

# METRONOME

JUNE 1960

35c

89 SWINGING YEARS OF SURPRISE AND AMERICANA

ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
RED NORVO JAZZ **NINA**



**HARRY JAMES ORNETTE**

ROBERT SYLVESTER: GUEST EDITOR





You

Where musicians go, you'll find F  
\*For your personal selection see the con  
Fine Electric Instruments (like the f  
guitar and Super Amp shown above) c  
music dealers throughout the world.

# METRONOME

**STAFF**—EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER: Harvey J. Sholtz; EDITOR: Bill Coss  
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Robert A. Perlono; ART DIRECTOR: Jerry  
Smokler; PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR: Herb Snitzer; HIGH FIDELITY  
EDITOR: George Kluge; HUMOR EDITOR: Jean Shepherd; CORRE-  
SPONDENTS: Paul Coss (Boston), Howard Lucraft (Los Angeles), Dick  
Hadlock (San Francisco), Allen Scott (Washington); FOREIGN CORRE-  
SPONDENTS: John Hopper, Felix Manskleid, Dietrich Schulz-Kohn;  
CONTRIBUTORS: Burt Korall, Jack Maher, Jack McKinney, Dan Mor-  
genstern, Ed Mulford, Robert Sylvester; ADVERTISING MANAGER:  
Edward M. Milarsky.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### METRONOME REVISITED

A word and picture tour of surprise and Americana  
as documented through the years by the first of jazz magazines ..... 14

### GUEST EDITOR: ROBERT SYLVESTER

The Daily News columnist raises some pointed questions  
about New York's notorious Police cabaret cards ..... 11

### EXCELSIOR AND THEN SOME

Humor Editor Jean Shepherd searches the land of Beat  
to recapture a golden moment ..... 12

### PEGGY LEE AT QUIET TIME

A remarkably candid view of a singer whose moods  
are usually hard to know ..... 23

### RICK LUNDY AND THE SAINTS

A word profile of the newest Dixieland band  
and its many-faceted leader ..... 22

### HARRY JAMES AND THE MUSICMAKERS

A dash of Basie, generous amounts of youth,  
is Harry's recipe for swinging ..... 26

### SHORT STORY BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A murder mystery by a swinging pres  
who had big eyes for Edgar Allan Poe ..... 28

### THE RARENESS OF NINA SIMONE

A revealing profile of a singer whose undeniable talent  
is only part of the story ..... 30

### ALL STAR POLL

1959's most popular musicians are named  
because late is better than not at all ..... 49

## DEPARTMENTS

Readers' Forum .....	4	Television .....	45
Around the World .....	6	Movies .....	45
Notes Between Sets .....	8	Books .....	46
Giants in Jazz .....	20	In Person .....	46
High Fidelity .....	31	Down T' Bunnys .....	47
Record Reviews .....	36	Background Music .....	48
Disc Jockey Page .....	43	Editor's Page .....	50

**JAZZ PORTRAIT:** Charlie Mingus, Charles Mingus, about  
whom we have much to say on page 36 of this issue;  
one of the giants of jazz; a massive missive regarding  
the total feeling capable in the most antic of arts.

**METRONOME**, published monthly by Metronome Corporation, 114 East 32nd  
Street, New York 16, New York. Robert Asen, publisher; Milton Lichtenstein,  
president; Florence Buckner, vice-president. Entered as second class matter, Sep-  
tember 24, 1924, at the post office at New York, New York, under the act of March  
3, 1897. Yearly subscriptions: \$3.50. Single copies: 35c. Volume 77, Number 6,  
June 1960. Printed in U.S.A. Entire contents copyright by Metronome Corporation  
1960. West Coast advertising offices: Duncan Scott, 1901 W. 8th St., Los Angeles  
and Duncan Scott, 85 Post St., San Francisco.

*"work  
in  
progress"*

by

**JEAN  
SHEPHERD**



Jean Shepherd, METRONOME Humor Editor, is best known for his free-form Sunday night radio show on WOR New York which spotlights his talents as humorist, philosopher and jazz soloist whose words are his instrument. Shepherd is also a gifted actor, right-fielder, author and napkin doodler. Contrary to rumors, Shepherd is not the inventor of a well-known type of packing material, though he has displayed an inordinate liking for it. Anyhow, he swings.

"Don't hold still for a minute. The birds of spring, mother, cast a short shadow. And like the shadows skim on and pass over the 59th Street Bridge in an instant and are gone. Gone, for *crissakes*, gone gone. They are on the way to That Great Street where a man once danced with his very own life . . . In the gloaming. To get lost in the potato peeled coffee grounded cat peed rusty screened alleys of southside westside castsideamerica. Seen by few mourned by none.

"Maybe not quite none. But those who do know only a turning emptiness in the morning gut that *passes* with the first link of a chaindrink that stretches from beer to eternity and back every grey morning. Pass on and gone like the last panel of the sunday-colorcomic Peanuts. Charlie Brown who never heard of W.O. Gant or his son either for that matter but who might grow up to be Dean Moriarity in the panels no one will ever see. Or even Ed Sullivan if he eats his puffedwheat regularly and gets a good agent.

"Those few who know the clinky dusty smell of hockshop banjoes and Like New Cameras and taxi cab colored suns of the secondavenues of everywhere . . . Or who know the look in the eye of Charlie Mingus when he levels on some clown who can't hear or love but who knows how to make *himself* heard through the *angel*sounds of the dark syrup soul of Jelly pouring out into the west bargloom. Into the cheap 49th streethotelroom of Harold C. Grimes.

"Out of his imitation leather bound record player and out over the dark red carpeting of the room and out into the urine smelling air shaft that seemed to live a life of its own and never knew the sun or even the dark of night. 'HC' as he was called by the *Doten Beat* squares, Littleweed to his friends, sweated as he dialed the phone next to the rumpled one-

changeaweek pad. He wore only a pair of rubber Japanese shower clods. . . ."

The writer of those words stretched out and immediately leaned forward to read what had been written and to make corrections with a stubby black pencil. It was intensely silent in the tiny room with its cheerful lemon curtains and neatly arranged dresser. A weak evening light filtered through the slatted blinds making the low reading lamp on the littered desk glow with a close cosy warmth.

The leather-covered wastebasket alongside the chair was almost filled with rolled up balls of paper and tissues. A thick ringed notebook with frayed corners lay opened under the lamp. The pages were covered with dark pencilled notes and erasures that looked like smudgy thumb prints. On the floor next to the bottom desk drawer was a cloudy empty water glass.

The writer stood suddenly, stretched, and began to pull on a worn brown coat. When the light was out the silence seemed even deeper. Finally the door snapped shut and the room was empty.

Minutes later the writer *cased onto* a stool at the dark mahogany bar of a Schrafft's on Madison Avenue in the eighties. Ordered *toasted* blueberry muffins, coffee and *later* a dish of vanilla ice cream. *There weren't* many people in the place *since it was* a little early for the Schrafft's dinner crowd and just a bit late for the afternoon tea-and-toasted-English ladies.

The *tall* thin weak-chinned counter man scribbled on the yellow check and turned to ring it up on the register behind him.

Shortly afterward the writer, a short fleshy iron-haired woman in her late fifties, carrying a carton of milk in a brown paper bag, hurried into the night and back to her work. She hummed to herself as she walked.