

# JAZZ STUDIES

JAZZ PHOTOS BY  
JOANN  
KRIVIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY MONK ROWE AND  
FOREWORD BY RUFUS REID





# JAZZ STUDIES

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ANDY BEY, 1983

FOR MARTIN



DIZZY GILLESPIE, 1984

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MULGREW MILLER, 1989

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

SPECIAL THANKS TO SIR DAVID HAYES, WHO DESIGNED THIS BOOK AND PATIENTLY guided it through its many stages to fruition; to Rufus Reid, who has supported my work from its early beginnings; to Doris Reid, a dear friend whose moral support and good advice have been invaluable; to Monk Rowe, for his early and enthusiastic assistance; to Thomas Beattie for vigilant proofreading; to Julie Suarez Hayes for her thoughtful editing of these words and to Romy Britell for her collaboration on the introduction.

Thanks especially to the musicians—who made it all possible.

JoAnn Krivin



SANDMAN SIMMS, 1981

## INTRODUCTION

WHEN SAXOPHONIST DON MENZA ATTENDED SUNY Fredonia in the early sixties, the practice rooms were adorned with signs reading “No Jazz Playing.” A decade later, when I attended the same institution, no formal jazz was taught, but I did participate in a student-run jazz ensemble which did not carry any credit. A few years ago, when my daughter attended the same SUNY school, a student could complete a music degree with a concentration in jazz studies, and there were elective courses in jazz improvisation, jazz history, jazz theory, jazz teaching methods, and a variety of jazz ensembles to pursue, all for legitimate credit toward the degree.

For the working jazz musician over the same period of time, the landscape broadened in a similarly spectacular fashion. In the mid-sixties, already legendary musicians might be seen playing in small clubs, for thimble-sized crowds. The singer Joe Williams was one such example. But by 1988 Joe’s career achievements were recognized and deemed worthy of an honorary doctorate degree from Hamilton College. Fellow honorees that year were a tectonic geologist, a historian, a theologian and an historical preservation specialist, so Joe was in good company. In 1996 a documentary was filmed about Joe’s life.

Several of the musicians in JoAnn Krivin’s photographs also received honorary doctorates from my institution, Hamilton College, during the eighties and nineties: Milt Hinton, Joe Wilder, Joe Williams, Clark Terry and Kenny Davern. Undoubtedly all these musicians experienced the chill of the thinly-crowded club in the sixties. How the jazz musician plays has not changed much over these years, but performance opportunities, the

composition of the audience and how the musician is perceived seem light years apart.

We now recognize jazz as an art form. It is taught and learned in a systematic fashion. Classic bebop solos are transcribed and studied from a harmonic standpoint in an attempt to dissect note choices and thought process. Across the country thousands of students graduate with jazz degrees and expectantly step into society seeking work. We are seeing a generation of jazz musicians who have come up bypassing the traditional live scene of learning their craft. Jazz graduates are now taught by jazz graduates. While some mourn the loss of an on-the-job teaching and learning environment, others view the teaching and playing opportunities afforded by colleges as the gold standard of gigs.

At times though, both the college professor and the recognized performer envy each other’s position. The professor pines for the life of the established jazz artist, making recordings, traveling the country, playing gigs and having a working band. The road warrior envies the professor’s solid paycheck, health insurance, paid vacations and secure future.

During the years of JoAnn’s documentation of jazz personalities, we saw a proliferation of organizations spring up which advanced jazz causes and allowed like-minded individuals to interface on jazz topics. The International Association of Jazz Educators, the Jazz Journalists Association and Jazz at Lincoln Center come to mind. Jazz camps for students young and old appeared, and there were jazz cruises for serious listeners. Formal jazz education programs arose at both logical and unlikely places, from the doctorate level down

through grade school, where programs teach youngsters to improvise before they learn to read music. For the avid amateur, local ensembles sprouted in community centers where rehearsal bands allowed individuals to test and hone their improvising skills.

Though jazz is now recognized as an art form, jazz artists have noted both positive and negative trends. Most striking of the positives was the recognition of jazz as an intellectual movement with the resultant opportunities for professionals to play in art centers and creative outlets beyond traditional smoky nightclubs. At Carnegie Hall, you are now as likely to see a concert by Itzak Perlman as by Sonny Rollins, with comparable ticket prices. Libraries, collections and archives (such as mine, founded in 1995) proliferated in urgent recognition of the need to preserve the history rapidly being lost as the pioneers of the art form passed.

Reason would suggest that increased jazz exposure at every level would correlate with an increase in jazz record sales, but this has not been the case. Jazz record sales have been static at around three percent of the pie, and this includes both reissues and smooth jazz. Other surprising trends negatively correlated with an increase in jazz awareness include a decrease in the number of jazz clubs, sky-high cover charges, and the “live” experience being filtered through in-house TV monitors in those clubs. Not surprising, however, is the massive increase in cookie cutter sound coming from jazz graduates resulting from the use of similar teaching methods. Most unfortunate of all the negative trends is the likelihood of eking out a living as a jazz performer for all but the previously-

established masters and the rare few new artists anointed by record company executives.

Despite this dynamic landscape, a number of unwritten laws remain. Among the constants for successful jazz players is the ability to ride the blues, the training wheels of improvisation. Innovation of a unique sound will pave the way in one’s inevitable search for the next gig. Bandstand etiquette, as ever, is a prerequisite for professionalism. And the bass player still gets the nod for a solo after walking 27 choruses of “Cherokee.”

On the faces in the photographs in this collection are the passion and dedication to the art form called jazz. The images of concentration that occur during jazz artists’ flights of improvisation lend themselves to photography. If you inquire about the thought process that enables these spontaneous creations, you may get ten different answers from ten musicians, including the response that there is no answer. The art of improvising engages the mind and body in a complicated path that is simultaneously impromptu yet purposeful. The note or phrase at any given moment is chosen to fit the chord (or not). It is played in a manner to mesh with the time (or not), and delivered with the desired amount of expression and weight. An improvising artist is recalling what he or she played one or eight measures before and making a choice to repeat it, play a variation, or create something new. Finally, the astute artist keeps in mind the end game: how many beats, measures or choruses until handing off this spontaneous melody to a bandmate.

JoAnn has documented these ineffable moments. We see Kenny Davern coaxing, squeezing and

physically cajoling just the right note. Tommy Flanagan offers us the moment before striking a perfect chord. Andy Bey's expression telegraphs his satisfaction following the execution of an impeccable phrase. The passion is felt through the lens.

As the jazz environment evolves, the infatuation with the art form continues unabated. Listening to JoAnn's images brings the viewer into the jazz artist's thought process, and allows one to see the resultant joy and satisfaction from that process.

## MONK ROWE



BOB BROOKMEYER, 1987

## FOREWORD

IN 1985, JOANN KRIVIN AND I BEGAN WORKING TO-  
gether on the production of the “Jazz It Up” Jazz  
Festival concert series presented at the Willow  
Brook Mall in Wayne, New Jersey. The festival was  
a seven-day event and was immediately different  
than most jazz presentations because of the inte-  
gration and addition of jazz photographs. The fes-  
tival was an annual event for six years. We  
subsequently collaborated on numerous similar  
projects. JoAnn captured hundreds of special mo-  
ments of our featured guest artists.

As my career embraces a deeper desire for com-  
position, I often wonder how I can have the au-  
dacity to compose new music with all of the great  
music already available, but I do! How can JoAnn  
Krivin have the audacity to publish another jazz  
photo book? Aren’t there enough songs and pho-  
tos? I say, NO! There will always be room for  
more great music and great photos. Jazz music is  
a living music and is constantly moving and devel-  
oping new artists. JoAnn’s striking photos tran-  
scend the moment and capture the intimate  
identity of the artist. All of her works stand  
among the best. Her catalog includes not only the  
famous, but also those less legendary musicians,  
the “movers and shakers” who are the gate keep-  
ers of the tradition.

What always impressed me about JoAnn was her  
great respect for the artists and the easy rapport  
with them. Her photographs are eloquent and  
seem to capture the artist’s personal space with-  
out intruding or invading that space. This I feel is  
what gives her photos such a unique quality. In all  
of her works one is drawn to repeated viewing.

JoAnn Krivin cares about how her photos are

presented to the public as I do about presenting  
my music. We care about programming and pres-  
entation techniques, which are paramount to the  
success of the event. This necessary process will  
net a memorable involvement for the viewer and  
listener every time. All of her photos are authen-  
tic to the musical event. They possess a spontane-  
ity that is refreshing. Her eye sees what most  
people don’t or can’t see at that moment. Three  
of my favorite shots are close-ups of saxophonist  
Clifford Jordan, valve trombonist Bob Brook-  
meyer, and bassist Peter Washington. Each photo  
captures these individuals in his “zone” of the mo-  
ment for you to enjoy for years to come.

RUFUS REID



MEL LEWIS, 1986

## PHOTOGRAPHER'S STATEMENT

FOR CLOSE TO TWENTY YEARS, I HAD THE privilege of photographing some of the greatest jazz musicians in the world.

This collection is a visual document of that period. It is also a personal expression of my deep feeling for the music and the musicians who keep it alive.

Growing up in rural Iowa (Reasnor, Pop. 100) during the Depression years was not conducive to hearing much in the way of jazz. Radio, the main source of both information and entertainment, brought us country-western and hymns. The exception was Saturday and opera from the Met, which I must confess was of little interest at the time.

I was fortunate, however, in that my mother taught piano and played organ in church. She saw to it that I took weekly piano lessons in nearby Newton from Miss Beard, a lovely lady whose local fame, in addition to her teaching skills was her being a Juilliard graduate. I was not a very good student, described by Miss Beard as “doing well for someone who never practiced.”

However, in high school, my teacher discovered that I had vocal talent, enough it seems, that I was accepted at Simpson College (Indianola, Iowa) as a music major and four years later graduated with a B.M. degree in Vocal Performance. My dream was to become a world-famous mezzo-soprano, giving voice recitals on two continents!

My reality was that I was lucky enough to land a job as a promotion copywriter at KRNT-TV, the CBS television affiliate in Des Moines. It was during my time at KRNT that I was exposed to

live jazz. Des Moines was not noted for its club life (Iowa being a dry state), but I was exposed to the single acts of road bands that came through on tour.

Memorable was a Count Basie concert featuring a skinny singer named Joe Williams. It blew me away! (Years later I had the pleasure of visiting with Mr. Williams, and later photographing him in concert.) Not until I moved to New York City and started working for Columbia Records as a promotion copywriter did I set foot in a “real” jazz club. It turned out to be the Vanguard. The Vanguard looked properly tacky. Anita O’Day sounded great.

My real jazz education did not start until I married. My husband had long been a jazz devotee and strong advocate of putting jazz studies into the curriculum of William Paterson College (now William Paterson University) where he was a member of the music faculty. Considering his heavy involvement with jazz at the College, it was inevitable that this would become a major factor in my life. I heard more and more of the music and met the top players who came out from the City to perform. Some of the early artists included guitarist Jim Hall, trumpeter Donald Byrd, trombonist Garnet Brown, etc.

But the most significant factor in my personal appreciation of jazz was the result of an acquaintance with Thad Jones and Mel Lewis (founders of the fabled Thad Jones–Mel Lewis Orchestra) and having the opportunity to hear live many performances of their quartet and quintet. Here were two men completely devoted to the music. When they were not playing it they were talking about it.

A number of these conversations took place at our house, where they were frequent visitors.

I would like to mention that as outgoing as they may appear on stage, many performers are uneasy about being photographed in their private moments. I can understand this. And since I never got around to photographing him during performance, I never took a single shot of Thad Jones.

My entree to the world of jazz photography was as accidental as it was logical. My husband, who was by now involved in establishing a series of professional jazz concerts at the College, thought it would be a good idea to photographically document the performances and asked if I could consider doing it. What could be more convenient?

While for years I had been an avid amateur photographer, working out of my own rather primitive black and white dark room, this was a bit of a stretch. My work up to that point was more of the peeling paint school and objects that did not move. On the other hand, I had nothing to lose and decided to give it a try. Armed with a Minolta SLR, a couple of borrowed telephoto lenses and a few boxes of TriX film, I dove in. It was the turning point in my personal and professional life.

These concerts, which became the long-running William Paterson College Jazz Room Series, were from my first shots of pianist Joanne Brackeen, to my last of the great tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine, a continual source of inspiration.

Influenced by the Jazz Room experience, throughout my career I rarely if ever photographed in clubs, preferring the concert setting, which in my

mind offered a wider range of possibilities, such as the sound check. Sound checks (where a number of my photos are taken) are in no way comparable to live performance with its high energy and adventurous solo improvisations. They have a life of their own.

Jazz photography is nothing to work at unless you love the music and the musicians who play it. If this is the case, just remember: 1) no flash: you work in available light; 2) no clicking during a ballad; 3) no tripping over monitors or mike cords, and 4) stay out of the way. The rest is magic.

JOANN KRIVIN

## THE PHOTOGRAPHS





STANLEY TURRENTINE, 1997



JANE IRA BLOOM, 1989



PAQUITO D'RIVERA, 1990



SONNY FORTUNE, 1980



CLIFFORD JORDAN, 1992



BENNY GOLSON, 1987



JIMMY HEATH, 1984



WAYNE SHORTER, 1982



SONNY ROLLINS, 1994





CHARLIE ROUSE, 1985



DAVID "FATHEAD" NEWMAN, 1991



PHIL WOODS, 1984



OLIVER LAKE, 1985



HAMIET BLUIETT, 1994



HAROLD LAND, 1989



JOE LOVANO, 1985



LEE KONITZ, 1985





TOOTS THIELEMANS, 1989



29TH STREET SAX QUARTET, 1986  
ED JACKSON, BOBBY WATSON, RICH ROSENBERG, JIM HARTOG



KENNY DAVERN, 1987





PHIL BODNER, 1989



CAB CALLOWAY, 1981



DIANNE REEVES, 1985



JACKIE & ROY, 1989  
ROY KRAL AND JACKIE CAIN



FREDDY COLE, 1989



ROBERTA DAVIS, 1984



MILT GRAYSON, 1986



AMINA CLAUDINE MEYERS, 1991

MARLENE VERPLANCK, 1990

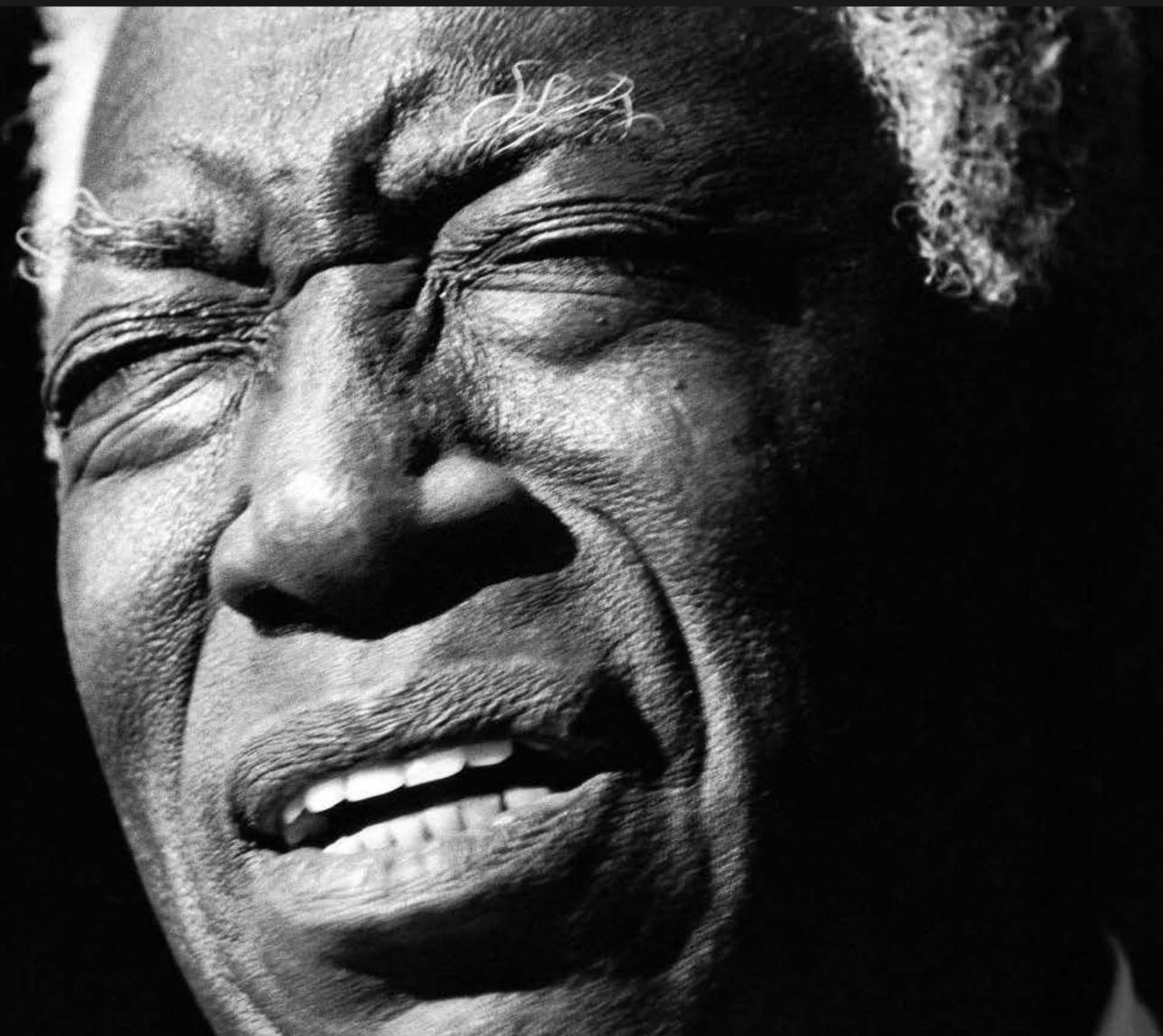




BOBBY McFERRIN, 1985



SHEILA JORDAN, 1984



JOE WILLIAMS, 1995

MICHELE HENDRICKS, 1990





HUBERT LAWS, 1985



DAVE VALENTIN, 1998



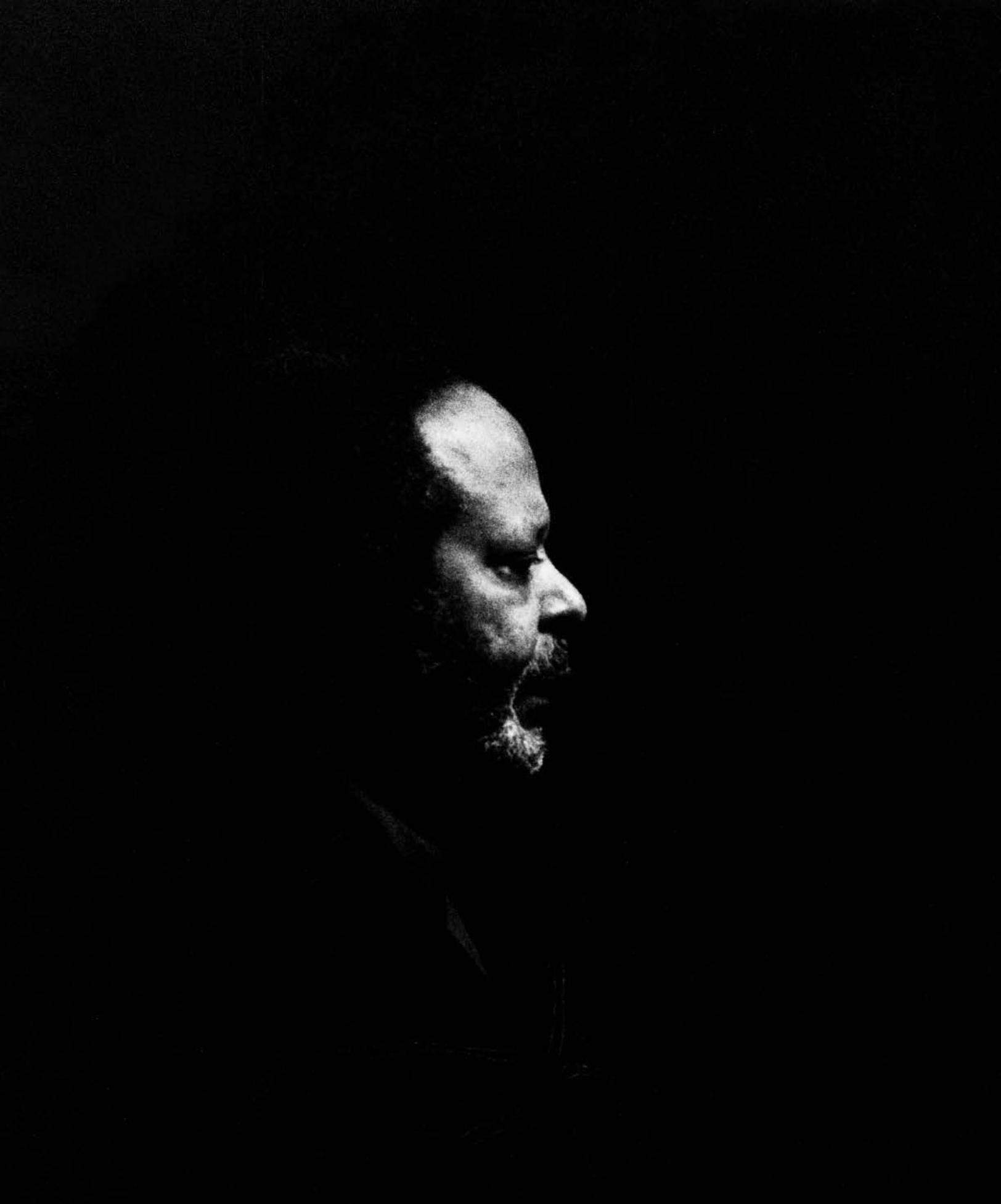
TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI, 1987



KENNY BARRON, 1985



JUDY CARMICHAEL, 1992



JAKI BYARD, 1979



TOMMY FLANAGAN, 1989



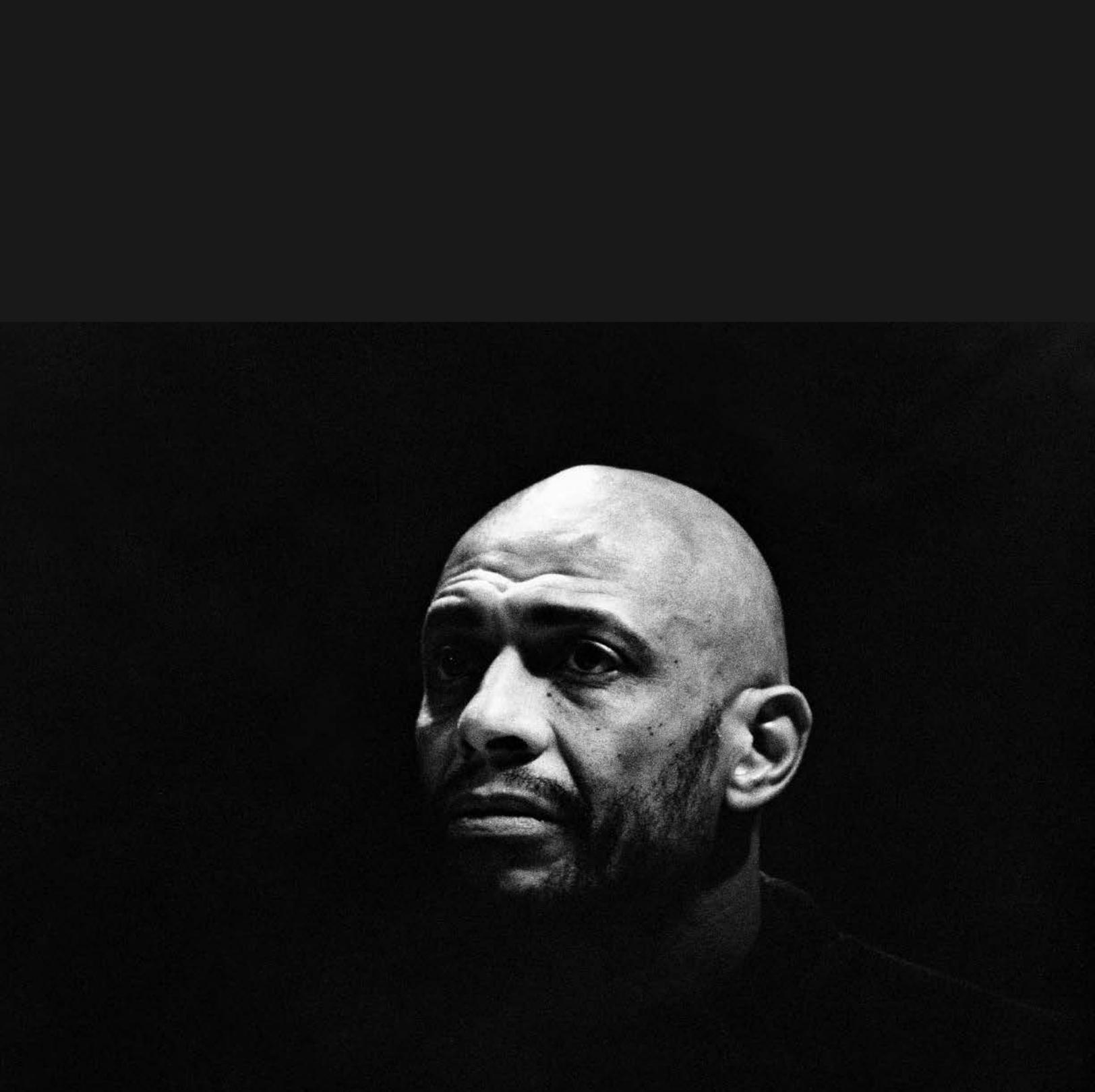
SIR ROLAND HANNA, 1995



HANK JONES, 1985



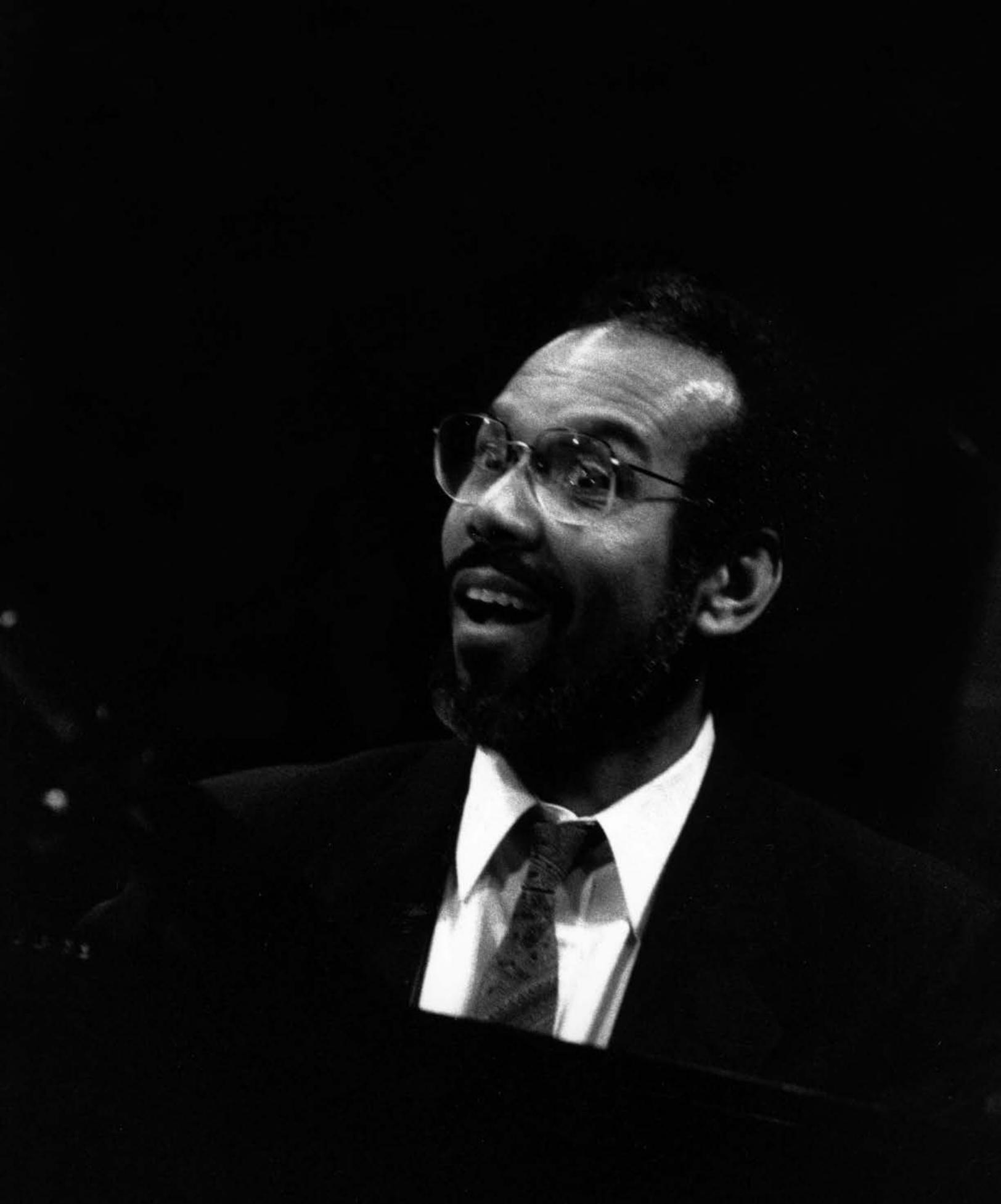
MICHEL PETRUCCIANI, 1986



KIRK LIGHTSEY, 1986



RENEE ROSNES, 1991



STANLEY COWELL, 1992

HAROLD MABERN, 1984



JAY McSHANN, 1988





ALBERT DAILEY, 1982



JOHN HICKS, 1987



JAMES McNEELY, 1995



MICHELE ROSEWOMAN, 1985



CHARLIE PALMIERI, 1987



KENNY WERNER, 1990



PANAMA FRANCIS, 1988



ART TAYLOR, 1992



GEORGE SCHULLER, 1994



TERRI LYNE CARRINGTON, 1984

BILLY HART, 1990





JOE CUBA, 1988



ROY HAYNES, 1994



PAUL MOTIAN, 1985



AKIRA TANA, 1991





J. C. HEARD, 1988



VICTOR LEWIS, 1982



MAX ROACH, 1991



ED THIGPEN, 1988



HOWARD ALDEN, 1987



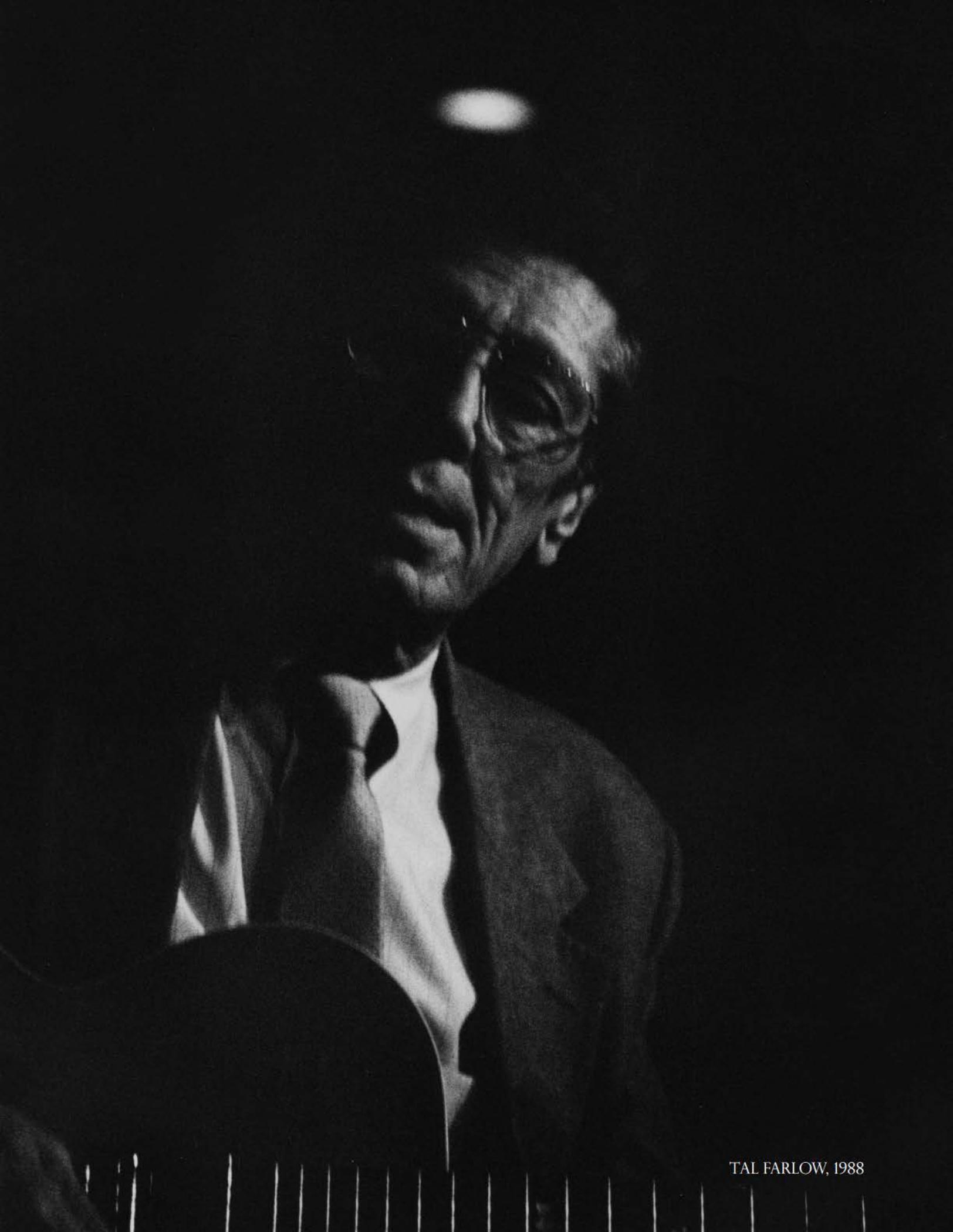
KENNY BURRELL, 1994



KEVIN BELL, 1990

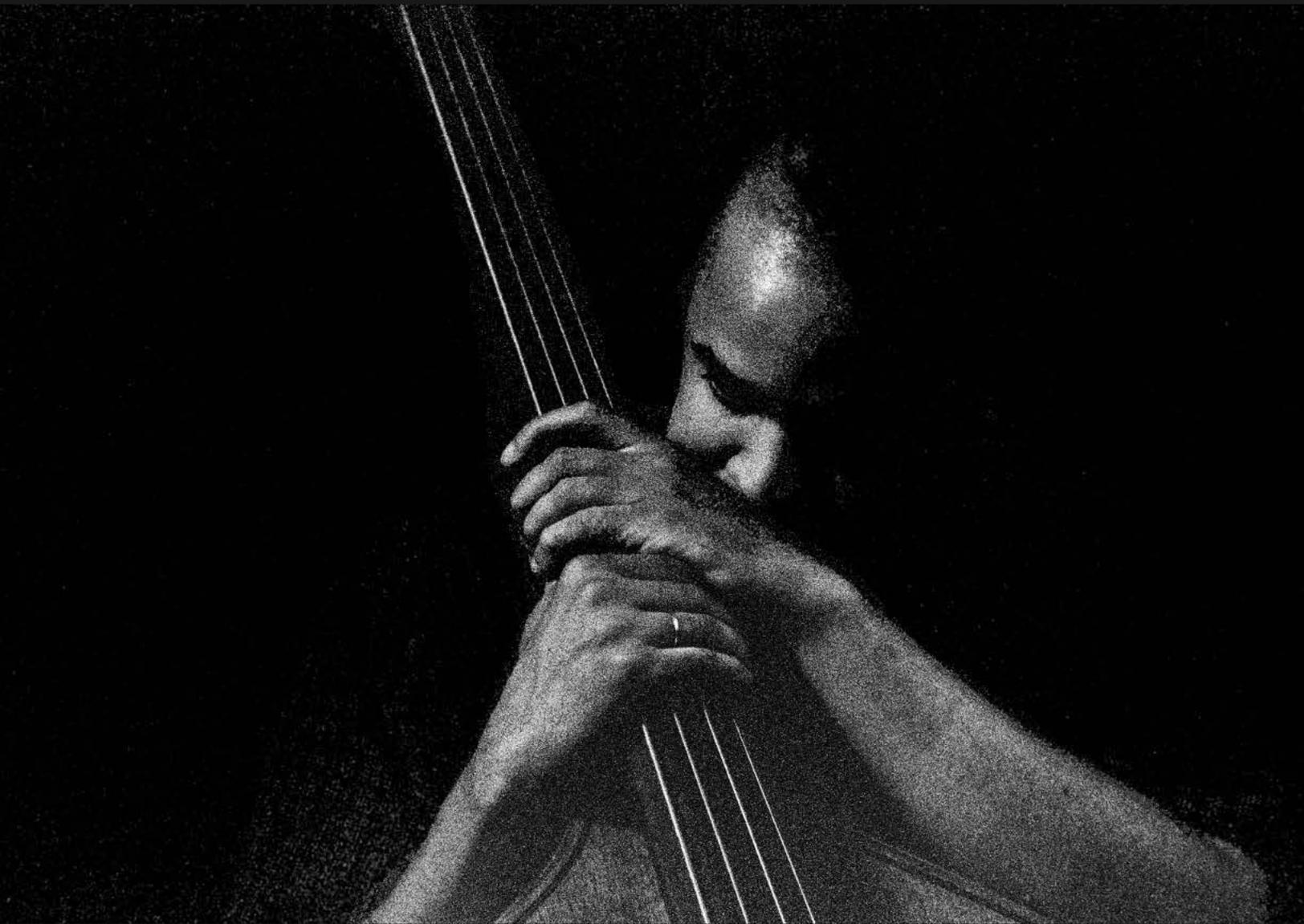


GENE BERTONCINI, 1991



TAL FARLOW, 1988





PETER WASHINGTON, 1989



SLAM STEWART, 1983



RAY DRUMMOND, 1983



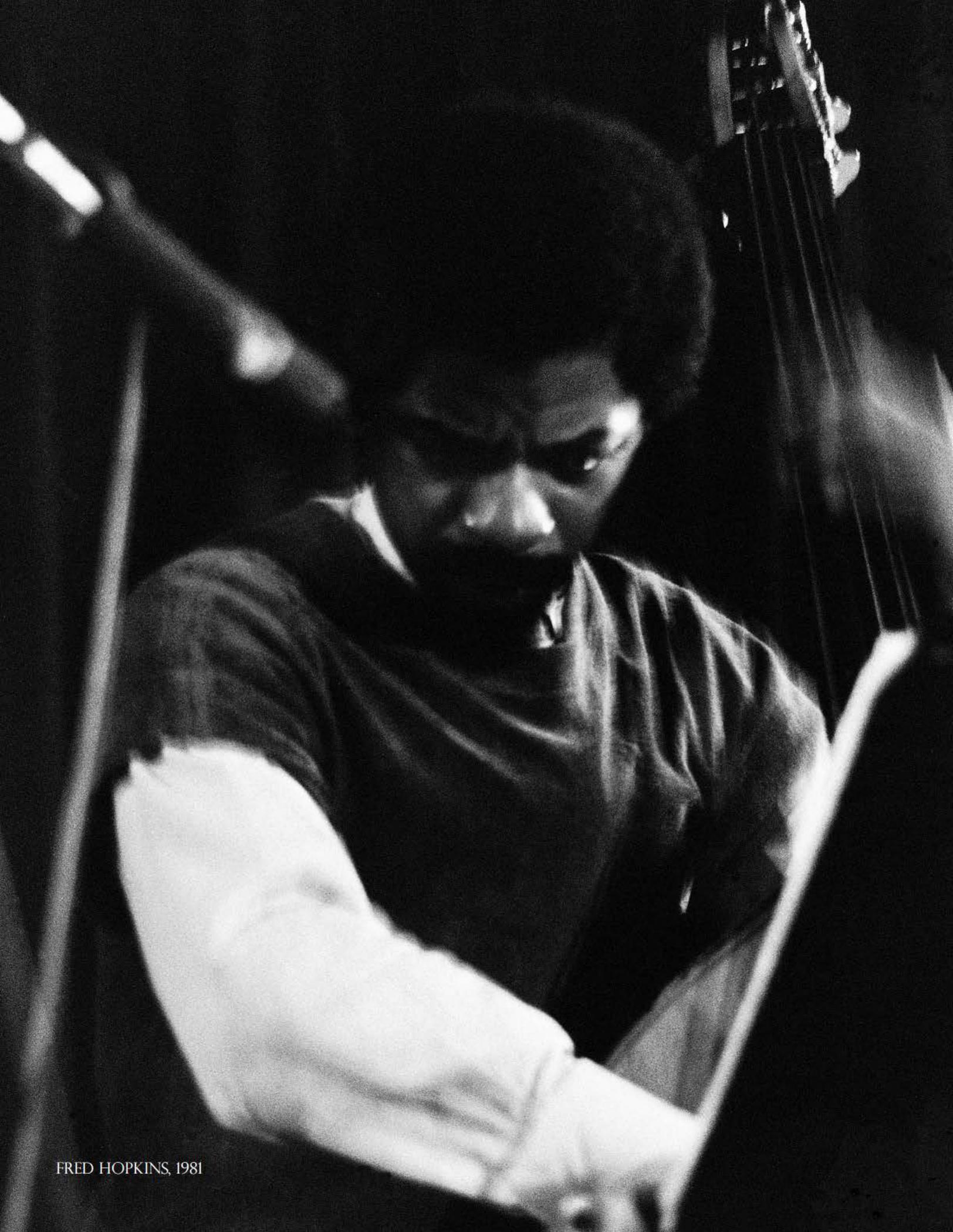
LONNIE PLAXICO, 1989



MAJOR HOLLEY, 1985



RUFUS REID, 1992



FRED HOPKINS, 1981



CECIL McBEE, 1989



CHRISTIAN McBRIDE, 1991



MICHAEL MOORE, 1987



RED MITCHELL, 1992

MILT HINTON, 1989



LINCOLN GOINES, 1994





JON FADDIS, 1987

JOE WILDER, 1986







PHILLIP HARPER, 1990



ART FARMER, 1986



IRA SULLIVAN, 1989



VIRGIL JONES, 1995



WARREN VACHE, JR., 1988



BILL HARDMAN, 1981



J. J. JOHNSON, 1988



BENNY POWELL, 1995



SLIDE HAMPTON, 1981



STEVE TURRE, 1990

HOWARD JOHNSON, 1989





CLAUDIO RODITI, 1990



RED RODNEY, 1986



DOC CHEATHAM, 1991

## ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER



One of the few women in the field of jazz photography, JoAnn Krivin documented the professional jazz scene from the late 1970's until the late 1990's photographing close to 700 musicians.

Her works have been exhibited frequently in solo shows at festivals, museums and galleries across the country. She has served as a still photographer for New Jersey Public Television and has contributed to a variety of national jazz publications. Her book, *Twenty Five Years of the Jazz Room at William Paterson University*, was published in 2003.

JoAnn Krivin lives with her husband Martin in Oneonta, New York.

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