Gene Lees
Jazzletter

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Mail Bag

Here in the D.C. area, WDCU is off the air, so we're in a jazz desert now.

Some issues ago you mentioned Hitler leading to the death of 80 million people.

R.J. Rummel, professor of political science at the University of Hawaii and director of the Haiku Peace Research Center, has made a lifetime study of the subject. In 1994, his *Death by Government* was published, his fourth book on 20th century murders by totalitarian governments. His three previous books cover the top three murder regimes of the century:

Lethal Politics: Soviet Genocide and Mass Murder Since 1917, 1990, 172 pages.

China's Bloody Century: Genocide and Mass Murder since 1900, 1991, 196 pages.

Democide: Nazi Genocide and Mass Murder, 1991, 150 pages.

This is his list of the top five mass murderers, and the number of violent deaths they caused:

Stalin's Soviet Gulag, 61,911,000.

Mao's Red China, 35,236,000.

Hitler's Nazi genocide, 20,946,000.

Chiang's Kuo-Mintang Nationals: 10,214,000.

Japan's military atrocities: 5,964,000.

Note that between Chiang's, Mao's, and the Japanese atrocities, this totals more than 50,000,000 deaths in China.

Yikes. It's good to see this bloody century come to a close.

— Gary Alexander, Reston, Virginia

Let me add my thanks to the chorus of those who love Clark Terry. I know of no other person who has so successfully converted the B.S. of life into pure gold.

I call your attention to Clark's work during the 1972 Newport Festival in New York City; tape enclosed. With Jimmy Smith and B.B., he jammed on *Blue-n-Boogie*. His solo on that is one of the most elegantly constructed improvisations I have ever heard. It is a sure-fire cure for any depression one can get from the headlines or CNN. In these days of phony everything, it is very important to know that such a person as Clark Terry lives and does what he does better than anyone else. Clark has a warm spirit and a heart as big as a sombrero, and those who aspire to leadership should go to the University of C.T.

— Cone Johnson MD, Abilene, Texas

Cone, a former musician, is a specialist in pulmonary diseases. He is actively involved in the Texas jazz scene.

A few years ago, Bud did a tour of Germany with Clark Terry and David Friesen, the wonderful bassist. There were no rehearsals for this trio, and what emerged each night was totally spontaneous and brilliant music.

It became apparent early on that the various promoters of this tour knew nothing of Clark's diabetes, or of the need of musicians to eat after a long hard show. So I took to making up little baggies of healthy things for Clark and Bud to eat. We would meet in the bar after the show, and have a drink or two, and Clark would munch out of his baggy. I would sit between these two giants and listen with awe to them reminisce about their five decades plus in jazz business. Clark and Bud had not played together since their stint in the Charlie Barnet band so many years ago, when Doc Severinsen was Bud's roommate.

The trio was recorded at the Schlauspielhaus in (formerly) East Berlin. I got to walk up four flights of stairs carrying a tray with a pitcher of water and several glasses for the band, and had to sign a chit for its return. The person running the elevator said it was only for symphony musicians, not "these jazz people".

Later, I was standing backstage during the band's performance of Clark's on-the-spot construction of *Payin' Those Berlin Dues* — a blues, of course. This evolved into a wild moment of creativity in which Bud and Clark played only their mouthpieces, teasing and taunting each other with great glee. In the course of it all, Clark sang, "Come here, Shank. I got something to say to you. Linda's been tellin' me all 'bout those things you do."

It is no small thing to be immortalized on CD by that consummate musician and human being Clark Terry.

— Linda Shank, Port Townsend, Washington

Linda is Bud's wife.

Bravo for your rebuttals to those who would prefer the Jazzletter to consist of nothing but feel-good puff pieces. Acknowledgment of the way the real world operates would be an important feature of such a publication at any time, but it is even more important now. The tone of the conversations that I hear on the current state of the art resemble comments by listeners to Radio Free Europe during the days of the Iron Curtain. The fact that there is only one publication that will print what virtually every grown-up musician in New York says in private is frightening. Not only is the scene fraught with economic peril for musicians of certain ages, skin tones, and stylistic persuasions, but for the first

time there seems to be genuine widespread fear to speak up on any of these issues. In addition, there seems to be such fear of those forces that I constantly hear young musicians uncomfortably altering their styles to fit the demographic profile demanded by the powers that be.

The fear that many musicians express about speaking up on these matters is, I feel, based on a form of egotistical self-delusion. I feel an odd sense of freedom in knowing that as a jazz foot soldier toiling in the trenches, the House Un-American Jazz Activities Committee at Lincoln Center and the executives of the major labels couldn't give a rat's ass what someone in my position says about these matters, but I know that if I and others like me stopped speaking out, there would eventually be no place left in society for people like me.

I choose not to flatter myself by thinking that people like Wynton Marsalis and Rob Gibson have nothing better to do than somehow impede the progress of my career because I speak my mind. I also choose not to insult myself by keeping my mouth shut at a time when jazz is experiencing the closest thing to McCarthy-ism that it has ever seen.

So please keep the bad news coming. Though millions have tried, it is still impossible to play an instrument or sing a song with one's head up one's ass.

— Kenny Berger, Brooklyn, New York

Kenny Berger is an arranger and composer, as well as saxophonist. He is widely respected by his fellow musicians. As for the state of the art, this joke is going around among musicians:

Jazz musician goes to his doctor. The doctor examines him, then says, "You have six months to live."

Musician says, "On WHAT?"

I just finished reading *Cats of Any Color* and wanted to drop you a note to commend you on a very fine effort. Race has for too long been too great of a focus of the music we both love so much, and I was delighted by both the explanations your forum provided and the sense of a need to move on.

I remember interviewing Wynton and Branford Marsalis for *Down Beat* in 1982. I had traveled to New York and was basically living at the apartment they shared on the edge of the Village. After countless hours of wide-ranging discussions over the course of several days, but before I turned on the tape recorder for the actual Q&A, Wynton, I guess, had decided that I was all right. He proceeded to make me an "honorary Negro." The significance was, of course, that being friends with an honorary Negro was better than being friends with a white. I found it unsettling at the time, thought I suppose I feigned flattery, and to this day resent all the implications of that act.

I can't recall such impositions from any other individual — blacks, women, or Christian — where I had to gain honorary status to be in their company. On those occasions when I've been thought to be okay for a Jew, I've lecture briefly on racism and exited.

But I suppose there's always hope. In this Montana hamlet we have called home since 1993, I teach a jazz history course at the high school. The idea of racism in the music has yet to occur to any of the students. They will embrace Bix as quickly as Louis, Tram as quickly as Bechet. They are, I am thankful to say, listening to the music with their eyes closed.

Wishing you the best,

— A. James Liska, Livingstone, Montana

James Liska has written extensively for the Los Angeles Times *and for* Playboy. *The* Times of London *publishes letters from readers which sometimes develop into protracted discussions on a given issue. Then the paper will call off these colloquies. I want the Jazzletter to be a forum for discussion, but I feel there have been enough letters about the situation and would like to request a cut-off of this discussion. Nothing is going to halt the abuses of power at Lincoln Center.*

Music and Madness

Last year, Judith Schlesinger, a PhD psychologist and professor who has long been a Jazzletter *subscriber, wrote a piece for the* Baltimore Sun *that has been hanging on my bulletin board ever since. I have been meaning to lay it on you for a long time. It is a sharply perceptive essay, reprinted by permission. She is writing a book on the myths and realities of creativity and madness as applied to music, and anyone with thoughts on the subject can write to her at 71644,1121@compuserve.com. Her biography of Humphrey Bogart is due out this fall from Metro books.*

The history of genius is drenched in ambivalence, saturated with both worship and loathing. Ever since Plato claimed the gods included insanity with each gift of inspiration, exceptional talents have been idealized and condemned, depending on the fashion of the moment. In the Middle Ages they were said to be possessed by demons; today they're allegedly hobbled by mental illness.

The fact content is about the same; even the recent pseudoscientific theories illuminate much more about the theorist than the genius. They're useful primarily as a leveller, a way to neutralize envy, since for those who need it, there's much comfort in the idea that exceptional people are flawed. Lately this ancient cushion has received fresh padding from the mental-health profession, a group traditionally suspicious of exuberance, imagination, and risk-taking.

Much of the new stuffing comes from psychological autopsies, the most popular approach. In *Byron, the Flawed Angel* (Houghton-Mifflin 1997), Phillis Grosskurth exhumes a poet whose worst flaw seems to be his bratty self-indulgence. Though billed as "a master of psychoanalytic biography," Grosskurth diagnoses Byron by tacking the loaded "manic" onto words like "activity" without providing clinical justification for doing so. Of course, this makes every human experience grist for the psychiatric mill.

When Byron falls in love, "he was in that manic state when he wanted to proclaim his love from the rooftops" (p 307). When he manages a four-mile swim across the Dardanelles despite his club foot, normal triumph is denied him. "Byron's mood had never been

Preamble

Eleven years ago, I made a trip to Pittsburgh with Henry Mancini, who grew up in that area. I wrote a piece about that trip for the *Jazzletter*.

In the years since then, I have written a number of things about Hank for various purposes, including liner notes. I also worked with him on his autobiography, a book I consider unsatisfactory in that Hank was an inherently modest person and would not make for himself the claims to which he had every right as a pioneering film composer.

Lately I found myself thinking of putting some of this material into one piece. I tried it, and submitted it to a number of *Jazzletter* subscribers for whom I have the deepest professional and personal respect, among them the arranger and composer Jeffrey Sultanof and former North Texas State music teacher Jane Barton. I wanted to know if they thought I should run it.

The vote has been a unanimous yes. So here it is. I hope you will discover some things about Hank that you didn't know.

Make the Sucker Float

Part I

The great scar of the Grand Canyon passed slowly under its wings as the jet coursed eastward at 35,000 feet. It was November 12, 1987. Henry Mancini didn't look out the window. Flying was a part of his life. He had been doing it for years, to record his movie scores or conduct symphony orchestras, to perform in big cities and small or at the White House for three different presidents or in London for members of the British royal family. Now he was going home — to his original home, not the big house in Holmby Hills or the other one he owned in Malibu or the third in Vail, Colorado, which he visited mostly in the winter, to ski.

"How tall are you, Hank?" I once asked Mancini as we were on our way to lunch. We were in the elevator of the building at Hollywood and Vine in Hollywood, in which at that time he maintained an office. He used to let me use it as a base of operations whenever I came out from New York.

"Six one," he said and with an impish grin added, "Six two when I've got a hit."

That was typical of him: quick, witty, sardonic, self-mocking.

Any way you add it up, Hank was the most successful and certainly the most visible composer in movie history. Most film composers do their work in unacclaimed seclusion. Mancini's was a household name. Only André Previn comes to mind when one searches for a comparison, and André walked away from his movie career.

Some people handle fame well and some don't. Hank handled it superbly. Indeed, it is perhaps more accurate to say that he didn't handle it at all. He ignored it. Although he knew the politics of the motion picture industry, I often had the feeling that he was never fully at ease in that world of big deals and endless manipulation and maneuvering. If you travelled with him on his concert tours, you saw what I think was the real Henry Mancini: telling music business stories and laughing over dinner with his musician friends.

He considered himself supremely lucky. And he never forgot a fateful day on the Universal Pictures lot where he had until recently been a staff composer, and encountered his acquaintance Blake Edwards. They were about the same age, Mancini then thirty-six, Edwards thirty-eight. The studio system was coming to an end. Hank had just lost his job, and he had a wife and three children. He still had a pass to the Universal lot, however, and with nothing better to do that day, he decided to get a haircut. As he walked out of the barber shop, he ran into Edwards, who asked him about Ginny, Hank's wife. After a few more minutes of chat, Edwards asked, "Hey, would you be interested in doing a TV show for me?"

As Hank told me much later, he wasn't exactly being overwhelmed with offers at the time, and he said, "Yes. What's the name of it?"

Edwards said, "It's called *Peter Gunn,*" and Hank said, "What is it, a western?" Edwards said, "You'll see," and made an appointment with Hank.

A private-eye story starring Craig Stevens, it would be one of the most successful series in that genre. Certainly it was the most stylish. And it would lead to a profound change in the nature of television and movie music. It would have the first full jazz score in television history.

I first met Henry Mancini in Chicago, probably in 1959, when he was on a promotion tour for the *Peter Gunn* album and I was the editor of *Down Beat*, but certainly before the success of the 1961 *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* and of the song that has ever since been identified with it, *Moon River.* It was possible still for songs with tunes as melodic as that and a lyric as literate as the one Johnny Mercer attached to it to be hits in America; the great American song tradition had not yet been fully effaced by rock-and-roll. Mancini seemed wary in his hotel room at the Ambassador East. Or perhaps he was baffled by his sudden fame. If he was suspicious, it was no doubt because he had been under assault from elements of the east coast jazz critical establishment because of *Peter Gunn.*

His detractors were so busy deploring what Mancini had done with jazz that they overlooked what he was doing for it. Up until that time, film-scoring was almost entirely derived from European symphonic composition, scores such as those of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, Max Steiner, and Alfred Newman. Mancini changed that. More than any other man, he Americanized film scoring, and in time even European film composers, such as Michel Legrand, John Barry, and John Dankworth, followed his example.

Although others had used elements of jazz in film underscore before him, Mancini was the man who opened the way for its full use in drama. He proved the vocabulary of jazz could be used to express tenderness, romanticism, fear, laughter, exultation, despair, and he thereby established before a broad world public and the executives of the communications industry the expressive range of this music.

so manic," Grosskurth decides (p 108). "He suddenly started writing to his friends and for the next two months his letters are filled with descriptions of the exploit."

Byron is labelled manic-depressive because he was "too moody" to qualify as schizophrenic. Yet the official guidelines for both disorders require evidence of psychosis, such as delusions or hallucinations, or at least some blatantly destructive impact on normal functioning. It's not enough to be habitually moody, dramatic, promiscuous, selfish, and financially immature.

But once the criteria are diluted this thoroughly, a motivated judge can find enough "evidence" in everyone's history to bundle them all into the same Procrustean bed with all the mad geniuses. As Anatole Broyard pointed out, "there are just as many disturbed and destructive bakers, but we do not analyze their cakes."

All mythology needs some truth to survive. It happens that the manic and creative states do share certain characteristics, both with prolonged periods of agitated enthusiasm when ideas tumble about and food, sleep, and social responsibilities lose their importance. The crucial distinction is whether the behavior is out of control., whether the symptoms create art or personal disaster. And the same principle applies to the flip side.

Whether artistic or not, productive whirlwinds are often followed by exhaustion, dragging its familiar retinue of lethargy, sadness, and self-doubt. This is as natural as the depletion of the land after the harvest, becoming illness only if it endures and paralyzes. Once you label all intense productivity "manic" and its normal downswings "depression," you pathologize everyone who experiences both and dilute the gravity of real mental illness. And with such elastic definitions of madness, creativity and genius bouncing around, the interaction among them is impossible to prove.

Fortunately, proof isn't a high priority. At a professional conference on mood disorders, I heard the author of the original study on writers' depression say that "issues of statistical significance are less important than the clinical implications" of her research. Who needs scientific validity when the quest is so fascinating?

In fact, each new "breakthrough" is widely embraced despite any flaws in conception or methodology. Most samples are far too small to support reliable conclusions, and survey techniques often distort the actual prevalence of mental illness. For example, when they define depression as simply being treated for it, they eliminate those who truly suffer from it but shun treatment, while assuming that everyone in treatment really has it — and all to precisely the same degree.

Even when the data are clear, the interpretations are biased. Maybe there are more alcoholic artists than soldiers, but this could reflect their greater freedom and isolation rather than any inherent pathology. Similarly, when comparing self-reports of depression from creative and control groups, nobody considers the artists' eagerness to explore their souls in private and embellish them in public — including to a therapist.

Also overlooked is the financial roller-coaster of the creative life, which creates mood swings all by itself. And little is said about the volitional aspect of mental "illness" when people deliberately cultivate their eccentricity because they assume it demonstrates their genius, while others play up their "artistic temperament" as a good excuse for bad behavior.

There are too many different threads to knit together any consistency here, although it's promised in *The Price of Greatness: Resolving the Creativity and Madness Controversy* (Guildfor 1988). The title reflects the evergreen hope that the great are indeed paying for it, but the subtitle is misleading since nothing is resolved at all. Psychiatrist Arnold Ludwig examines 1004 eminent people, from Lady Astor to Samuel Gompers, in the (failed) attempt to link greatness to such primal causes as family dysfunction and birth disorders. He provides many impressive — if inconclusive — charts, and finally admits that "while intriguing, speculations of this sort are justified only if it has been established that mental illness is common among the eminent. To date, this has yet to be established."

An equally determined approach propels *The Key to Genius: Manic Depression and the Creative Life* (D. Jablow Hershman and Julian Lieb M.D., Prometheus 1992), which borrows the forensic technique without the sharper implements. While the authors strain some diagnostic muscles tying Beethoven's "first recorded depression" to his mother's death, they paint a friendlier portrait of mania, including cheerfulness, optimism, and good will as symptoms, and suggesting that manic depression is what transforms talent into genius. This might reflect the fact that one author is an artist with a more benign and proprietary perspective on the whole business.

And perspective is the real key to this mystery. In the absence of fact, opinion will always dominate, along with the individual agendas that drive it. Many needs are met by linking creativity and madness, not the least of which is the everlasting compulsion to shake the pedestals of exceptional people — but not hard enough to dislodge them from view. As long as they are considered damaged or doomed, we can appreciate their creations without having to envy their more interesting lives, their freedom, their talent.

This also satisfies the prissier therapists, those who were drawn to the profession in the first place by the chance to experience intimacy without risk. By sharing the dramas of their artistic patients, they can approach the thrill of coloring outside the lines without having to dare it themselves. This is particularly true for those who trace their lineage to that notorious spoilsport Sigmund Freud, for whom the creative urge was merely a flight from depression and sexual frustration.

The anti-creativity chorus is full of sour notes (and grapes), yet jealousy alone cannot explain the deeper animosity that surfaces now and then. Perhaps May Sarton can: "The creative person, the person who moves from an irrational source of power, has to face the fact that this power antagonizes. Under all the superficial praise of 'the creative' is the desire to kill. It is the old war between the mystic and the nonmystic, a war to the death."

Whatever it may be, it continues.

— Judith Schlesinger

But his purpose was not to write jazz, any more than it was to write symphonies, it was to underscore drama. "Everything I have ever written comes from the picture," he repeatedly asserted.

Mancini was the principal figure in developing what could be called the song score. Whereas earlier composers in the movie field had tended to use "classical" music techniques of thematic development and non-melodic orchestral writing — with exceptions, of course — Mancini began writing scores such as that of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and those in the *Pink Panther* series that contained almost as many fully-developed song melodies as a Broadway musical. And he used all sorts of devices of the dance bands to set these melodies off, from jazz walking bass to Caribbean dance rhythms. That he was capable of a quite different kind of writing is evident in the score for the suspense mystery *Arabesque,* which is comparatively abstract, or that of *The White Dawn,* or the stripped and austere score of the Paul Newman version of *The Glass Menagerie.*

The gift of writing melody is a somewhat mysterious one. Even some of the most trained and skillful composers lack it. Conversely, the melodic gift is not the only criterion of musical worth. The flair for melody is the gift of Tchaikovsky, Puccini, Kern, Gershwin, Arlen, Youmans. Mancini was revealed in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* as an inventive and original writer who enormously expanded the vocabulary of modern orchestration. An awareness of "classical" orchestration was wedded to a fluency in American big-band writing, to sometimes startling effect.

The combination of these things made Mancini the first film composer to emerge from anonymity to become a public figure, known world-wide, with record sales in the millions and a wall full of Grammy, Oscar, and other awards, and the conductor of concerts everywhere.

There was no welcoming committee when we landed at the Pittsburgh airport; he hadn't asked for it. Mancini never had a retinue, as is the wont with celebrities. He travelled alone or with his road manager, Jerry Grollnek, and a key group of musicians: the rhythm section, the lead trumpet, and saxophonist Al Cobine, of whom more in a moment. Hank called them "my guys" and they were a close-knit group who were with him for years. But they didn't travel with him. They met him at the job.

A car and driver awaited us, and we were driven to the newly-built Vista Hotel where we checked into our rooms. The first rehearsal was set for the following day. The four nights of concerts he was about to conduct with the Pittsburgh Symphony were already sold out. The repertoire for these concerts included his *Overture to a Pops Concert,* a commission by the Boston Pops Orchestra for its hundredth anniversary, a slapstick Stan and Ollie theme from *A Fine Mess,* three of his television themes (*Hotel, Newhart,* and *Remington Steele*), three movie songs (*Life in a Looking Glass* from *That's Life, Crazy World* from *Victor-Victoria,* and *It's Easy to Say* from *10*), music from *The Thorn Birds, Charade,* themes from *Lifeforce, The Great Mouse Detective, The Glass Menagerie,* and part of his *Beaver Valley '37 Suite,* a memoir of his childhood originally written for the Philadelphia Orchestra, and finally, of course, the requisite *Pink Panther, Peter Gunn, Two for the Road, Mr. Lucky, Dear Heart, Days of Wine and Roses,* and *Moon River.* The last-named song has been recorded more than one thousand times.

The next morning a driver took us to Heinz Hall, a magnificent old theater refurbished a few years ago with a huge grant from the famous food family of that name and made into the home of the Pittsburgh Symphony. The concert was to last two hours. And the rehearsal was scheduled for two-and-a-half hours. Hank, remarkably, could prepare a two-hour concert in two-and-a-half hours. One reason was that his road musicians would communicate to the orchestra and lead its phrasing. Hank said that some film composers who did concerts with symphony orchestras made the mistake of presenting them with extremely difficult scores. This chewed up rehearsal time on hard passages, leaving an orchestra to scramble. And Hank was deliberately easy on orchestras, which was one reason they liked him.

They also liked the music. A woodwind player that day told me, "You wouldn't believe all the crap we have to play in the pop concerts. This orchestra feels this is the best, that's the reason they like to see Hank come in. It's an easy gig, but this is music, and we recognize it and like it."

And so Hank would complete a rehearsal with a good orchestra in ten minutes under two hours, and with a less professional regional orchestra in ten minutes over two hours.

And this one came in almost exactly ten minutes under the two hours. Saxophonist Al Cobine, who had predicted it, said, "See?" as if he'd won a bet.

The orchestra's players were making their crowded way down a corridor to the dressing rooms. A tall violinist said to a petite girl walking beside him, "The thing I like about him is that he doesn't throw his fame at you." The backstage mood was good.

"He has a great deal of reserve about him," said saxophonist Al Cobine, who contracted the orchestras with which Hank worked on the road, "at least until you get past it. I find it in his reticence to talk freely. He's a storehouse of knowledge if you can get him to talk. We've all observed for years how complex he can be. For example, he always seems to know who wrote the lyrics to songs. We started talking about some very early characters in jazz, and he knew all about them and what they did. And he remembers faces and names in all the orchestras. He'll ask about them, he has a deep memory.

"Another thing is that he is very patient with people. He can be cutting at times, but he'll say it, and it's over and forgotten."

Ginny, Hank's wife, said that he always told her, "When something goes wrong, lay out four bars before you do anything."

At the concert's intermission, his dressing room was crowded with visitors. His expression would light up when he recognized faces from long ago, and he would ask after this old friend or that, after someone's brother, or a musician he had worked with in the early days when the Sons of Italy band played on a bandstand in a vacant lot in West Aliquippa.

I noticed a tiny but vigorous woman among the well-wishers. She was less than five feet tall, and I was astonished to learn that she was eighty-two. She looked about sixty-five. Hank brought her to meet me, grinning and with a solicitous loving air. "This," he said, "is Madeleine Paoline." I'd heard a great deal about her from

him, so I knew who she was: his godmother, and friend of the family, and she had been his teacher in Grade Five. She sat down on a sofa in the dressing room, a little prim in manner, and formally erect.

She remembered that the conductor of the Sons of Italy band was Carlo d'Atri, an immigrant. Madeleine's husband had played valve trombone in the band, which in the band's hierarchy made him second to the baritone horn, and her brother was the first clarinetist. They rehearsed every Sunday morning after church, and crowned their labors each year with performances on the festa of St. Anthony and that of Santa Magno.

I asked her, "What was Henry like in the fifth grade?"

"He wasn't a candidate for a Rhodes scholarship," she said. "But he was an alert boy, an average student. He was impish and with a subtle humor. He liked sports, which he was allowed to play until the time his mother or father would yell, 'Henry, time to practice.' He loved to eat. He doesn't look a bit different than he did then.

"His father was so proud of Henry, it's a wonder he had any buttons left on his shirt. He would send clippings about Henry home to us from California."

This image of the father was at sharp variance with the one I was to gain from Hank.

Hank was handsome. His tailoring was always impeccable and he loved to shop. He was a connoisseur of wines and a gourmet. No one ever looked more as if he were to the manor born. He spoke beautifully. In the first years I knew him, we never talked of books, and I was surprised, later, to discover how much he read, indeed how much he knew about many things.

Small wonder, then, that I had trouble reconciling the urbane and successful man I had known for twenty-seven or so years with the little Italian ragamuffin he said he was as a boy, growing up in West Aliquippa. On Sunday afternoon, we were going to drive out there to look at it.

Or what was left of it.

The concert was on November 13. The audience devoured it. Afterwards there was a reception given by the Rotary Club in a large room in the basement of Heinz Hall. From the head of the staircase, you could see the gathered crowd sipping from wine glasses, talking, laughing. As Hank descended, ladies pressed programs upon him for autographs, and all the faces in the room turned upward to watch him. One person and then another would say some variant on, "Henry, do you remember me? I used to know you at . . . " And he always did remember. It was amazing. He stayed for a time, signing autographs, chatting with strangers and old acquaintances alike, and then with a conspiratorial smile and a lift of the eyebrows suggested it was time we left. It was obvious that when he was traveling, the company he preferred was that of "my guys," and some of them were waiting to finish these formalities and leave.

Al Cobine said the symphony musicians sometimes asked, puzzled, "Why does he do this? Obviously he doesn't have to, he doesn't need the money."

"Because he likes it," Cobine would tell them. Hank always told his guys to live well on the road, eat well, sup well, sleep well. As we left with one or two of them, laughing about something or other, I suddenly realized what Henry Mancini, in his heart of hearts, really was.

I said, "Hank, you're just an old road rat." The term derives from the big-band era, that time of constant and homeless travel in which Mancini won his spurs as a professional musician. Fresh out of the army, he had been pianist and one of the arrangers for the Glenn Miller band led by Tex Beneke in the years right after World War II.

Henry Mancini was born in Cleveland on April 16, 1924, the year Puccini died. (The name should be pronounced Mancheenee, as in Pucheenee, but Hank early grew resigned to Manseenee.) His mother, fragile in health, almost died giving birth, then suffered several miscarriages, and eventually was told she could never bear another baby. Thus Hank was, which is unusual in Italian families, an only child.

"What did being an only child do to you?" I asked.

"I had to make do, learn to do things myself. I can still make it alone. It's just having to do for yourself."

In 1930, his father, Quinto Mancini, heard they were hiring men at the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company, got a job there, and moved from Cleveland with his wife and son to West Aliquippa, this little town twenty miles northwest of Pittsburgh on the left bank of the Ohio where it flows through Beaver Valley on its way to become part of the Mississippi. Hank would always consider West Aliquippa his home town.

Hank adored his mother, a plump woman less than five feet tall, but from the beginning his relations with his father were strained. Quinto Mancini, born in Abruzzi, would curse him in the dialect of that region, calling him a little *cafano*, which means hick, or an *animalo*, animal, or *porco Madonna*. *Porco* means pig, and *Madonna* refers to the Virgin Mary. The man had a violent temper, and one incident in particular remained with Hank all his life. The boy took a thermometer off the wall of the kitchen, wondering what would happen if he held a match to it. The mercury rose, and of course the glass shattered, and the mercury spilled on the floor. When his father came home from work, he demanded, "Where's the thermometer?"

Henry confessed. His father picked up the brass back of the thermometer and began to beat him with it. His mother leaped onto Quinto Mancini's back, crying, "Stop, stop!" Then she fell back and lay on a couch, gasping for breath. Only then did the father stop beating his son.

(To be continued)

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