

## Now I've Done It

*M*emoirs are something people ought to write after they're dead. Since this can pose certain difficulties, they at least ought to put it off as long as possible, and on publication day go to the police and say, "Here I am," or else find a suitable cloister and move in.

When, in the bargain, it's jazz musicians you're going to write about, you must proceed with special care. These people you have known when they were young—if they're still alive—and you yourself were young, have gone on to become nice, respectable citizens (just like you), and if you happen to mention episodes in their lives where they were perhaps a bit less respectable, well, all hell breaks loose, and friendships strain and buckle.

I can just see it with myself. After reading this manuscript, my sister and the rest of the family were deeply shaken, and they looked at me and said, "Well!" Or was it "Wellllll . . . ?"

But now I've done it anyway, and should I have to go into a monastery, then I only hope I get permission to take my record player and tape recorder along.

This book is not a sociological or jazz-historical work; it is not a reference book on the evolution of jazz over the ages. There are lots of those!

This is a book about my adventures during many, and sometimes long, visits to the jazz capital of New York; about the thrill it has been to meet the great and lesser jazz musicians and their friends. It had to be a happy book about happy people and their music, and it is written by a happy man who is happy because he has been lucky enough to get close to that world, even to live the life he had, so to say, chosen as his own.

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Let me say from the start that I am not a musician myself; I am not a critic. I'm just a little layman with an ear for music and a heart that beats for jazz.

So follow along now, and share those thirty years of jazz with me. They were so rich for me, they can certainly stand being shared with you!

—Timme Rosenkrantz  
Hellerup, Denmark, 1964