

THE MUSIC MEN!

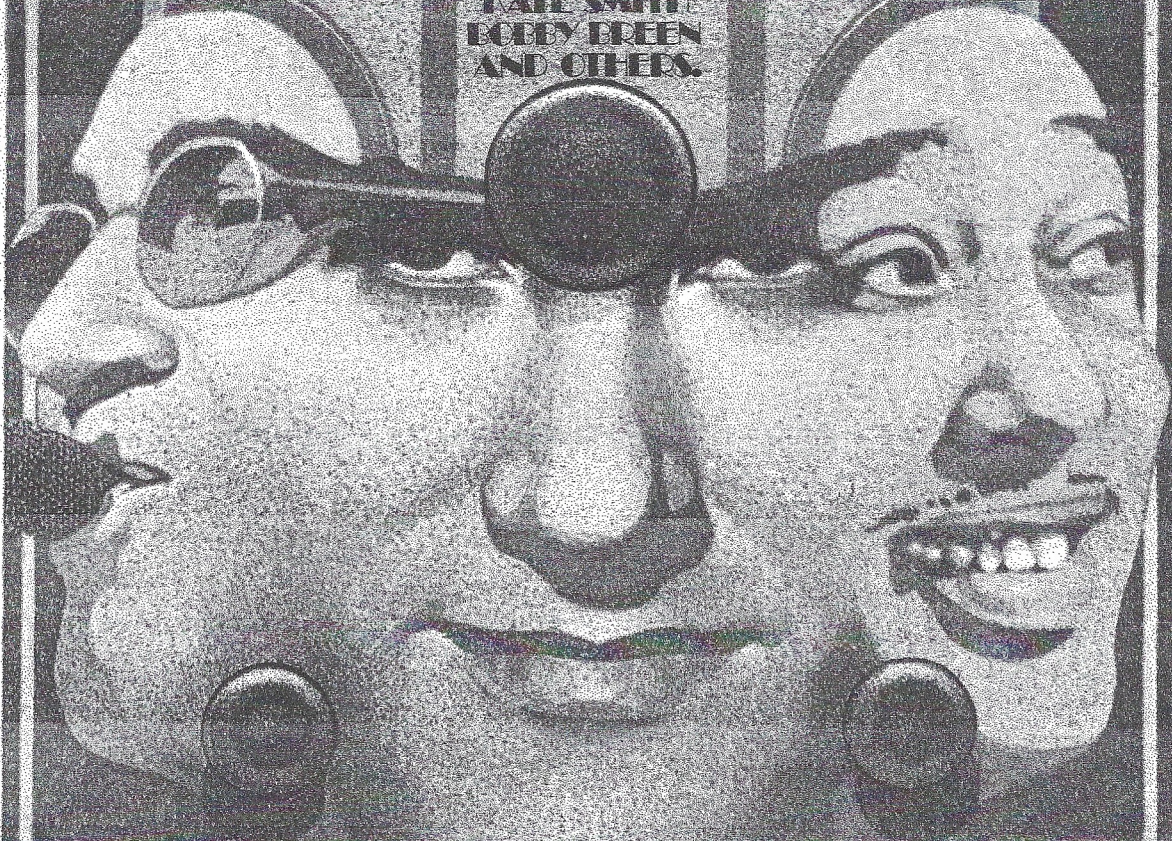
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EXCLUSIVE IN THIS ISSUE!

**BENNY GOODMAN ARTIE SHAW DUKE ELLINGTON
NOW AND THEN**

ELLINGTON - GOODMAN - SHAW



By John S. Wilson

The air was filled with music in those Depression-haunted years of the '30's. And it was all free.

Just flick the switch on the radio, spin the dial and, from 10 o'clock at night until 1 or 2 the next morning, the music would come pouring out. It came from Glen Island Casino on Long Island Sound on the East Coast and from the Avalon Ballroom on Catalina Island on the West Coast. It came from hundreds of hotel rooms and dance halls and roadhouses in the 3,000 miles between . . . from the Graystone Ballroom in Detroit, from the Playmor Ballroom in Kansas City, from the Aragon and Trianon Ballrooms in Chicago, from Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook in New Jersey, from Castle Farms in Ohio, from the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City, from the Claridge Hotel and the Peabody in Memphis, from the Baker and the Adolphus in Dallas, from the Mark Hopkins and the St. Francis in San Francisco.

It was all very glamorous, romantic, exotic. Even the names of the places where the music was played had a fascinatingly exotic appeal . . . the Cafe Rouge, the College Inn, the Log Cabin, the Cocoanut Grove, the Rainbow Room, The Blue Room, the Blackhawk, the Palladium. And the bands that played the music added to the fascination as they came on the air playing themes that became a part of 20th century American folklore — Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade*, the Casa Loma Or-



chestra with *Smoke Rings*, Bob Crosby's ominous *Summertime*, Earl Hines with *Deep Forest* and shouts of "Fatha Hines! Fatha Hines!", Ted Weems with *Out of the Night*, Duke Ellington's *East St. Louis Toodle-Oh*, Artie Shaw intoning *Nightmare* and Benny Goodman's swinging invitation, *Let's Dance*.

Of all the bands that were part of that memorable musical melange, none — except for the relatively short-lived Glenn Miller orchestra — made a deeper and more lasting impression on the music of the times than those last three: Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. They created the ultimate definition of the music that developed in the years between the two World Wars, and all three leaders have survived into a period when the world of music they first knew has been turned completely topsy-turvy.

Each has arrived at the year 1973 in totally different circumstances — Ellington, a venerable 73, still composing, playing and touring with his orchestra as unremittingly as he did 45 years before; still creating, acknowledging his past only by playing one or two hit-packed medleys at every performance; Goodman, 63, a wealthy country squire who plays a leisurely schedule of engagements that are filled with nostalgia; and Shaw, 62, now a writer, producer of films and plays, completely divorced from music.

These end results come, of course, from three very diverse personalities. Ellington is urbane, witty, a compulsive



creator. Goodman is withdrawn in social contacts but a demanding perfectionist in musical matters. And Shaw, a voracious reader with limitless interests, is a highly articulate explorer of contemporary society.

For all three, the late night radio broadcasts that spread across the country during the '20's and '30's provided the means of reaching the audience that initially lifted them to fame. Duke Ellington was a virtual nonentity until he took his band into the Cotton Club in New York in 1927 where he was on the air five nights a week. Benny Goodman had been one of the busiest sidemen in radio orchestras in the early '30's and had even released numerous records under his own name leading a studio band; but the listeners who were to make him the King of Swing first became aware of him when his newly formed band played for 26 weeks during the winter of 1934 and 1935 on the three-hour Saturday night National Biscuit Company program called *Let's Dance*. And when Artie Shaw, after two fruitless years as a band leader, finally found, through Jerry Gray's arrangement of *Begin the Beguine*, the key to his distinctive musical style — the warm, swinging, melodic interpretation of the show tunes of Gershwin, Porter, Kern and Rodgers — he had a nightly radio wire from the Blue Room of the Hotel Lincoln in New York to let everyone know about it.

By the time Goodman and Shaw arrived in the mid-'30's, Ellington had been a front-line band leader for almost

a decade, creating a style that was, even in its earliest phases, distinctly Ellingtonian. Ellingtonian meant, among other things, that it had flair and that it reflected the strongly outlined personality of Edward Kennedy Ellington, a personality that was in full bloom even when he was a schoolboy in Washington, D.C. Barry Ulanov's biography, *Duke Ellington*, the first book written about him, pictures the schoolboy coming downstairs in the morning, slowly, elegantly.

"This," he would say to his mother or his aunt with precise, deliberate articulation, "is the great, the grand, the magnificent Duke Ellington." Then he would bow. Looking up at his smiling mother or aunt, he would say, "Now applaud, applaud." And then he ran off to school.

This complete self-assurance and self-appreciation never left him. Sixty years later, in the summer of 1972 when he was 73 years old, the Duke was conducting a public rehearsal of his band at the University of Wisconsin. He was taking them through a first attempt at his latest composition.

"Letter E," he said to indicate where they were to start playing. But when only half the band began at the proper place, he shouted, "No! E! E as in Ellington! E! E as in Edward! E! E as in Ellington! E as in Edward and Ellington! E as in excellence! E as in elegance! E! E as in all good things! Edward . . . Ellington . . . excellence . . . elegance. E!"

A full appreciation of the elegance and excellence of Edward Ellington began to penetrate to a mass audience after he took his band into the Cotton Club in Harlem on December 4, 1927. For four years before this, his band had been playing at the Kentucky Club in midtown Manhattan, a place in which fires broke out so frequently that Sonny Greer, Ellington's drummer, lost three different drum sets to the flames. When the club was not on fire, the band went on the air every night at 2 A.M. on a local station, WHN, building some renown among insomniacs and fellow musicians.

The band's move to the Cotton Club was less a recognition of excellence than a solution to an emergency. King Oliver, who had the most popular band in Chicago when Louis Armstrong was with him in 1922 and 1923, was to make his New York debut at the Cotton Club, but, at the last moment, Oliver decided he was not being offered enough money. The Cotton Club was in no mood to haggle, so the Ellington band was hastily chosen to fill in. But first the band had

to get out of a two-week theater commitment in Philadelphia. This was accomplished by one of the earlier examples of an offer that could not be refused. Some Philadelphia friends of the Cotton Club's management made the theater manager a proposition: "Be big or you'll be dead." He was big and, as a result, the Ellington band opened a five-year run at the Cotton Club that established its international fame, helped by the fact that the Columbia Broadcasting System put the band on its network broadcasts several times a week, introduced by the suave voice of Ted Husing and the distinctive, growling sound of Ellington's early theme, *East St. Louis Toodle-Oh*.

This was Ellington's so-called "jungle period," when most of his compositions (*Black and Tan Fantasy* was a prime example) were colored by the gently growling trumpet of Bubber Miley (who was succeeded by the more prickly-toned Cootie Williams) and by the darker, guttier growling of trombonist Tricky Sam Nanton. The style, an explicit part of the atmosphere that the exclusively white patronage of the Cotton Club came up to Harlem to absorb, was in keeping with the club's floor shows, which have been described by Marshall Stearns, the jazz historian, as "an incredible mishmash of talent and nonsense which might well fascinate both sociologists and psychiatrists."

"I recall one," Stearns went on, "where a light-skinned and magnificently muscled Negro burst through a papier-maché jungle onto the dance floor, clad in an aviator's helmet, goggles and shorts. He had obviously been 'forced down in darkest Africa,' and in the center of the floor he came upon a 'white' goddess clad in long golden tresses being worshipped by a circle of cringing 'blacks.' Producing a bull whip from heaven knows where, the aviator rescued the blonde and they did an erotic dance. In the background, Bubber Miley, Tricky Sam Nanton and other members of the Ellington band growled, wheezed and snorted obscenely."

Even within the "jungle style," Ellington developed a lyricism that came out in such tunes as *Creole Love Call* and led to his emergence as a successful composer of popular songs (but always with an Ellington touch), first through a blues, *Mood Indigo*, and then in *Solitude*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart* and *I Got It Bad*.

Like all the successful black band leaders (except Count Basie and Lionel Hampton, both of whom arrived after 1935) — Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie

Lunceford, Earl Hines and Cab Calloway — Ellington's reputation was firmly established before the Swing Era began. His band, like the other black bands, was overshadowed during those Swing years by the brilliant light of publicity and popularity that shone on Goodman and Shaw and Miller. But as the big bands, both black and white, went into decline in the '40's, the Duke hit a peak with his orchestra of 1941 and 1942 and then moved on to a new phase of his career as a composer of extended concert works.

As early as 1934, when material for a dance band was rarely longer than 32 bars, he had written a 12-minute piece called *Reminiscing in Tempo* and four years later Paul Whiteman had commissioned an Ellington concert piece for his orchestra, *Blue Belles of Harlem*. But the Duke did not make his first major effort at extended composition until 1943 when he wrote *Black, Brown and Beige*, which ran 50 minutes and was introduced at an Ellington concert at Carnegie Hall.

This was the first of what became an annual series of concerts at Carnegie Hall, for each of which Ellington prepared such works as *New World A-Comin'*, *The Deep South Suite* and *The Perfume Suite*. Later, on commission from the Liberian government, he wrote *The Liberian Suite* and, more recently, for Togoland, *Brava Togo*. His *Night Creatures* was composed in 1955 for the Symphony of the Air plus the Ellington orchestra. His *Suite Thursday*, based on John Steinbeck's book, *Sweet Thursday*, was commissioned by the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1960. Inspired by the Shakespearean Festival in Stratford, Ontario, he composed a Shakespearean Suite, *Such Sweet Thunder*, in 1957. He wrote film scores for *Anatomy of a Murder* and *Paris Blues*. During the '60's he created two sacred concerts. And, in 1971, he composed a ballet, *The River*, for dancer Alvin Ailey.

Through it all, his band kept touring — an almost endless succession of one-night stands that covered Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Australia, the Near East, the Far East and the Soviet Union. And everywhere he went, the Duke's electric piano went with him because there is not a day in his life when he does not compose something, either while he is driving between engagements with Harry Carney, the baritone saxophonist who joined the Ellington band in 1926 and has been with it ever since, or in his hotel room when his night's work is over.

"You know how it is," he admits. "You go home expecting to go right to bed. But then, on the way, you go past the piano and there's a flirtation. It flirts with you. So, you sit and try out a couple of chords and when you look up, it's 7 A.M.

Even during the nadir for big bands in the '50's, when all but a handful of bands gave up completely or worked on a part-time basis, the Duke kept his band together, often leaping back and forth from one end of the country to the other to find engagements, or slogging through provincial areas to dates so unrewarding financially that you would have thought a performer of his stature would rather not bother with them.

"It's a matter of whether you want to play music or make money," he said in explanation of his determination to keep his men together even when it cost him money. "I like to keep a band so I can write and hear the music next day. The only way to do that is to pay the band and keep it on tap 52 weeks a year. If you want to make a real profit, you go out for four months, lay off for four and come back for another four. Of course, you can't hold a band together that way, and I like the cats we've got. So, by various little twists and turns, we manage to stay in business and make a musical profit. And a musical profit can put you way ahead of a financial loss.

"There are only a few of us who love what we do enough to stay with it 52 weeks, 365 days a year," he went on. "You have to love something to do it like that, win, lose or draw, whether you make a profit or not. I want to keep my band together. I want to hear my music. And I'm going to keep right on doing it."

So Duke Ellington keeps on doing what he has always done, following a schedule that would seem to most people unbearably grueling. But not Benny Goodman. Benny looks back in horror at the life he led when he was the King of Swing, and he wouldn't want to be doing it now.

"Not at my age," he says, breaking into the familiar, twisting grin which is now framed by gray sideburns. "I'd be out of my mind to do it. Just the physical stamina required to do five shows a day at the Paramount and then play the Manhattan Room at the Hotel Pennsylvania — I couldn't do it.

"At the time," he went on, "I took it for what it was worth. I appreciated what went with it. Your ego wants applause. But you can't take something like that seriously — to think it's going to go

on like that."

But while it lasted — the riotous crowds at the Paramount, the precedent-setting Carnegie Hall concert, the jitters, the adulation, the excitement — Benny took it in stride. He was no overnight success. Before Fate tapped him to launch the Swing Era, he had put in 10 years as a very busy, hard-working professional musician in Chicago and New York, traveling with Ben Pollack's band and free-lancing in New York's radio stations. Like Duke Ellington, the turning point in his career can be pinpointed to a specific day — August 21, 1935.

That was when the year-old Goodman band reached Los Angeles, following a disastrous series of cross-country one-nighters ("The music is lousy," the manager of a Denver ballroom complained to Goodman's booking agency, "and the leader is a pain in the neck"). Morale in the band was at rock bottom. They had been reduced to playing stock arrangements and waltzes in a vain effort to please the few dancers who turned out to hear them.

The Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles was the last stop on this ghastly tour. To Benny's surprise, the place was packed. But when he started out with the routine pop tune arrangements he had been using straight across the country, he got no more response from this big crowd than he had from the earlier small ones.

At that point, he decided the hell with trying to please the public. This was probably the last date the band would ever play and they might as well go out playing what they wanted to play. So, for the second set, he pulled out some of the Fletcher Henderson arrangements that had been hidden behind the stock arrangements ever since the band left New York — *Sugar Foot Stomp*, *King Porter Stomp*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*.

As Benny kicked off *Sugar Foot Stomp*, the band dug into the arrangement joyfully. When Bunny Berigan stood up and took a trumpet solo, the crackling phrases leaped out into the ballroom with such electricity that somebody let out a whooping shout. And suddenly there was a crowd of youngsters swarming around the bandstand, shouting and cheering.

"That first big roar from the crowd," Benny said later, "was one of the sweetest sounds I ever heard in my life."

That shout was the birth yawn of the Swing Era. For the next three years, Benny Goodman's band was the biggest attraction in the country. Some of his sidemen — Gene Krupa, Lionel Hamp-

ton, Teddy Wilson, Harry James — were more famous than most band leaders and they eventually became leaders themselves.

En route east from his Palomar success, Benny went into the Urban Room of the Congress Hotel in Chicago for what was supposed to be a couple of weeks. He stayed seven months and, while he was there, his fans organized a concert, held on a Sunday afternoon and disguised as a tea dance. It was so successful that the idea was repeated on Easter Sunday, 1936, an event for which Benny flew pianist Teddy Wilson in to Chicago from New York for the first public appearance of the Goodman trio (with Benny on clarinet and Gene Krupa on drums). It was also the first step toward breaking down the color barrier that had, until then, kept bands either all-black or all-white.

When the band played its first engagement at the high citadel of big bands, the Paramount Theater in New York City, on March 10, 1937, the streets outside the theater were ringed by 7 A.M. with kids who had cut school to see the band at a price they could afford (35 cents for the morning show). In that first day, more than 21,000 people passed in and out of the 3,600-seat theater, shagging in the aisles, leaping on the seats, rushing the stage in an effort to get past a massed phalanx of ushers, and spending a record-breaking \$900 at the candy counter.

Ten months later, on January 16, 1938, the Goodman orchestra became the first jazz band to give a concert in Carnegie Hall. Awed at the prospect, Benny brought along some men from Count Basie's and Duke Ellington's orchestras for support and he even tried to add Beatrice Lillie to the program although she wisely declined.

Benny needn't have worried. The concert was a sellout, packed with an exuberant audience that literally set the old hall rocking with their foot-stomping enthusiasm. This was the foot in the door that turned jazz from a dancing-and-listening music in small clubs and ballrooms to the concert attraction it is today. But Benny is inclined to dismiss the idea that he moved jazz into the concert halls.

"I don't think I had much to do with jazz becoming a concert business," he says now. "Right after the Carnegie Hall concert, people were saying, 'Is this what you do from now on?' — because Carnegie Hall had been so big. But we only did a few concerts after that.

"I always felt inhibited about doing

concerts, even though people at dances used to stand around the bandstand and just listen. I was never really wholeheartedly for the concert business. Otherwise I would have done something about it. But I didn't.

"You see, I grew up on dancing," he went on. "I'd always played for dancing. I always think in terms of dance tempos. I think of tunes in relation to dancing. Wherever I play, if there's a dance floor, I say, 'Aw, c'mon and dance.'

"But," he concedes, "the business is now basically concerts. I'm trapped into the concert business. There's no alternative."

So, for most of the 20 years since he stopped maintaining a regular band, Benny has played concerts, hoping there might be a dance floor in the vicinity of the band. And although he occasionally puts together a big band for a tour, brushing up the old arrangements from the '30's, most of his playing these days is with a sextet or quintet.

"I just play when the occasion comes," he explained. "I do things I like to do with small groups. I play with symphony orchestras, sometimes as a soloist doing the Copland clarinet concerto, the Mozart concert or one of the two Weber concertos. But usually I take a small group with me and we play a little jazz, too."

He rarely appears with a big band in the United States these days, partly because he finds he can't get big band bookings as readily in this country as he can in Europe (his last two big bands were formed in England and toured Scandinavia and Eastern Europe), partly because of the difficulty in finding musicians who understand his big band idiom.

"Many of those who can play it are too old," he says, "and you don't know what to expect of younger men."

So he works with small groups, playing tunes he has been playing since the '30's and '40's and looking hopefully, but without much success, for new material.

"I think I've made a sincere effort to play some of the so-called contemporary songs," he declares, "and I find I just don't like them. I don't mind listening to them, but I can't play them. There's nothing for me to play. If I play something like this thing called *Something* . . . well, it's a lovely song, but where are you going with it? You play the melody and you've had it. There's not much you can do with it as far as improvisation is concerned. I'd rather play *The Lady Is a Tramp* or a Gershwin tune."

But, as Benny said, back in 1946 when the big bands were breaking up and

be-bop was rocking the jazz boat: "A guy who is good doesn't have to worry about trends." He hasn't been near a trend since he took a brief, finching fling into bop 25 years ago. Perfection in his own thing is all that interests him. It was this drive for perfection that led him to such constant practice sessions that Jess Stacy, his pianist in the band that played the Carnegie Hall concert, once said, "I figure Benny will die in bed with that damned clarinet."

It could happen ("When do you ever have it made?" Goodman recently asked rhetorically and answered, "Never. Right?"). But that is not a fate that will befall his arch rival and fellow clarinetist in the Swing Era, Artie Shaw. Artie came up in much the same way that Benny Goodman had — both sons of Jewish tailors, born into a ghetto (Shaw on New York's Lower East Side, Goodman on Chicago's West Side), early jobs with traveling bands leading to freelancing in New York where, in the early '30's, Shaw and Goodman either sat side by side in studio saxophone sections or were alternative first choices for any clarinet assignments. But Artie didn't want to be a band leader. By the time he was 25, he was more interested in writing than in being a musician.

But an offer to play at a jazz concert at the Imperial Theater in New York in



May, 1935 (possibly the first jazz concert ever held), changed all that. In order to be "just a tiny bit different" from the big bands and jazz combos with which he would share the program, Artie wrote a piece for clarinet and string quartet, *Interlude in B-flat*. To give it a jazz context, he added guitar, bass and drums. It was the hit of the show and Artie was urged to form a band. He was completely uninterested until he saw bandleading as a means of accumulating about \$25,000 and then quitting the music business to make "some altogether different kind of life for myself."

Like his concert appearance, the band he put together was just a tiny bit different. Instead of the customary trumpet, trombone and saxophone sections, the core of his band was a string quartet and his clarinet, supplemented by a single trumpet, a saxophone and a rhythm section.

"I wanted that band to work," Artie said recently. "But we were bucking a tide that was impossible to beat — the chewing gum drummers and the loud swing fanaticism. Everybody liked the band except the audience."

So, bowing to the pattern created by Benny Goodman as King of Swing, Artie gave up his string band after less than two years and formed a new band with standard instrumentation which he promised would be "the loudest band in the whole world." But as this band began to develop during a long run at the Roseland-State Ballroom in Boston, that original concept changed to a concentration on the music of Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, Vincent Youmans and other composers who gave the musical theatre a melodic golden age in the '20's and '30's. This new concept was epitomized in an arrangement of Porter's *Begin the Beguine* (written by Jerry Gray, a violinist in Shaw's string band who later became chief arranger for Glenn Miller). Shaw's record of *Begin the Beguine* was released in the fall of 1938 and, during the next year, Artie took over the preeminence that Benny Goodman had held for three years.

"The difference between me and Benny," Shaw said a few months ago, "was that I was trying to play a musical thing and Benny was trying to swing. Benny had great fingers — I'd never deny that. But listen to our two versions of *Star Dust* — I was playing, he was swinging.

"I was happiest with that band in 1938 and the beginning of 1939, the happiest I ever was," he went on. "It was a bitch

of a band. It breathed together, thought together. It was as close to black music as a white man can get. I never played better. I can go back to those records and tell.

"I found myself in that music. About that time I became an artist — not to sound pretentious but meaning that you're doing something better than you have to do it. But when you try to do something better, *they* say, 'No, you've gone far enough. Don't do any more!' After I did *Begin the Beguine*, they said, 'That's enough.' It's like after Beethoven wrote his Eighth Symphony and they said, 'That's enough,' — he'd never have written his Ninth.

"It stopped being fun with success. Money got in the way. Everybody got greedy — including me. Fear set in. I got miserable when I became a commodity.

They were bugging me, just as *they* had bugged Bix Beiderbecke and Bunny Berigan and, in a different way, Billie Holiday."

Twice during this year of success, Shaw was so exhausted that he collapsed on the bandstand. For six weeks he was hospitalized with a serious blood disease. Worn out both physically and psychologically, feeling hemmed in by demanding agents on one side and clamorous jitterbugs on the other, Shaw left his band in December, 1939, and disappeared into Mexico.

"I wanted to resign from the planet, not just from music," he says now. "I've been a constant maverick, at odds with everybody. It's true of everything I've done, including broads" — a reference to his eight wives.

He got back into music because "Judy



Garland said, 'You can't just sit on your ass' and I owed some records to RCA, so I formed a band with a big string section. I liked it for a while. But then people were saying, 'Don't do something else.'"

In 1949, he formed another big band — "to pay for a farm," he says.

"It was a groovy band, full of very good men. We had new arrangements by Tadd Dameron and Gerry Mulligan and Johnny Mandel. But on the road, we'd have to play *Beguine*, *Frenesi*, *Back Bay Shuffle* and all that out-of-date stuff. The band hated those old things and they played them badly.

"This was the best band I could get, but the audiences loathed it, except for *Beguine* and those things. It was no fun, so I canceled the tour. Then, as an experiment, I put together a copy of the

1939 band. Audiences were enchanted. There wasn't a dry eye.

"So I wondered, if they hate what I do best, what if I do the worst I can? I called a band contractor and told him to get me 14 men at \$100 each, with a black suit, black shoes, black tie and white tie. We'd play stock arrangements of the year's top 15 hits — *Blue Tango*, some polkas, *If I Knew You Were Comin' I'd've Baked a Cake*.

"The band was so bad that it would break down in the middle of numbers. I'd stop them, apologize, and start over. The audience would laugh. Suddenly, the dour Artie Shaw is a jolly fellow, prancing up and down in front of the band. I laughed, I ogled, I wagged my head, I laid my clarinet over my shoulder and marched. It was the greatest success I ever had except for the first

wave with the *Beguine* band.

"It ended at an American Legion dance in Pennsylvania. It was one of the worst nights we had. The band was awful . . . I'm laughing — but alone, to myself. After the dance, the manager, all smiles, told me, 'Mr. Shaw, this was the best band we've had since Blue Baron.'

"On that note, I quit."

Artie hasn't touched a clarinet for more than a decade, although he plays the piano frequently.

"It was never the music that I left," he explained, "it was that other crap that went with it. I could no longer play to satisfy myself."

In the years since then, he has led a varied life — writing an autobiographical book, *The Trouble with Cinderella*, and some short stories, farming, shooting high-powered target rifles in competition, distributing and producing films.

To those who remember him from his bandleading heyday, he is scarcely recognizable. The black-haired young man dressed in immaculate tuxedo with the sultry handsomeness of a leading man is now a tanned, stocky, bald man with a fiercely black moustache who works at his desk in a leather vest and wears gold-rimmed bifocals to read.

"Actually, my main occupation now is suing people," he said wryly, ticking off a list of suits and projected suits, "although the interesting thing is that nobody's suing me."

He also lectures on the college circuit, offering a choice of four subjects — "The Artist in a Materialistic Society," "The Swingers of the Big Band Era," "Psychotherapy and the Creative Artist" and "Consecutive Monogamy and Ideal Divorce" in which he presents himself as "the ex-husband of love goddesses and an authority on divorce." ("Sensational?" he says when he is asked why he would expose his private life in this fashion. "If I can make a point, I don't care what the price of admission is.")

He hears little in current music that excites him.

"I played my *Summertime* for a young person recently," he said. "His surprised reaction was, 'Hey, that's so pure!' I said, 'What did you expect?' It was a simple, pure statement. Me, Benny, Tommy Dorsey — the solos we played were very naked. If there was a flaw, you knew it.

"Now, nobody wants a clean statement. That's the difference between the '30's and today. Clarinet, you know, means 'clear'. How many good clarinetists are there today?" □

