

Gene Lees

Jazzletter

PO Box 240, Ojai CA 93024-0240

December 1997

Vol. 16 No. 12

A Brief Introduction

Ray Pizzi, born January 19, 1943, in Everett, Massachusetts, studied at the Boston Conservatory and the Berklee College (then School) of Music. He is an outstanding saxophonist and flutist. Ray toured with Woody Herman, and has played with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra, Frank Zappa, Milcho Leviev, and Willie Bobo, as well as singer Nancy Wilson. He has recorded with Moacir Santos and Dizzy Gillespie. He was one of Henry Mancini's favorite musicians.

Irving Bush, born and raised in Los Angeles, received B.A. and M.A. degrees, cum laude, from California State University in Los Angeles, then played trumpet with Harry James, David Rose, and Nelson Riddle. For three years he was Nat King Cole's first trumpet player. Like Ray Pizzi (and, contrary to legend, many jazz musicians) he is equally at home in classical music. He played from 1962 to 1982 with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, then became the orchestra's personnel manager.

I am often struck by the affection and respect of American jazz musicians for each other, the delight they take in each other's idiosyncrasies. Irving's portrait of Ray Pizzi, which follows, reads like a great short story, a slice of American musical life.

The Ray Pizzi Story

By Irving Bush

Part 1

July 1985

I drive up behind the stage at the Hollywood Bowl. The sun is bright and the smog doesn't seem too bad for this time of year. It's about 8:45 a.m. and some of the musicians are walking on stage, getting ready for the 9:30 rehearsal.

On stage left, I put my briefcase on a portable desk everyone calls my office. Actually my "office" is shared with 105 musicians, their instruments, cases, clothes, and God knows what else. This is my third year as personnel manager of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. I often wonder why I took the job. Playing trumpet in the orchestra for 20 years was no joke, but it was more predictable than dealing with so many musicians one on one, every day. I like working with people, but often, being caught in the middle between the orchestra and management makes me feel like chopped meat on a barbecue. I wonder what is in store for me. Henry is easy to work with, his music is good, and I don't have to play the trumpet this weekend.

Our conductor for this weekend's concerts, Henry Mancini, comes through the door from the stage, a formidable figure well

over six feet tall, laid back, and usually with a grin on his face. "Hi, Irv, did you get all the players I asked for?"

"We're in business, Henry. Everything is as you requested."

"Is Ray Pizzi here yet?"

"I'll check." I have talked to Ray on the phone but at this point have never met him.

"Well when he gets here," Henry says, "let me know."

I walk on stage to see if the setup is correct and make sure the monitors are in place, which they rarely are. The sound engineers are in a world by themselves. Any concert using amplified instruments and rhythm section is beyond their comprehension. My attempts to communicate with them on any level is like trying to negotiate with Saddam Hussein on a bad day.

To pick up a supply of earplugs, I cross to the opposite side of the stage, where the stage manager's console — looking like the cockpit of a Boeing 747 — is located. Conductors and soloists enter from this side, called stage right. The opposite side, stage left, is my domain, along with a hundred artistic types and my portable desk. Stage left is shabby by comparison with this. Sometimes I can see raccoons glaring at me with amber eyes through the missing acoustic tiles in the ceiling. One night one of them urinated on my desk. Such is life at the Hollywood Bowl. I pick up 100 sets of earplugs from Paul Geller, our stage manager, who says, "I hope this box of plugs gets you through the day."

"I wouldn't count on it," I answer.

As I walk back across that huge stage, it occurs to me that until a few years ago, no one in a major symphony orchestra would even have thought of wearing earplugs. Now half the orchestra wears them, especially if there are amplified instruments on stage. It's disconcerting to me, watching the orchestra on television, to see plugs in some of the players' ears, particularly during close-up shots. How things have changed. By shutting out the other instruments, you also shut out yourself. Maybe the symphony orchestra is becoming a dinosaur after all.

It's almost 9:30. Everyone in the orchestra, the regular members and the extra players, have arrived. Except that I don't see Ray Pizzi, Henry's tenor sax soloist. I look out into the rows of empty seats sloping up the Hollywood Bowl. In the last row of boxes, I see a lone figure, dressed all in black, with a black baseball cap pulled down over his forehead. I wave from the edge of the stage. He doesn't move. He doesn't see me. Moving rapidly, I step off the stage and start climbing the steps up toward him. Getting close, I wave and yell, "Ray?"

"Irv," he says. We shake hands.

"Henry's a little nervous, since he hasn't seen you yet. Let's go down so he knows you're here." We walk down to the stage. Henry notices Ray and smiles. Ray waves to him and I feel better.

Ray turns to me and mutters, "I knew I didn't have to play at the beginning of the rehearsal." He pauses. "I am reliable, you know."

For the next two evenings, Ray plays the tenor solo on Mancini's *Pink Panther* theme with enthusiasm and humor. It's hard to believe he's played it countless times before. His crowning achievement, however, is his rendition of *The Days of Wine and Roses*. He plays it differently on the two evenings. Each time it is beautiful and heart-rending. The audience loves it. Henry loves it. I love it. I think to myself: Perhaps some of the string players like it also.

Part 2

August 1987

Again I drive up behind the stage at the Hollywood Bowl. It's about 8:45 a.m. and, as usual in August, the temperature is rising rapidly. Even though it's my 25th year at the Bowl, I still feel uneasy about what might be in store for me today.

The concerts this weekend present the Mancini *Piece for Jazz Bassoon and Orchestra*, featuring none other than Ray Pizzi. By now I know Ray as a wonderful jazz tenor sax and woodwind player. But as a jazz bassoon soloist? Hmm! This should be very interesting. I walk over to my "office" on stage left and put my briefcase on the portable desk. The phone rings. I tense up and pick up the receiver.

"Hello, Irv, this is Ev." Evan Wilson is the Philharmonic's principal violist. "I don't feel good this morning. It's probably something I ate. If can't make the rehearsal this morning, I can't play the concert tonight and tomorrow night. I'm really sorry about this, but you know how it is."

"Yes, I know how it is. Unfortunately, Dale is out with her new baby." Dale is his associate. And I point out that Arthur, his assistant, is on a floating vacation week. "And John Hayhurst has tendinitis," I say. "That leaves us with only eight violas and the rehearsal starts in 40 minutes."

"Yes, Irv. You know I would make it if I possibly could. You know me."

"Yes, Evan, I do. Feel better and I'll see you at Monday's rehearsal."

"Okay, Irv. Bye."

Thank God it's a string player, or I'd really be up a creek.

Then I hear a voice. "Hi, Irv, am I early enough?"

It's Ray Pizzi, the man in black, black baseball cap and all.

"Hey, Ray, it's great to see you. What a surprise: I didn't know bassoon was part of your act."

"Are you kidding? I came out to L.A. from Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1969 to study with Simon Kovar." Simon Kovar had been first bassoonist with the New York Philharmonic. "That's the only reason I came to L.A., and I've been here ever since. Wait till you hear Henry's bassoon piece. I'll bet you've never heard anything like it."

"That's great, Ray."

"Yeah," Ray says. "Kovar and I became close friends, in

addition to his being my teacher. He moved to Encino after he retired from the Phil. He had emphysema something awful. His wife wouldn't let him smoke in the house, so I used to take him on errands so he could smoke a few cigarettes. The day he died he whispered to his wife, 'Call Ray and tell him I can't give him a lesson today.' I loved that guy."

"I'm sure the feeling was mutual, Ray. That's a touching story."

It's too late to try to hire another violist, even if I could find one who's available. By the time he or she could get here, the rehearsal would be half over.

I walk out on stage. All the extra players for Henry are setting up their instruments and equipment. I look for the monitors. I see Frank, my favorite sound engineer. "Where are the monitors, Frank?"

Frank responds, "We haven't had time to set them up yet."

"Will they be set up and sound-tested by the beginning of the rehearsal?"

"We'll try," Frank says.

It's now 9:23. I call the orchestra on stage. The rehearsal goes well. I'm busy during the bassoon piece, but afterwards, Ray and Henry seem happy.

That evening I again drive to the Bowl. Highland Avenue and the streets outside the entrance to the Bowl's parking lot are in gridlock. Every weekend is like this, so it's no surprise. I park my car and head toward the stage. On stage I run into Ray Pizzi. He is now clean-shaven, wearing a white dinner jacket and black bow tie, quite a contrast from this morning.

"Ray, you look very dapper tonight."

"Thanks, Irv. This is sure different for me. I guess I'll get used to it."

"Good luck, Ray. I know everything will go just fine."

"Thanks. I'll need it."

At 8:40 p.m., the Bowl is completely full, and it seats 18,000 people. It's a good feeling, to see a full house. No other orchestra in the world is fortunate enough to have anything equal to the Hollywood Bowl. It keeps the L.A. Philharmonic in the black, which is a rare thing for symphony orchestras.

After the National Anthem, Henry conducts an overture of some of his wonderful songs. The audience responds enthusiastically. And it's time for the *Piece for Bassoon and Orchestra*. I go out front, in the audience, so I can hear it better. What happens in the next few minutes is unlike anything I've ever heard, before or since. It sounds like a bassoon, but a bassoon from outer space. I wish I could explain it. The bassoon part sounds like a one-man band unto itself. Ray plays his own rhythm accompaniment while keeping melody lines going. I hear a few grunts, groans, the stamping of Ray's feet. What a show!

At the end of the piece, the audience doesn't know what to think. The reaction is mixed. Ray and Henry take several bows, grinning.

At intermission I tell Ray, "That was great! How do you do it?"

"Wow," says Ray. "I don't know. Wait till tomorrow night. It'll be even better. Thanks, Irv."

"I know Simon Kovar will be listening. Good night, Ray."

Part 3

Summer 1995

There will be no more concerts with Henry. He's gone now.

Again I drive up behind the Hollywood Bowl and park. This is my 33rd and last season with the L.A. Philharmonic. The Bowl seasons are busy and usually hectic. I feel both happy and sad. The Philharmonic is a great orchestra, and I will miss the music, musicians, and staff more than you can imagine. The orchestra is concluding the Bowl season with Handel's *Royal Fireworks Music*. The piece, as originally scored by Handel, is for oboes, bassoons, French horns, trumpets, and percussion. The strings and other players love this: they get to go home early. This is very important to many of our musicians.

During the month of July, one of my main concerns is hiring the extra musicians needed for the *Fireworks* music. The piece requires 16 oboes, 16 bassoons, nine horns, nine trumpets, and six timpani. I usually start calling the extra players about eight weeks before the scheduled concert, to get them before they accept other work. In the summer months, many players are busy doing music festivals all over the country, in addition to their work here in Los Angeles.

As soon as this morning's rehearsal gets under way, I start calling the extra players. After several calls, it pops into my mind: Why not call Ray Pizzi? He would probably love to play a great piece of music with 15 other virtuoso bassoonists.

At intermission, I ask our bassoon section for their opinion. David Breidenthal, Alan Goodman, and Patti Hemerl immediately think it would be great to hire Ray. Alan says, "Maybe Ray could give me some pointers on how to play *Days of Wine and Roses*."

I tell them, "Ray says he's reliable." I thank them and later that day call Ray. He is on Cloud Nine. He asks me to send the music right away so he can start practicing his part.

The summer of '95 passes and the last weekend arrives. Again it's 8:45 a.m., again I park my car, again I head for my "office". I am playing trumpet for the *Fireworks* music, so I get my horn out and walk on stage. All of a sudden, I hear a lone bassoonist practicing. Sitting near the middle of the stage is a figure in black, baseball cap and all.

"Ray!"

"Irv. Am I early enough? I've been here for a while now. This is serious business."

"I know. Tell me about it. By Monday, it won't be serious any more." Ray doesn't know what to make of my remark. That's okay.

That evening, just before the concert, Ray comes over to my desk. He says, "Hey, Irv, I have to tell you a great story."

"Fire away."

"Well, you won't believe this, but George Lucas of *Star Wars* fame invited me up to his new recording studio at the Skywalker Ranch in Marin County. He says, 'Bring your bassoon. I want to record whatever you feel like, for a new picture. Just one bassoon. Just watch the picture a few times and then we'll put it together.' Do you know what happened?"

"I can't guess, Ray."

"You won't believe this, Irv. I wind up playing on a 15-foot garden hose — a huge funnel on one end and a bassoon bocal and reed taped to the other end. It was the farthest-out sound you've ever heard. It was from outer space. George loved it! I stayed for a few days and we put it all together, man. What a thrill!"

"I can imagine, Ray. What do you think Handel would think of it?"

"He'd love it," Ray says, with a twinkle in his eye and a smile.

The next evening, after the intermission, the orchestra is ready for the second half of the concert. I am standing off stage near the console. The conductor is ready to go on stage. I am talking to Kazue McGregor, the orchestra librarian. I hear my name on the loudspeaker and think, My God, what's going on? I hear Steve Linder, the assistant general manager at the Bowl, tell the audience of almost 18,000 about my 33 years with the orchestra and announce that this is my last concert. I stumble on stage in a daze, at a total loss. Finally I raise my arms and give the Richard Nixon peace gesture with both hands. Everyone seems to respond. I bow to the audience and bow to the orchestra. My exit from the stage is at full speed.

The concert ends with the *Royal Fireworks Music*, fireworks and all. The smoke from the fireworks, depending on wind direction, can be almost overwhelming, but tonight it isn't so bad. We take our bows and walk off stage. Ray grabs me by the arm.

"Irv, that was a thrill. I am so proud. Thank you, thank you."

His sincerity is really touching. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, Ray. I'm sure Simon Kovar is proud too."

Part 4

February 1996

Until about 35 years ago, symphony orchestra auditions were held in a very loose, arbitrary manner, if they took place at all. It was far more common to have the conductor or musical director make the choice as to which musician would be hired. Supposedly, the best player would be chosen, but often other factors came into play. The musician was:

1. A friend of the conductor.
2. A relative of the conductor.
3. A friend of a player in the section, mainly the First player.
4. A relative of a player in the section, mainly the First player.
5. A friend or relative of another orchestra member outside the section.
6. A friend or relative of a member of management.
7. A musician who studied with a member of the section, primarily the First player.
8. Any combination of these, plus the distinct possibility of an occasional sexual liaison with any of the aforementioned parties.

Sometimes the recommended person would play for the conductor and/or the First player or the concert master; sometimes not. Occasionally there would be an open audition. This approach was often considered to be just too much trouble.

With the gradual democratization of symphony orchestras, audition procedures began to change. Audition committees were formed to give input to the conductor or music director. First chair, later called principal players, also were advisers. The final choice was up to the conductor.

Eventually, committee members and principal players were allowed to vote on their choices. The conductor often had several votes to the other members' one vote. Real democracy in action!

Currently the conductor votes, the auditions committee votes, the principal players vote, and the members of the section vote. Occasionally this complicated procedure can develop into total chaos. If no consensus is reached, no one is chosen.

All sorts of precautions are taken to keep the auditions on the up and up. If preliminary tapes are used (sometimes there are hundreds of applicants), each cassette is identified only by a number; no names are used. Still, for all the precautions to avoid hanky-panky, no audition is completely bulletproof. Anything can still happen and occasionally does.

The October 1995 edition of the *International Musician* contains an ad announcing a vacancy for the second bassoon position in the Los Angeles Philharmonic, auditions to be held in February 1996. The finals are to be heard on the 25th in the afternoon. Unbeknownst to everyone at the audition except the bassoon section — David, Alan, and Patti — an unusual event is about to take place.

A few weeks before the auditions, the bassoon section decides to invite Ray Pizzi to the finals. Since symphony type musicians tend to take themselves too seriously much of the time, they think having Ray do his act should provoke a little comic relief to a very tense situation. So one day during a motion-picture call at Louis B. Mayer's haunted motion picture studio, MGM, Patti asks Ray if he would be interested. A few days later, Ray phones David and agrees to play in the finals.

On Sunday, February 25, about 1 p.m., Ray arrives at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, where the auditions are being held. He is dressed in a black suit, black shirt, black tie, and a black, broadbrimmed fedora hat. David and Allan grab him and put him in one of the soloists' rooms so no one will see him. Alan mumbles to David, "What if nobody gets this?"

David looks at Alan and whispers, "All the better!"

Just before the finals start, the bassoon section alerts the people responsible for the logistics that something unusual is about to happen.

If not for these hard-working members of the orchestra and staff, the auditions would be in shambles. Today the people involved are the new personnel manager, Ted Hutman; the assistant personnel manager, Roy Tanabe; and the auditions co-ordinator, Ellie Nishi, who takes care of the auditionees offstage. On stage is the proctor, Ingrid Runde. She takes care of the auditionees *on stage*. Last but not least is pianist Joanne Pearce, the accompanist.

Sitting in front of the stage, about 15 rows back, is the auditions and renewal committee; the bassoon section; several woodwind principals; and the musical director of the Philharmonic, Esa-Pekka Salonen. The two groups do not sit together; and Esa-

Pekka sits by himself. Orchestra members at large are allowed to attend auditions as observers, but have no official function. With everyone in place, the final audition begins.

Ray Pizzi, the man in black, including his black broad-brimmed fedora, walks out on stage and sits down behind the music stand. Ingrid Runde, the proctor, shows Ray the orchestral excerpts to be played. Joanne Pearce plays an A on the piano and Ray tunes his bassoon. Then Ray shoves the music stand aside.

The auditions committee gasps. They must be thinking, What the hell is going on?

Ray starts to play the opening notes to the bassoon solo from Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. After that he launches into a swamp blues phrase, then proceeds into a ridiculous vamp which contains the lowest to highest notes of the bassoon range. The intervals are outrageous. Boop a beep a doop a bop in a 6/8 staccato, swing manner, that sounds like a 1920s tenor-sax player, in heat, recording the music for an old Daffy Duck cartoon. Boop a beep a doop a dop. Later we learn the vamp is part of a piece Ray composed for bassoon called *Ode to a Toad*. The composition is intended to bring out the whimsical side of the instrument. Ray continues.

Some of the orchestra people, sitting in their seats, start to smile and giggle, as if they realize this a put-on. Suddenly Ralph Fielding, chairman of the auditions committee and a member of the viola section, jumps up, clipboard in hand, and attempts to stop Ray. He doesn't see Ray's name on the list, and Ray isn't playing the prescribed material. Lorin Levee, the principal clarinetist, leaps toward Ralph, pushes him into his seat, and says, "Shut up and listen!"

Ray continues. After a few more measures, he stands and walks forward to the edge of the stage. He gradually gets down on one knee, still playing, and glares at Ralph Fielding. His playing becomes more excited and agitated until all the participants are laughing, totally out of control. Unknowingly, Ralph has become part of Ray's act, the perfect shill.

Finally, Esa-Pekka smiles and laughs as, still playing, Ray marches off the stage. He then comes back, playing faster and louder than ever. Oo boop pa de bop, feet stamping, and groaning between phrases. The orchestra members are howling. All of a sudden a huge green rubber glove pops out of the bell of Ray's bassoon, displaying the defiant middle finger. He turns toward the audience and flips the bird right at poor Ralph. Fortunately, by now Ralph is laughing with everyone else.

Ray turns to go off-stage, still playing. Just before disappearing, he shouts out, "Did I get the gig?"

Everyone in the audience applauds wildly. Everybody is in stitches. Alan Goodman puts his hand on the music director's shoulder and says, "Esa-Pekka, we've been had." Esa-Pekka is still smiling, and I am certain Ray Pizzi is too.

This story is absolutely true. Real names are used so the guilty parties can be easily identified.

— Irving Bush

Sixteen-Year Index

The Jazzletter has not been indexed in several years. I am often asked for a current index by those looking for older articles, particularly by people in schools. Herewith, at the end of its sixteenth year, a full index of the Jazzletter.

For Openers	1/1	Roses in the Morning (memoir of Johnny Mercer)	2/6
Meet Me at Jim and Andy's (memoir of the the tavern)	1/1	Fingers (Part 10)	2/6
School Days	1/1	The Musician as Writer (musicians who write)	2/7
O.P. — Growing Up Canadian (Oscar Peterson)	1/2	Indiana Twilight (re Bix by Richard Sudhalter)	2/7
Skating to Music and the New Physics (satire)	1/2	One Pianist	
And One to Pay the Rent	1/3	and Two Singers	2/7
Truth Comes Out in the Trash (satire by Steve Allen)	1/3	Fingers (Part 11)	2/7
Two Records	1/3	An Editorial	2/8
Flying with Fingers (satire)	1/4	Two Critics	2/8
The Mysterious Language (some basic questions about music)	1/4	The Square on the Lawn (by Michael Zwerin)	2/8
Do It Yourself	1/4	Out Out, Damned Horn (by Henry Pleasants	
Fingers (Part 2)	1/4	and Michael Zwerin)	2/9
Shorty Pederstein Revisited (regarding the nature of jazzmen)	1/5	Quo Vadis, Jazz?	2/9
The Mysterious Language (continued)	1/6	That Tax (proposed for cassettes)	2/10
Fingers Part 3)	1/6	Furthermore . . .	2/10
Down Beat Days (memoir of days at the magazine)	1/7	The War that Died of Singing	
Fingers (Part 4)	1/7	Pavilion in the Rain (end of the big-band era)	2/10
Eight Bar Intro	1/8	Part 1	2/11
Eine Kleine Jazzmusik (a short story by Josef Skvorecky)	1/8	Dizzy's Big Band	2/11
Of Rhymes and Music (book review by Owen Cordle)	1/8	Year's End	2/12
Fingers (Part 5))	1/8	Ah, Wilderness	2/12
Well Thanks, John	1/9	Why? (the suicide of Frank Rosolino)	2/12
Bix	1/9	About Jason ((the aftermath of Jason Rosolino)	3/1
Aging Babies	1/9	Sad Afrika (a visit to South Africa by Michael Zwerin)	3/1
More Jim and Andy's	1/10	The House in the Heart (portrait of Lester Young, by Bobby Scott)	3/2
Reflections on Duke		Paul Desmond	3/3
and Guy Lombardo		Pavilion in the Rain	
and Gary LeFebvre		Part 2)	3/4
Fingers (Part 6)	1/10	The Sinatra Effect	3/5
Year One	1/11	Gene Krupa Remembered (portrait by Bobby Scott)	3/6
From Africa with Love	1/11	Addendum	3/6
The Hug (movie composer Hugo Friedhofer)	1/12	State of the Arts	3/7
Fingers (Part 7)	1/12	Life Among the Cartons (the birth of Mosaic Records)	3/7
Fingers Part 8)	2/1	Re: Person I Knew (Bill Evans)	3/7
The Reluctant Romantic (Artie Shaw)		King of Jazz (re Paul Whiteman by Lynn Murray)	3/8
Part 1	2/1	How to Talk Dirty and Write Lyrics (evolution of the English language)	
Part 2	2/2	The Road to Gadgets (conglomerate takeovers of music)	3/9
A Memory	2/2	Dogs in the Manger	3/9
Fingers (Part 9)	2/3	The Buffalo Case (broadcasters and royalties)	3/9
French Autumn Syndrome		From Print to Plastic	3/9
Part 1	2/3	This Must Be the Place	3/9
Part 2	2/4	The Guv Comes Home (conversation with Robert Farnon)	3/10
Whither Electronics?	2/4	Glenn on Glenn (Glenn Gould)	3/10
Brief Encounter (Oscar Peterson and Charles Laughton)	2/4	Frishberg: I'm Hip (a sketch of Dave Frishberg)	3/11
French Autumn Syndrome		A Portrait of Woody (Woody Herman)	3/11
Part 3	2/5	Year's End	3/12
The Mighty Atom (agent Jack Whittemore remembered)	2/5	The Bond (the nature of jazzmen by Lynn Darroch)	3/12
		Odd's 'n' Ends	4/1
		The Dick Haymes Enigma (by Bobby Scott)	4/1
		The Big Myth (re false images of jazzmen)	4/2
		A Day with Herb Ellis	4/3
		Nights Under the Bridge (Joe Farrell by Mike Zwerin)	4/4
		Oscar Peterson: The Early Years	4/4

Jazz Is Not Gay Music (by Grover Sales)	4/5	More About Radio	6/10
Killing the Father (by Michael Zwerin)	4/6	A Threat to the Arts	6/10
A Piano Poll (poll of pianists re their favorites)	4/6	Of Typos and Ojai	6/11
The First Typewriter Quartet	4/7	The Insomniac's Companion (Charlie Rose)	6/11
The Blue Angel Crowd (by Dave Frishberg)	4/7	Talking to Billy Taylor	6/11
One Man's Road (by Clare Fischer)	4/7	And a Happy New Year, Mike (by Red Mitchell)	6/12
Did You Ever Play with Bud? (by Al Levitt)	4/7	A Little Song of Christmas	6/12
Or Opposite Oscar Peterson (by Eddie Higgins)	4/7	Changes	7/1
A Journey to Cologne (making an album with Sarah Vaughan)	4/8	The Big Sellout	7/1
Part 1	4/9	Birth of a Label (Columbia Records, by Hal Davis)	7/1
It's a Fine Scheme	4/9	The Last Days of Junior's I	7/1
Thanks	4/9	The Last Days of Junior's II	7/1
A Journey to Cologne	4/9	Looking for a Boy I (Henry Mancini)	7/3
Part 2	4/10	John Galsworthy and the CD	7/4
Part 3	4/11	Looking for a Boy II	7/4
Year's End	4/12	Trombone and Tulips (Al Grey)	7/5
In Defense of KKGO	4/12	More Charlie's (by Bill Crow)	7/6
Radio Romances (early days in radio, by Lynn Murray)	4/12	Gil's Pad (Gil Evans)	7/6
The Sparrow (Edith Piaf)	5/1	Conversation (Gil Evans, by Ben Sidran)	7/6
Boy with Drum (portrait of Edmund Thigpen)	5/2	My Life in Comedy (by Bill Crow)	7/7
Music by Faith (Percy Faith)	5/3	Emily (Emily Remler)	7/7
Collier's Controversy	5/3	The Sleeping Sage (Billy Exiner, by Gene DiNovi)	7/8
Part 1	5/4	Boston Dave (Dave Lambert, by Bill Crow)	7/8
Part 2	5/5	Escape from Criticism	7/9
Don't Shoot the Critic (by Doug Ramsey)	5/5	Stereo Oldies	7/9
Two-Track Mind (pianist Denny Zeitlin, by Grover Sales)	5/5	Fiddler Joe (Joe Venuti)	7/9
Gi Jo and Paul (Joe Stafford and Paul Weston)	5/6	Chicago, Chicago	7/10
A Bad Horn	5/6	Better than a Blank (by James Lincoln Collier)	7/10
Lenny Gone to Ground (guitarist Lenny Breau)	5/7	Lost Innocence	7/11
From High Atop (satire by Steve Allen)	5/7	Resolved: The Music Business Is Not a Whore	7/12
Diz 'n' Duke (by Bill Crow)	5/7	The New Life of Bud Shank	7/12
Goodman (Benny's foibles)	5/7	Year's End	7/12
To Russia Without Love (Goodman's controversial Russian tour)		Letter from Joe Smith	8/1
(by Bill Crow)		Radio Realities (Fred Hall)	8/1
Part 1	5/8	An Editorial (on mail about Joe Smith)	8/2
Part 2	5/9	Spike's Life (Spike Robinson)	8/3
Part 3	5/10	Now that April's Gone (Morley Callaghan)	8/4
Part 4	5/11	The Making of a Jazz Club (by Hal Davis)	8/4
Rated G for Genius (by Bob Waldman)	5/11	Of Books and Brits	8/5
Addison's Image (trumpeter Art Farmer)	5/12	Of Choleric Chauvinists (by Stanley Dance)	8/6
On Pleasing Everyone	6/1	Birdland (by Bill Crow)	8/7
A Special Accuracy (bassist and painter John Heard)	6/2	The Bill Potts Band	8/7
A Gathering of Singers (forming a singers' society)	6/3	Al the Waiter (by Bill Crow)	8/8
Kirstein on Melody	6/3	Waiting for Dizzy I	8/8
Name That Song (by Bill Crow)	6/4	Ivie (Ivie Anderson, by Bill Crow)	8/9
Ma Perkins Meets Ted Turner (music on CNN)	6/4	Waiting for Dizzy II	8/9
When in Rome	6/4	The Wombat Chronicles	8/10
Madame Chiang's Piano (by Grover Sales)	6/5	Reviewer Reviewed (by Grover Sales)	8/11
B.G. and the Soil of Fascism (re responses to Bill Crow)	6/5	Cincinnatus Afternoon (Spiegel Willcox)	8/11
A Farewell to Granz (the impresario's retirement)	6/6	Weekend at Dante Park (Benny Carter)	8/11
Enough Already (re Benny Goodman)	6/7	One of the Jones Boys (Hank Jones)	8/12
Doc Cheatham (by Chuck Folds)	6/7	Pee Wee Marquette (by Bill Crow)	9/1
Billie in Britain (memoir of Billie Holiday by Max Jones)	6/8	Piano Solitaire	9/1
Name That Label	6/9	Bix and Bill (Bill Challis)	9/2
Jazz: A Musical Discussion (by Carl Engel, 1922)	6/9	Keys of the Kingdom (Art Tatum, by Don Asher)	9/3

A Cheer for Roseanne Barr		
Silva and Son (Horace Silver)	9/4	11/5
Sing 'Em the Way We Wrote 'Em (Margaret Whiting)	9/4	11/6
The Brother (Freddy Cole)	9/5	11/7
Dr. de Lerma, I Presume (Dominique de Lerma)	9/6	11/8
The Worlds of Mel Powell I	9/7	
The Worlds of Mel Powell II	9/8	11/8
The Worst Gig (by James Lincoln Collier)	9/9	11/9
So Long, Socks (Bobby Scott)	9/10	
Bud (Buddy Rich, by Bobby Scott)	9/10	11/10
The Good Gray Fox I (Lou Levy)	9/11	11/10
The Good Gray Fox II	9/12	11/11
End Notes	9/12	
Three Little Words	10/1	
The Musician as Comic	10/1	11/11
Hornsby (by Steve Allen)	10/1	
Culture Shock (by Grover Sales)	10/1	11/12
The Nine Lives of Red Rodney	10/2	
Part 1	10/3	12/1
Part 2	10/4	
Old Friend (Jimmy Raney)	10/4	12/1
Living Legend (satire by Jimmy Raney)	10/4	
The Limits of Criticism	10/5	
The Composer (memoir of a club by Jimmy Raney)	10/5	12/1
The Philadelphia Connection (Benny Golson)	10/5	
Part 1	10/6	12/2
Part 2	10/6	
Ding (memoir of Vic Dickenson by Bill Crow)	10/7	
Re Tom Harrell	10/7	12/3
Tommy (portrait of Tom Harrell by Phil Woods)	10/7	
Jazz and the Russia House (analysis of the film)	10/8	12/4
A Little Song for Sarah (a poem)	10/8	
John, Gil, Dave, and the Man on the Buffalo Nickel (re John Lewis, Gil Evans, and Dave Brubeck)	10/9	
Part 1	10/9	12/5
Part 2	10/9	
Chet and Zoot	10/9	12/5
John, Gil, Dave, and the Man on the Buffalo Nickel Part 3	10/10	
The Prez of Louisville	10/11	12/6
Beano, the Last Frontier	10/12	
Hybrid on the Hudson (mandolinist Paul Glasse)	10/12	12/6
Ella by Starlight (Ella Fitzgerald)	11/1	
The Nat Cole Legacy (Mosaic's reissue of the piano records)	11/1	12/7
American Songbook (re standards)	11/1	
A Death in the Family: The Rise and Fall of the American Song	11/2	
Part 1	11/2	12/11
Part 2	11/3	
Part 3	11/4	12/12
The Children of Willis Conover (the famous broadcaster's world-wide influence)	11/4	
Man from Silesia (pianist Adam Makowicz)	11/4	13/1
The Boys from Leningrad (Igor and Oleg Butman)	11/4	
A Death in the Family	11/4	13/2-3
Part 4	11/5	
Kenny, Mel, and the Roots (drummer Kenny Washington)	11/5	13/4
The Ordeal of Ernie Andrews	11/6	
Time, The Times, and Tipper Gore (re media conflicts)	11/7	13/4
Jack in the Woods (drummer and pianist Jack DeJohnette)	11/8	
The Return of Red Mitchell (portrait of the bassist)	11/8	13/5
Part 1	11/8	
Part 2	11/9	
Travels with John (shooting <i>Jazz Lives</i> with photographer John Reeves)	11/9	
Jazz Goes to Brazil (trumpeter Claudio Roditi)	11/10	13/6
The Lion in Denver (pianist and composer Cedar Walton)	11/10	
The Man in Canoe Lake (Harold Towne and art criticism)	11/11	
Two Important Studies (composer Bill Kirchner examines two textbooks on jazz)	11/11	
Bill Evans Observed (British classical pianist Peter Pettiriger considers Evans' work)	11/11	
Birks (a farewell to Dizzy Gillespie)	11/12	
A Death in the Family	11/12	
Part 5	11/12	
Perceptions of America (peculiar British encyclopedias of of jazz)	12/1	
Pick Yourself Up (courage of a jazzman by Ron Watt)	12/1	
A Death in the Family	12/1	
Part 6	12/1	
Part 7	12/2	
At This Point in Time (the decay of journalism)	12/2	
Blue Turning Gray (songwriter Andy Razaf)	12/2	
Come Back Last Summer (trumpeter-composer Kenny Wheeler)	12/2	
Part 1	12/3	
Part 2	12/4	
A Word for Willis Conover (a plea for the Medal of Freedom)	12/5	
Ah NARAS (the corruption of the Academy)	12/5	
Hindsights (Dave Brubeck and Norman Granz)	12/5	
American Scot (guitarist John Abercrombie)	12/5	
Re CDs (the displacement of the LP)	12/6	
Table Talk (how computers work)	12/6	
The Other Prejudice (the bias against women musicians)	12/7	
Maria's World (composer Maria Schneider)	12/7	
Karolyn's Too (saxophonist Karolyn Kafer)	12/7	
Salute to a Squirrel (lyricist Yip Harburg)	12/8	
The Bossa Nova Years (touring Latin America)	12/9	
Jazz: America's Theme Song (book review)	12/10	
Jazz Black and White (the bias against white jazz musicians)	12/10	
Part 1	12/11	
Part 2	12/12	
Part 3	13/1	
Part 4	13/1	
Northern Light (the Canadian medical system)	13/2-3	
The Englewood Samaritans (medical help for musicians)	13/4	
The Hot Potato (John Bunch's as a WW II POW)	13/4	
One for the Road (the death of Henry Mancini)	13/5	
In Search of Gerry Mulligan	13/5	
Part 1	13/5	
Part 2	13/6	

Part 3			15/12
The Making of Roger Kellaway			16/1
Part 1			16/1
Part 2			16/2
Letters on Health Care, etc.			16/2
Last Rally in Manhattan (jazz as an endangered species)	13/8	Before I Forget (early radio, by Fred Hall)	16/3
A Man Nobody Knew (a tribute to Leonard Feather)	13/9	Phrasing, Part I (Julius La Rosa)	16/4
Part 1	13/10	Phrasing, Part II	16/5
Part 2	13/11	A Little Touch of Harry (Harry Allen)	16/5
Robert Farnon Revisited	13/12	Junior Mance	16/6
Part 1	14/1	Helen Keane (a remembrance)	16/6
Part 2	14/2	George Handy (by Jeffrey Sultanof)	16/7
Um Abraço No Tom (memoir of Antonio Carlos Jobim)	14/3	Eulogy (to George Handy, by Bill Kirchner)	16/8
Part 1	14/4	Life with Stanley (Stan Getz)	16/8
Part 2	14/5	Small Suggestions (to young musicians)	16/9
Part 3	14/5	Bright Laughter: Billy May	16/10
Youth Everlasting (essay on the infantalization of culture, by Grover Sales)	14/6	The Arrangers	16/11
He Fell from a Star (a study of Gil Evans)	14/7	Dishonored Honors (the debasement of awards)	16/12
Part 1	14/8	Blood on the Fields (a review by John Heard)	16/12
Part 2	14/9	The Death of Glenn Miller (and rumors thereof)	16/12
Part 3	14/9	Greenwood Lake (on Bill Rubinstein)	16/12
Shostakovich (by Grover Sales)	14/10	Musings (on reporting and objectivity)	16/12
The Man in the Mirror (some self-examination)	14/11	Andy Simpkins: Remembering Sarah	16/12
The Man from Powell River (bassist-pianist-composer-vibist Don Thompson)	14/11	The Ray Pizzi Story	16/12
A Letter from Serbia	14/11	State of the Art	16/12
Christmas Cheer (satire by Bruce Bellingham)	14/11		
Death of a Jazz Musician (Bobby Pratt remembered, by Lincoln Collier)	James 14/11		
Guinness Who's Who (book review by Grover Sales)	14/11		
Forgotten Man (singer Matt Monro)	14/11		
Jackie and Roy: An American Story, Part 1	14/12		
Jackie and Roy, Part 2	15/1		
Jeru (A Farewell to Gerry Mulligan)	15/1		
The Downbeat of Traditional Jazz (by Glen McNatt)	15/2		
Some General Comment	15/2		
The Unfunny (in defense of Buddy Rich)	15/3		
Portrait of a Lady: Peggy Lee, Part 1	15/3		
Portrait of a Lady, Part 2	15/4		
Other Voices: an issue of letters	15/5		
The Bar at Jim and Andy's (Vanished Friends)	15/6		
A Man of Renown: Les Brown, Part 1	15/6		
A Man of Renown, Part 2	15/7		
Faery Tales and Hero Worship, by Richard M. Sudhalter	15/8		
A Fellow of Infinite Jest (Frank Rosolino) by Milt Bernhardt	15/8		
Mandelsongs (Johnny Mandel)	15/8		
While You Weren't Watching (on the corporate devouring of entertainment and the arts), Part 1	15/9		
While You Weren't Watching, Part 2	15/10		
Of Ms and Men (on distortions of the English language)	15/11		
My Friend Phil (Phil Woods)	15/11		
Woods Lore (Phil Woods: three reminiscences)	15/11		
On Your Own (do-it-yourself record labels)	15/12		

State of the Art

Between sixty and seventy percent of jazz records sold, the senior vice president of a major label told me recently, are reissues. Some think the figure is higher. Even new jazz listeners appear to be more interested in records made thirty and forty years ago than in current recordings. This is a new circumstance in jazz.

In essence, the young jazz artist is in competition with older artists, from Louis Armstrong to Miles Davis, from Earl Hines to Bill Evans — many of them dead. The young musicians realize this, often resent it, but can do nothing about it. The present is competing with the past, talent is competing with genius.

One way to glimpse into the state of the art is to listen to musicians' jokes.

These two have been going the rounds in New York:

● What's the difference between a jazz musician and a pizza? A pizza can feed a family of four.

● A jazz group plays a club on New Year's Eve. The place is packed, the audience loves them. At the end of the evening, the club owner says, "You are guys are marvelous. I want you back next New Year's, and I'll double your money." The drummer says, "Gee, that's great. Can I leave my drums?"

And if you're told things are better in Europe, try this one, which has been going around in Paris. It was told to me by my son, who is a French jazz musician:

● What do you call a jazz musician who's just broken up with his girlfriend? Homeless. (I had to ask him, "Hey, how do you say 'homeless' in French?" He said, "S.D.F. — *sans domicile fixe*.")

And while we're on the subject of musicians' humor, some of the musicians in Las Vegas are wearing tee-shirts that read: Eddie Fisher Owes Me Seven Beats.