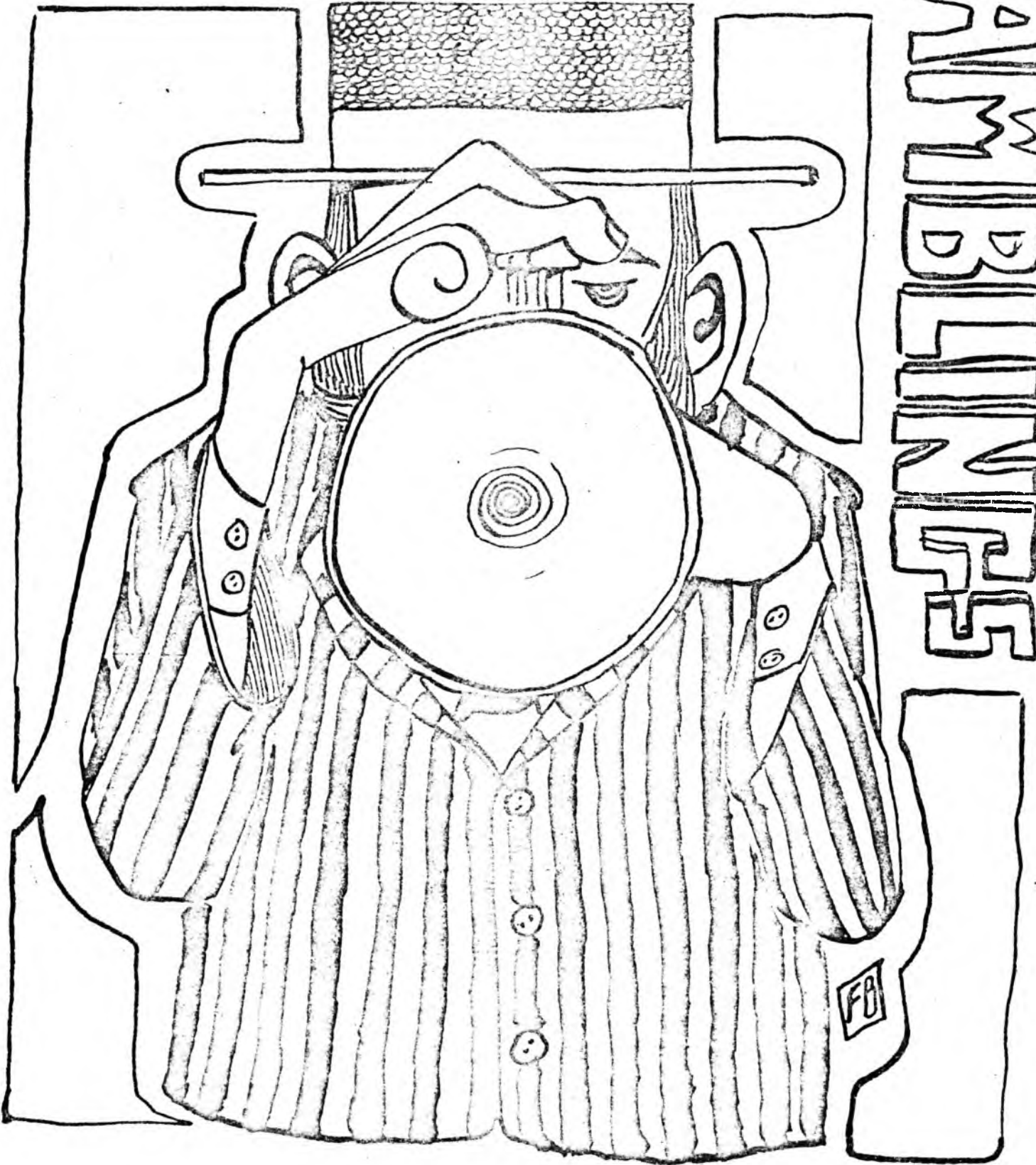


TAILGATE



RAMBLINES



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Editorial

AT LAST!!! CONTROVERSY!!!

For most of Tailgate Ramblings' existence we have bemoaned the absence of controversy in its pages. Personally, we hold views on jazz and jazz musicians so vicious, biased and bizarre as to be unsuitable for a family publication. We have hoped, therefore, that

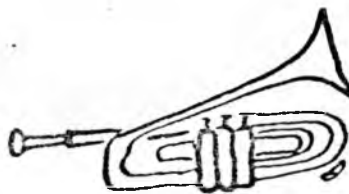
someone else would take the initiative and stir up the animals.

By gum, someone has gone and done it at last, and that someone is none other than your PRJC Musical Director Ed "Big Max" Fishel.

Taking time off from work on his new composition for harpsichord and bazooka - "Big Wind In The Windjammer" - Ed has turned his pen to a topic as controversial as sex education in kindergarten: Loot for weekend Dixielanders. Should guys who would do it anyway because they love it get paid for doing it?

Head down, Big Max charges full tilt through the crockery, letting fly with a roundhouse or two at wives, saloon keepers, and the short-sightedness of many part-time Dixieland musicians. With complete impartiality he steps on everybody's toes, but he says some things which needed to be said.

We hope Ed's views will provoke a little reader comment from musicians and non-musicians alike. Whether you want to take up the cudgels again, or alongside Fearless Fishel,



let us hear from you. Editorial policy, as always, is to print anything except obscenities, blank verse, and threatening letters written longhand on brown wrapping paper.

Yet another musician-writer joins Scotty Lawrence as a regular columnist in this issue. He is a New Orleans-based professional with a passion for anonymity and his column, The Other Side Of The Coin will carry, at his request, the nom de plume Icon O'Clast. Icon likes to tilt at jazzdom's myths and fetishes and is all for calling a spade a spade. You may disagree with him, but we think you'll read him. *

Al Webber

A THOUGHT-PROVOKING DISCUSSION
OF BREAD FOR WEEKEND DIXIE-
LANDERS AND SUCH RELATED TOPICS
AS WIVES, SALOON KEEPERS AND
PLACES TO DO OUR THING

By Ed Fishel
Arlington, Va.

One good thing about the pay local musicians receive for playing traditional jazz is that it provides opportunities for musicianly humor.

For example: If the boss criticizes your playing, you can retort, "OK, so fire me."

With that one short line you win a laugh from the other musicians, dissolve the criticism and the critic, and make an Important Statement about musical economics.

True, the boss just might be able to get somebody else to work for the same bread you're getting, but he'd probably have to ask half a dozen musicians before finding one.

However, one can go too far in making fun of the money we receive, for it is money that makes the music possible by enabling the musician to get out of the house at night. He's mainly interested in having some fun, but if he tells the head of his household that that's why he wants out, he'll get out less and less often. By contrast, "Gotta bring home that bread, baby" will soften her up every time, even though she knows full well how little he actually receives.

All of which is by way of introduction to some serious remarks about the economics of this jazz business, deriving from my job in the PRJC. In the service of the Club, I have probably gotten more musicians to play for less pay than any other booking agent in the history of jazz. A noble service, I guess.

Fifteen or 20 times in the last couple of years we have seen jazz start up in some "new" place, flourish for a few weeks or

months, and then die out. At some point after the club owner has lost \$500 or \$1,000 or more in his hopeful trial of Dixieland, he fires the band. A few owners, presumably, have fired it before reaching that point. If more of them did so, not only the owners would be better off - the music would be too: for it's bad for jazz for it to be played to a near-empty house. It's bad for jazz every time one more name is added to the list of club owners who have tried it and flunked.

Clearly somebody - maybe everybody - is doing something wrong.

True, there are certain gigs that have lasted a long time, which fact suggests that some other somebody is doing something right. But take a look at the gigs that have had this staying power. Generally, they fall into two classes, neither one entirely desirable from the musicians' viewpoint.

One is the pizza-house (or pseudo-speak-easy) gig where a band pulls (counting turnover) 300 or 400 or maybe even 500 customers one or two nights a week. The pay is tolerably good - but it is obtained by leaning over very far to cater to popular tastes, or by playing to listeners who don't listen, or by enduring bad acoustics, or by some combination of those three things.

The other kind of long-lasting gig is the one with extremely low pay - half, perhaps less than half, of what the successful pizzeria actions pay. The band hangs on simply because, as long as it pulls any crowd at all, the owner can't lose. The musicians accept their plight because at the price they are getting they feel at liberty to do their own thing: the "OK, so fire me" line is always ready.

To return to the problem of the gigs that don't last a long time: What are we doing wrong?

One suspects that a good many of the quick-dying gigs start with the musicians asking for, and getting, all that the traffic will bear - and that soon turns out to be more than it will bear. Maybe the sales pitch is too good - the pitch that goes: "Hire my band, and you'll have something that appeals to moneyed people, and it'll be strikingly different from what your competitors in the cocktail lounges and rock

joints are presenting - so different that it'll make a name for your place overnight." Visions of sugar plums! Six weeks or six months later the owner is reduced to eating those plums, by which time they've turned sour. The musicians may have taken some pretty good bread from him in that time, but they've done jazz a poor turn, and taking a long-term view, they haven't done themselves any favor either.

If "all the traffic will bear" is wrong, what is right? Well, how about this: Start low and work up. Just low enough to save the owner from losing his shirt in case it takes a long while to develop a following. But with a clear understanding that as the following builds up, the pay will too. Too often neglecting to discuss eventual raises at the outset causes difficulty later.

Another mistake we've seen a good many times is a jazz gig in the wrong place. The type of place best suited to most jazz lovers' spending habits is the beerhall, and the average beerhall operates on far too slender a margin to pay six or seven musicians a satisfactory wage unless it also sells pizzas to those 300 or 400 or 500 people a night. In which case it will present the typical defects of pizzeria jazz mentioned earlier. So our problems come full circle, and may be unsolvable. But at least we can recognize that doing something right involves more effort to find the suitable place than we usually put forth.

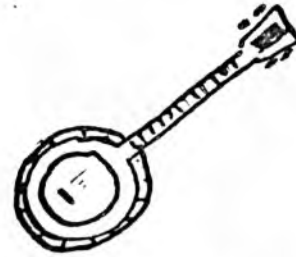
Another common mistake is neglecting to promote a new gig. In the two-and-a-half-year history of the PRJC, only three bands, if memory serves, have used the Club's mailing list to round up a following. That mailing list, including its use in exactly this way, is what the PRJC is all about: the Club exists to enable musicians and their customers to find each other.

It is frequently said that only the PRJC's hard core turns up at any and all new gigs, that the bulk of a band's following has to be developed from walk-ins and other newcomers. There has not, however, been enough promotional effort directed at the membership for that dismal conclusion to be accepted.

One way to make our music a big success is, obviously, to work up a sensationally good band.

Until somebody does that, the next best thing is to try for an equivalent sensation through promotion.

If all else fails, we keep telling ourselves, we can always fall back to getting a PRJC clubhouse where we all have great gobs of fun playing for free. But who among us can be sure that on any given night he'll be able to get out of the house for zero bread? *



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

Icon O'Clast

(Musings, sometimes rancorous, on the state of the performing arts by a professional trumpet player and member of the PRJC presently resident in New Orleans)

In this strange world of jazz there seem to be several popular categories under which musicians can be classified. There are, of course, the "Greats," the "Has Beens," And some who could be called "Could've Beens." But there is still another group, one that enjoys tremendous popularity, and they would have to be classified as the "Never Was" bunch. I'm talking about that venerable collection of players that revolves around New Orleans' Preservation Hall.

It all started with the resurrection of Bunk Johnson, I suppose. Those well-intentioned souls who found him in a rice field 35 years ago could never have imagined the trend that their efforts started. Bunk was old, he was historical, and his senile temperament added a special spark that really tweaked those esoteric minds that felt jazz died with the advent of electrical recording.

After Bunk's death in 1949, a sideman of Bunk's resurrected band - and one that he himself did not care for - became the St. Peter

that took his particular "this is the way it was" music to the corners of the world. Clarinetist George Lewis was a nice old man. Everyone knows that. . . . but why won't more people admit that he couldn't (or wouldn't) tune his instrument? Because the honest were silent, there are scores of well-meaning clarinetists all over the world who don't play in tune. It's wild!

Since there was money in the Bunk Johnson legend, natural business laws went into effect, and the legend was kept alive. What happens to the "men who started it" idea when the Johnsons and Lewises die? Simple - just go out and find some more old men. Much jazz history is vague anyway, and what tourist can dispute some old man's claim that he knew so-and-so? The future supply looks good - New Orleans seems to be loaded with old men who can be taught about a dozen tunes and have the breath left to make noises on their horns. The same thing could be done in any other city except for the history that belongs uniquely to New Orleans.

In Preservation Hall today, most of the musicians would be contemporaries (give or take a few years) with Louis Armstrong. Think of Louis' playing almost to the end and then listen to a Pierce or a Cagnolatti or some of the others. The comparison would hold with any instrument and many, many senior jazz musicians. I'm not putting down age (I don't dare) and I'll readily admit that age effects the physical ability to play. But we're talking about players that never could play very well. Some of them tried leaving home. They failed and came back. They couldn't cut it. So now we have a great myth that New Orleans jazzmen always want to come home. Oh yeah? What about Armstrong, Bigard, Ory, Carey, Morton, etc., etc?

So who's left to continue the romantic story of jazz in the Crescent City? Those that couldn't make it outside, to a great degree. There were and are exceptions but their rarity makes my point. Look at the heights reached by Papa Celestin. He was at best a mediocre dance band leader and a ballad trumpet player (remember his "Whispering Trumpet"). Sweet old Jim Robinson was out of music when they found him. And speaking of "sweet," think of

Emma Barrett. This is a jazz piano player?

Most American tourists are uncritical, especially in a town where history gushes over everything. It's just too bad that some people who should know better and who have heard better, should still go into blissful frenzies over an octogenarian's squeaky solo on "Ice Cream."

But maybe my perspective is wrong. Maybe we should think of the Hall as a form of Moose or Elks old folks home, supported by the generosity of those who are really afraid that someday they'll be that old, too. To paraphrase MacArthur, "Old musicians never die, they just play in Preservation Hall." *

THE PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND: PRISTINE PURITY OR POPPYCOCK???

In the early 1940's a group of jazz enthusiasts launched a sixty-ish black cornet player from Louisiana on a second career after the cornetist had been out of music for several years.

By doing so, they underwrote a legend. Some say that the sounds associated with the late William Geary "Bunk" Johnson and his "school" of New Orleans jazz are the only "pure" examples of New Orleans jazz still extant. They are personified by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, which draws huge crowds whenever it plays Washington or almost anywhere else, for that matter.

Other jazz musicians and collectors, even those normally wholeheartedly "traditional" in their enthusiasms, regard the Preservation Hall Jazz Band as something of a joke, and not even a very good joke.

In late July, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band thrilled, bored, angered, amused and excited a large audience at the Wolf Trap. Several PRJC members have been kind enough to contribute their

opinions of the performance and of the band itself. The latter consisted of *Willie Humphrey* on clarinet, his brother *Percy* on trumpet, and "*Big Jim*" *Robinson* on trombone. (Percy was subbing for *DeDe Pierce*, the band's regular lead horn). Rhythm section was DeDe's wife, *Billie*, on piano, *Josiah "Cie" Frazier*, drums, and the proprietor of New Orleans' Preservation Hall, *Allan Jaffe* on tuba.

PRJC Prexy Fred Wahler had this to say:

"Other than Allan Jaffe, the ages of the band ranged from the early sixties to the early eighties. While they may lack a little in pure musicianship, they make up for it in enthusiasm and showmanship. They also have a knack of elating the audience with a variety of old standards, hymns, and seldom heard tunes of New Orleans jazz.

"The night I was there...the younger crowd was dancing in the aisles and on the terrace. While several of the band did not play as well as in the past, the Humphrey brothers and Cie Frazier could play for most any New Orleans style band. There will be some criticism of Big Jim and Billie Pierce and Jaffe, but this is an entertaining band that knows how to please the average listener. Some of our local musicians could take a lesson. It is not necessary to have all Al Hirts or Pete Fountains to have a good Dixie band."

"Scotty" Lawrence had fewer posies to throw at the band. From his corner he heard it this way:

"The band relied heavily on ensemble playing in the true New Orleans style. While this was undoubtedly the school in which the players developed, it was a happy choice for the reason that with one exception the solos were

downright poor. Of the front line, only Willie Humphrey's clarinet was able to produce anything resembling a fluid, cogent melodic line containing touches of originality and personal phrasing. Even when he stretched out to take several choruses he was able to maintain interest through variety of dynamics, intensity of attack, and some nuances in choice of notes.

"The rest of the front line was strictly second-rate. Percy Humphrey, for my money, is far short of the caliber of trumpet player we should expect to come out of New Orleans. He is not in the same class as, for example, Jack Willis who is still active there. Percy may have had some originality in his playing at one time, but there was none in evidence at Wolf Trap this night. He had a tendency to expect too much from his chops by playing almost continually throughout most tunes and thereby running out of steam for the climactic (?) last chorus (es). His efforts to generate some excitement were concentrated usually on a flutter tongue lead-in to an ensemble chorus, and the result was a tired cliché.

"Jim Robinson honked away on his trombone when he wasn't busy mugging with invisible off-stage people who seemed to be sharing some in-joke with him. The effect was a bore. I have been convinced for a long time that Robinson knows only two notes. Fortunately, most of the time these are the right ones. However, two notes are just not enough to hold one's interest through many solos.

"Of the rhythm, it is possible to say some kind words about Cie Frazier's drumming. He played mostly New Orleans unaccented four-to-the-bar and was adequate in spite of his liking for playing "melody" drums along with the front line. The piano was over-amplified and, as played by Billie Pierce, had all the resil-

ience and swing of a piledriver at a Metro excavation. I believe it is kinder not to mention Mrs. Pierce's vocals. Allan Jaffe has made significant contributions to jazz history by promoting employment for old-line New Orleans cats; he could make an even more worthy contribution by laying aside his tuba - permanently.

"As expected, the repertoire was standard to the point of almost complete predictability -- *Bourbon St. Parade, St. James Infirmary, Basin St. Blues, Ice Cream, Panama*. One exception was an interesting gospel number called *Soldier of the Lord*.

"The acoustics left something to be desired, and the sound system seemed to be run by a rank amateur.

"Scrabble, anyone?"

Dick Stimson found cause for a certain wistfulness and memories of greater things in days gone by:

"It seems the older one gets, the faster time runs out. The once great Preservation Hall Jazz Band is now nothing more than an antique; still fun to watch (Jim Robinson and Willie Humphrey) mind you, but the vibrant trad sounds that emanated from the band 15 years ago are no longer there. "Big Jim" Robinson, at 83, is a shell of the old Jim Robinson who played with such force and drive. His antics on stage were great to watch, but one had to strain the ear to hear his once full, driving horn. Willie Humphrey's clarinet was the saving grace of this band. Willie, today, could play with any dixie/trad band and be the standout musician. His brother Percy on trumpet left me cold, both as a lead horn and in the area of imagination.

"So, the curtain comes down on the era of the original traditional dixieland jazz. In its place come groups such as our

friends from Canada, *Kid Bastien* and his *Camelia Jazz Band* who can only listen to records of the greats and then emulate."

Gary Wilkinson cocked a tolerant ear at the band and found more kind than unkind things to say about their *Wolf Trap* efforts:

"Let's face it. The reputations of the departed jazz legends of New Orleans are safe. They aren't being jeopardized by the few remaining jazzmen from the Crescent City who are still play-



ing. Out at *Wolf Trap* July 30 the New Orleans purist could only sit there and wish that his probably unenlightened fellow listeners might be hearing the real truth -- *Ory* at his best, the *Dodds* brothers and the other late legends of enormous talent who gave the New Orleans style its charm and vitality.

"But wait! Jim Robinson is in his 80's, and the rest of the band is in its 70's (except for Alan Jaffe, tuba). What the heck did we expect? Even so, Cie Frazier still is an excellent N.O.-style drummer. Willie Humphrey plays a fine Albert System clarinet, the closest to the original high caliber in the band, along with Cie. Robinson

is very economical with his trombone -- too economical for me -- but he plays his six notes at the right times, and he still can swing. Percy Humphrey disappointed me somewhat -- I've heard him play trumpet with more inspiration (and he wouldn't smile). Jaffe played too loud, I thought. Billie Pierce won't put Armand Hug out of work, but then she doesn't pretend to venture past her basically simple and straightforward style, which fits that type of band.

"The first part of the evening dragged, but then, things picked up and the second and final set had a couple of nice messages:

"1. That loose, free, swinging N.O. ensemble took off now and then, reminding me of the great old sound which gave the New Orleans style its own particular magic.

"2. The youngsters caught the beat for sure. In the second set, literally hundreds from tots



through teenagers were dancing in the aisles and on the ramps. They were obviously, genuinely joyous.

"The Preservation Hall band didn't represent what the purists remember best. But it turned on the kids and lots of others and if it won some new fans for jazz it did its job."

Ye Editor woke three times during the Wolf Trap concert and his reflections admit a certain bias attributable to this:

"In the presence of Eternal Verities I am always deeply moved.

In the case of *Jaffe's Jumping Jazzbos*, however, I didn't move far enough or fast enough.

"With the exceptions of Robinson and Willie Humphrey, the band is made up of nonentities. Billie Pierce rivals her fellow townswoman, "Sweet Emma" Barrett as the world's worst pianist.

"Big Jim plays no better, no worse than he did when I first heard him with Bunk Johnson in New York. As others have noted, he has built a musical career on six notes. Percy Humphrey plays a parody of lead horn.

"Much is made of the age of the Preservation Hall Band. This is bunkum. These cats were losers before they reached puberty. Preservation Hall isn't music, it's mythology, and it's a damn shame a decent musician like Willie Humphrey has to keep that kind of musical company.

"For a generation, critics have been saying that New Orleans jazz is dying. I disagree. It is being murdered by fourth-raters passed off on a gullible public as paragons of New Orleans style because they are black and have Louisiana birth certificates. *Satch, Jimmy Noone, Oliver, Roy Palmer, Ed Hall and the Dodds* boys and many more New Orleanians of yore must twitch in their sarcophagi at the adulation bestowed on Preservation Hall & Co.

"Bah, humbug!"

Don Rouse stayed awake throughout the concert and his report testifies to his wide-eyed attentiveness:

"I attend Preservation Hall band concerts like a kid goes to see a magician. The hand is quicker than the eye, and the whole is greater than the sum of the parts. Their music is magic, and they are masters of the multitudes of techniques they use to intensify the musical line chorus after chorus.

"Each musician deliberately contributes simple parts and deliberately leaves space between phrases and even individual notes, not because he is a tired old man but so that each simple part will sound like one complex whole, teeming with rich rhythmic and melodic variety. The contributions of each musician mesh more tightly chorus by chorus as the musician hears how those next to him are phrasing, how they shift the accented notes from one beat of one measure to a different beat in each successive measure.

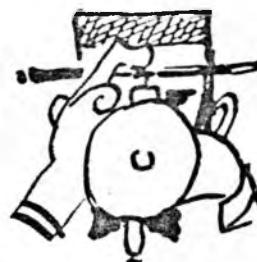
"The role of the musician is to respond note by note or phrase by phrase, either with the same rhythmic phrase or with a phrase bearing contrasting accents. They don't care where they accent -- on the beat, off the beat, anticipating it or coming in a little after. The goal is to be in the right place to keep the rhythmic line moving.

"A well-known characteristic of New Orleans style is evident in this band, too, where one musician has hit on each beat another has hit just ahead of it, creating the tension that comes with the feeling of displacement of the beat. Eventually, the rhythmic tension they develop evokes all the psychological elements of visual movement. All instruments are rhythm instruments, each contributing a part of each rhythmic phrase that emerges. All instruments are also melodic or harmonic instruments, including the tuned drums.

"Willie Humphrey does two things clarinet players don't do anymore, because it's too hard: (a) He tongues (attacks) rapid passages; (b) he plays the theme and then plays variations on the theme - the melody first, then different variations. Because they were hard to do, the notion grew among musicians that they weren't aesthetically acceptable anyway.

"Cie Frazier is the First Army

Fife and Drum Corps. There is no problem of his parade drums impeding the beat. He uses his technique sparingly to contribute to the ensemble sound. He will shift back and forth from a two-beat feeling to four-beat. He accents the first of the two



beats rather than the second. Other musicians are often accenting the second beat, to give an overall feeling that the band is playing an even four beats under the rhythmic variations.

"Then Cie will do what the others do, playing various rhythmic phrases with differently placed accents, intensifying the beat. When he solos, he will use a press roll on snare drum to play the melody, substituting dynamics for changes in pitch (as well as actually striking different pitches).

"The sonority of each instrument contributes to the spectrum of sound from bass to treble, each big tone carefully nurtured to attain the greatest possible expressive, emotive range. While the musicians don't think about single handedly creating a new conception -- they have much more specific and immediate musical goals -- yet they have developed readily identifiable personal traits of their own. They are clearly willing to work together. The reason some of these guys never left New Orleans, as you may know, is their inability to find anyone outside the city who could conceive music in this way even if he wanted to." *

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George Hornig also offers real bargains from time to time, write him at 94 - 85th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209.

GINMILL BLUES

By "Blue Room Joe"

(At long last musicians-who-can-write are emerging from the PRJC woodwork. Whether they don't want their friends to know they write or don't want their wives to know they once played jazz, we dunno. At any rate, they prefer pseudonyms, which is their business. Blue Room Joe explains how he came by his writing monicker at the tail end of this reminiscence).

Strange things happen in the land of jazz. Take one night at George Ball's Cliff House by the Sea, a weatherbeaten motel a couple of miles up the beach from the end of Wilshire Boulevard in Santa Monica. You drive up the Pacific Coast Highway toward Malibu. Nestled under the high cliff on your right your eye catches an electric sign, DIXIELAND JAZZ, and underneath, ORGANIC FOOD. You pull into a parking place and step into a long bar-room, the far end opening to a comfortable lounge with a dance floor and candle-lit tables sporting checkered tablecloths. George and Martha Ball, oldtime performers, greet you as if you were their long-lost cousin just returned from across the sea. Seated, you peer curiously around at the Polynesian decor, bamboo interlaced walls festooned with fishing nets, colored glass bottlebuoys and large windows looking out on the beach and the dark sea beyond. Then, across the room, you notice a set of tubs, piano and a few instruments on chairs as if waiting to make themselves heard.

Owner-drummer George strolls over to settle himself behind the skins, tests the foot cymbal and snares a soft tissue paper roll. We, too, mosey to the stand and heft our axes as George or maybe somebody else sets up a

beat, the others, one at a time, picking it up 'til the whole group is together, working over an old-timer that you suddenly recognize - *Tin Roof*. Well, whaddy know! The piano player, "Rosie" McHarg, who also plays fine clarinet, lays down the chords with an occasional upper octave lick to fill a hole. The front line men fall into an easy three-way harmony pattern while George boom-chicks along with the string bass--and you are hearing gentle jazz from the heart of the Southland.

But this night I'm talking about a frowsy, overweight blond of 40 or 50 who stumbles in, wearing a sleazy Goodwill House dress, no stockings, shabby sandals and obviously on her ninth or 19th drink. For a while she just sits



alone at her table staring morosely into her shot of bourbon. Then she gets up a little unsteadily, sidles over to the piano and asks timidly, "Can I play one with you guys?" Rosie glances at big-hearted, courteous George, who shrugs and nods *yes*. One tune. Rosie gets up and the gal slides onto the piano bench. She squints down at the keys as if puzzled by that crazy mixture of black on white -- or is it white on black? Her hands reach out almost appre-

hensively and she begins to play.

In an instant a magic transformation has taken place. Our unbelieving ears are hearing the mournful saga of *Miss Otis Regrets* played from deep in the guts, but flowing from those fat fingers with incredibly smooth skill, cynical imagination and a dirty, dragged out beat you wouldn't believe! We're so stunned we forget to pick up with her, just listening to those poignantly remorseful chords surrounding the regretful melody.

She flicks her head almost imperceptibly for us to come in on the second chorus and we dazedly begin to play. Those enchanted hands slip into a long-bass accompaniment style carrying the rest of the band along in a levitated charisma of blended togetherness so sweet that the angels must have stopped singing to listen! Each of us surpassed himself that night, playing in a way we didn't think we could, attempting to equal the consummate artistry of our mysterious sit-in.

From the wrap-up chorus she took a dextrous 8-bar segue to D-minor and proceeded to top herself with a dazzling pair of choruses of immortal Cole Porter's *It's All Right With Me*. Maybe she was trying to tell us something. We could only stand there and gawk ear-wise. This blowsy sorceress tacked on a paramount ending and, while we were drifting back down to the stand, got heavily to her feet, announcing that she needed a drink.

While we were begging her for just one more tune she lumbered over to the bar, downed a double shot and, without even saying goodbye, disappeared into the night. We never saw her again...*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BLUE ROOM JOE TELLS ALL ...

Ole "Blue Room Joe" stole his pseudonym from a speakeasy of that name on lower Market Street

in San Francisco where he played during Prohibition in the late Twenties. The original owner of Joe's Blue Room was a scummy character, typical of night club operators the world over. Shifty eyes. Money hungry. Of the "Hello - sucker" school. He got hisself



kilt a few nights after he sang to the Feds that Rocco Felucci's mob had nicked him a hundred and forty bucks a case for "Bonded" booze that he found out was cooked right down the street in an old warehouse. The customers didn't know the difference, but Joe was sore. He soon became dead.

So the guy who has adopted the monicker of the deceased is still creaking along on three rusty cylinders and wondering how the hell he has managed to stay alive all these years. This "Joe" has played in a circus band, symphony orchestra, tab shows, vaudeville, pit bands--in joints, dives, on a Mississippi River stern wheeler plying from St. Louis to New Orleans, with name bands and plenty of no-name bands. The noises from his beat up cornet have been heard from bar mitzvahs to the carriage trade--and back again. Alas! Today them chops are zero. Maybe not clear dead, but so somnolent that it'd take at least six weeks of hard, daily woodshedding to wake 'em up to where "Joe" would be willing to blow that three-fingered bugle at a critical audience. His last money job was when he headed a Dixie band several years ago in the Back Room of the Glory Hole in Central City, Colorado - a little mountain town 30 miles from Denver. Thereby hangs a tale .. next issue of Ramblings.*

YES, VIRGINIA THERE WAS JAZZ IN D.C. IN THE FIFTIES

By "Royal"

("Royal" is the pen name of a newcomer to the PRJC but an old hand on the Washington jazz scene. He presents 90 minutes of classic jazz every Monday at 4 p.m. on Station WGTB, 90.1 FM. Ed.)

One Sunday afternoon in January or February of 1950 three or four of us from the old Calvert Hall Dormitory at the University of Maryland went down to a small night club called "Louis and Alex's" on 14th Street or thereabouts. The ad in the paper had announced a jam session, something none of us had experienced. I had heard Louis Armstrong a couple of years earlier when I was 17 -- I looked about 14 and still wonder how I got in -- and Illinois Jacquet at a black dance hall at about the same time. That was the extent of my exposure to live jazz until that Sunday afternoon.

I'm not certain who participated in that session besides Scotty Lawrence on trumpet. Several of us spoke to him and picked up valuable information about the D.C. traditional jazz scene -- for instance, the existence of the Washington Hot Jazz Society.

Not too many weeks had gone by before we turned up at a meeting of that organization. It turned out to be another jam session. Scotty again, Wild Bill Whelan, Mac McCurdy, Country Thomas and three or four others blew the walls back for several hours. We began meeting, in addition to musicians, jazz addicts like ourselves, people we would see again and again whenever the music began. Nonie Gminder, who had a collection of 3000 78s Emerson Parker, who

did a jazz program on radio and was current President of the WHJS; Willis Conover, a local jazz promoter.

Sometime in March 1950 two of us got the idea that a jazz band would go over well at the Varsity Grill, a beer hall housed in a WW II quonset hut just off the University of Maryland campus. Zal, the owner, agreed to let the band audition the next Tuesday night. We put notices all over the campus, billing the group as "Wild Bill Whelan and his Dixieland Band." Of course they packed the place. After they had been playing for a couple of sets I threaded my way through the mob to Zal's office and asked him if he wanted them back. "Hell, man," he roared, his 300 pounds threatening to collapse the light chair he was astride, "I want them here two nights a week! I rung up \$500 in beer on that register already!"

Bill was the only member of the group who was consistently present for the duration of their stay through April or so. Walt Combes, the regular piano man, was occasionally absent but I can't recall who replaced him. Country was usually there, and when he wasn't Wally Garner sat in. (Or maybe it was the other way around.) I can remember three trombonists. A career military man from the First Army Band could play tailgate to Chicago style and appeared under the pseudonym "Graham." For some numbers he would don his white dress gloves. Then there was a cat we called Leo the Lion who, as I recall, growled and pumped away in a fine Kid Ory style. And a medical student known as "Doc" also frequently occupied the trombone chair. Al Pometto is the only drummer I can bring back into focus, even during my most lubricated reminiscing, but I know there were others. On string bass and guitar I draw

a total blank. Can't even remember if either was regularly--or ever present. A tuba popped up just then when I closed my eyes but I was probably blending. There was a band in Seattle that used one. A final note on personnel: a well built and handsome young man of Italo-American background did an occasional vocal. I was particularly impressed by his rendition of St. James Infirmary.

At some point during the summer Whelan and his men took



up weekend residence in the lounge of the Charles Hotel. It seems to me they were there off and on for a year, or at least well into the winter. The band had become a more fixed unit by this time, with Country and Walt there regularly and, I think, "Doc." Several drummers worked the job.

The Charles became a sort of unofficial jazz center for awhile. Sessions of the WHJS occurred there and an occasional jam materialized. Nonie Gminder would conduct "blindfold tests," drawing from her enormous collection. One time she put on a piano number that stumped everyone. It turned out to be a home recording of Country Thomas. Cornetist Jerry Blumberg, who had recorded with Bob Wilbur, once paid a late evening surprise visit to the Charles, bringing

along a half dozen other Baltimore traditional musicians. I missed this one and heard later that a cutting contest ensued that tore the place apart. One Sunday night George Shearing dropped in and did some intermission piano...

Perhaps my second personally most exciting experience during my involvement with Whelan et al was initiating the proposal that Whelan's band play for the Freshman Orientation Dance at the U. of Md. in early September of this same year. With the assistance of a friend I saw this realized. The skepticism and hostility of those who opposed the choice changed to admiration for those who had engineered it and enthusiastic acceptance of the music. And this by the end of the first set. The dance was held on a terrace between two dormitories. For most of the evening I sat in rapt attention on a brick wall, a warm sense of satisfaction enveloping me. I hesitate to include my most exciting experience while involved with these musicians. Had it been yesterday, modesty would win out over vanity. But it was yesteryear and no one will fault me for mentioning that I, too, participated in a jam session on one occasion. At a party in McLean, Va. one summer night we had almost the makings of a trio. Whelan was there with his horn; there was a small grand in the living room for Walt; and a set of drums resided in the trunk of Bill's car. Could anyone handle the skins? Word inevitably came out that I had been beating them in accompaniment to my five hundred or so 78s for a couple of years. So in came the drums and at them sat a trembling 19-year old. Novice that I was (I had before only accompanied, two or three times, a friend's feeble attempt at boogie woogie), it was necessary for Bill to reign me in several times so that Walt's

solo could be heard. And I wonder to this day how steady my rhythm was that evening. Anyway, even if nobody else remembers the occasion, certainly I shall never forget it.

The chronology becomes a little fuzzy at times so I'm not sure just wherein fits the stint at the Brown Derby, a small club across the street from the Uptown theatre. But I know I heard Whelan's band there once or twice. And I can remember digging a trio including Wally Garner at a bar out in Riverdale.

But by the time Whelan and friends had established themselves at the Bayou I was out on the coast, in Seattle, where I remained for the rest of the decade. Missing my association with local jazz musicians, I became interested in an almost defunct traditional group who called themselves the Rainy City Jazz Band, and encouraged them to become active again. Some of you may have heard them in the late '50's at the Blue Banjo on Pioneer Square.

Another 10 years somehow went by before I found myself again living in the D.C. area. My interest in the old sound has never diminished. But it extends to contemporary jazz, country, folk and rock. And it seems to me that to limit oneself to one, or even several of these categories, to the exclusion of



others, is to miss a big part of the picture. They all fit together. I managed a local rock group in Maine a couple of years ago (incidentally introducing them to jazz) and now am fostering interest in the old stuff among a primarily rock-

oriented audience. Even a year ago I would have been skeptical of the success of such a venture. But response has been, to put it mildly, encouraging. I guess it was just a question of time before the rock freaks turned on to Jelly, Bix, Bessie, The King and all the rest of those cats who were doing it so long ago.*

CORNET CHOP SUEY:

LAWRENCE IN FOR LOMBARDO

*By Scotty Lawrence
Alexandria, Va.*

In this edition of Tom Brown's Schooldays in B Flat, Our Hero relates how it was to substitute for a Lombardo-type schmaltz band on a gig in North Carolina and how his gang of hot-oriented wowed the offspring of the local gentry with swing.

Back in the mid-1930's we were on a panic swing through some Southern towns, my first trip below the Mason Dixon line. While we were barely existing in Greensboro, N.C., our booker latched on to a well-paying gig for two nights playing for something called the Rhododendron Festival in Asheville, N.C. We learned later that we were a desperate last minute substitution for a Lombardo-type band which had gotten its bookings mixed up. Our band was distinctly not in the Lombardo bag. We tried to come as close to Bennie Moten as we knew how, sometimes fairly successfully.

As I recall, it is about 250 miles from Greensboro to Asheville. We started out with what seemed plenty of time to make the trip and be on time for the gig that same night. However, there were no superhighways then to accommodate our ancient seven-passenger Lincolns (two of them with trailers) and we were barely

underway when it began to pour, and the rain kept up the whole day.

We arrived at the country club too late to check into the beat hotel we had lined up, and all hands hurriedly unpacked. The panic was really on when we discovered that the rain had leaked into the drum cases. The heads of both snare and bass drum were completely unplayable either from sogginess or because the heads had split. Fortunately, our drummer was not a cat to give up easily. He took off all heads and somehow rammed the large tom tom into the shell of the bass drum in such a manner that the foot pedal hit the tom tom for an approximation of a bass drum sound. Then he rustled up some heavy brown paper, and with this he fashioned temporary heads which would give out some sound when played with brushes in a swishing motion. He claimed these were not original ideas but all of us in the band were vastly impressed by his ingenuity.

On opening night we played for the parents of the youngsters who would attend the dance the next night. We tried manfully, but it was a hopeless effort to try to accommodate that ultra-square crowd. We had about two waltzes in the book, plus one tango, and we could fake a few pop ballads providing the listener wasn't too particular about compromises with melodies we didn't quite know. We milked these numbers for all we could, but it was no go. Guy Lombardo we weren't. The audience was polite to the point of giving out a smattering of lukewarm applause, but audience and style of band were not matched at all. We had had no experience with bombing before a large audience, and it was a dispirited crew that finally checked into the flea bag that night.

During the first night gig we discovered that the following

evening included presentation of debutantes and that we were expected to play Paderewski's Minuet in G as well as the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust as part of the presentation ceremony. I'm sure the members of PRJC will agree that these numbers are not generally carried in the libraries of dedicated swing bands.

Fortunately, one of the sponsors was an amateur pianist with a good library and she was able to lend me piano copies of the two numbers. I sat up all night with manuscript, pen, and a gallon of dago red. I had skeletal arrangements finished by noon the next day - hv no means the greatest



**THAT'S
JAZZ**

arrangements you'll ever hear but adequate for the job and as good as I could do in the time I had. Incidentally, the booker was so pleased with my efforts that he promised me an extra \$50 (which I never got).

Before leaving for the second night's work, I called all the guys into my room (a very tight squeeze, I can assure you) and urged all to partake of the booze at hand. Then I explained that I believed we had flopped the previous night by trying to be something we weren't, namely, a society-type band. Tonight, I promised, we were going to play our own stuff and to hell with the reaction. In short, if we were going to bomb, it was going to be a loud one. The place was pretty well filled when we got there and with no warm-up Stardust jive we opened with a couple of brassy screamers on the order

of Blue Jazz (a Casa Loma belter) and Christmas Night in Harlem. When we finished there was dead silence, and we were convinced we were in for another miserable night.

Then the kids started to yell, and the night was beautiful. We pulled no punches from then on. We wound up playing overtime, but I think the booker pocketed the extra loot. (Does anybody know Mark Goff and where he is today?)

One other incident from this gig sticks in my mind. Because we had arrived late on opening night we had to change clothes in the men's room, which was about the size of a ballroom. Our bass man couldn't find his tuxedo shirt studs, and time was of the essence in getting on the stand. By happy chance, he was wearing a paper dickey (a phoney shirtfront for you youngsters in PRJC), and it was no trick at all for me to borrow a soft lead pencil and draw black circles on the dickey where the studs would have shown. A couple of guests came into the men's room during this artistic operation, and they had obviously never seen a paper dickey before and certainly not one with pencil marks for studs. They nearly died laughing and probably still relate the incident to their honorably born grandchildren.

I think the most pleasant memory of the whole trip was the thoughtfulness of the country club manager on our arrival the first night. He instantly saw that we had arrived somewhat the worse for wear after a whole day on the road with little to eat and no time to spare for relaxation before beginning the night's work. As soon as we had entered the men's room to change clothes, he sent in a waiter with a serving cart loaded with excellent booze, mixes, etc. and with instructions to serve the band members as time would allow. I'll never forget the expression

on that waiter's face when I told him not to bother serving us individually but just to leave the cart in the men's room and pick it up after the job was over. I can guarantee that it was considerably lighter and easier to push when he came back for it!*

HEY, DAD, THEY'RE RECORDING!

By Sid Morey
Silver Spring, Md.

Though to musicians it may all be quite methodical, ~~in~~ somewhere in a far corner of my headpiece there lurks the feeling that a typical Dixieland ~~offering~~ offering starts with a fair semblance of order, flies off in all directions with solo choruses, and finishes with an enthusiastic return to where it all started. Recently we had the pleasure of witnessing part of a recording session, and oddly enough, it left me with a somewhat similar impression.

The musicians were top-notch--as fine as can be found these days, I am sure. And this was in no sense a show for spectators. It was the serious business of a group of musicians working at the preliminaries of producing an album. Yet, like the bands we have seen in concerts (especially those "concerts" at beer joints and pizza parlors) the participants seemed to be having genuine fun.

Just being there to look and listen was a treat, and since it was a novel experience for us, we tried to be attentive to the whole procedure. One number was Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down, recorded by Bix Beiderbecke October 27, 1927, and I understand that this was a recreation of that particular record, including the unusual tempo changes, though with a slight change in instrumentation. As I recall what my wondering eyes and ears beheld, this is my impression of how a tune gets recorded.

Clarinet, trumpet, or piano plays a few bars of the melody. Others join in, and soon

most of the seats are filled by the proper occupants. There is a little chit-chat, clarinet beats out the tempo, and the band takes off. It sounds great to me. But it is not to be. Somebody stands up, the music stops, and there is a discussion of a phrase, or the beat, or whatever esoteric problem has arisen. The trumpet player talks to the drummer; clarinet and bass confer. I have no idea what the difficulty may have been, but it is quickly resolved, and the band starts anew.

This is real music, and I can visualize how it might have been when the number was recorded more than 45 years ago. But no. Someone else stands, the music trails off, and there is another respite to get back on track. One of the players walks over to get a fresh beer. I hear somebody say something about "where it goes da-duh-da-da-dah." Hell, that's the way I would say it. I didn't know the pros talked like that. Presently all seems well, and there is a fresh start. The bass sax player returns from a consultation at the piano just in time for his solo, and the music progresses smoothly to a rousing ending. We resist an impulse to applaud.

The real business evidently is now at hand. Again the tempo is set by the clarinet, and we sit enraptured with the music. We become aware of the other people who are involved. The tape turns as the engineer, wearing giant earmuffs of headphones, does whatever it is that sound engineers do. A television camera is operated by another technician. Microphones are adjusted. A stop-watch carefully records the time interval, even though the timer will have to prove that the watch is read properly.

Apparently even the musicians are satisfied. The engineer plays the tape, and somebody says that it sounds pretty damn good. Everybody agrees, especially me, although I do not say so. The urge to applaud is increasingly hard to stifle.

A typical record-making session? I have no idea. Probably not, because everyone seemed to enjoy it all so much. And like that last Dixieland chorus, it all ended so nicely. But when that album is released, I want to hear it. *

WHEN IN NEW YORK...

PRJC members visiting Manhattan should look in at New York City's newest museum, The New York Jazz Museum, at 125 West 55th Street.

Opened in June, 1972, the museum contains a variety of jazz memorabilia - photos, posters, paintings, instruments, etc.

The museum has a retail outlet which sells new and used LP's and 78's, books, magazines, posters and photos. It also serves as information center for jazz activity in the New York area and publishes a monthly newsletter, Hot Notes.

Anyone interested in furthering a worthy cause can become an active member for \$12 a year.

The museum's Board of Trustees is studded with such jazz luminaries as Benny Goodman, Rudi Blesh, John Hammond, George Avakian and Nat Hentoff. *



UP FOR GRABS...

OLDS AMBASSADOR TROMBONE with Bach 12C mouthpiece, case. Completely reconditioned by Tony Zavarella, good slide action. \$60. If interested, phone Al Webber, 783-6505 (8:30 am - 5 pm) or 530-5378 after 6 pm.

NORELCO PORTABLE CASSETTE RECORDER, with one set of rechargeable batteries, recharger, microphone, patch cords, case. \$20. Al Webber.

78 rpm COLLECTORS ITEMS in top condition: Bessie Smith, Wingy Mannone, Eddie Condon, Pete Daily, George Zack. Will sacrifice. Al Webber.

TENOR BANJO AND CASE. Be the life of the party, a hero to your kids, a beau brummel with the broads! Learn to play the banjo like Jerry Addicott, Lowell Peart, Pat Brogan, Fred Stork and Choo Choo Berkowitz. Good learner's model in good condition. A steal at \$30. Al Webber (Can I help it I'm a hardship case and gotta sell to keep body and soul together? Go ahead. Take advantage.)

PIANO ROLLS...and ragtime sheet music wanted. Polly Wagner 833-2200. (What happened to your offer, Dan P...?)

WANTED: Bb UPRIGHT TUBA in good condition. Phone Walter "Slide" Harris, 398-1746 after 6 p.m.

AT LIBERTY. Bob Grimes, jazz and pop piano, all styles. Phone 946-3811.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE, OR WHY I REMEMBER THE ALAMO

By "*Chuck*" Brown
Bowie, Maryland

What would you get if you crossed Louie with Bix?
Jim Cullum!

Add an occasional touch of the velvet of Bobby Hackett (Gotham Jazz Scene), and a rare pinch of the sand blast of Wild Bill and you're listening to the cornet that won the West.

Now, for most of you I'm a guy whose going to reinvent the wheel, talking about discovering I mean really discovering - The Happy Jazz Band at The Landing on the Riverwalk in ol' San Antone. But you;ll have to remember I'm the cat that used to think Dixieland began and ended with his collection of Condon.

Having just logged about 18 live hours of those good Texas sounds in two weeks, I am driven to take pen in hand and try to tell it like it is, down by the riverside.

The river winds through San Antonio "like a drunk Indian on his way back to the teepec," which is exactly how the Indians characterized the San Antonio River in the early 1800's. Back during WPA days they built the Riverwalk for flood control and beautification. Ten years ago The Landing opened, and has been packing them in since.

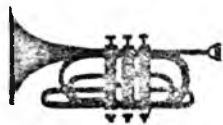
Atmosphere? Man if there was ever a keller (Preservation Hall excepted) where more traditional jazz oozed from every chink in the wall you've got to prove it to me. The bandstand is covered in red carpet, and the whole wall behind the stand is, too. A ship's bell hangs overhead to summon the crew for the next set. An array of directional colored lights (9 buttons/5 rheostats) that would charm the straw hat off Chuck Liebau sets the mood for blues or the hell's fire, every-cat-for-himself dogfight treatment the HJB gives to High Society and When You're Smilin'. Packed house cheering every solo, every tune. Blue smoke. Walls a forgotten color of rust. Sound system will allow you to hear clarinet in the low register during ensemble work! And pictures. The place is almost a Louie Armstrong photo museum. And guess what else? Not one time did I hear anybody hawking pizzas in there! The closest thing was when Jim Cullum announced they were going to blow "Struttin' with some Encheladas." Very tasty.

You walk in and see the band stand lit dark blue with a legion of white shoes soundlessly rapping out the tempo on thick red pile. Harvey Kindervater's drums have to have been made long before I was, and he had a grungy pillow strapped to the front bass drum

head that someone said Santa Anna took from the Alamo. Once a week the whole thing was broadcast live on WKIT radio for about 45 minutes. Eight guys dressed in blue and white table cloth check suits with wide lapels, flared high cuff pants --- you could tell at a glance that this wasn't one of those JC Penney shirt-and-tie crews! As you start getting your head into it the sounds put down the dress, however. These guys all blow with the skill of pros, the hearts of lovers, and the confidence to forge some brand new traditional jazz sounds.

Lest you got the wrong impression from my opening, Cullum is no mimic. He could be, and you can hear definite influences in his horn, but you got to hear Cullum to hear Cullum. I had not heard Bobby Gordon (just acquired stand-in for the late Jim Cullum, Sr.) play clarinet, but he played Fat Cat's Manassas thing a few years back. He is

THE BAY CITY JAZZ BAND



DIXIELAND JAZZ

FRANK WIEDEFELD
426-2754

HARRY ROLAND
732-3750

usually over reserved, but he came out from under when he had played a few nights with the HJB. Pure good, light, tremendous ideas, and a real New Orleans style.

Two trombones, slide and valve, fit together almost as well as JJ & K did; not only beautiful but exciting with mimic, chase, and riff choruses. Gene McKinney is the slide man, with the charm and grace of the late Lou McGarrity. Mark Hess, 19 years old, winner of the July 4th Kerville Texas Ragtime Piano Festiville (on piano! He also plays bass), plays value

trombone with Dick Carey changes and the authority of an Abe Lincoln. How can anyone that young know all those tunes and blow like that? It's guys like Mark that will keep the music going forever. And his ragtime piano at intermission made the breaks something to really look forward to.

Whew. I'm draggin' this tune. Maybe one more and out. The back line is venerable, full, and rock steady. Cliff Gillett is one fine, fine piano man. Kindervater on drums and Warren Lewis on string bass are equally good. Jim Newell alternates on banjo and guitar, providing an important dimension to the group's flexibility.

But the tunes man, the tunes... You finally begin to wonder if they play them all. Talk about flexibility. Winnin' Boy, Milenberg, and Melancholy are the back-bone stuff, I think, with tight harmony in extended ensemble. They do some ballads like All My Love (Jolson) featuring valve trombone, Rose Room (clarinet), Closer Walk (cornet!!), and a tune they called In Da Mud We Go, which sounded suspiciously like Mood Indigo. The four-man front line breaks on Riverboat Shuffle were just neat, and you've never heard Royal Garden 'til you hear what the HJB does with it. The secret ingredient comes in the middle when they start snatching famous riffs from One O'Clock Jump, Intermission Riff, and one of the Miller specials (I think). Then they'll take other evergreens like Jazz Me and Saint James and you're just as glad to hear from them.

Would you believe who writes covers for the HJB? Our own man - Al Webber! I dropped his name on Jim Cullum, right away expecting at least to drink for two weeks on the house if not receive a free album (I bought four), but, uh, for the friends of dear ol' Al let me suggest Travellers Checks. (Better buy the HJB through PRJC,

Chuck. You'll save money. ACW)
But enough.

I will forever hate myself for not bringing the horn; Jim asked me to sit in...I could have jumped in the river.

Travis, Bowie, and Crockett were simply born too soon to do Texas much good. Can you imagine what a front line they would have made, playing the Santa Anna Blues in B Flat? As I walked out of The Landing and up the Riverwalk for the last time I remembered another famous soldier and what he said as he left the Philippines. I vowed I would, too. Just call me Chuck Brown the Convert.*

NEEDED: NEW NOMENCLATURE

By *Ed Fishel*
Arlington, Va.

One discouraging feature of our otherwise happy PRJC, in case you hadn't noticed, is that it is nearly lily white.

We've all known for a good many years that most black people prefer newer kinds of jazz. The race that originated "our" music has pretty much turned its back on it.

The PRJC can't go in for a different kind of jazz without defeating its whole purpose. We can only go along doing our thing and hope that some day we'll acquire a more interesting coloration.

But we can help make that day come by being more careful about what name we apply to our thing. Our usual name for it, "Dixieland," is the most unfortunate name it could have short of, say, "Uncle Tom's Jazz." To a black person the word Dixie has connotations almost as unpleasant as Uncle Tom-ism. Though the word "Dixieland" is widely used to designate all forms of small band traditional jazz, it is a comparatively recent successor to the

term "hot jazz." "Hot jazz" is not a good candidate for a comeback, for traditional jazz is no longer the only hot kind. (That is the reason "hot jazz" gave way to "Dixieland" in the first place.) Perhaps the best candidate is "trad," which seems a little flat but manages to satisfy the British and the Australians. Another possibility is "New Orleans jazz."

Do these suggestions smack of newspeak and 1984? We would not presume to legislate the speech of so cussed a group of people as the family of jazz lovers. All we are trying to do is to point out that "Dixieland" is a word that offends some people. If you are polite enough to say that jazz originated in the sporting houses of New Orleans -- avoiding the everyday term for those houses -- it won't damage your little old psyche to avoid "Dixieland." (Dunno, Ed. We've got some pretty delicate psyches in the PRJC. ACW)*

TWO BAR BREAKS

Banjo/guitarist Fred Stork,
of the New Sunshine Jazz Band



contributes this entry to the PRJC's Ogden Nash contest:

Bitter Patter

There are rhythm and music
where children are found,
As many a poet insists.
But they somehow ignore the
most striking sound,
The patter of little fists.

All-time immortal quotes by jazz musicians department: "If someone asks me to play a rag, I always play 'The Pearls.' If they ask for an encore, I tell them I have to go to the bathroom." Pianist Gary Wilkinson.

Long-time PRJC member Jim Adkins, whose New Orleans trombone was a fixture at Bratwursthaus sessions in '71, is doing his bit for medicine at a Chicago hospital. He writes: "Wonder if you could send me the name and address of that trombone-playing Australian-type fellow who was always recording things for himself or Fat Cat or the PRJC.... I am most interested in a good recording of the concert the New Black Eagle Jazz Band put on some months back." Hal Farmer, please note. Jim closes with regards to all.

If Jim will exercise a little patience - say, until about the 15th of November - he will be able to buy an LP by the New Black Eagle Jazz Band on a new label, Dirty Shame Records, through the PRJC. Boss of Dirty Shame is Al Mothershead of St. Louis, Mo. Al joined the PRJC during the summer. He will have a ragtime album by Trebor Tichener available by mid-October. Both records can be bought through the PRJC at \$4.60 per.

Ed Fishel is hard at work on a directory of D.C.-area musicians. Besides listing musicians, their instruments, stylistic preferences, etc., the directory will include a fake list of several hundred jazz standards. Purpose of the latter is to ease jam groups over the "what do we play next" hump. PRJC members will be notified when the directory is available either in th PRJC Newsletter or in Tailgate Ramblings.

Another Manassas Jazz Festival is in the offing. Last year the only coverage we gave the event was by a contributor who chose to remain anonymous. We want to do better. If you plan to go and would be willing to write a few paragraphs of opinion on the festival - both the performers and the presentation - please phone Al Webber before Nov. 15 at 530-5378. We want to give Manassas the same treatment we did the Preservation Hall Jazz Band -- i. e. a story made up of multiple, by-lined opinions. No anonymous contributions will be considered.

PRJC Member Dan Priest at press time was negotiating with the Mayflower to put on a trial series of four Friday lunchtime jazz sessions at the hotel. "Dixieland Jazz At Noontime At The Mayflower" will be launched October 19 with the Original Washington Monumental Jazz Band, if Dan and the hotel can agree on terms. Purpose of the sessions, which will run consecutive Fridays, 12 to 2 p. m., will be the test the public response to lunchtime Dixieland. They will be sponsored by Priest himself, not the PRJC, but PRJC Members are urged to support the bashes and tell their friends. Members will be notified by mail if the sessions are to go through as scheduled.

Frank Wiedefeld of the Bay City Jazz Band has two tenor banjos for sale -- a Weymann and a Gordon, both in excellent condition. If interested phone Frank at 301 426-2754.

Drummer Dick Stimson is busily banging on doors touting his Free State Jazz Band. And some of those doors are swinging open, too. A little salesmanship always helps.

Too late to make the Classified section, Ossie Barr writes that he has a "practically brand-new" Holton Baritone Bb horn for sale with an Olds #10 mouthpiece and hard cover carrying case. Ossie wants \$130 for the lot, or best offer. Phone him at (202) 696-8914. Ossie would also like it to be known that he and his drums are for hire any time the Dixie Five-O's are not working.

POTOMAC RIVER JAZZ CLUB MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(Please type or print)

NAME _____ DATE _____

ADDRESS _____
(Street) (City) (State & ZIP)

RECORD COLLECTOR? _____ MUSICIAN? _____

IF MUSICIAN: WHAT INSTRUMENT(S)? _____

DO YOU READ MUSIC? _____

NOW A MEMBER OF A REGULARLY ORGANIZED BAND? _____

INTERESTED IN JOINING OR FORMING A BAND? _____

INTERESTED IN JAMMING OCCASIONALLY? _____

DESCRIBE YOUR JAZZ INTERESTS BRIEFLY (What styles interest you etc.)

DO YOU HAVE OTHER COMMENTS OR SUGGESTIONS WITH REGARD TO FUTURE P.R.J.C. ACTIVITIES?

WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN CONTRIBUTING ARTICLES TO THE CLUB PUBLICATION "TAILGATE RAMBLINGS"?

REGULARLY _____ OCCASIONALLY _____

I enclose check for \$7.00 initiation fee (\$2.00) and first year membership dues (\$5.00)

I enclose check for \$5.00 membership renewal

SIGNATURE _____

Make checks out to the Potomac River Jazz Club and mail with this application to:

Mrs. Gary H. Wilkinson
Secretary-Treasurer
Potomac River Jazz Club
2122 Mass. Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20008

TAILGATE RAMBLINGS
5818 Walton Rd
Bethesda Md 20034



HOORAY FOR DIXIELAND JAZZ