

8-1983

Wavelength (August 1983)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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Wavelength

ISSUE NO. 34 • AUGUST 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 from
the video "China" by the Red Rockers.

Publisher, Nauman S. Scott. **Editor,** Connie Atkinson. **Art Director,** Skip Bolen. **Editorial Assistant,** Margaret Williams. **Advertising Sales,** Nida Threel. **Office Manager/Bookkeeper,** Launa Brewer. **Distribution:** Joe Torczon, Hampton Weiss. **Circulation:** Cathy Mitchell. **Contributors:** Eddy Allman, Charles Blancq, Jon Donlon, Zeke Fishhead, Jon Foote, Tad Jones, Virginia Levis, Jay Marvin, Bunny Matthews, Jon Newlin, Ric Olivier, Kalamu ya Salaam, Shepard Samuels, Gene Scaramuzzo, Hammond Scott, Almost Slim, Keith Twitchell, Nancy Weldon, William 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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MAKING NOISE WITH BIG BANG

"We're finally getting to the way the music ought to sound; with a little more emphasis on the rhythm, we've been able to peel away that rock edge and still keep a good level of intensity," states Keith deBolt, bassist/vocalist/writer and co-head-honcho of Big Bang. With the recent addition of George Terzis on congas, the Bang has refined its glossy reggae/funk sound down to a highly accessible combination of earthy rhythms, high tech moods and socially conscious messages.

Proof of this accessibility was apparent at Tipitina's July 17 Artists Benefit. As the jerky pop strains of "More To Come" opened the set, the first couple on the dance floor was a sprightly, graying middle-age couple and not far behind were some teens who could have been carded at the door. Both one-hour sets of originals contained enough funk, harmonies, catchy hooks and stylistic unity to catch the ear of any A&R man worth his salt.

Big Bang is a band that looks as good as it sounds. Their obsession with surface even goes to the point of having a wardrobe/makeup stylist named Elizabeth Perrin, who carefully applies rouge and liner backstage before a show. "We try to make it into all one thing," deBolt explains. "The way the performers are dressed, the way the stage is dressed, the way the songs flow together"... "the total 'ambiance'" adds Elizabeth.

Tore Wallin and Jeff Tappendorf on back-to-back synthesizers contribute to the tonal ambiance of the Bang's sound, while Terzis and drummer Guy Duplantier accent the dominant upbeat with double crash cymbals. Tommy Malone's formidable Clapton/Allman style guitar chops have landed him work with a number of

local groups and his combination of speed and restraint works well here. Tracey Williams (whose tip-toeing liteness graced the cover of July's *Wavelength*) shares the major vocal duty with deBolt and struts in an undeniable air of stage presence and sexuality. Her costume change for the video taping of "Look At Me" had the camera crew almost tripping over cables and staring into the monitors. In this, the age of video, a group's look takes on a new importance. "We're really checking out the MTV thing," says deBolt. "We want to do whatever we can to be a commercial success."

While this somewhat compromising aesthetic may produce music that sounds a little too flacid and homogenized for some, as in the case of "Silver and Gold," it can also inspire a soothing island flavored tune like "At The Top" that flows with the ease of a sailboat. The Bang don't turn its back on straight ahead funk, either. "Pull Up To My Bumper" is all modern soul with a lyrical triple pun on three favorite American leisure pastimes: dancing, driving, and sex. "BDIUB" is an upbeat rocker that shares a phonetic fascination with the Police's "Doo Doo Doo Doo" song and has been receiving noticeable airplay on WPRG in Baton Rouge and WTUL via a demo cassette. "Instruments," like much of Big Bang's repertoire, sounds as if it could be an updated version of an espionage TV series' theme song from the Sixties.

With their newly expanded seven-piece lineup, the Big Bang is ready to make some noise around town, and if recent turnouts are any indication, they're finding a receptive audience.

—rico

ALL STAR FUND RAISER

At the corner of Laurel and Upperline streets is a big purple and gold building that used to be a firehouse and now houses the Uptown Youth Cultural and Development Center, founded by Aaron Neville.

The center was started "to help children find their own meanings and build their own futures." Every day you can see kids of all ages playing basketball, ping pong, or other games or hanging out listening to music and talking. In addition to providing a clean, safe place for children to meet, the center also offers programs in arts and crafts, study workshops, dance, weight lifting, and physical fitness.

The center will sponsor its

Second Annual Fund Raising Fair on August 27 and 28 from 10 a.m. to midnight Saturday and noon to 10 p.m. on Sunday. Some 250 gifts donated by the New Orleans business community will be raffled at the fair, which also features rides, games, food booths, refreshments, and a celebrity dunking tank. Live entertainment will be provided day and night on both days. Look for appearances by Irma Thomas, The Radiators, Dirty Dozen Brass Band, The Backbeats, and, of course, The Neville Brothers, among others. For additional information contact Bill Johnston or Pamela Gibbons at 486-8990.

—rico



DRIVING BLUES

"I was double parked downtown on Baronne and I'm bookin' it to beat the meter maid when I see this cabbie across the street playin' a guitar. I get out my camera and step over to snap a few and the guy's just smilin' and really jammin', so I look at the guitar and it's this beautiful blond Gibson with inlays and fancy keys and stuff. I said, 'Hey man, you ain't no beginner with a axe like

that, cuz!'" And he starts pullin' out these color photos of him onstage in some big production. Turns out he works with Fats and cabs sometimes for extra scratch. Yeah, Fats Domino! Guy named Jimmy Molliere, wish he could figure out a way to drive and play at the same time. Now that'd be a scam for the World's Fair, 'specially if he played R&B..."

—rico



STEVIE AND AHMAD

Stevie Wonder just happened to be in town for the NAACP convention when Ahmad Jamal opened at the Blue Room in July, and the jovial meeting of the two keyboard masters had Stevie flashing that classic smile.

Jamal's sophisticated style uses the refreshing power of dynamic contrast to its fullest. At one moment the spare ensemble of piano, drums, bass, and congas is bristling in the bebopish fire of an uptempo composition that glows in Iraj Lashkary's incredible percussive energy and suddenly everything stops dead and you hang there with Jamal's raised hand for

four, six, eight beats, until the piece enters another more delicate groove. The Blue Room is an appropriate venue for this type of performance; its dampened acoustics don't require fancy p.a.'s and the music is revealed in lush, rich detail.

As Messrs. Jamal and Wonder later discussed the outstanding qualities of a certain custom piano and the latest in polyphonic synthesizer technology, the company indulged in a spirited game of name-that-tune which Stevie proceeded to dominate, especially in the Motown songs.

—rico



LOUIS IN GOLD

Competing with the Gold Krugerrand is the United States American Arts Gold Medallion, featuring the faces of prominent people of the arts. One current medallion, of which 420,000 were made, features New Orleans' own Louis Armstrong. For numismatists, the coin comes in one ounce and

half-ounce sizes, and has Satchmo's face on one side and the words "Ambassador of Jazz" on the other. Prices run about \$400 plus for the one ounce size, and are available from local coin and gold dealers.

—Margaret Williams

NANCY

Ernie Bushmiller's comic strip characters achieved a surely unintended measure of immortality several years ago when three New Orleans musicians Sweet, Cunningham, and Poimboeuf decided to systematically translate the images in the strip into sound, *Music From Nancy*. This year Nancy is hitting the big time, New Music wise, with an invitation to perform as part of New Music America '83, the annual Festival to be held this year in Washington, D.C. They won't be the only home folks there, either.

When the Festival originated five years ago at the Kitchen in New York, it was devised as a forum and focus for the kind of experimental music and composers of the sort best typified for the public by Glass and Anderson. *Music From Nancy* fits comfortably into that music as phenomena and environment genre. But this year some Louisiana stuff will be

heating up the cool with the likes of Marcel Dugas, the Golden Eagles, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, Beausoleil, and the New Orleans Sax Quartet also appearing. What prompted this expansion into indigenous Creole stuff?

According to organizer Bob Wisdom, there are two major trends in American music today: Music that develops through tradition and music that ignores tradition, as does the avant garde. New Music '83 seemed like the perfect spot to let the two hang together in an avant garde setting. Tradition performers will be spliced in with avant garde musicians like Jerry Hunt on evenings in October.

The Festival, which will take place at the Smithsonian and various sites in D.C., will run October 7 through 16. Wouldn't you love to be there?

—Virginia Levie



GREAT TIME TO BE CAJUN

The inter-generational fox trot wasn't on the scheduled list of dance contests at this year's Thirteenth Annual South Lafourche Cajun Festival, but this young and old couple decided to step under the big tent and work up a sweat anyway. Who could resist those down-the-bayou Cajun sounds of favorite son Vin Bruce, or Night Life and The Rhythm Kings?

Other featured highlights of the Fest were shrimp boulettes (the delectable and culinarily superior Cajun answer to fish sticks),

etouffée, enough beer to break the spillway, and the auctioning of the Cajun Festival Queen Crown where the auctioneer knew everyone by his or her first name.

Crummy weather tried to put a damper on this year's Oyster Festival in Galiano, but July 17 managed to work itself into the annals of Cajun history nevertheless as Cut Off native Bobby Hebert led his Michigan Panthers to a USFL championship and copped the Most Valuable Player award.

—rico



ROOSEVELT SYKES DIES

The New Orleans music world was indeed saddened to hear of the tragic passing of one of the truly great blues pianists, Roosevelt Sykes. "Rosie," as most of his friends referred to him, was in poor health for the past two years and finally succumbed to a heart attack the day he was to be released from Charity hospital where he was under observation. His last public appearance was at the 1983 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival.

A most amiable character (well, he did want \$25 in exchange for an interview or a photo), Sykes moved to New Orleans in 1970, where he became a deacon in the Baptist church after a celebrated blues career. "No I don't find it contrary," he once allowed. "I looked through the whole Bible and nowhere does it say what music I have to play."

Sykes did spend most of his later years in what one might call semi-retirement. Other than his jazz

festival appearances and occasional trips abroad, Sykes was content to spend his days watching television game shows, attending to his church duties and making the odd date at the Maple Leaf Bar.

Seeing Sykes at the Maple Leaf was always a memorable experience. He usually arrived early and propped himself up at the end of the bar with a beefy cigar hanging from the left side of his mouth, joking and laughing with anyone who cared to listen. "See these shoes?" he'd question, beaming down at his two-tone wing tips. "Got these in Berlin. This suit cost me \$250 too. Got that on Canal Street."

Then he'd down his drink and amble (Sykes was confined to a wheelchair the last couple of years) and park his considerable girth behind the oft-times out-of-tune upright piano. Then he'd proceed to roll back the years treating the audience to a lesson in bluesology, playing numbers from his vast

repertoire that spanned some 60 years. More often than not, he'd joke and quip between numbers. "Have some fun, get drunk and be somebody else for a change." Or, "Back in a flash with some more trash." Often he'd end a set with a hilarious version of "Gulf Coast Boogie," where he'd take a musical trip down Chef Menteur Highway: "Gentilly Woods, Schwegmann Brothers, TG&Y, K&B, Kentucky Fried Chicken—finger lickin' good!"

Life began for Sykes in the sleepy river town of Helena, Arkansas, where he was born January 31, 1906. Raised by a grandfather, Sykes was already proficient on the piano by the age of 12, learning from Lee Green and Little Brother Montgomery. Sykes had moved to St. Louis in the early '20s, then a thriving blues town, where he would become a musical fixture for many years. He began his recording career with Okeh Records in 1929, with the popular

"44 Blues," followed by a number of other "race" hits. Sykes' recording success brought him far and wide. Tuts Washington recalls the first time he met Sykes in the Thirties. "I met Sykes over in Biloxi. He'd been playing in those sawmill camps all along the Gulf. He was a good little blues player. Fact, he was one of the best."

Sykes' travels took him to Chicago in the Forties where he continued to record for the prestigious Victor, Imperial, and Decca labels having hits with the memorable "Honeydrinker," which became his calling card, "Sweet Home Chicago," and "Drivin' Wheel." During most of the Forties and Fifties, Sykes travelled with a big band and continued to record for a number of smaller labels.

When the wave of blues acceptance occurred in Europe, Sykes was among the first to visit their shores, making his first trip in 1961. Somewhat amused by this new-found audience, Sykes began featuring his more risqué material such as "Ice Cream Freezer," "Jailbait," and "Dirty Mutha For Ya."

After moving to New Orleans, Sykes found little trouble finding work as he became a regular in French Quarter clubs such as the Glass Slipper and the Court of Two Sisters (Sykes refused to play Sundays because of his religious convictions). During the Seventies, Sykes continued to record for a number of small jazz and blues labels such as Delmark, Blind Pig and Prestige. This steady flow of fine material was supplemented with reissues of his earlier work on European labels.

Roosevelt Sykes is survived by his wife, a number of children and one of the richest catalogs of American folk music attributed to one person. He will be sorely missed.

—Almost Slim

A FAMILY AFFAIR

While his daddy, Ellis, was at the 88's in the wired-for-sound Rogers Memorial Chapel at Newcomb College, Delfeayo Marsalis was turning knobs and pushing buttons with engineer Peter Schulman in Pace Sound's comfortable mobile unit outside on Broadway Street. The occasion was a "live sounding" jazz session for Ellis' upcoming release, *Syndrome*, with sidemen Kent Jordan, James Black, and Bill Huntington in support.

"I just use my ears and common sense," offers Delfeayo when asked about his production strategy. "I've got a small studio at home and

I'm trying to apply here what I've learned there... the engineers can handle the technical things that may come up, I see that the sound makes sense."

Delfeayo, like his brothers Wynton and Branford (who couldn't attend the session because of an engagement in Denver), is an accomplished horn player and a recent graduate of the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts. He plans to pursue a musical career in either performing or production. Either way, he's got a good head start for someone who just turned eighteen on July 28.

—ricco





THE MOUNTAIN DULCIMER

The mountain dulcimer is coming to the flatlands of Louisiana.

One of the country's renowned dulcimer musicians, Neil Hellman, is staging a two-day workshop on that unique instrument on

August 22 and 23 at the Penny Post Coffee Shop. Hellman will be bringing his California-style of playing to New Orleans (he holds the dulcimer like a guitar rather than flat as in the traditional manner). The four-stringed

dulcimer is tuned in modes instead of keys. Hellman will be teaching his multi-modal method, a tuning technique he developed. It allows the dulcimer, when played in a chordal structure, to play at least five different modes in one tuning.

"Beginners are encouraged to participate," said Beverly Bishop, organizer of the workshop. There will be a class designed primarily for beginners. The instrument is simple enough to master, so that you can expect fairly rapid progress.

The fee is \$30 for the entire two-day workshop, or varying fees for the individual classes. And bring your own dulcimer. If you don't happen to have one of the Appalachian-born instruments, they can be purchased through Ms. Bishop. Dulcimers are not expensive, ranging from \$35 to \$200.

The mountain dulcimer is not to be confused with the hammer dulcimer, which is a multi-stringed instrument, tuned in keys, and played by striking the strings with two small, hammer-like instruments. The origins of the hammer dulcimer can be traced to ancient Egypt and is the forerunner of the piano. The mountain dulcimer, on the other hand, is considered to be one of a few set

of instruments originating here in America. German, Irish and Scottish settlers in the Appalachians constructed the original dulcimers out of hollowed-out wood with strings stretched over it. The simplicity and versatility of the instrument has attracted a large following across the country, and has been utilized by such contemporary artists as Joni Mitchell, Kenny Rogers, the late John Lennon and Dan Fogelberg.

Richard Blackmon recorded *Selfsongs* in 1982 at Unicorn Sound studios in New Orleans, utilizing both types of dulcimers, as well as the autoharp, Casio keyboard and harpsichord, among other instruments. It is a tape of hauntingly beautiful melodies, all written by Blackman, illustrating the potential of the dulcimer as a back-up to vocals.

Blackman likes the simplicity of the instrument. "It enables me to focus on vocals," he said. Blackmon also constructs both types of dulcimers. The song "Moon Dance," from *Selfsongs*, he explained as "the result of an exploration into the subtleties of the mountain dulcimer."

Selfsongs is just one example of the potentialities of the mountain dulcimer. To learn more, the workshop beckons. —Betsy Cook

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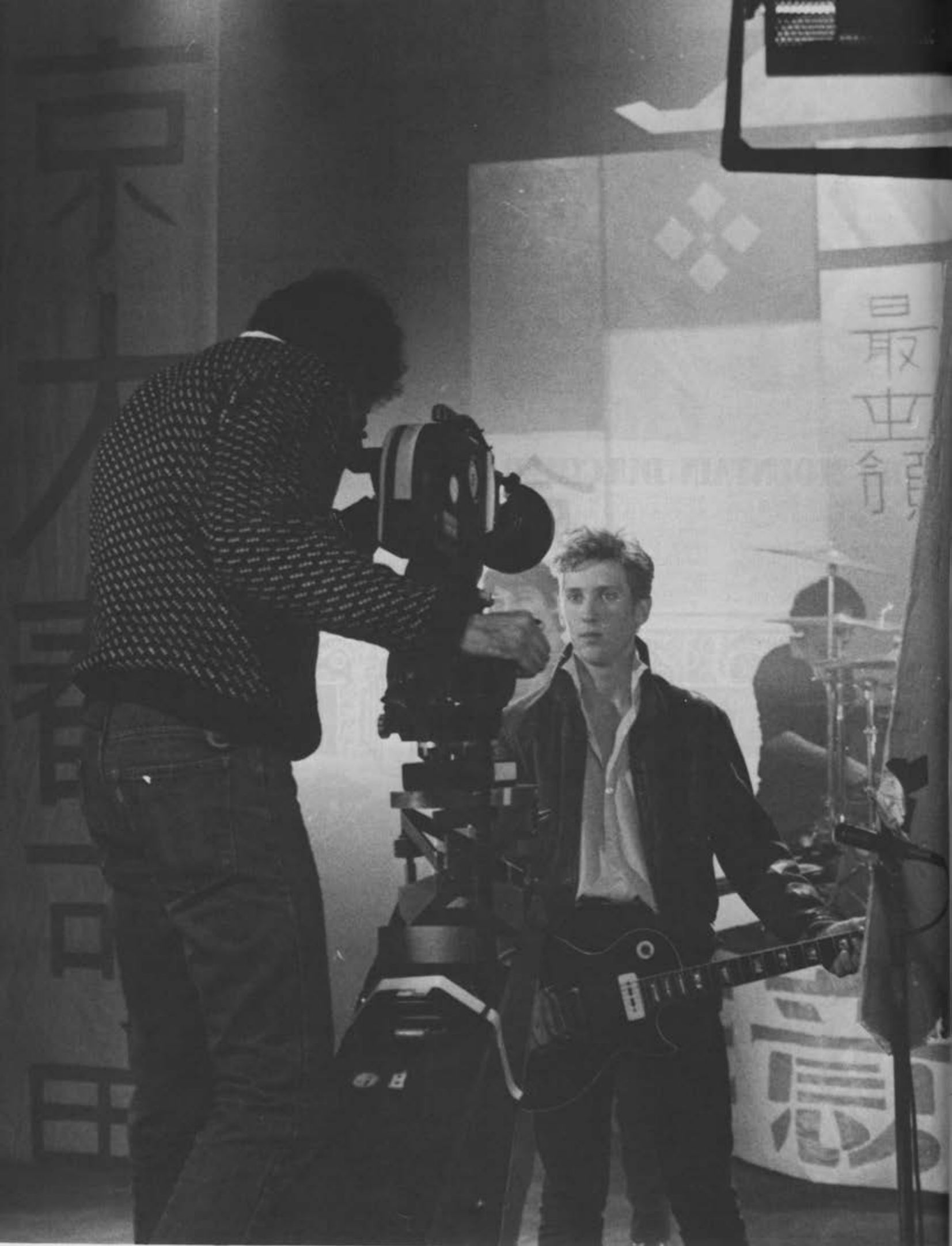
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New Orleans On MTV

Many of the best videos on MTV—Stray Cats, Red Rockers, Journey, were shot here in New Orleans by New Orleans crews under the direction of native New Orleanians.

On July 18, MTV, the 24-hour cable music channel, premiered the Stray Cats' latest video, "Sexy and Seventeen." Like much of the fare offered by MTV, the video features rebellious school boys, young girls in various stages of undress, authority figures (in this case, your typical stern schoolmistress), dance routines and fast cars. What made the debut of "Sexy and Seventeen" unique was that the piece was shot a scant ten days before its initial release in New Orleans by a New Orleans crew under the direction of Michael Pillot and John Diaz, two native New Orleanians now based in New York.

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Oley Sassone, his wife Renee and his brother Joseph were doing the final editing on Charlie Daniels' first music video, shot the week before in Nashville. It also includes dazzling young girls and speeding cars, and like the work of Pillot and Diaz, the video was shot by a native crew of Orleanians.

As he sits before a bank of Sony video monitors, Oley Sassone gives a brief summation of the video-making process: "The life of a song or a single is not very long. The record company wants to do something that's right there with the release of an album or single. It's like shoot it, knock it out and do it all in two weeks.

"What a record company does when they call us to do a piece is say 'Here's the song, here's the band, listen to it, come up with a script, give us a treatment, give us a budget

and then we go shoot.' Record companies don't have staff writers or copywriters like advertising agencies do—they hire a production company to do the whole thing.

"When we did the Red Rockers' 'China' video [shot by the Sassones on location in New Orleans], we did the whole thing on speculation, without any money from the record company—just their consent. They said, 'You have three weeks to turn out the video—let's see what you can do with it.' They delayed the release of the album to see what the film was going to look like. After the film was done, they revitalized the whole publicity campaign for the band. They pulled the original album cover off and sent Annie Leibovitz down to do stills of the band.

"They got a piece that was worth \$50,000 and we only got paid \$20,000 for it. The good thing about 'China' is that we did it totally on our own with our own people, our own crew, our own equipment and our own talent. Nobody from the outside came in to do anything."

415 Records, the Red Rockers' label, was quite pleased with the Sassones' piece (which is now often seen on MTV) and immediately commissioned a second video, for which the Sassones transported their entire crew to Brackettville, Texas, and shot a three-minute, modernistic version of a Clint Eastwood movie, complete with—you guessed it—young girls in lingerie and, in lieu of throaty automobiles, galloping horses.

"We do all our own storyboards," Oley Sassone explains. "We'll break it down, we'll listen to the song, we'll time out all the scenes. Most of the stuff we've done we've intercut story line with band and back and forth. You break it down into seconds. It's like the pieces to a puzzle—making these things is just like making a mosaic. You get all these little pieces and then you put them together and then at the end, you see what your final picture is.

"As a filmmaker, from my point of view, it's good because I get to write all the stuff, shoot it, direct it and it's like making our own movies. With commercials, you've got six or eight people from an ad agency breathing down your neck telling you how to shoot something. Commercials are money—really big, big money. I don't think MTV will ever compete with the money that you can get from television commercials.

"But when you get right down to it, MTV is there to sell music, to sell the songs. With all your thought processes and all your feelings and emotions, the bottom line is that you're selling songs and selling albums. You can't lose sight of that."

John Diaz concurs: "There's no doubt that right now, MTV is the force in record sales. I have to say I was completely wrong—I never thought they really would be. Everything indicates that they really move records. They have statistics from Houston on areas of the city where there is MTV and where there isn't and where there is, record sales are a lot higher—especially



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in new product. That's where MTV really does it. If you notice on the charts, for the first time in ten years, the charts are being dominated by new acts. It's refreshing.

"Touring is not working anymore—it's just too much money. The last tour I did we sold out three-quarters of the tour and the tour lost well over a million dollars. It just costs too much money to put everybody out there traveling for that amount of time. Duran Duran has never really done a major tour and they're a huge band. Men At Work, same thing.

"Basically, I started with the Warehouse, here in New Orleans. I was one of the owners and went into production/management of bands in 1975 and in 1978, I got sick of the touring. I had done a lot of rock'n'roll films and thought that music translated pretty well into film. So I went into the production end of the advertising business, producing commercials. I did quite a number of commercials. I've had up to \$2 million to do a 30-second commercial before and our largest budget for a music video has been quite a bit less than that. As a matter of fact, I've never done a commercial for as cheaply as I've done our most expensive video.

"I was really looking to get back into the music business and even before MTV hit all the major markets [the channel reaches over 12 million American homes], I started gearing up my own production company, finding directors to work with and finally, Michael and I got together and started Cinerock [with producer Jim Golden and producer/director Phillip Landeck]. It's really the culmination of my work in the music business and my work in advertising. I was in both industries as a production person, an organizer."

Michael Pillot's musical career commenced at De La Salle High School, where he booked Ernie K-Doe and Benny Spellman for school dances. In 1965, while attending college at LSU, Pillot booked the Lovin' Spoonful (for a paltry \$900) on the same bill with the Supremes, and for Christmas, he asked his parents for a subscription to *Billboard* magazine. His graduation gift was an excursion to Woodstock and the most famous music festival of all time.

After college, Pillot began his music business career in earnest, eventually rising to the upper corporate echelon of Columbia Records—negotiating contracts with Miles Davis, touring with Bob Dylan and helping to break Elvis Costello in the U.S. In 1978, Pillot left Columbia to head Albert Grossman's Bearsville Records and in 1982, Pillot found a job as the director of marketing for Pink Floyd's movie, *The Wall*.

"I finished that project in September of 1982," Pillot says, "and that's about the time my phone rang and there was a New Orleans accent on the other end of the line. The voice said, 'Michael Pillot? You know who this is?' I said, 'No, but I know you're from New Orleans—keep talking!'"

The New Orleans accent belonged to John Diaz and shortly thereafter, Cinerock was born. The idea was to combine the New York music and advertising connec-

tions of Pillot and Diaz with the low-cost production opportunities afforded by New Orleans.

"New Orleans is really built for music videos for a number of different reasons, the first one being costs. It's a 'right-to-work state' and you can do things fairly cheaply. The people here are real into doing it—they enjoy working on films. It's not like Los Angeles or New York. It's an independent attitude.

"When you come down here, the city really opens its arms. We were just doing a video in Los Angeles and we went out to Union Station and they wanted to charge us \$10,000 for two hours on location. In New Orleans, everything's free.

"People realize that we really do generate capital for the city—a lot more than just the money we spend shooting these things. I've done well over a million dollars' worth of commercials in New Orleans the last couple of years and we plan to bring a lot of videos down. It really has worked up to this point. It's very easy to get groups to come down to New Orleans."

Michael Pillot is particularly enthusiastic about the future of both Cinerock and music videos: "We've been together nine months and it's been really exciting. The Stray Cats video is our seventh video. We're very choosy on three levels—who the artist is, what their music is about and also, what the budget is to produce the piece. Obviously, if we're going to put our name on it, we want our work to be above the rest. You need the right amount of money to do that. So far, we've been very lucky and we've been able to get good budgets. Most videos are done relatively inexpensively and it shows."

Cinerock's completed works include two videos for the Canadian band Strange Advance, Neal Schon and Jan Hammer's "No More Lies" video (with New Orleansian Stacey Stewart as the winsome young girl torn between two lovers), three Journey videos shot last Mardi Gras and the Stray Cats' "Sexy and Seventeen," shot at locations including Tupelo's Tavern, the Christian Brothers School in City Park (Diaz's alma mater) and Gri's Bar.

"The profile of MTV and videos in general within the advertising community is now monstrous," Diaz reports. "The advertising community is so aware of the force that MTV has become. Within the 12 to 34 youth market, it's the largest demographic ever for television. It's on the lips of every advertiser there is. When a commercial director does one, he's under the spotlight of every advertising agency in the world. They all know he's doing one and they all want to see whether he's going to fall on his face or not."

Fair warning, then: the next time you're cruising through City Park and an awesomely-sultry young blonde in black lace panties and a quart of mascara runs from behind one of the palm trees across from the Peristyle and hops into a waiting Ferrari, fear not. In a couple of weeks, you'll be able to see the entire sequence repeated four or five times a day on MTV. With a beat, of course.

The Beatles Visit New Orleans

For twenty-four hours, the home of the blues was gripped in Beatlemania, and from Louisiana to England and back, rock'n'roll came full circle.



September 1964. New Orleans was begging for respite from the three months of sweltering mid-90 degree temperatures. People anxiously watched the escalation of the Vietnam War; Linda Bird Johnson visited the Crescent City to dedicate a number of buildings as representative of her father, who was running for his first regular term; also visiting was Barry Goldwater, who held a rally at Tulane Stadium even though he was hopelessly behind in the polls. For diversion, the still Saintless city could view a pre-season NFL football game between the Cleveland Browns and the Baltimore Colts or buy five Krystal hamburgers on special for a mere two-bits. However, in mid-September all such matters of importance were stricken from the minds of most Orleanians. For 24 hours the normally staid Crescent City was gripped in Beatlemania when the "famous mop-topped English rock 'n' roll group," as the local newspapers referred to them, made their first and only appearance in New Orleans.

The man most responsible for the Beatles' appearance here was New Orleans' Bob Astor, a long-time veteran of the entertainment business. Still very much involved in booking and promoting, Astor recalls the oft-times bizarre circumstances that brought the Liverpool group to the Crescent City. "I was working in New York at the time for GAC (General Artists Corporation) in charge of their one-nighter department. We decided we would bring over this new British group, the Beatles. They'd been over in February (1964) to do the Sullivan show and a couple of dates around Washington (Carnegie Hall as well). I had four guys working under me and we were to book the entire tour into all the major markets.

"It was our job to feel out the promoters and see what price we could get. We decided to start at \$7,500, which was a lot at that time—hell, in the old days we could put fourteen acts together for that price. We got a few bites, so then we went around with \$10,000. Most promoters said "Wow, that's a lot of money," but the guys under me were getting a lot of interest. I said let's go around at \$15,000, and then at \$20,000. Finally, Maple Leaf Gardens (in Toronto, Canada) bought a show for \$25,000 and sold every ticket within a couple of days, for a show that was four months away. Then we knew we had our price."

The Beatles' second American tour was organized by GAC's Norman Weiss. Philip Norman, in his book *Shout*, stated that Weiss was among the first to realize the American moneymaking potential of the group, and effectively "spread Beatlemania like jam over the United States." In all, the Beatles' tour covered 23 North American cities with the group's private Lockheed Electra logging a total of 22,441 air miles.

"The only date I handled personally was the New Orleans show," continued Astor, "because the office just didn't know any contacts here. I got in touch with Herb

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Hollandale who was a deejay at the time at WWL and who later called horses at the Fair Grounds. So Herb said, 'How much?'

"I said, 'For you a favor—\$20,000.'

"He just about dropped dead but then he asked me, 'How much deposit?'

"Ten thousand dollars. Wire me \$10,000.'

"Well I'm gonna tell you something I've never told anyone else in my life. Herb was wondering where the hell he was gonna get \$10,000; you see he played the horses. So I said, 'Herb, why don't you listen to me. There's no definite commitment; I'll hold the date open as long as I can. If you can't take it, I'll sell it to someone else or find someone else.' I mean my mama could have promoted the Beatles then. (Charles O. Finley eventually forked out \$150,000 for a last minute Kansas City date.)

"So I said, 'Go out and sell some tickets and in a few days you'll have \$10,000, but wire me two or three thousand as a binder so I can legally hold the date.'

"But isn't that illegal?" he said.

"Well I told him to be quiet and not say anything. In the meantime he borrowed \$1,000 and wired it to me. I told the people at GAC he was out of town for a few days, he was a friend of mine and he'd be good for it.

"You see Herb is a good guy, but he just didn't do the job. He got 'em for the least expensive date that we sold. But everytime I tried to get him on the phone to see how things were going and how the ticket sales were going, his secretary would tell me he was out of town. Herb just didn't promote it properly."

According to Astor, the rumor that the Beatles concert at New Orleans' City Park Stadium lost money is not true. Astor says the show broke even, but was the least successful date on the tour for GAC and the Beatles (the group also got a percentage of the gate). Although many then-teens and pre-teens recall the airwaves filled with Beatlemania, the only trace of print advertisement was a lone two-by-three inch ad (which announced where one could still purchase tickets) in the movie section of the *States-Item*, on the Saturday before the Wednesday, September 16, concert.

As the concert date approached, New Orleans prepared for a double dose of Beatlemania that was already gripping the rest of the country. If it wasn't enough that every second song on the radio was by the Beatles, you could go down on Canal Street to see the group's first film offering, *Hard Day's Night*, or buy any imaginable piece of Beatle paraphernalia (including "London boots" for a mere \$9.99).

Any event of such magnitude inevitably has its share of snags. The first occurred when Seymour Weiss, the owner of the prestigious Roosevelt Hotel, where the Beatles were to stay, asked Astor to arrange other accommodations for the group and their entourage. "I got a letter from Seymour asking that we move the Beatles," reveals Astor. "He was afraid of little girls trying to hide in the halls and stairways to see the Beatles. He was worried that someone would get hurt and there would be a lawsuit. I called Herb and asked him to find someplace

else to put the Beatles, because they were used to staying at nice places. Herb put 'em out in New Orleans East at the Congress Inn. It wasn't too bad a place, but I think the boys were a little upset because they were so far out-of-the-way.

"It was my responsibility to book the other acts on the show so I booked my friends—good solid acts. The Chiffons, I believe, The Bill Black Combo and "Frogman" Henry (Frogman opened for the entire tour) who was my guy. I had to come back to New Orleans because "Frogman" was doing a record session so I went out to see the Beatles too."

The Beatles left for New Orleans from Cleveland, immediately after concluding their Tuesday evening concert. Once airborne, the Beatles' pilot learned that he was to land at New Orleans International Airport instead of the original destination, Lakefront Airport, where over 100 anxious teens, 30 members of the levee board police, and representatives of the governor and mayor (Mayor Vic Schiro officially declared September 16 "Beatles Day" in New Orleans) waited, despite the late hour.

To add to the confusion the helicopter that was to lift the group from their plane to their motel blew an engine trying to leave the Lakefront. As a result, a fleet of limousines was hastily ordered but sent to the wrong airport!

Meantime the Beatles arrived quietly at the New Orleans International Airport in Kenner, where they had to wait for their transportation to drive back across town. At approximately 2:45 a.m. the limousines left with the group, escorted by the Kenner police. Remember this was 1964, before the I-10 was built. The motorcade, complete with flashing lights and sirens, "secretly" drove down Airline Highway to David Drive, to Veterans Highway, to Pontchartrain Boulevard, to Robert E. Lee, to Elysian Fields, to Leon C. Simon, to Downman Road, to Morrison Road, to Paris Road, to the Chef Highway where the Congress Inn was located. (Sadly it's now an abandoned ruin.)

Once arriving at the motel, the limousine containing the group became disoriented and collided with a Kenner police car while trying to avoid the legions of fans who awaited their arrival. The police were forced to lock arms to push back the group's hysterical fans. The Beatles took the cue and entered the motel's lobby, where they were then led through a laundry room and across a courtyard to their room, number 100, which was boarded up to block the view of the public.

After the group was settled in, they ordered sandwiches from the office, but because the Congress Inn's kitchen was closed they had to send down the highway to Martin Brothers for some po-boys. Among the teens who waited for the group were Karen De Herity, 16, who burst into tears crying "I wanted to touch them"; Crosby Clay, 15, who was named by Mayor Schiro as the junior hostess, and who played Beatles records at all three phonograph speeds; and three Memphis girls who skipped school to make the trek to New Orleans by train.

Go See

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When dawn broke Wednesday morning, there were already groups of teens lining up at City Park Stadium for the 8 p.m. show. By noon, police reported well over 100 teens were waiting for the gates to open and almost that many stood vigil at the Congress Inn waiting to catch a glimpse of one of the Beatles. None of the excitement phased the group, however, as they slept undisturbed most of the day, not stirring until their 3:45 p.m. breakfast of eggs, ham and orange juice. They spent the rest of the day in their room until their 7 p.m. press conference.

The press conference began after Mayor Vic Schiro presented the group with the key to the city, honorary citizenship and a proclamation noting the group's visit, after which the usual barrage of questions were answered:

"What do you like best about being wealthy?"

Ringo: "Money."

"What do you think about New Orleans girls?"

John: "We haven't seen any yet."

"What do you think about topless bathing suits?"

Ringo: "We wear them all the time."

After the 30-minute exchange of wisdom is was off to City Park, where an eager throng of 13,000 (City Park Stadium capacity is 26,000) awaited the group.

Noted local scribe Jon Newlin was in the audience that evening and shares his impressions: "The thing I remember most about the day was that we had to write a composition in eleventh grade English class with the theme 'How the Beatles were a breath of fresh air in today's society.' That was pretty heavy in those days. The people in the audience were a lot more memorable than the music, looking back, because I can't remember any of the songs too well. It was the first time I'd ever seen mass hysteria. Girls were just attacking the stage in mobs and the police really had their hands full. I remember the Beatles had on these English suits without collars. If I'm not mistaken the show didn't last very long either. I think the whole show was over by 10."

The evening is still well entrenched in Bob Astor's memory: "The Beatles had asked the agency if they could meet Fats Domino, so since I'd been knowing him since 1951, I took Fats out to see the Beatles. We hadn't seen each other for a couple of years so we celebrated by driving around to have a few drinks and then going to see the show.

"Fats came by in one of his Cadillacs and picked me up. I remember we got into a horrible traffic jam trying to get to the stadium because Fats' chauffeur Hattis got turned around. Finally, I stopped this policeman and told him I had Fats Domino in the car and the Beatles wanted to meet him. Well that really impressed him and we got through in a minute.

"When I took him backstage, the Beatles were in a trailer behind the stage so we went and knocked on the door. I remember Ringo answered the door and said, 'ello Mr. Domino'.



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12th—**TONY DAGRADI QUARTET**

19th—**ATLANTIS**

26th—**ANDREW HALL'S SOCIETY JAZZ BAND**

REGULAR SUNDAY FEATURE—9 PM
THE PFISTER SISTERS SHOW

SATURDAYS—11 PM

6th—**MARCEL RICHARDSON TRIO**

13th—**AL BELLETTO QUARTET**

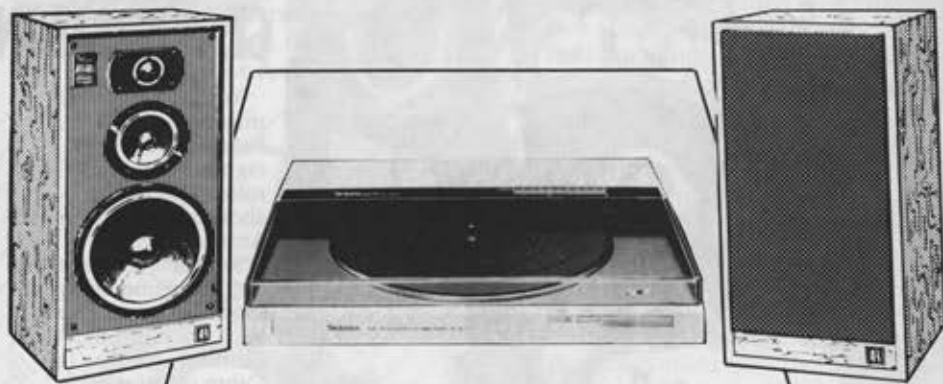
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"Fats went in to chat with them for awhile and I told Fats I'd meet him back by the stage because I'd already met them. When Fats got back I asked him, 'Are they nice guys?'"

"Fats said, 'Yeah they're pretty nice fellows.'"

"Well what did they say?"

"Fats just shrugged and said, 'I don't know; they were talking so fast I could barely understand them.'"

"The crowd reaction to them was just crazy, something I wasn't used to. I just thought they were four nice kids with funny haircuts from England. I mean they weren't great singers and they weren't great guitar players. They wrote a few nice songs but if someone asked me what they sounded like I couldn't tell them. But they sure made a lot of money and drove the kids crazy."

No one remembers much about the opening acts, but at precisely 9:25 the foursome took the stage with thousands of camera flashes lighting the way. John tested all three microphones with a "Hello" before launching into "Twist and Shout," followed by "You Can't Do That," "All My Loving," "She Loves You," "Things We Said Today," and "Can't Buy Me Love."

The real excitement occurred just after the beginning strains of "Can't Buy Me Love," when the first wave of fans jumped out of the stands and charged the stage. It took all 152 police and 75 Pinkerton guards to keep the crowd at bay. The police jumped over the barricades surrounding the stage and locked their arms together to stop the charge. In their haste to form the battle lines, however, they inadvertently knocked down a row of girls in wheelchairs who had won tickets to the show.

When the locked armed security force failed to contain all of the chargers, the police countered with their own charges, attempting to tackle a number of youngsters. Mounted patrolmen also attempted to corral fans who continued to storm the field. The issue was still in doubt until ropes were brought out which the police line held firmly.

New Orleans police chief Giarrusso was later quoted as saying, "I've never seen anything so amusing or tragic." In all, five people were arrested, two were injured (a broken arm and jaw) and 150 fainting girls were administered spirits of ammonia.

Although no one recorded the group's reaction to the bedlam, Paul announced before "Long Tall Sally," the evening's final number, "I want to thank everyone for coming, even the football players."

Then in an instant, the quartet abandoned stage before an encore could be coaxed out of them. A limousine sped them to the airport where their plane waited to take them to their next destination, Kansas City.

Even after they departed, most of the crowd refused to leave the stadium. Girls in near hysteria stared at the now empty stage with tears in their eyes while others busied themselves picking grass on the field where Ringo, John, Paul and George had stood.

Thus ended New Orleans' flirt with Beatlemania and the curtain was drawn on a hard day's night for everyone. ■



Hard At Work With A-Train

This was no time to stop their successful travelling to go into a studio, so A Train just hesitated long enough to record their third album live—at Humpfree's.

An animated, annotated map of A Train's Louisiana-Texas circuit, the Better Bars of the Deep South, would have to include special inscriptions in Louisiana, particularly at Lafayette's Grant Street, for concentrations of dancers.

The map would also have to be a culinary guide (with, for instance, a teardrop indicating the closing of Tipitina's food service) and it would note people and places important to aficionados of rhythm & blues like the very hip Fort Worth and Austin audiences. It would include a likeness of Delbert McClinton, who frequently sits in with the band at Fort Worth's Blossom's. Nick's in Dallas, a large, upscale room with lots of neon, would show waiters hoisting petite singer Micki Honeycutt on their shoulders. (A Train claims the attendance record at Nick's, a club that books folks like Ray Charles and B.B. King.) Fitzgerald's in Houston, formerly a Polish dance hall, would be noted for its sophisticated lighting and for looking, in the words of departed keyboardist Chris McCaa, like the kind of place where the Little Rascals would have put on a show. Trinity's in Baton Rouge would be marked by a representation of R&B impresario "Chief" Whelan.

At the center of the map would be Shreveport's crowded Humpfree's, longtime home for the band and the place where their third self-produced LP, *Live at*

Humpfree's was recorded.

These are heady times for the sextet. Always popular on the regional bar circuit, their *Live at Humpfree's* LP has culled good reviews from regional publications and record companies are showing interest. Things are going so well that some of the band members are jumping into that great mark of success—homebuying! Drawing a crowd estimated by a stage manager at eight to ten thousand at the 1983 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival was especially gratifying to a group who loves New Orleans and whose latest songs have a lot of South Louisiana in them.

"We're getting a kind of New Orleansy, more funky sound: we're on our third drummer (former New Orleans resident Paul Griffith) and he probably has a lot to do with that, just because he can play great soul and funk. Every time a member changes, the sound changes a bit. You go with their strengths; you don't tell Reggie Jackson to bunt," said guitarist/songwriter Buddy Flett, who wrote seven songs on the new album.

Also responsible for the coherence of their rock 'n' soul sound is Micki Honeycutt, who joined them two years ago. Buddy again: "All of a sudden we had a vocalist who could sing as well as anyone in the world. So we said, 'F— this stuff. Let's gear everything toward her.' And she's best at

funky soul songs & ballads."

Live at Humpfree's is a Stax-type charmer that features Honeycutt's big, thick Bonnie Raitt/Aretha Franklin-influenced voice above new keyboard man David Egan's expertly blended piano and organ work. Egan left the Nashville song-selling scene six months ago to take over keyboards and contribute two songs to the album.

Why a live album? "Cause we couldn't afford to take time off from our circuit to go into a studio," said Egan, "and we wanted something out now, so we could quit milking the two earlier albums."

Principal songwriter Buddy Flett, a blues musicologist, has developed a commercial style that evokes Bob Seger, Taj Mahal, Wet Willie, and, especially, Van Morrison in his *Wild Nights* and *Tupelo Honey* period. A Train is, ultimately, a folk music band. It may be romping, stomping, easy to like music, but it is folk in that it is relatively simple, straightforward, unadorned American dance music.

At the core of this soulful unit are the Flett brothers, R&B fanatics who grew up in Shreveport. Children of Shreveport's middle class generally grow up enamored of black dance music, listening to black radio stations. Buddy Flett grew up hearing local bands on black-operated KOKA and with KEEL, too. Those were the days when John Fred and the Playboys (a touchstone for A Train) did radio commercials for Shreveport department stores, when you didn't have to search the foreign import bins for records by Eddie Giles and his Jive Five. As a teen Buddy was also impressed by Ruben Bell and the Belltones, Abraham and the Cassanovas, blue-eyed soulers Danny and Jerry, and the Uniques. When a Texas writer recently called A Train "spiritual heirs to the Boogie Kings," he made Buddy and the band awfully happy.

Bassist/vocalist Bruce Flett left frat band Magenta in 1976 to form a country rock unit with his brother (The Flett Brothers) but within a year they had a new name, A Train, and were moving toward the blues. For a time they were joined on their blues sets by black vocalist/guitarist Raymond Blakes, who had been discovered by members of the Caddo Wizzard band playing at a country barbecue not far from Leadbelly's Texas-line stomping ground. Blakes' Albert Collins-style guitar and vocal licks were a regular part of A Train's show before they developed into a full-tilt dance band.

Today A Train is looking forward to broadening their circuit and pushing the new LP toward regional hit status. A March gig at Nashville's The Cannery won them good notices. They are talking about a Fall tour of the Northeast. And, of course, the band's real estate interests. Buddy Flett, however, doesn't seem to understand the tax-break house-buying business. He exclaimed, laughing, that he's not looking for a house: "That's a buncha bull! You know, that's a twenty-five year note, and I may be broke several times over that amount of time. I still live in a slum and I'm proud of it."

By Rico



RICO

Bruce Raeburn

A music historian working on his doctoral dissertation while employed at the Tulane Jazz Archives, Raeburn insures that his contribution is not entirely academic by playing drums in six area bands.

Bruce Raeburn works days at the Tulane Jazz Archives where his duties include everything from sound engineering and transcription preservation to giving tours and moving bookshelves. He is also playing drums in six, that's right, six, New Orleans bands. "That's going to have to be pared down," he observes, "I try not to spread myself too thin... but each group does get a different treatment."

Raeburn has lived around music most of his life. His father, Boyd Raeburn, was an internationally known band leader who did three albums for Columbia in the Fifties, but as a little kid, Bruce was typically resistant to long practice sessions: "We had a piano in the house and a soprano sax that Dad

urged me to play, but I turned my nose up at it. I was interested in other things, at the time... baseball cards."

It wasn't long before Bruce was exposed to the joys of percussion in the Bahamas: "After my mother died I lived with other people and one of them, Don Seiler, ran a couple of clubs in Nassau, so there were constantly musicians around. Over his back patio they'd lift weights and smoke reefer and get out conga drums and play like crazy."

In the summer of 1966, Bruce moved to Lafayette and began banging on a drum kit his stepbrother had gotten for a birthday present, which led to his playing with several teen bands in that city.

He moved to New Orleans in 1971 to

finish up a master's degree program and work at the Jazz Archives. Once here he hooked up with Clark Vreeland (whom he had played with in Lafayette), Tim Youngblood, Steve Cunningham, Reggie Scanlon and Becky Kury to form Ritz Hotel, "a very influential band here in the Seventies," he says. Bruce became "sort of a nexus" between the Tulane and UNO music scenes, which included John and David Malone and Ed Volker and produced the Radiators, the Rhapsodizers, and the Mechanics, among others.

An active historian as well as musician, Bruce is currently working on a doctoral dissertation on critical controversies in the jazz world of the 1940s. And not only does he play the jazzy bop of the Pfister Sisters, he plays the hardcore frenzy of X-Factor.

Raeburn has a peculiar technique on the drums, choking up high on the drumsticks and using lots of arm action with very little wrist. "I subscribe to a credo that goes back to Baby Dodds, if not before, that says the function of a drummer is to kick a band. I'm not large physically, so I have to put everything into it from my shoulder to my fingers. Technique is great, but if you don't have kicking ability, you don't have much."

Bruce figured prominently in the recent "New and Not Just Music" performance series at the CAC, playing for three bands there, Ballistics, Stick People, and The Front.

Stick People makes music that is both smooth and punchy. Bruce provides a tom-tom-heavy bottom for the People, while bassist Carolyn Odell and guitarist Marc Hoffman weave their vocal harmonies into a hook-oriented melodic line.

Ballistics is Spencer Livingston's vehicle for the unique brand of rock propaganda he chooses to espouse, and it is here that Bruce's "kickability" shows. "The Pope is a Man" is a loping blues satire that rides on Raeburn's tom slugging and Livingston's irreverent lyrics and vocal delivery. Ballistics often draws upon the syncopations of reggae, and Raeburn's rim shots and crash provide an accurate foundation for their stylings. The more punkish "Strung Out" is a manic high energy free-rap (with Bruce flailing at top speed) that degenerates in a plasmic slur of the junkie's lament with Livingston eventually lying onstage in a wasted heap.

Bruce Raeburn is highly articulate; not surprising, given his academic background. One of his funniest stories is about the time he auditioned for Professor Longhair several years ago: "There was this party over at Ed's house, more or less to audition Reggie Scanlon for Fess' band, and he had this deplorable set of drums, with towels all over the heads and brushes and everything. He had me sit in with Fess and I hadn't really studied his material, but Reggie had, and that was my most embarrassing moment as a drummer! Fess just rode my ass incessantly! He'd say 'Watch my left foot, watch my left foot!' At one point he just had me clap. 'Don't play drums, just clap!' That was my one opportunity to play with Professor Longhair," he laughs, "and of course, Reggie got the job!" ■

Nick Spitzer, Doctor of Zydeco

The fragile heritage of Louisiana's zydeco music has been carefully nurtured and recorded by the tireless efforts of Dr. Spitzer.



MARK THOMPSON

Somewhere west of Opelousas and south of Mamou, a dirt road cuts away from the blacktop. It is marked by a row of pine trees running through the fields, past a few houses to an unpainted wooden building. The building, balanced on cinderblocks, has no windows; just a door, a tiny porch, and a few steps leading up from the ground. You could mistake it for a tool shed if you didn't notice a hand-lettered sign, "Cowboy Club, music & beer." The Cowboy Club is Morris Ardoin's zydeco dance hall.

Zydeco is a homegrown tradition, seldom seen in America, deeply rooted in the bayous and prairies of southwest Louisiana. In a nation of constant change, Morris Ardoin's ramshackle dance hall is a rare shrine to continuity.

Zydeco is a musical form that started to evolve two centuries ago, slowly emerging out of the mix of Afro-Caribbean rhythms and French-European melodies west of the Atchafalaya basin. It was created by the "black French" forebearers of the same people who now crowd the Cowboy Club on weekend nights, to dance to songs like "La Pistache à Tante Nana," and "Ma Coure Cassé." Zydeco might first have been played in a similar wooden shanty in this same pine grove.

Nick Spitzer, director of the Louisiana Folklife Program, stumbled upon Morris Ardoin's dance hall in 1974. It was called Club Morris at the time, and a sign on a post at the turnoff from the blacktop road proclaimed it the home of the Ardoin Brothers band. Spitzer had met the Ardoins three years before at the Mariposa Folk Festival in Toronto. "They said I should visit them if I ever came to Louisiana," he recalls. Spitzer was fresh from the Northeast, visiting friends in Louisiana, just passing through, but he was so taken with the state that he decided to stay.

Spitzer had first heard zydeco as an anthropology student at the University of Pennsylvania. "It astounded me that this

could be in North America," he recalls. "It had the sound of music that had been here for awhile. It really makes a difference when music has had two hundred years to filter into a society."

Later, as a disc jockey at WMMR-FM in Philadelphia, Spitzer, playing too much Cajun and zydeco and not enough Slade and David Bowie, was switched to the all-night shift. Unhappy with the new arrangement, he left the station, heading south.

When he reached Louisiana, Spitzer found zydeco on the wane. It had been fading ever since radio and TV first blanketed the airwaves of south Louisiana with slick sounds that threatened to smother the more roughhewn homegrown music. Also, oil money had a pernicious effect. To be sure, prosperity had long since been overdue for the sharecroppers of the Louisiana prairies, but prosperity had an unfortunate side-effect: it caused old ways to become linked in the consciousness with old, impoverished times. For the young, an aluminum and formica mobile home on a suburban grid of streets outside Houston or Lake Charles, with a few square feet of shag carpet and a color TV, was more enticing than a Creole farmstead, a front porch and an accordion.

Recently, however, perhaps because of the oil slump, perhaps for other reasons, there has been a return to the backwoods dance hall.

"When I first came to Louisiana, there were very few young people in these black French dance halls. Now they're all back there," Spitzer says. "You're seeing more of a mixture, to be sure: zydeco-soul and zydeco blues, but the essential thing is the old and young people are getting together at the dance halls again. Even if the kids go to USL or live in Lake Charles and work in the oil fields, they're coming back home for the zydeco."

Spitzer deserves a share of the credit for the revival of zydeco as one-man staff of the Louisiana Folklife Program since its

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inception in 1978. Before that, he produced *Zodico: Louisiana Creole Music* a compilation album for Rounder Records, and *La-La: Louisiana Black French Music* for the Maison de Soul label. He wrote his PhD dissertation on Louisiana Creole culture, and is currently completing a three-year film project with Steve Duplantier called *Zydeco: Creole Music and Culture in Rural Louisiana* that opened June 17.

Spitzer makes a careful distinction between preserving culture, as in a museum, and helping it stay vital in its natural setting. He is convinced a folklife program, at its best, does the latter. "I think these records I've made, along with a lot of local records that are on the jukeboxes, make a real difference in terms of making people feel good about their music," Spitzer says.

In keeping with his theory about the function of folklore, Spitzer has planned for the "Premier du Monde" of the zydeco film to be not on PBS or in New Orleans, but at the Liberty Theater in downtown Eunice, Louisiana. *Premiere du Monde* means both world premiere and people's premiere in black French, says Spitzer, who has picked up the dialect during nearly a decade of fieldwork in Southwest Louisiana. The premiere was a combination dance-movie in honor of the people featured in the film—the Ardoin Brothers, John Delafosse and the Eunice Playboys, the Carrière Brothers, Delton Broussard, and others—many of whom have not received much recognition before.

A reissue album of early Amadé Ardoin recordings hangs on the wall in Morris Ardoin's home, above a table crowded with family photographs and a portrait of Jesus.

"Amadé is perceived as kind of a mythologic ancestor of the Ardoin family," Spitzer says. "He was the first man to go on record with the music. He was a tremendously powerful musician." Amadé was the first cousin of Bois Sec Ardoin, who is Morris' father and the main living carrier of the Ardoin family musical tradition. He recorded in the 1930s for Columbia Records and a decade later was admitted to the Pineville Mental Hospital, never to be heard from again. The older generation still remembers Amadé playing the dance halls, and the younger generation knows him now, thanks to the album.

Recently, radio has helped the zydeco tradition. Spitzer points to the increase in black French radio programming as the most visible indication of a revival of zydeco, and also zydeco's best hope for the future.

"Five or six years ago, zydeco music was considered too balck to play on French radio stations for the most part, and too French to be played on the soul programs, but now there are three or four stations that program zydeco regularly," Spitzer says. "That means there's been enough of a resurgence in terms of dance halls, records, and bands to make the audience big enough to support these programs."

So zydeco has gained momentum as it prepares to enter the Twenty-first Century. Indications are, generations from now it will still be played in wooden dance halls at the end of Louisiana country roads. ■



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Spread The Righteousness

With so much commercial reggae coming out of Jamaica, hearing a true rastaman singing roots reggae is a powerful and increasingly rare experience.

When the Gladiators appeared in New Orleans on June 29, it gave New Orleanians the chance to see and hear one of the pioneer vocal groups from Jamaica. Over their fifteen-year recording career the sound has changed little, although the members have expanded from a vocal duo to a trio, and now to an entire band. Most important, though, the Gladiators represent the original roots reggae—Rasta music from Kingston, Jamaica. Albert Griffiths, songwriter and lead vocalist, along with bassist/singer Clinton Fearon, were the original Gladiators. In 1976 they were joined by guitarist/singer Galimore Sutherland. Griffiths is a personable man whose smile belies the seriousness with which he takes his music. During a free moment of a hectic sound check, he spoke with *Wavelength*.

Almost every song you've written is a roots song rather than love lyrics.

Well, you see, I help spread the message of Jah. Anything I write, it' Jah who give I

the power to write it. I spreading the righteousness in the music, because the reggae music, I see it as righteousness. All reggae artists don't see it as righteousness, that's why some men sing anything. You have to sing something that have meaning, something that can open your eyes unto certain things. I mean something that can make you stop and think. If you listen to Gladiators, don't just listen to the music, listen to the words. You should be interested in the words, because reggae music, I see, is righteousness, and if a man go up there and not put it to the world that way, then him not really going out with nothing. Because this work is Godly work.

With so much commercial reggae coming out of Jamaica, how does somebody like you survive, still making roots music?

Well, you can't keep a good man down for long, so what really happening now, righteousness must stand. No bad can overcome good. I mean, you will have a fight, because people always tend to fight



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against righteousness. But no one can ever stop you to be heard, because it God who doing it. We is not one of the singers who will go commercial, so we decided to stay and work hard until we get that recognition. What we are trying to do is not trying to force down my belief on your head, but trying to show you my kind of thinking. I believe in letting your works spread, and when people see that it is the right thing, they will accept. The message we are sending is a loving vibration. I'm not trying to sing anything discriminating anyone or trying to show one that I think I'm the only righteous man. I am trying to put a message to the people where they can listen, and find out that what I'm saying is right because it don't just go for one individual, it go for the whole universe.

The strong sense of conviction (as well as authenticity) of a true Rastaman singing reggae music is a powerful experience, and one that cannot be duplicated by any American band playing reggae. But when one gets the opportunity to see a band like Pressure, the opening act at the Gladiators show (and from Austin, Texas), the wide range of possibilities for the reggae beat can be more readily appreciated. With a repertoire ranging from original reggae to ska to rock 'n' reggae, Pressure dropped on Tipitina's fresh from a seven-week U.S. tour, and they were tighter and meaner than I'd ever seen them. These guys know the Jamaican riddims, but aren't afraid to show their roots... rock 'n' roll, funk, even jazz. Everyone in the band knows what to do, so it's hard to single anyone out, but I have to say the Basher (the drummer), more than any other American reggae drummer I've seen, has assimilated the reggae style into his own funk orientation, and has come up with something totally his own, yet definitely still reggae. This is a band to catch if you love the reggae beat, and especially if you don't think that Americans can play reggae. Watch for their return to New Orleans this fall. Or better yet, listen to their new E.P., just released. It contains a great version of Bob Marley's "Stir It Up," along with five original tunes, most of which they performed at Tip's. The EP is available only through the mail. Write to: Recycled Records, 3405 Guadalupe, Austin, Texas 78705.

* * *

Surprisingly, this summer's music scene in New Orleans shows signs of life. Many national acts have passed through town. Exuma is back on his feet and rehearsing with his new band, a combination of members from his previous bands. Look for Exuma to start playing again this fall. On the radio, WWOZ has expanded its Caribbean music to three hours on Saturday nights. Beginning at 8:30, WWOZ broadcasts Afro-Caribbean music, ranging from the latest recordings from West and South Africa, to old and new calypsos, to classic reggae of the past fifteen years. By 10 p.m., it's strictly rockers...and stays that way until 11:30. The Caribbean part is repeated on Tuesday afternoon at 12:30

—Gene Scaramuzzo

WAVELENGTH BACK ISSUES

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- No. 11... Radiators, Uptights, Raffays, Rockabyes, Lois Dejean and the Youth Inspirational Choir, Alvin Batiste, Nathan Abshire, King Floyd
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- No. 18... Baton Rouge bluesmen, Earl King, Bob Tannen, Luther Kent, Rockabilly, Roulette, Lazy Lester
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- No. 28... When Satchmo Was King Zulu, Backbeats, Professor Longhair, Junkanoo, Normals Reunion, Jimmy Heath
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The Heads Don't Talk

The new Talking Heads album is a fine party record, but we've come to expect more from the Heads than that.

You can call *Speaking in Tongues* (Sire 23883-1), the new release from Talking Heads, a qualified success or a qualified failure. It's hard to tell what it is—some cuts work, some don't. The Heads' two previous studio albums, *Fear of Music* and *Remain in Light*, were, for me, singular events and masterful albums; they were both complete experiences, with no lost tracks. I can't deny my expectations were high in approaching the new album. Each Heads' release has been a brilliant leap from the one before it.

The movement from *Remain in Light* to *Speaking in Tongues* is not that of a leap. Rather, it seems that the Heads are digging in. The buoyant grooves launched on *Light* have been focused and tamed. The polyrhythms of *Light*, which made for great grooving on the dance floor, have been whittled down to the straight pulse of disco.

There are flashes of the brilliance of *Remain in Light*. "Burning Down The House," with its bubbling drums, percussive synthesizer, and floating guitar, wouldn't have been out of place on *Light*. And, even though "I Get Wild/Wild Gravity" features a straight bass drum pulse mixed up front (primary disco move), its atmospheric feel and yearning minor-key melody recalls some of the bittersweet grooves on *Light*.

A majority of the remaining cuts has little inspiration to offer other than a good groove. The most successful of these, "Making Flippy Floppy," is a wonderful groove, but the lyrics give no light. One of the lines is very telling in this respect: "We continue/But we have nothing left to offer." Two cuts on side two, "Moon Rocks" and "Pull Up The Roots," weigh down the album considerably with too much repetition of what we've heard on side one.

There are two tracks that strike me as very different from anything the Heads have recorded before. "Swamp," which is also featured on the soundtrack of *The King of Comedy*, lopes along with a bluesy feel, and contains the most provocative



lyrics to be found on the LP. The tune that concludes the album, "This Must Be The Place," is an airy, island kind of song and offers sweet relief from the disco tedium that precedes it.

What was the chemical combination of elements that made the two previous studio albums such killers? Well, the major production change is Brian Eno's absence from the control room. Another major change is the song writing: almost all the selections on *Light* are credited to Byrne and Eno; on *Tongues*, Byrne takes the credit for the lyrics, the music is written collectively by the core band members.

It was something of a minor-league scandal, when, in the wake of *Light's* release, Tina Weymouth, the Heads' bassist, castigated Byrne in an interview. Weymouth's contention was that the band members were pawns in Byrne's and Eno's studio game. She desired more input from the band members on the next release. Between *Light* and *Tongues*, Weymouth and Heads' drummer Chris Franz formed a studio band, the Tom Tom club, and released an album that caused something of a splash in the discos.

Is *Speaking in Tongues* the result of compromise, the band members' desiring more input and more of a staccato disco direction? Not entirely. David Byrne doesn't seem to be at the top of his form here. The lyrics are not up to the inspiration I've come to expect from him. And maybe that's the nut right there. Even given the disco proclivities of the new album, there's not much light being shed in the lyrics.

Speaking in Tongues is a good party album, an album you can groove to in a room full of grooving party people. Maybe that was precisely the Heads' intention. But after the party's over, it doesn't talk to me—which is a shame, because, over the last five years, the Heads' records have had a lot to say to me.

Maybe I'm expecting too much, but I'll call this one a holding motion. Save it for the party. I'll be waiting for the light. ■

—Zeke Fishhead

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REVIEWS

John Mooney
 TELEPHONE KING
 Blind Pig 1383

Nice to see John Mooney back on record. This is a self-produced affair, the Roomful of Blues horn section helping to make this a splendid effort. From the first bars of the album it's evident that the influences of Mooney's newly adopted hometown (New Orleans of course!) have rubbed off on him, particularly on the Longhairish "Wibble Whim She When She Walk" (sic) and the title selection which brings to mind Roosevelt Sykes. There are echoes of other blues influences, but they are all overpowered by Mooney's enthusiastic vocals and playing. Those who possess Mooney's other Blind Pig effort will note his guitar takes a back seat this time around to the punchier rhythm section. Even trade, I feel. Pianist Bob Cooper deserves special mention for his rolling underpins. Definitely an album for having a good time. Hope it garners a deserving artist the local attention he truly deserves. —Almost Slim

Various
 CLASSIC COUNTRY DUETS
 Old Timey 126

Old Timey maintains its tradition of excellent anthology releases with a sampling of stirring country duets. Close harmony singing goes back to the very beginning of the identifiable country music style. This album presents seventeen classic duets which for the most part have been long unavailable. Side A concentrates on the 1930s while the B side brings us up to the late 40's and 50's. Styles range from the smooth sounds of the Delmore Brothers (the best-known duo here) and Johnny and Jack to the piercing nasal couplings by the Girls of the Golden West and the Dezurik Sisters.

Familiar items include the Delmore's "Wabash Cannon Ball," the Dezuriks' "Birmingham Jail" and Johnny and Jack's "I Wonder Where You Are Tonight." Other artists include: the Blue Sky Boys, the Bailes Brothers, the Buchanan Brothers (check out "When You See Those Flying Saucers"), the Webster Brothers and the Armstrong Twins.

This album's excellent packaging only heightens your listening enjoyment. If you're interested in early country music this one's for you. Let's hope for a second and third volume. —Almost Slim

Lonnie Brooks
 HOT SHOT
 Alligator 4731

I have to admit I'm a wee bit disappointed with this effort, especially after Lonnie's excellent previous lp, *Turn On The Night*. But I guess with a new band in tow this time out, it's perhaps just like starting over. Oh, don't get me wrong, this is still a worthy album, what with Lonnie's searing guitar runs and emotion-laced vocals; it's just that some of the material tends to lack diversity, especially in direct comparison to his two previous Alligator samplings.

Lonnie's style can best be described as blues with a touch of funk, powered by his rock-tinged guitar. The "touch" on *Hot Shot*, though, is a lot less light than usual, as rockophiles might even be lured into this one with Chuck Berry-like strains of "Back Trail" and "I Want All My Money Back." Some of the lp's other tunes, especially "Don't Take Advantage of Me" and "Brand New Mojo Hand," would ordinarily be considered outstanding, but their tempos are directly borrowed from other works by Brooks.

The real treat here is the re-work of his

"the press"
 original music



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Louisiana '50's smash "Family Rules" (See WL 30 for more details), which compares favorably with the original. Can't give this one a wholehearted recommendation but Lonnie's fans (that includes me too) will have to have this anyway.

— Almost Slim

James "Blood" Ulmer BLACK ROCK Columbia 38285

James "Blood" Ulmer may well be the next guitar link in the chain of oppression and escape that runs back through Jimi Hendrix, Chuck Berry, Charlie Christian, and Robert Johnson. If Ulmer does nothing else, he will have demonstrated anew the infinite malleability of the blues. With mostly just his guitar to do the talking, from the lonesome midnight trail of the rhythm and blues journeyman circuit, James "Blood" Ulmer conjures plenty of dread and fancy to justify his name. A fantastic new wave of influences caught up with "Blood" on his dark highway: Delta blues, free jazz, country/funk, organ-sax gin mill trios, space fusion, and be-bop all rub shoulders in the git-down that is Ulmer's forte. Speed, accuracy, and deadly aim characteristically interweave with his passion and top-notch ensemble play (including horns and electric bass) to open out the compositions in angular, jagged beauty.

— William D. White

Howard Elson EARLY ROCKERS Proteus Publishing Company \$9.95

Thought I'd mention this one in passing as there might be some local interest what with the chapters on Fats and Little Richard. Each one of the volume's thirteen chapters is devoted to the likes of Bill Haley, Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, etc. Sadly, though, the author sheds no new light on any of his subjects; in fact I'd wager he probably has never even talked to any of the artists.

On the plus side though there are plenty of stunning photos, interspersed unfortunately with pages of ephemera generally riddled with inaccuracies, but this probably won't hinder the sales figures. For photo fans and masochists only.

— Almost Slim

Slim Harpo THE BEST OF... THE ORIGINAL KING BEE Rhino 106

At long last, Baton Rouge's Slim Harpo has his greatest hits gathered on one collection and available again stateside. Rhino's intention was to round up all the hits and the tunes that were influential to rock groups like the Rolling Stones, and except for the odd exception, the results are quite pleasing. Starting with his earliest 1957 tracks we get a double dose of rocking swamp blues with "I'm a King Bee" and "Got Love If You Want It," before progressing all the way to his last 1970 session "Rock Me Baby," and "The Music's Hot." In between we are treated to Slim's big hits: "Raining In My Heart," the infectious "Baby Scratch My Back," and the minor-keyed spin-off "Te Ni Tee Ni Nu."

All of the other tracks are excellent, with Slim's nasal vocals, buzzing guitar and simple but effective harp. In fact, I even enjoyed "The Hippy Song." Most of the songs from the long out-of-print Excello 8010 (*The Best of Slim Harpo*) are duplicated, but this package is fattened up to include fourteen of Slim Harpo's best sides (but what about "Blues Hangover"?). Essential listening, especially if you don't own anything by the original King Bee.

— Almost Slim

Jimmy's

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Richard Pryor, Rumor has it this guy is pretty funny but occasionally gets a little off-color. Saenger Theatre. Tickets from TicketMaster, a mere \$25.25, or from the Saenger's box office; information at 587-3072.

Thursday, 11

Tom Jones, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, Biloxi; ticket information at 601-388-8222.

Friday, Saturday, 12, 13

Ashford and Simpson, or the Arthur and Katharine Murray of soul; Saenger Theatre, tickets from either TicketMaster or from the Saenger's box office.

Saturday, Sunday, 13, 14

Kool City Jam, Noon until 5 at the Old Driving Range (sounds like a Sons of the Pioneers tune), City Park; this is a promotional warm-up for the more extended Kool Jazz Fest in the fall; participants include **Peaches and Herb**, the **S.O.S. Band**, **Evelyn "Champagne" King**, and much local talent.

Tuesday, 16

King Sunny Ade, Riverboat President, 8 p.m. The latest manifestation of the unholy Occidental fascination with things African, which culminated in the spurious Orientalism of 19th Century painters like Delacroix (who actually went down there) and Gerome and that gang (who didn't), as well as people like Gide and Wilde, and later Paul and Jane Bowles who liked Africa for other reasons, and adventurers-of-leisure like Mrs. Kingsley; nothing spurious about the King, though; tickets at the Dock or from TicketMaster.

Friday, 19

Jackson Browne, L.S.U. Assembly Center; tickets from TicketMaster.

Saturday, 20

Irma Thomas, Audubon Park Zoo Pavilion; 1-4:30, free with Zoo admission.

Sunday, 21

The Manhattan Transfer, Audubon Park Zoo Pavilion; 8 p.m. \$22 tickets include champagne and a picnic supper and all in all, it must be better than listening to the seals.

Tuesday, 23

Eddy Grant, with **The Backbeats** opening; Orpheum Theatre. Tickets from TicketMaster—but the real question remains: when will Entremont let the Backbeats open for the Symphony? I bet they'd be murder on Mendelssohn.

Saturday, Sunday, 27, 28

Uptown Youth Cultural and Development Center, Wisner Center, Laurel at Upperline; the Center's second annual youth fair, 10 a.m. until midnight, until 10 p.m. Sunday. We're all for these things—uptown youth needs all the help it can get.

Saturday, 27

Louisiana Jazz Federation Benefit for Jazz Awareness Month, Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, from 6 until 10. Jazz Awareness Month isn't until October but why not get in on the ground floor? The \$5 tariff for this event includes membership in the La. Jazz Federation, and performance by local women in jazz, among them Lady BJ, Patrice Fisher, Germaine Bazzle, Stephanie Sieberth and Angelle Trosclair.

Stevie Nicks and Joe Walsh, Mississippi Gulf Coast Coliseum, part of a tour billed as La Belle et La Bete, information at 895-0601.

Sunday, 28

The Youth Inspirational Choir, Longue Vue Gardens, 6 p.m., 488-5488; what a pleasant way to spend Sunday...Lois Dejean's choir is about the most sophisticated-sounding and hardest-working in the city, full of gifted voices and snazzy effects, and to hear them like this at the end of a pretty late summer's day ought to be memorable, to say the least.

Stevie Nicks and Joe Walsh, again this time at L.S.U. Assembly Center; information again from 895-0601.

Wednesday, 31

George Benson, Audubon Park Zoo Pavilion. What has happened to the man who was once jazz's most more-than-merely-promising guitar virtuoso is probably not a fit subject for a family magazine like this. Tickets from TicketMaster.

FESTIVALS

Friday-Sunday, 5-7

5th Annual Mandeville Jaycees Seafood Festival, Lakefront, Mandeville. Information at 845-7232.

Saturday 6

Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet, 2 p.m. Grand Isle.

Friday through Sunday,

12-14, South Lafourche Seafood Festival, Galliano; information at 632-4633.

Wednesday-Sunday,

17-21 Delcambre Shrimp Festival and Fair, off Highway 1, Delcambre; information at 318-685-2653.

Sunday, 21

Summer Music Festival, Houma Air Base, from 10 a.m.

FILMS

Loyola's Film Buffs Institute, 895-3196. Tues.2: **Kwaidan** (Sumptuous Japanese treatment of several ghost stories by that famous local lit-



Air Supply in Biloxi, August 6.



King Sunny Ade, Riverboat President, August 16.



Eddy Grant, Orpheum, August 23.

terateur Lafcadio Hearn whose prose was touched by the Purple brush, but who did his best writing in New Orleans and Japan; directed by Masaki Kobayashi). Wed.3: **Illusion Travels By Streetcar** (Bunuel Mexican program from the 1950s, which like "Subida al Cielo," has an uncharacteristic sweetness—among the events are black market carryings-on, flirtations and a Miracle Play). Wed.10: **Sword of Doom** (unseen by us, a samurai program-picture directed by Kihachi Okamoto). Thurs.11: **El Angel Exterminador** (Bunuel's whimsical allegorical treatment of the strange ways in which Providence dispenses with us—an after-dinner party of guests occultly and comically marooned in the drawing-room of a large mansion, until just as perversely and unexpectedly, they are set free, no wiser, a marvelous movie). Films at 7.30 only, in various rooms in Bobet Hall; \$1.50 single admission. **Pitt Cinema**, 6201 Elysian Fields Ave., 288-1611. Wed., Thurs. 3.4: **King Kong and Bride of the Monster** (a mixture: "Kong" is one of the great romances of the screen with process work and special effects still unsurpassed. "Bride," directed by the demented Edward Woods, is a grade-Z thing with Lugosi, an octopus in a tank, Tor "Lobo" Johnson and the atomic bomb—beneath, or beyond, hysteria). Fri., Sat. 5.6: **City Lights and The Gold Rush**, (both by Chaplin and both exquisite—"City Lights" has perhaps the most horrifying ending of any film, for those of us who still believe, or

think we do, in romantic love; the swallowed whistle scene and Chaplin in the Sanitation Department are pretty wonderful too). **Prytania**, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Thurs.25: **Betrayal** (directed by David Jones, written by Harold Pinter, reputedly with great performances by Ben Kingsley and Jeremy Iron). **Fanny and Alexander**, (Bergman announced this was his last film—it isn't alas—but it is a lengthy, and supposedly charming comedy about children, ghosts, an evil clergyman, the theatre, an unhappy marriage, a happy family, disillusionment, magic and any number of other Bergmanian preoccupations, fortunately set at the turn of the century when some of Bergman's best films take place). **Saenger Summer Film Series**, Saenger Performing Arts Center, 524-0876. Each evening of vintage entertainment begins with the thundering of the Mighty Wurlitzer, the biggest organ around, believe me. Each Monday, Aug.8: **Casablanca** (ineffable High Forties concoction, with Bergman, Bogart, Lorre, Greenstreet, Rains, Veidt, Dantine, Dalio, Kinsky, and every other bit player around). Aug.15: **The Maltese Falcon** (John Huston's debut film from the Dashiell Hammet novel, with Bogart, Mary Astor, Lorre, Greenstreet, Gladys George, et alia, and innumerable now-cliches of the hardboiled sort). Aug.22: **Citizen Kane** (the most famous American sound film, Orson Welles' 1941 study of a deservedly lonely and unloved newspaper tycoon).



Helen Reddy at Richie's, August 19.

PLAYS

Players Dinner Theatre, 1221 Airline Highway, 835-9057. Through Sun.21: **Annie**, a musical devoted to Harold Gray's frizzy-headed-empty-eyed little creation; Fri.26 through Sun. Sept.4: **The Voice of the Turtle**, John Ven Druten's little comedy about romance blossoming in crowded wartime New York and a soldier on leave and a young career girl; Our President starred in the movie along with Eve Arden (as Olive, the flirty bitch) who wrote some sensational hats and during one out-take was asked by Mr. Reagan, "Getting laid much lately?" for which she rightly slapped him—the outtake still exists, incidentally.

Reservations. **Saenger Theatre**, 524-0876. Wed.11 through Sat.28: **Sophisticated Ladies**, a compendium of songs and dances devoted to and comprised of the music of the remarkable Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington who once stated, "Nothing ever got me into trouble except my good taste." Ticket information from the Saenger's box office. **Toulouse Theatre**, 615 Toulouse, 522-7852. Tuesdays. **Oh, Play That Thing!** a jazz revue with the Society Jazz Band; Wednesdays through Sundays. **One Mo' Time** Both plays are at 8:30. Tickets at the theatre.



The Killer Bees, Tupelo's, Friday the 19th.

ART

Arthur Roger Gallery, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through August, an installation of constructions by Wellington Duke Reiter, and the first part of that name sounds backwards. **Arts Line**, 522-ARTS. A daily recording of cultural events. **Galerie Simone Stern**, 2727 Prytania, 895-3824. Through August: Various group shows by Galerie artists. **A Gallery For Fine Photography**, 5432 Magazine, 891-1002. Through August, photographs of American Indians of long ago by Edward Curtis and probably the best documentary of them we have, along with Catlin's even earlier paintings. **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.

Kinko's Copies, 1140 S. Carrollton. Through Sat.20: A six by eight foot cartoon by Star Irvine, "The Twins Fight as the World Goes By," in the front window. **Longue Vue Gardens**, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. Tuesdays through Sundays: a selection of creamware, plain and fancy, old and new. **Louisiana State Museum**, Jackson Square, 522-9830. Through Tues.30: "Landscape: Cityscape," a selection of what were known in more genteel times as 'views.' Continuing: "Stitches In Time: Louisiana's Clothing 1803-1982," in which we were quite partial to the memento-mori jewelry made of the dear-departed's hair, and "Louisiana: Exploration and Settlement." **New Orleans Museum Of Art**, City Park, 488-2631. Through Sun.14: Constructivism and the Geometric Tradition: Selections from the McCrory Corporation Collection, and The



Mason Ruffner at Parkview Tavern, August 12.



Violent Femmes, at Tupelo's, August 1.



The Desire Band plays Tip's, August 17.



Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets, Maple Leaf, August 12.

Geometric Impulse: Works from the Lillian H. Florsheim Collection, including works by Suprematists like Malevitch and El Lissitzky, and artists like Leger, Severini, Sol LeWitt, Delaunay, Gabo, Donald Judd, Vasarely, Pevsner and Kandinsky, members of artistic movements like Op, Futurism, Minimalism, Orphism, and de Stijl. An accompanying exhibit of photographs on the second floor contains geometricist-influenced photographs by Moholy-Nagy, Rodchenko, Weston, Margaret Bourke-White, Anton Bruehl and others.

Optima Studio, 2025 Magazine, 522-9625. Through September: Selected works by Gallery artists.

Sandra Zahn Oreck Gallery, 529 Wilkinson Row, 529-7676. Through August: selected works by Gallery artists.

Presbytere, Jackson Square at St. Ann, 568-6968. Through Mon., Aug. 31: The Pottery of George Orr.

Tulane Art Department, Newcomb Art Building, 865-5327. Mon. 22 through Fri. 26: Undergraduate exhibitions.

UNO Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront Campus, 286-6493. Through August: unstructured student shows.

LIVE MUSIC

Blue Room, In the Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Dinner, dancing, smoked glass, candleabras on the table, reservations and cover charges that match. Through Tues. 2: organist Jimmy Smith; Wed. 3 through Tues. 9: Joe Pass; Wed. 9 through Tues. 16: the ineffable Eddie Harris; Wed. 17 through Tues. 30: Jon Hendricks and Co. Wed. 31 through Tues., Sept. 13: the rather excessively poignant Carmen McRae.

Bobby's Place, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, Chalmette, 271-0137. Unchanging: Fridays, Bobby Cure (of the Cure Cleaners dynasty) and the Summertime Blues; Gong Show. Saturdays, Allen's Tribute to Elvis.

Bonaparte's Retreat, 1007 Decatur, 561-9473. Piano bar by Ralph Cox, daily save for the Sabbath, 9 p.m.

Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. The darkest and (seemingly) most sedate of West End clubs. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Frye.

Cafe Sbisà, 1011 Decatur, 561-8354. Pianistic accompaniment to such things as fried dill pickles, clams and Amaretto cheesecake. Harry Mayronne Jr., a true prodigy (the night Nino Rota died, who else in town did a medley of his music or could have? Harry did.) on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 8. Steve Vaughan takes over Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Cajun Country, 327 Bourbon. The Copas Brothers, Mondays through Wednesdays.

Caronna's Bar, 2032 Magazine, 523-9326. Mondays and Tuesdays, the J. Monque'd Blues Band; Wednesdays, The Algatoric Percussion Ensemble (sounds like a group out of a William S. Burroughs extravaganza, save then they'd probably be Algolagnic); Thursdays, The Harmonica Hinds Blues Band; Fridays, Aug. 5 and 12: Sam McLain and Brownville; Fridays, Aug. 19 and 26: the J. Monque'd Blues Band.

Carrollton Station, 8140 Willow, 865-9190. Call for listings.

Dorothy's Medallion, 3232 Orleans Avenue. Fridays through Sundays: Walter Washington, Johnny Adams

and the House Band, along with the legendary examples of adiposa gloriosa that act as go-go dancers.

1801 Club, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., 367-9670. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Janet Lynn and Ya Ya, from 9:30.

Fad's, 1100 S. Clearview Parkway, 734-0590. The erstwhile Hired Hand, now DJ's spin platters that range the last three decades.

Fairmont Court, Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Sundays and Mondays, Tuts Washington at the piano from 9 until 1 a.m.

The Famous Door, 339 Bourbon, 522-7626. Everyone from Thackeray to Durante has passed through these gilded portals; Tuesdays through Sundays, the much underrated Thomas Jefferson and his Creole Jazz Band; Mondays, Tuesdays and weekend nights, Mike Cascio's Just Us Band.

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

Pete Fountain's, New Orleans Hilton, 561-0500. Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat.: Mr. Fountain and his em-bouchure at 10 p.m. One show only, \$15 cover.

Gazebo Cafe and Bar, 1018 Decatur, 522-0862. Mondays through Fridays, ragtime piano music in the afternoons; Saturdays and Sundays, the John Royen Jazz Band; alfresco.

Jimmy's, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Wed. 3, The Press. Thurs. 4: Taken and The Moderns. Fri. 5: The Radiators. Sat. 6: Danny Reed's Pajama Party, featuring a rare appearance by New Orleans' least popular band, The Front (don't miss it if you can). Thurs. 11: Nothin' Personal. Fri. 12: Pseudo Dukes (thought they were the guys on horses during Carnival parades). Sat. 13: The Backbeats. Tues. 16: The White Animals from Nashville (n.b.: this is not The Winter Family). Thurs. 18: The Limit. Fri. 19: The Sheiks. Sat. 20: the Radiators, and more songs about buildings and beef melts. Thurs. 25: The Sheiks. Fri. 26: Lenny (One Broken Heart For Sale) Zenith's Pop Combo, soon releasing an EP (epic production).

Larry's Villa, 4612 Quincy St., Metairie, 455-1223. Tuesdays through Sundays: Breeze, featuring Babs (Chester A. Riley's kid?!).

The Levee Lounge, 738 Toulouse, 523-9492. Fridays through Sundays: Bryan Price on guitar and harmonica.

Maple Leaf Bar, 8316 Oak, 866-9359. Comfortable, mildly intellectual, eclectic range of performers and a covey of regulars. Sundays: John Rankin. Mondays: James Booker. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie assisted instrumentally by Bruce MacDonald and John Magnie, or Adventures in The Skin Trade, to be graced by Alison Young once L.Q. gives birth to Omen IV. Wednesdays: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers. Thursdays: Bourre. Fri. 5: Tangents. Sat. 6: Beausoleil. Fri. 12: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets. Fri. 19: Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters. Fri. 26: The Radiators. Sat. 27: Gino Thibodeaux and the Lake Charles Ramblers—and if you lived there, you'd do some rambling too, as some of our friends from DeQuincey tell us.

Menefee's, 1101 North Rampart, 566-0464. Luxurious piano bar. James Booker, from 5 until 8, Mondays through Fridays. Wednesdays through Sundays, at a later time, John Heinz.

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

septuagenarians.

Nevada Club, 1409 Romaine, Gretna, 368-1000. Country and western, every night; call the club for information.

Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 524-7761. The Bryan Lee Blues Band, Wednesdays through Sundays from 9:30 and rollin' till dawn; occasional surprise appearances.

Parkview Tavern, 910 N. Carrollton, 482-2680. Fri.5: Bourre, named for the Cajun national pastime. Fri.12: Mason Ruffner and his Blues Rockers talkin' plenty of Texas trash. Fri.19: The Jive. Fri.26: The Pranksters.

Phyllis Chalet, 1641 Pauger, 944-9358. Entertainment weekend nights.

Polde's, Kenilworth Mall, 246-6770. Chanteuse Luz Marie and Steve Burtchell, in what is now described as a "Bossa Nova" and piano bar—and remember about blaming it on the Bossa Nova, with its magic spell? Well, presumably you can still get away with it.

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.

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: Kid Sheik Colar. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL. Fri.12: Yellowman—with some real roots reggae (this guy is what I believe is called pognathously ugly—good, though). Sat.13: The Neville Brothers. Tues.16: The always sunny King Sunny Ade and his African Beats. Saturday: Ivy. Wed.31: Kaja GooGoo.

Richie's 3-D, 3501 Chateau Boulevard, 466-3333. Fri.5: Stars on 45 (aren't these guys Japanese or did I hallucinate that?). Sun.7: Don McLean, who was (as I'm sure you all know) a lonely teenage broncin' buck with a pink carnation and a pick-up truck—remember that great story about the maniac in Australia who had a portrait of Don McLean tattooed on his body and his wife was getting ready to leave him, etc.? No? Fri.12: The Guess Who, and these eyes, these ears...Fri.19: Helen Reddy.

Rose Tattoo, 4401 Tchoupitoulas, 895-9681. Thursdays and Saturdays: J.D. Hill and the Jammers.

Seaport Cafe and Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0891. Tuesdays through Saturdays: Sally Townes.

711 Club, 711 Bourbon, 525-8379. Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays: Nora Wixted. Wednesdays through Saturdays: one man Symphonia Randy Hebert.

Showboat, 3712 Hessmer, 455-2123. Call the club for listings.

Snug Harbor, 626 Frenchmen, 949-0696. Mostly jazz, mostly modern. Thursdays: pianist David Wynne, from 9. Sundays, those Pfister Sisters, aereating into the aether, from 9 p.m. Fri.5: Jasmine. Sat.6: The Marcel Richardson Trio. Fri.12: Tony Dagradi and his band of renowned—all four of them. Sat.13: Al Belleto and his band of renowned—all four of them. Fri.19: Atlantis. Sat.20: Drew/McGinley Quartet. Fri.26: Andrew Hall's Socie-

ty Jazz Band. Sat.27: Louisiana Jazz Federation Party, see Concerts Listings for details.

Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. A little bit of everything, with, in the immortal phrase of our Editor, "Room To Dance." Mon.1: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Tues.2: Streetwise. Wed.3: Priscilla (Lane? Alden?). Thurs.4: Incomparable bluesman A.C. Reed featuring Philip Guy. Fri.5: Pressure. Sat.6: Deacon John and the New Orleans Blues Revue with Earl King, J.D. Hill, Walter Washington and J.Monque'd. Mon.8: Spencer Bohren. Tues.9: Max Relax and the Caballeros (with a handle like that, you might think Tim Lyman was still booking the bands here). Wed.10: Eric Johnson and the Avenue. Thurs.11: Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets. Fri.12: Zydeco classicist Marcel Dugas. Sat.13: Exuma. Mon.15: Mason Ruffner and his Ruff-Tuff Bluesrockers. Tues.16: The Generics. Wed.17: Design. Thurs.18: The Radiators. Fri., Sat., 19,20: The Neville Brothers. Sun.21: Steve Morse and Allan Holdsworth, for which latter being tributed by Eddie Van Halen, see the Last Page. Mon.22: Spencer Bohren—am I "bohren" you? Tues.23: Waka Waka. Wed.24: Ras Cloud and the Sons of Selassie II. Thurs.25: Big Bang. Fri.26: Marcia Ball, recently elected the Darktown Strutter's Ball by most of the population of Red River Parish. Sat.27: Those Radiators. Sun.28: A-Train featuring powerhouse vocaliste Miki Honeycutt. Mon.29: Mason Ruffner and the Blues Rockers. Tues.30: The Fleshtones. Wed.31: Woodenhead, featuring luscious Angelle Trosclair.

Tupelo's, 8301 Oak, 866-3658. Mostly New Music. Mon.1: Violent Femmes, from Milwaukee (is this a stage name for Laverne and Shirley?). Wed.3: The Wad shooting theirs. Thurs.-Sat., 4,5,6: Alan Haynes and the Stepchildren featuring geetar prodigy Li'l Junior One Hand, plus Johnny Jay and the Hitmen. Tues.9: If Then Why with their Ontology Recapitulates Tautology revue. Wed.10: Ballistics. Thurs.11: Johnny Jay and the Hitmen. Fri.12: Men In Black, one of our expatriate groups, with the Sluts and The Wad (sounds like an evening at the old Center Theatre on Canal Street to me). Sat.13: Lenny (when there's a shine on his shoes, there's a melody in his hair) Zenith and Pop Combo. Wed.17: The Press. Thurs.18: D-Day from Austin. Fri.19: The Killer Bees, "reggae from Shreveport"—which is maybe like a Papal Count from Livonia. Sat.20: Woodenhead. Wed.24: Keeper. Fri.26: Big Bang. Sat.27: The Backbeats. Wed.31: Walk—don't run! It's the fantabulous Ventures, one of the greatest instrumental groups of the early '60s, or Devonian period of Rock 'n' Roll.

Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Modern jazz, good raw oysters. Sundays and Wednesdays: Mike Pellera and his Trio. Mondays: Ellis Marsalis. Tuesdays: chanteuse Leslie Smith. Thursdays: Germaine Bazzle. Fridays and Saturdays: The James Rivers Movement.

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

Weasey's, 1610 Belle Chasse Highway, 361-7902. Country and Western. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays: The Firewater Band. Open mike Thursdays; Sundays, jam session open to all.

Winnie's, 2304 London Ave., 945-9124.



Deacon John, Tipitina's, August 6.

LA. CLUBS

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

The Big Apple, Highway 1, Larose, 693-8688. Seats 2000! Fri.5: Streetwise. Sat.6: The Sheiks and Streetwise.

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

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.

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.

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.

Scarlett O's, 1025 Broad, Lake Charles, 318-436-8742.

Slick's Music Hall, Highway 31, St. Martinville, 318-394-3867.

Steak and Lobster Inn's Fireside Pub, 820 E. King's Highway, Shreveport, 318-868-5306.

Steamboat Annie's, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-424-8297.

Tenth Floor, Shreve Square, Shreveport, 318-425-7539.

Toby's, 1303 Grimmer Drive, Shreveport, 318-222-9903.

Trinity's, Perkins Road, Baton Rouge, 1-388-9884. 24-hour concert line.

Wavelength's listings are a free, monthly public service. They are compiled by Margaret Williams and Jon Newlin; if you have information for us, by all means tell us. Call 895-2342 for information.

Tupelo's TAVERN

AUGUST LISTINGS

MONDAY 1

VIOLENT FEMMES

from Milwaukee

WEDNESDAY 3

THE WAD

THURSDAY 4, FRIDAY 5, SATURDAY 6

ALAN HAYNES AND THE STEPCHILDREN

featuring Little Junior One Hand with Special Guests!

JOHNNY JAY & THE HITMEN

TUESDAY 9

IF THEN WHY

WEDNESDAY

BALLISTICS

THURSDAY 11

JOHNNY JAY & THE HITMEN

FRIDAY 12

MEN IN BLACK

from San Francisco

with THE SLUTS

and THE WAD

SATURDAY 13

LENNY ZENITH AND HIS POP COMBO

WEDNESDAY 17

THE PRESS

THURSDAY 18

D-DAY

A&M Recording Artists from Austin

FRIDAY 19

KILLER BEES

Reggae from Shreveport

SATURDAY 20

WOODENHEAD

WEDNESDAY 24

KEEPER

FRIDAY 26

BIG BANG

SATURDAY 27

BACKBEATS

WEDNESDAY 31

VENTURES

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The **Pfister Sisters**, New Orleans' songbirds of swing, will be taking a leave of absence from the Crescent City in August to warble their way through the Rocky Mountains. Dates include three days at the Telluride Jazz Festival, and clubs in Santa Fe and Albuquerque. The girls (**Holly Bendtsen**, **Susan Malone**, **Yvette Voelker** with pianist **Amasa Miller**) will leave August 11. They'll return August 28 for a date at the Snug Harbor.

Maybe you, like us, have seen those curious commercials with the young man about to be incarcerated bemoaning the fact that he'll miss his Last Chance for Pontchartrain Beach—ever. The **Contemporary Arts Center**, plans for Saturday, September 24, a sort of extravaganza of carny-artistic carryings-on as an advance-memorial sort of gesture: already planned along with the usual "thrilling rides" of happy (hmmm) memory, are beach sculptures, honestly described as ephemeral (though no less a personage than the great Surrealist **Max Ernst** did sand sculptures and reliefs during the 1940s when sojourning here, and out at the Beach too—we've seen the pictures), a Krewe of Clones Tableaux (no doubt captained by Denise "Big Zephyr" Vallon), the ineffable **Kathy B.** onstage with her musclemen, ala **Mae West** in her Las Vegas act, we'd guess, a **New Leviathan** regatta, something by sculptor **Emery Clark** called *The Lakemess Monster*, described not so whimsically as "a lake cleanup project." You can call the C.A.C. for info on what obviously will be the big event this summer *sur la plage* at 523-1216; the times are 11 a.m. until 12 midnight.

Il Blues, a magazine about—now, what did you think?—based in Milano, has an encyclopedia of blues which describes our last Cover Boy, **Lee Allen** in, we guess, such glowing terms as "Importante personaggio R&B, molto legato al blues...Discreto cantante, ottimo saxofonista."...**The Rogues** gave a farewell performance on August 13 at the Showboat...**Audubon Zoo** now has a 55 x 55 foot outdoor stage that opens on August 20 with **Irma Thomas**; Hibernia Bank lent funds for the bulk of the construction...Drummer **Ricky Sebastien** has split Lafayette for the Big Apple; the **Hub-City All-Stars**, Sebastien's band, plan to ask Red Stick City drummer **Herman Jackson** to step in...also from way down south (west): the incomparable **Huey Meaux** plans on using a batch of Louisiana sidemen on an upcoming **Doug Kershaw** LP—among those appearing are **Tommy Shreve**, formerly of **Red Beans and Rice Revue**, **V.J. Boulet**, **George Belote**, **Rod Miller** and **Warren Storm**, a name to conjure with, this last.

Gary Reynolds of the **Miller Rock Network** (which signed **Zebra** and financed their tour) is looking for good local bands. Zebra will be doing a national Miller ad, as will the **Producers**. Send tapes to: Reynolds Management, 9415 West Forest Home Avenue, Hales Corners, Wisconsin 53130. And if you need a good demo tape to send, **Stonee's** studio is giving away studio time to a new band each month (see their classified for details)...Natchitoches' fabled Rus-



The Pfister Sisters go west in August.

tic Inn was the setting for a gig by the **Purple Gang** with rockabilly legend **Al Ferrier** sitting in; one of the P.G.'s members is none other than *Wavelength's* own—we guess we'll claim him—**Rico...The Batteries**, heard recently at Jimmy's opening for the **Backbeats**, are hot stuff.

Airto Moriera, for 8 years *down beat's* percussionist of the year, lost his watch while rehearsing at the Blue Room; local jeweler **Coleman Adler** donated a new gold Omega to replace the missing ticker...**Steve Morse** of the **Dregs** and **Allan Holdsworth** coming to Tip's this month solely because they enjoy playing together. Should be a fret-worker's delight; Holdsworth has gained many plaudits but we feel obliged to repeat **Eddie Van Halen's**: "Holdsworth is the best in my book."

The EP by **Lenny Zenith** and **Pop Combo** should be in the racks of wax this month...New bands to watch for: **The Clement Brothers Trio** with David and Cranston on guitars and **Diana Nadis** on flute and vocal; **Alison and the Dads** with perky **Alison Young**, former **Nightriders** vocalist, fronting. Both bands took their first bows July 28 at Jimmy's...**The Nevilles** rumored to be on the threshold—if not closer—to an MCA contract.

Totally Cold played what was widely mistaken for an auld-lang-syne gig at Jimmy's on July 23, showing off 3 new songs and one cover; one of New O's first new-wave-now-pop bands many years ago (we all know what the T.C. evolved into), named in honor of **Olivia Newton-John**, the **Totally Cold** are as healthy as any other local band right now, and they're taking one day, according to leader **Kevin Radecker**, at a time. If it clicks, they'll keep on doing it...**Phase II** has added **Sam Donovan** as its new guitar player.

Birthdays this ninth month are: **Alvin Alcorn**, September 7, and modernist **Joe Newman** on the same day; one of the men who started it all, **Roy Brown**, September 10; the ineffable **Jimmie Davis**, one of our worst governors but surely deserving of lasting fame as the composer of "You Are My Sunshine," September 11; legendary New

Orleans piano knocker **Archibald**, September 14; **Eddie Bo**, nicknamed the Maharajah, and the creator "Dinky Doo" and "Check Mr. Popeye" and "Just Friends," among much else, September 20; **Earl Turbinton**, September 23. Also, September 1 is the feast of St. Fiacre, who gave his name to the hemorrhoid—and hence is the patron of hemorrhoid-sufferers and also cab drivers, September 19 the feast of St. Januarius whose blood, preserved in Naples, gives omens of future occurrences, and September 30, the feast of St. Jerome, who translated the Bible into Latin and loved animals, and is the patron of librarians.

While **The Raffey's** finish up a new demo tape on Oak Street and come, Norma-Desmond-like, out of a year's retirement, **Stray Cats** used Christian Brothers School in City Park (really the erstwhile mansion of health faddist/tabloid king **Bernard McFadden**), **Grits Bar** and **Tupelo's Tavern** as backdrops for their new video...**Journey's** video, filmed on the New Orleans docks, is currently seen on M-TV, and the **Red Rockers** have just completed their second video that ought to turn up soon.

Lee Dorsey, not content with workin' in a coal mine, played *The Bottom Line* in the dirtiest city of 'em all, New York, August 12 and 13...August 18 also saw the unveiling, at the Chamber of Commerce, of a promotional poster that is also a piece of local musical history—entitled "Southern Stars," the picture includes 80 local musical figures of note.

Bluesiana-man **John Mooney** journeys to Jamaica this month to record an album with **Jimmy Mackery** of the **Nighthawks**, for release this fall...**Taken**, a new local band that describes itself as "short-hair music," has been gigging around select Uptown venues; the band includes keyboardist/lead vocalist **Rebecca Nice**, drummer **George McQueen**, and guitarists **Corbett Kemp**, **Jacques Grundy** and **Charlie Wyman**...**Bas Clas**, sans a drummer are continuing as a trio called **The Fortunetellers**. The group will play lots of original music and make predictions from the stage. So roll over, **Nostradamus**, and tell **Jean Dixon** the news!

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