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SWING IT.

MRS. VANASTOR

Swing It!

By BENNY GOODMAN

The idol of all the little jiggerbugs is bringing his licorice-stick over to Park Avenue and he thinks Park Avenue is going to like it

We're not proud about swing.

That's why we are invading Park Avenue, for Swing's official Coming-Out Party. For, strange as it may or may not seem, in all the time that swing has been played in front of theatre audiences, dance-hall habitués, microphones, and movie cameras, no swing band has had an engagement on Park Avenue.

And a lot of people have been worrying in public and private and in Lindy's, about the kind of reception that we will get trying to convert the Corsage Clique into jitterbugs. Somehow, the boys and I are not the least bit afraid. Not after Carnegie Hall! We are sure that the swells are going to take to swing as enthusiastically as a Hollywood agent takes commission. Why shouldn't they? They're only human after all. (Meaning the Park Avenuites, not the Hollywood agents.)

All music, and swing especially, is the Great Leveler. Parenthetically, it is, I believe, one of the few things left that are on the level. Once a gal and a boy start jiving, they loose all superficial distinctions. In the presence of the swing music, you're only so many jitterbugs and you can throw the Social Register and Dun & Bradstreet into the nearest lake.

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A band swinging on a dias is like Babe Ruth swinging at home plate. It levels all the bumps of wealth and birth and makes all people free and equal. Maybe that's why Hitler and Mussolini and all the rest of the boys over there in Europe won't give it elbow room.

Swing—except when trying to write about it for STAGE—is everything but high-hat, highbrow, or even corny. Try to dress it up in a lot of fancy clothes and it stops being swing. All I'm trying to do is to give the real lowdown about how we feel about this invasion of Swell Society.

We've been introducing the country to swing during the last three or four years. We've jived for jitterbugs from Maine to California, from Chicago to New Orleans, and nothing much has happened—except, perhaps, for a few riots here and there and a lot of busted attendance records. So why should we worry about how Park Avenue is going to like us. If we've got to worry about anything it'll be the other way round—how we're going to like Park Avenue. Because if the white-tied boys and ermined gals over there stay formal on us it'll be too, too bad. You just can't stomp and shag and look dignified at the same time.

Swing is violent—at least so they tell me. But I'm willing to bet that Society is going to toss aside its toppers and tippers and really cut loose. They'll all come slumming and stay for dancing. And from what I hear about them they're the most jittery jitterbugs this side of paradise. They got that way falling off polo ponies.

Anyway, we shall soon find out.

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