

Mail Bag

I like knowing I'm 1/8 (or whatever) Native American but my life style, language and culture make me much more the domestic animal than the red wolf. My knowledge of "Indians" consists of a few family anecdotes, random reading, and an anthropology course I took at my Ivy League university. Nevertheless, this knowledge has influenced my outlook on society and might have something to do with a tendency to take the oppression of *anyone* personally. I suppose loosely analogous circumstances account for the traditional identification of numerous secular and completely "assimilated" Jews with left-liberal causes. If there is any truth in the saying "blood will tell," I suppose it came out recently when I saw *Dances with Wolves*. The sense of tragedy might be (one hopes) universal, but the movie also made me feel like . . . dancing.

Paul Desmond looked a lot like Dave when they were both younger and we always referred to him as Uncle Paul. His visits were not like those infrequent occasions known as "having company", which meant we had to make ourselves scarce. Paul always chatted with us, asked our opinions on things, laughed at our childish jokes, gave us Christmas presents, and even played chess with me. Our other uncles -- our real uncles -- were like that with us, but most adults were not, so I suppose it was only when I could grasp what "uncle" literally meant that Paul Desmond was removed from my imaginary kinship system. (We had a similar relationship with "Aunt" Barbara Baxley, the actress.) Uncle Paul and Dave were so connected in our lives and theirs that the word "uncle" became attached to Dave as well, and to this day, Chris, Dan, and I often refer to Uncle Dave or UD for short. I've read that Native American cultures make little distinction between blood relations and kinship by choice, but that's pretty thin evidence.

In South Africa, by the way, jazz musicians are addressed as Bra (for brother) within the fraternity. Therefore I am Uncle Darius to bass player Bra Victor Ntoni's offspring. Do the children know the codes of our in-group or will they, at some point, start wondering why their father's brother is white and doesn't speak Xhosa?

Darius Brubeck, University of Natal, Durban, South Africa

I wanted to tell you how much I appreciated your article and the Phil Woods story on Tommy Harrell. I must admit my first sight of Tommy was a shocking experience. He shuffled across the stage at Carnegie Hall in the slowest of motion, then stood as remote as a specter until it was time for him to play. I watched with fascination the painfully slow movement to the microphone. Will he make it on time? Then, the *revelation!* He played like an angel. All else was forgotten.

Reading Phil's story, I was touched by the sweet friendship it revealed. Often I think the traveling musician is something like a member of a nomadic tribe. The band becomes the family, and there is a protectiveness, acceptance, and understanding that exists only in close-knit families or so-called

primitive tribes, who know they must depend on each other for survival. Phil's story revealed in its humor and tenderness the meaning of friendship and respect for a fellow artist.

Iola Brubeck, Wilton, Connecticut

I am still loving every issue. Since you're bunching issues together, why not bite the bullet and make the *Jazzletter* a quarterly? I shrank from nine times to six times a year, and it made all the difference. If you give the subscribers the same amount of reading material, they have no quarrel, and will understand about the post office, which is killing us all. Our publications are gasping -- the little ones like *Piano-Stylist/Jazz Workshop* and *Keyboard Classics*. *Sheet Music* is a hard sell too, but holds on somewhat better. I think -- I know -- it's reflective of what we've done to music. The thought is that the UK and other selected countries can be the next logical expansion of my stuff. They haven't abandoned music entirely over there.

Ed Shanaphy, Katonah, New York

Pianists and others unaware of these publications are missing something. Sheet Music magazine is just what its name implies, and Piano-Stylist/Jazz Workshop and Keyboard Classics all offer valuable analyses, articles, and music. The address is 223 Katonah Avenue, Katonah NY 10536.

Beano, the Last Frontier

Recently I heard a discussion on television addressing the question: should egg banks be established? At first I thought I'd heard wrong. I didn't know there was an egg shortage. What's an egg bank? Can you borrow eggs? What's the interest on an egg? When the loan comes to maturity, what do you pay back the loan with? A chicken?

Oh, I see. We're not talking about that kind of egg. An egg bank would be a place where women could store their ova, as men do their intimations of immortality in a sperm bank. Anybody want to take out a loan? What kind of egg tells you that your egg-o *should* be stored?

It's all moving too fast for me. Brave New World, here we come. I am thankful for the invention of the remote switch on TV. It permits me to kill the sound on those ubiquitous dial-a-hump commercials with little chickie-poops pouting out their lips and rubbing their thighs together and urging you to Choose Me, or airhead young males with bouffant hair grinning rapidly and suggesting to lonely women Out There that the relief is just a phone call away. The telephone numbers that appear on the screen and sometimes pulsate orgasmically often contain the contiguous digits 6 and 9; others have lots of 0s in them. One of them shows a girl, head back, mouth open, extending her tongue to receive a strawberry. They haven't got to bananas yet, but it's a matter of time.

I have adjusted to those commercials for geriatric nappies, which manage the neat trick of being tasteless tastefully. One of them shows a lady of mature years getting a hug from a

man of mature years without fear of making a puddle. She is wearing, it is implied, her diaper, and she is therefore safe and secure and happy. If moist.

As for our sundry odors, the ad agencies long since have learned how to handle the subject. I remember attending a party in Chicago with Cannonball Adderley 30 years ago. The TV was on. There was an ad for soap. The voice-over said, "She uses Dial. Don't you wish everybody did?"

"Well," Cannon said, "no more funky people."

I long ago adjusted to ads for products that assure you of "regularity." They've been with us for decades. Indeed, I always thought Exlax missed a great opportunity when Bing Crosby was alive. They could have sponsored him and called the show *Exlax, Relax, and Bing*. The antithetical problem is dramatized in the commercial wherein a Mexican couple visiting the U.S.A. bring their Kaopectate, "the diarrhea specialists." Then there was the ad in which an irate grocer demanded that his customers please don't squeeze the Charmin. (Why? Did it bruise it?)

No doubt you've seen the ads for Tucks. Tucks are for people with piles, although the word in use is hemorrhoids. It sounds, well, classier. Tucks are small wipe-em things soaked in some kind of topical anesthetic.

It is possible to show somebody guzzling a bottle of Evian as if the ad should contain several 69s. But how do you dramatize the use of Tucks? Some ad-agency genius came up with the idea of a hand putting out the fire of a match by wrapping a Tuck around it. Ssst.

I have even adjusted to seeing condoms on display in pharmacies, with labels extolling the virtues of the ribbed kind, the ones with little fingers at the end, and other variants. Soon, we are told, we will be seeing condom ads on television. Will they, in the age of AIDS, run them after the ads with 0s and 69s in them?

I read that early in 1992, one of the pharmaceutical houses is going to market a brand of condom especially for the young. It will be marketed with a condom key ring. I haven't figured out yet what a condom key-ring is. I remember the zoot-suit key chain. I had one. Do you use it the same way, swinging it in casual circles to show that you're cool?

I love the name of this new product: Playsafe. Now who thought that up? What marketing consultant, what ad agency genius, came up with that name? Can you imagine the meeting in which it popped into the head of this man (or woman), someone who had been lying awake for weeks thinking about condoms? "Hey, I've got it, chief! The perfect name! Run this up the flag-pole and see if it salutes. Playsafe! And we'll market it with this cool key ring that will really get the valley girls!"

When I was about thirteen, I worked after school and weekends as a delivery boy for a drugstore, as did several of my friends. We all knew what was in those plain-wrapped packages: in some instances Tampax or Kotex; but in certain really small packages, Sheiks and Trojans. These were always rush orders, and I would zing along on my bicycle full of a sense of urgent mission as some poor guy and his lady waited

desperately for me to arrive with the key to heaven. Little me, messenger of love. Wow. What power. But it was all kept rather secret.

We recently endured a Senate committee debate over a pubic hair on a Coke can. (The original joke was about a pubic hair on a Coke *bottle*, which at least made a certain crude sense. But the Coke bottle has joined the Essex, Packard, Hudson, Studebaker, and Edsel in the great Design Museum in the sky.) After the Clarence Thomas hearings, it seemed that all our orifices and their operations were subject to discussion, even dramatization, on television. Save one.

Until recently, there was a last frontier. One can assume that it was because nobody had invented a product that dealt with this problem. Now someone has, and TV ads for it cannot be far behind.

The product is Beano. I encountered Beano in a drugstore a few weeks ago. It comes in a little vial and sells for a not-so-little price of nine smackers. A very elderly lady was at the pay counter ahead of me as I idly picked up this bottle, wondering what Beano did for you. I am a compulsive reader, and will read anything that's left in front of me, from ketchup bottles to Joyce Carol Oates.

The label advised me that Beano is an anti-flatulent. Whaaaaat? I read it again. It said that Beano is "A scientific and social break-through!" The bottle was mounted in a little white card on which was printed: "Beano prevents the gas from beans, cabbage, peas, broccoli, eggplant, soy, and many others."

Nothing is as hard to handle as repressed laughter, and I came close to strangling. When the elderly lady (for all I know buying geriatric nappies in a plain brown wrapper) left, I said to the girl at the cash register, "Have you seen this?"

"Yes," she said without a trace of amusement. "They say it really works."

How can you tell that it really works? Do you try a week with Beano and a week without and keep count? I didn't ask.

Has it crossed your mind that people actually sit around and write what you read and hear in television commercials?

What did you do at the office today, dear?

Well, we landed that Preparation H account, and I had this great idea for dramatizing hemorrhoids. The camera comes in for a close-up, and . . .

After that encounter with Beano I fell to imagining a meeting at the advertising agency of Shuckin, Jivin, and Conn, called to name the product and then to outline a tasteful ad campaign to convince windy people they cannot get through another day without it.

We picture a conference table around which are seated B.S. Conn, the president of the agency, his eager minions, and two

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or three secretaries, note pads ready to receive the minutes of great decisions.

B.S. speaks. "The first thing, gentlemen, is to find a name for the product. This is a scientific and social breakthrough and . . ."

"That's a great phrase right there, B.S.," says Minion One. "Scientific and social breakthrough. B.S., I am just amazed at the creativity of your mind."

"Well thanks, M.O. Yes, we'll use that phrase. But first we have to name the product."

"How about Windex?" says Minion Two.

"Good, but too late: it's been used."

"Windbreaker?"

"Ambiguous."

"How about Onion-off?"

"Sounds un-American."

"Cabbage-o?"

"Too long. You've got the wrong mind set."

"Hold it, B.S.," says Minion One. "I've got it. I'm about to have an inspiration! What is the food that makes more people windy than any other? Beans! How about Beano? That's a real sell name."

"Very good, M.O. I was about to think of that myself. I'm sure the client will go for it. I'll tell them, 'Go for it!' And they'll go for it. The main thrust is that we have to jump-start this campaign so that we are on the cutting edge. The campaign should be laid-back but state of the art. We've got to put the right spin on it, then maintain spin control."

"Right, B.S. It's amazing how you get to the bottom line. Unarguably. You always see the upside and the downside."

"Thanks, M.O. Now, what venue should we start this campaign in at this point in time?"

"How about Chicago? Isn't it arguably, or rather unarguably, the Windy City?"

"Yeah, M.O., but it's not that kind of wind. Maybe we should test market it in Windsor, Ontario. We've got to get right. We want a campaign that resonates."

"Right, B.S. It's got to be world class. Maybe we should do an in-depth study first."

"Good thinking. Where do you want to do it?"

"How about Los Angeles? Think about it. It's loaded with Mexicans. And do you know what those people live on? Refried beans. Got to be a hell of a market there. Where does all that smog come from? Refried beans. We could even work in an ecological message. Ecology is in."

"Sounds like a plan. Go for it. That's your venue. Now, how do you see dramatizing it? We have to find some good role models for the ads. We want people to have a learning experience. We've got to send a message."

"You know, B.S.," says Minion Two, "I've been sitting here thinking. Remember the Mr. Clean ads? Think about the Pillsbury dough boy, and the Tire Man for Michelin tires. We could do it with animation. Our little Beano bottle has arms and legs and a little round face with a friendly smile. You know the kind. Okay?"

"I follow you, M.T."

"We could have a guy in an elevator. Standing at the back. Surrounded by good-looking chicks. He's got a pained expression on his face. From holding it back. And the voice-over says, 'Beano to the rescue!' And our cute little Beano character comes rushing in. We see the guy later that day, dripping drops of Beano on his broccoli, as this pretty chick, his date, looks on. She says, 'What's that you're putting on your food, Harry?' He says, 'It's my Beano. I use it on everything. Maybe you should too!' Afterwards we see them on a sofa in front of a fireplace. She has her head on his shoulder. He pats his tummy with a satisfied smile, looks into the camera, holds up his bottle of Beano, and says, 'Now we both use Beano. Don't you wish everybody did?' Or another time we see him alone in a telephone booth. Suddenly we hear . . ."

"Great! I like it! World class! It's riveting! It has depth. It's layered. Hopefully, you're all thinking about the kind of music we should basically use. We've got to factor in the older population. Arguably they are the best market for this product, along with Mexicans of course. A lot of senior citizens like jazz, don't they? Sit around reading books and listening to jazz. Maybe we should use something jazzy. M.O., you're our music maven. Have you got anything?"

"Well, let's see. *Blowin' Up a Storm? Cast Your Fate to the Wind? Windy? The Wayward Wind? When the Wind Was Green? Ill Wind? The Breeze and I? My Future Just Passed? In a Silent Way? I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles?*"

"All good thoughts. But can we get clearances from the music publishers?"

"Say again?"

"Listen up now. Can we get clearances?"

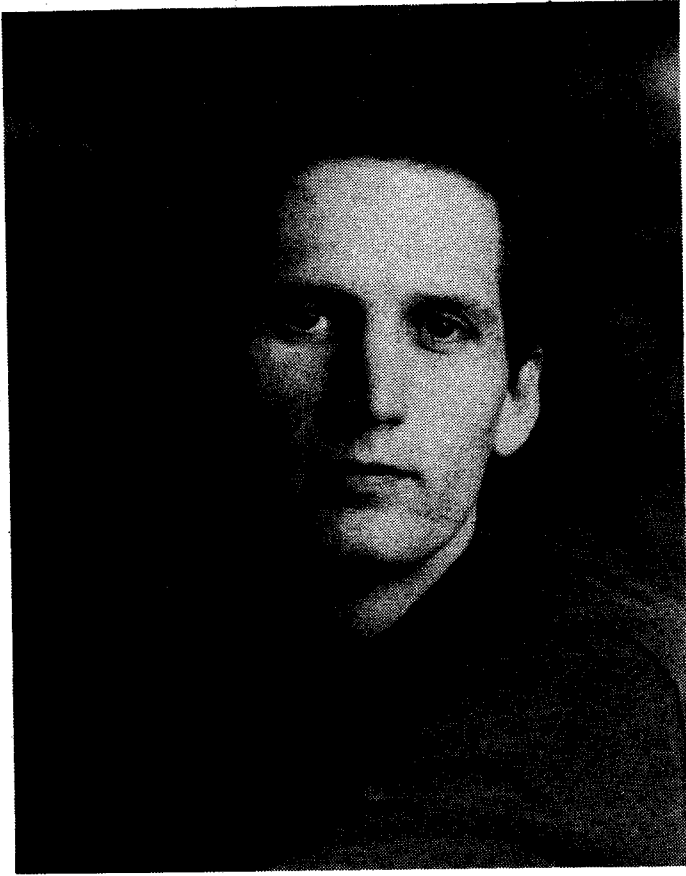
"No problem. It's a done deal even as we speak. They'll do anything for money. I'll put those tunes on my wish list and start working on it."

"Neat-o. Check it out. I think we've touched all the bases. That's it at this point in time. Beano it is, and we're going to do a world-class campaign in good taste. Have a nice day."

Hybrid on the Hudson

After you get about twenty miles above New York City, and particularly when you get north of Tappan Zee, the Hudson River becomes a spectacular panorama of great wooded hills, of cliffs and mountains cheerful in greens in the summer, wantonly polychrome in the autumn, gloomy and brooding in winter. It resounds with wonderful names, such as Storm King Mountain and High Tor, and it is a landscape of legends, fascinating to writers and painters of the Nineteenth Century and this one too for that matter. Thunder rings dark among its headlands during rains.

Half-way to Albany on the Hudson's east bank is Poughkeepsie, seat of Vassar College. Vassar was founded in 1861 as a girls' school but is now co-educational. It has always been known for the stature of its instructors. This campus seems the least likely place in the world to nurture a hybrid of



Glasse

bluegrass and bebop and even bluegrass and samba, and the son of a Vassar professor the least likely to succeed at these prodigies.

But Paul Glasse, born in Poughkeepsie January 10, 1959, has done them, and on the mandolin. The very phrase bebop mandolin seems like a deliberate oxymoron, a witticism from the salad days of the mid-1940s when boppers desired to set themselves far from all things square. The results of Glasse's work as a mad scientist of music are on an album called simply *Paul Glasse*. It is on a little label out of Austin, Texas, called Amazing Records, operated by two gentlemen named Jim Geisler and Harry Friedman who, being a Texan with that name, is inevitably asked if he is any relation to Kinky Friedman. No.

Texas is the home ground of something called western swing, which grew out of the big band era. When Texas string bands tried to play the popular music of that epoch, they emulated the jazz bands. One of these groups was Spade Cooley and his Western Swing; another was Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys.

A lot of Nashville sidemen are accomplished jazz players. There are (or were before he became a movie actor) strong jazz elements in the guitar work of Jerry Reed. Hank Garland

was a fine jazz guitarist, and so was my late friend Thumbs Carlile, one of the best I ever heard. He was also the author of a witty fragment of doggerel meant to illustrate the attitude he said he encountered in strict country bands when he'd start throwing in elements of jazz:

*Don't play me no sevenths,
No ninths or elevenths,
just let that E chord ring.*

There was nothing funnier than attending one of those urban-cowboy dances and watching men in brand-new jeans and Stetsons and ladies affecting print dresses stomping around the floor ("Choreography by Jack Daniels," Thumbs said) as Thumbs sat there in the middle of some four-square string band lining out long Charlie Parker-like phrases.

So the work of Paul Glasse isn't completely without precedent; nor should we overlook that jazz itself has never hesitated to absorb whatever its players found interesting, from the Spanish tinge to bossa nova to grand opera to Ravel, Stravinsky, and Alban Berg. But what Glasse has done is very distinctive and it certainly is fresh.

The group with which he is heard -- and which he would like to take on the road -- comprises Glasse on mandolin and electric mandolin; Mitch Watkins, guitar; Spencer Starnes, bass; A.D. Manion, drums; James Fenner, percussion; Bill Ginn, piano; and Howard Levy, harmonica. All of them are well-trained and experienced players. Manion has worked with such disparate people as Pepper Adams, Cecil Taylor, and Sonny Clarke. Ginn has been heard on recordings by Carole King, Willie Nelson, and a western swing group called Asleep at the Wheel. He is an excellent jazz player. Guitarist Mitch Watkins' name is virtually unknown in the jazz world, but he is a fine jazz musician who plays unamplified steel-string guitar with a lovely lazy time feeling. All the players are at home in the bop idiom; and equally comfortable in country.

All ten tunes on the album are Glasse compositions, excepting one: Denzil Best's *Move*, that archetype of the bebop tune. The head is played (I think) by mandolin, guitar, piano, and violin, after which Elders gets off a hot fiddle solo, followed by one hell of a solo by Watkins on guitar, Glasse on electric mandolin, then some improvised counterpoint of guitar and mandolin with the rhythm section laying out, and a long ensemble quote of *Stompin' at the Savoy*. The track is a delight; but so is the rest of the album. It effervesces with humor and good spirits. The group rushes a little on the first tune, *The Tilt*. That is the only fault I found in the album, and it is a small one, since going a little up-tempo is a merely venial sin; dropping tempo is cardinal.

Glasse is, in addition to being a virtuoso on his instrument, an excellent composer whose tunes are distinguished by melodic grace and harmonic warmth and intelligence. They are, furthermore, highly variegated pieces, of quite different moods and colors.

There was nothing for it but to find out how this music came about. I phoned Geisler and Friedman, and they in turn

put me in touch with Glasse, who, at 32, has lived his last 14 years in Austin. I have since had several telephone conversations with him. Friedman confirms what photos suggest: Glasse is an urbanely handsome young man. He is also six foot three, and since the mandolin is a small instrument, it looks, according to Friedman, like a joke in his hands.

"I grew up in a pretty open household," Paul said. He has acquired not so much a Texas accent as Texas inflections. There is a curious southern tendency to tilt sentences up at the end, as if asking a question. It comes out something like "open household?" as if he's not sure, or is asking whether you agree, or awaiting approval. Parisians do it in French, too.

"I grew up on the Vassar campus. My folks live in a house on the campus. In retrospect I realize how incredibly lucky I was. I got to hear a lot of music that came through the campus. I guess when I was in grade school they started taking some of the first male students, and by the time I graduated from high school, it was about two to one, two women to one guy.

"Both my parents were pretty supportive of the music. I'd always listened to whatever was playing around the house. My dad -- his name is John Glasse -- listened to classical music. There was a little bit of Monk and a little bit of Brubeck. My dad retired a year or two ago. He was a professor of philosophy of religion at Vassar.

"The first music that I played was bluegrass and New England traditional. Through bluegrass, I started hearing other kinds of country. I heard western swing. I heard Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys. And through that I got interested in swing through the back door. I started listening to the Charlie Christian-era Benny Goodman stuff. I really got hooked on that period when swing was becoming bebop, when some of the more advanced harmonic stuff started to creep in but it was still essentially swing music. And then I started getting into Charlie Parker.

"I started playing the mandolin when I was fourteen. And when by the time I was out of high school I was trying to learn how to play jazzier stuff. I was trying to learn jazz solos. My favorite jazz players ended up being people like Wes Montgomery, Cannonball Adderley, Charlie Parker -- a lot of the bop guys who kept a bluesy hard swing element to their playing."

I asked, "Why did you never switch instruments to something more conventional for jazz?"

He laughed. "I'm not sure. I guess it was what I knew how to play. I can play a couple of tunes on guitar, but I would never play before a paying audience."

"What's the tuning on a mandolin?"

"It's tuned like a violin, from low to high it's G D A E, it's in fifths. I also play an electric mandolin which does not have the doubled strings, and has a low C, so it's like a violin and a viola stuck together.

"I guess for me the mandolin has been a vehicle, I dunno. Originally I started playing the mandolin because there were a bunch of guitar players in the school, and I wanted to play that music that other people were playing. I went to kind of

a strange, small school, called the Poughkeepsie Day School, one of those liberal touchy-feely kinds of school. When one had free time, you could hang out in the hall and play music. Sounds very odd from this sort of distance.

"After I got to the point where I could play some of the stuff, where I could make a melody come out of the instrument, that was more important than what instrument it was happening on. I love the mandolin, don't get me wrong. I know that when I've picked up other instruments, there's a certain amount of frustration in that on the mandolin, if I hear it, I can either play it right away or find it pretty fast. And that's where the real pleasure comes, for me. I guess if I had the patience, I might be able to learn to play another instrument. But that immediate kind of pipeline between the idea and the expression of the idea is just not there.

"I graduated from high school when I was seventeen, and spent a year living in Poughkeepsie playing in a, gosh, awful band that did every kind of music in the world. We were guaranteed to offend everyone, 'cause we'd play a pop tune and a country and an original tune back-to-back. We could pretty much alienate any audience. I did that for a year, and in retrospect I realize that it taught me to play a lot of non-mandolinistic kinds of thing. The repertoire was definitely not normal stuff one would play on the mandolin. And then towards the end of that year I started to play in a group that played some western swing. When those two groups broke up, I wanted to follow up on the western swing more. I had gotten to know a musician down here in Austin who was playing with a western swing band called Asleep at the Wheel. He suggested that if that was the kind of music I was interested in, Austin was as good a place as any and come on down and I'll put you up for a few days and show you around.

"I moved down here in the summer of '77 and ended up working day jobs and going to sit in with bands. I ended up doing some jazz gigs around town. The first were with a couple of guitar players and an upright bass player, so that was more of a string jazz thing; it was sort of okay. The first hard-core jazz things I did, I ended up being the bandleader. So people really couldn't complain. I was averaging nine gigs a month at a restaurant that hired jazz bands. The one requirement was that you had to have drums and you had to have saxophone, so it was me and sax and bass and drums. It was completely bizarre. But because I was the bandleader, I could call tunes that I was capable of playing and people couldn't complain.

"After living here for a while, I went to the University of Texas. I was an American Studies major. It's a liberal arts program, very amorphous. Anything you want it to be.

"I took a lot of music classes, got to know Rick Lawn, who is in charge of the music program there, a wonderful sax player. I did some gigs with Rick. He introduced me to Gene Ramey, and for a number years I did gigs with Gene. He used a variety of players, but I certainly was the only mandolin player he hired. It was very flattering that he hired me, and I learned, not just in terms of getting that repertoire down, but in more subtle ways that I am just starting to realize now in

terms of what he valued in music."

Ramey was born in Austin. He started on trumpet and switched to bass in Kansas City, taking lessons from Walter Page. He was with Jay McShann from 1938 to 1943; Charlie Parker was in the McShann band from 1940 to 1942. In New York he worked with most of the major saxophonists, including Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Lockjaw Davis, and Charlie Parker. He moved back to Austin in 1976, where he apparently had a considerable influence on younger players. He died in Austin in 1984 at the age of 71.

"I showed up to play with Gene one time and there was Brad Terry on clarinet," Paul said. Terry, an enormously gifted autodidactic clarinetist, has been sadly under-recognized. Terry recorded with guitarist Lenny Breau, who was also at home in both jazz and country music. "Brad was visiting from Maine and was thinking of relocating to Texas. He suggested we play some duo gigs. I thought he was crazy. We did quite a bit of that while he lived here.

"On any given night, we were probably the world's best clarinet-mandolin duo, since we were the only one."

I said, "The western swing group I heard most when I was a kid was Spade Cooley. He ended up in jail or something, didn't he?"

"Yeah," Paul said. "He beat his wife to death."

I couldn't resist. I said, "But did it swing?"

Without missing a beat or cracking a chuckle (and this concealed humor is in his music) Paul said, "Yeah, but not like Bob Wills did. To tell you the truth, I haven't listened that much to Spade Cooley. He was known for having a big, tight band and elaborate arrangements. The Wills band was always pretty dirty sounding. I liked that. And it swung harder. They had good soloists in the Wills band.

"There were some really great players in that tradition, and it's been nice to be down in this part of the country to get to play with some of those guys. I've got a gig on New Year's Eve with a couple of guys who used to be in the Texas Playboys.

"What's on the record is just the way we play. I'm very interested in people's reaction. People perceive it very differently. Some people think it's a jazz record, some people think that it's not. People hear different things in it.

"I'd really like to get the guys out on the road. So far the band hasn't traveled outside of Texas. I would love nothing more than to be able to travel with bass, piano, drums, and guitar. But it's tough in the music business in general right now, with the economy the way it is.

"I guess we're sometimes thrown in the jazz category. When we were making the record, we just didn't worry about that. I occasionally would ask during the sessions, 'So guys, what kind of music do you think this is?'"

"How are you doing?" I asked. "Are you making a living out of music?" It's never easy.

"Yeah," Paul said. With an audible smile: "I haven't had a day job since about '80 or '81. Knock on wood, I feel very fortunate. Not that many mandolin players make a living. I know that I end up doing a weirder assortment of gigs than

any mandolin player I've ever heard of. I live a simple life, but I get to do what I want.

"It's fun."

And so is the album titled *Paul Glasse*. You may not find it in stores. I asked Harry Friedman and Jim Geisler if you could order it by mail. Yes.

Write to either of them care of Amazing Records, PO Box 2164, Austin TX 78768. It's \$15 for the CD, \$10 for the cassette.

Aside from its sheer value as music, the album offers yet another refutation of that periodic lament, Jazz is dying, heard redundantly since its dawning days.

It keeps renewing itself in unexpected places and unexpected ways. This is another of them.

Ten Year Index

With this issue, the *Jazzletter* completes its tenth year. It started with an idea on a May morning in 1981. It has produced three volumes of essays, and a fourth is in the works. It led directly to my writing biographies of Oscar Peterson and Lerner and Loewe, and contributed to the establishment of the fine bassist Bill Crow as a writer. Its content in the 120 issues of these last years has been approximately a million words.

Such was the demand for back issues that we ran out of some of them. Even I didn't have copies. Readers lent me theirs, and by whatever magic, Island Printing in Ventura, California, produced a better quality of printing than that in the originals. Incidentally, I would ask anyone who did not yet receive those back issues to let me know; they're ready and as far as I know all such orders have been filled.

I had a twinge or two in compiling the index. Some of the people who contributed to the *Jazzletter* are gone, including Hal Davis and Bobby Scott. Bobby was very much a part of the *Jazzletter*, and often my adviser. I miss Bobby a lot. I miss Sahib Shihab a lot too.

The *Jazzletter* was indexed at the end of its fifth year. Herewith, the ten year index.

And happy holidays.

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School Days	1/1
O.P. -- Growing Up Canadian	1/2
Skating to Music and the New Physics	1/2
And One to Pay the Rent	1/3
Truth Comes Out in the Trash (by Steve Allen)	1/3
Two Records	1/3
Flying with Fingers	1/4
The Mysterious Language	1/4
Do It Yourself	1/4
Fingers (2)	1/4
Shorty Pederstein Revisited	1/5

The Mysterious Language (continued)	1/6	Pavilion in the Rain II	3/4
Fingers (3)	1/6	The Sinatra Effect	3/5
Down Beat Days	1/7	Gene Krupa Remembered (by Bobby Scott)	3/6
Fingers (4)	1/7	Addendum	3/6
Eight Bar Intro	1/8	State of the Arts	3/7
Eine Kleine Jazzmusik (by Josef Skvorecky)	1/8	Life Among the Cartons (the birth of Mosaic Records)	3/7
Of Rhymes and Music (by Owen Cordle)	1/8	Re: Person I Knew (Bill Evans)	3/7
Fingers (5)	1/8	King of Jazz (by Lynn Murray)	3/8
Well Thanks, John	1/9	How to Talk Dirty and Write Lyrics	3/8
Bix	1/9	The Road to Gadgets (conglomerate takeovers of music)	3/9
Aging Babies	1/9	Dogs in the Manger	3/9
More Jim and Andy's	1/10	The Buffalo Case (broadcasters and royalties)	3/9
Reflections on Duke		From Print to Plastic	3/9
and Guy Lombardo		This Must Be the Place	3/9
and Gary LeFebvre	1/10	The Guv Comes Home (Robert Farnon)	3/10
Fingers (6)	1/10	Glenn on Glenn (Glenn Gould)	3/10
Year One	1/11	Frishberg: I'm Hip (Dave Frishberg)	3/11
From Africa with Love	1/11	A Portrait of Woody (Woody Herman)	3/11
The Hug (Hugo Friedhofer)	1/12	Year's End	3/12
Fingers (7)	1/12	The Bond (by Lynn Darroch)	3/12
The Reluctant Romantic I (Artie Shaw)	2/1	Odd's 'n' Ends	4/1
Fingers (8)	2/1	The Dick Haymes Enigma (by Bobby Scott)	4/1
The Reluctant Romantic II	2/2	The Big Myth	4/2
A Memory	2/2	A Day with Herb Ellis	4/3
French Autumn Syndrome I	2/3	Nights Under the Bridge (by Mike Zwerin)	4/4
Fingers (9)	2/3	Oscar Peterson: The Early Years	4/4
French Autumn Syndrome II	2/4	Jazz Is Not Gay Music (by Grover Sales)	4/5
Whither Electronics?	2/4	Killing the Father (by Michael Zwerin)	4/6
Brief Encounter (Oscar Peterson & Charles Laughton)	2/4	A Piano Poll	4/6
French Autumn Syndrome III	2/5	The First Typewriter Quartet	4/7
The Mighty Atom (Jack Whittemore remembered)	2/5	The Blue Angel Crowd (by Dave Frishberg)	4/7
Roses in the Morning (Johnny Mercer)	2/6	One Man's Road (by Clare Fischer)	4/7
Fingers (10)	2/6	Did You Ever Play with Bud? (by Al Levitt)	4/7
The Musician as Writer	2/7	Or Opposite Oscar Peterson (by Eddie Higgins)	4/7
Indiana Twilight (by Richard Sudhalter)	2/7	A Journey to Cologne I	4/8
One Pianist		It's a Fine Scheme	4/9
and Two Singers	2/7	Thanks	4/9
Fingers (11)	2/7	A Journey to Cologne II	4/9
An Editorial	2/8	A Journey to Cologne III	4/10
Two Critics	2/8	Year's End	4/11
The Square on the Lawn (by Michael Zwerin)	2/8	In Defense of KKGO	4/12
Out Out, Damned Horn (by Henry Pleasants		Radio Romances (by Lynn Murray)	4/12
and Michael Zwerin)	2/9	The Sparrow (Edith Piaf)	5/1
Quo Vadis, Jazz?	2/9	Boy with Drum (Edmund Thigpen)	5/2
That Tax (proposed for cassettes)	2/10	Collier's Controversy I	5/3
Furthermore . . .	2/10	Music by Faith (Percy Faith)	5/3
The War that Died of Singing	2/10	Collier's Controversy II	5/4
Pavilion in the Rain I (end of the big-band era)	2/11	Don't Shoot the Critic (by Doug Ramsey)	5/5
Dizzy's Big Band	2/11	Two-Track Mind (Denny Zeitlin, by Grover Sales)	5/5
Year's End	2/12	Gi Jo and Paul (Joe Stafford and Paul Weston)	5/6
Ah, Wilderness	2/12	A Bad Horn	5/6
Why? (the suicide of Frank Rosolino)	2/12	Lenny Gone to Ground (Lenny Breau)	5/7
About Jason (Rosolino)	3/1	From High Atop (by Steve Allen)	5/7
Sad Afrika (by Michael Zwerin)	3/1	Diz 'n' Duke (by Bill Crow)	5/7
The House in the Heart (Lester Young, by Bobby Scott)	3/2	Goodman	5/7
Paul Desmond	3/3	To Russia Without Love I (by Bill Crow)	5/8

To Russia Without Love II	5/9	Now that April's Gone (Morley Callaghan)	8/4
To Russia Without Love III	5/10	The Making of a Jazz Club (by Hal Davis)	8/4
To Russia Without Love IV	5/11	Of Books and Brits	8/5
Rated G for Genius (by Bob Waldman)	5/11	Of Choleric Chauvinists (by Stanley Dance)	8/6
Addison's Image (Art Farmer)	5/12	Birdland (by Bill Crow)	8/7
On Pleasing Everyone	6/1	The Bill Potts Band	8/7
A Special Accuracy (John Heard)	6/2	Al the Waiter (by Bill Crow)	8/8
A Gathering of Singers	6/3	Waiting for Dizzy I	8/8
Kirstein on Melody	6/3	Ivie (Ivie Anderson, by Bill Crow)	8/9
Name That Song (by Bill Crow)	6/4	Waiting for Dizzy II	8/9
Ma Perkins Meets Ted Turner	6/4	The Wombat Chronicles	8/10
When in Rome	6/4	Reviewer Reviewed (by Grover Sales)	8/11
Madame Chiang's Piano (by Grover Sales)	6/5	Cincinnatus Afternoon (Spiegle Willcox)	8/11
B.G. and the Soil of Fascism	6/5	Weekend at Dante Park (Benny Carter)	8/11
A Farewell to Granz	6/6	One of the Jones Boys (Hank Jones)	8/12
Enough Already (re Benny Goodman)	6/7	Pee Wee Marquette (by Bill Crow)	9/1
Doc Cheatham (by Chuck Folds)	6/7	Piano Solitaire	9/1
Billie in Britain (by Max Jones)	6/8	Bix and Bill (Bill Challis)	9/2
Name That Label	6/9	Keys of the Kingdom (Art Tatum, by Don Asher)	9/3
Jazz: A Musical Discussion (by Carl Engel, 1922)	6/9	A Cheer for Roseanne Barr	9/4
More About Radio	6/10	Silva and Son (Horace Silver)	9/4
A Threat to the Arts	6/10	Sing 'Em the Way We Wrote 'Em (Margaret Whiting)	9/5
Of Typos and Ojai	6/11	The Brother (Freddy Cole)	9/6
The Insomniac's Companion (Charlie Rose)	6/11	Dr. de Lerma, I Presume (Dominique de Lerma)	9/7
Talking to Billy Taylor	6/11	The Worlds of Mel Powell I	9/8
And a Happy New Year, Mike (by Red Mitchell)	6/12	The Worlds of Mel Powell II	9/9
A Little Song of Christmas	6/12	The Worst Gig (by James Lincoln Collier)	9/10
Changes	7/1	So Long, Socks (Bobby Scott)	9/10
The Big Sellout	7/1	Bud (Buddy Rich, by Bobby Scott)	9/10
Birth of a Label (by Hal Davis)	7/1	The Good Gray Fox I (Lou Levy)	9/11
The Last Days of Junior's I	7/1	The Good Gray Fox II	9/12
The Last Days of Junior's II	7/1	End Notes	9/12
Looking for a Boy I (Henry Mancini)	7/3	Three Little Words	10/1
John Galsworthy and the CD	7/4	The Musician as Comic	10/1
Looking for a Boy II	7/4	Hornsby (by Steve Allen)	10/1
Trombone and Tulips (Al Grey)	7/5	Culture Shock (by Grover Sales)	10/1
More Charlie's (by Bill Crow)	7/6	The Nine Lives of Red Rodney I	10/3
Gil's Pad (Gil Evans)	7/6	The Nine Lives of Red Rodney II	10/4
Conversation (Gil Evans, by Ben Sidran)	7/6	Old Friend (Jimmy Raney)	10/4
My Life in Comedy (by Bill Crow)	7/7	Living Legend (by Jimmy Raney)	10/4
Emily (Emily Remler)	7/7	Limits of Criticism	10/4
The Sleeping Sage (Billy Exiner, by Gene DiNovi)	7/8	The Composer (by Jimmy Raney)	10/5
Boston Dave (Dave Lambert, by Bill Crow)	7/8	The Philadelphia Connection I (Benny Golson)	10/5
Escape from Criticism	7/9	The Philadelphia Connection II	10/6
Stereo Oldies	7/9	Ding (Vic Dickenson, by Bill Crow)	10/6
Fiddler Joe (Joe Venuti)	7/9	Re Tom Harrell	10/7
Chicago, Chicago	7/10	Tommy (by Phil Woods)	10/7
Better than a Blank (by James Lincoln Collier)	7/10	Jazz and the Russia House	10/7
Lost Innocence	7/11	A Little Song for Sarah	10/8
Resolved: The Music Business Is Not a Whore	7/12	John, Gil, Dave, and the Man on the Buffalo Nickel I	10/8
The New Life of Bud Shank	7/12	John, Gil, Dave, and the Man on the Buffalo Nickel II	10/9
Year's End	7/12	Chet and Zoot	10/9
Letter from Joe Smith	8/1	John, Gil, Dave, and the Man on the Buffalo Nickel III	10/10
Radio Realities (Fred Hall)	8/1	The Prez of Louisville	10/11
An Editorial (on mail about Joe Smith)	8/2	Beano, the Last Frontier	10/12
Spike's Life (Spike Robinson)	8/3	Hybrid on the Hudson	10/12