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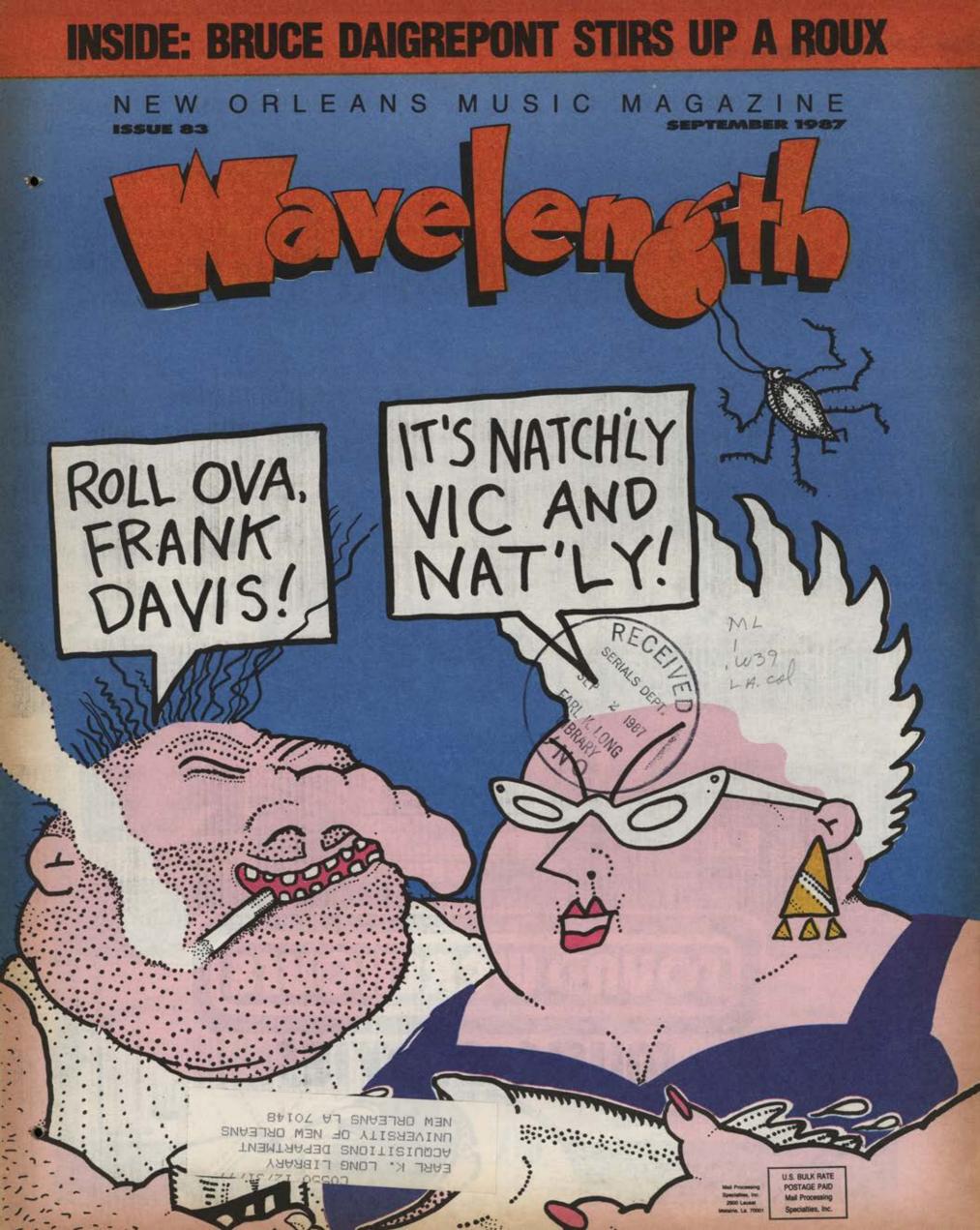
Connie Atkinson University of New Orleans

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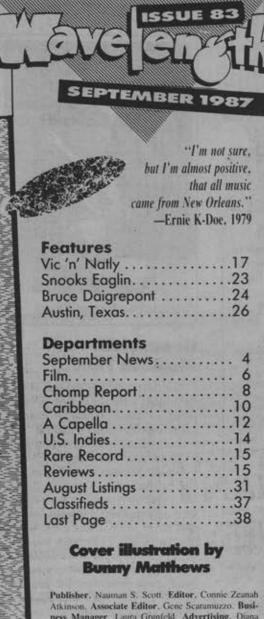
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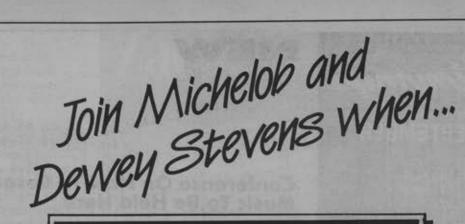
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## Conference On How To Research Black Music To Be Held Here

Historical research can be an exciting business. It's a slow and often laborious process, but anyone who has spent time studying source material knows the thrill of discovery as a picture starts to form amid a plethora of documents. Sometimes the picture is rather blurry, and not exactly what you expected, and this is where the real problem begins because it's the interpretation of the blurrs which separate the historian from the writer of mere "potted" histories. The National Conference On Black Music Research, which meets at the New Orleans Sheraton Hotel October 15-17, probably won't of itself make historians of any of us, but it will offer valuable knowledge of some of the nuts and bolts of research into Afro-American music.

This will be the second conference organized by the Center For Black Music Research of Columbia College, Chicago. (They held their first one two years ago in Washington, D.C.) This year's meeting will describe methods and tools of researching black music in the New Orleans area including black religious music, jazz (both in New Orleans and during the Chicago migratory period), zydeco, Creole and Cajun music, rhythm and blues and late Nineteenth Century black concert music. The final presentation will be a particularly intriguing prospect for researchers; a new computerized data bank of black music which draws material from six Chicago-area institutions, and which one day is likely to become a' national repository.

Of added musical interest, and running concurrently with this conference, will be meetings of the College Music Society and the American Musicological Society. Numerous concerts are scheduled, plus discussions on Louisiana's musical culture.

A lot of this may seem academic to the casual music listener. However, if Afro-American music is ever to be fully recognized as the great and pervasive force that it is, detailed documentation needs to be done. Biography, history and critical analysis are needed on the level so long enjoyed by European mus-

ic. The National Conference On Black Music Research promises help to those of us who aspire to record this black contribution. It will advise us on the use of the many source materials. After that we're on our own.

-Andy Ridley

## Schedule of Papers

The following is the schedule of papers to be delivered at the National Conference On Black Music Research and subsequently published in *Black Music Research Journal*.

#### Thursday, October 15

- 1-5 p.m., Registration, Exhibits, Demonstrations
- 5-7 p.m., Reception
- Friday, October 16
- 9 a.m., Session 1. Researching Black Religious Music In New Orleans
- 10:30 a.m., Session 2. Researching Jazz in New Orleans
- 2 p.m., Session 3. Researching New Orleans-Chicago Connections
- 3:30 p.m., Session 4. Researching Late-Nineteenth-Century Black Concert Music In New Orleans
- Saturday, October 17
- 9 a.m., Session 5. Researching Creole and Cajun Musics
- 10:30 a.m., Session 6. Researching Zydeco Music
- 2 p.m., Session 7. Researching New Orleans Rhythm and Blues
- 3 p.m., Session 8. Using the CBMR Database and the CBMR Bulletin Board for Researching Black Music

Further information about the conference can be obtained from Dr. Barron at Tulane University's Music Department, or by writing to Gail Scholler at Columbia College, Chicago, 600 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60605. 312/663-1600.

## **Discovered At Last**

Local songwriter Margaret Harshman, 80 years young, and her son, John Frentz, president of the Louisiana Songwriters' Association (Margaret is past vice-president), are the authors of "Mardi Gras, song chosen by the U.S. Navy Steel Band for their upcoming album. Now retired and living in the Wynhoven Apartments in New Orleans, Margaret was thrilled "to be discovered at last" through one of her more than 2,000 songs she has been writing since age 16. Son John serves as the administrative assistant to the pastor of the St. Louis Cathedral. "Mardi Gras" was written in 1956 and has been played for 17 years at the meeting of the courts of Comus and Rex and in a jazzy calypso form by the U.S. Navy Steel Band since 1965.



Beausoleil's Michael Doucet.

## Beausoleil: Music In Flux

The first question to raise about Beausoleil's *Bayou Boogie* is one of purity vs. wider appeal — just how easily can the group's earnest Cajun/zydeco sound exist alongside its newfound rock element?

Leader Michael Doucet was expecting that one.

"I consider myself a traditionalist who experiments," Doucet said. "I will never, ever, come close to selling out. There's too much schlock in our culture right now. Fifteen years ago, when I was very adamant about preserving the acoustic sound, all you heard was electric sounds. Now you hear mediocre acoustic sounds that are supposed to be traditional."

Actually Beausoleil's use of electric guitars and keyboards has a precedent. Doucet was in Coteau, which during the period 1975-'77 was termed 'the Cajun Grateful Dead.'' Doucet said it was really more of a melting pot of Louisiana styles, and the same goes for *Bayou Boogie*.

"On some songs on the record, we don't veer — we play acoustic instruments," he said. "But on other songs, it's from that Coteau era. It has a different drumbeat. I think it showcases more the music of Louisiana and the different styles that have been nurtured here swamp-pop, older traditional songs, traditional songs with a twist, and new songs written by Sonny Landreth and me."

While Beausoleil simply reached into an early form of itself for some of its electric sounds. Doucet was quick to remind us of how the music has come to employ what has become the "accepted" Cajun-music instrumentation.

"The music has always grown. You got to understand, when the Cajuns first played the accordion, it was a big shock. This music did not include the accordion until around 1900. It was an instrument totally out of our culture. It is now representative of our culture. In 1799, a traveling Spanish writer went to Opelousas where he heard a guy named Prejean playing both fiddle and clarinet. The Cajun and French music in Louisiana has always been in flux, from Ferdinand LaMothe to back over here.

So, just because we seem to be on the verge of hearing about Cajun bagels or Cajun snow tires is no reason to worry about Beausoleil diluting its music out of existence. "You have to deal with this

over-selling of the word 'Cajun.' They'll sell anything. I go to restaurants all over the state and see things on the menu with 'Cajun' in it - burnt mirlitons or something, you know what I mean? Our music

can't remain stagnant, but at the same time it can't cheapen itself just to appease a mundane American audience, or any other kind of audience.

 "My ideal is to create and find new songs, and new ways of doing older songs that have been forgotten. It's my ambition to make these songs live. It was a lot of fun to do the album. All the songs were so different. But you can't have ideas about getting rich. What you have to put first is the value of the music.

-Vincent Fumar

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Friday, September 11

Saturday, September 12

REMO

Tipitina's in New Orleans

The Chimes in Baton Rouge



#### To the Editor:

I just read Rick Coleman's Reissues section in your July issue in which he comments on, among other things, the Aladdin and Imperial doo wop albums that I helped put together for EMI-America. He made a couple of observations that I'd like to elaborate upon

First, I am the one who wrote the liner notes for both albums, even though the coordinator - Steve Robinson, alias Steve Brigati - put his name on both of them along with mine. (See attached letter copy.) I take full blame for the gaffe about Dave Bartholomew's association with the Ellington band. I picked it up somewhere, but I'm assuming that Rick Coleman's knowledge of New Orleans R&B surpasses mine.

Second, when I turned in my acknowledgments, I included Lynn Abbott's name. After all, I did "plunder" his research. But again, Steve Robinson alias Brigati undermined me by removing several of the names I turned in and adding a couple of his own (including his brother, Tim Robinson, who had nothing to do with either project.)

I was working on a third album (Thurston Harris) when I discovered that Robinson/Brigati had defrauded me and pocketed \$300 of liner note money. I left the project at that point, and Robinson/Brigati remained despite my complaints to EMI-America management.

Recently, EMI-America merged with another company and all the peo-ple involved with the rhythm and blues repackaging were dropped poetic justice, I suppose, although I'm sorry to see a worthy enterprise go down the toilet.

Just wanted to set the record straight. Jim Dawson

Hollywood, California

To the Editor:

Through the present letter, I'd like to let you know of my interest about your wonderful magazine. I lived in New Orleans for almost

three years while attending Tulane and always made sure to grab a Wavelength copy every single month (I've got quite a good collection!!), however since I left N.O. in 1983 never had the chance to read it again.

Browsing through some back issues I found out you accepted fore-ign-subscriptions, I felt really happy about it and now I only would like to confirm that regard and the current foreign subscription fees (I read it was \$20. U.S. foreign but that was back in 1983.) I'm very much fond of New Orleans' musical heritage and most of the South's to say the truth. I particu-

larly love the blues and good R&B. People like: Muddy Waters, Guitar Slim, Irma Thomas, Albert King, Earl King, Buddy Guy, etc. I men-tioned all those Chicago blues scene guys like A. King and Waters because, to me, the blues is the South's own property, it's the birthplace, where it's really rooted and felt. Where the feeling and inspiration come from.

However, I must recognize Chicago and thank Chicago as the perfect showcase for an art form which was very much depicted by the recording down south.

I'd also like to ask you to give my best regards to Mason Ruffner (yeah, that white blues dude from Fort Worth, TX) and maybe tell him to write a couple of lines to this old fan of his. Well, this is all for the moment, hoping to read from you soon I'd like to remain,

Luis A. Barrero, Jr. Merida Yucatan, Mexico

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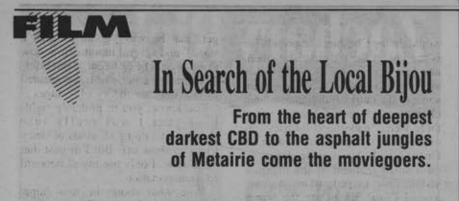
SABIAN

#### To the Editor:

Enclosed please find a check for a first-class subscription to your magazine.

I'm a native New Awlinian forced to move to St. Louis because of my job. I find your magazine very helpful when planning my frequent visits back home.

Louis Manito, Jr. KSDK-TV St. Louis, Missouri



## **BY JOHN DESPLAS**

nless you are fortunate enough to summer abroad, you may still find the best way to beat the heat in the Big Easy is at the local Bijou... except there is no more local Bijou, or for that matter, Roxy, Strand, Imperial, Escorial, or Rivoli. Instead, it's Cinema One thru Ten. (In L.A. there is now a Cinéplex Odeon 18.) But the main attractions remain: plenty of air-conditioning and escapist movie fare. In the spirit of a back-to-school essay, a riff on "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," I've gathered some rich thoughts on both the suburban moviegoing experience (the new Galleria) and what remains of the downtown alternative (the Downtown Joy).

Sports fans who regularly attend events at the Superdome are psychologically more prepared for the task of negotiating admittance to Metairie's newest multiplex, the AMC Galleria 8. You don't just hop out of the car and dash to the box office to purchase a ticket for the feature that begins in thirty seconds. Indeed, for those who pride themselves on Making an Entrance as the house lights dim, the Galleria is a formidable challenge. If you're coming from Orleans Parish, there's an obstacle course that must be mastered before you gain admission to what in another time was a temple of the Muse and today is Screen One.

First there are the hairpin turns off the interstate and onto the service road. A wrong turn and you're at the Super Store. In the best of all possible worlds, Harry Lee would have crews painting green lines from the Causeway South exits to the parking en-trance to the Galleria and red lines leading from the exits to the on-ramps at Bonnabel and Causeway. This is the kind of public works project that the Eighties call for.

Once you've entered Oz, new tasks





loom. The first six levels or so are parking area. While there is ample space, timing is everything. If the previous feature is letting out at the moment of your arrival, you may have to wait till the traffic clears; on the other hand, if you arrive too early you may need to send scouts ahead to search out an empty spot. One solution is to switch your moviegoing night from a Saturday to a Monday. 1 also have difficulty remembering precisely where I parked the damn car. Perhaps the AMC management could take a cue from a firm in California that labels each parking level after a famous movie, e.g. Gone With the Wind. The Wizard of Oz, Star Wars complete with poster art and theme music to assist more forgetful patrons.

Upon arriving at the box office, fresh-faced teens greet you in such a cheery fashion you know they can always find work at Shoney's. And the concession counter reinforces the fast food motif with its McDonald's-style serving lines. Howver, once you have performed these tasks and have finally arrived into the theatre proper you are rewarded with state-of-the-art projection. Even if the movie is lousy, you can't help but luxuriate in the crisp, vivid images and the clear, dynamic sound.

On a recent visit I caught up with a movie that probably typifies most of the other summer movies I missed. What fallows is from my personal *cahiers du cinema*:

#### Summer School

Mercifully, John Hughes has taken the summer off, and Carl Reiner, who learned his ABCs from McGuffy, is taking his place in Summer School. Demonstrating that the old methods were best, he doesn't take the kids as seriously as they are wont to take themselves (vide The Breakfast Club). Yes, class, you have your problems but turn in your homework and then you can fight-for-your-right-toparty. Reiner dispenses with the Adolescent Psychology stuff in a brisk and cursory manner - eg. teen pregnancy should be avoided because young girls are not ready for such responsibilities. OK? - and then gets on with the business of displaying nubile flesh and tossing out scattershot yocks. The Deep Meaning of All This is that your teen years are the time to be, in John "Pink Flamingos" Waters' felicitous phrase, "young, rich, nude, and stupid." Sigh. It makes for a surprisingly fizzy ninety minutes, the movie equivalent of a frisbee. Even Mark Harmon, erstwhile sexiest man alive, is agreeably goofy. Empty calories, but not harmful.

## Joy

Rene Brunet has been "in exhibition" since Lassie was a pup (never mind which Lassie). A jolly sort, Mr. Brunet has a wide, toothy smile that would do the Cheshire Cat proud. He is the last of the old-time showmen, and his theatres, the Downtown Joy and the Downtown State — retain some of the quirky individualism that characterized movie houses when there were "naborhood theatres" as opposed to shopping mall cinemas. On the Loyola Avenue side of the Joy, on a small segment of the marquee visible only to pedestrians walking toward Canal Street, are the words OH WELL. Can you imagine an AMC or a GCC or a UA allowing such an existential statement?

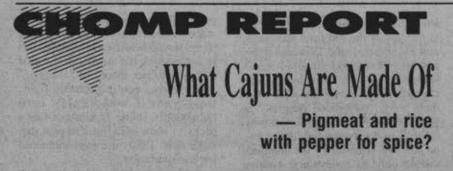
For any moviegoer who believes there can never be too many trailers (movie biz jargon for "coming attractions" or "prevues"), the Downtown Joy is a motherlode. During late spring I saw almost a dozen trailers in one seating, a preview of half the summer's film releases.

Recently the Joy's lobby had a facelift that greatly simplified the entrance to the three different screens. and fortunately, the downstairs auditorium still has the large screen from the glory days of downtown moviegoing. It was here while waiting for an afternoon performance of the new James Bond film, The Living Daylights, that I overheard one of the more memorable exchanges in a movie theatre. Two teenagers were chatting about their friends when the older, a girl around seventeen years old, remarked to her companion, a boy, probably a couple of years younger, that he was "going through a stage" and several months from now things would be different. After briefly considering her words, he seemed to buy into her theory of "stages." "You know, you're probably right. Last year I was really into skateboards, doing all kinds of fancy tricks to show off. But I'm past that stage now. I only use my skateboard for transportation."

And what about the new James Bond? Well, Timothy Dalton was an inspired choice and he created some excitement about a new Bond flick after twenty-five years of formulaic SPY vs. SPY. Unfortunately, Dalton is the only thing that's new, and he can do only so much to revive the Bond character within the confines of the same numbing special effects

sequences. Though Living Daylights has more explosions than I can remember in a single film, the violence is of the old school: there are no lovingly depicted scenes of guts and gore.just lots of bang-you're-dead. I couldn't, for the life of me, figure out what the hell was going on during the protracted finale in the desert; it might as well have been random footage. But I understand the film has been breaking box office records throughout the world so expect twenty-five years more of the same. What kept the afternoon from being a total bust was the kids going through their stages and the half-dozen or so trailers that flickered across the wide screen.





**BY STEVE ARMBRUSTER** 

ansura is a small farming community about the size habitants still speak French, as they have ever since their town was founded by former soldiers of Napoleon. Although the region is Cajun to the core, it is often overlooked by books about that culture. This is probably because it lies so far north, almost to Alexandria. People don't think of Acadiana as going that far. They seem to think it ends around Ville Platte somewhere. They fail to see Mansura as a repository of vital customs and Cajun technologies. They do not realize this town is both the "cochon de lait capital of the world" and also the home of "the Cajun microwave."

In the 1960s the Cochon de Lait Festival was a major celebration. It ranked right up there with the Breaux Bridge Crawfish Festival as one of this state's biggest events. People came from far and near to take part in the fun, but especially other Cajuns came. To them, most of whom have still never tasted a piece of blackened redfish, cochon de lait was their "national dish." This was the food they might have for their Thanksgiving, along with dirty rice, sweet potatoes, zydeco (snap beans), baked macaroni, and pecan pie. This was a dish their ancestors had brought with them from France, one they maintained over generations.

The name implies that it is made with milk-fed, young pig. "Lait" means milk, "cochon" is pig. This part of the prescription is rarely followed. The crucial thing is how the pig is cooked. First of all, the pig is whole; secondly, it is charcoal roasted. This has normally been done over a pit. A large pile of wood is shielded on three sides by sheets of corrugated tin. The pig, enfolded in a piece of metal fencing, like a press, to keep it intact while it roasts, is suspended just in front of and above the glowing embers. It spends some time hanging down nose-first and some time reversed. The tin sheets help direct the heat toward the pig. It may have been vigorously rubbed down with salt and pepper and riddled with inserts of garlic cloves, or it may be left unseasoned until after roasting. That depends on the roaster.

The good news out of cochon de lait country is that the festival is back. It was stopped for a long time because it had gotten out of hand. Too many people. The locals could not handle it. Hippies everywhere. People sleeping in the Catholic church. Even the Hell's Angels showed up. Shut it down, they agreed, only they said it in French. Now it has resumed. Happy days are here again. (Ed. note: This year it will be held in October.)

The other big news is the "Cajun microwave." It is a technological advance that has trimmed the cooking time and removed most of the work of a cochon de lait. Young entrepreneurs from Marksville to Calcasieu are making small fortunes with this revolutionary new device. It is a wooden box large enough to hold a pig. A metal pan for holding hardwood briquets fits down over the entire top. When lighted, the heat from the charcoal will radiate through the thin metal and roast the meat. The entire process can now be finished in about four hours. The box can last for years, and most of the proceeds go to some local high school.

The fact that more junior achievement groups make "Cajun microwaves" than crabtraps should suggest





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they raise. Seafood can be a staple for those who live near the coast, but the larger numbers of Cajuns who live inland would traditionally see shrimp, oysters, or saltwater fish only on rare occasions. A seafood store near Eunice is far more likely to offer alligator gar and casburgot, a.k.a. "goofish," than red snapper or speckled trout. The folks who live there or near, say, Plaucheville or Goudeau would thus be more familiar with garfish boulettes or goofish in white gravy than with broiled flounder stuffed with crabmeat.

Most familiar of all, however, would be the products of the farm: chickens, hogs, cattle, sugarcane, corn, rice, crawfish from the rice fields, vegetables, pecans, and sweet potatoes. Add to this list of foodstuffs whatever game country people might hunt and trap and you can make a complete Cajun menu. All you would lack is a beverage.

A popular joke still making the rounds will ask you, "What is a seven-course Cajun meal?" The answer is, "A six-pack and some boudin." What really makes it funny is that it contains more than a few grains of truth. Boudin is a soft sausage of cooked pork, pork liver, onions and other seasonings and rice stuffed in casings. It is made throughout the Cajun farm country, and it is very popular. Beer is also very popular, but it is not now made commercially in Acadiana. It must be imported from Milwaukee, St. Louis, Texas, and even New Orleans.

Coffee is another staple beverage, and it is also imported. Cajuns begin their day with coffee, even before the sun has fully risen if they are farmers; and it is usually the finish to their evening meal. If you are a child accompanying your parents on a visit to some of their friends or relatives and you are anxious to go home to watch television of maybe go to Wal-Marts, you will constantly run up against these halting words: "Just wait 'til we finish our coffee." And Cajuns do not drink their coffee very fast.

It is often said that the distinction between New Orleans style and Cajun-style cooking is the difference between city and country. One has sauces, the other makes gravies. One uses herbs as seasonings, the other does not. (Check next month's chomp report for "hot and spicy" details.) Each has ingredients the other has not got. Each shares words that have different meanings. "Grillades," in New Orleans, are

"Grillades," in New Orleans, are pounded rounds of beef or veal stewed in a reddish sauce and served over grits. To a country Cajun, the term means the heart, liver, spleen, and small intestines of a hog cooked in a black iron pot and served with its gravy over rice. (It is said to be very tasty.)

In New Orleans, "La Boucherie" is the name of a barroom in the French Quarter. To a Cajun, "la boucherie" is a work party where folks came together to put up meat for the winter. One or more hogs are slaughtered, the meat is cut and portioned, sausages are made, lard is rendered, cracklins are fried, backbones are cooked into a fricassee, and everybody takes some food home with them.

Cajun country is a place where andouille and tasso are very familiar. New Orleans is a place where these are relatively new items in the grocery stores. Cajun country is a place where people from New Orleans can go to discover what boudin, churice, and chaudin (stuffed pork stomach) are really like.

Highly recommended for such an experiment would be a trip to Poche's Meat Market at Poche's Bridge. If you were to be driving along Highway 31 from New Iberia through St. Martinville to Breaux Bridge, you would simply continue a few more miles north. Or, putting it another way, you could start at Mulate's, come back towards New Orleans a hundred yards or so to the corner, and then take a left. Go until you get there.' You will find Poche's on the banks of the Bayou Teche.

Everything there will taste good. The boudin is as good as I have ever had. The andouille is bigger around than most you may have ever seen; the meat is coarsely chopped like it is supposed to be, and the smokiness is most agreeable. The tasso is lean. The stuffed pork chops gigantic.

Floyd Poche now heads this family business. He told me he smokes his meats with pecan wood. Of course, this makes perfect sense. It is abundant and gives a good flavor.

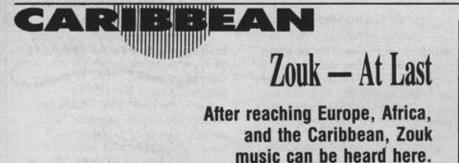
Inside the store, Floyd has a large cooler to display his products. Nearby shelves also hold a combination of basic groceries and some local specialties like homemade chowchow and pickled quail eggs. A small steam table keeps some items hot: stuffed pork roast, potatoes fried in lard, stewed vegetables du jour. Tables dot the back room, allowing you to sit down and enjoy a meal there if you choose.

Every Sunday Floyd also hosts a bar-b-que dinner. Starting around 9:30 and going all day, he cooks chicken, beef, and pork on the grill. You can get a plate with his special bbq sauce, rice dressing, and potato salad for \$4. Crabs are boiled during the season and served for \$8 per dozen, and etouffees are available on occasion.

Poche's is on the cusp between the coastal/seafood country and the prairie/farming country; you can enjoy the best of both worlds. And, as everywhere in Cajun country, the hospitality is genuine, abundant, and free.

(P.S. Poche's will deliver via UPS. Phone 318-332-2108, or write c/o Route 2, Box 415, Breaux Bridge, LA 70517.)





## GENE SCARAMUZZO

ast year at this time I was raving about a music coming out of the French Antilles islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique called zouk which was sweeping across the francophone world. Since then, zouk has infiltrated the musics of Africa, Europe and the Caribbean. Records coming out of Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Guyana, Montserrat, Ivory Coast, Cameroon, Zaire, Congo-Brazzaville, Burkina-Faso and elsewhere are employing zouk musicians, covering zouk hits, directly imitating the sound, or at least borrowing touches of the zouk magic. In Europe, this past summer saw England and France zouking away with Antilles groups at numerous concerts, many of which were broadcast live on radio and TV.

Amazingly, one year later, this sound has *still* not reached American ears, due mainly to the fact that zouk records are nearly impossible to find here. Those who are always on the alert for new sounds from the African diaspora have become instantly hooked on zouk, but the discovery has turned out to be a mixed blessing. On the one hand, zouk provides a new thrill full of the best possible blend of African, Caribbean and European influences, with a joyful lightness that can only come from economically advantaged Caribbean islands like the French Antilles.

The other hand is the frustration that arises from not being able to buy or hear zouk records. Until recently, the curious and the addicted had to rely on mail order or trips to West Indian sections of major U.S. cities like Miami, New York and Washington, D.C. But there are signs of the very beginning of a change that should eventually bring zouk records and bands to our shores.

Increasing demand for this music has prompted several domestic record



labels to begin carrying a few discs by Kassav', the undisputed ruling family of zouk. Celluloid Records, which *are* available in many New Orleans record shops, has re-issued two early Kassav' discs that would provide an excellent introduction to the group. These Celluloid re-issues are being distributed by Rounder Records also, increasing the likelihood that Kassav' records will start to pop up in New Orleans record store bins.

I highly recommend that anyone wondering what all the fuss is about over zouk music take this opportunity to pick up the Celluloid re-issue of *Kassav' with Georges Decimus* (CEL6131). This record does not represent the 1987 Kassav' sound because some of the personnel has changed since 1982, the approximate date that this record was originally released (as *George Decimus avec Kassav' et Cie*). Nonetheless, this record is one of the best that has ever been produced by the Kassav' musical family, featuring very strong Antilles roots drums (called gwo ka in Guadeloupe), funky bass and technological wizardry courtesy of Jacob Desvarieux.

The other Celluloid Kassav' reissue, Kassov No. 5 (CEL6130), is from the same time period, featuring basically the same lineup of musicians. It contains two excellent cuts, "Sa Pa Ka Gade Mwen" and "Anki Nou," but falls short as the perfect introduction to Kassav' (and zouk in general) because of the lp's unevenness. Those who are already beyond introductions will probably want to

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check out *Kassov No. 5*, though, since it still ranks up there as a good Kassav' lp, having a very similar sound to the Kassav' alter ego records of the same period called Soukoue Ko Ou.

In the meantime, while more of us in America get turned on to zouk, Celluloid is contemplating re-issuing more discs from the early Kassav catalog, making it more likely that other zouk artists will follow shortly afterward. But even bigger news is that Island Records has just finalized a contract with Kassav' that is likely to result in the group's first American tour. The band has never really debuted in the U.S. They performed several relatively unannounced gigs in Brooklyn last year for the annual Caribbean Carnival, but their real debut, complete with heavy advertising, at New York's Roseland Ballroom last November, fell through ignominiously. This fiasco, of which the band was apparently unaware, left a bad taste in many mouths, especially those of the three different promoters who had shelled out an estimated \$45,000 in advance money for the shows. The band's reputation has suffered before this on account of unofficial, unauthorized "representatives" of the band booking gigs and even tours. Island Records' involvement will assure a first class tour by this first class band. One can only hope that Island will find someone to push Kassav' in the U.S. as effectively as Roger Steffens promoted Islandsigned King Sunny Adé on the eve of the juju star's first American tour.

Island Records' involvement this time will assure a first-class tour by this first-class band.

Other hot zouk news centers on two recent releases by Kassav's strongest competition, Pier' Rosier and Gazoline. Martiniquan Rosier's songwriting skills have proven to be a perfect match for the highly advanced technical creativity of the Guadeloupian group, Gazoline. Gazoline is heavy on gwo ka, bass and synthesizer, with a polished studio sound equalled only by Kassav'. Their latest release, untitled (Moradisc MGP 4021), while not breaking any new ground, follows hot on the style of their previous two albums... no small feat considering how great those were. Cuts from their second album, especially 'Makina,'' 'Bail Gas'' and ''Aie Doudou,'' were solid on the Antilles hit parade through the summer and winter of 1986. ''Console Mwen'' and ''Obsession'' are likely to be the hits from the newest albums. A special touch to the new lp is the guitar work of Zairean Diblo Dibala, adding a light, acoustic Congolese guitar touch to the power driven Gazoline sound.

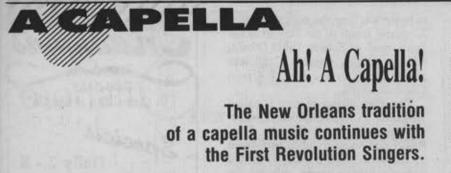
The other album of note is called *Moussake* by Lucien Robert, which features songs co-written by Pier' Rosier and musical duties performed by Gazoline. With a lineup like this, Robert can do no wrong, although the album does tend to lean a bit heavily towards the French disco sound. Highlights from this disc include the title track and "Anais."

Unfortunately, the above mentioned discs are available only through mail order. As mentioned many times, the best selection and most reliable source for zouk presently is the Original Music catalog. In fact, they've expanded zouk coverage to include a number of very recent releases like the newest from Malavoi, Jocelyne Beroard and Dede St. Prix. Original's catalog is available by writing R.D.1, Box 190, Lasher Rd., Tivoly, NY 12583.

In addition, free weekly doses of zouk can be heard on the New Orleans airwaves on WWOZ 90.7 FM. The *Caribbean Show* (Tues., 11:30 a.m. til 1 p.m. and Sat., 8:30 til 10 p.m.) gives heaviest emphasis to the latest in zouk, but it can also be heard on *The African Journey* (Wed, 10 p.m. til midnight) and the Sunday *Kitchen Sink* (10 p.m. til midnight).







BY ANDY RIDLEY

ethods of artistic expression have a way of reappearing, in revised form, over the years. Benjamin Britten's vocal settings, for example, owe much to the seventeenth-century composer Henry Purcell; William Morris used forms from the Middle Ages and Pablo Picasso found inspiration in earlier modes, such as primitive sculpture.

Perhaps one of the oldest forms of musical expression is the unaccompanied human voice. Over the years it has passed back and forth between the folk tradition, religious performance and the concert stage. Like many other places, New Orleans has enjoyed an a capella tradition, both secular and sacred. We know that a capella groups sang on New Orleans streets early this century and that one such group included a young Louis Armstrong singing tenor. Other members of this particular group had such intriguing sobriquets as Big Nosed Sidney, Little Mack and Red Happy. Little Mack and Red Happy later became drummers, and like Armstrong moved into other musical styles. A capella music continued in the city, though, and today it is possible to hear at least one unaccompanied group singing on New Orleans streets.

The First Revolution Singers did not intentionally set out to preserve this style, but as things worked out they have done just that. By a method of trial and error they have achieved a blend of harmony, unison and rhythm within the a capella tradition.

The First Revolution was formed in 1972 when Larry Bell and Harold Miller, both fresh out of the Army, began rehearsing with a few friends from the Thirteenth Ward, in the uptown section of the city. They started working with rhythm and blues material, but becoming dissatisfied with this they switched to gospel, and in that same year they made their first radio broadcast over WBOK on the Golden Chain Gospel Show. Shortly after this the two guitarists with the group left and the singers decided to continue unaccompanied. The group made a shakey start, however, in the a capella style. Larry Bell remembers it this way:

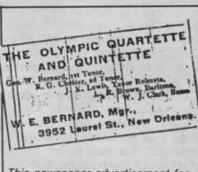
"A lot of times folks would let us sing at church musicals, but it was just because we happened to be there, and not really because they liked what we were doing. I can understand that though, because at that time we really couldn't sing anyway!

"I saw the need for more training so we began rehearsing three or four nights a week. Then, in 1976, we decided to come into the French Quarter and sing on the streets, and see what the people there thought about it.

I remember at that time we had Harold Miller, Elvin Dabney and myself. Elvin is the nephew of Ernie K-Doe and a fine natural tenor. It was just the three of us and none of us had a steady job. Harold had an old beatup pickup truck and we would go around and pick up trash. We used the money we made to buy tuxedos and we thought we were really ready to go places!'

Unfortunately, this optimistic period proved short lived. The group suffered personnel changes, the mem-bers started going their different ways and finally they split up. It wasn't until 1980 that they decided to reform, and this was due mostly to the promptings of bass singer Earl Manning.

'In 1980 we sang a benefit for the



This newspaper advertisement for an a capella vocal group appeared in the Republican Courier, a black New Orleans newspaper, in December 1899.

[Aaron Neville] youth center on Lyons and Laurel streets," continues Bell. "Most of the performers were from uptown, like us. After we got through, Duke-a-Padukah and BB of WWOZ invited us to sing on their radio show. We found that listeners liked what we were trying to do and we started to think that if we could only get it together this thing could really work!"

As Bell's interest in the style grew he listened more and more to recordings by such members of the gospel pantheon as the Pilgrim Travellers. He studied not in order to plagiarize other groups or to become as Lester Young once put it a "pencil repeater," but rather to appreciate what the older men were doing and to find out 'just what made them so great.'' The







The First Revolution Singers: Achieving a blend of harmony, unison and rhythm in a capella, a tradition that dates to the beginning of this century, and includes a young Louis Armstrong, who sang in an a capella group.

resulting broadening of the group's sound was further increased when Jimmy Reilly brought his talents to the group as musical director and first tenor. "What Jimmy did was to take all the raw talent and bring it out," says Bell.

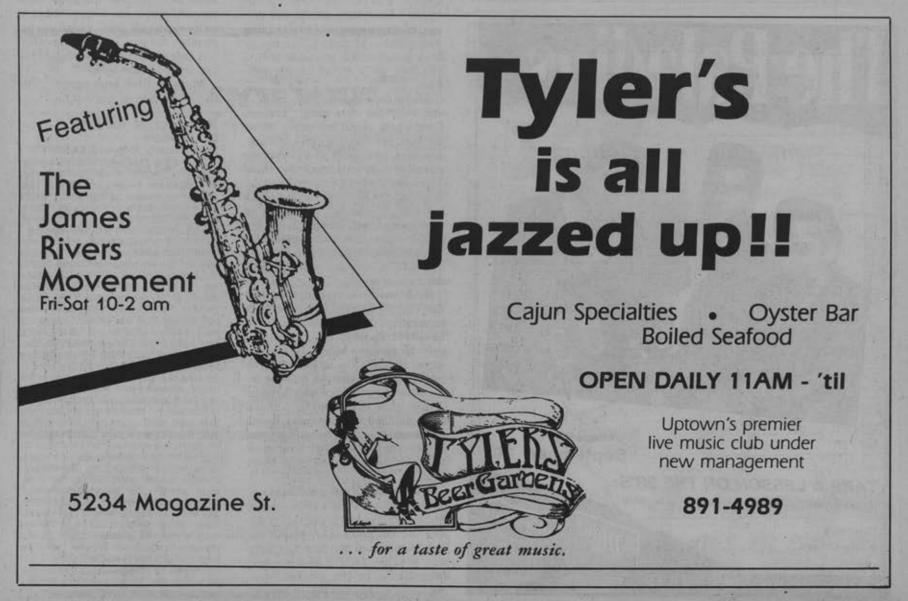
They returned to the French Quarter and from the tips they earned were able to pay for their first recording, "I've Been Changed," and "The Lord Will Make A Way."

During the 1984 World's Fair, held in New Orleans, they performed a sixweek engagement at the Storyville Jazz Hall. They performed a number of times that year on television and made numerous radio broadcasts.

The group's current line-up is Jimmy Reilly, first tenor and musical director; Cornel Coulon, second tenor; Lynwood Bell, baritone, second tenor and lead; Larry Bell, baritone, bass and lead; Harold Miller, second baritone and lead; and Earl Manning, bass, baritone and lead.

Their music, which is frequently heard in neighborhood churches as well as on the streets, is an interesting mix of traditional gospel songs interspersed with group originals. Listening to them soar emotionally on "I'm Gonna Fly Away," or "Heaven Is My Goal," one is reminded of the words of gospel composer Thomas Dorsey, who said, "When a person is filled with troubles this music makes his worries fly away." There is a strong shout of joy in these unaccompanied voices, a direct emotional exuberance which swings with the pulse of one of the great mid-western terri-tory bands. "We're hoping to keep this a capella style alive a few more years," concludes Larry Bell, "because in a traditional town like New Orleans this style should never die." .





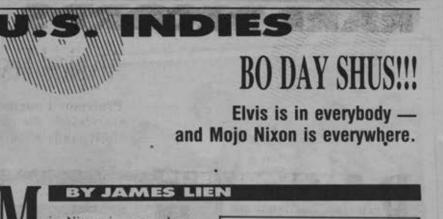
SEPTEMBER · Wavelength 13







#### 14 Wavelength · SEPTEMBER



ojo Nixon is everywhere. He's on the radio, on records, on television. He's even at the local go-cart track. During his recent stop in New Orleans with co-conspirator and washboard man Skid Roper for their August performance at Tipitina's, Mojo was overheard mumbling, screaming, hooting and hollering his unique brand of homespun philosophy at virtually anyone who happened to be within earshot of his somewhat hoarsened but still room-filling voice. In an interview heard on radio station WTUL. and as well as throughout Tipitina's before the show, Mojo proferred his strong and often controversial opinions on a wide variety of topics, including videos, talk shows, the FCC, Nancy Reagan, tallywhackers, and, of course, the King himself. Mojo Nixon on Elvis: "Elvis is

everywhere, man. He's in Everybody, everything. He's in your cheeseburgers... He's in Nutty Buddys... Elvis is in your Mom ... Everybody except one person, the evil opposite of Elvis... The Anti-Elvis. . . Michael J. Fox has no Elvis in him...Elvis is in Joan Riv-ers, but he's tryin' to get out, man.

Mojo on videos: "We made a video for our new song, 'Elvis is Everywhere,' right before we left on this tour. We shot it at a go-cart track. The best part about it was that we rented the go-cart track for three hours, but it only took two to shoot the video, so the last hour we just had a big race. It was like Darlington or something. I was Wendell Scott. Me and Skid dressed as Elvis in the video. We rented these really hideous big fat Vegas Elvis suits and roared around the track in them ...

Mojo on Elvis Again: "Me and Lee Ving (of the band Fear) were both incarnations of Elvis also. Me, I was Louisiana Hayride Elvis. Lee was ugly. He couldn't help it. He was the Vegas Presley. The ugly Elvis. The picture of Elvis you put on your refrigerator to remind you what happens if you open it too much ... That's right, too many cross country flights for Twinkies. . . and then you get that Dunlop tire on your belt, like your stomach done lopped over, you know

Mojo on Elvis and Extra-terrestrials: "People from outer space, they come up to me; they don't look like Dr. Spock, they don't look like Klingons, all that Star Trek jive; they look like Elvis...because, you see, Elvis is the perfect being...,we're all moving to perfect



peace and harmony towards Elvisness. Soon, soon all will become one with Elvis. . . Why do you think they call it 'evolution,' anyway? It's really 'Elvislution'

Mojo on the New Album Bo Day Shus!!!: It's a rockin', screamin' sweatin' droolin', booger-flyin' thang, it is... Hopefully when you listen to it, boogers will shoot right out yer nose... can we say 'boogers' on the radio? Mr. FCC, I hope you get so many boogers in your nose when you hear my record on the radio, you can never breathe again."

Mojo on Elvis once again: "The Big E is inside of you and me.'

#### Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper BO DAY SHUS!!!

Enigma Records, El Segundo, CA 90245

Enigma Records: El Segundo, CA 90245 There seems to be a sort of cosmic connec-tion between Mojo Nixon and Elvis Presley. It is no accident that the latest offering from Mojo and Skid was released, as Mojo puts it. "almost ten years to the date of Elvis' Ascension." It is no coincidence that the album's lead track and cen-terpiece is a tune entitled "Elvis is Everywhere." Chock full of the insane ranting and manic two-chord guitar/washboard raveups that have made Mojo and Skid into popular cult heroes, BO DAY SHUS!!! and "Elvis is Everywhere" in particular live up to if not surpass the legacy of such Mojo classics as "Mushroom Maniac," "Burn Down the Malls," and "Jesus at McDonald's." Those who thought Mojo was a one-hit novelty act must now stand silent; Mojo is still as funny as must faile an Marci Paena bacheauer man must now stand silent; Mojo is still as funny as ever, taking on Nancy Reagan, barbeques, man-ual labor, Foo-Foo haircuts, and even the King himself as song topics. Mojo and Skid stand on the brink of becoming popular legends or folk heroes; a hundred years from now they could very well become folklore like Johnny Appleseed or Paul Bunyan. While it's true that Mojo may have made some concessions in his style in have made some concessions in his style in order to appeal to a broader audience not all of the changes are necessarily bad ones. Gone are most of the four letter words and the frequent, almost habitual reference to his "tallywhacker" aimost habitual reference to his "tallywhacker and such, replaced by less specific, more gener-alized statements (like "lets get rid of the rules," for instance). These changes are good for Mojo; they broaden his appeal without sacrificing his ideals. Old fans need not fear — he's still as loony as ever. Still, one must admit it's a little strange to hear Mojo say "Frigging." when you strange to hear Mojo say "Frigging." when you know what he *meant* to say. BO DAY SHUS!!! is exactly what the title says it is, it's a full-tilt, four alarm drop dead gin-guzzling frenzy like only Mojo and Skid know how to throw.

**Atypical Fess** 

11 0 11

**Professor Longhair** Everybody's Blowing Rip Records 154-574

## ALMOST SLIM

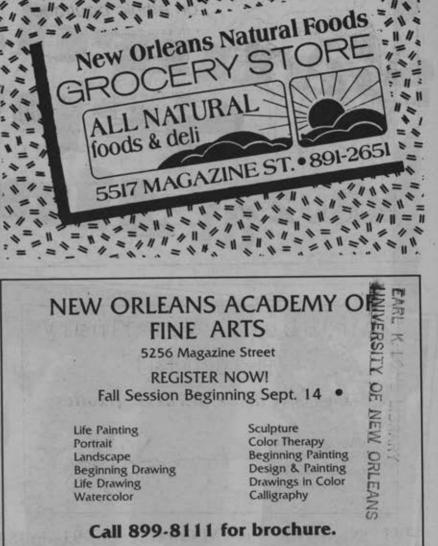
RE RECORDS

ip Records was owned and operated by the Creole entrepreoperated during the early 1960s and was responsible for over a dozen singles. With a roster that also boasted Bobby Mitchell, Eddie Bo and Reggie Hall, as you'd expect most of his recordings were great examples of New Orleans R&B. Rip had a rather confusing numerical system - there were three singles issued as 154 causing many sleepless nights for discographers. Rip's top seller was of course Reggie Hall's "The Joke," which was leased by the powerful Chess signature.

'Everybody's Blowing'' is fairly typical Longhair - if such an animal actually exists - complete with nonsensical lyrics and some rhumbaflavored backbeats. The horns at



times are quire abrasive but overall it's a pretty decent record. Longhair cut one other record for Rip "Something On Your Mind"/"Everybody's Twisting" which as you'd expect is also quite good.



Munnull.

#### Arthur Alexander SOLDIER OF LOVE Ace 209

While this LP doesn't nearly measure up to Alexander's stunning debut on Ace, A Shot of Rhythm and Soul, it's still a welcomed follow-

Alexander, of course, is best known for the hits "A Shot of Rhythm and Blues," "Anna" and "You Better Move On," all collected on the pre-viously mentioned LP. Instead this volume col-lects "the hits that missed," and an assortment of unreleased tracks.

of unreleased tracks. Perhaps the best exponent of country/soul (there's plenty of that here), Alexander's plain-tive voice is perfectly suited to ballads like "After You," "Call Me Lonesome" and especially "Love Me Warm and Tender." Although slow tunes predominate, Alexander can still raise some sand as "Keep Her Guessing" and "Whole Lot of Trouble" display. My only real complaint concerning this album is the abundance of covers found here — I counted at least four. Although he delivers per-haps the definitive version of "Detroit City," I still get the feeling Ace had to really do some digging to get this one together.

Almost Slim

Filé

Cajun Dance Band Flying Fish Records, Inc., 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL 60614)

File has been one of the favorite bands of the Cajun dance scene in New Orleans for several years now. When they played on the West Bank they drew dozens of dancers across the bridge every week; now that they play at the Maple Leaf every Thursday, their old Algiers Point venue is almost deserted and the restaurant has put a

annost descreed and the restaurant has put a picture of a starving child on their new advertise-ments begging for business. *Cajun Dance Band*, Filé's first widely distrib-uted album, is a splendid effort in several ways. Filé has always been noted for their tight, dance-

able rhythms and their ability to rock Cajun mus-ic. The strong beat present throughout the album makes it a great introduction to Cajun music for novices, and it is a good dance album for house parties. The sound is smooth and well mixed, and there are none of the high register vocals or "chanky-chank" that bothers some paople

people. Serious Cajun music fans should take note also. "Allons Rock & Roll," "The Catawomp Stomp," "Pont de Vue" and "Allons Aller Chez Fred" are all recorded on this album, and they Fred" are all recorded on this album, and they are probably not in your collection yet. "Allons Rock & Roll" was the flip side to Lawrence Walker's greatest hit, "Tit Yeaux Noir" and is still available on his La Louisianne reissue LP, but I've never heard the others on record before. "Allons Allons Chez Fred" is a signature Filé tune, and it's a great song to sing between Lafayette and Mamou at 8:30 on a Saturday morning. morning

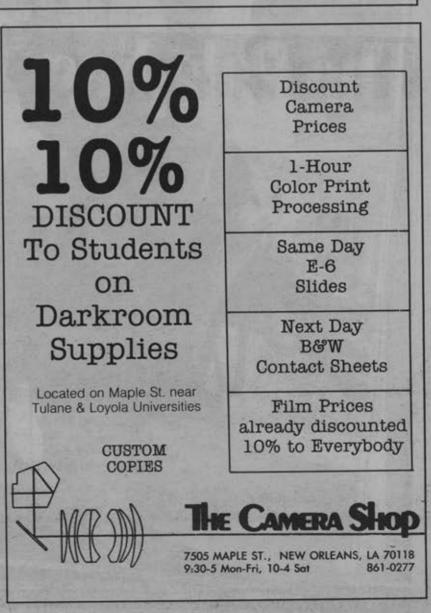
This is a required album for all New Orleans fans. Buy one copy for yourself and send one to those out-of-town friends who don't know what they're missing on Thursday nights

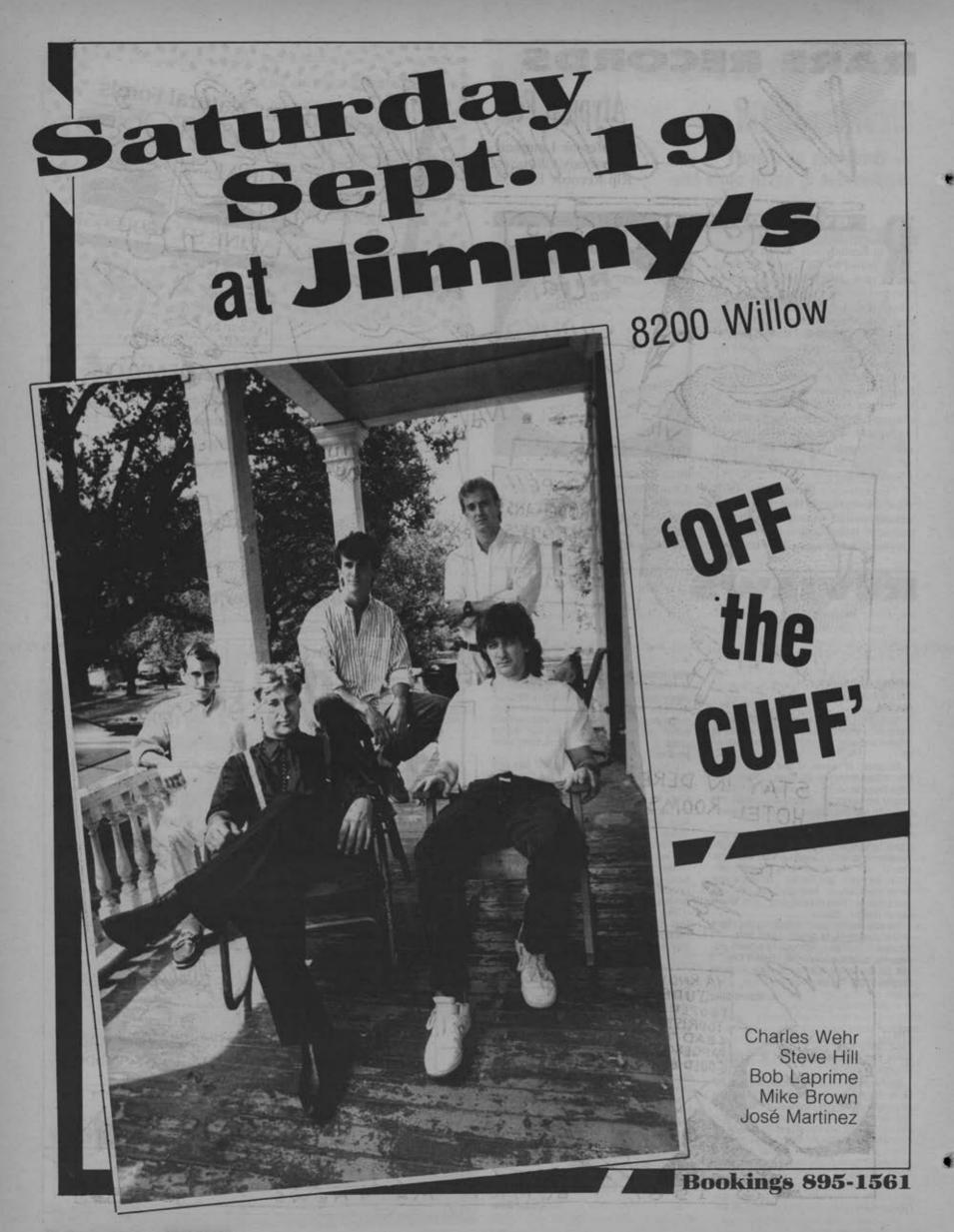
-David "Steelhead" Clark

BOOZOO Chavis "LOUISIANA WOMEN LOVE UNCLE BUD"/ "DEACON JONES"

Komaday 304 This single gets my nod as being one of the best zydeco efforts in some time. However, due to its XXX-rated lyrics, you won't see it in too to its XXX-rated lyrics, you won't see it in too many stores, and you sure won't hear it on the radio. Both sides are stompers for sure, with the A-side explaining just why Louisiana women do love Uncle Bud! "Deacon Jones" — currently WWOZ deejay Billy Delle's unplayable pick hit— is a tale concerning the sexual prowess of one particular clergy member. The lyrics are just outrageous and there's plenty of Boozoo's wail-ing accordion. Worth finding. Note: available from Floyd's Record Shop, P.O. Drawer 10, Ville Platte, LA 70586.

- Almost Slim

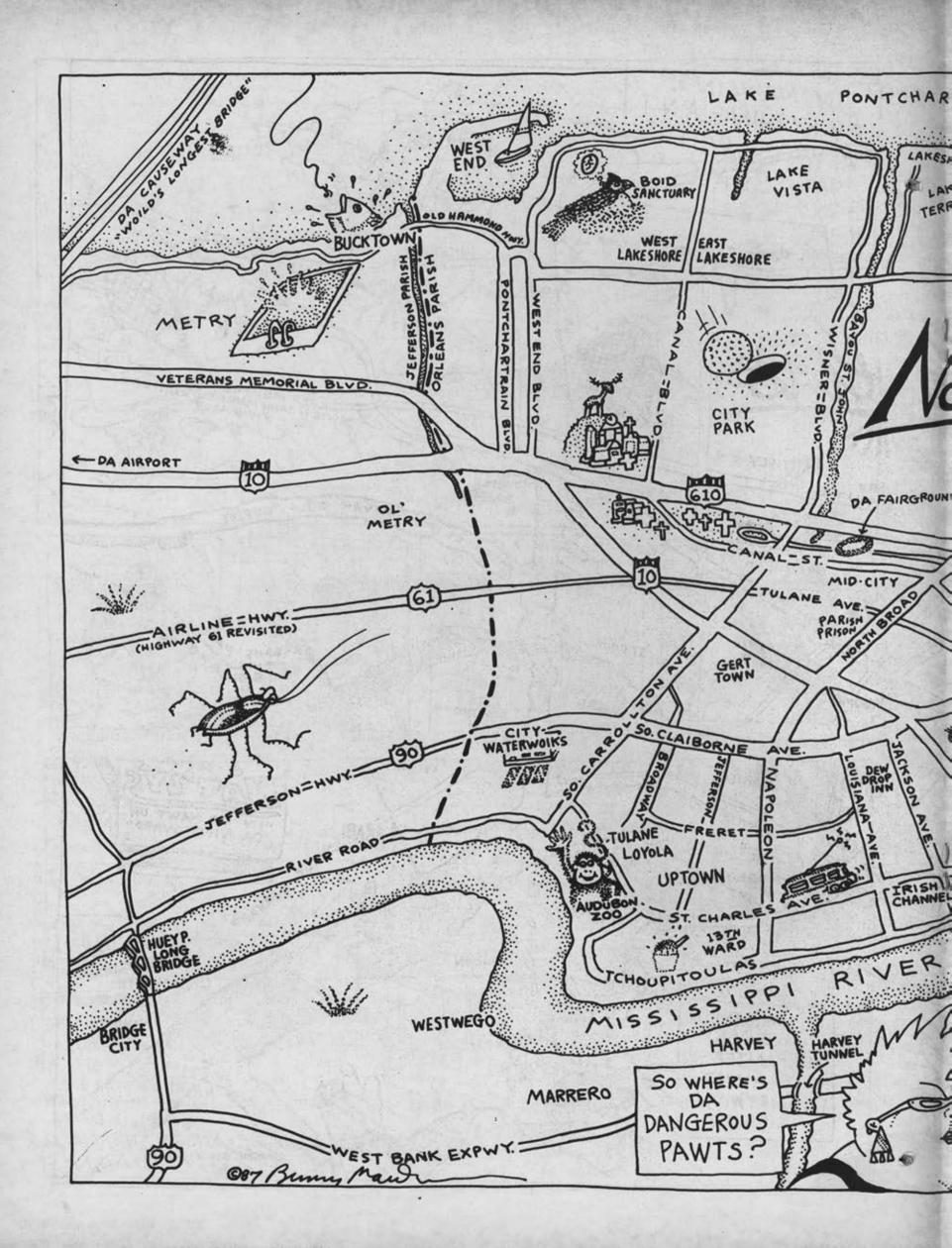


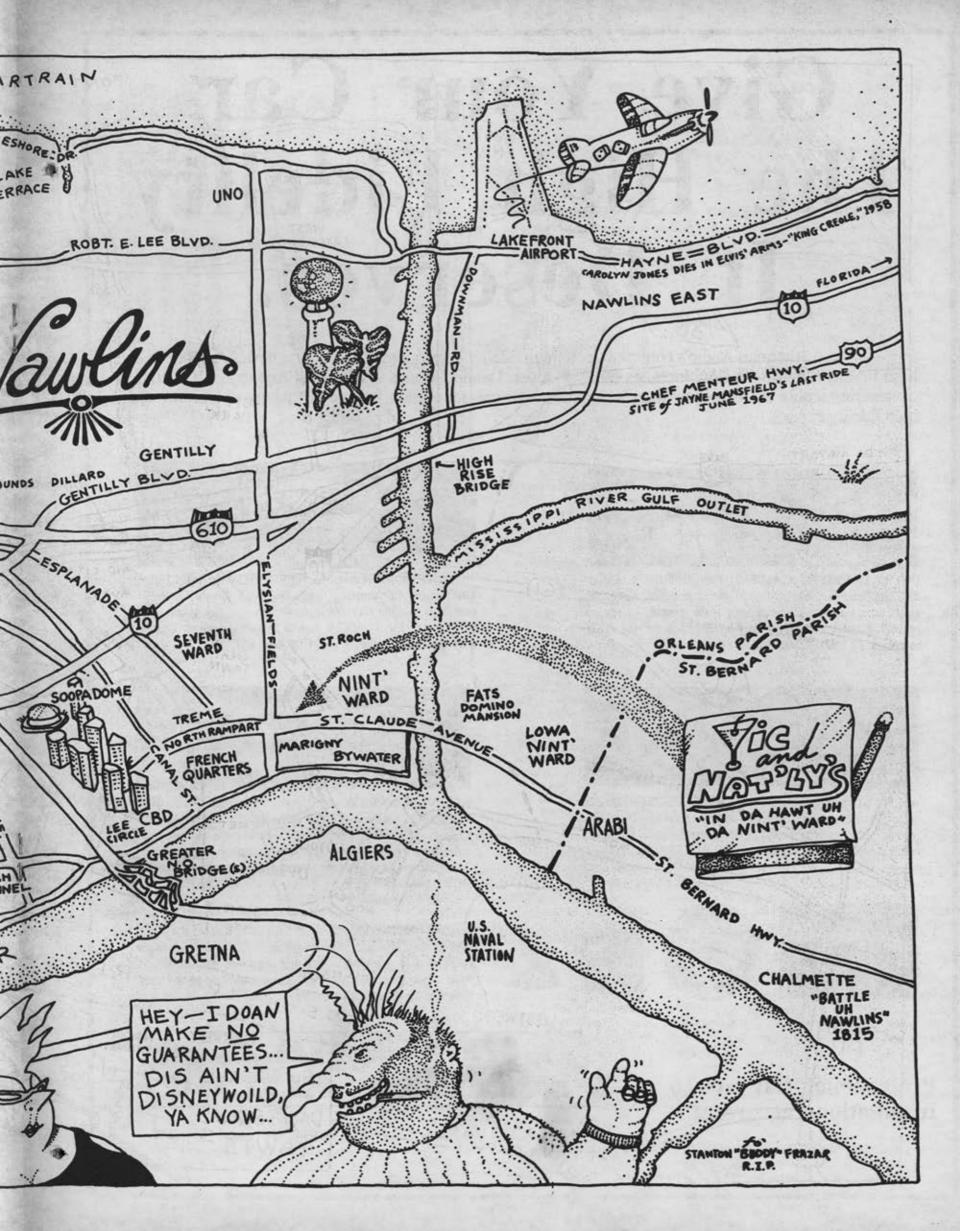












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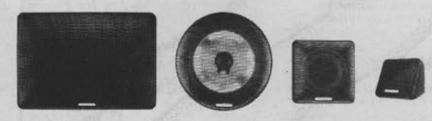
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# - SNOOKS SNOOKS EAGLIN Eincelled Block Top

Finally! Black Top Records brings Eaglin fans a new LP.

## **By Rick Coleman**

S nooks Eaglin is the high-flying New Orleans master of the blues guitar. Throughout his long career people have always tried to put him into one bag or another. But with his burning new album Baby, You Can Get Your Gun! on Black Top, Snooks is out to show that the boy who started out on Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" and has played nearly every type of music since, has got more than a few notes up his sleeve. At age 51 Snooks has his first properly recorded record, and he's going for broke.

Fird Eaglin, Jr., was born on January 21, 1936, in New Orleans. At nineteen months he was left sightless after an operation to remove a brain tumor. His handicap didn't keep little Fird from getting into trouble, though. He told English writer Max Jones he was named after Baby Snooks the radio character, because he was a "bad boy [who] used to swing on the kitchen cabinet."

Beginning at age five Snooks began trying to imitate the sounds he heard by plucking strings — on a dimestore ukelele, on a banjo, and, finally, on an acoustic guitar with an electrical pick-up that his father bought him. He listened to big bands on the radio and to blues 78s. "Lonnie Johnson was my favorite guitar player," recalls Snooks, "him and Lil Green."

In 1949 Snooks' musical rambunctiousness paid off when he won \$200 playing "Twelfth Street Rag" on O.C.W. Taylor's "Negro Talent Hour" broadcast from Hayes' Chicken Shack on WNOE.

Earl King, no mean blues guitarist himself, remembers Eaglin as an impressive prodigy.

"I knew Snooks when he was about 16. You used to have to go to his house to get him to play and get his daddy's approval. But Snooks is one of the guys that I used to try to get to teach me guitar. And he used to tease me — 'Earl, you don't need to play no guitar. You just sing. I'm gonna be your guitar player.' "Snooks used to be around with Huey [Smith] and

"Snooks used to be around with Huey [Smith] and Victor Augustine. As a matter of fact I think that's how they did 'Would You,' 'cause [Augustine] wrote that song.

"Snooks was a fantastic guitarist from comin" up. As a matter of fact, I think Snooks was playin' more then, I guess because he was more ambitious than he is now. He takes it kind of easy now. He was *something*, man. He always sounded like two or three guitar players playin' at one time.''

Eaglin recorded a gospel record with "Doc" Augustine around 1952 as "Blind Guitar Ferd" on which he backed four female vocalists almost inaudibly in the background. Eaglin recalls "Cosimo had to holler at Doc to keep the wine bottle down!"

In the early Fifties Snooks joined Eddie Bo's group with Wilbert ("Lee Diamond") Smith on tenor, his brother Joe Fox on drums, and Bill Senigal on bass playing at a club on the corner of Amelia and Tchoupitoulas. After a gig promoted by WBOK DJ Okey Dokey in Slidell with Ray Charles Okey Dokey brought Leonard Chess to Eaglin's house. Chess had Snooks sit in with Sugarboy Crawford's group in 1954, replacing Irving Bannister on the Mardi Gras anthem "Jock-a-Mo."

"We went in there ten o'clock that morning," says Eaglin, "and we didn't come out till seven that night. We didn't do no session all day. We just fooled around talkin' and sat around and ate. "It sounds good, but to me it wasn't together. The

"It sounds good, but to me it wasn't together. The tempo was dropped on 'If I Loved You Darling' and I broke a string right in the middle of the set. You can tell it's missing on 'You Call Everybody Sweetheart.' It was a country and western tune. But at that time they wouldn't acept blacks as country and western artists, so I had to change it around."

Eaglin sang "You Call Everybody Sweetheart" and "If I Loved You Darling," which were apparently also recorded for Wonder earlier. One person who liked the latter song was Dave Bartholomew, who re-titled it for his biggest hit "Would You" in 1957, and had Snooks re-record it in 1961.

Prior to the session Eaglin had joined another teenage group called the Flamingoes with Allen Toussaint (piano), Benjamin Gregory (tenor), Alexander Dunbar (alto), Walter Lang (trumpet), Ferdinand Bijou (trombone), Frank Morton (tenor, clarinet), Alvin Lang (trombone), and James Jackson (drums).

"It was a powerful band when I got in it," says Eaglin. "Before I sat in with them, they weren't too up to par. They didn't have that much work till I joined the group. We started playing all these big school dances — Xavier Prep, Cypress Grove in Lutcher, Cohn in New Orleans, the Pimlico Club on Broad Street.

"We used to do things similar to what I did with Bo, but we had a powerful backup — like 'Lawdy Miss Clawdy,' 'Mary Joe,' 'Daddy Loves Baby,' 'Dream Girl,' 'Cherry Pie,' things by Shirley and Lee.''

The Flamingoes also had two of the most talented Ray Charles disciples imaginable in one group. Eaglin explains, "At that time Ray Charles was hittin'. [Allen] was heavy into that. He wasn't too heavy into the other stuff, but he was right on Ray."

In 1986 Art Neville described to Ray Topping the battle of the bands in the Fifties: "Eventually there were two young groups in New Orleans that were real popular, the Hawketts and Allen Toussaint's group the Flamingoes. Between us we had the city sewn up."

What Art didn't mention was that the real star of the Flamingoes was the vocalist and guitarist, Snooks Eaglin, a fact that, according to Eaglin, chafed Toussaint.

"Allen, after he progressed, decided to leave and go for something bigger," recalls Snooks. "He was crying about 'cause I was making more money, why didn't he get nothin"? He did a thing with Billy Tate on Peacock for Don Robey. They wanted to record me, but the money wasn't satisfying. He did a thing for RCA called 'Happy Times.' He did that album right after he broke from us."

At about the same time Eaglin began a curious side career as a "folk" bluesman when he was discovered by LSU professor and folklorist Harry Oster in 1958. "We were in Donaldsonville at Champ's Hon-

"We were in Donaldsonville at Champ's Honeydripper," says Snooks, "I'll never forget that. It was New Year's Day and he came by the hotel and made a tape. He came by my house the week after, and we did the album from that."

"I did some current things, you know, commercial things, but he wanted me to get some stuff from old records. I went home and dug up all the old 78s and started working — 'Rock Island Line' by Leadbelly and all that stuff."

Snooks recalls that Oster woke him up at five a.m. (after he had just gotten home from a gig) to do the session in his living room. Even half-asleep and with a hangover, Snooks performed a legendary version of "High Society" in which he played all the parts of a brass band on his guitar.

Convinced he had a find, Oster followed with sessions throughout 1958 and 1959. *New Orleans Street Singer*, the first of several albums, was released in May 1958 on Folkways.

Of course, Snooks was not a street singer and the entire folk concept was a sham. The album included two songs each recorded by Fats Domino, Amos Milburn, and Lil Green, along with hits by Lowell Fulson and Charles Brown. Though Snooks gained widespread fame as a folk blues artist, he never benefited from it, apart from \$150 he got for the album.

Shortly after a June 1, 1959 session with Oster (which included a pre-Ray Charles version of "Georgia on My Mind") Tulane Jazz Archive curator Richard B. Allen noted that the Flamingos (with the Langs, Morton, "Sticks" Cornelius on drums, and Ralph Johnson on tenor) auditioned for a disinterested Oster. Soon thereafter Snooks refused to sign a contract to make Oster exclusive agent for Snooks' recordings, a move which apparently ended their relationship.

Possum Up a Simmon Tree (including the Hawketts' "Mardi Gras Mambo") on Oster's own Folk-Lyric label came out soon after Snooks' father died in January 1960. The death of Fird, Sr., the Flamingos' manager and Snooks' guiding light, caused a rift within the group that culminated its break up. "Too many people running one damn group," says Eaglin.



While the group was falling apart, "Fat Man" Matthews of the Hawks brought Dave Bartholomew by Snooks' house. On April 25, 1960, Snooks recorded three Smiley Lewis songs and Pee Wee Crayton's "Yours Truly," with the guitar-bassdrums combo of "Ernest McLean, Frank Fields, and June Gardner. A simple sentimental song, "Yours Truly" showed off Eaglin's fiery guitar licks, and became a regional hit.

Eaglin was also heavily booked locally at Lincoln Beach, the Autocrat Club, the 5-4 Club, and at the Sands, usually as "Lil Ray Charles."

The comparison to Charles is certainly understandable when listening to Snooks' powerful recordings of "By the Water" and "See See Rider." Eaglin recorded a handful of sessions with Bartholomew from February 1961 to April 1963, first with Justin Adams, Robert French, Frank Fields, and Warren Myles, and later in less spontaneously bluesy recordings with Wardell Quezerque's Royal Dukes of Rhythm orchestra.

When Imperial was sold in late 1963 Snooks was in the midst of three-year gig at the Playboy Club, sometimes playing with the club's musical director Al Belletto. Snooks had made another jazz connection earlier when he filled in Roy Montrell on a record by Willie Tee with the AFO Combo.

Things slowed down for Snooks in the mid-Sixties, though he recorded on unissued Eddie Bo and Oliver Morgan sessions for Doc Augustine's Fun label. Eddie Bo produced Snooks' 1965 record on Fun with the hilarious "Cheetah" (pre-dating Ray Stevens with the line "swingin" through the trees in his B.V.D.s'') and "Sweetness" with a pumping horn arrangement. Eaglin even got together with old rival Art Neville to recreate the Hawketts for a time before Neville hooked up with another former Flamingo, Allen Toussaint, to redefine funk, with the Meters. In 1969 Eaglin and his wife Doretha moved to the

In 1969 Eaglin and his wife Doretha moved to the town of St. Rose outside of New Orleans. The following year he appeared at the Jazz Festival doing blues with Percy Randolph, with whom he had recorded for Harry Oster in 1959.

## "This is the Modern Age!"

The year 1971 marked the return to two New Orleans legends from obscurity wailing full-blast into the modern world. The clarion was sounded at the Jazz Festival at Beauregard Square where the combination of Eaglin's guitar and Professor Longhair's piano literally stopped the show. Quint Davis, who had gotten Snooks and Fess together, recorded Eaglin a month after the Festival for Sam Charter's Swedish Sonet label. The session produced the magnificent *Legacy of the Blues* album in which, for the first time in his career, Snooks recorded what he wanted. Allison Kaslow, who was present at the session, recalled on a WWOZ radio program, "[Snooks] had total control over the material, and [he] went home and planned it and did it all the way straight through. I don't even think [Charters] changed the order of the songs."

Snooks' freedom was the result of having to do the session almost overnight without hiring any other musicians, rather than foresight on Charters' part. As Snooks remembers, the session was almost a disaster. "Everything burned out that night! The amplifier went dead. The board went dead on the man's machine. I said, 'Man, we got trouble here tonight!' Quint rented an amplifier which wouldn't do nothin', bro! So what he had to do was plug me in

The year 1971 and the first Jazz Festival brought Eaglin's guitar and Professor Longhair's piano wailing full-blast into the modern age.

through the board, and we had to finish it up from there."

The album opens with the fierce metallic chords of John Lee Hooker's "Boogie Chillen" and Snooks relating Hook's tale of momma and papa okaying the kid's new boogie craze, circa 1940. Then suddenly Snooks announces, "This is the modern age! This ain't the old time age!" and goes into the story of how funk was born. He does equally magnum funk versions of Al Page's "Drive It Home," "Lucille," "Good News," and his showstopper "Funky Male-

"Good News," and his showstopper "Funky Maleguena." The album also gives Snooks' romantic streak full bloom, with impossibly gorgeous versions of Junior Parker's "Who's Loving You Tonight," Louis Armstrong's "I Get the Blues When It Rains," and Ben E. King's "Young Boy Blues."

Charters, who had also released Snooks' first album on his Folkways label in 1958, obviously wasn't pleased with the result, as he wrote in the liner notes, "In his own way Snooks has all the tough independence of the most aggressive rock performer, for insisting on doing what he wants, the way he wants to do it, despite the people around him who would like to see him doing something else." Unfortunately, the album saw only limited release, though the next session that Snooks did would not even be released until 1987. Sessions that Snooks recorded with Fess in Baton Rouge and New York were a funk summit between the New Orleans masters of the guitar and the piano. The summit was complete in a session in Memphis featuring the powerhouse drumming of Zigaboo Modeliste. Snooks and Zig seem to be the driving force in a session that brought Longhair back to his peak, as is evident in a still-unreleased killer version of "Big Chief" and in the explosive "G Jam."

While in Woodstock, New York, an incident that added to Snooks' legend occurred when he couldn't sleep because he heard snow falling! Snooks elaborates, "I said, 'How can ya'll sleep through this junk!' All night — 'Tat! Tat! Tat! Tat!' They had one of them tin roofs in the house where we was staying. And that snow was payin' off, boy! I woke 'em up. I had 'em up eatin'!''

After contributing a flaming wah-wah guitar to the Wild Magnolias' album in 1973, Snooks made a trip to London with Professor Longhair, Willie Tee, the Wild Magnolias, and the Olympia Brass Band but was not recorded again until 1977 when Sam Charters returned to New Orleans. This time Charters was determined to record Snooks as he conceived him, as a strictly R&B performer. Unfortunately, to recreate the New Orleans R&B of the Fifties, which was built upon session musicians who played together for years, Charters spent two days. Snooks sums up the consensus on the result: "I liked the album — doin' it — but the playback, oh, lawd! It wasn't mixed properly. They didn't separate the horn from the drums, and it sounds like everything was cut in mono."

Throughout the Seventies and the Eighties Snooks played the Jazz Festival to huge enraptured audiences, yet he seldom got large crowds when he played at clubs like Snug Harbor or Tipitina's. Snooks often had to play solo gigs on beat-up guitars. Nonetheless, his concerts are always something special. Billy Delle, who has had Snooks perform live on his Tuesday night WWOZ radio show several times, remembers nights at Martine's in which Snooks played every request the small audiences could think of, from Lightnin' Hopkins to "Western Movies" by the Olympics. "After he would get off of the guitar, he's go bang on the electric piano, and play Ray Charles off of that, then come back to an acoustic set."

On July 19, 1986, a WWOZ benefit with several acts at Tipitina's reunited Snooks with Allen Toussaint. "Toussaint loved it," recalls Delle. "Toussaint smiled through the whole thing and he was enjoying Snooks. He really just sat there and played along and showcased Snooks. I had to go up there and get Snooks off the stage. Snooks said, he didn't care, he would have stayed there all night!"



## Baby, You Can Get Your Gun! Black Top 1034

Hammond Scott says the idea to record Snooks probably germinated in his mind the first time he saw him at the 1970 Jazz Festival with Professor Longhair, but didn't really come together until after his sessions with Earl King last year.

Scott based his personnel on the drums-bass-sax-keyboards line-up of Sam Charter's last Sonet album. Erving Charles (bass) and Smokey Johnson (drums) had long impressed him with Frogman Henry and Fats Domino. "Dave Lastie I knew would be a good fella to play that *bootin*' type of sax," says Scott. "He's pretty fiery." Ron Levy (organ) and Ronnie Earl (rhythm guitar) "seem to be able to fit into any situation... There's something a little fresher about throwing together a group of guys who are on the same level playing-wise."

The thing that immediately strikes the listener when comparing it to other Eaglin albums is the sound, which even the ultra-discriminating Snooks calls "perfect." It ranges from the bottomless echo in "Lavinia," to the stately crispness in "Profidia," and the all-out power in the title track. The instruments are all separated beautifully with fat bass notes underpinning the crisp high on guitar and cymbal. A sound that runs the album is a slight jazz flavor, on the blues ballads (especially Percy Mayfield's "Baby Please") and in the blues shuffles Guitar Slim's "You Give Me Nothing But the Blues" and the title song by Slim's protegé Earl King. Scott explains, "That's part of what makes Snooks unique. He gets that really dirty sound, yet he also gets that acoustic guitar sound with a bluesy tone. But the chords he uses, the voicings, are very sophisticated."

Fans of Snooks' rocking R&B will definitely dig his versions of the Four Blazers' "Mary Joe," his own "Sweetness," and Eugene Church's "Pretty Girls Everywhere," in which he pays homage to Billy Delle at the beginning with the "Aah-aah!" which Delle uses in his radio show.

The great interplay between Snooks and the rhythm section is especially evident on "Profidia." Ron Levy and David Lastie contribute a fantastic smokey blues tone with their fills and flavorings, without overpowering Snooks' guitar. David Lastie, who played with Snooks in the Cha Paka Shaweez as early as 1952, contributes some of the best solos of his career. "You should've seen him dancin' in the studio," says Scott. "You know you're getting a good rec-

ord when you see the guys physically doin' wild things. You know you're getting the ample amount of fire at that point.''

Snoo SING	ks Eaglin Discography Special thanks to Walter Brock, Lynn Al	bbott, and Billy
	Guitar Ferd and the New Orleans Wonders	Delle.
	Jesus Will Fix It for You/Traveling On	Wonder 7606
	Eaglin	B a downat
1960		Imperial 5671
	That Certain Door/By the Water	Imperial 5692
1961	If I Could/Guess Who	Imperial 5736
1.00	Travelin' Mood/ Wonder (My Head Is Spinnin')	Imperial 5765
	Going to the River/I'm Slippin' In	Imperial 5802
1962	Don't Slam That Door/Nothing Sweet As You	Imperial 5823
	I've Been Walkin'/Would You	Imperial 5857
	People Are Talking/Reality	Imperial 5866
	Long Gone/Willie Lee	Imperial 5890
1963	Cover Girl/Little Eva	Imperial 5946
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1965		Fun 303
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1938	New Orleans Succe Shiger	Storyville 119
1960	Possum Up a Simmon Tree Folk-Lyric 10	7/Arhoolie 2014
1500	That's All Right Prestige	/Bluesville 1040
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2	Portraits in Blues, Vol. 1	Storyville 140
?	Snooks Eaglin/Robert Pete Williams Rural Blue	
1972		Crescendo 1001
1979	Down Yonder — Snooks Eaglin Today Sonet 752/0	
198?		Sundown 709-04
1987	Baby, You Can Get Your Gun	Black Top 103
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1959	The Music of New Orleans, Vol. 1	Folkways 2461
1974	The Wild Magnolias	Polydor 6026
1976		ess 427017/9215
1987	Professor Longhair — Houseparty New Orleans 5 The Lost Sessions 1971-1972	
	The Lost Sessions 19/1-19/2	Rounder 2057



# Bruce Daigrepont's 'Stir Up the Roux' "Hometown Chanky-chank Goes Viny!"

t gets to be a regular thing. Dancers swirling swiftly and gracefully across the floor, like figures on a carousel, smiling, propelled by a chanky-chank beat. Onstage, Bruce Daigrepont and his band are playing Cajun music, just as he did every Thursday night at the Maple Leaf for five and a half years and as they now do at Tipitina's on Sunday evenings. Most of the crowd are regulars, and they are passing a very good time.

Although New Orleans is not itself part of Cajun country, it harbors many residents with Cajun roots and borrows freely the treasures of its neighbors and ancestors. Bruce himself is one of those transplanted Cajuns. His parents raised him in the house near Canal St. where he and his wife, Sue, live today. But the Daigrepont family tree grew up in the northernmost tip of the Acadian triangle, Avoyelles Parish. In the central part of the state, just below the Red River, this farming country still has parts of it which are eighty to ninety percent French-speaking. Here Bruce's grandparents have an old-fashioned farm. Bruce heard a lot of Cajun music. He did not, however, learn to play this music until much later.

Once Bruce had become a fixture on the local music scene, many of his fans pressed him to make an album. He was serious in his refusal, figuring it was all a matter of time.

"At first, everything had happened too fast," he recalls. "I had only bought my first accordion in September '79 and by July '80 I already had my own band. I could have made an album right away, just to sell to tourists, with what I call the Cajun top forty: "Jambalaya," "Jolie Blonde," "Diggie Diggie Lo," "Lache Pas la Patate," or "Toot-Toot." Things everybody else has already recorded twenty times. I didn't see the point. I wanted to do a record that would represent me."

And now he has.

Stir Up the Roux by Bruce Daigrepont is being released this month for nationwide distribution on the Rounder record label. The hometown crowd



has been hearing about it through Bruce's newsletters and seeing copies for sale at his gigs. Early response has been very favorable, suggesting Bruce has been successful in achieving his goal, which was ''to make an artistically unique, good record.''

artistically unique, good record." The old guard seems to agree. Ti Bruce Broussard has had a Cajun music show in Port Arthur, Texas, for twenty-five years. He reported being swamped with requests for "Le Two-Step de Marksville," one of Daigrepont's originals, after he first played

Back across the border, Camey Doucet, a fellow musician as well as a deejay for Abbeville station KROF (short for KROFish, I suppose), was so impressed with the album he took time to write Bruce a note of congratulations. Just to the north in Ville Platte, Floyd Soileau, the Sears & Roebuck of Cajun music, has started leasing arrangements necessary to put out a 45. Reports are that he is leaning towards another old-timey sounding original, "Le Valse de Riviere

**BY STEVE ARMBRUSTER** 

Rouge" ("Red River Waltz").

Ask Bruce which two cuts he would put on a single and he winds up touting each of the ten cuts on the album. He thinks every song is good and, after repeated listenings, it would be hard to argue with him. Some may emerge as personal favorites, but none is a loser. Six of them are his original compositions. The other four cover versions are each handled in some unique way, making them like new.

"Les Traces de Mon Bogue" ("Buggy Tracks"), for example, is arranged with vocal harmony and an added dobro to give a fresh sound to this vintage tune.

Harmony is also used to great effect in the only slow number on the album, a beautiful version of the Belton Richard classic, "Un Autre Soir Ennuyant" ("Another Lonely Night"). A true tear-jerker in any language, the song differs from the excellent original by its smooth blend of voices and some modest background piano, played caringly by Sue Daigrepont.

Some critics have complained that recorded Cajun music can all sound the same. Without the fun of dancing in a live setting, the sameness of the rhythms becomes apparent. So goes their argument. His years of performing has taught Bruce how to avoid this morass. He varies his rhythms as much as possible, mixing fast and slow waltzes with two-steps, reels, and zydecos. He changes keys. He sets the audience up for his next song the way a quarterback sets up a defender. Having anchored side two with Richard's "Lonely Night," Daigrepont is primed for a final sprint.

"Frisco Zydeco" is a familiar Queen Ida song. Three years ago Bruce made a demo tape with his former band, Bourré. He remembers how college station KRVS in Lafayette jumped on the song and "played the hell out of it." He has also found it to be one of his most requested performance pieces.

"I've sort of gotten known for it, too, because not that many people play it. Just me and Queen Ida."

For his version, Bruce uses the Cajun accordion. This instrument does not have the piano keys and three-row buttons of its zydeco cousin. It does not have quite the same sound, and it can only play whole notes, not sharps and flats like the zydeco accordion. Daigrepont surprised a lot of people with his ability to achieve that hardrocking, blues/zydeco effect with the Cajun accordion. Partly it is a trick of technique.

"A lot of people play with one finger, and some of your better players use two fingers to play octaves. On that song I'm playing with three fingers at a time."

The album closes with its title track, "Stir Up the Roux." It is the only song entirely in English, although two others ("Frisco Zydeco" and "Les Filles Cadjines") have some English verses. It is a rock 'n' roll number with lead guitar and saxophone, what we have come to label as "swamp pop." It manages to maintain the pace set by the previous sizzler. With the fun-loving skill of the band and the vocal tricks of their leader, *Stir Up the Roux* comes to a wonderful finish.

Interestingly, Bruce does not use any zydeco accordion on the album, but he has just started performing this title song with that very instrument in concert. As his own roadie/equipment man, Bruce decided it was "too much of a hassle" to carry an electric guitar just for one or two songs. Instead, he has picked up the zydeco squeezebox and is working a few more pieces like "Hot Tamale Baby" into his stage act. Eventually, he would like to bring another fiddle to his sets so he can join his current fiddler, Waylon Thibodeaux, for some Dennis McGee-Dewey Balfa fiddle duets.

Again it is a question of time. He spends his days being a businessman: booking the band, negotiating contracts, promoting the record, organizing rehearsals, maintaining equipment, and doing the paperwork. On the gigs, he fronts the band, sets up and takes down his equipment, and meets as many of his listeners as he can. In between all this, he must still find time to practice and to write songs. He says, "Nothing is as rewarding as listening to a final version of my own song and knowing it all came from inside." He taps his head and heart as he says this.

Writing his own material, as well as a high-energy approach to performing, are keys to his strategy "to be more than just another Cajun band."

"I try to be as original with my own songs as I can be. Melodically I've tried to be unique. Lyrically, 90% of Cajun songs say the same thing: a woman leaves a man and he's in misery. What I've tried to project are some new themes."

"Disco at Fais Dodo" is about a young boy who used to change the station when he heard a Cajun song. He wanted to hear music that was the "same as the Americans." After leaving Louisiana he began to appreciate his culture and yearn for the fais-do-do, a gathering where whole families would dance until long after the babies in the other room went off to sleep.

"The Red River Waltz" proposes that love and not money brings true happiness.

"The Marksville Two-Step" is an epic. As a boy, Bruce heard the story of Marc Elliche. His wagon wheel broke. Looking around he saw a land so fine he decided just to stay there. The town of Marksville was the result. Now this legend is a song. It already sounds timeless, an instant "classic."

The other originals bear familiar messages. "Les Filles Cadjines" boasts "that in all the world/The prettiest girls are them pretty Cajun girls." (A message worth repeating.) A dreamy little tune bubbling over with hospitality, it is worth hearing just for a Duane Eddy-style twang from the bass of Sharon Leger, herself un fille comme jolie brune. (Sharon elsewhere contributes a spectacular zydeco chirp and steady basswork throughout the disc.)

The opening song, "Laissez-Faire," expresses another popular sentiment: "Let it be, my pretty one; let's dance all night long." It is offered in a manner that is hard to resist. Of all the songs, it is the one most ready to stick in one's mind. A true party song, an anthem, it is a tune some other group might gladly add to their playlist. It lets you know right from the start this album is going to be good.

Taken as a whole, Stir Up the Roux makes a statement about the condition of Cajun music. The fact that it can be fresh, fun, and appealing to an everwidening and mostly young audience, while remaining faithful to its old forms, shows the music to be both vibrant and current.

Bruce recalls that what really inspired him to start playing was seeing his friend Terry Huval with his band "Jambalaya" at the 1978 Festival des Acadiennes. "Up until that time, Cajun music had seemed like the old people's music. All of a sudden I see these guys 22 years old pulling on accordions and singing in French, and that had a big impact on me, more than if it had just been the older guys."

The youngsters also brought their talent and good production values into

the arena. Case in point: Kenneth Blevins, whose impeccable drum work is a solid asset to this album. His study of the Cajun rhythms began seriously about the same time.

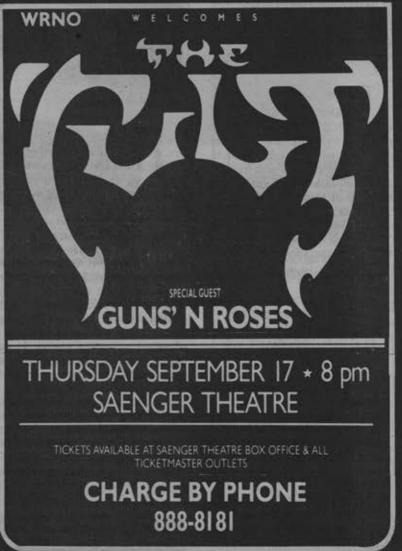
Kudos must also go to Scott Goudeau, who served as engineer at Ultrasonic Studios in New Orleans, where the album was recorded. A fine musician in his own right (Scott is a jazz guitarist), he had the work ethic needed to match Bruce's perfectionist drive.

Scott, Bruce, and Bruce's dad spent countless hours mixing. "We might have listened to the same song thirty or forty times a day. What most people might have kept I said, 'No, that's not quite right.' And Scott would say, 'Well, let's do it again.' We did it that way because we wanted to make the best record possible.''

Apparently Rounder agreed. After receiving the tape in the mail, they decided it could be pressed into an album without even so much as a remix. All they had to do was get *Wavelength* photographer, Rick Olivier, to join the band at Sid-Mar's in Bucktown for a few candid snapshots. Then their art department did some accompanying layout work to complete the cover. Bruce supplied translations for those of us who do not "parlez Cadjine." And all we have to do is listen and enjoy.

(Note: to get on Bruce's mailing list, write to 725 Hesper Ave., Metairie, LA 70005.)







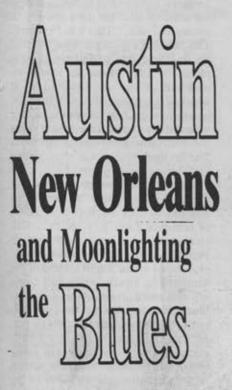
fter my first visit to New Orleans in May of '85 I wrote: "In an architectural era when gingerbread seems the most-used building material, New Orleans is an honest-togod city of historic rock and iron wrought with character. Every night thousands of whoopie-worshipping tourists do their best to emasculate this urban stud, and every morning New Orleans wakes up hard."

Austin is currently waging a similar battle against the forces that loom with intent to sap from our metro area the very thing that brought them there in the first place. We've been discovered, and history shows what routs discoveries can be. Our major export,

BY MICHAEL CORCORAN

Every so often something will happen to reinstate Austin as a city with soul, with a verve that humbles power lunches and wrinkles satin jackets.

Bruce Willis and Snooky Pryor: Hollywood meets the real thing.



next to legislation and college degrees, has long been underachievement that you can dance to. But now our lazy, groover's paradise has been infiltrated by record company dogma and its bewitching assortment of platinum carrots and greased dotted lines. Bands that once played for free beer and the pleasure of their music, now only get excited when A&R patsies are at their gigs. The most-asked question at the bar is not "what sign are you?" but, rather, "how close are you to signing?" New groups form with the intent to get a record deal, not for the old-fashioned reasons of wanting to drive the neighbors crazy and wanting to get laid. They play the same dives that Timbuk 3, Omar and the Howlers, Nanci Griffith and Steve Earle played less than two years ago and it doesn't take long for them to figure that, well, who knows, maybe they're next. They're all dressing much better these days.

Slight spiritual shifts aside, though, Austin is still a great town for music. There's just too much talent here that even Dino DeLaurentis and \$100 million couldn't fuck it up. The tuneful town we're most compared to is Athens, Georgia, and its wealth of curly-haired guitar-slingers out to show that they can slur their lyrics as well as Michael Stipe. We have our share of college-educated songsmiths out to change the world with ringing chords and ideas that sprout from \$1.25 cups of coffee. We used to jokingly call this camp "The New Sincerity" until we realized that the rest of the country thought we were being serious. (Best putdown of the label came from Wavelength's own Rico who wrote that New Sincerity sounded like the name of a new scented douche.) But Austin also has the country's hottest blues scene and its best blues club, Antone's. We've got a heapin' helpin' of top notch singer slash songwriters like Butch Hancock, Darden Smith, Jimmy Gilmore and tons of others who keep slipping their tapes to Joe Ely. We're home for the Killer Bees, the top U.S. reggae band. And here come the Wagoneers and Tony Perez to aim a silver-tipped boot at the sagging posterior of the local country scene. We've got the hosses that transcend the bosses, and they're in reach seven days a week, usually for very low cover, if you have to pay at all.

Because of the small town inbreeding and reciprocal back-washing that is rampant in Austin, guest lists are usually written on rolls of butcher paper and it's not out of the ordinary for a packed club to contain as many freeloaders as paying customers. But this is an occurrence that meets with little protest. The clubs make their money at the bar, as the privileged many usually buy more drinks to quench the thirst their ego has after being waved through customs: the bands get to perform to bigger crowds, and won't the A&R people be impressed?; and scenemakers with no money don't have to stay home, where they run the risk of becoming addicted to TV, which would eventually crimp the disposable income of hairdressers, which would subsequently cause the local Royal Crown distributor to send his kids back to public school. And we don't want that.

Physically as well as mentally, Austin is sprawling outward, with franchise eateries winking at weary commuters enroute to their suburban dream homes where they've been living for two years but still have to read the sign to make sure that street is theirs. We're no longer a sleepy liberal outpost. But every so often something will happen to reinstate Austin as a city with soul, with an inherent verve that humbles power lunches and wrinkles satin jackets. For me, such an inspiring instance raised its glorious head at Antone's recent week-long 12th anniversary celebration. On hand was just about every blues great well enough to travel including Pinetop Perkins, Calvin Jones, James Cotton, Matt "Guitar" Murphy, S.P. Leary, Hubert Sumlin, Jimmy Rogers, Buddy Guy, Smoky Smothers and on and on. Every night the jamming went on way past last call at 2 a.m., and every night the club stayed packed as long as the blues rolled out.

This is the sort of thing that Antone's is known for; the magic that comes when you have a stage full of blues legends who are revered the world over, yet never forgot that their music is about pain and alienation which goes away only when they communicate with their instruments and discharge their souls in a form that doesn't punish fiery expression and emotional abandon. The blues are as



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pure and simple as a heartbeat, the percussion of life. It is absolutely incorruptible by the clouds of progress and the modern day affinity for shortterm pleasures and heroes seemingly chosen by lottery. It's strictly internal in an age when external characteristics are all-important and the adage that "beauty is only skin deep" has been twisted in meaning to serve as the banner under which tan, fit, disease-free America does spandex jumping jacks to "The Heart of Rock and Roll."

Bruce Willis, the frat Mickey Rourke and hawker of wine coolers, has discovered the blues, good for him. He's taken harmonica lessons (from the same guy that taught Dan Ackroyd, probably) and embarked on a musical career aimed at secretarial pools that are glad to finally be able to spend their money on something other than male strip shows. The secretaries don't care what kind of music Bruce plays, just as long as he smiles at them and dresses to the left. But Willis loves the blues. The notes are easy to play, the words are easy to remember and now the world knows: Bruce Willis likes Negroes and their music.

It was a Monday night when Bruce Willis got in a limo at the airport and instructed the driver towards Antone's. It would turn out to be a night when Austin flared its essence as a town with unflinching musical priorities. Austin would choose real blues from the masters over the smug selfharmonics of a Hollywood hamhock.

Willis arrived, shadowed by his video cameraman, and sparked an epidemic of "look who's here"s as he headed backstage to meet some of the guys he's only known through the liner notes of Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf records. A few minutes later he was onstage jamming with Jimmy Rogers and the Antone's house band. The dancefloor remained empty except for one couple who moved like they checked their rhythm at the door. He took a solo. So so. Then came another blast of lethargic air and then Jimmy Rogers to the rescue. Willis played the blues like a rich TV star and an unimpressed audience went back to their conversations and drink orders.

When he left the stage 20 minutes later and retreated backstage, nobody went back for an autograph or a nervous, forced exchange that would grow with each recounting. They just sipped their drinks until Snooky Pryor came out to show B.W. which side of the harp to blow into. Just before he left, Willis peeked in to see a packed dancefloor overflowing to the side and snaking between tables. He heard yelps or recognition follow each impassioned solo and watched the players dig into the sound that Neilsen can't possibly put into numbers.

Willis left out the back door, though he could've walked right through the club, unbothered. The crowd wouldn't let Snooky Pryor

leave until 2:30 a.m., when the great harmonica player from Chicago threw his arms up after his third and fourth encore and said, "That's it. No more. This old man's gotta get some sleep." By that time Bruce Willis was on a plane for LA, where he would be mobbed at the airport and then whisked to plush offices where he would turn over the Austin tape to a video editor named Rick who is creative with camera angles and applause. The finished product will show Bruce Willis blowing harp smoke all over a sweaty crowd under the smiling approval of his blues mentors. The girls at the office will love it. A nation of occupied Lazy Boy recliners will receive their first exposure to Pinetop Perkins, Jimmy Rogers and whoever else shows up for a split second in the background. Bruce Willis will come off with more credibility as a serious blues musician. Such is the synthetic truth that money and technology can provide. Perhaps, in its glossy production, many Austinites will sway with Willis, the bluesman. The screen is an unchallenged messiah to so many. But I'm proud to say that face to face, without editing or enhancing, Austin was too cool to kiss Hollywood's ass the first time around. You shoulda seen his face when he watched Snooky Pryor do, as naturally as breathing, what would take Willis thousands of dollars and a team of technicians working overtime to pretend he did.



# SEPTEMBER CONCERTS

S.

Saturday 5 Third World play at the Treme Fest, along with reggae artists Mikey Dread and the Shepherd Band. The show starts in the Municipal Au-ditorium at 8 p.m. Call 367-1313 for ticket information.

Irma Thomas celebrates the anniversary of the Riverwalk in the Spanish Plaza around 8 p.m. Fireworks also mark the occasion. Free. Alex Chilton, formerly of the Box Tops and Big Star, performs at Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, at 10 p.m. The John Thomas Griffith Band opens.

## Sunday 6

Fats Domino appears in the Spanish Plaza at 7:30. He is playing in honor of the Riverwalk's anniversary. Phone 522-1818

#### Wednesday 9

The Replacements had the number one record on the college radio charts all summer. They in to show up at Tipitina's around 10 p.m. plan to show opens. Dash Rip Rock opens.

Thursday 10 WW0Z Benefit. The Storyville Jazz Hall, 1103 Decatur, will host this party to aid our communi-ty radio station. Phone 586-1238 for more information.

#### Saturday 12

Saturately 12 Mick Taylor. The guy who played guitar for the Rolling Stones in the early 1970s will play at Tipitina's. Phone 897-3943 for details. Sold Out: The Pope. Yes, Pope John Paul II in concert, so to speak, at the Louisiana Super-dome in the afternoon, and at the UNO Lakefront the provide the second se Arena in the evening. Fans may phone 866-POPE for advice as to where one may glimpse the pontiff. Others may call 529-5027 for a sche-dule of demonstrations.

**Tuesday 15** Redd Kross and Shot Down in Ecuador, Jr. appear at Storyville around 10:30.

#### Wednesday 16

Suicidal Tendencies and Shell Shock invade Storyville. This is the club's first hardcore show, so go easy on them!

The Meditations play reggae at Tipitina's from 10:30. Phone the concert line at 897-3943.

Friday 18 Grand Funk Railroad, featuring Mark Farner, perform at Jimmy's, 8200 Willow Street. Koko Taylor and her Blues Machine come to Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon. The show should start around 10:30. Sam and Dave play at Storyville, 1103 Decatur, around 10 a.e.

around 10 p.m.

Friday 25 Dash Rip Rock, our local boy wonders, play at the Boot, 1035 Broadway. These guy play fantastic rock 'n' roll, and their album is being played on alternative radio all over the country.

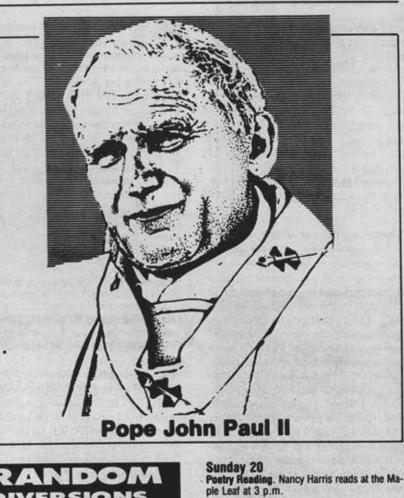
Friday 25 and Saturday 26 The Neville Brothers grace the Tipitina's stage both nights at 10 p.m.

Monday 28 10,000 Maniac **10,000 Maniacs** and the Balancing Act appear at Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, at 10:30. Both groups have had recent progressive radio hits.

**Tuesday 29 David Bromberg** plays his "dawg jazz" at Tipiti-na's around 10. Phone the Tips concert line at .897-3943 for more information.

10

Wednesday 30 The Paladins come to Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon. Music starts around 10 p.m.



Wednesday 23 Candidates Debate. The five men running for Governor of Louisiana have it out at Tulane Uni-versity. Phone 865-5409 for details.

Recycle New Orleans. Help clean up our corner of this earth. The Louisiana Nature and Science Center sponsors this pick up at 11000 Lake Forest Blvd. Phone 246-5672 for details.

Sunday 27 Poetry Reading. Works of William Faulkner are read. Open mike, too, so head on over to 8316 with your poetry!

Monday 28 Tennis. The Fourth Annual Virginia Slims of New Orleans opens at the UNO Lakefront Arena. Chris Evert has entered. For tickets phone 888-8181.

Sunday 6 the old driving range in City Park will host the Popeye's Blues and Gospel Festival. There will be food and crafts as well as music on four stages. Talents who will appear include Albert King, Gatemouth Brown, Lonnie Mack, Johnny Adams, the Zion Harmonizers, Gospel Soul Children, and more. All artists will perform both days. For tickets, phone 866-7074. Church Fair. Mansura, Louisiana holds this tra-ditional party at St. Paul's Church. Rides, food, and music will be offered all weekend. Phone (318) 964-2921 for directions. Rock For No Reason is an alternative music

(318) 964-2921 for directions. Rock For No Reason is an alternative music festival to be held in Bloomington, Indiana. Over 50 bands will perform, movies will be shown, and food will be eaten. Phone (812) 333-6917 if you'd like to go see the Raunchettes, Hickoids, Ideals, Antagonists, Toxic Reason, the In-dustrial Waste Banned, and more. Shrimp and Petroleum Festival. I'm not kid-ding! Head to Morgan City to check out the industrial display in the Municiple Auditorium or just to eat seafood and scan the crafts. Music goes Saturday 5 and Sunday 6 until 11 p.m.

FESTIVAL

LABOR DAY WEEKEND

Blues and Gospel Fes-tival. On Saturday 5 and Sunday 6 the old driving

Saturday 26

## RANDOM DIVERSIONS

Wednesday 2 MPCA meeting. The Movement for Peace in Central America meets every Wednesday at 7 p.m. Phone 895-2130.

Saturday 5 The Audubon Zoo has a busy day. The Friends of the Zoo hold a plant sale at the Heymann's Conservatory from 9 a.m. Also, the Reptile Encounter exhibit opens today!

Sunday 6 Poetry Reading. The Maple Leaf, 8316 Oak, hosts these weekly readings at 3 p.m. This week Robert Borsodi and Sarah Beth Flinn read.

#### Monday 7

Voodoo Museum. Another dull Monday? It doesn't have to be! Pass by 724 Dumaine, one of the few places open on Monday, and learn about psychic readings, rituals and crafts. Admission is nominal, and tours are also offered. Call 523-

Friday through Sunday 13 The Pope will be in New Orleans. John Paul will give a papal mass at UNO's Lakefron Arena at 4 p.m. Saturday. For information about other ac-tivities, pro-Popes can call 861-2556. Those who wish to protest can phone 529-5027.

Sunday 13 Bar Room Ballads. In honor of the Pope's visit, the Maple Leaf poetry reading group invites you to share your works on their open mike. Phone 866-LEAF.

Tuesday 15 Golf of Dimes. Help eliminate birth defects with the AT&T March of Dimes Celebrity Golf Classic, at Ormond Country Club in Destrehan. An auc-tion will also be held. Phone 522-0865.

Saturday 19 ACLU Auction. Head to the Grand Ballroom of the Holiday Inn, 333 Poydras, if you want to bid on items and help the American Civil Liberties Union. They're offering everything from art to vacations! Bidding starts around 7 p.m.





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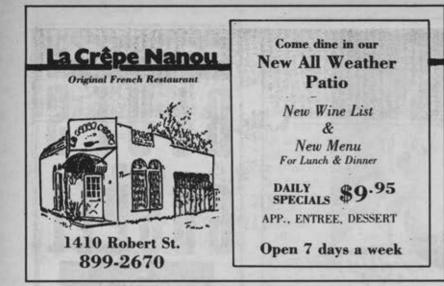
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Friday 11 through Sunday 13 Ouachita Riverlest. Forsythe Park and Old Town in Monroe is the place to be for street dancing. food, fun and continuous music on two stages. Call (318) 387-2372 for details. Pope John Paul II will be in New Orleans over the weekend. He will fly in on Shepard One Friday, visit the Superdome, UNO and Xavier University Saturday, and fly to San Antonio Sunday. Those interested in details may call 866-POPE. Those who wish to protest must phone 529-5027. who wish to protest must phone 529-5027. **Cajun Day.** Church Point holds this celebration of the culture of south Louisiana Saturday and Sunday. Call Theresa at (318) 684-2739.

Sunday 20 New Orleans Bicentennial. Fireworks and an outdoor symphony performance mark this celebration in Jackson Square.

Friday 25 through Sunday 27 Cajun Festival. St. Andrew's Church in Amelia is the site for this party. Call the rectory if you



Thursday 3 Auditions for the Jefferson Symphony Chorus are held at 1201 Metairie Road at 6 p.m. Phone 834-5727 for an appointment

Monday 7 Free Concert. The New Orleans Symphony's annual free concert is held at 7 p.m. in Lafreniere Park. Phone 524-0404.

### Friday 18

Ballet opens. Rosalinda, a comedy set at a masked ball, will be performed Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. and Sunday at 2.

Friday 25 Benefit Run. Phone 861-2537 to participate in the race to aid the symphony. Things begin at 6 p.m. at the Audubon Zoo.

### Wednesday 30

Othello opens the opera season at the Theatre of the Performing Arts. Performances Wednesday and Saturday at 7:30.



Bayard's Jazz Alley, 701 Bourbon, 524-9200.

Jazz Unlimited every night, from 8. Bayou Bar, Pontchartrain Hotel, 2031 St. Charles, 524-0581. Thursday, Friday, Saturday: Carl Franklin plays from 8 to 12.

Bayou Jean Lafitte Riverboat, 586-8777. Boarding for the two hour cruise daily at 5:30. Hear Poppa Don's New Orleans Jazz Band as you

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through September 6: Emery Thompson and the Jazz Preservationists. Tuesday 8 through

Sunday 20: Dejans Olympia Serenaders, Tues-day 22 through October 4: Allen Toussaint, Bottle Top, Atop the Jackson Brewery, Decatur St. Saturdays and Sundays, 3 to 7: Geaux-T Jazz Band, Fridays: the Backsliders play Rhythm and Blues 4 to 7 p.m.

Brew House, Jackson Brewery, Decatur St., 525-9843. Louisiana Lightning, oldies and hits, Sunday afternoons

Cafe De La Ville, 95 French Market Place, 524-8106. Sunday, 4 to 8 p.m.: Dino Kruse, a rock and soul band.

Cafe Panache, 200 Magazine, 522-2233. Fri-

Cafe Panache, 200 Magazine, 522-2233. Fri-days, 5 to 8: Willie Tee. Cafe Sbisa, 1011 Decatur. Sunday Brunch, noon to 3 with Lil' Queenie and Amasa Miller. Also, pianists nightly from 8:30 to 11:00. Mon-day and Wednesday feature Amasa Miller, Tues-day, Sunday: Cynthia Chen. Thursday through Saturday: Fred McDowell. Cajun Crawfish House, 501 Bourbon, 529-4256. Sunday through Thursday from 8 p.m., Saturday and Sunday from 10 p.m.: Laissez-faire Cajun Band. Wednesday from 8 p.m., Fri-day and Saturdays, 6 to 10 p.m.: the Boogie Boys.

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blues here late nites. **Clarion Hotel**, 1500 Canal, 522-4500. Piano music in the evenings. **Cosimo's**, 1201 Burgundy, 861-8110. Fridays: A.J. Loria plays from 7 p.m. to close. **Creole Queen**. Poydras Street Wharl, 524-0814. Cruises nightly 8 to 10 p.m., with Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band. **Crystal Disco**, 801 N. Claiborne. Thursdays: Bobby Marchan and the Big Throwdown Cont-est. Sundays: Bobby Marchan and Higher Ground. Also, a Gong Show, 11 p.m. till. "All Town Invited." Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Mondays through Saturdays: Sam Adams at 9 p.m

Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7626. Wednesdays the Famous Door Five occupies the premises until 4 a.m.

Feelings, 2600 Chartres, 945-2222. Piano Fri-day and Saturday at 7:30. Harry Mayronne and Cynthia Chien are frequent players. 544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Live music most nights at 10 p.m. and in the late afternoons on weekends.

Pete Fountain's, in the Hilton Hotel, Canal Street, 523-4374. Pete Fountain and his band nightly at 10; one show only, reservations re-

Fritzel's, 733 Bourgon, 561-0432. Fridays and Saturdays dixieland jazz bands play in the eve-

Le Gauloise, in the Hotel Meridien, 614 Canal, 525-6000. The Creole Rice Jazz Trio, 11 a.m. to

3 p.m. on Sundays. Gazebo, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Plister Sist-Gazebo, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862, Prister Sist-ers every other week, alternating with Chris Burke's New Orleans Jazz, Thursday through Sunday at 12. John Magnie plays ragtime plano before shows, as does Nora Wixted. Confused? Phone the Gazebo, they'll tell you what's up. Hilton Hotel, Canal St. at the river. In Le Cafe Bromeliad: the Hilton Opera Singers, Saturdays from 7 to 9 p.m.: Placide Adams' Jazz Band, Sundays from 9:30 in the morning until 2:30 in

from 7 to 9 p.m.: Placide Adams' Jazz Band, Sundays from 9:30 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon. In Kabby's: Eddie Bayard and his N.O. Classic Jazz Orchestra, Friday and Satur-day nights from 8 p.m. to midnight or Sunday from 10:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m. In the English Bar: the Alan White Duo Tuesdays through Sat-urdays, 4 to 7 p.m. and 9 to 11 p.m. Also, in the Franch Garden weakdays 10 to 1 and French Garden, weekdays 10 to 1, and weekends 10 to 2: Sandy Cash and the Big Easy. Hotel Intercontinental, 525-5566. In the Lobby

Hotel Intercontinental, 525-5566. In the Loopy Lounge; Joel Simpson, 5-8 p.m. and Theresa Kelly from 8-11 p.m. Hyatt Hotel, 561-1234. The Courtyard, third floor: Sundays Chuch Credo Inc. performs tradi-tional New Orleans jazz from 10:30 to 2. In the Mint Julep Loung catch the smooth sounds of Nora Wixted and Band Fridays, 4 to 8 p.m. In the Atrium, some Sun and Mon evenings, the Herb Locence Tun. Tassin Trio.

Atrium, some Sun and Mon evenings, the Herb Tassin Trio. Le Jardin Restaurant, 100 Iberville Street, 566-7006. Monday through Saturday: Sid Norris plays piano from 3 to 6 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday: Karen Ferris and associates perform standards from 7.30 p.m. to close. Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop, 941 Bourbon, 523-0066. Everynight: Miss Lilly sings showtunes and relaxing old hits from 10 p.m. Landmark Hotel, 541 Bourbon, 524-7611. Piano music: Mondays: Bob Sloane at 4 p.m., followed by Mike Bunis at 9. Tuesdays: Terry Lee at 4. Mike Bunis at 9. Wednesdays: Terry Lee at 4. Mike Bunis at 9. Wednesdays: Terry Lee at 4. Mike Bunis from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Mahogany Hall, 309 Bourbon, 525-5595. Mon-days through Saturdays: The Dukes of Dixieland play jazz at 9 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays: the Riverside Ramblers appear at 2.30 in the after-noon. Sunday at 9. Banu Gibson. Maison Bourbon, 641 Bourbon, 522-8818. Tuesdays: Eddie Bayard and the Bourbon Street Five. Wednesday: Armond Kaye plays jazz. Also, Tuesday through Saturday, Wallace Davenport plays from 7 to 12:15. He also plays Sundays 9 to 11 p.m. Maison Dupuy Hotel, 1001 Toulouse, 586-8000. Thursdays 10 to 12: Daphney Mushatt

to 11 p.m. Maison Dupuy Hotel, 1001 Toulouse, 586-8000. Thursdays 10 to 12: Daphney Mushatt sings. Friday and Saturday. Zelda Rose is fea-tured. Sunday brunch, 11 to 2:00: vocalist Bar-bara Short. Corrie Flemming, planist, secondaria all the singer.

accompanies all the singers. Marie Laveau's, 329 Decatur, 525-9655. Fri-days and Saturdays: caberet show. Also, jazz piano players are often featured in the evenings. Mediterranean Cafe, 1000 Decatur St., 523-

2302. Saturday and Sunday 1 until 6 p.m.: Scot-ty Hill's French Market Jazz Band, with piano music before and after. Also, weekdays from 1 to 4 p.m., live jazz music is featured. Offshore Lounge, 1120 Tulane, 522-0304. Tuesdays: Tim Weller and Rick Marshall play soft rock from 5 to 8 p.m. Old Absinthe House, 400 Bourbon, Tuesdays: J Monque'd Blues Band. All other nights: Bryan Lee and the Jump Street Film.

Lee and the Jump Street Five. Old Opera House, 601 Bourbon, 522-3265. Thursday through Sunday: Dixie plays 2 to 8 p.m., followed by the Connection Band, 8 to

Cose Chris Owens, Bourbon at St. Louis, 523-6400. Ms. Owens performs her tasteful but risque act at 10 and midnight, Monday through Saturday. Papa Joe's Music Bar, 600 Bourbon, 529-1728. Monday through Sunday: music from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. Including Freestyle, Scarab, Just Use and 5 Us, and E.J.

Us, and E.J. Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Sunday: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Monday and Thursday: Kid Thomas Val-entine. Tue and Fri: Kid Sheik Colar. Wed and Sat: The Humphrey Brothers. Prouts, 732 N. Claiborne. Fridays: Bobby Love and Wille West play tunes from Love's records, along with Angelo Nocentelli and others. New Orleans-style music.

along with Angelo Nocentelli and others. New Orleans-style music. **Royal Sonesta Hotel**, 300 Bourbon, 586-0300. In the Mystick Den, Tuesday-Saturday: Bobby Lonero, from 10 p.m. **Ryan's 500 Club**, 441 Bourbon, 566-1507. From 9 nightly, the Celtic Folk Singers. **Seaport Cafe and Bar**, 568-0981. Tuesday through Thursday: Sally Towne and Luther Kent, 8:30 to midnight. Fridays and Saturdays: Sally Towne. Also, Saturdays from 3 to 6, Sally Towne hosts a jam session with some of this city's finest. Frequent guests include Luther Kent, Sam McClain, Leslie Smith, Philip Man-uel, Bryan Lee and others.

Keni, Sam McCian, Lesile Smith, Philip Mah-uel, Bryan Lee and others. **711 Club**, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tue to Sat from 9:30: Randy Hebert plays piano in the Showbar. Thur to Mon 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.: Al Broussard performs in the main bar. Wed to Sun 5 to 9 p.m.: Mike Carter. Tue and Wed 9:30: New Wieted. Nora Wixted

Shadows, 1838 Canal, 561-5666. This club, which doubles as an art gallery, occasionally has live music. Call for details.

live music. Call for details. Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Every Monday: Charmaine Neville and Amasa Miller. Storyville Jazz Hall, 1104 Decatur. The fall op-ening of Storyville will be on Friday 4. Every Friday the Decatur Street Jazz Band performs at 8 p.m. Saturdays: Cajun Connection, 2 p.m., Decatur Street Jazz Band, 8 p.m., and Luther Kent at midnight. Sundays: Nora Wixted at 6 p.m. and Dino Kruse at 9. Most Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays: the Decatur Street p.m. and Dino Kruse at 9. Most Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays: the Decatur Street Jazz Band at 8 p.m. Big shows at Storyville this month include a benefit for WWOZ Thursday 10, Redd Kross Tuesday 15, Suicidal Tendencies Wednesday 16, Sam and Dave Friday 18, and Micki Honeycut Friday 25. See the concerts sec-tion of this calendar for details. **Tropical Isle**, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Thurs-day, Friday and Saturday: Al Miller. The club also features unscheduled jam sessions. A **Touch of Class**, 3801 Frenchmen. Every Mon-day: Willie Tee, Ed Perkins, Sharon Henderson and Tavasco Millionaires. Windsor Court Grill Room, 300 Gravier, 523-

Windsor Court Grill Room, 300 Gravier, 523-6000. Tuesday through Sunday 7:30 to 11:30: Marcie Noonan plays piano.

## ▶ UPTOWN

Benny's Bar, 738 Valence, corner of Camp, 895-9405. Some of the best free music in New Orleans, featuring local artists such as Char-Orleans, featuring local artists such as Char-maine Neville and J.D. and the Jammers. Be sure to check out more recent additions such as the Willie Cole Band, who play great blues. Mus-ic most nights until the wee hours. Bert & Quentrell's Happy Lounge, 8520 Spruce, 866-0024. Weekend disco. The Boot, 1035 Broadway. This college hangout often has good bands on weekends. Dash Rip Rock, a local roots-oriented rock band whose album hit the national college radio charts this summer, play Friday 25. Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Lo-cal Bands on some weekend nights.

Call Bands on some weekend nights. Glass House, 2519 Saratoga, 895-9279. Thurs-days: Rebirth play at 11 p.m. Jimmy's Music Club, 8200 Willow, 861-8200.



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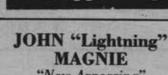
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Kelly's, 1311 Lyons. This small neighborhood bar often features free live music. Cyril Neville's Uptown Allstars play here often. Pass by and enquire. Located near Prytania, where Lyons

splits. Maple Leaf, 8316 Oak Street, 866-LEAF. Every Sunday and Monday the Maple Leaf holds juke box night. Each Thursday you can catch the File Cajun Band. Most shows start around 10 p.m. Wednesday 2: Boogie Chill'un. Friday 4: Radiators. Tuesday 8: Charmaine Neville and Real Feelings. Wednesday 9: Souled America. Friday 11: Song Dogs. Saturday 12: Beausoleil. Wednesday 16: N.O.B.D. Friday 18: Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters. Saturday 19: Char-maine Neville. Friday 25: Freedom of Expres-sion. Saturday 26: Song Dogs. Wednesday 30: N.O.B.D.

Mister B's, 7900 Earhart. Live music often. Call 866-9245.

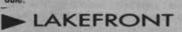
Misser 6.5, 7900 Parnart. Live music onen. Can 866-9245. Tipitina's, 500 Napoleon, 897-3943. See calen-dar for the complete schedule for this historic club. Tipitina's features classic local groups and acts of international fame. Tuesday 1: Tabula Rasa, with New Orleans Stick Band. Saturday 5: Alex Chilton with special guests the John Tho-mas Griffith Band. Wednesday 9: the Replace-ments, whose latest release topped the alterna-tive radio charts all summer, appear with Dash Rip Rock. Sunday 12: Mick Taylor, former Roll-ing Stones' guitarist. Wednesday 16: The Mediterraneans play reggae. Friday 18: Blues Queen Koko Taylor and her Blues Machine. Sat-urday 19: the Radiators. Friday 26 and Saturday 27: the Neville Brothers. Monday 28: 10,000 Maniacs. Tuesday 29: David Bromberg. Wednesday 30: the Paladins with Johnny J. and the Hitmen. the Hitme

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Every Friday and Saturday: the James Rivers Movement at 10 p.m. Sundays: Santiago Latin Jazz Fusion, 9:30 to 1. Wednesdays: Leslie Smith and Phil Parnell. Thursdays: Walter "Wolfman" Washington.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Country music. Mondays, Wednesday, Fridays and Saturdays: Mississippi South. Call for con-cert updates and directions.

and Saturdays: Mississippi South. Call for con-cert updates and directions. **1801 Club**, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Mahogany, Thursdays from 9:30 and Saturdays from 10. Wednesdays from 9:30, Up 'n' Up. **Emergency Room West**, 4001 Lapalco Blvd., Marrero, 347-9439. Live music every Sunday! **Fat Cats**, 505 Gretna Blvd, 362-0598. Mondays, Tuesday, Thursdays through Saturdays: the Groove Band with Jimmy Simon. **Michaul's Restaurant**, 601 Patterson, 361-4969. Features restaurant and music bar. Wed: The File Cajun Band. Thur: Paul Beach and the Jefferson Countryboys. Fri: Stardust country music band. Sat: Luzianne country band. Sun: Harmony queens the Plister Sisters. **Rincon de la Vieja Guardia**, 2105 Hancock St., Gretna, 367-6733. Latin big bands. **Marina Wharf**, 5353 Paris Road, Chalmette, 277-8215. Thursdays through Saturdays from 9:00: Frank Dallas. **Old Man River's**, Highway 90 in Avondale, 436-5012. Occasional live music including some bin

Old Man River's, Highway 90 in Avondale, 436-3912. Occasional live music including some big name rock acts. Please call for their July sche-



The Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9333. Sun, Wed, Thur: The Topcats play original pop and rock music

Nexus, 6200 Elysian Fields, 288-3440. Mon-days: Gong Show. Track One Band. Thursdays: David Torkanowsky plays jazz. Weekends: Noah's Orchestra with George French and Philip

METAIRIE/ KENNER

Bavarian Inn. 3941 Houma Blvd. Fridays and



and and the second	weekdays
Wed 2	Boogie Chillun
Tue 8	Charmaine Neville
	& Amasa Miller
Wed 9	Souled America
Tue 15	Harlan White
Ved 16	NOBD
Ved 30	NOBD

### Weekends

- Fri 4 Radiators Sat 5 TBA
- Fri 11 Songdogs Sat 12 Beausoleil
- Fri 18 Rockin Dopsie & the Twisters
- Sat 19 Charmaine Neville & Real Feelings
- Fri 25 Freedom of Expression Sat 26 Songdogs

2 8316 Oak Street 2





Saturdays: authentic German music, 7:30 to 10:30 p.m.

10:30 p.m. Cat Man Lounge, 7122 Mistletoe, 737-1264, Most weekends: The Oldies But Goodies Band. Captain's Castle, 4740 Rye Street, Metairie, 455-8862. Fridays and Saturdays: Billie Bell and the Dominoes, 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. Chesterlield's, 3213 Kingman, 888-9898. Thursday through Sunday: soft rock and pop bands, top 40, oldies, etc. 9 p.m. to close. Club Sunset, 3515 17th Street, Metairie, 887-0236. Wednesday through Sunday: Tal Sellers plays 50s and 60s standards from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. a m

Frankie Brant's, 4727 Utica Street, Metairie, 889-9848. In addition to the all-male revue, this club features bands such as the Topcats, Sam McLain, and others periodically on the

Gigl's, 1700 I-10 Service Road, in the Ro Inn, 467-1300. This newly remodeled club op-ens on August 15. Harvey, Jesus and Fire will play oldies here often, call for the exact sche-

Godtather's, 3020 N. Arnoult Road, 455-3232. Wednesday through Sunday: Creole Cookin and Tomato, 10 to 2.

Highway Lounge, 5901 Airline Highway, 733-8949 Thursday through Sunday: Country Touch

from 9 p.m. until 3 a.m. Jefferson-Orleans North, 2600 Edenborn, 454-6110. Wednesday and Sundays: bib band music by Pat Barberot and Jay Zainey's orchestras. La Medley, 3124 Loyola Drive, Kenner, 467-6403. Music on weekends, 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. Mitchell's, 2221 Veterans Bivd., 468-2788. Music on weekends. Call Mitchell for the com-olete schedule.

Occhipinti's, 2712 N. Arnoult Road, 858-1131. Tuesday through Saturday: Candy Riedi at 8:30. Petal's Restaurant, 2320 Veterans Blvd., 835-2000. Friday and Saturdays: a four piece band with a singer perform standards from the 1940s. 50s and 60s.

Pete's Lounge, 1822 Airline Highway, 469-8938. Fridays and Saturdays: Nicki Southern's Cajuns play country and cajun music, 10:30 until 2:30.

## N.O. EAST

Autocrat's Club, 1725 St. Bernard Avenue, Mid-city, 945-9642, Music on weekends at 10 p.m. includes High Voltage and the A.F.B. Beau Geste, 7011 Read Blvd., 242-9710. Live end n

Billie's Silver Dollar Saloon, 8600 Chef Men-teur, 242-8770. Music most weekends. Boat Lounge, Gulf Outlet Marina, Chalmette, 277-2628. Sundays: Jaennie Marrerra Toca,

from 8 p.m. Cubby's, 87100 Lake Forest Blvd., 241-6769. Fri and Sun; Reckin Jerry and the Spice of Life. Wed: Stan the Oldies Man spins the discs. Mike's After Hours, 10100 Morrison Road, 245-1150. Mondays and Thursdays: music from 10 to 2 a.m.

Mr. C's Lounge, 6510 Morrison Road, 245-8758. Music some weekends.

# coffeehouses

Borsodi's Coffee House, 5104 Freret, 895-9292. Tuesday 8: poetry reading. This au-thentically weird coffee house also features per-

thentically weird coffee house also features per-iodic live music and plays. Cafe Brasil, 2100 Chartres, 947-9386. Live music on some weekends. Monday 17: the NO/ AIDS Task Force holds a benefit poetry reading. Cafe Calzone, 900 N. Peters, 525-8605. Their phone is out of order, but they're rumored to have live classical and folk music occasionally. Cafe Dell'Arte, 720 Dublin, 861-4227. Thurs-days: depending upon which Thursday you hit this uptown spot, you'll see Patrick Kerber play-ing classical guitar or you'll stumble into a musical gathering and wish you'd brought your instrument. Saturdays: Brasilian music by the Aruanda Trio, from 8:30 to 10:30. Cafe Kafic, 1818 Magazine, 525-0247. Satur-day: guitarist Victor Sirker and vocalist Leslie Smith.

Cheshire Cat, 1201 Decatur, 522-4792. Occa-

899-9228

Penny Post Coffee House, 5100 Daneel, Folk

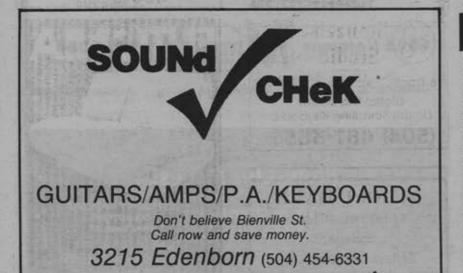


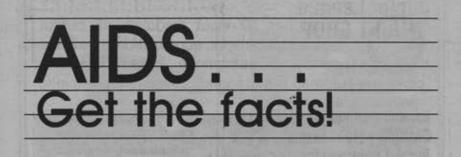
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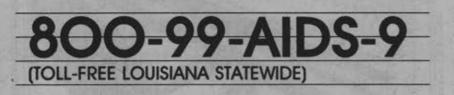






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music every night from 8:30 to 11. Check the graffitti in the bathroom! True Brew, 3133 Ponce de Leon, 947-3948.

國和認言

Sundays: poetry from 4 to 6.



The Mint, 504 Esplanade, 525-2000. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays: Harry Mayronne and Ricky Graham, with shows at 9 and 10:30 p.m.

Ricky Graham, with shows at 9 and 10:30 p.m. Marie Laveau's Restaurant, 329 Decatur Street, 525-9655. Fridays: "Hot Stuff, New Orleans Style," starring Becky Allen, Fred Pal-misano and Wanda Rouzan. Punchline Comedy Club, now located at 1200 S. Clearview Parkway, phone 734-LAFF. Open Tuesday through Saturday. Through Sunday 6: Chas Elstner, Trip Wingfield, and Cliff Williams. Tuesday 8 through Sunday 13: Lance Montalto, Ed Hart, David Kinne. From Tuesday 15: Steve O., Mike Venenman, and Chris Bannes. From Tuesday 22: Bob DuBeck, Roger Mursick, Steve Caminite.

## THEATRE

Bayou Dinner Theatre, 4040 Tulane Avenue, 486-4545. Performances are Thursday through Sunday. Showing through September 6: Black Comedy. Thursday 10 through October 8: Per-fectly Frank a musical comedy based on the life and work of Frank Loesser. The Bayou Plaza's Bamboo Room also features theatre, so phone 495-7144 486-7144

Chianti's Dinner Theatre, 4241 Veterans Blvd., 885-PLAY. Performances are Thursday through Saturday at 6:30 and Sundays at noon. All month Alone Together, a comedy by Lawrence Roman

Kenner Community Theatre, Rivertown at 4th and Minor, 468-7293. Weekends only. Friday 11 through Sunday 27: My Fair Lady. Le Petit Theatre, 616 St. Peter, 522-9958. Fri-day 18 through October 4: The King and I. Minacapelli's Dinner Theatre, 227 Cousin Strent Clidell, 642 9671. Bedormores on Street, Slidell, 643-9671. Performances on weekends only. All month: *Godspell*, a modern adaptation of the life of Jesus Christ. **Rose Dinner Theatre**, 201 Robert Street, Gret-na, 367-5400. Every Thur through Sun. All month: *They're Playing Our Song*.

## CINEMA

Louisiana State Museum, 751 Chartres, 568 6968. Starring Louisiana, a Romance of the Reel and the Real. A cultural heritage exhibit of New

6968. Starring Louisiana, a Homance of the Heel and the Real. A cultural heritage exhibit of New Orleans in film. A must for movie fans. Loyola Film Buffs Institute. Tuesday 1: The Stunt Man. Wednesday 2: El Norte. Thursday 3: Ingmar Bergman's 1966 film Persona. Tuesday 8: Slave of Love, a Soviet film from 1978. Wednesday 9: Charlie Chaplin's The Gold Rush. Thursday 10: The Seduction of Mimi. Friday 11: Japan, 1980 - Kagemusha. Sunday 13: Lucia, a product of Cuban director Humberto Solas. Monday 14: Ninotchka. Tuesday 15: The Keep. This hypnotic horror film from 1983-features music by Tangerine Dream. Wednesday 16: Swedish director Ingmar Bergman's 1957 film Wild Strawberries. Thursday 17: Cat People. Friday 18: The Empire of Passion. Sunday 20: Memories of Underdevelopment. Monday 21: Young Mr. Lincoln. Tuesday 22: October: Ten Days That Shook The World. Wednesday 23: Hiroshima, Mon Amour. Thursday 24: (the long-est film title this month) Swept Away By An Unusual Destiny in the Sky Blue Sea of August. (and shown in the wrong month, too.) Friday 25: Hirmatsuri (Festival of Fire). Sunday 27: Chu-(and shown in the wrong month, too.) Friday 25: Himatsuri (Festival of Fire). Sunday 27: Chu-giago. Monday 28: High Noon. Tuesday 29: Shane. Wednesday 30: Citizen Kane. Thursday October 1: The Lost Honor of Katherine Blum. Most films are screened at 7 and 9 p.m. in room 332 of Loyola's Bobet Hall. Phone 865-3196. Prytania Theatre, Prytania Street near Jeffer-son, uptown. Call 895-4513 for times. August 31 through Thursday 3: Straight to Hell, the new film by Alex Cox, director of Repo Man and Sid and Nancy. This movie is of particular interest to Wavelength readers because it stars many leadand wancy. This movie is of particular interest to Wavelength readers because it stars many lead-ing talents of the British pop music scene, in-cluding Grace Jones, Elvis Costello, Joe Strum-mer and the Pogues. Dennis Hopper also appears. Friday 4 through Thursday 10: Tampo-po, a film which is being hailed as the "first Japanese noodle Western." Friday 11 through

October 1: Claude Berri's new film Jean de Florette has an unusually long run at this uptown theatre. Most shows at the Prytania start at 5:15, 7:30 and 9:45. Phone 895-4513.

## ART

A Gallery for Fine Photography, 5423 Maga-zine, 891-1002. Opening Saturday 28: The photogpraphy of Herb Green, including classic protraits of Janis Jplin, the Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead and other scenes from the sum-mer of love. Green will be on hand at the opening to tell stories and answer questions. Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. All month: group show featuring Shirley Lemon, Anna Paik, Stella Fallwell, Nini Bodenheimer, Dennis Perrin and Joyce Hagen. Bergen Gallery, 703 Royal. All month: displays by gallery artists, including works by Erte, Im-pigilia and Robin Morris. Cafe Brasil, 2100 Chartres. All month: the art of

Cafe Brasil, 2100 Chartres. All month: the art of

Cate Brasil, 2100 Chartres. All month: the art of Rain Webb is displayed in this coffee house. Carol Robinson Gallery, 4537 Magazine, 895-6130. Open Tuesday through Friday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Artists on display in the rotating summer exhibit until Saturday 26, when *Revisions*, works is color pencil by Gail Morgan, will open Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp Street, 523-1216. Saturday 26: Art for Arts sake, multi-media art by artists living and working in Louisiana Louisiana

Louisiana. Davis Gallery, 3964 Magazine, 897-0780. Open Monday through Saturday, 10 to 5. Tuesday 29: An exhibit on the art of Cross River opens. Duplantier Gallery, 818 Baronne, 524-1071, Gallery artists include Robert Rector, Chris Bur-kholder, Davis Gregor, Tom Ladousa, Tom Secrest, Isabella Edimison, JoAnn Greenberg, Nancy Harris, Francis Pavy and Marvin White. Gallery Simon Stern, 518 Julia, 529-1118. Op-ening Thursday 10: Monotypes by Doyle Gert-jensen, Richard Johnson, John Scott, and Robert Warrens. Opening Saturday 26: Arthur Silverman's sculptures. Silverman's sculptures

Silverman's sculptures. Gaspari Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter. Gallery artists on display include Howard Finster, David Butler, Clementine Hunter, St. Gertrude Mor-gan, Walter Anderson and Pappy Kitchens. LeMieux Galleries, 508 Pelican Avenue, Algiers Point, 361-1735. Artsits on disply this summer include Tony Green, Mary Lee Eggart, Dennis Perrin, Margo Manning, Ric Rolston, Kate My-ers and Charles Pfister. Live Art, 4207 Dumaine, 484-7245.

Live Art, 4207 Dumaine, 484-7245. LSU Union Art Gallery, LSU Campus, Baton

Rouge, 388-5117. Friday 11 through October 4:

Rouge, 388-5117. Friday 11 through October 4: faculty art show. Louisiana State Museums: The Cabildo, Jack-son Square. Louisiana History through art and artifacts. The Presbytere, Jackson Square. Open Wed. through Sun. Starring Louisiana: A romance of the real and the reel. This exhibit of more than 700 interesting remnants of feature films made in or about Louisiana includes scripts, photos, props and more. The Old U.S. Mint, 400 Esplanade. Exhibitions on Carnival, jazz and the history of black workers show each weekend.

on Garnival, jazz and the history of black workers show each weekend. New Orleans Museum of Art, City Park, 488-2631. The museum is free to the public on Thursdays. Through September: "The Splendor of Sevres," an exhibit of the famous French porcelain, is displayed. Animal lovers will be delighted to learn that through Wednesday 30 NOMA will feature three exhibits of animal art, including glass and photography displays. And of course, in honor of the Pope's visit, NOMA will display rare sacred art all month. Phyllis Parun Studio, 2109 Decatur. All month: "City of Masks," an exhibit in black and white linos. Parun says she strives to express truth and inspire self-renewal with all her work. Posself-Baker Gallery, 822 St. Peter, 524-7252. Group show including works byMalaika Favorite, Adolf Kronengold, Lenore Fried, Jim Sohr and Larry Zinc.

Sohr and Larry Zinc. Simms Fine Art, 827 Girod, 528-3008. Tuesday 8 through October 3: works by Miriam Schapiro and graphics by Red Grooms. Still-Zinsel, 630 Baronne, 525-8480.

Still-Zinsel, 630 Baronne, 525-8480. Tilden-Foley, 4119 Magazine, 897-5300. Artists on display through Wednesday 23 in-clude Lynda Benglis, Martin Delabano, Vernon Fisher, Linda Dele Goosine, Shirlye Rabe Masin-ter, Molly Manson, Gail Nathan, Gary Panter, Randal Schmit, Robert Schoen, Keith Sonnier and Margaret Wirstrom. Cases Williams Dettern, 3910 Magazine, 899-

Casey Willems Pottery, 3919 Magazine, 899-1174. Pottery by Mr. Willems.

# CLASSIFIED

#### BAND GUIDE

Listings with the band guide are 25¢ a word, 50¢ each bold word. Send money and listing to WL Band Guide, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, LA 70175

TABULA RASA The Band. For booking info, call Phil Musso (504) 482-2227

TIM DAVIS Composer, pianist, guitarist, actor, singer, composer, comedian. (504) 895-0183.

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## LAST PAGE

en," the great American humorist and thinker H. L. Mencken once wrote, "are the only animals that devote themselves, day in and day out, to making one another unhappy. It is an art like any other. Its virtuosi are called altruists."

Of course, when Mencken wrote those words seventy years ago, he wasn't talking about us — specifically, the Last Page Dept. of this magazine. Our dedication, more or less, is to make people happy. Our extensive, non-computerized market research has shown us that the best way — the cheapest way — to make people happy is to make them laugh.

So sometimes we make these little jokes. "Lively up yourself," Bob Marley, prophet and practical joker, sang. "And don't be no drag!"

Imagine New Orleans music without jokes! There'd be no funky butts, no monkeys speaking their minds, no baldheaded women, no babies thrown out of windows and no ya ya's. Without jokes, New Orleans music would be just like all the rest of music in the world: mainly concerned with romantic problems and money problems. Yech! Imagine the Last Page with no jokes! What you'd get would be lists of local folksingers who have recently performed in Abita Springs and the vital information that "Fats" Domino is a smash in Monte Carlo. Who needs a magazine to tell 'em that?

Despite our best intentions, the occasional reader — probably because his or her boss yelled at them or because they were bottle-fed as infants or because they are too insensitive to maintain long-lasting relationships with members of the opposite sex (or the same sex, if that is their inclination) — is offended by one of our little jokes. The sillier the joke, the more they freak.

A reader from Atlanta got upset when we said that no record had ever been made in that city. That's because the really cool place to make records nowadays is at this abandoned drivein movie in South Dakota. Atlanta musicians have been going there for years — Springsteen, Bon Jovi, all of 'Em! Atlanta — wait a minute...we thought the reader was from Atlantic City! How ignorant of us!

Then another person thought we were making fun of **poetry**. Ridiculous! As children, we used to hide under the covers at night with our flashlights, reading the glorious verse of **Burns** and **Shelley** and **Swinburne** and **Yeats**. Our parents thought we were reading Gent — or worse. To us, poetry is serious business. It's so serious, we rarely mention it on the Last Page. What we don't understand is that poets oughta be pretty toughskinned individuals, given that anyone declaring themself a poet in this age should be prepared for some ribbing. Recall the words of William Butler Yeats:

O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,

You'd know the folly of being comforted.

New Orleans' most popular band (without a doubt), the Neville Brothers ensemble, is the recipient of almost constant reportage in this column. As we have detailed the trials and tribulations of the family, we have tried to temper the triumphs and tragedies with comedy. Was that not the method of the late James Booker?

This month, however, — no jokes about the Nevilles. We have, instead, an excerpt from a recent interview with Cyril Neville, conducted by Austin writer Greg Stephens. Cyril performed with the Killer Bees at the Tenth Anniversary Sunsplash festival in Montego Bay, Jamaica on August 21 and prior to his departure, he explained his indoctrination into reggae and Rastafarianism: "What I did was learn everything I could about Bob Marley as fast as I could. One particular album, Natty Dread, I sat in a room with that album for about 15 days and actually purged myself of some bad habits I had at the time — by knowing I would have **something** when I came out of the room. It's hard for me to talk about. But when I heard Bob Marley, I knew then what I was gonna be doing for the rest of my life. I was gonna be writing and singing reggae music. I was gonna be a totally different person from when I went into this room with *Natty Dread*. It was a spiritual experience."

About the reggae-fication of the Nevilles sound: "You can take people out of Africa, but you can't take Africa out of the people. Regardless of what kind of machines we hook up around us, we are still the Neville Brothers and our roots are still in Africa. Even on a song like "Shek-A-Na-Na."

John Magnie's latest experiment is the accordion, to be heard in the pianist's collaboration with Tommy Malone, Johnny Allen and Steve Amedee, collectively known as the Subdudes. Several women have fainted upon hearing Tommy's slide guitar in the 'dudes' rendition of Down In The Boondocks." Actually, they didn't really faint. They were light-headed for a moment, sat down, had a glass of water and felt much better. Then the Subdudes played "Love Oh Love (Ain't No Love Like The Love at Home)" - that's . when the ladies fainted.







