

THE JAZZ CENTRE UK
NEWSLETTER

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What Maketh a Jazz Singer?

Carol Braithwaite

The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever

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The Herman Leonard Photo

Googlies Jazz Supper Club

£2

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Cover photo: Carol Braithwaite at The Jazz Centre UK	

**OUR MISSION: TO PROMOTE, PRESERVE AND CELEBRATE
THE CULTURE OF JAZZ MUSIC IN ALL ITS FORMS**

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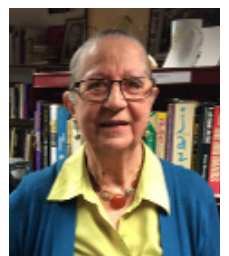
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Dan Morgenstern



Paul Jones



Susan da Costa

What Maketh a Jazz Singer?

I CAN'T REMEMBER exactly when now, but sometime in the 1960s *Downbeat* magazine ran a feature called 'What is a jazz singer' and invited in a panel of supremely qualified practitioners —Anita O'Day and Mel Torme among them— to sort out the problem once and for all. Why, for example was Frank Sinatra clearly a jazz singer when he recorded with the Metronome All-Stars in 1946 but —as if by some kind of mystifying auditory illusion— clearly not when, three years later, he recorded Vernon Duke's *Autumn in New York* accompanied by Frank deVol's luxurious strings. Ella Fitzgerald's all-improvised *How High the Moon* of 1947 was clearly as much as a jazz performance as when her friend and bebop-mentor Dizzy Gillespie transformed the tune with his horn in the same year. But when she sang *A Ship without a Sail* by Rogers and Hart with Nelson Riddle's exquisite orchestral framing in 1956 Ella, quite clearly, became an interpreter of a lyric masterpiece instead, with jazz performance an irrelevant side-issue. All in all the results of the debate in *Downbeat's* offices brought about a fair amount of temporary intellectual mayhem. And it was interesting to note that, along the way, nobody pointed out that thus far —and maybe ever since?— no-one had got around to finding an artistic definition for jazz itself. (So there's our competition for this quarter: send us in your own definition of jazz).

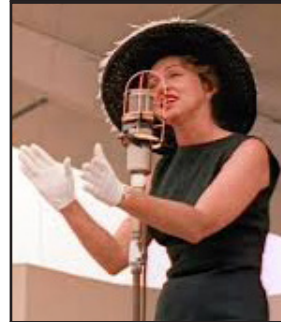
Occasionally, still, the subject comes up in the intellectual circles that gather round the Jazz Centre UK's Algonquinesque round-table. It's agreed that someone like Betty Carter —who throughout her career unrelentingly declared herself a jazz singer pure and simple— doubtless earned her proud title. But arguably, for most of her years, Carter carried it rather more like a yoke than a banner of triumph. Apart from a commercially successful partnership with Ray Charles (which produced a single hit record *Baby it's Cold Outside* in 1961) she was completely barred from any kind of widespread recognition for life, and regularly challenged —if not lashed— by the waves of fashion that followed the pop tsunami of the 1960s. Carter was not alone in that of course. Every other singer —jazz or not— had, by then, to cope with the urgent re-definition of what now qualified as a 'great

song' and either muffed it (as Sinatra did when he recorded overly-pompous kitsch like *My Way* or *I will Drink the Wine*) or, like Tony Bennett, stood shoulder-to-shoulder with the old creators and their values and valiantly triumphed in their re-celebration.

But let's not get off the subject. Very few people these days worry about whether —say— Diana Krall is a 'jazz singer' or not. Because any singer these days has access to a mind-boggling 'ace in the hole' —those 'great American/British songbooks' which have swung back into fashion over the past two decades. Such songs formed a central part of any jazz musician's repertoire until the 1960s, just as for many these days, they continue to do so. Similarly for singers: apart from the endless chef-d'oeuvres which these songs offer to anyone at all with even half a voice, they also provide the twin elements to which most general listeners relate most easily —words and a melody. And let's face it (if you'll pardon the phrase): the problem with jazz for much of the general population is that nobody knows the words and nobody knows the tune. But they don't have that problem with *Every time we say Goodbye*, *Good Morning Heartache*, or *That Old Devil Called Love* —all of which, incidentally, have found their way into the pop charts long after the Beatles, the Stones and their successors had re-ruled the roost.

It was just the other day that I was chatting to one of the jazz aficionados who regularly fall by The Jazz Centre to hang out, and he pointed out that —these days— jazz stations (including Jazz FM) are starting to programme more great singers into their schedules. And that makes it a special pleasure for me to let you know that we're doing the same, and that one of The Jazz Centre UK's favourite singers, Carol Braithwaite (accompanied by the sensational Tony Gooderham on piano) will be occupying our stage from 2-4pm on the second Saturday of every month from January 2020. Glyn Morgan's 'Jazz at the Prom' jam sessions, built on the faultless foundation of his trio (with Tony Gooderham again, plus double-bassist Ted Simpkins) will move to the third Saturday —thank you Glyn— and (just like before) Trevor Taylor's 'Jazz 825' will open our monthly seasons and Susan May's 'Spike's Place' close them. We can't wait to see you —and a Happy New Year to all.

Digby Fairweather



The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever



REGULAR VISITORS TO THE JAZZ CENTRE will know that we play a classic jazz album in our Media Room every Friday lunchtime; admission free of charge. When I was asked to select an album for one of the “Listen In” programmes, I had no hesitation in picking an LP which I bought in my late teens with my first wage packet. Shall we just say it was over 50 years ago and leave it at that? The record was *Charlie Parker: In Concert*, a 1962 release on the French Vogue label. With my limited French, I was able to pick up from the sleeve notes that it was a live recording of a concert at the Massey Hall in Toronto on 15th May, 1953. Alongside Charlie Parker were Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charlie Mingus, and Max Roach. Well, I’d heard of all of them, so that looked promising, and I think it had been on the shelf for a while and was at a knock-down price. So, the deal was done!

The title of Prestige Records’ 1973 re-mastered double-album set— incorporating my prized purchase— is *‘The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever!’* There may be other candidates for that title, but what is unquestionable is that this concert —The Massey Hall Concert— has entered jazz folklore as the night in 1953 when five heavyweights of the Bop era took to the stage together, for the only time in their lives. The background to the concert was less than auspicious however and it’s amazing that it hasn’t gone down as “the Greatest Disaster in Jazz”.

In early 1953 a group of young jazz enthusiasts calling themselves the Toronto New Jazz Society polled members to select their ideal bebop group to be invited to play at Massey Hall. The scheduled date appeared to be free of rival attractions, and deals were struck with each of them to be paid a fee together with a percentage of the net profit. Advertising was limited to small ads in the local Toronto press; there were no posters, and the expectation was for a full house. But ticket sales were hit by the live TV coverage that night of a boxing world-title fight, and the hall was certainly less than half full. Bud Powell had recently been suffering mental problems and is alleged to have been close to being drunk and incapable. There was no sign of Charlie Parker until 8.30 on the night, when he turned up with his Grafton acrylic plastic alto-saxophone.

There are conflicting reports about the recording of the concert. One claim is that Mingus brought along his own tape recorder which —if the story is true— produced an amazingly clear sound. A second story is that the Toronto Society had borrowed and installed an Ampex machine, connected to the Massey Hall’s public address system. Either way, the concert, which took place just two weeks before the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, commenced with an embarrassingly bad rendition, by a band of local musicians, of “God Save The Queen”, followed by their programme of jazz arrangements which were well received, but not recorded.



Carol Braithwaite: A Life Celebrating the Ladies of Song



ON THE SECOND SATURDAY of each month, commencing January 11th 2020, Carol Braithwaite will commence a residency at The Jazz Centre UK; 'Celebrating the Ladies of Song' accompanied by Tony Gooderham on piano.

For Carol this is the latest engagement in a career stretching back to her teen years. In fact her parents encouraged her desire to perform at the tender age of five, when she took dancing lessons. Her love of singing and performing encouraged, at age fourteen she joined an Amateur Dramatics Society based in Elm Park. It was during her teens that she was a finalist in a talent competition at one of Butlin's holiday camps. The competition had been judged by the legendary entertainer and song-and-dance man Roy Castle who in turn had

begun his career at Butlin's. "Roy gave me quite an insight into the world of entertainment and his words stayed with me" she says. But her father was adamant that this was not a good idea, and insisted that she go to college to study typing and accountancy.

Moving into the world of regular employment Carol first took an office job in the City of London. Later with British Telecom, flexi-time enabled her to continue on the Am-Dram road, and with her singing in small groups. There were the traditional engagements over the years; with a trio in clubs, theatres, weddings, and hotels. A favourite for Carol was hospital charity work, with a group that provided all-round entertainment; singing and comedy sketches. The latter including 'accidentally' appearing on stage, as a cleaning lady.

Carol's enduring memories of performing in hospitals was recently reignited with the Playlist for Life: Music for Dementia campaign, which she is fronting for The Jazz Centre¹.

Following the BT experience Carol formed her own training company which enabled her to travel widely on business and holidays. One evening in Spain she sang with a local jazz band, and her long time love of jazz came flooding back. Returning from that holiday she answered an advert in the Southend Evening Echo about a new jazz club in Leigh run by local singing celebrity



Carol with, left to right: Tony Gooderham, Roger Curphey, Mick Foster, Jason Campbell.

1. Contact Playlist for Life on <https://www.playlistforlife.org.uk>, or visit The Jazz Centre and enquire at the main desk.

The Altman-Koss Film Collection



THE JAZZ CENTRE UK has achieved a major coup by acquiring the complete film collections of composer/arranger and musician John Altman. These collections include in turn the original archives of the late Eric Koss; one of the music's most dedicated collectors of jazz on film.



Some of the 50 boxes of film.

surfing the international TV channels for jazz programming. He was a most generous man and the result was that whatever you asked him for would arrive within a few days —often with other materials you didn't even know existed!"

The legendary British double-bassist Len Skeat concurs. "I was one of Ray Brown's close friends" he tells us "and whenever he was in

The Jazz Centre's CEO, Digby Fairweather recalls: "back in the 1980s-90s Eric was legendary and I think he must have spent hours upon hours

London Ray would stay with me. So after one visit I phoned Eric and said 'what have you got with Ray Brown on-screen? And within a few days he sent me around a dozen full VCRs, all with Ray playing with all kinds of people."

The original Altman-Koss collections are lodged at Sussex University, but this much-extended archive, (including many more contemporary TV recordings transmitted after Koss' death) will find a home at The Jazz Centre UK in around 50 tightly-packed boxes of unique material on VCR tapes.

"Digitizing them" says Fairweather, "will be a big job of course. But this is essential history. And by collecting it we will have what is one of the biggest film archive of jazz anywhere in the world".

Art Napoleon.



John Altman



continued from p.4



the stage for their last three numbers; *Wee, Hot House* and *A Night in Tunisia*.

There are similarly conflicting stories about the aftermath of the concert. The poor attendance meant that the organisers' costs were not covered and the musicians were either not paid, or received cheques which bounced, or were offered the tapes in lieu of payment. Mingus certainly ended up with them and, allegedly, because he was unhappy with the recorded quality of his contribution, over-dubbed some of his bass parts. Thereafter a deal for the tapes was struck with Debut Records and two 10-inch LPs were released in late 1953. As Parker was at that time contracted to Norman Granz he was listed as Charlie Chan, a ploy which fooled no-one. The trio tracks have been separately repackaged several times over the years, but you can hear 'The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever' concert in its entirety at The Jazz Centre on Friday 17 January 2020.

And finally: for any fight fans who, like me, would have made the trip across to the Silver Rail, the fight was between Rocky Marciano and Jersey Joe Walcott. This was Marciano's first defence after winning the title the previous year by knocking out Walcott in the 13th round. Marciano made short work of the rematch, with a first round KO. He went on to make five more defences of his title, all by KO, retiring in 1956 with the record of 49 wins (43 by KO) and no defeats.

THE WAY WE WERE

Glyn Morgan started his musical life in the late 1940s. He is still performing today, as drummer and leader of The Jazz Centre's popular houseband. His unfolding experience as an aspiring jazz musician will be a feature in the 2020 issues of the Newsletter.

I was called up for National Service into the RAF in July 1947, and after 'square bashing' was posted to Driffield in Yorkshire (north of Hull). I was fortunate to be billeted with three musicians from the station dance band. In a bunk next to me was a guy who played tenor and clarinet; f u r t h e r down the billet was



Glyn in the RAF, 1947.

a trumpet player, and in the far corner was a drummer. I soon noticed that these three 'chappies' went off every Friday evening to a gig —possibly to other RAF stations e.g. RAF Beverley, some miles south of us. But, the important thing was that they returned well past midnight. Now the rules were that if you worked past midnight you were excused duties the following morning — which would be Saturday parade and kit inspection.

As I worked in the Control Tower on the airfield and did shift work, I was already qualified to take advantage of these perks. I promptly offered my services as librarian and general stage hand. After a few weeks of this the drummer offered to teach me a few rudimentary drum patterns, so that I could take over during the interval with the pianist to entertain the audience. Very basic stuff like quick-steps, foxtrots and waltzes, but I was on my way and thoroughly enjoying myself.

After demob in August 1949, I returned to the youth club as an honorary member. I was at the beginning of stage II of my musical life. Two of my old school friends and I formed 'The Dance Trio'. Jack on alto, clarinet and flute, and Alan on piano —with a few rehearsals we were ready to go.

This was the early 1950s and there was no such thing as an electronic key board, that came much later, so the poor pianist had to use whatever upright piano there was. Alan always took with him his 'piano first-aid kit' which consisted of string, elastoplast, felt pads, wooden splints, glue and so forth —not forgetting of course a tuning fork and key (normal practice for most pianists). Sometimes, the lid was nailed down and if you got it opened you could get covered in chicken feathers and other things —even eggs. It could take half an hour before we started playing. You see the organisers of the function, whether social, wedding, bar mitzvahs etc never ever thought to actually go to the venue to check that all was okay. Not really their fault as this was the 50s —no phones or cars for the average family as yet. Everything was done by GPO mail or public telephone box. Many a pianist was unable to contribute to the event other than as an MC, or he just went home (paid of course). On one occasion when the latter happened, the trumpeter, who I still see and play with, said, 'I know a bass player who will fit in perfectly'. He did too and we sounded like the Mulligan Quartet. The bass player became the world famous bassist Dave Green.

By this time, you may well be wondering how then did they get their gear around with wind instruments and drum kits etc. Well, we used public transport — buses and trains etc.— and then walked. It was a few years before I could afford a second-hand car— which became the band wagon. Even then I limited my kit to the bare minimum —snare drum, bass drum, high hat and one ride cymbal. The car opened up the 'playing field'. We were travelling from East Ham, our base, to places

like Uxbridge, down to Sussex, into Suffolk and anywhere around London. Parking was easy in those days. Sometimes I took to driving up to London to work, leaving my car with my equipment and by now, the required evening suit as well, parked in a side street. Strangely, nothing was ever taken nor the car broken into —does that tell us something about today's attitudes?

Possibly by now you, the reader, might be thinking —how much did we earn from these jaunts? Well, pretty good really: five to seven shillings for a two and a half hour session —I'll leave you to work it out bearing in mind the average wage at that time was possibly £4.00 p/w, if that. Quite frequently I would take to the Underground going in to central London. My kit, as I've explained to you, was minimal; a collapsible



The Dance Trio, early 1950s. Glyn, Jack Wright and Alan Ashington.

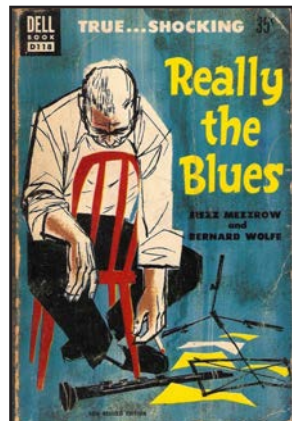
bass drum in a special case, which also carried the few stands and cymbals, and snare drum in its own case —just two cases to carry. Today one would be hard pressed to even get one case on the Underground, but then people were more accommodating and helped you on and off with cases and found space for you. Is that also telling us something? Perhaps we were happier as a nation: the war had just finished, and we were more willing to help each other.

Dear Reader, if you have any questions or comments relating to this or any other articles in our magazine then please write to us at:
The Jazz Centre UK
www.thejazzcentreuk.co.uk

Bop Apocalypse Reviewed

ONE OF THE APPEALS OF JAZZ is that it is never just about the music and, as any visitor to The Jazz Centre can see for themselves, there are a number of books written about it that you don't have to be a musician to appreciate. There are biographies, autobiographies, anthologies, discographies, books written by musicologists, cultural theorists and in our oversize section portfolios of images produced by photographers who were in the right place at the right time and were thus able to chronicle a pictorial history of jazz's evolution.

Certainly, jazz literature has come a long way since the Jazz Book Club titles that I first came across in the late 60s, one of which was *Really the Blues* by Mezz Mezzrow, a book described by Beat Generation poet Alan Ginsberg as 'an epiphany'. It offered a spectacular insight into the deviant world of jazz, dope and 'hip' or 'jive-talk'. In addition to being a first-hand account of a white kid who fell in love with black culture, *Really the Blues* is a book about race, drugs, language, exploitation and music. And if like me, you are interested in the relationship between jazz, drugs and the Beat Generation then Martin Torgoff's *Bop Apocalypse* is just for you.



Originally just a chapter in his earlier *Can't Find My Way Home: America in the Great Stoned Age 1945-2000*, Torgoff has developed the jazz/beat/drug theme more fully than anyone I've yet come across. Back in 1988 Harry Shapiro's *Waiting for the Man* provided an intelligent analysis of the story of drugs and popular music, but *Bop Apocalypse* focuses specifically on jazz. Of course, anyone who has read about Chet Baker, Art Pepper, Charlie Parker, Joe Albany, Miles, Trane and many, many others will know about this connection to the point that it's almost a generic convention of jazz biographies and autobiographies. And although it may be contentious, and perhaps a little morbid, to suggest such a thing but the substance-abuse problems that have beset so many jazz musicians' lives have —like dying young— served to mythologise them. Indeed, just consider the sorts of representations of the jazz musician as some kind of tragic, romantic and heroic outsider that have been perpetuated by music

industries, popular culture and literature.

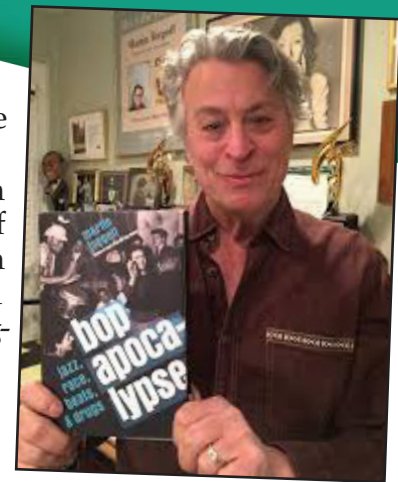
There was a time back in the 1970s when the kind of record-shop I worked in also functioned as a 'head shop' that also sold king-size rolling papers and chillums with no questions asked. So pervasive was the connection between certain types of music and dope that the shop even had a listening-area upstairs, which in order to enhance the listener's pleasure was fitted out with 'sag-bags', those corduroy-covered jumbo-sized cushions filled with polystyrene beads that when you sank into them —regardless of size or shape— would adapt to your body like a lilo in the shallow end of the swimming pool. It was a time when some people thought they were hip because they knew what the 'doobie' in Doobie Brothers referred to and when they would nod knowingly at the barely-veiled references to getting stoned in songs by Crosby, Stills and Nash, The Eagles and Lynyrd Skynyrd et al. We knew though that this had all been done before and we would often play tunes from a cult LP that was popular with those whose more sophisticated and informed listening tastes leaned towards the obscure and esoteric.

The track-listing that made up Stash Records' *Weed: A Rare Batch and Reefer Songs: 16 Original Jazz Classics* comprised recordings made between 1928 to 1947, varying between the stripped-down, gut-bucket blues and barrelhouse boogie of *Pot Hound Blues* by Tampa Red and Cow Cow Davenport with a vocal by Lucille Brogan, to the more sophisticated orchestral swing of Chick Webb featuring a vocal by none other than Ella Fitzgerald singing *When I get low I get High*. But, for me the standout track was *Who put the Benzedrine in Mrs Murphy's Ovaltine?* recorded in 1944 by Harry 'The Hipster' Gibson featuring drums by Big Sid Catlett.

Of course, there had always been references to alcohol in the blues and whilst Stash produced three compilation albums themed around drugs, there were relatively few explicit references to heroin, marijuana or cocaine. Historically, heroin only became illegal after 1914, marijuana after 1937 and although widely available, alcohol was illegal through Prohibition from 1920 to 1933. In 1941, covering pretty much everything in a viper's bundle of joy, Champion Jack Dupree (who subsequently lived in Yorkshire!) sang in *Junker Blues*:

*They call me a junker 'cause I'm loaded all the time
I don't need no reefer, I be knocked out with that angel wine.
And to show that it was a family affair he continued:
My brother, my brother, used the needle and my sister sniffed cocaine.
I don't use no junk, I'm the nicest boy you ever seen.*

Champion Jack Dupree, *Junker Blues* 1941





Champion Jack Dupree.

Similarly, we can only speculate whether Victoria Spivey —accompanied by Lonnie Johnson on guitar —really used cocaine when she sang *Dope Head Blues* but the words attest to the supercharged liberation and inviolability that narcotics promised:

*Just give me one more snuffle, another snuffle of that dope.
I'll catch a cow like a cowboy, throw a bull without a rope.
Doggone, I got more money than Henry Ford or John D. ever had
I bit a dog last Monday, and 40 doggone dogs went mad.
I feel like a fighting rooster, feeling better than I ever felt.
I could have pneumonia, and still I feel I've got the best health.*

Victoria Spivey, *Dope Head Blues* 1927



Victoria Spivey.

Forty years later, on one of his earliest Impulse recordings in 1965's *New Thing at Newport*, Archie Shepp's growling, dissonant Websteresque tenor can be heard on *Scag*, a track featuring spoken words concerning heroin addiction. Shepp, a living legend whose career has not been blighted by narcotics, later wrote: 'The only jazz has come out of oppression and drug-addiction.' Historically, the jazz lifestyle meant that musicians had to cope with a variety of problems, both personal and professional. Nightly gigging put considerable strain on personal relationships. In addition, there were often managers, promoters, agents and record-companies who knew how to take advantage of musicians with habits; sometimes audiences were hostile or not there to listen; personality clashes in the band; irregular work patterns; changes in trends and declines in

popularity; too much attention. For some musicians who found this too hard to handle, heroin offered a way to function without managing anything but a habit.

According to Gerry Mulligan, 'Junk could provide a dream world. The daily process of living was dull and you had to scrounge for an income when all you wanted to do was play your horn. Junk seemed to help in a bad time.'

This idea that narcotics offers transformative powers that make everything better has been expressed by a number of musicians, some suggesting that heroin was in fact a working drug enabling people like Chet Baker, Charlie Parker, Hampton Hawes and others to operate the mechanisms between brain, fingers and chops more effectively and in ways that leave the rest of us awestruck. Though contentious, the suggestion that narcotics enabled musicians to play better might be made by looking at the amount of recordings made whilst under the influence.



Much has been written about how Prestige in the 1950s was known as the 'junkies' label due to the way that musicians would offer to cut an album — often immediately and without the rehearsal time that a similar session with a company like Blue Note would facilitate— for a one-off cash-in-hand payment. Even if the record sold well —and to this day some continue to sell well— nothing more would be paid to them.

Essentially, jazz history is not littered with car-crash recordings in which the musician is clearly disabled by dope. Ok, the profligate Chet Baker may have recorded some music in which he fails to register in the way he may have done the night —or year before— but even with a discography as extensive as his there aren't many car-crashes like Bird's *Loverman*. But then again, there is also a theory that in 1965 John Coltrane —a former heroin addict —made *Om*, one of his more challenging Impulse albums, under the influence of LSD.

All of this, plus much much more, is brilliantly put together in Martin Torgoff's *Bop Apocalypse*, a narrative history that details the rise of drug culture and which connects Mezz Mezzrow, Charlie Parker, the FBI, the Beat Generation, the blues and jazz. Certainly, the most thorough and intelligent book that I've read on this subject.

Mick Gawthorp

Live Performances at the Jazz Centre UK



Saturday 5 October: Dan Banks.



Saturday 31 August: Matt Skelton.



Saturday 23 November: Chris Kibble and Mario Castronari.



Saturday 26 October: Left to right: Gunther Kurmayr, Zak Barrett, Neville Malcolm.



Saturday 27 July: Greg Abate.



Saturday 28 September: Tenor Madness featuring left to right; John Pearce, Alan Barnes, Paul Morgan, Derek Nash, Vasilis Xenopoulos, Bobby Worth.

Live Performances at the Jazz Centre UK



Saturday 7 December saw the second concert in The JCUK dedicated to Jazz and Poetry. "The concert included conventional jazz, free improvisation, dada, surrealism, electronic music . . ." It was also a celebration of the spoken word; with poetry by Adrian Green, Cheryl Moskowitz and Will Harris.

A Voice in Jazz. Poet Adrian Green reads from his book *All That Jazz*, with live music: featuring Zak Barrett (saxophone), Dan Banks (piano), Geoff Harris (bass), Trevor Taylor (drums).

The Sound of Voices, with the incredible Ondes Martenot: featuring Alastair Gavin (keyboards/electronics), Malcolm Ball (Ondes Martenot, and percussion), Will Harris (voice), Cheryl Moskowitz (voice).



Saturday 30 November. Al Nicholls.



Saturday 23 November. Chris Kibble (piano) and Alex Hearn (guitar).



Sven Klang's Kvintett

There are a number of jazz films vying for the honour of best ever made. No poll has ever been conducted, but if it were, Bertrand Tavernier's *Round Midnight* would be the favourite for the number one spot. As 'curator' of The Jazz Centre movie collection (now numbering around 700 on DVD and VHS), I would like to offer up some alternative candidates.¹

A number of countries have produced some superb examples. *Just Friends* from Belgium; *We Are Jazzmen from Russia* (set in the USSR of the 1920s no less); *Swing Girls* from Japan (far and away the funniest jazz movie ever), spring immediately to mind. From the home of jazz the USA can offer up Spike Jones' *Mo' Better Blues*, and a much underrated classic from Frank D. Gilroy, *The Gig*.² An honourable mention must also go to *Swing Kids*, a study of jazz-loving youths conflict with the rising Nazi power in Weimar Germany; Christian Bale leads the cast.

All the above films are part of The Jazz Centre collection. There is, however, one highly-regarded—and much-coveted—movie missing. Sweden's *Sven Klangs Kvintett* has had rave reviews since its release in 1976. *Jazz Journal* called it "a minor classic, the best work about jazz ever presented on the screen." George Melly commented, "The only film about jazz musicians which tells it like



it is." Directed by Stellan Olsson it was voted one of Sweden's top twenty-five films of all time. Given the celebrated history of Swedish directors (Ingmar Bergmann, Bo Widerberg, Lasse Hallström, Lukas Moodysson, Mai Zetterling, to name only a handful), this is quite some achievement, and speaks volumes for the film's quality.

There is a DVD of *Sven Klangs Kvintett*, but with a major setback; it does not have English sub-titles. However, it has been shown on British TV, in the early 1980s. Which brings us to the main purpose of this article: is there any friend of The Jazz Centre who had the foresight to transfer this from TV to VHS? If so we would love to hear from you, and give you the red carpet treatment in our Media Centre.



1. For the purpose of this article I am assuming that a best-ever jazz movie actually exists; a dubious concept at best.
2. At this point I avoid any mention of Clint Eastwood's *Bird*, and will defend its omission if necessary.

Continued from page 5.



Myra Abbott. Following a successful audition, singing *Big Butter and Egg Man*, Carol has not looked back. She met and worked with many top musicians; Tim Huskisson, Digby Fairweather, Ted Beament, Mick Foster, John China, Julian Stringle and Hugh Rainey to name just a handful. She has since run her own jazz clubs in Southend, Westcliff, Billericay and Chalkwell, and sang in every jazz club in Essex you can think of.

In an extended interview with Carol in Southend's Utopia Coffee shop, Carol's enduring love of jazz and performing was infectious. When asked the question as to favourite artists there were some obvious responses; Billie, Bessie, Ella, Otilie and Sarah. But some surprises as well; Sergio Mendes, Elton John and the Beatles. This writer, however, knows that it is not just the historic greats that are on this favourites list.

A few weeks ago Carol and I were volunteers together at The JCUK on a quiet Thursday. As the Media Centre film organiser I suggested a screening of a new acquisition; a DVD of electro-swing singer Caro Emerald live at the BBC. Not only did Carol know, and love, Caro Emerald and the electro-swing scene, but introduced me to other practitioners of the style; The Hot Sardines anybody? Look up their version of *Bei Mir Bist Du Schön* on YouTube.

Carol has appeared at The Jazz Centre multiple times, but always singing with another's band. In January 2020 she will make her debut in her own right. At the very end of our interview she hinted at working on something new with Tony Gooderham. A definite date for everyone's diary.

P.D.A.W.

Don't Worry 'bout the Bear

This superbly-produced book has already been called (by Andrew Liddle in *Just Jazz* November 2019) 'the best book on British music I've read for a very long time' and the words are well chosen. But for those who haven't caught up with its publication yet, *Don't worry 'Bout the Bear* is a candid and comprehensive catalogue of inside-story recollections by Birmingham-based entrepreneur Jim Simpson who —with his brother (and editor here) Ron Simpson, their partner of thirty two years Tim Jennings and a mini-team of like-minded colleagues — has masterminded the multifarious enterprises of his Birmingham-based company Big Bear Music for a non-stop fifty years.

These remarkable enterprises are not confined to jazz alone. They include the Heavy Metal era of British rock during which Simpson was the creative founder and force behind the iconic Black Sabbath; blues, one of his most committed passions which, throughout the 1970s brought to England and Europe an encyclopaedic parade of American blues icons for some forty tours; and —of course— jazz music for which he created the Birmingham International Jazz Festival. For his Festival from 1984 on Simpson first brought in a galactic succession of Americans from Count Basie to Miles Davis alongside the most prominent, and in his view, deserving, British and European musicians, young and old. In 2019 his Festival continues with unflagging energy to celebrate both the latter, some now achieving the status of Britain's elder-statesmen of the music, and equally new young arrivals from Britain, Europe and America who celebrate and develop the legacies of their artistic forefathers (and sisters) in jazz and the blues. As he says at one point of his Big Bear organization: 'we pay little attention to drawing lines between the many styles of jazz and blues'. His simple intention, expressed throughout the book is to celebrate the music in which he believes and, in a kindred spirit's phrase to 'let the good times roll'.



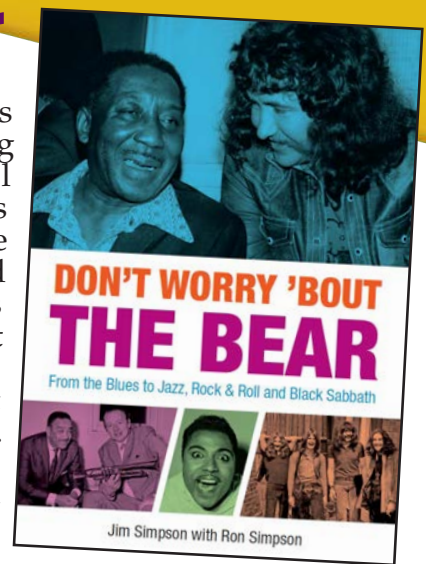
Jim Simpson.

Simpson's refreshing musical convictions underpin every page of his narrative. And for jazz purposes this muse is brought sharply into focus in a statement of intent for one early project. This was the 'M and B' Jam Session, recorded live in Birmingham's

Cannon Hill Park's open-air arena in 1984 where its liner-note read: 'this session was conceived as a positive gesture against the introspective self-indulgent over-intricate music that, masquerading as jazz, often threatens to obscure the true spirit of the music'. Simpson has followed his unwavering convictions ever since (including the institution of the 'British Jazz Awards' from 1987). And this may explain why his organization has regularly been by-passed when Arts Council Awards —or similar dubious pourboises— are doled out by their fashionable financiers (or media champions) who declare their allegiance to 'the cutting edge' of the music. For such statements this reviewer enjoyed Simpson's caustic rejoinder that 'today's cutting edge is often tomorrow's rusty razor blade'. Cause for spirited debate and the letters column of the TJC UK newsletter are open for your views.

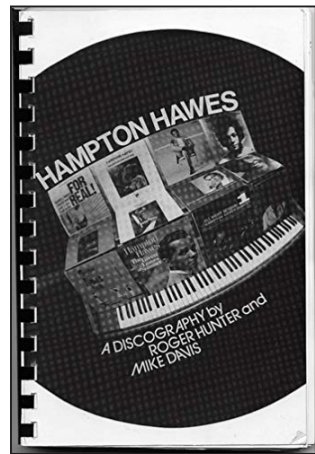
But let's not be sidetracked for too long by political exchange. We are here to talk about the book and from page one its contents are a riveting and required read. Why so? Because ever since he gave up the trumpet at the dawn of the 1970s —he can be heard in 1968 on *Rudi's in Love* with his band *Locomotive*; a pioneering Reggae hit which, it should be noted, preceded Bob and Marcia's equally well-remembered *Young Gifted and Black* by two years— Jim Simpson quickly found his preferred vocation as manager, agent, entrepreneur, record producer, festival organizer and much more. As his friend Jasper Carrott notes in his good-natured Foreword: "Jim has carved a place in the hearts of Birmingham who know him as an indefatigable dynamo, responsible for the history of many of its renowned musical legends, places of entertainment and the world famous Birmingham International Jazz Festival".

In or out of Birmingham however the music industry (jazz and otherwise) works in exactly the same ways and in his book Simpson tells the story of his career and its major projects from the inside. That's a rare gift to any reader of course. Very seldom do civilians truly know what goes on within the music business and Simpson's book which reads rather like a series of late-night chats around a friendly bar (and for which the odd repetition can



The Roger Hunter Collection

THE JAZZ CENTRE UK is proud to announce the complete private recordings of jazz aficionado and writer Roger Hunter as ready for your listening enjoyment. Roger's life in jazz has taken him around the world establishing a global network of club owners and record producers something reflected in the variety of recordings and photos donated to the Centre along with a rare copy of his discography on the legendary pianist Hampton Hawes. Now out of print this is the ultimate companion to Don Asher's biography of the great pianist.



on the legendary pianist Hampton Hawes. Now out of print this is the ultimate companion to Don Asher's biography of the great pianist.

We also have to thank Roger for digitising all the recordings for us. A major undertaking in time and effort. The recordings were sourced over the last 70 years and include original albums, radio broadcasts and live

recordings from clubs, concert hall and international festivals around the world.

The Jazz Centre has created a listing by artist to facilitate access to this extensive collection and will introduce some of the items via the weekly Listen In session held in our Media Centre. Stay tuned for more information as we work our way through this treasure trove of jazz.

Roger Hunter Collection									
Artist	Pepper	Stockholm	City	Venue	Source	Year	Line Up	Sheet	
Adams	Jan	Stockholm	Blue Linn	Radio Broadcast	Radio Broadcast	1972	Alan Jacobs, Danielson, Riel		
Alan	Gene	Sweden	Radio Broadcast	Radio Broadcast	1965 - 62	Rosenblatt, Hallberg, Riedel			
Ammons	Gene	Alhambra	Prata Theatre	Radio Broadcast	Radio Broadcast	1973	Plafin, Mitchell, Jones		
Auld	Vic	London	SBC Studio	Radio Broadcast	Radio Broadcast	1979 - 82	Doc, Ben, Garing, Mann		
Baker	Chet	San Francisco	GMMH	Live	Live	1962	Quiner		
Bell	Ronnie	LA	State of Jazz KABC TV	TV Show	TV Show	1950	Tucker, Morton, Fuller, Stein		
Bell	Ronnie	New York	The Den	Radio Broadcast	Radio Broadcast	1966	Peter Ind. Al Gotchman + inter		
Benson	Kenny	Las Vegas	Four Queens Hall	Live	Live	1966	See...		
Benson	Kenny	Robtman	North Sea Jazz	Live	Live	1966	See...		
Brooker	Randy	Southend	Ciffs Pavilion	Live	Live	1960	Wright, Manon, Davis, Dreaners		
Brookmeyer	Paul	London	SBC Studio?	Radio Broadcast	Radio Broadcast	1950	Edridge, Trammell, Hayes		
Carlini	Johnny	Brooklyn	Gene On Road A	Live	Live	1968	Tower, Hunter, Woods, Clarke		
Cohn	Al	LV	Four Queens Hall	Live	Live	1973	Johnson + MOP 1.4.		
Cohn	Al	London	Pizza Express	Live	Live	2004	Don Thompson, Barry Clarke		
Cohn	Al	New York	Half Note	Live	Live	1976	Bob Marshall		
Cohn	Al	New York	Half Note	Live	Live	1976	and Pine, Riel, McIntosh		
Cohn	Al	New York	Half Note	Live	Live	1976	Murphyson, Miller, HE Williams		
Cohn	Al	London	Jazz EDS	Live	Live	1967	See...		
Cohen	John	Toronto	Stourton Street	Live	Live	1965 - 67	See...		
Demmond	Paul	Toronto	Festival	Live	Live	1977 - 79	2 City M/Pherson, Jordan		
Demmond	Paul	Toronto	Festival	Live	Live	1963 - 67	Pherson, Edson, Jones		
Deuchar	Jimmy	London?	SBC Jazz Club	Live	Live	1968	BB and Johnson, Scott, Levin		
Deuchar	Jimmy	London	Thru Sweet Egg S	Live	Live	1963	Deuchar, Keller, Ross		
Edwards	Teddy	London	Sulu Head	Live	Live	1972	Albansen, MOP, Paul		
Edwards	Teddy	London	Sulu Head	Live	Live	1972	Hedberg, Riedel, Johnson		
Elkafon	Art	UK	Jazzmakers	Live	Live	1959-79	Deuchar, Scott, Shannon		
Fenn	Bill	Stockholm	Club Faching	Live	Live	1967	Phisher, Altko, Archer		
Felmann	Victor	LA	Four Queens Hall	Live	Live	1967	Phisher, Nelson, Archer		
Felmann	Victor	LA	Four Queens Hall	Live	Live	1962 - 54	Orchestra		
Finaglan	Tommy	Toronto	Cafe de la Cigarrera	Live	Live	1964	Nelson, Hanna		
						1965 - 64	Nelson, Hanna, Pharis, Hanna		
						1964	Byrne, Stone, Higgins		
						1964	Orchestra		
						1976	Mudford Line		
						1966	Mal Lewis, Brookmeyer, Jones		
						1963	Morris, Rossini, Mizel		
						1966	See...		
						1962 - 83	Kinsey BB / Bill Withers BB		
						1966	See...		
						2006	Allen, Lundgren		
						1979 - 82	Lee Or (Don Robinson Or		
						1965	Anderson, Lindberg		
						2007	Lundgard, Riel		
						2007	Lundgard, Riel		
						1963	Lor Levy		

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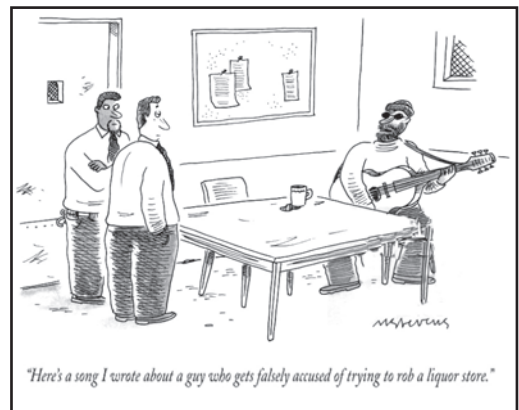
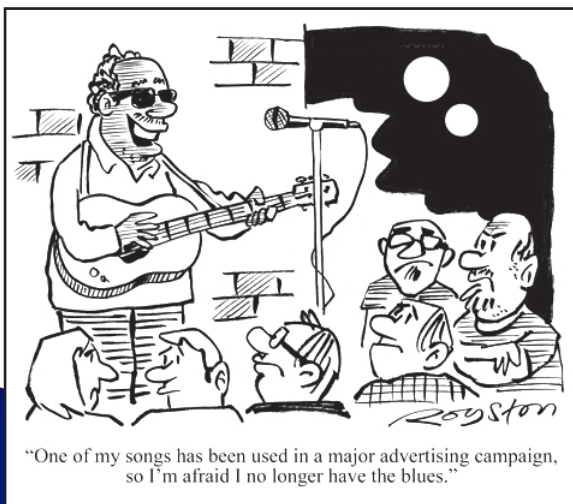
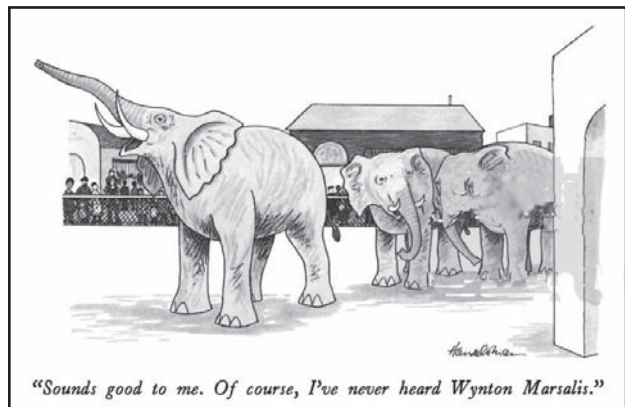
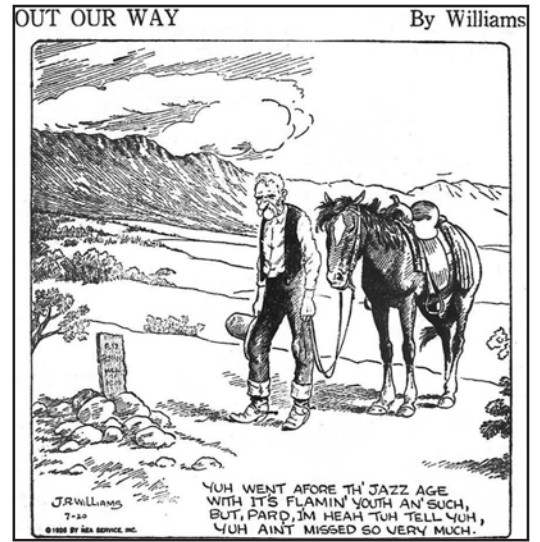
be easily forgiven) is a packed portfolio of anecdotes which are fascinating, illuminating and also regularly hilarious—by turn. His text is no anodyne recreation of actuality however; its tales of a career which so far has combined international successes with occasional major bruising beyond his control (including damaging legal shenanigans with the Birmingham branch of Ronnie Scott's Club and a mafia-based jazz festival in Marbella) are, by turn, honest, deeply detailed, hard-hitting, regularly forgiving and seldom short of a sideways wink to the reader. They are also most importantly the reportage of a brilliant entrepreneur who belonged (and continues to belong) at the only cutting-edge he would wish to occupy: the business of putting into practice his firm convictions of where good music belongs in the world and watching the results come true.

- 'This has to be one of the best autobiographical reads out there right now.' _ Simon Spillett, Jazz Rag
- 'This is the best book on British music I've read for a very long time.' _ Andrew Liddle, Yorkshire Times
- '...must surely be on every jazzers' Christmas list - if you can wait that long, that is. My suggestion is that you put it on your tomorrow list.' _ Lance Liddle, Bebop Spoken Here
- 'As a musician, bandleader, promoter, record producer, festival director, manager, journalist and photographer, Don't Worry 'bout the Bear is a fitting record of a Birmingham legend.' _ John Lamb, Chamberlink
- 'A great read for blues, jazz and rock fans.' _ Tony Burke, Morning Star
- '...a tale of fortunes found and lost, impossible optimism and moments of musical magic...' _ Stuart Constable, Living Blues

For readers of jazz-only persuasions Simpson's extended written championships of authentic British jazz legends like Kenny Baker and Humphrey Lyttelton are worth the price of the book on its own. Similarly celebrated if less well-known—for a handful of examples—are the outstanding (and deeply under-rated) singer Val Wiseman who has headlined his *Lady Sings The Blues* production since its 1980s inception; stride pianist Duncan Swift and the Birmingham based (but international-standard) saxophonist Mike Burney. Once again this is an indication of Simpson's determination to celebrate the talents—and the music—which he truly believes in; a quality of (justifiable) loyalty sadly lacking in some other entrepreneurs who all too easily opt for the fashionable rather than the real thing. His book is also a necessary counter-balance to what is often taken as 'received wisdom' in popular culture. For one example his claim that Birmingham should be recognized as 'the UK Capital of rock'n'roll' might be queried in view of the Beatles' deification of Liverpool. But Simpson has the hard-hitting arguments to justify the claim and they are worthy of full consideration.

For this reviewer then, as with Andrew Liddle, *Don't Worry 'bout the Bear* (actually a blues written by one of Simpson's blues champions, Dr. Ross) this is unquestionably British jazz's 'book of the year'. Published appropriately by Brewin Books (!); decorated by generous original photography, printed on fine art paper and comprehensively indexed, it can be found in the best bookshops and also directly from Big Bear Music, PO Box 944, Edgbaston, Birmingham B16 8UT. Tel: 0121 454 7020. Don't miss it.

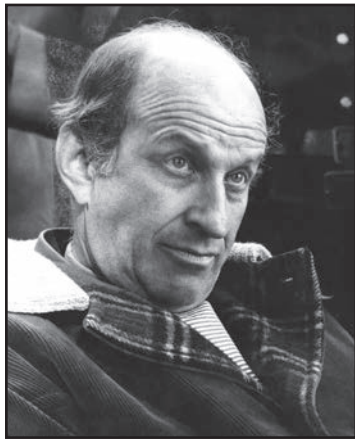
Scott Pennington



Paris Blues: Jazz Expatrié

EDDIE COOK IS A SAXOPHONIST with a successful residency in the Paris of the mid-fifties; he had used his war service to escape the USA, and has never returned. A dignified figure, with a commanding style on his horn, he is certain that he will never return to his native America and the humiliations it visited upon him.

He is the central character of Harold Flender's 1957 novel *Paris Blues*, two copies of which await your attention on the JCUK shelves, each adorned with the kind of pulp fiction covers rarely seen even in the charity shops now —and, in the 1974 reprint that I chose, colour adverts for Kent cigarettes bound into the book.



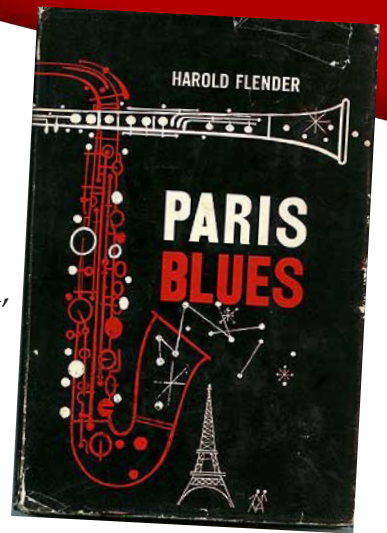
Harold Flender.

The settled expatriate existence that Eddie enjoys faces a challenge, over a period of a week or so, when he meets Connie, a young Black American schoolteacher visiting Europe as part of a rigidly organised tour of Europe for educators. She represents an optimistic new generation, proud of 'what our race has achieved'. Though she can recall her own humiliations and compromises, she regards herself as having risen above them. She and Eddie are instantly attracted, though she soon detects beneath his hostility to America a homesickness which he will not admit to.

As the relationship develops, other narrative threads give Eddie further cause to question his position: his talented Black French-born guitarist suffers a mental breakdown, and an American jazzman —supremely talented, but, in Eddie's view, an Uncle Tom— offers him a place in his band when they go back across the Atlantic. And in a comic parallel to his own affair, his Jewish American pianist, Benny develops an unlikely friendship with another of the teachers, who at first seems to represent the WASP America that Benny despises as strongly as Eddie does America as a whole.

Flanders tells this story in a straightforward, direct style —there's barely a metaphor in the entire text. The narrative viewpoint moves among the main characters, chapter by chapter, to good effect; and, especially as it moves towards resolution, there's a nicely achieved symmetry in the structure. The theme of the expatriate jazzman, appreciated in a foreign culture but rejected in his own, will have

been a relatively fresh one in the period, and the novel has some interesting reflections on attitudes to jazz in Europe. One is tempted, though, to imagine what a James Baldwin or Ralph Ellison might have made of Eddie and Connie's relationship.



And the music? Our sense of Eddie's abilities is largely established in the opening scene of the novel, where he plays an intense *Body and Soul* to a rapt audience, and is almost bewildered at the power he exerts over the varied audience that he surveys; beyond that, there develops a convincing sense of the working musician's routine, but less so of his craft or its meaning. Cook is not a bebop pioneer— he scorns the suggestion that he should adopt a more 'progressive' style— but otherwise we are asked to accept the jazz he plays as a fairly generic thing.

Though the blurb on the 1974 cover promises a 'searing' account of Parisian night life, in fact this is a novel notable for its restraint, and for a sensitive portrayal of a relationship between opposites which reveals some truths about the position of the jazz exile at this time. However, Flender feels very much less immersed in the jazz world than, say, Ross Russell in *The Sound*, and views his characters and their world at a certain distance.



Scene from *Paris Blues*; Sidney Poitier and Paul Newman.

NB. JCUK regulars have also had the chance to see the film adaptation of this novel, directed by Martin Ritt in 1961, and starring Paul Newman, Sidney Poitier, Diahann Carroll, Joanne Woodward and Louis Armstrong, and an Ellington soundtrack. Notably different from the novel, it is an interesting subject in its own right.

ASC

JAZZ POETRY

Jazz And Rainbows

What is Jazz — What is a Rainbow?
You can ask the questions —don't expect answers

Jazz is free and yet constrained
Rainbows come and go as they please

Jazz is wild and yet restrained
Rainbow can't exist without rain

Jazz is open and yet contained
Rainbows always have red at the top

Jazz is unscored and yet maintained
Rainbows can be single —double - triple

Just as Django Rheinhardt said to Segovia
Senor it ees all in ze 'ed
The same is true of rainbows
Zey are all inside my 'ed!

It takes all the colours of pure white sound
To create jazz.
It takes all the colours of pure white light
To create a rainbow.

Jazz and rainbows operate on the same principle
In jazz the tone colours are separated by the players
In a rainbow the visible colours are separated by a rain-
drop
Jazz and rainbows are both equally beautiful.

After the rain there are still some drops in the atmo-
sphere
They refract the white light into R O Y G B I V,
In the same way the 'Jazz Combo' is able to dissect.
The white sound of music is dissected by the musicians

On a sunny day - the white light hits the raindrop
The colours are dispersed forming the rainbow.
In jazz —each member if the Combo has a colour!
The double bass has red —the saxophone is orange!

The percussion is yellow —the brass is green
The clarinet is blue —the banjo is indigo
The guitar is violet and the piano is striped!
The combo plays and white sound is re-produced.

Because we are humans our senses of life are acute.
Our eyes for colour and our ears for sound.
The quality of this provision enables us to distinguish
colour
And to distinguish between all the tones and
semi-tones.

So next time you see a rainbow —think jazz
And the rainbow will dance for you
Next time you hear some jazzy jazz —think rainbow
And the tone colours of the jazz will spring out at you.

John Knight (Colchester 2005)

Jazz And Love

What is Jazz — What is Love?
You can ask the questions —don't expect answers.

Jazz is free and yet constrained
Love comes and goes as it pleases —within constraints

Jazz is wild and yet restrained
Love liberates but seldom completely.

Jazz is open and yet contained
Love is singular but it takes two to tango

Jazz is unscored and yet maintained
Love doesn't need a manual but practice makes perfect.

Jazz has many forms —hot - cool - free - swing - soul
Combos have a style but can experiment infinitely
Love is a many splendoured thing
But worldwide the basics are very similar

Jazz is spiritual and has gradually evolved
From the angst of the downtrodden slaves
Love is also spiritual —and is a natural emotion
A gift from God a compensation for being Human!

No two Jazz Sessions are ever the same
Even with the same 'line up' and the same 'number'
No two Love Sessions are ever the same
And sometimes the performance surprises even us!

Classical Music is scored and prescribed
And needs a Conductor to keep it on track.
Pure Jazz and True Love are uninhibited
They just connect and 'Go with the Flow'.

Jazz can be played anywhere and any time
It is played from the heart and from the soul.
Love is not restricted by space and time
It works best when the brain is in neutral!

All attempts to classify Jazz are futile
There are too many loose ends and grace notes!
All attempts to classify Love are futile
There are also too many loose ends and grace notes!

John Knight (Colchester, October 2009)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is John Knight and I was born in Liverpool —a great City to be brought up in. We have many fine poets like Roger McGough, and musicians like the Beatles and the Liverpool Philharmonic. 'Scousers' are very articulate and we have produced the best comedian in the world —Ken Dodd! I am a research scientist, biochemist and lecturer and my interests include art, music, poetry, languages and foreign travel as well as science fiction and the spiritual dimension.



The Herman Leonard Photo: A Jazz Centre Prized Possession

I remember my first visit to the Jazz Centre and being a little over-awed by the variety of permanent exhibits on display representing as they do different stages in the evolution of jazz: a tenor saxophone previously used by Jimmy Skidmore, a stalwart of the British mainstream tradition; another donated by his son Alan, a fiery and often free-playing post-Trane post-bop modernist. There's the actual desk used by Humphrey Lyttelton at which he could have fine-tuned the badinage used in *I'm Sorry I Haven't a Clue*, or prepared his playlist for Radio Two's *The Best of Jazz*; Johnny Dankworth's first piano and a spectacular prize-winning portrait of his wife Cleo Laine, beneath which is a display-case featuring a 45rpm single featuring a song she sang about Southend. There's a trumpet that was used by Louis Armstrong and a chair that was sat on by Bix Beiderbeck in a recording session. There are even 16 inch transcription V-discs from the 1940s of radio-broadcasts that were never intended for commercial distribution but which have become the source-material for many 'lost' recordings, repackaged for collectors decades later.

And of course, there's much more and whilst it would be missing the point to place any of these resources in any sort of hierarchy of value, the exhibit that stopped me in my tracks on that first visit was the silver gelatine photographic print of Charlie Parker, Lennie Tristano, Eddie Safranski and Billy Bauer that came from the darkroom of Herman Leonard, a photographer who produced some of the most iconic images of jazz musicians ever.

It is an image that has been reproduced many times previously, either in Herman Leonard's *Jazz* or *The Eye of Jazz*, a beautiful book that features Leonard's photographs with graphic design by Francis Paudras. Both books are held at the Jazz Centre. The photograph has also appeared in countless coffee-table anthologies of jazz and I've even seen the image on a jazz calendar!

But no matter how well these images have been printed, no reproduction comes close to matching the breathtaking quality and resolution of this darkroom print. Taken with a Speed Graphic camera—the professional's standard of the day—the film for each negative measured a massive 5" by 4", each exposure necessitating the insertion/removal of a 'plate' of sheet film. There was no such thing as 'fast' film in those days that might have enabled photographers to shoot covertly in low light conditions like the playback room of a recording studio. Back then, photographers needed lots of light, and as far as lighting was concerned, Leonard was a magician. I'm speculating here, but I suspect that as far as our

strobe in order to draw our eye to the saxophonist. Furthermore, there isn't much of this picture that is not out of focus or sharp, Leonard achieving spectacular depth-of-field, a term that refers to the level of focus between focal-planes. To borrow a term from cinematography, 'deep focus' refers to shots in which everything is in focus whereas 'shallow focus' refers to one sharp focal plane with the rest blurred or



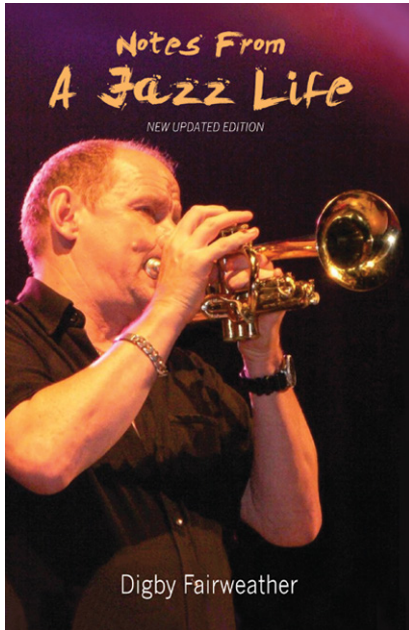
thrown out of focus. To achieve great depth-of-field in a situation such as the playback room, Leonard needed to control light, aperture and exposure length.

However, even if all the technical elements required to facilitate a picture came together—exposure length, aperture size, framing, proxemics, lighting etc—the photographer's timing had to be right. And even if all of that was right, the next part of the process could be even more demanding and it is through the alchemy of the darkroom that makes this particular Leonard photograph exceptional.

Even though I'm at an age now where I seem to be in constant need of another eye-test, I suggest to the reader that in order to fully appreciate the majesty of this image—and the value of this art as a precious resource of The Jazz Centre—pick up a copy of Herman Leonard's *Jazz* or *The Eye of Jazz* from the 'oversized' section of our bookshelves and place it beneath the framed window-mounted print on the wall and see for yourself the difference between the published picture in either of the books and the print from Herman Leonard's darkroom. I'm not suggesting for a moment that the published version of the picture is not up to scratch but having the silver gelatin print from the darkroom of Herman Leonard shows us what a difference there is. Why and how can this be then? In the days preceding digital photography, when, in order to make part of an image darker or lighter, the photographer—in the darkroom—had to do something called 'burning' or

Parker print is concerned somewhere under the piano Leonard has put a small flash or

Northway Books: Special Offer



Special offer from Northway Books: *Notes from a Jazz Life* by Digby Fairweather

The second edition of Digby Fairweather's *Notes from a Jazz Life* at a special reduced price of £8 including postage to readers of the Newsletter (original price £14). 212 pages. Illustrations by Peter Manders and Humphrey Lyttelton.

To obtain a copy at the special offer price, send a cheque for £8 to Northway Books, 39 Tytherton Road, London, N19 4PZ.

This special offer ends March 30th 2020.

'A fund of diverting jazz stories told with disarming modesty and humour.' _ Jim Simpson, Jazz Rag.

'Chatty and humorous . . . intelligent and wide-ranging.'
_ Brian Priestley, Jazz UK.

'His experience, including the disappointments, and setbacks, are engagingly told in this highly readable autobiography.' _ Jim Godbolt, JARS.

'A breezy read, suffused with the kind of breathless enthusiasm that characterises Fairweather's conversation . . . a good read, for sure.' _ Peter Vacher, Jazzwise.

"Trips around Southend junkshops brought fascinating discoveries too: an old violin with tatty bow, a wooden framed snare drum minus snare, a mandolin, an old guitar. Even a battered case suggesting musical contents was a treasure chest to raid. Best of all, though were the music shops. Nowadays, guitars, drums, keyboards and amplifiers dominate the view, but back then —at the sunset of the swing era— you could peer longingly through the glass at serried ranks of saxophones, trumpets, trombones, accordions, double-basses and drums in dozens of different designs and varying states of repair. But it was always the trumpet that held a special attraction. How, I was beginning to wonder, could you produce such challenging sounds from a curved tubing, a single small mouthpiece and only three valves?"

Continued from p.18



'dodging,' a process through which selective parts of the photograph could be rendered lighter or darker by exposing these parts to light from the enlarger for more or less time. Accordingly, through the application of such techniques not only does Parker emanate a luminescent glow but his band-mates, although in shadows, are still a vital part of the dramatis personae. Furthermore, the picture exposes how misleading the term 'black and white photograph' can be because the image is made up of shades and tones of black, white, grey and silver. It is light and dark and the surface shimmers with depth and dimensionality.

None of the musicians are looking directly at the camera so it could perhaps be a covertly taken photograph of subjects unaware of the photographer's presence, however, the physical size of the camera Leonard used in addition to the lighting that he set up so ingeniously meant that the four musicians in the frame were certainly aware of his presence. Indeed, he has made the exposure at a moment when all are studiously transfixed at listening to a recording playback.

Finally, whilst we know that there can often be a big difference between what a photograph is of and what it is about, we can all see that whilst this is a photograph of four musicians in a recording-studio, it is also —according to what we bring to our reading of the image— about much, much more.

Mick Gawthorp

GOOGLIES JAZZ SUPPER CLUB

GOOGLIES JAZZ SUPPER CLUB is based in the pavilion of Botany Bay Cricket Club which is just 5 minutes from Junction 24 of the M25. The club opens every week on Thursday at 7.30pm with the live performance starting at 8.00pm. There is a licenced bar with very reasonable prices and a large private car park. An optional two course supper from a small menu is available.

Googlies opened in 2002 since when it has been growing steadily and has now established itself as a very popular venue for audiences and performers alike. Audience numbers range from 55 – 100.

Googlies has a superb House Band, the Googlies Quartet. All members are highly experienced jazz musicians; usually comprising John Jarvis, drums (and founder of Googlies), Bill Yeomans saxes/clarinet/flute, Hilary Cameron piano/vocals, and Wally Shaw bass. Our guest artists always express their great pleasure in working with the Quartet.

The Quartet plays the first set and then accompanies the visiting guest artist for the second and third sets. Poll winning and nominee guests who played at Googlies in 2019 included Karen Sharp, Liane Carroll, Tina May, Dominic Ashworth, Derek Nash, Simon Spillett, Nigel Price, Art Themen, Alan Barnes, Julian Stringle, Dave O'Higgins, Bruce Adams, Pete Long and Ian Shaw.

In addition to weekly performances throughout the year, from October to April the club opens for big band performances on the second Sunday of each of those months. Performances start at 3.00pm, the bar is open and freshly filled baguettes are available for purchase.

The audience is enthusiastic and friendly, non-members are encouraged to attend and will be made very welcome (membership is currently £15 per year). It was a very successful year in 2019 with audiences up on the previous year. Our aim for 2020 is to continue with this progress and to provide the audience with the best of British jazz.

Quotes:

'I've never been made to feel so welcome from musicians, staff and audience. Every time I set foot in Googlies it's like home from home.' _ Liane Carroll:

'It is always a pleasure to play at Googlies. The audience is always appreciative; as a musician you are assured of a warm welcome. The House Band is very accomplished and has the largest repertoire in the Home Counties.' _ Art Themen

More information is on our website:

www.googliesjazz.co.uk

For all enquiries and reservations:

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e-mail: googliesjazz@btinternet.com

Thanks to Peter Tongue and John Jarvis for this information about, and superb photos from, Googlies' Jazz Supper Club. The JCUK would like to promote and support all our region's jazz clubs. Contact us and let us know your history, your events and future plans.



The Googlies' Quartet.



Karen Sharp.



Art Themen.