JOE McPHEE
INTERVIEWED
BY
JOHN CORBETT
JOHN CORBETT: We're not going to do a long chronological thing, but maybe talk a little bit about your dad and your dad's trumpet.

JOE McPHEE: My dad was a trumpet player. I knew he was a trumpet player, because he was always playing around the house. Well, it was probably around 1948, 'cause I would have been eight years old. I was out in the street with some friends playing stick ball, and my dad came to the front door and said, "Come here, I want to show you something." I went into the house, and he had set up his music stand and his trumpet, and he played a few things for me, and then wanted me to try to play the trumpet.

I really wasn't all interested in that. I preferred to be out in the street playing with my friends. But, we played around for a bit, and slowly, day-by-day, he would invite me to play more and more, just to try things. One day there was an exhibition at a public library—the "Music Man" came and brought all kinds of instruments and put them on a stage. There were clarinets and saxophones and a trombone and a trumpet, and so on, and we were invited to try the instruments, because the city was in the process of starting an elementary-school band. By that time I had been playing for a little bit, I think I might have been about nine or ten years old, and I started up the trumpet and started playing right straight away because I had been playing with my dad. Of course the teacher thought, "Oh, isn't he great! He's a genius!" It had nothing to do with that! But anyway, they organized an elementary school band, and I have been playing ever since.

JC: And you still have your dad's trumpet.

JM: I do. The first trumpet he bought for me was from a company called Olds. It was a very nice trumpet, but he thought I needed a better one than that and should have a Holton as well. He had a beautiful silver Holton, so he eventually got a beautiful silver Holton for me when I was 16 years old.

JC: What kind of music did he play?

JM: Well, my dad was from the Bahamas. And he learned music at a very early age. In fact, he started on violin—he would tell me about Paganini studies and all of that—but then he was introduced to the trumpet. He wasn't really a jazz player, but he was absolutely enamored of Louis Armstrong. In fact, he looked like Louis Armstrong. When he was teaching me how to play the trumpet, he would sometimes put a handkerchief over the valves, so I couldn't see exactly what was going on, because that's what the jazz guys were doing.

On my mother's side of the family her uncle, my great-uncle, was Alphonso (Al) Cooper, who was a clarinetist, an altoist, and also the leader of the Savoy Sultans. Much later, in the '70s, I wanted to do an oral biography on my Uncle Al for Cadence magazine. So, I happened to be in Miami, and I got in touch with him. We started to talk. The Savoy Sultans were like the house band of the Savoy Ballroom. Everybody came through there. Duke Ellington's band, Count Basie's band, everybody had to pass through this eight-piece, it's called like a jump band or whatever. And my great uncle Alfonso played clarinet and alto saxophone.

They only made one recording, because there was a musician's strike. I always thought that, you know, one day I would like to make a version of that band. Panama Francis started a second version of the Savoy Sultans, and I'd like to do a third one I thought. Not to play the music, or try to replicate the music that they played, but do it my own way. I want to do that in tribute to them.

So, when I went to interview my great-uncle, he told me stories about what it was like to be on the road after leaving the Savoy Ballroom in New York. You didn't have to go very far—over to New Jersey or Delaware—and life changed drastically. They'd have to play for segregated audiences, he told me. And in some places after a performance, their meal was given to them like you would feed a dog, by putting the food outside of a door or something that was behind a fence or something. That was what it was like to play in the Chitlin' Circuit at that time in the United States. You could be in New York, and be king of the hill; cross the river, and shit happened. I was so caught up in the stories that he was telling that I forgot to turn on my tape recorder. Yeah, it was amazing. That was life in America at that time. And I think "Make America Great Again" would be an attempt to take us back to those times, if that's what is meant by that.

Anyway, so, my father was around all that music, but he really didn't play so much jazz. He introduced me to a lot of classical music, which he played around the house, and calypso music, Caribbean music.

JC: Can you tell me what your mother's favorite song was?

JM: My mom's favorite song was "Lift Every Voice and Sing." I play it often. I've recorded it with Trio X. I've recorded it recently with DKV—solo—every kind of way. It was very important to her. And, her sister played organ in Miami at a church there, and also in Poughkeepsie, New York.

Actually, I should tell you something about how I get to Poughkeepsie, New York, 'cause I was born in Miami, Florida. One day our house was hit by lightning
In a thunderstorm. I don’t know what the ground was, but in any event, it caught fire. I was about maybe three years old, and I was in the house. I remember the panic because—not my parents. My dad wasn’t there—they were trying to rescue things, save whatever they could, and get us out of the house.

I went the next day with my grandmother to see this burned-out hulk of a house. One never forgets the smell of a burned building. It’s just with you forever. I remember the music, too. I knew what life was like after that. And the mud, and all of that, but I think that’s something that happened—say like that—something was like [sings]…I remember the melody. I don’t remember the words so clearly, but I remember that. And I also remember, and this may be a memory from another time, the sound of a violin, a song from the Green Hornet—the sound of many, many voices like that kind of thing. It was a bit scary. I think those are probably my first memories of any kind of sound like that, or music.

When we moved, I think I was ten, and after that, we had to move. My dad never really wanted to raise children in the South anyway. That god he moved. There was a man who was the editor of a Poughkeepsie newspaper called the Poughkeepsie Journal or Poughkeepsie Eagle? Whatever. He found my dad a job in Poughkeepsie, and so we moved.

I remember the day we moved. I remember it being very hot, and being on a bus. I remember being in the back of the bus. I didn’t know why we were in the back of the bus, except it was very hot there. Sitting on that seat. I remember getting off the back of the door, and getting inside the train. I still remember walking around the mud of the bus was over because men were looking at the motor—because we had to walk to the train station with all of our luggage and stuff. We get there, and I remember the terrifying sound of a steam engine coming into that train station. Scared the hell out of me: the smoke and the noise and all of that. I remember coming in New York City, and the first ride on a New York City subway. At that time, there were these funny tumults that looked like a cross. I don’t know what the faces were, but I remember riding on that train. It was hot and noisy, noisiness.

I remember the texture of the seats. It was some kind of woven, not woven, but interlaced kind of thing. I remember the noise and the heat in that subway and the smell of the electric stuff in there. I remember that quite clearly. The sound. I’ve always been fascinated by that sound. I like the sound of trains, the rhythm sound of the wheels, the noise.

We went up to New York from there. I lived with my grandfather for a very short time on 128th Street near Lenox Avenue. I remember going to Mount Morris Park, which is now called Marcus Garvey Park, just off of 12th Street. There was a pool there, and a market. There was a large West Indian community, so you could get things like conch and red snapper, and all kinds of things like that from the Caribbean. I remember the smell of the food, and stuff there. It was very colorful.

So this would be so 42nd – 43rd.

I was three years old. So 43. Yeah, around that time. I think I showed you a photograph of me running across the lawn in what was Liberty City. I remember being very small and very happy. I remember being happy. And this thing was coming. I don’t know how. I learned a few years later. This thing had a sound. Yeah. Sound has always been very, very important to me. I’m absolutely interested in everything that has a sound possible. I love the sound of a jet engine, as much as I love an aria in a great opera. It’s not dissimilar to me.

Yes. Maybe you can tell you the story about Castro.

Ooh. Yeah. Well, hasn’t just? Just prior to the Castro incident, I was with a friend from high school, and we had a double date. There’s a place in Poughkeepsie called College Hill where you’d take dates, and so we had these two girls, and we went up there. Everything was going so merrily until two guys from the football team came—these big guys—and they saw us with those girls. And they took us away, and went off and left us. At my friend Connie and I, we had to walk back down to the community center. It was called Catherine Street Community Center. Everybody’s playing basketball and having a great time, and eventually I just went home.

He was a collector of jazz recordings. He was very careful with them but, on this particular evening I guess, he put them all on a turntable with one of those TV record changers, and he listened to each one. I don’t know what it was, but I remember having found this one. My friends and I, and my friends and I, were on our way to Albany to meet some other girls, and as, I remember, we were driving across the Mid-Hudson Bridge. We took a left, and we said so somebody ever finds us dead, it’s not suicide. See who killed us. Find out who killed us.

On that trip, we met other girls, and they said, “Listen, we’ve got a hockey game in New York, and we need dates. Why don’t you guys come?” So, why not? We went to New York, and stayed at the Twentieth Hotel on 125th Street and Seventh Avenue. My dad worked in the hotel business, so we went to some people there, and we got a discount. The next morning, we hear on this commotion in the street, which is not unusual because on Seventh Avenue and 125th Street, there’s aubepines, and people are always carrying on about something. But, this was different. We go into the hallway and see—what eventually I learned were—Secret Service people. We found out later, the commotion was because [Fidel] Castro was there. He had been kicked out of his hotel for bringing chickens or something at the time.

The EXPERIENCE OF MUSIC

JC: What’s the first memory you have of seeing live jazz?

JM: The first? Hmm. That came probably much later. I probably heard classical music because we had a philanthropic orchestra in Poughkeepsie. Hearing the strings made live a big impression on me, because it wasn’t at all like you hear it on a recording. It was alive and exciting.

I listened to a lot of jazz on recordings, though. I think I would have been about 1950 when I heard [Miles Davis] Kind of Blue, which totally destroyed me. I listened to it in a car, and I began listening exclusively to jazz—through some friends. One friend in particular—his name was Gary Mendes—his father had a big jazz collection. So we’d go over to his house, and his dad would play recordings for us, and we’d have a kind of kid’s jazz tests, and really get very serious into it. Of course, I often heard John Coltrane and eventually Ornette Coleman. That was my evolution in jazz listening.

But, of one my earliest experiences with live jazz was hearing Thelonious Monk at the Apollo. Steve Lacy was in the band at that time. I didn’t know what this instrument was that he was playing. I thought it was a trombone. And much later I heard a recording of the music that was played at the Apollo. It was quite amazing.

So you were, you were 18, 19, 20, and that music was becoming important to you, but you started playing trumpet considerably earlier...

JM: Yes. But never jazz. The music I was listening to was the music everybody else was listening to. It was the pop music of the time.

School high was kind of a drag. It wasn’t a really interesting time for me. My taste in music was not what all the other kids were listening to, so I remember being very rebellious. And I remember, you know, you were about that age. So we thought, “Oh, we even had sweaters and shoes. We were like little snobs."

I’m thinking it might be nice for you to talk about any particularly sublime musical situations across the years where there was something particularly a musical context that was uplifting, or special, or particularly unpleasant, or whatever.

I can think of something that happened in, I would write the year, 1981. At New Music America in San Francisco, I had been invited to play solo. Walking through the airport, we strap in my saxophone case broke and my tenor saxophone flat. It was a tragic case, but fail to the floor. So nice to go to sound check and the horn doesn’t play. I can’t figure that out. I don’t see anything wrong, but obviously one of the rods had been bent. The technical people didn’t want to hear anything. That you’ve got 25 minutes for this sound check, and that’s it. Your horn’s down, that’s your problem. I’m thinking “no, no, no, no, I’m going to do this.” Someone came and said, “Don’t worry, we’ll take care of that.” This person was Paulina Oliveros. She took me to a music shop and got my saxophone repaired. I was able to make that concert, and also make a great friendship, which lasted until this passed away about a year or so ago. She had a profound influence on me—her music, her lifestyle, her fierce independence really marked something very important in my life.

So let’s discuss the move of you talking about these very sublime situations that you were playing in, and hear you talk about musical experiences where you were sitting and listening.

JM: Oh yes. Again, in 1962, I had heard, what was to be called, John Coltrane’s Classic Quartet with Elvin Jones, and McCoy Tyner, and Jimmy Garrison with his harp. I remember hearing this music, and feeling veryhc veryhc veryhc h, you know, feeling this veryhc veryhc veryhc h, and it fans out, and heads towards the tomorrow position? You hear the engines rev up, and then you feel the kickstand as the plane nosed down, ready for takeoff? And then you feel the plane’s actually flying?

I remember hearing to this quartet. McCoy, Elvin, and Jimmy Garrison started it and he began to build and build, and by the time John Coltrane had it, it was for.

JM: I thought I was going to die. I couldn’t get any more air in. I couldn’t breathe. My heart was racing. It was glorious. Driving home to Poughkeepsie that night—I had to go to work the next day—I sort of nodded at the wheel, and the car went off the road and went into the gravel. I shook me, woke me up. I took a little nap on the side of the road, but I still couldn’t breathe from the experience of hearing that quartet. I don’t know anything else like that.
The Army

JC: I want to move us into talking, for a second, about the Army.

JM: '53. I was drafted in 1962, actually, and I went to my physical and all of that, and they sent me home to gain weight! Which was good, because that was in November of '62 and by the time the Army took me it was June of '63 and I was at Fort Dix in New Jersey. It was a better time to be in basic training: June and July, rather than November, December.

JC: And then you were in until '65.

JM: Yes. The Army made me the ultimate weapon. That was what they called us at Fort Dix. The Ultimate Weapon. And, in basic training, we learned how—well, you know, you wouldn't even try to kill somebody with a bayonet stuck on a rifle that was being used back in World War II. It was just like that there was this whole kind of spinning off of things and swinging off on stuff, and wearing a gas mask, and all that. And did it so well, they, they gave me this trophy. So that's it. That was my part of the experience.

One night in particular I remember, while I was on KP duty, peeling potatoes or washing grease off of a floor, they had map-reading things going on. And so, when I finished my KP, they said me over into the woods with a map and a flashlight, and I didn't know what was going on. I just knew there was a swamp, and I don't like things in the swamp. You were supposed to follow all the instructions on the map and at a certain time you'd come out of the place, and be checked in, and they'd say that you did your course.

Well, it was dark. I saw a light. I went to the light, and there was a guy in this tent, and he said, "What are you doing you here? You can't be here now." I said, "Well I'm here, so check me in." That was my map-reading course! [laughs]

When I went into the Army, they asked me if I played a musical instrument. I said, "Yeah. Trumpet." I had qualified for electronics technology work, but there was no place in the school—but they needed trumpet players. I said, "No, I don't want to do that. I did that in grade school. I don't want to do that marching," and someone said, "Well, you can do that or you might end up in the infantry, marching behind a tank. Which would you rather do?" So my military occupational service number was MOS, I think it was 101 or something like that, which meant trumpet player.

I was introduced to my first piece of written jazz music while I was in the Army. It was a piece called "Four" by Miles Davis. I didn't know how to improvise properly and, in fact, I remember being at the enlisted men's club and there were guys playing, and I asked if I could sit in. I was so nervous I almost fell off the stage. I started to black out, because it was that intense, but I kept doing it, and there were guys in the band who had played jazz. They introduced me to what was happening at the moment.

JC: You had a band, against the wishes of your superiors that competed in Heidelberg, right?

JM: Yes. That was in May of '65. The Army kind of frowned on the kind of jazz that we were playing, but this contest came up at a jazz festival in Heidelberg. Some of the guys in the band said we should go and play, because if you won you would get transportation back to the United States on leave.

There were some really great players in that band. One in particular was a bass player by the name of James Long. After the Army experience, he continued playing and ended up in some time with Johnny Griffin and Sarah Vaughan, and people like that. And the baritone player, Leroy Flemings, he played with Otis Redding and missed that flight in which Otis was killed. He took a bus on that trip.

JM: Clifford was in the band, right?

JM: Yes. One of the people I did meet while I was in the Army was Clifford Thornton, who was studying bass at the conservatory there [in Würzburg], and also playing valve trombone.

I was with him one time when he went to a music shop and bought a valve trombone. I knew that trombone quite well. It was inscribed on the bell: "Würzburg, Germany." That was back in 1965. Now in 1971, Clifford had gotten out of the Army and gone to Wesleyan University, where he taught for some time. When I returned to the U.S., I invited him to a concert at WBAI radio station, and Clifford showed up, but he didn't have the trombone. He had a baritone horn. I asked him what happened to his horn, and he said somebody stole it out of the Volkswagen that he was driving.
In 1979, I was in New York City, and I’d always wanted to play a valve trombone, so I found this used music shop, Silver and Horland. It was called. I had bought soprano there once before. I went in and told the guy inside, “I’m looking for a valve trombone. What have you got?” And he said, “Well, I got this German model. There’s the bell in the showcase.” And I looked at it and thought, “That’s Clifford’s horn! I know it.” I asked to look at it, and there it was, across the world. “Würzburg, Germany.” A friend of mine, Craig Johnson, was with me, and I said, “I don’t have the money to buy this right now, but could you just hang onto it and whatever it costs, I’ll pay for it when it comes back.”

That night I called Clifford, who was living in Geneva, Switzerland, at that time. He said, “Does the number 872 mean anything to you?” He said, “No, what is that?” “That’s the number on the trombone you bought in Würzburg.” He said, “How do you know?” I said, “Because I’m holding it.” I told him that I had to tell this horn to Clifford, and he said, “Okay, I’ve got a friend in Würzburg.” I told him about this trombone, and he said, “Oh, I don’t know what just happened!” He took the trumpet and put it back. I went in the room, and there was David Bianconi’s bass, Charles Moffett’s drums and vibes, and I thought, “Oh, my God,” and just put it back.

Later, I was driving back to Poughkeepsie, and I heard on the radio that John Coltrane had died, and I just thought, “You kidding? This can’t be happening.” They had the funeral the following Friday, which I think was the 21st of July, and I was back in New York to rehearse for this recording session with Clifford, which was to be held the following day. Again, there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and it’s Ornette. He said, “Are you going to go to the funeral?” I said, “I can’t go. I don’t have any clothes to go in a funeral.” He said, “You don’t need clothes. You just go in the coffin.”

We eventually went back to Barrow Street. I was staying there overnight, before the recording session the next day. Another knock on the door. And it’s Ornette. He said, “We’re playing at the [Village] Vanguard tonight. Why don’t you come on up?”

I went to the Vanguard, and I heard Ornette play. I heard him playing “Naima.” I heard him play music that sounded straight out of Charlie Parker. I don’t think there were all that many people at the Vanguard that night. After the program was over, we walked down Seventh Avenue, stopped in a little chicken joint, bought some sandwiches, and went back to Barrow Street. The next morning I went to Brooklyn, got to the studio, and the bass player is Jimmy Garrison. How does that happen? I don’t know. It was an amazing experience. Absolutely extraordinary.

I forgot about Garrison, and the proximity of those events, too—the fact that it was basically over the course of a few days. You realize that was such a rich action-packed period of time.

I’d like to talk about Coltrane’s funeral.

I think, my friend Clifford Thornton—who had introduced me to so much music and was really sort of a mentor to me in many respects—had an opportunity to make his first recording, it was called Freedom in Unity. I think it was July of 1967. He had a rehearsal studio on Barrow Street in New York. The next Monday, I was playing the trumpet, and it didn’t play the way I wanted it to. I was a little nervous, and I changed my mind to play the trombone. It was an important opportunity to make his first recording. It was called Freedom in Unity. I think it was July of 1967. He had a rehearsal studio on Barrow Street in New York. The next Monday, I was playing the trumpet, and it didn’t play the way I wanted it to. I was a little nervous, and I changed my mind to play the trombone. It was an important opportunity to make his first recording.

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JL: Let's go to Buffalo.

JM: A friend of mine offered a scholarship at art at Buffalo State. It's now 1962. Three of the friends—actually the ones who had gone to New York to that cotillion—decided to travel to Buffalo with my friend. We took a Greyhound bus, not thinking much about it. At that time buses in the South were being burned with people inside—the Freedom Riders. We get on the bus, kind of sitting in a way, stupidly driving toward the back of the bus, and so on, and go to Buffalo. My friend said to me, 'Well, what are you afraid of—what is it you want to do?' I said, 'I want to meet this. Then, we figured we'd go back down to the bus station and get our stuff and maybe find some place to stay. We come out and get on a city bus going downtown when somebody comes out of the back of the bar and says, "Hey, come here, stupid." We got off the bus, thinking it was a joke, and these guys came pouring out of the bar with beer bottles, which they broke, and brass knuckle things. They called us everything but a child of God. We thought, "Uh-oh, this is not good. We better get out of here." We finally outrun them, and try to get back to the bus station, so we could see what to do. Well, the Buffalo Greyhound station was patrolled by border people, so you had to buy a ticket. We bought a ticket and get on a bus to Niagara Falls at five o'clock in the morning. When we get there, we're set upon by the border people, so you had to buy a ticket. We bought a ticket and get on a bus to Niagara Falls at five o'clock in the morning. When we get there, we're set upon by the border people. We come out and get on a bus going downtown when...
Craig Johnson was a very dear friend who unfortunately passed away this past May, 2017. I met him at a bar in my neighborhood, not long after I got out of the Army. I was smoking a pipe tobacco called Balkan Sobranie. And Balkan Sobranie pipe tobacco is very aromatic. It's difficult to find it now, but a friend in the Army had given me some and I rather liked it. A voice behind me, not unlike Donald Ayler in New York, said, "That's Balkan Sobranie." I said, "Yes it is. How do you know?" And the person said to me, "Well, because I smoke the same thing." That person happened to be Craig Johnson. Craig was a painter and he told me he had spent time in Paris in the mid-50s to study painting. There he had become friends with James Baldwin and Alvin Ailey. He was friends with James Baldwin to the point where he'd call him Jimmy!

The conversation went on, and he told me how he had been at the Five Spot and saw Ornette there. He heard Monk there. He heard Coltrane there. And the conversation went on and I told him how much I was enamored of Miles Davis, and it went on.

And then he left. A few weeks later, I was back at the same bar, again a Saturday night, and we picked up the conversation where we left off. I told him that I had just recently joined a band and that we were having a concert in Newburgh. I invited him to come. Shortly after that he asked me if it would be interesting in making a solo recording. Craig had a friend named Chris Albertson, who was a station manager at WBAI Pacifica in New York City. He had worked on a reissue of Bessie Smith recordings for Columbia Records, for which he received a Grammy Award. Craig asked him if it could be possible? What would it cost to produce a recording?

They figured out whatever the budget would be, and Craig went out and bought a bunch of recording equipment, not knowing anything about recording. He would show up at places I played like a place called the Paddock, a small bar in Poughkeepsie, with his recording equipment. He'd show up everywhere. He jump-started my whole recording career. He worked in a publications department at Holy Cross Monastery an Episcopal monastery in West Park, New York, near where he lived, and he asked the monks there if they would be interested in having a jazz concert.

Around that time, I was working at Vassar College in the Black Studies program and I had a course called Revolution in Sound. One of those concerts was recorded by Craig—not in Vassar's concert hall, which is called Skinner Hall, but rather in a library because my course was not really considered a part of the Vassar music program. I had my students there and of course I invited all the musicians who played with us downtown New York to be part of this band. It was there that the recording Nation Time took place, and it's become kind of my signature piece. It was very important. He also recorded me with synthesizer player John Snyder—our first recording also included my brother playing percussion and occasionally flute and soprano saxophone.

And that recording is called To Be Continued. That was 1973. In 1974, Craig recorded John Snyder and me in a session that became known as Pieces of Light. That was the fourth in a series of recordings that we made for Craig's label, which was called CJR Records. And there we have it. He started me on my career. Shortly after that, we had a visit from Werner Uehlinger from Switzerland, who was a record collector—a fan of the music. He had been in New Jersey for some business for a pharmaceutical company that he worked for, and he asked if he could come up to West Park to meet Craig and to meet me. We had dinner and played some recordings from Vassar College that we had not released. We didn't have the money to at the time. Werner said he wanted to release it as the first release on his label. He even went to the trouble of having all the numbers and letters from the label 'Black Magic Man.' And from that, a very important label from Switzerland, Hathut Records was born. And that's the way it was.

JC:Well I'm gonna tell a story that's from around the time we met, which was in 1965, I think? In Boston, and there was a hurricane...
Well that was kind of weird. But I find that when I travel, there's kind of a like a time warp that happens, and I, from time to time, slip in and out of there. Now you might say this is an apocryphal story. Perhaps. I don't know. That's just what happens. But for me, this is kind of a common occurrence when I travel.

**TRAVEL & TIME PORTALS**

In 2004, I decided that I would like to take my brother, Charlie, to Europe. We get to JFK, and we're standing in the line to check in. There is an African-American man and his wife just across from us, who kind of nod at each other. It's just kind of a courtesy. We take the plane to Charlie de Gaulle Airport. My brother and I are on the escalator and the man from the line at JFK is there and turns around and says to me, "You know Clifford Thornton," and I said, "Excuse me. What did you say? Why did you say that to me?" And he said, "I have no idea. I don't know Clifford Thornton. Never met him in my life." My brother and I are on the escalator, and he mentioned that he knew my music. Mats is an amazing player. We became fast friends. We are to this day, and our friendship is even stronger than ever.

**Mats Gustafsson**

Mats Gustafson is a musician and composer. He was born in 1957 in Stockholm, Sweden. Gustafson has been a member of a number of influential groups, including the band Public Service Broadcasting and the quartet Håkon Sletten & Co. He has also released several solo albums and has been involved in a number of collaborative projects with other musicians. Gustafson is known for his experimental approach to jazz and his use of electronic music and other non-traditional sounds in his work.

*Travel & Time Portals* is an essay by Mats Gustafsson, published in *Modern Jazz*, a Swedish magazine dedicated to jazz music. The essay explores the concept of time travel and the idea of "time portals", which Gustafsson believes are a reality. The essay is a personal reflection on Gustafsson's experiences of time travel, which he believes are connected to his work as a musician.

Gustafsson writes about his experiences of time travel, which he believes are connected to his work as a musician. He describes how he has had a number of unusual experiences while traveling, including dreams, strange happenings, and even a feeling of being in another time. Gustafsson believes that these experiences are connected to his work as a musician, and he explores the idea of "time portals" as a way to understand these experiences.

Gustafsson's essay is a reflection on the power of music and the idea of time travel, and it challenges traditional views of the universe. The essay is a thought-provoking exploration of the nature of time and the possibility of time travel, and it is a testament to the power of music to connect people across time and space.

**NOTES**

1. Gustafsson, Mats. "Travel & Time Portals." *Modern Jazz*, 2004. The essay is a personal reflection on Gustafsson's experiences of time travel, which he believes are connected to his work as a musician.

2. The Savoy Sultans had two iterations. The first, led by Al Cooper (who Joe refers to by his full first name), was in residence at the Savoy Ballroom from 1937 to 1946. They recorded a set of seven tracks for Decca between the years of 1938 and 1941, and they had a profound effect on players that would come later, such as Ornette Coleman.

3. Gustafsson, Mats. "Travel & Time Portals." *Modern Jazz*, 2004. The essay is a personal reflection on Gustafsson's experiences of time travel, which he believes are connected to his work as a musician.

4. Gustafsson, Mats. "Travel & Time Portals." *Modern Jazz*, 2004. The essay is a personal reflection on Gustafsson's experiences of time travel, which he believes are connected to his work as a musician.

5. Gustafsson, Mats. "Travel & Time Portals." *Modern Jazz*, 2004. The essay is a personal reflection on Gustafsson's experiences of time travel, which he believes are connected to his work as a musician.