

# TAILGATE RAMBLINGS

August 1978

Volume 8 Number 8

## Ragtime to Russia

I spent the period May 26-June 23 in the Soviet Union on a 6-city tour with the N.E. Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble, conducted by Gunther Schuller. In addition to my official duties as State Department escort officer and interpreter for the group, I made it a point to seek out and get acquainted with jazz club presidents wherever I could find them, which I did in five of the cities we visited.

The most remarkable aspect of the tour was political: We seemed to be the only Americans being treated well in the Soviet Union in that period. Journalists were being hauled into court, diplomats were being accused of spying, an American businessman was (ludicrously) arrested for money speculation, and two guides at the American agriculture exhibit in Kiev were expelled for "anti-Soviet" comments; at the same time the Ragtime Ensemble was receiving more than just a proper reception - the Soviets bent over backwards every step of the way to enhance our stay there. I was looking over my shoulder every step of the way, but the hammer never fell.

The Ragtime ensemble was quite well received by Soviet audiences, although it was clear that the Russians didn't really know what to expect from us. A popular Soviet pianist of the 20's, Alexander Tsfasman, recorded Kitten on The Keys, and they've heard The Entertainer in recent years over international radio, but that was about the extent of their familiarity with ragtime. Generally, the audiences came expecting some sort of jazz (in Odessa, the group was even incorrectly advertised as a "jazz band"), but they quickly warmed to the band's music and came away both entertained and educated.

I found jazz interest and activity in the Soviet Union at an all-time high; unfortunately, this does not extend to traditional jazz. As has always been the case with the Russians, even before the Revolution, they are most interested in the very latest in Western culture. I was constantly embarrassed by being unable to answer eager questions about the activities of modern avant garde jazz musicians of whom I'd never even heard. There are a few traditional bands, and a few big bands playing everything from Miller to modern, but for the most part Soviet jazzmen seem distressingly inclined to emulate their American counterparts in producing unmusical

screeches on tenor saxes and dog-whistle high notes on trumpets. I found only one trombonist on the whole trip (although he was damned good) and not a single clarinetist.

-- Dick Baker

(Is there traditional jazz in Russia? And how do jazz fans communicate with no Tailgate Ramblings to keep them posted? Watch this space next month for Dick's continuation of his account of the Russian trip. -- TC)

## Aussies Coming to Marriott

After two years of planning, Bob Barnard is bringing his jazz band back to the U.S. this summer, and will play for the PRJC on Friday evening, Aug. 4.

Trumpeter Barnard first came to this country from his native Australia in 1975, along with his trombonist, John "Cossie" Costelloe. On that trip, the two spent several days in the Washington area, sitting in every night at the B'haus or at O'Carroll's Seafood Hoorah. Barnard liked what he saw on that trip, so in 1976 he brought his whole band over here for a 1-month tour. Now he's back.

Just as in 1976, this summer's tour is anchored around a performance at the annual Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Jazz Festival in Davenport, followed by a series of one-nighters for jazz clubs around the country.

The Barnard band has not changed since 1976. In addition to Bob and Cossie, John McCarthy (clt), Chris Taperell (po), Wally Wickham (bs) and Laurie Thompson (dr) make up the band. They'll play as usual from 9 to 1 in the Potomac Room of the Marriott Twin Bridges. Admission is \$5 for PRJC members, \$7 for nonmembers.

## PRJC on Radio

The Jazz Band Ball rolls on on WPFW-FM (89.3) Sundays 6-7:30 pm.

This month, the lineup reads:

Aug. 6 - Host, George Combs - Toots

Thielmans: Jazz Harmonica

Aug 13 - Lou Byers - Sidney Bechet in Europe

Aug. 20 - Ted Chandler - Earl Hines In Retrospect

Aug. 27 - Jim Lyons - Southside Chicago.

PIANO FOR SALE. Ornate old Epworth upright, gd. cond. \$500. DBaker 698-8017

# Tailgate Ramblings

August 1978

Vol. 8 No. 8

Editor - Ted Chandler

Contributing Editors - Fred Starr

Dick Baker

Mary Doyle

PRJC President - Dick Baker (703)698-8017

V.P. - Ray West (703)370-5605

PRJC Hot Line - 573-TRAD

TR is published monthly for members of the Potomac River Jazz Club, a nonprofit group dedicated to the preservation of traditional jazz and its encouragement in the Washington-Baltimore area. Signed articles in TR represent the views of their authors alone and should not be construed as club policy or opinion.

Articles, letters, and ad copy (no charge for classified ads for members) should be mailed to the editor at:

7160 Talisman Lane  
Columbia, Md. 21045.

## Is It True What They Say . . .

Ahoy, Landlubbers! Everyone was looking ever so nautical (white pants sales soared locally) when the State College, Pa., band made its fun appearance at the annual PRJC boatride. Al Brogdon of Southern Comfort housed a few members since he used to play with that band. So did the Kramers. The Kovalacheks, string bass and wife, stayed with us; both music teachers - she's not teaching now while she takes care of a next generation musician.

Hey, Mate Next band may be playing Tie Me Kangaroo Down or Waltzing Mathilda Dixieland style when the Aussies come to town under Bob Barnard.

Dinner and Delivery Service The Gunther Schuller Group appeared at Wolftrap and were dined by the Bakers afterwards. Many PRJCers at Wolftrap. After traveling all over Russia with no slip ups, the airline misplaced a drum, and after much phoning, Dick Baker got one from Johnny Roulet of the Stutz Bearcats, who kindly came to the rescue.

Family who Plays Together probably will stay together, as they have to practice. The Coulson family from Calif. here for a Kennedy Center appearance. Everyone in the family plays at least one instrument, most two. Jo Murphy and Ed Fishel were helpful in getting some members out to hear this impromptu performance at the B'haus. Joe is a good friend of Lu Watters, and so are the Coulsons. Great entertainment.

St Louis Festival A smash. Great weather and one whole week of jazz. Among those who heard Turk Murphy, the Tarnished 6, and others, from here were the Grays, Wahlers, Ericksons, Don Angell, and the Rohleders from Richmond.

Meanwhile, Back at the B'haus, Nick, the genial host, has been downed by a hernia operation, but at this writing, doing nicely. Overheard these lines spoken by a visiting wit: "I dropped in here because I heard the Alexandria Symphony was coming."

Is There a Bass out there? Enjoyed this month's B'haus jam session where musicians meet musicians. Met a new one - Lew Kauder, tenor sax - who used to live in Bogalusa (Yes, Virginia, there really is one) 50 or 60 miles away from New Orleans, and that many light years away in other respects. Ed Fishel says the jam hasn't had a bass in 2 years (slight exaggeration).

Corrections and Apologies The new member of the Hagert ensemble is a girl, Norma, not a boy. The editorial offices of TR will be receiving a nasty note from Reed Irvine.

-- Mary H. Doyle

## PRJC MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION (Please Print)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SPOUSE'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE AND ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ TELEPHONE NO. (optional) \_\_\_\_\_  
MUSICIAN? \_\_\_\_\_ WHAT INSTRUMENTS? \_\_\_\_\_  
PRESENTLY MEMBER OF BAND? \_\_\_\_\_ CARE TO JOIN ONE? \_\_\_\_\_  
DESCRIBE JAZZ INTERESTS BRIEFLY (WHAT STYLES, ARTISTS YOU PREFER. WHY? optional)

PRJC DUES THRU 1978 - \$5.00. Checks payable to Potomac River Jazz Club.

Mail to: Doris B. Baker, Membership Sec'y  
7004 Westmoreland Rd.  
Falls Church, Va. 22042

# But On the Other Hand . . .

## An Editorial Outcry

After reading Sam Laudenslager's piece in this issue, we are moved to hope that he feels better for the unburdening. We were happy to afford him the space.

Now it's our turn, because we think that Sam was right on a point or two and very wrong on a number of points. No one has asked Sam, Bob Sauer, or anyone else to write profound musical commentary (his phrase) for TR. (We do so now, however. They could write very meaningful stuff for us if they so desire.) There is, however, a very good passage in the Book of Proverbs, which states: "He who tooteth not his own horn, said horn shall not be tooted."

It's all very well to plead being too busy playing to toot your horn in TR, but Sam, you say you do have a PR person. If you aren't in TR enough, the fault may be in PR rather than TR. Sure we fumble the ball, now and then. Our gig list (which will stay at one page, by the way - we have neither time, space, nor personnel to enlarge it) is not always wholly accurate. Sometimes this has been because bands have been less eager for us to stop listing a gig than to start, and have failed to tell us when it ended.

If we were in your place, we'd far rather be in the Unicorn Times than TR, though we'd like being in both. But UT has space enough and facilities enough to go into far more detail than we can. We are, as you correctly described us, a nice resource for you - not vitally necessary.

You speak of "expurgation" problems with TR. This is a bit irritating, and could cause us to lose our famed sunny disposition and equable temperament. We edit material in TR because that is what we are - an editor. Editors edit, Sam. And for reasons which seem good and sufficient to us, we shall continue to edit - not expurgate, which smacks of censorship - as long as we are editor. And we will not apologise for editing, but would apologise for failing to edit.

I speak saltily on this point not alone to you, Sam, but to everyone else who has hassled me at one time or another on this point. Their name is Legion.

One point which you made would get us into a lot of trouble, which is one reason for opposing it. But there is a better reason - it would be profoundly destructive. We don't honestly mind getting into trouble. We had a mess of it last year when we lambasted (because they deserved to be lambasted) a teen age band from the Coast whose name now escapes us. It is one thing to clobber a visiting band (At the risk of getting

Jay Dee ticked off at us, we think we've been terribly kind to several bands that have visited us this year, but Jay Dee is our man at the Marriott, and he writes so well we aren't about to get in his way.) it is something quite different and indefensible to write bad reviews of local bands. And there is a perfectly good reason why this is so. Everyone in the club knows that there are perhaps a half dozen bands in the club that are much more interesting than the others. (not necessarily better, we said "more interesting")

One of these is the New Sunshine JB. We recently ran a favorable review of their new record. We doubt that if we had found the record to be a dog we would have said so - we'd probably have ignored it or said something equivocal about it.

But we genuinely found it to be an interesting addition to our record shelf, and said so. But this was a case in which the NSJB invited comparison with other jazz bands nationwide. Most of our bands don't have the chance to do that. Most of them are groups of hobbyists who do pretty damn well as hobbyists. Why set up what you call "objective" standards and hold them to them?

Among other things, you would quickly destroy a lot of people's good times, and more to the point, you could all too easily inhibit the artistic growth of some member or members of the affected bands. There's no way we're going to start that kind of thing.

--

We had started a series of historical pieces on the jazz traditions. At the risk of embarrassing the author of that series - who happens to be ourself - we are suspending it for a time because we have access to the results of some historical research by the research arm of the Federal Jazz Commission, and we think it of considerable importance. So in this issue, where you otherwise might have found The Jazz Traditions, you'll see Fred Starr's piece on the Diversity of Early Jazz.

--

A press release from Hunter College in NYC tells us that Stuart Anderson, PRJC member and recently featured in these pages with his memoirs of life in the big bands of the 30's, is now an interne under Hunter's Inservice Learning Program.

Under the rather elastic terms of the program, Stu is working at home and is writing an autobiography of his sax-ing days as described to us in TR.

-- TC

# Move East, Turk!

I love the parttime jazz groups usually heard at local concerts, whether they are local or come a great distance. But Turk Murphy remains an order of magnitude better than any of them. He is a professional, with professional musicians behind him; just about the only jazzband to have survived the last 25 years, still giving most of us goose pimples every time we heard it. Turk is just as much a perfectionist as ever, and he and the group were in unbelievably high spirits at the Mount Laurel Hilton Hotel in Mount Laure, N.J. in mid-June.

It was simply the best jazz I'd he heard since I last heard Turk on the West Coast at the ill-fate and late lamented Earthquake McGoon's. Thanks and all hail to Joe Seigle and his Delaware Valley Jazz Fraternity for bringing him in on his way from the West Coast to the St. Louis Ragtime Festival.

From where to where? Not a direct route, but I'm glad it happened. The unfortunate part was that there were 36 last minute cancellations, so the house was not even full. If people like that just gave warning, I could have made a dozen calls and brought 36 more people myself!

An early Murphy original, Bob Helm, was on clarinet after many years away. Maybe I wouldn't pick Bob as my all-time favorite clarinetist, but his solos sounded fine, just like the old days. I like the way he puts them together. I enjoyed his versions of the rags and of Shreveport Stomp, meticulously done with the rest of the band, as well as the many improvised solos. What the hell! I always thought Bob played a little flat and he still does. I don't remember him on soprano sax before, and he didn't seem so flat on that instrument.

The count down on the rest of the band is easy. I didn't know any of them, but the cornet player, Leon Oakley, was really a gas. All the rest did admirably appropriate chores at all corners - even the tuba player before he took sick after the long flight from the coast. Ken Rutledge, executive VP of Corning Glass, took over for him and did a great job.

Turk still programs carefully, if not always well. I always enjoy hearing The Torch or Ace in the Hole again because they-re popular and good, but Row Row never quite makes it, even in Turk's hands. Another disappointment was a surplus of vocals that night. Turk's voice was a little husky, but still by far the best in the group.

But what can you say to criticize a fellow who lit fires on almost every tune, starting with Papa Dip, Riverside Blues, Dr Jazz, and Euphonic Sounds? Turk included two numbers from the job our Wilmington Red Lions were about to play, including the world famous You've Got Everything a Sweet Mama Needs But Me. Using the sit-in tuba, the band finished with King Porter Stomp, Dallas Blues, and Trombone Rag.

Well, now that he's lost Eathquake McGoon's, I do have one suggestion:  
MOVE EAST, TURK!

-- Jim Weaver

## Notes From the Bakery

Well, I made it back safely - one of the few Americans to return from Mother Russia unscathed in June. Only trouble is I seem to have gotten about 3 months behind in my various activities in the month I was gone. Probably something to do with differences between the Julian and Gregorian calendars -- rainy nights are longer in Soviet Georgia than in Carter country.

If you haven't started already, now's the time to be planning for our annual picnic on Saturday, Sept. 16. As usual it will go from noon to dark at Blob's Park in Jessup, Md.

A colorful sidelight of the picnic each year are the various folks who show up with records and other jazz paraphernalia to sell. Not only will we wncourage such activity this year, but we'll set aside as area for this flea market so shoppers can hit all the stands in one convenient stroll. We will ask, however, that vendors not use any of the limited number of picnic tables to set up displays. Please bring your own folding tables. Also, if vendors will send me their names and a brief description of what they'll be selling, I'll list them in the official program. That's right, we'll have a published program this year.

Those who just can't wait until Sept. to do their jazz picnicking should be aware of the party being thrown by our good friends in the New Jersey Jazz Society on Sat., Aug 12. Their annual picnic is held on the campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University in Madison from 2 to 6 pm. They'll be presenting two bands, Vinnie Giordano's Aces and Randy Reinhart's Rhythm Kings, for a \$6 admission fee. In case of rain they move into the campus gym. -- DB

PRJC SINGLES - MEETING EACH MONTH  
3rd Thursday at the Bratwursthaus,  
Arlington, Va. Info call: Evelyn  
Franklin (H) 946-5325; (O) 295-0952;  
Jim Nielsen (H) 562-7235; (O) 693-6500;  
or Dottie Beltron (H) 362-7819, (O) 695-  
4951.

# Communication

In the May TR, Ed Fishel wanted to know why the "swing music element" of PRJC had remained patiently silent for so long. The answer is simple.

First - the several swing bands have been too busy blowing our own horns to take time to write profound music commentary for TR. For example, the Bob Sauer big band has had regular Thursday dates at Frank Condon's and Sunday dates at Pring Lake Inn. SwingWorks has been gigging regular Sundays at Blues Alley, while the Sunday Morning big band has been gigging the same spot at Condon's. And the Kingsmen - the weekend warriors of the local big band circuit - will have logged 30 1978 gigs by the time this issue of TR comes out.

Second - unlike some of our local traditional bands, when we swingsters blow our own horns we prefer to use our instruments. Doc Dikeman, Bob Sauer, Tony D'Angelo, Marty Piechuch, Ted Alexander, Tony Silvio and I have different ideas about goals and styles, but we all agree on one thing - letting our music speak for itself. The swing bands have come back locally, through our own effort, without the help of PRJC.

Thus, our successes tell us that we don't need PRJC, though it's a nice resource to have around. For example, several of the swing bands have played very successful gigs in tandem with the traditional bands. The PRJC band list is worth it; we've referred several gigs to the traditionalists, and vice versa. PRJC's listing of traditional repertoire standards has become an important part of our repertoire.

But there are a number of shortcomings in TR and PRJC that help to explain our silence too. When TR devotes half its space moaning about the fact that the members don't turn out for the monthly visiting bands, at the B-haus, etc., and yet devotes only one page to gig listings, I - as your potential advertizer - am going to think "Am I going to list this gig in TR which reaches 700 people who won't show, if it gets listed at all, or am I going to list it in Unicon Times which lists by date, type music, band and club (so I get listed 4 times for the same gig)?"

Like most of the other swing bands the Kingsmen play a heavy slate of free summer concerts in area parks and amphitheatres. Our band has been blessed with a conscientious - albeit florid - PR person so I know that our releases go out in good shape and are timely sent. With TR we have had expurgation and re-listing problems. True, TR has limited space and resources but that hardly explains a case in which TR devoted

3 paragraphs to say that the Kingsmen had taken on a demanding 1977 summer concert schedule, but failed to note that the schedule included 4 dates at Wolftrap, 1 at Kennedy Center, plus the International Children's Festival, and further failed to note times, dates, and places for our concerts after that month's issue (even though TR had our complete schedule.

Another suggestion: There is a distinction between promotion and hype. I think it is important for TR to promote. E.g. "The Filfthy Five will play at the Locker Room on....They have played at packed houses in Tuscaloosa, Bemidji, and Lynchburg." That's fine before the gig. On or after the gig TR should seek to be objective. I for one don't want to read about how the Filfthy Five wowed 6,000 screaming fans in Georgetown Friday, especially when we all know they were playing to a captive audience at rush hour and the 6,000 were screaming because the bandstand was at the intersection of Wisconsin and M, blocking traffic.

TR can, and I hope will, improve in this respect. Locally, there is a great need for objective review and criticism of jazz music, but with one or two exceptions, the reviewers in the local papers are about as profound as our local sportswriters. TR can perform a real service and close a serious gap if somebody would cover the local bands as you do the visitors and out of town festivals. A good review helps us sell ourselves to potential clients. And TR should not hesitate to pan somebody just because they are local. If the Filfthy Five sounds like the Chicago Stockyards at slaughter time, tell them - with your reasons. If the band has any class at all they are going to work until the clams come out.

The final reason for our "swing elements' silence is that PRJC has been silent, too. No one has ever invited the swing bands to play at 1) the annual PRJC picnic, 2) the monthly specials, 3) the Bratwursthau and other PRJC hangouts, 4) the Windjammer. With the exception of 1976 the swing bands have been shut out of the Manassas Festival.

On the other hand, the swingsters have made some real contributions besides paying dues. How did PRJC get into the Metropolitan Cultural Alliance? How did the gigs in collaboration with the Barbershoppers and the Model A Ford clubs come about? Which bands wear the PRJC patch on their blazers? Who told Yummy Yogurt to call 573-TRAD?

-- Sam Laudenslager

## The Diversity of Early Jazz

In an earlier piece in TR, we showed that the pioneers of jazz employed the saxophone to a far greater extent than have most latter-day revivalists, guided by false notions of "purity." Thanks to this drive to achieve what is thought to be authenticity, many other vital and musically interesting dimensions of early jazz have also been neglected.

First among these is the fluidity of instrumentation that prevailed down to the mid-1920's, and to some extent, even later. Suffice it to observe that in 1928 alone, Louis Armstrong recorded with his Hot Four, Hot Five, Hot Seven, and in duet with Earl Hines. By that year Armstrong was in a position to get whatever instrumentation he desired for his recordings. Yet for one session he abandoned drums or trombone, or added a tenor or baritone sax. Clearly, Armstrong considered his jazz to be independent of any particular instrumentation.

Earlier, the choice of instrumentation was even more open. A tailgate slide trombone is today considered a sine qua non of any true traditional jazz band. But prior to WW I especially, i.e. before the manufacture and issuance of large quantities of slide trombones to military bandsmen, the valve trombone was almost as widespread. Among pioneer groups using a valve trombone were Buddy Bolden's band and the bands of Jimmy Paleo and Stalebread Lacoume. Strange as it may seem today, the French horn was not unknown, figuring in the orchestrations of Fate Marable and even the N. O. Rhythm Kings.

Baritone and tenor horns had also been standard components in town bands across America for two generations before the Great War. Naturally, they too found their way into the early jazz ensembles, especially those that had evolved from the marching bands. More surprising, perhaps, is the presence of a violin in extant photographs of such pioneer groups as the Superior Orchestra (with Bunk Johnson), the Peerless Orchestra, Stalebread Lacoume's band, the Jimmy Paleo band, the Woodland Band (with Kid Ory), and even in 1922, King Oliver's band.

The violin was commonly included as a lead instrument in brass-string dance orchestras of that day, so it was natural that they would have been employed by the proto-jazzmen as well. Jazz, after all, was a style of playing any music rather than a fixed system of instrumentation or voicing like the classical string quartet or the modern wind quintet.

After the recording industry took up

"jass" music so avidly in the late teens, performers on the violin, valve trombone, horn, and so forth, tended to be neglected. Their influence is nevertheless felt in the recorded legacy. As is now well known Alphonse Picou's solo on High Society traces its origins to a piccolo part from the published score. Picou played this, incidentally, both on his alto clarinet with its saxophone-like bell and on a smaller E-flat clarinet, both of which have been written out of the canon by orthodox-minded revivalists today. In light of this, would it not be of interest to see some of these forgotten instruments among the endless parade of trumpet-clarinet-trombone jazz groups that line up to play at jazz festivals across the country?

-- S. Frederick Starr

## New Book on Buddy Bolden

In Search of Buddy Bolden: Donald M. Marquis. 176 Pp. (illus.) LSU Press \$9.95

In the introduction to this short book is a quote from H.L. Mencken: "Whatever everybody believes is rarely true."

We don't know much about Buddy Bolden, his life and times - but most of what we believe we know is wrong. Items: Bolden was never a barber.

He never edited a scandal sheet.

He didn't play at Tintype Hall - for the excellent reason there was no such place.

Freddy Keppard didn't turn down a Victor recording contract - Victor turned him down because of his race.

Storyville didn't have any jazz (the musical kind) to speak of.

According to Marquis, Bolden was for a few years at the century's turn the Black king of N.O. trumpets. He played mostly at Funky Butt (Union Sons) Hall and at Johnson Park, leading the top jazzband in the city until he tried to kill his mother-in-law, for which he was committed in 1907 to an asylum.

In Search of Buddy Bolden is not really a biography, but outlines the kind of life Bolden probably led, rather than trying to detail a life for us for which there really is not much evidence. The result is to demythologize Bolden and make him comprehensible to the modern reader. This is a huge achievement.

One could get picky: there are a couple of annoying typos - but that's pretty small potatoes. Marquis hasn't solved the riddle of Buddy Bolden - probably no one ever will, now. But with this book, we do get a glimpse - and that's most valuable.

--Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

## Record Review

Rosey McHargue. McHargue's Memphis 5  
Jump J12-7  
Ry Cooder. Jazz Warner Bros. 3197  
Duke Ellington Band Shorts 1929-35  
Biograph BLP M-2

An interesting if mixed bag. Let's take them in the order listed.

The McHargue item comes from the West Coast Commodore-like vaults of Clive Acker - a treasure trove of white dixieland music from the late 40's.

A great many will be thrilled by this record as it features clean, well-recorded, high-grade musicianship. Brad Gowans, a seriously under-recorded trombonist, is shown here to good advantage, and bass saxist Joe Rushton is in remarkable form (listen to his legato, almost dreamy passage on Sister Kate). McHargue is top drawer.

Why then am I disappointed? Perhaps the music is a tad too polite, mannered, and pallid. The question it raises is the old one of white vs. Black jazz. This is as indisputably white as the Red Hot Peppers were Black. Many people, including this writer, find Black jazz more nourishing, but those who flip over the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans and the Charleston Chasers (there are many) should buy this record.

--

Ry Cooder's Jazz is a good humored record by a remarkable group of folk, rock, and soul musicians augmented by a couple of jazzmen. Cooder surprisingly exhibits a good grasp of jazz.

But Jazz is not jazz despite some highly interesting material. The best cuts are three gospel songs played with relish by a band which includes a cymbalum and a pump organ and other less exotic axes. Earl Hines is present on one cut, a lovely 1880 composition attributed to Jack the Bear, and titled The Dream. It glows, and shows us where Jelly Roll Morton may have gotten the Spanish Tinge. Tributes to Jelly and to Bix are included with an especially nice small band transcription of In a Mist.

This makes a nice companion to Too Much Mustard by the New Sunshine JB, reviewed here last month. A considerable, pleasant surprise - thoughtful and witty - but not, one hastens to repeat, jazz.

--

Serious Ellingtonians should rush to get the sound tracks release on Biograph. Others can bypass it.

There is some of the lowest fi ever placed on record, particularly on Black and Tan, which was recorded in 1929. The crackling soundtrack may be a blessing in disguise. It nearly blots out some highly embarrassing racial stereotype material -

the price Black artists had to pay in those days to get national exposure.

There is some attractive piano-trumpet dueting by Duke and Artie Whetsel on Black and Tan Fantasie - otherwise not much. The other two cuts are better. Better recorded, and no racist material. A Bundle of Blues stems from 1933 and features lively readings of Rockin in Rhythm and Bugle Call Rag and an Ivie Anderson vocal on Stormy Weather.

Symphony in Black from two years later is an unexpected treat - a foreshadowing of Duke's later, longer pieces. In concept, it might have been a trial heat for Black, Brown and Beige, and features, of all people, a young Billie Holiday in a brief but lovely vocal on Duke's Saddest Tale.

The familiar Ellington soloists of the mid-30's are all present and account well for themselves.

-- Jazzbo Brown from Columbia Town

## Jay Dee Takes a Cruise

The sixth annual PRJC floating beer bust (read: boat ride) occurred on June 24. The weather was warm, the drinks cool. There were no reported missings in action resulting from ship-board or later highway antics.

Music for the occasion was provided by the Tarnished 6 which has been playing in and around the State College Pa., area for about 10 years, but branched out earlier this month to participate in the St Louis amid rumors that it was the PRJC northern branch entry. This band plays a hard driving upbeat kind of music with a LARGE number of novelty tunes, e.g.: Who Walks In When I Walk Out, and I Love to go Swimming With Women; some real stompers including Louisiana, Oriental Strut, and Yama Yama Man, and enough hard-core traditional to keep that wing of the party pacified. (I am open to suggestions as to how to classify a number called "Down Home in Pasadena.)

The members of this band have great fun as they make their sound. They nearly all sing - on key and often. The affair was a sellout - weeks in advance I am told. Perhaps the engineers in our group could help us to get the Commonwealth Room to float.

-- Jay Dee

PIANO TUNING & REPAIR: PRJCer Jim DeRocher offers discount to fellow members. Additional Service: Will inspect used pianos for buyers, inspect and certify for sellers. Further info prices, other services: (703) 280-4398

*The Potomac River Jazz Club Proudly Presents*

# AUSTRALIAN DIXIELAND

*As Performed By The*

# BOB BARNARD JAZZ BAND



from Sydney, Australia

Potomac Room  
Marriott Twin Bridges  
So. end of 14th Street Bridge

Friday, August 4  
9 p.m. - 1 a.m.  
No Reservations

Admission      \$5 - PRJC Members  
                     \$7 - Non-Members

*For more information on this and other area jazz activity call 573-TRAD*



## JAZZ IN PARIS

Dilettantism is the great danger facing all the students who make the pilgrimage to Paris with the hope of acquiring no matter how small an amount of what is commonly referred to as higher learning. The temptations are so many, and take such irresistibly seductive shapes and forms, that the time left for serious studying dwindles and has disappeared without one being aware of it. For me, one of these temptations, though by no means the strongest, was jazz.

\*\*\*

One of the most popular tea-rooms in the Latin Quarter, where students of many nationalities would indulge in the time-honored Parisian custom of discussing for hours and

By Nesuhi Ertegun

hours at the slightest provocation about anything from the decadence of surrealism to the merits of Maurice Chevalier, was owned by a jazz connoisseur having a rather erratic taste; but one could not afford to be too choosy in Paris. That respectable gentleman was especially fond of Milt Herth's records; and each time the guitar player on those records started playing his solos, many of the youthful intelligentsia would stop talking in order to listen with great concentration and appropriate bodily movements to this dangerous rival of Django Reinhardt. His name was a mystery until a learned member of the Hot Club of France announced it was Teddy Bunn. The question as to who was really greater, Django or Teddy, meant that endless debating was to follow and the time had come to go around to the corner for a glass of Pernod. Billie Holiday, that mysterious singer with a man's name and a woman's voice, was another favorite topic of discussion. The young men of France were discovering jazz.

\*\*\*

Panassie was the prophet. He knew. No one had the effrontery of questioning his wisdom. To challenge anyone of his verdicts as to the respective merits of jazz musicians would have been sacrilege and was unthinkable. His magazine *Le Jazz Hot* was read with religious care. A cult had been formed, with all its essential characteristics. The dominant trait of the cult was a passion for the United States. Hollywood films were scrutinized attentively, and the Parisian jazz lovers would try to copy as closely as possible the way the movie actors dressed and the way they walked. Long, wide coats and trousers with narrow cuffs appeared in Paris shortly before the war; Harlem musicians were beginning to have greater influence than Hollywood actors.

\*\*\*

The French mind is famous for its clarity and for its genius at classifying knowledge. Certainty, even if it causes subsequent contradiction, is always preferred to doubt. Panassie, a typical product of French rationalism, showed the way with his perfectly coordinated dogmatism. His disciples naturally followed in his steps. Here is an example. This quotation, taken from an analysis of the Andy Kirk band by Joost Van Praag (*Jazz Hot*, April-May 1938), is also most unusual in that Van Praag has the audacity of

disagreeing with Panassie, the only example I know of such a flagrant violation of accepted ethical rules: "Nowadays Andy Kirk has a trombone with a very powerful attack, who should be placed on the same rank as Sandy Williams, a little below Higginbotham, Teagarden and Benny Morton, and above Lawrence Brown, whom I would not place as high as does Hugues Pannassie."

\*\*\*

Between 1937 and 1939, many famous Harlem musicians made the trip to Paris. They were all so successful, that with one or two exceptions they are much better known in Europe than they are here. As race prejudice was naturally unknown in France, and as the Parisians have had a traditional respect for artists, the Negro musicians were always treated as such, and they never encountered any of the humiliations which they suffer here all too frequently. In Paris, they were all great artists, living in an atmosphere of esteem and admiration.

\*\*\*

The most colorful among the American musicians in Paris was undoubtedly the pianist, Garland Wilson. Big, handsome, always dressed in extremely fancy clothes, always surrounded by a host of young admirers, he was like a king, with an ever-present court that followed him into all the night-clubs where he played. In the summer of 1938 the famous 'Boeuf sur le Toit' of Paris opened a summer night club bearing the same name in St. Tropez on the Riviera. The band was composed of Garland Wilson, Tommy Beuford on drums, Teddy Brock playing alto and baritone saxes and a bass player whose name I cannot remember. Garland Wilson's piano playing became one of the sensations of the summer season, and people would come to hear him all the way from Cannes and Nice.

\*\*\*

The two best known American musicians in Paris were Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins, the 'two Masters', as the French jazz lovers called them. Carter, especially, was very popular with the crowds and played only in the swankiest night-clubs. There were many others, some of whom played in the band of the inimitable Willy Lewis, like Dicky Wells and Bill Coleman. The trumpet player Arthur Briggs, a powerful but erratic musician, had been among the first expatriate musicians and was still in Paris when last heard of. Fletcher Henderson's old

drummer, Kaiser Marshall worked around Montmartre for a long time.

\*\*\*

To prove that his knowledge of jazz was really advanced, it was the duty of the young Parisian to acquire a more or less complete vocabulary of fashionable expressions used by American musicians. At the right time, these enthusiastic listeners were able to shout such things as 'Yes, man' or 'Take another' or 'Come on, come on' or 'Wonderful.' That, for most, was the extent of their knowledge of the English language. But there was no questioning the sincerity of the Parisian jazz lovers. Their thirst for jazz was of incredible intensity. Once, during the intermission of a concert the Quintet of the Hot Club of France was giving at the Salle Gaveau, the announcer, with a trembling voice, said it was very possible that Fats Waller would soon come and play in Paris. The thought that they would perhaps hear Fats Waller in person was so overwhelming to the spectators that there was violent applause for several minutes. To people for whom famous jazz names were merely something written on record labels, the possibility of seeing some of these famous musicians in the flesh was a great experience. Their eagerness was understandable.

\*\*\*

Duke Ellington gave two concerts in Paris on successive nights in April 1939. A tremendous publicity campaign swept the city during the weeks preceding his arrival. A new, very impressive concert-hall had been built for the Paris World's Fair, a huge place seating over 5,000 people, and Duke was going to play there. When the band arrived, the headlines in several Paris newspapers forgot all about Neville Chamberlain and Adolph Hitler, and the space was devoted to Sonny Greer and the nine big cases it took him to carry his drums. On the first night the immense auditorium was almost sold out; the crowd was very elegant, the orchestra seats having many people dressed in white ties and black ties and smart Parisiennes in evening dresses. The band was somewhat nervous at first, but after a shaky beginning settled down to play in the usual Ellington manner. After several numbers the time came for an Ivie Anderson vocal. She walked to the center of the stage while the band was playing and grew uneasy, looking all around the big stage trying to discover where the microphone was. But there was no microphone! And she sang, or rather tried to shout as loudly as she could; no one in the huge hall who was sitting behind the third row could hear her voice. Fortunately, they gave her a microphone on the second night.

\*\*\*

Every now and then, when some musician of note happened to be in Paris, the Hot Club of France organized a session at the small auditorium of the Ecole Normale de Musique. The star of one of these affairs was the violin player, Eddie South. The crowd was

unexpectedly large, and more tickets had been sold than there were seats. The music began while ticket-holders were still trying to locate their seats. When the band started to play a very fast number, tension was really high, and fights began here and there in the hall between people who had tickets to the same seat. One especially stubborn young man had his nose broken while fighting for his rights, and was taken to the hospital, his face full of blood. The musicians seemed to enjoy the atmosphere and from then on the session was a big success.

\*\*\*

The Quintet of the Hot Club of France, with its two stars Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelly, occupied a very special place in the hearts of the jazz-conscious people of Paris. Here was a band of French musicians, which they had helped in its rise to fame with their enthusiastic support, and they knew it was the only European jazz-group which had attracted the attention of American listeners. All the visiting Negro musicians told them how wonderful the Quintet was, what a great guitarist Django was, and this they prized more highly than anything else. I was not surprised, therefore, than many profound essays and many lyrical poems were written about Django and his guitar playing.

\*\*\*

Jazz was taken seriously in Paris; it was considered as one of the most important forms of modern music by several modern French composers. The big names for them were Armstrong and Ellington. Very few knew anything about an earlier jazz, because none of the early records were available and Panassie wrote more about Lunceford and Ellington than he did about King Oliver and Jelly-Roll Morton. In spite of that, Parisians were surprisingly well-informed about jazz matters, and their taste, though far from being impeccable, was as good as it could be under the circumstances. After all, how many of the famous American critics and collectors of today were writing about or collecting Oliver and Morton in the middle thirties?

THE  
Record Changer

# SHERIDAN SQUARE REQUIEM

By George Avakian

Nick Rongetti's death is going to bring the cover off a lot of other people's typewriters, too. Some of them will probably tell you about Nick's degree from Fordham Law School, and maybe they'll add that it probably came in handy during the first decade of his operations, when running a saloon was considered not quite in the spirit of the Volstead Act. One thing they'll all say, though, is that Nick wasn't the easiest guy in the world for a musician to deal with, but he liked jazz and even though it cost him money for long periods of time he always hired a pretty fair jazz band. Don't think the musicians weren't grateful. For years Nick's was the only jazz spot in the world.

I knew Nick's for ten years and Nick for eight, and the closest he got away from jazz in his place during that time was a quartet led by an accordion player. The clarinetist in the group was Charlie Russell, better known as Pee Wee, the unchallenged landmark, who in the past decade has never been off the bandstand at Nick's for more than a couple of months at a time, even with excursions to Chicago, Boston, and his own band on 52nd Street. (Remember the Little Club, Pee Wee, with Max Kaminsky and George Troup, that fine trombone player who died before many people got to know him—and weren't Bushkin and Wettle in the band, too? Some blonde gal ran the place, and I didn't catch the band because I was out of town that week.)

Nick's place was home at one time or another—and usually for long periods—for practically all the old Chicago gang that migrated to New York in the thirties, including the latecomers like Wild Bill Davison, who didn't show until 1942. The relief bands were sometimes good and sometimes there was just a piano, or two pianos, or even three, and once there was a pleasant guy who played the Hammond electric organ that Nick had there in 1938, and whom Eddie Condon would bring on at the end of a set by making some sort of wisecrack involving the John Henry, Jr., of the same name. The low point, I guess,

was the sister trio during Jimmy MacPartland's reign in '41; they even had a little hand cymbal for rhythm numbers, just like Barris, Rinker, and Crosby. But there were compensations like Meade Lux Lewis, whose first New York job was relief pianist at Nick's, or Sidney Bechet's quartet during most of the winter of 1938-39, and Zutty Singleton's trio, which introduced Edmond Hall to the jazz fans who hadn't caught him with Frankie Newton at the Brittwood or with Claude Hopkins before that. And once there was a relief band which overwhelmed the regular bunch.

That was a crew known as Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band, and they bowled over Bud Freeman's Summa Laudé guys pretty badly, but nobody enjoyed Muggsy's hand more than Bud's gang.

The Chicago crowd and their later adherents were almost always on hand at Nick's, although the first band I heard at Nick's was Sharkey Bonano's New Orleans boys, across the street from the current location, with Buck Scott on trombone and Bill Bourjouis on clarinet. Benny Carter's big band, freshly organized after his return from Europe early in 1939, was a brief visitor at Nick's bandstand, and I remember Joe Marsala had a large band in for a while, too. Tony Americo's and Sherry Magee's Dixielanders were a couple of other New Orleans bands that Nick brought up, too, but always he went back to the Chicago crowd.

Playing at Nick's had an informal quality about it which was typified by the frequent changes in personnel, all within a small nucleus of talent, and sometimes changes in leaders which involved no changes whatever as to who was playing. There was often so little concern over who was leader that once Nick couldn't get anyone to accept the responsibility, so he billed the band as "The Chicago All-Stars." Nick's steadiest employees and biggest drawing cards in the past ten years, Eddie Condon and Pee Wee Russell, have never been "leaders." Both often left Nick's "forever," but Pee Wee is still there and Eddie made the break only when he had his own place in the Village.

Condon owes most of his success to Nick's. The record speaks for itself. Nick's was his steady job through the last half of the depression and the music headquarters for the activities which put Eddie on the big time road: record dates for Commodore, the Friday Club jam sessions which grew into Town Hall concerts, and above all the incessant process of making friends over the tables at Nick's. Condon was and still is a smooth talker whose conversation made him remembered by minor tycoons and celebrities who spread the name of Condon further afield. The number of sets Eddie missed during the years at Nick's is surpassed only by the times he got on the bandstand late, and although Nick invariably groused about it, he knew that Eddie was just as valuable to him sitting at a producer's or publisher's table, so Eddie never got fired more often than once a month. Eventually, Nick signed him to a separate contract which called for Eddie to stay no matter if the rest of the band were fired en masse. Eddie was a major factor in building Nick's up to its present well-known place in the en-

tertainment world; of course at the same time Eddie built his own name to the point where he could take off on his own. Judging from the business done at both Nick's and Condon's, nobody got hurt in the long run.

Nick's is known to jazz fans all over the country, but it took the eager pilgrims in the uniforms of the United Nations to indicate the world-wide scope of Nick's fame. In Australia, Nick finished eleventh in a poll conducted by *Jazz Notes* to determine the ten individuals who had done the most for jazz. (The Australians' gratitude for the phonograph record is indicated by the fact that Milt Gabler finished fifth and Thomas A. Edison fifteenth, although it seems doubtful that the Menlo Park inventor had jazz in mind when he whipped up the talking machine.) For all his widespread reputation, however, Nick's last name had remained a mystery, which indeed it has been to most American admir-

ers of his place. Which reminds me that I still don't know if Nick stands for Dominick as in LaRocca or Nicholas as in Albert.

Nick got where he did by his almost exclusive devotion to the kind of music he enjoyed—yes, Nick genuinely enjoyed listening to the bands he hired, even when it cost him money week after week. During those days the free publicity he got from writers like Charles Edward Smith, Fred Ramsey, George Frazier, and myself didn't mean the difference between going into the red and coming out alive. But Nick realized, evidently, that it meant that the wolf was going to take smaller bites out of the front door. We were among his steadiest customers and were bringing our friends in, too, in addition to reaching a reading public, so we found that we never had to pay a minimum if we wanted to sit down for a minute, and we never got the bad eye for scooting in and out with the musicians without buying so much as a beer during the time when it was customary to leave Nick's between sets and get your drinks at Julius's, the bar across the street.

Julius's, which is really down Tenth Street and on the other side (I always worry that people are going to think I mean Julius Lombardi's restaurant which is actually on the corner diagonally opposite Nick's on Seventh Avenue and Tenth Street, and has an awning out front which omits the "Lombardi"), is a story by itself, but suffice it to say that Nick referred to the place as "The Annex," and he accepted the situation with good grace, although I could never understand why, inasmuch as it definitely cost him money. Maybe Nick figured every knock was a boost. When Gene Wil-

liams, reviewing some Bud Freeman records in *Jazz Information*, referred to the tired quality of the music as "Nicksieland." Nick grabbed the tag and began using it in his posters and advertising. Few people realize today that the word, as coined by Williams, was a derogatory term.

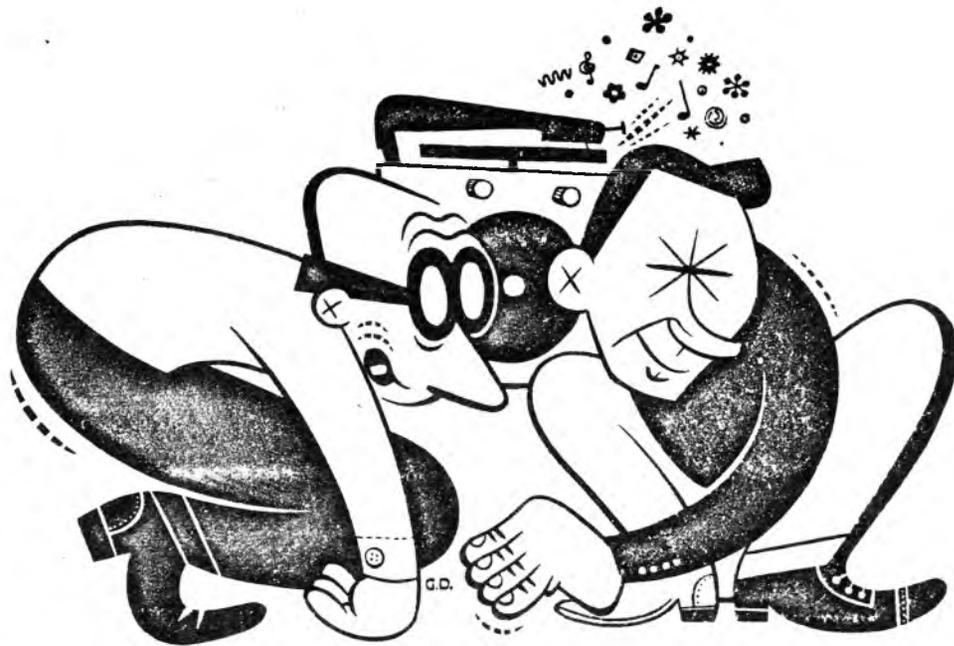
Nick's has become a Place To Go, which Nick appreciated deeply, although the oldtimers still harbor a selfish longing for the pre-war days when you could walk in the place and know half the customers. The music is no longer as lively as it once was, although Pee Wee and Muggsy and a good bunch are there, because years and years of playing seven nights a week have dulled their urge to play, so at Nick's (and Condon's, too) you find the boys smoking cigarettes between numbers instead of knocking them off with quick enthusiasm as they did years ago.

Still, you can't take away the permanent contributions of the past, like *Tin Roof Blues* at the beginning and end of every set, or the "Nick's ending"—four-bar drum break and four bars ensemble at the end of a fast number. Or memories like the time Johnny Mendell blew in from Chicago on a Sunday afternoon in '37, and somebody asked Red McAnzie to sing *Friar's Point Shuffle* and he did, or the surprise strangers got when Jack Russell led Nick's enormous blue-ribbon boxer, Duchess, through

the place, or Jimmy MacPartland and Pee Wee Russell playing chase choruses with only the mouthpieces of their instruments, or Billy Butterfield or Jack Teagarden stopping in for a set, or Sharkey Bonano leading the parade on *High Society*, or George Brunies (whose band at Ryan's has

revived Sharkey's custom) lying on one of the baby upright pianos in front of Nick's bandstand and playing trombone with his foot while a 175-pound man stood on his stomach.

And, of course, Nick himself, always on the go, wearing a big smile, and more often than not sitting on one of the pianos during intermission. The story was that Nick did it so he could face the bartenders and make sure the drinks were being rung up on the cash registers, but actually Nick loved to play and his resounding barber-shop bass was the joy or despair of his regular customers. Before you let anybody tell you Nick was corny, play *That's a Plenty* in Muggsy Spanier's album which is sold over the bar at Nick's. I don't think Pee Wee Russell will mind if I say the piano chorus is better than the clarinet solo.



"'Mellow-Lips' Jaxon was in the studio on this recording date—if you listen closely you can hear him sneeze during the third chorus!"

MINEFORM SERVICE, INC.

The Litho-Type Co.

(202) 347-7478

514 10th St., N.W.  
Fourth Floor  
Washington, D.C. 20004

COLD-TYPE COMPOSITION - OFFSET PRINTING - ADDRESSING/MAILING



# ...NOISES, SOUNDS, AND SWEET AIRS THAT BRING DELIGHT...

"Here we will sit, and let the sounds  
of music creep in our ears....."  
- The Merchant of Venice -

PRJC HOTLINE - 573-TRAD

## Regular Gigs

### Mondays

Federal Jazz Commission 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus, Arlington, Va.

### Tuesdays

Storyville 7 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus  
The Tired Businessmen 9:30 on. Dutch Mill Supper Club 6615 Harford Rd. Balto.  
Jimmy Hamilton's Night Blooming Jazzmen 9:15-12:45 Frank Condon's Rest.  
N. Washington St., Rockville, Md.

### Wednesdays

Fat Cat's Festival Jazzers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus  
(Aug. 9, PRJC Open Jam at the B'haus)

### Thursdays

Riverside Ramblers 8:30-11:30 Bratwursthaus  
Bill Potts' Big Band 9-1:30 Frank Condon's Supper Club, Rockville

### Fridays

Washington Channel JB 8:30-12:30 Crystal City Howard Johnson's, Rt. 1, Va.  
Southern Comfort 8:30-12 Shakey's, Rockville Pike, Rockville, Md.  
Stutz Bearcat JB 8-12 Shakey's in Fairfax, w. of Fairfax Circle  
Dick Wolters' Trio 7-11 pm Devil's Fork Rest. 1616 R.I. Ave NW, Washington  
Orig. Crabtowne Stompers 9-1 pm Buzzy's, West St., Annapolis, Md.

### Saturdays

Orig. Crabtowne Stompers Buzzy's in Annapolis

### Sundays

The John Skillman Trio - Jazz Brunch Buffet 11 am-3:30 pm Devil's Fork

## OTHER GIGS OF NOTE

- Aug. 4 THE BOB BARNARD BAND FROM AUSTRALIA - Monthly PRJC Special 9-1,  
Marriott Twin Bridges
- Aug. 4 , Sept. 1 - Tex Wyndham's Red Lion JB, Green Rm., Hotel DuPont,  
Wilmington, Del. (Reservations strongly advised.)
- Aug. 4, Sept. 1 - Va. Shy Jam, home of Frank McPherson, 2619 E. Meredith St.  
Vienna (938-4461)
- Aug. 18 DC, Md. Shy Jam, home of Dave Littlefield, 6809 5th St. NW (723-9527)
- Aug. 22 Alexandria shy jam home of Webb Ivy, Alexandria. 7:30-10:30 (370-8944)
- Aug. 19-20 The New Black Eagles (19th -8pm; 20th 4pm) Mount Gretna, Pa  
(Tickets - Music at Gretna, Box 356, 17064. \$5.00)

And remember: The Jazz Band Ball Sundays 6-7:30, WPFW-FM (89.3)  
Fat Cat's Jazz Corner Sundays 10-midnite WAMU (88.3)  
Yale Lewis's Jazz Plus Saturday nites 8-3 WETA (90.9)

## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Robert Hippert  
Alexandria, Va

Vernon Foster  
Alexandria, Va.

Karen Woods  
Rockville, Md.

Benjamin Astley  
Arlington, Va.

William Busch  
Laurel, Md.

Jerry Horton  
Princeton, N.J.

Paul Dougherty  
Gaithersburg, Md.

Gilbert Douglas  
Arlington, Va.

Karen Terninko  
Arlington, Va.

Fred Newton  
Fairfax, Va.

Mr/Mrs Allen Knowles  
Rockville, Md.

Eleanor & Geo. Hilbert  
Margate, N.J.

Mary & Joseph Cochran  
Chevy Chase, Md.

Richard Andelfinger  
Gaithersburg, Md.

Dorothy & John Tierney  
Columbia, Md.

Pat & Arunas Dirvianskis  
Arlington, Va.

Diana & John Fisher  
Lorton, Va.

Elizabeth & Frank Guldseth  
Arlington, Va.

Midge Nolin  
Hyattsville, Md.

Leonore & Larry Robinson  
Takoma Park, Md.

Sharon Wheeler & Steve  
Hancoff - Takoma Park, Md.

Barbara & Edwin Pilchard  
Silver Spring, Md.

Brian McGill  
Annandale, Va.

Helena Speicher  
Baltimore, Md.

George Hines  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Peg Paul  
Washington, D.C.

Morton Klasmer  
Baltimore, Md.

Victoria Borland  
Arlington, Va.

Bud Allred  
West Durham, N.C.

Bob Milne  
Lake Orion, Mich.

Kendall Burrough  
Washington, D.C.

Olcott Deming  
Washington, D.C.

Terry Hartzell  
Alexandria, Va.

Ted Chandler, Editor  
Tailgate Ramblings  
7160 Talisman Lane  
Columbia, Md. 21045



First Class Mail



# Support Traditional JAZZ!