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Wavelength (March 1985)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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NEW ORLEANS

MUSIC MAGAZINE

WAVELENGTH

ISSUE NO. 53
MARCH • 1985

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WAVELENGTH

ISSUE NO. 53 • MARCH 1985

"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive,
that all music came from New Orleans."
Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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Anthony Valentino by rico.

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Mardi Gras 'Torture'

Carnival 1985 commenced with a chilly clime and ended with a balmy, overcast Mardi Gras—warm enough for t-shirts but not quite sunny enough for those dapper citizens known as Indians, who spend months affixing plastic jewels and sequins to their suits. Without a blazing sun, these local Sioux lack half their glory.

We've said it before and we see no reason not to repeat our plan: Carnival should be held in July. Most people have no idea that Carnival has anything to do with Lent (what right-minded modern person would ever give up something in these greedy times?), the Church or the Pope. How silly it is that in other sections of this nation, the one-minute silent non-denominational school prayer is a subject of great debate and breast-beating. Here in New Orleans, we celebrate a full-blown Roman Catholic holiday with more than a little cooperation from our municipal government. Along the parade routes, Lutheran congregations sell hot dogs, Episcopalians retail German beer and devotees of Krishna dispense fake "summonses," which "order" the startled recipient to appear at a Krishna ceremony. The young lady who tried to present us with such a document nearly got punched in the nose. Next time, we won't think twice about it.

In Rio, Carnival is celebrated at the same time as it is in New Orleans but because Brazil is on the opposite side of the equator, Brazil's Carnival is a summertime affair. Thusly, it's hot and celebrants lack both inhibitions and clothes. The *bunda* (as the well-shaped behind is known) is an object of national pride, as is the Brazilian's inalienable right to fornication in the streets.

In New Orleans, the height of "nastiness" is some poor coed from Alabama, drunk for the first time in her life (on Hurricanes or the like), discretely flashing her bra for the benefit of other drunk students. Oooh! They go wild over stuff like that on Bourbon Street!

What passes for decadence and sordidness beyond the call of duty in New Orleans is a young insurance salesman or native hairdresser costuming as a woman (or at least the kind of "woman" seen in Las Vegas chorus lines). Next year, they'll probably be A.I.D.S. fatalities so these boys literally and liberally adopt the motto of the Knights of Momus—*Dum Vivimus, Vivamus*—"While we live, let us live!"

Momus, which traditionally parades along the Uptown route on the Thursday evening preceding Mardi Gras, utilizes satirical themes for its parades. Momus

tries to be funny and in our estimation, usually fails. Momus fails because, we assume, a committee of its bluebloods gets together and makes up jokes about New Orleans and New Orleanians. Well, there are tons of funny people in New Orleans but not one of them is a member of the krewe-joining, ball-going class. Those in doubt should attend one of the "social" balls at Municipal Auditorium. We've been to funerals that were more jolly.

Momus' 1985 theme was "Our Own Language," a rather rich source considering previous endeavors by Robert Tallant, John Kennedy Toole and Bunny Matthews. However, the god of mockery seemed fairly wimpy in his choice of jokes—depicting our seven city councilmen as po-boys (too true to be funny) and World's Fair chief executive Petr Spurney trapped in a gondola with the legend "Suemore D'Affaire" (too mild to be funny).



The Krewe of Hermes, founded by men of the tourist industry, introduced neon lights to Carnival floats in 1938 and its parade is the last procession to feature a team of mules pulling the king's float. Before the advent of tractors, all floats were pulled by mules and the sight of mules encased in white robes not unlike those worn by the Klan is awesome. Bravo to Hermes for keeping the tradition alive!

Hermes' 1985 theme was "All For One and One For All," depicting the tale of the Three Musketeers as it rolled through the city on Friday night. On Sunday morning, the same floats (designed by the Barth Brothers) were used by the Krewe of Thoth, who called their parade "Classic Tales of Fact and Fiction." The Thothians tossed vibrant yellow plastic cups decorated with vikings, Egyptians and of course, the Three Musketeers. And then there was the peculiar truck disguised as a portable jail, festooned with the heads of the Jacksons and Sheriff Foti. Aboard the truck was what looked like real prisoners (mostly black) and real whores (mostly white). One's first assumption was that these celebrants were being let out of their cells for reasons of good behavior or perhaps as living examples of what happens to bad little boys and girls. Quite mysterious, to say the least.

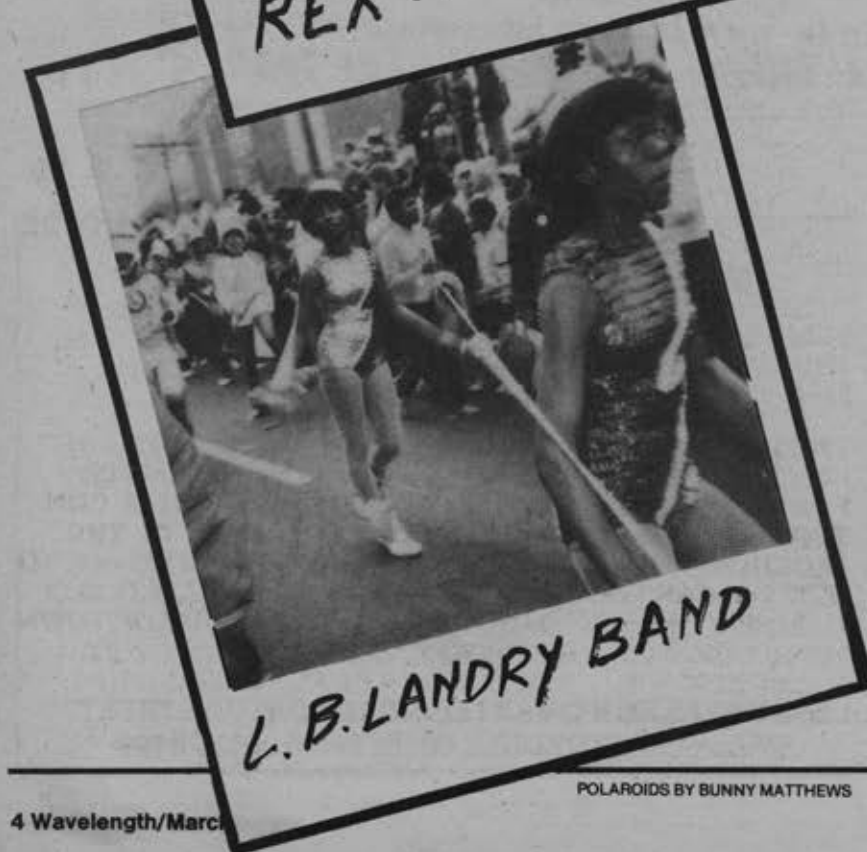
Endymion, parading through



ST. AUGUSTINE
PURPLE KNIGHTS



REX ROYALTY



L. B. LANDRY BAND

POLAROIDS BY BUNNY MATTHEWS

the city on Saturday night with Wayne Newton as its monarch, was simply too much. Too slow. Too strung-out. We watched the first four or five floats, then drove home and watched the rest on TV. One of the TV commentators, Pat Matthews, kept pointing out people from his high school who were aboard floats. Since we know Matthews has been out of high school for well over a decade and since the guys on the floats were wearing masks, we found this brand of reportage pretty incredible.

We skipped Bacchus for the same reason we've never been to Disneyland. We were shocked when every newscaster in town referred to Bacchus as the "Greek" god of wine. Dionysus

wouldn't be too happy about that.

Zulu, parading first thing on Mardi Gras morning (although not as early as it once did), is comprised of mostly blacks in blackface and an ever-increasing amount of whites in blackface. We almost caught a pair of official black Zulu bikini panties but then the Afro-American who was taunting the crowd with the panties traded both the panties and an official black-and-white Zulu umbrella to a white woman for a mere can of Budweiser.

As for Mardi Gras music, it was Madonna and the Jacksons. During the Pegasus parade, we heard three high school bands in a row playing three different arrangements of "Torture." It was heaven.

—Comus Jones

Rock On Radio

The 15th Annual Rock-On Survival Marathon hits Uptown from Friday, March 15 through Sunday, March 17, 1985. Nine area bands will participate in the event to be held at the Tulane University Main Quadrangle.

The Marathon opens with Multiple Places scheduled to appear from 4 to 6 p.m. on Friday, March 15.

Activity resumes at noon on Saturday, March 16 with the Uptights, to be followed by Ramsey McLean and the Survivors, the Radiators, and Lenny Zenith and Pop Combo. The Cold will cap off Saturday's segment of the marathon.

Sunday, March 17, opens with folk music by as-yet-unscheduled groups from noon to 1 p.m. Following this will be the Continental Drifters and the Batiste Brothers.



The marathon closes Sunday evening with a performance by Woodenhead.

At press time, the starting and finishing times for each of the groups was unavailable. The 15th Annual Rock-On Survival Marathon is sponsored by WTUL FM 91.5 and Busch Beer. Admission is free to the marathon.

In connection with the event, Jimmy's will present live music the night of Saturday, March 16, provided by Multiple Places, Final Academy and more.

—Scott McLetchie

CAPP'S-ulization

"I'm pretty much a party animal," explains 29 year-old George Lissarrague, a New Jersey native who has lived in New Orleans the past 14 years. Not being able to find the right environment for his animalistic partying, Lissarrague and his partner Bret Guepet have done what many other local fun-lovers have done on previous occasions when bereft of congenial sites—opened a bar. They've picked a good one, too.

Now called Capp's, formerly Andy Capp's and a variety of other names (even was a bank once, if our feeble minds are correct), the bar has long been the premiere place for non-homosexual dancing in New

Orleans. The dancing will continue—upstairs and down—with deejay Wayne Landry returning with his infernal discs. There's hot pink walls downstairs with black and white tiles on the floor, lots of mirrors so you can check your composure and Lissarrague promises "lots of specials." These will include a "Gothic-Punk Night" and an "Oldies-New Wave Night." *Oldies-New Wave?!*

"Yeah," says Lissarrague. "That's like the Psychedelic Furs and bands like them." If the decibels permit, Lissarrague hopes to present live bands and live sounds. As for the dancing, there's no cover charge ever.

—A. Pacoweigh

Jazz Fest Update



JAZZ FEST IS UPON US . . . LOOKING TO FIND OUT WHAT LOCAL MUSICIANS ARE GOING TO PLAY THE 16th ANNUAL JAZZ FEST, A QUICK TRIP TO FESTIVAL HEADQUARTERS FOR SOME ANSWERS WAS IN ORDER. AFTER SORTING THROUGH MANY FILES, AND SEEING THE STACKS OF RESUMES AND AUDITION TAPES THE TALENT COMMITTEE HAD RECEIVED, I FOUND OUT THAT THE DECISION MAKERS WERE STILL DECIDING. THERE WAS NO INFORMATION ON WHO OF THE LESSER KNOWN BANDS WOULD BE PARTICIPATING, AND THE JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL'S COMMITTEES WILL PROBABLY HOLD OUT ON AN ANNOUNCEMENT UNTIL LATER THIS MONTH. INFORMATION ON THE NATIONALLY KNOWN MUSICIANS THAT HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED WAS READILY AVAILABLE, AND THE COMMITTED LOCALS ARE REPEAT PAST PERFORMERS LIKE THE NEVILLE BROTHERS, ALLEN TOUSSAINT, CLIFTON CHENIER, IRMA THOMAS, ELLIS MARSALIS, THE DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND TO NAME A FEW. GATEMOUTH BROWN IS IN THE LINE-UP TOO . . . AND SO IS "TYLER'S" JAMES RIVERS. DOUG KERSHAW WILL BE FIDDLING CAJUN MUSIC SOMEWHERE AT THE FEST AS WELL. ALBERT KING WITH HIS HUSKY VOICE AND FLYING V GUITAR IS A NOTABLE BLUESMAN THAT'S GOING TO BE THERE . . . SARAH "I'M NOT A JAZZ SINGER" VAUGHAN WILL COME TOO. PERFORMING SONGS WITH A MESSAGE WILL BE THE STAPLE SINGERS . . . WHO ARE NOW CALLING THEMSELVES JUST "THE STAPLES." SPYRO GYRA'S IMPROV JAZZ INSTRUMENTALS WILL BE AN EXPERIENCE THERE TOO. THIRD WORLD, THE GROUP, WILL PLAY, AND SO WILL RY COODER . . .

PERHAPS THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY ANNOUNCEMENT TO DATE IS THE JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL'S FIRST OF THE EVENING CONCERT SERIES . . . A LANDMARK SHOWDOWN OF TWO OF THE BEST TRUMPET VIRTUOSOS IN HISTORY APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SAME STAGE: YOUNG WYNTON MARSALIS AND THE GREAT MILES DAVIS WILL PERFORM AT THE THEATRE OF PERFORMING ARTS ON APRIL 26, AT 7:30 PM. THOSE OF US WHO WILL BE THERE WILL BE TREATED TO A MUSICAL EXHIBITION DOUBTFULLY TO BE REPEATED IN OUR LIFETIMES.

OTHER EVENING CONCERTS ARE SCHEDULED TO BE STAGED AROUND TOWN AT PROUT'S CLUB ALHAMBRA, THE NEW STORYVILLE JAZZ HALL AND ABOARD THE RIVERBOAT PRESIDENT.

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—CAROL GNIADY

General Publicity

Englishman Dave Wakeling (left in photo) touring these shows with General Public, can't quite fathom America's Musical Anglo-philia: Doesn't anybody remember the Marvelettes? The divine glories of Mary Wells? Zydeco?

Dave Wakeling, formerly of the Beat (or the English Beat, as lawyers on this side of the Atlantic ordained), is something of an old favorite in New Orleans. The Beat's loose-limbed punky reggae, highlighted by the strong foot of drummer Everett Morton, the wails of venerable saxophonist Saxa and the sweet-and-sour boasting and toasting of Wakeling and partner Ranking Roger, was a natural for this city grown (rhythmically) accustomed to the Meters, the Neville's and fellow syncopators. Recitals were duly attended by fans with ponytails, shaved heads and most realms in between. The Beat was Everyman's band.

That was last year's more plebeian model, however. This year, Wakeling and the newly-striped-with-peroxide Roger have returned with General Public. The album is humbly titled . . . *All The Rage* and since Life nearly always imitates Art, the single version of "Tenderness" has scored big on our national pop charts. An Arthur Baker mix of "Never You Done That" is deemed ready to second that emotion. Wakeling, speaking via telephone from Oklahoma thirty minutes before a soundcheck, revealed that Baker, who has "customized" the songs of Bruce Springsteen, Cyndi Lauper, New Order and numerous others, would produce the next General Public album, with sessions to commence in the band's Birmingham, England, headquarters.

What does Arthur Baker's remix sound like?

He's made it tougher and sweeter at the same time, which is a remarkable feat. Roger thinks he's the only white Scientist—the only guy who gets equal respect from black dancers and from white dancers.

Do you have any interest in New Orleans music?

I like Cajun music. Cajun music's my favorite American music by a long way.

Who are your favorite Cajun musicians?

Well, I don't know their names really because they're all French. You get kinda sampler cassettes of it in England. I just like the rhythm of it—a particular rhythm that, I feel, I can hear the same in African music and any reggae music.

I like anything that plays between an on-beat and off-beat and switches to and fro. Those are the things that really excite me about music.

I like the "Tenderness" video because it's so non-sexist . . .

Absolutely. We worried that the video might come out looking over-cute but we thought that it commented on the inherent sexism of MTV and the other cable channels and that it would be very good to make such a comment. Some of it's disgusting, isn't it?

I've got a daughter—3—and she's mad on Boy George. I don't think I'd like a 3-year-old child of mine ravaged by the Def Leppards of this world. I really don't think she should grow up thinking she has to walk around in fishnet tights and be dragged around in the air by overweight heavy-metal guitarists. It's awful.

I was surprised. I've never really watched too much MTV until recently when we've stayed in one town for two or three days. That gives you a chance to go to someone's home and watch it there because you never get it in your hotel. I'm not a prude I don't think but I was really quite shocked. Some of it's so degrading.

I was so surprised because American girls seem very intelligent and forceful in general. They seem fairly independent. I'm amazed that they stand for it! Certainly the girls in England wouldn't stand for that sort of continual stereotyping.

To its credit, MTV has forced change upon American radio . . .

It's really odd, isn't it? The combination of college radio and MTV actually made for credible top 40 radio.

Do you get to see many American bands as you tour?

You see support groups when you do your own tour. You get a lot of demos given to you. I get a lot of cassettes.

Do you listen to them?

Oh yeah. The good ones I give to I.R.S. [General Public's record label]. They haven't signed one that I've given them yet. There seems to be, as far as I can tell, an enormous reluctance from American record companies to sign "new wave"—if you can call it that—American acts. Sometimes I've said to people at I.R.S. in Los Angeles, "Why does a group have to come from Birmingham or Manchester before you're interested?"

I've seen three groups in Los Angeles that are really good and can't get a record deal. They would get a record deal if they lived in England. They can't get a record



deal and they live right on your doorstep!

Especially in Los Angeles, they're kinda scared of homegrown talent. They don't mind established sorta middle-of-the-road rock and they're willing to really stretch their imagination to see what the latest English group's coming up with but if somebody on the same street as them comes up with something just as challenging, they tend to try and ignore it or say it's rubbish. I find it ever so odd.

It's the continuing story. America's always produced the most innovative music. Everybody thinks it's England. All that England does is it listens to American music properly and changes it and takes what they need and modifies it and puts it into their own experience. Ever since the Beatles, Americans all hold their hands up and go, "Wow! This is fantastic! It's amazing music!"

I think there was, and probably still is, a lot of inherent racism in American music. Probably I like New Orleans because it's one of the few places where musicians seem to be judged by how they play rather than what color they are.

So a lot of chances have been missed in America. Tamla/Motown really had a strong effect on everybody who played the guitar in England in the last 20 years. When I speak to some American musicians—or even some American journalists—about favorite songs—and quite a lot of my favorite songs are Tamla songs or Stax songs or Atlantic songs—they don't know 'em at all. It's really odd.

I even saw one dreadful program—"25 Years of American Pop Music" or something, which I thought would

be really great. They managed to miss out on Tamla/Motown entirely. It went from one white bloke just before Tamla/Motown to some white fellow just after Tamla/Motown—as if it never happened.

American radio has always been very segregated.

Fortunately, there are signs that it's breaking down—even if it's just MTV now having black faces. Or being forced to have black faces. If somebody's number one on the charts, you can hardly say they're not commercial.

Also, things like the Talking Heads experiment: all the English two-tone groups giggled and said, "Oh, look—Talking Heads has gone two-tone." But it did have quite a profound effect, I think. Standard, middle-of-the-road musicians in America suddenly realized you can play music with anybody you like. You can learn whatever you like.

Wouldn't it be great to have the best of American rock mixed with the best of American funk? You'd end up . . . well, you'd end up with Talking Heads, which is, frankly, one of the best musics in the world. In a pop sense, at least.

We've noticed that there seems to be much more in a way of multi-racial interplay in America. But I don't think that every group has to be multi-racial. What I really think is that color doesn't really matter that much. It should be accepted that different races, different colors and creeds do have an awful lot to learn from each other. They can offer each other enormous amounts. But New Orleans knows that.

It's part of our heritage. New Orleans isn't a very American city.

I think it's my favorite. I've seen it

twice now. You never know what it would be like to live somewhere until you've actually lived there but I always thought that if I lived on this continent, I'd either live in New Orleans, San Francisco or Toronto. Those are not only exciting cities but they have enough of their own culture to make them feel like you're in an individualistic sorta place.

So when are you going to Moscow? You've got "From Moscow to Monterey" printed across the back of your album cover...

I'd like to go very much for a holiday. I don't think we'll ever be allowed to play there. They're very shirty [as in "stuffed shirt"] about groups playing there. We tried once because our agent in England organized a tour for Kraftwerk to play East Germany, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Russia. They didn't have any problems with ideology because they played all instrumentals.

What they worry very much about are words. You're made to write down all the lyrics to the songs, what you're inferring by them and what you intend to say in between songs during the performance. And you're not allowed to deviate from the script that you've sent in. It seemed like a bit of a pain.

I'd very much like to see Russia but I don't have any love at all for the Russian system. I think it's as callous and as cruel as anything we've managed to devise yet. There's just a little interest in the actual real needs of people as with capitalists.

There is something that runs all the way through Russian literature and Russian art that suggests that they are an enormous part of the European legacy. Europe seems like half a continent without the Hungarians and the Czechs being part of the tradition. Before the Second World War, Eastern Europe was very much a big part of European culture—in art and music and literature. And now, all of that side of things has been taken away. It's a shame that Europe's been robbed of a lot by what happened after the war. But I don't suppose it'll ever be united again.

Whatever happened to Saxa?

He's here. I've brought him with me. He's in fine playing form. We've been rehearsing him really hard. He's very healthy. He's off hard liquor entirely—just a beer-sipping gentleman. New Orleans is his kind of town, really.

For those who have yet to hear the new band, how does General Public differ from the Beat?

I don't know. I can't tell because I'm in it and you're so busy singing that it's very difficult to tell the difference. What I do know is from the cassettes—it's very tight. And everybody pays a lot more attention to what everybody else is playing.

Once everybody in the Beat knew what they were meant to play on a song, they'd play it regardless of what everybody else was doing. Sometimes that was very exciting but it always meant that the music

was on a knife edge and that it was always very close to the point of collapse—that somehow you'd always sorta get through it but it was very sorta anarchistic the way it was played.

General Public is kinda more reasoned. It's slightly more professional but certainly not staid. We wanted to try and get a strong base to make it more exciting. It's not like... session guys.

Horace Panter (last seen in New Orleans as a member of the Specials) is a great bass-player!

He's always been one of my heroes and he looks so good on stage. He really works hard. I must've recorded 12 concerts now and on all of them, the bass is note-perfect all the way through. Yet he's still all over the stage dancing. Anybody who looks like he's tiring, Horace is straight over to them, pumping them up. He works like a demon.

He kinda changes when he gets on stage because, you know, he's very meek and mild and polite. He grows in magnitude when he gets on stage and becomes a very forceful personality.

We do a lot of rehearsals without any vocals at all so that everybody knows the songs as instrumentals, so that everybody knows all the cues and all the links so that if anything does go wrong, it's fixed in a matter of seconds without anybody having to look at anybody else. And that makes it really good because from a vocalist's point of view, you can really take some chances. If you say, "Oh, I can sing it *this* way tonight," you can risk it, because you know so long as you get back to the predestined point, you know everybody's going to be there to meet you.

In the Beat, me and Roger felt more and more confined—especially as people started caring less and less about the live side of things or saw it as an imposition and didn't want to leave Birmingham and certainly didn't want to come to America touring. So the songs started getting a bit scrappy around the edges and it would be the vocals that would always have to suffer because it's like a jigsaw puzzle trying to make the words fit. It's very frustrating when you've written a song where the words fit it perfectly when it was written and now all of a sudden, you're having to chop off the first word or the last word trying to make it fit. By having a greater sense of initial discipline, it means everybody's free to take much greater chances on stage without them collapsing.

A little bit of the magic had gone out of the Beat. We realized that it was going to be better for everybody—as musicians—if they went away and worked with other musicians and tried to find out again why they were being musicians in the first place. It isn't just a matter of tradition—that you're a musician because you were last year. You're meant to be a musician because you feel something passionately. □

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On Tour ...

First, there was *Purple Rain*—The Album, quickly followed by The Film. Now we have The Tour—starring The Kid himself, Prince Nelson. With Sheila E. opening, Prince started in the Midwest and is covering the West and the South into spring. Photo: Terry Sesevold/Pix International © 1985

In The Studio ...

Translator are currently at work on their third album for 415/Columbia Records. Ed Stasium is in the producer's seat. Recording began at Studio D in Sausalito, CA and has since moved down to the Record Plant in Los Angeles. The project is slated to go to New York for final mixing ... DeMola Adipoju from King Sunny Ade's mighty band is at Sound Image Studio in Hollywood working on a solo project for Moji Productions. John Henning is at the board ... The Fugs, those celebrated 1960's purveyors of literary smut-rock, got together for a reunion concert recently at New York's Bottom Line club. The show was committed to tape and is now being mixed at Midnight Modulation Studios in Saugerties, NY. Michael Bitterman is at the controls ... Production ace Jimmy Iovine (Springsteen, Bob Seger, Tom Petty, etc.) has been lined up to remix several songs from The Textones' acclaimed LP, *Midnight Mission*. These special mixes will be serviced by Gold Mountain/A&M Records to radio stations across the country ... R&B stalwart Dennis Edwards is currently working on a new LP at Sound Castle Studios in Los Angeles. Dennis Lambert is producing ... Guitarist/producer Rick Derringer was at New York's Skyline Studi-

os recently, cutting some tracks for artist David Gruen. Tom Edmunds engineered, assisted by Roger Moutenot. Also at Skyline were Manhattan's own Egyptians. The sessions were produced by CBGB entrepreneur/new music patron Hilly Crystal. Roger Moutenot engineered, with assistance from Eric Calvi ... Canadian artists the Boys Brigade are now at the Complex studios in Los Angeles tracking their upcoming Anthem/Capitol album. Producing the disc is Verdine White of Earth, Wind and Fire and Tom Canning, who leads the "Thicke Of The Night" band and co-produces Al Jarreau's records with Jay Gradon. Engineering for the Boys Brigade sessions is Chris Brunt. Sharon Rice is assisting ... And at Starlight Studios in Richmond, The Uptones have just finished up their debut EP for 415 Records, six tunes that will be coming out in the spring.

Personal Favorites

Singer Philip Bailey, best known for his work with Earth, Wind & Fire, is riding high in the wake of his hit duet with Phil Collins, "Easy Lover." Here Philip picks his five favorite singers: 1. Dionne Warwick; 2. Deniece Williams; 3. Luther Vandross; 4. Stevie Wonder; 5. Sarah Vaughan.

Hottest Videos

New Videos Added To MTV:

- "Material Girl" Madonna (Warner Bros.)
- "Just Another Night" Mick Jagger (Columbia)
- "Lucky" Greg Kihn (EMI)
- "Save A Prayer" Duran Duran (Capitol)
- "Julia" The Eurythmics (RCA)
- "The Heat Is On" Glenn Frey (MCA)
- "Ballroom Blitz" Krokus (Arista)
- "Underground" Angel City (MCA)
- "Gratitude" Danny Elfman (MCA)
- "High In High School" Madam X (Epic)
- "Method Of Modern Love" Hall & Oates (RCA)

Critic's Choice:

Iain Blair Crows About Huey Lewis & The News

Veteran Northern California rockers Huey Lewis & The News finally—and appropriately enough in the year of the Olympics—hit it big last year with their multi-platinum *Sports* album. They also hit it big at this Forum sell-out with another winning performance that provided the happy crowd with two hours of hard-working, unpretentious, good time rock and roll.

Lewis and his lads have no time for make-up, bizarre hairstyles or androgynous posing—they wisely leave all that stuff to the likes of Prince, Boy George and Michael Jackson. Instead, like well-trained athletes, they just get on with the business of playing music with grit, sweat and determination—all laced with just enough calculated showbiz moves to give their show an edge of drama. Lewis is an appealing performer, the band is tight and punchy, and together they are the epitome of local boys

made good with their no-nonsense, "what-you-see-is-what-you-get." Hits such as "I Wanna New Drug" and "If This Is It" were pumped out with confidence and style, and the band's punch was jacked up even more by the muscular horn lines courtesy of Tower of Power. Highlights included an energetic version of Randy Newman's anthem, "I Love LA" and a surprise guest appearance by Booker T. Jones and his "Green Onions." But the biggest cheer of the night was justifiably for "The Heart Of Rock And Roll," the band's recent hit which perfectly sums up their attitude and music. Lewis and company may not take any musical risks, and they're not exactly challenging the boundaries of rock and roll—but their hearts are definitely in the right place.

Top of the Charts

No.	Albums	Singles
1	Centerfield John Fogerty (Warner Bros.)	"Easy Lover" Philip Bailey (Columbia)
2	Building The Perfect Beast Don Henley (Geffen)	"I Wanna Know What Love Is" Foreigner (Atlantic)
3	Reckless Bryan Adams (A&M)	"Careless Whispers" Wham! (Columbia)
4	Agent Provocateur Foreigner (Atlantic)	"You're The Inspiration" Chicago (Warner Bros.)
5	Valotte Julian Lennon (Atlantic)	"I Would Die For You" Prince (Warner Bros.)
6	Word Of Mouth Kinks (Arista)	"Lover Boy" Billy Ocean (Arista)
7	Beverly Hills Cop Soundtrack (MCA)	"Method Of Modern Love" Hall & Oates (RCA)
8	Chinese Wall Philip Bailey (Columbia)	"Like A Virgin" Madonna (Warner Bros.)
9	Crazy From The Heat David Lee Roth (Warner Bros.)	"Neutron Dance" Pointer Sisters (RCA)
10	Tropico Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)	"Boys Of Summer" Don Henley (Geffen)



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Did Nixon Smuggle Satchmo's Stash?

NEW YORK CITY—What's that latest hot spot? What's the biggest "hang" for the musical elite? What's the must-attend daily event for those at the top of the pop? Why, it's Alcoholics Anonymous. The Soho meetings alone could field an all star jazz band while also providing the pick of the litter (and I do mean litter) from the late Seventies punk-performance-art-blackclothes-all night scene. As there have existed junk, cocaine and freebase cliques, welcome to the sober but brave new world of abstinence and confession. Narconon runs a close but less acceptable second. It's one thing to admit to and seek help for drinking, but to admit to being a junkie is a great leap.

Watergate was just a hotel . . . Richard "Millhouse" Nixon was once the president of a country known as the United States of America. He was also a frustrated piano player who admitted that if he had it all to do over he would have forsaken the political arena for a career as a solo piano player much like his hero, Earl "Fatha" Hines. Mr. Nixon was also a huge fan of Louis Armstrong. During his term as Vice-President, Mr. Nixon found himself at Washington's Dulles Airport a few minutes before the arrival of a jet returning Louis Armstrong's band from a state department tour. Having always wanted to meet Satchmo, Nixon went to meet the plane. The two men met on the runway, chatted briefly and walked back toward the terminal. Nixon told Satchmo if there was ever anything he could do for him, don't be afraid to ask. Never one to miss a beat, Satchmo asked Nixon to carry one of his bags through customs. Nixon agreed, carrying three pounds of fine marijuana past the smiling customs officials. It is not known whether Nixon was aware of the contents.

New Orleans News . . . Miles Dewey Davis at the Jazzfest, on the same bill with Wynton Marsalis. Both these men have new LPs. Marsalis chose to do a record of standards, *Hot House Flowers*, easily the best sounds young Marsalis has put on disc yet. Despite the skill shown by Marsalis, the CBS hype of all-things-Wynton has met with considerable backlash as of late, much of it centered on *Hot House Flowers*. Less we forget, Wynton Marsalis is a young, developing player, not the second coming. Journalists of the "rewrite the hype, take the check, keep the free records and guest list coming" school kissed considerable ass in assisting CBS in their all-out effort to create a new genius; wholesome, pure, educated and thoughtful—not angry, funky and streetwise like those old-fashioned type "jazz" musicians. Marsalis helped with insightful interviews. He was definitely for real. (This

AA is tops in NYC, latest on Wynton vs. Miles, singers, the revival of revivals, and important questions.

writer Xeroxed copies of Wynton's interviews for his music students. They were not interested, asking me if I had any Prince interviews.) Now, many journalists, who probably didn't like Marsalis much anyway, but went along for the hype-ride, are coming at poor Wynton with pitchforks, tar and feathers. Let's hope this talented young man can keep his act together through the treacherous territory he has chosen to walk.

Miles Davis has lived his nine lives and more, skillfully twisting the world around his . . . finger is not the word. He is, of late, heavily MTV and pop influenced. He is apparently an avid video watcher and has praised the likes of Rick Springfield. His new release is *You're Under Arrest*, the title tune being a John Scofield composition and the only out and out jazz on the record. Other pieces include "Time After Time" by Cyndi You Know Who, "Mother Nature" by Michael You Know Who and tunes by Debarge and D Train. This record is a big departure, even for a man known for his incongruous behavior. Miles actually speaks on the record, his best line being, "Arrest some of this, Mother-fucker!" One assumes it will be blleeeeped for the single. The funniest part of the record is Miles' use of the stock train whistle settings on his Yamaha DX-7 synthesizer. He uses the train whistle live to cut off band-member's too lengthy solos. Miles Davis is now healthier than he has been in years, excited about music and capable of doing decent Redd Foxx and Rudy Ray Moore impressions. God bless.

Singers . . . Before there were musical instruments, there was singing. New Orleans is chock full o' singers. Most people know about Aaron Neville ("God gave me the voice of an angel"), The Gospel Soul Children, Leigh Harris, Lady BJ, Johnny Adams, and Germaine Bazzle. The real story here is in the churches and schools, not so much on the professional scene. However, there are singers who play nightclubs and such that are worth hearing for their contributions to today's music, not for their museum potential. There is a new singer in town, Jackie Jones. She has a gospel background that lends itself well to her choice of standards. She sings for The Dukes of Dixieland, managing to inject some life into a three set a night, six nights a week routine.

► Carolyn Odell sings and plays with The Uptights. While the Uptights are the antithesis of most New Orleans bands—pop, Sixties nostalgia and originals that reflect their

love of mid-Sixties British pop—a good singer is a good singer is a good singer and it's all music, so labels be damned.

► Stephanie Sieberth is a singer who performs infrequently but is "deserving of wider recognition" as they say in *down beat*.

► Luz Marie and Adela are sisters (with no last name) from Guatemala who now live in New Orleans. Their vocal efforts rival those of other nationally famous sister teams. Alas, they have done little performing, finding New Orleans somewhat lukewarm to their brand of Latin Soul. They plan to tour parts of Central America and Puerto Rico, where they are better received than in New Orleans.

► Linda Ronstadt is not from New Orleans. Never a fan, this writer was shocked to find himself swooning over *Lush Life*. No oversinging, hairychested operatics, maudlin self pity or pointless virtuosity, *Lush Life* is listenable and even exceptional. Congrats to her voice teacher, Linda doesn't sound like Ronstadt anymore.

► Bobby McFerrin is the next jazz superstar. Hearing his recent shows at New York's Blue Note, I came away convinced. McFerrin is capable of making large and small groups of people feel good about themselves and unified with the world at large. His singing encompasses all manners of sounds, styles and aspirations. He is a comedian. His singalong-TV-theme-stump-the-band sequence was both entertaining and embarrassing. Good job on *Mr. Ed*, Bob. While a forced

chumminess did on occasion blanket the good times, more often McFerrin was able to break down the barrier between audience and performer. His shows were augmented by frequent solo spots from members of the audience—predominantly female. Michelle Hendricks, daughter of Jon and presently employed as a waitress at the Blue Note, joined McFerrin for a duet that electrified the already rabid crowd. McFerrin closed his shows with a gospel tune. He alternated choruses with members of the audience. The words: "If I let God fight my battles, I know the victory will be mine."

Some thoughts . . . Spearheaded by Bruce Springsteen, King Sunny Ade, Talking Heads and Grateful Dead, music events with a warm revival feel are having an impact once more. Concerts that were like church were common 15 years ago but have become scarce in large scale mainstream rock circles. As spectacle replaced unity, facile technical displays became the norm. A side product of MTV is that people are getting so much techno virtuosity that they are looking elsewhere and coming up with more participatory events.

Questions . . . Why has no one remade *Pass The Hatchet* as a flat-out dance floor tune? Why would a band call itself Quick Zipper?

Favorite Quote of 1964: "I believe there will ultimately be a clash between the oppressed and those who do the oppressing, but I don't think it will be based on the color of the skin."—Malcolm X.

New Orleans quote of the month: "Lemme tell you something, little brother, I've been playing music for 25 years and I ain't missed a meal yet."—Joseph Modeliste.

I'm happy for you, Zig. But remember, it's all music. □



TALKING HEADS VIDEO PARTY

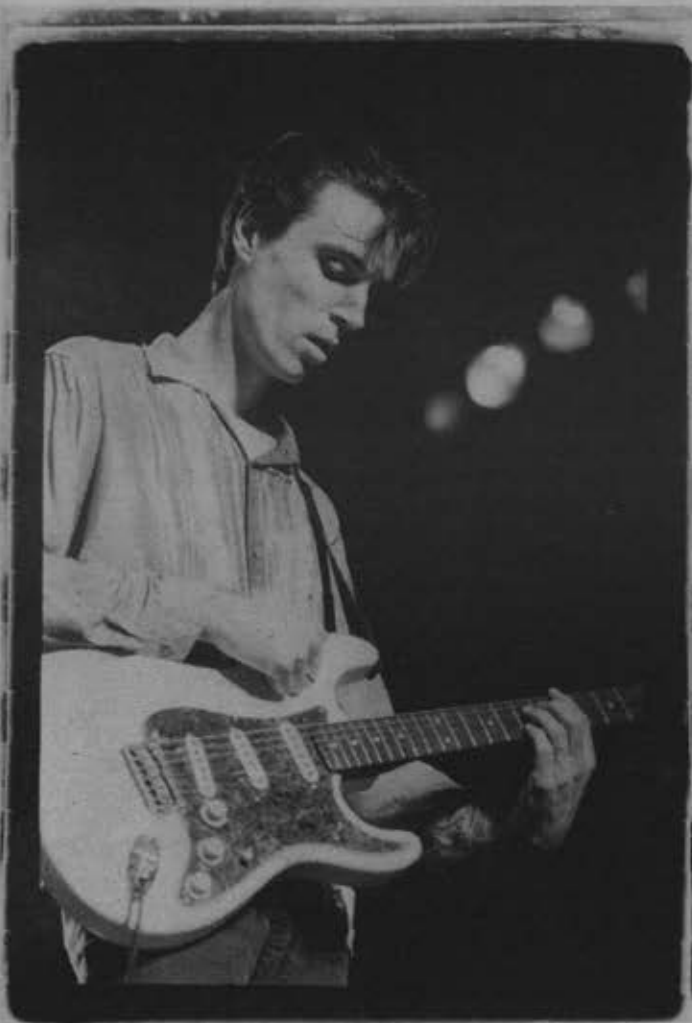


PHOTO BY DONN YOUNG

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RARE RECORD

ALMOST SLIM

Jazz On A Blue Note

George Lewis and
His New Orleans Stompers
Echoes of New Orleans
Blue note 110



Here's a classic New Orleans jazz LP from the great clarinetist George Lewis. As most jazz historians know, Lewis (born George Louis Francis Zeno in 1900) first made a name with trumpeter Bunk Johnson around 1940. From that time until his death in 1968, Lewis was one of New Orleans most popular jazz musicians, not only in America but Europe and Japan, too. Thankfully he was recorded prolifically, but his mid-Fifties Blue Note recordings were among his best ever.

Blue Note Records of course has reached legendary status and rightly so. Besides Lewis, other subjects of early Bluenote releases were Sidney Bechet, Bunk Johnson and even Miles Davis. This particular long-

playing 33 1/3 microgroove is actually a ten-inch record, containing six outstanding performances. Lewis is accompanied here by "Kid" Howard on trumpet, Jim Robinson on trombone, Edgar Mosley on drums and the great Chester Zardis on bass. The sound is definitely lowdown, but with a warm, powerful drive. Best of the lot is "Dauphine St. Blues" and "Just A Closer Walk" which have to be considered among the greatest dixieland performances of all time. Found this and Vol. 2 (Blue Note 1013) at a flea market in Florida not too long ago for two bits a piece.

TECHNO-PULP

CARLOS BOLL

Funk, Fun, Mature and Single



12" Singles:

Scritti Politti—"Hypnotize"
Virgin VS 725-12

Once upon a time there was a band that was sweet, they put out several singles that sounded like sedate rock with funk overtones. Then came a series of singles that approached white funk. Then it was discovered that Green, the lead singer/songwriter had been holed up in New York for a while working on some new material. What emerged are some of the best dance/funk songs ever. "Hypnotize" is the third single by Scritti Politti in the series started with "Wood Beez." The band, comprised of New York studio musicians, sounds ultra slick but doesn't enter the homogenized and sterile territory of, let's say, Steely Dan. If you like to move then this is one record that doesn't stop you.

*The Monochrome Set—
"Jacob's Ladder"*

Blanco y negro NEG 4-T

This has always been a fun band, a hearty mix of humor with just the right amount of absurdity. This new five-track E.P. finds them at their best. Imagine a non-political Clash singing fun and humorous lyrics over neat guitar riffs. Continuing this current trend this band should have a hit here.

LPs:

*Orange Juice—The Orange Juice
(The Third Album)*

Polydor OJHP 2

This took a little while to grow on me. I hated the singles, most of which were released before the album. The band now consists only of Edwin Collins and Zeke Manyika with Angela Claire Kenny (from Amazulu) on bass and Dennis (Blackbeard) Bovell on keyboards. The songs are good, still featuring the loose guitar/tight drum sounds of previous efforts, but none have the intensity and urgency of the older material. The band has gone from a wonderful "wimpy/pop" sound to a more sensitive and mature sound. Approach with caution.

*Bill Nelson—Trial By Intimacy
(The Book Splendours)*

Cocteau JEAN 2

This four-record set includes a book of photographs and a set of postcards. It is a collection of unreleased recording Bill Nelson has made at the Echo Observatory in Yorkshire. This is ambient music that should be played loud in large rooms—music that sometimes would take over the conversation. It would add something to your idea or thought. It would make you dream. In color. Get it.

Rebirth Brass Band
Here To Stay
Arhoolie 1092

The Rebirth Brass Band is perhaps the youngest of the new brass marching bands currently forming a wave of interest and excitement in New Orleans, perhaps the most tradition-conscious city for jazz in the country. Like their predecessors, the increasingly well-known Dirty Dozen Brass Band, the Rebirth Jazz Band cut its chops on the streets, in parades, at jazz funerals, parties, and neighborhood bars, and like their forebears, the new wave of brass marching bands are first concerned with feeling and spirit. Although the Rebirth sound is not yet fully developed, as the group has only been together for just about two years, the ragged edges and gutsy innards of this music resonate with echoes of classic blues, gospel, and traditional brass band themes within a not-necessarily-traditional context. The two trumpets, two trombones, tuba, bass and snare drums create a natural momentum often thought long lost to electric instruments and drum machines. Their syncopation is anything but un-studied, the sharp changes and strong attack on *Here to Stay* testify to the hours of practice and level of encouragement that make the Rebirth Jazz Band go. From the sacred "Lord, Lord, Lord, You Sure Been Good To Me" to the profane "Shake Your Booty" through the more familiar "Going To The Mardi Gras" to the lest-often-heard "Blue Monk," these young musicians (all still in their teens) reflect some of the best traditions of a culture and its finest promise as well.

—William D. White

Denise LaSalle
Right Place, Right Time
Malaco 7417

It looks like Malaco is going to repeat the phenomenal success it experienced with Z.Z. Hill with the female star in their crown, Denise LaSalle. While other record companies have totally ignored the over-40 (no not top 40) Black record-buying public, Malaco has almost single-handedly continued to develop the contemporary blues market. With Ms. LaSalle they have found a seasoned veteran of the recording industry, but one whose unique style and witty song-writing ability hasn't yet been fully exploited.

Ms. LaSalle's last effort, *Lady In The Street*, could only be touted as great, and this album will most certainly be classified as one of the ten best R&B albums of the decade. On all of the album's ten tracks, Ms. LaSalle sings exceedingly well with a distinctive and colorful voice. On the barn-burner title track, and the humorous "He's Not Available," Latimore helps out on the vocal

chores. Backing is by a well-rehearsed, brass-laden combo, which except for the inappropriate rock-tinged guitarist (my only complaint with all Malaco releases) is downhome all the way.

You can't miss the impressive and topical lyrics which really tell stories about what's happening in the streets. Two of my favorites, "Your Husband Is Cheating On Us" and "Keep Your Pants On," have to tie for the far-out title of the year award. Once again Ms. LaSalle one-ups Z.Z. Hill, this time with a sizzling rendition of "Bump And Grind." Others with hit potential are "Why Does It Feel So Right," where she tells the ladies to "pull them rollers out of your hair and find something sexy for you to wear!" If you want a taste of the real thing, then this one should be on the menu.

—Almost Slim

Wynton Marsalis
Hot House Flowers
Columbia FC 39530

Wynton Marsalis, the young jazz sensation out of New Orleans, has returned following his initial media triumphs with a tour de force album of jazz, strings, and pop. Besides his prodigious talent, Marsalis has displayed near-perfect control in the manner of speaking in which he expresses his art. Still, it is something of a bold move to record an LP of mixed standards and romantic melodies in the perilous jazz-with-strings format, a stylistic approach which has confounded and challenged the best jazz musicians from Louis Armstrong to Charlie Parker and Clifford Brown. Marsalis' aplomb and lack of guile lead his trumpet through shining paths of sound, disregarding musical as well as social boundaries whilst subtly undermining form. Wynton Marsalis has shown us his serious side, his deep side, his intense face, *Hot House Flowers* now lets us see that smile. And what a joy it is. A sublime, silken approach to ballads and a quicksilver handling of romantic feelings. A sheer emotional beauty and conceptual unity arises from the organic blend of songs, styles, and sounds.

—William D. White

Roy Orbison
The Sun Years
Charly CDX4

Although Roy Orbison is best remembered for his lush ballads that topped the charts in the early Sixties, five years before he donned the Ray-Bans and crooned to swooning teens, Roy was greasing down his hair and exhorting his baby to "Do the ooby dooby." His earliest and rockiest material spanning 1956 through 1958 has been re-



Roy Orbison, before the sunglasses.

issued in chronological order of *Charly's Roy Orbison, The Sun Years*. The new album features all of Roy's output for Sun Records including undubbed versions of material released in the Sixties and Seventies and five raw "demo" recordings. Of interest to record collectors is the inclusion of the two rare sides recorded for the Je-Wel label which are reissued legally here for the first time.

In the spring of 1956, Roy and his West Texas band, The Teen Kings, entered Sun Studios in Memphis to record "Ooby Dooby." Orbison had recorded the song two months earlier at Norman Petty's studio in Clovis, New Mexico (the same studio where Buddy Holly made his first records) for release on the Je-Wel label. The Jewel record sold poorly but Sun Records owner Sam Phillips was impressed by Orbison's guitar style and invited him to record the song again at Sun.

Orbison's first Sun Records session produced not only a pop hit with "Ooby Dooby" but five of the finest pure rockabilly sides ever recorded. These five songs and the two sides for Jewel comprise side one of *The Sun Years*. Roy's guitar playing was in top form on the rockabilly number where he spewed out a rapid and rhythmic lead to the background of Jack Ketner's ticking slap-bass. Although occasionally strained by the macho lyrics and rapid tempo, his high and urgent vocals added a unique dimension to the rockabilly sound.

Despite the overall quality of Orbison's rockabilly material, the followup to "Ooby Dooby" failed to hit and side two of *The Sun Years* finds Orbison trying to come up with a sound that would sell. For his third Sun single, "Sweet and Easy To Love," Roy and producer Jack Clement experimented with a ballad style and vocal accompaniment that is a clear progenitor to his later Monument hits. This record didn't sell either and a final session was

arranged. Orbison's last regular session at Sun employed the accompaniment of studio musicians Roland Janes (guitar), Dick Ketner (bass) and Martin Willis on sax. "Chicken Hearted," the fourth and final Sun single, was culled from this session and was a wimp-rock classic. Roy sang his most convincing lyric ever ("I'd like to be a hero but I ain't got the nerve") but the record met the same fate as the previous two and Roy terminated his contract with Sam Phillips.

The most interesting material on *The Sun Years* are the six "demos" that Orbison wrote and recorded just before leaving Sun in 1958. On these tracks Orbison is caught somewhere between the urgency of his first records and the melodrama of his Monument sides. Recorded without the driving rhythm of "Ooby Dooby" or the lush strings of "Only The Lonely," the "demos" have the honesty of a singer performing his own songs without studio production. The songs were clearly performed with other artists in mind. "You Tell Me," which was pitched to Johnny Cash, features a Luther Perkins style guitar line and "Claudette" later became a hit for the Everly Brothers. Nevertheless, these songs are a rare opportunity to hear the famous voice without embellishment.

Orbison's Sun material has long been judged inferior to his ballads of the early Sixties and to the work of his contemporaries, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and Carl Perkins, who arrived at Sun with well-developed vocal styles. Like Elvis Presley, Orbison came to Sun as a rough vocal talent. *Roy Orbison, The Sun Years* is a musical portrait of a developing artist and its release in the wake of a deluge of mediocre rockabilly reissues highlights the quality of Orbison's first recordings. Here is a glimpse behind the dark glasses at one of the great singer-songwriters of the rock 'n' roll era.

—Macon Fry

Music in our schools



By Al Kennedy

Photos by rico

The Music Educators National Conference has proclaimed the month of March "Music In Our Schools Month," and the theme of this year's celebration is "Music for all ages." There is certainly no school district in this country more deserving of a celebration of its rich musical heritage than the New Orleans Public School District.

"How can one school district prove that is frequently asked by visitors to the city, their curiosity aroused by the national spotlight turned on the school district's music programs as a result of the international fame of New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts (NOCCA) graduates Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Terrance Blanchard and Donald Harrison. It seems that Music in Our Schools Month is an appropriate time to attempt to answer that question.

"We are extremely proud of the international performers who have graduated from our schools," says Lorraine Wilson, the current supervisor of music and a product of the school district's music program. She makes it clear, however, that she is equally proud of the many non-superstars who go through the schools and acquire a love for music. She points out that the city's gospel choirs, community choruses and even barbershop quartets (yes, New Orleans does have an active circle of barbershop quartets) are heavily populated with public school graduates. "In the schools they learn to appreciate music," she said, "and later on in life they find they want to make their own musical contribution."

Mahalia Jackson, Wynton Marsalis, Allen Toussaint, the Neville Brothers, James Rivers, George "Big Chief Jolley" Landry—they all went through the city's public schools. Look closely at any style of music, and you will more than likely find a performer, musician, composer or arranger who graduated from the New Orleans Public Schools. Those same classrooms produced Gail Gilmore, a Fortier student whose performance of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* in a Wiesbaden, Germany, opera house caught the attention of

Beverly Sills, who signed her for the New York Opera. Aubry Bryan, a graduate of Landry Senior High, was handpicked to sing in the Metropolitan Opera's recent production of *Porgy and Bess*. D. Antoinette Handy, performer, educator, music historian and now assistant director of the music programs for the National Endowment of the Arts, graduated from McDonogh 35. And Pete Fountain picked up his first clarinet as an elementary student at McDonogh 28.

When explaining the importance of music in the public schools, you are also explaining the importance of music to the city. In that regard the city and its public schools are inseparable. Musically, the city strengthens the schools, and the schools in turn contribute to the city's musical heritage.

By the time they have entered kindergarten, most New Orleans public school students have already been captivated by the forceful music of the marching bands in the Mardi Gras parades. They might have witnessed jazz funerals and danced behind one of the city's brass bands. On their way to and from school they might hear gospel choirs practicing in neighborhood churches, blues musicians playing on front porches or jazz musicians performing on street corners. Music of many kinds, many styles and many emotions becomes the background music of their lives. "In New Orleans, you hear music every day," explains Pete Fountain. "It can't help but have an influence on you."

By having the good fortune to have been born in New Orleans, students come to the public schools with a musical awareness they couldn't get in any other city. But just because this is New Orleans is not enough in and of itself to guarantee that the city's music tradition will survive. That's where the many music programs and the music teachers fit into the picture. From NOCCA to the elementary schools, the teachers of music are in many ways responsible for the city's musical future. The music teachers in the New Orleans Public Schools are not just college-trained music academicians. "They are dedicated, committed and highly com-



By having the good fortune to have been born in New Orleans, students come to the public schools with a musical awareness they couldn't get in any other city.

petent," said Wilson, "and many of them are still performers." The combination of their love for music and their inability to leave the city puts the musician/teacher in the classroom.

Sam Henry is a graduate of Cohen Senior High, and his music credits include performing and recording with such musicians as Ramsey Lewis, Patti LaBelle, the Staple Singers, Allen Toussaint and many others. A talented musician, he has tried to move away from the city on several occasions. "I always return home," he said. "I like it here." He also knows that his decision to stay in New Orleans puts him out of the more lucrative music mainstream of a Los Angeles or a New York. Instead, he stays in New Orleans working as an itinerant strings teacher at three elementary schools while pursuing his arranging and composing work in the city's recording studios.

Henry typifies the many music teachers in the school district in that his contribution to his students doesn't end when the school dismissal bell rings. He gives his students the "extras" in music education that can only be found in New Orleans. Working with two other teachers at Phillis Wheatley Elementary, Henry is preparing a "Music In Our Schools" program that would make envious many graduate students in music. He is inviting Allen Toussaint, his lifelong friend, to come and serve as guest lecturer to his students, who will even have the opportunity to play a synthesizer under Toussaint's tutelage. Later in the week Henry will take his music students to Toussaint's Sea-Saint Studio to get a close-up look at the recording business. In addition, Henry is preparing a series of reports to acquaint his students with some of the "first families" of New Orleans music. "I want my students to know about the Lasties, the Duvigneauds and the Chatters," says Henry. "I want to give them a sense of the musical con-

tributions of these families to music in New Orleans."

A music program for an elementary school planned to include someone of Allen Toussaint's musical stature is another hint at the school district's musical success. Although the music teachers provide the bulk of the instruction, they get help from the city's musicians, many of whom are also public school graduates. The musicians do not forget their schools, and it is not at all unusual to see the names that appear in *Wavelength's* "Live Music Calendar" show up as guest lecturers or performers in the schools. The city's resident musicians frequently lend their professional services to their neighborhood public school to help out with a benefit or fund-raiser.

This friendship between musicians who are teaching and those who have graduated from the school district cannot be underestimated as a contribution to the overall music curriculum. The Chatters family, mentioned above, influenced a great many of the city's musicians. Shortly after being appointed to the National Endowment of the Arts, D. Antoinette Handy visited New Orleans, seeking out Jocelyn Chatters, a teacher at Macarty Transitional School. Because of her friendship with the Chatters family and her interest in the city's public school children, Handy (along with the members of her "Trio Pro Viva") gave the students an hour-long concert that exposed the children to 200 years of music by black composers. That rare sharing of talent and knowledge is a part of the school district's overall music program.

Other teachers also find ways to make musical contributions to the students. At Fortier Senior High, Jim Peddecord, and English instructor, together with band director Elijah Brimmer, Jr., obtained a grant from the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation to transcribe the works of the late Professor Longhair so that they could be

taught to marching bands. "We felt it is important for young musicians to be exposed to this music as part of their own musical heritage," said Peddecord.

The final ingredient in the success story is the support of parents. "From the parade routes to the concert stages, our parents are fully supportive of their children," said Lorraine Wilson. A good example of a supportive parents is Charmaine Neville, a graduate of Fortier Senior and a member of the musical Neville family, who performs with The Survivors. While pursuing her own music career, she is ever attentive to her son, a third-grader at Hoffman Elementary, spending a lot of time at the school as a parent volunteer, and performing for benefits at other public schools.

Across the nation, the cultural arts are in a battle for their rightful place in the curriculum. Many school systems are cutting back on support of music in the schools, as ardent "Back-to-the-Basics" proponents don't equate music with reading, writing and arithmetic.

In the public schools of New Orleans, however, the children are getting their minimum daily requirements of the basics as well as the rich musical heritage of their city. In many of the public school classrooms, music is not treated as a separate subject. "When I teach music, I teach with the idea that I am teaching everything," says Sam Henry. "It just happens to be that I am using music."

The community has every right to be proud of the music programs in the public schools of New Orleans, and March's month-long celebration of music gives everyone the opportunity to recognize the school district's music teachers for their accomplishments. In complimenting his music teachers and all the persons involved in music instruction in New Orleans, Pete Fountain said it best when he ordered this writer: "You tell them they are doing a hell of a job!"

We agree. □

New From CBS!

MICK JAGGER
SHE'S THE BOSS
including:
Just Another Night/Hard Woman
½ A Loaf/Lucky In Love
Lonely At The Top




Also available on chrome cassette.

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(SHAR-DAY)
DIAMOND LIFE
including:
Smooth Operator/Your Love Is King
Hang On To Your Love
When Am I Going To Make A Living
Cherry Pie



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ANDREAS VOLLENWEIDER
WHITE WINDS



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Imports — Cutouts 50% Off

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Friday, March 15th, 5:30 PM

Free Refreshments

Daily Fire

On the road
with Spencer Bohren
and his family.

By Brent Haywood



The two-tone '55 Chevy Bel Air is just right. A Ford would be too plain and the chrome on a Buick would compete with the alloy shine of the twenty-seven foot Airstream trailer. You pass them on the highway, and they look great. No worries. Dad's driving, mom's riding next to him, and in the back, three wide-eyed kids press their noses to the glass, looking out at what goes by . . .

No, it's not Donna Reed on vacation. It's Spencer and Marilyn Bohren, on tour. Last year the family logged 44,000 miles and a typical month took them from New Orleans to Windsor, Ontario, with stops in Waco, Greensboro, Detroit, and Niagara Falls.

It's a lifestyle that requires mind-boggling organization. Gigs are arranged months in advance, and itineraries are planned around them. The children, Django (8), Andre (5) and Corinna (2), are home schooled, and on top of the daily routine common to all families, there is the "daily fire."

"When we decided to go on the road as a family, there were lots of options. We were thinking about a van or an old school bus, but some friends of ours who travel with the circus talked us into getting the Airstream. They'd lived in one for years and were sold on it. They said the one thing you *had* to get used to was the 'daily fire'. Every day there's something—a slow leak in a tire, a slick club owner, a noisy rear end, a sick kid. They said that if you learn to get through the daily fire, you've got it made."

To that end, Marilyn (an accomplished midwife who has delivered more than a hundred babies) has become an agent/business manager while Spencer has developed into a fair mechanic. During a recent stopover in New Orleans he did a valve job on the Chevy's rebuilt 283 V-8.

Spencer first arrived in New Orleans in the mid-Seventies, and for the next few years he played in a

variety of bands, including Road Apple (with Suzy, David and Tommy Malone and Reggie Scanlan) and Room Service with Clark Vreeland. He also worked with Eddie Volker and the late Becky Kury. In 1977 he married Marilyn (whom he'd met earlier in Colorado) and shortly after that he decided to go solo.

There were lots of reasons. "I wasn't making enough money playing in bands, and working two jobs at once was terrible. And all this time I'd been playing one kind of music and listening to another."

Since 1966, when he'd first heard a Charlie Patton recording, Spencer had been listening to the blues. In 1979 he began to play the music he'd always loved, combining his powerful vocal skills with a variety of guitar styles. His music reflects a broad range of influences, from Snooks Eaglin to the "white blues" of Hank Williams to the steel guitar sounds of Bukka White, whom he met in 1972.

Spencer had a regular Monday night gig at Tipitina's, and was gone the rest of the week, playing in Mississippi, Alabama and Texas. "New Orleans is important to me. My kids were all born here. In New Orleans, music isn't something extra—it's a part of the fabric of everyday life. But as much as I love this place, I still felt a need to get out and around, to grow."

Monday nights at Tip's evolved into a minor institution. The crowds weren't huge, but fine musicians would come and sit in. One fan remembers: "There was a night when Spencer finished a song and said hello to everyone in the audience *by name*. On other nights Suzy Malone would be there singing the hell out of Patsy Cline or Aaron and Cyril Neville would show up and turn everything into do-wop."

One Monday night didn't turn out so well.

Spencer finished his last set, loaded his guitars into his car, and then went back into Tip's to say good night. When he returned to his car, the guitars were gone.

Bluesman John Mooney and club manager John Kelly came to the rescue. A Spencer (Cyril Neville began to call him "Expensive") Bohren night was held to raise money to replace the instruments, and everyone from Rusty Kershaw to John Magnie showed up to play. The guitars were replaced.

But with all its good feeling, Tipitina's alone couldn't pay the bills. Touring paid, but kept Spencer away from his family. "I wanted to travel in order to grow, but what's the use in having a family if you can't grow *with* them?" The solution was to tour as a family, and it's a decision they haven't regretted. Few nights can compare with the Expensive Bohren fundraiser at Tipitina's, but there was a night in Iowa when a cornhusker left the bar and returned an hour later with fresh vegetables for the family and irises for Marilyn.

Looking ahead, there's an album in the works, recorded last spring and featuring Mac Rebennack, John Mooney and a hot New Orleans rhythm section. Plans are still being made for distribution, but advance copies (in cassette form) can be had by sending \$8 (postage included) to Spencer c/o New Blues, River Rd., Pointe a la Hache, Louisiana 70082. The album includes five Spencer Bohren originals that will be familiar to Monday night regulars at Tip's.

There's also a European tour. Plans are being made now to take the Red and White Chevy to Europe in September and October. The Swedish Tota's Blues Band is arranging things across the pond, and the family has already found a place (in upstate New York) to leave the Airstream. The only thing left is that daily fire . . . □

NULL AND VOID

BY CAROL GNIADY

"no balls, no glory. And now, we come to the subject of Null and Void. Two women with enough conviction to stand up for a scene that they still beleive in. They are pitting out a rag on a regular basis, a rag of the best possible quality. They are putting themselves to the test for you idiots, although I cant hazard a guess as to why they would want to.
signed: Ditrand Townfriendly"



It all started with this flyer. See, it was real late and I was leaving Deja Vu when I spotted this big girl putting these Xeroxed flyers up on Dauphine Street. I got one from her as she whizzed by with her staple gun and tape, and I noticed the names of the bands were really different. I'd never heard of Channel 3 from L.A. or Stretchmarks from Canada, or even New Orleans own Graveyard Rodeo. The flyer was hyping a show in Baton Rouge at a place called Jacy's presented by Skinnerbox and Null & Void. The graphics were great. There was an oddly cute skeleton man and a pretty tombstone angel--like the ones on top of the tombs in St. Louis #1. I started after the woman I'd seen just moments earlier, but she had vanished in thin air.

Who are these bands, anyway, and how can I get in touch with these people? What's Null & Void? I stayed a while longer, asking questions of the regulars at Deja Vu. One guy said there was a fanzine out called Null & Void, but informed me that I couldn't buy it anywhere. Perhaps the fanzine was a clue to the elusive but noticeably present hardcore underground--where those people with the clothes and haircuts go to have fu.

It ~~must~~ must have been fate; the very next day I stopped by the Wavelength office and happened to check my vacuum of a mailslot, and lo and behold! there was a letter from Null & Void! It was postmarked June and had just turned up that day. I wrote back right away to Karen, the woman who had written the letter, offering to meet her and her associates for drinks. I thought I'd probably not hear from her,

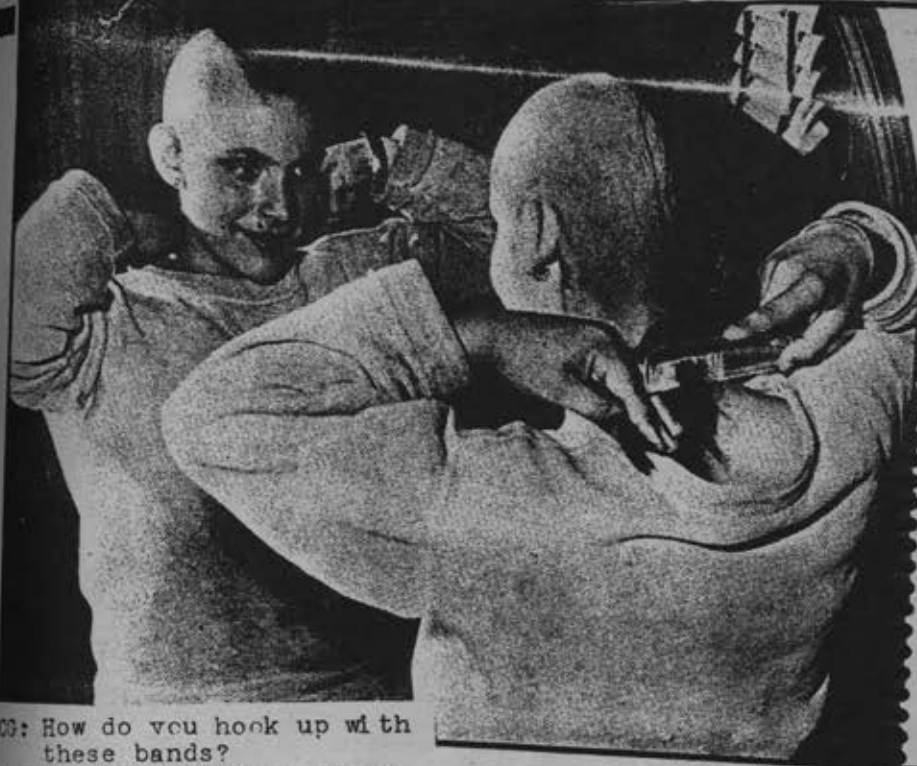
fearing that she'd smell that I smelled a story. Karen responded in record time--she liked the idea of going for drinks and was actually happy that I wanted to meet her and the rest of the (no doubt motley) crew. I was granted an audience at the Port of Call on a Sunday afternoon.

There, at the bar, I spotted these two women right away. (It was easy.) One of them was the woman I'd gotten the flyer from. They brought a guy with them--he had a Schwegmann's bag. We met. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
"Hi, I'm Carol, you must be..."
"Hi, I'm Karen, this is my partner, Lorraine, and our friend Joe." We grabbed a well-lit table, ordered a round of beers, lit up cigarettes, and started conversing. Joe pulled a stack of papers out of the Schwegmann's bag and I was soon engulfed, elbow deep, in their propaganda...flyers, snapshots, and back issues of this thing called a fanzine.

Karen Barranco and Lorraine Accardo are the mainstay and originators of the Null and Void organization. They were very cordial, even polite (I guess I was expecting gross cursing and much gnashing of teeth and was surprised they were of my gender, much less species). Joe (Barensburg) is one of their helpers and he bubbled with information and interesting tidbits. So, I asked what's Null and Void all about? The little one, Karen (here on out noted as KB) spoke up first, explaining that Null and Void is one of the few supporters of the diminishing artform called Hard Core. Karen and Lorraine have been disturbed (evidently) for about two years that the ~~community is letting the hard core scene dry up. I found out~~

community is letting the hard core scene dry up. I found out that Null & Void was not only a fanzine, but also an informal booking agency. N&V thrives mainly for fun. These guys would never dream of sticking to a printing schedule, much less of having their booking agency listed in the phone book. They are, however, listed in the nationally syndicated ~~Max~~ Maximum R&R out of Berkeley, California, and they regularly receive stuff in the mail from around the country from that listing.

- CG (that's me): You book hard core bands. (Nods from across the table.) Where do you get these bands?
- KB: We've made some friends who play in these bands, and we book them at shows when we can. A lot of them are from out of town; from Mississippi and Texas as well as bands from Lafayette and Baton Rouge.
- CG: You bring them into town and out them where?
- KB: We rent halls ~~and~~ or get them to play at private parties.
- CG: Halls? What sort of halls?
- KB: Community centers, like CYOs.
- (Now Lorraine+LA-jumps in with an anecdote of a priest who stopped the show when he spotted blood on the floor during a N&V concert at his CYO.)
- LA: We can't do any more shows there.
- (Wonder why?)
- CG: Give me some names of some of the bands you book.
- KB: Bands like the Big Boys, MDC, Fire, BLACK FLAG --
- CG: Whoa, Black Flag?
- KB: Yeah, we just did a show over at the Dream Palace.



(L.A.) LOS ANGELES, June 26--TEENAGE GIRL JOINS RANKS OF BRAVES--
 Mohican haircuts, which have recently become the fad among young
 boys, spread into feminine ranks here today. Josephine Amaya, 17,
 combs out the pig-tailed stubble which she adopted with the aid of
 her 14-year-old sister, Yellie, sitting in as barber. In a concession
 to femininity she left a pigtail dangling down her back.
 (AP Wirephoto) 1951

GG: How do you hook up with these bands?

KB: They either know about us and get in touch with us or we call them.

(It turns out that the N&V booking agency doesn't like to mess with band managers and much prefers the personal approach. They just call the bands on the phone and ask them if they'd like to come do a show.)

VA: We had some trouble once with a band we'd ~~like~~ called in L.A. We called just to see if they were interested in playing in New Orleans, and the band just showed up, under the impression that N&V had already secured them a place to play.

KB: Most of the bands just want

VA: We had some trouble once with a band we'd called in L.A. We called just to see if they were interested in playing in New Orleans, and the band just showed up, under the impression that N&V had already secured them a place to play.

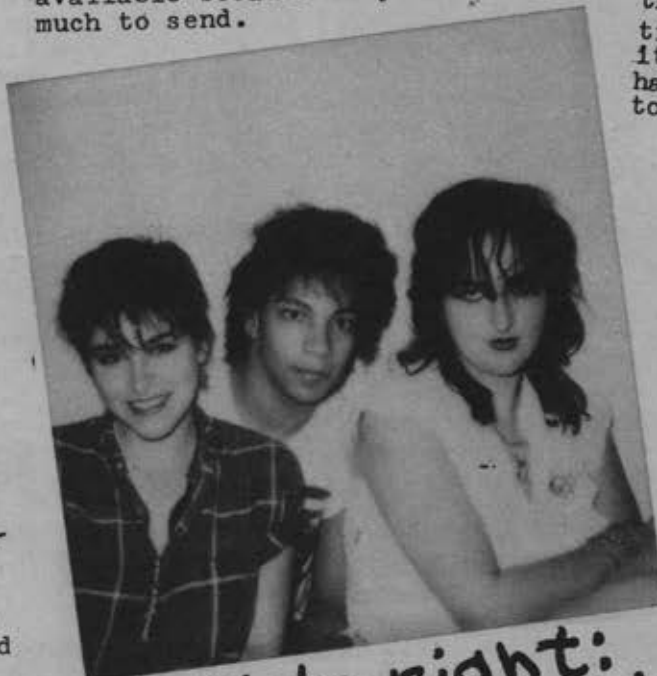
KB: Most of the bands just want money for gas to get them home, and maybe some food money. Oh yeah, the band called MDC got some national coverage recently with a slight

~~misunderstanding. They're from~~ misunderstanding. They're from Baton Rouge and the letters in the band's name stood for "millions of dead cops. The B.R.P.D. got the wrong impression and thought there was a conspiracy going on--shortly after, the band, with more pressure around town, decided to change their name to some other morbid meaning.

GG: How do your followers find out about the upcoming shows?

LA: At present we don't have KN any shows planned, but when we do we out flyers up.

FANZINE: An amateur publication that prints whatever the writers say, including nasty words and gross illustrations, usually lacking half-tones on pictures, ranging in various shapes and sizes and utilizing cost-effective printing (like Kinko's and friends who work there). Fanzines are distributed among friends and sold to passersby on the streets to cover the cost of materials and beer. There are no subscriptions available because they cost too much to send.

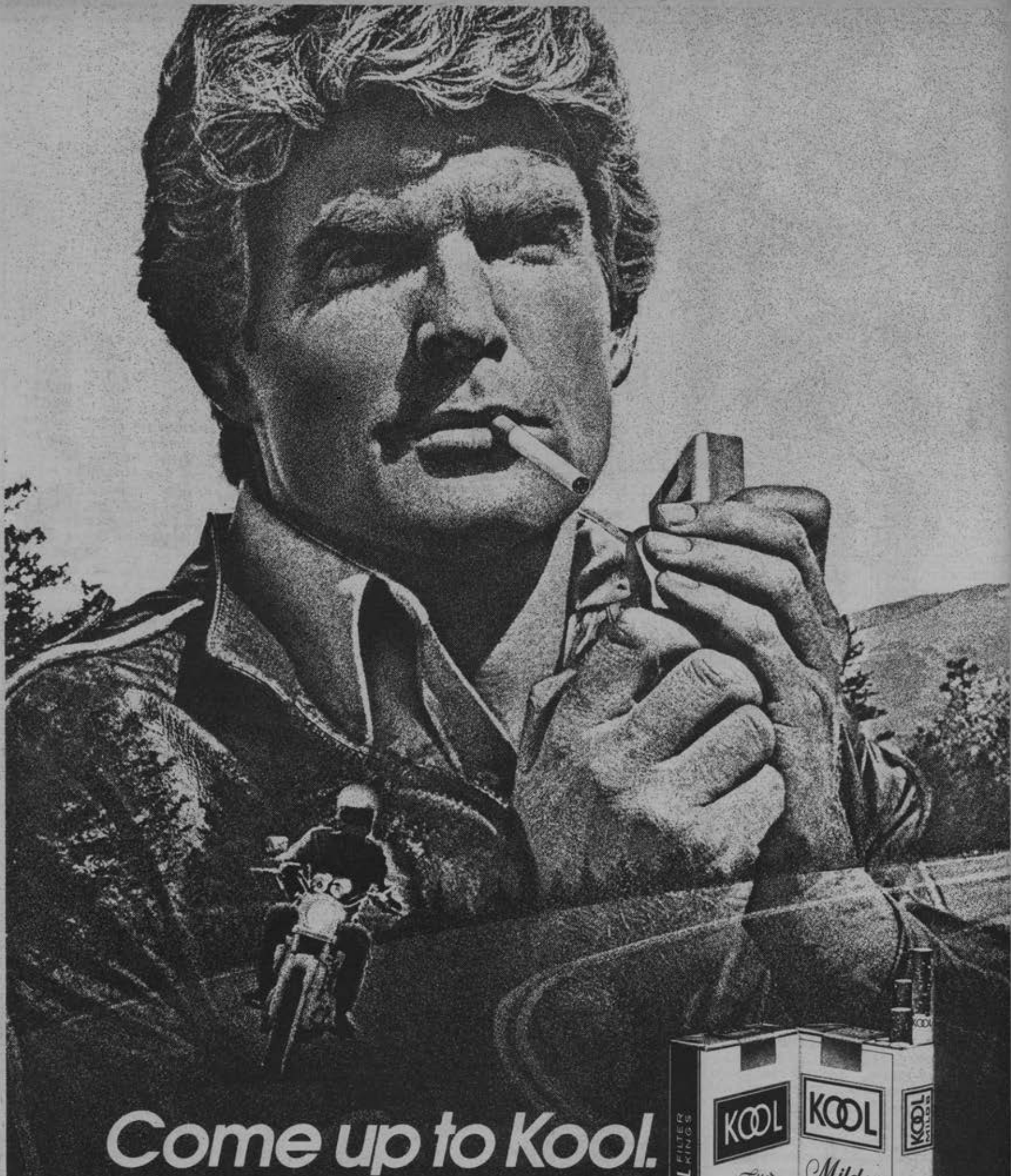


left to right:
 Karen "KB Baldy"
 Barranco, Joe,
 Lorraine "VIVIAN"
 VOID" Accardo.

The Null & Void fanzine is staffed by Karen Lorraine (who's denoted as KB Baldy, pen name Vivian Void), Joe, and a cast of deranged fiends who get off on all the madness. In between the stapled covers it's loaded with information on the hard core scene in New Orleans as well as reports from as far away as New York and Los Angeles; and interviews with bands. The format of the N&V is very busy and chockfull of scribbles, dictionary definitions of obscene words and phrases, notes to rea

readers, and plenty of photos of friends and bands. It must take some time to paste together. As it so happens, Karen is a serious student with an associate commercial art degree from Delgado. Lorraine is working at a museum soon to open in New Orleans. The publication is just now considering accepting ads, but there's a problem if you expect your ad to come out before a certain date; there's no definite publication time. N&V pops up when and where it ~~is~~ wants to. But if you look hard enough, and you really want to find it, you just might.

I feel like I'm in touch with the world, so if I ever lose that I don't know what the hell's going to happen to me. They might have to put me away.
 KB, Hmmm...



Come up to KOOL.

Kool gives you extra coolness
for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.
A sensation beyond the ordinary.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine;
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.



Ragtime

FOR
Pianoforte.



David Thomas Roberts

Composer of "Roberto Clemente", "Magazine Street",
"Broad Street", "Napoleon"



By
T.M. Gerard

A. NEAD

ROBERTO CLEMENTE

DAVID THOMAS ROBERTS

Rather slowly ($\text{♩} = 63$), warmly and solemnly

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as "Rather slowly ($\text{♩} = 63$), warmly and solemnly". The first system includes the dynamic marking *mp* and the articulation *legato sempre*. The score features a variety of musical notations, including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and slurs. The piano part has a melodic line with some grace notes, while the bass part provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

King of the Piano Rag

David Thomas Roberts

*wants you to forget everything
you've ever heard at Shakey's*

BY T.M. GERARD

At age 29, pianist David Thomas Roberts, a Mississippi native who has lived in New Orleans off and on since 1977, has composed nearly sixty ragtime pieces, more than Scott Joplin and almost anyone else. More important than these numbers is the consistently high quality of his work. Al Rose, jazz historian, Eubie Blake's biographer and a man often critical of contemporary performers, has called Roberts "the foremost ragtime composer of this half-century."

Ragtime music and composition have known two revivals since the music's initial popularity in the first two decades of this century. During the first rejuvenation, in the Fifties, the music was performed in part on rinky-tink "tack" pianos by men whose raucous monikers ("Knuckles" O'Toole, "Slugger" Ryan) reflected their generally unsubtle approach to the music. The second revival, the Seventies, was spear-headed by classical musicians who approached Scott Joplin's and a few others' piano music as they would Schumann's, with a previously neglected attention to dynamics, phrasing and nuance. It was a dramatic shift; Joshua and Rifkin and Gunther Schuller's recordings of Joplin topped the classical charts while William Bolcom, William Albright, Donald Ashwander and Max Morath created a new corpus of ragtime literature that was often

bittersweet and rarely as exuberant as the past masters. While earlier ragtime has almost exclusively relied on 19th-century "classical" harmony, some of the new compositions achieved a modern sophistication extending beyond much of today's pop music (Bolcom's use of bi-tonality, for example).

For Roberts, the essence of ragtime is light-years removed from the Fifties' straw-hat-and-garter-play-as-fast-as-you-can-rinky-tink connotation promoted by Shakey's and other pizza collectives; nor has he embraced the harmonic revisionism of some of the 1970s composers. As he explains in the liner notes of *Pinelands Memoir*, his third LP: "For me the piano rag is a confessional medium, a form fulfillingly lending itself to the most intimate and trusting expression. It is also an invaluable channel for my obsession with the people-land relationship which is present in all my work . . . its expressive range is limited only by the mind of its practitioner. I recoil at the hickish and demeaning notion that ragtime is primarily a lighthearted genre. In fact, it is the gentle sadness so pervasive in Midwestern and Southern ragtime that has always seemed to me to be the overarching facet of its personality."

While Roberts can appreciate some of the work that other modern ragtime composers have produced, he is more often critical of their efforts. "Many contemporaries have failed to discover the crucial identity of ragtime," he reasons. "They've played with the inessentials without comprehending that core that could provide a basis for ragtime evolution."

For Roberts this core is best associated with a love of rural America, a feeling musically expressed in ragtime's earliest days by "folk" ragtimers like Charles Hunter, C.L. Woolsey and Callis Wellborn Jackson. "It's important for me to have a consciously folky foundation . . . with this it's possible to give full reign to the eclecticism I've always wanted in ragtime." About half of Robert's works are named after places he's visited, including nine in Mississippi. When not composing, Roberts seeks out and cherishes small town rural America. "I'd love to tour Kansas for three months" he says in complete earnest.

A secondary influence on Roberts is the music of Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton. Roberts describes hearing his music for the first time, in 1974, as his "second biggest confirmation and revocation . . . a grand retriever of so many moving elements which had been deeply set within me but had been dormant." Roberts' first recording (the 1978 *Music For a Pretty Baby*, released on the Mardi Gras label) was, excepting two cuts, devoted entirely to Morton's music, and his current musical work-in-progress, the seventeen-piece suite *New Orleans Streets*, has a decidedly Mortonesque flavor in many passages.

Roberts sees the *New Orleans Streets* as not so much Morton-derived as influenced by the Latin feeling that permeates New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, a mode that encompasses Gottschalk and Tex-Mex music as well as Morton's "Spanish Tinge." The non-Latin world is represented in abundance as well in this suite. "Broad Avenue" has an early rock 'n' roll section, with the melody in the bass and Fats Domino-like chords on top. Hebraic elements, "in an American context" inform "Magazine Streets" while 19th century romantic piano styles gush through the "Waltz" and "Farewell" sections. And while most of the sections have a habanera or tango bass, "Napoleon Avenue" is a straightforward "folk" rag.

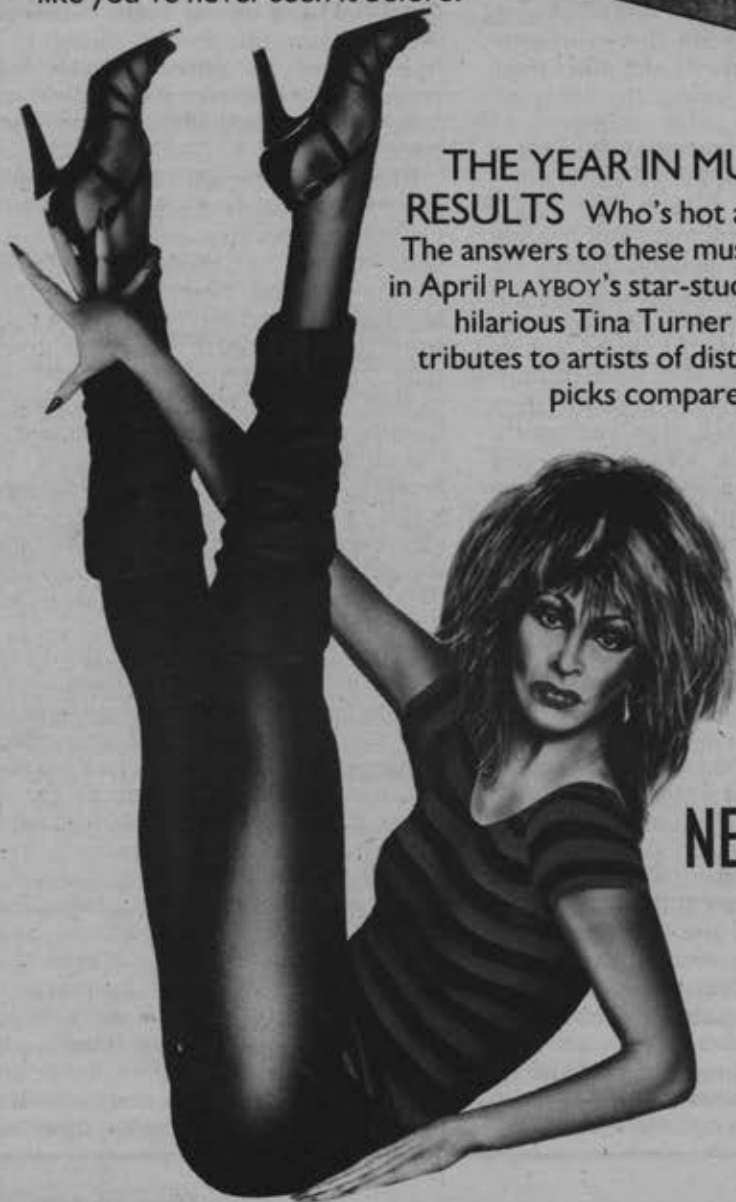
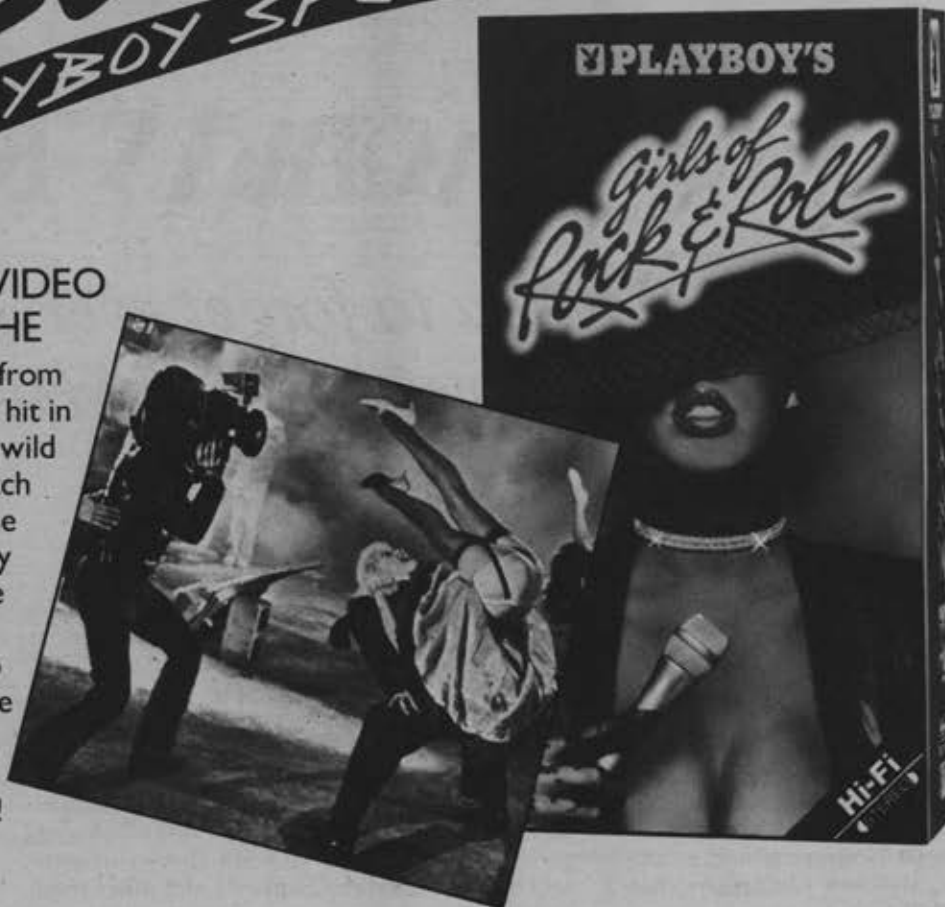
Roberts has big plans for the *New Orleans Streets* and subsequent compositions. Having thus far recorded for three small labels he would like now to do work for more prestigious companies. When it comes to his music, his obstinacy can be as wide as the Missouri plains; he's been known to turn around and tell talkative people in his audiences to shut up, and to wear tennis shoes at formal concerts rather than compromise his artistic dress code. Roberts' narcissism is remarkable, even by the standards of other artists. "Certainly I have a greater melodic sense than Beethoven" he once remarked matter-of-factly. He sees narcissism as necessary in getting great things done. "I am a private theater to myself . . . in the absence of heroes—and there have been times when I found no one to heroise — I had to be my hero."

Opposite page: the first strain from one of Roberts' best works, the folk elegy "Roberto Clemente," recorded by Roberts on the Euphonic label (Pinelands Memoir and Other Rags) as well as by the Norwegian pianist Morton Gunnar Larsen on Stomp Off (Morton Gunnar Larsen plays Roberto Clemente, Poor Jimmy Green and Other Ragtime-Jazz Compositions). In addition, Larsen has recorded four of Roberts' pieces on the Hot Club label (Echo of Spring) and Roberts has recorded two albums for Stomp Off (his compositions on Through the Bottomlands and assorted composers on (An Album of Early Folk Rags). Stomp Off Records is located at 549 Fairview Terrace, York, Pennsylvania 17403.

Music '85

A PLAYBOY SPECTACULAR

PLAYBOY'S SIZZLING VIDEO MUSIC PROGRAM IN THE MAKING Ten sultry singers from *Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll*—a hit in our January issue—return for a wild pictorial encore this month. Catch these up-and-coming stars on the set and behind the scenes as they create Playboy's first rock home videocassette. And be sure to check your video store or video club for this exciting new release from Playboy Video. *Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll*—it's music like you've never seen it before!



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AT
NEWSSTANDS
NOW



the Senator

By Almost Slim

Senator Jones is the last of a dying breed. As a producer and independent record label owner, Jones is one of the only local recordmen who still is willing to record and promote black New Orleans talent. Since the late Sixties, his circle of small labels has been a source of excellent jazz, blues and soul singles. Artists such as James Rivers, Johnny Adams, Stop Incorporated, Walter Washington, Charles Brimmer, Las Vegas Connection and Eddie Lang have all waxed excellent singles for "the Senator."

A self-admitted hustler, by hook-or-by-crook, Jones has been able to keep his head above water in the swirling sea created by the record industry, even if just barely. While his detractors claim he is a know-it-all and that he takes advantage of his artists, Jones still has an open ear, and is perhaps until recently, the only person in town who can get a local record played on the radio.

Born in Jackson, Mississippi, on November 9, 1934, his name actually is Senator Nolan Jones. "I was always interested in music," he recalls. "I was a big blues lover, you never could play enough blues for me. I used to duck in the cafes and ice cream parlors on Farish and Fortification streets and listen to people like Buddy Johnson, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Liggins and Louis Jordan on the jukebox. I even saw Elmore James play in Jackson."

Jones moved to New Orleans along with the rest of his family in 1951. His parents didn't find the city appealing and returned to Jackson after not too long. Senator, however found the city to his liking and decided to stay. His first active role in music didn't come until after his draft notice arrived in 1953, when he was stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia. "I joined a group called the Desperadoes as a vocalist. We worked around Augusta and Atlanta."

Jones claims that other members of the Desperadoes included Oscar Toney Jr., and Jo Jo Benson, who would go on to wax giant hit records in the late Sixties, and Benson's brother Gene. The group often worked with other touring R&B bands including Hank Ballard and the Midnighters and the Five Royals.

His army ended in 1957 and he returned to New Orleans where he joined the fringe of the local music scene. Besides sitting in when he could at local clubs, he helped Al Johnson write new material, including "You Done Me Wrong" which was issued on the Ric label.

Jones wouldn't step into the recording studio on his own until 1964, when he waxed "Sugar Dee" and "I Think Of You" for the Watch label. Although the performance was less than memorable, it nonetheless kept the door to the studio



ALMOST SLIM

open. After Watch, Jones contracted to Bob Robin's International City label, which was somehow tied in with Huey Meaux's Crazy Cajun label in Texas.

According to Senator "The Sheriff" and "Eenie Meenie Minnie & Moe" did well in New Orleans and kept the demand up for live appearances. The highpoint of his recording career occurred in 1967, when the otherwise forgettable "Miniskirt Dance" b/w "Sweet Thing" was leased by Bell Records for national distribution. Nonetheless sales were negligible and Senator soon found himself in a new role within the record business, this time on the other side of the recording board.

"I could see that the local acts weren't being recorded as much as they should," points out Senator. "I saw New Orleans acts that didn't have records steal the show from national acts with hit records. That's when I started to think about producing."

"The first thing I recorded was 'Kid Stuff' by a group called the Barons. I put that record out on Shagg 711—Shagg was a nickname a lot of artists called me. 'Kid Stuff' did pretty well, Cosimo Matassa leased it for Dover [Dover Distributors] during the session. He paid me \$800, which paid off Wardell Quezergue and the musicians."

At the time Jones wasn't in the financial position to bankroll a fledgling record label, so he had to rely on Elmore Sonnier, Ferdinand Prout and Whitney Picou to fund his early projects. Jones' next record was waxed by the mysterious Guitar Ray, who had earlier recorded for Hotline and was distantly related to Earl King. The coupling of "You're Gonna Wreck My Life" and the emotion-laced "I'm Never Gonna Break His Rules Again" remains one of the best blues releases of the period.

"I had a record shop on the corner of Galvez and London Avenue and Ray brought his guitar by and told me he had some songs. He'd had a ner-

Record producer, label owner, and self-admitted hustler, Senator Jones has spent his life promoting local artists — and himself.

vous breakdown and just got out of the hospital. I used to work with him back in 1961 at Jessie's in Marrero. He sounded good, so I got some studio time down at Cosimo's after he moved to Camp Street. The record didn't do too much but I still get letters from Europe asking me about it."

After the two issues on Shagg, Jones decided to form other labels including Superdome, Jenmark J. B.'s and Hep Me to issue records on the other artists that he was recording. "As I got more artists, I didn't want to go to a radio station with seven records on the same label," points out Jones, "because I know the deejays would just say 'Oh I can't play all of those records, they're on the same label.' So I started new labels and I switched the colors on the record labels to make them look different."

Most of Jones' releases eventually wound up on Hep' Me, which got its name in a curious manner. According to Jones, "When John McKeithen was running for governor he would get on T.V. and say 'Won't you please hep' me.' Well, that got him elected. I figured if it was good enough for him, it's good enough for me."

Ray J. kicked off the Hep' Me label with a cover of Dr. John's 1973 hit "Right Place, Wrong Time" which sold well locally. Ray J. is actually Raymond Jones, a multi-talented musician who arranged many sessions for Senator Jones and who also teaches music at Xavier prep. Both Joneses collaborated with one Norma Jean, to produce the first Hep' Me LP *This Is Our Song Of Love*, a hard-to-find collector's item.

One of Senator's earliest commercial successes was the Carnival record "Second Line" by Stop Inc. "That group was led by two brothers, Clyde and Bryant Toval," recalls Jones. "I did about six or seven records on them, but they were too hard to control in the studio. Bill Sinigal had recorded the original 'Second Line' on White Cliffs (in 1961) but the master had been lost and it was a real popular Carnival record. I asked Bill if I could record it again and he said it was okay. That's Alvin Thomas who plays the tenor sax on the record because no one in the group could get that second line feeling. That came out originally in 1974, but it comes out every year now."

Another "hit" from 1974 turned out to be a surprising downhome item "Food Stamp Blues" by Eddie Lang. Lang's career goes back to the mid-Fifties when he recorded as "Little" Eddie Lang for RPM. "Food Stamps" was eventually leased by Jewel Records, which made the record into a modest seller, largely through continually airings over 50,000-watt WLAC radio.

By 1975, Jones and his various labels were well represented in the local market. Jones had made a

deal with Marshall Sehorn, where Jones exchanged a percentage of his record sales for studio time at SeaSaint. That was also the year he enjoyed perhaps his biggest hit, "God Blessed Our Love" by Charles Brimmer. Brimmer was a talented soul singer whose recording career went back to the late Sixties when his first releases appeared on Dave Bartholomew's Broadmoor label. "Charles Brimmer had a contract with Camile Icadona. When it expired he came to me. We did well with 'Afflicted' and 'So-Called Friends (O.V. Wright covers). 'God Blessed Our Love' was a popular Al Green tune that was on an album but was never released as a single. We cut it and it went national. Chelsea Records leased it and we did 50,000 across the country. We did two albums for Chelsea, too."

By far the most successful artist to join the Senator Jones fold was Johnny Adams, who cut a

number of great records on Hep' Me. The Jones-Adams relationship has been on stormy terms since the very beginning and although they presently aren't on speaking terms, Jones still admits, "Johnny is by far the greatest singer I've ever heard. When they tagged him the Tan Canary they told the truth."

"I must have asked him ninety times to make a record before he agreed. The first time I booked the studio he didn't show and that made me mad as hell. I didn't even think he'd show up the second time, so when he did show, we just pulled tunes out of the air. That's how that first album came out, *Stand by Me*. Sehorn made a deal with Chelsea to release it. Like I said, we could have done better because we didn't have time to get the right material together."

While the *Stand By Me* album consisted mainly of weak covers of soul tunes, Adams' latter

releases were of much higher quality. Case in point is "After All The Good Is Gone," an old Conway Twitty tune released in 1978. Once the record had become a strong regional mover, Ariola Records leased it and also contracted to release an album. Arguably some of Johnny's best sides appeared on the *After All The Good Is Gone* album, but though the single did in the neighborhood of 60,000, the album didn't catch on and was soon deleted.

Even though Jones couldn't get another major recording concern interested in the Tan Canary, he continued a fine string of singles and albums on Hep' Me, the best being "Love Me Now" and the unforgettable "Hell Yes I Cheated." In total, Jones was responsible for four Johnny Adams LPs and well over a dozen singles. Their association lasted until 1983 when Adams was contracted to another label, which didn't exactly sit well with the Senator. "If an artist thinks the grass is greener somewhere else, let him go," he fumes. "I guess Johnny doesn't remember all the work I put into his records." Adams counters he never got a nickel from his Hep' Me sides.

Another artist who has been a consistent record seller on Hep' Me is Baton Rouge's Bobby Powell. Blind since birth, Powell had hit records going back to 1965, when "C.C. Rider" charted nationally. "Bobby is the sweetest artist," says Jones. "He can deliver whatever you ask him. He can handle any type of material. I recorded him mostly in New Orleans but I did a gospel album on him in Baton Rouge. He does blues and gospel, he leads a choir at his church. We had a number of good records. I'm speaking of 'The Glory of Love,' 'Sweet Sixteen' and 'A Fool For You'."

Other local successes for Jones included Tommy Ridgley's "I Can't Wait Any Longer," Barbara George's "Take Me Somewhere Tonight," Las Vegas Connection's "Dancing With My Love Bones" and Clem Easterling's "Just In Time," to name but a few.

Despite modest regional success, Jones still hasn't been able to breathe too easily, as finances, or rather lack of them, are continually a stumbling block. He cites the local radio stations for hamstringing his efforts and causing the general demise of the local recording industry. "The radio stations in New Orleans are a total disaster," says Senator bluntly. "They don't care about local acts, they're just interested in ripping off the community to make money. They'll make \$50,000 on a promotion, or a talent show, and give away a bicycle that was given to them. In New Orleans there's no such thing as community-minded radio."

"You don't get anything done for nothing," says Jones, referring to how radio stations pick what gets played. "The major record companies control radio today. The stations in New Orleans keep their heads in the national trades and forgot about us years ago. Shelly Pope was the last jock who gave a damn about New Orleans."

"But even so, it's impossible to make a profit on a local record today. Anyone who says they did 50,000 on a local record is a liar. It take fifty states to sell that many records. You see, it's good promotion to hype a record, and that means lie. You never say that a record isn't doing too well."

While Senator vows he'll never give up the cause of promoting local artists, he seems to have drawn his horns in of late. He no longer roams the city in his gold Cadillac with a trunk full of records; instead he is currently managing a motel on the West Bank. "Right now I'm just interested in producing and recording myself" he claims. "I just got fed up with the radio stations and bending to the artists."

While Senator's ill-timed "Inflation Blues" failed to raise any dust of late, he still isn't ready to give up just yet. "I know I can out-live any dee jay," he declares. "How many deejays last more than a couple of years? I still believe in the local artists and as long as they're out there, I'm gonna try and record them."

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By Lou Berney

the FLOOR

Few reach it. None forget it. It's the promised land at the bottom of the heap.

On the Floor, in the first ten rows of seats, there is a gleam in many eyes and a fever in many brains.

Drugs and alcohol are scarce. Those who make it to the Floor have risen above the controlled substances of mortality; they are gunning for a state of being that is unaffected by anything physical.

Security is tight. If you do not belong on the Floor, you do not reach the Floor. You do not reach the ground level. You do not reach the escalator that leads from the plaza level down to the ground level. You do not reach the roped-off and doberman-guarded section of the plaza level that surrounds the top of the escalator that leads to the ground level.

On the Floor, there is no room for drunken businessmen who wander down from their loge suites to stare at the braless groupies. There is no room for winos and derelicts who crawl in from the cold.

There is no room for anyone who has not cornered a valid ticket or an elusive press/guest pass.

In the Superdome, where distances are measured in kilometers, seats a short jump-shot away from Prince's groin do not come cheaply.

"I paid \$200 for these tickets!" A large black woman in the sixth row screams.

"And they worth it! Oooh! Yeah! Prince!" People fill the Floor seats slowly; there is no need to hurry. The Floor is only half full when Prince's warm-up act, Sheila E., takes the stage.

People who can afford Floor seats can afford to miss Sheila E.

"You got front section floor tickets to Prince and you can pick your woman," a man in a brand new purple polyester shirt with a wide collar says. His woman wears leather pants and a purple bikini top. She humps his leg in preconcert excitement.

The Floor is loud. Nothing separates the Floor from the wall of speakers specially designed to send Prince's message to the furthest row of the Dome. Veteran floor-sitters have little balance; the fluid in their eardrums has been sucked out and spat onto the concrete by ambitious sound technicians.

"What?" the young white girl in a black lace negligee asks. "I can't hear you." The Floor is hot.

The heat of 50,000 bodies has no place to go. It rises, rebounds off the ceiling and gravitates downward. The concrete becomes slick with sweat and spilled beer. Fat people with underarm stains thump through the aisles in a weird dance to the concession stand and back; they brush against each other and create a dangerous kind of friction. Small children are pinned to chairbacks; they often hyperventilate.

"Oooh, baby. You think it's hot now. Wait for Prince. Wait for Prince. Wait for Prince," the large black woman chants. "I hope he squirts his guitar on me. Yeah."

She is lucky. Prince masturbates his guitar neck and hoses down the first few rows with water. She is among the wet.

The Floor is crowded. The people in the front row are not content with

an open view of the stage. They stand up; the people in the other rows stand up. Then the front row stands on their chairs; the other rows stand on their chairs. Then the front row climbs onto the tops of their chairs; the other rows climb onto the tops of their chairs. It is a wobbly and precarious situation.

The Floor is violent. Any seat vacated after the lights go out is lost. The people in the back press forward. They are seldom polite in their advances; they have the manners of rabid jackals. Security guards halfheartedly try to keep order; they dissolve into the darkness when the main act goes on and the trouble starts.

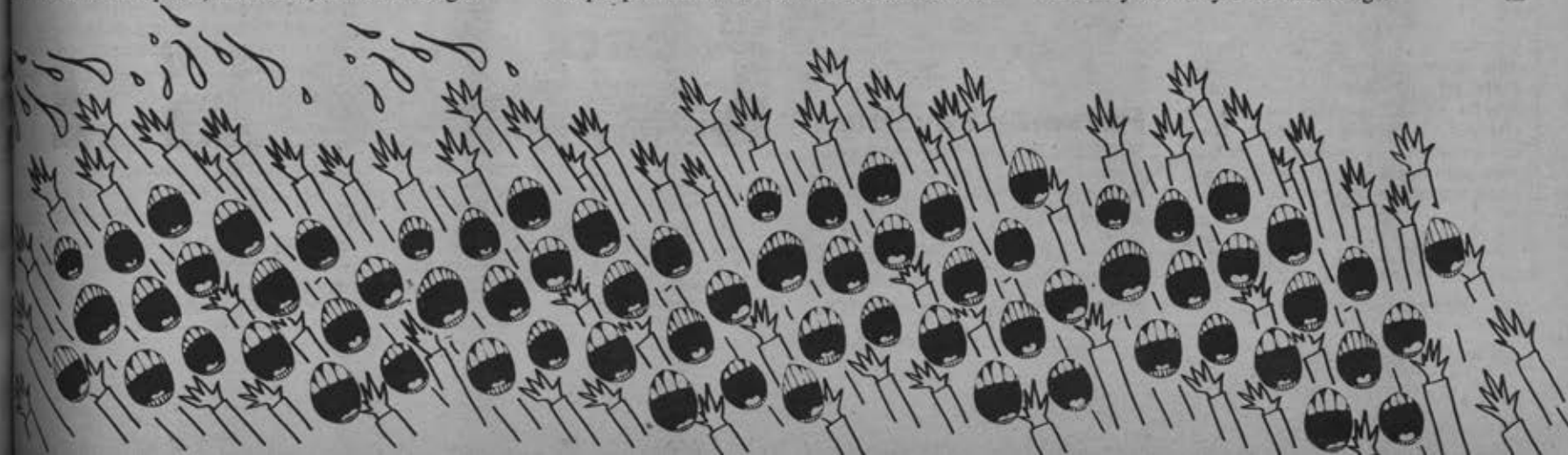
"I ain't saving your seats! You hear me? You leave me now and I ain't saving your seats."

A girl with purple hair refuses to save her brothers' seats. The brothers are nervous; they decide to stay.

The Floor is exhilarating. People in the terrace do not see the sweat on Prince's upper lip. They do not see Sheila E.'s nipples. They do not feel their livers thump against their kidneys on every bass note. They do not risk their life for a drumstick. They do not get hosed down by an ejaculating guitar.

The Floor is the final and ultimate goal of all concert-goers.

The greed-crippled little men who guide the juggernauts of arena-scale music performances know what the Floor means and handle it accordingly. The Floor is unattainable for all but a few, nailed far up on the wall, out of reach; ordinary humanity can only drool and lunge. □



CONCERTS

Fri. 1

Ashford and Simpson, Saenger, 8 p.m. Tickets from TicketMaster.

Sat. 2

The Neville Brothers in a fundraiser for the coming French Quarter Festival, Steamboat President.

Fri. 1, Sat. 2

Computer Cabaret with xylophonist-computer programmer Carl Mack; computer interactive vaudeville. Borsodi's, 5104 Freret, 8:30 p.m. Information at 895-9292.

Fri. 1 through Sun. 3

The History of Jazzercise, with music by Mark Bingham, choreography by Maxine Snow, sets and costumes by Steve Sweet, 8 p.m., Contemporary Arts Center.

The Celebrated Mass of Hieronymus Bosch, a performance art work dealing with the extravagant fancies of an artist now thought to be a member of some heretical sect who probably avoided conventional masses as he would the infernal-cannibalistic pandemoniums of his paintings. Written by David Wheeler, scored by Jimmy Robinson, performed by Lula Elzy and members of the Performance Company, 8 p.m., Friday and Sunday, 10 p.m., Saturday, Contemporary Arts Center.

Sun. 10

A pops organ concert by organist **Leo Abbott**, Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Avenue, 4 p.m.

Thurs. 14

Eddie Murphy, UNO Lakefront Arena. Sold Out.

Sat. 16

The Pointer Sisters, Baton Rouge Centerplex, 8 p.m. TicketMaster.

Foreigner; Gluffria, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum.

Moonlight Cruise, Steamboat President, 10 p.m.

Sat. 16, Sun. 17

Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme; Corbett Monica, Saenger, 8 p.m., a benefit for Congregation Gates of Prayer; TicketMaster.

Sun. 17

Statler Brothers, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum; tentative.

Foreigner; Gluffria, LSU Assembly Center.

Wed. 20

David Allen Coe, Steamboat President,

as famous for his lewd ditties as ever Madam Spivy or Tampa Red were.

Sun. 24

Douglas Weeks, pianist from Converse College, South Carolina, Christ Church Cathedral, 4 p.m.

Fri. 29

Julian Lennon, LSU Assembly Center, 8 p.m.; tentative, information at 888-8181. **Midnight Star; Shalamar**, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Sat. 30

Conway Twitty, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum.

SYMPHONY

Tues. 5-Thurs. 7

Philippe Entremont conducts, soloist is cellist **David Geringas**. Works by Rossini, Debussy, Hindemith and Dvorak. Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Sat. 9

Lionel Hampton appears with the Symphony as part of its Great Performances series. Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Sat. 16

The McLain Family Band of Kentucky appears with the Symphony as part of Superpops 1985, in **Country Meets Classical**, Orpheum, 8 p.m.

Tues. 19-Thurs. 21

Julius Rudel conducts; works by Paine, Dvorak, Bach. Orpheum, 8 p.m.

BALLET

Fri. 15, Sun. 17

The New Orleans City Ballet/Cincinnati Ballet Company performs *Le Beau Danube*, *Raymonda Variations* and *Jubilee* at the Theatre for the Performing Arts, 8 p.m. Friday and at 2 p.m. on Sunday. TicketMaster; information at 522-0996, group rates 524-2494.

RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Sat. 2 through Sun. 10

New Orleans Boat Show, Louisiana Superdome.

Thurs. 7

Glass Artist Greg Verbols presents first



Julian Lennon, Lsu Assembly Center, March 29.

a casting demonstration from noon until 5 in the Glass Shop at the Newcomb Art School, followed by a pot luck supper at 5 and a slide show at 7.

Wed. 13

The Harlem Globetrotters, UNO Lakefront Arena.

Sat. 16

U.S. Hotrod Truck & Tractor Pull, Louisiana Superdome.

Thurs. 21 through Sun. 24

La. Sportsman Show, Louisiana Superdome.

Sat. 30

Mid-South Superdome Wrestling Extravaganza, with such behemoth beauties as **Kerry Von Erick**, "**Gentleman**" **Chris Adams**, **Ted Diblase**, the **Querrero Brothers**, the **Road Warriors**, both "**Hacksaws**" (**Reed and Duggan**), more. Louisiana Superdome; TicketMaster.

Quote of the Month / Lenton Edition:

"...when I consider besides that our joys and excrements are lodged together pell-mell, and that sensual pleasure at its height is attended, like pain, with faintness and moaning, I believe it is true what Plato says, that man is the plaything of the gods: Truly a cruel way to sport with us! (Claudian.) and that Nature was in a mocking mood when she left us that most common and most disturbing of our actions to make us all alike and put us on the same level, wise men and fools, men and beasts...Every one avoids seeing a man born; every one runs to see him die. For his destruction they seek out a spacious field, in the full light of day; for his construction they creep into some dark little corner. It is a duty to hide and blush when making him; and it is a glory, and the source of many virtues, to be able to unmake him. The one is offence; the other is grace..."—Michel de Montaigne, *On Some Lines of Virgil*, Essays, Book III., trans. Trechtman, 1927.

"Most people are better than what happens to them."—Naomi Bliven, recent book column in *The New Yorker*

VIDEO

Music City, On Cable Channel 2, Wednesdays at 6:30, Saturdays at 10, Mondays and Thursdays at 10:30. Wed.6: *Bourne and Walter Mouton*. Wed.13: *Tabby Thomas and the Houserockers*. Wed.20: *The Dynamic Smooth Family and the Avondale Community Choir*. Wed.27: *Exuma*. **NOVAC**, 2010 Magazine, 524-8626, offers continuing programs and classes in editing, camera operation, computer graphics, etc. Call for information.

WYES TV-12 and Cable Channel 2, Mon.4 at 8 on the former and throughout the first week of March on the latter: *Yeah You Rite*, a documentary on New Orleans' odd indigenous language.

OUT OF TOWN

Seventh International Film Festival of Women, Sat.16 through Sun.24 at the Maison des Arts de Creteil; information from the French Cultural Services, 3305 St. Charles Avenue, NOLA 70115, 897-6385. **Prague and Israel**, trips to which are being organized by NOMA in conjunction with the *Precious Legacy* exhibit, Sat. April 20 through Sat. May 4; information at 488-2631.

LIVE MUSIC

UPTOWN

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through Wed.13: *Brenda* (I call 'em weiners) **Lee**, Thurs.14 through Tues.26: *Rita Coolidge*, who adopted her habit of wearing Indian regalia from her father, "**Silent Cal**" **Coolidge**, occupant of the White House for six years or so, who had a weakness for posing in his war bonnet and was famous for witticisms like "I do not choose to run." From Wed.27: *Keely Smith* about whom words are fairly superfluous though if you lasted through the mostly-embarrassing marathon on PBS called *Jukebox Saturday Night*, you may recall that Miss Keely was one of the only nonembarrassing participants. Reservations; dinner, dancing.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Fri.8: *Paul Sanchez*. Sat.9: *Scott Detweiler* and *Organized Noise* with opening *Lenny Zenith*—the way you've always wanted to see him—solo. Wed.20: *Paladins* (they're either named after Richard Boone on that old TV show or that one-block-long street in Metairie). Sat.23: *Continental Drifters*.

Columns Hotel, 3811 St. Charles, 899-9308. Wednesday evenings, *Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band*, from 8.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, *Judy Duggan* on the piano bench from 9 to 1. *Pat Mitchell* at the same hours Sundays and Mondays and again during the week from 5 to 7.

German Beer Garden, 1101 S. Peters, 528-9366. Tues. through Sun.: *Johannes Otti mit seinem Original Osterreich Quintet*, from 7 and on Sundays from 2.

Hyatt Hotel, 561-1234. Sundays, 10 a.m.-2 p.m., *Chuck Crede* and the *Basin Street Six* in the *Courtyard Restaurant*. Fridays, 4-8 p.m., *Bobby Cure* and the *Summertime Blues* in the *Mint Julep Lounge*. **Jed's Lookout**, Federal Fibre Mills Building, 523-7365. Call for listings.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Fri.1: *Lenny Zenith's "jiffy" Pop Combo*. Sat.2: *The Models*. Thurs.7: *Channel Zero*. Fri.8: *The Mistreaters*. Sat.9: *Johnny Reno* and the *Sax Machine*, preceded by the *Misbut not the Mister* Treaters. Wed.13: *Union Chant*. Thurs.14: *Teaser*. Fri.15: *The Cold* who will demonstrate the manifold uses of Lipton's Onion Soup Mix between sets. Sat.16 and Sun.17: the *WTUL Rock On Marathon*. Thurs.21: *Starlight* and the *Shepherd Band*, this latter a reggae band and no relation to the *Shepherd Sisters* who once asked the musical question, "Alone...why must I be alone?" Fri.22: *The Radiators*. Sun.24: *Southside Johnny* and the *Asbury Jukes*. Fri.29: *The Continental Drifters* and *L'I Queenie* who, speaking of continental drift, reminds us of *Mae West's* crack, "I used to be *Snow White*...but I drifted." Sat.30: *Uncle Stan* and *Auntie Vera*.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8315 Oak, 866-9359. Sundays: *The Wabash Company*. Wednesdays: *J. Monque'D*. Thursdays: *Bourne*. Fri.1: *John* (he's tall that's all) *Rankin's AI*



The Harlem Globetrotters at UNO's Lakefront Arena, Wednesday 13.

Star New Orleans Revue. Sat.2: File Cajun Band. Fri.8: Java. Sat.9: Li'l Queenie. Fri.15: The Radiators, and pants pressed while-u-wait. Sat.16: Beausoleil. Fri.22: Li'l Queenie. Sat.23: Java. Fri.29: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets. Sat.30: The Radiators.

A.S.V.P., 1700 Louisiana Avenue, 891-RSVP. Mondays: Pie Productions' By Candlelight. Thursdays: E.L.S. Call the club for the balance of the club's listings.

Anny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays: always open mike. Check the board for the lineup as you go in.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band at 10 nightly; one show only and reservations probably a good idea.

Pete's Pub, in the Hotel Intercontinental, 525-5566. Edward Frank, Monday through Friday from 5 to 7.

Punchtrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0581. Bruce Versen from 5 until 9 during the week, save Saturdays and Sundays. Michael Neal takes over post-cocktail and post-prandial duties and plays as late as 1 a.m. on Saturdays.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Mondays: the Mike Pellera Trio. Tuesdays and Thursdays: Leslie Smith and Co. Wednesdays: Steve Masakowski and Mike Pellera. Fridays and Saturdays: James Rivers. Sundays: Willie Tee.

The Veranda, in the Intercontinental Hotel, 525-5566. Sundays, 11 to 2:30 in the afternoon, the LeRoy Jones Trio.

FRENCH QUARTER & MARIGNY

Artist Cafe, 608 Iberville, 523-9358. Call for listings.

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Sundays, a string band from 4:30. Wednesdays: Drew Possner, guitarist. Thursdays, Frank McClory, guitarist, both of the latter beginning their sets at 8.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8630. Thursday through Sunday, the Gela Kaye Band at 8; Mondays through Wednesdays, Mike Cascio.

Cosimo's, 1201 Burgundy, 561-9018. Call for information.

Dream Palace, 523 Frenchmen, 943-6860. Fri.1: Scott Detweiler and Organized Noise. Sat.2: Woodenhead. Thurs.7: Sugar Minott and the Black Roots Players. Fri.8: Multiple Places. Sat.9: John Mooney's Blue-siana Band. Fri.15: Li'l Queenie. Sat.16: The Radiators. Fri.22: Steady Rollin' Bob Margolin and John Mooney. Fri.29: The Radiators. Sat.30: Li'l Queenie.

Famous Door, 522 Bourbon, 522-7626. Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, Thomas Jefferson and his Creole Jazz Band from 8; Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays, Mike Cascio from 8.

Feelings, 2600 Chartres, 945-2222. Thursdays and Fridays, Kenny Ard. Saturdays: Harry Mayronne. Mondays-Wednesdays: Phil Kaplan.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesday through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings. CMS from 9 to 9 Fridays and Saturdays and from 9 to 3 other evenings.

Gazebo, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco ragtime piano each day noon until 4; the New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Jazz Band weekends.

Guste's, Jackson Brewery, St.Peter Street at the river. Friday and Saturday, Mimi Carberry Guste from 6-10; Ronald Jones and Toby Domino from 9-1 a.m.

I & I, 903 St. Peter, 524-9024. Call for listings.

Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-7611. Mondays to Wednesdays at 9:30 and 11, Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, 9:30 and 11, *A Night In Olde New Orleans* from Frances Parkinson Keyes' sizzling best-seller with Becky Allen (as Muffalotta Cannoli) and Jerry Clark.

Maison Bourbon, 641 Bourbon, 522-8818. Thursdays-Tuesdays, LeRoy Jones with Lloyd Lambert and his New Orleans Jazz Band from 2:30 to 7:15; Wednesdays at the same time and Mondays and Tuesdays from 2:20 to 12:15 a.m., the Roy Liberto Jazz Band. Tuesday through Sunday, 2:30 to 12:15 a.m., the Lou Sino Jazz Band.

Marrriott Hotel, Canal Street, 581-1000. Jorge Mabarar from 8 in the River View.

Maxwell's, 400 Burgundy, 522-0879. Call for listings.

Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon. Wednesdays through Sundays, Bryan Lee and the Jumpstreet Five. Mondays and Tuesdays, also Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers.

Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Sundays-Fridays, 4:45-8:30, Kathy Lucas and the Loose Band. Mondays-Wednesdays: Chocolate Milk. Thursdays-Sundays: E.L.S.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Royal Sonesta Hotel, 300 Bourbon, 586-0300. Rick Fielding, in the Mystick Den.

Ryan's 500 Club, 441 Bourbon, 525-7269. From 9, Mondays-Saturdays, the Celtic Folk Singers.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Wednesdays-Saturdays, from 9, Sundays from 2-6, Sally Townes.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Randy Hebert. Thursdays through Mondays, Al Broussard.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Sundays: Ellis Marsalis and Lady BJ. Sat.2, Germaine Bazzle and Johnny Adams. Mon. 4: Paula Rangell, Smokey Johnson, Crazy Rick Allen. Fri.8: The Pfister Sisters with their Sand-In-Our-Shoes-Lent-In-Our-Navels revue (rated XX) with Amasa Miller. Call the club for the balance of the listings for the penitential season.

Storyville Club, 1100 Decatur, 525-8199. Wednesdays and Sundays at midnight, Lady BJ and David Torkanowsky; Thursdays-Saturdays at midnight and Sundays at 3:30, the ursine Luther Kent. Mondays at 8: Teddy Riley and the Jazz Masters. Tuesdays and Fridays at 8: Placide Adams and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Wednesdays and Sundays, from 8: Chris Burke and his New Orleans Music. Thursdays and Saturdays from 8: The Camellia Jazz Band.

Until Waiting Fills, 940 Chartres, 523-8442. Call for information.

LAKEFRONT

Augie's Delago, West End Park. Fri.1 through Sun.3: Silk-n-Steel. Wed.6: Prowler. Thurs.7: Joneses. Fri.8 through Sat.10: Penny Lane. Wed.13: Risky Business. Thurs.14: Metro Gnomes (either creatures who play music in the Paris subways or a spinoff from the record store?) Fri.15 through Sun.17: Generics. Wed.20: Zone One. Thurs.21: Stepchild. Fri.22 through Sun.24: Tricks. Wed.27 and Thurs.28: The Classifieds. Fri.29 through Sun.31: 6th Birthday Weekend with Perfect Strangers (I know how they feel some of my best birthdays have been spent with perfect strangers and a few imperfect ones too). *Upstairs*: Fri.1 through Sun.3: The Clique. Fri.8 through Sun.10 and Fri.15 through Sun.17: The Murmurs (in this case not preceded by The Susurrations). Fri.22 through Sun.24: The Clique. Fri.29 through Sun.31: Java.

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-3440. Thursdays, 7-10, and Fridays, 6-9: Wanda Rouzan and her Band. Fridays, 10:30-2:30, and Saturdays, 11-3, Lady BJ with David Torkanowsky, Julian Garcia and Chris Severin.

Privateers, 6207 Franklin Ave., 288-5550. Sat.2: Exit 209 and Generics. Sat.9: 13th Floor. Sat.16: Future Image. Sat.23: Good Wave. Sat.30: Yesterday.

N.O. EAST

Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Fridays and Saturdays, 10-3, Billy Bell and the Dominoes.

WEST BANK

The Arches, 7437 Lapalco, 348-2945. Fri.1: Halifax. Sat.2: Irma Thomas. Wed.6: Atchafalaya. Thurs.7: Avatar. Fri.8: High Voltage. Sat.9: Dean Darling. Wed.13: Atchafalaya. Fri.22: Neville Brothers. Wed.27: De Luxury. Fri.29: The Cold. Sat.30: Dean Darling.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Mississippi South.

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and YaYa.

El Rincon de la Vieja Guardia, 2105 Hancock, Gretna, 367-0733. Fridays and Saturdays from 10, Ritmo Caribeno.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Call for listings.

Wessey's, 1610 Belle Chasse Hwy., 361-7902. Tuesdays-Saturdays, Firewater until 1 a.m. during the week and as late as 2:30 on the weekends.



St. Pat's Parades

UPTOWN

Celebration begins at **Parasol's** (2355 Constance), **Thursday, March 14** with pre-celebration, Queen Tiffany Childris and her maids, Grand Marshal Peter Hand, a band and dancing second-liners, plus plenty of green beer.

On **Saturday, March 16**, following 1 p.m. Mass at St. Mary's, the Parade begins at Race Street, goes up Magazine to Louisiana, out to Jackson, to end at Annunciation.

FRENCH QUARTER

On **Friday, March 15**, the parade, with Grand Marshal Dan Millham, leaves **Molly's at the Market** (1107 Decatur) at 6:30 p.m., up to Dumaine, over to Royal, up to Toulouse, over to Bourbon and back down to Decatur and Molly's.

METAIRIE

On **Sunday, March 17**, Grand Marshal James B. Davis, Jr., leads the parade beginning at noon at **Rummell High School** on Severn Avenue, to Metairie Road, to Focus Street, to end at the tracks. The reviewing stand is at Labarre and Metairie Road.



Annette Funicello is Grand Marshal of the St. Joseph's Day Parade on March 23 at 6 p.m. Call the Italian American Club for whens and wheres.

ART

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Sat.9: all-day magic-lantern presentation of Joshua Paillet's pictures of the World's Fair, with the stereopticons going back to normal every thirty minutes or so. From Sat.16: photographs by Andrew Jackson Pickett.

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 3814 Magazine, 891-4665. Through Wed.13: work by Sally Heller and Bradley Wester. From Sat.16: work by sometime cartoonist Robert Landry Jr., with Bradley Wester continuing in the back gallery.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through March 13: watercolors and drawings by Walter Anderson and Auseklis Ozols. From Sat.16: sculptures by Bill Ludwig, work by Joanne Greenburg.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Wed.13: Pictures by North Shore eccentrics Dub Brock and Francie Rich.

Arts Council, 522-ARTS: a telephone number which dispenses information about local art events of some currency.

Bienville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. Call the gallery for information.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through Sun.24: the visual arts section of the Festival of New Works.

Davis Gallery, 3964 Magazine, 897-0780. Call the gallery for the month's listings.

DeVillie Gallery, 132 Carondelet, 522-2363. Call for information.

Duplantier Gallery, 818 Baronne, 524-1071. Through Wed.13: cityscape photos by Tom Jimison. From Sat.16: *Media Mixture*, a group show.

Galerie Simonne Stern, 518 Julia, 529-1118. Through Thurs.14: new work by Melody Guichet and Tom Lee.

Gasperi Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter St., 524-9373. A group show of gallery artists.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 525 Royal. Continuing: the exhibit of Boyd Cruse's *Louisiana Alphabet*, accompanied by a selection of related paraphernalia.

Le Mieux Galleries, 508 Pelican Ave., 361-1735. Sat.16 through April 15: scenes of Venice and New Orleans by watercolorist Tony Green.

Longue Vue, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. Call for March events.

Louisiana State Museum, on Jackson Square and elsewhere. In the Presbytere's clothing gallery, *Intimately Revealing*.

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underclothes from the Victorian and Edwardian periods. Also, Mike Smith's *Spirit World* remains a burst of joy amid the dozens of dour faces of [someone's, not ours] Louisiana ancestors; from Sat.16: *Chinese Traditional Painting 1886-1966: Five Modern Masters*, an important exhibition of Chinese work outside the socialist-realist style that has dominated that country's art for the past four decades or so.



Carl Mack's Computer Cabaret
at **Borsodi's**.

Marlo Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 895-8731. Call for schedule.

New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. From Sun.3: *Ida Kohlmeyer: Thirty Years*, a show of five dozen paintings from public and private collections throughout the country by the celebrated local painter. Group tours for the deaf the fourth Sunday of every month.

Newcomb College Art Gallery, Tulane campus. Sun.3 through Thurs.21, *Ida Kohlmeyer: Sculpture 1967-1985*, in conjunction with the NOMA retrospective; Sun.3 through Wed.27: *Hecho el la Republica Dominicana*, paintings by Frances W. Long.

Posselt-Baker Gallery, 631 Toulouse, 524-7242. Call for information.

Tahr Gallery, 823 Chartres, 525-3095. Call for schedule.

Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Through Wed.13: a group exhibition of works on paper by gallery artists.

UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront campus. Through Thurs.14: sculptural photography by George Blakeley.

THEATRE

Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. *Agnes of God*, recently a success on Broadway which deals with nuns.

Marquette Theatre, Loyola. Through March, *Life Is A Dream*, which is an old Spanish play but not an old Spanish custom.

Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre, 7901 S. Claiborne, 888-7000. Through March: *Under the Yum Yum Tree* with Bob Krieger from Channel 6 as lead farceur.

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. *Norman, Is That You?*, a sitcom-ish work of a decade or so ago in which the American booboisie confronts one of its worst nightmares: its progeny metamorphosed into screaming queens.

Rose Dinner Theatre, 201 Robert St., Gretna, 367-5400. Through Sun.17, *Chicago*, the musical about murderess Roxie Hart. From Thurs.21: *Butterflies Are Free*, which deals with romance, the maternal instinct and blindness, but not in that order.

Tulane, Lupin Theatre. Mon.4 through Sun.10: *Top Girls*.

CINEMA

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Fri.1: *Tunes of Glory*, a 1959 Scottish service drama in which John Mills and Alec Guinness, as regimental commanders, knock heads and do just about everything but the highland fling; directed by Ronald Neame, this is one of those mediocre films that is an actor's holiday. With hatchet-faced Kay Walsh, smoothie Dennis Price, a very young Susannah York. Mon.4: *The Informer*, John Ford's famous-but-overrated film of the Irish Troubles with Victor

McLaglen as Gypo who spends his thirty pieces of silver far too recklessly, and Margot Grahame as the madonna-faced angel of destruction; a great many looming shadows, velvety photography by Joe August, arty (for an American picture in 1935) angles. Fri.8: *A Compacaida*, a Brazilian comedy-morality play, made in 1969 by George Jonas. Wed.13: *The Uprising*, a fictional film about the last days of the Somoza regime made by Peter Lilienthal, a West German, with a script by the Chilean writer Antonio Skarmeta. Fri.15: *Autumn Leaves*, wacky, tormented, indispensable 1956 Joan Crawford picture about a stenographer who foolishly responds to the attentions of a younger man only to find insanity, incest and bigamy lurking not too far in the background; directed with his characteristic pipe-wrench lightness of touch by Robert Aldrich, with Vera Miles, Lorne Greene. Tues.19: *Decamerone*, Pasolini's 1970 version of Boccaccio is more straightforward and insouciant than *The Arabian Nights* and less mean-spirited than *The Canterbury Tales*; the high points to most people are, one supposes, the story of the stud who pretends to be deaf and dumb while working as a convent gardener but we much prefer the teenage lovers who solve their parents' differences and the unpleasant treatment accorded Ninetto Davoli who plunges into a vat of shit. Fri.22: *Algiers*, John Cromwell's 1938 nearly-shot-for-shot remake of Duvivier's *Pepe le Moko* is a dark, more bonbon-like treatment of raffish material, although Hedy Lamarr in an early incarnation is very much something to look at, but not to listen to; with Charles Boyer as Pepe, Sigrid Gurie, Joseph Calleia as the slick native inspector, handsome Johnny Downs (one of the few things the French couldn't improve upon), Gene Lockhart wheezing and whining, Alan Hale. Tues.26: *Orfeu Negro*, Marcel Camus' rather touristic melodrama recapitulating the old Orpheus and Eurydice legend in the slums of Rio during Carnival. Luis Bonfa and Carlos Antonio Jobim did the deservedly famous music. Benno Mello and Marpessa Dawn have an amateurish charm and beauty as the lovers, but Adhemar da Silva as Death (in what looks like an old union suit) is not the happiest of touches. Thurs.28: *The Stunt Man*, a peculiar years-in-the-making comedy melodrama about the making of a film, presided over by mad-genius Peter O'Toole (looking and even sounding much like Diers Vreeland) as the quixotic-martinet of a director; Steve Railsback, a handsome young blond goblin, is the young man (apparently a fugitive) whom O'Toole is delighted to put through the most fiendishly lethal of paces; with Allen Garfield, directed by Richard Rush whose earlier work includes such ace exploitation films as *Psych-Out* (Jack Nicholson with a ponytail and a flower-power bus in the Haight) and *The Savage Seven* (biker film with a soundtrack by Cream and Duane Eddy in a supporting role). Films are shown in Bobet Hall, on the third floor, at 7:30; admission by season subscription (\$15) or \$1.50 at the door.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Thurs.7: *Choose Me*, a romantic comedy of sub-rosa L.A. life (is there any other kind?) by Alan Rudolph, supposed to be an amusingly quirky little roundelay. With Keith Carradine, Patrick Bachau, Lesley Ann Warren, Rae Dawn Chong and Genevieve Bujold as a character named Dr. Love. Fri.8 through Thurs.21: *A Sunday In The Country*, a film by Bertrand Tavernier who also directed *Que la fete commence* and *Coup de torchon*. From Fri.22: *Stop Making Sense*, Jonathan Demme's film about Talking Heads, required viewing for those who can look at David Byrne's puss blown up that large for 90 minutes.

UNO Cinema, 286-6349. Thurs.7 and Fri.8: *An American Werewolf In London*, John Landis' lycanthrope extravaganza which begins well but soon turns into a feeble, jokey echo of the far superior *The Howling* which came out about the same time; Rob Bottin did the bone-cracking transformations for both, I think. Thurs.21 and Fri.22: *Purple Rain*. Films are at 8 in The Commons at Bienville Hall; \$1 general admission.

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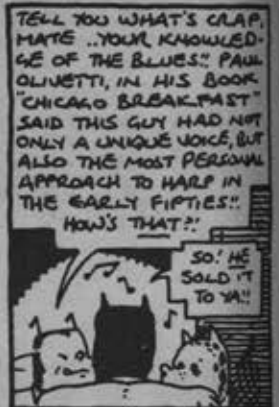
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The Dixie-Kups, New Orleans' most esteemed girl group (and better known—before copyright infringement—as the Dixie Cups), began their comeback in earnest with a set of February gigs at New York's Bottom Line. The Kups, whose hits include "Chapel of Love" and "Iko Iko," co-starred with the terminally-exotic Ronnie Spector (for whom all of the Beatles had the hots) and the Exciters, renowned for "Tell Him." The Dixie-Kups, incidentally, are sisters Barbara Hawkins and Rosa Lee Hawkins, and new member Jo-Ann Kennedy, who replaces original member Joan Marie Johnson, a cousin of the Hawkins sisters. Says Barbara: "The time feels so right for us to get back out there, it's almost as though we have no choice." Roll over, Cyndi Lauper.

Documentarian Les Blank, producer Martin Rosen and script-writer Michael Goodwin (last seen cosuming two dozen raw oysters at Jaeger's accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nick Patoski) plan to collaborate on a film about a young New Orleans trumpeter and his ascent (or more likely, descent) into the music world. The trio says that this movie will do for New Orleans what *The Harder They Come* did for Kingston, Jamaica. If they mean that hordes of young Americans will start heading for New Orleans in search of cheap marijuana, we say, "Forget it!" And anyway—this is the 11th movie about New Orleans musicians we've been informed of this year and they all sound like ludicrous ideas. We're chauvinistic about this kinda stuff and we don't like outsiders coming to town, "discovering" culture. So there.

Will Robinson is a bona fide New Orleanian and his grandmother, the late Martha Robinson, was largely responsible for the preservation movement in this city. Will's first cousin is Toto Robinson, who was largely responsible for the get-down-and-pop-the-gator movement before he immersed himself in the "straight life" and afternoon teas and deb balls and excursions to South America and eating caviar twice a



Cartoon courtesy Blues and Rhythm, The Gospel Truth, one of our favorite magazines, which can be obtained by writing 18 Maxwellton Close, Mill Hill, London NW73NA.

day. Alabama—the country band and not the state—has a new hit record entitled "There's No Way," written and composed by Will Robinson and Toto Robinson hopes that his cousin can come up with a few more hits because Toto's been lending the boy money for years and wouldn't mind getting some of it back because well, caviar doesn't grow on trees, y'know.

Ernie K-Doe wants his fans to know that he's been spending most of his evenings at Rams II, 2139 Simon Boliver, digging on the disco sounds and bending the ear of lovely proprietress Estella Powell.

Alex "My Baby—She Wrote Me A Letter" Chilton has produced a new single for Joe Fincher and Force of Habit, set to be released in the near future.

New Orleans pianist Henry Butler, yet another musician-exile, recently got a rave review

from Leonard Feather. In the Los Angeles Times, Feather noted: "Butler's unpredictability is part of the attraction of a visit with him. One never knows whether any given passage will be solo or trio, tonal or modal, in tempo or rubato. His agile and supportive left hand was well displayed in his 5/4 work 'Fiving Around.'"

"National Blues Week," in case you missed it (it was Mardi Gras around here), was February 17 through 23. In Dallas, the festivities included The Li'l Joe Blue Dinner Show, held at the Nairobi (sic) Room, and in an unknown location in Mississippi, Robert Johnson did a somersault in his grave.

The Arts Council of New Orleans-sponsored Louisiana Volunteer Lawyers for the Arts program now offers pro bono (free) legal services to needy artists and arts programs. We assume that this also includes musicians,

which means that the LVLA phones should stay tied-up indefinitely. The number to call is 504-523-1465.

PICKS TO CLICK:

1. My African Baby—the Socials. Real New Orleans teenagers in action.
2. New Africa—various selections from Celluloid Records' African catalogue, including "Government Chicken Board" by Fela.
3. The Offs' First Record (actually, "First Album")—punk soca from San Francisco, cover by Jean-Michel Basquiat, the punk/Negro darling of New York, last seen collaborating with Andy Warhol and Francesco Clemente at the Gallery Bruno Bischofberger in Zurich.
4. Rockers All-Star Explosion—more Augustus Pablo stuff from Alligator Records, which has all but deserted the blues for Nattyland.

JIMMY'S

MARCH SCHEDULE...

FRI.	1	LENNY ZENITH POP COMBO
SAT.	2	THE MODELS
THURS.	7	CHANNEL ZERO
FRI.	8	WHITE WOLF (from Canada)
SAT.	9	JOHNNY RENO AND THE SAX MACHINE (Opening: The Mistreaters)
WED.	13	UNION CHANT
THURS.	14	TEASER
FRI.	15	THE COLD
SAT.	16	WTUL WITH TRUE FAITH, THE MODELS, MULTIPLE PLACES
THURS.	21	STARLIGHT & THE SHEPHERD BAND
FRI.	22	THE RADIATORS
SAT.	23	THE MISTREATERS
WED.	27	THE WHITE ANIMALS (from Nashville)
THURS.	28	THE ROGUES, SCOTT DETWEILER AND ORGANIZED NOISE
FRI.	29	THE CONTINENTAL DRIFTERS AND LITTLE QUEENIE
SAT.	30	UNCLE STAN & AUNTIE VERA



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