

COOK/SOUNDS OF OUR TIMES

long play 11815



CLAMBAKE ON BOURBON ST.*

TONY ALMERICO'S PARISIAN ROOM BAND
BUGLIN SAM DeKEMEL
RED CAMP
and the incomparable
LIZZIE MILES
Queen Mother of the Rue Royale



* RECORDED AT 116 ROYAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS (one flight up)

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LIZZIE MILES

It's almost no use trying to sum up Lizzie Miles' career. She's a gal of exaggerations, and that's what her life has been, with some very high ups and some very low downs, varied and exciting as her voice.

As a tot she first learned singing in catechism class, graduated into backyard concerts by children, and Lizzie inevitably started on her way: —

SOME OF THE PLACES:

New Orleans, her home town; all through the South; Chicago; New York; Paris.

SOME OF THE BANDS: Kid Ory, King Oliver, Bunk Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, George Fields.

SOME OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES: parks and halls, nightclubs, cabaret, musical comedy, minstrel, — and for a while with a circus. She sang with the band in the side show and rode on the elephants in the street parade.

But then in 1918, Lizzie hit a low. She caught the flu and almost died. For the sake of her health, the doctor* made her promise to give up singing entirely. "I kept that promise as long as I could," Lizzie said. "And then I broke it." Now looking forward to her sixtieth birthday, she's still going strong.

On the stage, Lizzie Miles needs no public address system. On occasion she has been placed *behind* the band. Once, in a hall holding over 1000 people the microphone failed in the middle of a performance. Miss Miles stepped back, braced herself and let fly. The session was a firm success.

No matter what the billboards call her, — from the "Creole Songbird" to the "Black Rose of Paris," Lizzie Miles establishes a warm liason with her audience through her unbridled and lusty enthusiasm in her work.

Any Sunday afternoon in New Orleans you can walk up one flight at 116 Royal Street to the Parisian Room for a jam session with the "All Stars." There on stage will lean a lamp post indicating the mythical intersections of Basin, Canal and Bourbon Streets. Sam and Lizzie will be there, and the place will be crammed with a faithful following.

*perhaps prompted by a jealous rival

TONY ALMERICO'S PARISIAN ROOM BAND

After *Little Spanish Town* comes a clapping of hands, a single pair of hands. Those hands belonged to Lizzie Miles, sitting at one of the front row tables in the Parisian Room during the veritable clambake. Her clapping symbolizes a spirit of abandon prevailing at this session, for the orchestra had been particularly active during the weeks before.

"Rehearsal" for the Almerico Jamboree Band is an unbelievable chaos. The course of musical events is hammered out through force, argument, persuasion and shouting, punctuated by swan-like dives for what Tony Almerico is pleased to call his *dago olives*, lying in a folded waxpaper at the edge of the stand. Who takes first chorus, second, third half, ensemble, modulations, etc., emerges from a welter of organized confusion. Somehow as they "plan" they remember, — and it is never the same, nor should it be, for theirs is not music from notes, arranged for orchestra parts; instead it is what the boys call faking. It is not *Dixieland* by any ordinary definition; it is one outgrowth of the Dixie tradition. Nowhere down along the gin-mills of Bourbon St. will you hear this sort of playing; there it will be traditional Dixie, music the tourist expects to hear. This band jams regularly only once a week on Sunday in the Parisian Room. Most of them have other jobs.

Red Camp	Piano
Tony Almerico	Trumpet
Fred Neumann	Piano
<i>pianist plenipotentiary without portfolio [i.e. standing by with tetanus antitoxin for Camp (rusty piano y' know)].</i>	
Joe Loyacano	Bass
Frank Federico	Guitar
Charley Duke	Drums
Tony Costa	Clarinet
Nina Picone	Tenor
Bobby Castigliola	Trombone
Sam DeKemel	Bugle

Side A

Some of These Days	(Lizzie)	Waffle Man Blues	(Sam)
St. Louis Blues	(Sam)	In A Little Spanish Town	(Sam)
Old Grey Bonnet	(Sam)	Indiana	(Sam)
All of Me	(Lizzie)	Darkness On The Delta ..	(Lizzie)
That's A Plenty		Swanee River	(Sam)
Farewell Blues	(Tony)	Someday Sweetheart	(Lizzie)
Tin Roof Blues		Fidgety Feet	

Side B



BUGLIN' SAM DeKEMEL

Buglin' Sam DeKemel used to sell waffles in the streets of New Orleans. He got to blowing the bugle on the waffle wagon to attract customers. That was 35 years ago, and since then he has become a fabulous jazz bugler in his own home town and in the jazz world as well.

As Sam himself says, — "I was blowin' bugle years before jazz turned into Dixieland!"

When jazz came into being, he picked up his first appearance with the Weaver brothers in Elvira, in what was then known as the "orphan circuit." Since then Sam has played night clubs and radio programs all through the country, blown himself and his bugle into a reluctant fame limited only by his passion for obscurity.

Sam takes pains to point out the limitations of the instrument to the uninitiate:

SAM: *Y'know this bugle only blows in the key of G. Either the piece is written in G, or the boys transcribe to G, or I don't blow.*

We mutually surveyed the battered army bugle he used in the recording.

COOK: But Sam, aren't bugles made in other keys besides G?

SAM: *Sure. I got a bugle home, — used to belong to my grandfather — played it in the Civil War — beautiful lookin' bugle.*

COOK: Don't play that one much, though, eh?

SAM: *No — sort of got used to this one.*

COOK: But if you went out and got more bugles in different keys, couldn't you play more pieces with the band?

SAM: *Yeah, but after all, when you get as old as I am* you kind of get to realize you can blow your brains out and you're still no better off — only tired.*

Sam DeKemel, one of the Old-Timers of New Orleans is called upon by the mayors of that city to entertain visiting dignitaries. His playing and singing** is still booked as an act through the South, — and no wonder. When Sam blows, his whole face, in fact his whole body inflates with the strain. He looks as though he would burst, — for when he blows his old bugle with no keys, no plungers, the bugle is merely a minor auxiliary. That music really comes out of Sam, himself; as any real ordinary bugler would tell you, — "The bugle just can't play that way."

*roughly 50. **on *Old Gray Bonnet*

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the process

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(the first time you mold it is the last good time)
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the results
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