AL COHN MEMORIAL JAZZ COLLECTION at EAST STROUDSBURG UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

The NOTE

FALL/
WINTER
2018

THE ACMJC
(A TRIBUTE TO **AL COHN**)
CELEBRATES
30 YEARS

Q&A WITH STANLEY TURRENTINE

COTA'S 40TH

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The NOTE

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Cover photo: Al Cohn
Photo by Jack Bradley

Center spread photo: Bucky Pizzarelli and Zoot Sims

Back cover photo: Al Cohn - from the ACMJC archives

The Note is published twice a year by the Al Cohn Memorial Jazz Collection, East Stroudsburg University of Pennsylvania, as part of its educational outreach program.

AL COHN (1925–1988)

The Al Cohn Memorial Jazz Collection was founded in 1988 by Flo Cohn, Ralph Hughes, Phil Woods, Dr. Larry Fisher, ESU Vice President for Development & Advancement Larry Naftulin, and ESU President Dr. James Gilbert.

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The mission of the Al Cohn Memorial Jazz Collection is to stimulate, enrich, and support research, teaching, learning, and appreciation of all forms of jazz, particularly those connected to the Pocono area of Pennsylvania. The ACMJC is a distinctive archive built upon a unique and symbiotic relationship between the Pocono Mountains jazz community and East Stroudsburg University.

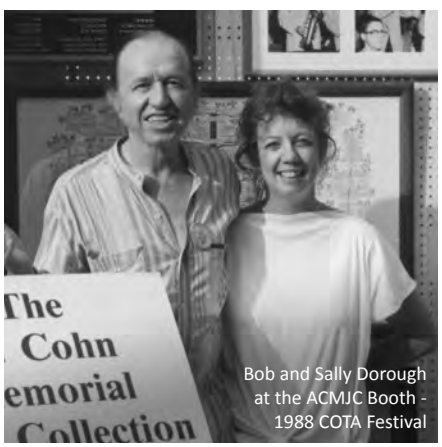
With the support of a world-wide network of jazz advocates, the ACMJC seeks to promote the local and global history of jazz by making its resources available and useful to students, researchers, educators, musicians, historians, journalists and jazz enthusiasts of all kinds, and to preserve its holdings for future generations.

A NOTE FROM THE COLLECTION COORDINATOR

Dr. Matt Vashlishan

Dr. Matt Vashlishan

Kemp Library Archivist Elizabeth Scott



Bob and Sally Dorough at the ACMJC Booth - 1988 COTA Festival

2018 IS A BIG YEAR ON THE CAMPUS of East Stroudsburg University.

It marks the University's 125th anniversary, and is also the 30th anniversary of the Al Cohn Memorial Jazz Collection.

Founded in 1988, the ACMJC has served students, scholars, researchers, musicians, historians, and the general public jazz aficionados for 30 years. The worldwide readership of The Note has expanded to over 2000 individuals, including several hundred international readers. The jazz collection area has expanded from the basement shelf area to a new Jazz Lounge on the first floor of Kemp Library with a 24-hour slide show and jazz artwork/memorabilia on display.

The ACMJC receives annual gifts in the form of physical and monetary donations. These generous gifts given by our readers of "The Note" and supporters of the ACMJC have kept it going through three decades. Thank you!

Thanks to the leadership of the new Dean of the Library Jingfeng Xia, Ph.D., there have been many changes around Kemp Library. Our new Library and Special Collections Archivist Elizabeth Scott has joined the team, and is a great asset to the ACMJC. For those of you that remember Kelly Smith, Elizabeth has taken over to help with some of the organizational aspects of the Collection, as well as to help with online presence. We have even discussed a future article from her, so stay tuned!

One of the most obvious changes you have probably (hopefully!) noticed by now is the new look of The Note. It seemed fitting that along with its 30th birthday, the ACMJC publication gets a new set of clothes. I would like to thank the ESU administration, in particular ESU President Marcia G. Welsh, Ph.D., and Brenda Friday, Ph.D. of University Relations for helping to facilitate this transition. I think it is appropriate to illustrate to all of you just how supportive the ESU administration is in regards to the ACMJC, and their support is shown directly through the consistent quality of this product. Ideal Design Solutions of East Stroudsburg, Pa. was a pleasure to work with for this issue and really hit it out of the park.

Don't forget that our annual Zoot Fest has been moved to Thursday, March 29, 2018. We are planning an all-star jam with many local musicians, as well as a saxophone feature performing some of Phil Woods' music as well as Benny Carter arrangements from his Further Definitions (and Additions to Further Definitions) recording from 1966. Zoot Fest will be held in the Cecilia S. Cohen Recital Hall of the Fine and Performing Arts Center at ESU. Afterwards the Deer Head Inn will be open for a jam session.

For any information regarding ESU jazz concerts and events on campus, remember to visit **www.esu.edu/jazzatesu**. Here's to another 30 years! ■

FROM THE BRIDGE | By Su Terry

GET LOST

I used to do a lot of what we call "club dates," East Coast lingo for events such as weddings, bar mitzvahs and dinner dances. (On the West Coast they are called "casuals.") We had a roster of regular cats, great musicians all, so the musical part of the gig was cool. What wasn't cool was trying to find your way back onto the Sprain Brook Parkway after doing a private party at someone's house in the wilds of Westchester County, for instance. I remember it well: stumbling out to the car in the pitch dark and assuming the position: left hand on steering wheel, right hand gripping a small piece of paper with the directions to the gig. Now, of course, you are trying to follow them backwards (let's see, before I made a right onto Cypress, so now I have to make a left onto Maple…) in order to get home.

There was no such thing as a consumer GPS back then. Maybe if I'd had one, I would have stayed with that band awhile longer. On the other hand, even the excellent navigation program on my iPhone did not save me last year in Berlin. The gig was at the Zig Zag Club on Hauptstraße. Since I had already gotten to several other gigs using the iPhone, I figured I could get to this one as well. I put in the address of the club, and was happily surprised to see I could begin the journey at the U Bahn station that was directly in front of my lodgings. After making two train connections, I disembarked at the stop which seemed closest to the little red dot on my phone that indicated my destination. I began to walk down the sidewalk, schlepping my horns in the stifling May heat. There were no trees. In fact, there wasn't much of anything except a bunch of dilapidated pre-war buildings on either side of the train tracks. The whole scene was straight out of the erstwhile East Berlin, which may have lost the directional part of its name, but not the ambiance.

Finally I reached the building that displayed the address of the Zig Zag club. Except it didn't say Zig Zag Club, and all the doors were locked. Out came the iPhone, this time to give a call to pianist Uri Gincel, the bandleader. Shortly we determined that I was not only in the wrong part of town, but also I had traveled rather far in a direction that was diametrically opposed to that of the club, which was actually situated in a bustling, trendy neighborhood near Innsbrucker Platz. In my zeal to be independent, I had forgotten that "Hauptstraße" means "Main Street" and, just like New York, there is a Main Street in every borough.

"Take a taxi," said Uri. "I can't," I replied, "there aren't any." He had to send a taxi from Friedenau, it took forever and cost almost $50. When I arrived the band was rehearsing. I recognized the changes as *Sunny Side of the Street* so at least I could jump onstage and take a solo before they wrapped up the sound check. But I made the gig.

Those who've read my book *"Inside the Mind of a Musician"* may recall a couple of getting lost stories from the book:

I was in Toronto to give a presentation at the International Association of Jazz Educators. It seemed like a nice city but I wasn't getting to see much of it, at least not on purpose.

The man at the hotel front desk assured me that the Convention Center was very close by. I walked out the door with his directions in hand, but didn't see anything that looked like the Convention Center.

I go into a building and ask, and the guy says, "Oh, it's right across the street." I go across the street and ask if this is the Convention Center, and this guy also says, "No, but it's right across the street," only he's pointing in the opposite direction.

I go where he says, and again someone says, "It's right across the street" and points me in yet another direction.

This happens seven or eight times, only about halfway into it, it starts to get a little more complicated:

"Go down those steps and follow the walkway, and it's right across the street."

"Go through that building to the end, follow the walkway, go around to the right and down those steps, and it's right across the street."

My amazing powers of deduction were leading me to believe I might be getting further away from the Convention Center. I don't remember how I finally found it.

When I walked back to the hotel with people who knew where it was, it was only four blocks away. I took a good look at the entrance to the Convention Center before I left so I would be sure to recognize it the following day.

If I might make a small suggestion to the Toronto city planners: perhaps the Metro-Toronto Convention Center could have a sign placed on it that says something like, "Metro-Toronto Convention Center."

But there was a Timothy's Coffee right on the corner, so I was cool. As long as I didn't pull a "Margot." She got lost in Tokyo by trying to use a ubiquitous fast food chain as the landmark back to her hotel. She was rescued by the attentive staff at the distant hotel where she ended up after wandering the streets of Tokyo for hours, when they made several phone calls evidently asking if anyone was missing a *gringa* from New York.

Well, at least they speak English in Toronto.

I used to work for an organization called Music Outreach which sent trios to do school presentations. My group was led by the fabulous guitarist Mike Coon, and our drummer was the late Brian Grice, known for his work with the Count Basie Orchestra, Savion Glover and Eartha Kitt, among others. We would do shows in all five boroughs of New York City, which is how I learned to navigate around the more obscure parts of Queens, the Bronx, Brooklyn and Staten Island. Often I would pick up Brian because we both lived in Brooklyn, and we would listen

to Phil Schaap's radio show Bird Flight on WKCR on the way. But since Brian would always be smoking a joint, he wasn't all that much help as a co-pilot.

One day we had to go to Boondocks Central, otherwise known as Mendham, N.J. A woman from the school office had given me directions the previous day. They were the type of directions that included superfluous landmarks and other unnecessary information. You know you're in trouble when halfway through they say "I know this sounds confusing, but…" Oh, and at a certain point, they go back to about a quarter of the way through and embellish it, with much more detail, so that when you're driving and trying to follow the directions, you're not totally sure where the overlap is. Is this the same right turn as two sentences ago?

Forget about street names. It was more like, "Well, go down the road a ways, and when you see the dog lying in front of the brown house, turn right."

"What if the dog's not there?"

"You STILL turn right."

Somehow we got there. Chalk it up to experience, I guess–and we won't go into too much detail about the time I was late to a gig IN MY HOMETOWN of Hartford, Conn. because after exiting for a Dunkin Donuts moment I got back on the highway going west instead of east. My group was supposed to open for Clark Terry at Monday Night Jazz in Bushnell Park, and Clark ended up opening for me instead. But that's okay, because the prior year I had played a festival in Europe which Clark was also on and I did him a solid. (We're not related, by the way, but he called me "Sis.")

Anyone who knew Clark knows he had countless admirers, many of them female. In my hotel room at the aforementioned festival, I became the unintended recipient of several notes slipped under my door by some ardent fans who had mistaken my room for Clark's. (I duly delivered all the notes to him the next day.)

But I can never repay Brother Clark for all the great jokes he told me over the years, many of which I passed on to Phil Woods, a connoisseur of comedy if ever there was one.

If I can presume to give any advice to my younger colleagues–advice gleaned from years on the road–it's this: if you have to get lost, do it with someone who has a good sense of humor. ■

Su Terry
Photo by James Richard Kao

THE BADDEST TURRENTINE

(DON'T MESS WITH MISTER T!)

By Patrick Dorian, ESU Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Music

Stanley Turrentine - ESU 1996
Photos by Larry Fisher

Stanley Turrentine (April 5, 1934 -September 12, 2000), one of the most recognizable tenor sax voices in jazz history, was born and raised in Pittsburgh's historic Hill District, the cultural center of black life in Steel City and a major mecca of jazz. He grew up engaging many of the city's iconic jazz musicians, eventually becoming one of them, earning his place in Pittsburgh's jazz history (along with Art Blakey, Ray Brown, Kenny Clarke, Billy Eckstine, Roy Eldridge, Erroll Garner, Earl Hines, Ahmad Jamal, Eddie Jefferson, Henry Mancini, Billy May, Sammy Nestico, Horace Parlan, Dakota Staton, Billy Strayhorn, Tommy Turrentine (Stan's older brother), and Mary Lou Williams--whew!).

I started communicating with "The Sugar Man" in late 1995 and our first meeting was at the IAJE Conference in Atlanta in January 1996, where he handed me several arrangements to rehearse with the University Jazz Ensemble (UJE). Five of those arrangements were by the great Oliver Nelson from Stan's *Joyride* album on the Blue Note label, recorded April 14, 1965. I ordered the CD re-release of the album to play for the students for performance preparation. The day that I received it, I had to go directly to a COTA jazz festival meeting at the Deer Head Inn and happened to sit next to Phil Woods. I showed it to him and asked if he knew the album. He shook his head and said yes. Upon opening the CD, I saw that Phil played lead alto and clarinet on it. No surprise there! (Other visitors to ESU over the decades on the recording included Clark Terry and Jerry Dodgion.)

The students and I rehearsed the arrangements for the better part of three months. Stanley and his wife Judith drove from their home near Washington, DC, on April 13, 1996, to ESU. We got them checked in at the Hillside Inn, where they met Judge and Mama Murray. Stan and I drove the back roads to ESU. I showed him Worthington Hall in Shawnee-on-Delaware and told him about Fred Waring's national radio broadcasts from there, as well as telling him about the Delaware Water Gap jazz scene. He expressed sincere interest about the area legacy. We arrived for rehearsal with the UJE and the band was ready! Stan was exuberant, complimentary toward the group, and very pleased with how everything was shaping up. To have Stan performing several of the *Joyride* arrangements with us was special. While Stan improvised on one of them, I bent over to our sax section and said, "Whoever this guy is, he *really* sounds like Stanley Turrentine!" His lecture to my students and the community is transcribed in this issue. I hope you'll feel his personal warmth and the spiritual-like presentation that we felt. A gentleman in attendance was Stan's age and also from Pittsburgh. When he sensed that Stan was "testifying" in a "preachifying" kind of way, he verbalized soft "responses," answering Stan's occasional "calls." Stan's reverence for his family, his hometown, his mentors, his music, and his religion were expressed strikingly.

Dinner at the Hillside Inn followed. Mama Murray didn't disappoint with her special Hawaiian chicken and those incredible ribs! Stan and Judith were having quite the time and appreciated the gentle vibe at the Inn. We worked our way over to the concert. Stanley's smile as he entered the stage set the atmosphere impeccably for the standing-room-only crowd. We really felt like we were in for a "joyride" and the entire evening was a smash. His comments to the audience were humorous and he made a kind and well-deserved testimony to the UJE. As the heading of this essay references the title of a 1974 compilation album of his CTI works followed by the title of a Marvin Gaye song that Stan recorded in March 1973, I feel that ESU and the community experienced "The Baddest Mister T.," and it doesn't get any better than that! A few days after the event, I received an elegant and classy thank you note from Judith outlining several points that impressed Stan and her about their ESU experience. I still have that note!

In spring 1998, the UJE performed at the University of Louisville Jazz Festival where Stan was the featured performer. He and I spoke for a few minutes and he asked how the band was doing. I told him that they were outside on the bus, so he walked with me, stepped on the bus, and gave an uplifting greeting to all of the students. Such a class act! Later that year I was with Phil Woods on Phil's big band summer European tour in Bayonne, France, and spent some time at breakfast with Judith and Stan in the hotel. Clark Terry was also one of the featured performers.

In September 2000, while preparing for the last night of a week-long performance in New York at the Blue Note, Stan suffered a stroke and died two days later. Because of his stature, his performance activity that year, and his seeming lack of illness, his sudden departure sent shock waves throughout the jazz world. I recently spoke to Judith. After 18 years in the DC area, she's moved south to warmer climes and is doing very well.

Perhaps Stanley's Pittsburgh-native colleague Ray Brown said it best in *downbeat* magazine: "I'm not sure what I'll miss most about him. He was much like his sound – big, warm and friendly." This aligns perfectly with our ESU experience with him as I think, "Brother & sisters, may I get an *AMEN?!*" ■

Stanley Turrentine
Photo by Ching Ming

MY LIFE IN MUSIC

LECTURE AND Q & A | By Stanley Turrentine

East Stroudsburg University of Pennsylvania
Saturday, April 13, 1996 – 3:15 p.m.

Patrick Dorian: I'd like to thank everyone for joining us here in the Cohen Recital Hall at ESU this afternoon to hear Stanley Turrentine speak and I'd like to remind you that he'll be performing a concert with our University Jazz Ensemble here tonight at 8 p.m. Doors will be open at 7:15 and please try to get here that early because we're armed for bear and the bears will be here! So please join us as early as you can as it will be worth your while. It's a great pleasure to introduce Stanley Turrentine to talk about anything he wants! *(audience applauses)*

Stanley Turrentine: Thank you, Pat, and I'm glad to be here to talk about music and its part in my life. I didn't have the opportunity to go to a school as great as this one to get my education. I got on-the-job training. I left home when I finished high school and went on the road with a blues band led by guitarist Lowell Fulson. The piano player and conductor was a blind man by the name of Ray Charles. So we left my home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and headed straight down south and I got a lot of different kinds of education with this on-the-job training. I'd run into people like Buddy Johnson, and as a matter of fact, we're playing one of his songs tonight [*I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone*]. Also B.B. King. When we played certain spots like tobacco warehouses, they had one rope separating the crowd, with blacks dancing on one side and whites dancing on the other. I couldn't figure it out. I thought, "They're all dancing to the same music. Why are they separated?" Now that was just the way it was at the time.

We traveled on this raggedy bus, a Flxible bus, which was held together by chewing gum and wire (laughs) that broke down constantly. We used to do 500 miles a day and one-nighters. I remember when we did 30 straight one-nighters in a row consisting of [traveling] 500 miles a day.

Stanley Turrentine - 1996 ESU Concert
Photo by Walter Bredel

Stanley watches on as students improvise - 1996 ESU Concert *Photo by Walter Bredel*

We'd play a gig, jump on the bus dirty and unshaven, and we were taking "bird baths" [washing oneself in a sink because of segregation] because everything was separated! Back in those days we couldn't go into a restaurant to eat food. If we wanted to eat, we had to go to the back of the restaurant to a window. They didn't have a menu. They gave us whatever they wanted to give us and we had to pay for it, too.

All those things… I'm leading up to this… in fact, that was a part of me developing and today I feel that all those things are a part of what I'm about. No malice or nothing, it's just the way it was because *music is the number one thing in my life* and God has made it possible for me to do nothing else. I never had a job to do anything else but to play music all my life and I don't regret a minute of it. Of course, I did a lot of stupid things. It's not the glamour. What we love is doing what we do on the bandstand, but getting to that bandstand is a whole other thing. There are so many things that people don't think of… there's trauma, there's strife, and I starved just to get up there on that bandstand and play. We went through times when they didn't feed us. They were hard times—we didn't have money because of the fact that the promoter didn't pay us… we didn't have money. We had to go to the next gig hoping that we would get paid. These are all things that happened to us. It was a constant thing; it was taken for granted. When we'd go to our rooming house we might see Buddy Johnson's band or B.B. King's band or Little Milton or all these different blues bands that we ran across. We would sit down and have breakfast. We'd talk about if they were coming out of a town, and if we were going into that town, they'd tell us what to be aware of and not to do this or that because literally your life was on the line! Somebody could blow your brains out just because you're black. I've seen people (pause)… hung; they used to cut them down from the trees. I've seen people killed for no reason at all. So all these things that we try to brush under the rug… these are things that helped develop me… in spite of all these things that happened, and I saw what happened out there, I still say that I would have played music regardless because it was my calling. I had to learn to ask questions and find out what books to practice from. [Nat] King Cole was at a jam session in Pittsburgh and I had enough nerve to ask him, "Mr. Cole, would you teach me how to play *Stardust*?" And he said, "Sure," and he was puffing on his cigarette—he was famous for that. He sat down and played that dreamy verse (hums verse from *Stardust*). I said, "No, Mr. Cole, I want to learn to play *Stardust*. I'm gonna learn *Stardust* here!" He said, "That IS *Stardust*!" He said (laughs), "That's the VERSE of *Stardust*."

I had people that came into my life that would sit down with me and I'd ask them things and they wouldn't hesitate to show me. They'd ask me, "What are you practicing? What scales have you been practicing?" Eventually we'd talk about modes and about being on the gig. During that time we had jam sessions and I was always finding the jam sessions all across the country—like in San Francisco they had [Jimbo's] Bop City [in the Fillmore section from 1950 to 1965] where guys would be jamming from midnight to daybreak and even later than that! I've seen even in my hometown in Pittsburgh there was an old club called The Musicians Club [on the second floor of the Musicians Union local 471 headquarters] where everybody came by. By the way, that's where I met Nat King Cole who taught me *Stardust*. Charlie Parker used to come play there… everybody! Gene Ammons, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn… All the guys would come there and jam after they finished their gig downtown. And I would be right there… I was about thirteen or fourteen years old, and I would sneak in there and watch Art Tatum play… Erroll Garner play… King Cole… oh, just everybody… Dizzy Gillespie, Illinois Jacquet—all of these guys… as a matter of fact, Illinois Jacquet was my mentor. I used to go there and wear him to death, I just admired him so much. It had gotten to the point where he'd come into town, I'd meet the bus he was on, and I'd just bug him and say, "How do you do this? Just answer the question." Then it got to the point where he just knew me, and he'd go, "C'mon, Junior." He used to take me around and he used to sit me in the corner and I'd just sit down and learn bad habits (laughs). Oh God! All in all, I don't regret it because I was really interested in girls. I'd see all these guys in the band would get all these fine chicks, and that's one of the things that kept me going, I must admit (laughs).

I had the pleasure of later on in my life of being around fantastic musicians like Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Ron Carter, George Benson; we were on the CTI record label together [Stan recorded for CTI from 1970 to 1973] and we'd exchange and play on each other's record dates. Recording with [Eumir] Deodato at Rudy Van Gelder's studio [Englewood Cliffs, NJ] was the first time that I got to play with a Brazilian orchestra playing Brazilian music. And we couldn't even speak to one another, but when we got out there and played, it was fantastic! It's wonderful—I think it's one of the finest records that I've made and it's called "Salt Song" on CTI [July 7 & 13, 1971].

Those things helped me to develop, just being able to ask questions because I had it in my heart to play and that was the most important thing. I've been doing this stuff for forty years in all kinds of different situations. In forty minutes I can't tell you all of the things that I've been through. It wasn't always bad, and most of the time it was good. I accepted what was happening, and through this music that I play nowadays it's about your experience. I just turned to be a senior citizen last year and I stayed with it and it's paid off. I feel definitely great about the fact that the school here and the schools all over the country call me to express and to hear my music. That's quite an accomplishment for where I came from. I come from the most humble community and they say that it can't be done! And I said, "It could be regardless of all the hard things," and that's why I try to tell everybody that whatever you have in mind to do, regardless of whether it's music or architecture or computers… that you must love it. I have no qualms about anything that happened. I was one of the fortunate ones; I'm the one guy that can sit here and talk about it, to tell you about what I do, it's a God-given gift. The fact that I'm here before you now is a truly meaningful thing and I can tell you that God has helped me. I think I'm considered one of the foremost in my field through time and it's because of all the experiences that I went through. I hope I'm not saying this to boast—well I'm boasting—I feel that music can bring us all together and I try to play something from my experiences, which is the Blues. And that's where this music—ALL popular music in this world, I think—started from the blues. We've got to remember that. A lot of the computers are changing music around. I have an IBM computer at home and I'm learning to enhance what's happening musically today.

> "We forget about THESE GUYS WHO CONTRIBUTED SO MUCH to this music"

Basically I started being raised next to a Baptist church listening to the music. [In an interview conducted in November 1999 by Herb Boyd for *downbeat*, Stan said that his family "lived right next door to one of those Sanctified or Holy Roller churches and they would open the doors, and you could hear the music booming all over the neighborhood. I used to hear them playing {music} all the time, the tambourines going yakety, yakety… that music had a strong influence on my playing"; however, he also stated that his family attended another church to worship.] I think we should try to listen to other kinds of music. The most popular guys like Kenny G didn't start the music. I mean, he's very good, he's popular, he's got all these computers and stuff playing the parts and I can't put him down as he sells millions of albums a year. Charlie Parker didn't sell a lot; Dexter Gordon didn't; Lester Young didn't; Gene Ammons didn't; Sonny Stitt didn't; Dexter Gordon didn't. We forget about these guys who contributed so much to this music like Al Cohn and Zoot Sims and Stan Getz and all of these guys… these cats are gone and contributed so much to this music.

And I am sick and tired of people talking about here is where the music began. Kenny G… I hear him play—He's doing great! He's a commodity and he's selling. But we can't dare forget the cats like Jug [Ammons], Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, and Gerry Mulligan, who just died [on January 20, 1996]. All these guys contributed something to this music, so why should we discard these cats and say, "Hey, it's over! They're over with"? And I don't mean to sound too bitter (soft chuckle), but you know that's one of the things that's been on my mind because we should listen to Bach and Schubert… listen to Art Tatum or listen to Sonny Stitt, Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie—these are my main musicians. The point is we can't forget these people who contributed to this music. We cannot forget the blues all through Ray Charles and Little Milton and Joe Turner and all these guys who started this music…. We cannot just say, "Hey, that's over with." It's not over with; it'll never be other with; I can't imagine a world without music and these are the roots of the music. Without the roots, nothing works. And I'd like to say thank you for having me and I'm sure we will have fun tonight. Are there any questions? Anybody? The band, what about you?

Dr. Larry Fisher: I'm not afraid to ask you a question (LF laughs). All of these name musicians that you've worked with from time to time, do you have any favorite stories about any of them that you can tell us humorous or otherwise… any favorites that you have?

Stanley Turrentine: I don't think it's something I can say in public… (*audience laughs*)

Dr. Larry Fisher: Oh, you can tell us.

Stanley Turrentine: Most of the guys like my friend Freddie Hubbard… Freddie, he is my good friend in recording and we've worked together a lot; he's a funny guy. He enjoys life. He likes to do everything. Especially with the, you know, the women (chuckle), Man, I could tell some stories, man, about Freddie, like he'd miss gigs and stuff and—well, that was part of a… (audience laughs). Are there any more questions 'cause I wanna get out of this one! (audience laughs and Stanley chuckles). [Freddie Hubbard was the lecturer and guest soloist with the University Jazz Ensemble at ESU in April 1992. See the Winter/Spring 2012 issue of The Note to read a transcription of his lecture]

The computer does everything perfect.

"WHAT'S PERFECT? NOT ME."

Audience Member #2: Did you still find that there are still jam sessions?

Stanley Turrentine: Not really, not as much as there used to be—as a matter of fact, I think I learned to play in jam sessions in saloons. I think that's one of the things that taught me how to play because I didn't go home and practice out of books; I had the opportunity to go to all these jam sessions and develop what I was practicing. They don't have that many as they used to because it's a different time. They don't have as many clubs as they used to. Most of the clubs were in the inner city in the neighborhoods and all the music is now moved downtown. In New York, for instance, all the music is in the [Greenwich] Village, like at the Blue Note and the [Village] Vanguard; we used to work uptown at Minton's [Playhouse] and it's no longer there. That's happening all over the country.

Audience member #3: Could you talk about technology and its effect on jazz?

Stanley Turrentine: Some people are taking this technology and it just makes them lazy. You know, because you've got computer software that when you write a song, it'll give you variations of the song. So you're not thinking and not using what's inside… I'm talking about your feelings. When you get to the point when you don't use your feelings or the roots of all of this, if you don't use that technology to enhance what is already there and you just take it and use technology, what good is it? We're going to be a state of robots. How do you bend a note? I bet a computer can't bend one. No! There's a certain feeling that you play; you have to have a certain amount of feeling and experience. That computer does everything perfect. What's perfect? Not me. So, I think that's a good question because I think we can work this technology together and we don't have to RELY on this technology and forget about what we already have naturally that God has given us to do. Anybody else?

Audience member #4: You played with your brother Tommy?

Stanley Turrentine: Oh yes, Tommy.

Audience member #4 *(continues)*: You don't play with him anymore?

Stanley Turrentine: Well, Tommy quit playing. He's doing a lot of writing and I'm recording several of his tunes. As a matter of fact, I recorded one of his recently, a song called "June Bug" [June 1993]. [Tommy Turrentine: b. April 22, 1928, d. May 15, 1997]

Patrick Dorian: Is it still possible to get some of the recordings that you did with the Earl Bostic band [Earl Bostic: b. 1913 – d. 1965]

Stanley Turrentine: I'm sure there is, but I'm the last to know when they do digital masterings on the older recordings to make CDs. So we musicians are the last persons to know. The only way I find out that my records are now on CDs is when I do a concert or seminar or something like that, kids come up and like, "Hey, I got your latest album!" And I look at the album and it's something that I did in 1960 (audience laughs). And that's the only way I know. They are just selling these records all over the world and we don't even get a copy of it. [At age 18 or 19, Stanley took over the tenor saxophone chair in Earl Bostic's band shortly after John Coltrane departed in late 1952. Stan recorded 22 tracks with Bostic in a 12-month period from June 6, 1953 {age 19} through May 27, 1954 in Los Angeles and Cincinnati. His brother Tommy performed on trumpet on 13 of these tracks and the legendary trumpeter Blue Mitchell {age 23} performed on all 22 of the tracks. Stanley probably left the Bostic aggregation sometime in mid-1954 and was replaced by the iconic Benny Golson {age 25}, who then recorded over 25 tracks with Bostic through April 1956. Bostic recorded from 1939 through 1965. As of late 2017 there are several dozen Bostic compilations available on CD.]

Walter Bredel *(photographer for the event)*: You don't have the rights or you sold the rights somehow?

Stanley Turrentine: No. You've got to remember during those times there was no such thing as a CD. Technology was not there. We didn't know. It was only vinyl. We were signing contracts for vinyl records because that's the only thing we had then, you know. There was no technology there; we had no idea that there would be [CDs and technology]. So THEY found out that there was nothing in the contract. They got off scot-free with this. We have a thing brought before Congress in which we get a percentage off of each tape that was sold and I hope that happens for us before Congress. So we didn't even know anything about the CDs and cassettes and all that stuff back when we were signing contracts in the '50s and '60s.

Patrick Dorian: One of the things that you are famous for is your sound. Right now are you planning to use the same equipment you've always used such as your mouthpiece?

Stanley Turrentine: No… I'm recently trying out a new saxophone and a new mouthpiece, by the way, and I'm thinking of endorsing them. Also, I'm thinking about a German company that makes a great horn: Keilwerth. So, we'll see what happens. Next? Yes sir?

Audience member #7: Can you tell us a little more about your family background and if others were musical?

Stanley Turrentine: Okay. Well, I come from a musical family and music was our form of entertainment. My father [a saxophonist with Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans] decided that he didn't want to travel anymore because he wanted to raise his five kids. My mother played piano, my brother, someone here mentioned Tommy, played trumpet; I have another brother, deceased now, who played drums; I had a sister who played violin; I had another sister who played piano. My father is the one who first put the saxophone in my hand [a 1937 Buescher]. He had a unique way of teaching me.

My lesson would be one note at a time and chromatically. He put me in a corner and said that would be my lesson, playing long tones. He would always ask me as I was standing in the corner, "Stanley, did you hear it?" For a long time I couldn't figure it out. I said, "Dad, it seems to me that I can't help but hear it. I'm standing in this corner and I'm playing!" (audience and Stanley laugh). But he was teaching me how I could put certain air into the horn and get a different sound. I could attack that note again and get another type of sound. I could put less air or more into it using just one note and I was learning how many different things you could do with that one note. Another thing that he was teaching me was ear training. He was giving me ear training. Was I playing this note in tune, you know? I wanted to play some licks I heard on the radio and stuff (audience chuckles) and he said, "When I turn that corner coming to the house, I better hear you playing that one note!" (audience and Stanley laugh). And, you know, I certainly am thankful for that. He was really patient with me. My brother played trumpet and he went on to play with Count Basie and George Hudson [the George Hudson Orchestra out of St. Louis] and he did work with Dizzy Gillespie for a long time. The first gig I ever had, I was twelve years old and it was in a place called Perry Bar, and Tommy would hire me because he didn't have to pay me (audience chuckles). So, I'm standing out there and he was teaching me all of these songs and we would be playing Charlie Parker's tunes, Dizzy Gillespie's, Thelonious Monk's stuff… So there were a lot of things that I thank Tommy for. Yes, sir?

Audience member #8: I really like your album; you look pretty good with those bell-bottom white pants on.

Stanley Turrentine: Oh yeah, oh, I had knickers on some albums *(audience laughs, Stanley laughs)*. Yeah.

Audience member #8 *(continues)*: All right, we grew up in the same old town. How about Crawford Grill?

Stanley Turrentine: Crawford Grill!

Audience member #8 *(continues)*: We were born and raised in a smoky city. There is no smoke there now, but yet it's still called the Smoky City. Like you were saying, I know some of the younger people who came up, and I can remember on Friday or Saturday nights every bar had music and they would always have a piano player and a saxophone player. And if you would go across the street, there was always a trumpet player, a piano player. There was always kids listening to music all night and all weekend, but now I can say it's not there anymore for our younger generation and sorta died out. I'm President of the AARP [?]; see if you can come by and we'll have you on.

Stanley Turrentine: Oh, all right. Okay, hey, hey, I'mma gonna take you up on that. But you know what? It's so beautiful that there are schools like this that are introducing guys like me to the public. Now I'd like to thank Pat again for helping and Larry for bringing me here, trying to keep this music going, because the past is still important—there's still a lot of history and these guys are really, really bringing it to the forefront, and I want to thank you two guys very much for having me here.

Patrick Dorian: We thank you. *(applause)*

Stanley Turrentine playing with the University Jazz Ensemble - 1996 ESU Concert
Photo by Walter Bredel

Stanley Turrentine: Yeah, you know, getting back to my family (chuckles), I'd like to talk about my mother and father who are deceased. We didn't have that much money and we entertained ourselves by listening to the radio and naming bands. We used to sit down and listen to station KDKA and hear Woody Herman's band and Count Basie's and all these guys on the radio and—and we would have a quiz: Who's playing saxophone? Who's playing trumpet? Who's soloing on this particular tune? And my father would always sit down and give me albums, from Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas—all these guys—and he would give me quizzes on what they were playing. He would say, "Play the bridge of "Body and Soul." And I would have to practice that. I didn't know what question he was going to ask me [at our next learning session]… or, "Play 'Lester Leaps In' " (slight chuckle). You know, all these kinds of things. So we just had a lot of fun, you know. He used to point to my sister and ask all kinds of things. We entertained ourselves mostly and he took me around to the Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts and I heard Illinois Jacquet and… Flip Phillips! (claps his hands once). Ray Brown used to deliver the [weekly Pittsburgh Courier] paper to our house! I used to walk home and Ahmad Jamal would be practicing on our piano. Eddie Safranski used to come by and jam with my brother and also Dodo Marmaroso. I used to just run into these guys all the time. Art Blakey, Kenny Clarke, Ray Brown… Linton Garner, Erroll Garner's brother, used to come down to the house and play all the time, so I was just really getting to meet so many great musicians all my life. Consequently, that was my form of learning.

"ALL THE ROOTS of all the POPULAR MUSIC that you hear today: IT ALL BEGAN WITH JAZZ"

I used to try to play along with [recorded] solos by people like Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young and Dexter Gordon and I'd get frustrated and I'd just want to take that horn and throw it up against the wall and forgot it. I remember my father telling me, "Sit down, son. I want to tell you something. I have yet to hear a musician who can play everything!" And that's true, because there is so MUCH music—there is SO much music that a lifetime isn't enough time to learn it all. If you think about it, a lifetime is not enough time. So I don't want us to forget the past. Also, I don't want us to forget the present. But, you know, we should just try to incorporate all these things and all these experiences that even Kenny G has. We could incorporate all this stuff together and see if we can make this world a whole better place. I don't think there's a better way to do that than by playing music. I've played all over this world and it seems to make everybody all over the world happy.

Audience member #9: What is the state of jazz at this point in time? Will it become popular again?

Stanley Turrentine: *(chuckles)* Here we go again! I hear this question that people want to know when jazz is coming back. I've been hearing this for a long time. Well, you know, I really don't know where it's been! I don't know; I mean it's sustained me as far as I'm concerned. I'm doing a concert with Jimmy Smith in June or July and he's still going. I don't know where this music is—I think, "How do they gauge where jazz is?" If you're talking about materially, we've always been on the bottom of the totem pole as far as making money or being successful. They don't even have to check. You know, they had an event for jazz at the White House and they had Aretha Franklin, David Sanborn, and all of these other various people… they had a very good program and it was shown on TV. In the middle of Ron Carter's solo, when it got to the jazz portion, it went to commercial! (chuckles). Heh, you know? What I'm saying is this: we don't get the respect that the other forms of music get because jazz is not a money-making thing; it's all money! We contributed all the roots of all the popular music that you hear today; it all began with jazz.

Audience member #10: Are there any young musicians who impress you?

Stanley Turrentine: Oh yeah, no doubt! There are a lot of young cats that are really coming on, like Muhammed Jackson [Stan might have been referring to drummer Ali (Muhammed) Jackson, Jr. (b. 1976), who is the son of bassist Ali Jackson, Sr.]. Are there any more questions?

Patrick Dorian: Stan, I think we need to wrap it up at this point…

Stanley Turrentine: Oh!

Patrick Dorian: …and I think your statement about your family and family support is a wonderful message during the sorry state that we're sometimes in this country. Your forty-five minutes here is worth three hours of a lot of other people, so thank you very much for speaking to us.

Stanley Turrentine: Thank you so much! *(enthusiastic applause)* ■

Stanley Turrentine *Photo by Walter Bredel*

Stanley applauding the band - 1996 ESU Concert *Photo by Walter Bredel*

JAZZ: America's Original Remix

By T Storm Heter

We live in the ERA OF THE REMIX.

Cut and paste technology and DJ culture have changed how repetition functions in music and art. So argues cultural theorist Eduardo Navas in *Remix Theory: The Aesthetics of Sampling* (2012). Navas is a Los Angeles DJ and percussionist by background, an art historian by training, and now works as professor of digital humanities at Penn State. Recently Navas asked me to write an article on "Jazz and Remix" for a new volume he was co-editing. I happily accepted.

As a drummer I employ remix technologies daily in my practice studio, and when I perform live. But I don't have fancy electronics with looping pedals. I use the Jazz culture version of remix technology: my memory of the licks, riffs, grooves, and feels of other drummers.

As a child of a Jazz musicians, I grew up in a house where every Friday brought an eclectic jam, determined only by who showed up on what instrument and with what new record to listen to. The record went on the turntable. A bottle of wine and a few joints were passed around. Each musician listened and learned their part. The cut would keep spinning as long as needed. Eventually the record went off and the band had a tune to play with for the rest of the night.

Listening parties have been a staple of Jazz musicianship since the beginning. In the 1920s Jazz spread across black communities in the American south. African-Americans bought records at double the rate of their peers. Musicians shared their knowledge by grabbing phrases and passages from records, then incorporating them into performances. To learn difficult passages from a record, they picked up the needles of their turntables and created loops. By focusing on one short phrase at a time, and after intense listening, musicians could copy even the hardest riffs. Be-bop records, with their blazing tempos and monstrously technical phrases were one outgrowth of the turntable's influence in Jazz. Musicians could even slow down turntables by softly placing a thumb on the table. Tricky phrases could be heard at reasonable tempos. This primitive method of remixing—looping and tempo alteration—would be used for generations.

The pianist Hal Galper tells the story of being a student at conservatory and having barely enough money for the latest records. One student would buy the disk and ten friends would gather around. After a bit of passive listening, they would cue up a solo, with all the students singing along.

While Jazz musicians have used records to learn licks since the 1920s, the true advent of remix was the DJs culture of the of 1970s. In the Bronx, DJ Cool Herc noticed that live audiences danced most passionately when he looped short grooves from vinyl funk records. The break beat was born. Break beat culture spread and became the foundation of Hip-hop, in particular, the sample-based variety.

Bands like Public Enemy and A Tribe Called Quest pioneered sample-based Hip-hop with its vertically dense, greasy grooves. One cut might have as many as twenty or thirty samples. Sometimes changed beyond recognition, and sometimes clear as day, the results of months of crate diving were sped up, slowed down, repeated, and distorted. Through these samples a generation of musicians was introduced to past greats like Ahmad Jamal, Mara Whitney, and Jack Wilkins.

Like most people who grew up on Hip-hop, the first time I heard drummer Bill Goodwin was in 1993, on the cut "Sucka Ni**a" on the epic *Midnight Marauders*, the third album from A Tribe Called Quest. I knew Bill's lick long before I moved to the Poconos and met him. Bill's funky groove was sampled from Jack Wilkin's *Windows* (1973). Tribe grabbed the lick from the band's cover of the Freddie Hubbard tune "Red Clay." It is the kind of material crate divers lived for: a slow, nasty funk line with space, dynamics and most of all, a great time feel.

Recently I caught up with Bill at the Deer Head Inn, where he long served as a house drummer and where he now lives. I asked him what he thought about Tribe's remix of Red Clay. Bill was proud to be on the tune. He began speaking to me as a fellow drummer, laying out some of the rhythmic concepts he employed during his funk period. Like most musicians sampled by the first generation of Hip-hop, Bill never got paid for his sample. *Midnight Marauders* was produced just before lawyers caught up with DJs and forced them to "clear samples," which involved negotiating financially with record companies.

Jazz and Hip-Hop are musical cousins. Both thrive on repetition, spontaneity, and rhythmic power. Both have a long history with the turntable. Whereas Be-bop musicians used turntables to learn licks, Hip-hop musicians used them to produce break beats. The way Jazz musicians used turntables pre-figured DJ culture by about fifty years.

T Storm Heter's article "Jazz" is forthcoming in *Keywords in Remix Studies*, (Routledge, 2018), edited by Eduardo Navas, Owen Gallagher and xtine burrough. ■

Phil Woods and his daughter Allisen with Cutie Pie
Photo by Dave Coulter

SET BREAK 18

TAIL OF TWO KITTIES

A CHILDREN'S STORY FOR AIMEE | By Phil Woods

It was a hot, humid, August day. I gazed out of the kitchen window watching our cat, Cutie-Pie, as she lolled on the porch rail, licking her navel, looking very much like an Indian Princess in all of her feline glory, except for the licking of the navel thing. She looked spiffy in her tailored gray Ann Taylor suit with a white Calvin Klein blouse on and absolutely stunning booties by Enzio.

"Hey Cutie! You want to come in from the heat and watch television? Tiger Woods is playing today and I'll rub your belly if you like."

"Yeah! Sure – it's hot as hell out here!"

"Watch your language, young lady – we don't use that kind of talk around here!"

She sauntered in very slowly; she never rushes, ever. Our other cat, Cinnamon Girl, was in the kitchen and Cutie attacked and they did their caterwauling thing, an ungodly cacophony if there ever was one – like the sounds of a pet shop on fire.

"Why do you and your sister caterwaul at each other all the time? It's really becoming a bit of a bore, you know."

"It is God's will."

"It's God's will? What the hell does that mean?"

"Have you never heard of the territorial imperative? That's what we do and it is not our fault. It is the way the good Lord made us. And, by the way, you are no role model for nice language!"

"Oh dear! Give me a break! Come on, let's watch Tiger Woods play golf."

"O.K."

We settled onto the couch and I rubbed her belly and she bit me with those love bites that she uses when she is really grooving.

"Ow! Why are you so rough? That hurts! Keep it up and I won't rub your belly anymore."

"It is God's will."

"And knock off the God's will crap or I'll bite you and see how you like Phil's will."

"Tiger is playing his ass off as usual. Is he a real tiger?"

"Well – it's his real name, if that's what you mean. But no – he is not of the cat family. He is a human being, just like I am. And there you go again with that nasty tongue!"

"Do you play golf?"

"No. I'm afraid I do not. Only computer golf but I beat Arnold Palmer all the time, with enough mulligans that is."

"What's a mulligan?"

"Never mind. Want a treat?"

"Yeah! Love one."

I got both kitty cats a treat and a cookie for me. Cutie eyed the cookie until I relented and gave her a nibble. She always prefers whatever I am eating, from cheese to burgers or pie.

"What do you do when you take that strangely-shaped black box and roll-along suitcase and disappear for days at a time?"

"Why do you ask? Do you miss me?"

"I miss the belly rubs and the cookies – you betcha!"

"Well – it is what I do for a living. The strange black box contains a saxophone and people pay me to play it."

"That thing that you practice on every couple of months? Talk about caterwauling! And they actually pay you to do that?"

"Yes. I am quite handsomely rewarded for playing the sax and I travel all over the world and stay in nice hotels and eat in fancy restaurants. Caterwauling indeed!"

"Really! Amazing. Could you take Cinnamon-Girl and me with you some time? We could caterwaul along with you and keep you company."

"I think not."

"Why?"

"It is Phil's will."

"Touché! Tell me something, Will."

"The name is Phil."

"Whatever. How come you never feed us a real meal? In fact, I rarely see you off the couch. It's always your lovely wife who seems to do all the work. Jill, I believe she's called?"

"Yes, Jill and Phil. Why can't you remember our names? Well, Cutie, that shows just how much you know. It might look to you like I'm just sitting there, but as I told you, I am a musician and we are always working. Why, at this very moment I am working on my Rondo."

"What's a Rondo?"

"It is a song form that goes around and around."

"Like me when I chase my tail?"

"Exactly like you when you chase your tail."

"And you get paid to write something that goes around and around?"

"I hope to, someday."

"Will you pay me if I can catch my tail?"

"Now you are being a silly cat. No. I will not pay you to either chase or, miracle of miracles, catch your tail."

"It will be a miracle of miracles if you ever finish that Rondo!"

"Now just hold on young lady! What has Jill told you?"

"Enough! We're all on to your little Rondo caper!"

"Speaking of capers, when are you and your sister going to bury the hatchet and start getting along?"

"We get along."

"You continually harass the hell out of the poor thing. Give her a break why don't you? And what's the deal with these hairballs you guys leave all over the rug?"

"Hey man! - I'm a cat, not a scientist. I guess its nature's way of telling you that we've swallowed too much hair in our quest to be squeaky clean."

"Did you know that your saliva, when it dries on your fur, gives many people a dreadful allergic reaction?"

"No - I did not and I don't care."

"Keep up that sassy tone of voice, missy, and I'll lock you in the bathroom, along with your sister, and play the soundtrack from 'Cats' a few dozen times."

"What's 'Cats'?

"'Cats' is a Broadway musical show composed by Andrew Lloyd Weber and features people all dressed up as cats –just like you and Cinnamon Girl."

"Why?"

"Because it is a very sick world, that's why!"

"Do you know why Cinnamon Girl is so uptight?"

"No - but I have the feeling you are going to tell me."

"In another life she was the daughter of the Tsar Nicolas of Russia."

"She was Marie Whatshername? Anastasia? The one who got away when the Reds killed the whole family?"

"That's right Bubala."

"How do you know this?"

"She told me so."

"Maybe she's a pathological liar."

"Maybe the moon is made of green cheese."

"What does that mean, rondo-man?"

"You are a very strange cat – do you know that?"

"Yeah sure – but you're cool right?"

"I don't spit up hairballs and leave them for people to walk through in their bare feet."

"Not yet!"

"You are loaded with non-sequiturs, my friend."

"What's a non-sequitur?"

"It is when you say something that isn't connected to anything you said before."

"But I'm just a kitty-cat. How many kitty-cats do you know who can even talk?"

"One's enough for me."

"I'm bored - let me back on the porch and you can talk to the Russian Princess. She's probably loaded with non-sequiturs along with hairballs galore."

"OK – but stick around we're all going bowling later."

"You're weird."

"Ciao!"

"Chow? Like cat chow?"

"Don't call us, we'll call you."

And with that my Cutie went back on the porch rail and licked herself into frenzy. Cinnamon Girl got ready to attack her and I went back to the couch to contemplate existence and my Rondo. I couldn't stop whistling the complete score of 'Cats'! I bet the hairballs will be flying tomorrow! ■

REFLECTIONS ON KEITH JARRETT'S *At the Deer Head Inn*

By Phil Mosley

The last issue of "The Note" featured Deer Head Records, a recently established and welcome venture named for the "oldest continuously running jazz club in the country," the Deer Head Inn in Delaware Water Gap, Pa. Since 2013, Deer Head Records has released eight live albums recorded at the inn, yet the album most jazz fans worldwide associate with the Deer Head remains Keith Jarrett's *At the Deer Head Inn* (ECM, 1994).

Born in 1945 in Allentown, Pa., pianist Keith Jarrett played his first serious gig at the Deer Head, which sits a little over 40 miles up the road [from Allentown] to the northeast. After studying at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Jarrett got involved in the putative Pocono Mountains jazz scene in the early 1960s when he sat in sometimes with resident pianist John Coates Jr., often playing drums or guitar. He broke through the ranks on joining the Charles Lloyd Quartet in 1966 and soon made a name for himself as an ingenious and fearless improviser. On September 16, 1992, Jarrett returned to play piano at the Deer Head after a 30-year absence and to help relaunch the venue after a change of ownership. He brought with him Gary Peacock on bass and Paul Motian replacing Jack DeJohnette, the regular drummer in his trio; he had not played with Motian since the 1970s. The album selected from among the night's musical offerings consists of six standards ("Solar," "Basin Street Blues," "You Don't Know What Love Is," "You And The Night And The Music," "Bye Bye Blackbird," and "It's Easy To Remember") and pianist Jaki Byard's bluesy composition "Chandra".

Bill Goodwin, esteemed drummer and record producer, produced the album; Kent Heckman, owner and operator of Red Rock Recording in Saylorsburg, Pa., engineered it. I sat down recently in the bucolic surroundings of Red Rock to reflect on Jarrett's album with Bill and Kent.

PM: How did this gig come about in the first place?

BG: It came about because of a long friendship between myself, Keith, and Chris and Donna Soliday, who were for many years proprietors of the Deer Head Inn and had recently taken over from Donna's parents, Bob and Fay Lehr. It happened that during that summer Chris (who is a master piano tuner and was Keith's piano tuner for many years), Donna, my wife at the time, Mary Jane, our two small children, and I were at a barbecue one afternoon at Keith's house, hanging out. There was a discussion about Chris and Donna taking over the Deer Head, and Keith was talking about the earlier days when he first played there as a young musician [in the early 1960s]. I met Keith when I was still living in L.A., and he was not known at all except by people who had known him in Boston, and I guess around here he was known by some of the local musicians.

KH: I met him once, at the Deer Head! [*laughter*]

BG: I moved out to the area in 1970, and I think Keith was one of the first people that I realized lived nearby and got in touch. I'd been introduced to the Deer Head by Bob Dorough, and both Keith and I used often to go [there] to hear and also sit in. Keith would play drums, never piano, and I would play drums, and we'd trade off sometimes, and sit in with the great Johnny Coates Jr., who was Keith's neighbor and lived across the street from him in Mountain Lakes, N.J. Anyway, we were talking about the Deer Head, this and that, and about a week later my phone rang. It was Keith saying, "You know, I've decided I'm going to play a night at the Deer Head, just a nice send-off for Chris and Donna with the new club. It'll be great, get some publicity and so forth. It's going to be really relaxed, you know, the Deer Head's a door gig, so there's no guarantee. So, I want to ask you a question: Jack DeJohnette doesn't want to come down from Woodstock [N.Y.] to do a door gig, says he's beyond all that now." So, I'm thinking to myself, oh, he's going to ask me to play. And he said, "Paul Motian's going to play. Can he borrow your drums?" [*laughter*] "Of course, Paul's an old friend, no problem." He said, "You sound funny. Is everything okay?" I said, "I thought you were going to ask me to play." And he said, "No, I wasn't going to do that" [*laughter*]—Keith's almost flat in the affect department sometimes. Anyway, I said, "That's cool." It just happened I was working there the night before, so my drums were going to be there anyway. And I was thinking, you know, it'd be interesting if we could record it. So, I called him back. "What would you think about it if I got my friend to come—he's a professional engineer—and record the performance?" He said, "Well, as long as it's no trouble, you're not in the way, and it's not going to be a big deal." I said, "No, you'd never know we were there. It'll all be very subtle." I called Kent and said, "Hey, do you want to record Keith Jarrett at the Deer Head for no money?" He agreed. I think you told me you hadn't done much live recording.

KH: I hadn't done *any*! That was my first live recording.

BG: How about it! That was the genesis. We recorded after that with Katchie Cartwright [Katchie Cartwright Quintet, *Live! At the Deer Head Inn*, Harriton Carved Wax, 1994], an excellent singer, who grew up around here, and her band, which I also played in. Kent did that job as well. Meanwhile, we'd given all of the tapes to Keith—except our copies—as a present to him, we told him. He called me after a while, said he really liked the way they sounded, and was going to play them for Manfred Eicher, because if he played them at

the right time for Manfred, he probably would want to put it out. Because that's the way Manfred is—you know, he hears something and gets enthusiastic. He doesn't always initiate everything he does. Keith had an autonomous relationship with Manfred. He was one of the first really big artistes on ECM. The Cologne concert [*Köln Concert*, 1975] still sells to this day—it's sold millions of copies. It almost put ECM on the map. So, they had that very close relationship. Keith played it for Manfred, and Manfred really liked it, and they made one CD. There were three sets that night, [*but*] supposed to be two. Keith had brought us his super hi-fi headphones with their own pre-amp and everything. We were recording upstairs in the Deer Head and we didn't have playback speakers. We had the Auratones?

KH: I brought my KRKs [*studio monitors*].

BG: We weren't able to turn them up to listen, so we had the headphones and were checking the balances. We had a very small set-up: a little board and a two-track DAT [digital audio tape] recorder. About a year later, Keith called me and said, "We're going to put it out." He arranged for Kent and me to get paid, and that was it. He had also brought his espresso machine, plugged it in, and then they had made a chicken dinner for him, one that he had asked for. So, the band, Kent, and I were in the back room at the Deer Head—I think Donna had probably cooked, because she was cooking then, and she's an excellent cook—and everybody had espresso. It was 8:00 and it wasn't supposed to start until 8:30, and everyone was wired to the gills on espresso, so Keith said, "well, let's start now, we'll play three sets instead of two; I feel like playing." The place was full, people started arriving around 4 or 5 in the afternoon, [maybe] 10 in the morning! It was packed, people on the porch, 10 bucks to get in.

PM: So were the seven tracks on the album taken from one set or across the three sets?

BG: I'd have to listen to the original tapes. It wasn't sequential. There's some funny stuff on there. I still hear Keith almost rehearsing his opening on "Bye Bye Blackbird." There's silence, then you hear him play very quietly, the opening phrase, the pick-ups; it almost sounds like pre-echo, but it's him. Anyway, we just brought the tapes back, listened to them, made copies, and gave him all the copies.

KH: Well, after I made safety copies! [*laughter*]

BG: Somebody started a rumor that we were taking them to some weird Japanese company and selling them. [*Keith*] called me; he was very distressed. I said, "man, how long have we known each other? You know I'm not going to do something like that."

PM: Did ECM edit the tapes at all?

BG: One comment I got from either Keith or Manfred was that they thought the level of the recording was a little below normal printing level. But it was digital, it wasn't like printing it at +6db on magnetic tape, it was a different process. Anyway, I think they turned it up and did some mastering. It sounds very close to the original from what I can tell.

PM: Kent, what approach did you take to get a date like this on tape?

KH: It was a semi-normal jazz set-up except instead of using studio mics, I ended up using cheaper Japanese Audio-Technica mics. They didn't want it to look like a recording session. I used two Audio-Technica 4051s on the piano, and some clip-on mics—[*produces mic*], here's one of them without the clip on it—on the bass and, I believe, on the snare drum, and I used a very inexpensive stereo Audio-Technica mic overhead above the drums. Everything was Audio-Technica—I was really into them at the time—probably wasn't more than a thousand dollars' worth of microphones. In my world, in the studio, *one* microphone could be 10 or 12 thousand dollars. I had to rent a console, as I didn't have anything for portable recordings. I rented a Yamaha p/a board that was the only thing I could find at the local music store that had phantom power to power those microphones. The mixing console had probably 12 channels or something, pretty small. I had a nice little Lexicon reverb unit that I brought. It was direct to DAT, so there was no remixing anything. I remember Bill playing the drums a little before Keith got there, so I got a little sound check on that, and when Keith got there, they played for about four minutes, he came upstairs, listened to it, said, "sounds fine!" and walked away. He played a bit of "How Deep Is The Ocean" as a sound check, put on his expensive headphones and said, "sounds good, let's eat!"

PM: I noticed interesting miking of the instruments right through. On "You And The Night And The Music," I think the drums were miked particularly well, and on "Basin Street Blues" the bass sound is very warm and resonant.

BG: Gary Peacock really liked that sound. He told me later [*when Goodwin assisted in checking the sound during the recording of Jarrett's six sets at the Blue Note, NYC, in June 1994*] he thought that was one of the best sounds he'd had, period.

PM: It's an outstanding record, but not every listener digs Keith's humming…

KH: I didn't use a vocal mic!

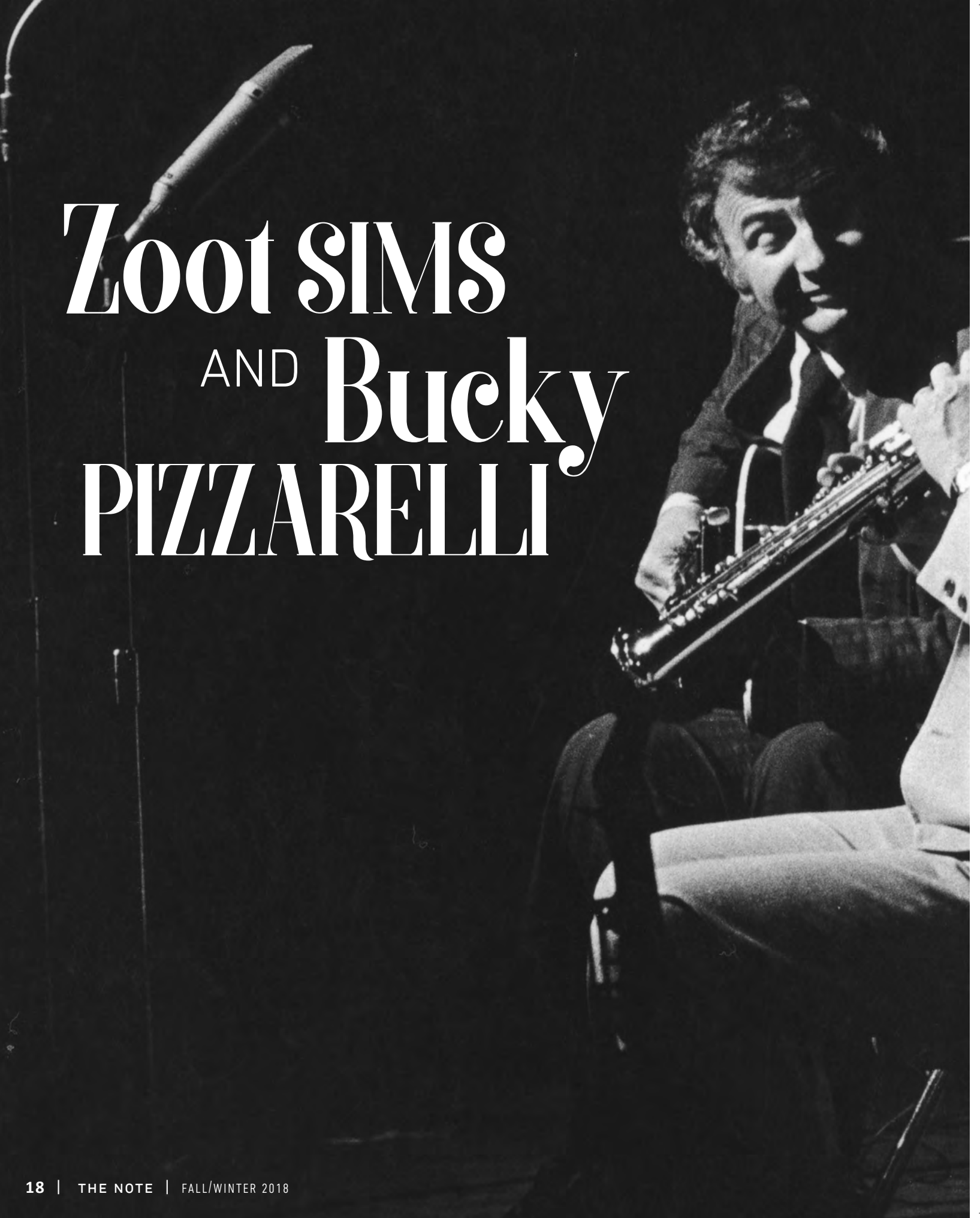
BG: You know why he does it? Because when you're phrasing, you want to have the breath in it. He also plays saxophone and trumpet, so he's putting the breath in like he's playing a horn. Erroll Garner, Oscar Peterson—many piano players use that to help them express the viability of the line.

PM: The first time I heard it was in classical music, Glenn Gould playing Bach.

BG: Yeah, Glenn Gould used to make really funny noises. They'd say, "Oh, it's really controversial how he plays, the tempos of the Bach pieces, and that." They have to have something to talk about when these guys are just so far above the norm. Somebody's got to be critical about it.

PM: Gentlemen, thank you. ■

Zoot SIMS AND Bucky PIZZARELLI



Bob Dorough *Photo by Bob Weidner*

CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS – 40 YEARS

By John Aveni

"A MAN AND A WOMAN HAD A LITTLE BABY. YES, THEY DID. THAT MADE THREE IN THE FAMILY. AND THAT'S A MAGIC NUMBER." It's hard to believe, but it's been nearly 45 years since Bob Dorough ended one of his most endearing Schoolhouse Rock songs by celebrating the magic of welcoming the next generation.

For many in the Delaware Water Gap community, it's equally hard to believe that this year's COTA festival marked its 40th anniversary. And it, too, celebrated the magic of the next generation. In addition to presenting the art and music of familiar faces on the stage that now bears the name of festival co-founder Rick Chamberlain, this year's festival expanded to three venues and featured several generations of artists from the local scene and beyond.

THE RICK CHAMBERLAIN STAGE

At the core of the 40th anniversary COTA festival were veterans who have been there since the beginning. Bob Dorough's Sunday set on the main stage was unforgettable. Nancy and Spencer Reed once again displayed one of the great musical romances of the local scene. Familiar faces performed in new configurations, including Michael Steffans' 4 Way Split featuring Dave Stryker, Jim Ridl, and Jay Anderson, and Zach Brock and Phil Markowitz in the aptly named duo "Brockowitz." Jay Rattman, Najwa Parkins, and Marcel Bellinger all presented sets that could only come from musicians who have been immersed in the DWG jazz community from a very young age. Each song was a reminder of things past and a promise of things to come.

As the weekend's musical offerings were presented under sunny September skies, the "next generation" theme came into sharper focus with each performance. COTA has always included younger musicians, but after four decades, the festival has become home to all ages of COTA musicians. This year, young musicians were frequently paired with veterans in ways that brought new artistry out of everyone involved. David Liebman's Expansions continued to remind us of how the next generations of local musicians can push the music into the future. Gene Perla's "Gene Machine" put on display the role veteran musicians play in nurturing young talent. Sherrie Maricle's 3Divas Trio featured John Manzari, a next-generation protégé of tap-dancer Maurice Hines, in a breathtaking display of the possibilities of dance as musicianship and the near telepathic interplay of a quartet with years of stage and touring experience. Closing out the main stage on Saturday was the familiar crew of the Bovine Social Club with guest Tim Carbone, who once again brought everyone to their feet. Sunday's main stage closing act was Lara Bello, a new face at the COTA festival, supported by Can Olgun, Josh Allen, Rajiv Jayaweera, Jay Rattman, and Janet Sora Chung.

THE DEER HEAD INN

On Saturday and Sunday afternoon, the more intimate setting of the Deer Head Inn showcased young talent, often playing with seasoned veterans to the delight of the musicians as well as the audience. The Deer Head audience enthusiastically welcomed Billy Test with Tyler Dempsey and Paul Rostock, Kirk Reese with Ron Bogart and Joe Michaels, Richard Burton and John Swana with Alex Desrivieres, Vaughn Stoffey, Chico Huff, and Glenn Ferracone, and the father-and-son duo of Skip and Dan Wilkins. Also at the Deer Head Inn were sets by the generation of local jazz musicians and COTA Cats alumni who are still in college or recently graduated, including Mitchell Cheng, Patrick McGee, Davey Lantz, and Dan Wilkins. No debut was more stunning than that of Esteban Castro, a 15-year-old piano prodigy whose artistry is way beyond his years. Here again, the trio represented three generations, with veteran Bill Goodwin and COTA Cats alum Evan Gregor providing the rhythm.

Closing out the Deer Head Inn on Saturday were sets by the Katie Thiroux Quartet featuring Ken Peplowski, Steven Feifke and Matt Witek, followed by the Bill Goodwin Trio featuring Jon Ballantyne, Evan Gregor and guest vocalist Marianne Solivan. Sunday night's closing Jam session was a raucous affair, fueled by the energy of Thiroux and Solivan with all hands on deck.

THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE INN

At the Great Hall of the Castle Inn, a new stage shared the upstairs hall with the paintings from the Friday night Art Show. Here, the Tott's Gap Dancers presented afternoon sets accompanied by musicians also featured at the Deer Head Inn. Closing out the stage on Saturday night was the newly christened Delaware Water Gap Orchestra, led by Matt Vashlishan, while Sunday continued the theme of presenting young musician's with sets by the 2017 Camp Jazz Rising Stars student groups and their faculty mentors. The festival's newest stage also featured a streamlined version of the COTA Cats. Matt Vashlishan led a nonet featuring area high school students and anchored by Evan Gregor, Jay Rattman, and Sean McAnally through challenging charts, including compositions and arrangements by Phil Woods' Little Big Band.

A NEW BEGINNING

Jazz is not a stagnant art form, and the COTA festival has always embraced new expressions of jazz performance while paying tribute to the giants. Audiences have grown up sitting on the hill and listening to music from familiar faces on the outdoor stage. This year, three stages were filled with multiple generations of jazz musicians who made it clear that the next forty years are something to look forward to indeed. Whether you prefer a blanket on the hill, a bar stool in the Deer Head Inn, or a chair in the Castle Inn, there will be spots waiting for you next year. We hope to see you then. ■

The view of the main stage from the hill *Photo by Bob Weidner*

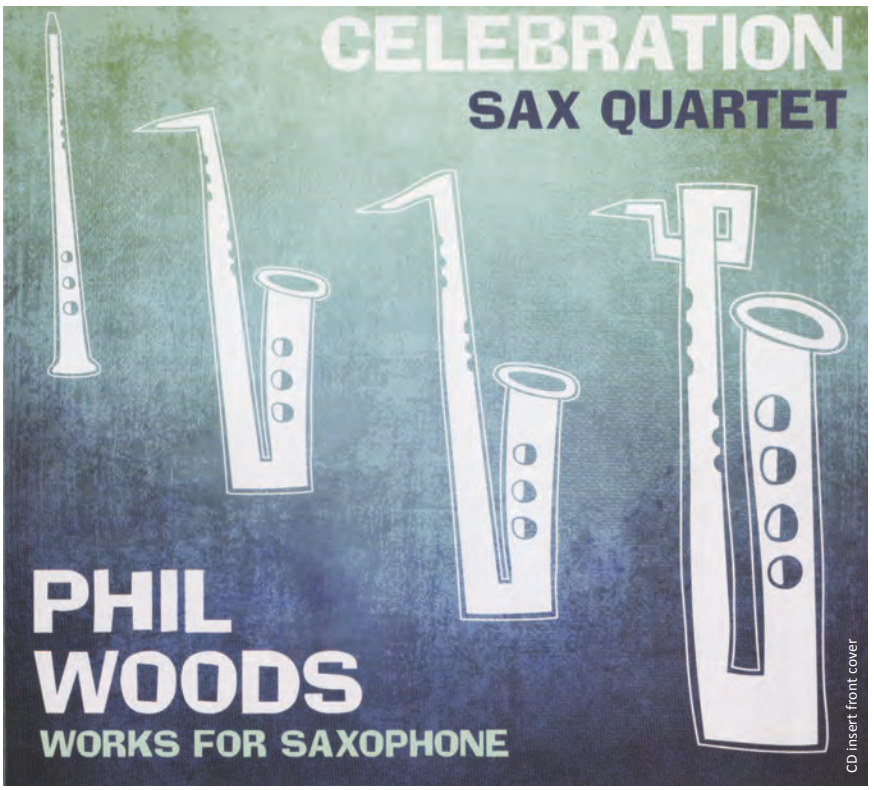
Spencer and Nancy Reed joined by saxophonist Larry McKenna *Photo by Bob Weidner*

The chorus of the jazz mass Sunday morning *Photo by Bob Weidner*

Phil Markowitz and Zack Brock *Photo by Bob Weidner*

This is the full version of PATRICK DORIAN'S ESSAY that was shortened for the insert booklet of the CD *PHIL WOODS: WORKS FOR SAXOPHONE*, recorded by the CELEBRATION SAX QUARTET. It was released on the Minsi Ridge Records label (MMR 0068) in October 2017.

MUSIQUE DE CHAMBRE POUR SAXOPHONE(S) COMPOSÉ PAR PHILIPPE DUBOIS



CD insert front cover

Phil Woods (1931-2015) continues to have a profound influence on jazz and the music universe in general. His recorded virtuosic improvised solos on alto saxophone and clarinet continue to astound both neophytes and accomplished musicians, in addition to that unforgettable "Phil optic" of eyes closed, the vertical movement of the saxophone, and that HAT! It is poetic justice to balance this superb artistry with equal emphasis on his consummate skills as a composer. Improvisation can be thought of as spontaneous composition, so it was always easy for him to switch gears, slow down, and meticulously notate his musical thoughts.

In December 2003 when I first nominated Phil for the NEA Jazz Masters Fellowship, the nation's highest jazz award, I felt it necessary to document how remarkably balanced he was as both a world-class performer and composer. My letter justly got to the committee's table and lingered there a few years while other icons received their due, then time came for close friends and advocates like Buddy DeFranco to state the case from a colleague's perspective to the committee. In January 2007 when he was named an NEA Jazz Master, he received this accolade primarily as "Composer-Arranger" with "Saxophonist, Bandleader, Educator" as very close secondary categories. Presenting it as such allowed the committee to offer other awards for artists who were primarily splendid performers.

This recording adds an extraordinary and dense package to Phil's oeuvre and also serves as a fine addition to the canon of chamber music with a jazz emphasis, as this CD contains works with both notated and improvised sounds. I believe full well that Phil would have wanted this CD narrated from a personal and local POV, especially in terms of his compositional/revisional chamber music efforts since moving to the Delaware Water Gap (his beloved "The Gap"). Could these four decades be thought of in the classical world as a sort of *Pines of the Gappian Way?* (My apologies to Ottorino Respighi's millions of admirers.)

Phil attended the Juilliard School of Music in the late 1940s and early 1950s, majoring as he said "in orchestral clarinet during the day while minoring on 52nd Street at night." Phil felt he was lacking knowledge of the great classical composers, so he immediately started studying scores of composers whose last names started with the letter A in the Juilliard library. This led to fluency in musical forms such as the Sonata contained herein. For decades, Phil joked to his wife Jill about continuously working on a piece in rondo form, where a principal theme continually returns, around and around and around. One time while on tour overseas with his Quintet, Jill asked Phil during breakfast if he'd like to sightsee that day. He told her, "I have to finish my rondo." This would lead to bassist colleague of over 40 years Steve Gilmore's humorous observation to Jill: "You know, you can't rush a rondo."

Phil told me several times that his favorite composer in music history was the early Romantic period French composer Hector Berlioz. Perhaps Phil also felt parallels to his own journey, with his French heritage and the four years that he lived in France. To clarify, Michael Wright has described Berlioz as "compelled to live his life according to his art. He was both dreamer and realist."

Somewhat surprisingly, Phil was more than enthusiastic about learning the new computer music notation software as it became commonplace in the 1990s after he had turned 60. In fact, he was a major advocate of this technology. When he was interviewed for the NEA upon receiving Jazz Master status, he was asked about composing:

> 2007 NEA Jazz Master Phil Woods can spend hours in a day -- or night -- perched in his woodland home in rural Pennsylvania composing music. His method?
>
> Phil Woods: *I write up here in my head usually. Sometimes it's an idea from the saxophone and then I will go to the piano and do a sketch. And when I have some idea of where the piece is going, or at least a start, then I go to the computer and finish it. I can hear it instantly; I can check all the right notes, the wrong notes; I can try all sorts of different things.*

You see the hardest part about art is the options you have.

The antithesis of the night owl jazz musician stereotype, Phil was usually up at the break of day, and after "brushing his tooth," as he would say, he would get on the computer to compose and/or revise, revise, revise previous works, right up through their performance, at times composing complete new sections up through the better part of an entire movement. Many great artists, not only from music but also the literary arts and the visual arts, are wired to constantly revise throughout their artistic evolution, and as Matt Vashlishan wrote:

> *Rehearsing with Phil was always an interesting event, as you never knew which Phil would turn up. Sometimes he was nit-picky Phil, other times he was unfocused Phil, and sometimes he was down to business just eager to hear his new parts. Speaking of his new parts, Phil was constantly editing and sending us new versions of all the pieces.*

As hair-raising as this might seem, it all worth it, as Neil Wetzel had idolized Phil for over 35 years and said:

> *The quartet would meet and rehearse in Phil's home--what a gas! I was in Phil's home!*

Jay Rattman added:

> *Phil constantly revised his music, so there would be new versions of his pieces at each rehearsal. The initial rehearsals in his living room were a great hang and frequently hilarious, but minimally productive: we played constantly to get through all of the music he had written and was eager to hear for the first time, but there was rarely any stopping and going back to fix mistakes, let alone fine-tune passages. "Keep it moving, I'm double parked!" was his standard line. The actual careful rehearsing could only take place when he wasn't around.*

Phil and his life partner Jill Goodwin arrived in Delaware Water Gap in the early 1970s and they would make "the Gap" their home starting in 1973. He would quickly become Gap-centric, thriving artistically and personally, while touring the world and starting his legendary acoustic quartet in February 1974 with two members who would stay with him for 43 years: drummer and future brother-in-law Bill Goodwin and bassist Steve Gilmore. He managed to keep a sentimental balance between his quartet/quintet, his big band, the village of DWG, and the world. Phil's deep passion for music, family, and the community was reflected in his personality, which Jill describes as "mercurial." This included a boisterous ***festive*** side of him that knew when to ***celebrate***.

Phil's father was from Québec, yet he never officially changed his surname DuBois. When Phil returned stateside after living in France from 1968 to 1972, he named his next album Musique du bois (1974), in honor of his father. Plus, for decades, his music publishing company has been called Music DuBois. He once wittily told our late friend and colleague George Robert: "I use my Québécois blood to mellow out my Irish side." He frequently supported the Delaware Water Gap Fire Department by holding benefits with live music, directly honoring his father, who was a firefighter in Phil's native Springfield, MA.

Jill and Phil would eventually purchase a home on Mountain Road, a mere block-and-a-half uphill from the Gap's legendary jazz performance space, the Deer Head Inn. (This first home would be destroyed by fire on December 9, 1985, despite the valiant efforts of the local fire company; Jill and Phil had a safer and eco-efficient home built on the same site over the next several years.) One spring evening in 1978, he was sitting at the bar in the Deer Head with accomplished trombonist and Gap resident Rick Chamberlain, and Ed Joubert, who owned the Gap's musical tavern The Bottom of the Fox, while musician after musician took their turn sitting in with the great house piano performer John Coates, Jr. Their conversation led to the conclusion that they should take the session outside onto the street to share their good work with the community. Thus the DWG Celebration of the Arts Jazz & Arts Festival was born, premiering in September of that year. The COTA organization presented their 40th festival in September 2017, having never engaged corporate sponsors. A teacher since the 1950s, the ever-community-minded Phil would send letters out to 26 area high schools three years later to start a summer student big band that would perform at COTA. Accordingly, the COTA Cats were born in 1981. As a 25-year-old teacher that first year, I would go on to direct that ensemble for 20 years.

The Celebration Sax Quartet
Photo by Garth Woods

Herein contained in one extraordinary package are four of Phil Woods' jazz chamber works for saxophone recorded by his handpicked ensemble that he rehearsed several times for live performance, followed by this recording one and a half years after his death. A majority of the virtuosity contained here is home grown. The Celebration Sax Quartet (CSQ) (there's that C-word again!) uses standard soprano-alto-tenor-baritone instrumentation in a manner similar to human voice-type classifications. The members have a wide range of age from top voice soprano saxophonist Nelson Hill and tenor saxophonist Neil Wetzel as the "ol' dudes" (as Phil would call senior folks like Budd Johnson), both in their mid-fifties. Nelson took several years of lessons from Woods starting as a teenaged local high school student in the mid-1970s and Neil first idolized Phil at a jazz concert near his boyhood home in Emmaus, PA around 1980. Thirty-something Matt Vashlishan is in the enviable position of alto saxophonist, first encountering Woods in the late 1990s as a student member of the aforementioned COTA Cats. The band is rounded out by young 'un Jay Rattman on the low-blow baritone sax, presently in his late 20s. He first interacted with Woods as barely a teenager while taking lessons in the late nineties and then becoming a member of the COTA Cats in the early twenty-aughts.

Jay Rattman stated:

> *Hearing Phil around Water Gap was my reason for playing the saxophone in the first place, and when I was in fifth grade, learning how to play in the school band, I would go to bed every night listening to his newly-released big band album Celebration! (1997) for inspiration. Studying with him, just a year or two later, I knew how incredibly lucky I was, and was properly petrified at every lesson. He was demanding, impatient, gruff, and simultaneously encouraging and incredibly generous. At the end of my first lesson, by which point I felt hopelessly overwhelmed and discouraged, he said, "You really want it, don't you?" I nodded, and he replied, "You will get it. If you can hear it, you can have it." Rather than accept payment, he told me to take what I would pay him and save it for college. Certain things he showed me at that very first lesson -- harmonic ideas on the piano, and instructions on clean saxophone technique -- I use to this day.*

As Phil's students/colleagues, they collectively had over 80 years with him… these are Phil's musical peeps!

Each of these sax-AH-phon-ists have remarkable performing and recording experience, plus each has very strong academic cred as they've earned a total of nine degrees at prestigious music schools. Matt and Neil are the two "doctors of music" in the ensemble in case any of us need musical medicinal guidance. Add to that Phil Markowitz's prestigious piano performance degree and you have ten serious sheepskins. Each dedicates many hours a week to teaching. For example, Neil is the Chairperson of the Music Department at Moravian College and Matt directs the University Jazz Ensemble at nearby East Stroudsburg University. Nelson teaches at Bloomsburg University and Phil Markowitz teaches graduate students at the Manhattan School of Music. Nelson, Matt, and Jay were raised within a 20-minute drive of the legendary Deer Head Inn in Delaware Water Gap and Neil has made the Deer Head his musical home away from home as he performs there at least 15 times a year. Neil stated Phil's influence in an illuminating manner:

> *Phil was always on my radar as an idol and someone to aspire to musically.*
>
> *My first live jazz concert I attended was with Phil Woods and his quartet playing in Emmaus--the club is no longer there. It must have been around 1980--it was fabulous! To sit so close and hear that great sound and witness his amazing technique was incredible.*
>
> *The first time I shared the stage with him was in 1982 when he was guest soloist with the Philadelphia College of Performing Arts big band (I was the lead alto player in that band). At that time I had worn out my copy of his LP Live at the Showboat. That was one of the most influential albums in my entire musical life.*
>
> *I lived and worked so close to Phil but didn't really cross paths with him on a regular basis until he was our guest artist at Moravian College's 2013 fall jazz series (in collaboration with Alan Gaumer and the Pennsylvania Jazz Collective). Then I began to communicate with Phil and was invited to play with the Celebration Saxophone Quartet and what is now called the Delaware Water Gap Jazz Orchestra.*

The CSQ starting rehearsing under Phil's supervision in spring 2015, leading to performing "A Saxophone Celebration," a formal concert of all of the music contained here, on the campus of East Stroudsburg University of Pennsylvania in the Cecilia Cohen Recital Hall on Sunday, May 17, 2015 (coincidentally, Cohen Recital Hall is named after Jay Rattman's grandmother). This concert would be less than four months before Phil's last performance at the Manchester Craftsman's Guild in Pittsburgh on September 4, followed by his death on September 29.

Matt Vashlishan spoke of the rehearsals:

> ***Rehearsing with Phil was always an interesting event,*** *as you never knew which Phil would turn up.* *Sometimes he was nit-picky Phil,other times he was unfocused Phil, and sometimes he was down to business just eager to hear his new parts. Speaking of his new parts, Phil was constantly editing and sending us new versions of all the pieces. Looking back through my emails from Phil during this time, I am amused by the subject headings: "Re-write," then the next day, "More better," followed by, "OOPS! More better PDFs" since he sent us the straight notation program files instead of something we could open. The same was true with nearly every project we worked on. Some of the other hilarious strings involve, "final, more, new lead in, I know I know, sorry…" and back to "final" again, all for the same project! Any time I got really frustrated with the work flow I would sit back and remind myself what I was involved in and who I was involved with, and somehow it all worked itself out just fine.*

A year later, the CSQ reconvened to perform at the 39th annual COTA Jazz & Arts Festival on September 10, 2016. That year's event was dedicated to Phil's memory and this recording followed a few months later in winter and spring 2017.

The quartet pieces were all recorded on February 9, 2017 and Jay Rattman recalled:

> *Scheduling the recording and the last rehearsals leading up to it had been so protracted that when a blizzard was forecast for the week we had chosen, we were all determined to try to make it work no matter what. The sessions had the feel, for me at least, of a cozy couple of snow days, stuck inside, hanging out, playing really hard music, and trying to do our collective best to render the masterpieces Phil had left us.*

About each piece, Phil might say, "You'll hear it," or as he told Jay in his first daunting lesson, "If you can hear it, you can have it," the same phrase that Dizzy Gillespie told a dejected Phil Woods in 1956, preceded by, "You can't steal a gift," talking about Charlie Parker's influence on a 25 year-old Woods.

Here are a few guide points. The first four tracks are *Three Improvisations for Sax Quartet*. If you noticed that four movements were recorded, contradicting the main title of this work, you are correct. And Matt Vashlishan explained:

> *The second movement, "Funky," was included in the piece originally as an "optional extension of the first movement" and Phil later named it and added it as its own movement for the first time at the May 2015 concert at ESU.*

Phil was a committed composer from his mid-twenties. *Three Improvisations* was commissioned by the New York Saxophone Quartet in 1958, during the time when his performing career was blossoming. He was on a 10-week Birdland All-Stars tour and state department tours to South America and the Middle East with Dizzy Gillespie's big band in 1956. Having married Charlie Parker's widow Chan in 1957, he was providing for her two children, Kim and Baird, a couple of years before their children, Garth and Aimee, would be born.

At the May 17, 2015 concert at ESU, Phil told the audience that "the NYSQ was the first one to utilize jazz" beyond the classical French repertoire and that important composers such as John Carisi, Manny Albam, and Eddie Sauter were also commissioned by the group. The NYSQ recorded it in March 1980, it was first published by Kendor Music in 1981, revised and re-typeset for publication by Advance Music in 2001, and was finally followed with the spring 2015 edit as recorded here.

Starting with *Presto*, the band immediately locks in the opening rhythmic motif, proving that they don't need a drummer, reflecting what Nelson has taught for decades: "everyone must be their own drummer." Striking dynamic (volume) contrasts abound, effectively executed throughout. The composer effectively uses an ascending pyramid at 00:44 and a descending cascade at 01:22 and this technique is used at other times in the overall work. At 02:13 Neil takes us into a slow waltz through the fermata.

The second movement, *Funky*, featured as its own entity in 2015, contains the only actual improvisation in any of the four movements and it shows Phil's affinity for the blues form on a deceptively basic I-IV-I- IV-I harmonic structure, yet he expands the commonplace 12-bar construction to 20 bars. A comic entity once stated, "Aww, you jazz musicians are just making that stuff up," and gosh do these artists have at it! The tenor and bari set us up with parallel tritones. Nelson starts the improvisations followed by Matt. Phil takes it up a half step at 01:27 but checks our ears to see if we're engaged by taking out one pulse every 8 beats, establishing the blues in seven. It is here where Neil gets a crack at it, followed by Jay's volley. That prankster Phil starts the final section with a clever reference to the main horn motif from *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* by Richard Strauss and then each member gives us a short soulful cadenza in ascending order.

Ballad, marked Broadly & Freely, starts off with a phrase that Phil might have ended up borrowing from himself 20+ years later when he penned *Randi* for Norwegian jazz devotee and critic Randi Hultin. As he often paraphrased, "If you're going to steal, steal from the best." It has a reverent reading by Nelson on soprano, expressing his passions about his first teacher. Incidentally, to reinforce his respect, Nelson composed and has publicly performed *The Mentor*, a joyous tribute to Woods. The constant meter changes in the beginning section are skillfully masked by the composer and the performers. The reverence continues with Matt's melody at 1:20 followed by Jay's remarkable control on an *expressivo* solo at 02:07 just before the sensitive settling at the end that sets up…

The Celebration Sax Quartet's saxophonist Matt Vashlishan
Photo by Garth Woods

The fourth movement. *Scherzo* contains severe technical challenges that the CSQ tackles with virtuosic aplomb. They pass the complex metric changing-laden motif around with a sense of ownership as though each of them composed it. Phil takes us back into the swing pocket, but only for short spurts, as he's committed to keeping the listener (and performer?) off balance. The ending takes us into harmonically striking closure, convincing our ears that a major 7 chord with a lowered fifth is a fine way to close it out.

Blue Vignettes was commissioned by music educator, composer, string pedagogue, and woodwind doubler Adam Michlin (www.michlinmusic.com) for the music program at Barron Collier High School in Naples, FL. The connectivity of the saxophone world is evident as one of Adam's important mentors was Victor Morosco, who attended the May 17, 2015 concert at ESU along with Adam. The copyright date is 2012, making it the most recent piece on this CD. It starts out with a lovely, relaxed quasi-ballad section and then at 02:29 a marked different style is presented with a march-like propulsion, perhaps a relaxed parade replete with a couple of breaks. A transition features Nelson taking appropriate liberties with the written part as it settles into Jay's slow swinging bass line at 04:41, which starts a basic 12-bar blues form using the blues scale, referring to the title while managing an interesting Gershwin-esque rhapsody vibe.

The second chorus at 05:34 moves us forward at least 40 years both jazz stylistically and pop culturally with a quote of *Eleanor Rigby* at 05:42. At 06:27, an enchanteur interlude in three-four meter featuring Woodsian melodic lines passed around the band transists to a section marked "Ballad" at 07:22. It's Jay turn in the spotlight and he plays it slow, sweet, and nasty underneath some standard blues language. He was born to play the big horn (he even owns a bass sax and often transports it via NYC subway – commitment!). A bold cadenza at 08:49 brings it to a *sharply* stung dominant 7th with a *sharp* 9th at 08:57 as it moves into a subtle "up" tempo change at 09:03, morphing into a marcato section at 09:22 with Nelson and Matt taking turns soaring over the active cityscape below. At 11:12, Phil returns to the previous three-note motive, signaling the assertive closure.

Sonata for Alto Sax and Piano was composed for and dedicated to Victor Morosco (b. 1936), a virtuoso saxophonist (www.morsax.com) since the late 1950s. Being propelled by his ever-present oxygen machine, Phil entertainingly told the audience at ESU in May 2015, "This was my first commission. We were in Juilliard together. I was a senior and he was a freshman and I used to bum cigarettes off of him and it's really paid off!" Morosco premiered it at Carnegie Recital Hall on Sunday November 2, 1962 (Phil's 31st birthday) with the title *Piece for Saxophone, Bass and Piano* by Philip Woods, and the accompanists were Abraham Stockman on piano and John Beal on bass. The bass part would later be expunged. This "First Performance" can be heard on YouTube by entering "Phil Woods – Sonata for Saxophone – Victor Morosco." Morosco states on his website that the original title was *Four Moods for Alto and Piano*, which could have been the actual title not included in the Carnegie Recital Hall printed program. It was published by Kendor Music in 1980 during a period when they were publishing many of Woods' jazz pieces including all of the works from his classic I Remember… album for studio orchestra recorded in March 1978 in London. The 1980 Kendor publication was recorded and released on Morosco's 1981 album *Double Exposure* and is available on Morosco's website (MS102CD - Morsax Music). The most recent version is a revised and newly engraved edition published by Advance Music in 1997. I defer and refer to the statements about the piece on Morosco's website and his *Notes on Interpretation and Performance* on the inside cover of the 1997 Advance Music publication. Along with the 1962, 1981, and this June 10, 2017 recording, they give a glimpse into the striking revisions that this work took over the decades.

Just to get us started, Phil's revisionistic tendencies are documented by Morosco's statement on the YouTube page: "The parts were literally drying on the stand when this piece was premiered with a trio (including John Beal on bass) in 1962." Morosco has also stated: "As an example of the blending of the elements of traditional and jazz music, the Sonata is more than just the juxtaposition of two kinds of music. The composer requires the performers to embellish the written music as well as improvise at given sections, much in the spirit of jazz and in the true tradition of Baroque music. It is performed here in such a manner that the listener is often unsure where the written music stops and the improvisations take over." With that in mind, and Phil's quote "for the performer to take part in the creation of the work and to have fun," suffice it to say that I must laud the virtuosic execution by Matt and Phil Markowitz, who both have that formidable Eastman School of Music pedigree (as does Nelson) three decades apart. Must be that "Eastman thing" that they acquired while there, maintaining and expanding upon it throughout their journeys. Their ability to play with a sparkling classical approach and immediately switch to world-class jazz interpretation or improvisation is stunning. Markowitz has a remarkable performing and recording resume and has developed a mastery of both the keyboard and the pedals, the auditory and visual study of which would be of benefit to any piano performer aspiring for greatness. Markowitz has a home 40 minutes west of Delaware Water Gap, performed many times with small ensembles led by Woods, played synthesizer on Woods' May 1996 CD *Astor & Elis*, and recorded two pieces with Woods on Bob Dorough's *Duets* CD, one of which was with the New York Voices.

> "for the performer TO TAKE PART IN THE CREATION and to have fun"

In the first movement, even though entire segments sound improvised, the actual improvisations occur for the sax at 03:48 for two choruses with "comped" piano accompaniment through

04:42. At the end of each chorus, Phil M's voicings on the four measures of waltz meter chime like pristine church bells. At 05:10 Phil starts his improvisation, followed eventually by some background figures from Matt. At 05:56 they enter a section where they eventually "trade fours," alternating four-measure segments of improvisation. The piece starts to dissolve but then comes back at us with a crashing climax, where Matt opts to improvise for the last 20 seconds instead of holding one long pitch.

Movement II is entirely in triple meter. The key word here (as used by Morosco) is *ethereal*, as Matt shows his depth of expressional devices and one might hear influences from the 1940s through the new millennium in the moods he creates.

Movement III might be thought of as a tango in five-four meter. The piano improvisation starts at 01:02 followed by the alto at 01:43. An inventive interlude brings us back to a recap of the five-four meter at 05:11. An introspective transition segues us into track 9, *Movement IV*. After some interesting sax tonal execution, the movement breaks into a piano part featuring a pedal point bass line juxtaposed with a secco ostinato. The sax emphasizes multiphonics and half-fingered pitches alternating with full-fingered pitches. As it passes through 03:11, the seemingly unrelenting ostinato is referenced with various events as the composer completely revised the final two minutes of the 1997 version, once again completely altering his original intention with equally exquisite effect.

The hometown favorite is saved for last. *Deer Head Sketches* is particularly meaningful to me, since the prototype of at least three iterations was composed circa 1987 not for saxophone quartet but for the Water Gap Brass. This ensemble was started in the early 1980s and consisted of Ken Brader III and myself (trumpet and flugelhorn), the late Rick Chamberlain (trombone), and Jim Daniels on bass trombone. We would often end up together as part of augmented house bands in the Pocono resorts when Rick and Jim weren't touring with the likes of Chuck Mangione, Gerry Mulligan, Mel Lewis & the Jazz Orchestra, or Engelbert. We even performed in Florida a couple of times thanks to Jim's ebullient parents. Phil heard us perform a few park concerts at the Church of the Mountain gazebo and saw how we paralleled the NYSQ in our eclectic stylistic approach. This initial version described in five movements his beloved Deer Head Inn just down the hill from his home in the bucolic borough of 700 Gappians.

The Deer Head (the longest-running jazz club in one location in the United States) continues to be a jazz mecca, with parallels of biblical times when the temple was at times boisterous, then immediately reverent. Jazz programming started there on Good Friday 1951. How much did Phil revere the DHI, where he spent many glory nights for 60 years? In Phil's final day of life, Deer Head co-owner Denny Carrig visited him in the hospital. Phil whispered, "Thanks for being my friend. I want the Deer Head to have my piano," since the existing piano needed so much work. Reverential to say the least. Phil and Jill's Yamaha C7 is now the centerpiece of the Inn and the legendary jazz community. It's not just piano players who travel significant distances to play or interact with this wonderful instrument. Perhaps his *Sonata for Alto Sax and Piano* will have a live performance on the Yamaha at the Inn as the months go on (subtle hint there, Denny et al.).

The second iteration was transformed for saxophone quartet in 1994 and premiered as Phil was awarded an honorary doctorate at East Stroudsburg University of Pennsylvania's commencement ceremony on May 21, 1994. This would be his first of two honorary doctorates; the second would be awarded in June 2009 by DePaul University in Chicago, where he shared the accolade with David Axelrod, among others. When I heard that he would simultaneously be honored with Axelrod, I commented to Phil, "Interesting… two of the world's great improvisers being honored at once." Like the procedure for his NEA Jazz Master nomination, it was a several-year and several-tiered process initiated this time by Dr. Larry Fisher, then ESU's music department chairperson. Larry and Phil were instrumental in founding the ESU's Al Cohn Memorial Jazz Collection a few months after Al's death in February 1988. (Al and Phil both died in Pocono Medical Center.)

Larry was well versed in the state university way of red tape protocol and knew how to work toward getting things "to the man behind the curtain" in both Oz and Harrisburg. His first letter of nomination was dated October 11, 1991, and would go through several rungs in several buildings up through the chain until the ceremony almost three years later. Phil had decided to keep his verbal remarks short and allow his feelings to be conveyed by premiering two works. This inventive approach was publicized, and an article ("If This Is Too Radical, How about a Jazzy 'Pomp and Circumstance'?") appeared in the *Wall Street Journal* two days before the event. Phil was quoted in the article:

> **"I PREFER MAKING MY STATEMENT WITH THE MUSIC AND I THINK THIS WILL BE A REFRESHING CHANGE FROM THE NORMAL SPEECHIFYING THAT GOES ON."**

The saxophone quartet included Nelson Hill (yes, THAT Nelson Hill) on soprano sax, Pat Turner on alto sax, Tom Hamilton on tenor sax, and Richy Barz on baritone sax. This version was published by Advance Music in 1994 and was recorded by the NYSQ in May 1999 for the CD *Urbanology*.

The printed program quoted Phil:

> *"Deer Head Sketches" includes sketches about musicians and staff members of the historic Deer Head Inn in Delaware Water Gap. I wanted to pay a tribute to the musicians who have touched the hearts of the jazz fans at the Deer Head. Like ESU, the Deer Head Inn plays an important role in the history of the past 50 years.*

In addition to the *Deer Head Sketches* premiere, I directed ESU's University Jazz Ensemble with Phil on alto in the premiere performance of Phil's *Piece for Piazzolla*, written in honor of the Argentinean master of tango music who had died a year or so before. Phil would record a small-band version of it two years later on the aforementioned *Astor & Elis* CD.

Phil had marked/dated the music parts with "Updated 1/14" for this third and final rendering. The first movement (*The Bar*) was originally *The Gathering*, in line with the Inn being the place where he, Rick, and Ed would have gathered to talk about the first COTA festival in 1978. The form is ABA, opening with a rollicking "walking down Mountain Road" (from Phil and Jill's house) statement giving way to worshipful church chords that lead into a chorale. Nelson consistently moves back and forth from an orchestral flute approach sound while Matt does the same, channeling the role of an oboe. This is followed by an altered return to the opening section and ending on an apprehensive yet somber chord where the bass note is a tritone away from the major chord above. The original score has "to Ballad" written at the end.

The remainder of the original 1987 work was expunged, but it seems that the next version would be very reflective of the first, especially in the swing melodic lines. These purged sections at least deserve mention for Phil's sentiments about the place. A second movement was called *Fay & Bob*, named after the couple, last name Lehr, who bought the Inn on June 30, 1950 and would operate it for over 40 years. It started out with a ballad for Fay and transitioned into a double-time swing section for Bob. The third movement was *Jerry's Tango*, named after bartender Jerry Baxter, who taught in Hackettstown, NJ when Bob Lehr was a school administrator there. Jerry was renowned in the area, having also spent years tending bar at the legendary Rudy's Tavern in East Stroudsburg. A fourth movement was *Off the Trail*, a clever reference to Ferde Grofé's *On the Trail*, since the 2,200-mile Appalachian Trail goes alongside the Deer Head. A fifth movement was titled *Johnny Coates* for the celebrated piano player who started at the Deer Head in 1955 while in his mid-teens and held court for over 50 years. It contained (are you ready for this?) swing, collective swing improvisation, collective Bach-like improvisation, a shout chorus, collective Dixie-style improvisation, where someone decided that the brass quartet would march around and leave the performance space momentarily, returning with "a little hipper!" collective improvisation leading to some sort of bloody stump (lip) closure. If Matt would like to investigate the potential of this movement for sax quartet, please have at it, since it ain't happenin' for us brass guys.

Movement II on the CD is *The Kitchen* and features Nelson on one of his typical tour-de-force improvisations, where Jay is asked to improvise a bass line under him starting at 01:24. Matt takes over at 02:42, showing his former teacher Nelson what he's learned. At 03:19 the mood changes as the orchestration becomes *tutti* with lovely chord cycles. A marked syncopated yet swinging section takes this one out.

The Porch is another area where seminal decisions have been made over the decades, whether it was musicians getting some air on their break or folks lingering after the doors were locked. A striking smooth as silk ballad, it seems to portray a late night/early morning atmosphere as the street lights give way to the sunrise.

Appropriately closing out this beautiful bundle is Phil's musical description of the epicenter of the Inn and the entire culture of jazz in the region, *The Bandstand*. If any one piece of music exemplifies his spirit and intent, this is the one. The introduction sets us up for the main rhythm changes melody at 00:17 and it just plain sounds like a vintage Phil Woods tune that could have been composed over the decades for his quintet or big band. Everybody gets "a piece of this" (both individually and collectively – Every tub!), as Phil used to say when he'd offer someone a chance to improvise. He revised the last two minutes (of course!) to include parts of the extended version of *How's Your Mama*?, his quintet and big-band theme song that closed every set for decades. The ensemble does some "trading" and continues by musically citing a few iconic bebop snippets. At 05:37, Nelson returns us to the introduction as a reminder of the spirit of the title. The ensemble gives us a final push and flourish. We'd expect nothing less from them or Phil during any of the hundreds of nights at the Deer Head. They roar right to the end of "the set" for a rousing reaction from all of us.

A final word from Dr. Vashlishan:

> ***The best part of working on this project with Phil was that we all knew he was really happy with it. He was always ecstatic to hear his music,*** *and we all knew how much he appreciated it. One of the best memories and feelings from performing this music was finishing a movement in a concert and hearing him yell "YEAH!" even before the audience has a chance to applaud.*

We're on our feet, looking up at the bandstand and yelling, "YEAH," right back at you, Phil… Bien joué, M. DuBois… *TRÈS* bien fait!

PATRICK DORIAN
pdorian@esu.edu
August 23, 2017

In September 1980, Mary & Patrick Dorian had the good fortune of arriving in the Pocono Mountains after Pat finished his graduate studies at Northwestern University. Pat became an associate of Phil Woods for over 30 years, first as the director of the first 20 years of the COTA Cats, the summer student jazz ensemble founded by Woods in 1981. Dorian was also a member of the trumpet section in the Phil Woods Big Band (aka the COTA Festival Orchestra) for over 20 years, "serving" on two European tours in 1998 and 2000 and the Grammy-nominated CD *Celebration*!, recorded in 1997, and a second CD, *New Celebration*, recorded in 2013. Sitting poolside at a Bayonne, France hotel in 1998, Phil Woods and Clark Terry bestowed the name "Split Fourth" upon him, referring to the inherent "challenges" of playing last-chair trumpet in a big band and possibly needing assistance. Two years later, Phil Woods and Lou Marini, Jr. lightheartedly demoted him to "Split Fifth." After 33 years of public school instrumental music junior high school, senior high school, and state university teaching, he retired from East Stroudsburg University in 2013 at the preeminent rank of Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Music. He continues to record and tour on last trumpet with NEA Jazz Master Dave Liebman's Big Band, directed by Gunnar Mossblad. Pat wishes to thank Mary Dorian, Jill Goodwin, Jenny Fisher, Dr. Larry Fisher, and all of the folks who performed on and produced this package. ■

His Legacy Lives On:

IN MUSIC, if not in fame, AL COHN reached the pinnacle

By Fred Seitz

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Al Cohn, the tenor saxophonist and arranger who died last week at the age of 62, was one of those jazz musicians whose popularity never quite equaled the notoriety he had earned among musicians and music critics.

Today at 3 p.m., many of them are expected to turn out for a memorial tribute to him in the Deer Head Inn, Delaware Water Gap, where in December Cohn played publicly for the last time.

Cohn became ill on Jan. 1 in Chicago, where he had gone to play a scheduled engagement. A Canadensis resident for the past 17 years, he returned home and was later admitted to Pocono Hospital, where he died of cancer last Monday.

His professional credits were wide-ranging yet so often behind-the-scenes in nature that even listeners familiar with his playing knew little of his rich professional legacy. But those who knew Cohn and worked with him have no trouble recalling the musical qualities that made his sound special, or the personal qualities that made him special.

ON THE ROAD

Cohn went on the road in 1943 at the age of 17, playing first with the Joe Marsala band. During the next five years, he also played with bands led by Georgie Auld, Alvino Rey, Artie Shaw and Buddy Rich. He would eventually tour much of the world, after joining Woody Herman's band at the age of 23.

When he joined Herman in Salt Lake City in 1948, he played alongside Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, and Serge Chaloff, a baritone saxophonist, and Herbie Steward, who Cohn replaced in the band.

After about a year with Herman, Cohn's career took one of its most significant turns when he teamed up with Zoot Sims. As co-leaders of smaller groups, the two played almost every night together during the late 1950s at the Half Note, a club at the corner of Hudson and Spring streets in New York City. Their 1957 recording on the Coral label, Al and Zoot, was said by New York Times critic John S. Wilson to embody "a matchless musical empathy."

Later, one of Cohn's many albums as a leader, Al Cohn's America, earned a five-star rating in Down Beat magazine, while another, Heavy Love, was nominated for two Grammy awards.

Al Cohn and Steve Gilmore
Photo by Walter Bredel

A LOCAL FORCE

In recent years, Cohn had become a familiar figure in this area's thriving jazz scene, perhaps especially leading his quartet at Delaware Water Gap's annual Celebration of the Arts.

As an arranger, Cohn wrote for the singers Tony Bennett, Ray Charles, Sarah Vaughn, Peggy Lee and Andy Wiliams. His television credits in that role included two shows that won Emmy Awards, 's Wonderful, 's Marvelous, 's Gershwin, starring Fred Astaire and Jack Lemmon, and a special that featured the actress Anne Bancroft.

He also wrote for the popular mid-'50s TV show, "Your Hit Parade," as well as the comedy shows of Ernie Kovacs and Sid Caesar.

On Broadway, Cohn arranged the musicals, Raisin and Sophisticated Ladies. He also wrote arrangements for the Benny Goodman band, and played with Goodman on the recording, Jazz Mission to Moscow, following a tour of the Soviet Union.

In discussing his career as an arranger, Cohn once said that he felt his playing may have suffered some for the time he devoted to writing. Early in this decade he rededicated himself to be more selective about taking writing assignments.

'DEFINITIVE JAZZ'

In a Down Beat review of a 1985 performance by Cohn and Sims at the Blue Note club in New York City, reviewer Michael Bourne began by recalling a review of the duo he'd read 20 years before.

Bourne wrote: "They were playing, the 1955 critic wrote, definitive jazz. They'd call the tunes as they played – something swinging, some ballads, some blues, whatever they felt like playing. They didn't fuss. They didn't show off. They just played jazz."

Noting that nothing had changed in that respect, Bourne went on to talk about the musical relationship between Cohn and Sims as he himself saw it:

"They've always been a natural together… Al blew hard. Zoot blew softer… Al's sound is darker, full-throated, often honking and hollering. Zoot's sound is the more lyrical.

"If they were tap dancers, Al's the heel-and-toe tapper, Zoot's more the sandman – but they dance to the same drummer."

"After all these years," Sims said on that occasion, "we're still learning from each other. We're so comfortable together."

Cohn had added, "We just have so darn much fun."

Sims was visibly in failing health at that time, and died not long afterward. The bassist that night at the Blue Note was Steve Gilmore, an Upper Mount Bethel resident who would play with Sims at his last performance.

As it happened, Gilmore also played with Cohn the very last time he played publicly – last Dec. 29 at the Deer Head Inn, in a concert to benefit this area's Planned Parenthood service.

FOND MEMORIES

Gilmore knew Cohn as a man and musician, and fondly recalled both aspects.

"He was a very witty person." Gilmore said. "He had the kind of sense of humor that just made him the best person in the world to tell a joke. He was also gentle, and very soulful. And of course he was one of the geniuses of the tenor saxophone.

"To me the mark of a really great jazz musician is a sound that you can recognize instantly. He had that quality. He was able to get past the notes of the music and put himself into the music. You could always tell it was him."

Drummer Bill Goodwin's association with Cohn began on an evening in 1971. Goodwin had gotten a last-minute call to sit in with Al and Zoot in New York.

"I was thrilled," said Goodwin, who had long regarded Cohn's playing with something like reverence. "It had been in my mind for a long time to work with them. I'd admired Al Cohn since I was a teenager. I just dropped everything and went."

As it turned out, the bassist that evening was also a last-minute substitute whose musical talent was less formidable that the date's demands. Though Goodwin's first association with Cohn was inauspicious from a musical standpoint, there would be many future occasions, musical and otherwise, that more than made up for it.

"Al was a musical authority on the highest possible level," Goodwin said, adding, "He was a very intelligent, non-judgmental, encouraging person who began and ended every conversation with a joke."

'BEAUTIFUL PERSON'

Cohn was a frequent visitor at Goodwin's home when the drummer lived in Mount Bethel some years ago. Cohn would sometimes divide his visiting time between fishing a pond on the property, and being a friend to Goodwin's young son.

"Al treated my son as an equal, even when he was a little kid," said Goodwin. "And I remember one time after Al left, my son said, "You know, Dad, Al is really pretty." Well, what he'd meant to say, of course, was that Al was a beautiful person. I called Al the next day and told him, and he just cracked up."

Saxophonist Phil Woods has perhaps over the years surpassed Cohn in terms of popularity, but Woods regarded Cohn not only as a peer but a mentor.

"I knew Al since '54 or '55," Woods said. "He helped me get through the first tour I was ever on. It was back in '56, I think, with the Birdland All Stars… there was Lester Young, Sarah Vaughn, Bud Powell…

"Anyway, when I met the bus, I got on and I heard a voice way in the back, 'C'mon and sit back here, Phil.' It was Al. He guided me through."

As a player, Woods said, "Al was always considered the very best. He never wasted a note. He was a guy who could weave a tune with incredible magic, given the same piece of music that all the rest of us had. He was Mister Music. I'm going to miss him dearly – as a neighbor, a friend, and a musician."

Deer Head Inn operator Bob Lehr knew Cohn the musician more than Cohn the man, but Lehr formed some lasting impressions about both aspects.

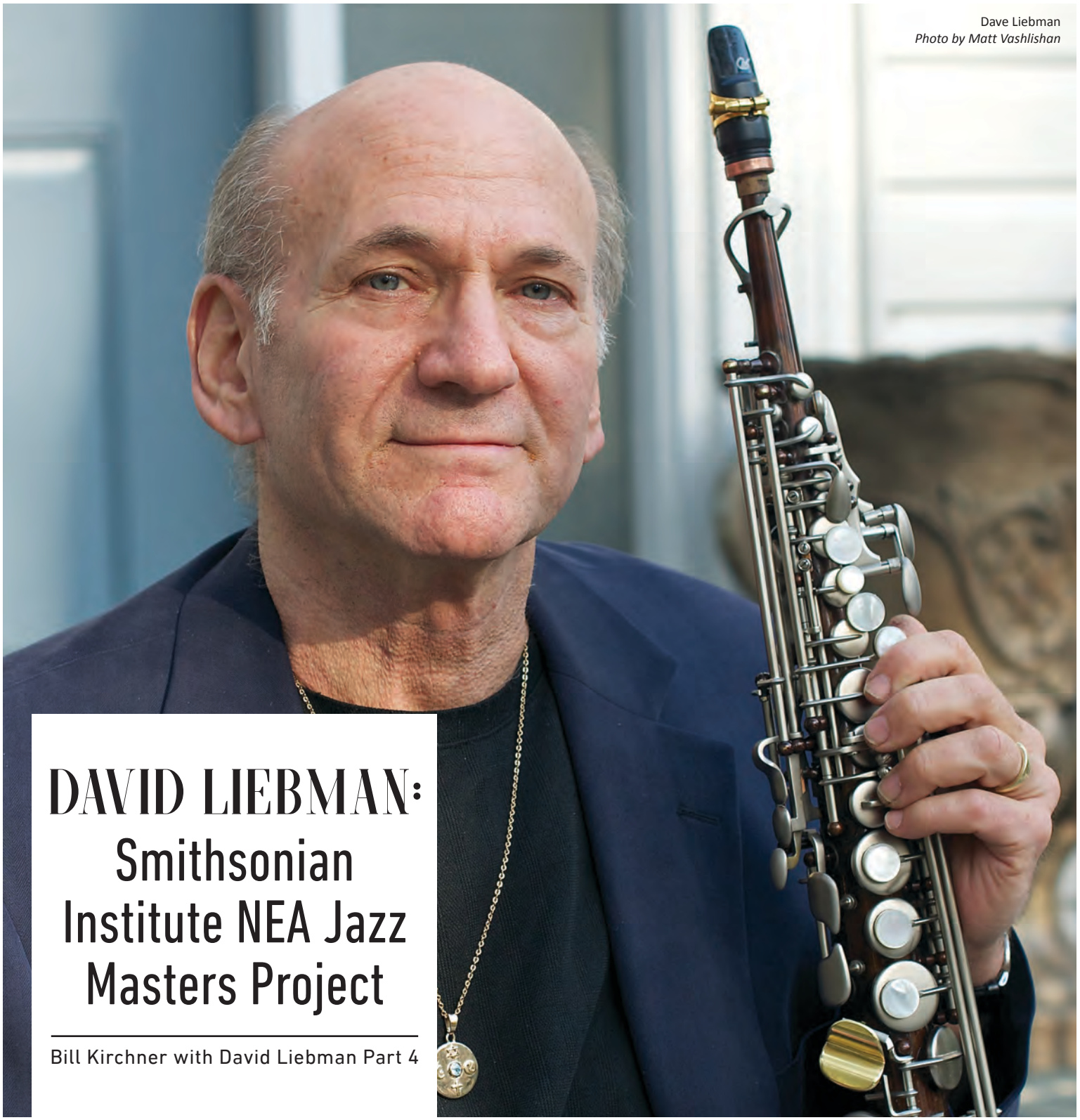
"I always remember him as a fellow who was smiling when he came through here," Lehr said. "I'm going to miss him as a happy spirit and soul. I knew his music ever since the 50s. And I remember him as playing perhaps the longest, most lyrical lines of any jazz improviser I've ever heard."

The disparity between the musical mark that Cohn made and his popularity is perhaps not so mysterious, Bill Goodwin said.

"As a musician, there's only a handful of people you can put in that category," the drummer said. "But certainly he had this other career (as an arranger) going, and he was among the best at that. Al wrote the book on modern-day big band arranging.

"I'd say it (arranging) was probably a business decision. I mean, he could probably make his income for the year by writing two TV specials. But in later years, he told me that he wanted to put that aside and concentrate on his music.

"He did, too. He was still working on his sound at the age of 60. You know, that's a remarkable thing. So maybe the public fame was something he never achieved. But in terms of what was really important – taking your art to the ultimate – he was among the most successful. ■



Dave Liebman
Photo by Matt Vashlishan

DAVID LIEBMAN: Smithsonian Institute NEA Jazz Masters Project

Bill Kirchner with David Liebman Part 4

Kirchner: Coltrane and Dolphy, among others, took lessons with Joe Allard, right?

Liebman: That's the folklore.

Kirchner: I first heard about him from Pat LaBarbera, who took lessons from him.

Liebman: Everybody came to see Joe. He was the doctor. If you came to New York, you had to see Joe. He took everybody. He made room for you, and he gave you that one lesson. In the end, that's what it was. That one lesson, three hours, you got it. There was nothing more to show you about saxophone. All you had to do is just keep doing it over and over again for the rest of your life, because it's all about getting the body in tune, and there was nothing more to tell you. That's what he did. He was at the essence of what it was to play. It was very sad, because he was like, "It's easier than you think. You're singing. You're talking. Just extend what you do when you sing." It sounds so simple, but it was very difficult to grasp, especially when you come in with all kinds of bad habits.

He hated Larry Teal. He thought that the whole Larry Teal thing – I can't tell you I'm intimate with what Larry Teal's method was, but he would talk about it like, "That's telling a kid to do certain things, and that's just going to make them more nervous and more uptight and more strained. How can you play music when you're under stress and strain and under pressures and tension?" He resented anybody – I know that was his mantra. The more you think about it, the worse it's going to get, because you're going to be self-conscious. You can't play music – [Liebman speaks with his mouth clenched] "It's like me talking like this. How can I talk like this?" That's what he would say.

He was funny. He was a very nice guy. He was a warm man. Also, the last 15 minutes were spent fixing your reeds. He could take this [object unknown] and make it play. "Give me that. Knife. Sandpaper." You'd watch this guy make – I could do it now. I don't do it. I could do it. He'd say, "Give me that reed. Let me take care of that reed for you." That was the last 15 minutes. He loved it. He had this little table with the sandpaper, the reed rush, little things like that.

He was a very humane guy, and I stayed friends with him and continued my relationship with him. I guess I was one of his prize students. Grossman studied with him, Eddie Daniels, Dave Tofani. These were some of the names of guys that I knew. That's how I knew Eddie Daniels' name. Joe taught at New England Conservatory, so he was in Boston. Anytime I was playing those clubs, he'd come. He'd be the only… you'd see gray hair. It was Joe Allard! Students would bring him, take him back to the hotel or wherever he slept. He met Miles. He met Elvin.

As I got older, somewhere in my 20s, five to ten years later, I realized the significance of his teaching - of his lessons. Then it was more like, the guru. With all respect, I'd go up and check things out with him. I would have him check me out. The book I wrote (Developing a Personal Saxophone Sound) was me talking to him over two summers of discussion on cassette and everything. My book is him talking, filtered through me. It's all the things he talked about, which I wasn't sure of when he was doing them. Ten years later now, I'm 30 years old, 35 years old, and I'm like, "Joe, what did you mean by the E position? What did you mean by the V position for the lower lip? What did you mean by the tongue and the soft palette and all that?" I really pushed him, because I realized he was a good teacher, but he was not very detailed, and he was a little more general than I like to be with a student, and there were holes in what I had understood. Alone, I had written it down. I would walk out of the lesson. There were no cassette machines or anything. I would go home on the subway and I write down his notes, and I realized there are things that I didn't understand what I was talking about. I said, "Joe, this is what I'm going to do. I'm going to talk to you about some things that I'm just not clear about." He said, "Yeah, go ahead, write away." I had the whole list. It took several days over two summers at his summer home in New Hampshire. That's what the book and the video are about.

His thing is about getting the body in tune and getting it right, so that you start at an even plane. Then you pick what you want to play. That's why he taught classical and jazz. He didn't care. He was very ecumenical, which those guys weren't, in those days. There was a real separation between the classical saxophone and jazz, or trumpet, everybody. It was like, "Don't do that in this room!" That type of thing. He didn't care. He was about understanding the concepts, and you choose the music. That's up to you. What you want to do musically is your business. But he had the Giant Steps solo in the corner. I remember coming up one day, and I saw the transcription. I said, "That's very interesting, Joe. What's that?" He said, "That's… one of the students gave me that. That's what John [Coltrane] played on this tune called Giant Steps. Are you familiar with this?" "Hmmm, a little bit." He said, "Oh, it's a fascinating study, very difficult to play." That's great, classic! I love it.

Kirchner: Let's get back to Ten Wheel Drive. You were on salary with them. How many gigs? Did you record with them?

Liebman: You worked. You worked. You toured. You got on the bus. You went South. We worked. We worked opposite Sly [Stone]. We worked opposite other groups. Worked at festivals. They never attained gigantic success. It was mostly East Coast, never overseas. But you worked or rehearsed. It was a show. We had parts. As I said, I had to get a soprano. I had clarinet parts. I took a solo with the girl and played a bluesy thing. I was the big jazz man in the band. I was Mr. Jazz and all that.

This was one of the great lessons of my life, actually. I was into macrobiotics very strictly when I got this job. I was really trying to follow it. Chick was into it. Dave was into it. Grossman. It was a whole thing. We baked bread every night. It was rice and vegetables, yin-yang, Greenberg's on 8th Street, St. Marks Place, the only health-food place in New York. We'd come out with 40 pounds of millet, 40 pounds of bulgur wheat, put it in the taxi. It was out!

So now we're on the road.

Kirchner: Good luck.

Liebman: I carry a bag with nuts and raisins. In fact, they nicknamed me on the record, the Illustrious Raisin. I had a nickname, because I used to carry a little bag, a little leather pouch. I'm on the road with them. We're in Gainesville, Florida, 90,000 degrees outside, at a rock festival. Everybody is hanging out at the pool, frolicking. I'm in the room with a Bunsen Burner or whatever, and tahini, rice cakes, because I'm going to be on my diet, and eat my shit! I'm seeing them out there at the pool, and I said, there's something wrong with this picture. This is not good. You have to go with the flow, Dave. Because I was resisting it, really resisting it. I was smoking, doing everything they were doing, but I had my Mu tea. I was really trying to maintain my thing. And also because jazz, and I'm the jazz man, I'm a serious guy! These guys are just… they're potheads, and they're rock-and-roll. Great guys, though. I realized that when in Rome, do as the Romans. It's better for you. You'll learn much more, and you'll come out being a fuller person. That was the big lesson from Ten Wheel Drive.

Kirchner: How long did the gig with Ten Wheel Drive last?

Liebman: The upshot is, we had a fight with management. En masse, the horn section quit. Big letter to the Village Voice. This is basically capitalist, the moguls versus the worker. We went out. We were probably right, I don't know. It was one of these star-versus-the-sidemen things. It became us versus them. The band decided to quit. Three of us – I can't recall. It was me, John Eckert… Anyway, somehow I met Jimmy Strassburg, and he put us together with a guitar player named Link Chamberlain.

Kirchner: The first night I heard you was the night I heard you with Link Chamberlain and Jimmy Strassburg.

Liebman: Is this in Rapson's?

Kirchner: Rapson's. John Stowell brought me up there.

Liebman: This is out. This is the story of – I don't know how I got there, but that's how – we took the horn section . . .

Kirchner: With Enrico Rava and Frank Vicari.

Liebman: Yes, and we started a band called Sawbuck with a singer, named Sky Ford. He was a killer – and Link. One guitar, bass, and three horns. An amazing instrumentation, actually. No keyboard, no two guitars. Link was a pretty heavy guy. Great tunes. He played great. He was jazz, but he was also rock. This band became a real thing. We went and we worked. We didn't live together, but it was rock band time, the whole idea that your band is your life, and you've got to rehearse every day. Kind of coming out of Ten Wheel Drive, but now it was like, "It's our band, and we're going to get a contract, and we're going to do it, blah blah blah." Anyway, it ends up that we get a contract with Motown Records. The first white group for Motown. They started a new division. Just when we got the contract, after six months of working on this – '69, '70, during the loft period, I get the gig with Elvin! This is all coming in the same period. I'll never forget it, because when I got the gig with Elvin – that's another story – but when I got the gig with Elvin, I went to that next meeting and said, "Gentlemen, I'm one of the leaders of the group. We're about to have our break. Elvin Jones asked me to join the group." I was in tears, because it was like family, all the girlfriends. You're living together. They said, "Are you kidding? Are you kidding me? There's no question about this. God bless you. Good luck." And they went on to record. They went on to have a little bit of limited success. Sawbuck. That was the name of the band, with Jimmy Strassburg, Link, Sky Ford, John Eckert, John Gatchell – the other trumpet player. Vicari came in, or was he there at the beginning? I forget. And eventually Pee Wee. That's how I met Pee Wee Ellis. That's when I began my relationship with Pee Wee that ended up six years later turning into the Ellis–Liebman band. I still wanted to do this rock thing at some point.

Sawbuck 1970 with Pee Wee Ellis (Sax) and Jimmy Strassburg

In any case, that was an interesting period. That morphed into Elvin. What Ten Wheel Drive did for me was stop my straight life. I didn't have to teach anymore. I took the tie off, grew a beard. That was the end of tie and suit. I remember that. That was the big symbolic thing. I don't have to put a tie on anymore, and I don't have to go to PS 21 in the Bronx at 7:30 in the morning and be a substitute teacher, which is the death. So Ten Wheel Drive was the beginning of officially making my living only from music. It enabled me to do that, and that morphed into Elvin. This is all during the same thing, during the loft period. This is all happening simultaneously.

Kirchner: How did you get the gig with Elvin?

Liebman: When Gene Perla got the gig, he said, "I'm going to get you and Grossman on it. Watch." He said, "Watch me." Sure enough, man, six months later, I get a call. So this is January of '70, maybe? It's '70 or '71. 11:30 at night, the phone rings. Gene says, "We're at Slugs. Elvin wants to hear you right now. Come now." I get into a taxi at 19th Street, that loft. Went to East 3rd. I walk in. It's so dramatic. Elvin's standing at the bar with Joe Farrell. I think I see Gene. I don't know. I walk in. There's nobody there. There's four people. It's a winter night, 12:30 at night. I had my tenor. He says, "Are you ready?" Just like that. I said, "Uh, yeah, I guess so." "Get your horn out." Joe doesn't say anything. He's just standing there. So I go up. It's Gene, Elvin, and me, no Joe. He says, "What do you want to play?" So I figured, I've been once successful. I'll try it again. I do "Softly" again. I figured if it worked once, drummers must like it. It's my tune I know the best. I played Softly as a Morning Sunrise. "Next. You know Yesterdays?" I said yeah. Then A Night in Tunisia. Three tunes, 40 minutes, something like that. Done at 1:30am, we get off the stand. I don't know what I played. I have no idea. He said, "I'm recording next week at Rudy's. You know where that is?" I said yeah. He said, "Bring a tune, 10am, Thursday." Okay, that's it. Wow. Now what?

A week later, we do the record Genesis. That date is the first tune I recorded my tune Slumber, which I had written based on Speak No Evil, for Elvin. Amazing. The tune is completely… me and Gene are completely in the wrong place. That was 10am. By 10:30 we were doing Slumber. I don't think I recorded three times before that, in my life. Who knows how many times I'd been in the studio? And I'm with Elvin Jones and his trio, and it's Rudy Van Gelder, who's the most unfriendly cat in creation, right up until the last time I was there, actually. Not to me personally, just cold, ice.

Kirchner: He's nothing if not consistent.

Liebman: And I'm like a kid. Come on. I'm so scared, I'm shaking in my boots. I'm doing a trio with Elvin Jones at Rudy Van Gelder's, where Coltrane recorded with Elvin. I'm 25 years old. ■

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