Guenter “Baby” Sommer on drums, Ulrich Gumpert on piano, Conny Bauer on trombone, and Petrowsky on reeds and flute.

In a way, they were East Germany's equivalent of the Art Ensemble of Chicago. In retrospect, it may well be that they were tolerated by that humorless bureaucracy because those functionaries never figured out that they were being told, musically, to go fuck themselves. With German reunification now more than 20 years behind us, there is less anger in their music, and perhaps even a hint of nostalgia, more likely for their lost youth than for those not-so-good old days – but they can still keep an audience's attention with an ongoing collective repartee that combines the familiar with the unforeseeable.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Seen here is one of the Hessischer Rundfunk Big Band's four trumpeters warming up backstage before soundcheck, seemingly serenading bandmate Thomas Heidepriem's bass case. Please indulge me and enjoy this interlude of circumstantial photo-surrealism. This image has not been manipulated, nor have been any of the others presented here. With digital technology, photographs can now easily lie, but I choose to not do that, for it would be cheating. The Frankfurt-based HR Big Band appeared with young German piano whiz Michael Wollny, who was out front with Tamar Halperin on harpsichord and celesta. Her classical/historical instrumentation informed his pianistic responses to her playing, and vice-versa. The big band accompaniment

Photo Credit: © Patrick Himeley, Work/Play®

was polished and well thought out. The problem with it all was that everyone seemed just a little bit too well-behaved, like they were afraid they might upset the teacups on their doilies.

This would be balanced out by the evening bill's second act...

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



David Krakauer, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

**I**n my opinion, Abraham, Inc. easily took Best in Show honors for JazzFest Berlin 2013. All 10 players on its roster conspired to generously serve up a heady brew incorporating and/or cross-pollinating most any genre you could name. The three front men were masterful in sharing the spotlight with their colleagues – and one another: former James Brown bandleader Fred Wesley on trombone assayed copious funk and an endearingly avuncular personality, while Montreal bad boy rapper, pianist, and accordionist So Called (Josh Dolgin) repeatedly set fires all over the stage, and clarinetist David Krakauer (pictured) soared above it all in a way to unify klezmer, jazz and the human condition. Every time he finished ripping another incredible solo passage, leaving us to wonder how he could possibly follow and surpass what he'd done, he did just that. There was a totally satisfying presentation.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Monika Roscher, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

The festival's closing concert was guitar-driven, beginning with Monika Roscher (pictured) and her big band, an unruly lot she kept whipped into shape, for the most part.

Well, the burning question for Roscher and company seemed to be: But is it Jazz? The prevailing answer was: Who cares? It was predominantly lighthearted and fun, presented with plenty of bravura.



## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



John Scofield, Photo Credit: © 2013 Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

Closing things out was guitarist John Scofield with his Uberjam Quartet. He has, heading into his 60s, emerged as the pre-eminent plectrist of his generation, a worthy distinction when one's peers include Bill Frisell and Pat Metheny. Frisell may cover more waterfront and Metheny may attract larger crowds, but Sco consistently wrings more from his strings, in any of his several variegated ensemble contexts. This one included Avi Bortnick, as selfless a co-guitarist as can be, who wrote several of the tunes, and a monster rhythm section in drummer Louis Cato and bassist Andy Hess. They burned through everything they touched. If they'd played all night, I would eagerly have stayed all night. A fine way to close out a festival.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

DAVID EARLE  
JOHNSON –  
percussion, vocals  
born early 1940s,  
South Carolina,  
died 1998, upstate  
New York  
portrait, in his  
front yard, Elloree,  
South Carolina,  
May 1980

As he preferred, David Earle will be referred to as just that. This enigmatic character liked to say he acquired his taste for latin music as a teen-aged stevedore on ships hauling bananas from Havana to Savannah. I first met him on a plantation near Charleston, SC, leading his Duom Duom Bop Orchestra from the conguero's seat. His talents on timbales are his most widely heard work, on the title tune for the 1980s TV series Miami Vice, as sampled by Jan Hammer, with whom he made a couple of albums.

Previous publication:  
back cover of David  
Earle's album Route Two  
(Landslide, 1981).



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 1980

Though those fusion outings snap, crackle and pop, David Earle's more unique proclivities for 'C&W' – in his case, Cuban and Western – are best heard on his first and last albums, listed below. It is there he was at his most indigenous, ornery but lovable, riding the waves of rhythm all the way to shore. Gone 15 years now, there's still been no one else like him.

Recommended listening:

Skin Deep, Yeah! Jonathan David Earle, 1979 (LP only)  
White Latinizing Veracity, 1992 (Germany)

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 2001

**BRUCE HAMPTON** – guitar, chazoid, vocals  
born April 30, 1947 in Atlanta, Georgia  
backstage during Zambiland 2001, Variety Playhouse, Atlanta,  
December 22, 2001, died in Atlanta, May 1, 2017.

A 5,000 word subject if ever there was one, “Colonel” Bruce Hampton holds unique status within Atlanta’s cultural community as an intuitive enabler and instigator for his fellow musicians. Equally open to the influences of Bukka White or Sun Ra, Hampton is a southern-fried de facto zen master. Like Miles Davis, his bandleading technique is to assemble a kinetic combination of characters, then stay out of the way so the music can play itself, which makes the process sound simpler than it is, but he has been at it long enough to know that what you let happen is usually far more amazing than anything you can make happen. Along the way, he has also evolved into a striking guitarist, though his vocal improvisations still defy gravity, and sometimes logic, but are always poetic and of a piece.

He is seen here among such colleagues as Oteil Burbridge, now a member of the Allman Brothers Band, in the bunker beneath the stage at what was for many years an annual holiday musical celebration in Atlanta’s Little Five Points neighborhood.

Recommended listening:

Colonel Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit; Capricorn, 1992 (live recording)

Strange Voices, Colonel Bruce Hampton; Landslide, 1994 (compilation 1977 – 1987)

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

BENNIE WALLACE

– tenor sax (and  
Ray Anderson -  
trombone)

Chattanooga,  
Tennessee,

November 18,  
1946 (and Chicago,  
October 16, 1952)

soundcheck,  
JazzFest Berlin,  
November 6, 2004

Possessed of a historically knowledgeable and intensely, eccentrically personal voice on his horn, Tennessee tenor terror Bennie Lee Wallace was leading his orchestra, in this case a nonet, in a program of the music of Coleman Hawkins for the Berlin Jazz Festival. Before the rest of the band deployed, it was just these two old friends and colleagues, mutual veterans of many a recording and even more gigs, getting acquainted with the room and within it, their sounds, individually and collectively, preparing for the concert. Both were strolling profusely about the stage, totally involved with their horns, so catching this juxtaposition was a matter of waiting and watching, hoping there would be a



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 2004

geometric convergence, and indeed there was, even if a low light level necessitated selective focus. The concert recording later appeared as the album *Disorder at the Border* on ENJA/Justin Time (2006/2007).

Further recommended listening with Wallace and Anderson: *Sweeping Through the City*, ENJA, 1984 (also with John Scofield and the vocal quartet *Wings of Song*) *Twilight Time*, Blue Note, 1985 (also with Scofield, Dr. John, and Stevie Ray Vaughn)

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

JEFF MOSIER –  
banjo, vocals, born  
Kingsport, Tennessee,  
February 7, 1959.  
Performance with  
The Ear Reverents,  
street festival,  
Blacksburg, Virginia,  
August 2, 2003

His nom de musique is Reverend Jeff Mosier, and he did indeed graduate from Moody Bible Institute before co-founding and co-leading BlueGround UnderGrass, an Atlanta-based aggregation that criss-crossed the improvisational line between bluegrass and jazz as naturally as falling off a log. Mosier is obviously a man comfortable with who he is, else he'd not have named his long-running program on Radio Free Georgia "Born in a Barn." He is seen here in a mid-set trance with his more jazz-oriented, if also more occasional, band: The Ear Reverents, who have been as far afield from Georgia as the Berlin Jazz Festival. RevMo knows where the banjo comes from, how it got here, and respects its heritage while taking it to where no banjoist has gone before: unto the wall of twang.



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® 2003

In any context, Mosier is consistently the most interesting, if not the most famed, 5-string player around.

Recommended listening:

BlueGround UnderGrass; Barnyard Gone Wrong  
Root Cellar, 1998

Live at Variety Playhouse; BlueGround UnderGrass  
Phoenix, 1999

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# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Photo Credit: © Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®

BRUCE HAMPTON and JEFF MOSIER

**Impromptu Portrait, Skipper's Smoke House, Tampa, Florida, July 20, 2008**

Atlanta's two most interesting bandleaders were in the midst of a Floridian tour when our paths crossed on a sweltering Sunday afternoon in Tampa – not that there's any other kind of afternoon in Florida in July. While their bands were inside the Skipper's compound setting up or soundchecking, I asked these two longtime friends and musical co-conspirators to pause for a moment beneath one of the huge oaks surrounding the venue. And so they did. This is a landmark image for me, not only because it depicts two of my favorite musicians, but also because this is the first digital image I ever shot that I really like. Given the years of forced march away from film, it was bound to happen, though, until it did, I wasn't at all sure it ever would – but I still shoot film, too...

This image, along with several of my film photographs of Hampton, dating as far back as the early 1980s, also appear in Michael Koepenick's 2012 documentary film *Basically Frightened: The Musical Madness of Colonel Bruce Hampton*, which, in 89 minutes, presents his colleagues – including, commendably, Mosier - explaining, far better than I can, what Hampton is really up to and all about.

*All black and white photographs are © copyright in the year of their creation by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® and were previously published in Jazz Calendiary 2008 by Jazzprezzo, via Nieswand Verlag of Germany (ISBN 978-3-9810250-3-3). Though now out of print, copies are available. For info, e-mail [phinely@embarqmail.com](mailto:phinely@embarqmail.com)*

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

**BOB  
BELDEN**

born  
October  
31, 1956 in  
Evanston,  
Illinois  
died May  
20, 2015 in  
New York  
City

Text and  
photographs  
by Patrick  
Hinely

All  
photographs  
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Work/Play®.

The Harbor Jazz Cruises were of just the sort of event that made Piccolo Spoleto, the City of Charleston's cognate festival, such a locally colloquial down-home contrast to Gian Carlo Menotti's simultaneously-occurring operatic extravaganza known as Spoleto Festival USA,

both of which began in the later 1970s. The boats for these evening excursions were the same ones which hauled tourists out to Fort Sumter during the day, though for these evening excursions, beer was added to the offerings at the concession counter.

By this time Belden was already settled in New York City and had embarked upon his career as a producer extraordinaire, but Charleston-raised Bob Belden liked to visit his Mom, and could claim hometown dibs for one of these gigs, which had become enough of a scene to attract a varied audience, including folks like the fellow seen on the left in this image, a paying customer who was doing exactly what it looks like: snorting something up what was left of his nostrils. In the midst of all that social-whirl malarkey, Belden's trio was ripping righteous ass in the best tradition of Rollins or Henderson, with a twist of Bennie Wallace thrown in, all filtered through Belden's own encyclopedic knowledge of the music. Because setting off a flash is so disruptive to any ambiance, including the darkness in that boat cabin, this was one of very few photos I made that evening, but it does catch Belden in mid-flight as a performer, and he was a very good one.

I'd first met him a few years earlier, at another Spoleto gig, when he was sitting alongside Frank Tiberi, Joe Lovano and Gary Smulyan in the sax section of Woody Herman's Thundering Herd, during the heat of a Charlestonian June afternoon, when 'in the 90s' is a correct answer for enquiries about both the temperature and the humidity. Herman seemed more inclined to make demands than to grant rewards, but dues were being copiously paid, more than any of those guys knew at the time. But that's another story.

My deepest impression of Belden dates from the early 1980s, an experience which occurred on board the USS Yorktown, an aircraft carrier permanently docked across the Cooper River from downtown Charleston, the centerpiece of a maritime tourist trap called Patriot's Point. It was Spoleto season. I remember arriving as afternoon was turning into evening, and walking past a huge pile of melting ice cubes, which I was told was detritus from a reception for the Spoleto chamber players hosted by WSCI-FM, the local NPR affiliate.

At that time, and until 1998, WSCI's broadcast booth was up in the ship's control tower, on what had been the primary flight control deck, near the captain's bridge. This was where Worth Waring, a Charlestonian poet and mutual friend, was on air doing his weekly jazz program, with a stunning view of downtown Charleston beneath a sky changing color as the sun set beyond. Belden and I were his guests that week. I don't recall a word I said, but I well remember the recent acquisition Belden brought along.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History

It was a Japanese double LP, Miles Davis' PANGAEA. Though it had already been out for five years in Japan, it was rare in the USA, new to me, and in any case was about to make its on-air debut in Charleston. We took turns ducking out to a nearby disarmed anti-aircraft turret where the no-smoking rule of the radio studio didn't apply, and this was not only enjoyable but downright therapeutic, given the incredibly high volume level of that album. Just the guitars of Pete Cosey and Reggie Lucas were enough to collectively deafen most mere mortals, and the rest of the band put even more fat on the fire. This was not music for the faint of ear.

Right in the middle of that maelstrom of cacophonous funk, a sudden calm set in. Only one guitar was playing, quietly underpinning with a repeated figure, while Miles light-handedly vamped on keyboard, as Sonny Fortune took a flute solo. It's a great solo in any case, but in this original context stands out even more in contrast, sounding pure and simple both, even pretty. Every note penetrated the very core of my being, while Waring was watching the dials at the control board, and Belden was leaning back in his seat, grinning behind his shades. He knew that solo was coming, and had produced one of those rare perfect moments.

His subsequent oeuvre proved the Milesian connection would be the wave Belden rode furthest and longest in a career cut far too short. Davis' torch has seldom burned brighter than on the CD reissues Belden produced so thoroughly and lovingly, and his later double-disc celebrations of Miles' music with Indian and Latin emphases, including many Davis alumni, are stellar. He didn't make many albums of his own music, but among those he did, BLACK DAHLIA (on Blue Note) is uniquely brilliant. His TREASURE ISLAND (on Sunnyside) also yields more rewards than one might expect from a debut album, but Belden was ahead of the pack in more ways than one.



Bob Belden performance, Piccolo Spoleto Jazz Cruise somewhere in the city's harbor, Charleston SC, May 1984 photograph ©1984 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play®



# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## ORNETTE COLEMAN

born March 9,  
1930 in Fort  
Worth, Texas

died June 11,  
2015, in New  
York City

Ornette Coleman's music communicated many different things to many different people. What I learned from it – specifically the concert at which I shot this image, one of my all-time favorite photographs – is that trying to make things happen doesn't always work, and that sometimes, you have to just let things happen.

Case in point: In my youth, listening to some of his early albums on Atlantic (all of which have been nicely assembled into a CD box set, *BEAUTY IS A RARE THING*, on Rhino), I kept seeking enlightenment, but the end of the side always arrived before that happened. I was trying so hard to listen to what I knew was important music that I didn't – or couldn't – hear what was going on.

Then came this concert in what was then still West Berlin. Here were four fellow humans who had shifted the tectonic plates of jazz (Don Cherry and Charlie Haden comprised the rest of the band), deeply involved in what they were doing, listening intently to one another, yet doing so in such a transparently childlike way that their delight with the process and shared amazement at the results were hard to miss. They were playing for one another, yet also for all of us, and, as Haden liked to say, playing as if their lives depended on it. Such beauty is a rare thing indeed.

Maybe I like this image of Ornette because he's visibly, if only barely so, right there on the edge of darkness, taking such pleasure in listening to his band, in a fleeting moment of repose.

I was headquartered across the street from the Delphi, in the Hotel Savoy, and on the way down to breakfast the next morning, another man boarded the elevator. He looked vaguely, subliminally, familiar, in a generic way: a mildly striking visage, like one might see on TV or in the movies, but not the face of a star. I couldn't place him for the life of me.

As we reached the lobby, and the doors began to open, I realized that the man was David Byrne, of the Talking Heads. So I had indeed seen him in a movie, just a few months before: his own film *TRUE STORIES* (the soundtrack to which includes my late distant relative Terry Hinely playing glass harmonica, but that's another story). As I tried to come up with something to say – preferably no more than a sentence, without any subordinate clauses, given the ephemeral tenure remaining in our sharing the

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Ornette Coleman (and Billy Higgins) performance, JazzFest Berlin Delphi Filmopalast, November 5, 1987 photograph ©1987 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® previously published by JazzFest Berlin in their 1993 calendar of my work.

same space- I sensed someone standing before the opened doors, waiting to board the elevator.

It was Ornette Coleman. I don't think they knew who each other were. He and Byrne sort of looked past one another, with that same deadpan gaze, focused on infinity, just over the shoulder, a necessary technique for celebrities to avoid eye contact and maintain insulation from an adoring public that may mean well but will still eat up just as much time when there are already plenty enough things to do. For a nanosecond, I thought of introducing them to one another, but before I could, the elevator doors were closing behind Ornette, and Byrne was heading out of the hotel's front door.

It turned out Byrne was in town to work on a theatre production with Robert Wilson, *THE FOREST*, which premiered in 1988 as part of the celebration of Berlin as Europe's Cultural City of the Year. I don't know if he was at Ornette's gig the night before or not, since I never got the chance to ask...

Only upon Coleman's passing did I discover *THE 1987 HAMBURG CONCERT*, a 2-CD set on Domino, recorded by the NDR radio network only a week before the performance I attended in Berlin, and it sure sounded familiar, even though I have yet to ever set foot in Hamburg. It was one hell of a tour for those guys, and I rejoice in having these souvenirs.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## JOHN TAYLOR

born  
September  
25, 1942 in  
Manchester,  
England  
died July  
17, 2015  
in Segre,  
France

First off, let me celebrate John Taylor as the only man I ever met who could play piano with one hand while rolling a cigarette with the other, and do both well. More on that in a minute.

My original plan was to have three people seated in front of that upright piano in Norma's music room, the third being Kenny Wheeler, who, with these two, comprised Azimuth, arguably the best, and certainly the most unique, ensemble to emerge from that territory between British jazz and chamber music. Wheeler, as it turned out, was away, on the Continent, while I was in London. So it goes. This was not all which would go awry that day...

This particular image was my favorite from the day's shoot, though they chose a different shot – one which did not show their hands – for their cassette-only album *IN CONCERT* (on Enodoc, 1991). John and Norma were still working together – splendidly, and, at the time, rather frequently – despite no longer being married to each other. I did, fortunately, figure out pretty quickly that I was the only one in the room with any jitters about being there, and they were both graciously charming about it all, unto willingly sitting, patiently, while I fumbled with all the technical matters one had to pay close attention to back in those days of film, and treating me as though I knew what I was doing.

After the shoot, while a journalist colleague also there that day conducted her interview with Norma in the music room, John suggested that us boys might repair to the kitchen for a cup of tea. John had moved out when their marriage ended, and Norma and their sons had kept the house. In any case, the kettle was still on the stove, and John lit the burner beneath it. Only then did things begin to resemble a combination of Luis Bunuel and Peter Sellers. Doing his best to be a good host, John went looking for teabags, spoons, cups and saucers, only to discover that none of those things were still kept where they had been in his day. It was a brief if not totally smooth transition from frustrated to flummoxed, then confused, and, finally, amused, as was I, witnessing all this while trying to keep a straight face.

All the necessary components for tea were eventually located and successfully assembled, and we comfortably sat, sipped and smoked in the kitchen while the ladies talked in the piano parlor. John told me he had once worked for the government tax bureau. I told him that, like Charles Mingus, I too had worked for the Post Office. All in all, it was a fine afternoon.

As it turned out, I did get my Azimuth band shot, later that same year, in Baltimore, of all places, during one of the group's rare forays beyond Europe. They played a magnificent set in a venue near the harbor, Ethel's Place. Sometimes good things do come to those who wait.

From those scenes, fast-forward about four years, to a snowbound January afternoon at Blues Alley in Washington, DC, where the Kenny Wheeler quintet, on their inaugural US tour, were rehearsing, primarily for the benefit of their bassist, Gary Peacock, who was standing in for then otherwise-committed Dave Holland. Taylor was on one end of the back line, Peter Erskine on the other, with Peacock between, his head turning back and forth as if he was watching a tennis match.

## Jazz Stories: A Photo History



Norma Winstone and John Taylor portrait, at her home, Londonearly March, 1987 photograph ©1987 by Patrick Hinely, Work/Play® previously unpublished.

With Wheeler and John Abercrombie on the front line, the new man had his hands full, but all did their best to make him feel at home, and as the afternoon progressed, he did.

It was in the middle of all this that Taylor performed his aforementioned feat of ambidextrous multitasking. If I recall correctly, the tune they were playing was Wheeler's "Foxy Trot," a sort of mobius strip in itself which, in its recorded version (on Wheeler's *DOUBLE DOUBLE YOU*, on ECM) includes some of Taylor's best playing, and Michael Brecker's, and Wheeler's too. If anyone not familiar with Azimuth is thinking of checking them out, the first album I'd recommend is their fourth, *AZIMUTH '85*, also on ECM.

In what turned out to be his later years, Taylor dedicated a series of works to the writer Kurt Vonnegut, a man to whom he bore more than a passing resemblance. Recommended in this regard is *REQUIEM FOR A DREAMER*, on *CAM Jazz*, as is the forthcoming album 2081, recorded with, among others, his sons.

One of the nicest, most succinct tributes I've seen to this Mancunian autodidact came from fellow pianist and educator Simon Purcell, who described Taylor's music as "a treasured and continual revelation of possibility, curiosity and beauty."

The most comprehensive obituary I've seen was written by John Fordham, for *The Guardian*:

<http://www.theguardian.com/music/2015/jul/19/john-taylor>

I envy the angels who can hear the duets Taylor and Wheeler are playing now.

# Jazz Stories: A Photo History

## WAY OUT WEST

In Oregon and  
Washington,  
September 23 – 30,  
2015

Reportage,  
Recollections and  
Reflections on visits  
with David Friesen,  
Glen Moore, David  
Haney and Buell  
Neidlinger

all texts and  
photographs ©2016  
by Patrick Hinely,  
Work/Play®

As I write, at the outset of spring, that first week of last fall doesn't seem nearly six months past. That week I spent in and around Portland and Seattle was the first time I'd been on the ground between Vancouver and Malibu. I was able to visit with 2 of my favorite genre-hopping, -bending and, ultimately, -transcending bassists, as well as with the editor of this publication, himself an adventurous musician in his own right.

Though most of what is in the texts was known before the photographs were made, the conversations in the process of making the photographs rendered much into a new perspective, connecting many dots, and hopefully revealing some previously unseen facets of these wonderfully creative beings. Since the photographs came before the writing, the texts could be seen as responses to the images, though I like to think of them as starting points for describing the depicted. Ultimately, it is all inextricably bound together and – I hope – of a piece.

The primary inspiration for making this trip was to catch up with Glen Moore, a friend of long standing, who earlier in the year had shaken my firmament by stepping away, after 40+ years, from the band Oregon, of which he was a founding member. The ripples in my jazz pond began where Oregon's pebble hit the water back when Nixon was still president, and continue to emanate ever further today. All through those years when I could get to 4 or 5 Oregon gigs, or those times when I went 4 or 5 years between gigs, my conversation with Glen always picked up again, as though we'd just been hanging out the week before.

Over those decades, I also noticed that Glen's compositions were the ones which intrigued me the most: gnarly and eccentric, if not as often pretty as much of Oregon's repertoire, each one was challenging, always filled with a wit and sinew evincing deep knowledge of the history of music and, even more, an appreciation and love of it all, yielding a sound rewarding for anyone paying attention. Other than the late Collin Walcott, no one more relished the free improvisations Oregon always included in every performance. With time, I also came to notice how often it was Glen's thread that held the ensemble's weave together.

Following more than three decades of faithful

service to the group after Walcott's death, during which time Moore passed up or put on hold much substantial pursuance of non-Oregon musical activities, he finally decided, early in 2015, that everything else added up to a higher priority than staying in that long-standing context which had gradually but continually evolved further away from what drew him to it in the first place. In the early 70s, he'd also been the first eventual Oregonian to leave the Winter Consort. Oddly, now a full year now after Moore's departure, Oregon's website still lists him as the go-to contact for North American bookings. Go figure.

One of Moore's longest-standing involvements, predating even Oregon's late-60s genesis in Paul Winter's Consort, is with fellow bassist David Friesen, long a resident of Portland. My visit came at an opportune time to catch up with the both of them together, as their third duo album in 40 years, recorded during a European tour earlier in 2015, was about to hit the streets. They were working up to working on some new material for future projects, such as their tour of Arizona and engagement at Edmonton's famed Yardbird Suite earlier this year, and they already have another European tour slated for 2017.

In the interest of full disclosure, let me acknowledge that I wrote the liner notes for that new album, BACTRIAN, on Origin, a Seattle-based label, as well as for its 1993 predecessor, RETURNING, on Portland-based Burnside. (The notes for their 1975 debut album, IN CONCERT, on Vanguard, then an independent label in New York City, were written by by Mikal Gilmore. That album, label # 79383, has yet to be released on CD). Bactrian, by the way, is a species of two-humped camels native to the Mongolian region. Only a thousand or so remain extant. If I'd known that when I wrote my notes for the album, I would have mentioned it, since it would have been a no-brainer opening to say how musicians as gifted as Friesen and Moore are equally rare...

Having met up with Friesen at the coffee shop contained within a supermarket near his Northwest Portland home, we were joined by Moore, who, like myself, arrived in a rental car; he now spends most of his time at his new home in southern Arizona rather than in his old home town, to the point of renting out the house he and his wife built here. After some caffeinization and conversation, we proceeded to Friesen's home, specifically its music room, where the 2 photographs of them playing were made in the course of a very pleasant afternoon, my first in Portland. It was such a luxury to constitute the entire audience by myself, and be able to move about the room at will, in search of vantage points for my lens without having to worry about blocking anyone else's view.



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***FIRST IS THE SHOW OF HANDS***, which practically gives me calluses just looking at it. Here are two players who love the range of their instrument and know how to use it across the spectrum, from the sound of mountains breathing to the upward spiral of raptors riding thermals into the heavens. Their conversations were lively, loving and probing, passing through some tunes familiar to us all and others familiar only to one player or the other, drawing forth exploratory responses that made for interesting listening...

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**A MORE ALL-ENCOMPASSING AND DOCUMENTARY VIEW** which I hope gives some feel of the room. When I first entered, I worried that the ceiling track lights would present problems, so I hope this image presents proof that I could make good use of them, especially the arc of their track, which to my eye cusps on cosmic. Since the room, even with the lights cranked up, was on the darkish side, I have chosen to present both of these images in black and white, which is, in many ways, how I still think, visually, though I must say it's nice to have the choice digital photography gives. In general, whether in color or black and white, my digital photographs are not manipulated to any greater an extent than were my film images, and that was minimal. Regardless of medium, what's most important is to get it right in the first place. If you have to cobble things together after the fact, you probably missed it in the moment.



## Jazz Stories A Photo History



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***FRIESEN AND MOORE, AFTER MAKING MUSIC***, in one of the side gardens of Friesen's home. The late afternoon light from behind and buoyantly splendid colors combine for a photograph I like to fancy would be just as much at home in *Better Homes and Gardens* as in a musical publication, be that a magazine or on an album cover. This wrapped up a productive afternoon, one so fine that if I'd had to fly home after less than 24 hours on the ground out there, I could have happily accepted such a fate – but I'm glad I stayed longer...



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## **GLEN MOORE AT DAVID HANEY'S DINING ROOM TABLE, SEPTEMBER 25, 2015**

Later in the week, Glen and I had the opportunity to sit at the dining room table in the Air B&B where I was headquartered (more on that below) and talk for a while, during which time I shot this portrait. Having experimented with converting it into black and white, I decided to keep it in color, since his skin tones, deepened by the southern Arizona sun, render out even more strikingly than they would in that abstracted-into-bronze which comes so easily with digital black and white, a tone so sublimely and precisely perfected – on film! - by Jousef Karsh of Ottawa in the middle of the last century. (If you've not seen Karsh's portraits of Ernest Hemingway or Winston Churchill, check 'em out).

This is the latest addition to a series of photographs which began in Nashville in 1973. A wider selection from those 40+ years will be presented more fully in a future piece which continues to evolve and gradually accumulate. The latest tidbit added to the Moore dossier is a Facebook posting from last week by Robert Sabin, depicting a handsome painting of Glen playing his bass now on exhibition at the Portland airport: hometown boy makes good. Moore's story should be told in full, and is taking a while to bring to a boil, so consider this presentation as the first bubbles gurgling to the surface. It may take a while longer to fully cook, but it will, hopefully, turn into a well-spiced stew...



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## **DAVID HANEY, AT HIS DINING ROOM TABLE, SEPTEMBER 27, 2015**

A couple of days after Moore's visit, I had a chance to sit at that same table again with the landlord, my host, who also happens to be a Managing Editor of this publication, who kindly took his Air B&B apartment off the market to offer me accommodation during my visit, which made my trip far more feasible. If that, despite this full disclosure up front, constitutes conflict of interest, so be it. I would hope to be as straightforward and forward-thinking as I found David Haney himself to be.

Earlier in my visit, in passing conversation, I had come to feel a great empathy for this fellow seeker who, like myself, usually has his fingers in several pies at once to keep all the balls in the air. Some facets of jazz-related music are always among the balls being juggled, but seldom constitute all those balls at any given time. Yet it remains at the forefront of what we do as creative beings, above or at least beyond merely being consumer-participants in the economy.

On day one, Haney had introduced me to Portland by relating the local saying about Mount Hood: If you can see it, that means it's going to rain, and if you can't see it, that means it's raining. (Against all odds, during the week I was out there, it rained only one day – otherwise it was beautiful, sunny and warm. Amen.) He also introduced me to the New Deal Cafe, a wonderful neighborhood place with good coffee, good food, personable staffers, reasonable prices - and of course free wifi.

Haney was very generous in sharing his recorded music with me, and I must confess there is still more of it I have yet to listen to than I have already heard, so I will not try to put it into any boxes, large or small. I will say he relishes the adventure of it all and seems comfortable with the idea of encountering the unknown, especially in good company, which he has done, repeatedly and gloriously, while the tapes are rolling. And, as he says, it's different every time.

I hope a little bit of his good-natured impishness shows through in this image.

## **BUELL NEIDLINGER**

**C**hronologically, the capstone of my travels came with a drive up Interstate 5, from Portland through and around Seattle, along the way hitting the Cascadia Plate volcanic trifecta, sighting, all within the space of a few hours, Mount Hood, then what's left of Mount Saint Helens' and finally Mount Olympia. After driving (and driving... and driving...) through the Boeing plant in Everett, I enjoyed the ferry ride out to Whidbey Island, where Buell Neidlinger lives in a splendid isolation with his wife, the sprightly Maggie, herself another distinguished bassist, and their cat, as well as the largest selection of welder's caps I've ever seen. Buell has actually given up the bass, and, approaching 80, is concentrating on cello, the instrument of his youth, playing everything from Bach to Hovhaness, anchoring a locally-based string quartet. His career has covered more waterfront than any other bassist, nay, any other musician I know. After a year at Yale, he went to New York, lived amongst the Boppers and the Beats, worked with Cecil Taylor as the 50s became the 60s, then accepted symphony chairs in Houston and Boston, taught at the university level, and recorded for years in the studios of Los Angeles with everyone from the Beach Boys to Barbra Streisand to Frank Zappa, while also expanding the parameters of bluegrass with other progressive players such as Richard Greene, and establishing a record label, K2B2, in collusion with LA's best-kept secret on saxophone, Marty Krystall, with a collective repertoire ranging from Monk and Herbie Nichols to original compositions. By the early 90s, he'd had enough of the land and milk and baloney, and resettled here, where he can watch the sun set over the water with mountain ridges receding into the Canadian distance beyond. Though the Guinness Book of World Records recently declared Ron Carter to have played on more jazz recording sessions than anyone else, with all due respect, I don't think his total number of sessions approaches Neidlinger's, nor has his career had nearly the breadth. Neidlinger is also a supreme raconteur; in the course of my visit, I recorded a couple of hours of stories, and, over dinner and breakfast, heard several additional hours' worth, which I can only hope to retain. His stories would constitute a great book. I hope he'll write it. Had I the means, I would gladly help him with the task, just to hear his recollections at greater length. His story about seeing Henry Grimes in LA during that fellow bassist's lost years is worthy of a chapter unto itself, but I won't even try to tell it. He sometimes peppers his conversation with vintage Beat sayings such as "Solid, Jackson." All of these photos were shot in his back yard late on the afternoon of September 29, 2015. I choose to present them in black and white because the open-shaded light that far north after the autumnal equinox goes so blue as to irreparably skew the color, in a way that might detract from the images by, if nothing else, not improving them, possibly distracting the viewer from more fully appreciating any graphic strengths the images might otherwise possess. The only influence I had on the shoot before the fact was in determining the placement of his chair on the lawn. After that, I just tried to keep up.



BUELL NEIDLINGER

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## 1. Skepticism and curiosity

We hadn't seen one another for 27 years, our only earlier crossing of paths having been in what was then still West Berlin, when he led his band at JazzFest Berlin 1988. His soundcheck banter on the stage of Philharmonic Hall caught my ear, and we tossed it back and forth for a few minutes, during which time I got a nice shot of him over Peter Erskine's shoulder, of which I sent him a print, an image he remembered when I got in touch to arrange this visit. He'd noticed in '88 that I worked with Leica cameras, and, early on this time around, he noticed that I was not. He seemed fascinated by my machine – one of Fuji's most versatile rangefinder cameras, which has rendered the prestigious German brand not only far overpriced but also technologically irrelevant – so his gaze is literally focused on my camera in this first, most distant of the 3 frames – but he is also looking, questioningly, into my soul...



## 2. Bemused acquiescence

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I can only imagine the number of arrangements he'd had put in front of him in LA studios over the decades that would have brought on a similarly ambivalent expression, as if he could take it or leave it and, by the way, could we get on with it, please? Or perhaps this is a succinct visual expression of that old card player's lament: "Who dealt this mess, anyway?"

## 3. Intensity: that Lee Marvin look...

After much aesthetic wrestling about the ambiguity of the fist his right hand appears to make (when in fact what he is doing is holding his bow), I decided if there were going to be one and only one image from that shoot, this would have to be the one, the closest-up and most in-your-face.

Some photographic history may be relevant here, beginning with Alfred Stieglitz's 1903 portrait of J.P. Morgan, in which the scowling banking magnate is seated in a wooden chair, the arm of which he grips, looking, in the reflected light, for all the world like he's brandishing a knife at the viewer. More recent is Henri Cartier-Bresson's 1971 portrait of Ezra Pound, made in Venice (Italy, not California) which is simply a distinguished-looking white-haired man sitting in a chair, gripping his hands together in front of him, but those hands are in a bright pool of light and look like a tangled pair of gnarled fists, their size exaggerated by being closer to the lens than

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his face, which is in relative shadow, from which intense eyes glow burningly forth, either condemning the photographer for exposing his subject's age, or perhaps evincing a more general rage about time's dimming of the proverbial light, expressing more frustration than resignation toward a world gone mad. In Neidlinger's case, I like to think this stern-looking character could be the proverbial Zen master about to strike his pupil, as they sometimes do in hopes of inspiring sudden enlightenment. But he didn't hit me: he and Maggie took me out for a nice dinner, at a place where they are regulars, and, as such, are treated like royalty. This is as it should be.

In more than 4 decades of working in a field where appearances are everything, I have come to think of visible signs of age as acquired marks of character, proof that one has lived, loved and done something rather than simply collecting a paycheck while watching the parade of life pass by. For most anything you could name, Buell Neidlinger has been there, done that, and has done well enough at it to have arrived at this place where he is content to be, comfortably sharing command of his universe with the lovely Maggie. It was a gift to visit Planet Buell. Solid, Jackson...He died on March 16, 2018.

# In Memory: Leon Russell

## **BOBBY TORRES, PERCUSSIONIST, REMEMBERS LEON RUSSELL**

I just found out about the passing of my friend Leon Rusell and would like to tell you of what he meant to me. We met on the Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour.

I did not know of his history at that time. It was a history which was already vast for someone barely a year older than myself. All during the tour we would have our moments together - but not in a bonding way - we were just being respectful of each other as artists. New York was my home. The tour ended in LA and I wanted to stay there. Leon let me stay in his house rent free for three months till I found my own place. Then I worked for him at Shelter Records. During that time we became close. Years later, after touring with the Beach Boys, I met a trumpet player with that group who, though very talented, was often teased. I felt bad for him so I decided to help him cut some tracks. Without really knowing as much as I needed to know about recording and producing, I asked Leon to let me use his recording studio to produce the trumpet player. Leon, without pause, said "yes" and let me use the studio with no cost to me. I called up some of my new friends I knew for a couple of years to work on the album. These friends were Jeff Porcaro on drums, Dean Parks on guitar and David Hungate on bass. Dean and David were on the Sonny and Cher TV show at the time. They were so impressed with Jeff Porcaro that they got him the gig on the the The Sonny and Cher TV show. Jeff was so grateful to me and tried to reciprocate his gratitude. Leon's generosity was as big as his talent as a musician, lyricist and composer. He has changed so many lives with his gifts - I am sure by the thousands. I am blessed to be one of them. We remained in touch whenever he came to town. About three years ago, I had spoken to him about the time I lived in his house. I expressed how grateful I was for his help so long ago. Leon told me that at one time there was 102 people living in his house - all at the same time! I am so grateful to Derek Trucks and Susan Tedeschi for bringing Mad Dogs together in a reunion in September of 2015 where we played and hung with Leon. He has been in my heart always and still is.



Leon Russell, circa 1970



# In Memory: Bert Wilson

## Another Great Guy Nobody Ever Heard of: the Epitome of Jazz

by James Bennington

That's what Bert would tell me all the time when we would sit in his small home there in Olympia and listen to his vast music collection. "And here's another great guy that nobody ever heard of..." and he would play a certain vinyl record, or CD, an old cassette that was just mind blowing for its beauty. That's really what Bert cared about: the beauty of and in music...its redeeming qualities and it's otherworldliness. Music was a Rebirth for him in every way. He listened to it and played it with his many horns constantly. There was never a time when I was there, that cats wouldn't drop by and hang, almost a checking in with the Master. There were many different levels of musicianship and artistry that came from all over the area. To Bert it didn't seem to matter what your level was as long as you were thinking about the Music right. More than anything, he taught me that there will always be serious cats around who will never be recognized for their art, but that they must continue to record and compose, to practice and play, and always strive toward realizing their fullest potential to contribute to this art form. There are many names, too many to mention, connected with Bert Wilson and his journey. From his wife and soul mate flutist Nancy Curtis, who probably benefited more than anyone from his knowledge, to Greats like Smiley Winters, Jim Pepper, David Leibman, Ron Enyard, Sonny Simmons, Perry Robinson, Dewey Redman, James Zitro, longtime pianist Craig Hoyer, and others.

Those in it for the wrong reasons didn't come around much anyway and some, those in power, even went so far as to stunt his career. Bert's answer to this was to have his own record label and hold regular sessions and concerts at his home so that his music could be heard and be kept alive.

I met Bert Wilson and his lovely wife Nancy during an Elvin Jones Jazz Machine concert at the Jazz Alley in Seattle. It was 2000 and I was working for Elvin as drum tech, trying to pick up some insights into the Music and the instrument I had chosen. A veteran Seattle drummer, Gregg Keplinger, told me "There's this guy I want you to meet, he's really out!" Then he added, "He's in a wheelchair, so be cool." What does he play? I asked. "Saxophone."

All I caught in those few moments were a big captain Ahab type face with a beard and his full on enthusiasm. He was at home. He was very interested in the fact that I was working for and learning from Elvin. He immediately told me about the sessions at his home when I mentioned I was living in Oregon and invited me to 'come soon so we could start making music'. I asked him if he would like to come back to the dressing room and say hello to Elvin and he was just like a little boy. Bert had played with the Coltrane Quartet a few times and when Elvin came in he immediately remembered Bert and they fell into talking like it all had happened yesterday. It was Bert who brought everything around by complimenting Elvin on his current music. I took a great photo of them together with Nancy and brought it

with me as a present on my first visit to his home. For the rest of his days it was the main picture that hung above his head at night and in the mornings where he would lie in the comfort of his bed and just be.

My longtime friend, the veteran drummer Ron Enyard, knew Bert from the sixties in Berkley, California. He told me about seeing Bert on several occasions with legendary drummer Smiley Winters and Ron eventually began playing with the saxophonist himself.

“They weren’t makin’ any bread and things were tough for Bert. I think at one time he had, like, one gig in a year’s time. But he stuck to his music... and he was calling his groups Rebirth even back then. When he did have a gig, he would play all of his music and the club owners, and even the audience, wanted to hear tunes...standards. We definitely didn’t hold onto a lot of jobs!” (Excerpt from Bert Wilson Interview, Cadence Magazine, November, 2006)

Bert allowed me the special privilege of watching him “get up” in the morning a few times. We usually all stayed up fairly late into the night, playing and listening to music and when I got myself going, I would go and sit just inside the door of his bedroom and we would talk and tell stories and also appreciate the quiet quality that the morning held. It was a fresh palette on which to colour with music. There would be one of Nancy’s great breakfasts, with Bert beginning to select what would be the first ‘listening music’ of the day, a little time to digest, go for a stroll, or just to sit back and relax and take in the sounds that seemed to turn the air into music. Bert would sit listening with his beloved dog Be Bop at his feet.

It took Bert about thirty minutes to writhe and crawl from his pillow to his wheelchair waiting at the foot of the bed. Thirty painstaking agonizing minutes from what I saw. Nancy told me she could easily help him into his chair, but that he insisted on doing this himself. This and a vigorous weekly massage was his “exercise”. Bert and Nancy took me out on my first visit, and we went to a great little Asian restaurant where they knew him and had a great feast. Bert finished a mouthful of Pepper Steak and said, “Now I really want play! I’m ready to go!” And when it was time to play, we played, and with Bert, there was an almost tangible magisterial quality that affected your own sense of dedication. It was approached loosely but seriously by all who I played with and saw perform there at Bert’s home. When you played music with Bert, you REALLY played because he REALLY PLAYED! The strength of his horn filled the house and entered into your being once he began. All present were nothing short of amazed. And for all his Mastery and contribution to Jazz, Bert was very humble and accepting of his gift that he always credited with saving his life. As early as three years old he was the boy equivalent of Shirley Temple and was knocking people out in a Vaudeville act he was doing with his Grandfather when he was stricken with Polio and became a part of that great Epidemic. “Music saved my life.” He told anyone who spent any time at all with him. The sounds gave him the will and the saxophone filled

# In Memory:

Bert Wilson

his depressed lungs with air. It got his fingers moving and they became Endless Fingers. The other expression he liked to end conversations with was "Always remember to groove and swing! Always remember to groove and swing my brother!"

I was lucky to be welcomed into his world. An amazing world and a thoughtful world that I always equated with traveling somewhere exotic and unknown to a strange music camp...the advanced kind. At least when I returned home I felt I had gotten through a couple of rough semesters:

Odd time signatures, many tempos, phrasing that expanded my concept of accompaniment and interaction, unique melodies with stops, starts, and breaks that one had to absorb and take a minute or two to understand....forget the tonal quality of his music, the sense of something new coming at you light and dark, bright and earthily subtle at the same time...I don't know enough to write about it. I just know that that's how his music comes to me with every hearing. It leaves a powerful residue in the mind, and in the hands and circuitry of a musician. In fact, whenever I returned from a stay at his home, got off the train and would make the regular gig, the local cats would seem to feel and know, almost telepathically, where you had been and would all say, exclaim rather, "Oh, I hear you been hangin' with Bert!"

The Epitome of Jazz.

Rest in Peace Dear Brother

June 2013, Chicago



Bert Wilson, circa 1999

Pianist, educator and author Jimmy Amadie died in Philadelphia on December 10, 2013, at the age of 76, from lung cancer – though he was never a smoker. His playing was inspired, and his life story inspiring. A promising career – he'd been house pianist in Philly-area clubs for the likes of Coleman Hawkins and Red Rodney, and gone out on the road with Mel Torme - was cut short early on by acute tendonitis, after which he could only play for a few minutes at a time, and only at intervals several days apart. Multiple surgeries over the years somewhat arrested this problem, but never fixed it. Amadie adapted by becoming a teacher and writer, giving private lessons at his home as well as teaching courses at Berklee and Villanova, and writing two books: *Harmonic Foundation for Jazz* and *Popular Music and Jazz Improv: How to Play It and Teach It!*

Though he had to pay a price in physical pain for every note he played, Amadie also managed to record nine albums, both solo and in some very good company - with Lee Konitz, Phil Woods, and Joe Lovano. among others. In the interest of full disclosure, you should know that he featured my photographs on four of those albums, and would likely have done so on a fifth, had I not cancelled out at the last minute, an unavoidable necessity I still regret, for what I missed was his first public performance since 1967, which also, alas, turned out to be his last. That triumphal 2011 trio concert, with Bill Goodwin and Tony Marino, at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, was, thankfully, recorded, and is available. It is an incredibly beautiful summation of an unusual and worthy career by a man who was somehow both sweet and tough at once. In Amadie's bio on his web site ([www.jimmyamadie.com](http://www.jimmyamadie.com)), there's a snapshot of him hugging Hank Jones, which is righteous, for they were stylistic brothers. Both could see tunes in several dimensions invisible to us mere mortals. Certainly they arrived in that contiguous territory by very different routes: Jones may have actually *played* and recorded even more extensively than Milt Hinton, an accomplishment in itself, all the while evolving an economical elegance which could, at any moment, blossom gracefully, evincing an inexhaustible ability to find something new in old standards. While Amadie could only play inside his head, he developed an ability to do that so thoughtfully, thoroughly and well that when he actually sat down and played, not a note was wasted. His first takes tended to be, if not perfect, close, and his embellishments sublime.

This portrait was shot in the course of an afternoon's work for possible album cover use, though this particular frame is previously unpublished. While Amadie was initially reluctant to be photographed wearing his compression gloves, I thought it was important to document him as he lived, and he acquiesced to my request that we warm up by doing some shots with the gloves on, and then others without. Which is exactly what we did – and he ended up using some of the closer-up gloved shots on the covers of his next two albums.

The engraving on the wall behind him is "Beethoven's Dream," after the 19th-century painting by Aime de Lemud. In it, Beethoven is seen listening to the music of the angels, dreaming that he could hear again, an image quite a propos to hang in a place so easily visible to Jimmy Amadie while he played piano, something he couldn't do often, but did angelically well.

Patrick Hinely

# In Memory

Jimmy Amadie



**Jimmy Amadie, portrait, at his home, Bala Cynwyd PA, 1999**





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