

# My Living Soundtrack

Past . Present . Perpetual



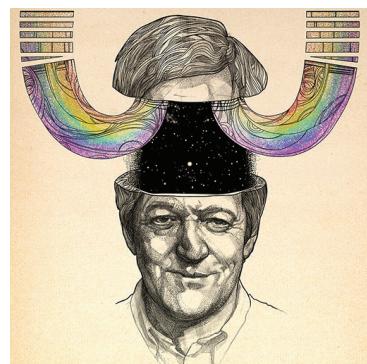
**Andrew Herriot**



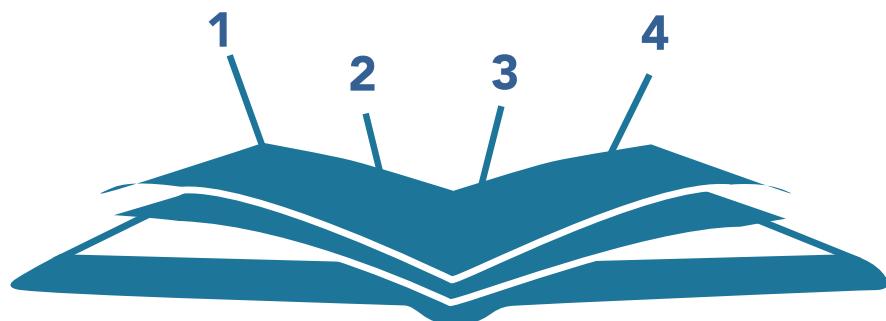
To All my Family.  
perpetuate these treasured  
memories

# PRE-FOREWORD

I wish to express my sincere thanks and admiration to Author Stephen Fry (in his introduction to the audible series on PG Wodehouse) for an idea to embrace my book around Four Pillars: Plot, Places, People, Prose.



- 1. The Plot (my being)**
- 2. The Places (my musical journey)**
- 3. The People (my family, friends, associates)**
- 4. The Prose (my linguistic style).**



# FOREWORD

The singular purpose in writing "My Living Soundtrack" is to allow me to reflect, track and disclose specifically and solely on musical 'sounds' of my 'Being' from the past, within the present and fast forwarding in a somewhat embryonic way my thoughts about the future and to irrevocably collate, score and fuse, without discombobulating, all of these musical memories into a documented aggregate of my incomplete pre-dead life. My life's odyssey began in 1940 in the village of Macmerry, Scotland; school; University and, after graduating, (maths teaching); included career pathways to Edinburgh '64, Kelso '66, Hamilton '68 then Ghana '72, Lesotho '75, Scotland '88, Zambia '94, Kenya '96, Solomon Is. '01, Qatar '03, Abu Dhabi '06 and finally South Africa in '10, retiring in '11 - a 7 decade twice married journey as an educator and musicologist. Some may opine that it's a bit late in the day to attempt this bold execution! That may be, but #WhyNot, to bring a contextual meme into play. Why do I prefer Brubeck to Bach but enjoy Burns or Sinatra to Stravinsky but dig Peterson, or even Shakespeare to Puccini, but rejoice Proust in Paris? Explanations, yes, but answers are doubtful. Ancestry? Traits? Lineage perhaps?

My manoeuvrings have been in the making experientially for nigh on eight decades, photographically - the 'Brownie' camera, authentically and intensely in recent mature times when my thoughts began to be penned. It's all meant to evince my innate early interest in music and how tunes, rhythms, rhymes, harmonies led me to passionately reach out to a piano. My book is therefore a celebration of my undaunted belief in an instrument that came into my life at quite a young age. Did I have a background - culture, genes, traits, DNA or what? I know that my Italian Great Grand Father was listed in the 1892 Census in Ipswich UK (an immigrant) as a 'street musician' (busker). My passion was passed down (Kenneally: Reading List)! Flimsy Y/X factor?

There was no piano at home. There was a wireless, and an Italian mum (born in Edinburgh, 1916). She became a cinema usherette (RIP, Mum) where I spent childhood years exposed to movies nightly, many of them having musical Hollywood themes. Did I perhaps inherit a trait that was passed down, or were there other external or environmental influences? This experience gave rise to a passion for movies especially those with a musical predilection hence my interest in quotes to express the essence of many of my Life Chapters. My book is a semi-autobiographical (not hagiographical) journey interspersed and richly threaded mostly chronologically with penned cameo incursions and uncaptioned photos to add interest into my world of easy listening jazz and those who orchestrate it. That is my prima facie case to pursue an interest in that world of music (originating in the late 19th Century), in tandem with the development of my professional career as an educator, part-time musicologist, writer and curator of jazz books.

Hence, logically, in my spare time as a retiree, during my late seventh decade, I researched, developed, authored and produced A Chronological E-Guide to Jazz Over Three Centuries<sup>1</sup>, which has enjoyed mild success amongst my friends. This book contains copy of some of the E-Guide's interspersed subject matter.

The substance of my jazz writings was first published in the Stanford River Talk<sup>2</sup> a monthly publication, where I continue to contribute short articles (since 2011) with a jazz genre theme which began under the theme of "Playing By Ear" and moved on to "Living Soundtrack" which now has taken on the shape of "Perpetual Soundtrack" in the belief that even I will share mildly in my 'in perpetuity' prognosis. As noted, some of my writings subsequently found their way into my E-Guide hence, I have no problem plagiarising and melding personal musings as part of this Soundtrack – Past, Present and Perpetual to give it a unique living edge.

After all, the *raison d'être* for writing about jazz in the first instance was to underscore the basis of these, my memoirs, hence I offer the unusual testimony of my accelerative celebration, which is both experiential and existential thus emphasising my strong relationship between yesterday (Past), today (Present) and indeed tomorrow (Perpetual). I can bounce from Monk (Ch4 & 66) to my current Jazzfordian<sup>3</sup> combo to Ravi Coltrane's Bebop as I course through this treatise.

This is an extemporaneous emotive-inclusive testimonial, the emotions and sensations, being embedded throughout conclusively such as; a documented assemblage of my life and my music and other citations; excitement; listening; learning; knowledge; skills; objectivity; hereditary traits; ancestry; family trees; chromosomes; genealogy; lineage; dreams; nightmares; reminiscences; participation; love-hate; humour; heroes; disappointments; experience; failure; stimulation; desire; proliferation; achievement; digitisation; technology; social media; design; getting it right; rehearsals; performances; satisfaction; recognition; myriad adventures; tomorrow; subjectivity; sentience; why; who; when; where; if; consciousness; pleasure; evolution; us, them; incompleteness; pianos unmanned/manned; anything, everything; anywhere, somewhere.

Enjoy my Being<sup>3a</sup>, my collage; my theatre; my clippings; my narrations, my mind-set, my footprint, my aphorisms; my style.

# **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

I would like to thank the following colleagues for their expert advice and assistance in developing the initial structures for my memoirs:

**Rod Ackermann** who provided detailed digital hands-on advice and instructions to enable me to fix the overall pagination. Without that expertise I could not have set about this project.

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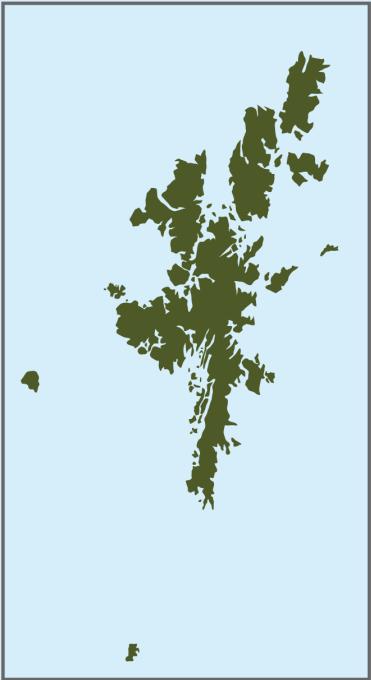
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# Part 1





Scotland and the beginning of  
my musical career

# CHAPTER ONE

## In The Beginning

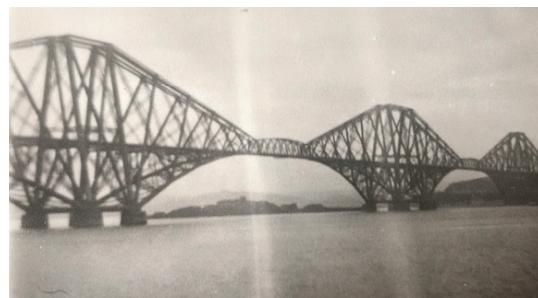
**"There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in"**

I was asked by the Editor of Stanford River Talk<sup>2</sup> if I could provide a broader church in my monthly writings about music and how my Living Soundtrack in today's context has relevance to our very musically talented village, Stanford, South Africa. Hence the birth of my musings which have now been re-shaped to form the structure of this book.



My first fleeting memory of a piano was standing in front of one and reaching out with my fingers and touching and pressing white and black shiny things (keys) which made sounds like music. What excitement! I couldn't have been much more than three at a neighbour's house. We lived with my Granny in a small village<sup>4</sup> not far from Edinburgh, where everybody knew everybody else, not too dissimilar to Stanford I suspect. Little did I know that I would have a contribution to make to another village thousands of miles away in Africa 70 odd years later, thanks to technology. I recall my Granny (superb lady, a hero and much loved locally) taking me to our back door one very dark night and hearing different loud sounds (1944?) - aircraft. I learned years later that it was German bombers attacking

the Forth Rail Bridge. In contrast my mother said I was in her arms as we watched the Germans attempting to bomb the Rail Bridge, Edinburgh, (in her arms, well maybe 1941)!! They failed. I can be seen celebrating with the bottle in the St Germains Terrace, Macmerry (Ch 5) - a new sensation!



At the end of World War 2, I had my second introduction to the black and white keys which is also lodged in my memory bank (it was an organ) and I was able to touch the ivories and press a pedal to make a shaky sound (1945).

More excitement. Many people in those days had a piano at home and there was always someone 'playing by ear'. It was the era of home entertainment. There was a piano at school and I witnessed how teachers, usually, could



*The cousins*

play the piano and it sounded good. I listened to the radio a lot during the late 40s and early 50s, and enjoyed the big bands; Ted Heath, the Scottish 9-finger jazz pianist Bill McGuffie, Stanley Black, Billy Cotton's Show Band, even the American big bands; Glen Miller, Tommy Dorsey and the lush chords of British George Shearing Quintet playing a jazz song "[I'll Remember April](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=flyJpqL82Y)" - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=flyJpqL82Y>.

By the age of 11, I was an avid listener to these musical giants and for me it was learning. I wanted a piano. Granny stepped in and bought my first iron-frame acoustic piano (very heavy) for UK£7 and paid for lessons (the word 'keyboard' awaited the 'electric age' of music, Ch9). I developed a love/hate relationship with the black and white ivories, all 88 of them. Why, because progress was slow. Scales, arpeggios, fingering, both hands, treble and bass clef, bars and measures, time signatures, notes, sitting properly, reading music, endless practice, rhythms, swing and harmony, pointless tunes. Ah, that was it. I wanted rhythm and harmony which I eventually learned involved playing certain black/white keys at the same time - chords.



By the time I reached high school, I wanted to be in a band so did Bill Haley, John Lennon and a myriad of other youngsters in the UK and USA – I had heard of jazz already. Record players and 78s were an essential commodity, not to mention the movies ('pictures' or 'fillums'), dance halls, concert parties, big bands, rock and roll, sheet music, experimenting with chords and appearances in youth clubs. I formed my first band at 15, The



Swinging Blue Jeans; saxophone, trumpet, drums, piano, where ever there was one, and not an electric guitar in my ensemble. I knew two or three chords about as many as Paul McCartney (Reading List). This was the start of my Living Soundtrack<sup>5</sup> and how it continued to affect my way of life. During one of our youth-club appearances, a smartly dressed evening-suited (have you spotted me?) local Scottish Country Dance Band Leader, Jim Johnstone, approached me, "Andrew, do you want to join a real band?" (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z3li-golkNE>) - see Ch 6. The answer was axiomatic but before I proceed, let me introduce you to one of my heroes Bill McGuffie and beware because my style involves weaving in and out of my threaded cameo sequences not always chronological. ∞

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z3li-golkNE> - see Ch 6. The answer was axiomatic but before I proceed, let me introduce you to one of my heroes Bill McGuffie and beware because my style involves weaving in and out of my threaded cameo sequences not always chronological. ∞

# CHAPTER TWO

## Nine Finger Jazz Pianist

### **"Softly, Softly"**

This is nostalgia time. McGuffie was one of my early heroes in the 50s when I was learning to play what I thought was jazz (I think I knew two more chords than Paul McCartney in those early times). I remember going to the old Empire Theatre in Edinburgh, Scotland, to hear Bill in concert (and the Four Aces). What a thrill. It always fascinated me when people with various infirmities often perform so successfully; Shearing (blind), Evelyn Glennie (stone deaf percussionist – she played at the 2012 London Olympics Opening), Art Tatum (partially blind jazz pianist) not forgetting many piano tuners who are often blind. Bill was born on 11 December 1927, in Carmyle, near Glasgow, Scotland, and died in 1987. He was a highly accomplished jazz pianist, composer and arranger in the UK from the 40s through to the 80s. Although the third finger of his right hand was amputated following a playtime accident as a child in a red phone booth, (the apocryphal story is little brother banged the door shut on Bill's finger - ouch!), McGuffie persevered with his music studies, and at the age of 11 was awarded the Victoria Medal for his piano proficiency by the Victoria College, Glasgow. A year later he made his first broadcast on Childrens' Hour, and at the age of 14 was playing regularly with the BBC Scottish Variety Orchestra. Early in 1944, he moved to London and played with Teddy Foster at the Lyceum, and then spent four years with Joe Loss (how many of my readers went to dances in days gone by and danced properly to big bands - I did?). He also led his own ensemble at the Mayfair Club, but really came to prominence during a three-year spell as a featured soloist with Cyril Stapleton's BBC Showband in the early 50s. This was when I happened on this fine jazz pianist listening intently to an old wireless and trying to remember the various jazzy styles so that I could copy later<sup>6</sup>.



[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_gmsmmjVLao](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_gmsmmjVLao).

When the band was taken off the air, McGuffie joined Kenny Baker's Dozen, and then, in the early 60s, played with the orchestra of Robert Farnon, who, together with composer Philip Green, was one of McGuffie's main influences, particularly in the area of film music. Widening his field into composing and arranging, he is said to have worked on over 50 movies, including *The Boys* (1961), *The Leatherboys* (1963), *The Asphyx* (1972) and *The Small Miracle* (1973). He also assisted Farnon on many projects,

such as Gentlemen Marry Brunettes (1955). McGuffie worked on many films including the final 'Road' film, Road to Hong Kong, in which Frank Sinatra joined the regular team of Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. In the early 70s he played with Benny Goodman's British Band and American Sextet on their European tours, but a stroke in 1974 laid him low for a while. When he recovered, McGuffie continued to work regularly until 1983, until the onset of cancer, from which he died four years later. During his wide-ranging career, he played jazz, both sweet and swinging show music and concertos for films. He recorded as a solo pianist, and fronted a variety of ensembles including the Bill McGuffie Big Band Trio, and Quintet. He broadcast regularly with his own show, and contributed to programmes such as Breakfast (And Bedtime) With Braden, Round The Horne, King Of The Keyboard, Piano Playtime and Week Ending. His compositions included 'Dear Dave', 'Up On the Hill', 'Gentle Gataa', 'It's Zoot Sims' and 'Sweet September', for which he won an Ivor Novello Award in 1963. In 1980, the British Academy of Composers Songwriters and Authors awarded him its Gold Badge of Merit. He was also a founder member of the Niner Club, so called because of his missing finger. The organization raises substantial sums of money for autistic children. During his wide-ranging career, he played jazz, both sweet ('softly, softly') and swinging. Bill was highly talented and successful and the piano was his instrument. Would it become mine? Let's go to the movies (or pictures) as it was described in my early youth. In those days, cinema goers queued for hours in all kinds of weather to get a seat before the movie started, to organise sweets and ice-cream. I, of course, jumped the queue.

During those initial minutes sitting in the posh seats, there was always great music to accompany the adverts and the cacophony from the 'cheap seats'. ∞

# CHAPTER THREE

## At the Movies

***"Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn"***

Weaving back and forth, and returning to my Living Soundtrack, to provide a richer context in relation to my love of rhythmic music, I believe it is important to report that my mother was a cinema usherette, with a torch, in the only local picture house and my father owned taxis after a time in USA. As soon as the war came to an end (yes WW2, I'm not that old!), mums and dads had to find work. I was lucky, since from the age of five I was enjoying films every night assuming you could see the silver screen through the nicotine smoke. Often it was twice over and B movies. "Three Stooges" – what an education; Loretta Young, June



Allyson, Dorothy Lamour, oh and there were some men, Al Jolson. Great men of music for me; The Glen Miller Story (1954), Benny Goodman Story (1956) and of course Rock Around the Clock (1956). The soundtrack for many iconic films such as Gone With the Wind (1939) and Casablanca (1942) were familiar to many kids my age and God Save The King to end the evening. Films such as The Best Years of our Lives (1946) can be watched today any Saturday in Hermanus.

At the same time in those early years before I got my hands fully on an acoustic piano, it was recognised by my aunt that I could sing while propped up on her

kitchen bunker – yes, I was in the church choir. When you live in a small village like Macmerry (the same is true of Stanford), before you know it, you are roped in to perform on stage

(for example the Stanford Players). My granny spotted my dubious talent and had me join a 'concert party' – that's what they were called – a group of village minstrels. It is important to state, key to my memories, that Granny Herriot played a significant role in the development of my early musical agenda (Ch 1). In our small Macmerry Community, particular attention is always paid to those who part from this living world. The local graveyard is visited regularly by mourners in reverence to the loss. Me and my close family



are no exceptions even if we now live far away. My cousin visited the graves of our dear departed family and sent this video.<sup>7</sup> Here is an old newspaper clip from 1948 - The East Lothian Courier (new name)<sup>7a</sup> (a bit like the Stanford River Talk) reporting on the local extemporaneous artistes who entertained publicly, believe it or not at a local Men's Guild! My appellation of 'master' is truly dated and fascinating.

One of my school contemporaries at the time was heard declaring about my dolcissimo performance (pre-piano) "if I hear 'For Ever and Ever' again, I shall faint!" - drone on. The song was originally recorded by Dame Gracie Fields in 1948. (Gracie was a goddess and lived latterly in the Isle of Capri and I visited her grave in 2008 – another story related to my musical Italian background - Ch 66). I was bang up to date with my songs. Top Twenty stuff (Pirate Station Radio Luxembourg). In fact a similar unkind quip was also heard recently by a very unworthy Stanfordian in relation to my Jazzfordian colleagues' swing jazz numbers: "I hope I don't hear that one yet again! UGH" referring to an uptempo jazz number. Sentiments such as those are inevitable and to be expected but not greeted joyously.

My rebuttal is quite simple, even the top artistes repeat D.C. al Fine – how often have you heard Barbra S (Ch24) repeating many of her legendary hits such as 'Woman In Love'?

At a very early age then I was on stage and singing 'like a lark' with an unbroken soprano voice, repeating the hit songs of the day (Cara Mia Mine), whether other naughty boys liked it or not. Locals comment "Why don't you sing today". "Ah, my voice broke", I weakly respond. The Jazzfordian soundtrack will continue to be heard many times over because that is what we do for our followers in Stanford. In Chapter 5, alighting our fast-forward time machine, you will read about the adventures of a sixteen year-old country lad playing in a 'real band' and getting to grips with rhythmic 'vamping' but dreaming of jazz. However as is my wont as the author, and threading in my special aspects of sound, let me introduce you to another of my heroes, George Shearing. Ted Gioia (The Jazz Standards, 2012) said of Shearing and those such as Peggy Lee, Ella "did much to establish the composition in jazz circles".∞

**SAMUELSTON**

MEN'S GUILD — Under the auspices of the Men's Guild of the Parish Church, a concert was held in the Church Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The Rev. W. R. Wiseman, B.D., presided and introduced Mr William Wilkie and his concerto party. An enjoyable programme, varied in nature and creditable in performance, was submitted, the artistes doing justice to their respective parts. Mr Wilkie was a host in himself, his humorous items and cowboy impersonations proving his merit. Miss Amy Murray and Mr John Smith were acceptable soloists, as was Master Andrew Heriot. The Highland dances of the Misses Fay Morgan and Margaret Dawson were capably executed and heartily received. Mr David Taylor was an efficient accompanist. The whole programme reflected credit on all concerned, and encores were frequent. At the close a cordial vote of thanks was awarded on the call of the chairman, after which all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne."



# CHAPTER FOUR

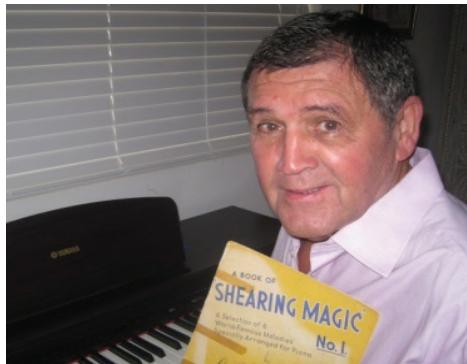
## Lush Chords

**"Can anybody be given creativity? 'No. Only equipment to develop it if it's in them in the first place.'** – so says the poor kid from Battersea"

Shearing was my hero. Information about this great jazz pianist can be found on the internet. I want to personally acknowledge Sir George in this Chapter because of what he did for me and thousands more who aspired to play jazz.

He was an icon and self-educated jazz pianist. He was born blind in Battersea, London, and guess what, he Played By Ear. As a young dreamer, sitting at my second hand wooden frame piano in the years after the war, thanks to Granny Herriot (Ch1), I was totally dumbfounded to read from Shearing's first sheet music album (UK price 3/6d - 17½p - I still have it in my collection) that he was born with this handicap. I bought his sheet music in Bandparts, Leith Walk, Edinburgh. As I struggled with A# minor double octave scales (yes, I was under tuition by dear old Mrs Watson in Macmerry), I could hardly contain myself to try out his unique jazz arrangements, such as 'I'm In The Mood For Love' (McHugh and Fields, 1935) and its lavish big chords. Since that day in 1952, aching to play big jazz chords, I have followed his amazing career on both sides of the Atlantic and tried to emulate him whenever I am asked to perform in public. My hero made a guest appearance in the film Jazz on a Summer's Day (Ch6). Remember, George's formative years were spent during The Roaring 20s and The Jazz Age 30s. What an era to be forming one's lifetime all - encompassing ambition to be a jazz musician. Imagine being transported (Midnight in Paris, Woody Allen) and walking into a club where Thelonius Monk is pounding out 'Round 'bout Midnight' or catching a glimpse of Cole Porter playing and singing 'Night and Day' or indeed Art Tatum, nearly blind, improvising 'Tea for Two' by ear (see Chapter 66). That was the scenario for an aspiring jazz pianist such as Shearing especially when he decided to shoot off to America in 1947. They were all there including the legendary Oscar Peterson and many more. Sir George (knighted 2007 at Buckingham Palace) developed his idiosyncratic "Shearing Sound" during the 50s and 60s. 'Girl From Ipanema', 'Satin Doll', 'Lullaby of Birdland' (1952, 1987, 2005, his Autobiography), 'Perfidia' with his Quintet all have to be savoured. In 1970, he began to "phase out his by-now-predictable quintet" and disbanded the group in 1978. One of his more notable albums during this period was The Reunion, with George Shearing (Verve 1976), made in collaboration with bassist Andy Simpkins





and drummer Rusty Jones, and featuring Stéphane Grappelli, the musician with whom he had debuted as a sideman decades before. Later, Shearing played in a trio, as a soloist, and increasingly in a duo. Among his collaborations were sets with the Montgomery Brothers, Marian McPartland, Brian Q. Torff, Jim Hall, Hank Jones, and Kenny Davern. In 1979, Shearing signed with Concord Records,

and recorded for the label with Mel Tormé. This collaboration garnered Shearing and Tormé two Grammys, one in 1983 and another in 1984. I salute Sir George because he inspired me to pursue my keyboard passion which led me to dedicate my CD<sup>8</sup> to the Master. Sir George died in 2011 in New York. His legacy to jazz above all was his unique sound, sometimes discordant, but always immeasurable and colossal.

As promised and since this is my book we now revert back in time to my experiences and ambitions as a band member and playing "in a real band". Ref back to Ch 1 and my early days being approached by a 'real band leader' Jim Johnstone. ∞



# CHAPTER FIVE

## The North Wind Doth Blow

### **"Here's looking at you, kid"**

Playing in a 'real' band, did involve fundamental adaptations, pianistically, for me. I had to learn to vamp similar to "Fats" Waller's Stride (the ability to play left-hand musical chords [vertical] in harmony with the lead melody [horizontal]).

My previous training with a dear elderly lady (Mrs W-Ch4) in my Scottish village was classical and traditional. The band leader (centre front, RIP, Jim<sup>9</sup>) was a seasoned musician and, within a short period, I (back left in case you are wondering!) knew exactly what to do to support the whole band's clipped, angular Scottish sound – 30/- per gig was good pocket money in those days allowing me to pursue myriad hobbies such as photography, playing and supporting football, boy scouting and singing at camp fires, athletics (see picture), biking, ancestry, music study, gigging, reading the classics, learning about Robert Burns and Scottish culture, later in life joining Rotary and the like, thinking, always thinking what, how, where, when, never why and dating (obligatory) of course (in Scotland it was referred to as 'wenching' where the 'e' is pronounced as an 'i'). The doors were now open for me to develop my first love and hobby in music – play jazz (more on that in later Chapters). Those experiences were initiated some sixty years ago and surprise, surprise I am still at it – freedom with tempos, melodies, rhythms and harmonies. However, a pianist in a Scottish Country Dance Band required strict discipline when Scottish reels, jigs and strathspeys were being rendered (think 'square dancing'). There were sometimes five other musicians in the line-up: two accordions, fiddle, string double bass and drums. Woe betides anyone who missed a beat or had not heeded the total number of measures (bars) within a complete dance routine. A most memorable and distressing event,



requiring careful planning by the band leader, occurred in the posh Assembly Rooms (George Street, Edinburgh) of the Scottish capital city. Horror of horrors we the band finished a very special, high octane reel with a resolute flourish eight bars too short of the climax of the dance!! The fickle dancers,

completely perplexed, walked off quite dismayed and no applause. A fixed glare from Jim was sufficient warning and a plea to the assembly for us to play the missing eight bars was met by an equally disgruntled and a reciprocal proportionate glare from all attendants – an unforgiving moment. In today's context, I usually smile comfortingly if a Jazzfordian misses a beat or two which more often than not are easily re-captured by swift tempo adjustments! Proper Scottish Country Dancing is based on

dance patterns usually involving six to eight men and women dancers dressed in the best Highland finery (think the famous White Heather Club). The Highland Ball is a formal affair and often took place in elegant dance halls (even castles) for up to two



hundred well-to-do passionate highland dancers (snooty toff lot!) or indeed in open spaces if the weather was clement (OK I hear what you are saying about Scottish weather). On one occasion in the open spaces of Prince's Street Gardens<sup>10</sup>, dominated by the Castle, in Edinburgh (summer?), I learned a salutary lesson about the weather! A gust of north wind in the best Scottish style blasted across the stage while playing (see photo), where we presided over a gathering of kilted gentlemen and tartan-skirted ladies, causing my music sheets to scatter and fly ignominiously across the bows of the front line-up of musicians. There were the requisite glares, masked with raw intentions followed by some new words that one does not normally associate with the sophistication and gentility of such a gathering. Sorry! Even today, in Stanford, clothes pegs are essential for open air gigs (think Friday Market, Street Festival or Carol Singing) to ensure that music sheets do not become airborne. It is a lesson I truly learned and it still stands me in good stead today. None more so than a great movie - "Jazz On A Summer's Day" - a document of its time (1958, Newport Jazz Festival), hailed as one of the finest live concert films. A must for anyone who loves jazz, who loves listening to jazz and who loves watching and hearing jazz professionals at work. "It's a bomb" according to Satchmo. One reviewer wrote "As generous a dish of top jazz as any 'cat' could take in one gulp". That says it all. Let's now meet the 'hippiest' of them all - The Jezzabel. ∞

# CHAPTER SIX

# Jazz on a Summer's Day

**"The Jezebel of Jazz".** The price of being a hip swinging chick was too great.

How many people can remember July 1958 (pre-Beatles, McCartney: Reading List) when jazz emerged for a wider audience of enthusiasts in America and then it was quickly exported across the world.

The Newport Jazz Festival on Rhode Island provided an opportunity for a host of up and coming jazz musicians such as Louis Armstrong, George Shearing and Anita O'Day (inset), singing Sweet Georgia Brown, to experiment before a massed gathering of fans over a period of four days.

This book focuses on my jazz genre and how best to source enjoyment for this style of music as it has developed from the early New Orleans days at the beginning of the 20th Century. The Afro-American<sup>11</sup> jazz musicians were the true exponents of this form of melody and counter melody making. They mostly ‘played by ear’ and it was this giftedness that set the basis for a great idiosyncratic genre that for the past 100+ years has developed from ragtime, to blues, to big band swing, to individualistic innovation.

What is it about jazz that causes the listener to tap one's foot in rhythm, to feel syncopated excitement and to listen with intensity? Why is it that the songs of the great masters such as Porter and Gershwin continue to be sung and played, nearly a century after they were written, by modern artists such as Michael Bublé and Natalie Cole? It is because the genre has endless possibilities for interpretation.

In 1960, Jazz on a Summer's Day was released to document the Jazz Festival. Go to You Tube and enjoy the film. It left a lasting impression on one teenager who more than anything wished to be a jazz pianist. I need proper tuition. How does one do this living in a tiny village on the outskirts of Edinburgh not really noted for its portrayal of jazz and its music. ∞



# CHAPTER SEVEN

## The Era of Wishful Extemporisations

**"You talking to me?"** - Taxi Driver (Robert DiNero)

My dream of becoming an acceptable jazz pianist wasn't developing! My jazz mentor, Dickie Donaldson, went off to Spain on a gig and unfortunately drowned in the hotel pool – he was a haemophiliac.

My next mentor turned out to be an assertive deviant (poofter) - sacked. Almost six decades later I still recall the memory of my late jazz music mentor, RIP (from that time to this day, 210 of my musical genius heroes, listed in my book "A Chronological E-Guide to Jazz", have also passed on - Tony Bennet, don't you dare!). In the late 50s I entered The Heriot-Watt University (where else!) in Edinburgh to study mathematics. In some lofty universities I believe one 'reads' mathematics. My gigs around Scotland during my 'reading' did bring in a bob or two<sup>12</sup> but it was expensive being a student: McEwan's Ale cost 2/1d for a pint and jazz clubs or the Edinburgh Fringe weren't cheap, not forgetting the nightly testosterone pursuits, 7 Denier, and of course maintaining good grades. Also, I was an unpaid taxi driver for my father's wedding vehicles – all Humber Limousines (very useful for my after-hours divertissements). But something drastic, a re-think, was required. I offered to accompany vocalists in some of the local working-men's clubs, playing for 'go-as-you-please singers', which was a high-risk soundtrack. Inevitably there was always someone (true, I promise) who would approach the piano, swaying unavoidably demanding "Can ye no play so-and-so ???". More often than not it was a typical pub song with a doubtful time signature such as the dubiously popular and unsophisticated melody "I Belong Tae Glesga" – tenuto at its worst - Ugh! Assuring the vocalist that I would be able to extemporise, s/he would launch into a fusion of hideous dissonance and garbled melancholy of a raucous nature as I feebly struggled to find the key before segueing. One particular vacillating singer struck the pause button, "Hey, you, jist play in yer ain key and I'll sing in mine and Lang May Yer Lum Reek<sup>12a</sup>!" So I entered a new and unknown era of extemporal accompaniments for unemployed (on the dole) vocalists who frequented Working Men's Institutes. For those agonising nights I would usually earn thirty bob (£1½) plus the odd



free beverage; "Wid ye no like a wee dram, son?" was the lingua franca for most of those inharmonious forgettable evensongs. However, all was not lost regarding my far from whimsical 'dream'. House parties were very common amongst the student fraternity and often there was a piano 'unmanned'! (Remember the scene in the movie De-Lovely). Student frolics were opportunities for me to experiment with the riffs that Dickie had shared with me.

Even to this day when I play the 1928 song "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" (JazzFordian Janet sang it on 12th December 2015 for Sinatra's 100th at my place), I weave extemporisations and inflections, quite predictably, into my rendering. Lamentably I made little progress on the jazz front. My student years were listening and experiential years (the age of Bebop and Improvisation), heeding jazz heroes like; Shearing, Peterson and the big bands, Gillespie, Ellington and the vocalists, Sinatra, Fitzgerald. Remember, I 'read' mathematics and my aim had been augmented towards qualifying as a maths teacher so I got that right. That was a 'proper' profession compared to being a musician according to elderly endearing wise counsel - Granny H. What is it they say about mathematics and music? Counting, rhythm, intervals, patterns, symbols, harmonics, time signatures, inflections to mention a few linking ideas. My current soundtrack was far from 12 bar, not even 32 bar, it was symphonic, thus endeth the crescendo of one of my many Musical Movements of my soundtrack. I learned a new word during those late 50's/early 60's years – 'musicologist' having a scholarly interest in the history of music. What better way to recognise the First Lady of Jazz, shown here with Sinatra and the Count.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_PMB-wgHM4Y](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_PMB-wgHM4Y)

The Count makes it sound so easy and what a 'honey' the First Lady is. Goodness knows you are my 'honeysuckle Rose'. SCAT at its very best. Sweet goodness you are my sugar finishing on a 9th and a giggle. Pure magic. ∞



# CHAPTER EIGHT

## First Lady of Song

**"Forgive me if I don't have the words...maybe I can sing it and you'll understand"**

Those of you who listened to Anita O'Day's version of Sweet Georgia Brown from Jazz On A Summer's Day would have heard an example of Scat Singing. Jazz lovers enjoy what is often referred to as nonsense syllables, an integral part of the song. It is a jazz singer's way of improvising a melody just as jazz musicians do when they take off with a riff and counter melody. One of the very best exponents of scat singing was the legendary Ella Fitzgerald, the First Lady of Song.

An excellent version of Ella, when she swings into scat at high tempo, is "How High the Moon" (Lewis and Hamilton, 1940). She first of all switches to new words and then provides a memorable interpretation of the song in her own inimitable scat<sup>13</sup>. Try, as one might, to understand 'oo-be-oo-dadum-dee-doo-wah' and so on is impossible because it is nonsense but it is enormously engaging and in a powerful way it insinuates that you listen to the end perhaps anticipating a revelation. With all scat singers (Mel Tormé and Sarah Vaughan to mention two) they try to imitate the sounds of the band that is accompanying them while at the same time introducing other melodies layered on top of the original tune. Listen carefully to How High the Moon and you might hear 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes'. Maybe even 'A Tisket A Tasket'.

Please watch and listen to Ella's pulsating stellar performance of How High The Moon (1966) filmed in Stockholm, including her scat version of a 'growling' trumpet, to a wildly appreciative Swedish audience and hear her break into 'It's been a Hard Day's Night' and 'Sweat Gets In My Eyes' at the end of three minutes of pure Scat. Note the handkerchief to deal with sweat just like Louis Armstrong.

Ella in Stockholm with maestro Duke Ellington

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?NR=1&v=Y\\_J-siDsG-o](http://www.youtube.com/watch?NR=1&v=Y_J-siDsG-o)

I promise that you will irresistibly watch and listen to the end. I did dozens of times while anticipating the electronic age, the Hammond Organ the electric guitar and of course the Clavioline. ∞



# CHAPTER NINE

## The All Electric Keyboard Era

**"E.T. phone home"**

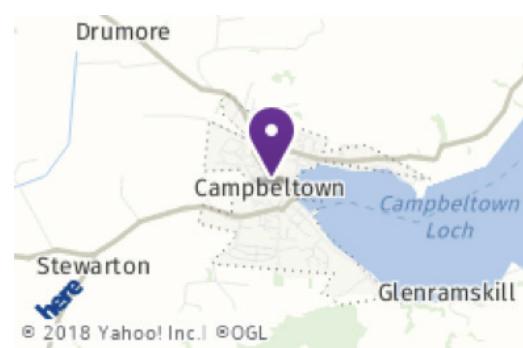


In the 50s I was one of a growing number of local musos back in my Scottish days, to embrace the electric age (circa 1955/56, Bill Haley was rocking around the clock in the USA and semolina pudding – UGH!). I borrowed one hundred quid from an aunt and purchased a Clavioline. This 36 keyboard fitted underneath the upper octaves of the acoustic piano to allow me to play dulcet tones (questionable?) with my right hand and vamping chords with my left hand. I arranged all the pop tunes for our band (Ch 1) which I still do for the Jazzfordians for my all-electric Roland RD 700 GX88 keyboard.

Early experiences

came to pass on occasions when the band played at small-time dances (working rural class lot – typical prattle, "are ye dancin'?" – "naw that's how a' walk"!) in nearby East of Scotland villages. Regularly the electricity would, without warning, be cut and the dance hall would plunge into total darkness but like my most venerated visually challenged hero and piano jazz musician, Sir George Shearing, we steadfastly blindly played on. This was the Scottish version of Eskom – little or no load shedding warning, total darkness! Another distinctly unnerving experience occurred when we occasionally arrived at a poorly-maintained church hall only to discover that the time-worn piano was also badly out of tune. The other five band guys refused to modulate to a different key, hence I quickly had to learn a new skill (failure was unacceptable) – transposition. For a number of years, I earned about two UK pounds (£2), at weekends, allowing me to repay my aunt.

My stipend gave me sufficient pocket money to hire a jazz musician who taught me basic jazz harmonies (Ch7). My dreams were becoming a reality; they still are!! This period of gigging extended throughout Scotland playing in dancehalls. It usually meant journeying for long hours in a tightly packed van to reach a destination hidden in some far off Scottish glen – sporadically, during our travels, we would meet by chance the finest ever Scottish accordionist,



Sir Jimmy Shand<sup>14</sup>. The furthest I travel these days is Greyton, W Cape. What a pleasure. On one occasion my band leader called me while I was in another part of Scotland, Burns country, (circa 1960 – Silver Beetles toured Scotland including Stuart Sutcliffe), to inform me that our band was playing in Campbeltown (Glengyle whisky) that weekend, situated in the far west of Scotland, nearly as far as Belfast, I vouch. I agreed to meet the band in Glasgow. Fine.

After an exhausting gig we eventually returned to Glasgow to pick up my car in Sauchie Hall Street near a Police Station - I could be anywhere, but somewhere (all four wheels were intact!). Equally fine. I waved the band off. I stood by my old 1948 Wyvern and fumbled my pockets. No keys! Loud profanities! I Hailed a taxi. I instructed the taxi driver to speed to the A8 and catch my band leader's van to retrieve my car keys. Bad. This was the oldest taxi in Scotland and chugged along at minus 30mph. More profanities. Back to my car. Pause and approach a Glaswegian. Explain. "Nae bother, son" he shuffled - the Scots use the diminutive a great deal. Amazingly like all law-abiding Glaswegians he had a length of wire handy. Window opened, car started the abnormal way. "Ta, Jimmy" (Scots respond to that titular name). I haplessly explained I didn't have any cash (spent it on the friggin' taxi). "That's aw right, lad". Who said the Scots were a wee bit tight, apocryphal or no? I feel sure that one of my great heroes of music George Gershwin never had problems with transport, pianos, maybe! ∞

# CHAPTER TEN

## The Dean of American Music

**"Life is a lot like jazz...it's best when you improvise"**

When I first read about George Gershwin and the account of how a piano was winched to the 2nd floor flat of his Russian-Jewish immigrant parents living in the East Side of New York for an 11 year old boy, I immediately thought of my own experiences with pianos; hoisting a very heavy iron-frame piano to the top floor of an Edinburgh flat (Ch11); transporting another of my many pianos across a small town, Kelso, in the south of Scotland on a two-wheel barrow (not quite Laurel & Hardy); checking out a purchase in Abu Dhabi in my villa; shipping a piano from Brisbane to Honiara and manoeuvring a piano in a box to my villa in the boot of my car in Doha, Qatar, which I then had to assemble. George Gershwin became prodigiously famous and here I am in Stanford with four pianos.



George, often with his older brother Ira as the librettist, wrote many of the most legendary songs during the Tin Pan Alley (TPA) era. Swanee was George's first really big hit at seventeen years. A good few of us can remember that engaging, syncopating song from our childhood, well if you are of an age to remember that far back! All the great crooners benefited from Gershwin; Al Jolson (yes, Swanee), Harry Belafonte (Bess, You is My Woman and other delicious grammatical inexactitudes), Judy Garland (The Man I Love), Rosemary Clooney ('S Wonderful), Billie Holiday (Summertime), Ella Fitzgerald (I Got Rhythm), Sinatra (Embraceable You), Bublé (Foggy Day in London Town). Many more of these fantastic Gershwin jazz classics will live with us for all-time as his legacy (Ch4).



Without the iconic genius of writers like Gershwin and indeed Berlin, a considerable number of those highly acclaimed melody makers might not have enjoyed as much fame and fortune as they all clearly have done, by recording the TPA songs composed by The Dean, an appellation, by the way, given to him by his contemporaneous musicians. It cannot be over emphasised enough that

Gershwin's compositions spanned both the popular and classical genres. On the orchestral side his three magnificent compositions include Porgy and Bess (1935), Rhapsody in Blue (1924) and An American in Paris (1928). Who can ignore "I Loves You Porgy" in the Opera where we hear George's use of atonality (nuanced non-conformity of improvisations) by which some quite unusual jazz musicians, such as Thelonius Monk, are characterised. Who knew that the 1928 Gershwin symphonic tone poem An American in Paris inspired the Gene Kelly film in 1951? The screenplay was written by Alan Jay Lerner (My Fair Lady) where in the film Caron and Kelly are spotlighted singing "Our Love is Here to Stay". This song was heard to my delight years later in Forget Paris (1995, Billy Crystal and Debra Winger) with melodic snatches from Nat King Cole – the romance was palpable. Who can forget the musical opening of the 1984<sup>15</sup> Los Angeles Olympic Games with the upward clarinet glissando leading into the 84 Kimball Grand Pianos playing "Rhapsody in Blue"? I was in Lesotho and enraptured by the spectacle. Where were you? I was in Stanford practising "Rhapsody in Blue".



George Gershwin's untimely death as a result of a brain tumour in 1937 deprived us of one of the greatest creative musical talents of our modern times. He is quoted, "Life is a lot like jazz...it is best when you improvise".

And am I about to jazz up my life....! Practise, and more practise. I preach that chorus to all my young students. Scales, arpeggios, chromatics. Just do it. The maxim is "enjoy", "set goals", "revise, repeat, be not afraid of mistakes" and most importantly, "be self-critical and never be satisfied". Proficiency does not happen over-night. Abide by them.

Please let me be able to perform rhapsodically in blue to my Stanfordians.∞

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## Another String to My Bow

**"Play it, Sam. Play 'As Time Goes By'."**

As those of us of a certain age entered the swinging sixties, we were led to believe that the era was sexy. Did I miss something? My soundtrack and next parable, now into its 2nd Movement, became less and less audible. Marriage, staccato pitter-patter, my first job in a posh Edinburgh school, George Watson's<sup>16</sup>, a rented flat (see inset) three up in Mardale Crescent (hauling a large iron-framed piano up three flights is no joke – refer to my Chapter 10 on the Gershwin's winching their piano in the East Side of New York to the second floor and their fame even to this day, But Not For Me!). The Headmaster of the Merchant Company School in Corstorphine Road, Edinburgh, interviewed me on the same day I graduated as a fully qualified maths teacher and asked "If you accept my offer to teach maths and take a lead in developing the new philosophies of mathematics (1965) to members of the department, will you take a rugby team?!" What! No mention of my interests in music?



I found myself each Saturday following the 14ths rugby fifteen and not a crochet or grace note anywhere or somewhere in my orchestral score. Imagine a 'working-class lad' in such an environment. Smart well-to-do pupils from wealthy backgrounds and a teacher referred to as a master who wore a gown. Luckily, I had earned an honours degree in mathematics from the Heriot-Watt University which provided much respect from other masters and boys. My knowledge and skills in the area of higher mathematics was on call regularly from concerned parents who could afford my after-hours tuition fee UKP1 - no complaints from a young family with a child and the wide world ahead. I also did some teaching in the Napier College nearby - more cash for the deposit on a 1st house - UKP2,000 (changed days now!!). Little did I know that two decades later baby Gordon would graduate in Hotel Management from the Napier University and my two daughters would attend Watson's. At the same time, I continued to earn weekend money playing vamping chords in the Scottish Dance Band. This I did for a couple of years until I secured a promotion as one of the youngest in Scotland to become a Head of Department in Kelso High School (I was 26, 1966 - Ch10). I didn't know it then but another string to my bow was about to fast forward. Once installed in my new surroundings, I became close

friends with the Head of Music (also very young). He drew me aside one day and said "Andrew, would you like to learn how to play a double bass arco— none of your electric stuff. I am building up a group of musicians to form an orchestra". Yes, (sotto voce and déjà vu – would you like to join a real band?), you've guessed right! For the next three years I played double bass in shows and concerts. I exchanged my small Morris Minor (Mardale Crescent, Edinburgh) for a large Morris Oxford so that I could transport my double bass everywhere. I was dedicated to developing mathematics as a subject and totally enchanted by the 2nd string to my bow. During my sojourn in Kelso I played in the Kelso Amateur Operatic Society's orchestra in shows such as Oliver, My Fair Lady and Brigadoon. I also played in a quintet and performed with my fellow musicians Schubert's Trout. It was also my privilege to play the Mozart Overture Così Fan Tutti. So much for my dream to be an acceptable jazz pianist. However, those years in Kelso were hugely memorable particularly the magnificent forays to the Edinburgh International Music Festival as a listener, but it was time to move on. I successfully applied for a lectureship in the new College of Education in Hamilton, Scotland, as a member of a team of teacher educators (1968). I also brought with me my new-found skills as a double bassist and what did I find on arrival? There was another mathematician whose keyboard skills in jazz were superior to mine hence I persuaded the college authorities to purchase a double bass for their music department. This wasn't the kind of soundtrack that I had envisaged for myself. For another three years I quietly played my double bass as part of my lengthy Cadenza and enjoyed jazzing it up with a bunch of students. My fifteen minutes of fame continued to elude me. Africa here I come and hopefully a joyous resolution to another Musical Movement but before I do that let me introduce a highly professional and accomplished South African jazz bassist fast forwarding a few decades, chiming with the string bow theme, one of the few musicians that I had the pleasure to meet, quite recently. A different class. ∞

# CHAPTER TWELVE

## Oscillations on a Double Bass

***"I get to make a living from playing music."***

For those interested in jazz especially South African avant-garde Jazz<sup>17</sup> this CD deserves a listen. Why? Because it is different. Here, jazz is redefined with structure in the ensemble and a "game-plan" where the improvisations can still be free and to some extent recognised. It is "modern art" expressed in music. The leader of the pack is a young rising star in the field of South African jazz, bassist Shane Cooper. One writer has said "Cooper creates music that's powerful but not over-bearing and complex, yet accessible". Of course, it is "accessible" if you take time to listen just as you would spend time in an art gallery and peruse a painting which on initial viewing does not offer any explanations. Cooper has crafted what at first listening might seem like a 'hodgepodge' of abstractions in this CD, however he has produced an essay in music not so very different from a Picasso or an Andy Warhol pop art. The difference is in the ear not the eye.

The other very clear difference is that Cooper has assembled a group of idiosyncratic musicians all of whom play a brilliant role. Some other rising stars have joined the party; Bokani Dyer (piano), Reza Khota (guitar), Kesivan Naidoo (drums), Buddy Wells and Justin Bellairs, both on saxophones. The tracks include "Oriah", "Destination Unknown", "Dropdown/Deconstruct" and "Shadow Play" to mention four of the titles. You won't find a tune anywhere in the traditional sense but mark my words, Shane is an influencer. You will hear rich tones, chromatic, meaningful meanderings, a fiery energy, strong arpeggiated chords, yes, a sense of melody, different noises from a Double Bass (is that the right word?) all woven masterfully into a finished product, produced by Cooper's big hero Carlo Mombelli ("Abstraction-It's for You").

This may not be everyone's cup of tea at the end of a tough day at the office, but it is worthy of your quiet attentiveness on those occasions when you are in a reflective mood and willing to experience a new surrounding of sounds. You will amaze yourself how the tracks individually begin to make sense. This style of jazz originated way back in the 60s with artistes such as John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. Go on give it a try.

<https://itunes.apple.com/za/album/oscillations/id687857473>



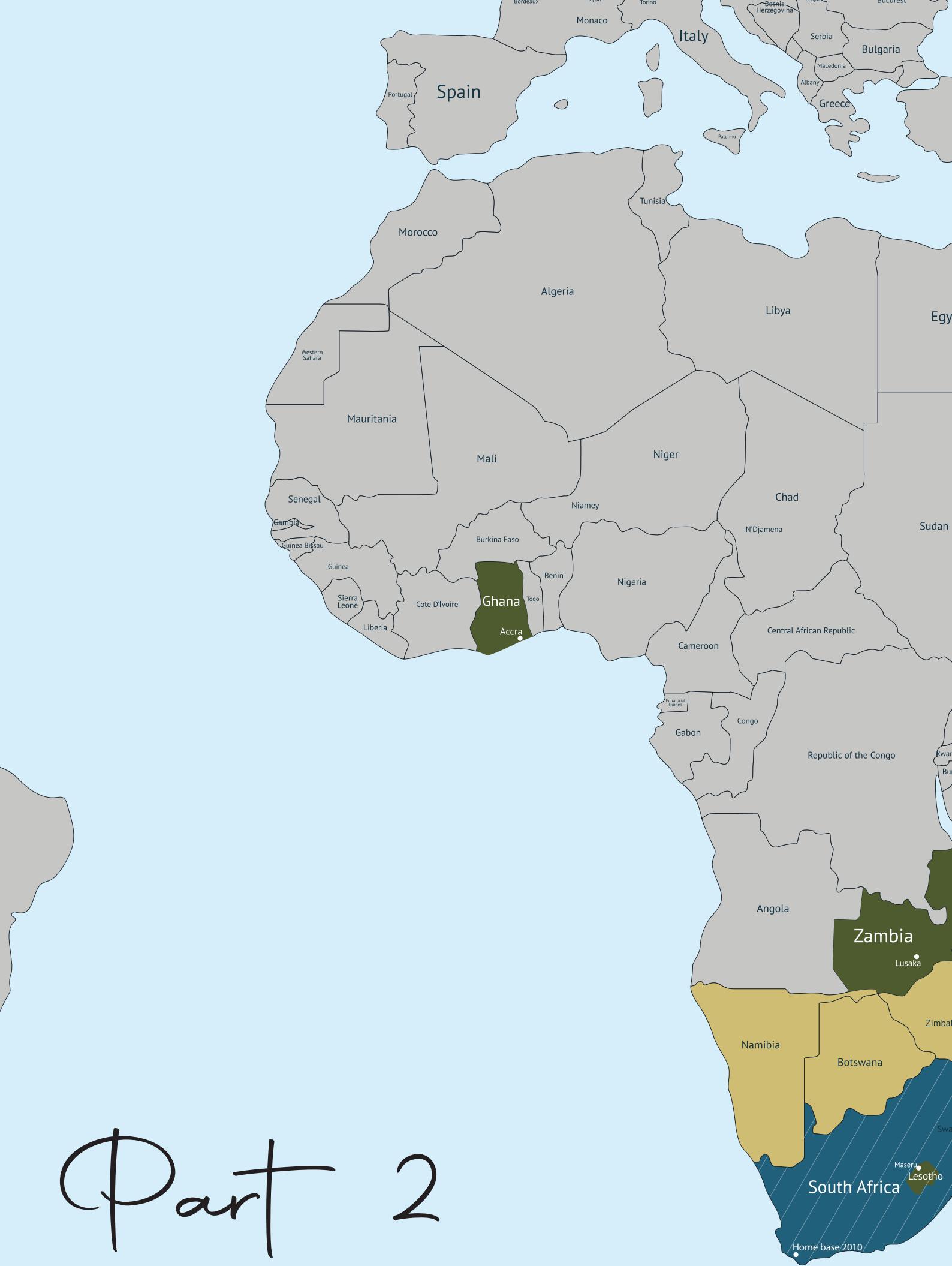
Shane appeared in the Hermanus Auditorium with two other up and coming young South African jazz musicians, Kyle Shepherd (piano) and Jonno Sweetman (drums). Kyle is noted for his original and innovative compositions and quite frenzied attack on the piano (Sweet Zim Suite).

These guys play all over the world and being true professionals they attract

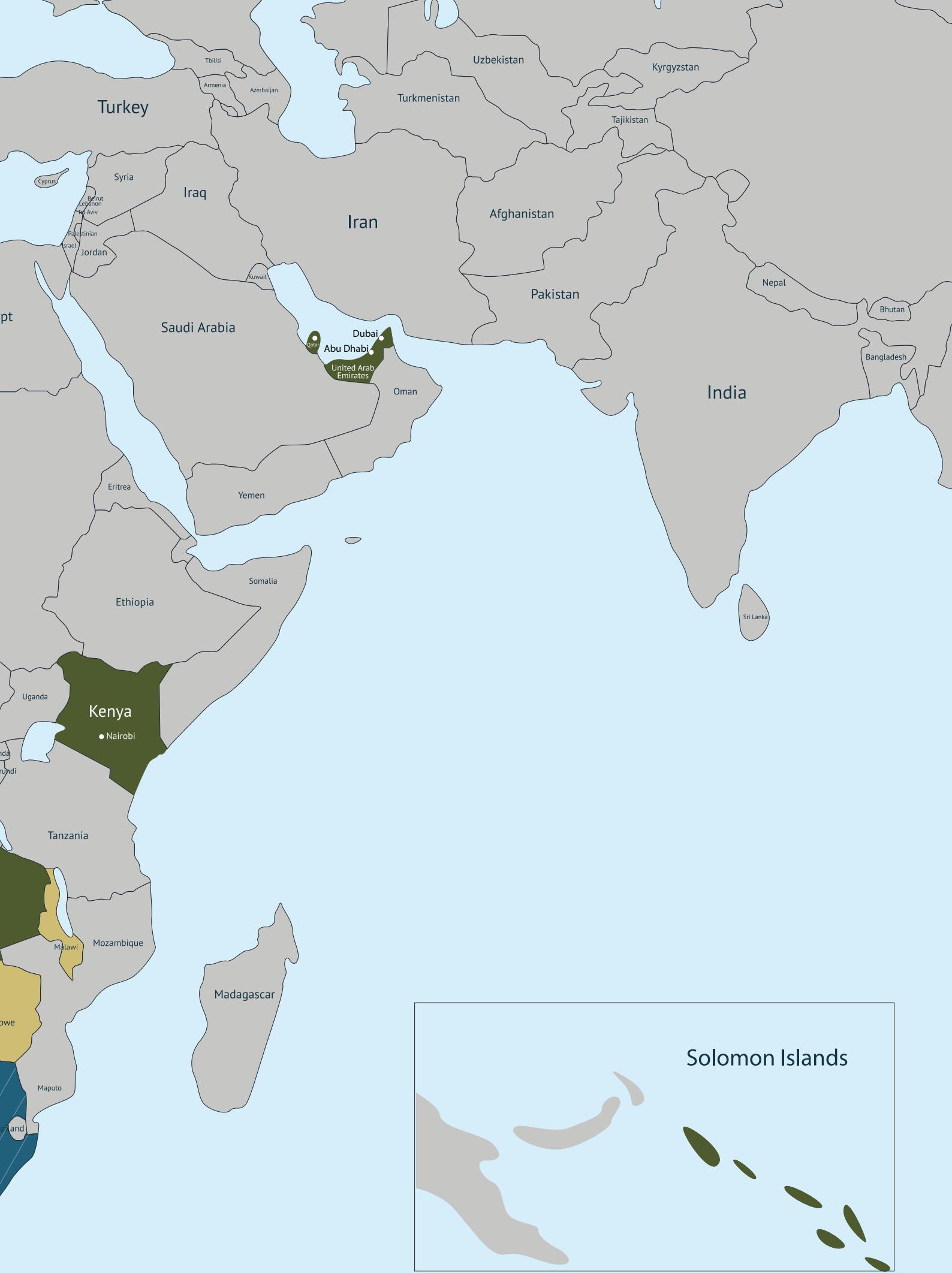
the kind of attention that early jazz musicians enjoyed in the days of New Orleans and other mid-West cities.

Another big chapter in my Living Soundtrack is about to begin..∞





Part 2



Solomon Islands

# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## A Rush to the Gold Coast<sup>18</sup> and Daily Anti-Malaria Prophylactics, 1972

**"My Mama always said life was like a box of chocolates. You never know what you're gonna get." - Forrest Gump"**

No sooner had we arrived in Kotoka Airport, Accra, capital of Ghana, than I was accosted with the fascinating rhythm 'High Life':

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s5zycFeyqBE>

This national music was hardly part of my 2nd slow adagio Movement but this was Africa and it was very humid sometimes resulting in an unavoidable sluggishness in demeanour. These lively sounds however were part of my living soundtrack while I wrestled with the preparations of Ghanaian teachers



of mathematics at the old Nkrumah<sup>19</sup> Ideological Institute, which had been transformed into the dust-free Advanced Teacher Training College (ATTC), and which would soon become a fully-credentialed university. My good friend, educational psychologist Welshman Brian, whom I met for the first time at the airport, greeted us and drove the family fifty miles along the Atlantic coast to a small fishing village, Winneba, to our campus home plus family and more High Life sounds booming from the cramped, 24/7 Star Beer bars. The sound was endemic and engaging across the so-called White Man's Grave (it was 1972) and so was malaria and yellow fever hence the daily pill chloroquine (Gin and Tonic was a good substitute!). I asked Brian "How did you get through security at Kotoka". "Easy!" he said in his strong Welsh valley singing accent, "I showed them my library ticket!" This was West Africa in all its blemishes, naiveté, glory and colourful people who habitually listened to High Life. But no piano! Ere wait, the British Government in all its 1972 Foreign Policy wisdom advised expat



The Herriots in Ghana

"experts?" to purchase a German Grundig Yacht Boy 206 FM/MW/LW/SW1-12 world radio receiver (ref Ch 20) especially if they were assigned to far-off remote Colonies, in order to keep abreast with British News and its important cultural preoccupations in life such as music and literature, not least home politics. It was the best buy I ever made. I still have my Grundig today 43 years later and it

works perfectly. I can tune into Jazzfordian Janet Marshall on Whale Coast 96FM instantly. My 6 year old daughter, Mandy, then, and to this day, still remembers amusingly how I held my Grundig to my ear to listen to the sounds of the BBC World service indents;

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B4BZrSj2VU4>.

Those were iconic memories. I also resorted to purchasing the very best sound LP Turntable Player, Bang and Olufsen and anyone with a jazz interest would want to listen to Castles in Ghana:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HqYdD7ET--w>. by clarinetist John Carter's depiction of the history of African Americans which deals with the capture of many Africans for shipment as slaves to the New World. I have one tale, though, that could be linked to my sound track. I was driving the 50 miles to the capital, Accra, on a shopping trip one day and to my astonishment, a splendid Rolls was parked on the roadside with the number plate CD 1 (Corps Diplomatique) – the British High Commissioner's posh vehicle was down and out. I recognised him but we had never met. I humbly gave him a lift in my electric blue Ford Escort (my cassette was playing Deep Purple) to his very High Residence in Accra and I was warmly entertained to tea and the expected vinyl chamber music! I was invited to the QBP (Queen's Birthday Party) at the residence. I have to say that from then on I was summoned to QBP's not only in Ghana but in every other country where I was contracted as an "expert". As an aside, the "Good Ship Lollypop" lassie Shirley Temple<sup>19a</sup> joined the American CD but no luck on the invitational front! As to the music soundtrack aspect, what else would be most appropriate as a Cadenza ending my current Musical Movement: God Save The Queen.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D3dR7u7TPNo>.

Lesotho (Basutoland) is next on the itinerary and the beginning of my lively next Musical Movement. Where on earth is this tiny ex British Protectorate surrounded by another much larger colony with a very questionable regime to the fore. ∞

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## Khotso, Pula, Nala

**"Carpe diem. Seize the day, boys. Make your lives extraordinary." - Dead Poets's Society**

Arriving in Moshoshoe's Mountain Kingdom of Lesotho<sup>20</sup> had a melodic alliterative ring to it when one learns that the English translation of the Basotho motto is Peace, Rain, Prosperity. How can one not be enchanted to learn a new National Anthem "The Land of Our Fathers" sung in perfect three part harmony by warm-hearted people who ride ponies, wear blankets and live in Rondavels<sup>21</sup>? My libretto for the next symphonic movement was about to begin and it took thirteen years to complete a musical soundtrack that offered numerous modulations during which I integrated into variations of musical diversifications. The fact that an Independent Lesotho was completely circumscribed by South Africa, (1975), notorious then for its apartheid policies, only served to enhance one's belief that this former British Crown colony was a safe haven in which to live, work and enjoy what the small 'Protectorate Nation' had to offer. It was Manichaean. My job was, under British Government funding, to work with Basotho colleagues in the new National Teacher's Training College (NTTC) and help develop an education system that was fast buckling under severe financial constraints largely caused by the fact that the country is geographically landlocked. Hence my pursuits during the day were precisely determined.



However I hastily discovered that after hours my kind of music was alive in Maseru. As a family we spent the first days in the Holiday Inn where a live band, Scott Free, played a veritable montage of 70s/60s/50s music (not too dissimilar from what the now popular Stanford Jazzfordians proffer locally) to suit all ages and holiday makers escaping the out-of-date restrictive South African laws. I learnt that many expats living in Maseru, the capital, had formed various clubs some of which had a musical accent – Maseru Players here I come and my estranged relationship with my piano was about to be consummated. I promptly found myself attending rehearsals for a Christmas show listening and pondering "I think I can contribute my keyboard skills". The danger with these ill-judged motives

is that, if you offer, the opportunities pour in. "We do need a 2nd accompanist for the next show", opined one of the local sophisticates. The 1st, Robert, being a classically trained pianist, admitted to me that he did not have the kind of rhythmic riff-based overtures that met the needs of stage performers (rank amateurs!) who were often somewhat loose with; tempos, missed beats, the pitch and score arrangements which a caring instrumentalist could respond to.



Step in the newcomer, Stanford's Jazzman Andrew. Robert and I learnt a lot from each other and formed a strong harmonious musical bond where his skills for "Warsaw Concerto" were exemplary and my maverick theatricality for "We'll Meet Again" fused amazingly well for a Wartime Blitz, one of my early stage performances. I even played a minor acting and speaking role in "Lock Up Your Daughters" to prove my dauntless interest in amateur theatre housed in the eponymous Maseru Club. The exposition of my 3rd symphonic movement in Lesotho was beginning to take on an Allegro Form wherein I found myself being caught up in the local intrigues of the Maseru "luvvies". Wait, I had pledged to improve my jazz, my playing skills. "Join a band or better still form one of my own and try and influence the 'darlings' in order to segue towards swing", I reflected. In the next Chapter

I relate experiential memories of my ongoing Musical Movements and close encounters of a different kind even getting to know local royalty Queen Mamohato (husband King Moshoshoe II - her HRH) was a staunch supporter of Maseru Players (who, similarly, do we have to raise the tone of Stanford Players - the resident of Castle Herriot??). The imperative for me in Lesotho (pronounced 'lesootoo') was "Acquire a piano" but before I do so and speaking of pianos, there is only one aficionado that can supremely bring to life the true sounds and harmonies of the stringed instrument - Oscar Peterson. ∞



# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

## The Maharajah of the Keyboard

**"I believe in using the entire piano as a single instrument capable of expressing every possible musical idea."**

[www.allmusic.com/album/jazz-manifesto-mw0001148255](http://www.allmusic.com/album/jazz-manifesto-mw0001148255)

The above CD (2005) is a double and it has 49 treasures digitally re-recorded and amounting to a playing time of 77:43 minutes. Pure magic from one of the greatest jazz pianists of all time on a level of his hero Art Tatum. Oscar, (seen here playing with an added Clavioline - ref Chapter 9) usually known as OP was born in Montreal. He released over 200 recordings and won eight Grammy Awards. His career spanned 1945 – 2007, an astonishing stretch. Not only does Oscar exhibit his complete control over the keyboard in this double CD, he in fact has conquered the piano. His extemporisations, on a par with Earl Hines and George Shearing, are second to none. The compilations embrace all the legendary songsmiths; Kern, Porter, Gershwin, Arlen, Ellington, Rogers and Hart, Berlin, Strachey and Strayhorn to mention a few. Throughout both discs, Oscar plays a strong "Stride" style, characteristic of many jazz players (Waller) which involves the left hand alternating between octave and arpeggiated chords while the right hand plays swing syncopation with great speed and dexterity. This style is easy to listen to because the melody is emphatic, the fingering of the right hand often quite mesmerising to the ear.



What a start to Disc 1 with seven Harold Arlen (Over the Rainbow) tracks (Let's Fall in Love and Stormy Weather). Gershwin is another giant of jazz standards to follow in Disc 1 from "'S Wonderful" to the fast moving "Fascinating Rhythm" with huge lush chords supported by intricate notes trilled across octaves at the rate of easily 24 beats per bar, often more. Imagine, OP has been criticised for using too many notes per bar. You have to listen to the keyboard magician to appreciate his magnificence and stature. I tried the "Peterson" speed playing and managed 16 chromatics per bar when I play "Autumn Leaves" (could do better!!).

The tempo slows with "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me" (Ellington) giving Peterson an opportunity to involve his trio musicians of Ray Brown (Bass) and Herb Ellis on electric guitar. This is combined with Ellington's very famous and elegant "Sophisticated Lady".

One of my favourite and special Standards is "The Lady is a Tramp"

(Rogers) which modulates and slips back and forth from melody to improvised phrasing and then smoothly transcends into Porter's "Just One of those Things" with enormous ease (that is assuming you play the "shuffle" mode on your playlist). The chromatic wizardry in this track is unbelievable. It is breathtaking the way Herb Ellis glissandos unobtrusively into the melody and picks up the conversation between the two instruments, piano and guitar.



*My hands gliding across the keys*

CD2 races on with high octane versions of Rogers' "Lover", Strayhorn's "Take the A Train" and Hart's "Blue Moon" with drum brushes providing a huge swishing and rhythmic backing. The classic Kern "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" brings us down to earth with clever linking grace notes that make you believe you are indeed surrounded and engulfed by a hazy dreamlike cloudy experience.

The closing track in Disc2 is phenomenally high tempo with Kern's "I Got Rhythm" giving Ray Brown an opportunity to demonstrate his virtuosity on bass and for Oscar to play "Stride". Billie Holliday appears out of nowhere with "These Foolish Things" (Strachey) and listen carefully, you will catch Louis. It is tingling. Peterson continues his diamond studded selections and jaw-droppingly performance of some of the best Jazz Standards<sup>22</sup> from the 40s and 50s, making this Double CD a great buy. Enjoy!

However meanwhile back in Basutoland. ∞

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

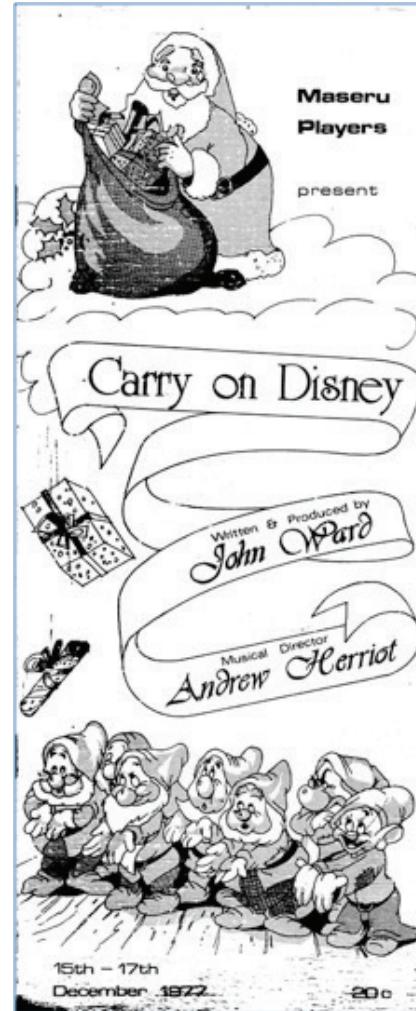
## I Wanna Be Like You

**"Sawyer, you're going out a youngster, but you've got to come back a star!" - 42<sup>nd</sup> Street**

The piano was acquired and, by 1977, I was beginning to establish my presence as a useful accompanist. The "luvvies" (Joyce T) were looking for someone to take forward the annual plans for the great British Pantomime. Disney had been suggested. The songs from The Jungle Book and anything that was linked to Disney suited me rhythmically and historically because it would require much research and supreme fun during rehearsals. "I'm your man", I reported to the 'lovely darlings' who were spearheading the 1977 Pantomime for Maseru Players – Carry On Disney.

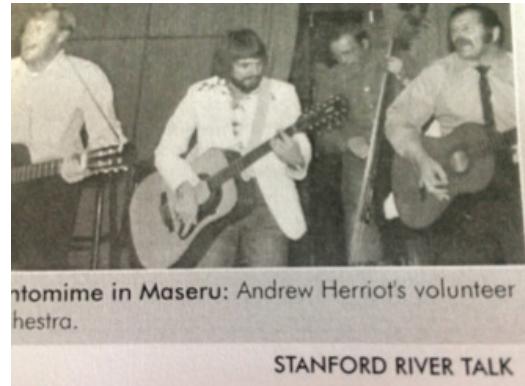
In 1976 I had assisted Robert with the annual pantomime which was enlightening and the experience was cumulative allowing me to get a sense of who can do what, where, when and how. I had become close friends with John a good crooner, polished amateur actor, sentient and better still an imaginative writer, perfect for a local fun script for the foolishness of a pantomime. John and I throughout our respective contracts with the British Government remained firm friends and associates musically; a contrapuntal<sup>23</sup> duet of musicianship. As he was writing short scenes we would meet regularly to align songs and likely singers and/or choristers. I had never done anything like this before; start with a blank page and end up with a libretto and a score. I was orchestrating my life, my refuge, giving support, assisting to carry a tune and a hint of direction.

We quickly realised that the cast of grown-ups and children would expand almost weekly as the songs materialised and the rehearsals became more and more frequent. Remember at that time there was no email, no cell and, not even social media. Communication was done by land line and more readily at the local club mostly in the bar. Songs began to emerge Chim Chim Cher-ee (sweep apprentices), Wish Upon a Star (Fairy Godmother), Zip-e-dee-doo-dah (Chorus), Bear Necessities (Ugly Sisters). John and



I decided to take poetic licence and include songs from many Disney productions such as Mary Poppins (Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious) and for much glee have the singer sing it backwards. Hi-Ho had to be included and of course We Are Siamese – not a backing track to be heard. As the imagination of the script writer took on a huge crescendo, more songs were identified. Of course, we needed I Wanna Be Like You, A Merry Unbirthday and Whistle While You Work. The exercise of writing and developing a musical programme simultaneously became a collaborative effort with the cast bringing ideas to each rehearsal, all terribly beguiling at the time. Luckily a fantastic choreographer was available.

The situation today with Stanford Players is no different – yet again a phenomenal choreographer appeared. The cast can always contribute to the development of the programme which of course every producer knows is a good tactic and we were learning, but beware decisions have to be made and sometimes the all-embracing democracy does not work. There needs to be a benign leader. Backstage and front of stage do feel a sense of ownership and this enhances the whole production. Some parents brought their offspring to the rehearsals and sometimes inevitably it was the offspring who got the part. My six year old daughter Evelyn was the youngest at the time and she got Minnie Mouse (definitely non-nepotistic)! Some adult men cross-gendered to female and vice-versa. There were 30 backstage workers, 5 in the orchestra (my elbow is barely visible!) and 45 cast members. This probably was the most ambitious pantomime in Maseru but it was never said "This is the best to date". A big No No, to be discouraged. In any case 1978 was ahead and many locals were already buzzing with ideas. In contrast to my dubious literary and musical conceit I still found time to run three Comrades, three Two-Oceans and numerous marathons during my thirteen years sojourn and the only bar or attractive measure was the liquid one thus allowing self-sanity to be maintained in the local Maseru Club bar where John W (RIP, my friend) was met and found to be a great crooner - great man. However, talking of bars and booze my next hero is trumpeter Chesney Henry "Chet" Baker. ∞



Pantomime in Maseru: Andrew Herriot's volunteer orchestra.

STANFORD RIVER TALK

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

## A Cool Cat

**"Well if I could play like Wynton, I wouldn't play like Wynton"**

This mega-talented US trumpeter, Chet Baker, flugel/hornist, lyricist and sublime jazz singer has been variously described as a James Dean, a bad boy, charismatic, ethereal and tragically a junkie heroin addict and he plays my kind of music. Listen to "There Will Never Be Another You" and you will hear the magic, his rhythmic



senses, a compelling sincerity and the reason why he could associate with such legendary greats as Gerry Mulligan, Art Pepper, Zoot Sims, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins. I listened to Chet playing Rollins' "Airegin" (also Wes Montgomery, 1960), because the title fascinated me as did the fiendishly difficult rhythms not typical of the "Cool school"<sup>24</sup> from the West Coast. Of course, the title is Nigeria spelt backwards, yet another neologism in this hi-tec era, I mused. How does Werdna look at the end of this Chapter, I thought? Much better than googling or trending for sure.

A list of Chet's compositions including "Early Morning Mood", "Two a Day", will give you an idea of the self-destructive brilliant man and his bad-boy struggle with life, however, in contrast, have a listen on YouTube to the many tuneful Standards that he recorded "All the Things You Are" (Kern), "Autumn Leaves" (Kosma and Mercer), "My Funny Valentine" (Rogers and Hart), and the great classic "You'd be so Nice to Come Home to" (Porter) undoubtedly a reflection of his lonely and turbulent existence and disastrous relationships.

Chet's final ten years, looking more like Jack Palance, was spent in Europe. During that time the British singer Elvis Costello, a fan of Chet, hired the trumpeter to play in his album (Punch the Clock) and exposed the somewhat troubled musician to a wider audience. Costello's song "Almost Blue", blissfully



articulated by Chet (inspired by Baker's version of "The Thrill Is Gone"), was featured in a posthumous captivating film about Chet's life, "Let's Get Lost", the film title having been derived from a song by the same title written by Jimmy McHugh (I'm in the Mood for Love) for the 1943 movie "Happy Go Lucky".

Whatever mood you are in, Chet's iconic music and song story telling will interlace with your artistic senses at a critical crossroads where you will be faced with a decision on what is "My Kind of Music" which insinuates listening over and over again as you reach conclusions. In 1986, Chet Baker: Live at Ronnie Scott's London presents Baker in an intimate stage performance filmed with Elvis Costello and Van Morrison as he performs a set of standards and classics, including "Just Friends", "My Ideal", and "Shifting Down". Augmenting the music, Baker speaks one-on-one with friend and colleague Costello about his childhood, career, and struggle with drugs. Although Baker was not in great shape during the concert, the interview is highly informative.

The video material recorded by Japanese television during Baker's 1987 tour in Japan showed a man whose face looked much older than he was, but his trumpet playing was alert, lively and inspired. Baker recorded the live album Chet Baker in Tokyo with his quartet featuring pianist Harold Danko, bassist Hein Van de Geyn and drummer John Engels less than a year before his death, and it was released posthumously. Silent Nights, a recording of Christmas music, was recorded with Christopher Mason in New Orleans in 1986 and released in 1987.

Continuing with the theme of performances my sojourn in Lesotho is livening up. ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

## It's Cabaret Time

**"Wait a minute, wait a minute. You ain't heard nothin' yet!" - Jazz Singer**

One distinct advantage with regard to living in a country surrounded by South Africa is that you are within a relatively easy reach of favourable music outlets somewhat inimical to many other countries in my destination programme; later in my book. The essential acoustic pianoforte had been acquired. It is a wonderful feeling to own such a musical instrument to stroke it, open the lid, admire the contrasting whiteness and blackness and to sit and strike the first inversion of a thunderous harmonious Cm9, that same chord in the final measure for Skyfall, which I would play some forty years later at Raka wine farm causing my Roland RG700 to collapse, much to the uncontrolled mirth of my 2015 Jazzfordian colleagues, but that is another tale yet to be relayed.



My maxim for Maseru "get involved" unfolded with great largesse. Having met some of the cast of the Rocky Horror Show, visiting the Holiday Inn, Maseru, I was even more determined to be active in all kinds of local musical diversions. My willingness to accompany vocalists and participate in off-the-cuff jams led the 'luvvies' or should I say 'sophisticates' to arrange dine-out cabarets in the local Maseru Club. Together with a few other part-time musicians we became regulars at weekend supper parties where the usual thematic evenings were arranged; a French evening, a Night with Noel Coward (including a riff with 'goosen' - #metoo<sup>25</sup>, not yet pervasive- but no vaping, please!), New Orleans, Porter et al and this continued while enthusiasm was high and the locals' entertainment needs were met. I had something much grander in mind, no time to look in the rear-view mirror, but it would take time and I had to prove myself and serve my apprenticeship.



The only real source of entertainment was via the Maseru Players. Top artists did appear at the Holiday Inn and I quickly got to know these guys. The band leader was Roy Peterson (RIP) and his vocalist at the time was a young jazz and blues singer, Erika Lundi (who has just reappeared in my Soundtrack Life). Val Pringle was a giant of a baritone and he came to Lesotho as a visiting

artiste from London and decided to remain. I got to know him well and was thrilled to accompany him on numerous occasions. Frankie Vaughan, the "Green Door" man dropped in but I realistically never got within a quaver of his musical director. Erika kindly joined a few of my musical enterprises as a guest singer and as is known she teamed up with me late in 2015. The well-known SA jazz vocalist Thandi Klaasen once appeared on the scene in Maseru and easily persuaded me to accompany her in cabaret at the Lancers Inn (Ch 27). My most memorable experience was when Roy Peterson invited me to take over his position as pianist in his Holiday Inn band while he was up front as the vocalist and somewhat of a comedian. 'Playing in a real band' once again revisited my living soundtrack. Yet this was still not enough – I wanted eminence.



I proposed to the Maseru Players committee (I had already been installed as its Chairman) to hold a full-scale cabaret and to bring together a comprehensive cast of performers, singers and musicians. This was to be a stage show in the round in the Maseru Club theatre. All the available talent would participate and it would be a 'montage of music' involving choristers, soloists, instrumentalists, humourists, even a magician, and other specialists in entertainment.

This was ambitious and we needed commitment and a deep willingness to rehearse. Cabaret '78 was conceived and rehearsals began seriously. We were evolving into a sort of "in" crowd. On one occasion a young hopeful theatrical ingénue, echoing a wistful disposition, approached my piano during Sunday a.m. rehearsals and intimated to me rather snifflly, probably in a minor key, "I have left my husband". My anodyne retort hurriedly spoken, "Don't worry, I'll send someone to pick him up". I subsequently learned that in fact her marriage, I hasten to add, was at an end and that she would be freely available for rehearsals! This was a fascinating time for a newby in the 'expatriate' sense since 'changing partners' appeared to be the standard fox-trot. Bon mots! "Lang May Yer Lum Reek"<sup>12a</sup>. Directing a show definitely had its enchanting moments. So to the greatest director and Chairman of the Board, Blues Eyes himself. ∞

# CHAPTER NINETEEN

## My Way - Frank Sinatra (1915-98)

**"You gotta love livin', baby, 'cause dyin' is a pain in the ass."**

I promised my readers while writing for the Stanford River Talk that a future article would be about the greatest swing/jazz singer who has ever lived. Of course he was "Ol' Blue Eyes", Francis Albert Sinatra. In this short space it is wildly impossible to pay a full tribute to this man. He was a megastar.

He had a 60 year affair with his adoring fans. The Twelfth December 1915 in Hoboken in Hudson County, New Jersey, saw the arrival of someone who would become one of the most formidable entertainers; singing, recording and movie acting (Anchors Aweigh, 1945 and From Here To Eternity in 1954), the world has ever witnessed. OK so there are other great names in the popular music business one of whom you see here rehearsing 'Girl From Ipanema'. Antonio Carlos knew what it meant to work with Sinatra – he was a dedicated perfectionist, impatient to a high degree of despair, flawless in his delivery, he invented his own unique style of phrasing and attacking notes and above all he had phenomenal charisma. He worked with Basie, Ellington, Anka (My Way), Nat KC, Bennett, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby and of course the famous singing Rat Pack (including Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Junior). Memorable songs such as New York, New York (Start spreading the news..), The Lady Is A Tramp, Strangers in The Night, All Of Me, Come Fly With Me, It Was A Very Good Year were all sung when he reached Sun City and wowed South African audiences over 9 performances in July 1981 (Were you there, I know someone who was).

His friends included Reagan, Kennedy and Prince Rainier and naturally Princess Grace Kelly (High Society). His Biography "All The Way" was written by Michael Freedland (ISBN 0 75281 662 4). The list of Frank's Awards and Honours include Grammys, Emmys and even an academic Doctorate. His first wife, Nancy, bore him three children including his darling Nancy (Something Stupid in 1967 with Dad). He married three more times, one of them being the lovely Ava Gardner, the two others were Mia Farrow and Mrs Zeppo Marx (Barbara)! We lost Ol' Blue Eyes on the 14th May, 1998.

He did it His Way in the wee small hours, All The Way.

"And now the end is near

And so I face the final curtain,



I'll state my case of which I'm certain.  
I've lived a life that's full, I travelled each  
and ev'ry highway,  
And more, much more than this. I did it  
my way."

"May you live to be 100 and may the last  
voice you hear be mine!"

"The Best is Yet to Come" "Put Your  
Dreams Away"

At Yankee Stadium there was a moment's  
silence in his memory before the game. In honour of the eyes that had  
trans-fixed the world for sixty years, The Empire State Building was bathed  
in Blue Lights that night and the next.

The Chairman (and boy from Hoboken) rests in Palm Springs Cemetery,  
14th May 1998 (interred on the 20th May).

We miss him<sup>26</sup> and his great cachet, but his music lives on and my stay in  
Lesotho is no exception when it comes to rendering musical diversifications.  
What could be more diversified than music from Broadway. ∞



# CHAPTER TWENTY

## Is There Room for a View?

**"Well, nobody's perfect." - Some Like It Hot**

My acoustic piano was well and truly part of the furniture in our very modest British Government regulation accommodation for education advisers in Maseru. The exposition of the recent Musical Movement of my Soundtrack was following an efficacious course in yet another musical journey. Although I had been off-key for some years and not regularly practising I had on many occasions come across the proverbial; "unmanned piano" in manors, hotels, restaurants, bars of course, shopping centres, schools or some other popular piano corner and I always fostered the opportunity not to forget what I had learned.



My aim in Lesotho (pronounced Lesootoo) had continued to be; "get involved". I had my Grundig radio, my sheet music was intact, my job was clear and I was enjoying the music scene. The small Lesotho capital, Maseru, had a vibrant and active community of locals and 'expats' many of whom were involved in Am-Drams, perhaps a bravura feeling, at the nearby theatre club – Maseru Players. What am I waiting for? It transpired that the current long-term residents had been part of a deep and lengthy programme of amateur entertainment for years including the obvious stage plays but also musical items such as Old Tyme Musical Halls, Pantomimes, stage shows and an array of intimate, caddish-like 'goosen' in tune with Noel Coward cabaret-type dinner repartees which became rather profligate and a teensy-weensy licentious (not promiscuous) amongst the 'luvvies'. The menu was enticing and had a distinct visceral flavour of musical enterprises that would meet my 3rd Movement needs. This was in 1978.

Nowadays in 2020, wherever you might be, the situation is not quite the same. Yes there are talented people everywhere with children who are equally talented if not more so but in today's world some 40 years later there is so much more to capture the communities' interest. However our very own local Stanford Players do offer something historically and



mellifluously satisfying and dramatically not that different from other present-day iconic crowd-pulling events such as Africa Burns, Newport, Montreux, Woodstock indeed in Maseru in 1975 and Dunestock<sup>27</sup> in Qatar in 2013 and all these exciting happenings that bring talented people together with a common purpose. So forty years ago, as I have recalled, I had my early experiences of amateur dramatics and before I knew it, I was approached once again to assist with the local music scene. A Broadway Show had been proposed; "The Boy Friend". How could I resist being invited to help musically for such a prestigious opportunity? Guess what! I didn't resist. I had made collegial friends with an abundance of talented musicians, stage artistes and clever writers. So, Sandy Brown's "The Boy Friend" was chosen (it is no coincidence that Stanford Players presented its version of the Boy Friend in 2012 and I was at it again!). What was fascinating for me as a somewhat frustrated musician in Lesotho was that there was this plethora of talent including vocalists, comics, choreographic instructors, stage directors, magicians, instrumentalists, localised script writers, lighting experts, sound technicians, costume designers ("Which side do you dress, Sir" was a not uncommon endearing enquiry), set designers and builders, stage and business managers and a mass of keen talent available all of whom knew precisely what a Broadway Show was all about – entertaining the aficionados....all waiting in the wings!

My job musically was easy! Obtain the score, audition the vocalists and actors with my fellow colleagues, rehearse them, bring together the musicians and help to write arrangements and charts for a backing band and 'break the proverbial leg'. Certainly these encounters were different and for me they opened up more opportunities to play my kind of music – tuneful, harmonious, a bit jazzy and rhythmic and importantly help to make people smile and have seasonal fun and allow the exposition of my 3rd and seminal Movement to take further shape and embed itself into the life of amateur entertainment in Maseru. I can't wait to read what I will say in my next Chapters!! It will depend on my memory and what is in my loft! What portends? A half-tone modulation perhaps and who best to inform other than the King. Old King Cole was really a phenomenally 'merrily old soul'. ∞

# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

## “King” Cole - Unforgettable

***“The people who know nothing about music are the ones always talking about it”***

The middle name says it all (Old King Cole and his “merry old soul” had to be the catalytic source). Nat was indeed a King of Vocal Jazz, Piano, Ballads and Swing. He was inspired by Earl Hines (the first Modern Jazz pianist often characterised by his phenomenal left hand) as a child in Chicago. Nat, who became an accomplished jazz pianist, had a big influence on none other than Oscar Peterson (someone who could include more notes in one measure or bar of music than anyone else I have listened to). The “King” was also a smooth ballad singer. Please listen to his compelling mellow-baritone version of the Gershwin song “Embraceable You” (1943), which of course has been recorded by many of the jazz idols; Billie Holiday, Ella, Charlie Parker and Herbie Hancock (Gershwin’s World, 1998 and various International Jazz Days<sup>28</sup>). In many ways, and unfortunately, his commercial success as a singer, de-emphasised his highly talented piano playing. Big fans of Cole will surely recall hearing for the first time a digitally re-worked version of “Unforgettable” (1992) sung with his daughter Natalie (b 1950) long after his death – a very moving duet encapsulating what father and daughter would have been able to create if he had lived longer - smoking and lung cancer brought Nat’s life to an abrupt end.

During Nat’s Las Vegas era, Cole hooked up with icons such as Frank Sinatra, Mel Tormé and George Shearing and arrangers/conductors such as Billy May and Nelson Riddle, where if you wish to soak in fantastic and memorable jazz standards and the likes of “Straighten Up and Fly Right”, “Pick Yourself Up”, “Sweet Lorraine”, “Those Lazy-Hazy-Crazy Days of Summer” and piano solos such as “Where or When”, go no further than download Nat King Cole at the Sands Hotel or the Nat King Cole Story.

Our local Stanfordian aficionados will be aware of the Soiree concept, well believe it or not Nat King Cole in 1938 performed at an NBC Swing Soiree and yours truly and a bunch of village jazz enthusiasts performed in a Jazz Soiree herein Stanford in 2014 –



what a blast! One of Nat's many legacies to the world of jazz music was his strong link with and the success of Capitol Records – its building in Hollywood was the first circular office edifice and it became known as "The House That Nat Built". Ella was there.



His Wikipedia entry is simply mind-blowing!

How about some delicious fun at the Old Tyme Music Hall?



Organizing an "old Tyme Musical Hall" Presentation involved finding talent from people of a certain age and this I found in plentiful supply in Maseru since expats tended in those days to remain and settle and to my great pleasure there they were - Anna enter! ∞

# CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

## Your Fulsome Delectation and Affection

**"Hello, Gorgeous" - Funny Girl**



"Ladies and Gentlemen, Gentry and Geriatrics, Toffs and Tatty-folk, welcome. This is a very warm acclamation to our local eponymous Maseru Amateur Dramatic Players. We have for your gratification and extreme delight, a wonderful whirlpool of entertainment - from humorous hilarity to mellifluously sweet songbird melodies. So relax and recline and please welcome the first act this evening" which is a typical Old Tyme<sup>29</sup> opening proclamation and argot.

I mentioned in a previous soundtrack

writings that Old Tyme Musical performances were very much part of the Maseru Players in the 70s (Stanford Players should consider this). The Master of Ceremonies would begin the evening with pithiness and an abundance of loquaciousness to titillate the suitably dressed audience's fancy. Evenings such as this were made famous by compères with the likes of Leonard Sachs, a leading light in the BBC's Good Old Days, who would articulate the entertainment with such verbal exactitude as to ensure genuine gargantuan applause for each and every artiste who exuded terrific tonal talents. Light-hearted fulsome humour would precede each act which could vary from hints of sauciness and innuendoes to the delight of a noisy and responsive audience. I remember on one occasion when a rather voluptuous yet timid damsel was warbling 'Hands Knees and Boomps-a-Daisy' when a chorus of young obtrusive lads from the back of the audience kept on shouting "higher", "higher" presumably because she was singing much too meekly. As it turned out, the not-so-timid, hardly superficial, chanteuse spun around and lifted her flamboyant dress and multi-layers of petticoats to reveal pantaletted haunches and a bountifully titillating derrière whereupon she bawled "Is that high enough you ugly&^%\$#@rds" using a supreme choice of expletives.

The crowd roared their approval and the song finished with a splendid boomp. This was the kind of exchange that made those evenings highly entertaining and amusing. The compère played a principal role in sustaining the crescendo of mirth: "To soothe your senses, we have the wonderful warbling and the terrific twittering of two marvellous handy maidens (guffaws) – singing 'Let Him Go Let Him Tarry', so please press

your palms together for the superb Double Daisies". In those days in the 70s there were no wireless mics hence the Daisies held the mics tightly as they pranced and sang. Without warning the mics would lose power much to the amusement of the audience who thought that this was part of the show. The accompanist shouted "Hold tighter". "It's no use" lamented one of the Daisies. I rebutted unthinking "Where have your hands been?" In unison they responded flatly and glaring at me "None of your damned business", to huge raucous applause and approval of its verisimilitude. I was reminded of "You play in your key and I'll sing in mine" which happened to me many years prior in a local Scottish Miner's Welfare Institute. There was never a dull moment (ennui – NO) on those auspicious Old Tyme Music Nights as one guest artiste poetically recalled while eyeing naughtily my musical ensemble, such as:

*"There was a young lady  
from Lytham*



*Who sang with a band and  
slept with 'em*

*It's sad to relate*



*She's had twelve children  
to date*

*Five sax, four trombone,  
three rhythm*

*Howls of laughter followed!*

For me, it was time to move on after thirteen years in the Kingdom of Lesotho, a respectable outro for a legacy in Basutoland and seek new fungible adventures in music and perhaps deliberate on another comforting Movement and indeed a quality jazz musician such as Diane Krall. What a dream she is taking the pop world by storm in the 1990s echoing the wonderful simplicity of singer/composer/pianist and encapsulating the mood of her era. ∞

# CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

## She is a Darling

**"You are creating an intimacy that everybody feels"**



Many of my heroes and heroines in the world of popular music belonged to another era. How else do you become truly iconic and highly acclaimed in today's world? I may have to wait a while yet! My contemporary heroine is Canadian born Diana Krall (1964), a brilliant swing jazz singer and pianist extraordinaire. It has to be

said that Diana's early musical education emanated from her dad, a Stride piano player, who apparently was a huge Fats Waller fan. "I think Dad had every Waller recording and I tried to learn them!"; Honeysuckle Rose, Ain't Misbehavin'; Jitterbug Waltz etc. "There Ain't No Sweet Man That's Worth the Salt of my Tears" (Fisher), so says Diana in a great rock/jazz number from her recent Glad Rag Doll album (2012). It is fun and mischievous probably influenced intensely by her husband Elvis Costello (married twice previously), that idiosyncratic British rock singer (She – sound track to Notting Hill, remember?). Her Rag Doll track is a major departure from the smooth silky treatment of standards recorded in preceding years such as 'S Wonderful (duet with Natalie Cole (Route 66) – a must, must watch <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P1s6Fc0E9oc>), 42nd Street (writer Harry Warren who wrote Jeepers Creepers for Tony Bennett), Let's Fall in Love (Midnight in Paris), The Look of Love (Live in Paris, a Burt Bacharach song), Fly Me to the Moon (for Astronaut Neil Armstrong), All or Nothing at All (Montreal Jazz Festival, 2004<sup>30</sup>), Just The way You Are (a Billy Joel song) and many, many more too numerous and particularly diverse to list.

Diana's style is cool and sensual perhaps somewhat similar to Madeleine Peyroux who is often compared to the legendary Billie Holiday who first recorded "You're My Thrill" (composed in 1933) sung in the 1940's. The fact that Diana Krall plays the Steinway par excellence certainly has influenced me hugely. Her finger trill movements are renowned and reminiscent of Nat King Cole and the eminent jazz pianist Oscar Peterson all of whom were able to transform a single beat note into fractionally shorter eight or more harmonious and alternating finger beat movements with unimaginable speed and dexterity. If you listen and study Krall's You Tube version of 'You're My Thrill' (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YDEGSFZ2xxc>) live

from Rio in 2009 you will appreciate the in-depth skills and Sinatraesque pausing that are applied by this photogenic, engaging entertainer.

Krall comfortably plays with a lush orchestral accompaniment including percussion, brass and a superb strings arrangement that quietly transposes the listener into a dream-like surreal trance, which, combined with a powerful voice that offers a three octave range heaving and breathing effortlessly with fresh improvisations from one key to another, carefully modulated, dispensing a sound that is both teasing and alluring. The album "When I Look in Your Eyes" became an international best-seller and earned her a Grammy for Best Jazz Vocal Performance. It was also the first jazz album to be nominated for Album of the Year in twenty-five years. Her songs cropped up everywhere from episodes of Sex in the City to films like Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil.

"The Look of Love" tops them all for me. You have to listen to her CONTINUOUSLY.

Then move towards Barbra, actress, singer, director, writer, composer, producer, designer, author, photographer, activist, Oscar, Tony, Emmy, Grammy winner - mega, mega talented. ∞

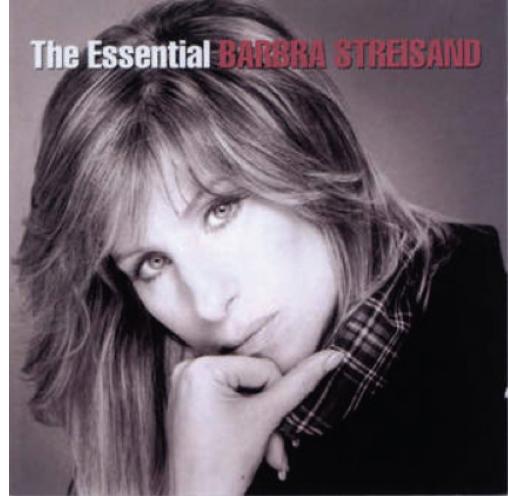


# CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

## The Voice

**"Why does a woman work ten years to change a man's habits and then complain that he's not the man she married?"**

Recently while I was researching suitable materials for the forthcoming Stanford Players December 2013 extravaganza, Broadway in Stanford, I came across a truly enchanting track, Music of the Night, from Phantom of the Opera by Barbra Streisand and Michael Crawford (remember the hapless Frank Spencer in Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em). I also remembered somewhat dreamily the beautiful Barbra in the film The Way We Were (1973) where she played alongside a fairly good looking Robert Redford. Who can recall the scene at the beginning of the film where Streisand spots a charming military officer (Redford) dozing at the bar and we were left in no doubt what she was recollecting as the haunting melody 'lit the corners of my mind' was poignantly heard while Streisand's eyes revealed unerringly her seductive thoughts from a time past. She also performed the title song for the 1969 movie Hello Dolly with Satch.



To produce an appreciation of Barbra Streisand with "the most heavenly voice", (Shimon Peres said this at his 90th birthday recently), is an almost impossible task. Throughout the five plus decades of her career she regularly produced hits and memorable albums working with legendary greats such as; the Gibb brothers (Guilty and Woman in Love), Kris Kristofferson (A Star is Born), Queen of Disco Donna Summer (No More Tears), the fantastic mega star David Foster who produced a stunning version of Somewhere for her, Neil Diamond (You Don't Bring Me Flowers). Her greatest achievement as a movie maker was probably the monumental film Yentl<sup>31</sup> where she did just about everything; producer, director and star. She starred in the critically acclaimed Funny Girl for which she was awarded the Academy Award and Golden Globe Award for Best Actress. 'People' was a major hit even before the show was staged on Broadway. She is up there with many of the best-selling recording artists of all time. As a guest with Phyllis Dylar she was recognised "as one of the best singing artists in the world". Such stature.

During her creative years, Barbra took time off to marry Elliot Gould, 1963, (Ocean's 11, 12 and 13), divorce him, have an infamous affair with film magnate Jon Peters for about ten years and then marry James Brolin in

1998. Her son Jason Gould is now very much part of her stage act (How Deep is the Ocean at the London O<sub>2</sub> Arena). The Brooklyn lass, a proud Jew, wowed British audiences at the age of 71! Her rendering of Max Janowski's Jewish prayer Avinu Malkeinu (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gOqjCENDhyk>) is staggering brimming with emotion. It reminded me of Mahalia Jackson's superlative performance of the Lord's Prayer at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1962.

Her musical career spanned from 1963 - 2017 with many, many awards. Similarly, her Film Award career spanned from 1969-2012 and to top it all her Appearances in Broadway, West End TV spanned 1961-2017 culminating in Barbra: The Music, The Mem'ries, The Magic in 14 cities across North America.

Streisand, the holder of numerous high-ranking awards, said of herself "I am simple, complex, generous, selfish, unattractive, beautiful, lazy and driven. I say she is quite simply captivating. Oh, and she changed the spelling of her name because she "hated to see it written as Barbara".



Time to take a breather, recharge the batteries, modulate and reach for a reprise. Scotland here I return.....to a different world of academia in the field of Teacher Education and Training. Perhaps I can reinvent musical memories of my days in Hamilton College of Education (Foreword) and recapture my early leanings toward Scottishness. Maybe Robert Burns will enter into the fray. ∞

# CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

## By Yon Bonnie Banks

### "Whisky Galore"

Remember my Welsh friend in Ghana who showed his library ticket to Customs Security at Kotoka Airport, Accra in 1975. He departed Ghana in 1977 and took up an appointment in a Teacher's College in Ayr, Scotland. On his recommendation and advice to the Principal, a former colleague in the 60s, I applied for a new job there some years later to become the Head of Mathematics at Craigie College of Education<sup>32</sup>, Ayr. In 1988, (21 December) as I was returning to Lesotho from my interview, I learned that one of the most shocking air disasters (Lockerbie) had occurred over Scotland probably as I was in flight en route to London and back to Maseru from Glasgow, all joyous that I had been successful and would therefore return to the West Coast of Scotland in a few months. I had to prepare to leave Africa and my musical sojourn. Draw a line! Put a stop or pause to my Overseas Movement. Unload. Out of unbelievable sheer imperious stupidity, almost risible, and a deep lack of foresight, the generosity being an anodyne against the final departure from Lesotho, I began gifting to my Basotho friends all my music LP albums (mostly my sons!); Pink Floyd, Eagles (RIP Glen Frey), Deep Purple, Beatles, The Who – it pains me to recall and report this insane concession. Madness, and I perused that one injudicious act in a life-time is allowed. No longer an expat; no longer a known muso; the Gulf War for breakfast (what have I manifested?). I had joined the academic world. How will my passion for music be continued and maintained? With immense difficulty I mused. What Movement am I now in for my Living Soundtrack? A Capella! Purchase a piano. Get to know the music department in the College. Promote overseas aid from my new position and bring Africa to Scotland. Better still, take Scotland to Africa (Livingstone?). My new career took a twist and minimised my musical passions to a back-seat for a while; I lost interest; my relationship with the piano was on a steep decline. We took up residence in Robert Burns' country and guess what I joined the local Burns Club having been highly involved in the Lesotho St Andrew's Society. Very quickly I found myself vicariously



*Me jamming in Rhodes*

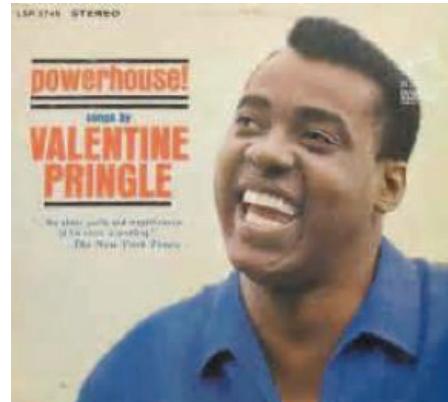


accompanying singers for Burns Suppers not so very different from the status quo in Stanford these days. I had a new job and a good salary. I countenanced a proper vacation; holidaying in Europe. Yes, Greece. Rhodes (not a migrant/refugee/people smuggler in sight) here we come; the largest of Greece's Dodecanese Islands. The descriptive name was the closest I could get to mathematics at the time especially during the holiday season.

I found myself, while tasting the night life in Rhodes, irresistibly jamming with a band at a late night jazz 'do'. I could remember some of the Standards that I often played in Maseru and indeed today with my fellow Jazzfordians. What a blast! Momentarily I was re-united with the 88 keys on a real electric keyboard. It was over all too quickly. A consultancy in Lesotho was arranged from the College and while in the Kingdom of Lesotho I was re-united with 'big Basso' Val Pringle. Another blissful moment.

Val was sadly murdered in 1999 (RIP Val) while protecting his wife and home, the Lancers Inn, from dastardly unwelcome intruders. MASERU, Lesotho (AP) -- Police have arrested two men in the slaying of the American entertainer Val Pringle, who wrote songs for Harry Belafonte, performed with Eartha Kitt and acted in "Ragtime" and other movies, officials said Monday.

Val shared a stage with Miriam Makeba and Hugh Masekela and also a small stage with me while entertaining American expats at the US Embassy one 4th July. My 'silent' Movement was slowly and gradually rallentandoing (sic) to an end in Scotland and no repeats. Yet another cadenza was about to be scored. The British Government needed an Education Advisor for Zambia. It is a must. Tick the bucket list. Farewell Craigie. Return to Africa. There has to be an Intermezzo and an accentuation of the positive and a careful carefree oxymoron. What better moment to catch up with Hugh Masekela (RIP). ∞



# CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

## Jabulani - Rejoice

**"I had to run away from home to become a musician, my parents wanted me to b a doctor, lawyer or teacher"**

Continuing with this intriguing theme of playing jazz from the soul and levitating the music to "Playing By Ear", I want to move to a massively successful trumpeter, South African musician extraordinaire, Hugh Masekela (RIP, 2018) (<http://www.dougpayne.com/hmbio.htm>), a man with immaculate musical credentials and qualifications. His biography can be enjoyed if you refer to the latter link. Where possible, I always like to make these short excursions into the world of jazz something of a personal recollection. Hugh Ramopolo Masekela was born in 1939 at the time when Jazz had been significantly developing largely in the US.

As Hugh's interest and innate skills advanced, and with the help of Archbishop Trevor Huddlestone, Hugh embarked on a career of making music with his trumpet and in particular with his flugelhorn. His playing has been featured in pop, R&B, disco, Afro-pop and jazz. He has appeared in the International Jazz Day since its inception and as far as African music is concerned he is a giant. This appreciative essay



would require many hundreds of words to list the litany of legendary musicians that both influenced Hugh and in later years became part of his acclaimed international fame. Try this for starters: Armstrong, Dankworth, Gillespie, Ellington, Sinatra, Fitzgerald, Makeba (she married Masekela in 1964 -66, d. 2008), Marley, Paul Simon, Shearing, Davis, Coltrane and my friend noted singer and actor Val Pringle, resident in Lesotho ...I could go on and on! Here you see Mama Africa Miriam (Pata Pata, her iconic signature song) and Hugh marrying. (In the '50s in the "townships" of South Africa a fresh sound was emerging with rhythm and blues elements but not modern jazz as in Charlie Parker or Sonny Stitt but certainly Kippie Moeketsi not forgetting Dollar Brand, Abdullah Ibrahim. African jazz is distinctive and can be heard in the Crypt Jazz Club in Cape Town during any week of the year. Erika Lundi my friend and associate from Lesotho days can still be heard in the Crypt.)

Miriam and Hugh performed in Lesotho in 1980. Those of us (and there were 75,000) lucky to be in Maseru were treated to a veritable overdose of African traditional jazz music (not a single sheet of quavers in sight)



such as Stimela (Coalminer's Song) and Healing Song (Makeba). Hugh continued to enhance and embrace what will ultimately be his legacy; peace and harmony through his unique sound. I urge you to give him a moment and listen to his trumpet, portraying the sound and movement of those infamous coal miners' trains heading odiously to Gauteng from Lesotho, Swaziland, Botswana, Bophutatswana and Ciskei to dump miners deep below the earth to excavate shiny metals and not return to their families for a year. It is intense, hugely powerful with historical undertones which many of us chillingly recall and phenomenally moving (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n4Bb7p9ggc>).

An early Verve compilation "The Lasting Impression of Ooga Booga" followed neatly by "Karat Hills" (1966). Further down the timelines in 1994 you have "Back to the Future" and "Sixty" (2000) having enjoyed his 60th.

PS. I was privileged to accompany Valentine Pringle on keyboards during my time in Maseru. What a blast! (<http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/f.cgi?page=gr&GRid=14016574>).

And now Miriam, a South African singer, actress, United Nations goodwill ambassador, and civil-rights activist. Associated with musical genres including Afropop, jazz, and world music. ∞

# CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

## Mama Africa

**"I believe I can sing anything"**

Following on from Hugh Masekela, it is highly appropriate to laud Miriam Makeba ('32 - '08), nicknamed Mama Africa, one of South Africa's best known female artists who popularized African music, with a unique blend of jazz, across the world. Many of the African greats in music, especially Miriam, came from a humble background where local rhythms and choral singing was very much part of a way of life for youngsters growing up in a country that was experiencing immensely difficult times.



It is not surprising that Miriam's education was tinged with activism, civil rights, peace and freedom and a gross sense of unfairness that existed in the Apartheid driven regime. Like many South Africans of the day she found her way to London and the USA to seek recognition. Her extraordinary talents were noticed immediately by those iconic artists such as Harry Belafonte (My Angel - Malaika), Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie and Nina Simone (Eyes on Tomorrow), Paul Simon of Graceland, Wes Montgomery (with his propulsive version of "Pata Pata") and of course husband Hugh (Soweto Blues) and a veritable host of massive entertainers too many to enumerate. As well as being a fierce and prominent campaigner for a new and democratic South Africa she found time to excel in many aspects of entertainment, performing in shows (Come Back, Africa, Steve Allen's Show), musicals (King Kong in Broadway with other greats such as Hugh Masekela, Letta Mbulu and husband Caiphus Semenya and Thandi Klaasen<sup>33\*</sup>), Recording Sessions (Billboard 200 placed her album at 86), private appearances (she sang for J F Kennedy and appeared at the Rumble in the Jungle in Zaire in 1974 and above all she sang for Nelson Mandela at his 70th in Wembley, London). Miriam was a woman without a country but held nine passports none of which was South African. In 1990 with the help of Madiba she returned to South Africa on her French passport. Miriam spent eighteen years in her home country selflessly devoting her

time and energies to promoting her causes and raising awareness of the plight of black South Africans against the injustices of Apartheid, often through her music. She died in Italy while performing her early hit single Pata Pata which made her known internationally. Her legacy to South Africa is stunning.



\* I had the singular privilege of backing Thandi, a beautiful, beautiful lady (RIP) in concert during her visit to Lesotho. She quietly entered the Kingdom, found me as a willing accompanist and with her friends arranged a cabaret in the Lancers' Inn. What a blast (thank you Thia). ∞



# CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

## Back in Africa, March 1994

### ***I'm the King of the World!***

My return to a much-loved part of the world, specifically Zambia, was not heralded in by a pulsating sound or a kind of transmigration of kindred spiritedness in music, it was quite simply a career move in education, the source of my income (gigs?). Where are the expats and the local musos and small-time amateur dramatic clubs? This former British Colony, in Lusaka, appeared not to habituate such emigres as part of its social fabric. Kenneth Kaunda (KK) had a say in that. Lusaka was a bustling, busy city in 1994 and it thronged even more when I visited Lusaka in 2014 once more.

In the late 1970s, President Kenneth Kaunda ordered that 95% of the music on the radio had to be Zambian. He hoped to encourage the formation of a Zambian national identity. Rather than using their folk roots, however, Zambians attempted to become pop stars. By the mid-1980s, the result was kalindula music. Bands included the Masasu Band, SerenjeKalindula and Junior Mulemena Boys. Amayenge is considered one of the best kalindula bands of the past twenty years. On behalf of the British Government in association with The British Council, I was appointed to lead a team of so-called 'experts' to help to improve English, Maths and Science (Action to Improve English, Maths and Science – AIEMS), not music I hasten to add. It was one of the largest-funded programmes to be ushered in to a former colony.

The real outlanders were to be found in the Copper Belt in the north of Zambia many miles away. A piano was not purchased and I contented myself musically in a listening mode; Shearing, Basie, Ellington, Sinatra in our safe British-protected project accommodation. In the 1990s, economic problems caused the collapse of the Zambian music industry. Unfettered by rules promoting Zambian music, the airwaves were swamped with imported ragga and reggae from Jamaica and hip hop and R&B from the United States. It was ten years since I ran my last Comrades (I'm there!) so why not? Train for the London marathon then my very last diminuendo down-run in South Africa, 1995, in place of jazzing it up. Ten years older; my final Comrades was in fact my best run - I took 45 minutes off my PB. What else does one do in a country that seems to be devoid of opportunities to play jazz with fellow musos. Ah, yes, study for a second degree. I enlisted with Leicester University as a distance learning student and added MSc to my post-nominal letters.

But wait a minute (pause), what am I hearing on my Grundig. South Africa's first multi-racial elections in which full enfranchisement was granted were held on 27 April 1994. The African National Congress won 62% of the votes in the election, and Mandela, as leader of the ANC, was inaugurated on



10 May 1994 as the country's first black President, with the National Party's F.W. de Klerk (a big jazz fun according to Erika Lundi) as his first deputy and Thabo Mbeki as the second in the Government of National Unity. I listened intently especially since I had dined with Thabo Mbeki's father on a business development trip to South Africa's

universities when I was working as an academic in the Ayr Campus of the University of Paisley, Scotland.

However one of my abiding memories in Zambia, as I travelled throughout the country and visited its sixteen provinces, with my fellow co-worker, raising awareness of the programmes in school development that were being introduced via the AIEMS Project, involved lunch-time at one of the road-side café restaurants. Gracewell viewed what I thought was a decent meat and two veg lunch that any famished Englishman (even a Scot!) would be very happy to gorge. He gesticulated "There is no Nshima, what about some real food!" Nshima<sup>34</sup> is a dish made from maize flour (white cornmeal) and water and is a staple food in Zambia (nshima/ ubwali) and Malawi (nsima). Music to my ears, I could afford a side dish as a cadenza, colloquially a 'round-off'. Musically for me, this great country, vast as it was from the Zambezi basin to the northern shores of Lake Victoria, was about to lose me. The invitation to join yet another team of educationists after two years and collaborate to improve Primary School Management (PRISM) north to Kenya was wildly tempting. What opportunities and haunting refrains await me to capture rhythms and syncopation especially in the Kenyan coast, as exemplified in the music of coastal jazz groups such as Mombasa? Meanwhile Dollar Brand attracts my attention. ∞



# CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

## Dollar Brand - Ekaya

**"When time and space and change converge, we find Place"**



Abraham Ibrahim aka Dollar Brand before his conversion to Islam is a renowned, no-nonsense South African pianist b 1934 and is still dominating various genres and international scenes between the US and South Africa; African Jazz, African Folk and Post-Bop. I listened to his music because of my

own memorable links with the Kingdom of Lesotho and its fast flowing rivers. In one of his CDs the band Ekaya is strong and numerous including trombone, saxophones and flute, tuba, trumpet, bass and of course piano – veritable iconic ensemble. The title song African River is fairly typical of his varied and complex compositions allowing all players to contribute to the improvisations yet retaining the unpretentious melodic sounds from his homeland. The influence that Duke Ellington had on Abdullah is abundant so much so that the track Duke 88 conveys much of the Ellington 'genre' fused with the Cape 'sub-genre'. The trombone is especially sonorous combining with the tenor saxophone providing unique opportunities for John Stubblefield and Robin Eubanks to prepare the ground for Horace Young (alto/soprano) and Howard Johnson (trumpet) to set the scene for exciting, sometimes sad, interchanges and musical quips – this is a gem as it fades.

The alto sax takes us to The Wedding where the spiritual and religious nature of the sounds reminds us of a strong township background that clearly Dollar Brand experienced as a child in Cape Town and later in the shebeens<sup>35</sup> of Soweto when he associated with Kippie Moeketsi and the legendary Masekela (Jazz Epistles). It is extremely moving and encapsulates a pictorial frame of what life for him must have been like as he grew up, exposed to all kinds of traditional Capetonian music.

The piccolo switches the rhythm to a Brazil-like sway in Sweet Samba, pure



bossa allowing quick reposts and conversations to take place with trumpet, piano, tenor sax and bassist Buster Williams with drummer Brian Abrahams providing a tom-tom backing that reaches out to a solid big band Cape-parade-like sound from Ekaya finishing on a lengthy major seventh.

Chisa, a melodius song, can also be found in another album – "Cape Town Flowers". It is enchanting in its simplicity and repetition and gives the tenor sax an opportunity to prove his virtuosity as he converses with Abraham, playing repetitive low chords with a sweep of brushes from the drummer. The trumpeter takes over above the continuous chorus and colourful melody and definitely sounds Ellingtonian building up to a crescendo for all players to make themselves heard in harmony.

Mountain of the Night is serene and tuneful allowing the piano to gently set a pleasing mood for someone who is reflective and thinking of home, perhaps the mountain presiding over the city of Cape Town. A most satisfying end to an original album of genuine South African Cape Jazz. Cape Jazz is similar to the popular music



style known as marabi, though more improvisational in character. Where marabi is a piano jazz style, Cape Jazz in the beginning featured (though not exclusively) instruments that can be carried in a street parade, such as brass instruments, banjos, guitars and percussion instruments.. I salute the "Dollar Brand", indubitably good value especially if you find his CD tucked away in some charity outlet....∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY

## Global Overtures

***"One orning I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How he got in my pajamas, I don't know." - Animal Crackers***

I had developed an impassioned interest in bird songs during my two years in Zambia. Kenya, must next stop, offered a wealth of opportunities to listen to these melodic sounds and view the plumages that were ever present in both urban surrounds and the vast rural stretches that awaited my exploration. My new company interestingly named The Centre for British Teachers (CfBT) required me to take a lead in promoting sustained management practices, gushing with probity, in primary schools throughout the country, funded by the British Government. Reaching the far corners and outposts of Kenya certainly enabled me to identify the bird life ranging from the haunting Emerald Spotted Wood Doves and Crowned Hornbills to Joyful Greenbulls and Beautiful Sunbirds. But where is the music I ask myself? My kind of music? This is the 90s, I began to realise, not the 70s when I encountered expats and their fantastic commitment (fealty not Tolkienesque<sup>36</sup>) to AM-DRAM activities – it is "swallows" nowadays.

However the Societies for Scottish Nationals abroad continued to be part of the scene and Nairobi was not short of this Celtic pursuit. I joined the local Caledonian Society and before I could enunciate "Lang May Yer Lum' Reek", I was being installed as the Chieftain. The lesson I was beginning to ruefully learn is 'don't blink too much when it comes to showing interest in committees'. Result: you have become a key member and committed to 'doing things'! Luckily my early years of playing in a Scottish Country Dance Band as a teenager came in handy since the local Society booked from Scotland all known bands to play at its functions (pic). What an opportunity for someone who is self-deprecating and has been starved of playing with other musos even although the accompaniment was vamping and not too challenging at that. No sooner had the Scottish Band arrived and fortuitously without a pianist, I was offering my services while the band attended to one or two functions locally such as entertaining the old folks in the East African Women's League shelter. What a joy to be able to recall the simplicities of playing alongside fellow musos and know what to do with the engaging lilts of strathspeys, reels and jigs. Kenya is a wondrous country with game parks at your doorstep and the cacophony of birds within ear-shot ("No Lions Here at this Picnic Spot" was the astonishing sign! Gulp! Chortle!).

My job with my fellow Kenyan associates was to travel throughout the country recruiting likely Trainers of Trainers and building up a nucleus of leaders in the field of reliable management for schools. There wasn't much time for settling in to a pastime of jazz playing with other musos. During my

five years in Kenya I never got around to purchasing a keyboard but at every opportunity and if I came across an unmanned piano I would open the lid and treasure what I saw and felt and hit a few chords. On one occasion we were holidaying with friends in Mombasa and attending a jazz club. I demonstrated my usual exuberance at every riff and improvisation being played by the pianist. At one point during a break the indulgent 'keys guy' came over to our table and asked "Does anyone here play the piano?" staring pointedly at me. What could I say, "I do!" much to the profound astonishment of everyone at the table. I was asked if I wanted to sit in with the bass and drums. "Yes", in an act of sheer hubris, thinking the 'Best is Yet to Come'", was my whispered meek reply. To play with real jazz musos was an opportunity not to be missed. Again, to the total amazement of all at our table I was promptly strutting myself towards the stage. I said to the bass guy, "Can you play 'Beginning to See the Light in E minor", recalling "You play in your key and I'll sing in mine!!". He looked at me disdainfully and nodded. Somewhat like swimming and riding a bike, one does not forget riffs and chord sequences easily. I went through two 32 bar choruses and included an opportunity for the bass and drums to demonstrate their improv skills much to the cheering applause of the patrons and diners and the utter disbelief of all at my table. I was having a good feel for this friendly country. Improvisation or extemporisation is a jazz skill that all jazz musicians develop through hard graft, singular genius and a deep knowledge of music theory and one of the greatest proponents is sax player Cannonball Adderley. ∞



# CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

## Cannonball

**"Hipness is not a state of mind, it's a fact of life"**



Nicknames can often remain with a person for the rest of one's life. Imagine kids at school, where it usually is proclaimed, giving Julian Edwin Adderley the name of "cannibal" because he had a huge appetite. Luckily it stuck but was modified. Cannonball had another appetite – Hard Bop. If Bop and swing differ because the former improvises with chords and the latter improvises across the melody then what do we make of Bop when it is "hard". More

complex, with expansive opportunities to freely express musical thinking, is the easy answer. Cannonball "vocalizes" his speech-like phrases in Waltz for Debby in the 1961 "Know What I Mean" album with Bill Evans (piano) and two of the MJQ (Modern Jazz Quartet) musicians, Percy Heath (Bass) and Connie Kay (Drums). What a mixture of sidemen after a virtuoso one minute performance by Evans, Cannonball swings into the waltz but soon weaves his way into another world of staccato and cadences that literally shout and exclaim alto saxophone joyful soliloquys to the listener.

About the same time, a few years earlier, when Cannonball was establishing himself in the realms of up and coming jazz musicians, the formidable Miles Davis (Selim backwards, yet another nick name!) noticed the blues-rooted sounds of Mr Adderley. He was promptly invited to join the MD Sextet during the period when Davies recorded one of the best—selling influential jazz albums of all time, "Kind of Blue". This experience with musicians such as John Coltrane and Bill Evans led to a strong development in Cannonball's career as a communicator in music. He later formed his own Quintet with his brother cornetist Nat after a fairly inconsequential start very early in his career pre- Selim.

However now with the maturity of years of playing with top quality musicians; Ray Charles, Sergio Mendes ("Corcovado") and Milt Jackson (MJQ) recording the jazz giant Dizzy Gillespie's number Groovin' High, Cannonball prodigiously set about recording some of his most memorable and commercial tracks. Huge Jazz Standards such as Autumn Leaves, I'll Remember April, Love For Sale and You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To all got the Hard Bop "Cannonball" treatment and well worth attentively

listening to.

Later in life, Cannonball, through John Coltrane, teamed up with the tenor sax player Wayne Shorter which led to an appearance at the Monterey Jazz festival in California where his albums "Accent on Africa" (1968, Capitol label) and "The Price You Got to Pay to be Free" (1970) featured prominently. Julian Adderley recorded classics over a period of twenty years from 1955 to his death of a stroke in 1975 like many of the legendary names in music, much too young to go. His legacy was easy listening jazz but tones that needed some concentration and hence a measure of appreciation. He was highly rated throughout his career and received many awards.

<http://www.cannonball-adderley.com/288.htm>

Continuing with my 'accent on Africa', we move back to Africa, still in Kenya. ∞



# CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

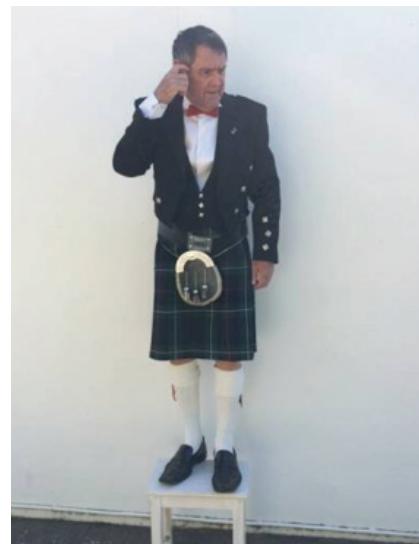
## Across Kenya

**"I'm walking here! I'm walking here!" - *Midnight Cowboy***

Kenya is vast. I accepted a 5 year contract ('95-'00) on British Government terms to assist with the improvement of management practices in primary schools throughout Kenya. The programme was named PRISM. The five years did not include or indeed offer haunting refrains but the legacy after five years did include a PRISM song. Kenyans are a sol-fah nation. They sing in three or four part harmony and it comes naturally. Why would a budding jazz enthusiast need to engage in a pastime of music when each day the harmonies of various groups throughout the land give voice to music that is pleasing, and rhythmical?

Once again, I find myself piano-less but not without a surround of music and therefore optimistically in the absence of withdrawal symptoms. My relationship with the 'acoustic' was definitely strained but not uncomfortable. I was much too busy travelling with my Kenyan project partner across the immensity of Kenya while these 90s evoked thoughts of my musical 50s (Scottish Country Dance Band), 60s (jazzing it up in a College of Education, Hamilton) and 70s and 80s (directing cabarets in Lesotho and musically pausing in Scotland and Zambia). The 90s as many of us will recall welcomed the growth of the Internet, emailing and instant communication, CDs and DNA profiling (and who we are), two-way texting, extra-large hand-held phones, Austin Powers. It is now claimed today that DNA helix structures<sup>37</sup> can be modified. I wish I could have tampered with my DNA in the 50s to ensure that my tendencies towards music would be emboldened. Here I am in the midst of a huge country, without a piano and most importantly without other musos to embrace my desire to make music.

I was fascinated that my associates across the whole of Kenya, with accelerando, got to know the PRISM song so that every time I visited a Training Centre the song was sung when we gathered to reflect on the day's activities. I responded on each of those occasions, as was expected in Kenya and indeed in Africa, with the usual inspirational end-of-workshop loquacious monologue. One abiding memory involved a visit to the Rift Valley Province, the home of the great distance runners it is claimed, and on that occasion Cathryn accompanied me. On each workshop event there were often, about 100



teachers and education officials representing the school sector who were assembled to deliberate on important issues such as school development planning and good management of finances and learning. All my colleagues up and down the country by then had wind of my Scottish background and therefore I dressed up in my finery, tartans, kilt and all, and this was much appreciated by Kenyans since they themselves enjoyed attiring in tribal finery.

While I was making wise altruistic pronouncements on the success of the workshop and warmly applauding the organisers for their hospitality and, in particular, how the mix of personnel present at the workshop was well balanced, I invited C (unprepared) to say a few words to the participants. One can imagine the immediate horror and glaring-to-kill of being asked to speak before a very large all-ears group of educators but very quickly bold C, suitably and modestly dressed for the occasion, requested a stool to be placed next to her and while she spoke equally warmly about the gender mix and her female presence at such an august moment (Kenya like most African nations does have a tendency to be male-oriented), she invited me to alight on the stool, resplendent in my kilt and other fineries from Scotland, whereupon she proclaimed that all males attending this workshop should observe closely my apparel (she actually said 'duds!') and conclude who "really wears the trousers in her family". The workshop participants collapsed in howls of laughter and applause in appreciation and began singing the PRISM song and giving the most delicious utterances and ululations thus bringing the workshop proceedings to a most memorable close and confirming for me my apogee that was 'music to my ears' which was firmly engrained in my DNA psyche. Once again improvisations come to mind and who better than Louis with his instantly recognizable gravelly voice. ∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

## Satch

**"If you have to ask what jazz is, you'll never know.' 'I was born on the 4th July, 1900!' 'This one's for you, Rex' to King George V of Great Britain"**

This Chapter is all about Louis Daniel 'Satchmo' (short for Satchelmouth so named because of his huge mouth) 'Pops' Armstrong (1901-1971) probably one of the most iconic jazz trumpeters, raspy rhythmic singers and talented film stars ever to emerge out of New Orleans.

The legendary Satch worked with a plethora of jazz and scat stars including Ella, Anita O'Day, Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett, Oscar Peterson, Hoagy Carmichael's Lazy River (1931), Sarah Vaughan, even Bing Crosby in the film High Society (1956) and with the vivacious Grace Kelly, a wonderful princess in True Love (Porter, 1955).

Satchmo developed a natural 'gravelly' sound for many of his most memorable songs notably 'What a Wonderful World' (Weiss, 1967, Good Morning Vietnam, 1987) and 'Hello Dolly' (Herman, 1969, starring Streisand).

During his tour of the UK in 1956, Armstrong thrilled a packed concert in the Empress Hall with Mack the Knife (Kurt Weill, 1928) – watch it on You Tube. The scene is fascinating; the understated grey-suited men and carefully coiffured women of the post-war 50s; then as the tempo and change of key of Mack was raised so did the conservative, proper British public who began to rhythmically cheer the great ostentatious artist wiping of the beads of sweat with his handkerchief at every bar during this powerful and virtuoso performance (some of the audience even looked excited!). In his own words 'My Chops Was Beat but I'm Dyin' to Swing Again'. Dizzy said 'He is unimpeachable'. Let us not forget he is the king of 'High Society'. He wowed them at Newport '58 with his 'high' notes. Meanwhile more 'high notes'. ∞



## **Photo's from the Past**



# CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

## Reaching the High Notes of Mount Kenya

### **"Well Nobody's Perfect" - Some Like It Hot**

At my farewell from my Scottish world of academia in 1996 I vowed that at some stage in my life I would include an ascent up a very high mountain in my yet-to-be achieved 'bucket list'. I was actually thinking of Mt Kilimanjaro in Tanzania even although I was headed for Zambia. Having rather quickly moved on to Kenya, the 'bucket list' appeared to be pervasively closing in. When Cathryn's daughter, a dauntless adventurer somewhat gamine, arrived in Nairobi, she shocked us by announcing that the three of us will climb Mt Kenya as she was only visiting for a few days and had planned to climb Mt K. This was not music to my ears. I have always been a fan of the musical Sound of Music but "Climb Every Mountain" was not included in my death-wish! Mother Abbess or even Julie Andrews could not persuade us to plan and execute such a project in a few days. I had clambered up Ben Nevis<sup>38</sup> in my early years and was considering that maybe I should re-visit the UK's highest mountain since it appears to have increased recently in height by about a metre from 1,344m to 1,345m. But climbing 5,199m in short notice with no preparation or indeed training is downright madness.



Even Hugh Grant who clearly enjoyed climbing "Up a Hill and Down a Mountain" in the 1995 Welsh movie, which we watched with much amusement while in Zambia, could not have inspired us to entertain such lunacy. The following day the intrepid three mountaineers set off in the British project Land Rover for Nanyuki to the north-east of Nairobi in the Great Rift Valley completely unprepared but carrying a CD unit, a box of cheap SA wine, newly acquired climbing boots and some touristy books that hopefully would persuade us not to be idiots and even entertain such a venture. When one reaches the base camp it is awesome to view a snow-capped mountain in such close proximity. It (the rock mountain that is) is situated in a National Park and one has to pay to endure such suffering. My Scottish nature was already being irritated to the extreme.

On Day 1 we lit a small braai (as one does on the edge of a ghastly mountain) and had a few glasses of wine to keep the spirits (MALT please!) up so to speak. The eloquently persuasive daughter, super-fit, got us moving early the next morning in Day 2. She had already organised three sherpas to

carry the wine and a few other essentials. En route we met many other crazy people all of whom seemed excited with the prospect of defeating a mountain. C and I were already defeated at the thought. It was thick mud, rocks, undergrowth up dale, down dale, rain and more rain. Are we enjoying this? A big FAT no. C warned her daughter never to use words such as 'hill' or 'mound' ever again in her company. After seven hours of grafting, the next base camp (4,000m) in sight, according to sign posts (which lied), would be two to three kms over the next rise (even synonyms for 'hill' were not allowed). Mild cursing and unwanted epithets and sobriquets were heard. We arrived and C announced no more. The accommodation was a large hall full of snorting, sonorous Spanish hikers. During what seemed like an eternity, in the middle of the night, we were rudely awakened by an over enthusiastic sherpa who informed us that the best time to reach the peak would be now. He had a torch and ski sticks! The Comrades runner could not be embarrassed and show unwillingness, or indeed fear, so two people continued to the Austrian Hut as day light approached. I said "no more" when I viewed a sheer rock in front of me (see pic). Sherpa warned "Do not fall asleep just keep walking around" and he gave me a half Mars Bar (not even deep fried!) to comfort me in a 9m<sup>2</sup> hut. The good news was daughter climbed the mountain, C and A managed some of it but it was time for a new passage modulated to another pitch, legato, fox-trot on – Solomon Islands (where else!), 2001! But, not before a significant purchase was made in Adderley Street, Stanford. This would eventually be our home – Castle Herriot. In my Castle I was not recognised by some well-known titular denomination such as Prince, Duke etc but who better to invite than none other than a 'Sir' and a 'Dame' - welcome Dankworth, (a music Director and music Educator) and Laine an English jazz and pop singer and an actress, known for her scat singing and for her vocal range, though her natural range was that of a contralto. ∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

## The Stables

**"Jazz today can be spiritual, cerebral, motivating or moving"**

Continuing with my theme of great musicians, I offer a brief glimpse of a prolific couple who independently and conjointly contributed so much to the British and World jazz scene over five and six decades from the 50s onwards. They are Dame Cleo Laine and husband Sir John Dankworth (died 2010, both born in 1927). It is enormously difficult to separate the two but the fact that Cleo was and still is a profoundly influential jazz singer and John was iconic as a band leader, composer, arranger, saxophonist and clarinettist, it is instructive to consider them separately as colossal stars. Cleo is reported to have commented on Sinatra some years later after their combined duo performances in 1992 at the Royal Albert Hall, "I was very impressed with his singing" – praise indeed. However, the Dankworths often worked their gigs together throughout their long distinguished careers.



*I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good*

I first encountered them, as a university student in Edinburgh, while reading mathematics in the late 50s. Sociologists have often claimed that there is a deep unconscious link in humans between their innate interests and talents in music and mathematics. Perhaps. I felt it, as my interest in jazz was developing, but really did not fully understand what I was feeling except that, for me, jazz in all its forms encompassed what music was all about! During that period, Dankworth and Laine were frequent visitors to the annual Edinburgh International Festival (1947 - ) and since I lived nearby, it was easy to be able to pursue my interest in the Festival's music, its theatre and the Fringe and at the same time become a huge fan of the Dankworth family. Mr and Mrs Dankworth, who married in 1958, made their first joint appearance at the Festival in 1961. I was lucky enough to attend their fringe concert in the Edinburgh School of Art (my intended wife and consequent mother of my three children was an Art student) which in those fashionable days attracted many top musicians largely from the jazz genre especially those willing to 'jam' and 'play by ear'. Cleo Laine was making a name for herself with her smoky, beguiling voice and her ability like Ella Fitzgerald to sing 'scat'. Check out the Larry King You Tube MP4 "I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good", a slow pulsating rendition, demonstrating Cleo's extensive range of high and low notes and John's echoing clarinet which he often plunged into to raise the profile of his wife's performance.

Their partnership was unique to the music world. Cleo in her own right collaborated with other great jazz musicians, unsurprisingly. You really must listen to Cleo, John and John Christopher Williams (Australian classical guitarist extraordinaire, not to be confused with American John Towner Williams the epic Cinema and TV sound-track music composer; Star Wars, Schindler's List etc) and their exquisite interpretation of "If" (composed by USA's David Gates of Bread, the lyrics on a par with Robert Burns' My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose). It is a haunting melody and known by many jazz enthusiasts and players for its strong base line descending in half arpeggiated tones linking major and minor chords with augmented and diminished inversions; (Bea Whittaker, Stanford's very own local artist sang it at a recent Soiree evening with much grace and some of my readers were there).

John Dankworth's universal contribution to the whole landscape of jazz is truly phenomenal. He stood eminently shoulder to shoulder with Benny Goodman, Charlie Parker, Tubby Hayes and Duke Ellington and played with the superlatives on both sides of the Atlantic such as Ella, Oscar Peterson, Ronnie Scott, Scotland's Annie Ross, far too many to enunciate. Both Cleo and John set up an internationally recognised charity, at The Stables, their home in Wavendon, Milton Keynes, England, to provide benefits for young musical artistes. How many of my readers remember Dankworth's 78rpm tongue-in-cheek spoof of the Three Blind Mice ditty "Experiments with Mice" (1956) which surely inspired young up and coming jazz musicians to experiment with counterpoint and harmonies? It would be impossible to give justice to John and Cleo, two magnificent artistes in the world of jazz, in this short space. John summed it up in his autobiography Jazz in Revolution; "Jazz today can be spiritual, cerebral, motivating or moving. It can evoke tension, relaxation, laughter, tears. Surely jazz is the music of the era, combining stature, dignity and emotion with the highest musical ideal." Another move, another country. ∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

## The Edge of the World

**"Well, here's another fine mess you've gotten me into!" - Laurel and Hardy**

Once the local ethnic tensions had been settled, The UK Department For International Development (DFID) in its inestimable wisdom appointed me to lead an education improvement project in the Solomon Islands, a nation comprising hundreds of islands in the South Pacific, well known for its colossal scenery, dazzling scuba diving and extraordinary WWII-era relics. Among its acclaimed diving destinations are the enormous Marovo Lagoon and Iron Bottom Sound, which are littered with dozens of sunken warships as a result of the Battle of Guadalcanal (read The Thin Red Line, a fascinating account of American soldiers facing the horrors of war in intense jungle combat in Guadalcanal during World War II). Guadalcanal<sup>39</sup> is the main province and one of the archipelago's largest islands where the capital city of Honiara sits which was my ultimate destination, The Ministry of Education Curriculum Development Unit. What an exciting opportunity for my next Musical Extravaganza to work in a diverse colourful country noted for its culture, its music (pan and slapped pipes/bamboo tubes with slippers and slit drums), its history and its peoples (Melanesians, Polynesians and Micronesians and a scattering of Chinese) and the usual expat community (mainly Ozzies), just three hours from Brisbane, Australia. My wife instructed (nae commanded) that we make a quick reprise visit back to Brisbane (3 hour flight) over a weekend and purchase a full 88 Yamaha Keyboard, hence the inception of my lengthy and intimate relationship with electric keys began in 2001 passing through various phases over the years until today in Stanford where I play a Roland RD 700 GX (September 9/11 put a damper on our life as we learned of the loss of a family member).



My job in SI was clearly to familiarise myself with the educational needs of the country, talk to the key players and visit the inhabited islands by outboard boat and plane, where you could easily believe you're the first person to ever slip into the clear blue waters and set foot on the warm sand and paddle (unsettling at first) with non-aggressive miniature sharks! Education in Solomon Islands was not compulsory and only 60 percent of school-age children had access to primary education but it had been decreed by the SI Government that international funding was required to help develop learning materials in English although the Lingua Franca

was 'pidgin', a delightful and eloquent form of everyday language communication (Mifelabaravaangre – I'm very hungry!). That was my context however lurking behind the scenes was a wealth of opportunities to engage with the polyphonic sounds of the South Pacific. In double-quick tempo I was ushered into the office of the resident British High Commissioner, ostensibly my in-country boss, who did not have a Rolls, but he, Brian (RIP), did have a guitar and was a great football supporter thus began a long-term friendship to this day – he invited Sir Bobby Charlton to open the new stadium and what a thrill to meet him. It took no time to be introduced to the local musos especially since being friendly with the Head of Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, who was pre-disposed to holding cultural events at his high residence together with his wife Liz. On one occasion I learnt the National Solomon Islands Anthem scored in three basic 12 bar blues chords accompanied by the famous Pan Slipper Tubes. ("Wakabaot Long Saenataon"

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QDHDNBqMDus>).

Finding the right pitch when accompanying a number of pan pipers who slapped tubes with their slippers to create polyphonic sounds was quite a challenge for a western keyboardist and a guitarist who spent his childhood in the company of that great intelligent English Rock Band, The Zombies (have a listen to their 1965 hit song;

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CKBRc8zNQ30>).

There was so much more to do and experience in a country with hundreds of islands and that required travel from one end of the archipelago to the other; 1,500km in total. Has BEBOP arrived, I wonder? Purity. Let's ask Zoot Sims who acquired the nickname "Zoot" early in his career while he was in the Kenny Baker band in California and linked to a 'Muppet Show'. Slightly dubious! ∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

## Zoots

**"As long as you've got your horn in your mouth, you're developing"**

Being a massive fan of jazz keyboard players (I called them pianists when I was growing up), I was listening recently to an Oscar Peterson track playing Gershwin's "Someone To Watch Over Me" and what's this, a cool, relaxed, quite sophisticated



warm tenor sax inter mingling easily with the lush phrases and chromatic wizardry of Oscar. I had to hear more of this musician. He got his nickname from other musicians when he played with Ken Baker in California in the 40s (not to be confused by the British 'trad' jazz band leader, trumpeter Kenny Baker who played with Ted Heath – Up a Lazy River) and subsequently many other big bands such as Stan Kenton, Buddy Rich, Gerry Mulligan, Benny Goodman (touring in the Soviet Union in 1962) and Artie Shaw to mention a few. Charlie Parker was known as "bird". (When I played with the Jim Johnstone Scottish Country Dance Band in the 50s, the guys nicknamed me "kid" – I was sixteen for goodness sake). I digress.

By far, the very best studio album, by Zoot, features the music of the Gershwin brothers. It is an avalanche (nay tsunami) of George and Ira's most iconic music; Lady Be Good, Summertime, (the livin' is easy), I Got Rhythm, 'S Wonderful and Embraceable You. Listen to it on You Tube. During his very successful career, Zoot played for some time with Mose Allison (pianist and jazz singer – Don't Get Around Much Anymore – Duke Ellington), and he's on my list for a future review. Listening to Zoot now, I think about my new musical colleague (Jazz Soiree last March here in Stanford), Miso Markovina, who is up there with Zoot, in my view – these guys know their stuff. What a thrill it was to gig with such an accomplished local sax musician. Did you attend our soiree evening? No worries, there will be more. Zoot played through the era of bebop (think of Hampton's Hey-Ba-Ba-Re-Bop or more recently Vincent's Be-Bop-A-Lula),



free jazz (John Coltrane – an unconventional “My Favourite Things”) and fusion (a bringing together of styles such as blues and rock – Ray Charles and even the Cape’s Lucy Kruger) however, Zoot remained a “swing” man throughout. Zoot’s big heroes were Coleman Hawkins (*Body and Soul*), Ben Webster (His LP was played incessantly at the Fat Alice restaurant on Kingsway in Maseru in 1975 - 80) and Lester Young (*East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, 1947). Jazz aficionados must listen to Al Cohn and Zoot in a duet of unaccompanied improvisations for saxophones, “You’n Me”, and a further departure with the jazz standard “Angel Eyes” (also Ella and Ol’ blue eyes sang this) where the two musicians switch to clarinet midstream. Such is the deft elegance of those jazz artistes of the swing and blue note era.

Maxine neatly follows...why because she is roughly ages with Zoot and she handles Scottish melodies with great jazzy verve, best known for her 1937 recording of a swing version of the Scottish folk song “Loch Lomond” and a precursor to better-known later vocalists such as Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, and Sarah Vaughan, Maxine Sullivan is considered one of the best jazz vocalists of the 1930s. ∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

## Swinging Thru' The Rye

### "Legendary Swing Singer"

While recently researching for one of my paramount annual events that took place in Stanford last month, namely the Burns (1759-96) Supper, I came across some different and interesting interpretations of Scottish Folk music played in swing jazz, which for those who do not know is my real *raison d'être* for life. I thought no, no, no...this can't be. What would the Scottish bard have thought if he heard sultry Julie London swing Comin' Thru The Rye or Maxine Sullivan (1911-87) tripping through the glens and across the lochs while singing Loch Lomond, Americanizing it with her cool contralto and sending shivers down my spine at such a staggeringly agreeable intrusion of a Scottish culture that was well and truly founded before 'blues' ever hit the "jazz street" in New York, the nick name for 52nd Street?



Well, Mr Burns, it was not too bad. If you had had access to a Phillips record player in 1780 in Tarbolton, Ayrshire, Scotland, not too far from where I once lived in Mauchline, in 1980, and you were able to play this new genre of music to your 'Batchelor Club' mates, I rather think you might just approve. Julie London's version is raw, jazzy and sexy and very pleasing to the ear but I can't imagine kilted red-headed highlanders striding across the glens listening to the John Kirby (Maxine's husband) Sextet on their earphones and in a 'Brave Heart' way, to frighten the English of course, humming an old Scottish folk song "Annie Laurie". But there you are, Sullivan was a proponent of 'swing folk' particularly those great tunes from another era which the writers of the Harlem Renaissance (Billy Holliday, Maxine and Louis Armstrong to name a few) often compared to their very own music 'blues and jazz' – heh we were first in Caledonia! The jury is out for me, however in an earlier revue I articulated on John Dankworth's playing of "Three Blind Mice" (Nursery Rhyme) and approved his superlative extemporisations (Issue No. 87), hence there is probably a place for this kind of musical fusion between folk and swing.

Have a listen to Maxine as she sings her unique version of "Molly Malone" (Irish), "It Was a Lover and his Lass" (Shakespeare and English) and "If I had a Ribbon Bow" (American Folk). It is 1930s stuff, supported by distinctive bands often with a simplistic soulful light touch sometimes mournful but certainly expansively representative of the sounds during the pre WW2 era.

My favourite Sullivan track is 'Tain't No Use' (Cook My Goose) supported by Glenn Zottola's squealing trumpet where she ruminates over a romance that has run its course (probably Kirby her first husband) and is a tribute to the writer Burton Lane (Finian's Rainbow and On a Clear Day, two massive Broadway hits). I am inclined to feel modestly pleased that exceptional swing artists recognized potential jazz rhythms contained in folklore and used this musical tie to "Flow Gently Sweet Rhythm", Maxine's Radio Variety Show (<http://www.cduniverse.com/productinfo.asp?pid=8246527>) undoubtedly a commendatory acknowledgement to Robert Burns who wrote the iconic poem Flow Gently Sweet Afton. Please listen to forces favourite Jo Stafford singing this beautiful song ([http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N8g\\_NCIdeRE](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N8g_NCIdeRE)).

Did you know the 1930's show "Swinging the Dream" is based on Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream and that Maxine played Titania and Louis Armstrong played Bottom. The show failed after 13 performances!

In his play, Invisible Man (1970), Ralph Ellison, the black American author, wrote "while a complete mastery of life is mere illusion, the real secret of the game is to make life swing" ...QED.∞

# CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

## At Seventeen

**"Love was meant for beauty queens"**



In the mid 70's when during my residency in Maseru an associate in our local Am-Dram group introduced me to Janis Ian and informed me with some urgency "she is different, has something to say and sing and writes words and music with a purpose and meaning". In her timeless hit, Janis Ian remembered being 'Seventeen' and sang 'Love was meant for beauty queens and high school girls with clear skinned smiles who married young and then retired'. The message is clear.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zw7Esd9C\\_yA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zw7Esd9C_yA).

Ian claimed, at that age, to dress weirdly and not attractively, had dark curly hair, ('ravaged faces lacking in social graces') and as a folk singer, she concurrently was developing her interests in civil rights. She was strongly influenced by Joan Baez and Odetta who in turn influenced other cognoscenti in the folk era such as Dylan, Staples and Joplin. I had to listen to this youngster who for the past ten years was whipping up imaginative lyrics and composing music. I am not a devotee of 'strum, strum, mumble. mumble' (apologies for my irreverence), but I was immediately struck by her disarmingly straight forward vocal delivery and perfect tone while listening to the 33 vinyl version on my Philips turntable. Imagine, in 1976 she defeated the current female icons with their hits; Helen Reddy (I am Woman), Judy Collins (Send in the Clowns), Linda Ronstadt (You're No Good) – ugh she has Parkinson's, Olivia Newton-John (Jolene) to win the Grammy for that year. In the 60's as a very young sixteen year old she was shocking mature audiences with the uneasy words and music of Society's Child a contentious theme about interracial relationships; white girl/black boy) and that propelled her into public consciousness. ([http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yW\\_rYLoIR08](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yW_rYLoIR08)



Today at sixty-two she is regal and gracious, still strumming but not mumbling. Her dark curly hair is now white as the driven snow. Her voice has a maturity that only ageing can successfully guarantee. When she won the award for Best Spoken Word Album for her autobiography Society's Child in 2013

([www.brillianceaudio.com/2013-Grammy-Award](http://www.brillianceaudio.com/2013-Grammy-Award))



in a contest with pre-eminent opposition such as Bill Clinton, Ellen DeGeneres and Rachel Maddow, she opened her acceptance speech with the brave words, "There's gotta be a joke here where an ex-President and three lesbians meet in a bar....." In 1993 the once married(to a guy) Janis Ian married her friend Patricia Snyder, a lawyer, in Canada, where that union is legal (the guy gave Janis a semi-automatic rifle for her birthday and not flowers!!). You would do well to give Janis's album, supported by her fantastic band with their clever arrangements and mix of instruments

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eKWorBLtIKQ>),

for a special birthday or Christmas present to someone you love. Please listen to Restless Eyes when you browse through the CDs simply sublime!

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ayeTTfk7UE4>

Meanwhile let's travel to the Solomon Islands. ∞

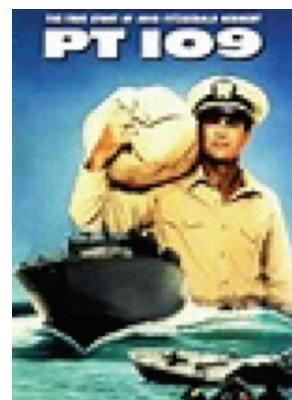


# CHAPTER FORTY

## Greeting in the Solomon Islands 2001

**"Yu stap gut?"**

That is the most commonly used Pijin<sup>40</sup> phrase asking a friend or stranger how he or she is. Western culture especially the influence from the big neighbour, Australia and to some extent USA, has played a significant role in shaping some of the country's ubiquitous appeals particularly tourism and visitors' interests in water sports, canoeing, ecology, wildlife, cerulean skies and exploration of the waters around many inhabited islands. Solomon Islanders are predominantly Melanesian - about 95% - with smaller Polynesian, Micronesian, Chinese and European communities. More than 90% identify as Christians. Expatriate 'do-gooders' abound but many of them are part of the country's strategy to 'grow up' and stand tall internationally. Hence it was not surprising, undeniably apt, to learn that Rotary International was present and as was expected this group represented the predominant business and professional community. We were welcomed into that congregation and it took no time to find myself organising a cabaret show to raise funds for the local hospital. Tucked away within the wide porous boundaries of such a melange I experienced a fecund penchant to be associated with raw talent, singers, amateur musicians and those with some stage experience. Not only did I discover a wealth of natural munificent aptitudes amongst the residents and the non-residents (not a Facebook or Instagram in sight!) but also the local police force had a brass band some of whom enjoyed playing swinging jazz standards - divine. This was music to my ears.



"When Your Smiling" here we come! Rehearsals were easy since most people had much fewer distractions in an island where pastimes, hobbies, things to do were self-sustaining. This is certainly not the case in Stanford or any other western village, town or city where dwellers have many commitments, domestic, professional and personal. My young Solomon Islander education colleague occupied a flat within my British Government premises so he voluntarily became my 'gofer' during rehearsals and performances. What a pleasure – someone willingly heaving my bulky musical equipment (oh to play a mouth-organ!) and then to connect it up and attend, deftly, to the intricacies of sound levels during a live show.

Life in Stanford today is not quite the same when it involves heaving one's equipment, painfully, here and there to attend rehearsal schedules for a local soiree or some other "players" event. However there had to be time for my professional input which required me to travel to the many islands. This often led to experiences such as long trips by outboard motor boats in all kinds of weather and learning about the rich history of these islands. On one occasion, on my way to Choisel Island, we passed close to Kennedy Island(colloquially known as Plum Pudding Island, though the correct local name is Kasolo Island) which is a small uninhabited island that was named after John F. Kennedy following an incident involving Kennedy during his World War II naval career. The island is notable for its role in the story of PT-109 (1963 movie - Cliff Robertson as young Kennedy), part of the Pacific Ocean Theatre of World War II. In August 1943 it was to this island, (for the safety of JFK's crew), that the crew of the Patrol Torpedo-109, commanded by the young 26 yr old heroic Lieutenant Kennedy, swam after their craft was rammed and wrecked by the Japanese destroyer Amagiri. This was long before the young sybarite entered politics, and the good life, had his fling with Ava Gardner and a few others to boot and subsequently gravitated towards Frank Sinatra and the non-musical Peter Lawford, (a Rat-Pack Member with Martin and Davis Jr) who married Jack's sister Pat Kennedy. Sinatra fascinatingly starred and directed in the War II movie "None But The Brave" set in Hawaii which had a familiar ring about it vis-à-vis an island in the Pacific. It is nevertheless an interesting intersectional link with some of the greatest icons in the history of metronomic swing music and it does allow the people of SI to boast a little on how their history and past events provided a hubristic link with the western world. ∞

# CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

## A Hagiographical Sound Pause

**"I'll have what she's having"**



It is time for an expedient pause during my soundtrack narrative. I dream a lot and have a dream-diary. Many of my dreams, ideally, could be related to music at least that is how I interpret my phantasmal recollections. In my dreams I often call to mind illusory incidents from the past and that memory recall curiously can sometimes be associated to a recent incident. I was reading about a French jazz pianist André Persiany recently (not yet in my book) <https://gum.co/KGvIP> who, when accompanying Milton "Mezz" Mezzrow (New Orleans revival in the 30s), kept tempo by stomping both feet. This unusual revelation was unique. However "I Had a Dream" (cf Martin Luther King Jr) continues to be replicated and diarised, the substance of which was, as a child in Scotland with my parents and grandparents, I often found myself listening to stomping next door upstairs and wondered what the thundering was. I was informed years later by my parents that it was three brothers practising strict tempo Scottish dance music playing their accordions – the Johnstone brothers. I refer to the River Talk when I first launched my so-called 'soundtrack of life'. In my article the nephew Jim Johnstone caught me unawares, as a naïve adolescent, attempting to play rock music on the piano, and opined, "Andrew, would you like to play in a real band"? I spent the next five years gigging; a member of a five-piece, very disciplined Scottish Country Dance Band. This provided a salutary apprenticeship for what was to be my life's dream throughout the following six decades – playing in a band especially inflected jazz, my epiphany passion even to this day in Stanford. Not a bad start to the symbolic nature of what images conjure up when asleep. I also must recount my worst nightmare as a young bandsman; arriving at a neglected dance hall in a tiny remote Scottish village that had seen better times to find an old dusty upright piano situated in a corner of a raised stage and on checking the pitch it was one semi-tone out of tune – nightmare! For the rest of the evening, while my four musical colleagues played insouciantly their way through our dance lists, I had to modulate every vamping chord (that is not a profanity!) eschew the band's grimaces, ultimately assuaged due to my well-honed skills. Halcyon days. I remembered my incident in a 'miner's welfare club' when an intemperate singing patron advised me fortissimo to "play in your key, son, and I'll sing in mine" – an indelible lesson for any young up-and-coming musician who dreamily enters the risky environs of accompaniments. It is odd how one dream can lead to another with no real natural connection. For many years I have dreamt of

tumbling downstairs. We lived in a two up two down house. Concurrently at the end of WW2 the family attended my uncle's wedding in the north of Scotland and I still dream about him coming downstairs at the railway station. Subsequently the family met in my aunt's house in Buckie where I discovered an organ upstairs (see Chapter 1). Of course, I had to strike the keys (I was five) but you had to push a pedal like a bicycle. Someone played a tune (years later I learned it was Wagner's "Here Comes The Bride") and many more years later here in Stanford I find myself accompanying one of my Jazzfordian associates singing Makin' Whoopee but before he begins his vocal recitation he relates the linking story between Wagner and Gus Khan's mildly sexual song about making whoopee. What is very weird is that music can lead to all kinds of coincidences. Recently I heard my special grandson, Jack, echo a few bars of "Wake Me UP". I declared "that was a great 80s song" and the mother immediately pointed out that it was a hit by George Michael. The following morning I woke up to the incredible news that George had died peacefully that same evening. Weird! One of the reasons why I adore "Midnight in Paris (Woody Allen) is the 'going back in time' sequences - dreams do this. The thrill of sitting down with one's composer and lyricist, Cole Porter is palpable ("De-Lovely" did the

same for me). Then catching up with Ernest Hemingway and Gertrude Stein - we all know how cool a musician Woody is. He was deferential about his clarinet playing, describe by him "as awful dreadfulness". In fact, he played in clubs in New York for many years while his international movie stardom was a "day job".

Maybe it is time to DC al Fine to my musical Pacific sojourn via a musical accidental; get in the groove and postpone day-dreaming. ∞



# CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

## Scots Wha' Hae

### "Nae Bother"



I am never surprised to learn that the Scots have made it to any of my new destinations and in some cases they have remained there. I came across three other Scots in Honiara, one, related to the well-known 1957 Scottish rugby full back (Ken Scotland), two, a former footballer with Hearts (I was a 'Jam Tart' in my early years in Edinburgh), who managed the SI National Football team and one other who amazingly was a very competent piper. What a cocktail of Celts! There could only be one outcome with this mixture, a wispy plot began to unfold – organise a tuneful Burns Supper. On further investigation, I discovered that many of the local natives of the island had been exposed not only to the music of Scotland; not only to the unique reels and strathspeys but also to the way the Scots attire themselves for certain auspicious occasions. In fact the Scots do dress up in their finery quite often especially in Edinburgh during the International Music Festival each year – it is a colourful sight to witness Highland Dancers at

Princes Street Gardens (Chapter 5). I had already identified a number of jazz singers through my involvement with the local Rotarians and a number of likely musicians with the SI Police Force, all of whom would do their best with the songs of Burns "Ae Fond Kiss then We Sever". This was a clear signal that a bumper Burns Supper had to be organised to celebrate Scotland's National Bard, Robert Burns' birthday on the 25th January. It was music to my ears and I had emerged from Kenya most recently having been immersed in numerous Scottish gatherings and Ceilidhs. However, organising a special Scottish supper in the middle of the Pacific Ocean does present certain challenges, especially as auditions to sing and entertain had to take place. There was one small mini-market in Honiara and of course not even a tin of haggis was to be found. Nevertheless, Australia is only three hours away by plane and that vast country is the home to a multitude of Scottish Diaspora all having escaped the dour Scottish weather and dark nights. When C and I visited Brisbane during my quest to purchase a keyboard we came across an open day in Mooloolaba on the Sunshine Coast (delicious name) which essentially was a gathering of the clans. My



Scottish footballing friend in Honiara had his home in that delightful part of Brisbane's hinterland and without question there was a Scottish butcher in business for the many Highlanders that seemed to be present in that part of Queensland. Ordering a few kilos of haggis to be couriered to Honiara turned out to be easier than ensuring a haggis delivery to Nairobi. Job done. Date fixed. Guest list? Well, the QE2's SI Governor had to be invited as the special guest and seated at the so-called top table and fully briefed so that he was able to celebrate a Scottish grand occasion in his territory with a fine speech scribed by his speech-writer. The local



"Scots" dressed in their finery were a must. I had a piper who worked for the EU and he knew all the relevant tunes (Auld Lang Syne and Flowers of Scotland) just as we have here in Stanford, our own local piper, Lincoln S. Ken Scotland's cousin agreed to toast the lassies in a rip-roaring naughty way, the reply coming from one of my female singers (again no difference from Stanford today!). Having been the man who knew how to address the beast, the haggis was down to me. Athol Brose was prepared during one evening at the British home of the Pretender-in-Chief of the Scottish community, yours truly. The Burns

Supper took place in the only hotel on the island. During the slaying of the haggis on the night, locals howled with laughter and glee when they were informed about the animal instincts of the Scottish Haggis and how it had to be trapped on the hillside and the fact that it had short inner legs and longer outer legs to enable it to run much faster around the mountainous terrain before being caught. Solomon Islanders shrieked with disbelief when the addressee stabbed the beast "and cut you up wi' ready sleight". That was a memorable night made even more unforgettable at the sight of islanders dressed in their kilts. Time to move on before the edge of the world gets too close. But let's not be in too much of a hurry - Whitney (RIP), what a star. ∞

# CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

## I Will Always Love You

**"I like being a woman, even in a man's world. After all, men can't wear dresses, but we can wear the pants"**

Whitney Houston, pop idol extraordinaire and popular singing star, was found dead in her bath in a hotel room in LA on February 11th 2012. Currently there are no suspicious circumstances however the coroner did say that it will take up to six weeks to check the toxicology findings. Many of our Sentinel readers will mourn the loss of a young, highly talented legend and R&B singer in the music business. Much has been written about Whitney's rise to fame and sadly much has been reported about her drug addiction and marriage break-up from rapper Bobby Brown in 2007 (married 1992). The legacy of such a super star is impossible to detail. Whitney comes from a well-known family group; Cissy Houston (mother and a great soul singer in her time), Dionne Warwick (fabulously talented singer, cousin to Whitney) and Aretha Franklin (we all know her, Godmother to Whitney) all paid their personal tributes and mourned the loss of an iconic family member. Many more icons in the business reacted immediately with sadness and shock; Mariah Carey, Alicia Keys, Rihanna, Adele, Bennett, Jennifer Hudson, Kelly Price and the list goes on. Stars and fans alike were utterly devastated.



From the age of 11 at the local New Hope Baptist Church at Newark in New Jersey, where she now lies, Whitney was identified as someone special and was carefully nurtured to stardom by the close-knit family. This and previous generations will feel cheated that she has gone. We must all remember the 1985 award-winning hits "How Will I Know", the 1986 hits "Saving all my Love for You" and "Greatest Love of All" (this one originally recorded by George Benson for the film The Greatest about Mohamed Ali), the 1987 hit "Didn't We Almost Have It All", the 1990 hit "All At Once" and of course the stupendous theme from her first film The Bodyguard "I Will Always Love You" co-starring a good looking Kevin Costner.

At the Mandela 70th Birthday tribute in London in 1988, Whitney joined a massive and veritable star-studded array of artists, performers, dignitaries, politicians and famous people including Harry Belafonte (speaker but not singer), Stevie Wonder (not without controversy), Hugh Masekela with Miriam Makeba, Sting, Simple Minds and Whitney sang "Didn't We Almost Have It All". It was said that those audiences, listeners and viewers and the stars attracted much more than just money (cf Live Aid) but also deep world-

wide consciousness. Madiba thanked Whitney in 1994 when she sang for him at a State dinner in the White House, USA, hosted by President Bill Clinton. Whitney said in Washington "In 1988 I sang for an inmate, tonight I sing for a President". That is how we must remember Whitney Houston, a legendary singer with a concern for humanity and freedom who left us before her time.

But, but, but....as I write this Chapter, devastating news, the Soul Queen is dead. Aretha gone. Aretha Franklin, Queen of Soul ("My Faith will always be important to me") died on 16 August 2018, born 1942 (too, too young - younger than me, but most people are I am informed!). "(You Make Me Feel) Like a Natural Woman and I Say a Little Prayer, Spanish Harlem - no more. Sad, sad, sad. Check my book, p 71, A Chronological E-Guide to Jazz; <https://gum.co/KGvIP>

The Middle East here we come - Qatar, 2003.

As-Salaam-Alaikum ∞



# CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

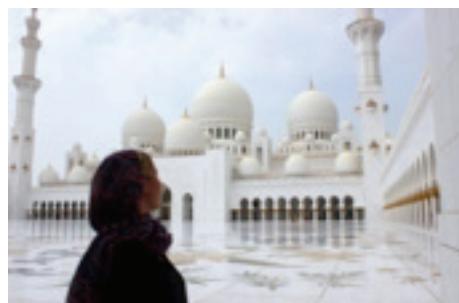
## Qatar 2003

**"As-Salaam-Alaikum<sup>41</sup>"**

Living on the edge of the world, while it has agreeable inclinations, diminishes one's continued allure to reality hence it was time to move on with no real expectations other than 'something generous may turn up', an efficacious reprise perhaps but not tenebrous hopefully. In fact, 'music to my ears', my former employer tracked me down after my return to Stanford with an aria "Are you interested in joining an education project in Doha and team of specialists to work with the Supreme Education Council, responsible for overseeing and directing the education system in Qatar and, subsequently, all of the country's independent schools?". A move from the 'edge' to the 'middle' of the world tempted me. What musical adventures will this propitious leap to the Middle East unveil? One lesson learnt while in the Pacific was that a keyboard had to be part of my continuing sojourn. On arrival in Doha in November I fortuitously was booked into one of the luxury hotels (a different world to Honiara) where amazingly that evening the St Andrew's Society of Qatar were assembling to honour Scotland's Patron Saint. What an Introduction! The great and the good were attending in their finery of tartans, plaids, shawls and ghillies. The self-appointed Chieftain was an excellent fiddler and wonderfully I met a bass player, a drummer, a trumpeter, a flautist, a singer and even the local British AM-DRAM Director and I forthwith learned that jazz/bluesy evenings took place regularly at the Doha drama theatre involving an array of individually talented musos and even more favourably one of my project colleagues was a highly skilled jazz pianist (free lessons, I mused!). My musical ensemble was emerging in one full metronomic swing. Professionally my work was intense. Arabs have very high standards which require total dedication and focus. Nevertheless, it was not beyond the bounds of impossibility to (sound) forge ahead and form a jazz group of likely amateurs who enjoyed a jam. A Yamaha home keyboard and a portable Korg were quickly acquired from Dubai and installed in our so-called villa set in a high-walled secure estate with at least three Mosques within hearing distance from 4am each morning – 'music to my ears'? I have my two newly acquired keyboards still with me in Stanford today and have added a professional Roland System which has been used successfully for a variety of JazzFordian shows. However meanwhile back to Doha and the development of my jazz ensemble. My fellow musos were all jazz aficionados and enjoyed "standards". Dunestock<sup>27</sup> was an annual



event (not quite 'sui generis' or existential) that took place in the desert and as the name implied many grounded groups (rock, blues, jazz, folk) all met for a two day musical festival in the sand, brave bravura I call it (pix shows us traversing the effulgent sands to Dunestock<sup>27</sup>). My ensemble was included as one of the performing groups. The Doha Theatre Club held monthly 'jam sessions'; a go-as-you-please opportunity for budding musos. All I needed to provide was my piano stool. Everything else was in situ. Very sadly and tragically on one occasion during a Shakespearean performance of 12th Night a suicide bomber (2005) blew himself up outside the theatre and in the vicinity to the adjoining jazz hall where we musos regularly met. The British teacher-director of the AM-DRAM CLUB on hearing a suspicious noise at the back of the stage went to investigate and was killed. Unlike today's world, most of us had not really had any direct experience of suicidal bombers and it shattered our musical community. My crumpled piano stool was eventually uncovered. It was with muted sadness that our ensemble played at a British Embassy garden party some weeks later and remembered the jovial, quiet British teacher who would never return home to the UK. In 2006, I was invited to the Palace of the newly succeeded Sheikh Khalifa bin Zayed bin Sultan Al Nahyan, the Emir of Abu Dhabi (born 7 September 1948; referred to as Sheikh Khalifa, the current President of the United Arab Emirates, the Emir of Abu Dhabi and the Supreme Commander of the Union Defence Force), to make a presentation on our work in Qatar. This was a perfect musical elision to end the sounds of Qatar amid the beginning of new Mosque sounds of Abu Dhabi. ∞



# CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

## Goodbye to the Consummates and Luminaries

***"A martini. Shaken, not stirred"***



Before I proceed with my monthly musical autobiographical trajectory; "A Living Sound Track", it would be grossly remiss of me not to authoritatively acknowledge the passing of many highly acclaimed musos in the past twelve months or so. The deathly list is large\* hence

I have confined my brief obits to those who are included in the contents of my Chronological E-Guide to Jazz\* and to a few other pre-eminent notables who, while they had not passed the scrutiny of my jazz selections, certainly had a significant impact on me within the broader confines of the genre of jazz. David Bowie (d. 10 Jan 2016): That morning, I woke up to the sad news that the famed singer, songwriter, actor, space travelling alien from another planet, David Bowie, had died. Sir Terry Wogan musical broadcaster (d. 31 Jan) will be remembered for his familiar melodic Irish brogue and was known to BBC Radio 2 listeners over decades. "The Fifth Beatle" Sir George Martin (d. 8 March). "The news broke a few hours ago", according to Ringo Starr's twitter account... Beatle fans are familiar with Martin's work, as he was involved with most (if not all) of the Beatles' albums. He was one of the peerless record producers of all time, scoring 30 #1 hits in the UK and 23 #1s in the USA. Frank Sinatra Jr (d. 16 Mar), son of The Chairman, Frank Sinatra\* and Nancy Sinatra's younger brother, died of a massive heart attack at the age of 72. Frank spoke warmly about his son in an interview (<https://youtu.be/Y-xkTDhOpCY>) with Larry King in 1988. Prince (d. 21 Apr) passed on and was met with "Simply shocking". He downplayed his illness by appearing on stage at his Paisley Park dance party on the previous Saturday... ensuring fans that he was well. He is quoted as saying, "Wait a few days before you waste any prayers." Leonard Cohen (d. 7 Nov). "It is with a heavy heart that we announce that poet, singer, songwriter, novelist, Leonard Cohen, has died at the age of 82", Adam Cohen, his son, said. "My father passed away peacefully at his home in Los Angeles with the knowledge that "You Want It Darker" was his final album (Hallelujah!). His undiminished brilliance was humorously evident to the end". Mose John Allison Jr\*. (d. Nov 15) was a renowned American jazz/blues pianist, singer and songwriter. He became hugely iconic for his unique mix of blues and modern jazz, singing and playing piano. After

moving to New York in 1956, he worked primarily in jazz settings, playing with jazz musicians like Stan Getz\*, Al Cohn\*, and Zoot Sims\*, George Michael (d. 25 Dec): BBC news confirmed that legendary rock star George Michael is dead (heartbroken). His family announced, "It is with great sadness that we can confirm our beloved son, brother and dearest friend George passed away peacefully at home over the Christmas period. The family asks that their privacy be respected at this difficult and emotional time". What made the death of Debbie Reynolds on 28 Dec so tragic, was that her daughter, Carrie Fisher (Princess Leia from Star Wars), died just days before we said goodbye to Debbie. Reynolds' first leading role was as Kathy Selden in Singing in the Rain, holding her own with Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor. Musically, Reynolds' song 'Tammy' reached #1 on the charts, and by 1959, she had released her first album. Debbie of course was married to Eddie Fisher. Nat Hentoff jazz writer (d. Jan 7, 2017), www.jazzreview\*. Armando Joseph "Buddy" Greco (d. Jan 10) was an American jazz and pop singer and pianist, who had a long career in the US and UK and was good friends with the Rat Pack\*. His recordings, in several genres including jazz, pop, and country, have sold millions of records, including "Oh Look A-There", "Ain't She Pretty", "Up, Up and Away" and "Around the World". His most successful single was "The Lady Is a Tramp"\*,



which sold over one million copies. Alwin Lopez "Al" Jarreau (d. Feb 12) was an American singer and musician. He received a total of seven Grammy Awards and was nominated for over a dozen more. Jarreau is perhaps best known for his 1981 album Breakin' Away. He also sang the theme song of the late-1980s television series Moonlighting, and was among the performers on the 1985 charity song "We Are the World"\*. Charles Edward Anderson "Chuck" Berry (d. March 18) was an American guitarist, singer and songwriter and one of the pioneers of rock and roll music with songs such as "Maybellene" (1955), "Roll Over Beethoven" (1956), "Rock and Roll Music" (1957) and "Johnny B. Goode" (1958). Very sadly this list of great legends in the field of popular music will inexhaustibly never end. (\* Get my book, <https://gum.co/KGvIP>). Sadly all music lovers, even jazz enthusiasts and especially those of a certain age, who rocked to great disco sounds in the 60s, 70s and 80s, will mourn the unexpected passing of the Queen of Disco. Donna lost the battle against lung cancer on 17 May. Robin Gibb of the Bee Gees died after a long battle with cancer on 21 May. Donna was raunchy, erotic



and in fact "Hot Stuff" and lived for the moment. Many of her followers described her song "Love to Love You Baby" as orgasmic. Robin was one of three performing BGs (incl. Barry and Maurice who died in 2003, once married to Lulu (alive and very well) – Andy Gibb, a star in his own right, died in 1988). Robin and brothers will be remembered for Saturday Night Fever, Stayin' Alive, Grease and the haunting album "Guilty" with Barbara Streisand. Rock Stars of yesteryear are now reaching an age when nature plays her inevitable role. Robin will be missed particularly by Barry and Lesley, the sister. ∞



## Photo's from the Past



# CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

## My Worst Nightmare

### "Snap Out of It" - Moonstruck

No I wasn't calamitously tumbling down an infinitely long and deep staircase or hearing the loud monotonic thud, thud, of a 4/4 Scottish reel tempo as reported in previous Chapters. I had just watched "As It Is In Heaven" a captivating Swedish movie about a brilliant fictional conductor, Daniel Dareus, who returns to his village and becomes involved in musically directing a local group of village rustic choristers. The final scene in Austria, where the village choristers were about to compete in an international festival reveals Daniel, (played brilliantly by Michael Nyqvist), tragically unable to reach the podium but the trained choir knew what to do - sing harmoniously in colourful tones - quite moving. What has this got to do with my dreamy symbolic representations that are metaphorical, at best, references to my emotional state of sleep. Well, I dream in music most of the time. Carl Jung had something to say about this "We are all disposed to instinctive trends that are representative of models of people, behaviours or personalities known as ARCHETYPES". Wow, that is a mouthful. So, my worst nightmare was modelled on reality; (Somehow in my dream, I didn't make it to my show for which I had so diligently prepared my singing 'Fordians'). Dreams for me never offer logical explanations. They occur, you awake and remember something distressing missing crucial parts of the dream i.e. the outcome and it is deeply displeasing if the



essence of a dream amounts to disappointments. I loathe being late, letting people down; I arrive at airports more than three hours early, I set up my sound equipment for a gig hours in advance 'just in case'; I don't mind waiting as long as I am there on time; I have a fixation about timeliness. Jung

says "Symbolically it is all about a metaphorical reference to a particular emotional energy in the dreamer's life", which mirrors my phobia. "The symbols are metaphorical and seldom literal. And they are always about the dreamer, with other persons, objects, places or things either representing an aspect of the dreamer's psyche and/or the relationship of the image{s} to the dreamer's life" so says the guru Jung. If my worst nightmare ever became reality i.e. I did not make it to a Jazzfordian's gig all of whom rely on my keyboard accompaniment, I would hope and want my lovely well-prepared vocalists to 'sing in harmony', unaccompanied A Cappella,



purely vocal. I have to conclude that 'my worst nightmare' is in my dreams. As in the movie, I dreamt that my associates collectively had to organise themselves quickly into a choir, offer explanations that were reasonable assuming there was no text contact and got on with the show. Dreams or nightmares do not predict the future although I remind all of you dear Readers that my dream of 'foot-thumping, thud, thud' above our terraced house in Scotland led many years later to the occasion of the "foot-thumper's son" asking me "Do you want to join a real band". Throughout history, mankind has used marks to illustrate what the spoken tongue often fails to convey. Ancient Egyptians used emblems as part of their hieroglyphic language. Roman numerals were symbolic representations of the earliest numeric system. The Greek alphabet used symbols to illustrate words or characters. Ancient China used images to depict objects/people and other aspects of their everyday lives. And Native Americans used expressed signs as representations of their language. Since all humans have the same physical brain structure, all humans retain those primitive images that relate to the human condition, and spirit. They are imprinted on the psyche. The above examples of the different cultural references to ideograms, as a part of a system of language, is a part of the evolution of the primitive mind that is retained as symbolic references in the dream. Those of us who are musically equipped know about musical notation. My contextual trajectory towards autobiographical narratives converges into the realms of dreams and fantasy which may help to illuminate some of my 'worst musical fears' such as "Andrew, play in your key and I'll sing in mine" or 'gigging in a dusty Scottish church hall in a different key then there is a power failure and we have to continue playing' or simply jumping a 'full staff' line when accompanying a nervous singer and hitting the wrong chords or playing an electric keyboard which suddenly goes silent (Lyrics for Lana!) for no reason or leaving my car keys in the band's van and chasing it along the Glasgow/Edinburgh A8 in a 30mph taxi or grabbing my collapsed keyboard (Raka) or the embarrassment of a vocalist in Abu Dhabi yelling "Wrong Key, Andrew, for Heaven's sake!" Talk about Nightmares. Allow me to safely and silently awaken back in Abu Dhabi. ∞

# CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

## The Pirate Coast

**"After all, tomorrow is another day!"**

The Trucial States were a group of sheikhdoms in the south eastern Persian Gulf, previously known to the British as the 'Pirate Coast', which were signatories to treaties with the British government. This was my next career move, a graceful glissando that would surely lead to exciting and singular musical trills. It was new territory and new sounds with very few recognisable footholds such as the yet-to-be-drawn affection from fellow musos. This momentary epiphany was evanescent. HH Sheikh Khalifa bin Zayed Al Nahyan, Ruler of Abu Dhabi, was elected as the new President of the United Arab Emirates on 3 November 2004, to succeed his father, the late HH Sheikh Zayed bin Sultan Al Nahyan, UAE President from 1971 to 2004, from whom, he has said, he learned "the need for patience and prudence in all things". And, I am to be attended to at his Palace (car waiting for me at the grand Abu Dhabi international airport dominated by Etihad Airways) in the form of a small gathering of The Emir's cognoscenti education advisers, the purpose being to learn about my company's diligent deliberations in Qatar as far as school improvements and good teaching are concerned. OK, that is my cinematic day-job! And my darkened night-shift? Since becoming UAE President, HH Sheikh Khalifa has presided over a major re-structuring of both the Federal Government's seven States and the government of the Emirate of Abu Dhabi during which he has given instructions for the building of a number of projects related to housing, *education* (my italics) and the social services. Clear. The new project is signed and sealed (2006), the office is set up and recruitment of a substantial expat teaching force underway. That certainly will ensure that I am busy at least during the day. But this is my Soundtrack for Living! One thing is for sure and that is at any time of the day or night, loudspeakers, usually mounted on tall minarets, will be heard five times every twenty-four hours for the call to prayer, often starting as early as 4 a.m., the spirit of the music being *molto vivace* and only Italian language can convey the meaning. Some mosques have loudspeakers that are powerful enough to be heard as far as 5 km (3 mi) away where more than one mosque is present, where they are used for the adhan ("call to prayer") and sometimes for khutbah (sermons). Our new 5-bedroomed splendid villa on the edge of Abu Dhabi was no different, the mosque sounds permeated the immediate neighbourhood surroundings. Fortunately other great sounds quickly came to my attention. Many countries in the



Middle East (not all) offer a certain freedom to those non-muslims who enjoy aspects of 'night-life' such as the sound of jazz. Exponents of this genre predictably were to be found in hotel licensed bars especially in Dubai and Abu Dhabi. Being fully aware of the many cultural restrictions it was possible to identify like-minded jazz addicts and form a 'so-called' ensemble for home-entertainment by the pool-side (cf Castle Herriot in Stanford today!). Also, to cap it all there existed a well-established Caledonian Society and of course my limited talents in the musical world and some previous patronage as a speaker became of immediate importance at functions that promoted the familiar Gaelic quest to keep 'the home-fires burning'. I can never resist enunciating the warm, mildly amusing yet iconic Scottish custom as visitors approach the Croft to be greeted by a thrifty host "Ye'll have had yer tea?" (howls of laughter). "O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us, To see oorsels as ithers see us!" (Burns in 'Tae a Louse' knew a thing or two). Amazingly I was able to form a semblance of a Scottish country dance band not too dissimilar from my very early experiences as a teenager in Scotland. I ponder I am about to enjoy "The Trucial States" and yet another fulsome Movement in my Living Soundtrack. More 'music to me ears' but first next month 'music to my brain'. I must read more about music, what it means, how it is conveyed, and instilled in one's soul; the writers, fecund scholars and analysts who have impacted on my Living Soundtrack, even Jackie Stewart (not much of a singer but F1....) I wondered if he knew what the Scottish Aphorism meant<sup>12a</sup>? Bizarre... who visited Abu Dhabi..... But let's pause for a moment and compare notes on another great lyricist, Cole Porter, who would certainly have been hugely struck by the powerful Scottish lyricist, Robert Burns, and those sentiments enunciated in his poetic verses, many of which became iconic songs which we did hear about in Chapter 38 dealing with Maxine Sullivan's interpretation of Scottish airs. ∞



# CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

## An unmanned Piano

**"An unmanned piano! I must play" - Fast forward to Chapters 58 & 59**

This iconic utterance was made while Cole Porter (Kevin Kline) and his strikingly beautiful life-long wife, Linda Lee Thomas (Ashley Judd), were walking in a Paris park during the 1920's, set in the hugely successful film *De-Lovely* (2004, <http://www.imdb.com>) portraying the life story of Porter cleverly seen through flash-backs of his life. This is a 'must-watch' film for enthusiasts of the Cole Porter genre where you will be able to enjoy a veritable galaxy of songs by an encyclopaedic collection of world-class jazz artists ranging from Natalie Cole, Robbie Williams to Diana Krall and Elvis Costello.



So much has been said and reported on this legendary music composer throughout his lifetime from his early years in the 1920's and for the duration of his highly active and productive years during the 30's, 40's and 50's. It is simply quite impossible to extol him with the eminent credits that he deserves in this

short write-up. Suffice to say that he was a creative genius who penned sublime songs, some naughty, underscored by lush fortissimo harmonies and rhythms comprising a suffusion of arresting lyrics such as "In The Still of the Night", "Anything Goes", "Well Did You Eva", Let's Misbehave", "Night and Day", I've Got You Under My Skin, Begin the Beguine, many of these songs memorably recorded in his musicals: Paris (1928), Gay Divorce (1932), Anything Goes (1934), Jubilee (1935), Kiss Me Kate (1948), Can-Can (1953) and High Society (1956) to mention but a few of his stage and film smash hits.

I first came across Porter at the time of Grace Kelly's elegant fame when she sang in  $\frac{3}{4}$  tempo "True Love" (a bit cheesy today!) in *High Society* and I wanted to fashion my keyboard (piano in those days!) chords accordingly, having purchased the Sheet Music for 2/6d in my favourite music shop in Edinburgh. I have been a compulsive fan ever since.

Cole is less well known for the complexities in his life and his homosexual 'flings' which formed a backdrop to his very public and seemingly affectionate but sex-less marriage to Linda. Cole also suffered debilitating pain for many years after a horrific accident while out riding, the horse having fallen and crushed his legs. Some of his best box office hits occurred during that later period of his life which sadly had to result in a leg amputation, whereupon stultifying any further creative achievements.

His timeless legacy to the music industry, however, is that world-wide entertainment giants such as Fitzgerald, Sinatra, Oscar Peterson, Anita O'Day, Satch, Shearing, Scottish jazz vocalist, Annie Ross, Bublé,



Jamie Callum and many, many more have all made unique recordings of the Cole Porter music, yes and with much humility including the Stanford Keyboard Jazz Musician.

Welcome to my Music Centre.

And now compare another great lyricist Irving Berlin....∞



# CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

## White Chaptersistmas

***"Talent is only the starting point.' 'Come on and hear, Come on and hear"***

Jerome Kern (Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes), an eminent songsmith proclaimed "Irving Berlin has no place in American Music – he is American Music". Praise indeed. The cognoscenti of the day could add no words to extol further the virtues of this camera-shy superstar of music and song. His musical career spanned six decades and he lived to be one hundred and one. He composed more than 1,500 songs, 19 Broadway musicals and 18 Hollywood films. He is best remembered as the lyricist and composer of "White Christmas" in 1940 (film release in 1954), an all-time favourite to this day. As for awards, nominations and recognitions Irving garnered the lot. He is probably THE most prolific writer of popular music ever to be born and having lived to the venerable age of 101 as The King of Tin Pan Alley<sup>42</sup> he had the time to do this.

While I was in the Solomon Islands some years ago plying my hobby of music-making in my spare time, I had the dubious honour to be invited to entertain the visiting USA Ambassador on the 4th July. I decided, together with a few snatches of dialogue, from my better half collaborator\*, that

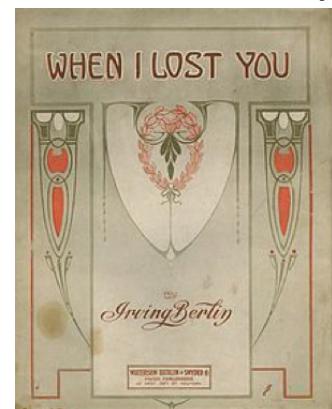


a review with musical accompaniment of the cross-generational Tin Pan Alley era (New York City Music Publishers and Songwriters, 1880-1953) would be appropriate, embracing contemporary virtuosos and their music; Joplin (Entertainer), Armstrong (Lazy River), Ellington (Satin Doll), Porter (Night and Day), Gershwin (Summertime), Warren (At Last) and of course the Tin Pan Alley King, Berlin (Alexander's Ragtime Band) and many more, all personal preferences. Finding the sheet music for such an evening ten years ago, however, was challenging enough in the middle of the South Pacific but try obtaining a copy of Berlin's music even today. Copies are protected and are not frequently included in the usual song sheet albums.

Nevertheless we all roll out the same Bing Crosby Christmas song every

year regardless of the ensuing weather. More than 500 artists have recorded and sang a host of his songs (82 recorded "How Deep Is the Ocean"). My favourite (and Marilyn Monroe's, it is said) is the swing number "Cheek to Cheek" (60 different recordings) sung by those legendary dancers Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (*Top Hat*, 1935). Like Cole Porter, Berlin was unique in that he wrote AND composed all of his songs. It is often said that there is one song that provided a soundtrack for your special moment in life. It could be that the song was written by Irving Berlin...no brainer!

"When I Lost You" is a song with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. It was written in 1912 after his wife of five months, the former Dorothy Goetz, died of typhoid fever. In it he poured out the grief of his loss; it was the only song that he ever admitted had such a connection to his own life. The song, a ballad, was unlike any of Berlin's previous songs, which were upbeat tunes written to take advantage of the dance craze. The song is in a slow waltz tempo. It became Berlin's first hit ballad. Berlin's initial attempts to resume song writing after his wife's death were unsuccessful. After accepting an invitation to visit Europe with Dorothy's brother Ray Goetz, Berlin composed "When I Lost You". Following the trip, Berlin successfully returned to song writing by writing about his wife's death, rather than attempting to avoid it.



The birds ceased their song  
Right turned to wrong  
Sweetheart when I lost you  
A day turned to years  
The world seemed in tears  
Sweetheart when I lost you

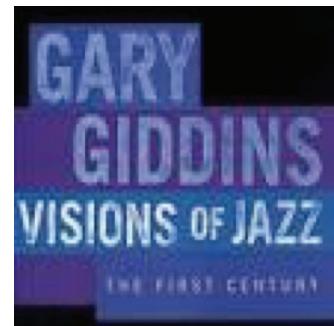
These words are so powerful that they have become embedded in my brain.∞

# CHAPTER FIFTY

## Music in My Brain

**"I see dead people"**

"A brash new style of music emerged in America at the dawn of the 20th 'Jazz' century. The word jazz wouldn't enter the vocabulary until 1912, but the music itself was first heard in New Orleans ('The Band City') a decade or more before it had a name" (Ted Gioia - The History of Jazz, 2011). "Jazz, for me, is an excessively hubristic feeling; it's a precious exhilaration; you hear it, you can see it in the performers indeed you can touch the very instruments that cause this feeling as your body and mind (especially the brain) react sensuously and rhythmically in response. It goes to my head" ("A Chronological e-Guide to Jazz Covering Three Centuries" (Late 19th century - 2015, <https://gum.co/joXKh>), Andrew Herriot, 2016). I, therefore, decided that I needed to understand more about jazz, something of its historical development, its music derived from the early African plantation slaves and its musicians over the past 100 years or more including composers and scholars and share it perhaps through my writing. Hence I began valiantly reading, researching and gathering information. I thought if I made lists and found images from Wikipedia, compiled a few paragraphs and listened to as much of the styles of jazz as I could, then I would have a comprehensive understanding which might help my own keyboard playing. My lists increased daily. The paragraphs became lengthier thanks to the free connected services of the World Wide Web and in particular Wikipedia (Jazz, 2009, Giddins & DeVeaux). More importantly I rejoice at an improved understanding and practice of jazz as a genre and a medium for musicians, having read and studied extensively from a wide range of texts which are authoritative. I have ploughed my way through Giddins (Visions of Jazz), many Downbeat Magazines, The Great Jazz Interviews, 1959; the All Music Guide to Jazz (Bogdanov, Woodstra, Erlewine, Eds, plus 300+ contributors), Ramsey and Smith, Eds (Jazzmen), Crowther & Pinfold (The Jazz Singers), and many others. "This Is Your Brain on Music: The Science of a Human Obsession" recently caught my undivided attention. In this ground-breaking union of art and science, rocker-turned-neuroscientist Daniel J. Levitin (The World in Six Songs and The Organized Mind) explores the connection between music - its performance, its composition, how we listen to it, why we enjoy it - and the human brain. Drawing on the latest research and on musical examples ranging from Mozart to Duke Ellington to Van Halen, Levitin reveals many great so-called secrets of how we enjoy music and why (a must read). Geoff Dyer, in his brilliant and affirmative snappy little book "But Beautiful",



led the reader to enter inside the minds of cognoscenti such as Mingus, Webster, Monk and Baker illuminating aspects of jazz music solicitously related to drugs, racism, reality, morals, illnesses, angst, criminality, red light districts, life and death. And yes, exhilaration, joy, happiness as it affects the brain and articulates lyrically into meaning (another must read). George Melly that wonderful British Jazz vocalist in his book "Owning Up", 1970, discusses the challenges in the 50s of jazz related issues such as sexuality, surrealism, romance, seductions, adulation, idiosyncrasies and links with traditional New Orleans jazz genre. What is fascinating is the way our brain operates and reacts to musical waves. Having 'a brain-wave' is not surprising. My brain (and probably most others) reacts to rhythms, melodies, harmonies, beats, clanking sounds, screeching strings, cajoling voices, live music (yes people who are alive and performing it for listening is what that means). John Fordham in his book "The Knowledge Jazz", 2015 wrote that he "had heard jazz long before he discovered that it was referred to as JAZZ" We do not rush to a concert to hear 'dead music'. Louis Armstrong notably said "If you have to ask what jazz is, you'll never know". Sir John Dankworth summed it all up "Jazz today can be spiritual, cerebral, motivating or moving". Monk: "I don't have a definition of jazz. You're just supposed to know it when you hear it" QED. I'm upgrading my jazz reading. What sounds will I hear and how will I know? ∞

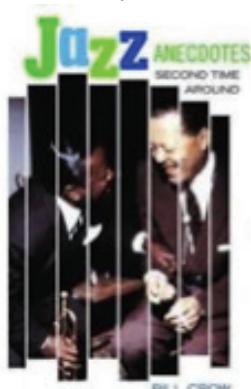
# CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

## Great Jazz

**"Jazz stands for freedom. It's supposed to be the voice of freedom: Get out there and improvise, and take chances, and don't be a perfectionist - leave that to the classical musicians"**

Dave Brubeck Books

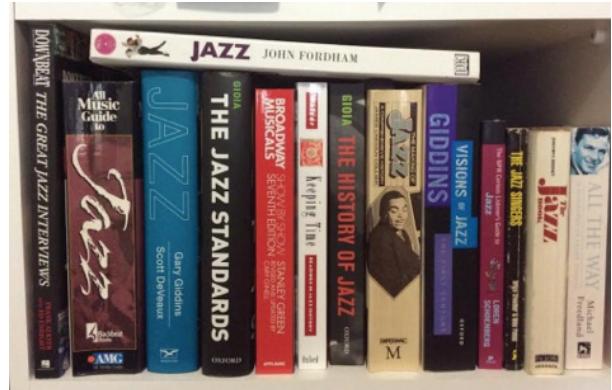
I have always written about the love of good jazz books particularly for me as a writer who is continually inspired by the immense amount of literature within the genre of jazz in all its forms throughout recent history. I came across a real gem a little while back "Jazz Anecdotes Second Time Around", (Cahn and Van Heusen) by Bill Crow (2004) described as a 'scintillating omnium gathering of jazz talk' by the Washington Post. I judged this is my kinda' book! The sort of text that takes one inside the mind of jazz musicians eg "How late does the band play?" Answer: "About half a beat behind the drummer". That is a musician's joke or farceur. But believe me the 'anecdotes' are not all humorous and of a trivial nature. In my own E-Guide to Jazz, I provide ubiquitous and synoptic insights with brief quotes made by



all my citations which is designed to typify the person's disposition and temperament as a maker of jazz music. Chet Baker, not only could he regale an audience with his trumpet, he was noted for his insightful comments; when he met the Italian pianist Romano Mussolini, son of the Dictator, Chet commented "Oh yeah, man, it was a drag about your dad!". Charles Mingus, one of the most prodigious of bassists, was noted for his temper tantrums and inability to work well in an orchestra. Working with the Puerto Rican trombonist in the Duke's band, it was anecdotally reported that

this bellicose musician upset Juan Tizol frequently for his unreliability at practice sessions. Juan recalled his complaint about Mingus saying he was "like the rest of the 'niggers' in the band; he couldn't read music". When asked how different he was from the 'other niggers', Juan responded "For a start he is WHITE!". Maybe a touch of the 'apocryphal'!, Eddie Condon (banjo and guitar) from the Chicago School era of early Dixieland knew Bix Beiderbecke, a Dixieland cornetist, well and admired him so much that he opined when Bix played "It sounded like a girl saying yes!" Bix had a false tooth, upper front, which did add to horn problems if the tooth would blow out during performances causing musicians, much to the amusement of the audience, to howl with laughter and support at the search for the tooth. Louis Armstrong had a strong admiration for this musician because "he

sounded black". The infamous "put-on" is well known among the jazz musicians of the Golden Era developed to make fun of "squares"; who didn't dig jazz. Ronnie Scott (London jazz-club fame), according to "Second Time Around", decided to 'put-on' a bunch of American Jazz musicians on their way to Scotland for a gig. The musicians included Maynard Ferguson and Clark Terry. As they approached Gretna Green, Ronnie had the van stop at a large parking area and ordered the musicians to alight and form a line and have their passports at the ready. Entering a 'foreign' country caused raucous infectious laughter. The 'put-on' was much appreciated crossing international borders. Apocryphal or not, the story goes that Bud Freeman, a noted jazz sax player of yesteryear who NEVER made a mistake, was spending the evening at Wingy Manone's flat in New Orleans. He asked Wingy, who was about to take his dog for a walk, if he could help himself to a snack. Wingy responded and indicated that his fridge was sadly empty except for dog food. When Wingy returned later he found a note saying "I hope you don't mind but I enjoyed the meat-loaf". Wingy, reported in the dubious 'history of jazz' "The cat ate my dog's food; I didn't care but my dog sure did!". Tommy Dorsey, a tough band leader, broke up from his brother Jimmy due to a co-leadership disagreement. Tommy was looking for a new trumpeter and asked the orchestra members if they knew of anyone. Someone mentioned a name and said he was a nice guy. "Nice guys are dime-a-dozen" snapped Tommy. "Get me a prick that can play!". Willie Smith of the Lunceford band was offered a limitless sum of money to join Tommy but refused. Sui generis. Now what about Etta James? ∞



# CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

## At Last

**"earthiness and huskiness"**

Many Jazz and Blues enthusiasts across the world were saddened to learn of (Miss Peaches) Etta James' (1938-2012) death on 20 January. She had been battling with leukaemia. This multi-award winning artist (Autobiography "Rage to Survive") is seen here performing at the Hollywood Bowl in 2004, youngish and healthy considering she did not come to the fore until about 1987 – inducted into the Blues Hall of Fame<sup>43</sup> in 2001. She was noted for her earthy husky voice and her unusual phrasing quite unique and somewhat different from many of the other well-known R&B singers. She will be remembered especially, but much, much more, for her very own interpretation of At Last, 1999, (Gordon and Warren, 1941 – Warren wrote I Only Have Eyes for You and many more memorable songs). This great iconic song has been covered and sung by a host of wonderful blues singers not least Lena Horne, Ella, Nat King Cole, Glen Miller Orchestra, Celine Dion and Sarah Vaughan. It was also sung and performed in 2009 at the first Inaugural Ball for President Obama and the first Lady Michelle as they danced in celebration of Obama's success as the President of the United States of America. Unfortunately, according to many fans, it was performed by Beyoncé which naturally displeased an un-well Etta James who was truly miffed to put it politely ("Is this my President?" she was heard to remark). Many readers will be aware that Beyoncé starred in the film Cadillac Records in 2008 where she portrayed the rise and fall of the short professional life of Etta James with Chess Records. The film was acclaimed by critics and Beyoncé's rendition of At Last was polished but could never be compared to the original. Shortly after the performance at the President's Neighbourhood Ball, Etta sang At Last for the 'last' time at a concert in Seattle and this has to be listened to. She sat all through the performance and literally gave it her best and most passionate outpouring perhaps to prove a point to you know who!! You have to listen to the recording as she belts it out inimitably.

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9sgXWQPGGJo>).

Still more women - Ivy?

In the next Chapter I make reference to meeting up with one of the Benson girls. It's a long story but it has music at least I thought it did. Here is



the scene. My father (Andry), to distinguish between him and me and my grandfather Andrew, who was always referred to as Pop, decided to travel to London in fact Wembley to watch Scotland play England at football (Wembley in days gone by circa 1951). I took my Brownie. I had never been out of Scotland. I was 11 (who cares!). My father had been to the States



so he was wordly in a truly rustic way - village boy etc. Being Scottish he wasn't planning on 'forking' out high weekend rent in a posh B&B, he made contact with someone he knew from our next village Tranent. She (yes it was a 'her') was the daughter of a fish and chip shop owner and she was a musician. She played sax for Ivy Benson. What a

thrill, hearing about the early days when she and her sister left Tranent for London to seek great fame - they in fact did. At that age I was listening to the wireless every Saturday to the big bands and Ivy was one of them. We found her flat spent two nights there (DONT ASK!!) and hopped across London to spend two nights with my Italian uncle Dominic who I had never met, my mother's brother who had left the Tartaglia home and cafe (Go to Chpt 60 for the photo of my Italian Grandfather Michele outside his cafe in East Linton, East Lothian in Scotland) in Edinburgh to seek his fortune I guess. Not a busker in sight. What happened to my family once they arrived in Scotland? OK Ivy and your lassies frae Scotland, enter stage left and strut your stuff. ∞

# CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

## All Girl Band

### **"This is Your Life" - Eamon Andrews**

While digging through the hugely deep annals of jazz and its many sounds, I came across a band that I had forgotten about; The UK Ivy Benson All-Girl Show Band. How could I forget this Swing Band led by a phenomenally technical saxophonist who became a household name in the 1940's possibly but not only because most male musicians were otherwise engaged winning a war. My early memory was not listening to this band but, through my father, I had the good fortune to meet two sisters, Kay and Betty Yorston, in the late 40's who hailed from my neck of the woods in Tranent, Scotland. They played in Ivy's Band. I was hopelessly hooked. I wanted to be a jazz man when I grew up. Now, six decades later, dubiously grown-up, I had to find out more about Ivy Benson and her Girls, all 250 of them apparently! Ivy Benson and her "Rhythm Girls" spanned 1939 to 1982 and at her peak she and the band, hugely popular, entertained British and American troops during WW2 and then into the 50's. You should listen (YouTube) to the HMV 78rpm version of George Bassman's "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" (written for Tommy Dorsey) played hauntingly on Ivy's warm alto sax backed up by strings and brass very probably to war-weary troops who were yearning to go home, quite prolific. According to my local investigations, the Tranent sisters were part of the Benson orchestra at that time. Interestingly Ivy's All-Girl uniqueness became a firm favourite with the people of Stuttgart in the 60's almost certainly as a result of the legacy of swing tunes that she left behind during the war years. Ivy and her many Girls carried on playing throughout the 70's and 80's mainly in the UK, appealing to holiday makers in places such as Butlins' Holiday Camps (remember them?) and that great dance hall destination, the Isle of Man. Benson with her Girls appeared in an early Jack Warner (Dixon of Dock Green) film "The Dummy Talks", various BBC Television series, the 1948 London Olympics and to top it all Eamonn Andrews successfully surprised Ivy with a "This is Your Life" episode.

She died in 1993, aged 79, a monumentally sad day for many wrinkly girlie musicians in the UK who adored her. Talking about 'wrinkly', how weather beaten is the great Engelbert? I feel another story DC al fine. J, my first



wife, and I were on holiday in Malta (we were living in Lesotho at the time) when I came across a sign advertising a musical event for a certain Engelbert Humperdinck, but that doesn't look like him I mused - 'weather-beaten', no, just different. Anyway we both decided to investigate and find the theatre. Of course as I have reported in the next Chapter the rest is all history. We learned something that day. Needless to say we could not attend the opera on stage that evening "Hansel and Gretel" as all tickets had been sold. I did wonder how many more luckless British tourists fell for the amusing misidentity. Our English pop singer was born 15 years after the original Engelbert died.

Engelbert Humperdinck, (born Sept. 1, 1854, Sieberg, Hanover—died Sept. 27, 1921, Neustrelitz, Ger.), German composer known for his opera *Hänsel und Gretel*. Humperdinck studied at Cologne and at Munich. In 1879 a Mendelssohn scholarship enabled him to go to Italy, where he met Wagner, who invited him to assist in the production of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. He taught at the Barcelona Conservatory (1885–87) and at Frankfurt (1890–96), where he was also music critic of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Early works were the choral ballads *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevelaer* (1878), *Das Glück von Edenhall* (1884), and the *Humoreske* (1880) for orchestra. *Hänsel und Gretel*, conducted by Richard Strauss, was produced at Weimar on Dec. 23, 1893. The libretto, by the composer's sister Adelheid Wette, was based on the folktale made familiar by the brothers Grimm. In this work Humperdinck showed an understanding of a child's mind and a sense of poetry, notably in the atmosphere of the woodland scene at twilight and in the realistic effects in the episode of the broken milk jug; the Wagnerian harmonies, the simple tunes, and the resourceful orchestration maintain the musical interest on a high level.



Between 1895 and 1919 Humperdinck produced six more operas, including *Dornröschen* (Frankfurt, 1902) and *Königskinder* (New York City, 1910), but neither they nor the spectacle *The Miracle* (London, 1911) enhanced his prestige. He also wrote incidental music for plays by Aristophanes, Shakespeare, and Maeterlinck; a Moorish Rhapsody for orchestra (1898); a string quartet; works for piano; and songs.

Enter the new Humperdinck: ∞

# CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

## Please Release Me

### "Nil Point"

I have decided to move away from swing jazz and to acknowledge one of the finest crooners that ever set a foot on stage – Engelbert Humperdinck (born Arnold George Dorsey)! Who I hear some people remark. "No one has a name like that." In fact a 20<sup>th</sup> Century German Operatic composer (Hansel and Gretel) did and Hump's manager decided that an unusual name was the way to capture attention. He sure did. Engelbert, singing a new song "Love Will Set You Free", penned by Martin Terefe noted for his massive hit "You're Beautiful" by James Blunt, is the UK's choice for this year's Eurovision Song Contest<sup>44</sup>. This is a brave choice by the BBC. He is 75 and the oldest ever to take part in this now rather dubious competition seeking to identify, based on a suspiciously faulty voting system, the best entertainer in Europe for this year 2012. It takes place at the end of May in Baku, Azerbaijan. Hump is only too aware of the bias that is present in the voting system but he is hoping that his crooning across Europe will stand him in good stead and that votes will be based on performance, not xenophobia and indubitably the infamous phrase "Nil Point" most often ascribed to Norway. "I think I can win" he says. He is not afraid of the Jedward twins from Ireland (remember Johnny Logan, two-time winner) who do look as if they have had the mightiest nightmare scare in the universe. Popular past winners were Celine Dion and ABBA and of course Sandie Shaw with "Puppet On A String" and in 1969, Lulu with Boom Bang a Bang!!.. Matt Munro, another fine British crooner, was 2nd in 1964 with "I Love The Little Things".



Many of you will undoubtedly remember Engelbert's great hits; "Release Me", Spanish Eyes, Are You Lonesome Tonight? and "The Last Waltz". His style is smooth, homely and warm, a bit like Tony Bennett and quite unlike the sexual vibrations that made Tom Jones famous. Engelbert has been singing since he was 17 (1953) however it was not until 1967 that he made it to the big time with Release Me. It has been uphill towards fame for him ever since and over 400 recordings and 70 albums. Here he is still performing and sounding as smooth as ever and still crooning after more than 4 decades of high awards



(Grammys and Baftas) and recognition (Movie and TV). Many of my readers may not be terribly interested in the British entry but let us recognise quality singing of popular songs and I wished him the best on 26 May 2012. For all my preferences towards jazz and swing, Hump will get my vote on that day. More wrinklies - Quincy! ∞

## **Photo's from the Past**



# CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

## We Are The World

**"Not one ounce of my self worth depends on your acceptance of me"**

A giant Musician, Arranger, Composer, Actor, Film Producer, amongst other giants: Quincy Jones, (Q as he is known), b 1933 is someone to study with care and admiration.

The song "We Are The World" encapsulates this powerful legendary luminary in the world of music (27 Grammys)."I want this song first sung in 1985 written by Michael Jackson to be the battle cry again": Q.



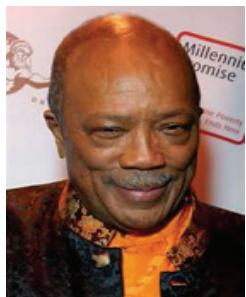
"Music has always been my passion – it's my life". Many of us with musical inclinations could have said that but I quote from Quincy Jones when he was recently in Dubai to set up a Foundation with BadrJafar, an eminent Emirati business man and entrepreneur, that could lead to opportunities between musicians in the Middle East, Africa and the West and perhaps, as Jones hopes inshallah, discover a Middle Eastern Psy, known for his Korean Gangham Style's huge success (1 billion + hits on You Tube so far).

Dr Quincy Jones is the man with big ideas and dreams, he is an activist for the under-privileged and he deserves a mention. Watch this space for a new Sheikh Arabee Style. His Foundation "Listen Up" has a connection with SA in the area of music and culture. Both he and Miriam Makeba were Laureates of the illustrious International Polar Prize for musical achievements. Sir Paul McCartney was the first in 1992.

Quincy over the past fifty years has been linked with the wider aspects of the music industry. "When you make a mistake, treasure it". Sound advice for us all. Wherever there is innovative music for sure Quincy Delight Jones was probably in the background. His scope covers R&B, funk, soul, big bands, swing, bossa nova, jazz (Miles and Quincy Live at Montreux), hip hop and rock & roll (It's My Party) in other words the whole spectrum of genres. He has arranged for Sinatra (It Might as Well Be Spring), Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Bono, Marvin Gaye, Richie, Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Ray Charles, Jackson (Thriller and Bad) and hosts of other top class musicians, bands and singers. He wrote the score for The Colour Purple (Spielberg), Italian Job, Ray, the film, and played trumpet and drums with Hampton in the early days. "I thought that to stay in one place meant to die". Sobering thoughts from Jones.

Jones is iconic in that he produced the song "We are the World 25 for Haiti" originally written by Michael Jackson who worked with another

great legend Lionel Richie. A moving and exhilarating watch and it's easy to find on You Tube. Barbra Streisand, Wyclef Jean (well known Haitian politician), Celine Dion, Josh Groban, Tony Bennett (Shadow of Your Smile), Natalie Cole, Justin Bieber, Gladys Knight, Janet Jackson videoed with her late brother Michael and eighty more artists came together to collaborate on this international charity feature. It is a moving re-mix from the early recording in 1985, this time to help benefit the plight of Haiti and its peoples who suffered devastation on January 12, 2010 as a result of a massive 7.0 magnitude earthquake. Jones said, "It takes a serious army and serious emotional architecture to bring together such a diverse group of people and they came for the right reasons". Watch it on [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/We\\_Are\\_the\\_World\\_25\\_for\\_Haiti#Artists\\_for\\_Haiti\\_musicians](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/We_Are_the_World_25_for_Haiti#Artists_for_Haiti_musicians).



I promise you will feel good and no need to intellectualise just enjoy.

<https://jazzonthetube.com/video/interview-and-performance/> ∞

# CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

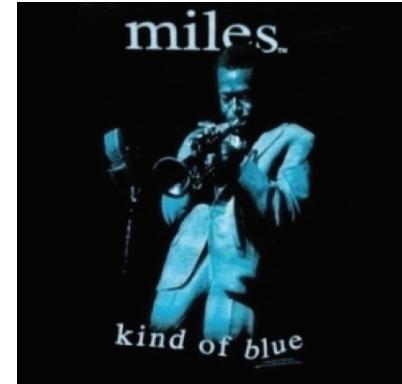
## Good Vibrations

**"Vocalists can affect the colour of sound" - Sinatra**

This essay is not about the Beach Boys. My enduring search for truth, while abstemiously (?) refining my level of connoisseurship about the meaning of music, has led me to consider "what is sound?". School physics, that some will just about be able to recall, informs us that sound consists of vibrations or waves travelling through various mediums such as air or water and these waves reach the ear and are interpreted by the brain to perhaps (or otherwise) relish the 'sound of music' (rings a bell!) in one form or another; songs, instrumentals and indeed speech. While 'enjoying' a recent movie "Florence Foster Jenkins" my Monday Night movie buffs expressed mild low key mirth when the singer (Meryl Streep) sang off-key, 'out of tune'. The vibrations reaching our ears were not what we expected and indubitably did not provide pleasure. Music consists of notes (sound inflections) or pitches where the waves are comfortable to the ear. The Concert Pitch note A (or key) on a piano when struck hitting strings inside the iron frame creates a specific vibration which scientists have measured at 440 vibrations per second and it sounds not unpleasant even if you cannot get your brain around the fact that tiny waves vibrate onto your ear drum at 440 times per second. Physicists measure vibrations in Hertz hence we have 440Hz. Each time the pianist leaps an octave i.e. 12 half steps (semitones including all white and black keys) on the keyboard the vibrations are doubled for high A (880Hz) or in the lower direction halved for low A (220Hz). The joy celebrated in music consists of many notes jumbled with precision by composers such as Cole Porter and is known as the melody - horizontal (think De-Lovely). If notes are played simultaneously or subsequently (intervals-the space between the notes), it is the most agreeable aspect of music (triads/chords/voicings) which is harmony - vertical (tonality). Vocalists and instrumentalists can affect the colour of the sound (sweet, mournful, light, smooth - Sinatra) referred to as the timbre. If sounds reach your ears at various speeds and pauses then this is the rhythm providing the basis for style and genre. Readers will know my preferred disposition. There is much science related to the 12 chromatic notes (semitones or half-steps) in a piano octave of 13 where the high note is repeated for the next octave. Science has led musicians and indeed physicists to calculate the frequency of all notes in relation to A (1st); in particular the 4th (586.7Hz, D) and 5th (660Hz, E) notes in what is known as the scale\* of A and these notes are defined as perfect because mathematically the frequencies are fractionally 4/3 and 3/2 more than 440Hz respectively. Importantly, early jazz musicians, either with strings to pluck, horns to blow or keys to strike, heard a pleasing sound when these harmonies were played and linked into a melody with rhythm. 12-bar

Blues (form). Modern jazz and orchestral suites (Stravinsky/Krenek) do not always appeal to tuneful ears especially when certain notes are pitched that are often interpreted by the brain as out of tune. It is known as dissonance not consonance. Many jazz enthusiasts are attracted to the dissonant (improv) sounds of Miles Davies (Kind of Blue), Parker (Gershwin's Embraceable You), Dizzy, Monk etc. Many more so-called jazz aficionados confess that this brash atonal music of the Hard Bebop era is daunting without melody. Check my book "Chronological E-Guide to Three Centuries" and listen to all the styles listed for each entry from Ragtime, Blues, Stride, Dixie, Swing, Scat Singing, Soul, Gospel, Latin, Cool Jazz, Bebop, Hard Bop, Electric, Modal, Jazz Rap, Avant-Garde and try to identify the genre. ref: The Music Instinct by Philip Ball; Levine's Jazz Piano. Who better than to keep time, hold the notes and vibrate - Blossom. ∞

\*most scales consist of 8 ascending notes pleasing to the ear, the simplest scale being C (261.6Hz)



# CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

## Girlish' Blossom

***"Spring is in the air"***

At the onset of our so-called Spring that we are all experiencing (rain, winds, cold, a bit of sunshine, more rain, chirping birds and the gardens buzzing with growth), I started to think (yes I dubiously indulge in that splendid pastime) about spring music and iconic tunes. 'Younger Than Springtime' (John Kerr, South Pacific, 1949, not his voice!) immediately came to mind. The great ballad (now a jazz classic by Sarah Vaughan and backing from Count Basie in 1950), 'It Might as Well be Spring' (from the film State Fair, 1945) encapsulates the sultry vocals of Vaughan and raises the intriguing question 'why should I have spring fever because it isn't really Spring'. For sure.

As far as I am concerned the seasonal pièce de resistance emanates from an altogether fairly unknown jazz artist Blossom Dearie (what a great name to release springtime urges and hopes). Think of a mix between Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn and you have a confection of coquettish and impish sounds and chords meshing perfectly with her swing trio, which enchant the listener with 'They Say It's Spring' (Bob Haymes who also wrote That's All). How can one resist "I'm a lark on the wing/ I'm the spark of a firefly's fling". I introduce the tantalising Blossom Dearie.



(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ADHeoDIhThw>).

In Issue 96 of the SRT I discussed Frank Loesser's 'Spring Will Be A Little Later This Year' (1944, Christmas Holiday). When you listen to the delicious Blossom you already know that Spring is in the air and it has arrived. This flirtatious young jazz/piano singer from Albany New York made it big in London in the 60's especially at the acclaimed jazz club Ronnie Scott's where she recorded her now timeless album "Blossom Time at Ronnie Scott's" (1966). This is a must listen track involving musical greats such as Barry Mann (On Broadway), Johnny Mercer (When the World was Young), Cy Coleman (When in Rome and Sweet Charity), Johnny Mandel (Shadow of Your Smile), Duke Ellington (Satin Doll) and Michel Legrand (Once Upon a Summertime).

[www.discogs.com/Blossom-Dearie-At-Ronnie-Scotts/release/2912993](http://www.discogs.com/Blossom-Dearie-At-Ronnie-Scotts/release/2912993).

While in London Dearie was a regular artiste in the Dudley Moore and Peter Cook (In the Pub – it's a scream) variety show. Let's save Dudley for

another time. If you thought Mr Moore was a superb comedic actor (Arthur, Foul Play and 10 – gosh Bo Derek!), just listen to his extemporisations on the 'Just in Time' piano— brilliant (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A2t4ZDFoigM>). You can tune in to Dudley singing with a truly memorable murmuration of legendary female jazz artists in a rare compilation

([www.youtube.com/watch?v=4zpVxVZPFVY](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4zpVxVZPFVY))



and be privileged to listen to phenomenal iconic jazz styles from Marion Montgomery, Diahann Carroll, Blossom Dearie and my most recent megastar Diana Krall. This is fourteen minutes of jazz bliss. You can easily lose yourself in this kind of music but as for lost pianos.....well.....

They are everywhere....∞

# CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

## The Lost Pianos - Unmanned

"#pianosmustplay"



In recent times I have become infatuated (Chapter 4) with the notion of an "unmanned piano", during my travels world-wide (eg Heathrow). No!, I refuse to be oppressed into referring to my mild obsession with pianos, that are not being minded, in a gender-neutral way. I also decline to be badgered into using gender-neutral language. In the movie *De-Lovely*, the piano was "unmanned" meaning there wasn't a man playing it. Of

course Winnie Atwell was not playing it. But there is something distasteful about being "unwomanned". Interestingly as I search for the proverbial lone piano (please acoustic), also in my village in Stanford, I note that it is mostly women who draw my attention to a piano residing somewhat forlorn in a corner of their homestead. I am currently gladly privileged visiting upon said instruments and striking a chord. My musical



forensic examination has uncovered a diversity of sicknesses; out of tune, lazy key return, pale ivories and worst of all a numbness caused by the lack of loving attention. BUT, and I emphasise this, there are treasures to be found in the streets of Stanford and its immediate hinterland if one searches hard enough and I will further report on this in a later article. As we end this year (I call it the 77th), I do trust that mummies and naturally daddies (please not parental persons!) will consider an excellent seasonal gift to be a piano for young aspiring musically-inclined girls and

boys (there I have said it freely and openly, none of your liberal claptrap!). Pianos are often generously associated with life especially if its (his/her) surname is Bechstein, Bach or Steinway. Yamaha has recently joined the more elite group of stringed instruments with an iron frame. Fondling a



beautifully constructed piano can only be described as delectable. I am therefore wondrously motivated to find not just the 'lost chord' but the 'lost piano' and maybe a 'lost soul' who can sing in tune as I locate and engage Stanford's panoply of pianos. If you possess a piano, be proud. #pianosmatter.



# CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

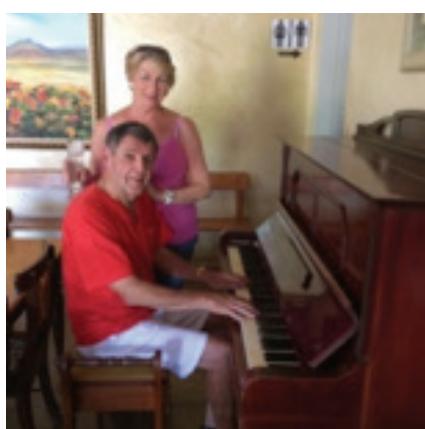
## Finishing on a High Note

**"My Worst Nightmare, a Collapsing Piano" - Herriot**

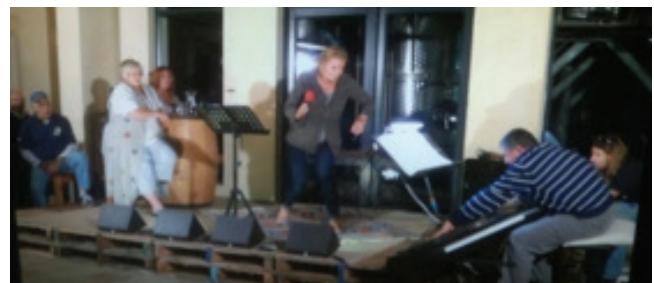
In an earlier Chapter on "My Worst Nightmares" I alluded to a 'collapsing keyboard'. Far from being a nightmare, this unfortunate occurrence actually took place as the JazzFordians were rehearsing for a show at a local wine farm (Raka) and here the accompanist can be seen pounding the ivories with much glee and satisfaction during an initial rehearsal not being aware of an importune eventuality.



The song being sung by one of our young stars was "Skyfall" the theme song of the 2012 James Bond film performed in the movie by British singer Adele and it dramatically ends with the lyrics... "we will stand tall at Skyfall....." then a flourish of heavy harmonic cadence chords by the accompanist culminating fortissimo with a final closure of Cm9 (C chord in the minor ninth). At that point the iron frame holding the weighty Roland keyboard collapsed causing the keyboard to plummet vertically towards the floor of the stage to the huge shock of the helpless on-looking ensemble of singers and most particularly the soloist Carlien. After the initial shock, the cast dissolved into huge laughter grateful that this was a rehearsal and not 'live'. Benign events do take place if one is in the business of applying one's skills on a piano. In the movie De-Lovely, Cole Porter is seen spotting an 'unmanned' piano in Paris (Chapter 48). These iconic incidents can even occur with lesser mortals. On a recent visit to a family friend's house in White River I spotted the veritable 'unmanned grand'. Simply irresistible. One has to sit down and test out the reverberation by enunciating a jazz version of "Beginning to See the Light". It is inescapable if one makes regular trips to wine farms, clearly innocently looking for



an economically-priced 'fine' wine and inevitably there is sure to be an 'unmanned' piano in the background. Eagle's Cliff en route to Worcester served that purpose. When you accept an invitation to jam with a fellow keyboard man "Piano Ben" once again there will always be someone who is in tune and that turned out to be my friend Miso Marcovina, a



fellow keyboard man "Piano Ben" once again there will always be someone

who is in tune and that turned out to be my friend Miso Marcovina, a

hugely accomplished saxophonist. Even during the festive season in Abu Dhabi, there is always the opportunity to jazz up the seasonal Jingle Bells or "Rudolph". Why did my Granny not encourage me to take up the mouth organ?? Adler, where art thou? Not sure but Italy here I come.∞



# CHAPTER SIXTY

## Viva Italia

**"Viva Italia and Picinisco<sup>45</sup>" (1017-2017)**



While in Abu Dhabi, C and I decided to visit Italy and do some geneology and research my Italian side of the family.

While back in Abu Dhabi, I decided to reach out to my matriarchal lineage ostensibly as part of my Living Soundtrack narrative (my nascent infatuation with progenitors). While researching my forebears (my gggg grandfather Filippo Tartaglia, b 1750, Picinisco), the Italian ancestry, I discovered that my g grandfather Antonio Tartaglia, having emigrated to Ipswich, England, from a most beautiful village, Picinisco, nestling in the southern extension of the Monti della Meta mountains, was recorded in the 1892 UK

Census (the Italian Diaspora) as a Street Musician - what a musical gem for me - chromosome Y passed down! Indeed, his brother Pietro (same house and also a Street Musician) most certainly would have formed a duo ensemble. I thoughtfully considered "Am I far from my Tree?" - (Far From the Tree: Parents, Children, and the Search for Identity is a non-fiction book by Andrew Solomon<sup>45a</sup>). How horizontal and indeed vertical am I different from my ancestors? My grandfather Michele was listed on the same record as an 11 year old scholar (b 1880, Picinisco), later in life a cafe owner in Edinburgh. This unfolding revelation (albeit quite a flimsy trait) uplifted me since as far as I know from my Scottish predecessors there was not even a hint of syncopated crochets and rhythms. My Scottish grandmother invested £7 to purchase my first piano because the wise lady got a whiff of interest in her grandson's intense curiosity with pianos, especially 'unmanned' (no such thing as a key board in 1950). The fact that many years later 'wee Herriot' (my Scottish grandfather's nick name - born out of wedlock, sadly no trace of the 'Herriot' cad) is still rattling the ivories in Stanford speaks for itself. My Living Soundtrack is testament to my doggedness. I needed to know more, so C and I (2008) planned a trip from Abu Dhabi to Italy and to Picinisco, (Frosinone Province), the birth





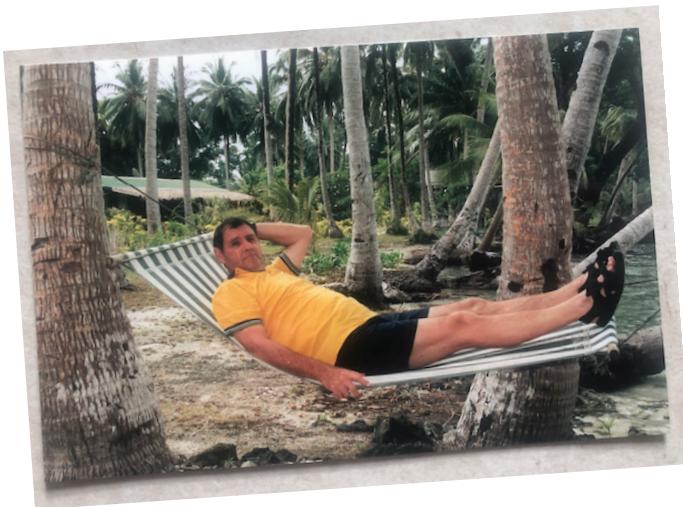
*My grandfather in his cafe in Scotland*

village (currently celebrating its 1st millennium) of the Tartaglia dynasty (I have traced this lot back a few centuries but no evidence of orchestral magnificence). Busking was probably the only source of revenue pre-WW1. Nevertheless, Picinisco here we come - please do not let me hear I muse as we disembark in Rome airport "That's Amore" modulating to "Volare" - UGH, apologies Dean. I felt a frisson of excitement when we taxied eventually, (after much map-reading and a careful examination of village priestly records), at a gated group of three houses to be confronted by the name TARTAGLIA. Sure enough the distant cousins and family members occupied the close-knit settlement of houses. Quite astonishingly an elderly in-law member of this Tartaglia genus entered the house and with the broadest Scottish regional patois announced his presence "Ciao, Hallo pals, whit are ye a' daein' here?" Bizarre, but music to my ears - unadulterated west Scottishness!! The subsequent rhetoric was even more palpable. He was enormously pragmatic because he was able to translate our high octane interactions with the women folk (the men were all 'out' working). It transpired that our visitor had spent ten years in that west of Scotland port, Greenock, working in an Italian ice-cream cafe and restaurant - what else? Continuing with the coincidence, my grandfather, Michele, seemingly moved from Ipswich and successfully set up an ice-cream factory and outlet in Leith, posh Edinburgh, and clearly found the time and opportunity to return to Picinisco, Italy, and marry the beauty seen here, Concetta, who begat seven children while in the

Scottish Capital including my mother, Teresa adding an X chromosome to my traits (2nd youngest, RIP; my son and I seen mourning her passing). Thus endeth my initial sojourn into my dubiously musical background but not before visiting the Isle of Capri, the home of the prodigious actress and music hall singer, Dame Gracie Fields. I hummed tango-style "The Isle of Capri" as we shuffled the narrow streets of this most beautiful island satisfied that I had acknowledged my passion for music. OMG Gracie is not included in my E-Guide to Jazz - how amnesiac! We departed Rome with a feeling of adagio, unhappy achingly at not being in continuous touch with my Italian kin. Another visitation to Italy is imperative but next time the "Tartaglia" plot will be fully exploited even to the extent of my probable Italian relation pronouncing on our arrival "ye'll have had yer tea!!" Time for a farewell. ∞



## **Photo's from the Past**



# CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE

## Farewell Abu Dhabi Hello SA, 2010

**"Ma' al-salāmah"**



After four years in the Emirates of Abu Dhabi<sup>46</sup>, it was time to say farewell to the country, to the peoples, to our friends many of whom were Scottish due to the fact that musically I had developed a strong relationship with numerous citizens who had warm thoughts about the Scots and their contribution to the cultural aspects of living abroad while preserving where possible the musical aspects of Scotland. I had also made a number of friends in the world of jazz as a result of regular opportunities to meet and play with other musicians often when the Scots would gather informally for Ceilidhs or indeed formally when we met to revere our

National Bard Robert Burns and also acknowledge our annual St Andrew's Day. There was always a reason to attire ourselves in our national dress just as my Arabic colleague would dress in their national dress when they would join us on these occasions. Coming to SA meant meeting those locals in Stanford who not only had an interest in Scottish matters and its familiar celebrations but had strong interests in music and easy listening songs and tunes which could be interpreted as light jazz. I found myself easily able to fit into individualistic music moods such as forming a band, planning for stage entertainments, charity functions and getting to know many of the performers (musicians, actors and vocalists) whose interests in jazz and easy-listening music were closely aligned to my focus. It did not take long to become part of the Stanford Players, form an ensemble which eventually became known as the JazzFordians and take to the road as a Soiree group entertaining aficionados in venues such as restaurants, secure homes, nature reserves and wine farms and other eclectic venues that would attract a listening audience who willingly were happy to contribute to a meaningful charity. My journey across many lands was nearing an end as retirement began to loom ahead. Music was to become a huge part of my daily diet. I have always been hopeful that my progenitive Italian ancestry had added a few relevant Y chromosomes and that my mother did 'pass' on something of a musical note. There was time available to



plan, give directions to musical ventures, accept challenges and move forward measure for measure, embracing the overall constancy of music and my Life Soundtrack. Time for new visions (Shows/Gigs/Soirees) I need to erect my shield in my newly designed Shield (Think With A Sound Mind) Music Centre (Ch48&67).



# CHAPTER SIXTY-TWO

## It's All About Retirement

***"Our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."*** - William Shakespeare

What to do? The linear spectrum ranges from zero ad infinitum with clear milestones between endless points providing a multi-dimensional synthesis where 'the sum of the parts is much greater than the perceived whole' according to Aristotle who retired from philosophising round about 318 BC, a mere 2,336 years ago. That number certainly has an infinitude feel about it. I took early retirement from a career of teaching, teacher training, education advisory work over nine countries 1963-2011. Here I am in Stanford wondering what's next to complete! Golf. Ah, no I gifted my clubs to the caddie while in the Solomon Islands. Why? Easy, on my final shot on the 18th, I shanked my pitch to the green, the ball hit a roof of a small hut near the green, bounced parabolically or was it elliptically towards the 18th and came to a halt within yards (perhaps metres) from the hole. Birdie. That's it, caddie, Merry Christmas!! So golf is out. DIY - Ugh. Kitchen - Naw. Shopping - !!!, Gardening with green fingers - Aarg as I do value my fingers. Which brings me not unreasonably to my singular and bespoken passion in this essay: pianos, keyboards, keys to use the modern lingua franca - Yay. Those of you who might just have (doubtful) noted my River Talk autobiographical rantings and ravings in recent issues (3/2011-3/2018) may recall that playing, listening to, writing and digitising about, reading and collecting jazz books that include, working with children who are different using, sitting at (while quaffing vintage reds), rehearsing with, helping and mentoring learners to play, giggling with, showing movies that feature, organising cultural/charitable celebrations that require, and collecting..... pianos is monumentally and stealthily what I do Night and Day (C. Porter). All of the above daily-life-elements provide immense personal pleasure and satisfaction. I am hugely grateful to those family members who encouraged me to stick it out during dark periods when it was not always possible to undertake some or all of the aforementioned singularities of my piano playing Sound Track - a prescient moment. Residing in Ghana did not offer the best conditions to nurture a stringed musical instrument. However on arrival in Lesotho the locality was such that, purchasing, playing, practising and using pianos, of which these combined above activities were embraced with high levels of sufficiency, were largely due to an expatriate population that engaged intensely in after hours entertainment. It was during my time in Basutoland that one aspiring singer intimated joyously to me to 'play' in my key and that she will sing 'happily' in 'her key'! Kenya turned out to be unfavourable for opportunities to enhance my skills. Nevertheless I took every chance to sit at the proverbial 'unmanned' piano. On one occasion in Mombasa I embarrassed my friends by confidently

offering to play in a packed restaurant with resident musicians. My mates sat dumb founded probably solicitously awaiting my early demise but my memory bank of keys, riffs, improvs, triplets and bravura vibe was recalled much to the astonishment of my fellow revellers. I indubitably advise my students, my musical associates and fellow musicians to always show a confident demeanour (even if you split infinitives) and believe in yourself. The Middle East provided enormous possibilities to set up small units, combos, groups of similarly minded amateur musicians. Working, practising and playing alongside such talented devotees is assuredly gratifying. On reaching SA a new elemental force entered my repertoire of musical endeavours; that of meeting up with children who are developmentally different. My weekly gig at The Butterfly Centre (pix), playing for raw excited children's evocative and repetitive versions of "Horsey, Horsey" or "Old MacDonald had a Farm" is a happy feature of my otherwise indolent 'retired' weeks. More eloquent milestones all part of A Complete Retiral Plan of Action of action to ∞.



# CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

## Completing An ‘Incomplete Life’ to ∞

***“What is the reality of Retirement? I’m not retiring. I am graduating”***

“Retirement is supposed to be the great escape from the stresses inherent in most jobs, a time to experience a fulfilling life derived from many enjoyable and rewarding activities (Zelinski).” Piffle! “We work all our lives so we can retire - so we can do what we want with our time - and the way we define or spend our time defines who we are and what we value (Linton).” Complex. “Stay young at heart, kind in spirit, and enjoy retirement living (Duckery).” Getting close! “I’m not retiring. I am graduating (Herriot, 2018). “OK, let’s cut to the chase”. In the previous chapter, I itemised a few current personal ‘retiree’ odd jobs (as they say in Scotland, ‘tae keep me awff the streets’!) such as:

- playing, listening to, writing articles and digitising books about,
- reading and collecting jazz books that include,
- working with children who are different using,
- sitting at (while quaffing vintage reds),
- rehearsing with, helping and mentoring learners to play, gigging with,
- showing movies that feature,
- organising cultural/charitable celebrations that require,
- and collecting..... pianos

Clearly the stringed instrument framed in a big box, hugely impossible to carry around in one’s back pocket (mouth organ) or on one’s back (guitar) indeed slipped in the top pocket of one’s jacket (flute perhaps), so why this love affair with a keyboard that consists of 88 keys (52 white and 36 black). In my case, as the so-called “retirement” process proceeds, I have aggregated four times that total - yes I possess FOUR pianos to play, experiment with and write about to mention a few of my ‘odd jobs’ including entertaining other retirees. I know someone close to Cathryn and I, who actually set a piano on fire - UGH. No piano should be sentenced to death by combustion. Playing it badly is a sentence, well no, if in that

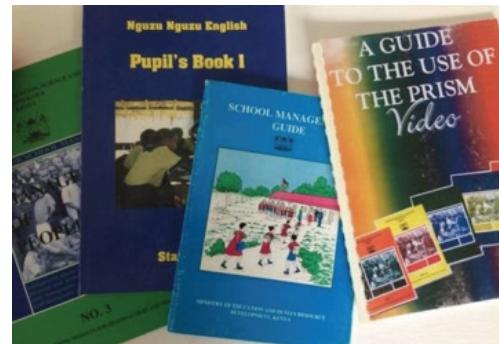
practice, there is room for improvement, or admiring it as a piece of furniture - what a waste or just leave it UNMANNED. Ah! that is where I come in. My Retirement Plan must subsume seeking, identifying the whereabouts and actually playing the lonely sobriquet ‘unmanned’ instrument. I have written about that adventure in previous





chapters and have found, quite scarily, far too many idle 'retiree' pianos wistfully stuck in a corner, gathering dust in a back room, lying low in a theatre, ornamentally and ignominiously covered with flower vases in the front room, ash trays and family photos adding to the decor. My pianos are all in good working order tuned to perfect concert pitch (440Hz) and ready for a daily dose of chord thumping,

finger riffing, trills, grace notes, chromatic loving abuse (I simply enjoy an oxymoron, not keen on the popular Stanford alluring alliterative, though). One of the delicious delights (oops) I uncovered, as I was pontificating my 'Incomplete Life' (a dotted crochet short of 7.9 decades), was the likely satisfaction of penmanship in conjunction with its close ally, musicianship. I recalled reading Volume 1 of the River Talk in February 2005 and pensively wondered, even then, while I was in Qatar and the proud owner of 9 Adderley Street Stanford, from 2000, (now aka Castle Herriot), if perhaps it was portentously more than "music to my ears" resonating with "words, more words leading to the idiomatic picture". (I have authored text books on education btw ) Intriguing. Why don't I take to writing alongside piano playing I thoughtfully mused. Maybe my keyboard skills will inspire a greater linguistic depth in my writing or perhaps, unlikely, vice-versa. I immediately began to recollect some of my English teacher's less memorable school reports "Could do better", "Room for some improvements". A pivotal moment for a retiree about to embark on a whole new collage of activities involving the written word and musical note. Watch this space for evidence of 'doing better' and 'some improvements'. ∞



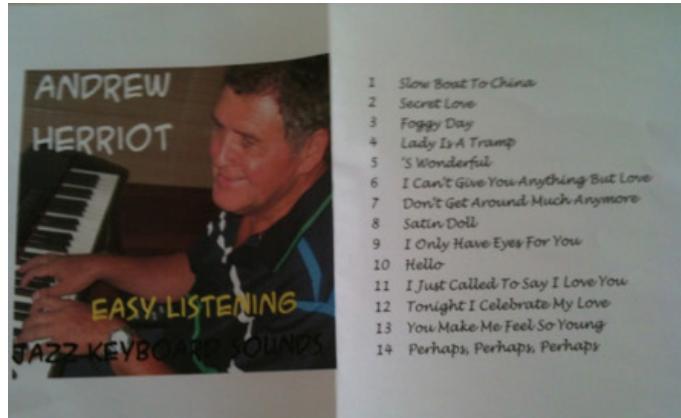
# CHAPTER SIXTY-FOUR

## Ready for His ‘Incomplete Life’

***“A good thing about being poor is that when you are Seventy your children will not have declared you legally insane in order to gain control of your estate.” - Woody Allen***

I hold a B.Sc, an M.Sc, a T. Cert and a DipHRD. How does one proceed to pursue (and maybe complete) an ‘incomplete life’ carrying that baggage (antithetically, the beginning of the world is nigh™)? Certainly with implausible difficulty. My narrative of ‘odd jobs worthy of being ticked’ prepared after eight years from 2010, do appear somewhat mind-boggling. That is just one facet of ‘jobbing’ with a piano (or in my case four of them!). The ‘incompleteness’ is troubling especially since hardly a day passes without being informed by our unregulated maniacal media platforms that so-and-so (heroes, friends and former associates) all have moved on towards completeness. RIP you lot, I’m next, yep pre-dead, unfatal, life porously leaking unceremoniously without due regard to sowing seeds of happiness. It is a sobering thought. No fear, I am now a ‘graduate’ fully qualified (and ‘boys’-sitter while Africa Burns - such boundless versatility) to embark on an extraordinary completeness exercise (x® yrs). In a compact village, such as Stanford was/is, in mid 2010, the word was that so-and-so can sit at a keyboard and make dubious melodic sounds but has a passionate advocacy for easy-listening jazz. I was approached by a well-known local singer that an accompanist would be needed for the Christmas Carol Candle Night to assist with Christmassy music. It so happened that I had already graduated from that pursuit in many other foreign parts during my overseas career. I always believe that rehearsals are essential. No need, I hear, “Everybody knows them and has a favourite”. “You might have to learn some Afrikaans melodies” intoned my contact. Ah, an introduction to a second language. Meanwhile a very popular plumber, who also sings (operatic), was introduced to me one evening at the Art Café. JH’s good woman, Michelle, was the local owner and editor of the Stanford River Talk. Now that did excite me as I secretly entertained thoughts on how to develop my penmanship with my musicianship - I am compiling an e-Guide about Jazz\*\*. It is astonishing how things do unravel and start to mould into a promising harmony of teasing sweetness. My plumbing friend struck a harmonious chord and before he knew it he was singing swing jazz encompassing music from masters such as Porter, Gershwin and Berlin and subsequently a locally famous duo named SWAY rhythmically was born, myself and JH. The duo combo title was based on the Gere/Lopez movie “Shall We Dance”. The song also resonated with my Basutoland past when my good friend Erika Lundi first captured the attention of an expat group in Maseru, many of whom were involved in amateur shows. At that moment in time, Erika sang the movie song at the Holiday Inn in

1977. The synchronicity of the past and the present was mind-blowing when Erika appeared on stage at the Crypt Jazz Club in CT in 2016 and subsequently at Castle Herriot in 2017 (omg). It's curious how acronyms, mnemonics (A Cow Eats Grass - ACEG) all keep flooding back



as if to say music and the art of penmanship have a place and sit well alongside day-to-day experiences. I believed I might be ready to try my hand with the pen\*\*. I was often asked if I teach music. NO but I know what it takes having graduated as a mathematics teacher. I recently relented having taken advice from a proper locally based music teacher, Ja'ka, who encouraged me to be bold and 'share what you know'. The known mnemonic for Treble Clef will now be (E)very (G)irl (B)oy (D)eserves (F)un thus acknowledging gender inclusivity. Box ticked! It can't be that different from promoting a conceptual understanding of the solution of quadratic equations of the 2nd degree from reading and resolving the meaning of musical symbols on Staff and relating that to resolving its meaning on a piano forte keyboard. Item ticked. Meanwhile my plumber and I were making clanking jazzy noises vocally with keys to resolve swing tempo and encourage rhythmic movements on the Art Café dance floor. Rehearsals for The Boy Friend Christmas Show (2012) were already underway and should be reported allegro in the next Chapter (#penmanship). \*\* <https://gum.co/KGvIP> . ∞

# CHAPTER SIXTY-FIVE

## Won't You Charleston With Me

***"My love of musical theater was certainly not typical. I mean, it was considered to be very, very abnormal, in fact!" - Andrew Lloyd Webber***

In 2012, Stanfordians were privileged to delight in a genuine British Musical Comedy "The Boy Friend" written by the Composer, Librettist and Lyricist Sandy Wilson involving a full (I MEAN TOTAL) Stanfordian cast. In the May 2016 Issue 128 of River Talk, I wrote, reminiscing my time in Lesotho in 1978; "So some forty years ago, as I have recalled, I had my early experiences of amateur dramatics and before I knew it, I was approached once again to assist with the local music scene. A Broadway Show had been proposed; 'The Boy Friend'. How could I resist being invited to help musically for such a prestigious opportunity? Guess what! I didn't resist. I had made collegial friends (1978) with an abundance of talented musicians, stage artistes and clever writers. So, Sandy Brown's 1954 The Boy Friend was chosen (it is no coincidence that Stanford Players presented its version of the Boy Friend in December 2012 and I was at it again!)". This pastiche of understated British song and dance humour



including the proverbial flappers became a central core of the lives of those 17 Stanford Players selected to participate in what turned out to be nine months of slogging on the stage, layers of jazz, tripping over one's left foot, hitting notes never before reached, sticking to a strict tempo, learning the craft of 'song and dance' and generally assuming, only in the show, a life akin to the privileged few in 1926 who were attending Mme Dubonnet's posh finishing school, in Villa Caprice in The Riviera, France. Luckily we had two superb villagers; Director/Producer/Choreographer personnel in Rena and Laina, sent from Heaven to ensure that it was really "Nicer in Nice" with bags of "Room in Bloomsbury" and to be a "Perfect Young Lady". The full cast of young and old lived and breathed such songs as "I Could Be Happy With You", "Won't You Charleston With Me", "You-Don't-Want-To-Play-With-Me-Blues", "Sur Le Plage" (sic), "It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love" and many, more unforgettable ditties. It was during that year that a host of mega-talented supporters, helpers, builders, costume makers and

scenery designers, sound technicians, painters, lighting experts, props specialists, and background stage staff emerged from their 'hideaways' to create a memorable 'verismo' musical show. I personally could hardly believe my good fortune to be associated with such enthusiasm, dedication, resources

and raw talent. While the actual Boy Friend enjoyed over two thousand performances in the UK followed by some 700 Broadway successes, we Stanfordians were happy with two performances (2012) and a multitude of fun-filled rehearsals in the evenings and over weekends thus setting the bar sufficiently high to encourage the production of future Christmas shows in the village of Stanford. I was also afforded an opportunity to hone my penmanship skills and write appreciative reviews not only of our very own spectacular shows but to make a study of numerous very famous artiste vocalists, composers, lyricists and instrumentalists and develop my monthly River Talk Living Sound Track essay. This was a profound incubation period which led to a host of talented youngsters, especially, to pursue musical quests both seriously and happily. Today. '18, at Coffee Corner for example, we are witnessing a surge of youth, some of whom performed in The Boy Friend and subsequent shows, who for the past six years have taken up pastimes and hobbies (often self-taught) that demonstrate that they have reaped the benefits of 'being on stage' at some point in their lives - Stayin' Alive!. The weekly Coffee Corner 'jam sessions' encourage performers to be confident and enjoy the power of music, harmony, lyrics and instruments. Guess what, the beneficiaries are Stanfordians through a common desire to meet and share an evening of pleasure, the backdrop being music. At about the same time as SWAY was performing its magic (2012) at the Art Cafe a new combo was beginning to emerge - The Jazzfordians, subsequently JazzFordians. More on that as 'my incomplete life' infiltrates my heady days in Stanford. I hear unreliably the post-segue or attacca 'being dead', a continuation of 'incompleteness', is not that bad.... Emoj!



# CHAPTER SIXTY-SIX

## Wrong Way to Polokwane

**"Hope is being able to see that there is light despite all of the darkness." - Desmond Tutu**

As I continue with the completion of my 'incomplete' life, doing it "My Way", may I revert back a couple of decades (what people do in their dotage "When I'm 64"!!). In 1992 when I was in academia in Scotland after having departed Lesotho, I was able to join a UK Department of Trade and Industry Mission to South Africa (cf Theresa May some months ago off to China) under my hash tag of Academic Business Development. No such symbolism as # in those days. This article does have a musical/lyrical slant but pause for a moment. My mission was to visit as many universities in South Africa as possible and attempt to develop a twinning arrangement with my university which, under the auspices of British Government funding, useful links could be established. So where's the music? Be patient. I am building up a crescendo. (UGH). As part of my trip, I planned a visit to Pietersburg (of course Polokwane today) and meet with officials at The University of the North now University of Limpopo. However the previous night was one of those official 'snooty' cocktail parties and I found myself in deep conversation with an academic from Wits and Pam Golding (RIP) of all people discussing among other things 'living in Scotland'. Don't ask! We listened to Lord Strathclyde blistering on about how wonderful British Trade is (BREXIT was an unknown factor) and as it happens there was a couple of extra gins and then a quick Partyexit. I had an early start from Johannesburg the next morning. Good highways, clear indicators, no confusion, the North here I come. Switch on FM and there we have it, sweet confection, "Magic Moments" by Perry Como reminiscent of my early years ("takin' a sleigh ride") - Radio Luxemburg, remember! I smiled with some joy, this is SA; I left the winter a few days ago. What is this ahead? Blast, a Toll Gate. Not marked on my ancient map held over from my Lesotho days. Long queue! Another expletive a lot worse than any magical moment. No wallet (left in my room-AARG), no cash but a cheque book! 1992 remember. I reach the lovely lady at the gate and whimpered an explanation. Big No when I proffered my Royal Bank of Scotland credentials. An impatient motorist behind shoved R2(!!!) out his window and muttered something in Afrikaans which I interpreted as "Shove on %##\$\*!" A meek "thank you, Jimmy" in my best Scottish accent and I 'shoved on' relieved that I was on my way to Pietersburg listening now to the musical cocktail "Tea for Two" by Art Tatum-God is in the house, (I never guessed I would be writing about Art a quarter of a century later in the same country). I could only pensively think of and hum Dean's "Bye, Bye, Blackbird" since FM appeared to be providing alliterative accompaniments for my journey. If only I had "Sing a Song of Sixpence" I might have been able to ensure my safe passage

into the Toll Highway territory. OK, where am I? Definitely not going to Botswana the sign pointed (the extra gin the previous evening was having a shaky effect on my judgement). I followed the alternative route which seemed to go on and on. "Lush Life" by



Ella came over the waves and I grinned but as my eyesight was beginning to focus ahead I spotted another Toll Gate. Relief. Let's get off this highway. Disaster, this is the same Toll that I had passed through an hour prior. This was no time to hear "Tip Toe Through The Tulips". Confrontation. The 'other' lady recognised me across the highway and made uncomplimentary signals to her colleague using a pointed finger towards the cranium. I was instructed to cross the highway on foot (hugely dangerous) and explain my predicament (no cash) to senior Toll officials. Done. Success. Passage clear! Reprieve. But..I must make a 180° turn and renew my acquaintance with the same lovely lady whose eyes were now so unbelievably wide and huge that I could only prey for forgiveness and understanding and another kindly well-spoken, impatient driver and don't even think anything uncomplimentary about the Scots!! All the time the Platters were singing "Twilight Time". My Toll lady simply ignominiously waved me through. FM, did not play "Cry, Cry, Cry" by Johnny (no) Cash. ∞

# CHAPTER SIXTY-SEVEN

## The Birth of the JazzFordians

**"I can't make it tomorrow night" - anon JazzFordian**

As a result of the meritorious success of The Boy Friend in 2012 and much 'lovey' back-slapping, there was a tsunami wave of continued interest and expectation in stage shows. In no time, up tempo in fact, a similarly inclined collective of aficionados congregated for brain-storming gatherings to determine a strategy to build on its resounding acclaim; an embarrassment of talent. The Boy Friend was tuneful, lyrical, rhythmical and spectacular and exemplified the basis of the jazz/easy listening genre providing an apprenticeship for future stars of stage (perhaps not screen yet although watch out film-maker D Morin is in town!). "Broadway" was unanimously and definitively selected as the Stanford theme for the 2013 Christmas stage show, a smorgasbord of the "Best of Broadway" (yet another alluring alliterative). By the early part of the year a small production team was beavering away searching and researching how to entertain Stanfordians with music and dance. The Great American Song Book here we come! Yet again our 'boy friend' front/back stage cast, the core of the now familiar "Stanford Players" (recently eulogised in small comfort zone discussion groups) were formulating and developing a show representative of a Century of Broadway successes - what a joy, even a legacy. In the course of that iconic year one or two stalwarts who were emerging as significant "Players" considered that as a real preparation



for the end-of-year show, a smaller combo probably should be formed, those with time on their hands, in order to build up stage experience and confidence - cabaret time! One key member had already been organising and providing entertaining "Soiree" evenings, my first soiree having taken place at Sir Robert's wine farm. As a result of a growing interest in candle-light dinners with a touch of sophistication, the Jazzfordians were born. One of our vital vocalists (oops #alliterations again) suggested

fortissimo that the name should include an uppercase F to emphasise the central genre J and its eponymous geographical local home, hence uniquely the group JazzFordians was created. Such genius, such luminosity!! The build up to Broadway was spent rehearsing for two distinct concepts "Christmas Show" and the "JazzFordians", the former involving a multitude of young/not so young aspirants and the latter an evolving group of cabaret singers. What fun. Over the past five years this jazzy choral group has performed in wine farms, restaurants, private homes, a garage showroom, a nature reserve, house gardens, old-folks homes, kirks, street festivals, pubs, golf clubs such is the versatility of the members. A repertoire of numerous songs (ref:e-Guide) is now at their disposal including blues, swing, pop, show tunes and indeed rock all fused into presentable cabaret performances that respond to most occasions: charitable functions, festivals, birthdays, fund-raising events and other celebratory moments. The Fordians have embraced other musicians, saxophonist, guitarists, flautist, professional vocalists and sound/lighting technicians demonstrating a rich vein of musical talents which enabled a variety of sub-groups to be formed according to the needs of the occasion. It was noted that 'time on their hands' was a pre-eminent

condition to thorough preparations and rehearsals. Amateur musicians always face decisions about priorities, the very basis of a successful home-based group of entertainers. It was therefore very important that at least one other singer or two could double up on various songs. The mantra 'I thought that was my song' was

wholly excluded from our narrative philosophy and our group therapy whereby we admired each other's performances. "I just love the way you sing 'Summertime,'" was encouraged among our team of Fordians. Flexibility is key hence the reason why the choristers have survived. "Andrew, I can't make tonight's rehearsal". "No problem, spare 30 minutes of my 'incomplete life' a.m." intoned the 'serial accompanist'. The Broadway show et al will be remembered for posterity next. Such a lyrical legacy statement of intent. #JazzFordians. ∞

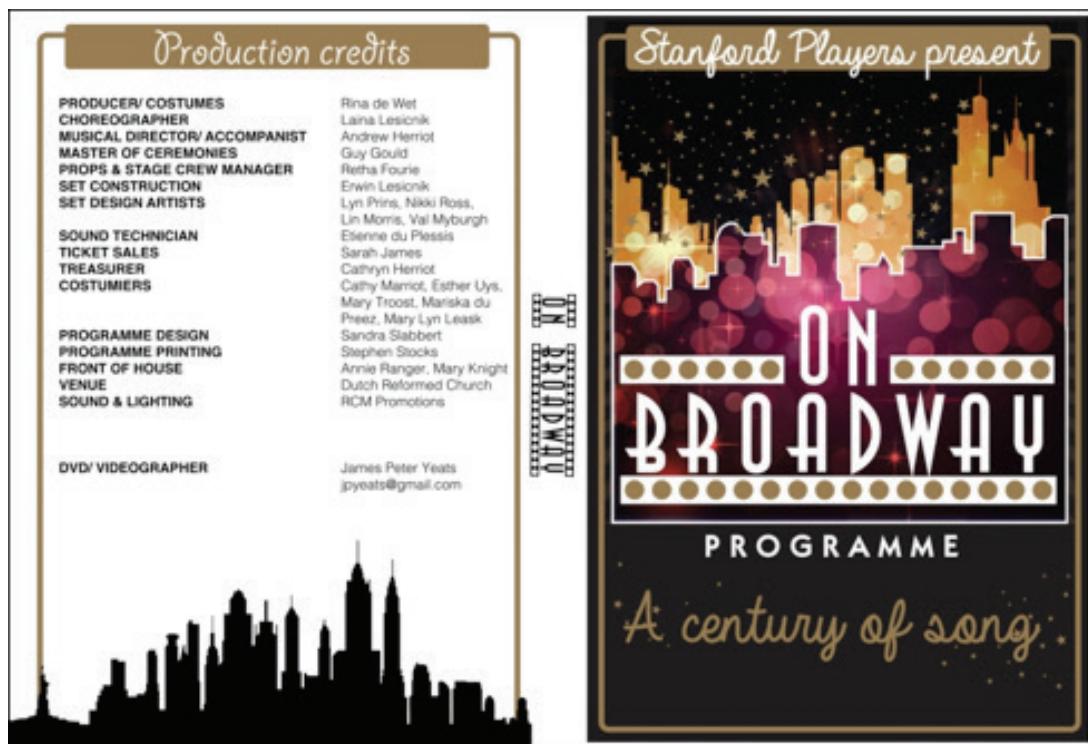


# CHAPTER SIXTY-EIGHT

## On Broadway

**"I struggled for a while, but when I was cast in an Off Broadway show called 'Once Upon a Mattress,' that kind of put me on the map." - Carol Burnett**

What better pretence to end a year than swing and sway to a Century of Music from some of the greatest Broadway hit shows such as Phantom, Annie Get Your Gun, Les Mis, Chicago, Grease, Ipi N'Tombi, Babes in Arms, Mama Mia!, Oliver, Threepenny Opera, Chorus Line and Rain to mention a few. Broadway is an institution, a state of mind, an evolving process outstripping definitively, some would opine, the famed theatres of London, Berlin and Paris. Composers, Librettists and Lyricists such as Hammerstein, Rogers, Lloyd Weber, Schonberg, Bart, Porter, Berlin, Weill and Ebb. I was hugely excited to be part of this 2013 project as Musical Director even although I was already immersed in a JazzFordian project. "It keeps me awff the streets" as they poetically say in Scotland. I had been deeply involved in musical theatre in Lesotho in the 70s and 80s and then there was the successful re-run for me of the Boy Friend here in Stanford in 2012. The scene is now set for yet another high profile musical show this time not based on an original Broadway musical but one that was home-grown, an amalgam of melody, lyrics and dance that portrayed 100 years of Broadway triumph and entertainment. Our choices were mind boggling from 1866 (The Black Crook) to 2010 (Rain - A Tribute to the Beatles and Hey Jude). The opening number was ready-made "There's



No Business Like Show Business" (1946, Annie Get Your Gun) with a glitz all-star stage-struck cast, fresh from personal achievements the previous year. Can't fail, me thought, and I was right especially with the Producer, Choreographer and Stage Director from 2012. Piece o' cake. We needed glitter, imagination and rhythmic beat with a sophisticated 'cabaret' style. Of course 1966 movie "Cabaret". That should set the feet tapping and it did. Choosing from 500 Broadway hits over a century is unbelievably complex. Why? We might miss a favourite and disappoint an audience or the gender balance may be skewed and then what about the age disparity and year share, cultural balance, not to mention those with two left feet, the thin, the rotund, the tall, the short; those who can sing in tune and those....well we won't talk about that. In conclusion it is a nightmare of a dream but what a privilege to engage with that kind of music that was part of my early education going to the movies with my mother who was a cinema usherette with a torch. I certainly watched dozens and dozens from an early age all free and twice over each night. I digress. Certain songs spoke to obvious members of the cast (they know who they are) as solos; Mack the Knife (Threepenny Opera, 1954), duets; Music of the Night (Phantom of the Opera, 1988), chorus girls; One (A Chorus Line, 1975), instrumentalist; (Rain, 2010), girls and boys, mums and dads; We Go Together (Grease, 1972), South Africans; The Warrior (Ipi N'Tombi 1974), the young 'uns; My Favourite Things (Sound of Music, 1959), man and kids; You've Got to Pick-a-Pocket or Two (Oliver, 1963) and of course the naughty girls; Cell Block Tango (Chicago, 1975), the romantics; Lady is a Tramp (Babes in Arms, 1937), the show-stoppers; I Dreamed a Dream (Les Miserables, 1987), To Dream the Impossible Dream (Man of La Mancha, 1965) and for fun; If I Were a Rich Man (Fiddler on the Roof, 1964) and don't forget our Producer; (Hello Dolly, 1964) and in a nutshell the Ensemble; (Mame, 1966 and Dancing Queen (Mamma Mia!, 2001). That in essence is how to create, live for, produce and direct a musical on stage for the small village of Stanford. "There are more love songs than anything else. If songs could make you do something we'd all love one another" - Frank Zappa sourced from my book: "A Chronological e-Guide to Jazz (Covering Three Centuries)" - p 112, a friendly plug. (great gift for your loved one this Christmas - go on - Get It).

Revival and mutate this show in 2019?? C'est Possible! New/Old faces? Rehearse or Rest? Resist or Desist? Reminisce or Forget? More Young and Less Not-So-Young? In Key or Off Key? Let's Do It or Not Again?!? Something Same or Something Different?

All or some of the above?? Oh well.....∞

# CHAPTER SIXTY-NINE

## Another Book on Jazz

**"Jazz is not just 'Well, man, this is what I feel like playing.' It's a very structured thing that comes down from a tradition and requires a lot of thought and study." - Wynton Marsalis**

or Just an Ode

Having convinced myself that I can construct more than two words in the form of a readable and meaningful sentence on jazz, I set about the mammoth task of simply writing a book about the stuff!! After all I have been collecting, pursuing, playing and listening to and indeed trying to understand the jazz genre for the best part of six decades (I don't suffer from 'nottage\*'). Now that I have 'graduated' into my twilight years of my life-affirming 'incompleteness' what is there to lose, I mused. I had become fascinated with melodies and lyrics. As I was researching all previous 'stuff', written communications and notes to/from my associates in music and, in particular, my close musos the JazzFordians, I came across an 'Ode" which only I could have written because the poetry (lyrics??) is so juvenile and simplistic:

Ode to a JazzFordian, His Own Oeuvre  
My thoughts these days are all about jazz  
Energy style and all that pizzazz  
Harmonies, melodies and improvisation  
But what about syncopation  
I think keys, tempo and measures  
The keyboard, the timbre are all such treasures  
I can only hope that swing and blues  
Will win the day and never lose  
Now, it's up to me and my call  
To fast-track my jazz book and have a ball  
Right, crack open the wine  
That is a good sign  
But, no what about another book reference  
Stop. That could lead to unacceptable temperance  
If the rhythm is right  
Then fight the good fight  
I can't believe I've written these lines

Please let me play like Earl Hines  
Chords, sevenths and scales  
Too many blue notes and what if it fails  
Do I need a four bar repeat  
Or should I accept defeat  
It's already a good bet  
Don't give up the day job just yet

I must have been in a coma when I wrote that because I honestly do not remember penning it but it surely was me because it talks about key clues "writing a book", "quaffing wine", "admiring Earl Hines" and a dead giveaway "keep practising and maybe do better". My plan was to write about musicians and their music over a period of time that made sense hence three centuries, an encyclopedia! Makes sense, yes? I read, bought, listened, downloaded, embraced everything about the jazz genre that I could savour. I wanted interaction between book and reader hence an e-Guide using platforms such as YouTube. With the right formula, it is quite astounding how a structure can evolve. My book started to take shape - I had already written 36 articles for Stanford River Talk and with my library of 40 jazz books and my very large collection of CDs, the ideas simply developed, much of it taking place in my Music Centre. After a year of intense writing



I had an early hard edition consisting of 235 pages of carefully referenced texts plus a soft CD covering 365 artistes over a period from 1865-2015 all digitally linked (1800 sites) to the Internet illustrating the journey of the genre from ragtime, to blues through the swing era encompassing bop and many other free styles. This undertaking was made digitally possible with the expert assistance of one of my JazzFordians - how apt, thanks to K. This treasure for the jazz aficionados is available. Christmas? And after Xmas my writing will morph towards a monthly treatise on Lyricists' own oeuvre. \* - The collective noun for 'stuff' you throw away BUT later you realise you needed that stuff.∞

# CHAPTER SEVENTY

## A Chronological E-Guide to Jazz

***"The piano ain't got no wrong notes" - Thelonious Monk***

"A brash new style of music emerged in America at the dawn of the 20th century. The word jazz wouldn't enter the vocabulary until 1912, but the music itself was first heard in New Orleans a decade or more before it had a name" (Ted Gioia). Jazz for me is a feeling, it's an exhilaration; you hear it, you can see it in the performers indeed you can touch the very instruments that cause this feeling as your body reacts and rhythmically moves. Therefore I decided, selfishly, that I needed to understand more about jazz, something of the historical developments, its music derived from the early African plantation slaves and its musicians over the past 100 years or more, composers and writers hence I began reading, researching and gathering information. My hard copy is a Pictorial Reference Guide. It is for those readers who have a bent for history especially if you are interested in Jazz Music, what the Genre means and how it came to be. The emphasis is Afro-American music but not entirely – there are references to European, South African and World contributions to the Genre. You can begin at any page and dip into the information using the cross-indexing pointers. It is a Compendium of dates, names and illustrative bibliographical notes largely drawn from authoritative texts and internet sources. The choices are personal but an attempt is made to be fairly comprehensive across the decades. To make very good use of this Guide you would need access to Internet but that is not necessary. The Guide can be used like a telephone directory. Use the Indexes and look for a name, title, date of birth (dob), a date of death (dod), a style of jazz, a CD tune or compilation, a musician, composer, singer, band, ensemble. The information is not 100% comprehensive but it covers the period from late 19th© to the present day performers some as young as 20+, altogether about 360 entries. Jazz musicians of great note are listed in order of dob, decade by decade, in Part 1. In Part 2 those same jazz musicians are listed in alphabetical order of first names. Jazz styles through the decades from Ragtime through Blues, Swing, Bebop, Modern Jazz, 3rd Stream, Cool, Hardbop, R&B, Rock Jazz to Free Jazz and Avant-Garde are all briefly explained with http suggestions that can be obtained from YOUTUBE. In Part 3 you will find a series of articles written by the author about personalities in the world of jazz that have made significant contributions to the development and history of jazz music and some of them are reprinted in this book. There are useful pointers, lists and indexes contained at the rear of this e-Guide. As part of the package (a CD), with this Compendium, there are downloaded CDs of carefully selected jazz performances which when viewed can lead you to further interrogate the Guide and take your investigation to its ultimate and purchase your own copy and thus build up your very own

jazz collection. For me this included the acquisition of fine jazz books. There is therefore a multiplicity of opportunities to follow up enquiries for those of you who are curious and seek more learning and awareness in a vast mind-boggling sea of information. You can also add to this Guide but including newly discovered information and enter your notes into the blank pages provided at the end of this book. This is not a monologue with carefully sourced verifiable detailed citations therefore it should be referred to uncritically but with a balanced curiosity and open interrogation, for enjoyment and in anticipation of a better level of knowledge and general awareness. Throughout the continuum of this Jazz Guide, which has been introduced at a special launching, I stress the propulsive or indeed smooth rhythms, the complex harmonies, chords and scales including 'blue notes', syncopation, the musical styles, its international nature and appeal, and the evolution of improvisation. <https://gum.co/joXKh>. In the next chapters I will seamlessly transmute my "Living Soundtrack" theme towards lyricists and lyrics drawing comparisons of which comes first; lyrics or melody, the lyricist or the composer. How on earth can spoil poetically rhyme with girl? ∞



# CHAPTER SEVENTY-ONE

## Baby It's Cold Outside

**"The city's bustle cannot spoil the dreams of a boy and goil, "-  
Lorenz Hart (I'll Take Manhattan) New York speak**

"Close your eyes and I'll kiss you,  
Tomorrow I'll miss you." - Paul McCartney

Loesser's designation evolved because his multi-faceted talent enabled him to write and score five very different musicals during his lifetime; 'Where's Charley' (1948, Once in Love with Amy), 'Guys and Dolls' (1950, Luck Be a Lady), 'The Most Happy Fella' (1956, Standing on the Corner), 'Greenwillow' (1960, Never Will I Marry), and 'How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying' (1961, Brotherhood of Man). Even before his first hit-musical, Frank, as a lyricist, collaborated with icons of the day; Hoagy Carmichael, Jule Styne (UK born) and Arthur Schwartz and many other Hollywood Grand Dukes, penning evergreen standards; "On a Slow Boat to China", "Two Sleepy People", "Baby, It's Cold Outside", and "Spring Will be a Little Late This Year". Slow Boat was banned from the film Neptune's Daughter because it was dripping with sexual innuendoes i.e. I Want to Get You on a Slow Boat to China. Was it the distance or the time lapse? Times have changed!

While Frank was 24/7 committed to writing and scoring his seismic musical hits, he found time to produce his best loved score for the film Hans Christian Andersen (Danny Kaye, 1952) featuring those most memorable songs; Wonderful Copenhagen, Inch Worm and Thumbelina. Frank's energy and dynamism was unrelenting during his 'all-too-short-life' life. He scored and wrote for over sixty films and worked with the stars of the day; Neptune's Daughter (Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban, Baby, It's Cold Outside, 1949), The Hurricane (Moon of Manakoora sung by Dorothy Lamour, 1937), Let's Dance starring Fred Astaire and Betty Hutton (1950), Guys and Dolls starring Frank Sinatra and Jean Simmons in the film (1955). Frank Loesser's legacy is that he master-minded successful film and stage productions and equally successful Broadway and London West End productions especially with the outstanding Guys and Dolls revival after revival ('55, '65, '76, '92, '09). Keep an eye open for re-runs on TCM.

Long after Frank passed away after his battle with cancer, Paul McCartney (he goes on forever) was invited to attend and sing at Frank's centennial (2010)

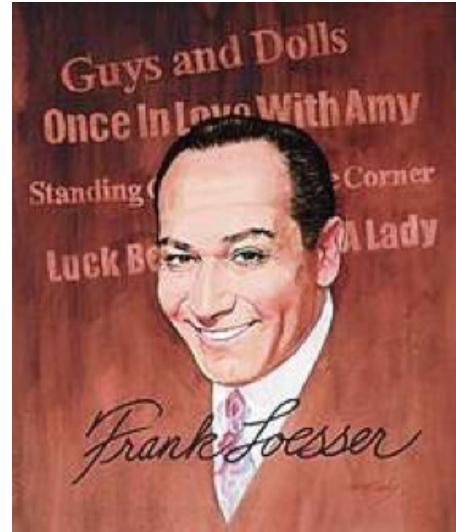
©1949-2009 KODAK, INC. Frank Loesser. All Rights Reserved. Used by permission.

celebrations at Broadway's Minskoff's Theatre. Paul sang the evergreen swing number "(I Want to Get You) On a Slow Boat to China" quite unimpressively but graciously.

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=raKntv51pL4>). You Tube recently recorded more than 50,000+ views of Paul's forgettable appearance. In 2011, yours truly (yes, me), a big fan of Loesser, recorded the same song as a funky jazz keyboard piece and had it uploaded onto You Tube. To date I have had 202 views.

(<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W-6n1M8rfro>).

Wow! I entreat all readers to Google You Tube, my name and the song title and please hit "Like" even if you don't!! Make me go VIRAL. Ugh! I always thought that 'viral' was medically unsound and dangerous. However, being 'viral' on the internet leads often to success and wealth. There would appear to be no known formula or cure for a 'viral' condition hence I am not inclined to hold my breath. being plunged with ice-cold water caused unkind laughter hence that state had the big "V", stunts that are a danger to life usually 'go viral' and of course great music and performances are destined to attract the big "V" so in my pathetic case it might be a question of fingering. ∞



# CHAPTER SEVENTY-TWO

## Great Song Writers

**"I just sit and wonder if life is one big blunder"- Ira Gershwin**

I, therefore decided initially to dwell on Lyricists those less well known but immensely significant contributors to the world of jazz standards such as Ira Gershwin (George Gershwin's brother), Hal David (Burt Bacharach's partner), Oscar Hammerstein II (Jerome Kern for the Song is You), Dorothy Fields (The Way You Look Tonight, Jerome Kern and Jimmy McHugh with Don't Blame Me), Johnny Burke (Van Heusen, Here Comes That Rainy Day) and Lorenz Hart (Richard Rodgers' co-writer) to mention a few writers with their tunesmith partners, the debate being, which comes first, the melody or the words. Of course there are other great pairings of Composers and Lyricists such as Lerner and Lowe (My Fair Lady), Lloyd Weber and Rice (Cats and Evita), and Bernstein and poet Richard Wilber (Candide – Make Our Garden Grow), the lyricist usually being mentioned second in the listing, but why? Also there were the iconic composers who both composed and wrote such as Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Stevie Wonder and Billy Joel. Furthermore, there were the book writers (Librettists) who often performed all three tasks for example Anthony Newley (Stop The World, 1962) and Lionel Bart (Oliver, 1963). Sometimes a familiar pair would work with other Composers and Lyricists such as Richard Rodgers who paired also with Oscar Hammerstein II for The Flower Drum Song (1958) and Oklahoma (1979).

There were other renowned lyricists such as Vernon Duke who actually wrote and composed Autumn in New York (he also wrote April in Paris). Duke's claim to fame as a lyricist before Kander and Ebb ascended to Chicago (1975) and elevated to further heights in New York, New York (1977), was his ability to fashion the adroit phrase that raised the level of the song to that of being superlatively memorable. Can you imagine searching for a rhyme for "inviting" and coming up with "thrill of first-nighting" and "dreamers with empty hands" linked to "exotic lands" to evoke autumnal thoughts in the Big Apple, as revealed by Ted Gioia in his seminal book, The Jazz Standards!

Then Ira Gershwin with the help of Ella and Louis, in Let's Call the Whole Thing Off created a variable in pronunciation with "eether" and "eyether" and "tomAto" and "tomahto" while Sammy Cahn rhymed 'down to Peru' in Come Fly With Me with 'flute for you'. Lorenz Hart in Pal Joey (1952) ingeniously rhymed in Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered the phrase "Beguiled Again" with "Whimpering Child Again" to express the love that exists between two lovers.

E Yip Harburg who assisted Vernon Duke with his city and season concept (April in Paris and Autumn in New York) wrote the words for Over the

Rainbow (Wizard of Oz, 1939 film) and rhymed the 'rainbow up high' with the hypnotic 'once in a lullaby'. Oscar Hammerstein cleverly in Carousel coupled "being afraid of the dark" with "the sweet silver song of a lark". Little did Oscar know that jazz loving English Liverpool Football fans would adopt his song and sing it every week, never ever 'Walking Alone'.

Most of these popular jazz-type songs have stood the test of time notably as jazz and swing standards for musicians who are oriented towards bepop, improvisations and scat but equally acclaimed, due to clever words and phrases, are the lyricists who provide the vocalists with unforgettable stanzas to ensure the song and melody are uniquely fused – Armstrong, Peterson and the Gershwin's in "I Was Doing Alright". "I just sit and wonder if life is one big blunder" - Ira Gershwin. Brilliant!

For me the classic will always be rhyming 'goil' and 'spoil' - Lorenz Hart in "We'll Take Manhattan" (Ella)

Ella Fitzgerald - Manhattan - YouTube

*"The city's clamour can never spoil  
The dreams of a boy and goil.  
We'll turn Manhattan  
Into an isle of joy."  
The lyricists will only 'steal'  
If the composers don't get the 'feel'  
(tune "Manhattan")*

Yes, I hear you; 'don't give up your day job just yet'....QED..Just Be Me ∞



Part 3

# CHAPTER SEVENTY-THREE

## Being Me

**"objective reality and the totality of human experiences<sup>3a</sup>"**

I have hummed and hawed about my life within the narrowness of music and the width and totality of my human experiences all of which led me in a musical direction largely competing with life and all its complex figurations. Inevitably the 'day-job' is no more. In previous Chapters I have concentrated on making music with my keyboard and embracing available vocal talents of which there are an abundance in a small village or other towns and cities as I journeyed across certain global territories. For the rest of my 'pre-dead' life I will continue to make music. But come on, there must be more. How did I get here in the first place - yes movies (filums! in Scotland). Why not show great movies with musical themes - #whynot. The cinema fascinates me. Not surprising since I was a movie-goer (perhaps not quite a buff!) since my childhood days hence why not 'complete the incomplete' with a night at the movies in my own back yard. Done. I have the sound gear, all I need is the projection equipment and of course the software - DVDs. Apart from the altruistic purpose there is another built-in purpose to the 'incompleteness' - raise funds for The Butterfly Centre<sup>47</sup>. Hence, I have added another reason to "live my soundtrack" My Being is taking shape - hold functions and teach jazz to raise funds for a new school to be built and ready for 2019. Have 'Jazz By The Pool' events. Do more gigs. That's my mission, my new algorithm, embrace my skills, my knowledge, my energy, my spare time, my home environment<sup>47a</sup>, my Being to keep "me awf the streets."

So, I have arrived with my Living Soundtrack. ∞



# CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR

## Living Soundtrack Changes Key

### **Have a Hart!**

Over the next few Chapters I will (shamelessly repeating myself) transmute my "Living Soundtrack" theme into "Living Poetic Lyrics", drawing fair comparisons of which comes first; lyrics or melody, the lyricist or the composer. I have chosen Lorenz (Larry) Hart (1895-1943), the lyrical partner to Richard Rogers, Dick being one of the most prolific melody makers who after his long stint (20 years) with Larry went on to partner Oscar Hammerstein II with successes such as Oklahoma, Sound of Music and many more. However, before we salute the composer, let us scrutinise more closely the writers or as they were referred to; the lyricists. The Hart lyrical half was responsible for many unforgettable songs; "Blue Moon," "Mountain Greenery," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "Manhattan," "Where or When," "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," "Falling in Love with Love," "Have You Met Miss Jones?," "My Funny Valentine," "I Could Write a Book", "This Can't Be Love", "With a Song in My Heart", "It Never Entered My Mind", and "Isn't It Romantic?" many of which can be found in the Great JazzFordian Songbook and indeed the Great American Songbook uttered smoothly by icons such as Buble', Sinatra, Doris Day, Billie Holiday, Ella, Blossom Dearie, and Carly Simon; all E links can be found in "A Chronological E-Guide to Jazz Over Three Centuries" (A. Herriot, 2015). During the 20 year partnership Hart and Rogers were overwhelmingly successful on Broadway including stage shows Poor Little Ritz Girl, A Connecticut Yankee, Babes in Arms, The Boys From Syracuse, Pal Joey, most of which can still be viewed at the local Movie House in Castle Herriot. In a previous Chapter I posed the question about lyrically rhyming 'spoil' with 'girl'. Larry's style was quirky and he nailed it.



Manhattan (Ella - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YJsa0OfWcGA>):

The great big city's a wondrous toy

Just made for a girl and boy.

We'll turn Manhattan

into an isle of joy!

And "My Fair Lady" is a terrific show they say

We both may see it close, some day  
The city's glamour can never spoil  
The dreams of a boy and goil....(Nailed only in New York)  
Lady is a Tramp (Bennett and Gaga -[www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZPAmDULCVrU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZPAmDULCVrU))

She loves the theatre but she never comes late  
I never bother with people that I hate  
That's why this chick is a tramp.....(An acclaimed duet)

Larry's 'poetic lyrics' were unique, down-to-earth, leaning toward versification, somewhat witty, almost silly, deeply unpretentious and fun. In his own words, Larry reflected on lyrics vs melodies in a typically modest, humble, self-deprecating way - which comes first?:

"We (him and Richard) map out the plot. Then Dick may have a catchy tune (Manhattan) idea. He picks it out on the piano—I listen and suddenly an idea for a rhyming lyric comes. This happens often. On the other hand, I may think of a couple of verses that will fit into the show. I write them out and say them over to Dick. He sits down at the piano and improvises. I stick my oar in sometimes and before we know it, we have the tune to hang the verses on. It's like that—fair!"

(Cole, Irving, Cy, Loesser, Kurt Weil, Bernstein, Vernon Duke, Sondheim would have concurred.)

That was how one duo equally set about their business. I will now enact another study of duos not necessarily in any chronological order or indeed order of preference: Gibbs Brothers, Beatles, Cahn & Burke, Bacharach & David, Fields & McHugh, Kander & Ebb, Arlen & Harburg, DeSylva & Brown, Hamlisch & Bayer Sager, Lerner & Loewe, Kern&Hammerstein II, ABBA, Weber & Rice, Gershwin, Rodgers & Hammerstein II, Simon & Garfunkel, Everly's, Elton & Taubin. ∞

# CHAPTER SEVENTY-FIVE

## Grease Is The Word

**"It's got groove, It's got feeling"**

I solve my problems and I see the light  
We got a lovin' thing, we gotta feed it right  
There ain't no danger we can go too far  
We start believin' now that we can be who we are

.....wrote lyricist Barry Gibb (b:'46) of the BeeGees ('55-?) in his one song of the stage and motion picture show, Grease, a monumental original soundtrack largely composed by Warren Casey and Jim Jacobs/Farrar/St Louis. Barry was brother to twins Maurice and Robin, all giants of the 70s disco age.

I, (b:'40), have reported in a 2012 Stanford River Talk monthly magazine, "Robin Gibb of the Bee Gees died after a long battle with cancer on 21 May". Robin was one of three performing BGs (incl. Barry and Maurice who died too soon in 2003\* - they lost young Andy in 1988). Robin and brothers (sadly without Andy) will be remembered for Saturday Night Fever (1977), Stayin' Alive, and the haunting album "Guilty" with Barbara Streisand. Rock Stars of yesteryear are now reaching an age when nature plays her inevitable role. Robin was missed particularly by Barry and Lesley, the sister.

I have chosen the Gibb bros noted lyricists and tight harmonizers, because of their contemporary 'feel' and their strong links with another mega-talented group of composers and writers The Beatles. However unlike the charming pair Lennon and McCartney who lyrically wrote lovin' and picturesque (Michelle) words, Lonely Hearts and emotions of the day (yeah, yeah, yeah), the BGs tended to write and invoke images of people with problems or tragedies to overcome, such as mining disasters (Aberfan), prisoners on death row (I Gotta Get a Message to You) and "Too Much Heaven ('79)". Barry and Robin retired in '03\* and regrouped in '09 in a Strictly Come Dancing gig.

The brothers also preferred singular titles to songs (Guilty, Emotion, Tragedy, Heartbreaker, Dionne Warwick ('82), Chain Reaction, Diana Ross ('85) and the Supremes (15 key changes in this song) and Massachusetts (antithesis to flower-power). However they did collaborate with Marvin Gaye in the mid-sixties with "Islands in the Stream" (Parton and Rogers gave it a 'country' feel), a somewhat longer title not too dissimilar to "Woman in Love", a number-one single for Streisand that earned her an Ivor Novello Award for Best Song. They also much preferred non-gender type grooves for my disco era "How Deep is Your Love", "Jive Talkin'", "To Love Somebody"

('67), "More Than a Woman", "Love You Inside Out" ('79). The BGs in total associated with and wrote for a staggering 2,500 artists including Sinatra, Simone, Lulu (married to Maurice), Orbison, The New Seekers, Leo Sayers, Celine Dion, Tina Turner (Ike and Ikettes), Newton-John, Adam Faith, and Marsden's Pacemakers (You'll Never Walk Alone, '60s), Take That, Boyzone - please reflect those rich historical ingredients!

Interestingly it was Barry who popularised the signature 'falsetto' in Nights on Broadway, pitched an octave higher than the normal male range. For the musicologist, it was in fact "Please Read Me" (1967) that the 'pop' falsetto voice was used. This style became hugely popular with Queen's Mercury, M. Jackson, Frankie Valli, Stylistics, Beach Boys, Timberlake, Prince, Smokey, Lynne (ELO).

Concluding my brief and deep appreciation of those brotherly icons (active for 64 years), I note that Maurice co-wrote with (Sir) Barry "Bury Me Down By The River" - "I wasn't born to be lucky, 'cause luck had no future with me". A poignant and prophetic lyric. His ashes are in the Bahamas. ∞



# CHAPTER SEVENTY-SIX

## Yeah, Yeah, Yeah - Give Peace A Chance (1960-70)

### ***"What Brings Mr Epstein Here?"***

It would be hugely wanton of me while in the poetical lyrics mood not to acknowledge the Fab Four, two of whom must be acclaimed for their utter prominence as insanely fresh songwriters during that fateful decade; the 60s, yes John and Paul of The Beatles. As a foursome including George and Ringo, they were severely unmatched for sheer raw Scousian lyrical talent that became household colloquy;



Across The Universe (great movie) from Liverpool, the UK to USA to India (to meditate and sniff) to Europe (especially Hamburg, more dubious sniffing), Japan, Philippines, Hong Kong, Denmark, Australia throughout their 10 years. When Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" stormed the British charts '55, John Lennon and Ritchie (Ringo) Starkey were 14, Paul McCartney, 13, George Harrison, 12. (I had just turned 15 and playing in a Scottish Dance Band!). Those Liverpool lads still had a journey to make inclusive of John and the Moondogs which evolved into the Quarrymen (Quarry Bank High School) and much later via The Silver Beetles (mocked by Paul because the Crickets had arrived). Eventually Stu Sutcliffe came up with The Beetles which John immediately transmogrified to The Beatles. These were early indications that words were vastly important. When John and Paul were asked if they were Rockers or Mods..., John responded "Neither, we are Mockers". It was John who years later chirped at a concert "Those in the cheap seats, just clap, the rest rattle your jewellery". Once Pete Best (a particularly fine drummer) was replaced and Stu (originally Five) sadly died far too young, the Fab Four became John, Paul, George and Ringo (the new drummer) not before Astrid (Stu's German girlfriend) ensured that the Four had their hair styled iconically known as the "Moptop". 1st hit "All You Need is Love" began with a brilliant manager Brian Epstein in a smelly venue, The Cavern, and wordsmiths that could make magic, with mystery, for all the young teen girls and indeed some boys. Of the 179 songs, mostly written by Lennon and McCartney, pleasing words were; love, loving, together, girl, feel, please, smile, dream, lonely, joy, tears, peace, sunshine, darling, happiness, and 'I' (26 songs recorded began with 'I'...."Oh yeh I'll tell you something I think you'll understand, then I'll say that something I wanna hold your handx3". Ten known songs began with 'A'..."Nothing you can do, but you can learn how to be you in time. It's easy. 'All you need is love'x3. Let's not forget the sad song "Hey Jude" with the longest running final refrain (4 minutes) "Da, da, da, da da da da, "Hey Jude". The lyrics are excruciatingly simple to remember (recall

Papa Jer 'On Broadway', 2013, Stanford Players). The London Sunday Times headlined The Beatles in 1963 as the Greatest Composers since Beethoven - ludicrous! The Fab Four had unreal complex lives, short and longish-term relationships with each other and their respective partners; Cynthia, Pattie, Mo, Barbara, Olivia, Linda, Yoko, Heather, Nancy (will leave it to Stanford's 'Think and Drink' to match husband and wife)! The 4 lives embraced love, peace, forever, lots of wishy-washy stuff including many whiffs and acid to boot - downfall. Albums included Please, Please Me, A Hard Day's Night (Can't Buy Me Love - covered by many), Help (Michelle - McCartney's best), Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band (Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds), Let It Be (The Long and Winding Road) and Compilations which aging fans still nurture. When Yoko appeared on the scene, Paul was reported to have uttered "Oh No!". John was totally monopolized leading to "The Ballad of John and Yoko". Paul was losing his band mate, his co-writer and his reason for being a Fab Four. 1970 headlines said it all "McCartney Breaks", "Court Battles", "Breakup", "Splits" - "Oh no!", we the fans all uttered. Ten years later many of us had moved on but still listened to Wings, George and Clapton and of course John....I'm in Maseru in 1980 listening to my Grundig on a lunch break ...news flash. John Lennon is dead...WHAT...I thumped my treasured Grundig....Murdered by a lone gunman Mark David Chapman....outside John's New York flat (Dakota Archway) - Imagine. I was 40 so was John. Chapman is still in prison. Stay there you UGH #%^@\*&^! ∞

# CHAPTER SEVENTY-SEVEN

## Pappa Jer

***"I sounded too English"***

I spent, recently as is my wont as a writer, a fascinating and absorbing hour or two with local Stanfordian singer/songwriter, quintessential hippie, Jerry Fourie (aka Pappa Jer) and his lovely wife Retha interviewing, nay quizzing him, on his life as a guitarist extraordinary, someone who is and has been, since 2008, part of the fabric in Stanford village thus contributing to its uniqueness. "Why 'Pappa Jer', Jerry?"; "Oh my friend, Danny Niehaus, younger than me, fifty odd years ago, thought it suited the age difference". Hence 'Jer' became affixed to his somewhat eclectic stage name and it has been glued to his persona ever since. An inscrutable smile



from Retha was loudly noted! Everyone in Stanford knows the guy because of his visibility on stage at The Market, in numerous hotel and restaurant venues, in homes for private functions, weddings, in pubs, large corporate gatherings, you name it Pappa J has been seen and heard. His illustrious past has encompassed music, his passion as a singer and performer with bands (Pavement, Reflection and Evergreen) around the Cape Town area and beyond including stints overseas not least the most beautiful islands of the Seychelles. During those formative years he wrote and composed haunting lyrics mostly in English but also Afrikaans such as 'I've Been Away'; "My travels took me faraway, Wonder whether anybody missed me, Long long time seems just like yesterday", 'See What I See'; "Raindrops in the sunshine, Golden sunray in the storm, Birds singing sad songs, No dewdrops in the morn"... "Young doing dope, In their early teens, Middle class suburbia, Living way above their means". Deep thoughts. His song titles cover a wide literate range; 'Save The Rhino' and 'Mandela, Son of Africa'. Oddly, coming from an Afrikaans background, it was claimed, "He sounded too English". "Who influenced you, Jerry?" I enquired. "The usual in my early years including Dylan, Neil Young, Diamond, Cat Stevens, Jim Croce, Lightfoot". "How would you describe your style, Jerry" I persisted. Pappa Jer thought for some time; "I do hit parade stuff from those years, a blend of Folk, Country, Dance, Bossa and Pop". My personal analysis, having listened intently to his Giannini Lutar playing an endearing song written for one of his local Stanford students (Taylor - I teach the twin Courtney piano jazz), (yes, teaching is another dominant thread within the

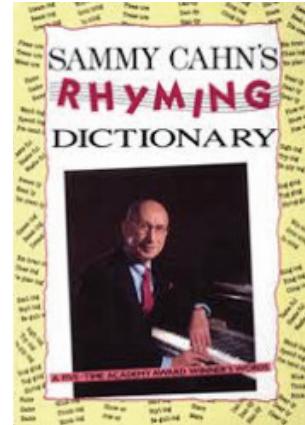
life of Pappa J), is much more; I hear layers of flavours in his warm voice and his light chordial touch on the strings as he engages with his audience. "In the early days did you ever fall out with your band mates?". A grin appeared; "All the time". "Why and when", I asked courteously? "Song choice", he thundered back, "I wanted to be a soloist". "About 1989", whispered a polite call from Retha, Jer's biggest fan, echoing when they met in one of his hotel venues, Lanzerac, underscoring The Other Side of Jer". Those of us who reside in our fair village have become super familiar with the friendly legend and his loyal follower, Retha (RIP). "I had many offers to work overseas, Switzerland, London and beyond and compose and write but family came first therefore life on the road was not for me". So, in 2008, the pair arrived in Stanford and fell in love with the quietude that exudes the peacefulness of a place in the country. We, the dwellers, have benefitted from the arrival of the Fourie's, both of whom we, the townsfolk, often bump into whether it is at The Friday Market, local pubs or walking their two frisky dogs during a jog around our streets. Not quite sure who your friend is here, Pappa J, but that is indubitably another story. Lang may the Fourie's lum reek (Scotticism)<sup>12a</sup>. ∞

# CHAPTER SEVENTY-EIGHT

## Cahn and Burke

### **"The 2nd Time Around"**

Returning to my current theme of lyricists, Sammy Cahn (Sammy even produced a rhyming dictionary) and Johnny Burke had many metrics in common; that of being writers of memorable and enduring songs and both genuine lyricists AND the common denominator was that they wrote for Frank Sinatra, and a host of other musical iconoclasts in the field of popular easy-listening melodies. High Hopes (Cahn), and My Kind of Town (Burke) are just examples of explosive hits. That said these two wordsmiths probably wrote more lyrics for more vocalists in an era from the 30s to the 50s than any other grouping of word composers and like all talented song writers they were magnetically attracted to the greatest composers of the day one being Jimmy Van Heusen:



"Love is lovelier the second time around,

Just as wonderful with both feet on the ground"

Porter and Berlin and those of dual mega talents in musical composition and lyrical accompaniment were unique and generally did not require partnerships in the overall composition of songs. John Francis Burke ('08-64) made his mark with Van Heusen and working mainly within the Bing Crosby films; "Pennies From Heaven", "Moonlight Becomes You", "Swinging on a Star" and "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams". His collaboration with Van Heusen produced "Imagination", "Here's That Rainy Day" (famously sung by Sinatra in 1959 arranged by Gordon Jenkins) - giants in the world of tuneful melodies. Burke and Cahn did briefly come together for "Nancy [With the Laughing Face]" a tribute to Sinatra's 4 year old daughter. Burke died in 1964 (heart attack) having written songs for 43 motion pictures "Road to Singapore" and "If I Had My Way" and many more of my vanities:

"Maybe I should have saved those left over dreams

Funny but here's that rainy day"

In many respects Cahn (1913-93) filled a vacuum created by the loss of his senior, Burke, when Johnny was lost to the Hollywood crazy scene, working intensely with the likes of Sinatra, Dean Martin, Doris Day and picking up collaborative efforts with Jule Styne ("Let it Snow, Let it Snow").

'Lyric writing has always been a thrilling adventure for me, and something I've done with the kind of ease that only comes with joy!' (Cahn)

Sammy wrote the lyrics to "Love and Marriage" [(Do not be confused with

another great lyricist Gus Kahn ("It Had to be You")], "All the Way", "Call Me Irresponsible", "Love is The Tender Trap", "Come Fly With Me" and "Saturday Night (is the loneliest night of the week" (with Styne) and sung by Julie London, Rosemary Clooney and Barry Manilow and of course The Stanford JazzFordians:

"Until I hear you at the door

Until you're in my arms once more

Saturday night is the loneliest night in the week"

In 1988, the Sammy Film Music Awards (the "Sammy"), an annual award for movie songs and scores, was inaugurated in his honour. He had received more Academy Award nominations than any other songwriter. In 1993, taking up the sentiments expressed in the song, "High Hopes," the Cahn estate established the "High Hopes Fund" at the Joslin Diabetes Center in Boston. The former Joslin patient and songwriter's goal was to provide hope and encouragement to kids with diabetes while supporting research into the causes of the disease. His remains are interred in the Westwood Village Memorial Park Cemetery where many of the entertainment's industry have been laid to rest; Marilyn Monroe, Ray Conniff (band leader), Peter Falk (with raincoat), Eva Gabor, Hugh Hefner (mild notoriety), Gene Kelly (still Singing in the Rain), Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin (with empty whisky glass), Roy Orbison, Harry Warren (Lullaby of Broadway) and majestically Darryl F Zanuck - ALL RIP..... ∞

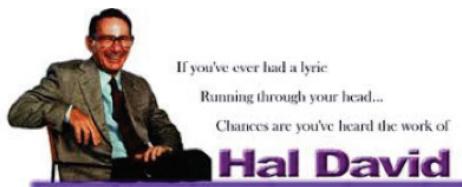
# CHAPTER SEVENTY-NINE

## Bacharach and David

**"I'm never gonna stop the rain by complainin'."**

Hal (lyricist, 1921-2012) and Burt (composer, 1928-) professionally consorted with their first song "The Story of My Life" while both of them were working at the musical industry Brill Building, New York, 1957. The song was sung by country singer Marty Robbins and shot to No. 1 in the US.

Someday I'm going to write  
The story of my life  
I'll tell about the night we met  
And how my heart can't forget  
The way you smiled at me



The following year "Magic Moments" (Perry Como) shot to No.1. Following this monumental success, Hal and Burt went on to pen and compose songs for Gene Pitney, Jerry Butler, Dionne Warwick, Cilla Black, Dusty Springfield, The Carpenters, Bobbie Gentry, Tom Jones and many, many more internationally recognised vocal stars. The easy-listening melodies were characterised by unusual chord progressions (Burt), instrumentals for small orchestras and songs and lyrics that have stood the test of time; If I Ever Make You Cry ('65), Another Night ('66), Casino Royale ('67), Say a Little Prayer ('67), The Look of Love ('67), This Guy's in Love with You ('68), Do You Know the Way to San Jose - D Warwick ('68), The Sundance Kid ('69), Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head ('69), They Long to be Close to You ('70), Arthur's Theme - Christopher Cross ('81) and That's What Friends are For - Carole B Sager ('86), A House is Not a Home - Vandross ('90).

Classic:

Raindrops keep fallin' on my head  
And just like the guy whose feet  
Are too big for his bed  
Nothin' seems to fit  
Those raindrops keep fallin' on my head

There were times when the two musicians did not see eye to eye thus creating gaps, lawsuits flying around and changing partners Angie Dickinson (Burt) to Carole Bayer Sager, Anne to Eunice (Hal).

Hal David's lyrical skills did not go unnoticed "To All the Girls I have Loved Before" - (Nelson and Iglesias), Sarah Vaughan's "Broken Hearted Melody", "99 Miles from LA" (Art Garfunkel), and lyrics to three Bond Films 'On Her

Majesty's Secret Service' (Armstrong and John Barry), 'Moonraker' (Bassey) and 'Casino Royale' (Dench).

Oscar nominations for title songs include 'What's New Pussycat', 'The Look of Love', 'Don't Make Me Over' and 'Close to You'.

Classic:

The look of love is in your eyes  
A look your smile can't disguise  
The Look of Love it's saying so  
Much more than ever words could say  
And what my heart has heard  
Well it takes my breath away

Hal and Burt were awarded the 2011 Gershwin Prize for Popular Song, bestowed by the Library of Congress, the first time a song writing team was given the honour. Hal was recuperating from a recent illness and was unable to attend the Washington D.C. presentation ceremony in May 2012. Hal died on September 1, 2012 of a stroke. He is laid to rest in the Forest Lawn Memorial Park (Hollywood Hills) beside his first wife, Anne Rauchman, who died in 1987, net worth \$18 Million. ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY

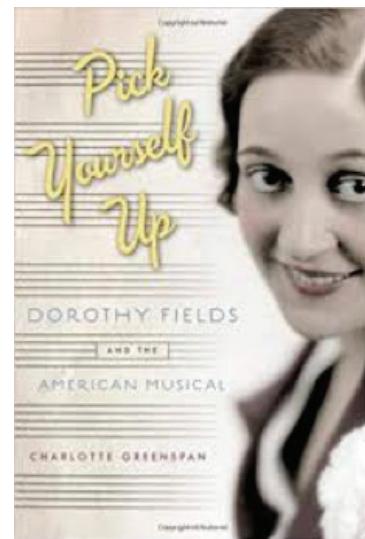
## Dorothy Fields

***"I will feel a glow just thinking of you, and the way you look tonight."***

Dorothy Fields (July 15, 1904–March 28, 1974) was an American librettist, lyricist and couplet supremo. She wrote over 400 songs for Broadway musicals and films. Her best-known pieces include "The Way You Look Tonight" (1936), "A Fine Romance" (1936), "On the Sunny Side of the Street" (1930), "Don't Blame Me" (1948), "Pick Yourself Up" (1936), "I'm in the Mood for Love" (1935), and "Big Spender" (1966). Throughout her career, she collaborated with various influential figures in the American musical theatre, including Jerome Kern, Cy Coleman, Irving Berlin, and Jimmy McHugh. Along with Ann Ronell, and Kay Swift (Gershwin?), she was one of the first successful Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood female songwriters. Fields' career as a professional songwriter took off in 1928 when Jimmy McHugh, who had seen some of her early work, invited her to provide some lyrics for him for Blackbirds of 1928. Fields and McHugh teamed up until 1935. Songs from this period include "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" (1928), straight out of the JazzFordian Songbook followed by:

I'd like to see you looking swell, baby,  
Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell baby.  
Till that lucky day you know darned well, baby;  
I can't give you anything but love.

"Exactly Like You", and "On the Sunny Side of the Street". During the later 1920s, she and McHugh wrote specialty numbers for the various Cotton Club revues, many of which were recorded by Duke Ellington. In the mid 1930s, Fields started to write lyrics for films and collaborated with other composers, including Jerome Kern. With Kern, she worked on the movie version of Roberta, and also on their greatest success, Swing Time. The song "The Way You Look Tonight" earned the Fields/Kern team an Academy Award for Best Original Song in 1936. In 1946, Fields approached Hammerstein II with her idea for a new musical based on the life of famous female sharpshooter Annie Oakley. Hammerstein liked the idea and agreed to produce the show. Kern and Fields were signed on to write the songs in the show. Kern died before the two were able to begin working on the project, and Irving Berlin was hired to replace him.



Together, she and her brother Herbert wrote the book for Annie Get Your Gun, while Berlin provided all the music. The show, starring Ethel Merman, was a huge success, running for 1,147 performances. When she started collaborating with Cy Coleman in the 1960s, her career took a new turn. Their first work together was Sweet Charity. Throughout her 48-year career, Fields co-wrote more than 400 songs and worked on 15 stage musicals and 26 movies. Her lyrics were known for their strong characterization, clarity in language, and humour. She was an amateur pianist and a lover of classical music; the awareness of melodic lines that this fostered in her was of value in the task of fitting lyrics to melodies. Fields died of a heart attack on March 28, 1974, at the age of 69 (so young). The New York Times reported "Dorothy Fields, the versatile songwriter whose career spanned nearly 50 years, died of a heart attack last night at her home here". She was the sister of writers Herbert and Joseph Fields. She married Eli Lahm in 1939, and they had two children, David and Eliza. Lahm died in 1958. Thirty-five years after her death, President Barack Obama, in his inauguration speech as 44th President of the United States on January 20, 2009, echoed lyrics by Fields when he said, "Starting today, we must pick ourselves up, dust ourselves off, and begin again the work of remaking America". This alludes to the song "Pick Yourself Up" from the 1936 film Swing Time, for which Jerome Kern had written the music, in which Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire sang Fields' words, "Pick yourself up; dust yourself off; start all over again". Fred Ebb (Cabaret and Chicago) said "She does not do false rhymes". New York. NY. ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-ONE

## Fred Ebb

***"What good is sitting alone in your room?"***

Kander (composer) and Ebb (lyricist) were two outstanding composers and lyricists during the Cabaret and Chicago era to forge one of the longest-running and most successful creative partnerships in Broadway history, their bold, brassy style giving rise to a series of enormously popular and provocative musicals including Cabaret, Chicago, and Flora The Red Menace. So many. it has been opined that The Quiet Thing has the best ever lyrics heard in this production:

When it all comes true  
Just the way you'd planned  
It's funny but the bells don't ring  
It's a quiet thing  
When you hold the world  
In your trembling hand  
You'd think you'd hear a choir sing  
It's a quiet thing



Music publisher Tommy Valando introduced Ebb to Kander in 1962. After a few songs such as "My Coloring Book", Kander and Ebb wrote a stage musical, Golden Gate. Their second collaboration, Cabaret, was considerably more successful, running for 1,165-performances. It was adapted into a film by Bob Fosse and it won eight Academy Awards, though not Best Picture. It was revived three times, first in 1987 with Grey reprising his role and again in 1998 in a long-running revival, originally starring Alan Cumming as the MC and Natasha Richardson as Sally Bowles. The third revival began in 2014 and also starred Alan Cumming this time alongside Michelle Williams (Broke Back Mountain, Manchester by the Sea and The Greatest Showman). Although "Flora" was relatively unsuccessful, Kander and Ebb were invited to write the score for "Cabaret" (1966), which starred Joel Grey and Jill Haworth, and won seven Tony Awards, including best score. They wrote two additional songs, "Money, Money" and "Mein Herr," for the 1972 film version, in which Liza Minnelli gave a sensational performance and won an Oscar. But listen to Ebb's words by Zellweger and Zeta-Jones

Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town  
Chicago, Chicago, I will show you around  
I love it

Bet your bottom dollar you'll lose the blues

In Chicago, Chicago

In the same year, the duo wrote some songs for the film FUNNY LADY, which starred Barbra Streisand, and followed this with music for two Minnelli films, A MATTER OF TIME (1976) and NEW YORK, NEW YORK (1977). The theme from the latter became an enormous, enduring hit for Frank Sinatra in 1980. Is this the start of a movie career?

Start spreadin' the news, I'm leavin' today

I want to be a part of it

New York, New York

These vagabond shoes, are longing to stray

Right through the very heart of it

New York, New York

Songs about capital cities are profusely copious; Paris, London, Amsterdam, Glasgow; LA; Berlin; Barcelona; Babylon; San Francisco; Belong to; Tulips; Rivers; Heart; First We Take; The Years, The Tears; Perfect Dream; Roond and Roond (sic). Can you match the lyric with the city title. singer?? ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-TWO

## Edgar “Yip” Harburg (1896 - ‘81) and Harold Arlen (1905 - ‘86)

***“Humour Is An Action of Courage and Dissent”***

Lyricist Yip Harburg met up with composer Harold Arlen in the 30s and partnered in the productions of Over The Rainbow (Academy Award for Best Music), The Man That Got Away and Hooray for What (Down with Love), Streisand mournfully expressed Yip’s insightfulness and sadness with love:

Down with love

With flowers and rice and shoes

Down with love

The root of all midnight blues

In Americana (1932) Yip was more upbeat with the Vernon Duke song April in Paris. Readers will recall Winger and Crystal on a merry-go-round towards marriage. A must-watch romantic comedy ‘Forget Paris’. Quite trivial but great music by a veritable collection of composers and lyricists (Lazy River - Hoagy, You’ll Never Know - Mack Gordon and Love is Here to Stay - Gershwin).

April in Paris, chestnuts in blossom

Holiday tables under the trees

April in Paris, this is a feeling

That no one can ever reprise

Yip and Ira Gershwin (school mates) collaborated through his links with brother George the composer. Yip and Ira shared a deep love of Gilbert and Sullivan, “The Very Model of a Modern Major Lyricist: W. S. Gilbert and the Broadway he Inspired.” The 2019 Lyricists and Lyrics season-opening program of the 92nd Street, NY, series in its four-decade existence was the first time that Lyrics & Lyricists had devoted a program to G&S, whose style of wordplay infuses the lyrics of E. Y. Harburg, Ira Gershwin, and many others, including Cole Porter and Lorenz Hart. Yip was recognised as a top lyricist by many of these greats: Kern (Movie: Can’t Help Singing; Deanna Durbin), Styne (Not on Your Nellie) and Burton Lane (Finian’s Rainbow, Astaire, Pet Clark and Old Devil Moon).

I look at you and suddenly, something in your eyes I see;

Soon begins bewitching me.

It’s that old devil moon that you stole from the skies.

It's that old devil moon in your eyes.

Other great songs written by the incomparable E.Y. genius include Brother Can You Spare a Dime with Gorney ('32), It's Only a Paper Moon (Arlen '33), Over The Rainbow ('33), We're Off to See the Wizard ('39). Yip was inducted into the Songwriters Hall of Fame in '72. Long after his tragic death on a road accident, Judy Garland's version of Over The Rainbow was ranked No.1 Recording of the 20th Century (2001). Yip is remembered as an activist: "I fought on the Rooseveltian, Darwinian and Freudian ticket;



**Words make you think a thought. Music makes you feel a feeling. A song makes you feel a thought.**

**(Yip Harburg)**

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I try to ensure my songs embrace these ideas in an entertaining way. I'm trying to find out why I'm alive, why I'm writing songs and why my songs have this commentary of the social system. They were mistaken for anti-Establishment, Socialism, Communism and all other 'isms."

"I doubt that I can ever say 'I love you' head on," Yip explained. "It's not the way I think. For me, the task is never to say the thing directly, and yet to say it - to think in a curve, so to speak". Courage. ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-THREE

## De Sylva, Brown & Henderson

### ***"The Best Things In life Are Free"***

Buddy De Sylva, 'Poor Little Rich Girl', (1895-'50) was the co-writer with Lew Brown, 'Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries' (1893-'58) while Ray Henderson, jazz standard 'Button Up Your Overcoat' (1896-'70) was the key composer; a successful trio in song writing and music publishing from 1925 to '30.

Poor little rich girl

I know why you're blue

You finally found something, that your daddy won't buy for you

The new team of De Sylva, Henderson and Brown contributed "It All Depends on You" to Jolson's Broadway hit 'Big Boy' (1926), then turned out full scores for the 1925 and 1926 editions of George White's Scandals, including "The Birth of the Blues" and "Lucky Day".

They only had the rhythm

So they started swaying to and fro'

They didn't know..... just what to use

That is how the blues..... really began

The trio enjoyed their greatest Broadway success with Good News (1927), a college football musical that included "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and "The Varsity Drag". In 1931, the trio ended their collaboration with 'You're The Cream of My Coffee', in the JazzFordian & American song book.

You're the cream in my coffee,

You're the salt in my stew

You will always be my necessity,

I'd be lost without you.

On their own, Brown and Henderson wrote "Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries" for the 1931 'Scandals'. Brown acted as lyricist, librettist, director and producer on his last three Broadway shows – 'Strike Me Pink' (1933), 'Calling All Stars' (1934) and 'Yokel Boy' (1939). De Sylva worked solo as a stage and screen producer. His most memorable film was 'Birth of the Blues' (1941), and his Broadway productions included the Cole Porter hits 'DuBarry Was a Lady' (1939) and 'Panama Hattie' (1940) – for both De Sylva



also served as co-librettist. De Sylva was one of the founders of Capitol Records. Lew Brown also teamed up with another composer Sammy Fain 1902-'89, (Love is a Many Splendoured Thing - Grease opening theme) and wrote a hit buster 'That Old Feeling' in 1937 (also check out George Shearing. - my hero).

I saw you last night and got that old feeling  
When you came in sight I got that old feeling  
The moment that you danced by I felt a thrill  
And when you caught my eye my heart stood still

In 1952, that song was included in the Susan Hayward movie, 'With a Song in My Heart' where Jane Froman sang it in a dubbing for Hayward. Patti Page, as well as Frankie Laine and Buck Clayton, had hit versions of the song in 1955. Frank Sinatra had a hit with the song in 1960. The song is also featured in the 1981 film, Body Heat, played at an outdoor concert by Fort Lauderdale High School Jazz Band on stage and in the 1971 novel, Summer of '42 and Bette Midler, 1997. NOT SO OLD! ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-FOUR

## Elton John

### **"The Rocket Man"**

GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD (1973, 'GLAM ROCK')

Sir Elton Reginald Kenneth Dwight (alias Hercules John), b 1947, is a singer, songwriter, pianist, lyricist, composer, producer, film actor, live cabaret star and a massive doyen encapsulating vocalising, polyphonic and extemporaneous piano. His prevailing collaborator is Bernie Taupin (Your Song, Rocket Man, Honky Cat, Daniel et al from 1972) however he has successfully associated with icons such as Johnstone & McHize (Passengers), Tim Rice (Circle of Life and Can You Feel The Love), Lee Hall (Billy Elliot), Gary Osborne (Part-Time Love & Blue Eyes) and on vocals Lennon & McCartney (Lucy in the Sky), Who's Townshend (Pinball Wizard), Orson & Blanche (Don't Go Breaking My Heart) and furthermore Lulu (I Can't Go On Living Without You), Sedaka (Bad Blood), The Hollies, (He Ain't Heavy), George Michael (Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me), Queen (Bohemian Rhapsody), Stevie Wonder (I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues) and Pavarotti (Horses) – breath-taking. All mere stepping-stones including synergetic acts with Clapton, Kershaw, Kiki Dee and that great master Billy Joel (Your Song duo). My one singular memory of Elton was while he was performing in Sun City South Africa (80s), Rod Stewart stepped on stage to a massive roar of adulation and expectation. John's tribute single "Candle in the Wind 1997", rewritten in dedication to Diana, Princess of Wales which sold over 33 million copies worldwide and is the best-selling single in the history of the UK and US singles charts, indubitably cannot be ignored. He is married to David Furnish (2014), having previously married Renate Blauel (1984; div. 1988), thereafter openly gay.

John is an accomplished musician, no small talent involving amplifiers and amplifications, but mega-talented and a winner of numerous awards; Grammies, Tony Awards, Songwriters Hall of Fame, Golden Globes and of course the Knighthood. It is especially impossible to modestly acclaim such an innovator. In doing so one has to recognize that Elton is an international star right there at the top for nigh on fifty years. Think on these first open and honest lyrics (Your Song – 1st hit single) that might have been a precursor to a long-lasting relationship and personal partnership:



# It's a little bit funny this feeling inside \*  
I'm not one of those who can easily hide  
I don't have much money but if I did  
I'd buy a big house where we both could  
live^ (John and Taupin, 1972)



Elton did not compose simplistic beginners' orchestrations;\* Bernie produced easy on the ear lyrics though^. This Song was eventually taken up by such artists as Lady Gaga and Ellie Goulding (she supported Katy Perry on her 2011 California Dreamin' Tour). Elton John spends his life literally reaching for the sky. The ingredient steps include his deceptively boyish appearance, prodigious talent, outrageously chavish stage dress code (Buddy Holly specs, hat# and all the gear), his tours internationally, his exponentially numerous awards, complete openness to personal relationships, rehab, attention to AIDS Foundation, (That's What Friends Are For with Dionne Warwick and Gladys Knight), his unerring genius to compose myriad melodies and scores for stage, movies, records, albums, legendary venues, stadia, music halls, parks, sharing superlative performances with equally iconic stars of the decade. The new movie Rocketman (2019) attracted this critical rejoinder "It's going to be a long, long time before a rock biopic manages to capture the highs and lows of an artist's life like Rocketman": NB promoting Rocket Records, (1990) John and Bernie wrote:

You can win the fight, you can grab a piece of the sky  
You can break the rules but before you try  
You gotta love someone ∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-FIVE

## Stoned But No Moss Gathered

### ***Wild Horses Couldn't Drag Me Away***

Mick Jagger (b'43) was so impressed by Muddy Water's album "Rollin' Stone" in 1950, which inspired the name of an English blues-rock band formed in 1962. Like all 60s rock stars and into subsequent decades, drug abuse, and the associated nomenclature 'stoned', was predominant especially with the death of many of the successful musicians (Frankie Lymon – Teenagers, Brian Jones – Stones, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison – The Doors, Keith Moon – The Who, John Bonham – Led Zeppelin) and sadly many more. The link with the proverb, with regards to the Stones is probably appropriate in that the band were continuously on the move gathering no moss, appearing in rock shows across the globe becoming internationally famous hardly ever remaining in the one place for any length of time. A recent publication "Rolling Stones 69" by Patrick Humphries (Omnibus Press) was reviewed in The Spectator where he had commented on the fact that it is hard to believe that Mick and Co can still be seen 'live' in 2019, fifty years on. These aging hippies such as Alan Clark (The Hollies), Paul McCartney (Beatles), Willie Nelson, Tina Turner, Bob Dylan, Elton John, Ian Gillan (Deep Purple) and Neil Young (Crosby, Stills and Nash) are still at it. Do we still listen to Jim Reeves, Engelbrecht Humperdinck and Freddie and the Dreamers? Unbelievably there are many more 'stars' who did not succumb to the 'weed'. It is quite startling that Charlie Watts (RIP), Keith Richards, Mick Jagger and Ronnie Wood are still attracting a massive adulation at international Rock Concerts. As Patrick Humphries observed, just imagine the hot stars of 1919 (Dave Brubeck, Peggy Lee, Dinah Washington, Mel Torme', Louis Armstrong), yes of course Tony Bennett – alive and well, fifty years later, attracting huge fans at events such as Hyde Park, Woodstock, Twickenham, Glastonbury and the like. What is cool about the Rolling Stones is that they continue to be a huge attraction on the live circuit. By 2007, the band had four of the top five highest-grossing concert tours of all time: Voodoo Lounge Tour (1994–1995), Bridges to Babylon Tour (1997–1998), Licks Tour (2002–2003) and A Bigger Bang (2005–2007). In 2008, the band ranked 10th on the Billboard Hot 100 All-Time Top Artists chart. In 2012, the band celebrated its 50th anniversary. The band still continues to release albums to brisk sales and critical acclaim; their most recent album Blue & Lonesome was released in December 2016 and reached No. 1 on the UK Album Charts and No. 4 in the U.S. and won a Grammy Award for Best Traditional Blues Album. The band also continues to sell out venues, they have been on their No Filter Tour since September 2017 and will wrap up the tour with a North American leg over Summer 2019. What bands do you know will fill up a multi-generation of rockers in an effortless way with songs like "I

Can't Get No Satisfaction" and "Paint it Black" notwithstanding "Some Girls", "Tattoo You" and "Steel Wheels". There is so much to relate about the Stones; psychedelic, satanic, prison, probation, USA and Altamont, Australia and Ned Kelly, David Bowie, Guns N' Roses, Live Aid, UK Singles, Top of the Pops, Brazil, Chile, Middle East, Slovenia, Latin America, Cuba, wife and G's, Canada, Hall of Fame, Multiple Feuds, No Filter Tour. The list is somewhat endless. On Mick Jagger's 75th birthday, scientists named seven fossil stoneflies after present and former members of the band. Great chivalrous honours have also been granted to Mick, Paul, Ringo, Elton, Shirley, Julie, Gracie, Noel, Ken, Barry, Tom, Cleo, Harry, Van, Cliff, Kiri, Bob and not least Vera. Can you surname that list of Knights and Dames? What "Satisfaction, One Gets" to know that our favourite pop stars have been royally recognised. Readers can send me the correct surname aherriot70@gmail.com, then an approximation to a ubiquitous chivalrous prize will be forthcoming. Can't get no better satisfaction than that. QED. ∞



# CHAPTER EIGHTY-SIX

## 70s, the 80s, the Bands, The Music Videos

### **Come On Feel The Noise**

The 80s decade was a musical peak for music/bands/individuals. It was the beginning of the music video, synths, and minimal T.V. shows and post Beatles, BGs, Elton and Mick. It seems never to be there again as it was the most popular decade (according to my kids growing up in Lesotho), for pop culture, as well as the music and Duran Duran deservedly need an airing. They were famed for being pretty boys – Nick, John and Simon and the Taylor's and indeed Warren ('Girls On Film', 'Planet Earth' and 'Careless Memories' and every track could have been a hit single) - but, underneath the gloss, there was a great unspoken consensus that the world knew Duran Duran were special and they are still at it somewhat similar to many of the previously mentioned more ancient rockers. No sooner than DD is mentioned, Queen immediately turns up on the memory screen. Here we have it - their release of the album "A Night at the Opera" in 1975, brought them international success. They entered the mainstream with the album's track "Bohemian Rhapsody", which remained at number one in the UK for nine weeks and popularised the music video. Their 1977 album, News of the World, contained "We Will Rock You" and "We Are the Champions", which also have become anthems at sporting events. Our own very modern Lady Gaga took her name from Queen's Radio Gaga. No sooner are you into the history of the 80s and the following come to mind: Tears For Fears, Eurythmics, Pink Floyd, Bon Jovi, Doors (Jim Morrison), Guns N' Roses, Culture Club, Bananarama, Led Zeppelin, U2, UB40, Spandau Ballet, Wham. I suspect that many of my readers and followers are mostly pre-Beatles but as you have matured musically you might just remember those bands now up for grabs in this article. Where were you when the "Guns" hit the 'hard rock' scene in the US in 1985. I was in Maseru still enjoying DD, Doors, Bruce, Def, Kate, Who, Bowie, Dire, Gabriel, Led Zeppelin, Eurythmics, Donna Summers' dance music and so-called 'glam metal'. Guns' late 1980s and early 1990s years have been described as the period in which the group brought forth a "hedonistic rebelliousness" reminiscent of the early Rolling Stones (still gathering no moss), a reputation that had earned the group the nickname "the most dangerous band in the world". In total contrast, enter U2 an Irish band rooted in post-punk (Sex Pistols) but eventually grew to



incorporate influences from many genres of popular music. Throughout the group's musical pursuits, they have maintained a sound built on melodic instrumentals. Their lyrics, often embellished with spiritual imagery, focus on personal themes and socio-political concerns. On another continent, what do we find; INXS were an Australian rock and pop band, formed as The Farriss Brothers in 1977 in Sydney, New South Wales, Meanwhile a young Scottish lassie (Annie L) was getting together with Dave Stewart in Wagga, Wagga, Australia; Eurythmics emerged. Their second album Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This) was released in 1983. The title track was a worldwide hit, topping the charts in various countries including the US. The duo went on to release a string of hit singles and albums before they split up in 1990. One could write a book about the fortunes and misfortunes of rock bands. Suffice it to say that the three decades, prior to the entry into a new millennium, were indubitably legendary times for rock enthusiasts as some of us waved farewell to the swing jazz eras of the pre-WW2 years. I still have my vinyls:

Born in the USA, Love Over Gold, Hounds of Love, Another One Bites the Dust, Labour of Love, Let's Dance, Pyromania, Empty Glass, Making Movies, The Joshua Tree, Rio, Brothers in Arms, Unforgettable Fire. ∞

**Readers are challenged to link the vinyl with the artist or band.**

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-SEVEN

## Pop Music in Scotland, 1960 onwards - “Whit Nae Bagpipes”

### ***Tartan Teen Sensations***

I am grateful to Marcus Berkman who on 13 August 2005, in *The Spectator*, wrote about Pop Music. His theme socially and fundamentally centred around the backgrounds of band members (mostly all male) from differing walks of life in England; working class lads (hey, ho The Beatles) to posh young gents from la-de-da private schools (I say, I say Fleetwood Mac) and then a whole spectrum of firmaments all proudly showing off their accents and their singer-songwriter profession. Forget Beatles, Genesis, Stones, The Who, Pink Floyd, Queen, The Clash, Coldplay, many of whom emerged from strikingly different backgrounds for myriad reasons. What was going on in the land north of Hadrian? In case the average punter is not aware there was a similar emergence of bands. How about The Bay City Rollers (1966 – 70s ...) who with their hit song Bye, Bye, Baby led to tartan clothing becoming notoriously popular among girlie teeny-boppers, Marmalade (1966 - ...) making a huge hit with the cover version of Beatlemania Ob-la-di-Ob-la-dah sadly obscuring much of their famed rock albums, and then there was the Edinburgh group The Incredible String Band, a psychedelic rock/pop band who garnered praise from ‘greats’ such as Dylan and McCartney. Proclaimers, Simple Minds, Wet, Wet, Wet, Texas all followed into the 70s, 80s and indeed the 90s. Scotland was modestly blessed with the public school mania (yes we have Gordonstoun and Fettes) in contrast to the mighty Eton/Harrow/Millfield/Sherborne/ Charterhouse brigade. Does it really matter if you are working class, middle or upper? Apparently not. The Fab Four all benefitted from government education (no scholarships here). Most of the Scottish lads who enjoyed fame and fortune benefitted from what was generally accepted in those early years a fine Scottish education. Edinburgh was noted for its fee-paying schools but not for famous rock stars according to history. The Proclaimers were educated in Auchtermuchty in the Kingdom of Fife, then there were Simple Minds (naming themselves after a Bowie lyric from his song “Jean Genie”). SM specialised in punk/new wave and alternatives. Scotland, as always, economically, culturally, politically, educationally, socially patriotic, (pioneering literati, independence-minded with less woke than its neighbours) and indeed musically, has emerged unstained by the fame and fortune of the so-called ‘pop muso heavy-weights’ down south and they continue to do so; Deacon Blue (named after a Steely Dan song), Waterboys (resonates with fire and feeling, such as in the inspiring “This is the Sea”), The Skids (combined the raw power of punk and the new sophistication of electronic music), Nazareth (hailing from Dunfermline;

they were admired internationally by artists such as Guns n' Roses, who included "Hair of the Dog" on their 1993 album, The Spaghetti Incident) and Alex Harvey (who still competes with Nazareth for the crown of the greatest Scottish rock band of all time), to name a few more bands who achieved international recognition. None of the above attended 'posh' schools in Scotland because really there are none. However, Tony Blair, known as a 'repressed posh rocker', attended Fettes, →Scotland's very smart public school, and then went to Oxford →University and sang in the →student band Ugly Rumours. Quite a legacy for Scotland's rock fraternity! Scotland did not have a posh James Blunt or a Lily Allen. They had the Longmuir brothers of the Rollers, Annie Lennox, Lorraine McIntosh, one of the few female rock stars in Deacon Blue, "Take Me Back to My Home" from Marmalade and best of all they had the Corries, the most famous VERY ORDINARY folk group from humble origins who co-wrote Scotland's National Anthem\*:

Oh Flower Of Scotland,  
When will we see, your like again  
That fought and died for  
Yer wee bit hill and glen  
And stood against him  
Proud Edward's army  
And sent him homeward  
Tae think again.....ROCK ON SCOTLAND!



\*The song was quickly adopted by world lightweight boxing champion Ken Buchanan whose fans sang it on his entering the ring. It was then taken up by supporters of rugby as the unofficial national anthem and is still used at Scotland's rugby internationals and Burns Suppers. "Flower of Scotland" has since been adopted as the national anthem at Scottish international football events. ∞

# Part 4





Home Base

in perpetuity

On reviewing the many artists, bands, musicians, vocalists, soloists, instrumentalists, arrangers, musical directors, band leaders, minstrels, actors in movies, there are a number of singularly imperious characteristics for those who are or aspire to be universally acclaimed in perpetuity that can be identified within the spectrum of talent and very importantly within a perpendicular axis known globally as dedicated practice. Characteristically high-end performers must be:

- 1 **Believable.** Artists must be convincing about who and what they are in providing entertainment.
- 2 **Iconic.** Successful performers create music that is outstanding in every way musically.
- 3 **Unmistakable.** They must be clear and transparent about who they are and who they're not.
- 4 **Dedicated.** They are in it for perpetuity, the conviction and dedication to go the distance, to be remembered.
- 5 **Self-Marketing.** They must connect with the public, audiences, producers, fellow performers and competitors all of whom provide essential feedback for improvement.
- 6 **Personable.** Performers must have a warmth about them and be adored. Everyone likes an engaging touch.
- 7 **Strong.** Artists need to have an inner strength that will keep pace with competitiveness.
- 8 **Unusual.** Striving to be different, exude talent.
- 9 **Humble.** Artists that are humble and who welcome critical comment are the ones who will succeed.
- 10 **Knowledgeable.** Performers must have a deep knowledge of their art allowing them to talk and write about it and explain what and how they do it.
- 11 **Precise.** High quality artists must demonstrate accuracy in all aspects of the performance and that all manner of the performance is fully rehearsed.
- 12 **Reliable.** Cancellations, tantrums and petulance are all big NO, NO's.
- 13 **Experienced.** Sustained Blood, Sweat and Tears an absolute must.

One wonders how well many of the artists who crave 'perpetuity', acknowledged in this book, would fare under a strictly forensic and objective examination of the above characteristics. If perpetuity does mean for all-time then Sinatra, Whitney, Brubeck, Shearing, Midler, Armstrong, Peggy, Coltrane, Porter, Simone, Berlin, Streisand, Masekela, Ella, Duke, Dionne, Oscar P, Julie L, Gershwin would probably do well as they settle into their perpetual years. There is still time for Dylan, Queen, Beatles, Bowie, Elton, Krall, Amy, Jackson, Robbie and Janis to establish perpetuity – time is on their side.

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-EIGHT

## Perpetual Soundtrack

**HAPPY BIRTHCADE\*, ANDREW (b:1940), FOR 2020**

For the next ten years or “decades” in perpetuity, for the Reader, I have decided to evolve and develop my “Living Soundtrack” title into “Perpetual Soundtrack”. Not only am I creating a new word (OED beware and pay attention), I am embarking, in my pre-dead state, on a wider approach to my linguistic musical efforts on various genres to celebrate a new decade, my 9th. Hence I do have to acknowledge the numerous eras and styles and include rock, folk, country, jazz, bluegrass, blues, gospel, funk, metal, disco and psychedelic rock etc, with beholden acknowledgement to Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead∞, over the subsequent 10 years until 2030. As an aside I composed my 1st “Playing By Ear” Living Soundtrack article in November 2011, my 8th decade, where I extemporised on Anita O’ Day the rascal who staggered on stage at Jazz on a Summer’s Day and sang that great jazz number ‘Sweet Georgia Brown’ (she was definitely swigging substances). On stage in 1958 at the Newport Jazz Festival were Thelonious Monk, Jimmy Giuffre, George Shearing (my Hero), Louis and Mahalia and many more. In the twilight of one’s life, decisions must be made whether to “predict” or “envision”. I have decided on the latter. Much better, no comeback if wrong and too late. I have mapped out my life’s memoirs (a project soon to be published) over the 8 decades and attempted to reflect the reality of these decades which are outlined in MY Living Soundtrack: Past, Present, Perpetual.

1940(1) - Somewhere, Tunes, Ancestry;

1950(2) - Learning, Piano, Dreams;

1960(3) - Mathematics, Jazz, Teaching;

1970(4) - Anywhere, Lecturing, Theatre, Progeny;

1980(5) - Musicianship, Academia, Elsewhere;

1990(6) - Reconciliation, Key-changes, Genealogy, Technology;

2000(7) - Musicology, Chronicles, Achievements, Decisions;

2010(8) - Retirement, Engagement, Entertainment, Footprints;

2020(9) - Legacy, What Now?”

I have clearly developed a need for a 9th decade’s worth of project activity; not quite a Project Fear such as Rebellious Extinction and Planet Destruction; no, Project Happy; a place in our planet to be safe and to look forward to many more decades even centuries where we as humans can recall the past and its great musical people and events, the immediacy of the present and those that remain in circulation and the perpetual future

where talent continues unremittingly and in constant demand.

∞The Grateful Dead were never serious hitmakers, and throughout the years they were together (and long after that), they didn't push many albums toward the top of the charts...but they are still far and away one of the most successful acts in the history of the Billboard 200. I'm grateful to those who are dead or alive. .....Lesh, Kreutzmann, Weir, Hart, Mydland who inspire me to continue to envision and write about who, what, where, when and why for the all-music encyclopaedia.



\*A portmanteau of 'birthday' and 'decade' hence "birthcade"∞

# CHAPTER EIGHTY-NINE

## Carole Bayer Sager - They're Playing Our Song in Perpetuity

### ***Love Should Never Diminish You; It Should Enhance You For Always***

Carole (b 1947) was destined for a musical career. While still a student at NY's City's High School for Music and Art, she wrote "A Groovy Kind of Love" which was recorded by the UK band The Mindbenders, then Sonny and Cher and Pet Clark and then Phil Collins for the film 'Buster' (1988) - quite a start for a first song spread over 20 years.



*When I'm feeling blue, all I have to do  
Is take a look at you, then I'm not so blue  
When you're close to me, I can feel your heart beat  
I can hear you breathing near my ear  
Wouldn't you agree, baby you and me got a groovy kind of love*

The 70s heralded in her mega successful years when she and Marvin Hamlisch collaborated reference to the title of this piece loosely based on Carole's developing relationship with a great composer. However, she moved on in life and met Burt Bacharach another icon in the business of composition. She co-wrote "Best That You Can Do" (Christopher Cross on Arthur's Theme) and "That's What Friends Are For" (Rod Stewart in the movie 'Night Shift', 1982). The Grammy Award song was taken up by Dionne Warwick, Stevie Wonder, Gladys Knight and Elton John.

*Keep smiling, keep shining  
Knowing you can always count on me, for sure  
That's what friends are for  
For good times and bad times  
I'll be on your side forever more  
That's what friends are for*

Carole wrote for a multitude of well-known and successful vocalists: Streisand (Niagra, 1978), Carly Simon (Nobody Does It Better, 1978), Dolly Parton (You're The One, 1979), Michael Jackson (It's The Falling In Love, 1979), Roberta Flack (Making Love, 1981), Peabo Bryson & Flack (Blame It On Me, 1983), Neil Diamond (Crazy, 1984, with Burt B), Dylan (Under Your Spell, 1986), Gladys Knight (Love Is Fire, 1987), Aretha Franklin (Someone

Else's Eyes, 1991), Cher (Take It From The Boys, 1994), Carole King (Love For Christmas, 2001), Whitney Houston (Try It On My Own, 2002) and Carly Simon (So Many People To Love, 2008). Check out Aretha Franklin and 'her song' by lyricist CBS.



*This is my life and it's my right to live  
The way I want to live each day  
That's what I want to say  
And this is my song  
And for too long I sang someone else's melody  
It wasn't really me  
Somehow I took myself for granted  
In someone else's eyes*

Carole Bayer Sager is truly a multi-decade star, a wordsmith with a technical understanding of rhyme, pleasing couplets, a textual message and above all an enduring meaning across destinations.

"All of us start from the same place  
With an open ticket and an awful lot of space" - Shy as a Violet ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY

## Alan Jay Lerner - No Flair For Marriage Or Bachelorhood

### **A New Paradigm**

Lerner (August 31, 1918 – June 14, 1986) was an American lyricist and librettist [a New Yorker who enjoyed a very privileged upbringing as a young man (also educated in England and then Harvard) rather like two other hugely indulged specimens; John F Kennedy and Cole Porter] and fascinatingly was perpetually married eight times. In collaboration with composer Frederick Loewe, and later Burton Lane (Finian's Rainbow), he created some of the world's most popular and enduring lyrical works of musical theatre both for the stage and on film. He won three Tony Awards and three Academy Awards, among other honours. At various times and for the best part of 40 years, he was professionally involved with many of the legendary names in the music industry; Kurt Weil (Love Life - 1948), On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (Burton Lane - 1965), Coco (Andre Previn - 1969), John Barry (Lolita, My Love - 1971), Leonard Bernstein (1600 Pennsylvania Avenue - 1976) and Lorenz Hart (Alan's witty mentor - "If a star seems interested, do not say 'No' for at least 24 hours - Alan lost Mary Martin but won over Julie Andrews for My Fair Lady). However, it was with Fredrick Loewe that he luxuriated in a high status of success during the Golden Age from:

<b>Brigadoon</b> to	<b>Gigi</b> (perhaps a sequel to My Fair Lady)
<b>What a day this has bin</b>	<b>When did your sparkle turn to fire</b>
<b>What a rare mood I'm in</b>	<b>And your warmth become desire?</b>
<b>It's almost like being in love</b>	<b>Oh, what miracle has made you The way you are?</b>

Powerful words. It was the prequel to Gigi ("My Fair Lady") that captured the musical box-office attention in 1956 as a Broadway and London stage production. Much of his wordsmith genius evolved through his association with the MGM Producer Arthur Freed who counselled him to "Stop trying to be different to be good. To be good is different enough", a maxim promoted by pop stars.

*Look at her, a prisoner of the gutters,  
 Condemned by every syllable she utters,  
 By rights she should be taken out and hung,  
 For the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue.*

Noel Coward the inestimable British grammarian commented "Dear boy, it is not 'hung' - it should be hanged!" Alan responded, "But it doesn't rhyme!!" Brilliant. Alan and Fredrick always worked together bouncing ideas, steps, titles, messages, rhythm & rhymes, words and melody. Lerner claimed that the melody had to be first then "I write the lyrics". Camelot received the Golden Globe award for Best Original Song.

*Don't let it be forgot  
 That once there was a spot,  
 For one brief, shining moment  
 That was known as Camelot.*



Depict some initial reservations, the knights were often grateful for Guinevere's presence at the Round Table.

"Nobody Really Knew Him." Lerner died of lung cancer at the age of 67. He has a memorial plaque in St Paul's Church, in Covent Garden in London.

I will continue my 'perpetuity' theme for those who did well on stage but not on screen and vice-versa. Sinatra? Kidman? Elvis? Streisand? Lennon? Mercury? John? Bowie? Metal Heads? ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-ONE

## It's Heavy, Ain't My Brother

### ***Heavy Metal Time Continues***

Not quite what the Hollies had in mind when they recorded for perpetuity "He Ain't Heavy He's My Brother", and probably didn't realise the backlash in 1968, at the same time, being created by the Heavy Metal movement lot such as Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin and Deep Purple. Give me the Hollies version any day. No need for tritone chords, high decibel sounds, screeching guitar strings, thick, massive sound, characterized by highly amplified distortion, extended guitar solos, emphatic beats, and overall loudness; weird lyrics:

#### **War Pigs: Black Sabbath**

Gen'rals gathered in their masses,  
Just like witches at black masses  
Evil minds that plot destruction,  
Sorcerer of death's construction  
In the fields the bodies burning,  
As the war machine keeps turning  
Death and hatred to mankind,  
Poisoning their brainwashed minds  
Oh Lord yeah

Ozzy Osbourne was the vocalist and it is noted that "War Pigs" is "totally against the War, (probably Vietnam) about how rich politicians and rich people start all the wars for their benefit and get all the poor people to die for them" and that vocalist Osbourne stated that the populous in general "knew nothing about Vietnam. It's just an anti-war song." The perpetuity of activism, objections, gender, rebelliousness and populism will indubitably continue for all-time and will be expressed poetically and in music. Def Leopard in 1977 metalically had this to say about the male/female crossroads:



#### **"Sorrow Is A Woman"**

You're always pretending to be  
Someone who prefers to be free  
You think you can fool me with your lyin' eyes  
But what is this game that you play



When all that you're trying to say  
Is that you're lonely, in need of a friend  
Oh yeah sorrow woman, I just can't seem to get to you  
Oh yeah sorrow woman, if only you could see you as I do.....singer/  
songwriter



Guns N' Roses in 1985 were equally expressive and gloomy:

Mama, take this badge off of me  
I can't use it anymore  
It's gettin' dark, too dark to see  
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
Mama, put my guns in the ground  
I can't shoot them anymore  
That long black cloud is comin' down  
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door

The message from the Heavy Metal brigade was aggression and machismo. Fans were known as "Metal Heads" and "Head Bangers". We refer to those born 1965-80, the Generation X and those born as Generation Y, the Millennials (1981 – '94). During the 1980s, glam metal became popular with groups such as Bon Jovi and Mötley Crüe. Underground scenes produced an array of more aggressive styles: Thrash Metal broke into the mainstream with bands such as Metallica, Slayer, Megadeth, and Anthrax, while other

extreme subgenres of heavy metal such as Death Metal and Black Metal remain subcultural phenomena. Since the mid-1990s, popular styles have further expanded the definition of the genre. These include Groove Metal and Nu Metal, the latter of which often incorporates elements of Grunge and Hip Hop. UGH.....UGH.....UGH.....UGH. Now for more perpetuity....Donovan and Dylan. ∞

## **Photo's from the Past**



# CHAPTER NINETY-TWO

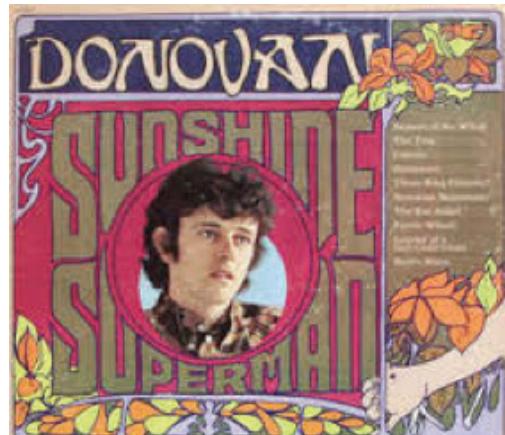
## DONOVAN - Sunshine Superman

### ***Hurdy Gurdy Man***

Still going strong on in his continued greying 'hippie' appearance

- folk rock
- psychedelic folk
- psychedelic rock
- folk
- pop.....being his principle genres

Born in Scotland in 1946, an early "boomer". Some of us will remember the British rock TV program "Ready, Steady, Go" from 1963 on a Friday which is where Donovan Philips Leitch got his first break (1965) showing off his eclectic folksy and distinctive style; Catch The Wind, Colours and Universal Soldier. In the following year Sunshine Superman topped America's Billboard Hot 100 followed by Mellow Yellow and Hurdy Gurdy Man. His friends during that time included John Lennon (Don taught the Beatle guitarists a few finger-picking licks), Joan Baez, Jeff Beck, George Harrison, Mike Love from the Beach Boys and Brian Jones. Not bad for a wee lad born in Maryhill, Glasgow out of a Scottish/Irish ma' and da'.



Woodrow Wilson Guthrie was a huge influencer to Donovan's early development in folk music (compare This Land is Your Land). Indeed, another perpetual big name in social/political genres, Bob Dylan, was also influenced by such great musical luminaries as Guthrie. Not surprising that Donovan was sometimes referred to as a 'Dylan Clone'. Linda Lawrence (Brian Jones' ex-girlfriend) also had a hand in influencing Donovan during a five-year relationship having been part of the Stones' life and early times with Brian. Eventually when the two married, Donovan adopted Brian and Linda's son and added to his surname Leitch ie Julian Brian (Jones) Leitch. His daughter Ione Skye Leitch was believed to have been conceived in the Isle of Skye during an escape from the hustle and bustle of hippie and beatnik life with other musicians. It was reported that George Harrison and Patti Boyd made a secret visit to Skye and that there was much talk of spiritualism and meditation.

It is no wonder to learn that Donovan and his pals made a trip to India

to meet up with the Guru Maharishi. Meditating became a significant part of Donovan's life thereafter attending ashrams in various parts of the world during tours. The Hurdy Gurdy Man came out of the India visitation. Donovan composed that album while in Rishikesh in India, where he was studying Transcendental Meditation with the Beatles. The recording features a harder psychedelic rock sound than Donovan's usual material, supplying a range of distorted guitars and aggressive drums. It also features an Indian influence with the use of a tambura, a gift to Donovan from George Harrison, who also helped write the lyrics. According to some sources, the song was written for the band Hurdy Gurdy (which included Donovan's old friend and guitar mentor Mac MacLeod).

The punk/psychedelic era (1976–1980) provoked a backlash in Britain against the optimism and whimsy of the hippie era, of which Donovan was a prime example. The word "hippie" became pejorative, and Donovan's fortunes suffered. There was a respite when he appeared alongside Sting, Phil Collins, Bob Geldof, Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck in the Amnesty International benefit show The Secret Policeman's Other Ball. In a recent Scottish ITV interview with Lorraine Kelly (ex Larry Marshall show!!), Donovan remained hippieish, long grey hair and full of optimism. Can we assume that Dylan also had a full life, singing, writing, performing, collaborating, meditating, doping, and happy. ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-THREE

## Dylan 1941 - There's Nothing so Stable as Change

### ***Chaos Is A Friend Of Mine***

Genres: Folk, rock, blues, country

Dylan first became famous as a folk musician, quite perpetual. In 1962, he released his first album, simply called Bob Dylan. The next year, he released the folk song "Blowin' in the Wind", which became very popular. In 1965, he began playing rock and roll. That year, Dylan released "Like a Rolling Stone", which has been called the greatest popular music song of all time. He put these two types of music together in a new way, which became very popular.

The next year, Dylan was in a motorcycle crash which broke his neck. His recovery took many months, and he released no new music or records during this time.

Dylan re-examined his life while he recovered, saw what other musicians were doing, and made changes to his own style. His comeback album, John Wesley Harding, was different from his earlier work. While he made many tours to perform during the mid-1960s, he made very few public appearances until the mid-1970s.

His associates included: Paul Butterfield Blues Band, Al Kooper, The Band, Rolling Thunder Revue, Mark Knopfler, Traveling Wilburys, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Van Morrison, Grateful Dead, Joan Baez. His most outstanding achievement was in 2016, when he received the Nobel Prize in Literature, "for having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition". Less outstanding, he dropped out of college in order to travel to New York and be mentored by his hero Woody Guthrie (as did Donovan). His writing abilities increased dramatically creating very popular in perpetuity songs such as "Blowin' in the Wind" (which later became a huge hit for the folk trio Peter, Paul, and Mary) and "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall." In another album we received "The Times They Are A-Changin'" and firmly established Dylan as the definitive songwriter of the 60s protest movement thus increasing his reputation after he became involved with one of the movement's established icons, Joan Baez with whom he had a brief relationship. Not all good news for Bob; in 1965, he scandalized many of his folk music fans by recording the half-acoustic, half-electric album "Bringing It All Back Home," backed by a nine-piece band. On July 25, 1965, he was famously booed at the Newport Folk Festival when he performed electrically for the first time. However, with his



unmistakable voice and unforgettable lyrics, Dylan brought the worlds of music and literature together as no one else had (hence the award). Bob was still popular, influential and known. Dylan was one of many prominent public figures who helped popularize Carter's cause, leading to a retrial in 1976, when he was again convicted. Once again Dylan reinvented himself, declaring in 1979 that he was a born-again Christian. The evangelical "Slow Train Coming" was a commercial hit, and won Dylan his first Grammy Award. The tour and albums that followed were less successful, however, and Dylan's religious leanings soon became less overt in his music. In 1989, when Dylan was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, Bruce Springsteen spoke at the ceremony, declaring that "Bob freed the mind the way Elvis freed the body ... He invented a new way a pop singer could sound, broke through the limitations of what a recording artist could achieve, and changed the face of rock and roll forever." Unsurprisingly as was the case with most performing stars of the time he got involved in the drug habit. In an interview, Bob Dylan claimed he kicked a heroin habit after moving to New York City. "I got very strung out," he admitted. "I kicked the habit. I had a \$25 a day habit and I kicked it." Good on you Bob, you are a happier chappie today. DB next? ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-FOUR

## Bowie ('47-2016) - Tomorrow Belongs to Those Who Can Hear it Coming

### ***I'm An Instant Star, Just Add Water and Stir***

It is not possible to outline the great PERPETUAL moments of his iconic life in music (movie acting and stage performances) because there are simply too many; cultural, historical and artistically acclaimed. The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars laid claim to his titular alter ego Ziggy Stardust, a fictional androgynous bisexual rock star who acts as a messenger for extra - terrestrial beings. His love of acting led to his total immersion in the characters he created for his music. After acting the same role over an extended period, it became impossible for him to separate Ziggy Stardust from his own offstage character. Bowie said that Ziggy "wouldn't leave me alone for years". The complexity of his life is reflected largely in his music albums (often referred to as 'glam rock') and his public persona. Stephen Thomas Erlewine wrote for AllMusic: "Bowie succeeds not in spite of his pretensions but because of them, and Ziggy Stardust – familiar in structure, but alien in performance – is the first time his vision and execution met in such a grand, sweeping fashion. Greg Kot, writing for Chicago Tribune, described the album as a "guitar-fuelled song cycle", saying "it enacted the deaths of Joplin, Morrison, Hendrix and the '60s and presaged the dread, decadence and eroticism of a new era". In movies the full length 90 minute Stardust film spent years in post-production before finally having its theatrical premiere at the Edinburgh Film Festival, on 31 August 1979. Prior to the premiere, the 35 mm film had been shown in 16 mm format a few times, mostly in United States college towns. A shortened 60-minute version was broadcast once in the US on ABC-TV in October 1974. In 1983, the film was released to theatres worldwide, corresponding with the release of its soundtrack album entitled *Ziggy Stardust: The Motion Picture*. A digitally remastered 30th Anniversary Edition DVD, including additional material from the live show and extras, was released in 2003. During his lifetime, his record sales, estimated at over 100 million records worldwide, made him one of the world's best-selling music artists. In the UK, he was awarded ten platinum album certifications, eleven gold and eight silver, and released eleven number-one albums. In the US, he received five platinum and nine gold



certifications. He was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1996. But who was he? Born in Brixton, South London, Bowie developed an interest in music as a child, eventually studying art, music and design before embarking on a professional career as a musician in 1963. "Space Oddity" became his first top-five entry on the UK Singles Chart after its release in July 1969. Bowie met dancer Lindsay Kemp (openly gay, briefly with DB) in 1967 and enrolled in his dance class with Kate Bush at the London Dance Centre. He pronounced in 1972 that meeting Kemp was when his interest in image "Really blossomed; he lived on his emotions, he was a wonderful influence on me. His day-to-day life was the most theatrical thing I had ever seen, ever. It was everything I thought Bohemia probably was." Studying the dramatic arts under Kemp, from avant-garde theatre and mime to commedia dell'arte, Bowie became immersed in the creation of personae to present to the world. Satirising life in a British prison, meanwhile, the Bowie composition "Over the Wall We Go" became a 1967 single for singer Oscar; another Bowie song, "Silly Boy Blue", was released by Billy Fury the following year. In January 1968, Kemp choreographed a dance scene for a BBC play, *The Pistol Shot*, in the Theatre 625 series, and used Bowie with a dancer, Hermione Farthingale (mousy hair); the pair began dating, and moved into a London flat together for barely a year. Playing acoustic guitar, Farthingale formed a group with Bowie and guitarist John Hutchinson; between September 1968 and early 1969 the trio gave a small number of concerts combining folk, Merseybeat, poetry, and mime. Bowie and Farthingale broke up in early 1969 when she went to Norway to take part in a film, *Song of Norway*; this hugely affected him, and several songs, such as "Letter to Hermione" and "Life on Mars?" reference her, and for the video accompanying "Where Are We Now?", he wore a T-shirt with the words "m/s Song of Norway". They were last together in January 1969 for the filming of *Love You till Tuesday*, a 30-minute film that was not released until 1984: intended as a promotional vehicle, it featured performances from Bowie's repertoire, including "Space Oddity", which had not been released when the film was made. As has been iterated, it is impossible to truly represent Bowie's being (actor/performer) as it is complex, perpetual, enigmatic, unhinged, innovative and untranslatable. Rest in Perpetuity, DB (RIP). ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-FIVE

## Eric Clapton - Wonderful Tonight

### **Music Became A Healer For Me**

If anyone should be elevated prominently to perpetuity it has got to be rock n' roll guitarist extraordinaire Eric Clapton born 1945 representing the Silent Generation (the Traditionalists) just before the Baby Boomers came on stream, easily the largest generation. His career prior to becoming a singularly successful soloist began with The Yardbirds, R&B, (1963) often regarded as one of the all-time legendary rock bands with much influence emanating from BB King. Eric joined Cream in 1966 which was a springboard to his superstardom in later years. Pete Frame in ROCK Handbook has traced the careers of many musicians in the form of a Rock Family Tree. Clapton is illustrated with iconic bandmen such as Mayall, Beck and Page. Here we find Clapton rubbing shoulders with Cream's guys, developing his skills as a singer/songwriter, and then briefly with Blind Faith, then onto Derek & the Dominos (noted for his extremely popular "Layla"), followed by a lengthy spell with his Band, versions 1,2,3 and 4 (1986) intertwined with an ever expanding and highly recognised solo career. Nevertheless the emergence of American Jimi Hendrix's arrival in London somewhat put paid to that accolade, temporarily at least. Hendrix's performances were hugely popular and followed by such rock stars as Pete Townshend of The Who, Beatles fraternity and the Stones to mention a few. This led Clapton and Cream to evolve into the non-conformist "psychedelic era" and his famous The Fool Guitar with multi-coloured art work and the memorable 'woman tone' playing virtuoso stuff and extended jazz improvisational rock styles. The demise, sadly, of the so-called "supergroup" Cream soon came to an end due to drugs and bitter inter-band conflicts. Eric reformed a musical association with Beatle George Harrison where they co-wrote "Badge". The pair had known each other since the Yardbird days when he played the lead guitar solo on Harrison's "While My Guitar Gently Weeps", from the Beatles' self-titled double album (also known as the "White Album"). Harrison's debut solo album, Wonderwall Music (1968), became the first of many Harrison solo records to include Clapton on guitar. Clapton went largely uncredited for his contributions to Harrison's albums due to contractual restraints, and Harrison was credited as "L'Angelo Misterioso" for his contributions to the song "Badge" on Goodbye. The pair would often play live together as each other's guest. A year after Harrison's death in 2001, Clapton was musical director for the Concert for George. McCartney was uneasy about the Harris/Clapton link that was developing especially with John Lennon now (The Rolling Stones Rock and Roll Circus as part of the one-off group the Dirty Mac). During this quiet Clapton Band period, Eric also recorded with artists such as Dr. John, Leon Russell, Billy

Preston, Ringo Starr and The Band, the Canadian/America rock group that had strong links to Bob Dylan.

Clapton's life was somewhat blighted by personal problems and tragedies when, first of all, his four- year old son died (1991) after a fall from a high balcony. He wrote "Tears in Heaven". His infatuation with Patti Boyd, wife of Harrison, brought his friendship with George to an end. Latterly Clapton admitted to having peripheral neuropathy, which is where you feel like you have electric shocks going down your leg. Of course, on the death of George Harrison the relationship with Patti was revived resulting in a marriage some five years later. Eric wrote in his biography "the only reason I didn't commit suicide was that I knew I wouldn't be able to drink any more if I was dead". In his later years he has associated with Pink Floyd, Phil Collins, the stars in the Secret Policeman's Other Ball, Jeff Beck, The Pretenders, Cher, Elton John, Sting, Jeff Lynne, Queen drummer Roger Taylor. He continues to have a wee dram, Keith Richards. Many of these ageing rock stars continue perpetually and now what about the Prince. ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-SIX

## Prince ('58 - 2016) - Time is a mind construct

### ***A Strong Spirit Transcends Rules***

Funk, R&B, rock, new wave, soul, psychedelia, and pop.

He pioneered the late 1970s Minneapolis sound, a funk rock subgenre drawing from synth-pop and new wave. He was a singer (able to leap from baritone to falsetto)/song writer, dancer, defiant genre-crosser, producer, virtuoso guitarist and dabbled in film acting like many of his generation – a Baby Boomer. Also, in tempo with his generation, he died young (57 before his 58th). Similarly, a mix of cocaine, heroin and fentanyl taken for both medical and recreational purposes (reported as accidental) was his doom. However, in his relatively short performing life his controversial style, flamboyance, name (PRINCE), behaviour and musical prowess has raised his aficionado bar most certainly to a perpetual level. Identical to many of his fellow high-ranking rock stars he sold over a million records, was awarded numerous prestigious awards, had recognisable achievements and received honours including an honorary Doctorate from the University of Minnesota. The British rock stars received comparable awards in the form of knighthoods (McCartney) and titular letters (Donovan) from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth 11. Who was he, The Prince? He was everything as above hence his in-perpetuity recognition. It is reported by Jon Pareles that he wrote his first song at the age of seven, "Funk Machine". He was lucky; he was born into a musical family; his mother, Mattie, had been a jazz singer, before she gave it up to raise Prince and his siblings. His father, John, continued to play piano and write songs after his son entered the world, although that was not his primary occupation. John worked for Honeywell in Minneapolis but played side jobs as the leader of a band he called the Prince Rogers Trio. John named his son after a stage name he'd already been using for years. A recording contract and the beginning of an illustrious career in 'pop' music was well established by Prince's nineteenth year. He was a natural and could turn his hand to many different instruments. This led to Purple Rain, a first album (involving his 1st band The Revolution) and a musical rock drama showcasing Prince's early life as a kid. This was followed by a break-up of his band and releasing a double album "The Sign o' the Times (1987); Dylanesque's "The Times They Are A Changin"". Success and acclaim poured in on multiple abundances. Next came Lovesexy (a



gospel album); the lyrical themes of the record including positivity, self-improvement, spirituality, and God and Satan and the struggle therein between good and evil. This led to the album's biggest-selling single, "Alphabet St.", which mixes dance music, rock and rap along with playful lyrics about sex, braggadocio, and the heavenly state of feeling "lovesexy". Prince only viewed the best in people which led to "I Wish You Heaven" which extolled that no matter what controversy or opposition one may bring, the end result is still wishing your enemy the best in other words "Positivity". Musically Prince moved on to His New Power Generation (NPG) – Graffiti Bridge a sequel to his Purple Rain film eventually releasing "Hit n Run Phase Two". After his untimely death NPG continued to tour and provide deserved tributes on Prince's wealth of talents which in fairness were inspired by a galaxy of other hugely successful rock stars; Earth Wind & Fire, Joni Mitchell, Madonna – Like a Prayer), James Brown, Parliament Funkadelic, Stevie Wonder, Beyonce (Crazy in Love), Jimi Hendrix, Wendy Ann Melvoin, Batman Director, Tim Burton, George Harrison (While My Guitar Gently Weeps), and Sheena Easton (U Got The Look and The Arms of Orion) and many more, not forgetting Andy Warhol who created The Orange Prince a silk-screen portrait on canvas on show in The Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. Prince therefore is without doubt another of those Musical Stars who belong to Andrew Herriot's Hall of Perpetuity. The Times They Are A Movin', perpetually and perpetually.....∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-SEVEN

## Judy (1922) - Over The Rainbow; Somewhere Not Anywhere

### ***Skies Are Blue***



David Goodhart (<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Road-Somewhere-Populist-Revolt-Politics/dp/1849047995>) wrote recently about the concept of those from 'somewhere' and those from 'anywhere' basically defining them along a spectrum line of those 'stay-at-home-all-your-life' people and those who are inclined 'to travel and stay for a while then move on' people. Judy Garland eventually became an 'anywhere' person after battling as a young potential starlet from the age of four perhaps bound for perpetual recognition as a singer, actor and performer on stage and films. (I cite Dorothy Gale in Wizard of Oz). Then the movie JUDY arrived on the scene; A Star Re-Born, quite unmissable to laugh, cry and applaud at and with, starring Renee Zellweger playing outstandingly "Judy". The movie swiftly recaptures her early life as a young talented singer (not an 'ugly duckling' – the dwarf like co-artist Mickey Rooney was her friend on the set) and vaudevillian with her two sisters. We learned of a troubled childhood, under huge pressures from so-called managers where she was bullied into becoming a star, one who is different from anybody else, a perpetual star to reminisce over in perpetuity. Very sadly that was not to be. Judy escaped from Minnesota and LA's clutches within MGM to be extolled by adoring fans in swinging London, fragile, robbed of her childhood and weakened, a string of unsuccessful marriages (Liza Minnelli came out of one marriage – a near replica of her mother) but ready to face the music in Talk of the Town, 1968. Live Cabaret for the adoring London audiences and a whimsical artist. It is worth recanting her rise to stardom in the USA. According to Hollywood legend, studio boss Louis B. Mayer signed her on the spot without a screen test. These early MGM days saw the beginning of Garland's lifelong struggles with addiction, body image and mental health, largely fuelled by the studio's determination to mould her into a profitable box-office star. These difficult times are depicted in flashbacks in the movie; in one, Judy is made to celebrate her 16th birthday two months early, because that's the only time that will work with her schedule, and she's not allowed to go anywhere near her cake. She was a mess when she arrived in the capital swinging city where everyone wanted to and tried to please her and make allowances for her moods and even rudeness to members of the adoring audience. "OK you come up here and sing and I will take your place and drink", she disrespectfully

and drunkenly yelled on one occasion. London audiences do not respond to this kind of banter, but when she broke into song; By Myself, For Once in My Life, You Made Me Love You, San Francisco and Over The Rainbow (all on the JazzFordian Playlist) caused rapturous reverence and adulation. Much of this glorification came from the gay community (remember 1968, gays were not too popular with the so-called affectations of the citizen watchdogs) who adored her and she responded likewise well before LGBT became a known acronym. In retrospect, Judy had won all sorts of awards from a Golden Globe to a special Tony to a Grammy and an Oscar. She rose to fame at an early age and that affected her both physically as well as mentally. Pressure to look better at any age, but especially when you're a teen can twist a person up inside and studio execs upped that pressure constantly. Garland plunged into alcohol and substance abuse and ultimately overdosed on barbiturates at 47. At the inquest, Coroner Gavin Thurston stated that the cause of death was "an incautious self-overdosage" of barbiturates; her blood contained the equivalent of ten 1.5-grain (97 mg) Seconal capsules. Thurston stressed the overdose had been unintentional and no evidence suggested that she had died by suicide. The movie Judy exemplifies the obvious 'in perpetuity' of iconic stars such as Janis Joplin, Amy Winehouse, Whitney Houston and the like all perpetually remembered by many devoted fans. ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-EIGHT

## Whitney Houston (1963-'12)

### ***The Most Awarded Female Artist Of All Time***

She remains in perpetuity (ref chapter43) one of the best-selling music artists of all time with 200 million records sold worldwide. Houston released seven studio albums and two soundtrack albums, all of which have been certified diamond, multi-platinum, platinum, or gold by the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA). Her crossover appeal on the popular music charts—as well as her prominence on MTV, starting with her video for “How Will I Know”—influenced several female African-American artists. To this day, she is the only artist to have seven consecutive number-one singles on the US Billboard Hot 100 chart, from “Saving All My Love for You” in 1985 to “Where Do Broken Hearts Go” in 1988. Throughout the 1980s, Houston was romantically linked to musician Jermaine Jackson, American football star Randall Cunningham and actor Eddie Murphy.



Houston was a supporter of Nelson Mandela and the anti-apartheid movement. During her modelling days, she refused to work with agencies who did business with the then-apartheid South Africa. On June 11, 1988, during the European leg of her tour, Houston joined other musicians to perform a set at Wembley Stadium in London to celebrate a then-imprisoned Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday. Over 72,000 people attended Wembley Stadium, and over a billion people tuned in worldwide as the rock concert raised over \$1 million for charities while bringing awareness to apartheid.

Following the critical and commercial success of “My Love Is Your Love” (1998), Houston signed a \$100 million contract with Arista Records. However, her personal struggles began overshadowing her career, and the album Just Whitney (2002) received mixed reviews. Some black critics believed she was “selling out”. They felt her singing on record lacked the soul that was present during her live concerts. At the 1989 Soul Train Music Awards, when Houston’s name was called out for a nomination, a few in the audience jeered. Houston defended herself against the criticism, stating, “If you’re gonna have a long career, there’s a certain way to do it, and I did it that way. I’m not ashamed of it.”

Her drug use and a tumultuous marriage to Bobby Brown were widely publicized in media. After a six-year break from recording, Houston returned to the top of the Billboard 200 charts with her final studio album,

"I Look to You" (2009).

Though Houston was seen as a "good girl" with a perfect image in the 1980s and early 1990s, her behaviour had changed by 1999 and 2000. She was often hours late for interviews, photo shoots and rehearsals, she cancelled concerts and talk-show appearances, and there were reports of erratic behaviour. Missed performances and weight loss led to rumours about Houston using drugs with her husband. On January 11, 2000, while traveling with Brown, airport security guards discovered half an ounce of marijuana in Houston's handbag at Keahole-Kona International Airport in Hawaii, but she departed before authorities could arrive. Charges against her were later dropped, but rumours of drug usage by Houston and Brown would continue to surface. Two months later, Clive Davis was inducted into the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame; Houston had been scheduled to perform at the event, but was a no-show.

On February 11, 2012, Houston was found dead at the Beverly Hilton in Beverly Hills, California. The coroner's report showed that she had accidentally drowned in the bathtub, with heart disease and cocaine use as contributing factors. News of her death coincided with the 2012 Grammy Awards and was featured prominently in international media. ∞

# CHAPTER NINETY-NINE

## Janis Joplin (1943-70)

***"I was a misfit. I read, I painted, I thought."***

Joplin died of an accidental heroin overdose in 1970 at the age of 27. In her early years (not quite a Baby Boomer) she was indeed regarded by her peers as 'different' sometimes being ostracised and bullied at school due to her weight and her skin infections. She enjoyed 'blues' music by such icons as Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. Janis also wanted to sing to be like her heroines. Youngsters who aspire attention and perhaps even perpetual fame often formed or were part of a band. Janis was no exception. She dropped out of college and joined an Austin folk group, The Waller Creek Boys (1962) noted dubiously for "St James Infirmary" with Janis on autosharp a type of zither. This probably wasn't the route to fame. However in 1967 Joplin rose to fame following an appearance at Monterey Pop Festival, where she was the lead singer and a 'woman who rocks' of the then little-known San Francisco psychedelic rock band Big Brother and the Holding Company the same scene that spawned other 'psycho' rock bands such as The Grateful Dead. This led to more attention and meteoric recognition as a solo artist appearing at grand events such as Woodstock. Her life-style was shaping; hippiness, experiments with drugs, quick injections, successful recordings, meeting up with those who were already famous; Kris Kristofferson (Me and Bobby McGee) and funk stuff such as "Piece of My Heart". By now her behaviour was suspect "I didn't have many friends and I didn't like the ones I had". She was arrested for shoplifting. Counselling and psychiatric sessions were common. Nevertheless fame came quickly with performances and sessions with the likes of Joni Mitchel, Cass Elliot of Mamas & Papas, Jimi Hendrix, Dylan, Dick Cavett Show, Tom Jones in London, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Tina Turner at Square Gardens during the Stones' appearance, meeting up with Pete Townshend of The Who, desperately trying to 'keep clean' but failing and appearing before audiences "three sheets to the wind". She visited Brazil in 1970 and was partly successful in 'cleaning' up her act due to a romantic encounter with 'a big bear of a beatnik' David Niehaus who did not 'do' drugs. Sadly on return to USA her condition deteriorated. Joplin claimed she was drug-free but her consumption of alcohol increased immensely. On October 2nd, she was found dead beside her bed, overdosed with both drugs and alcohol. Becoming famous was costly, continuing in perpetuity is free. Those of us today can be treated at minimum cost to her greatness due to easy access to her voice thanks to the digital world. RIP JJ. ∞



# CHAPTER ONE-HUNDRED

## Bette Midler (b. 1945)

### ***From a distance***

American singer, songwriter, actress, comedian, and film producer. She came to prominence in 1970 when she began singing in the Continental Baths, a local gay bathhouse. She was named after actress Bette Davis, though Davis pronounced her first name in two syllables, and Midler uses one. She was voted "Most Talkative" in the 1961 School House Election, and "Most Dramatic" in her senior year (class of 1963). Majoring in drama set her off in a career of music and song, leading to a role in *Fiddler on the Roof*. As a result of her 'bathhouse blues' she met up with Barry Manilow who produced and arranged her first album *The Divine Miss (Do You Wanna Dance and Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy-1941 Andrew's Sisters)*. She also recorded "In The Mood" and "Lullaby of Broadland". She commented "Despite the way things turned out [with the AIDS crisis], I'm still proud of those days. I feel like I was at the forefront of the gay liberation movement, and I hope I did my part to help it move forward. So, I kind of wear the label of 'Bathhouse Betty' with pride". Midler's first television special, whose title, *Ol' Red Hair is Back*, was a take-off on Frank Sinatra's *Ol' Blue Eyes Is Back*, premiered, featuring guest stars Dustin Hoffman. Midler made her first motion picture in 1979, starring in the 1960s-era rock and roll tragedy *The Rose*, as a drug-addicted rock star modelled after Janis Joplin. Midler did not appear in any other films until 1986; however, she was an early choice for Miss Hannigan in the 1982 film *Annie*. She had a hit with the tearjerker *Beaches*, co-starring Barbara Hershey. The accompanying soundtrack remains Midler's all-time biggest selling disc, reaching No. 2 on Billboard's album chart and with U.S. sales of four million copies. It featured her biggest hit, "Wind Beneath My Wings", which went to No. 1 on Billboard's Hot 100, achieved Platinum status and won Midler her third Grammy Award – for Record of the Year – at the 1990 telecast. In 1991 She co-starred with Woody Allen in the 1991 film *Scenes from a Mall*. In 1993, she starred with Sarah Jessica Parker and Kathy Najimy in the Walt Disney comedy fantasy film, *Hocus Pocus*. In March 2017, she began playing the role of Dolly Gallagher Levi, continuing through January 2018, in the Broadway revival of *Hello, Dolly!* for which she won her second Tony Award. Bette will now pursue 'in perpetuity'; her performances and outstanding career, credit to those of us who adore her. ∞



# CHAPTER 100 & ONE

## Amy Winehouse (1983 - 2011)

### ***Life's Short Anything Can Happen And It Usually Does***

Winehouse (Londoner) was plagued by drug and alcohol addiction. She died of alcohol poisoning on 23 July 2011 at the age of 27. After her death, Back to Black became the UK's best-selling album of the 21st century temporarily. It is also among the best-selling albums in UK history. VH1 (Video Hits One, USA) ranked Winehouse 26th on their list of the 100 Greatest Women in Music list. In her short life she achieved so much and because of her unmistakable soul-type voice and renditions she is sure to be remembered. Such a short career. How come? She could do soul, rhythm, blues and jazz. Her mentors were Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington. She had publishing deals a plenty.



She wrote her own music; Stronger Than Music and Back To Black. The song Rehab won her an Ivor Novello Award. At the 50th Grammy Awards in 2008, she won five awards, tying the then record for the most wins by a female artist in a single night and becoming the first British woman to win five Grammys, including three of the General Field "Big Four" Grammy Awards: Best New Artist, Record of the Year and Song of the Year (for "Rehab"), as well as Best Pop Vocal Album. Yet she was plagued by drug addiction and alcohol. Amy Winehouse was born in Chase Farm Hospital, in north London, to Jewish parents. Her father, Mitchell "Mitch" Winehouse, was a window panel installer and then a taxi driver; and her mother, Janis Winehouse (née Seaton) was a pharmacist. Winehouse's ancestors were Russian Jewish and Polish Jewish immigrants to London. She was often alone but not lonely (one spouse and two partners, Reg Traviss until her death). She worked with great artists; Tony Bennet, Dionne Bromfield, The Dap-Kings and Tyler James. Many of Winehouse's maternal uncles were professional jazz musicians. Amy's paternal grandmother, Cynthia, was a singer and dated the English jazz saxophonist Ronnie Scott. She and Amy's parents influenced Amy's interest in jazz. Her father, Mitch, often sang Frank Sinatra songs to her, and whenever she got chastised at school, she would sing "Fly Me to the Moon" before going up to the headmistress to be told off. Winehouse's parents separated when she was nine and she lived with her mother and stayed with her father and his girlfriend in Hatfield Heath, Essex. Winehouse's debut album, Frank, was released on 20 October 2003. Produced mainly by Salaam Remi, many songs were influenced by jazz and, apart from two covers, Winehouse co-wrote every song. The album received was critically acclaimed. In contrast to her jazz-influenced former album, Winehouse's focus shifted to the girl

groups of the 1950s and 1960s. Winehouse hired New York singer Sharon Jones's long-time band, the Dap-Kings, to back her up in the studio and on tour. Sadly, things were going wrong for this ultra-talented professional singer. On 18 June 2011, Winehouse started her 2011 European tour in Belgrade. Local media described her performance as a scandal and disaster, and she was booed off the stage due to her being too drunk to perform. Winehouse's last public appearance took place at Camden's Roundhouse, London on 20 July 2011, when she made an appearance on stage to support her goddaughter, Dionne Bromfield, who was singing "Mama Said Winehouse". ∞

# CHAPTER 100 & TWO

## Miles Davis, The Prince of Darkness Duende...Duende

***I write (isolated) with sadness in my heart. We are experiencing the worst global pandemic.***

George Wein the famous Jazz Event Promoter inclusive of the Newport Jazz Festival, Rhode Island, established in 1954, commented on Miles Davis that he was much more than highly gifted and talented, he was "duende", a Spanish term that reflects 'passion and soul' the depth of which guarantees 'in perpetuity'. Miles Davis the black jazz trumpeter (1926-'91) was someone that emitted these qualities who oozed and radiated engaging traits when he blow his horn head bent down, whispered quietly and hoarsely to fellow musicians, promised eternal love to his numerous female encounters, led his quintet and nonet to new heights in jazz creativity and endeared himself to his adoring jazz fans. Stanley Nelson's 2019 movie "Miles Davis: Birth of the Cool" takes the viewer through a documentary tapestry of the life and times of one of the greatest jazz musicians from the past, the 2nd half of the 20th Century and with certainty towards perpetuity. The movie cleverly weaves in and out of significant periods in the lifetime of Davis using footage and scenes from a bygone era, interviews with musical colleagues, family members including son, Erin, his ex-wives and lovers, writers, who all perceived differences in his thrust, those young up and coming musical geniuses whom he mentored (Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock) thus providing a comprehensive flavour of his greatness and the musical journeys that he passed through as his own genius flourished amidst the way in which jazz developed from the early years with Charlie (Bird) Parker<sup>2</sup> towards creative and inventive be-bop jazz enjoyed by international fans across the world leading to 'cool' jazz fused electrically with rock and distinctive 'blue' melodic jazz. Miles' life was not without controversy; temperamental, womanizer, a civil-rights hero, an angry hippy, a heroin-addict (Cicely Tyson helped him through this stage; they married), abusive jealous husband with Frances Taylor but he was one of the greatest bandleaders in jazz history. Miles teamed up with Gil Evans on orchestral jazz and pianist Bill Evans and saxophonist John Coltrane. He was a huge fan of Dizzy Gillespie and Nina Simone and during his eponymous trip to Paris (where segregation and racism were foreign concepts) he teamed up with hippy bohemian Juliette Greco; married her. She and her friend Boris Vian provided a respectability and recognition among the learned academics and artists of France in its day; Sartre, Picasso and many more surrealists and poets. Miles himself came

from a respected and sophisticated background and was Julliard-schooled and hence quite comfortable with the elite of Paris. It was not uncommon for black African-American musicians to enjoy the free life-style of Paris and the club Caveau de la Huchette; Art Blakey, Billie Holiday, Lena Horne, Lionel Hampton and the Jazz Messengers. Indeed, the club made a cameo appearance in the movie "La La Land". Miles loved Paris. He developed links with Michael Jackson and Cyndi Lauper (Time After Time) and sadly his relationship with Wynton Marsalis (great trumpeter) deteriorated because Wynton publicly opined that Miles was not true to jazz. After a five-year retirement due to poor health, Davis resumed his career in the 1980s, employing younger musicians and pop sounds on albums such as The Man with the Horn<sup>3</sup> (1981) and Tutu (1986). Critics were generally unreceptive, but the decade garnered the trumpeter his highest level of commercial recognition. He performed sold-out concerts worldwide, while branching out into visual arts, film, and television work, before his death in 1991 from the combined effects of a stroke, pneumonia, respiratory failure (not Corona). In 2006, Davis was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, which recognized him as "a key figure in the history of jazz". Rolling Stone described him as "the most revered jazz trumpeter and composer of all time" not to mention one of the most important musicians of the 20th century, while Prof Gerald Early wrote "inarguably one of the most influential and innovative musicians of that period". Very sadly International Jazz Day did not take place in Cape Town as planned on 30th April. Miles Davis' jazz and life will live on perpetually in perpetuity.

<sup>1</sup>Herriot, (A Chronological e-Guide to Jazz) <sup>2</sup>ibid, <sup>3</sup>Nicholson, (Jazz), Gioia, (The Jazz Standards) ∞

# CHAPTER 100 & THREE

## Eagles

**"Long live Seagulls with a good hairdo"**

The founding members in 1971 were Glenn Frey (guitars, vocals, d-2016), Don Henley (drums, vocals), Bernie Leadon (guitars, vocals, left 1975) and Randy Meisner (bass guitar, vocals) and were one of the most successful musical acts during the 70s spawning three top 40 singles: "Take It Easy", "Witchy Woman", and "Peaceful Easy Feeling".

Past members: Glenn Frey; Bernie Leadon; Newer members: Don Felder, Joe Walsh, Tim B Schmit, Joe Vitale (keys), Deacon Frey (son to Glen) and Vince Gill

Genres: rock; country rock; soft rock; folk rock

Their race to 'perpetuity' continued through the 90s (broke up in the 80s and reunited in '94) to the present "Corona" day. Their perpetual claim is that they have enjoyed many hit singles and numerous highly successful albums (Eagles, Hell Freezes Over, Hotel California and Long Road Out of Eden). It is worthy of note that early in 1971, Linda Ronstadt (rock singer), recruited Frey and Henley into her backing band to record an album produced by Kenny Rogers (another candidate for 'perpetuity, RIP Kenny) and that Meisner and Leadon were further recruited cementing what was to become a mighty force in the world of close harmonious country swing rock. David Geffen, the music and film magnate, ensured the amalgam of Eagles in September 1971. The band grew and developed as harder rock was emerging. This eventually led to the recruitment of 'fingers' Felder, a slide cum glissando guitarist who could add in a laidback style the distinctive country sound but with a heavy proficient vibrato. Eagles were moving up the charts. Mega-group appearances were accompanied by gold, platinum and various awards. The strain proved too much for Bernie, Joe Walsh adding to the song writing expertise of the team. Meisner also quit allowing Schmit to join. Henley (I Can't Stand Still meeting up with Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac), and Frey (The Heat is On from the Beverly Hills Cop soundtrack), were also having success as soloists thus causing a lengthy pause and split. Fingers Felder (Bad Girl) also joined the party as a soloist during the long pause. Adding to the party fever in 1992, Schmit and Walsh toured as members of Ringo Starr's All-Starr Band and appeared on the live video from the Montreux Jazz Festival. Schmit released two solo albums, Playin' It Cool in 1984 and Tell Me the Truth in 1990. He was the only Eagle to appear on the 1993 Eagles tribute album Common Thread: The Songs of the Eagles, singing backing vocals on Vince Gill's cover of "I Can't Tell You Why". 13 years after the breakup in consultation with Travis Tritt (an American country music singer, songwriter, and actor), Eagles agreed to having the Long Run-era Eagles (Frey, Henley,

Walsh, Felder, and Schmit) included in Tritt's video for "Take It Easy". One year later in 1994 Eagles re-united (they claim they never broke up but had a 14 year vacation) and were supplemented by Scott Crago (drums), John Corey (keyboards, guitar, backing vocals), Timothy Drury (keyboards, guitar, backing vocals), and former Loggins and Messina sideman Al Garth (sax, violin) on stage. All hell let loose during the ensuing tour which spawned a live album titled Hell Freezes Over (named for Henley's recurring statement that the group would get back together "when hell freezes over"), which debuted at number 1 on the Billboard album chart. It included four new studio songs, with "Get Over It" and "Love Will Keep Us Alive" both becoming Top 40 hits. The album proved as successful as the tour, selling six million copies in the U.S. The tour was interrupted in September 1994 because of Frey's serious recurrence of diverticulitis, but it resumed in 1995 and continued into 1996. In 1998, the Eagles were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. For the induction ceremony, all seven Eagles members (Frey, Henley, Felder, Walsh, Schmit, Leadon, and Meisner) played together for two songs, "Take It Easy" and "Hotel California". Several subsequent reunion tours followed (without Leadon or Meisner), notable for their record-setting ticket prices. Eagles continued to be hugely successful mapping out their guarantee to be remembered in perpetuity. Deacon Frey and country artist Vince Gill joined the band in 2017 after the death of founding member Glenn Frey in 2016. No one would have guessed or predicted that a global pandemic would hit the world late in December 2019. All tours in March 2020 had to be cancelled. Eagles will live, be heard, enjoyed, release happiness, induce rhythm all in perpetuity. ∞

# CHAPTER 100 & FOUR

## Dave Brubeck (piano), 1920 - 2012

**"Jazz stands for freedom. It's supposed to be the voice of freedom"**

Herriot had this to say, "Brubeck, in perpetuity, was an American jazz pianist and composer, considered to be one of the foremost exponents of cool jazz. Brubeck's style ranged from refined to bombastic. His music is known for employing unusual time signatures, and superimposing contrasting rhythms, meters, and tonalities. His long-time musical partner, alto saxophonist Paul Desmond, wrote the saxophone melody for the Dave Brubeck Quartet's best remembered piece, 'Take Five' <sup>a</sup>". Gioia in his book, The History of Jazz<sup>b</sup> summarised many of the great keyboard players such as Peterson, Shearing, Jamal, Cole (King), Garner and Brubeck in support of the style of certain pianists quoted here that these six keyboardists belonged to a group that "developed a broader following for contemporary jazz" even although their individual styles were different "they were consummate performers skilled at smoothing the rough edges of modern piano and extending its appeal". Gioia was referring to other stylists such as Powell, Monk and Tristano who according to the author "may have redefined the role of the piano in modern jazz but their music was distinctly unsuitable for the mass market of the 1950s". Swing and Be-bop idioms were still heard all through the 60s and 70s and Brubeck contributed to those eras so much so that his unusual tonalities are listened to today and to a great extent will continue to be listened to as perpetuity takes over the listening habits of true jazz fans. With all its quirkiness Take Five and Unsquare Dance retain a certain mystery amongst musicians and avant-garde fans that the Rock era does not sustain. Composers and musicianship with the likes of Paul Desmond, Brubeck's saxophonist, were lauded and applauded by other great icons of the day such as Webster and Coltrane. Brubeck and Desmond were hip with a large dose of sophistication. In my days as a mathematics student in the late 50s and early 60s it was considered fashionable and intellectual to enjoy and understand the polyrhythms that were emerging within the jazz world. Giddins and DeVeaux had this to say; "Modernists accept bebop and its successors as the natural outcome of a musical revolution that progresses from simplicity to complexity"<sup>c</sup>. In those days, it was 'cool' to be 'cool', sometimes referred to as West Coast Jazz linked to whiteness. Nevertheless, Miles was cool although Wynton Marsalis mocked Davis and his changing moods and styles. Brubeck and Desmond struck the right chord when they began to develop and blow "hot and cool" according to Giddins and improvisation became the norm for jazz musicians. What can we do with these chord progressions that will appeal to the young and old? Desmond's Take Five and Brubeck's Blue Rondo à la Turk were sensational and defined the future for original improvisational jazz. The Modern Jazz Quartet and Mingus entered the

fold but not Wynton. West Coast remained cool while the East Coast and Miles caused a rise in temperature. As *A Kind of Blue* was maintained in the East by Miles, polyrhythms were also accepted by the avant-garde lot in the West inspired by the Brubeck Quartet (Brubeck-piano, Desmond-alto sax, Morello-drums, Wright-double bass plus sometimes Mulligan) who led the field to foster a positive image of cool jazz. It is this positiveness that will ensure the 'in perpetuity' of Brubeck. The Brubeck's innovative entry into unusual time signatures pre-empted other great instrumentalists such as Reinhardt, Grappelli and orchestra leader Mahavishnu to further experiment with five, seven or nine beats in a bar thus promoting a certain intellectual interest and adoration amongst a growing fan base. This collaborative interest especially amongst the top musicians of that era produced a new collegial rapprochement, a pushing of boundaries; Mingus wrote 'Goodbye Pork Pie Hat' for Lester Young and Dave composed 'The Duke' for Ellington. You are left to download and listen to the best of Brubeck including those mentioned and 'Kathy's Waltz', 'Stardust', 'Camptown Races' and 'The Trolley Song'. I'm beginning to understand myself. But it would have been great to be able to understand myself when I was 20 rather than when I was 82. QED.

<sup>a</sup> Herriot, (A Chronological e-Guide to Jazz), <sup>b</sup> Gioia, (The History of Jazz),  
<sup>c</sup> Giddins & Devaux (Jazz) ∞

# CHAPTER 100 & FIVE

## Tony Bennett (b. 1926)

### ***"Still Young"***

Herriot in 2014 wrote in his e-Guide to Jazz Over Three Centuries<sup>a</sup>, "'If you don't love your audience, stay home and practise'.

Anthony Dominick 'Tony' Benedetto (born August 3, 1926), known as Tony Bennett, is an American singer of traditional pop standards, show tunes, and jazz. Bennett is also an accomplished painter, having created works—under the name Anthony Benedetto—that are on permanent public display in several institutions. He is the founder of the Frank Sinatra School of the Arts in New York City. He had his first number-one popular song with 'Because of You' in 1951. Several top hits such as 'Rags to Riches' followed in the early 1950s. Bennett then further refined his approach to encompass jazz singing. He reached an artistic peak in the late 1950s with albums such as *The Beat of My Heart* and *Basie Swings, Bennett Sings*. In 1962, Bennett recorded his signature song, 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco'. Carolyn Leigh and Cy Coleman wrote 'The Best is Yet to Come' (Sinatra's hit) for him. Tony's career and his personal life then suffered an extended downturn during the height of the rock music era. He is now once again at the top of his profession exemplified with his link to Lady Gaga.



Ted Gioia in his seminal Guide to Jazz Standards cited Bennett eleven times indicating a powerful force from one of the longest serving vocalists to the music industry, "The song 'But Beautiful' (van Heusen and Burke) remained in the jazz repertoire during the 1950s covered by Stan Getz, Lionel Hampton and many more including Tony Bennett".<sup>b</sup> Fordham, The UK Guardian's Jazz critic had this to say, "In 2011 a 28 year old Amy Winehouse, in the last month of her life, eloquently showed her jazz roots in a duet on 'Body and Soul' with the 85 year old star singer Tony Bennett".<sup>c</sup>

The legendary Tony has enjoyed an illustrious career particularly with a bevy of beauties; Lady Gaga (Lady is a Tramp), Amy Winehouse (Body and Soul), Vanessa Williams (Winter Wonderland), Charlotte Church (Our Favourite Things), Diana Krall (Love is Here to Stay), Juanes (Shadow of your Smile in Spanish), Queen Latifah (Who Can I Turn To), Aretha Franklin (How Do You Keep the Music Playing), Mariah Carey (When Do Bells Ring for Me), Natalie Cole (Stormy Weather), Carrie Underwood (It Had to be You), Sheryl Crow (The Girl -Man- I Love), Norah Jones (Speak Low), KD Lang (What a Wonderful World), such is my curated list.

Tony embarked on a singing career in 1949. His break came the following year when Bob Hope heard him in a nightclub and invited him to share the stage during Hope's engagement at New York's Paramount Theatre. At the time, Bennett was working under the stage name of Joe Bari, which Hope thought was unmemorable. Reasoning that his given name of Anthony Benedetto was "too long to fit on the marquee," Hope rechristened the young singer Tony Bennett. Advancing years have altered the tone of the singer's celebrated voice, but not its power, and song references to passing time proved intensely soul stirring. He is now husky and a bit raspy but engaging. It is this 'engagement' with song, lyrics, rhythm, timing, mellifluousness and above all his benevolent and pleasing persona that will render him to be a crown 'in perpetuity'. He has been known to quip to his 'bevy'; "Beautiful girls, walk a little slower when you walk by me." This year 2020 in August he will be 94 yrs young. In my e-Guide<sup>d</sup>, Tony, along with Eugene Wright (Brubeck, b 1923) and Roy Haynes (session drummer, b 1925), are listed making Tony the 3rd oldest in the race to perpetuity.

<sup>a</sup> Herriot, (A Chronological e-Guide to Jazz), <sup>b</sup> Gioia, (Jazz Standards),

<sup>c</sup> Fordham, (The Knowledge), <sup>d</sup> ibid ∞

# CHAPTER 100 & SIX

## One hundred articles for SRT

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I wish to celebrate my 100th article for River Talk by journeying and sketching through a sample of my quotes from Volume 75 November 2011 (my 1st entry) to Volume 181 December 2020 (not my last). Ibsen is quoted as hypothesising a now well-established adage "A picture is worth a thousand words". May I differ, Henrik, Herriot articulates that "A thousand words are worth more than a sketch", well his words. I wrote of Anita O' Day as she sang Sweet Georgia Brown at the 1958 Newport Jazz festival "Why is it that the songs of the great masters such as Bernie, Porter and Gershwin continue to be sung and played?". Moving on in Volume 76 I observed a unique development in jazz "One of the very best exponents of scat singing was the legendary Ella Fitzgerald (1917-96), the First Lady of Song". On examining Louis Armstrong's tour of the UK in Volume 80, I noted that in 1956 "The British public began to rhythmically cheer the great ostentatious artist's wiping of the beads of sweat with his handkerchief at every bar during a powerful and virtuoso performance". I penned admiringly in Volume 82 of pianist Sir George Shearing (my hero) "As I struggled with A# minor double octave scales, I could hardly contain myself to try out his unique jazz arrangements, such as I'm in the Mood For Love (McHugh and Fields, 1935) and its lavish big chords". In Volume 83 of the greatest jazz vocalist of all time, Frank Sinatra, I essayed with acclaim "He did it His Way in the wee small hours, All The Way". In Volume 90 I turned my attention to the iconic lyricists and composers, none other than Cole Porter taken from the 2004 movie 'De-Lovely' "This is a 'must-watch' film for enthusiasts of the Cole Porter genre where you will be able to enjoy a veritable galaxy of songs by an encyclopaedic collection of world-class jazz artists ranging from Natalie Cole, Robbie Williams to Diana Krall and Elvis Costello". In Volume 95, I reverted back to my first passion, jazz piano, and one of the most influential jazz pianists of today, and in perpetuity tomorrow, Dave Brubeck and his quartet "his novel, intelligent rhythms, classical structures and brilliant sidemen made him a towering figure in modern jazz". Abdullah Ibrahim in Volume 105 caught my attention "this no-nonsense South African 'dollar brand' pianist b 1934 is still dominating various genres and international scenes between the US and South Africa; African Jazz, African Folk and Post-Bop". Nina Simone was unique and different in Volume 110 "From 1958 onwards, Nina prodigiously recorded more than 40 albums of jazz including her own eclectic style influenced by her politics. She was outspoken and often was heard to include shouts of "freedom" in her studio recordings". In Volume 140, I concentrated on the many greats who had passed on "it would be grossly remiss of me not to authoritatively acknowledge the passing of many highly acclaimed musos in the past years or so including

Bowie, Sinatra, Prince and Cohen", in order to demonstrate the wide parity of my strong interest in the spectrum of jazz genres. Volume 146 took me to Great Jazz Books, and this is how I announced my interest. "I came across a real gem a little while back "Jazz Anecdotes Second Time Around", (Cahn and Van Heusen) by Bill Crow (2004) described as a 'scintillating omnium gathering of jazz talk' by the Washington Post. I judged this is my kinda' book! The sort of text that takes one inside the mind of jazz musicians eg "How late does the band play?" Answer: "About half a beat behind the drummer". In Volume 162, I decided it was time to acknowledge other highly regarded and popular bands, The Beatles (quite a shift from my main thesis) "It would be hugely wanton of me while in the poetical lyrics mood not to acknowledge the Fab Four, two of whom must be acclaimed for their utter prominence as insanely fresh songwriters during that fateful decade; the 60s, yes John and Paul of The Beatles. As a foursome including George and Ringo, they were severely unmatched for sheer raw Scousian lyrical talent that became household colloquy Across The Universe from Liverpool, the UK to USA to India and beyond". BACHARACH AND DAVID - I'm never gonna stop the rain by complainin' appeared in Volume 165. "Hal (lyricist, 1921-2012) and Burt (composer, 1928-) professionally consorted with their first song "The Story of My Life" while both of them were working at the musical industry Brill Building, New York, 1957". "Burt and Hal did not see eye to eye thus creating gaps, lawsuits flying around and changing partners Angie Dickinson (Burt) to Carole Bayer Sager, Anne to Eunice (Hal)". But what wonderful compositions and lyrics from the pair. In Volume 167, I made yet another leap of faith and found myself recalling my early youth and actually enjoying Elton John. Watching Rocket Man brought back my memories. "The ingredient steps include his deceptively boyish appearance, prodigious talent, outrageously chavish stage dress code (Buddy Holly specs, hat# and all the gear), his tours internationally, his exponentially numerous awards, complete openness to personal relationships, rehab, attention to AIDS Foundation, (That's What Friends Are For with Dionne Warwick and Gladys Knight), his unerring genius to compose myriad melodies and scores for stage, movies, records, albums, legendary venues, stadia, music halls, parks, sharing superlative performances with equally iconic stars of the decade". This led me almost naturally into the new decade 2020 and what it meant for me. In Volume 173 I had this to indicate "For the next ten years or "decades" in perpetuity, for SRT, I have decided to evolve and develop my "Living Soundtrack" monthly article title into "Perpetual Soundtrack". Not only am I creating a new word (OED beware and pay attention), I am embarking, in my pre-dead state, on a wider approach to my monthly linguistic musical efforts on various genres to celebrate a new decade, my 9th. It is with great pleasure that I offer my 100th article, Volume 181 in this month of December 2020. Just over one thousand words and hopefully a visible literary sketch of



my authorship in the field of musicology and essaying about jazz, the many genres, rhythms and history of iconic musicians that have resided in my being over the decades. I should say that I came on board in February 2011, Volume 66 as a contributor and wordsmith to various village themes. From my researches of all Volumes there are only two contributors continuing to write; Phil Murray and Nas Terblanche with of course Seymour Paterson the datasmith on rainfall. From Volume 1 (February, 2005), there has been a galaxy of memorable and notable contributors such as Peter Younghusband, Martin Ranger, Fred Hatman, Jami Kastner and many, many more. ∞



# CHAPTER 100 & SEVEN

## It's In My Soul

**"Music in the Soul can be heard by the Universe" - Lao Tzu**

In drawing, together, the abundance of threads that have weaved and shaped my being, and without being too portentous, I wish to modestly draw these memoirs to a pause and reflect on the coming 9th decade and allow denouement to, quietly and mildly, run its course timeously with grace, accompanied by peacefulness and harmonious tranquillity. My lifetime with piano music can be summed up collectively and emotionally to include:

amusement, joy, satisfaction, excitement, desire, beauty, alluring, relaxation, sadness, dreaminess, triumph, anxiety, nervousness, scariness, annoyance, defiance, stress relief, soulful, and feeling pumped up.

It should be said that the above musical emotions were punctuated with my burning ambition and desire to succeed intellectually and viscerally. To be able to play moderately Brubeck's Take 5 has been a strong allure since I first heard it as a teenager, eager to play jazz piano. I am pumped up by the fact that I can now manage a simplified version hence my latest Band or Combo has been designated using the signature "Take" followed by a numeral to acknowledge my jazz members eg Take 3 which will manoeuvre me into the completion of my 8th decade and who knows yet another decade awaits.

During my years in, Kenya, I did not possess a keyboard or a piano, but I did think music and daydreamed about the Past especially my time in Lesotho. In those days I formed many ad hoc groups to support drama functions for Maseru Players and like all accomplished jazz musicians, I memorised many tunes and melodies so that I could practise improvisations with a modest satisfaction. While in Kenya, I recall, I was having dinner with friends in Mombasa when a local jazz quartet struck up. I became enthused and found it quite alluring as I recognised many of the numbers being played. The band leader during the break came to our table and asked if there were any musically inclined guests here. Much to Cathryn my wife's total amazement and that of our friends I responded positively and volunteered to sit in with the base player. There was anxiety and a hint of nervous unease from my co-diners about 'what on earth is he going to do – he hasn't played anything remotely close to jazz for a few years'. Hence in defiance I played "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" because the impro in the middle section included a clever 2 bar sequence (riff) which I learnt and remembered from my jazz lessons some forty years prior. Shock, horror, scariness, stress relief, so there(!) and triumph all in 32 bars. Stand up and take a bow. Such joy.

To recapitulate the myriad (as in stars and sand grains) emotions experienced over 7 decades is not abundantly easy and hopefully not necessary as has been expressed, (through my musical involvement in many countries), with

vigour, throughout this autobiographical Living Soundtrack. One cannot forget the thrill of performing before an audience as a youngster, the excitement to sit with a dance band of Scottish musicians, the immense satisfaction in directing musical adventures for stage, the joy of responding to appreciative applause at collective events, being able to form and lead jazz groups, sharing my learning with young students, writing and authoring reading matter and essays on the themes of music and performers and above all understanding the beauty that learning can never be complete until it is complete; those overwhelming sentiments encapsulate my world and my being.

My Past took place somewhat unscathed not without trepidation and inquisition, some measures of regret all within an abundance of whiffs of satisfaction as my life's concerto of achievements, within the context of my domesticity, ancestry and genealogy, were developing; enjoying tunes, learning to play the piano, taking an interest in jazz and realising a strong link between mathematics and music and hence pursuing a career in mathematics education juxtaposed with musical recreations.

My Present has been enriched with musical experiences and innumerable people of diverse interests and skills, multiple musicians, fellow like-minded associates, a need to balance time and energy between career and musical pursuits, my evolving interest in musicology, and above all the support and encouragement from a wonderful family and friends. Naturally, there is sadness within the confines of music. In every Soundtrack there are low moments, and indeed light moments (my favourite anecdote, being in Lesotho, when, during rehearsals, one young stage aspirant came to me: "I've left my husband", "Not to worry, sweetheart", I quickly responded, "I'll send someone to collect him"). There are also moments of impulsive staccato (rehearsals), moments to mark a strong tenuto (never get annoyed with performers and their performances), periodical moments for glissandos (The Butterfly Centre, Movie Night, regular fitness with joggers, musical arrangements, writing, keyboard practice) to pack myriad experiences of planning and organising into life's routines embracing the full melodic and harmonic score which thankfully note for note continues to evoke an even tone of accomplishments (retirement and daily activities).

It only remains to consider and reflect on the Perpetual that which is beyond: Who cares? Why should they? What is there to contemplate? When will it happen? How will 'in perpetuity' take place if it ever does? These are deep questions, and it is not for me to provide answers. My Living Soundtrack, with its rhythmic time signatures and ancestral footprints and chronicling across the decades, can be navigated and only time will tell. I am content to allow those who follow me to make the call. My symphony is complete in readiness for consumption, transcription, and resolution. It is my soulful legacy to those who remain. ∞

## **ALMOST MY LAST WORD**

Andrew Herriot is a jazz enthusiast and has been for as long as he can remember. This is his 2nd book where the theme is music, the 1st being "A Chronological E-Guide to Jazz - Late 19th Century to 2015". At an early age Andrew was inspired by the Scottish 9 finger jazz pianist Bill McGuffie and subsequently George Shearing inspired him to try out his lush chords. At a young age in his teens Andrew played piano in a Scottish Country Dance Band and became interested in playing piano more seriously. When studying Applied Mathematics at the Heriot Watt University, Edinburgh, Scotland, he hired a professional jazz pianist to introduce him to playing what he believed to be improvisational jazz.

Throughout his long career as a teacher of mathematics he continued to experiment and improve his style of piano playing and accompaniment mostly through amateur dramatic shows and informal cabarets as an expatriate education adviser in many countries.

This book reflects a lifetime of involvement in music.

# NOTES

## Foreword

<sup>1</sup> This is a Jazz Encyclopaedic Pictorial Reference Manual available in Hard Copy and E-Soft Copy for jazz enthusiasts and I invite you to join me on a journey beginning around 1865. It is not esoteric, eclectic, yes. It is for those jazz enthusiasts, researchers, after-dinner speakers, playlist compilers, events managers and students who have a bent for history and a large dose of innate laziness and curiosity especially if you are interested in the origins of jazz and what the genre means and how it came to be.  
<https://gum.co/KGvIP>

<sup>2</sup> The Stanford River Talk is a monthly publication supporting the community of the quaint and unique town of Stanford situated on the banks of the Klein River in the Overberg region of South Africa.

<sup>3</sup> The Jazzfordians currently “JazzFordians” is a small combo of local vocalists, based in Stanford and keyboardist (author) plus occasional musicians to enhance the complete sound to suit the occasion.

<sup>3a</sup> Being (upper case) is defined in Jordan B. Peterson’s book; 12 Rules for Life - An Antidote to Chaos, taken from the German philosopher Martin Heidegger where he distinguishes between objective reality and the totality of human experiences.

## Chapter 1

<sup>4</sup> Macmerry (Gaelic: Magh Mhoire) is a large village located on the old A1 (now renumbered the A199) just east of Tranent. The village has a primary school with a roll of around 100. There is an industrial estate to the east of the town. Originally this area was part of the Macmerry Aerodrome, also known as Penston, which closed in 1953. There was a railway branch line until 1960 which served the local coal mines. In 2009 a community based history project was launched by the Living Memory Association. The Macmerry Lives[permanent dead link] project collected memories of the school, pottery making, the aerodrome, mining industry and local farming.

<sup>5</sup> The title of this book originated from the Editor of The Stanford River Talk at the time I was encouraged to write regular monthly articles about jazz music and the like as it pertained to my life. I am grateful and pleased to sweepingly transfer the overture as it identifies the wide range of contributory inserts throughout.

## Chapter 2

<sup>6</sup> <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q4W-575i52Q> (Secret love)

## Chapter 3

<sup>7a</sup> East Lothian (/ˈlɒθiən/; Scots: Aest Lowden; Scottish Gaelic: Loidainn an Ear), is one of the 32 council areas of Scotland, and a lieutenancy area. For a time, it was also known as Haddingtonshire.

It borders the City of Edinburgh, Midlothian and the Scottish Borders.

Its administrative centre is Haddington, although its largest town is Musselburgh. East Lothian is also the name of a registration county, which has different boundaries to the council area.

<sup>7</sup> "It is important to state, key to my memories, that Granny Herriot played a significant role in the development of my early musical agenda (Ch 1). In our small Macmerry Community, particular attention is always paid to those who part from this living world. The local graveyard is visited regularly by mourners in reverence to the loss. Me and my close family are no exceptions even if we now live far away. My cousin visited the graves of our dear departed family and sent this video."



## Chapter 4

<sup>8</sup> <http://.youtube.com/watch?v=W-6n1M8rfro> (Slow Boat to China)

## Chapter 5

<sup>9</sup> Born: 21 January, 1937, in Tranent. Died: 4 August, 2008, in Edinburgh, aged 71. JIM Johnstone was predestined to become a major force in the Scottish dance band scene. Born in Tranent in 1937, he became the ultimate star in the galaxy of musical talent that was the Johnstone family. His grandparents' home boasted six accordionists, a trumpeter and a fiddler, and the house was a magnet for visitors, including Jimmy Shand. His father, George, and his Uncle John (lived above us in Macmerry) were regular pre-war broadcasters, and when Jim formed his own line-up, there were four Johnstone bands in Tranent.

<sup>10</sup> Princes Street Gardens is a public park in the centre of Edinburgh, Scotland, in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle. The Gardens were created in two phases in the 1770s and 1820s. The gardens run along the south side of Princes Street and are divided by The Mound. East Princes Street Gardens run from The Mound to Waverley Bridge, and cover 8.5 acres (34,000 m<sup>2</sup>). In the East Gardens most prominent is the Scott Monument, a Gothic spire built in 1844 to honour Sir Walter Scott. Within East Princes Street Gardens there are statues of the explorer David Livingstone. The world renowned Floral clock was first planted in 1903 and each year the planting scheme commemorates a special anniversary.

## **Chapter 6**

<sup>11</sup> African-American music is an umbrella term covering a diverse range of musics and musical genres largely developed by African Americans. Their origins are in musical forms that arose out of the historical condition of slavery that characterized the lives of African Americans prior to the American Civil War. The modern genres of blues and ragtime were developed during the late 19th century by fusing West African vocalizations - which employed the natural harmonic series, and blue notes.

## **Chapter 7**

<sup>12</sup> A bob or two in old pre-decimal money ie equals 2/- ie 2 bob. Of course bob-a-job was the old Boy Scout mantra which we all supported taking on any task for the princely sum of 1/- , one shilling (5½p UK).

<sup>12a</sup> Lang May Yer Lum Reek is a Scottish Aphorism which refers to a greeting saying that the person greeting, wishes that the other person should live long and be warm with a good fire blowing up the chimney.

## **Chapter 8**

<sup>13</sup> Scat. Humour is another important element of scat singing. Cab Calloway exemplified the use of humorous scatting. Other examples of humorous scatting include Slim Gaillard, Leo Watson, and Bam Brown's 1945 "Avocado Seed Soup Symphony", in which the singers scat variations on the word "avocado" for much of the recording. In addition to such nonsensical uses of language, humour is communicated in scat singing through the use of musical quotation. Leo Watson, who performed before the canon of American popular music, frequently drew on nursery rhymes in his scatting.

## **Chapter 9**

<sup>14</sup> Sir Jimmy Shand, who has died at the age of 92, was the musical icon of Scotland's tartan sub-culture. Over more than half a century, his name was synonymous with a certain style of Scottish music and with a nostalgic image of Scotland which has proved eminently marketable around the world.

His recordings sold by the million and, from the 1940s to the 1970s, the name of Jimmy Shand and his Band would fill halls throughout the United Kingdom as well as in any centre of the Scottish diaspora, New York's Carnegie Hall included. In 1955, his Bluebell Polka was one of the most unlikely top 20 entrants of even that eclectic musical era.

## **Chapter 10**

<sup>15</sup> 1984 Olympic Games and depicted in the program was Urban Rhapsody'. Music played was George Gershwin's American classic "Rhapsody in Blue". From the Coliseum's peristals, 85 grand pianos appeared. Followed by the orchestra and over 200 dancers. Followed immediately by The World Stage,



a 1940s big band orchestra medley featuring songs mostly from Broadway, the movies and pop charts. Among the songs heard in this segment were "Sing, Sing, Sing", "Steppin' Out with My Baby" from Easter Parade, "One" from A Chorus Line, the theme from Fame, and the Michael Jackson hit "Beat It". Joining the orchestra were 1500 dancers. The segment ends with the entire cast forming the outlined map of the United States to the strains of "America the Beautiful".

## **Chapter 11**

<sup>16</sup> George Watson's College is a co-educational independent day school in Scotland, situated on Colinton Road, in the Merchiston area of Edinburgh. It was first established as a hospital school in 1741, became a day school in 1871, and was merged with its sister school George Watson's Ladies College in 1974. It is a Merchant Company of Edinburgh school and a member of the Headmasters' and Headmistresses' Conference.

## **Chapter 12**

<sup>17</sup> Avant-garde jazz originated in the mid- to late 1950s among a group of improvisors who rejected the conventions of bebop and post bop in an effort to blur the division between the written and the spontaneous. It came to be applied to music differing from free jazz, emphasizing structure and organization by the use of composed melodies, shifting but nevertheless predetermined meters and tonalities, and distinctions between soloists and accompaniment. Musicians identified with this early stage of the style include Cecil Taylor, Lennie Tristano, Jimmy Giuffre, Sun Ra, and Ornette Coleman.

## **Chapter 13**

<sup>18</sup> High Life. In the 1920s, Ghanaian musicians incorporated foreign influences like the foxtrot and calypso with Ghanaian rhythms like osibisaba (Fante). Highlife was associated with the local African aristocracy during the colonial period, and was played by numerous bands including the Jazz Kings, Cape Coast Sugar Babies, and Accra Orchestra along the county's coast.<sup>[6]</sup> The high class audience members who enjoyed the music in select clubs gave the music its name.

<sup>19</sup> Kwame Nkrumah PC (21 September 1909[a] – 27 April 1972) was a Ghanaian politician and revolutionary. He was the first prime minister and president of Ghana, having led it to independence from Britain in 1957. An influential advocate of Pan-Africanism, Nkrumah was a founding member of the Organization of African Unity and winner of the Lenin Peace Prize in 1962.

After twelve years abroad pursuing higher education, developing his political philosophy, and organizing with other diasporic pan-Africanists, Nkrumah returned to Gold Coast to begin his political career as an advocate of national independence.

<sup>19a</sup> As Temple's entertainment work petered out, she refocused her efforts

on a career in public service. In 1967, she ran unsuccessfully for a U.S. congressional seat. From 1969 to '70, she served as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. Temple was appointed ambassador to Ghana in 1974. Two years later, she became chief of protocol of the United States, a position that she would hold until 1977.

## Chapter 14

<sup>20</sup> The Mountain Kingdom. In 1869, the British signed a treaty at Aliwal North with the Boers that defined the boundaries of Basutoland, and later Lesotho, which by ceding the western territories effectively reduced Moshoeshoe's Kingdom to half its previous size.

Following the cession in 1869, the British initially transferred functions from Moshoeshoe's capital in Thaba Bosiu to a police camp on the northwest border, Maseru, until administration of Basutoland was transferred to the Cape Colony in 1871. Moshoeshoe died on 11 March 1870, marking the end of the traditional era and the beginning of the colonial era. He was buried at Thaba Bosiu. In the early years of British rule between 1871 and 1884, Basutoland was treated similarly to other territories that had been forcefully annexed, much to the chagrin of the Basotho.[9] This led to the Gun War in 1881.

In 1884, Basutoland was restored its status as a protectorate, with Maseru again its capital, but remained under direct rule by a governor, though effective internal power was wielded by traditional chiefs.

<sup>21</sup> Rondavels can be found in the countries of Southern Africa, including: South Africa, Lesotho (where the hut is also known as a mokhoro), Swaziland, Botswana, and others.



## Chapter 15

<sup>22</sup> The terms "standard" and "jazz standard" are often used when one is referring to popular and jazz music compositions. A quick search of the internet reveals, however, that the definitions of these terms can vary widely. So what is a standard? Comparing definitions from a number of dictionaries and music scholars (see External Definitions, below) and basing a definition on the points on which they are in agreement, it is reasonable to state:

A "standard" is a composition that is held in continuing esteem and is commonly used in musical repertoires.

And,

A "jazz standard" is a composition that is held in continuing esteem and is commonly used as the basis of jazz arrangements and improvisations.

Sometimes the term "jazz standard" is used to imply a jazz composition that has become a standard. Words and phrases often have multiple valid meanings and this term is no exception. At this site we will use the definition having the more general acceptance, one that allows compositions from

any origin. To better understand our decision, consider the contents of the following sheet music collection titled Jazz Standards

## Chapter 16

<sup>23</sup> Contrapuntal music has two or more separate tunes that are played or sung at the same time.

## Chapter 17

<sup>24</sup> Mark C. Gridley, writing in the All Music Guide to Jazz, identifies four overlapping sub-categories of cool jazz:

1. "Soft variants of bebop," including the Miles Davis recordings that constitute Birth of the Cool; the complete works of the Modern Jazz Quartet; the output of Gerry Mulligan, especially his work with Chet Baker and Bob Brookmeyer; the music of Stan Kenton's sidemen during the late 1940s through the 1950s; and the works of George Shearing and Stan Getz.
2. The output of modern players who eschewed bebop in favor of advanced swing-era developments and invented a modern Jazz Alternative to the Bebop style , other consider " cool jazz ", including Lennie Tristano, Lee Konitz, and Warne Marsh; Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond; and performers such as Jimmy Giuffre and Dave Pell who were influenced by Count Basie and Lester Young's small-group music.
3. Musicians from either of the previous categories who were active in California from the 1940s through the 1960s, developing what came to be known as West Coast jazz.
4. "Exploratory music with a subdued effect by Teddy Charles, Chico Hamilton, John LaPorta, and their colleagues during the 1950s."

## Chapter 18

<sup>25</sup> #metoo, a 2018 meme and an outcry from women across the globe who have been and are being harassed sexually.



## Chapter 19

<sup>26</sup> Sinatra - "May you live to be 100 and may the last voice you hear be mine"



## Chapter 20

<sup>27</sup> Young Qatari Arabs enjoying the sand dunes.

## Chapter 21

<sup>28</sup> Herbie Hancock, as artistic Director, has been involved in numerous International Jazz Day events each year on 30th April, most recently St Petersburg, previously Paris, New Orleans and Cuba.



## Chapter 22

<sup>29</sup> In essence, Old Tyme Music Hall brought together a variety of different acts which together formed an evening of light hearted entertainment.

The origins of Music Hall are found in a number of institutions which provided entertainment in the populous towns and cities of Britain in the 1830s. These were:

- The backroom of the pub, where simple sing-songs gave way to the singing saloon concert.
- Popular theatre, sometimes in pub saloons but mainly at travelling fairs.
- Song & Supper Rooms, where more affluent middle class men would enjoy a night out on the town.
- The Pleasure Gardens, where entertainment became more low brow as the years passed.

## Chapter 23

<sup>30</sup> Live at the Montreal Jazz Festival is the second DVD by Canadian jazz pianist and vocalist Diana Krall, released on 23 November 2004 via Verve label. The album was recorded live on 29 June 2004 at Bell Centre, Montreal.

### Track listing

1. "Sometimes I Just Freak Out"
2. "All or Nothing at All"
3. "Stop This World"
4. "The Girl in the Other Room"
5. "Abandoned Masquerade"
6. "I'm Coming Through"
7. "Temptation"
8. "East of the Sun (and West of the Moon)"
9. "Devil May Care"
10. "Black Crow"
11. "Narrow Daylight"
12. "Love me Like a Man"
13. "Departure Bay"

## Chapter 24

<sup>31</sup> Yentl, The dramatic story incorporates humor and music to relate the story of an Ashkenazi Jewish girl in Poland who decides to dress and live

like a man so that she can receive an education in Talmudic Law after her father dies. This cultural gender asymmetry that Yentl endures has been referenced in the medical community with the coining of the phrase Yentl Syndrome. The film's musical score and songs, composed by Michel Legrand, include the songs "Papa, Can You Hear Me?" and "The Way He Makes Me Feel", both sung by Streisand. The film received the Academy Award for Best Original Score and the Golden Globe Awards for Best Motion Picture—Musical or Comedy and Best Director for Streisand, making her the first woman to have won Best Director at the Golden Globes.

## **Chapter 25**

<sup>32</sup> Craigie College of Education, 1964-1993

Craigie College of Education was opened in 1964 to train primary school teachers, mainly for the south west of Scotland. It was established in response to increasing primary school rolls and a shortage of primary school teachers.

The College developed close links with the University of Strathclyde, with the College's degrees and certificates being validated and awarded by the University.

In 1993, the College merged with the University of Paisley. It is now a fully credentialed University of the West of Scotland with four campuses in Paisley, Hamilton, Dumfries and Ayr,

## **Chapter 27**

<sup>33</sup> Thandi Klaasen, the daughter of a shoemaker and a domestic worker, grew up in the historical Sophiatown. She earned respect as a singer and dancer in various churches around Sophiatown. Her musical career started in the mid-1950s when she used to perform for ten shillings. She then started performing with groups such as the Gaieties and the Harlem Swingsters, but her career took off when she performed with Dolly Rathebe, Miriam Makeba, Dorothy Masuku and Sophie Mgcinna.

Thandi's songs range in style from brass to Mbqanga. She has shared the stage with the likes of Roberta Flack and Patti Labelle. In 1976 she received the count Pushkin award for best female vocalist. Thandi Klaasen died on 15 January 2017 at the age of 86.

## **Chapter 28**

<sup>34</sup> Nsimba (nshima) is a dish made from maize flour (white cornmeal) and water and is a staple food in Zambia (nshima/ ubwali) and Malawi (nsima).

## **Chapter 29**

<sup>35</sup> A shebeen (Irish: síbín) was originally an illicit bar or club where excisable alcoholic beverages were sold without a licence. The term has spread far from its origins in Ireland, to Scotland, Canada, the United States, England, Zimbabwe, the English-speaking Caribbean, Namibia, and South Africa.

In modern South Africa, many “shebeens” are now fully legal. The word derives from the Irish síbín, meaning ‘illicit whiskey’.

## **Chapter 30**

<sup>36</sup> Tolkiennesque, J(ohn) R(onald) R(euel). JRR Tolkien, 1892–1973, British philologist and writer, born in South Africa. He is best known for *The Hobbit* (1937), the trilogy *The Lord of the Rings* (1954–55), and the posthumously published *The Silmarillion* (1977)

## **Chapter 32**

<sup>37</sup> DNA is a molecule composed of two chains (made of nucleotides) which coil around each other to form a double helix carrying the genetic instructions used in the growth, development, functioning and reproduction of all known living organisms and many viruses. DNA contains the genetic information that allows all modern living things to function, grow and reproduce. However, it is unclear how long in the 4-billion-year history of life DNA has performed this function.

## **Chapter 34**

<sup>38</sup> Ben Nevis, Britain’s tallest mountain, is a little bit bigger than we thought. The Ordnance Survey (OS), has re-measured the Scottish peak and its official height is now put at 1,345m - a metre taller than before.

## **Chapter 36**

<sup>39</sup> Guadalcanal Island, largest island of the country of Solomon Islands, southwestern Pacific Ocean, Capital city, Honiara. The island has an area of 2,047 square miles (5,302 square km) and is of volcanic origin. It has a mountainous spine (Kavo Range) that culminates in Mount Popomanaseu (7,644 feet [2,330 metres]), the highest point in the country.

## **Chapter 40**

<sup>40</sup> Pijin is an English-based creole spoken in the Solomon Islands by about 300,000 people, about 24,000 of whom speak it as a first language. Pijin is also known as Solomons Pidgin, Neo-Solomonic or Kanaka and is closely related to Tok Pisin, Bislama and Torres Strait Creole.

During the 19th century an English-based pidgin developed among Melanesian islanders working in sugar cane plantations in Queensland, Samoa, Fiji and New Caledonia. It was during this time that some 13,000 Solomon Islanders were taken to work in plantations in Australia. They used the pidgin, which was known as Kanaka, and took it back to the Solomon Islands with them when they were forcefully repatriated in the early 20th century.

Solomon Islands Pidgin or Pijin developed into a distinct language and became the lingua franca of the Solomon Islands, however the orthography and grammar have yet to be standardised. Of some interest another Pidgin Fanagolo - is a pidgin (simplified language) based primarily on Zulu, with

English and a small Afrikaans input. It is used as a lingua franca, mainly in the gold, diamond, coal and copper mining industries in South Africa and to a lesser extent in the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Namibia, Zambia, Lesotho (often heard during my stay in Maseru) and Zimbabwe.

## **Chapter 44**

<sup>41</sup> As-Salaam-Alaikum the Arabic greeting meaning "Peace be unto you," was the standard salutation among members of the Nation of Islam. The greeting was routinely deployed whenever and wherever Muslims gathered and interacted, whether socially or within worship and other contexts. "Wa-Alaikum-Salaam," meaning "And unto you peace," was the standard response. Muslim ministers and audiences regularly exchanged the salutation at the beginning and end of lectures and sermons. Common in the Arab world, the greeting was one of the few linguistic conventions of Eastern or "orthodox" Islam that the Nation retained in its original, Arabic form. The Muslim practice of hailing fellow Muslims and others with "As-Salaam-Alaikum" mirrored the tradition in popular Black culture of swapping evocative and expressive salutations such as "What's happening?"

## **Chapter 49**

<sup>42</sup> Tin Pan Alley, genre of American popular music that arose in the late 19th century from the American song-publishing industry centred in New York City.

The genre took its name from the byname of the street on which the industry was based, being on 28th Street between Fifth Avenue and Broadway in the early 20th century; around Broadway and 32nd Street in the 1920s; and ultimately on Broadway between 42nd and 50th streets. The phrase tin pan referred to the sound of pianos furiously pounded by the so-called song pluggers, who demonstrated tunes to publishers. Tin Pan Alley comprised the commercial music of songwriters of ballads, dance music, and vaudeville, and its name eventually became synonymous with American popular music in general. When these genres first became prominent, the most profitable commercial product of Tin Pan Alley was sheet music for home consumption, and songwriters, lyricists, and popular performers laboured to produce music to meet the demand.

The growth of film, audio recording, radio, and television created an increased demand for more and different kinds of music, and Tin Pan Alley was rendered actually and metaphorically dead as other music-publishing centres arose to supply melodies for these genres.

## **Chapter 52**

<sup>43</sup> The Blues Hall of Fame, From Robert Johnson to Etta James. From Muddy Waters to Stevie Ray Vaughan – Beginning the moment you arrive at the Blues Hall of Fame Museum, you become immersed in the Blues. Upstairs, enjoy the rotating exhibits of our Legendary Rhythm and Blues Cruise Gallery. Downstairs, become immersed in our interactive touch-

screens where you can hear the best in Blues music, watch historic videos, and read Blues Hall of Famer biographies while engaging directly with the artifacts and memorabilia that honors those who have made the Blues timeless. Our unique facility in the heart of Memphis' South Main District makes for the ideal venue to host your next office party, birthday soiree, or rehearsal dinner, where your guests can truly experience Memphis as the Home of The Blues.

## **Chapter 54**

<sup>44</sup> Euro Vision Song Contest, At the first Contest, each country was allowed to submit two songs each with a maximum duration of three minutes. Nowadays, it is still required that each song not exceed three minutes in length, although many artists record the song in a longer version, simply performing a shorter version at the Contest. The number of participating countries has grown throughout the Contest's history, and since 1993 the rules have been changed several times to both limit the number of finalists and to allow for participation by former Soviet and Yugoslav republics, Warsaw Pact nations and others.

## **Chapter 60**

<sup>45</sup> Picinisco (locally Pecenische) is a comune (municipality) in the Province of Frosinone in the Italian region Lazio, located about 120 kilometres (75 mi) east of Rome and about 45 kilometres (28 mi) east of Frosinone. It is included in the Valle di Comino and National Park of Abruzzo, Lazio e Molise.

Picinisco was already inhabited, by Sabellian peoples, before it was subsumed into the expanding Roman empire over two thousand years ago. The first surviving written record of Picinisco dates from the middle of the 12th century, when King Roger II of Sicily defined through a decree the territorial limits of the adjacent town of Atina. From then until 1806, Piciniso belonged to the Duchy of Alvito, a fiefdom within the Kingdom of Naples, and later on was part of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. During the Italian unification process, Picinisco became part of the Kingdom of Italy in 1861.

<sup>45a</sup> Far From the Tree: Parents, Children, and the Search for Identity is a non-fiction book by Andrew Solomon published in November 2012 in the United States. Solomon's startling proposition is that diversity is what unites us all. He writes about families coping with deafness, dwarfism, Down syndrome, autism, schizophrenia, multiple severe disabilities, with talented children who are prodigies, who are conceived in rape, who become criminals, who are transgender. While each of these characteristics is potentially isolating, the experience of difference within families is universal, as are the triumphs of love which Solomon documents in every chapter.

## **Chapter 61**

<sup>46</sup> The UAE Emirates: is a federal sovereign absolute monarchy in Western Asia at the southeast end of the Arabian Peninsula on the Persian Gulf,

bordering Oman to the east and Saudi Arabia to the south, as well as sharing maritime borders with Qatar to the west and Iran to the north. The country is a federation of seven emirates consisting of Abu Dhabi (which serves as the capital), Ajman, Dubai, Fujairah, Ras al-Khaimah, Sharjah and Umm al-Quwain. Each emirate is governed by a Ruler; together, they jointly form the Federal Supreme Council. One of the rulers serves as the President of the United Arab Emirates.<sup>[8]</sup> In 2013, the UAE's population was 9.2 million, of which 1.4 million are Emirati citizens and 7.8 million are expatriates.

## Chapter 73

<sup>47a</sup> The Home of project jazz keyboards

@Castle Herriot's music room with its available sound/projection resources

Andrew Herriot, 9 Adderley Street, Stanford (aherriot70@gmail.com)

Project mission for beginners who have acquired basic skills to play light jazz™

Andrew will share his know-how and skills at his multi-purpose music room to:

- Understand and learn elementary jazz principles (Chord theory and scales)
- Experience, listen and know more about diverse jazz genres (melody)
- Practise playing swing jazz on a keyboard (rhythm and harmony)

### Project Aim

To offer cooperative (small groups x3 or 4) or individual learning sessions (modular lesson plans and homework designed to match beginners' ability) in aspects of easy keyboard rhythmic jazz playing and accompaniment (Adults & Youth) (Modular Lesson Plans™ And Homework™

Start-up project programme summary and objectives

Individual/Cooperative learners, on completion of the programme, will be able to:

- Identify and name all parts (keys) of an 88 keyboard and how they are related
- Know how to read preparatory musical notation for the treble clef right hand
- Formulate on keys to name basic harmonic triad chords with right and left 1-3-5 fingering and practise playing these chords
- Understand how sharps and flats relate to the construction of a major scale using half and whole note intervals
- Play 6 piano scales (C, G, D, A, F, Bb) with both hands using correct fingering and then progress to all 12 scales (C#, Eb, E, F#, Ab, B)
- Practise arpeggios and chromatics with both hands on single/double octaves

- Speak the language of chords and form fingering shapes on the keyboard
- Recognise the alphabetic notation for basic chords including 7ths, augmented, diminished and play them using both hands and all inversions (1st, 2nd and 3rd)
- Read using sheet music notation and play a simple 4/4 and 3/4 tempo tune with the right hand, eg Moon River
- Read using notation and play basic left hand triad chords to a 4/4 and 3/4 right hand treble clef tempo
- Accompany using both hands a rhythmic backing track, reading named chords
- Comprehend how minor and other scales and their chords relate to harmony
- Experiment with grace, trill notes, riffs, runs and block chords to enhance the melody of the right hand with a rhythmic left hand and begin to develop creative approaches to improvisation and composition while remembering chord progressions
- Listen to jazz 'Greats' and appreciate the compositions, improvs and harmonies
- Use roman numerals as a foundation for chord interpretation, usage and memory, eg, i, ii, iii, iv, v, vi, vii, etc and play a jazz piece

<sup>47</sup> The Butterfly Centre was founded in 2014 in Stanford by Jami Kastner, the author's daughter-in-law from his 2nd marriage. The centre was established in memory of Jami's 3rd son Sam who died at a very young age and also to recognise Jack, her eldest son who has been diagnosed on the Autistic Spectrum with Global Development



Delay. The school provides a safe and secure environment for local children who have specific educational, developmental and learning needs that formal schooling does not provide to the same extent. The author's intense interest in education has given him an opportunity to support such a local, village endeavour. The Reading list refers to 2004 Stephen Fry's Incomplete and Utter History of Classical Music and his humorous references to the mix between classical music and music that swings. In this book Fry refers to the Butterfly and Butterflies in relation to Puccini and Madame Butterfly (beautiful music). Jami uses the Butterfly differently but equally impressively as an anchor to her sadness and memories and a silent communicator. Not on my Reading list, but Jami's book is worth a read "Sam and Me and The Hard Pear Tree", and the Butterfly image provides a signature to each chapter. The sale of this book, Jami's book and many other fund-raising events helps to maintain the successful continuation of Stanford's Butterfly Centre.

# MY ESSENTIAL READING

## #whynot

- 1932, Goffin (Aux Frontières Du Jazz)
- 1934, Downbeat Monthly Magazines
- 1950, Hill (The Symphony)
- 1952, Harris (Jazz)
- 1955, McCarthy (Jazzbook)
- 1958, Traill (Concerning Jazz)
- 1964, Sargeant (Jazz: A History)
- 1964, Lindsay (Jazz)
- 1965, Betjeman (British Music Hall)
- 1965, Melly (Owning-Up)
- 1969, Blumenthal (Jazz Writer and Critic)
- 1970, Kobal (Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance)
- 1970, Dance (The World of Duke Ellington)
- 1971, Jones & Chilton (The Louis Armstrong Story)
- 1975, Albertson (Bessie Empress of the Blues)
- 1977, Tirro (Jazz, a History)
- 1978, Collier (The Making of Jazz)
- 1980, Menuhin and Davis (The Music of Man)
- 1983, Berendt (The Jazz Book)
- 1985, Green (Broadway Musicals)
- 1985, Ramsey and Smith (Jazzmen) plus Campbell, Russell, Nichols, Hobson
- 1986, Crowther & Pinfold (The Jazz Singers)
- 1986, Elson (McCartney Songwriter)
- 1986, Kelley (His Way)
- 1987, Jones (Talking Jazz)
- 1987, Sarrantonio (Fireside Treasury of Great Humour - How to Write Good)
- 1987, Giddins (Celebrating Bird: The Triumph of Charlie Parker)
- 1987, Barnes and Gammond (Jazz Bluffer's Guide)
- 1990, Gardner (Ava My Story)
- 1993, Fordham (Jazz)

- 1996, Perry (Jazz Greats)  
1997, Freedland (All the Way)  
1997, Jourdain (Music, The Brain and Ecstasy)  
1997, King (What Jazz Is)  
1998, O'Brien (The Frank Sinatra Film Guide)  
1998, Giddins (Vision of Jazz)  
1999, Rose (I Remember Jazz-Six Decades)  
1999, Walser (Keeping Time)  
1999, Lee Hooker (Boogie Man)  
2001, Ellison (Living With Music)  
2002, Bogdanov, Woodstra, Erlewine, Eds (All Music Guide to Jazz)  
2002, Schoenberg (NPR Curious Listener's Guide to Jazz)  
2002, Willoughby (Sinatra, An Intimate Collection)  
2003, Haygood (The Life of Sammy Davis Jr.)  
2004, Szwed (The Life of Miles Davis Paperback)  
2004, Fry, (Incomplete and Utter History of Classical Music)  
2004, Dregni (Django The Gypsy Legend)  
2004, Dale (Get Started in Jazz)  
2005, Ingham (Rough Guide to Sinatra)  
2006, Levitin (This is Your Brain on Music)  
2007, Blumenthal (Jazz)  
2007, Sacks (Musicophilia)  
2008, Shipton (A New History of Jazz)  
2008, Pannonica de Koenigswarter (Three Wishes)  
2009, Alkyer & Enright (The Great Jazz Interviews from Downbeat)  
2009, Giddins and DeVeaux (Jazz)  
2010, Cook & Morton (Penguin Guide to Jazz – 10th Ed)  
2010, Powell (How Music Works)  
2010, Ball (The Music Instinct)  
2011, Reed (Improvise for Real)  
2011, Gioia (The History of Jazz)  
2012, Gioia (Jazz Standards)  
2012, Solomon (Far From The Tree)  
2013, Havers (The Sound of America - Verve)  
2013, Bacharach (Anyone Who Had A Heart)

- 2013, Rachel (Isle of Noises)
- 2014, Hardie (Jazz Historiography)
- 2014, Holloway (Swing, Sing and all That Jazz)
- 2014, Kenneally (The Invisible History of the Human Race)
- 2014, Harnum (The Practice of Practice)
- 2015, John Fordham (The Knowledge - Jazz)
- 2015, Doggett (From the Gramophone to the iPhone - 125 years of Pop)
- 2015, Herriot (A Chronological e-Guide to Jazz Over Three Centuries)
- 2015, Kaplan (Sinatra, The Chairman)
- 2015, Kenneally (The Invisible History of the Human Race)
- 2015, Harari (Sapiens and Homo Deus)
- 2016, Powell (Why We Love Music)
- 2017, Nicholson (A Beginner's Guide to Jazz)
- 2017, Wright (Must Close Saturday)
- 2017, Peterson (12 Rules for Life An Antidote to Chaos)
- 2018, Plomin (Blueprint: How DNA Makes Us Who We Are)
- 2019, John (Me - Elton John)
- 2020, Brown (One, Two, Three, Four - The Beatles in Time)

## EPILOGUE

My extemporaneous and emotive inclusive essay has come to an end and curiously the 'incompleteness' of my life is not yet completed. The journey will continue, the living jazz soundtrack will be heard, the meaning will be experienced, the lineage indubitably must proliferate ad infinitum. Musical enjoyment, participation, reminiscing and satisfaction are as inevitable as evolution and technological advancements. The why's, where's, how's, who's, when's, Y's and X's will unremittingly remain as part of the fabric of life whether it is sounds to be heard, visions to be seen, legacies to be processed and dreams to be grasped while nightmares are dismissed. This book dipped into the evolving mind-set of a child, a boy, a teen, an adult and a senior citizen over a lifetime of myriad musical experiences. Emotions were tested, disappointments were recognised, successes were accomplished, genealogy was embraced, stimulation was induced, objectivity and subjectivity were assessed, understood and captured. Heroes were profoundly admired and testified. The piano held its rightful place in high office, manned or unmanned. An assembly of thoughts have been expressed; anywhere became somewhere, anything begat everything. The legacies will be studied, defined, re-defined, explored and shaped into consciousness, sentience and ultimately selfhood. This book has considered aspects of music, its place in the world, its effect on people, its worth in history, its power on humankind, its position viz-a-viz culture, its cognitive resonance on science, its deep and lasting popularity with listeners, its recognition with the wider music-loving community, its defining characteristics for those in need of peace, stability and a wholesome life, its virtuality as a potent and powerful influencer, its stridency as a communicator. The percussive nature and the vibrations sent to the soundboard provide the wealth and richness of the piano sounds whether it is acoustic or electric and it makes this instrument quite symphonically unique. The piano is symbolically central to the collective evocation of orchestrated presentations and elicits responses which can be spiritual, physical, cognitive, intellectual, digitised, fantastic, reality and mental thus ensuring a singularity that is distinct. This codicil is meant to encourage deep reflections on music as a necessary and totally sufficient condition for humankind's way of life, its meaning, its significance and existence. It is expressly hoped that my clippings, my oddments and my narrations on my genre jazz will be availed.

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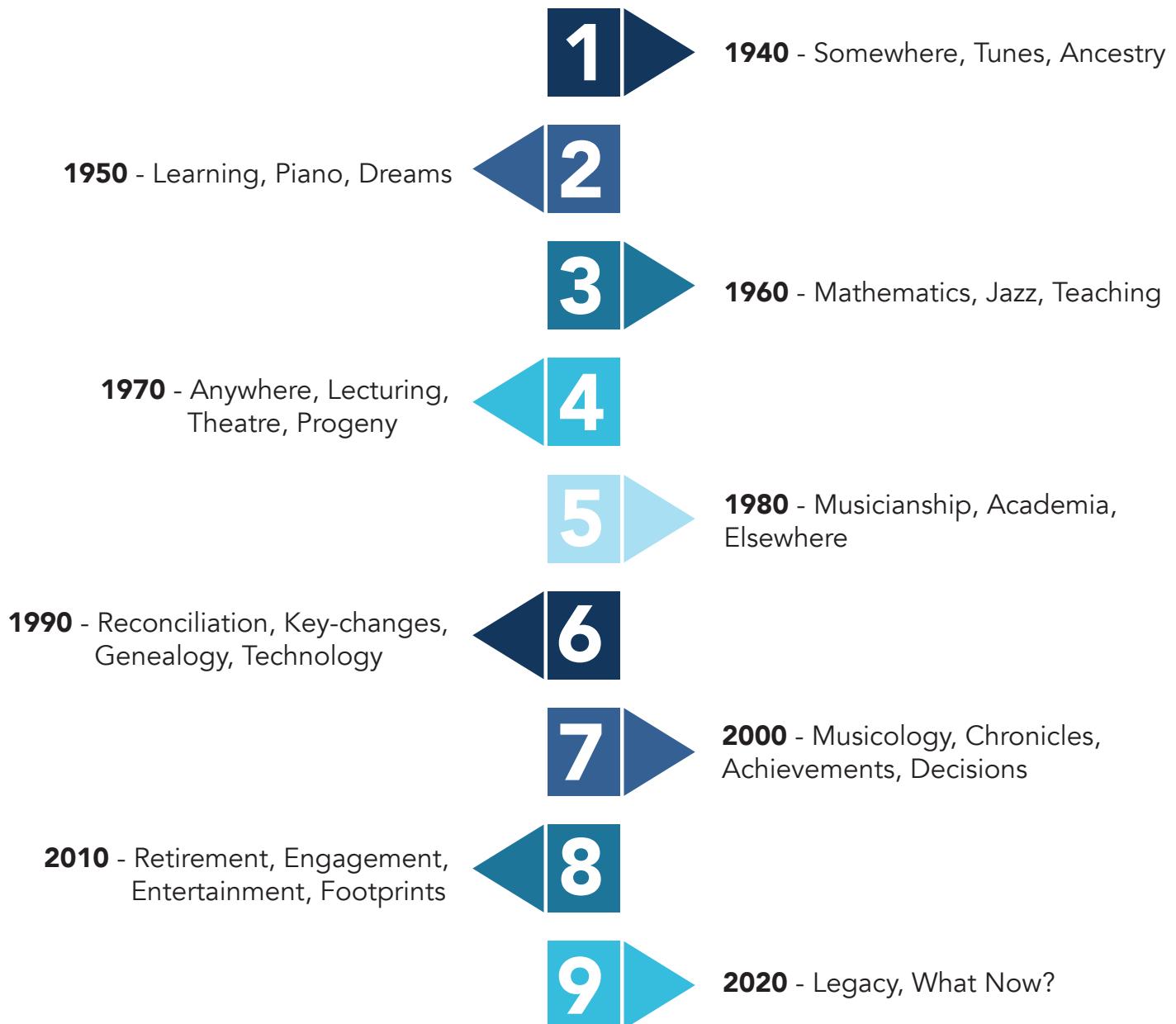
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# 9 DECADES

What I have set out in my book is a determined collage, "Past, Present, Perpetual", a lifetime memoir and autobiography of how music became a pivotal part of my life's completed decades from July 1940 to 2020 and into my 9th decade. I have parsed my decades according to genres, depicting how each component of my being profoundly reflected certain myriad musical aspects of my lifespan and its evolution. It is a personal pre-dead account of each of my eight decades embedded as follows:



**Musical days and Memories now complete @ 29585 days.**

# Past • Present • Perpetual

To all my family....memories  
& Lang May All Oor  
Lums Reek 

Happy birthday to my wonderful and long suffering  
husband!!

He has to be to put up with me!!

Thank you for the music!!

Thank you for tea in bed each day!

Thank you for washing all the dishes!!

Thank you for the prompt wine service each evening!!

Thanks for everything!!

Love you to the moon and back!!





## Past

As a young dreamer, sitting at my second hand wooden frame piano in the years after WW2, thanks to Granny Herriot

## Present

Pianos are often generously associated with life and people especially if the surname is Bechstein, Bach or Steinway. Roland has recently joined the more elite group of stringed instruments with an iron frame. Fondling a beautifully constructed piano can only be described as delectable.



## Perpetual

My intentions remain unabated as the years inexorably roll on. Smile and keep tinkling the ivories.