

11-1983

Wavelength (November 1983)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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NEW ORLEANS MUSIC MAGAZINE

Wavelength

NOVEMBER 1983
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VANCE DeGENERES

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Wavelength

ISSUE NO.37 • NOVEMBER 1983

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

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Cover photo by Rico.

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Publisher, Nauman S. Scott. **Editor,** Connie Atkinson. **Associate Editor,** Virginia Levie. **Art Director,** Skip Bolen. **Advertising Sales,** Rhonda Fabian, Ty Adams. **Distribution,** Joe Torczon, Hampton Weiss. **Contributors:** Eddy Allman, Charles Blancq, Jon Donlon, Zeke Fishhead, Jon Foose, Tad Jones, Virginia Levie, Jay Marvin, Bunny Matthews, Jon Newlin, Ric Olivier, Kalamu ya Salaam, Shepard Samuels, Gene Scaramuzzo, Hammond Scott, Almost Slim, Keith Twitchell, Nancy Weldon, William D. White.

Wavelength is published monthly in New Orleans. Telephone (504) 895-2342. Mail subscriptions, address changes to Wavelength, Box 15667, New Orleans La. 70175. Subscription rate, \$10 per year. Foreign, \$20 per year. First class subscriptions, \$26 per year (domestic & Canada). AO airmail rate at \$40 per year (overseas). The entire contents of Wavelength are copyrighted ©1983 Wavelength.

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November



Johnny J.—“still wet behind the ears”

RICO

Jump & Jive With Johnny J.

This month's nomination for The-Band-Most-Likely-To-Be-Chosen-By-Rodney-Dangerfield-To-Play-At-His-Daughter's-Wedding-Reception goes to Johnny J. and the Hitmen.

Shrugging off their successful Ventures opening and Monday night gigs at Tipitina's Music Club, the Hitmen instead remind

us of their benevolent “Save Sparky” benefit, which garnered several cans of Alpo and Mighty Dog for a little canine friend, and the fact that they are the world's first group to record a demo tape that skips.

Humor, fortitude and a decent wardrobe are what keep this bobbing little band of rock-boppers afloat. Buzz Collins and J.B. West comprise the still-wet-behind-the-ears-but-we're-working-on-it rhythm section on drums and bass, while Mr. J. Hitman himself steps out front

with respectable vocals and a wide-ranging guitar style that alludes to stylists from Paul Burlison to Billy Zoom. Mr. J. can often be seen conducting important business negotiations from his spacious “office,” the phone booth at Milan and Prytania Streets.

The best thing about Johnny J. and the Hitmen is that you can jitterbug to almost every song they play, which, after all, is the only valid criterion for judging a band that don't get no respect. —rico

'Jed's' To Open At World's Fair

Colorful Uptown bar owner Jed Palmer revealed plans for a live music club/deli/barroom, which will operate for the duration of next year's World's Fair. The proposed location will take advantage of the highest spot of the fair's layout.

Palmer, who was instrumental in bringing live music back to New Orleans in the early Seventies at Jed's College Inn, and who now owns the F&M Patio Bar, admits that he is simultaneously "working with and against the fair officials" to realize his ambitions. Palmer is asking the fair to be allowed to charge a minimal admission of \$1 and \$2 to offset the expense of presenting live local music (in addition to the \$15 charged at the gate), which is presently against the fair's policy.

The idea for a live music venue arose from "the fair's stu—no, let's say lack of foresight," laughs Palmer off-handedly. "It's the kind of situation that arises every time you bring in people from New York and L.A. and try and get them to deal with New Orleans situations. Basically they're saying that groups from New Orleans can play at the fair but they can't be paid. They get exposure, ha ha. But meanwhile they book a band in here from St. Louis and pay them for all six months. That's not right. I want to book some of the local groups and present the real, more funky style of New Orleans music. The people who come to New Orleans from Des Moines get sick of all that jive Bourbon Street Dixieland. They're gonna want to get down, too.

"I think it's a real slap in the face to the local musicians that they're treated that way by the fair. I'm trying to remedy it, but I've got to offset the cost of the bands by not ripping people off by charging \$5 for a beer. That kind of thing gets around fast and people go back home bad-mouthing the fair and New Orleans and that will ruin tourism here for ten years."

Palmer hopes to establish "the kind of place where the local people come to hang out when they come to the fair. A lot of people from New Orleans are going to be working at the fair and they're gonna want to have some place to hang out after work. If I can show those people a good time they're gonna tell the tourists that Jed's



Jazz promoter Allison Kaslow with Nat Adderley at the CAC.

is a good place to check out. I think it can be the kind of place where the locals and the out-of-towners can mingle."

Palmer hopes to have the club open for operations at least a few weeks before the actual fair opens to give "the locals an idea of what to expect." During the day the club hopes to furnish fair-goers with sandwiches, croissants, and both alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages. After the nightly fireworks over the Mississippi ("what could be a better vantage point?") the music will start and hopefully last as late as 3 a.m.

—Almost Slim

Quality Control At The Jazz Factory

Crafty Alison Kaslow is back to her old tricks this season, bringing the finest in national jazz talent to the Contemporary Arts Center's Jazz Factory. A recent example was the successful September 30th Nat Adderley Quintet concert, produced by the Louisiana Jazz Federation and jointly sponsored by the C.A.C. and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Foundation.

Nat Adderley, brother of the late Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, is an accomplished trumpeter and songwriter

responsible for such jazz classics as "Work Song" and "Jive Samba." His quintet features bassist Walter Booker, who has played with Thelonious Monk, and the great jazz saxophonist Sonny Fortune, formerly with McCoy Tyner and Miles Davis. The SRO Factory audience was treated to a tight performance by an all star jazz combo, typical of a Kaslow booking. In addition, ticket prices are a very reasonable six and seven dollars, considering the intimacy this venue offers.

On November 25, New Orleans bassist, pianist and vocalist Linda Aubert will join vocalist Jeanne Lee for a duet in the Jazz Factory. Ms. Lee will also conduct a day-long workshop in jazz vocal techniques. The 26th will find Germaine Bazzle joining San Francisco pianist/composer Jessica Williams for a concert that includes The Gentlemen of Jazz as accompanists. All performances will be broadcast over WWOZ-FM's *Nightclub of the Air* at 90.7 on your FM dial. For more information call the C.A.C. at 523-1216.

—rico

Tina Goes Public

The on-going myth that Tina Turner refuses to discuss the early days of her career with Ike Turner and the Kings of Rhythm was shattered this past

month when this scribe was granted a short but detailed interview (audience?) with Ms. Turner while she was appearing at the Fairmont's Blue Room. When confronted with the above cover, a disarmed Ms. Turner squealed in honest glee, "My God, where on earth did you get those old things!?"



Quizzed about her reluctance to divulge the details of her early career, she shrugged and said, "Well, it was a long time ago but nobody's really ever sat down and asked me about it lately."

Topics discussed by the woman once described as "the hardest working woman in show business" (still a fairly accurate summation) included her discovery by Ike Turner in an East St. Louis nightclub, how she "accidentally" recorded her first hit "A Fool In Love," the

early days on the road with the Kings of Rhythm and the St. Louis rhythm and blues record/club activity of the late 1950s. While Ms. Turner avoided revealing any lurid episodes in her colorful career, she did clear up a number of discrepancies and misconceptions, including the correct spelling of her maiden name (Anna Mae Bullock, no less).

The entire interview will be published in an upcoming issue of the British music magazine, *Blues Unlimited*.

—Almost Slim

Hurt Me, Stevie

Stevie Ray Vaughan celebrated his birthday this October 2 at Tulane's McAlister Auditorium by playing a very live concert that proved college students are every bit as masochistic today as they were back in the days of goldfish-swallowing marathons.

Mr. Vaughan's dynamic command of the highly amplified electric guitar is as complete as any rocker around; what he may lack in Adrian Belew's space tones he makes up for with Lightnin' Hopkins' Texas phrasing and Eddie Van Halen's power chording rhythms. Unfortunately, the 500 or so adoring fans crowded at the master's feet in the first eight rows could hear that screaming Stratocaster and not much else. From up front, the vocals could have been a lip synch and the rhythm section in another city considering the guitar's dominance in the onstage sound mix. The other audience members (including fellow Texas bluesman Mason Ruffner) scattered in the balcony and back rows enjoyed a more balanced sound due to the long acoustic throw of the P.A. system.

SRV and Co. whipped through most of their *Texas Flood* LP, which is considerably successful across the country and still damn hard to find in New Orleans. (Would somebody please open a well-stocked record store here?) Also included in the performance was Stevie's signature cover of main-muse Jimi Hendrix's "Little Wing." Maybe at the next high volume McAlister concert, we'll find the first ten rows roped off to force the audience to hear the entire band, properly balanced and acoustically correct. But then again, maybe not...a little pain can be good for the soul sometimes, even if it is bad for the ears.

—rico



Stevie Ray Vaughn blasting out at Tulane.

RICO

Flamenco Duet

Rogers Memorial Chapel at Newcomb College was the setting for a dramatic duet by flamenco guitarist Carlos Sanchez and local jazz pianist David Torkanowsky on October 10. The energetic get together was sponsored by Tulane University and the Consul General of Spain as part of Spanish Culture Week.

Mr. Sanchez's musical background includes studies at the Conservatory of Music in Madrid and private instruction with guitarist Haurio Herrero. He has been on world tours with Antonio Ballet de Madrid, a faculty member of Tulane's music department, and was the first flamenco guitarist to perform at the New Orleans Jazz

Festival. Mr. Torkanowsky is well known for his impassioned keyboard style and is the son of noted flamenco dancer Teresa Torkanowsky. "I first met Carlos when he was the accompanist for my mother's dance company," David explains, "and I always admired his virtuosity, so when Mrs. Daly of the Spanish Cultural Society approached me about doing this last year I figured it would be the perfect opportunity to play with Carlos. This is our second year, we performed last year with a slightly different program, and it went great."

Among the highlights of this year's performance were a slightly rearranged version of Chick Corea's "Concierto de Aranjuez," the jazzy "Improvisaciones Espanolas," and three beautiful Sanchez compositions, including the playful "Piripo a Cadiz."

—rico

News From OZ

Topping the list of new developments at radio station WWOZ is a series of interview/music programs with local musicians, initiated and hosted by volunteer Pat Jolly. The shows feature in-depth interviews with a variety of live and recorded music by the guest musicians and by other artists they consider influential to their development. A few highlights to listen for are David Torkanowsky and Bobby McFerrin cutting up in the studio before Jazz Fest, James Black discussing material from recent albums in which he has been featured, and jazz pianist Phil Parnell in a show combining recordings and live outtakes from Jazz Fest and his home studio.

OZ will be moving its studio facilities to Armstrong Park in early November and also doing a live broadcast from the park sponsored by the Louisiana Jazz Federation. On November 27, the station will hold a Record and Music Fair in the International Ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Donations of records, posters, and music memorabilia (all tax-deductible) will be accepted. Collectors, artists and vendors who wish to display or sell their goods can call 891-2335 for more information.

—rico



RICO

Author John Broven Visits

Author John Broven was here in October to promote his latest effort, *South To Louisiana*. When it comes to the music of Louisiana, you could say he wrote the book...both of them. Broven's *Walking To New Orleans* (retitled *Rhythm and Blues in New Orleans* when published a second time in the States) and *South To Louisiana* stand as major works in their respective fields; the former covers New Orleans R&B, the latter covers Cajun, zydeco, swamp pop, blues and other forms popular in the Pelican State. In addition to being well researched and valuable from an historical standpoint, both books feature a wealth of colorful anecdotes and quotes by the personalities themselves.

The intimacy of these books is not surprising given the enthusiasm, candor, and humility of their author. Broven is an articulate and friendly English chap who describes himself as "an enthusiastic fan. I've just been very lucky to have been able to pursue my hobby. I think back twenty years and if anybody had told me then that I would meet people like Fats Domino, Huey Smith, Clifton Chenier, I just wouldn't have believed it. It really has been great fun for me!"

Broven has been a contributor to *Blues Unlimited* magazine for the past twenty years, and has written liner notes for many LPs, as well as actually selecting songs for several compilation albums. "I suppose my most satisfying project was when I did 'The Fats Domino Story' for United Artists in England, which was a six-volume compilation of Fats' Imperial records from 1949 right on up to 1962. I was very, very pleased with that one. We also did 'The Smiley Lewis Story,' a two-volume set, and this past two or three months I've just compiled a Dave Bartholomew LP of Imperial sides for a French company called Pathe-Marconi EMI. It's a great album. I also helped them with the Earl King Imperial record about a year ago which, I'm pleased to say, won the Otis Redding Award in France."

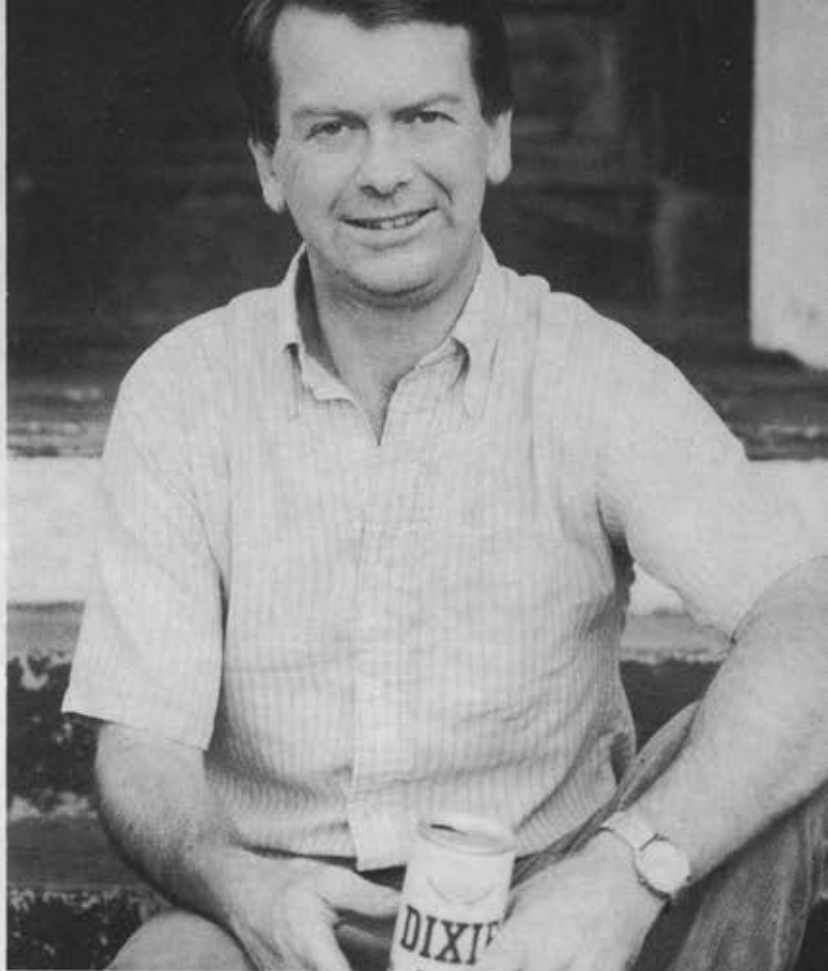
Each Broven book contains a recommended listening list in the index, so, predictably, he warms to questions of his own personal favorites. "In the Cajun music field, Nathan Abshire is the Professor Longhair of Cajun music. His playing is so rooted

in tradition and so enthusiastic that everything he did sort of has a marvelous spine-chilling feel to it. Cookie and The Cupcakes' "Three Great Rockers" is a real favorite of mine; I guarantee that if you go into any honky tonk in South Louisiana tonight you'll hear "Mathilda" on the jukebox, and the Johnnie Allan and Rod Bernard records on Jin, those albums capture the essence of the swamp pop movement at the turn of the Sixties."

Broven echoes our amazement on how many of the swamp pop artists remain unrecognized, even in New Orleans. This leads into his logical (and altogether plausible) suggestion to the NOJHF folks on Rampart Street: "The fact that a drummer like Warren Storm is unknown here is almost criminal, especially as his style of music is rooted in New Orleans R&B. It is incredible to me that the Jazz Fest really hasn't produced a platform for the swamp pop artists. What I'd love to see is somebody like Johnnie Allan to provide a package of four or five artists like Jivin' Gene, Warren Storm, and put on an hour and half show and see what the reaction is. I assure you, it'd be fantastic. That music is as much a part of the heritage of Louisiana as any other music you could care to claim. I do sense some change in that direction recently, however, a certain increase in awareness. Perhaps this will break down the barriers of prejudice, if you will."

Concluding, Broven cheerfully reports that our music is as strong as ever on his side of the Atlantic. While looking at a calendar of upcoming bands at a British club, he says "there were no less than three bands playing South Louisiana music. I mean, here you are in *England*, and they're up there with accordions and the whole lot! Then you've got groups like Diz and the Doormen and King Kleary and the Savage Mooses playing New Orleans music, and not just doing straight copies, but rather, interpreting the music in their own way. Diz backed Dr. John this summer at a club called Half Moon in Putney. I saw Diz and the Doormen just this Thursday at a London club, followed by, would you believe it, Frogman Henry! So that was a good start to my New Orleans trip," he pauses for an ironic laugh. "It's almost as if there's more New Orleans music in London's South Side than there is down here!"

—rico



Broven: Better than we know ourselves.

RICO

Rock & Roll Confidential

Perhaps the most radical music periodical currently available is Dave Marsh's *Rock & Roll Confidential*, a monthly which seeks—and succeeds—in exposing the nefarious activities of modern corporate music monoliths such as record companies (all four of 'em—or is it five?) and radio stations.

The newsletter, printed in your basic black and white, is full of terrific items—especially when Marsh goes off on one of his tirades against "the corporate infiltration of rock & roll."

In the October issue, Marsh ran excerpts from a column that he wrote for *Record* magazine, which was subsequently killed because as *Record's* editor, David McGee, explained to Marsh, "If the column ran, the publication would go out of business for lack of advertisers." (Marsh notes that McGee was willing to run the column anyway but that he decided that he didn't want to be responsible for destroying McGee's advertising base.)

Marsh's "typical" excerpts are as follows:

"Why have such companies as Miller, Schlitz and Camel taken up sponsorship so heavily in recent years? Precisely because of

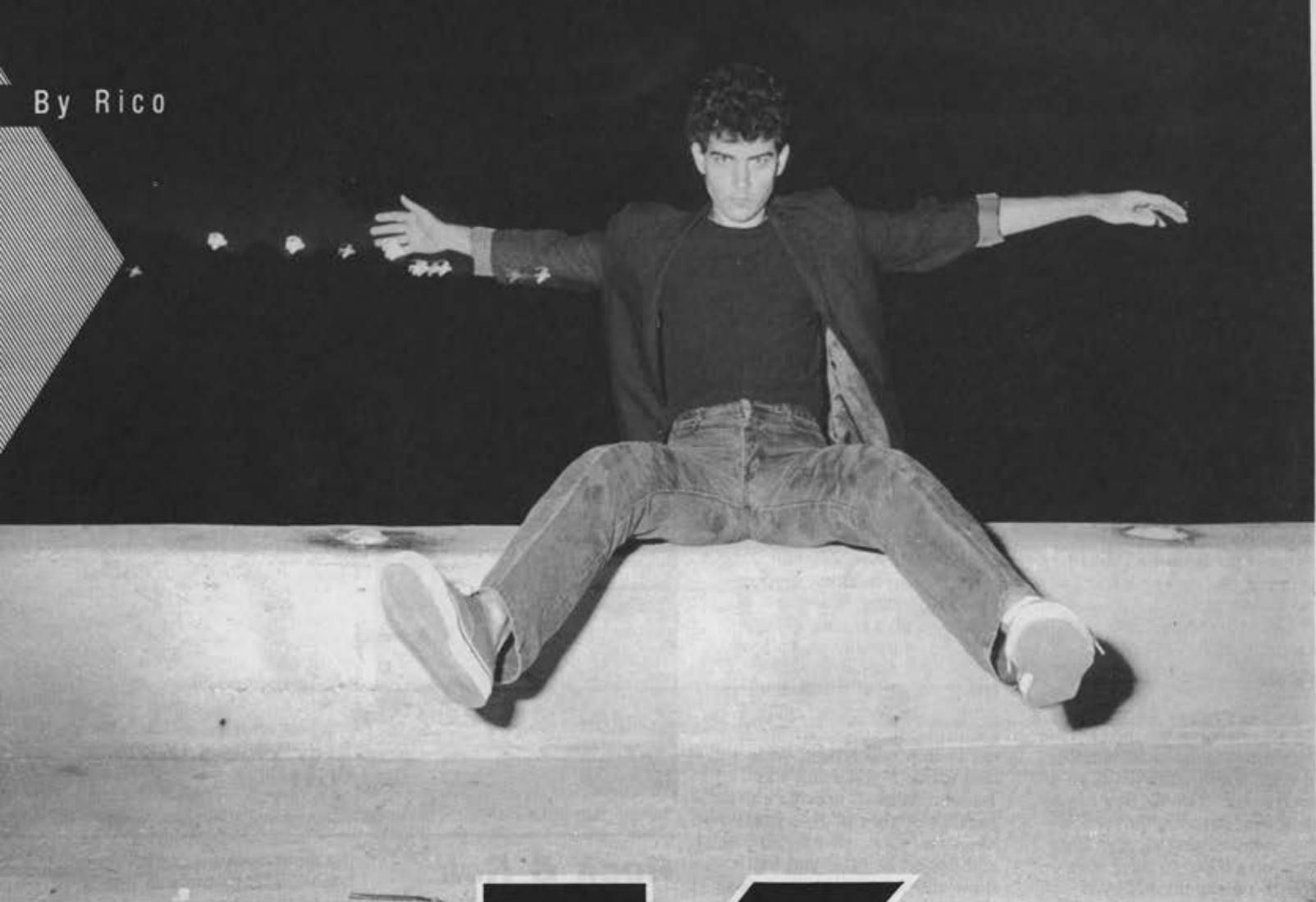
the moral authority which rock holds for its listeners. It means something important for a brewery to acquire henchmen as powerful as [Pete] Townshend, especially since one of the goals of all addictive substances is indoctrination...

"Anyone who thinks that corporations don't censor the events they sponsor is dreaming. Hall and Oates are sponsored by seemingly harmless Canada Dry, which resulted in Scandal being dropped as opening act for their Philadelphia show because Scandal is sponsored by a rival ginger ale. I defy any sponsored group to attack alcohol, tobacco addiction or the condition under which their product is made, on stage or on record. If any performer does so and gets away with his sponsorship intact, I will donate all future proceeds from this column to a mutually agreeable charity."

This is a fine idea, we think, and on a local level, we wouldn't mind hearing Allen Toussaint or Ellis Marsalis or Russ Russell or Aaron Neville telling the truth about their affiliation with Time-Saver stores. Do they get free six-packs of beer, or what?

To subscribe to *Rock & Roll Confidential*, send \$15 (check or money order) to Duke & Duchess Ventures, Dept. 5, Box 1073, Maywood, N.J. 07607. Do it now before it's too late.

—Bunny Matthews



RICO

Vance DeGeneres

The man who gave us The Cold, Mr. Bill, and Charlemagne and the Dark Ages talks about making music in New Orleans, including some strategies for the future.

Were you one of these kids who had piano lessons at six, guitar lessons at eight and all that stuff?

Semi. I had an aunt who taught piano lessons, but I didn't want to do it, I wanted to go out and play football. I took maybe two lessons before [my parents] realized it was futile. In junior high, I took up guitar, started teaching myself the minimum chords needed to play "Gloria." I actually took four or five guitar lessons from a guy named Ronnie Benton who was in one of those Sixties bands; they wore turtlenecks, the dickies with the blue work shirts and everything.

Yeah, I had several dickies, I thought they were great...

They had Super Reverb amps and coiled guitar chords—that was God to me, a Mosrite guitar, the Ventures kind...anyway, I never had much formal musical training, I've always played by ear.

Were you in any "teen" bands?

Oh yeah. My first band was called "The

Dark Ages." The original name was "Charlemagne and the Dark Ages" and I thought, "That's a great name, like John Fred and the Playboys!" We had cards made and everything. We played one party for ten dollars, but we didn't have a bass player, just two guitars, a drummer and a singer. After about two songs they started throwing cookies at us—refreshments were being hurled in our direction. In junior high I joined a band called "Lick." They were all at Fortier [Sr. High] and I was at McMinn Jr. High. Boy, was that great! They had played the Warehouse, which was the big place back then. It was a good little band that stuck around for about three years, played in the Quarter.

You were playing guitar?

Yeah, it was two lead guitars, we did Allman Brothers and that kind of stuff. We even opened for them once in a free concert in the park one Sunday, back by the Butterfly. The drummer, Jimmy Ford, is

traveling with the Fleshtones now as their road manager or something...I broke a finger my senior year of high school which shortened my guitar career for a while. This finger here, it's kind of bent...

I have one like that too, my pinky...

A baseball smashed it. Well, I couldn't play guitar and I thought I never would again, 'cause even after the pin came out I couldn't bend it enough to make the chords. The feeling eventually came back enough to where I could play bass, that's how I picked up bass. Right after high school, I joined a road band called "Hoppy's Favorite," for about eight or nine months playing the area around Charleston, South Carolina.

Which led to The Cold?

Well, I moved back here and got an apartment with a friend named Walter Williams. He and I shared a similar sense of humor and we decided to start a comedy act. We were big Bob and Ray fans. We came up with some film ideas and put together some two and three minute skits, and eventually turned it into a live comedy act. We did some musical comedy with him on clarinet and me on a little electric piano, and we tied it all up together with the name *The Mister Bill Show*. We came up with the original film of Mr. Bill in the fall of '74 and two years later it was shown on *Saturday Night Live*. We sent in a whole gang of films and they liked Mr. Bill enough to put it on, so we just kept hounding them

after that. We moved to New York, right across from the Dakota apartments, and worked the live routine at the Improv and Catch a Rising Star regularly and did the films for *Saturday Night Live*. Lorne Michaels [producer] said it wasn't in the budget to pay for another film, so we didn't get paid for Mr. Bill. I quit the act in '77, around Mardi Gras, when they taped the show here in New Orleans, that was my last Mr. Bill, which got bumped because they ran way overtime. I left because of differences with Walter and David over ideas for routines. I moved back here and tried to do a show called "Cuisine Deluxe." It was a disaster. That depressed me real good, so I got the bright idea: I'll join the Marines! So...I joined the Marines.

Did it improve your discipline?

Boy, did it! It makes it easier for me to starve now! I was in nineteen months, in broadcast journalism in the public affairs department, a pretty decent job, really, I didn't have to carry around rifles and stuff. I came back to New Orleans around the winter of 1979, got a job at WQUE and was really getting the music bug again. Barbara Menendez was living in New York trying to make it as an actress. I called her and suggested we put a band together. She wasn't a singer or anything. I had heard her at a talent show at Mount Carmel one night. She sang "Send In The Clowns" and she was captivating, she had this charisma, so I knew she could pull it off. Kevin [Radecker]

and Bert [Smith] suggested we join forces with Chris [Luckette]. Chris had quit the Normals and The Cold just sort of took off from there. We had no idea it would get so big.

Why do you think The Cold was so popular?

I don't know, I think we just hit at the right time. The Normals were around before The Cold and they were a great band, a tremendous live act, but they had some bad money problems and bad luck...

So The Cold was happening for a couple of years?

Yeah, a real productive two and a half years that I thoroughly enjoyed. The band received a lot of criticism from a lot of people who, I guess, like to take music a little too seriously. We never made any pretense to "art"...

Did y'all have plans to break it big with album deals, et cetera?

Yeah, I'm still not quite sure what happened [laughs]. We had one firm offer from a CBS affiliate and we turned it down on the advice of our manager who thought we could get something better.

"Little did he know that..."

Things started turning sour toward the end, Barbara decided to leave and little by little it fell apart to nothing.

Then came Apartment B?

Yeah, I wanted to do a totally different thing with three synthesizers and Carlo Nuccio on drums. Well he got Ray [Ganuccio]



RICO

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cheaux] and Barbara and Scott [Godeau] together and we spent the whole summer rehearsing...

So Apartment B comes out and...

And boy, that was one of the biggest disappointments of my life, I'll tell you. From the very first rehearsal it clicked, we were really enthusiastic and we had good, complex material, some of it was even Weather Report-ish. Lots of people liked us, but we lost a large chunk of the crowd right off the bat. I think they came expecting The Cold. The crowds just weren't there for us. Critical acclaim is one thing, but it doesn't buy peanut butter and jelly.

And this is when you hooked up with the Backbeats?

Well, I had gotten an offer to join some friends in a Canadian group called Strange Advance, but I turned it down. Later I got a call from Paul Sanchez asking if I'd like to play with the Backbeats; they had just gotten Steve Walters in the band. I'd known Paul and John [Herbert] and Steve [LeBlanc] from Godot, and while I never cared for that band, I always liked the three of them. Paul and John's voices blended really well together and it just seemed like there was a lot of potential there.

It seems that since you've been with the band the direction of the Backbeats has changed...

They wanted to change. They were doing semi-rockabilly stuff and I told Paul that I didn't want to do a straight-ahead rockabilly band. There are a lot of really good rockabilly bands out there and to be another one of those, it just didn't make sense to me. So I joined under those conditions and so did Steve Walters... It was really tough for the first three months or so, it didn't really gel. There was an intangible that was missing, but it finally clicked just a few months ago. A lot of the material we came up with when I first joined the band has fallen by the wayside, we've really gone through a lot of material, and I feel really good about the newer songs, I think this is my best writing period ever.

Are any of those songs on the EP ("All The Fun In The World")?

No, the record was done in the early stages of the band. Nobody was doing anything around New Orleans, so we decided to get a record out, we felt we had to get something out there, anything, so we did, so I guess the record served its purpose. I don't think it's representative of the band now. Everybody is writing more now, and it's more in a cohesive direction than it was before. It's pretty straight ahead, melodic stuff, but it has a definite funk edge to it, a lot of Steve's bass patterns sound almost like New Orleans-type funk, late Sixties Meters-type stuff, they're one of my favorite groups. So I think we finally have a direction, I know where the Backbeats are going. I think we all do.

I noticed the EP is on Pet Set Records. Is that your label?

No, Steve had that name lying around, 'cause at one point he was going to start a pet store. At his apartment, he's got three cats, two birds, animals everywhere, so that's where it came from.

One thing that bothers me about the record is that I don't hear the identity of the vocalists, I don't really hear who's singing...

You and me both. Yeah, that was a mistake. We wanted such a heavy drum sound, but I think we sacrificed some of the vocal quality, they are just too low.

Now, you've been around the New Orleans music business for a long time...

[laughs] That's kind of you to call it that, "music business"...

Would "music racket" be a better term?

Yeah, that's what it is, a racket.

Why's that?

There are simply not enough live music clubs to play in this town. If you're a heavy metal band like "Nasty, Nasty" and write "Censored" across your jeans you can play all over the state, Fat City, all the bayou towns and draw tons of people who'll drink lots of beer. If you're a new act playing original new music, you're stuck. Tupelo's closed, the Showboat's gone, there's Jimmy's, and I should mention Tipitina's, but Tip's is primarily an R&B club. By having only one club, the scene is virtually destroyed.

So the club owners have got you over a barrel...

That's the club owner mentality. There's got to be another way to help the scene. I called Audubon Park today, in fact, to try and get permission to use some part of the park for bands to play on a Sunday, for free, promote it and get a big crowd out there. It would expose a lot of people to a lot of new talent. People are just not coming to see new music like they were two years ago. I don't know if it's because of MTV or what, but they're not coming out. I think we could build the scene back up piece by piece, expose the new bands and even if people hated them it would give them a chance to be heard. We need to encourage people to start putting bands together and writing material, even if it's a horrible band, so what? You've gotta start somewhere. Even the high school kids, 15, 16 years old, you've gotta educate them, otherwise they're gonna go off and listen to Journey on some Camaro's tape deck.

What about the video possibilities for local bands?

Well, most bands can't afford to do videos right now, especially if you're on a smaller level, but if a cable channel would do a music show and feature local and regional acts, I mean, there are enough bands that travel through here that you could put together a really interesting music show. If the cables don't do that, at least we could resort to the public access channels, which means lesser equipment, but at least it's a start. You know, there's a lot of jealousy here between bands...

Yeah, I noticed that...

We've got such a small music audience going here. For a town of over a million people, you'd think there'd be an audience of a few thousand people but it just doesn't work out that way. We're going to have to find ways of bringing the music to the people instead of expecting them to make the effort to come out to the music. □

By Macon Fry



RICO

Juke Joints

New Orleans may represent the last stand of the juke joint in American culture, a sign of the continued social vitality of this city and its neighborhoods.

There's no sign or lights outside Al's Place. Driving down Tchoupitoulas Street on a cool evening (when the door is closed), Al's is indistinguishable from the warehouses and dockside businesses that line the waterfront below Jackson Avenue. Drive slowly however, and roll down your window and you may hear the sounds of Elmore James, Bobby Bland or George "Bow-wow-wow" Clinton emanating from the run down white building at the corner of Orange Street.

Inside Al's Place, couples shuffle, grind and sway to one of the funkier jukeboxes in town. There's no hardwood floor or strobe lights; dancers must beware of cracks in the flagstone floor. At the bar dockworkers, locals and an occasional couple drink beer poured from quart bottles. After a few drinks they make the pilgrimage to Al's almost-outhouse restrooms.

While New Orleans is famous for its live music scene, one of the most singular aspects of the city is the prevalence and vitality of neighborhood juke joints.

They are places in which you may find last year's Christmas decorations year round or mirrored balls and wood paneling. They range in atmosphere from the ig-

nominius Al's to the comfortably dark corners of The Sandpiper. The clientele covers a spectrum of down and outs, young couples and neighborhood folks. The common element in all is the jukebox which is the featured entertainment, music-wise.

There are many jukeboxes to choose from in the Crescent City, but it is the reciprocal relationship among patrons, song selection and environment which gives the juke joint its particular atmosphere. For instance the hard blues and funk at Al's Place resonate off rough plaster walls and flagstone floor. The mellow Sixties and Seventies soul sounds at The Sandpiper are just right for couples on the dimly lit dance floor. Up Jumped The Devil on Tulane Avenue features a similar Seventies soul groove but has the added touch of a jukebox with mirrored ball. For a relaxing after-work drink, there's Chopsy's on Burdette Street where you can watch tropical fish swim to Bobby Bland's "Recess in Heaven."

Sadly, New Orleans may represent the last stand of the juke joint in American culture. In most urban centers the decline of the juke joint began in the Sixties and may be traced to the development of competing entertainment forms, including tele-

vision, pinball and the now ubiquitous video game. This competition has been abetted by the replacement of traditional jukebox locations, such as small bars and restaurants by discotheques and fast food franchises. J. Irvine, in his book on the coin-operated industry, lamented the juke joint decline: "The diner, the roadside cafe and the corner drugstore were traditional locations for a phonograph...The customer was encouraged to take his time, play the jukebox and engage in conversation. This social convention has been largely replaced."

The prevalence of juke joints in New Orleans is a sign of the continued social vitality of the city and its neighborhoods. Regardless of how often the entertainment market has been redivided, bars like Al's and a myriad social and pleasure clubs are still the social centers of many neighborhoods throughout the city. Despite the menacing presence of Pac Man, these bars continue to offer a haven from the too-fast world of business lunches, freeway traffic and discos. Their jukeboxes continue to occupy that special glowing space where a person can still choose his own musical medicine, can still bandage his heart or set his feet on fire for the price of a coin. □

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ALMOST SLIM

By Almost Slim

Dr. Daddy-O

When Dr. Daddy-O broke the color barrier on New Orleans radio, suddenly the record companies saw that here they could record the music, get it played on the air, and sell records. The boom in New Orleans music had begun.

In May 29, 1949, the front page of the *Louisiana Weekly* announced the start of a career that is still going strong nearly 35 years later. It read:

"'Dr. Daddy-O,' Vernon Winslow, to become the first colored disc jockey in New Orleans on WWEZ. His show is to be called 'Jivin' With Jax.'"

The step towards racial equality was apparent immediately, but at that time, there was no way to anticipate the far-reaching impact that New Orleans' first "colored" disc jockey was to have on the music of the city.

Today in his early sixties, Dr. Daddy-O is still one of the most visible members of New Orleans' black community, still dedicated to the music. He gets up at 2 a.m. every weekday to do his 4 a.m. gospel radio program for WYLD and his newest project, a regularly scheduled gospel music TV program, is another first for New Orleans. From his home in Gentilly, he recalls with great care the chain of events that led a young man from Dayton, Ohio, to break the color line here of the most significant medium of the day.

After graduating from the Chicago Institute of Art in advertising and design, he came to New Orleans via Atlanta to take a teaching job at Dillard University's art department (a position he held almost continuously until retirement). It took nearly a decade in New Orleans for his interest in radio to really get going.

"They had a jazz program on WJBW,"

he recalls. "They played King Cole, Duke Ellington, Billy Eckstine. I got interested in the show and one night I called the guy on the air and said, 'Hey, you know for a white guy you really know jazz. I like you.'

"He said, 'I'm going to the New Orleans *Item* next week as a writer, and I want to write about you people. I'm fascinated by what you guys do. Why you wear these zoot suits, and talk jive. I want to meet ya.'

"I said, 'Sure, I'll meet ya.' So we talked. He said, 'You know, you ought to be an announcer, you're a pretty smart guy.'

"I told him, 'Well, I'd like to handle jazz.' That was all that came of that, but it put the idea in my head.

"So about a year later I started writing letters around to radio stations just for kicks saying, 'I think I can handle your negro market. Because the population is so high, and they might identify with your advertisers, and have more of an impact than it does now.

"I got a letter back from WWL that said they were sorry, they were anticipating negro programming but it was years off. WJMR called me though and said they were interested in talking to me and were sure we could work something out. They said to come on down.

"See, they didn't know if I was white or black over the phone. They assumed I was white because I didn't sound like most blacks in New Orleans.

"I went down to the Jung Hotel, walked in the front door and up to the studio. Had

they known I was black I could have been thrown in jail then. I saw the man that I spoke to over the phone and said, 'Hello, my name is Winslow.'

"He looked at me once, he looked at me twice, and said, 'Hey, sit down I want to talk to you.'

"We talked for quite a while until finally he said, 'By the way, are you a nigger?' [Dr. Daddy-O's olive complexion and straight hair allowed him to *passer blanc*.]

"I said, 'I'm a negro, yes.'

"We can't do that,' he said. 'Naw, they'd shoot us if we put a nigger on the air. But I'll tell you what. If you can write a script for a show, you can train one of our announcers. We want someone who can talk the language. You're educated enough to realize we can't have a colored disc-jockey in New Orleans. What would the other radio stations say?'"

So the ambitious art teacher from Dillard was to start from scratch organizing a daily program that would be aimed at New Orleans' black population and instructing a white announcer to speak like a hip negro! Not only that, Winslow had to buy the records to play and go out and "listen to the cats in the street." He was responsible for inventing a colorful alias for the masquerading announcer and came up with the unforgettable "Poppa Stoppa."

"Poppa Stoppa came out of that rhyme-rap that the people in the street were using. That's what the ghetto produced. The people were trying to mystify outsiders. It

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became a unique identity and they were proud of it. So I began writing my script in that language. 'Look at your gold tooth in a telephone booth, Ruth—wham bam, thank you, man.' I had a penchant for alliteration.

"So I would coach the white announcer to read my script, and I'd have to say, 'No, no, a black person doesn't talk that way, it's like this.'"

Winslow went along with the charade for a few months and the *Jam, Jive and Gumbo* show became overnight the most popular program for black New Orleanians and WJMR's biggest moneymaker. All went well until one night when the announcer left the microphone for a few minutes and Winslow did the unthinkable. He read part of his own script over the air. The station owners' reaction was typical by 1948 standards.

"They kicked me out!" exclaimed Winslow, with a sense of hurt that 25 years has done little to abate. "There was nothing I could do. I couldn't sue. They only had one black lawyer and he couldn't even plead a case in front of a judge. So I thought, what the hell, I'll just stay at Dillard."

WJMR retained the Poppa Stoppa identity, using it for a series of announcers well into the 1970s, after Clarence Heyman had assumed the moniker and the station became WNNR. It looked at first like Winslow lost on all counts. But he would soon return to satisfy his grudge and become more popular than ever.

"About six months later I got a telegram saying, 'If you are the one who wrote the scripts for the *Poppa Stoppa Show*, our advertising agency would like to talk to you about setting up a career as our advertising consultant.' Well, it just blew my mind. Apparently the Fitzgerald Advertising firm and the Jackson Brewing Company had heard the *Poppa Stoppa Show* and it was what they were looking for. They had just completed a study about the potential of the black market and they realized its importance. I went down to Fitzgerald's and they said, 'Give us a name. Forget about Poppa Stoppa and give us something just as catchy. We know you can write, just get your voice tested and write us some scripts.'

"Doc" was a name you called everybody then. 'Hey doc, you got a match? Hey doc, can I buy you a drink?' Then the term came out 'daddy-o.' I'd heard Louis Jourdan use it at the Auditorium. So I put the two together and they went for it."

Dr. Daddy-O is quick to point out that he wasn't hired as just a disc jockey, however. "I was hired as an advertising consultant for the Jackson Brewing Company. Being on the radio was just part of my job. It was something to make the black population proud and associate with Jax beer.

"With a \$3 million a year contract, the Fitzgerald Advertising Company could move into any station and say, 'We want one hour. Give us an engineer and we'll set up everything else.'

The first *Jivin' With Jax* radio program hosted by the newly tagged Dr. Daddy-O was aired on WVEZ every Sunday. As expected, the impact was colossal.

"Dr. Daddy-O was it," recalls singer Mr. Google Eyes. "When he came on you didn't see a soul in the street. They were all crowd- ed around the radio."

Initially, the *Jivin' With Jax* programs were broadcast from the studios of the New Orleans Hotel until they were moved to Cosimo Matassa's J&M Recording Studio, where Dr. Daddy-O was soon joined by Dave Bartholomew and his band for live broadcasts.

"Hell, they had to bring Dr. Daddy-O up the freight elevator because he was black," recalls Cosimo. "That wasn't right. So I said, 'We already have all the facilities here. Why not do it in the studio?' That let everybody off the hook."

Dr. Daddy-O set off shockwaves in the broadcasting industry sending other radio stations into a scramble for a piece of the action. Suddenly the local air waves were crammed with a horde of Dr. Daddy-O sound-alikes with equally colorful names: Ernie the Whip, Jack the Cat, Okey Dokey and even Momma Stoppa. "Everybody was trying to beat Dr. Daddy-O," he recalls with a grin. "My ratings were just stupendous."

Jax also arranged for Dr. Daddy-O to write a regular entertainment column, "Boogie Beat," in the *Louisiana Weekly*. "Jax covered every angle of promotion. Jax asked me to write the column and they offered the column to the *Weekly* free. I was moving through the bars doing promotions so I could pick up all the news. It worked out great for everybody."

Record companies also took note of Dr. Daddy-O and the other black disc-jockeys and together they inadvertently changed the trends in black music. "When I started it was the Mills Brothers, King Cole and the Ink Spots on the radio. But most black people didn't listen to that. About the blackest thing out there was Louis Jordan. It seemed like Roy Brown's "Good Rockin' Tonight" was the first instance where New Orleans felt like there was such a thing as black music.

"'Good Rockin' Tonight' was our ace. We would just play it loud and long. White stations would never play that. People—both white and black—began to realize that I was the one playing that racy black music. I'd back that record up and play it two or three times in twenty minutes."

Suddenly the harder, more authentic brand of black music had an outlet besides the corner bar's jukebox. The independent record companies were quick to seize upon this fact and capitalize on it by supplying the product almost as fast as they could record it. It was more than coincidental that they came to New Orleans to find talent; not only could they record it here but they could also get it played on the air.

"We had to play New Orleans records," emphasized Dr. Daddy-O. "there was just no other way. Then the A&R [Artist and Representative] people would come down here and we'd play whatever they gave us.

"Those were real exciting days. Things were happening so fast it seemed like magic. You could go into a club to see Dave Bartholomew, Roy Brown, Larry Darnell and Fats Domino and the record companies

would hear them too. If somebody played the Dew Drop, you could bet that some record company was going to talk to them."

Without picking favorites, Dr. Daddy-O recalls that he was most impressed by Professor Longhair and Smiley Lewis. "Those guys were so very raw they touched a nerve. They were worth a million dollars but it's too bad we didn't know about it then. I remember Smiley Lewis bringing me an acetate of 'Te-Na-Na.' He said if I'd play it he could get me a job at the Club Desire. Well I did, and next thing you know it's a hit and Smiley's traveling all over the country."

He also recalls hosting Jax Beer Parties at the Pepper Pot in Gretna with Professor Longhair providing the entertainment. "I knew Longhair was really something special because he had a sound that nobody else had. They used to have to put pillows on his feet because he'd kick the front of the piano so hard it splintered."

One of his other projects for Jax was to prepare two minute featurette films which were shown at black theatres. Dr. Daddy-O recalls filming Fats Domino, Roy Brown, Smiley Lewis, Paul Gayten, Annie Laurie and Professor Longhair for a New Orleans music promotion in the early Fifties. Although he is unsure of its whereabouts, the idea of this footage in some long-forgotten drawer boggles the mind!

The Jax Beer/Dr. Daddy-O relationship remained intact until 1957. "Falstaff just killed it with their Brooklyn Dodger promotion. That just knocked us out of the black market. I'd gone as far as I could with Jax, so we mutually split up. I got a job offer to become a station manager in Detroit and I took it."

Dr. Daddy-O returned to New Orleans in 1961 to resume his duties at Dillard and to reenter New Orleans radio, but with a different emphasis: gospel music, over radio station WNNR.

Why the about-face? "My grandmother used to tell me, 'You can't enter the kingdom of heaven unless you've been saved.' It started to work on me. The sincerity of the ministers and the performers impressed me.

"I got a good feeling out of gospel music. One night I remember walking past the Two Winged Temple [where the St. Thomas projects are now] and heard the music coming out. I said to myself, 'That's what I want to do.'"

Dr. Daddy-O found no problem being accepted by church people even after so many years of spinning "racy black music." "I've always been able to relate to different types of people. I worked for almost forty years in a university and during that time I was also out in the clubs as one of the crowd. Church people are forgiving. If you're sincere, they know it."

Today, the same kind of energy that made Dr. Daddy-O a pioneer in black radio is going into his gospel TV project. "I get that same excitement now that I felt when I first got behind the radio microphone. It's just like when I played that first Roy Brown record. I knew something was gonna happen."



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by Bunny Mathews

A Different Way of Thinking

'I'm not the kind of painter who's going to do the same thing forever. I don't really see any point in making art if that's what you're going to do.'

Painter Charles Blank, who celebrated his 35th birthday in October, is an elusive character, to say the least. By his own admission, Blank explains, "I'm the kind of person who doesn't really push what he's doing."

Fortunately for those of who admire Blank's oil paintings, George Febres, the director of Galerie Jules Laforgue, does push Blank's artistic endeavors. Through Febres' gentle prodding, Blank has been included in numerous exhibitions at the Contemporary Arts Center (including the 1980 "Louisiana Major Works" show), the 1980 "New Orleans Triennial" at the New Orleans Museum of Art, and the 1981 "Bienal De Arte" in Medellin, Colombia. This month, Blank will have his first one-man show at Galerie Jules Laforgue.

Blank lives in relative seclusion in Covington (much the same as painter Douglas Bourgeois, who lives in equally secluded Gonzales), leading what he calls "a very meagre lifestyle." Only recently has he transferred his studio from his bedroom out into the garage.

On a warm autumn afternoon, Blank, dressed more like a fisherman than an artist, showed up at Galerie Jules Laforgue and consented to discuss his singularly fine art. He began by explaining why he chooses to live across the lake:

"I like Covington—it's a great place to



be private. No one has to know who you are, which I kind of like.

"I've been painting since I was 15 or 16, going through my Jackson Pollock period and my Picasso period. I just did it—I decided it was something I would like to do and I kept working at it.

"The same theory is behind the pictures. There's no real thought behind it. There was no real motivation, now that I think about it.

"I can remember in second grade drawing a picture from one of those Dick and Jane books. I loved it. Everybody thought it was really good—it was a fabulous Crayola drawing. That is the first time I remember really liking one of my pictures. Then I really didn't do anything for awhile. I thought, 'I did that—forget it.'

"I started again when I was a teenager—I think because of music and the Rolling Stones and that whole Sixties deal. Painting was a way to express myself."

These days, despite the punkish look of his paintings, Blank usually listens to Al Jarreau or Bette Midler while he paints. He confesses that, aside from Talking Heads, he is relatively unfamiliar with most new music.

"Everybody keeps saying my paintings are like punk/new wave art," Blank says. "I guess it can be seen that way, but to me, it's not. Even though the figures look like modern people, to me, it's just an excuse for doing manipulations on them—on the surface, putting ideas down.

"If you could see the work I was doing when I was 15 or 16, it's really the same thing except now, it's done better. I start with a figure and I just let them develop. Even though they're all very similar, to me, they're kind of individual because of accidentally how the paint will paint it out, so to speak. Therefore, the paint creates the character. Sometimes, when I start a painting, in my mind, I think it's going to look one way but it ends up looking completely another way.

"Usually in reviews of shows, I'm unnoticed. One critic compared me to Jim Nutt, which I found really bizarre because to me, Jim Nutt's work is very sterile and very futuristic. I think, at the time, I'd seen one Jim Nutt piece at N.O.M.A. and I think I'd seen one reproduction in a magazine.

"I think I was influenced by Robert Warrens. I'd see his work at Stern and I really liked it—it was so beautifully done. Then I went to LSU to work on my masters and I had no idea that he was part of the faculty. He came up and spoke to me and said that my work really didn't look like the rest of the work that was going on there.

"Then, I think, I was influenced by Judith Lanier and Louise Stanley, who were part of that 'Bad Painting' show that Marcia Tucker curated. When I saw their work, I really loved it. It wasn't really this new wave imagery but it was kind of *off*. When you looked at their paintings, they didn't seem quite *right* or *well-done*. It was rough-looking—it wasn't just this meticulously

painted stuff. I like roughness.

"I start a painting and it's a one-time deal: it's either a bomb picture or an okay picture. I don't really make changes too much."

Asked why so many of his paintings feature cacti, Blank responds, "Good question—I don't know. I got into it but I think I'm going to get out of it. It's gotten to be too easy. If I can't think of anything else to paint, I stick a cactus in there. It's probably because I've gone out west a bunch of times and I love to go out in the desert. You stop for a drink of water and you see lizards run under rocks. It's wonderful.

"I'm not the kind of painter who's going to do the same thing forever. I have different visions all the time. I have a horror of being pigeonholed into this one look. I don't want to have to paint the same picture over and over for the rest of my life. I don't really see any point in making art if that's what you're going to do.

"Since I've had people notice my work, it's almost like if you don't paint the picture they expect to see, they're disappointed. In my mind, there's a whole other show I'm ready to paint but I'm not sure if it would be ready to be seen for a couple of years.

"When Marcia Tucker and Bill Fagaly came over to interview me for the Triennial, I really panicked. She said, 'A lot of your paintings really don't look alike.' I looked at her and said, 'Well, I've got different ways of thinking.' And she looked at me and said, 'That's a good answer.'" □

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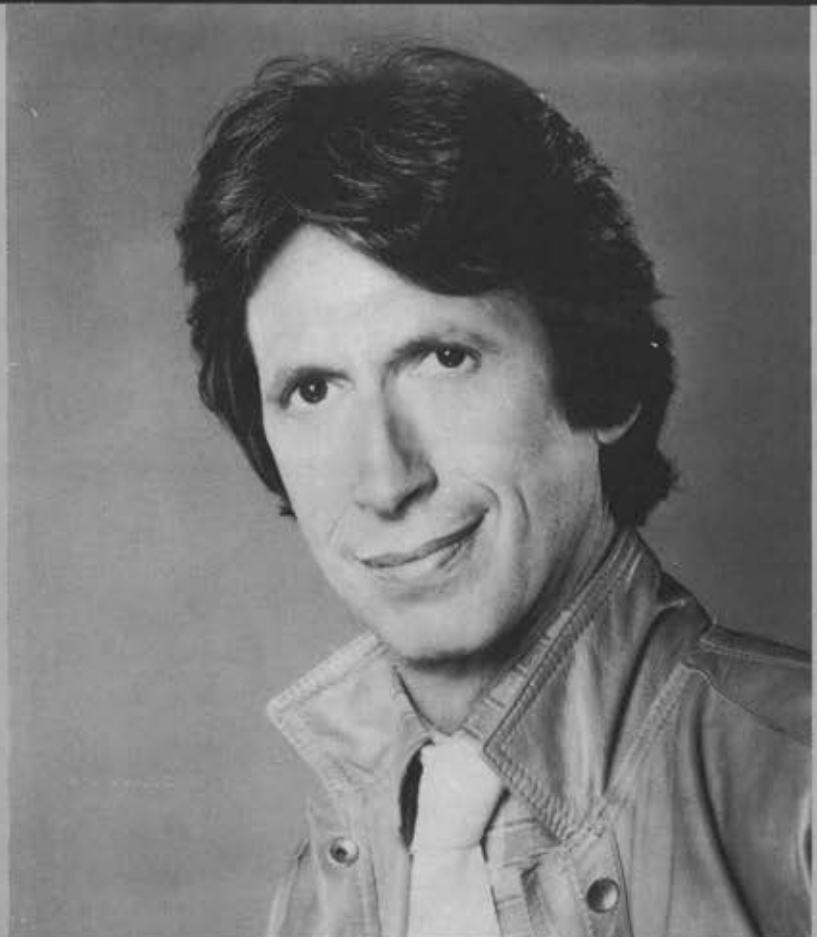
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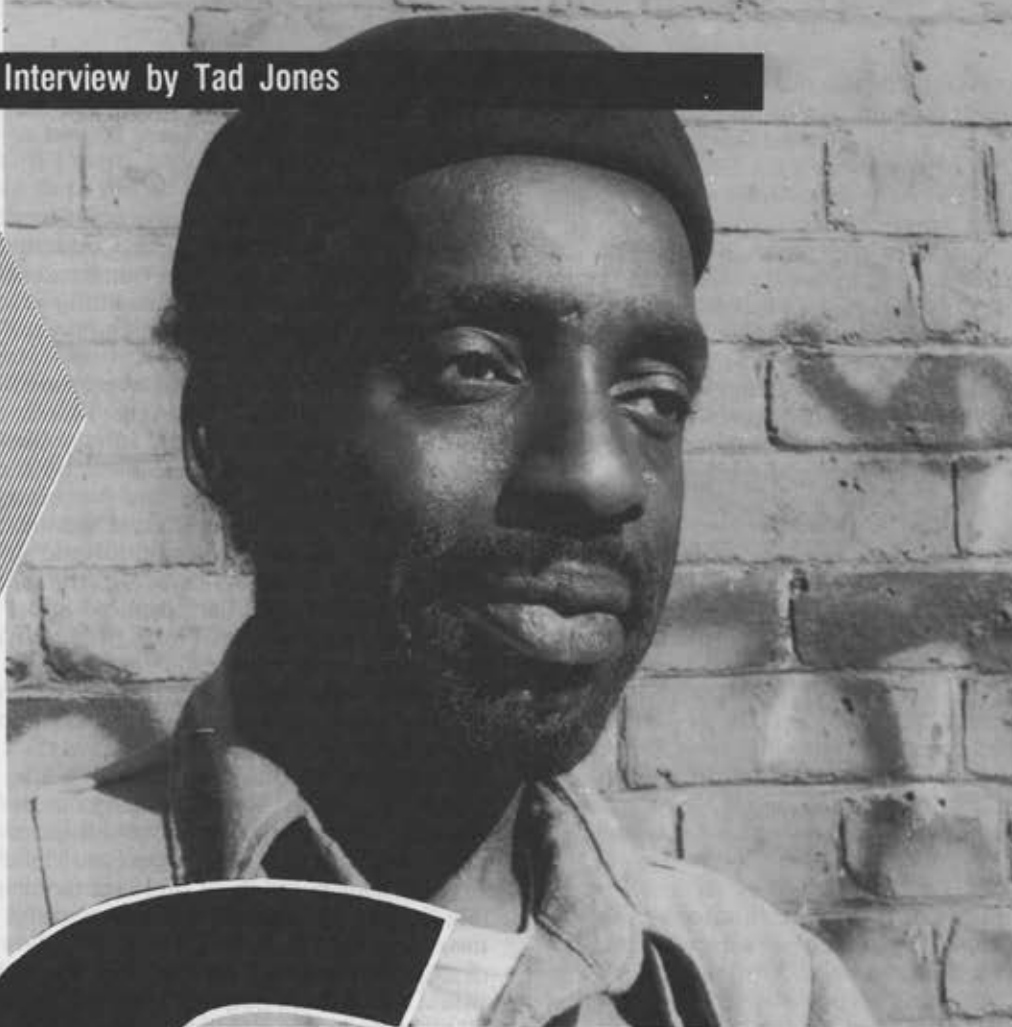
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Charles 'Hungry' Williams

The story of Hungry Williams is the story of New Orleans music in the Fifties. From beating out tunes on tin cans at the neighborhood sweet shop to backing up 'Fess at the Pepper Pot, Hungry saw it all. Here he talks to Wavelength and Dr. John about those early years.

Between 1957 and 1959, Charles "Hungry" Williams was New Orleans' premier studio drummer. Playing in a style he calls "double clutch," his hard-driving rhythms punctuated and enhanced hundreds of records with artists like Fats Domino, Paul Gayten, Professor Longhair, Mickey and Sylvia, Smiley Lewis, Hank Ballard and the Midnighters and dozens more.

Williams had apparently vanished from the scene when Mac Rebennack (Dr. John) found him in New York; our first interview, by telephone, was so filled with dub static from the phone lines that tape was virtually inaudible. Fortunately, within a few months, I was visiting New York and Rebennack had tracked Charles Williams down. Williams, a thin, frail-looking black man in his late forties, was staying at the Hudson Bay Motor Lodge in Jersey City where this interview was conducted.

Williams began drumming in his early teens while living at the Municipal Boys' Home. This interview focuses on his early years, his influences, and his favorite subject, the drums—and the style he originated.

Why don't we start at the beginning? Give me your birthday and where you were born.

OK, I was born in New Orleans, Charity Hospital, Tulane Avenue, February 12, 1935.

My mother's name was Beatrice Williams; my father's name was Henry Williams. I have three brothers and one sister.

My oldest brother's name is Henry Williams. My brother next to him is Clifford, and the one next to him is Lloyd Williams, who is a drummer, too. They call him "Cocky." My sister's name is Mary Alice Williams, the only sister I had.

Was Lloyd the only one besides you that played music?

My oldest brother played guitar, so that's three musicians in the family.

Were your father or mother interested in music at all?

My mother sang a lot because she was church-going; and my father used to like to dance a lot. They weren't musically inclined, but they were both soulful, because my mother loved to sing.

Did your parents encourage you to play music?

No, no. They way I started playing music...really, man, ever since I been big enough to know myself I used to be always beating on something, tin cans or something like that. When I was about eight or nine years old, I went into the Boy's Home, the same as where Louis Armstrong was.

Now which home was this?

Municipal Boy's Home. It's on Franklin Avenue near the lake in New Orleans. I had the same teacher, named Mr. Dave; Peter Dave they used to call him. While I was in school I got hooked up with music—going to school back in the Boy's Home. Mr. Dave tried to force all of us to play a trumpet because he had taught Louis Armstrong. I used to tell him all the time, I say, "Mr. Dave, I don't like to play trumpet, I want to play drums." But he kept drivin' and drivin' it into my head, and I learned how to play trumpet a little bit. I didn't like it.

How far along did you get? Could you read notes?

I read a little, not too much. Trumpet music and drum music are pretty close because they're both staccato instruments, and the music is written somewhat the same. That's why Max Roach plays a lot of trumpet parts on his drums. That's why his drum solos sound like horns. Sometimes with bands, you can lose the drum part and you can take the trumpet part and play a show, right off the trumpet parts. That's how close the drums and the trumpet are. So even after Mr. Dave used to try and drive this into my head, I used to go sit in the gym in the evening when I got out of school, and I'd take my knee and sit on the bench next to a door. I used to beat my knee for a bass drum on the door, and I had me two wooden sticks and I'd beat on the bench. I had everybody in the gym crowded around me. I was doing it then. I sounded good even with that. Mr. Dave finally decided to take me off the trumpet and put me in a band as a drum major with the stick thing, parading around the street. He took me off that, and he put me on a snare drum in the parade band—but it still wasn't enough. I wanted to play a set. They had another guy in the home they used to call Crazy Harold, who was a drummer. Mr. Dave used to set him up every weekend with a set of drums in the gym. One evening Mr. Dave said, "Look, Charlie, while Harold is in the gym practicing, you can practice with him." So that's how I got introduced to a set.

When I got out of the home, I'd go to the sweet shop. I used to get on the bench outside the sweet shop, get me two tin cans and two sticks, and the same thing I used to do on the door of the gym in the home, I'd do at the sweet shop. All the little girls would come out of the sweet shop and crowd around, because I was singing and playing on these tin cans. And they'd wonder how I'd do this to get so many different sounds. I'd have 'em dancing outside the sweet shop. I'd say I was about fourteen years old. I'm forty-seven now.

Where was this?

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I was living in a place called McDonoghville, Louisiana. Really it's Gretna, but they call it McDonoghville, Louisiana. It's about four or five miles from Gretna.

When you were growing up early on with your parents, where were you?

That's where I was living, with my parents. After I got out of the home, I went back to my parents. There was a place called the Pepper Pot in Gretna, and that's how I met Professor Longhair. I used to go up there to dance and things, and Fess was playing up there. I'd worry Fess to death to sit in with him. At the time, he had a guy



COURTESY RED TYLER

named Milton Stevens on drums. He was one of the best brush men to ever come out of New Orleans. And right after that, after Milton left, I think he got Honeyboy [Charles Otis], plus he had Papoose [Walter Nelson] on guitar. That's all—he only had three pieces. I finally convinced him to let me sit in. My timing and things was bad, but I did the best I could do.

Did you have a whole set of drums then?

Yeah, 'cause I was playing on Milton's drums. I didn't have my own drums. See, what happened was my mother moved back across the river, into New Orleans. Matter of fact, when they moved, I didn't even know where they moved to, 'cause I was out, out in the street when they moved, and when I went back home, they say, "Your mother done moved back across the river." I got in touch with a cousin of mine, the one that moved 'em, and he told me where they stayed. They were stayin' down in the Ninth Ward on Lizardi Street, near Fats' [Domino] house. Down through there, Fats used to play at Bogen's Patio on Claiborne and Forstall, plus he was playing at another joint called the Hot Spot a block away. I got hooked up with Fats and I started val-eting for Fats. Because all I'd do is go there and sit there and look at...I don't know if you remember...his name was Cornelius Coleman, Tenoo was what we called him; he's dead. I'd sit and watch him, because I idolized the dude. He was fast, man, fast. Plus he was left-handed.

What was it about Tenoo's style that drew you to the drums?

The cat, man, the fastness. This cat had hands, man, out of sight. And he was so

unorthodox, you know, because Tenoo would be sitting way down here, and the drums would be way up here; he had to reach up.

He wasn't very tall?

No, he wasn't tall as me. He was about 5'8", 5'9", or some thing like that. And the things that he'd do. I couldn't understand how he got around those drums sitting like that. And he was so fast, man, and the cat used to play.

He'd do a lot of runs—tom-tom runs?

The dude, I couldn't believe it. I idolized the dude, I always wanted to play like him. But, ah, they made me a valet; Fats [Domino] made me a valet. And everytime I got a chance, I'd set up Tenoo's drums like an hour before the gig, and I would sit on his drums and practice before the gig started. I finally left Fats Domino and I started hanging out on North Rampart, dealing poker, because at the time they had wide open gambling in New Orleans.

Did Tenoo show you anything on the drums?

No, no, because he never thought I'd be a drummer, really. By me hanging out on Rampart Street, I heard about this place called the Tiajuana on Saratoga and Clio. I started hangin' out there, and I started sitting in. The cat's name that was working there, they called him Buddy Williams. He's dead, too. What he used to do, like he would take a chick out, and leave me sit in all night for nothing while he'd go out with the chicks. Plus Bolden, the cat that owned the Tiajuana, he owned all the instruments; that's why he didn't pay us nothing. We were working for like \$45 a week, because he owned all the instruments. So what happened, Buddy went out with a girl and, when he came back, Mr. Bolden told him, "That's all right, Buddy, you don't have to come back. We're going to keep Hungry." That's how good I had gotten. So Buddy lost his job. At the time, Huey Smith was there, so I started playing at the Tiajuana with Huey Smith, Robert Parker, Peter Blue, Billy Tate.

This was before Huey Smith and the Clowns?

Yeah, way before it. And I started playing that, and I also met my wife. My wife was a barmaid there. Her name is Sarah Williams, but they used to call her Jean. After a while she told me, she says, "Charlie, I'm tired of you workin' for Bolden for nothing. What I'm gonna do, I got a couple of hundred dollars saved at my mother's house in two dollar bills," which she had been saving for years. She said, "I'm gonna take the two hundred bucks, and take you down to Werlein's Music and buy you a set of drums on my credit account." So we went down to Werlein's the next day and we got the drums; my first set of drums was a Ludwig. I paid seven and a quarter for them. At that time that was a lot of money.

Seven hundred and twenty-five dollars?

Right. But before then, I missed a lot of it...1952, the first gig I went on the road was with Lloyd Price. This was in '52, before "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy" came out. We worked Pensacola, Florida, and we came back and worked Mobile—plus I worked a

couple of other gigs with Lloyd across the river. But getting back to the Tiajuana, after she bought the drums, Paul [Gayten] and Earl Palmer and all of 'em used to come up there just to listen to me play, because they couldn't understand what I was doing. I used to, I still do it, I played thirty-second notes with my left hand, and no drummers could do that. Plus I had a mixture. My music, my drumming, is between calypso and rock, you know, blues. I had something different going.

Could you tell me what that was? How you describe it?

Like I say, it's a mixture. I had calypso going and funk at the same time. I started the "double clutchin'" with my bass drum, with my foot. I started "double clutchin'." Didn't no other drummer do that.

What do you mean by "double-clutching"?

Like a double beat on the bass drum that makes it funky. Wasn't no other drummer doing that.

How did Paul Gayten influence you?

Paul helped me with my timing. He helped me with a lot of things. He helped me with discipline, otherwise he almost helped me to grow into the music world the proper way.

Paul's main thing was timing, and that's what he used to teach me. And how to control my voice when I was singing. But I started getting lucky; seemed like every other day I was getting a recording session. Plus at the time Frank Fields was playing with Paul and Lee Allen so that's almost the studio band right there. I had no problem, because at the time in order to get into the studio band, you had to be in the "clique."



Was that tough—to get yourself in?

Yeah, it was a "clique." I mean, if you wasn't down with Red Tyler or Lee Allen or Paul Gayten or Dave Bartholomew, if they didn't dig you, you wouldn't get in the studio band. When I went into the studio, and started playing all these different things, they were surprised, because I started a whole new thing in rock. And people started eating it up. I have had drummers come and ask me what I was doing. Even when I came to New York in '57 when I was working

with Mickey and Sylvia, the guy asked me—I did a session here with them—the guy asked me did I need any help, 'cause at the time they were using a drummer to play the high hat and another one to play the backbeat, because the drummer couldn't play the 6/8 on the cymbal at the same time. They were using two drummers to do that. I said, "I don't need that, man." And they were surprised at what I was doing. That's how it began. I didn't have no telephone because I had moved—I had moved into the Desire Project (it was brand new then) and cats would come by my house. Fats would drive to my house to get me to cut his sessions. He wouldn't use Tenoo because Tenoo'd run away with a tempo, run completely away with it. And before I knew it, man, they weren't using anybody else but me. I used to be so tired. Sometimes, man, I was in the studio six and seven days a week. What I'd have to do, I'd have to go to work at night, and get off; the next morning, I had to be in the studio. Sometimes I had to dress and go in the studio and be in the studio and go right to the gig. I'd be exhausted.

You must have been making real good money then?

Well, the scale at the time wasn't but \$52.50 for three hours. Plus the leader's fee was double. So what we'd do, we'd switch the leader's fee around. Like today I'll get it, the next time the other guy'll get it. But even at that, it was good money. I started making so much money, man, I didn't know what to do with it. I got rich too fast. I started buying. I started buying cars, just throwing money away. Started gambling.

How does dancing relate to your drumming?

Well, dancing, man, like dancing is a rhythm. See, I think that's where the word "funk" comes from. Because at the time, if you notice Elvis Presley when he'd sing, he used to shake a lot. Understand what I mean? And that was rhythm, and they named that shakin' "funk," "funky dancing." That's where I think the name "funk" comes from. And in order to shake like that, you got to have a certain type of rhythm, a "funky rhythm" to shake like that. And I used to dance funky and I play funky.

While I was working at the Tiajuana, we had a cat named Ricardo Lopez; he was Cuban. We'd have like a battle between the congas and the bongos and the drums. So maybe that's why my drummin' is a mixture of Latin American.

You think that's where you may have picked that up?

Right. Ricardo was a "funky" dude, too, for a Cuban.

M.R.: How did the groove change come to be from the old time shuffle into that in-between the shuffle and eighth notes rhythm that you were master of, or the "laid-back" rhythm?

Well, like I said, by me workin' at the Tiajuana. I'd play behind a lot of shows. We had to play a lot of different types of rhythm. That's when I first met Little Richard. Richard came to the Tiajuana with a group called Raymond Til and the

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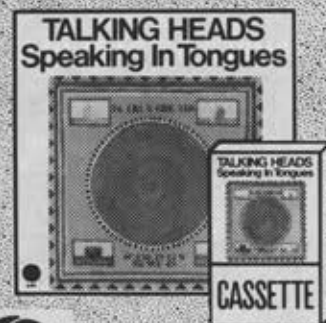
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Tempo Toppers out of Texas. Richard had a singing group at the time. He used to sing like a broad. This was before Richard started recording.

Before the big hits?

Before he started recording at all. That's how I met Richard, and Johnny Ace and all those people. And by me playing behind all these different types of shows, because mostly the shows that came in there had to have some kind of Latin American music in it, I'd take all this and hook it up and make a jambalaya out of it, and it'd come out like this, this "funky" thing, something different. Plus the 32nd notes I'd do with my left hand. I didn't play that much cymbals. Everything I did was on the drums, cause I could get more "funk" out of that. It was mixed up with marches, all kinds of things I had mixed up there together. But anyhow it come out to something different. I used to go to the studio and hang out and listen to Earl ('cause Earl did mostly all the Little Richard things—I didn't play on none of Richard's stuff) and I'd sit there and listen to the cat. Earl had a straight thing going, and I would sit there and pat my feet and say, "Goddam, I could cook up some shit in this, man, it would be awfully different, man. The same tempo, same everything. I wish I'd get the opportunity to do it." When I got the opportunity to do it, and pull all this together and go in the studio, everybody was wondering what I was doing.

The snare sound was different. How would you describe it?

The snare sound was different because we'd do anything for a different sound. We'd take tape and tape a tape box to the snare drum. Like that number, "Be My Party Doll," I don't know if you remember that number, and "Cha Dooky Doo." Roy Brown cut that, and I was playing brushes on it, on the tape box. We'd do all kinds of funny things to get different sounds. I'd put the tambourine, hang it on my sock—cymbals, what do they call 'em now, high hats. And I used to do so many different things that's where the new "funk" came in. And before I know it, everybody was playin' my shit.

Who do you think you've influenced?

I influenced a lot of these kids today, man, because that's my stuff they're playing. You know, all that's my stuff. They was all trying to play my shit. Even Earl Palmer tried to play it. But they couldn't get that real "funk." It's a certain thing that you have to do to feel that.

You used to go to the Spiritual Church?

Yeah, nothin' but Sanctified, 'cause it was soulful. And I'd go to this Sanctified chuch on Monroe Street, right next door to the sweet shop I was telling you I'd go to. And this cat, Reverend Utah Smith, would be gigging in there. I'd just go to the church to get his licks, 'cause he had a drummer. I got a lot of licks from that drummer.

What was different about the drummers in the Spiritual Churches?

The other churches don't have that type of music. Plus the sisters in the Sanctified church danced and things. Sanctified peo-

ple are the only ones that do that. And they have drums, guitars, and maybe a trumpet or something, and they get down! You hear me. But getting to the mixture of "country and western" and rock, I used to take this number "Jambalaya" and sing it, and instead of playing a straight a "Jambalaya" thing, I'd do it "funky."

But you'd drive it on the snare.

Yeah, it's all on the snare, and the bass drum. No cymbals, because I couldn't get "funky" enough if I mess with the cymbals. Because cymbals don't mean nothin' anyhow. The tape hardly picks them up on the record. The important thing is the drum (the snare). That's where you get your backbeat from and that's where you get your drive from. So the same thing I played on the cymbal, I started playing on the snare drum, and it came out beautiful, man. I love "country and western." To me it sounds soulful. I used to listen to all types of music, man, and steal what I could out of it, and mix it up. And that's how—what they call it—the concoction started.

You said you had a nickname, "Valet." How did you get that name?

Fats [Domino] and them gave me that name. I told you I was valet for Fats. And they gave me that name "Valet." The name "Hungry" came from Huey Smith.

Why'd he call you "Hungry"?

I'd order a double order everytime I'd eat. Some people call me "Double Order," some called me "Hungry." That's how I got the name "Hungry"; Huey Smith started calling me that. I'd have a plate of beans stacked that high, beans and rice. I went up to two hundred and six pounds when I was eighteen years old. I'd be walking around looking like a Baptist mule. My wife couldn't cook enough. When I'd get off a gig at night, she had to get up and feed me. I don't care what time of morning it was, she had to get up.

In the morning, when we got off our gig, everybody'd end up at the Dew Drop, jam session, hot licks and all. And everybody ends up at the Dew Drop jamming until about ten o' clock in the morning. That's where you met all the musicians. You know the Dew Drop is closed now. But New Orleans, man, it changed so much from in those days. Even Toussaint, he told me, "Charlie, it's not like it used to be when we was coming through." I went down on Bourbon Street, I couldn't believe my eyes. I never dreamt that I would see country and western on Bourbon Street. Some of those groups are playing in the patio and you could hear the guitar from Toulouse and Bourbon all the way to Canal Street, and you know that's a long way. They got chicks sitting in them different clubs playing organ or electric piano with a "drum-a-matic." They don't keep nothing but time. People don't go in the clubs. They just stop and look in. Once, man, the Quarter was only known for blues and Dixieland. Now it done completely changed. Matter of fact, it had changed so much, I didn't even want to stay there. I got homesick for New York, and I'm from New Orleans. It really changed, really changed. □



ON THE ART TRAIL

Openings aren't for looking. They're for pickin up the scent.

It was packed. From the stiff quiffs and leathers of the youngsters and those who would still like to be, to the coiled chignons and understated silks of the cultural veterans of New Orleans society, the art crowd was out October 1 jamming every gallery from Lowerline to Gov. Nicholls. They were all there, the teachers, the makers, the sellers, the lookers, the talkers, and those out to be seen. In the words of one exhausted gallery owner, "I'm not sure what it does for art, but it sure was one hell of a party."

On Magazine Street, the flow of headlights cruised down towards the late night hours of the CAC with the stubborn, interrupted progress of a parade. Along the route, people arrived, peered, circulated, halted, doubled back, and left, on to the next stop with longneck or go cup in hand. Art for Art's Sake was conceived as a benefit, and that concept spilled over into some of the private galleries. For New Orleanians who like what they see and like to take it home, the wine and crowds were part of a shopping spree. "Just let me know, dear, if you see anything you like. It's all so reasonable."

Openings aren't for looking at art, nor are they for looking, either, in the strictest sense of the word. The faculty really in use is a sixth sense. Openings are for catching the scent of the new, the current, the dominant. They are also a form of identification by attendance, a kind of cultural display.

As the premier of the visual arts season, Art for Art's Sake and its companion Uptown gallery ramble were an indubitable success. Momentum had built up over the long, hot dormant season and some of the resulting developments should make

"Visual Arts Season 1983-84" more complex and competitive than before.

It's no news that Rue Royale is no longer the center of the scene. Recent additions like Galerie Jules Laforgue and a revamped Tilden-Foley keep the contemporary scene lively in the Quarter but the real heart of the matter has moved across Canal. Funny, old, seemingly endless Magazine Street, echoing the curve of the river and encompassing New Orleans' only Latino theatre and more spots to buy antique glass than you would think possible, is the new main drag.

The Mario Villa Gallery at 3908 Magazine is the new kid on the block. They stole the march on this year's season with a gala grand opening in September in the middle of a thunderstorm: six rooms, fifty-two pieces, twenty-four artists, and a flower-decked entranceway, "an arc of triumph for New Orleans' artists." Villa wants New Orleans art to be taken seriously. The diversity of style, age, medium, not to mention intention, of the artists in his stable is almost excessive, but it works. Villa's own taste and resourcefulness must be credited in searching these people out. All from this area, assembled they have a fresh, unexpected look. The painting O'Brien brothers are one good example of a pleasant surprise.

The Mario Villa Gallery grew out of a much smaller space, Graphic Editions, in the Quarter. Tilden-Foley Gallery is likewise scheduled to expand into larger quarters on Magazine Street this season. A gallery that only a year ago began dealing in contemporary work, they are now hustling to bring forward a strong showing of Southern artists, from Texas and Alabama as well as Louisiana.

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Sat. 26	Maple Leaf

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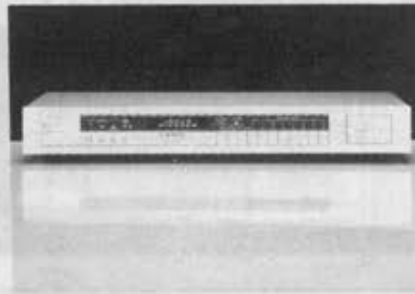
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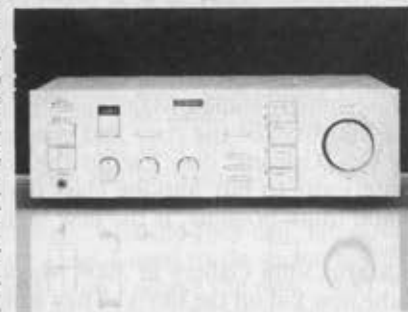
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VISA — MASTER CARD — MR BOL

Aaron Hastings, whose artists tend to be young, modern, and figurative, has already revamped its space in a more professional format and is attacking the new year with increased determination. The lineup for the season which includes locals Alan Gerson and Robert Landry, will also feature a show of California's grand old men, Wiley, Diebenkorn, Bechtle, Thiebaud—folks who aren't seen much around here.

A Gallery for Fine Photography's decision to show the recently formed New Orleans Portfolio alongside Minor White was one of the happier developments. Always a repository of quality, intent on conveying the seriousness of fine art photography, A Gallery has stuck with the masters in the past, such photographers as Cartier-Bresson, Adams and Arbus. Some of the classics on the walls, like Yanov's "Muscle Beach," are so well known as images that they are almost shocking as prints. The New Orleans Portfolio is Josh Paillet's first major step with local photographers. Placing local photographers in conjunction with past masters will not only sharpen our appraisal of the local stuff but will also give local photographers an outlet where photography is the main course.

The year 1984 is, inescapably, the year of the World's Fair and amplified art activity will be one spin-off. As its "permanent" exhibition, a gala version of the CAC's annual Louisiana Major Works will run the entire duration of the fair. A juried exhibition now in the process of selection, Major Works is restricted to Louisiana artists currently living in state. Also continuous with the run of the fair, the Louisiana State Museum will bring the Sun King to the Presbytere.

In a rare move for the French, over three hundred paintings, objects and documents relating to Louis XIV will travel from the Louvre. The show has an historical point for New Orleans, including the only portraits of such founding French fathers as Iberville and Bienville. The state has also at long last opened its newest museum, the Old Mint, with standing exhibitions dedicated to New Orleans Jazz and Carnival. Even the wonderful but seldom open Folklife Museum will get a lift with a move to Madame John's Legacy in the Quarter and a new emphasis on urban, as well as rural, folk art.

The expansion taking place in gallery space and attitude should heat up the 1983-84 season. Perhaps this time next year, some enterprising gallery director will snatch up some of the by-then-vacant World's Fair warehouse space and give New Orleans' artists the kind of square footage necessary to show big work. The avowed art goal of the fair is to promote interchange between artists, locally and internationally, but that's an ambition that should be part of every season. If more nonlocal artists come informally to New Orleans to talk, look and argue, the art scene will be much healthier. Optima Studio's hosting of painter/writer Peter Plagens this September was a right step in that direction. □

—Virginia Levie

HITS



THREE HOT TIPS

Zeke gets excited about a trio of recent releases.

After the sour wine of last month's column, I'm happy to report some bracing new releases. I believe the new records by Richard Thompson, T-Bone Burnett and Adrian Belew to all be worthy of your attention.

Hands of Kindness (Hannibal HNLP 1313) signals quite a change for Richard Thompson, the English folkie electric guitarist/songwriter. For one thing, this is the first LP wherein he sings all the songs since 1970's *Henry the Human Fly* (real fine stuff, if you can find it!) Every album since then has featured Richard's wife, Linda, singing half of the leads and assisting on the harmony. But, alas, domestic bliss was not to be; and now, having gone their separate ways, Richard Thompson is on his own.

The other change is the tenor and size of the back-up band. The sparse band featured on the duo's album of last year, *Shoot Out the Lights*, has been fattened with two saxophones, an extra guitar, and backing vocalists, and the entire ensemble is pushed relentlessly by Thompson. While there are a couple of ballads, the feeling of tension is palpable even in the quietest moments. Thompson views the breakup of his marriage, particularly, and the breakdown of relationships, generally, through the different emotional stances of the songs: humor, regret, bitterness, strength, and desperation. Thompson is one of the most articulate and passionate electric guitarists on this planet, and he rocks out like never before on *Hand of Kindness*.

If you could imagine a voice somewhere between John Lennon and Buddy Holly against a modernistic rockabilly beat, perhaps you could imagine the sonic presence of T-Bone Burnett. But the analogy doesn't do justice to Burnett's very original wit and wisdom. His beautiful 1979 LP, *Truth Decay*, was followed by a critically acclaimed EP, *Trap Door*, which I, however, found to be a disappointment. Well, *Proof Through the Night* (Warner Bros. 23921-1) has just been released, and could well be the most provocative album of the year.

Proof is provocative in the sense that it creates reaction in listeners through Burnett's probing of the clichés and assumptions of the American commercial

culture. In his most scathing song, "The Sixties," Burnett talks about "a new breed of man." This new breed of man is a product of the Sixties, but only in style, not in substance. Check out the final verse: *And then he saw a picture in Playboy of Ursula Andress on the arm of some hippy. And that did it. He began his rebellion late. But now he's got a designer camper. And one time he even got to sleep in it with one of those girls in the cutoffs. But it made me feel awful. Cause he had to pay her fifty dollars. And it was twenty for anybody else.* The tune ends with a chant over a break-neck beat: *Keep all the bad/Destroy all the good.*

The sound production is excellent, as is T-Bone's back-up band. And the guest shots by Ry Cooder, Pete Townshend, Richard Thompson, Masakazu Yoshizawa and others add extra nuance to the tunes on this very special record.

The last of the exciting new releases I've come across in the last month is Adrian Belew's *Twang Bar King* (Island 90108-1). Belew is the second guitarist and lead vocalist in Robert Fripp's current version of King Crimson. Belew's first album, *Lone Rhino*, was recorded before joining Crimson, and this new album shows how much he's developed his abilities as a player, writer, and producer in the intervening years.

Belew has a bent for zaniness—his rendition of the Beatles' "I'm Down" is as funny as it is rocking—but the zaniness that tended to be wishy-washy on *Rhino* is witty on *Twang Bar*, aided by the extra musical muscle he's developed since that first outing. Belew's zaniness is tempered by a bittersweet nostalgia that is not cloying in the least. On the new album there's an ode to the train, "The Rail King," that features a fine melody with buzzing guitars shifting chords over a droning bass. It's one of the closest musical approximations to the sound of a train yet on record.

The back-up band that follows Belew through his quirks and curves is quite adept, being the same group that did *Rhino*. The only change is that Belew got a drummer instead of doing the chores on skins himself, as he did on *Rhino*. I guess he figured it's enough to do, being the *Twang Bar King*.

—Zeke Fishhead



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POP COMBO



Pop Combo w/Lenny Zenith
GIVE US A HOME
RZA Records

People who followed Lenny Zenith through the various permutations of the rough and ready RZA were a little surprised when he resurfaced with Pop Combo. Surprised not by the great new songs, which we've come to expect from him, but by the sophisticated musical setting he'd found for himself. Guitarist Bruce Blaylock and bassist Gary Parky are both highly trained pros who, in combination with the energetic drumming of Steven Fisher, give Zenith the sound he's probably always wanted.

This EP, independently produced with help from Ivan Neville, will apparently be the band's calling card as they try to expand their following to other parts of the country. As such it succeeds in showcasing the band's sound in different styles, and it has the advantage of allowing the listener to hear all the instrumental parts which are sometimes obscured in the headlong rush of the band's intense live performances. I prefer the pop/rock of the side opener's "Alone with You" and "On My Mind," but the moody "San Francisco" is a good change of pace, and "Gotta Dare" features the jazzier side of rockabilly that you rarely hear. Add the twisted Americana of "Home on the Range" (they just don't make 'em like that anymore), Lenny's full-throated, emotional singing, and a neat cover by *Wavelength's* own Skip Bolen and you have a very impressive record from a band that's been together less than a year. Try to see them live before they leave town so you can see what the fuss is about, then hold on to this record and wait till they hit it big.

—Steve Alleman

Buckwheat Zydeco
100% FORTIFIED ZYDECO
Black Top 1024

Now that Buckwheat has left the J.D. Miller stable, he has finally recorded his first totally satisfying album. While his earlier Blues

Unlimited releases introduced an immense talent and presented moments of true musical brilliance, they were low-budget affairs with little emphasis on direction or production. It's always been my opinion that if you skimmed the best tracks off the first three albums you'd have an album that was *tres magnifique*. While the title might be misleading, it's safe to say that this album is 100% representative of the present sound churned out by Buckwheat in the dance halls of South Louisiana and East Texas.

The best thing about this release is that for the most part there is an avoidance of cranking out the same old standards which instantly draws comparison with Clifton Chenier. This is evident from the opening strains of Latimore's "Take Me To The Mountain Top," a real Buckwheat crowd pleaser, which translates perfectly on the accordion. One might question the inclusion of the warhorse, "Jole Blon," but it still sounds satisfying though many cite it as the album's low point.

The rest of the album is a real treat too. Off-the-wall obscurities like Mungo Jerry's "In The Summertime" and Roy Brown's "I'm Ready To Play" blend well with Buckwheat originals like "Zydeco Tous Pa Tous!" and "Somebody Stole My Slide," which harkens back to the earliest days of zydeco.

One of Buckwheat's real strengths is his excellent band which plays exuberantly but with tight discipline and this album only amplifies that fact. Louisiana accordion music at its best—give it a try.

—Almost Slim

Satisfaction
SATISFACTION
Four H 001

No less than a luminary than Dr. John once called Satisfaction one of New Orleans' best bands, and it's easy to see why he likes them. On occasion, they even sound like him. Certainly, they play that funky, nasty, get-down sound that goes back through the Nevilles and the Meters to Fess and whatever inspiration he had when he started it all.

Despite the fact that Satisfaction has nailed down that quintessential New Orleans sound, and despite the fact that they play it with a loose magnificence, the band has managed to acquire only a cult following at best in the city. So Satisfaction spends most of its time on the road, rolling along in the infamous blue bus, spreading the New Orleans gospel of good music and good times.

For those of us who really like the band, this has posed something of a problem. Fortunately, after numerous delays, false starts, broken deals and broken hearts, the problem now has a solution: Satisfaction's much-anticipated debut album is here. Consisting of ten tunes, all originals (a wise move, I think; we really don't need another version of "Iko Iko" or something to leave to a groaning posterity), the record is most, ah, satisfying.

Frequently bands that are known for their live shows have trouble transferring their effectiveness to vinyl. Not so here. All the funky boisterousness of Satisfaction on stage—Slug Hewett jumping and kicking around, Jimmy Hornel playing saxophone lying on his back—comes through on the album. Bits of chatter and exclamation from the vocalists spice up several of the songs and heighten the performance effect. Not that anyone could ever be depressed and play this kind of music; but these guys have turned having a good time into art.

Seven of the ten songs were written by bassist/

vocalist/band leader/general irrepressible character James D. "Slug" Hewett. It is his infectious playfulness that comes through most clearly on the record, but there is another element: Hewett's lyrics display a sensitivity, an insight into the flaws of human relationships, that give the head something to think about while the body is busy jumping around to the music. In particular, "Midnight Mission" and "Every Step of the Way" are excellent numbers.

The recording, done at Cedar Creek Studios in Austin, is successful at getting Satisfaction's many live strengths on tape. Worth special mention are Red Priest's guitar work, which comes through more clearly and brightly on the record than it sometimes does live, and drummer Paul Henehan's music publishing company, Needy Okra Music.

Satisfaction is a talented, hard working band that seems so far to have gotten somewhat less than it deserves. Yet they've continued to give their listeners nothing but the best, and this record definitely falls into that category.

—Keith Twitchell

Various Artists
THE BEST OF LOUIE LOUIE
Rhino 605

Remember trying to decipher the supposedly "questionable" lyrics to the Kingsmen's version of "Louie, Louie" at all four speeds of your hi-fi? Although I never could figure out just what the hell the guy was singing, there were plenty of racy versions floating around the back of the classroom, as I recall. Well, the popularity of the tune, originally penned by one-time Coaster Richard Berry (remember "Riot In Cell Block #9") in 1955 just won't subside. As of this writing there are well over seven hundred recorded versions of the song, with probably another one being recorded at this very minute. To my knowledge, "Louie, Louie" is the only song that has its own fan club and if that's not enough, "Louie, Louie" mania has grown to such a proportion that a number of West Coast FM stations have broadcast "Louie, Louie" marathons lasting as long as 48 straight hours!

While this LP is a much more reasonable length of a half-hour, it still captures a number of various treatments the song has received. Rather than go into a longwinded commentary of the versions presented, here's how I personally ranked them:

1. Rice University Marching Owl Band
2. Richard Berry
3. Rockin' Robin Roberts
4. The Kingsmen
5. The Sandpipers
6. Black Flag
7. The Sonics
8. Les Dantz and his Orchestra
9. The Last
10. The Impossible

Well, "me gotta go now."

—Almost Slim

The Improvisational Arts Quintet
NO COMPROMISE
Prescription

Warning: I wrote liner notes for this album and am a long-time supporter of the band.

Contemporary and avant-garde jazz has a hard way to go in this city which calls itself the birthplace of jazz (it would probably be more correct to call New Orleans the birthplace of "the exploitation of jazz"—but that's another story). It is extremely hard to keep a band of this caliber and this direction together in the face

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of opposition (at their last club date here in N.O., the IAQ was told never to come back because the club didn't want that kind of music).

Meanwhile, if you cut to the October New Music America Festival, which was held in Washington, D.C., you will hear accolades sung about IAQ. Or read about their appearance in Holland, ditto, more accolades.

Meanwhile, this record has been produced to be used by IAQ to secure gigs (mainly in Europe). The record features numbers which are IAQ signature pieces, particularly "Three Pastels" and "C-Melody." To my ears the record is only an approximation of IAQ's strongest work. On three numbers, the original bass player, London Branch, joins the quintet of Alvin Fiedler on drums, Kidd Jordan on reeds, Kent Jordan on flute, Clyde Kerr, Jr., on trumpet and Elton Heron on electric bass. I like the collective improvisation on the opening number which is a tribute to Ornette Coleman. Kidd takes an excellent solo on "C-Melody" and Clyde Kerr burns an astounding trumpet statement on "Last Train to Jackson." Throughout the set Alvin Fiedler's drumming is sinewy subtle in providing rhythmic waves of sound that crackle, snap and roll the music along.

I wanted to hear more of Kent's thoroughly audacious flute/piccolo work, but alas there is only one solo from him. Elton Heron's bass work is maturing into an original style that eschews the string-snapping cliches currently in vogue among electric bass players. In fact, Elton is working out a "comping style" which fits in this context.

All in all, this record is representative of IAQ's work. One listen and you will know if this is your cup of tea/coffee or whatever is your benchmark beverage. I admit from jump street that I'm hooked.

The album is available from Jazz Contacts, 891-0596.

—Kalamu ya Salaam

September 21, 1983
THE METERS
At Tipitina's

I'll remember this particular evening for two reasons. First, the crowd inside and out of Tip's was the largest in recent memory (well, it was, after all, the New Orleans equivalent of the Beatles regrouping), and secondly, the music that poured forth was among the finest that this scribe has witnessed in some time. But how could it not be? Zig, Art, Leo and George reunited as the Meters, the group that carried New Orleans' musical torch from the late Sixties well into the mid-Seventies, couldn't miss.

However, before I start polishing apples, I would like to remark that it would be nice if clubs around here would schedule shows at a more reasonable hour. Contrary to generally held opinion, some people do work in New Orleans.

Thankfully, when the Meters did hit the stage well after midnight, they dispelled any thoughts that they might be a tad rusty by playing a version of "Fire on the Bayou" that made anyone else's sound like Muzak. It was if the group had never split, the quartet played with fiery disciplined abandon that recalled the glorious days when New Orleans was the kingpin of the music industry.

No Meters fan could possibly have been let down—"They All Asked For You," "I've Got To Get My Name Up In Lights," "Cissy Strut," "Mardi Gras Mambo," "Trick Bag," and more.

Sure, I know things change and musicians go

off in different directions, but wouldn't it be great to think of the Meters actually reforming their funky powerhouse again, even if only once or twice a year?

—Almost Slim

Joe Klein

WOODY GUTHRIE: A LIFE

Ballantine Books, New York

The last time Bruce Springsteen was in town he sang a slow, mournful solo acoustic version of "This Land Is Your Land," a Woody Guthrie song, a national anthem of the dispossessed. More than a moving gesture, this working-class identified rock star made, well, art. After the terse, stark reading of the song, Springsteen mentioned that he'd read *Woody Guthrie: A Life*, and recommended it to all his friends in the auditorium.

Although not authored by an academic, nor with any professions towards being a scholarly biography, *Woody Guthrie: A Life* nonetheless claims the status of being, at least, an accurate, authorized biography of Woody Guthrie. Drawn chiefly from Guthrie's private papers, the cooperation of Woody's wife, family, friends, and associates guaranteed extensive access. Research into Oklahoma, the culture and politics of the period, and the people Woody met up with are laced tighter into the story than a pair of worn boots.

For political reporter Joe Klein, the book represented a personal odyssey that began with a story on Arlo Guthrie for *Rolling Stone* magazine. His search led him from Arlo, the folk laureate's offspring, to his second wife, Marjorie Guthrie, to sidekick Pete Seeger, to the Library of Congress and tape historian Alan Lomax, to the Oklahoma badlands of Woody's birth, and to the far-flung points of Woody's travels.

"Woody represented a tradition I considered important, and which seemed to be dying.

"It was a primitive tradition, carried through the ages by common people who wished to express their joy and anger and frustrations through music." Klein went on to discover many of the lost roots of that tradition, and he communicates their wisdom through the parable of one life.

The book is useful in providing a feel for the broad sweep of events and cultural history. Besides adding anecdotal background information on politics, folk music, and the sociology of Guthrie's era, Klein has a sensitive ear for the very rhythms of the age, on the absolutely final cusp between agriculture and industrial culture. For instance, in addition to skeptical reporting on the Dust Bowl migration, unions and World War II, there is abundant poetic flavor in explanations of that ineffable Thirties American solidarity, the brash confidence of Forties New York City, and Zen-like unpredictable/inexplicable vanishing trails of Woody Guthrie's lost highway.

For a political reporter, too, Klein has quite an aesthetic bent that balances high and mass art with populist enthusiasms. "His songs were beginning to sound like Walt Whitman's poetry, drunk with details." And, more precisely, "Like most everything else Woody wrote, including most of his prose, it was written for the ear more than the eye; it *sounded* better than it read."

But Woody himself has the last word: "I hate a song that makes you think you're not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are born to lose. No good to nobody. No good for nothing...I am out to fight those kinds of songs to my very last breath of air and my very last drop of blood."

—William D. White

Snug Harbor

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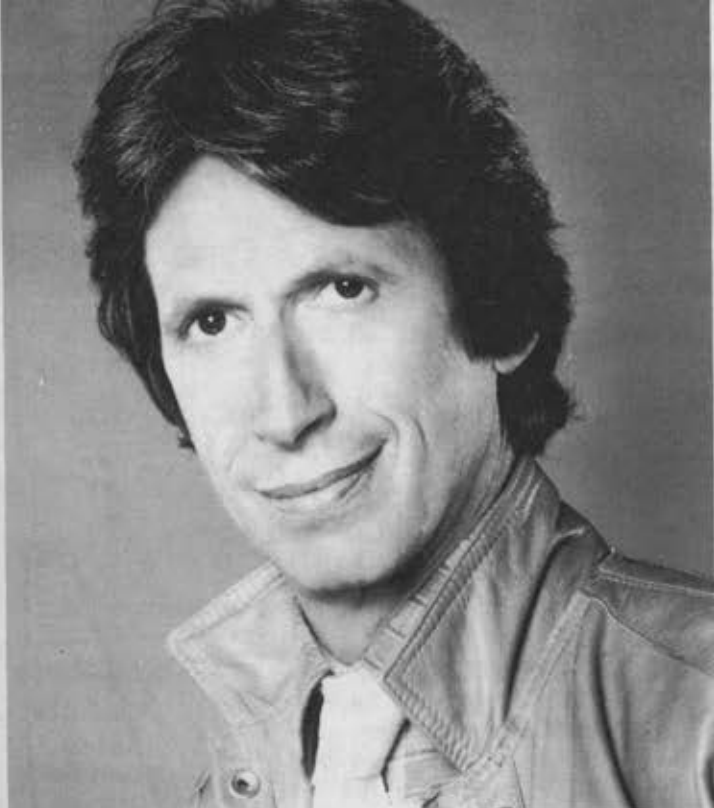
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Comedian David Brenner at McAlister Auditorium, Nov.13



The Police in Baton Rouge, Nov.10, and Biloxi, Nov.11



Courtyard Music by James Drew will premiere at the New Orleans Symphony, Nov.22 and 23

CONCERTS

Friday, 4

The Motels, Orpheum Theatre, 129 University Place. Call 525-0500.

Saturday, 5

Rick James, guess this is a big chance to find out about That Wig, if anyone still cares; LSU Assembly Center, Baton Rouge.

Sunday, 6

Patrice Fisher and Jasmine, French Market, part of the Women In Jazz series. Information at 522-2621.

Monday, 7

Loyola Jazz Bands I and II, Nunemaker Hall, Loyola campus, 7:30. Free.

Tuesday, 8

Jimmy Buffett and the Coral Reefer Band, landing a slow boat to and from China at UNO's Lakefront Arena. Call UNO for information.

Thursday, 10

The Police; Kissing Pink, LSU Centroplex; the Kings of Pain (that's algolagnic means, Bunny) with Sting taking time off from participation in what is rumored to be the most expensive film ever made; the name of that opening band is intriguing in a less-than-intellectual Larry Flynt-ish sort of way—can it have anything to do with showing pink? LSU Centroplex.

Friday, 11

The Police; Kissing Pink, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi; ticket information at (601) 388-8222.

Saturday, 12

Chester Zardis, one of the great local drummers, French Market, at 1. Free.

Sunday, 13

Lady BJ, French Market, at 1. Free.
David Brenner, McAlister Auditorium, Tulane Campus; Mr. Brenner, who looks something like a David Levine caricature come to life, tells jokes; ticket information at 865-5143.

Friday, 18, Saturday, 19

Stevie Wonder, Saenger Theatre; this will probably be the month's hottest ticket, call the Theatre (524-0876) for details.

Saturday, 19

Herman Sherman's Young Tuxedo Jazz Band, French Market, at 1. Free.

Red Rockers, Jimmy's, 10 p.m. Also, an afternoon "kiddie matinee" that is boozeless and is designed for those meant to be so.

Sunday, 20

Blue Lu Barker, about whom any more comment from me about her splendors and miseries, which she is plenty enough vocal about, would be superfluous; French Market, at 1. Free.

Monday, 21, Tuesday, 22

The Gang of Four, makes one sigh for the days when the Gang of Four (the eponymous one that is) included the Shanghai Boy Wonder, among others; Jimmy's, call the club for information.

Wednesday, 23

No Compromise/Give Thanks

Concert, Dream Palace. Participants are Kidd Jordan's Improvisational Jazz Trio with Fred Kemp and Smokey Johnson.

Friday 25

Linda Aubert, Jeanne Lee, 9:30 at the Contemporary Arts Center; part of the Women In Jazz series, and preceded by a day-long workshop in vocal technique.

Saturday, 26

Andrew Hall's Society Jazz Band, French Market at 1. Free.

Germaine Bazzie, The Gentlemen of Jazz and Jessica Williams, Contemporary Arts Center, 9:30, more of the Women In Jazz series. Information at 523-1216.

Sunday, 27

Marilyn Bernard, the local soprano in recital at Longue Vue Gardens and not part of the Women in Jazz series; information at 488-5488.

Great New Orleans Tenor Saxophone Showdown, Snug Harbor, commencing at 5. Fred Kemp, Red Tyler and James Rivers are the reedmen, and Ellis Marsalis, George French and James Black will follow them down their various *vias dirittas e smarittas*, as Dante once put it.

Tuesday, 29

Audubon Quartet, Dixon Hall, Newcomb campus, 8 p.m. Parts of the Friends of Music series and not, as you might suppose, a group of brown pelicans attempting Boccherini. Information at 835-8541.

Kansas City Blues and Heritage Festival, Kansas City, MO, (816) 931-5414. Thurs.3: Lowell Fulson and Charlie Musselwhite. Fri.4: golden-voiced Jimmy Witherspoon, early R&B titan Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson. Sun.16: Jay McShann, one of the great bandleaders from the period when Kansas City was a musical style as well as a strip of beef, along with Vinson, Witherspoon and 16 top local acts.

Music at Midday, Rogers Memorial Chapel, Newcomb campus. Free concerts at noon. Wed.2: Music for violin and piano by Mary Ann Gattuso and Faina Lushtak. Wed.9: Patrick Kerber in a solo classical guitar recital. Wed.16: solo violin by Victor Shoicet of the New Orleans Symphony. Wed.30: piano by Moses Hogan.

New Orleans Opera Association, Theatre for the Performing Arts, 529-2278. *Tosca*, Puccini redoing Sardou; this is the one about Floria Tosca, this rather horsy actress and her love for painter Mario (I think his name is Cavaradossi) who is doing a fresco in the church until he gets arrested and so Tosca goes to the police chief Baron Scarpia (you know he's a dreadful person since he wears powder in his hair at that late date) and when she can't get him to spring Mario except at the Ultimate Price A Woman Can Pay, she croaks him instead; needless to say all of this ends badly, and on the roof of the Castello San'Angelo at that. Performances Thurs.10 and Sat.12 at 7:30; tickets at the above number or, sometimes, at the box office before the performance.

New Orleans Symphony, Orpheum Theatre. Tues.1 and Wed.2: Christian Badaea is guest conductor;

works by Barber, Saint-Saens and Schumann. Tues.15 and Wed.16: an all-Beethoven program conducted by Gunther Herbig. Tues.22 and Wed.23: Andrew Massey conducts Stravinsky, Kodaly, Vaughn-Williams and Berger, and a premiere of *Courtyard Music*, a new work by local composer Drew seats can sometimes be obtained from the Symphony's offices

FESTIVALS

Friday, Saturday 4, 5

Louisiana Pecan Festival, Colfax, La. Information at (318) 627-5440.

Friday—Sunday, 4-6

Louisiana Swine Festival, Basile, La. A noble beast eminently worthy of celebration even if it does give people flu. Information at (318) 432-6445.

Sunday, 6

Festival de Grand Coteau, Grand Coteau, La. Information at (318) 231-6491.

Thursday—Saturday, 10-12

Sabine Free State Festival, Florian, La. Information at (318) 586-7286.

Saturday, Sunday 12, 13

Destrehan Plantation Autumn Festival, Destrehan, La. Information at (504) 764-9315—you might check to see whether there is a boat ride up to the festival this year, which if the weather were fine could be a nice jaunt and jollity.

FILMS

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Wed.2: An evening with Willard VanDyke, founding member of the Film Department at MOMA, who will screen and discuss his 1940 documentary, *Valley Town*, and no doubt discuss the great days of Iris Barry and Pare Lorentz and when Josef Von Sternberg made government documentaries. Wed.9: *TVTV Retrospective*, including *Four More Years* (about the 1972 Republican Convention—you can tell the holidays are here...) and *Lord of the Universe*, about video porta-pack units and how they got here from Japan. Wed.16: Computer Animation by Larry Cuba, who did such things for *Star Wars*. Sat.26: *Gotta Make This Journey*, a color profile of the a capella (and female for once) ensemble; also, a festival of new shorts, entered in competition. \$3 admission, \$1 for students and CAC members.

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Tues.1, 7 and 9: *The Big Sleep*, in which Humphrey Bogart pretends to be homosexual at one point and mentions to Lauren Bacall that Martha Vickers, Bacall's nympho sister, "tried to sit on my lap while I was standing up." Thurs.3, 7 and 9: *La Charme Discret de la Bourgeoise*, a slick Bunuel from 1972 with smooth acting and elegance all round, and about the impossibility of some *haut bourgeois* couples ever to have dinner together; as usual, expectedly unexpected images—a worker priest shooting a deathbed confessor, roaches frying on the keyboard of a piano wired for torture. Sat.5, 2:30: *The Ox-Bow Incident*, William Wellman's social western of 1943 out of Walter Van Tilburg Clark, about three unlucky men and a town full of both sadistic and well-meaning sorts.

Frank Conroy and Jane Darwell are among the townspeople, Henry Fonda is one of the trio scheduled for lynching; pedestrian at times, but not bad. Mon.14, 7 and 9:30: *Otto e Mezzo*, Fellini's wonderful 1963 autobiography, a funny self-portrait and an even funnier picture of that curiously modern phenomenon, "the artistic block." The contributions of Nino Rota, Gianni di Venanzo and Piero Gherardi are rightfully legendary; the cast is enormous but we might single out Mastrolanni, Sandra Milo, Anouk Aimee, Caterina Boratto, Barbara Steele, Jean Rougeul, Edra Gale, Jacqueline Bonbon. Tues.15, 4:30, 7 and 9: *Wise Blood*, John Huston's somberly amusing version of the Flannery O'Connor novel about the foundation of the Church of Christ Without Church and the accompanying denominational struggle; Mary Nell Santacroce is particularly good as the hero's self-effacing landlady. Thurs.17, 7 and 9: *Le Fantome de la Liberte*, very amusing indulgence from Bunuel with a large cast in a set of surrealist skits about probability, beginning with a Gustavo Becquer anecdote that echoes *Don Giovanni*, and ends with a revolt at the Zoological Gardens. The humor is simultaneously sophisticated and scatological and eschatological at the same time; Brialy, Monica Vitti, Julien Bertheau, Piccoli, Muni, Adolfo Celi, Michel Lonsdale, and Milena Vucotic playing poker with a bunch of priests and using scapulars and medals as antes, are all glimpsed briefly. Tues.22, 7 and 9: *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, Lana Turner and John Garfield in the glossy 1945 version, much overshadowed by Visconti's "unauthorized" *Ossessione*, but mildly notable for the immense physicality of the two stars, and for a fleeting look at Audrey Totter at her trashiest, which is pretty trashy. Wed.23, 7 and 9: *The Europeans*, James Ivory's rendition of a relatively minor Henry James novel, and rather deadened by its reverence and fidelity to an author who did not deal in the novel of incident; Lee Remick is fine as dispossessed nobility and one rather likes cranky old Wesley Addy as a patriarch. Wed.30, 7 and 9: *The Big Heat*, Fritz Lang's 1955 gangster-film-as-mirror-of-corrupt-universe with Glenn Ford as the vengeful cop, Alexander Knox as the syndicate boss, Lee Marvin as the hit man, Jeanette Nolan as the conniving widow, and Gloria Grahame as Debbie, as well as more violence than was customary in that innocent age, the Fifties. Lang, the actors, and Charles Lang, the cinematographer, are all near the top of their various forms here. Individual admission \$1.50; films are shown in several different rooms of Bobet Hall.

Prytania, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Thurs.3: *La Traviata*, Zeffirelli's version of the Verdi opera based on *La Dame aux Camellias* ("a mixture of champagne and tears," Henry James called the Dumas *filis* novel) with much brocaded damask and enough etched glass to enclose the Seventh Ward; Teresa Stratas is the hapless Violetta (more useless knowledge for this month: at the opera's world premiere, the prima donna was very stout and when the doctor announces her immanent and tragic demise from consumption, the audience roared with laughter). Fri.4 through Thurs.17: *Angelo, My Love*, a documentary by Robert Duvall about (so we understand) an unlovably cunning and conning gypsy child. Fri.18

through Thurs.24: *The Draughtsman's Contract*, which is—we're told—a unique sort of movie which is a sex farce and murder mystery set in the 18th Century in which, for a change, the people speak and act and dress much as they really would have in that not particularly pleasant Augustan Age.

PLAYS

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp St., 523-1216. Wed.3 through Sat.20: *The Madwoman of the Vieux Carre*—apparently a pastiche of the Giradoux comedy, *La Folle de Chailot* (useless knowledge for this month: the word "folle" in French means both an endearingly dotty old lady and a screaming sissy...), and surely madwomen are hardly at a premium down there below Iberville. Call the C.A.C. for ticket information and such pertinent details as whether the Bead Lady was called in as technical consultant. **Orpheum**, Fri.21: *Double Billings*, a production of the Boston Chamber Theatre; information at 525-0500.

Saenger, 524-0876. *Fiddler on the Roof*, that apparently eternal musical about pre-pogrom Russian Jews existing in a world of gossip, arranged marriages, sanctimoniousness, and all the other baggage of musical comedies, or at least some of them; with Herschel Bernardi as Tevye.

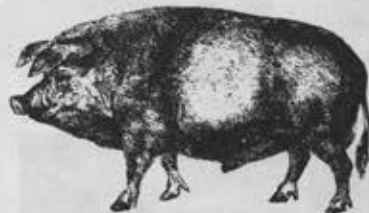
Theatre Marigny, 616 Frenchmen, 944-2653. Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo*, described as a comedy by its author, about the Gulf Coast widow Serafina and her worship for her deceased truck-driver husband, her problems when she meets what might be a similar man, her daughter and a sailor and a goat and two snippy Wasp types who make her life profoundly miserable. Call the theatre for performance dates and times.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30, *One Mo' Time*, which threatens to become New Orleans' answer to *The Fantasticks*, beginning at 7:30; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, *Clive Wilson's South Rampart Street Blues Revue* (the kind we sing in the Northern sector of the street are not for public consumption), featuring Blue Lu Barker, at 10:30. Fri.4 through Sat.12, (not Blue Mondays, though), at 10:30 and at 12:30 in the a.m. on Friday and Saturday, *High Heeled Women*. Sun.13, Thurs.17 through Sun.20 and Thanksgiving night, Nov.24, *The Becky Allen Show*, with material by Palmisano and Graham, the local ripostes to Comden and Green, Rodgers and Hart, Fields and McHugh, Dubin and Warren and Oscar and Hammerstein, centering on (what else could it do with her?) Becky Allen in a melodious miasma of bumps, grinds and grins. Call the theatre to sort all this out.

Tulane Theatre, off Freret and McAlister, so this must be the Phoenix Playhouse, 865-5360. Through Sat.5, in repertory: *Endgame*, Samuel Beckett's play about people in trashcans and dark glasses and the end of the world—well, if you know so much, what is it about? and *Can't Pay? Won't Pay!*. From Mon.28 through Dec.3: *The Glass Menagerie*, Tennessee Williams' play about a somewhat defeated Southern belle, her crippled daughter, her moody-dreamy son and a gentleman caller. A lovely play that has been overshadowed by the subsequent turns taken by Williams' work (the late *A Lovely Sunday for Creve Coeur* is a return, not



The Draughtsman's Contract at the Prytania, Nov.18-24



Louisiana Swine Festival, Basile, La., Nov.4—6



Becky Allen at the Toulouse Theatre in November



Jonathan Richman at Tipitina's, Nov.22



The Meditations at Tip's, Nov.12



Johnny Adams, Nov.4 at Snug Harbor



Albert Collins at Tipitina's, Nov.19

totally successful, to the style and to St. Louis itself as a setting.

ART

Arts Line, 522-ARTS. A daily recording of cultural events.

Aaron-Hastings Gallery, 1130 St. Charles, 523-7202. Through Nov.10: paintings by Paul Tarver. Sat.12 through Dec.8: Tallahassee painter, Geoffrey Lardiere.

Academy Gallery, 5256 Magazine, 899-8111. Through Nov.9: paintings by oddball Jose-Maria Cundin, who (in our memory) predates the Botero style by some time. Sat.12 through Wed.30: sculptor Jean Seidenberg.

Arthur Roger, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Sat.12 through Dec.8: paintings and sculptures by Ida Kohlmeier.

Bienville Gallery, 1800 Hastings Place, 523-5889. From Wed.2: New Orleans painter Gary Allen downstairs, ceramicist Barney Matton above.

Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Sat.12 through Dec.18: *Victims and Violations*, a cheery pre-holiday show in a sweeping genre we're partial to (suppose you'd have to include all those merry and ecstatic martyrdoms in here, and Renaissance battle scenes, etc.), with contributions by nine national and local artists including Leon Golub, an old master at big, enraged figures, Peter Dean and Peter Sahl. On Sun.13, visiting artists from the show will conduct a guided tour of the exhibit. In the back gallery, ceramicist Toby Buonagurio and photographer Susan Austin. Also in the lobby, photographs in conjunction with the C.A.C.'s presentation of *The Madwoman of the Vieux Carre*.

Galerie Simonne Stern, 2727 Prytanja, 893-3824. Through Thurs.10, twenty-five color photographs of prominent New Orleanians by John Miller, who has treated the inmates of Angola in a similar fashion. In the back gallery, works by Emily Clark, Richard Johnson and Georgia Ross. Sat.12 through Dec.8: new works by painter/performance artist Jesse Poimboeuf, and in the upstage area, Wayne Amedee, Robert Lyon and George Dunbar.

Galerie Jules Laforgue, 2119 Decatur. Tues.1 through Sat.26, paintings by Charles Blank.

A Gallery For Fine Photography, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through November, a retrospective of two decades of photographs by modern master Minor White, and a newly-formed New Orleans portfolio including work by local photographers Josephine Sacabo, Jack Pickett, David Richmond, Sandra Clark and others.

Gallery 539, 539 Bienville, 522-0695. Japanese woodblock prints, Piranesi prints and rare architectural books.

Gasper Folk Art Gallery, 831 St. Peter, 523-9373. Through November, *Haitian Voodoo Flag Show*, religious relics in the form of square flags, sequined and beaded and dedicated to patron gods/syncretized saints, and supposedly a comfort when these spirits take over.

Historic New Orleans Collection, 533 Royal Street, 523-4662. Through December 2: I Remember New Orleans: The Movies, a nostalgic survey of the theatres and events and people that flourished, oh, not so very long ago.

Longue Vue Gardens, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. Decorative arts; Sun.6: a lecture on the art of the duck decoy by Mary Boudreaux Blanchard.

Louisiana State Museum, Jackson

Square, 522-9830. At the Presbytere through November, *Spirit World: Photographs and Journal* by Michael P. Smith, who has gotten as close as anyone has to such towering presences as Bishop Lydia Gilford, of the Infant of Prague Spiritual Church. Also open: The Old Mint, on Esplanade at the river, with two permanent exhibitions, *Carnival in New Orleans* and *Jazz in New Orleans*.

Mario Villa Gallery, 3908 Magazine, 897-8731. Through Wed.9: paintings by Chris Guarisco, sculpture by Ed Barbier and graphics by Dan Allison. Sat.12 through Wed.30: recent work by Mark Grote.

New Orleans Museum Of Art, City Park, 488-2631. Through Sun.6: sculptures and graphics by Elizabeth Catlett, who treats the image of the black woman in a heroic manner. Sun.13 through Jan.15: *A Myriad of Autumn Leaves: Japanese Art from the Kurt and Millie Gitter Collection*. From Sun.20, *Classical Approach to Photography*, by Leslie Gill. Also on Sun.13 through Tues.15, *The Arts of the Edo Period*, an international symposium with scholars from America and Japan participating.

Sandra Zahn Oreck Gallery, 529 Wilkinson, 529-7676. Through Dec.3: prints, paintings and sculptures by S.W. Hayter, Clement Penrose and Michael Castle.

Tilden-Foley, 933 Royal, 522-7728. Through Wed.9: painted sculptures of an ornithological sort by John Olsen. Fri.11 through Wed.30: paintings by Margaret Wirstrom that are, our art editor advises us, of the Ab-Ex variety.

UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront Campus, 286-6493. Through Fri.4: Photographs by Jim Stone. Sun.6 through Fri.25: an LSU faculty exhibition. Sun.27 through Dec.9: sculptures by Julia Withers.

LIVE MUSIC

Bistro Lounge, 4061 Tulane Ave., 482-9377. Fridays and Saturdays: Ruben Gonzalez and his Salsa Rhythms, from 10.

Blue Room, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through Tues.8: Betty-Boop-faced and figured and voiced Bernadette Peters. Wed.9 through Sat.19: Doug Kershaw (who always with catgut in hand reminds us uncannily of the Delacroix sketch of Paganini) and tales of crying time in Crowley and cavorting time in Carencro. Mon.21 through Tues.29: Johnny Desmond, who once sang with Gene Krupa's band but now has a considerably easier time of it for which he must be grateful. Reservations; dancing, as well.

Bobby's Place, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0137. Fridays and Saturdays: Bobby Cure and the Summertime Blues, and Allen's Tribute to Elvis. Sat.19: an all-star show (no comets or asteroids, just red dwarfs and that sort of thing).

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Ralph Cox, every day except Sunday.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Certainly the darkest and most "intime" of W.E. clubs. Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Frye.

Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Every day except Sundays, the Mississippi South House Band.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon, 523-8630. Call the club for listings.

Caronna's Bar, 2032 Magazine, 523-9326. Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays: the J. Monque'd Blues Band.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Wednesdays: Local Heroes. Sundays: a wide-open Bluegrass jam commencing at 7. Sat.5: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Sat.12: Johnny J. and the Hitmen, with their Poochie-Or-Pucci revue. Sat.26: Mr. Ruffner and his B.R.'s again.

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans. Snake-dancing, examples of *adiposa dolorosa* in motion for Botero-eyed girl watchers, and Fridays and Saturdays, Johnny Adams and Walter Washington with the House Band.

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Thurs.3, Sat.12, Thurs.17 and Sat.26: Frankie Ford on his own side of the river for once. Sat.5: Jean Knight, asker of pointed questions in song. Thurs.10: the Dixi-Kups (b.k.a. Peep-Bo, Pitti-Sing and Yum Yum). Sat.19: Dr. Bobby Mitchell.

Fairmont Court, in the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Tuesdays to Saturdays, Judy Duggan occupies the piano bench from 9 to 1.

The Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7626. Everyone of note, from Thackeray to Durante has passed through these charmed portals; Thomas Jefferson and his Creole Jazz Band play Thursdays through Tuesdays. Wednesdays are taken up by Art Rider's Jazz Band (are his brothers named C.C. and Easy?) who also enlivens weekend afternoons from 4 to 8.

Fat Cats, 505 Gretna Blvd., Gretna, 362-0598. Mondays and Thursdays: Rocking Ruff (always thought that was the name of Dennis the Menace's dog). Wednesdays and Sundays: Nifty Fifties. Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays: Grice and Gravy with Jimmy Simon and Janie Grice.

544 Club, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Gary Brown and Feelings.

Fool on the Hill, 1000 Bayou Black Dr., Houma, 851-6892. Fri.4, Sat.5: the Red Beans and Rice Revue. Fri.11, Sat.12: Nightlife (ain't no good life, but it's my life, etc.) Thurs.18: Zachary Richard. Fri.19: Lifeline. Thurs.24 through Sat.26: G.G. Shinn, a perpetual fave of ours from long ago and no doubt his voice is still the instrument it was when we first heard him 15 years ago. Wed.30 through Dec.3: Scruples—hey, I saw the TV movie from this and it was terrific!

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

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Alfresco; ragtime piano each afternoon and again as night is falling. Saturdays and Sundays: John Ryan's New Orleans Rhythm Band makes a little more nose from 1:30 to 6.

Houllhan's, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Live music of a jazz nature outside on weekdays from 7 to 11 saving Fridays; the music moves inside on weekends and starts two hours later.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Wed.2: J.D. Hill and the Jammers. Thurs.3: Alison and the Destroyers. Fri.4: the Radiators. Sat.5: The Backbeats. Wed.9: The Monsters. Thurs.10: Waka Waka. Fri.11: The Models. Sat.12: Slow Sculpture—they ought to get Louise Newelson on bass. Wed.16: the J. Monque'D Blues Band. Thurs.17: Faded Glory (I know how they feel). Fri.18: The Backbeats. Wed.23-Sat.26: The Sheiks pitch a tent and stay awhile. Mon.28: The White Animals (sounds like albinism to us) from Nashville. Wed.30: the J. Monque'D Blues Band.

The Loop, Franklin at Robert E. Lee,

282-0501. Sat.5: Generics. Sat.12: Rainstreet. Sat.19: Nothing Personal. Sat.26: Generics.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak, 866-9359. Sundays: John Rankin. Mondays: James Carroll Booker III. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie, the Nietzschean nightingale. Thursdays: Bruce Daigrepoint and Bourre. Fri.4: Clarence Gatemouth Brown. Sat.5: Beausoleil. Fri.11: Anson Funderburgh and his Rockets making a racket. Sat.12: the Radiators. Fri.18: Eddie Kirkland and the Blues Band. Sat.19: Zachary Richard. Fri.25: Rockin' Dopsie and the Twisters with some Ste. Medard-inspired stompin'. Sat.26: the Radiators.

Meneffee's, 1101 N. Rampart Street 566-0464. Mondays through Saturdays: Marguerite Montgomery from 11 a.m. until 3. Sundays: The Three Notes of Sound from 11 a.m. until 3, and Steve Long from 5 to 7. Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 2 a.m.: Janis Medlock. Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 4 a.m.: Sandy Hanson and Janis Medlock. Mondays and Tuesdays: Dr. Paul Martin playing the classics from 7 to 10 (hope this is something like the Carl Haas show but live). Tuesdays: hep cat A.J. Loria from 7 to 10. Wed.2 and Wed.16: the old platinum blowtorch herself Becky Allen, the Messalina-from-Metairie of the boite circuit. Wed.9: Mimi Guste and a *retour a la raison*.

Munster's Dance Hall and Bar, 627 Lyons, 899-9109. Wednesdays. The Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble and a great many nimble-footed septuagenarians.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. Mondays and Tuesdays: The Blues Rockers. Wednesdays through Sundays: Bryan Lee and the Jumpstreet Five.

Old Post Office, 4000 Downman Rd., 242-9960. Call for listings.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri.4: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Fri.11: The Renegades. Fri.18: Bourre. Fri.25: The Jive, alive.

Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays, always open mike. Check the board as you enter for details of who's playing when.

Pontchartrain Hotel, Bayou Bar, 2031 St. Charles Ave., 524-0851. Nightly: Bruce Versen, from 5 to 8, or what was known in happier days as that pause in the day's occupation known as the cocktail hour. From 9-ish until the midnight hour, Joel Simpson does the pianistic honors.

Preservation Hall, 726 St. Peter, 523-8939. Along with Galatoire's and K-Paul's, one of the three places in town that consistently draws a long and deserved line outside; the only amenities are the musical ones. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas Valentine. Tuesdays and Fridays: Louis Big-Eye Nelson's Band for the first two weeks, and Kid Sheik Colar for the second two. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL. Sat.5: Oliver Morgan and his band of renown. Sat.12: Irma Thomas. Sat.19: The Radiators, anyone with a crabnet or two and three pounds of chicken necks admitted at double the price.

Rose Tattoo, 4401 Tchoupitoulas, 895-9681. Saturdays: The Sweet Wine Band (suppose if they wanted to be called Night Train or Plum Velvet they'd have called themselves Night Train or Plum Velvet).

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sally Townes.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Tuesdays through Saturdays: one man Symphonia Randy Hebert, preceded Thursdays through Mondays by Al Broussard.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Mostly jazz, mostly modern. Wednesdays: Amasa Miller's True Grit Theatre. Thursdays: the Olympia Serenaders. Sundays, those Pfister Sisters, aereating into the ether, from 9 p.m. Wed.2: Johnny Magnie. Fri.4: the tan canary, Johnny Adams. Sat.5: Ellis Marsalis Quartet with Linda Aubert. Fri.11: The Harry Connick Jr. Trio. Sat.12: Mars, with its accompanying multimedia show. Sun.13: *In A Sentimental Mood*, the anatomy of melancholy as described by Germaine Bazzle, LaVerne Butler and Lady B.J. Fri.18: The (iso iso) Metrics. Sat.19: Barbara Shorts. Fri.25: The Urbanites. Sat.26: Ramsey McLean and his Survivors. Sun.27: The New Orleans Tenor Saxophone Showdown, described above in *Concerts*.

Sugar Mill Lounge, 4520 Williams, Kenner, 467-7946. Wed.2 and Thurs.3: the Topcats. Fri.4 and Sat.5: The Nobles, courtesy the Almanach de Gotha and Burke's Peerage. Sun.6, Wed.9 and Thurs.10: the Topcats. Fri.11 and Sat.12: The Brothers. Sun.13, Wed.16 and Thurs.17: the Topcats. Fri.18: South Wind. Sat.19: Spice of Life featuring Anise Cilantro and Ginger Fenugreek. Sun.20 and Wed.23: the Topcats. Thurs.24 to Mon.28: Southwind. Wed.30: the Topcats.

Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Tues.1: Johnny J. and the Hitmen. Wed.2: The Pfister Sisters in the The Big Broadcast of 1983. Fri.4: Exuma. Sat.5: Marcia Ball. Sun.6: Jaco Pastorius and Word of Mouth. Tues.8: Pop Combo with Lenny Zenith. Thurs.10: Pressure. Fri.11: the Radiators. Sat.12: The Meditations. Sun.13: NRBG and the Whole Wheat Horns. Thurs.17: Big Bang. Fri.18: The Fantabulous Thunderbirds (tentative) Sat.19: Albert Collins. Sun.20: The Itals—Roots Radics. Mon.21: Waka Waka. Tues.22: Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers. Wed.23: The Radiators. Fri.25 and Sat.26: The Neville Brothers. Sun.27: A Benefit for Rebirth.

Toulouse Theatre, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Tuesdays: Banu Gibson and the New Orleans Hot Jazz Orchestra, from 7:30. Fri.25 through Wed.30, save for Monday, the Manhattan Rhythm Kings.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Sundays: Mike Peller, David Torkanowsky and Johnny Vidacovich. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis and Steve Masakowski. Tuesdays: chanteuse Leslie Smith. Wednesdays: George French Quartet. Thursdays, Germaine Bazzle with David Torkanowsky.

Germaine Wells Lounge, 833 Bienville, 523-9633. Fridays and Saturdays, Mike Peller, Jim Singleton and Jeff Boudreaux, from 11 p.m.

Weasey's, 1610 Belle Chasse Highway, 361-7902. Country and Western. Mondays through Thursdays: Firewater. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: the Gela Kaye Band.

Winnie's, 2304 London Ave., 945-9124. Call the club for details.

LA. CLUBS

Antler's, 555 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-8877.

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688. Seats 2000!

Booker's, 1040 Texas Ave., Shreveport, 318-425-2292.



Leon Golub's *Mercenaries I* in the *Victims and Violations* show at the CAC



Red Rockers at Jimmy's, Nov. 19

Chief's Southside, (formerly Trinity's), 4365 Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 388-9884.

Circle In The Square, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-222-2216.

Clancy's Landing and Brick Street Tavern, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Desperado Saloon, Highway 90, Raceland, 1-537-3647.

Emporium, 2183 Highland Road, Baton Rouge, 387-9538.

Enoch's—A Cafe, 5202 Desiard Street, Monroe, 318-343-9950.

Gibson Street Lounge, Covington, 1-892-7057.

Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant Street, Lafayette, 318-332-9569.

Harry's Club, 517 Parkway, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9569.

Humphree's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-227-9611.

Iron Horse, 403 Phillip, Thibodaux, 1-447-9991.

Jefferson Street Cafe, 209 Jefferson, Lafayette, 318-234-9647.

Mulate's, Breaux Bridge Highway,

Breaux Bridge, 318-332-4648.

The Ol' Corner Bar, 221 Poydras, Breaux Bridge, 318-332-9512.

Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell.

Pappa Joe's, 12375 Florida Blvd., Baton Rouge, 1-273-2376.

Paradise Club, 121 S. Buchanan, Lafayette, 318-232-5313.

Party Town, Military Road, Slidell, 1-649-3867.

Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 190 in Mandeville, 1-626-9933.

Rusty Nail, 540 E. King's Highway, Shreveport.

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THE RECORD ONE-STOP OLDIE-BUT GOODIE QUESTION OF THE MONTH

What New Orleans artist did the original version of "Just A Moment Of Your Time"? The first 50 correct answers to the above will receive a free oldie-but-goodie album. Write w/your answer c/o The Roadrunner, the Record One-Stop, P.O. Box 547, Kenner LA 70063. The answer to last month's question: the artist was Lloyd Price.

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- No. 5... Ernie K-Doe, New Orleans Songwriters, Shelley Pope, Walter Lastie
- No. 7... Neville Brothers, Walter Washington, Dave Bartholomew, Ron Cuccia, Roy Brown, New Leviathan
- No. 11... Radiators, Uptights, Raffey's, Rockabyes, Lois Dejean and the Youth Inspirational Choir, Alvin Batiste, Nathan Abshire, King Floyd
- No. 12... George Finola, Danny Barker, Frankie Ford, Lenny Zenith, Irving McLean, Dr. John's "Morgus"
- No. 13... Rockin' Dopsie, Bobby Marchan, Dr. John, songs about the South, how and what musicians eat, Red Tyler, how to care for old records
- No. 14... Mr. Google Eyes, Henry Butler, Chief Pete of the Black Eagles, the AFO story, New Orleans Band Guide
- No. 16... Al Johnson, Bourre, Marching Bands at Carnival, the state of rock in New Orleans, Jokonnu festivals, Blue Vipers, Winton Marsalis
- No. 17... New Orleans Guitarists, Percy Stovall, Doug Bourgeois, Rap records, A-Train, "One Mo' Time"
- No. 18... Baton Rouge bluesmen, Earl King, Bob Tannen, Luther Kent, Rockabilly, Roulette, Lazy Lester
- No. 20... Texas bands, Bo Diddley, the Aubry Twins, Mason Ruffner, Mathilda Jones, Red Beans and Rice Revue
- No. 21... Li'l Queenie, Wardell Queerzque, Goldband Records, New Orleans string bands, second lining
- No. 22... Lee Dorsey, Cousin Joe, Earl Palmer, the Tipitina's story, Sexdog, the Valiants, Zebra
- No. 23... Zachary Richard, Floyd Soileau, Boogie Bill Webb, Festivals Acadiens, Storyville Stompers, Music at the World's Fair
- No. 24... George Schmidt, Slim's Y Ki Ki, Ellis Marsalis, the Models, Allegra
- No. 25... NOCCA, Germaine Bazzie, Kush, Valerian Smith, WTUL, Swamp Pop
- No. 26... Chuck Carbo and the Spiders, Christmas records, Harold Potier, Zebra
- No. 27... 1983 Louisiana Band Guide, Big Bang, the reissue issue, John Fred, Carla Baker
- No. 28... When Satchmo Was King Zulu, Backbeats, Professor Longhair, Junkanoo, Normals Reunion, Jimmy Heath
- No. 30... The Louisiana Hayride, Windjammer, Mike Peller, Margie Joseph, The Copas Brothers, Jazz Fest Preview
- No. 31... Olympia Brass Band Centennial, Robert Parker, Lonnie Brooks, Jack Dupree, Jazz Fest Picks

I have marked the issues I'd like to have. Please send me _____ magazines at \$4.00 each (\$5.00 for each copy mailed outside the U.S.)

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WAVELENGTH, P.O. Box 15667, New Orleans, La 70175





Roll over, **Lady Di** and tell **Margaret Thatcher** the news! **Leigh (Li'l Queenie) Harris** and hubby **Bruce McDonald** have a new li'l prince in the family named **Alex Harris McDonald**, who arrived September 8 tipping the scales at 8 lbs. 11½ oz. and already displaying a formidable vocal range, according to the proud parents...Remember that old **Johnny Horton** record about the gold rush, "North to Alaska, we're goin' North the rush is on"? Well, N.O.'s **Red Rockers** are following Johnny's advice and trudging across the tundra for an Anchorage, Alaska, gig to complete a successful U.S. tour in support of the recent 415 release. The Rockers will return home for a deep South tour (including a Nov. 19 engagement at Jimmy's) and to work on their third album.

Ellis Marsalis has joined the Loyola College of Music faculty as a part-time instructor of jazz piano...The Sparks Agency has signed **The Valiants**: "This is an 'R' rated raunch 'n' roll show, but what do you expect from folks raised in New Orleans' French Quarter?" reads the promo pack...Lookout **Thomas Dolby-cum-Kraftwerk** yats, **Thought Crime** is an all new, all-synth band here...**Royal Flush** played a rocking benefit for the Ronald McDonald House in Pensacola...Aside from being challenged to a softball game in City Park by **Waka Waks** and **Tracey Williams**, the **Backbeats** have just mixed down three new tunes at Studio in the Country for an upcoming single release...The **Country Palace** is a huge new club outside Monroe looking for new acts...A video short by **Alloy**, an "independent soft rock" band from Lafayette has been selected by the weekly music video show **America Rocks** in Colorado to air on their Discovery Tapes section.

Lots of news from Rounder Records this

month, including a quote from **Gavin Martin's New Musical Express** piece on **James Booker's Classified** and **Gatemouth Brown's One More Mile** albums: "You know the way it's really hip to like all 'that old soul stuff'? Well—screw that! That marvelous music is here and now, bringing the tributaries that run through America's REALLY PROUD HERITAGE smack up to date." An Amen from Rounder and an Amen from us on that one, Gavin. **Tuts Washington's** first ever album is nearing release, and **Lonesome Sundown** and **Philip Walker** give us *From L.A. to L.A.*, composed of previously unreleased Joliet recordings.

Hammond Scott's Black Top Records threw a big bash at Tango's in Dallas to celebrate its new releases, including *She Knocks Me Out* from Stratmaster **Anson Funderburgh** and the **Rockets**. The **Buckwheat Zydeco Band** has releases scheduled on both Black Top and Rounder and is currently touring up north. Right on, Rounder, keep up the good work 'cause Lord knows, we can't depend on the big labels to preserve our traditional music heritage.

Remember that hot lead guitarist of **TQ** and the **Topcats** named **Ronnie Raygun**? Well, Ronnie's moved on to politics now, but ole TQ is planning a reunion to be held at Fad's, so break out the Butch Wax you young Republicans and slide on out.

The Limit is working on new, dance-oriented material since the arrival of **Ricky Ladner** on guitar...Two of the more memorable fanzines arriving here this month are the **Second Line** with an article by **Katy Joly**, 16, of Belgium: "Last year I had a party at home for all the boys and girls in my class and I did some second-lining for them. In my excitement I almost knocked

a chandelier from the ceiling." and **Null and Void**, stapled, Xeroxed, irreverent, and lots of left wing politics. Our favorite vignette in this one is a 1951 photo and caption of little **Josephine Amaya**, 17, combing her savage, pigtailed mohawk. Ever hear punk rockers discussing existentialism, religion, or freelance publishing? Want to? Send a buck fifty (and why not include your own views on life, love and art while you're at it) to N&V, Box 24002, NOLA 70184...**A-Train** drew 25,000 fans (including L.A. mayor **Tom Bradley**) and four encores recently at the Los Angeles Street Scene Festival...Two outstanding gigs not to be missed in November are The Great New Orleans Tenor Saxophone Showdown at Snug Harbor on the 27th where **Fred Kemp**, **James Rivers** and **Red Tyler** meet outside the O.K. Corral and **NRBQ**, America's finest and funniest R&B eclectics at Tipitina's on Nov. 13...A new press release and revealing photo announces that those rock overkillers, **Kiss**, "have finally taken it off." Their makeup, that is. Isn't anything sacred anymore?...San Francisco's *Music Calendar* gave *Wavelength* a very enthusiastic review that spotlighted the **Ballistics** flexi-disc included in the August issue.

The Band Reunion Tour (guess *The Last Waltz* was actually the Second-To-Last Waltz) has been confirmed at the Saenger Theatre for November 17...The **New Orleans Symphony** with **Andrew Massey** conducting will premiere **James Drew's Courtyard Music** as part of their program November 22 and 23. Drew will play instruments of his own design for the piece, with the Symphony in accompaniment. The instruments wave up and down and give the sound a directional quality that is gentle and soft. According to Massey, "they look a bit like anti-aircraft guns."

Tipitina's

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NOVEMBER 1983

MUSIC STARTS AT 9:30 MONDAY-THURSDAY
10:30 P.M. FRIDAY-SUNDAY



THE ITALS-ROOTS RADICS
appearing Sun. Nov.20



NRBQ at Tipitina's, November 13.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	31 THE RADIATORS halloween	1 JOHNNY J. and the HITMEN ★	2 THE PFISTER SISTERS	3	4 EXUMA	5 MARCIA BALL
6 JACO PASTORIUS and Word of Mouth	7 CLOSED	8 POP COMBO with ★ Lenny Zenith	9 ★	10 PRESSURE ★	11 THE RADIATORS	12 THE MEDITATIONS roots, mon!
13 NRBQ and the whole wheat horns	14 CLOSED	15	16	17 ★ ★ BIG BANG ★ ★	18 THE FABULOUS THUNDER- BIRDS tentative	19 ALBERT COLLINS
20 THE ITALS ROOTS RADICS	21 WAKA WAKA	22 JONATHAN RICHMAN and the Modern Lovers	23 THE RADIATORS	24 CLOSED	25 ★ 26 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS ★	
27 A BENEFIT FOR REBIRTH	28 CLOSED	29	30			

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Best Wishes for the Upcoming Holidays From the Whole Musical Family



First Row: (kneeling) Brett Seidenberg (Faux Pas), David Torkanowsky, Art and Aaron Neville, Rosetta Ramsey (Dixi-Kups), Reggie Hall (pianist for Fats Domino and Oliver Morgan).

Second Row: Dianna Chenevert (Pres., Omni Attractions), Frankie "Sea Cruise" Ford, Rosa Hawkins (Dixi-Kups), Bruce Daignepon (Bourre), Ed Billeaud (Bourre), Bobby Cure (Summertime Blues Band), Jean "Mr. Big Stuff" Knight, Bobby Mitchell (Godfather of Rock and Roll), Johnny Adams, Al "Carnival Time" Johnson, Barbara Hawkins (Dixi-Kups), Jack Schulman (Concord), Jessie Hill, Charles Neville, Oliver "Who Shot the La La" Morgan, Joe Gendusa (Indecent Exposure), Jimmy Maxwell (Orchestra).

Third Row: Steve Kuni, David Lastie (A Taste of New Orleans), David Curlee (Raffey's), Tommy Sanchez (Raffey's), Vance DeGeneres (formerly with the Cold-Back Beats), Chuck Carbo, Tommy Ridgley, Mark Jones (Concord), Skeet Stiller (Indecent Exposure), Rennie Fleitrich (I.E.).

Back Row: Earl King, Gen Hall (Ray Charles' Raylettes), Susan Malone (Pfister Sisters), Blue Lu and Danny Barker, Allen Kable (I.E.), Shirley Peters/Carla Norman/Rosanna Gilbert/Gina Burras (Uptown Affaire), John Berthelot.

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