Tokyo Jazz Joints: Japanese jazz *kissa* as heterotopia

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***Tokyo Jazz Joints*: Japanese jazz *kissa* as heterotopia**

Tokyo Jazz Joints is an audio-visual project documenting Japan's jazz listening spaces (*jazu kissa*). Interwoven with a personal account of a visit to the legendary *Basie*, this paper will introduce and contextualise the *Tokyo Jazz Joints* project, and propose that *jazu kissa* can be considered as examples of heterotopia as conceptualised by Foucault (1967).

Keywords: Jazz, *kissaten*, Japan, Japanese, heterotopia, counter/culture, listening space, autoethnography.

***Tokyo Jazz Joints:* jazz *kissa* de Japón como heterotopía**

Tokyo Jazz Joints es un proyecto audiovisual que documenta los lugares de escucha de jazz de Japón (*jazu kissa*). Entretejido con un relato personal de una visita al legendario *Basie*, este artículo introducirá y contextualizará el proyecto *Tokyo Jazz Joints*, y propondrá que *jazu kissa* puede ser considerado como ejemplo de heterotopía según fue conceptualizada por Foucault (1967).

Palabras clave: Jazz, *kissaten*, Japón, japonés, heterotopía, contracultura, espacio de escucha, autoetnografía.

***Tokyo Jazz Joints:* jazz *kissaten* japoniarra heterotopia gisa**

Tokyo Jazz Joints jazz japoniarraren *kissaten* kultura dokumentatzen duen argazkigintza proiektu bat da. Artikulu honen arabera *kissaten* horiek Foucaultek kontzeptualizatutako heterotopiaren adierazgarri dira. Japonia iparraldeko *Basie* ospetsura, egun Japoniako jazzaren *kissaten* ikonikotzat hartzen dena, egindako bidaiaren kontakizun pertsonalarekin ehotzen du.

Gako-hitzak: Jazza, *kissaten*, Japonia, japoniarra, heterotopia, kontra/kultura, entzuteko espazioa, autoetnografia.

musikene

Side A Track 1: Tokyo Jazz Joints

> *"So what time are you open on Saturday then?"*
> *"Dunno. Not a fucking train timetable am I?" came the answer, then an abrupt click. At least we got that much. Many Japanese men over a certain age dispense with words altogether, opting instead for a series of grunts, gestures and loud interjections. So it was an answer of sorts, and as good as we'd get. The green light for a trip we couldn't really afford, and ridiculous to anyone but us. That was a few weeks back, this was now. I mean this was it. Four and half hours on a bullet train through the sprawling carbon-copy towns of the Japanese countryside was coming to a welcome end. A 6am rendezvous at Tokyo station got us here, after months of anticipation. Months of being told by jazz joint owners about the legendary* Basie*. Run by the most famous of all the owners. A beacon, a bastion of jazz joint culture standing firm against the onslaught of Japanese "modernity" and development. Like many joints,* Basie *was named for the musician its owner revered, and was tucked away in the rundown red light district of a nondescript Japanese provincial town. For over 40 years it had weathered snowplough winters and summers that could rot wood with their humidity.*

The vernacular term *"jazu kissa"* comes from the Japanese pronunciation of "jazz" and an abbreviation of the word *kissaten* (喫茶店), which translates literally as "tea-drinking shop". *Tokyo Jazz Joints* is an ongoing audio-visual documentary project begun by me, Philip Arneill, and writer-broadcaster James Catchpole in March 2015. The project is a record of Japan's hidden world of *jazu kissa*, many of which are vanishing in the face of changing trends, ageing customers and gentrification. Starting initially in the Tokyo area, *Tokyo Jazz Joints* has since expanded to cover all of Japan and has documented over 160 "joints" at the time of writing. Although chosen for alliterative purposes as the name of the project, the word "joint" is also a useful shorthand term that easily incorporates the wide variety of spaces within this *jazu kissa* culture, encompassing both strictly café-style environments, more traditional evening bars serving alcohol, and everything else which lies between the two. The project is publicly available on a dedicated website (tokyojazzjoints.com) with over 1100 images, the initial purpose of which was to preserve the visual legacy of these spaces before they disappear from Japan's musical landscape. As the project has grown in size so has audience interest, from outside Japan in particular, and images from the project have been exhibited in different settings in Asia, North America and Europe. It has also been featured in print and online media worldwide including among others, *The Times, SüdDeutsche Zeitung, The Japan Times, All About Jazz, The Vinyl Factory* and *Wax Poetics.* Since 2020, the project has also produced 43 episodes for an accompanying podcast produced by myself and James Catchpole, recounting our personal experiences visiting these spaces and placing them in the wider context of music culture and Japanese society. The potential scale of the

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project makes it somewhat difficult to identify a specific endpoint, if any, but the current plan is to continue documenting as many more of the spaces as possible, and to celebrate them through the publication of a photographic book by the end of 2022.

Viewed as a whole, the body of images in *Tokyo Jazz Joints* attempts to not only preserve the legacy of a threatened, still vibrant culture for posterity —at least 15 of the *kissa* photographed have since closed— but to create a composite portrait from its constituent parts: the music, the equipment, the physical spaces, the memorabilia, and the owners. Looking at the body of work as a whole, it is possible to draw out recurring themes which I will explore in this paper, before suggesting ways in which Japanese *jazu kissa* may be regarded as an example of heterotopia. Conceptualised by Michel Foucault in his 1967 lecture *Des Espaces Autres* (Of Other Spaces), he defines the heterotopia as a "counter-site [...] in which the real sites, all the other real sites that can be found within the culture, are simultaneously represented, contested, and inverted" (Foucault & Miskowiec, 1986, p. 7). The final section of this paper will apply some of the key principles Foucault puts forward to develop his definition of heterotopia and apply them to the Japanese *jazu kissa.*

***Side A Track 2*: Jazz in Japan**

> *A journey that began two years ago as just an idea, then an experiment, had become a countrywide quest to photograph the hundreds of rapidly vanishing* jazu kissa*, which have anchored the soil of Japan's jazz landscape for decades. Whichever grimy post-war café or dingy bar we ended up in, only one name had been so consistently and reverently uttered.* Basie.

While the relationship may be obvious to the cognoscenti, it is hardly controversial to suggest that when one hears the word "Japan", the popular imagination rarely lands on jazz as the first association. My own experience of living there for 20 years has borne this out, and sharing the *Tokyo Jazz Joints* project with a wider audience has convinced me further. It's not unusual to be told by an audience that they had never realised jazz was such a "big thing" in Japan. One person at an exhibition, who had visited Japan and was a jazz fan himself, told me he how he had been fairly confident of the 5 or 6 main jazz clubs in Japan until seeing *Tokyo Jazz Joints*. In fact, Japan has a long, complex history with jazz music and culture, which is still alive and well since the word first appeared there in print in 1920 (Atkins, 2011, p. 46). The music was brought initially on imported records in the Taisho period (1912-26), and by visiting American and Filipino naval bands. Both the music and Japan's relationship with it continued to evolve, the homogenizing cultural and political censorship of World War II notwithstanding. Jazz resumed its growth in popularity in the 1950s,

although as Derschmidt reminds us, "there were only limited possibilities to come into contact with jazz" (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 305). The 1960s was the era when it exploded on a nationwide stage as the floodgates opened to touring American musicians after Art Blakey's pioneering visit in 1961. Jazz became the main soundtrack of the counterculture movement, surfacing also in movies with "dangerous, explosive potential" (Pronko, 2016, pp. 139-159). In many cases, it was the new wave of *jazu kissa* which became the focus not only of jazz's newfound popularity, but also a studious appreciation for the music, and a spirit of anti-establishment rebellion. Novak even compares their educational role to the ubiquitous Japanese *juku* (cram school) attended by Japanese students in the afternoon or evening to prepare for exams at their school of choice (Novak, 2013, p. 97).

There is nothing intrinsically "jazz" about *kissaten* however. In fact, there had been specialized music cafés in Japanese cities since the 1920s, "with record collections of particular musical genres such as European classical, tango, chansons, Japanese pops, and jazz" (Atkins, 2001, p. 49). Yoshida Mamoru, original owner of the legendary Chigusa in the old black market area of Noge, Yokohama, defined the *jazu kissa* as:

> an amalgamation of elements from different types of early-twentieth-century businesses offering food, drink, music, and so-called "erotic service": "milk halls" specializing in milk and cake; Western-style coffee shops serving coffee and tea; and cafés and *chabuya*[1], which provided phonograph music and attractive waitresses (in Atkins, 2001, p. 74).

From eclectic beginnings, it was in the post-war period that *jazu kissa* gradually became the centre of jazz culture in Japan, the focus of which was not the varied attractions Yoshida suggests, but the music, and more importantly the act of *listening* to jazz. A place where, as Pronko puts it succinctly, "music is the point" (Pronko, 2018, p. 272).

It is important to note however that although some *jazu kissa* do organize and host gigs, they are distinct in origin and purpose from the many live jazz clubs which "dot Japanese cities" (Pronko, 2016, pp. 139-159). The quintessential Japanese *jazu kissa* is one in which patrons sip coffee (or whiskey) for hours on end, while listening on high-end audio equipment to the latest jazz releases on vinyl chosen by the *masuta-* (master), often in enforced silence. While there has been a steady decline in numbers since the 1970s, when Japan's economic progress began to substantially increase the average person's access to affordable music and audio equipment,

1. Traditional grilled chicken skewer restaurant.

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I would argue an assessment of the current landscape as a "handful of remaining *jazu kissa* in Japanese cities" is somewhat premature (Novak, 2013, p. 96). Tokyo alone had over 100 *jazu kissa* in the 1970s (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 304). Currently the number of places which could reasonably satisfy this definition, or at least have their roots in it, still stands around approximately 600 across Japan's archipelago, and around 90% of these still play vinyl (*Gateway to Jazz Kissa*, 2021). The ban on talking, even at certain times of the day has now largely disappeared in *jazu kissa*, though still exists in some places (in a milder form) like Eagle in the Yotsuya district of Tokyo. Regardless, between the reverent atmosphere of many *kissa* and the deafening volume at which music is often played, they are no place for loud or coherent conversation. In a country usually famed for customer service, it is not impossible that if socialising is your primary purpose in a *jazu kissa*, you may simply be asked to find an alternative venue. I experienced this first-hand when Ishioka-san, part-time dentist and eccentric owner of Charmant in Tokyo's Yanaka neighbourhood, once told a family who had asked him to turn down Eric Dolphy's rousing *Live at The Five Spot Vol. 1* that, if they didn't like it they could go somewhere else. (They did.)

***Side A Track 3*: Shinto Sound Systems**

> *The name's carved on a small sign hanging on the glass panelled wooden door in front of us.* Basie. *Music bleeds through the deep orange hue of the smoky glass. At least the trip wasn't in vain.* Basie *is open. I steady myself, take a deep breath, and put my hand apprehensively on the door. It opens easily into a cavernous room, dark and moody as the street behind me is bright and sun-drenched. The hushed black and brown tones of the interior are tinged with red from the hanging lamps and bar lights. Posters, photos, record sleeves, autographs, ticket stubs and other jazz memorabilia cover the walls, all of them reflecting off the large black piano in the middle, making the whole place look like a jazz-themed Hall of Mirrors. Altar-like, at the back of the space is the mythical* JBL *sound system, beckoning customers with its ear-defying volume. The enormous handmade wooden speakers dominate the room and the furniture faces respectfully in their direction: listening is not an option, it's a requirement. It's the whole fucking point. If jazz is a religion for so many Japanese, then this is the shrine where they worship.*

Anyone who has visited temples across Asia will quickly recognise a familiar layout present in the traditional *jazu kissa*. Entering a rectangular space from the front, the eye is drawn naturally to the rear of the space where the altar sits, and in the context of a *jazu kissa*, this is often encouraged by the positioning of furniture. In Chigusa (Yokohama), Garo (Kawasaki), Down Beat (Yokohama), JamJam (Kobe) and countless others, seats and tables are still arranged not for sitting across from one

another to socialise as one might imagine, but rather so that all customers are sitting side-by-side facing the sound system. Two large, custom made speakers replace pairs of *inari* (fox) or *shi-sa-* (lion) statues one might see in a *shinto*[2] shrine, while an expensive and intricate valve amp takes pride of place in between, where one might expect the deity (or deities) to normally reside in a temple. This tableau is often completed by the placement of an iconic photograph of the jazz musician, invariably American, to whose music the owner is most religiously devoted. This serves to emphasize Shin's sense of having "entered a very special, almost religious room" (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 308). It is not unusual in many *kissa* that this photo will also have been signed by the musician themselves, or indeed to find the signatures of Bill Evans, Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Art Blakey, Mal Waldron, Elvin Jones and others on walls, doors, record sleeves and ticket stubs in multiple *jazu kissa* across Japan.

Figure 1. The shrine-like sound system at *Eigakan* in Tokyo's Hakusan (© Philip Arneill/Tokyo Jazz Joints 2021).

2. Japan's native animist religion.

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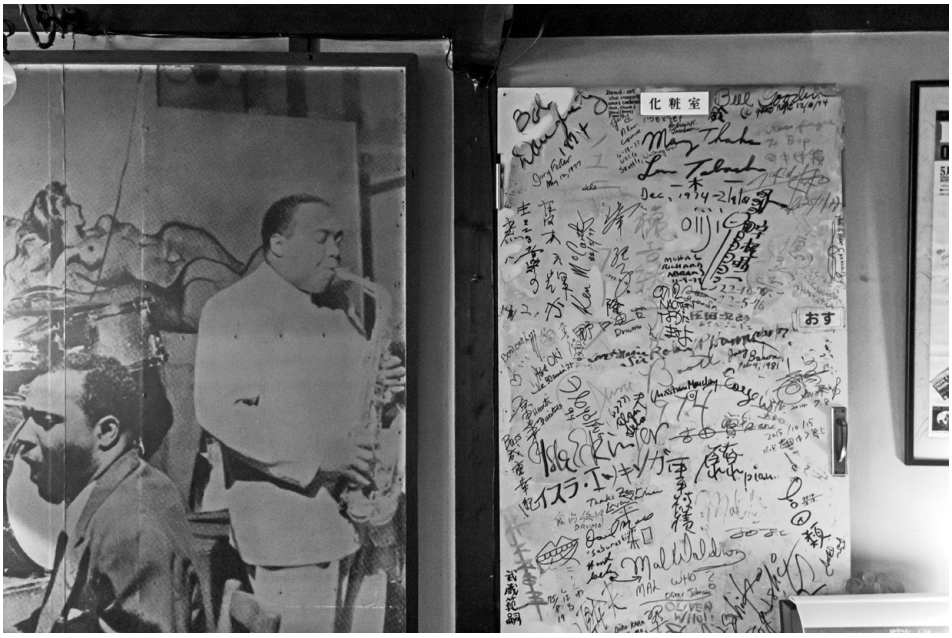

Figure 2. An old door in *Bop*, Hakodate. Note the friendly banter between Mal Waldron and Oliver Johnson at the bottom (© Philip Arneill/Tokyo Jazz Joints 2021).

***Side B Track 1*: Rebels With A Cause**

I nod politely at the woman cleaning glasses behind the bar, as we sit down. Her face falls almost imperceptibly at the prospect of dealing with bumbling foreign customers who've stumbled in here out of curiosity. We walk a fine line between the excitement of fully digesting everything around us, and not looking like gormless tourists, so overwhelmed that we blow the whole thing. It's unlikely we'll be back anytime soon, so any visit is potentially the last. We never know how much longer each joint will survive, and even the most famous aren't immune from old age, sickness, rent hikes and lack of customers.

"What can I get you?" asks the woman quietly as she approaches the table.

"Oh just two beers please". Shifting in my chair, I catch the other reason we came all this way out of the corner of my eye. Sat across from the bar at a large, round wooden table is the Master, who we've heard so many legendary tales about. His salt-and-pepper hair has a neat side-parting and he's sporting a crisp cream blazer, complete with pocket square. Wearing sunglasses in the warm light, he has a thick black fountain pen; he pauses from time to time

and then writes carefully into a book filled with intricate Japanese calligraphy. Sitting right there in front of us, I can't help but wonder if he'd be believable to others, except in a work of fiction. He looks like a crime movie kingpin, permanent sunglasses keeping nervy henchman guessing constantly where his gaze might fall.

Much of the individual atmosphere of a *jazu kissa* is derived from the taste of its owner, and is often immediately evident from even the name: Naima, Billie's, Miles, Duke, Elvin, Pres or Herbie, to name but a few. The owner, usually male[3], is known as the *masuta-* (Master) and treated with the deference this title implies. As *jazu kissa* became *the* places to go and hear the latest jazz records, in addition to the practicalities of running a café, this also put the *masuta-* in the role of tastemaker. His influence over how new recordings were received by customers was such that "it might make or break the local reputation of a foreign artist" (Novak, 2013, p. 98). Moreover, Derschmidt argues for the *jazu kissa* as a type of college "with the master as teacher" (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 306). In fact, the honorific *sensei* (teacher) can still sometimes be heard in reference to the *masuta-*, reinforcing the sense of *jazu kissa* as a place of teaching and learning of jazz culture.

Despite its long history in Japan, jazz has always had a reputation as something of a "thorny 'social problem'" and in *Blue Nippon* Atkins charts the country's ambivalent relationship with the music (Atkins, 2001, p. 190). This can be seen from the modernizing and Westernizing heyday of the pre-war era dance halls and "public outcries against the scandalous behavior" to crackdowns on opening hours in the 1960s; *jazu kissa* were charged with perpetuating "this dangerous aura" and making jazz "such an attractive product" (Atkins, 2001, p. 68, 191). When *jazu kissa* became hubs for countercultural activity in the 1960s, this suspicion of anti-establishment values was strengthened. The links were even drawn explicitly, as in the example of Nakajima Kenji's short story linking the student movement and free jazz, translated as *The New Left is New Jazz. And we are Ayler* (in Derschmidt, 1998, p. 307). This sense of danger still persists today. *Gateway to Jazz Kissa* website begins its explanation of what a *jazu kissa* is by referencing the common perception of them being a "*kowasou"* (scary-looking) place to enter (*Gateway to Jazz Kissa*, 2021).

Japanese society runs on the principle of maintaining the delicate sense of *wa*[4]. In *Dogs & Demons*, by way of illustrating the essential role of conformity in the main-

3. This is overwhelmingly true, though increasing numbers of places are now run by female owners, e.g. Posy, Uncle Tom and Miles in Tokyo, or Sapporo's Jamaica. Many have been continued by wives or daughters after their husband's or father's passing. Chiba's Candy, a beacon of free jazz, opened and run by Ms. Hayashi is one notable exception to this pattern.

4. Harmony.

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tenance of harmony, Alex Kerr quotes Sakamaki Sachiko. For her, Japan is a society "where conformity is everything, no stigma weighs heavier than the curse of being different" (in Kerr, 2001, p. 538). By their very existence, *jazu kissa* owners *are* different. They are rebels. *Jazu kissa* are more often than not located in the seedier nightlife districts in Japan, associated with the suspicious and shadowy world of *mizu sho-bai*[5]. In choosing a life dedicated to a foreign music seen historically as a threat to societal norms, and working long unsociable hours in small, cramped, smoky spaces with loud music, *jazu kissa* owners have made a conscious choice to step (and remain) outside of the Japanese mainstream, membership of which is seen by the majority as proper, desirable, and free of stigma. Even the most cursory visitor to a *jazu kissa* will soon become aware of how much the personality of the owner pervades the place itself, and it is their dedication, passion and enthusiasm to the preservation and promotion of jazz in Japan that keeps *jazu kissa* culture alive today.

***Side B Track 2*: The Music is the Message**

> *Our drinks arrive and it startles me out of my silent surveillance.*
> *"Here you are. Enjoy."*
> *"Um, sorry, one thing. The truth is," I begin hesitantly, "we've come from Tokyo especially today." As soon as I say it I know how it sounds. This joint's been here for over 40 years and here we are, gaijin[6] interlopers looking for special treatment just because we've come to visit. The woman smiles tolerantly.*
> *"Would it be OK to take some photographs for a project?" I ask.*
> *"Yes of course," she says. "Just please don't photograph customers."*
> *This has become a fairly standard reply. Jazz joints are private listening spaces for private people. And there's no more private people than the Japanese. I've got better at shooting the backs of heads or grabbing interior shots guerilla-style, using that temporary window when a customer goes to the toilet and clears the space. No wives or bosses will ever discover their husbands or employees in a jazz joint from my photos. These places still retain a little of their bohemian, counterculture feel for Japanese, so most have never been, or would ever dream of going.*
> *I take out my camera, my nerves making me exaggerate the selection of lens, before grabbing some shots from where I'm sitting. Confidence up, I explore a little further from the table. Rather than wandering around for a long time, I'm conscious of photographing in unobtrusive bursts, and today's no exception. I can see the Master in my peripheral vision as*

5. Lit. "water trade", a euphemistic term for the night time entertainment in Japan of hostess, snack bars, and cabarets.

6. Foreigner.

I slide back into the leather booth for another sip of my drink, still processing how incredible the place is, like so many others we've visited. Their sheer variety is mad. Living museums of jazz culture, unified in purpose, each unique in character. Contented, I settle back into my seat as the B side of Olé Coltrane *washes over the table.*

Derschmidt defines the *jazu kissa* as "a café, whose main, and as from the middle of the fifties whose sole function was to provide a space in which to listen to jazz. Or, to be more precise, to jazz on vinyl" (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 303). Despite the technological audio advances of the last 40 years, vinyl remains central to the identity of most *jazu kissa,* and with the exception of some places in which space is a premium, or the owners have transferred their collections from vinyl to CD, e.g. Jarrett (Kumamoto, closed 2020) or Shiramuren (Shinjuku), the LP reigns supreme.

Figure 3. *Billie's Bar*, Chiba. The sign means "Please do not touch the records" (© Philip Arneill/Tokyo Jazz Joints 2021).

Economically, the historical *raison d'être* of the jazz listening café is well documented (Atkins, 2001). Furthermore, in an occupied, impoverished post-war

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Japan, the growth of *jazu kissa* was essential to spread new music as they offered public opportunities to hear the latest records on quality sound systems, something which was still unaffordable for most in private homes. In the mid-1960s jazz was not yet on the new medium of TV and despite the increasing availability of records, an imported LP would still cost around one third of the monthly salary of a newly employed graduate (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 307). Japan's commercial buildings often contain multiple cafés, restaurants and bars, and there is no shortage of places to enjoy a drink or a meal. *Jazu kissa* however were not a place to socialise and grab a bite to eat, and I have already referred to the difficulties in doing that, even if that is the intent. Rather, a trip to a *jazu kissa* was a much more serious undertaking, and as the culture evolved, the spirit of reverence towards the owners and their knowledge evolved into what Novak describes as a "formalized mode of hyperattentive listening" (Novak, 2013, p. 93). This was best approached with what Levine calls "reverent, informed, and disciplined seriousness" (in Derschmidt, 1998, p. 307).

The lifeblood of this listening culture is the music, and huge vinyl collections often claim much of the interior space. Collections are organised on shelves with the precision skill of librarians, and embody all three of Susan Pearce's modes of collecting: souvenir, fetishistic and systematic (in Hosokawa & Matsuoka, 2004, p. 155). Otsuka-san, the owner of Jamaica (Sapporo), opened in 1961, estimates her collection now extends to over 20,000 records (Otsuka, 2018). Similarly, Hayashi-san of Candy (Chiba) has been collecting records consistently since her teenage years when she first worked in a store in the bohemian streets of 1960s Shinjuku as a high school student (Hayashi, 2016). As with many subcultures, it can be hard to separate fact from fiction, but according to James Catchpole, it is rumoured that Suzuki-san, the owner of Genius in Tokyo "has a staggering collection of over 30,000 records, half of which populate the shelves and cubby holes of the café, the rest of which are stored in his home" (Catchpole, 2021). Whatever the truth behind the exact numbers, these collections are vast, rare, and found in *jazu kissa* right across Japan, and are by no means confined only to major urban centres such as Tokyo or Osaka. The reverence in which vinyl is held has resulted in *jazu kissa* —despite the threats facing their existence— riding out the dominance of digital music and the predicted death of vinyl. They now (unintentionally) find themselves once again curiously "on trend", as the vinyl revival worldwide challenges CD sales for the first time in over 30 years (*Rolling Stone*, 2019). This combination of reverence for vinyl and the creation of experiential listening spaces can now also be seen in the establishment of new, Japanese *jazu kissa*-inspired spaces outside Japan. Oakland's Bar Shiru, Black Forest Buenos Aires, and the wonderful synthesis of traditional and modern Japanese *jazu kissa* found in Berlin's Rhinocéros are a few notable examples.

Side B Track 3: Jazz Joints as Heterotopia

> *Like it's choreographed, as the last chords of* Dahomey Dance *drain from the speakers, the woman reappears silently beside our table.*
> *"Excuse me, I'm sorry to disturb you. But the Master would like to talk with you, if that's OK. He was also a photographer".*
> *Fuck yes, I think. Although a sort of whimpering sound is all that comes out. My partner doesn't need asking twice and he's up like a shot. The woman takes it as a yes, smiles, and within seconds three staff arrive and move our drinks, snacks, bags and jackets across to the table where the Master holds court.*

Novak describes *jazu kissa* as places which "exist on the border of public and private space" (Novak 2013, p. 94). Michael Pronko calls them "spaces for young people rebelling against the stifling conformity and social oppressiveness of the postwar Japan order" (Pronko, 2018, p. 272). How then can *jazu kissa* be viewed as examples of Foucault's concept of heterotopia as places which "interrupt the apparent continuity and normality of ordinary everyday space" (Dehaene & De Cauter, 2008, p. 4)? In *Of Other Spaces* Foucault puts forward some defining principles of what constitutes a heterotopia, and using these I will suggest how Japanese *jazu kissa* might fit his definition.

To describe most *jazu kissa* customers or owners "in relation to society and to the human environment in which they live, in a state of crisis" may be stretching the point slightly (Foucault & Miskowiec, 1986, p. 4). Nevertheless, we have seen how at the peak of jazz's popularity in Japan, it clearly represented "behaviour deviant in relation to the required mean or norm" (Foucault & Miskowiec, 1986, p. 5). That the impression of *jazu kissa* as a shady, countercultural space continues to persist today suggests it could therefore be classed as a heterotopia of deviation. Foucault's principle that society has a role in changing the function of a heterotopia also applies. Writer and jazz fan Haruki Murakami, who himself ran his own *jazu kissa* for years, explained how quickly this occurred:

> Many of us were very political during that time, and for a while everything seemed to be changing; there was a lot of promise and optimism. Then, very quickly, all that simply disappeared. The uprisings were all crushed by the cops and the mood became bleak. The whole sense of the counterculture rebellion seemed finished (Murakami, 2014).

The student movement effectively ended in 1970 with *Anpo*[7], (fittingly perhaps) the same year in which free jazz icon Albert Ayler died (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 308).

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7. A repeated series of large scale protests from 1959 to 1960, and in 1970, against the US-Japan Security Treaty.

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Japanese society continued to accelerate towards its much heralded economic miracle; increased affluence in the next decade brought with it affordable audio equipment and music media for the average Japanese consumer. Increased personal access to these items subsequently challenged the unique role of the *jazu kissa* as a listening space for Japanese music lovers. Built on the authority of the owners, their expertise, and their vast collections of bebop and modern jazz, the subsequent emergence of jazz fusion, both by its very definition and even name, also challenged this purity. Fusion was more commercial than the radical, aural experimentation of free jazz and some *jazu kissa* tried to adapt to this new era. Derschmidt goes as far as claiming innovations like brighter walls, *manga* and alcoholic drink menus to widen their appeal made *kissa* seem more like supermarkets (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 310). While this may sound like an exaggeration to anyone who has visited a Japanese supermarket, *jazu kissa* have simultaneously continued both their evolution and decline, and those which adapted to the times are undoubtedly those which have survived longer. The balance between preserving the essence of the *jazu kissa* and surviving economically can still be seen today, as newer cafés such as Tokyo's Juha, Rompercicci, Tomunekego and Sakaiki (closed 2020) offer rotating daily menus (of tasty, healthy food), quality coffee, cocktails, free Wi-Fi and use social media to advertise and attract new (male *and* female) customers. A few, like Pithecanthropus Erectus and Step (Tokyo) have even been taken over by younger patrons, offering some hope for their longevity.

This continued evolution has resulted in *jazu kissa* becoming an example of archival heterotopia, in relation to jazz at least, as they "conjoin different times… constituting a place of all times" (Bronfen, 2103, p. 110). *Jazu kissa* now juxtapose "in a single real place several spaces" (Foucault & Miskowiec, 1986, p. 6). They can be simultaneously (and seemingly incompatibly) both a late night drinking haven for salarymen on their way home, or a "quasi-religious" temple-like space (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 308). For some they might be a dark, raucous, and sweaty live jazz club or alternatively an historical archive for the serious jazz student. As the function of *jazu kissa* has changed with the music and society which created them, "the jazu-kissa have finally become jazz museums, giving the young jazz fans a glimpse of what jazz used to be, and providing the older jazz fan with a nostalgic ambience" (Derschmidt, 1998, p. 311). The collecting and cataloguing of music, memorabilia, stories and knowledge contained within the *jazu kissa* draw easy comparison to a museum or library, what Foucault refers to as heterotopia "of indefinitely accumulating time" (Foucault & Miskowiec, 1986, p. 7).

As discussed already, the reputation of *jazu kissa* has always isolated them from mainstream society, and yet despite their supposedly "scary" image, they are in fact,

as evidenced by *Tokyo Jazz Joints*, penetrable: I have found all the owners I encountered welcoming and hospitable, without exception. That said, while not mandatory, it could be argued that to "have a certain permission and make certain gestures" as Foucault suggests is certainly useful (Foucault & Miskowiec, 1986, p. 7). I have found throughout the project that to demonstrate my love of jazz, and follow established etiquette around ordering, talking or listening has contributed to a level of access and communication I may not necessarily have achieved otherwise. Nevertheless the tension between isolation and penetrability persists. For many Japanese the reluctance to enter these spaces is simply that *"shikii ga takai"* (the threshold is too high) *(Gateway to Jazz Kissa*, 2021).

Jazu kissa punctuate Japan's jazz landscape and are a vital connection between the past and the present. Many will be lost to history in the next decade, while others continue to adapt and evolve to survive; a small number of new places have also (re)opened such as the legendary Masako (Tokyo), and Café Silencio (Tokyo) to name but two. *Tokyo Jazz Joints* documents this culture photographically, and its images have recurring visual themes: the centrality of jazz, especially on vinyl, the influence of the owners on the character and atmosphere of the joint, and the unique, quasi-religious listening spaces *jazu kissa* create for customers. I have argued *jazu kissa* can be considered examples of Foucault's heterotopia. I also want to suggest the *Tokyo Jazz Joints* archive is in itself a heterotopia. As we enter them both they invite us to consider how we might be simultaneously both insider *and* outsider, and what that means for how we listen, look, and the thresholds we cross to get there.

***Side B*: Outro**

> *I walk nervously over, desperate not to mess up this chance. Taking a seat, we nod slightly and smile in that Japanese way that wordlessly acknowledges an invitation. A large silver skull ring on his middle finger, he returns the nod and reaches deftly into his jacket pocket, producing two beautifully embossed business cards. Turning them round so the text faces outwards, he holds the card at both corners between thumb and index finger before coolly sliding each one in turn through the air between us. We take it respectfully in both hands, head slightly bowed, and look down to read it. Below the* Basie *logo in the top left-hand corner it reads simply,* Shoji "Swifty" Sugawara. Master.
>
> *This is it. The inner circle.*
>
> *Trying to keep my cool as I place the card gently down to my right on the table, I look back up. For the briefest instant I catch my partner's eye and it's enough to tell me we're thinking the exact same thing.*
>
> Basie.

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Figure 4. "Swifty" Sugawara-san, legendary owner of the legendary *Basie*, Ichinoseki (© Philip Arneill/Tokyo Jazz Joints 2021).

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