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Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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'Hot Jazz Classic' At Jazz Fest Time

While New Orleans awaits the return of this year's 1982 Jazz and Heritage Festival April 30-May 9, plans have been made for a "festival within a festival" of traditional New Orleans jazz.

The William Ransom Hogan Jazz Archives of Tulane University and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival announced the first "Tulane Hot Jazz Classic" from May 6-May 9. Beginning on Thursday of the second week of the festival, Tulane and the Jazz Fest have scheduled a potpourri of Creole dance bands entertainment.

Friday, May 7 begins with a morning symposium on "Jelly Roll" Morton. In the afternoon the Jazz Picnic is revived at the Fair Grounds with a schedule of twenty bands on stage playing a repertoire of classic jazz idioms. Also included is a special Workshop Tent. Concluding the day will be a ragtime concert featuring the preponderated rhythms of the early twentieth century.

Saturday, May 8, the music of the Roaring Twenties is represented in concert by New Orleans' own New Leviathan Oriental Fox Trot Orchestra.

Winning up the program the evening of Saturday, May 9, is a "Jazz Reunion and Testimonial Dinner/Dance" on the riverboat President, an evening of live performances, video, and narration beginning at 6 p.m.

Ticket prices for the "Hot Jazz Classic" range from $10 to $30. For more information call 904/522-4786 or write New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, LA 70175.

Next Step? M-TV!

"It's just like the radio, only with pictures." That's what Dad said to Mom back in '48. With that, they decided to buy a television.

With the advent of "music Television," history repeats. "Just like television, only with music."

In these days of the video revolution, should we be surprised to find a cable television station featuring all music with an alluring video disc-jockey who plays a continuing selection of hard-rock and pop (money makers on the radio) with state-of-the-art visuals?

No. And do not be surprised to see more and better music on television as more cable is laid in music-hungry urban centers.

M-T.V. (not to be confused with the local Channel M, a movie channel) originates in New York and is a joint venture of Warner Communications and the American Express Co. The station, located at Channel 18 on Cox cable, runs a four-hour show daily. A "V-J" introduces the acts, usually recognizable performers, and sometimes fills the viewer in on news/gossip of the rock industry. Periodically a newsman will appear from location, such as the Superdome during the Rolling Stones' record-setting show or Liverpool on the anniversary of John Lennon's death. The four-hour show repeats itself throughout the day.

Evenings and on weekends the channel features concerts, concert movies, and other rock 'n' roll movies. Just filming a concert is rarely enough. So, many performers have gone to computer graphics (The Band's 'Last Waltz' is a prime example), and sundry lenses and cameras for special effects. Some incorporate stories to provide interest, and concerts provide their own stories.

The channel, now in its infancy, wants to grow up quickly. Unless you own some fairly sophisticated signal-splitting equipment, you can only listen to M-T.V. in mono now. It sounds much like the A.M. radio in your car. But soon a devise will be offered for about two dollars a month which will bring the channel into your home in stereo. And if you want to get a hit, the whole concept behind it is worth recounting. It opens a window on the problems faced, not only by film makers, but musicians, whose careers could be advanced by more sustained treatment.

Palfi began preliminary shooting in 1979. It has taken him more than a year to raise funds for the production. The main grant came from the Rockefeller Foundation ($15,000), a source no other local producer has tapped. The total budget came to $35,500.

The documentary was conceived as a tribute to Washington, Longhia, and Tousaint, none of whom had been individually featured as such before, but beyond that, as a historical exercise, showing the live influences on the music of New Orleans. One film charted how Tousaint influenced Fess, and Fess in turn influenced Allen.

The heart of the show was to have been a rare concert with three pianos in Tipitina's, the three musicians performing simultaneously. Five days before the concert, Professor Longhair died.

Fortunately, Palfi had filmed a rehearsal session with the three men, and conducted interviews with Longhair on camera, prior to his death. But Fess' unintelligibly delivered hot shots in the production. The whole concept behind the film suddenly shifted. What began as a performance documentary about three men now had to deal with the death of a legendary rhythm-and-bluesman.

To his credit, Palfi saved the project and has produced a fine program, intelligently edited, well-shot, with an underlying subtlety to
each man's personality that allows all three piano players to emerge with distinct identities. The show shifts back and forth between interviews and performance episodes; the larger story, rising through the musical passages, is not so much about the connections linking the three men (although that theme is obvious) as a trio of portraits.

Tuts emerges as a wizened, sometimes crusty fellow, indifferent to tastes of the rock 'n' roll generation, sturdy boogie-woogie keyboard man, mainly concerned about his own music. Midway through the film, all three men are asked about the joint appearance — the idea for which, apparently, was sprung on them well into the earlier days, about 1958 or '59, from a distance; didn't get a chance to talk to him, just stood there dumfounded for a while.' Perhaps the most moving scene, an image that lingers in the mind, is Toussaint at the organ at Fess' wake, tears running down his face, a touch of television humor that fails badly. There is also the manner in which Longhair died.

Jerry Wexler, who recorded Fess for Atlantic, in the 1950s, delivered an eulogy at the wake, part of which Palfi includes in the documentary. In one sense, the sequence does score the fact that Longhair had a career and was recorded. But he same night, rumblings surfaced in several conversations, to the effect that Wexler deserted Byrd, quit on him before his career had a chance to take off.

The portrait of Fess is more steep, but Tuts, shaking his head. "I never played with those boys before." The portrait of Toussaint is very different. Palfi casts him as an artist whose métier is the studio. We view sessions where new artists perform the old hits, "Mother-in-Law." and "Workin' in a Coal Mine." But other dimensions of the reclusive Toussaint peek through. Consider his reminiscence of his first exposure to Fess: "I saw him one time at a record hop in earlier days, about 1958 or '59, from a distance; didn't get a chance to talk to him, just stood there dumfounded for a while."

Palfi's show was shot on one-inch and two-inch video-tape, as opposed to three-fourths-inch for perfect work, however. One scene is played backwards, a touch of television humor that fails badly. There is also the manner in which Longhair's death is covered.

Jerry Wexler's biography of Fess is another look at the musician with such a gentle touch one wishes Allen would one day record the medley, or produce some sort of proper tribute on wax. Piano Players is far from a perfect work, however. One scene is played backwards, a touch of television humor that fails badly. There is also the manner in which Longhair's death is covered.

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The funeral sequence is generally powerful — but one still has to wonder whether cameras inside a wake, inside the funeral parlor, are as close-ups. Missing is a good frame. There is no need to rush down to city hall for application forms. City employees are still forging methods to post-produce.

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CONCERTS

- March 2-14
  Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat: Saenger Theatre.
- Sunday, March 7
  Molly Hatchet: Warehouse, 8 p.m.
- Friday, March 19:
  Police: Centroplex, Baton Rouge.
- Saturday, March 20
  Jacques Gauthe, Creole Rice Jazz Band and Dirty Dozen Brass Band: Sponsored by WWOZ. Contemporary Arts Center Jazz Factory, 11 p.m.
- March 26-29
  WTUL 12th Annual Survival Marathon: The traditional fundraiser for Tulane's radio station, ending with a TGIF on the university quad and an all day musical event on Saturday with local and national recording acts.

CLUBS

- The Beat Exchange, 2300 Chartres, 949-6456.
- The Blue Room, Fairmont Hotel, University Place, 529-4174. National acts. Call for listings.
- Cafe Conti, 729 Conti, 524-4701. Rock 'n' roll in the Quarter. Call for listings.
- Dream Palace, 534 Frenchmen.
- Faubourg, 626 Frenchmen, 944-0110.
- Germaine Wells Lounge, 833 Bienville, 523-9633. Wednesdays through Saturdays: James Drew, Jim Singleton and Jeff Boudreaux.
- Hawgs, 3037 Jean Lafitte, Chalmette, 277-8245. C&W music, with dance lessons Mondays and Wednesdays 7-9 p.m.
- New Orleans Jazz Hotline, 482-7185. Call for current jazz listings across the city.
- Old Absinthe Bar, 400 Bourbon, 561-9231. Blue Mondays with the incomparable Absinthe Juke. Every other Monday: John Magnie at the piano. Every Tuesday: John Magnie and Leigh Harris. Every Wednesday through Saturday: Luther Kent and Trickbag. Sundays, March 7, 14, 21: Chuck Easterling's Big Band. Musicians are invited to sit in anytime.
- Old Post Office, 4000 Downman Road, 242-9960. Rock 'n' roll.
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Wavelength club and concert listings are available free of charge. Call 899-2342 for information.
New Orleans guitarists—immediately names like Earl King, Walter Washington, and Emily Remler spring to mind, but all-in-all, to the rest of the country, New Orleans has never been known as a city of guitarists.

Those of us who live here and follow New Orleans music, however, know that there are many talented guitar players here, if they do not get the high visibility outside the city that they deserve. This month, Wavelength would like to give a little recognition to the guitar player in New Orleans, whether he or she play jazz, classical, rock, blues, or country, in the clubs, concert halls, garages, or studios, to thousands of people or to a very personal ear. To choose representation of the hundreds of guitar players in the city, we asked over one hundred recording studio executives, guitar teachers, college music instructors, and musical equipment shop people to each suggest ten talented guitarists that we might talk to. We got 124 suggestions—that's 124 guitarists considered very good by people who should know.

Here are the ten guitarists mentioned most often by our "experts." They play all different types of music, but as you will see, have many common interests and thoughts. Here's what we found out about them, and what they think about playing guitar in New Orleans.
**Hank Mackie**

Age: 37. Years playing guitar: 21. Presently working with: Phil DeGruy and a band called Hotstrings, also teaches. Do you read? Yes.

Who most influenced your style? Barney Kessel. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? Jazz, rock 'n' roll, blues, classical. Who is your favorite guitar player locally? Joe Pass, Barney Kessel, Ronnie Eschete. What kind of instrument do you use? Gibson Les Paul. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? Waa-Wa pedal. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? I'd say in New Orleans there's not too many ready-made opportunities, but on the other hand — and I've worked for everything from society bands to the Normals — there's the possibility of playing as much as you like. Lots of people blame New Orleans for their lack of work when in fact it's wide open if you'll take the opportunity. There's always the chance to experiment. All in all, New Orleans is a good place to play.

**Leo Nocentelli**


**Phil DeGruy**


Who most influenced your style? Chet Atkins, Lenny Breau, Hank Mackie. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? You know what they say about food music and mood music ... food music I don't listen to. As for mood music, I like piano players, trios, solo guitars, a little classical. Who is your favorite guitar player locally? Steve on weekends, Hank on weekdays. Nationally? Ted Green, Lenny Breau. What kind of instrument do you use? Martin electric solid body and a classical seven string. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? None — maybe a little reverb. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? "I want to do what there's no market for — it isn't very appealing to mass audiences. I don't like to hustle, but someday I'd like to have a trio or a solo job with a 7-string solid body electric guitar! It's easy living here compared to New York or L.A. — or Nashville, which is Bible Belt and totally out of the question. As for playing, my ideal would be to do little club engagements with Hank or by myself."
work comes in. There's not that much jazz to be played with the club date bands, so it's pretty hard. I don't know of one jazz guitarist who's working on a steady basis, where you can go every night and hear him play. I wish the climate for jazz guitar players would get better in this town; if people study the guitar more, not only jazz guitar but classical, and learn more about the instrument, I think they'd become more interested in hearing people that play jazz."

Presently working with:

John McLaughlin, Albert Lee, James "Honeyman" Scott (Pretenders), Duane Allman. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? My taste ranges from Phil Collins to Kenny Burrell. Who is your favorite guitar player locally? Bill Huntington. Nationally? McLaughlin, Scott. What kind of instrument do you use? Fender Stratocaster. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? None unless required. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? It's nice — easy — slow. There's enough work to keep a good guitarist afloat — not rich. The prospects of national recognition are there but the odds of success are small for the amount of good musicians here. New Orleans has its strong points — it's easy to survive here — not like L.A. with all that studio work, but as far as existing goes, it's fine.

Presenting working with:

Scott Godeau

Age: 27. Years playing guitar: 15. Presently working with: Penny Lane. Do you read? Yes.

Who most influenced your style? Jimmy Page. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? Beatles, Queen, AC-DC. Who is your favorite guitarist locally? Buzzy Beano, Steve Masakowski, Hank Mackie. Nationally? Queen's guitarist. What kind of instrument do you use? Ibanez Iceman, Gibson SG. 68. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? None. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? New Orleans is not a "guitar city," it's true, but there's lots of good guitar players. I can do everything Jimmy Page can do and there's many people in the city who can do more than me — I think our guitar players can hold their own with anybody. New Orleans is like Liverpool years ago — people said "a good rock 'n' roll band from Liverpool? Can't be!" I'm an optimistic person. I like playing in New Orleans, and it's fun being a guitar player here. I'm satisfied teaching and playing. My ideal would be to be able to sit in with the good players in the city more. Of course, if we make a record, I'll leave town and be a star.

Lloyd Ellis


Who most influenced your style? Django Reinhardt. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? Jazz. Who is your favorite guitar player locally? "I don't really know anyone locally. I don't go to places when I'm off; either that or I'm out of town . . . Nationally? Barney Kessel, Charlie Byrd, Bud Ellis. What kind of instrument do you use? Johnny Smith Gibson. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? None. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? "For me, it's quite a pleasure, especially after 8 years in Vegas. I joined Pete 6 years ago . . . It's such a music mill there (Vegas) and here it's so relaxed . . . I love it here. I aim to stay.

Gary Hullette


Who most influenced your style? Johnny Smith, Howard Robert, Tal Farlow. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? Progressive jazz. Who is your favorite guitar player locally? "I haven't heard anybody play! Working all the time, it's next to impossible." Nationally? Pat Martino, Joe Pass. What kind of instrument do you use? Modified Gibson with a Bill Larns pickup. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? None. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? "This is a rough city. This is the toughest place to work there is. N.O. is overrated for its reputation for music as far as creative playing goes. I know a bunch of guys that are trying to work around town, some of them are pretty good players, and they're in hillbilly bands, hard rock bands, just to try and make ends meet. It's a rough place. It's a hard city to work in."

Austian Sicard


Who most influenced your style? John McLaughlin, Albert Lee, James "Honeyman" Scott (Pretenders), Duane Allman. What kind of music do you listen to for entertainment? My taste ranges from Phil Collins to Kenny Burrell. Who is your favorite guitar player locally? Bill Huntington. Nationally? McLaughlin, Scott. What kind of instrument do you use? Fender Stratocaster. What other accessories or gadgets do you use? None. What's it like being a guitarist in New Orleans in 1982? It's nice — easy — slow. There's enough work to keep a good guitarist afloat — not rich. The prospects of national recognition are there but the odds of success are small for the amount of good musicians here. New Orleans has its strong points — it's easy to survive here — not like L.A. with all that studio work, but as far as existing goes, it's fine.
Each instrument is designed specifically for the person that's going to play it. I carve the neck to fit their hand, I carve the body to match their body.

Although the business existed entirely on word-of-mouth advertising, its reputation was soon established. Here was a place you could go with nothing but an abstract version of your dream instrument in your head and walk out some months later with the real thing in your hand. The possibilities are almost endless, since Polopolus does not believe in limits. The hardest part for the customer is the wait: it takes from five months to a year to complete a Polopolus guitar. Even though some machinery is used in the beginning for construction of the instrument, most of the work is done by hand.

"Everyone has his own idea of what a perfect instrument is," Polopolus explains. "Each instrument that we make is designed specifically for the person that's going to get it. Everything as far as their body size, their weight, how aggressive or soft they play, the way they like their instrument to feel, is taken into consideration. I carve the neck to fit their hand, I carve the body to match their body. It's a very personal instrument." After getting a basic idea of what a musician wants, he draws sketches and makes a life-size mock up. These are shown and explained to the customer and then the actual construction of the instrument begins.

"The neck can be bolted on, like a Fender Stratacaster, and it produces a tone unique to it. The fundamental function of the neck being bolted onto the instrument is that it causes the neck to vibrate slightly differently from the body since it's attached by only four screws, and usually rather loosely. What happens is that you get cancellations of some of the upper and a lot of the lower frequencies since you have two pieces of wood vibrating asymmetrically. The second way to build one, which is similar to the Gibson Les Paul, is to glue the neck to the body. Since the neck is glued to the body there is more of a transmission from the vibrations produced at the neck by the strings and the fret to the vibrations that are received and produced at the bridge and the body of the instrument. This is very good, and usually a lot of the lower frequencies will start happening; you get more distinct notes, more notes true to form.

"The only method I've found that produces a true sound of the string and the longest amount of sustain is to have the neck running through the body. The string is attached at the peghead where the string is tuned, at the neck where the instrument is played. The bridge is embedded in the neck, and the tailpiece, which receives the end of the strings, is also embedded in the same solid mass of wood. When you have that you've got a solid rigid mass that vibrates completely, symmetrically, on the whole plane surface of the string, and this provides the purest tone and the most excellent sound quality. The sustain is much greater and there are fewer cancellations in frequencies since you don't have two pieces of wood that are disconnected or only connected by four screws."

Many different exotic-sounding woods...
are used, names that conjure up images of lush tropical paradises: African mahogany, bubinga (a type of rosewood), African ebony (the most expensive), all the way to Hawaiian koa and American birdseye. Although an instrument of similar quality can sell for as much as $3,500 elsewhere, your basic Polopolus guitar is in the neighborhood of $1,200. Why the lower prices when he could probably be raking in a lot more? "We love what we're doing. It's not like we're making boxes for money or making guitars for money. The $1,200 may seem like a lot of money but it's not when you consider that five months or more goes into it."

The scope of Polopolus Guitars goes beyond making and repairing instruments. Almost every major sound company in the area gets its p.a. equipment from them. They did the sound, in conjunction with Pyramid Productions, for the recent Rolling Stones party on the President. They construct most of the stage equipment for the Neville Brothers, conduct sixteen track mobile recordings, and design recording studios. Record companies such as A&M, Atlantic and RCA frequently point their own musicians in Polopolus' direction. "We try to stay about five years ahead of what's on the market," say Polopolus. "We've been very lucky that people in this area and Texas and Los Angeles have accepted our new designs and our ideas."

Jim Kane and Craig Courtney have been with Polopolus for four and two years, respectively, and play a large role in the production area. Kane is responsible for most of the construction of sound reinforcement equipment, and Courtney's specialty is constructing flight cases. "I can't imagine working anywhere else," Courtney told me. The atmosphere of the shop is certainly an appealing aspect of the business — a real sense of partnership, of working together to design and build everything to the best of their ability, seems to be the secret to the relaxed tempo of the place. Polopolus believes in keeping musician's hours: opening up at around one in the afternoon, and being accessible for practically 24 hours of the day to meet the needs of his customers.

Being connected with just about every aspect of the music industry, from the instruments to p.a. equipment, is what Polopolus Guitars boils down to — that, and the nearly lost art of creating completely functional and innovative designs that originate in someone's imagination, not on a corporate assembly line.
Painters often never receive their due recognition until well into middle-age. It is a notable achievement, then, that Douglas Bourgeois, at the tender age of 30, is already considered one of the master painters of New Orleans.

Actually, Bourgeois is a native and current resident of Gonzales in Ascension Parish, where he lives with his parents, several cows and a flock of chickens that lay blue eggs. Next to the chicken yard, in a tool shed, is where Bourgeois paints. He doesn’t own an easel so he merely tacks his canvases to the walls of the shed and for want of a fancy lighting apparatus, Bourgeois utilizes the same sort of portable extension light used by automobile mechanics the world over. His only other tools are a portable television set and a portable radio, both of which are usually turned on while he paints.

Bourgeois was recently selected as one of ten artists from ten different regions of the United States to receive a $15,000 fellowship as part of the first annual “Awards in the Visual Arts,” administered by the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art. An exhibition of the winning artists’ works will open May 6 at the National Museum of American Art. One of Bourgeois’ paintings, “The Removal of Frances Farmer’s Soul,” will also be included in a show entitled “The Human Figure,” opening March 6 at the Contemporary Arts Center.

Meanwhile, museums, banks and collectors join the waiting list of those wishing to acquire Bourgeois’ original works with current prices starting at $1,000 per canvas. Bourgeois doesn’t particularly care for all the bother and admits that he’s happiest when left alone with his two loves: painting and music.

When did you first start painting?

I started messing around with it when I was a little kid in school. I’d paint with tempera paints. I didn’t take any art through high school. I started painting on my own when I was about 18 and when I was 19, I started taking classes at LSU. I always made things rather than “official” paintings, I guess.

What sort of things?

Like when you take a little rock or something and you draw something on it. Craft-oriented things. Or like bulletin boards at school. The nuns give you all these colored pencils and say, “Go to work.” I was always picked out to do projects. So I’d have to say that I didn’t really think of being a painter until I was 19 or 20.

I still don’t draw. I draw onto a canvas but I very seldom make drawings. This drives some people crazy.

I’ll take the canvas and I’ll have an idea in mind of what I want. I’ll treat the canvas like a drawing — that is, I’ll erase and erase and erase. It looks like a contour drawing when I’m finished. There’s hardly any shading.

Douglas Bourgeois from Gonzales is the new darling of the New Orleans art world, but he doesn’t particularly care for all the bother. He’d rather be left alone with his two loves — art and music.

By Bunny Matthews
"Florence Ballard"
16” x 16” Oil 1981

"Elvis and Tuesday Weld Dream"
14” x 14” Oil 1981

PHOTOS COURTESY GALERIE JULES LAFORQUE
I keep working on the drawing on the canvas because I think everything has to be colored. The basic construction of it doesn't concern me as much as the color does. I consider myself more of a colorist.

I know I have to draw to get the painting done. I think I'm a better painter than a draftsman. My brother overheard somebody saying at the last show I had, "Well, it's obvious he can't draw!" I know, but I can paint — that's my shtick. But I think I can draw a lot better than I used to.

The closest I come to doing drawing is if I do a watercolor. That's about as spontaneous as I get. I do everything slowly. I paint slow; I read slow.

Do you work on several paintings at one time?

All this past year I would try to work on at least four at one time. I think the most I had going at one time was twelve — most of them for the last show at the Academy Gallery. I started twelve at one time and I don't think I'll do that again because it just seemed like forever before I could finish them all. The reason I do that is because there's so much that has to dry on one painting. While I'm letting something dry, I'll work on another one.

I keep doing these steps over and over that I usually do in the first stages of a painting. And then at a certain point, the painting sort of takes over me. I get on a run and have to finish the painting. I feel like I'm on a hot streak and the painting just sort of forces itself finished. Or I know that I can finish it without waiting for this to dry or that to dry.

Some oil colors take forever to dry — like red or yellow. I don't know why it is. Sometimes red paint will take two weeks to dry.

I used to work with acrylics in school. We used acrylics as watercolors and I would thin them out until they were opaque; I couldn't control the color-blending. I think when you mix acrylics they don't come out as pure as right out of the tube. Acrylics right out of the tube are beautiful but they turn to mud when I try to mix them. I decided to stay with oils.

You must use very tiny brushes...

Yeah. That's really the biggest expense I have — buying brushes. The paint goes a long way — I use very little paint. I buy
Triple-000 Grumbacher brushes — I don't even know if they're oil or watercolor brushes. They're sable.

When they're worn out to a certain point is when you want to use them and then you try to use them for as long as you can. You try to get a progression of broken-down brushes going. A lot of times when you go to buy those brushes, those are the ones the store is out of. So now when I buy them, I try to buy a slew of them.

Is it hard to concentrate when you're doing so many different paintings?

Not really. I think it used to be hard for me but in the last year I've done it so much that when I pull one out to paint, I sort of click into it. I get into the scenario of each one — what's going on in the painting — and then it's easy.

I know there's a certain amount of stuff I have to do on one painting at a time and I'll work on that for two or three days and then I'll put it aside and work two or three days on the next one. The hair and the eyes are usually the last things I do.

What about your fascination with Elvis Presley — is he one of your favorite characters?

Oh yeah — right now. I didn't have that many albums by Elvis before he died. One of the first 45's I got my aunt gave me and it was an e.p. with "Jailhouse Rock" on it. She gave it to me the same time she gave me the "Theme From Maverick."

I remember when I was 5 years old being in the yard — my mother was hanging out the clothes — and hearing "Hound Dog" on the radio. That was one of those primal moments. I can't erase that. It's the same kind of feeling as when I was in sixth grade hearing "I Want To Hold Your Hand" — it's real similar. There will never be any moments like that again.

In the last two or three years, I've gone and bought lots of Elvis albums — even some of the movie soundtracks. The only album by him I'd bought before he died was the soundtrack from Girls, Girls, Girls. Everybody in our house knew the words to all the songs — "Return To Sender," "Girls, Girls, Girls," all of them.

My music is really soul music. Right now, I listen to WYLD-AM. I can only get it in the daytime — I can't get it at night. I don't get WYLD-FM at night, either. When I don't like what they're playing on WYLD, I'll switch it to WXOK in Baton Rouge. You're surprised sometimes by what you hear on the station — Kraftwerk and the Tom-Tom Club. In the last year, I just haven't played as many records. I usually listen to music while I paint and I don't have a stereo where I paint so I listen to the radio. I've been buying more singles. I read about music more than I listen to it now. Last summer, I was in Austin and I found this store that had a lot of Bob Marley's records and I bought a bunch of them but I've only listened to them once or twice. I've got more interest than time right now.

Your painting of Florence Ballard, the ex-Supreme, is one of my favorites. I like the Motown executives with snakes wrapped around their eyes.

I was going to call it "Flo, She Didn't Know" but that would've negated what I was trying to say in the painting. It's like a tribute to Florence Ballard instead of kicking her in the chin when she's down. She's an American Supreme. They even let Mary Wilson make an album later on but poor Flo...

A lot of the paintings I do are about people who are underdogs. I like to champion the musical underdogs.

Who are your favorite underdogs?

[Pointing to an unfinished canvas] That's going to be called "Poet In Her Kitchen." It's Sylvia Plath. She used to get up at 4 or 5 in the morning to do a lot of writing before the kids would wake up.

[Pointing to yet another unfinished canvas] This one's going to be Inger Stevens, one of my favorite television stars. It's inspired by an episode of The Twilight Zone called "The Hitchhiker." In the episode, she's driving through the desert and this guy keeps sticking his thumb out. She won't pick him up and then she goes another hundred miles and there he is again. I think in the end he's Death or something. She picks him up and she dies. I wanted to make an analogy between her personal life and that episode.

What about the painting of Elvis and Tupelo High?

I had pictures from Wild In The Country, when they did a movie together. That's one of my favorites. I like all the movies before 1963. After that, you couldn't take him seriously. I think the picture of her is from more like 1968 — "Pretty Poison."

Is Elvis supposed to be dead in the painting?

No, he was like taking a nap. I really wasn't thinking about what he was doing. I just thought of it as a swoon or she has a dream or the person looking at the painting has a dream of what he sees.

You've never done any painting of New Orleans musical underdogs...

No. I was thinking at one time of doing the Dixi-Kups. There are so many. I'd like to see a picture of Jean Knight — I don't know what she looks like. She's got an album coming out. I had "Mr. Big Stuff" and then I bought "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do As Well As You." I think it's from the last year or two. I like the stuff she does that's just real funk.

Ricky Nelson — there's another guy I like. He's not very serious. He doesn't get to me as much as Elvis does. I like him because he doesn't take himself very seriously.

I get strange ideas about people that other people don't think warrant the time or the bother. I get an idea and I want to do it. I don't know why I want to do them. Somebody was asking me one day, "Why don't you pick on Queen Elizabeth?" They were seeing my paintings as picking on somebody.

I said, "I'm not really picking on these people. This is my way of bringing knowledge of them to the public."
TAKING THE A TRAIN

By Lucy Bighia

Fresh from Shreveport with a train-load of danceable, rocking music, the "A" Train Band wins fans wherever it goes.

All right, trivia buffs, how about a quick quiz to test your grasp of today's Louisiana music? What is it that always packs them in as far away as Dallas; belts out a sizzling mix of jazz, R&B, and rock 'n' roll; takes its name from the Duke Ellington classic, "Take the 'A' Train"; and hails from the unlikely musical spawning ground of Shreveport, Louisiana?

If you answered "A" Train — an apropos label if you've ever heard the band — give yourself a pat. If not, get a grip and read on; you just might want to catch the Train next time it steams into town.

Some four years after the group struck its first chord on the bare wood stage of Shreveport's Humphreys in the Square, "A" Train is pretty much of a fixture in northwest Louisiana music and an emissary from the bayou into the eastern reaches of Texas.

The band hasn't done too badly in southern quadrants either, guaranteeing packed houses whenever it plays Baton Rouge, commanding airplay on radio stations across the state, and watching its first of two albums roll into the black.

These six homegrown musicians, weaned on classical fugues and "white man's blues," continue to struggle for a cohesive image. The group's music is an upbeat mix of jazz, R&B, and rock 'n' roll, with just a dash of funk thrown in for flavor, but labels seem moot when "A" Train takes the stage. The band is irresistibly danceable, with sometimes tropical, sometimes rocking rhythm. It's not often a group can woo mellow jazz lovers and hardcore rockers in the same set, but for the Train — Bruce Flett, bass and vocals; Buddy Flett, guitar and vocals; Micki Honeycutt, vocals; John Howe, saxophones and vocals; Pat "Jake" Jacobs, drums; and Chris McCaa, keyboards and vocals — crowd pleasing is a cinch.

During a couple of recent interviews, "A" Train members took time out to share their feelings about the group's snowballing success and devoted following.

Bruce: "We kept being called a jazz..."
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band when we first started. Every time anybody labeled us, it was as a jazz band. We did some jazz, but I never really considered us a jazz band. Jazz can be a really broad term, and we can encompass blues, and blues can be a form of jazz, I guess.

"I think we're rhythm and blues, more than any other label. When I talk to a club owner who's never heard 'A' Train, I say we play rhythm and blues because rhythm and blues sells better in nightclubs than jazz. It sells more drinks and people can dance to it."

Buddy: "Man, you can't make no money being a jazz band, you know, unless you want to move to New Orleans."

As a matter of fact, Buddy did move to New Orleans a few years back to hone his skills on the guitar, but returned to Shreveport shortly before "A" Train formed.

Chris: "Our repertoire is so versatile that when we go from Louis Armstrong to Chuck Berry or some of our own songs - some of our stuff is really weird - it keeps people interested, instead of hearing the same thing all night."

Chris, who does the novelty tunes for the group, affects a gravelly voice somewhere between a seasoned Louis Armstrong and a youthful Tom Waits. Best known for his throaty renditions of "Caledonia" and "Mack the Knife," Chris won't go on stage without first setting a small model shark — a gift from an adoring fan — atop his piano.

"I'd get sick of playing if I had to play four hours of nothing but blues. But when you throw in a little rock 'n' roll, a little tiny touch of jazz, and a little tiny touch of funk every once in a while, it spotches things up, it breaks any kind of monotony thing that would be going on."

Despite marked commercial success in cities like Dallas, Shreveport, Alexandria, Monroe, and Baton Rouge, "A" Train has yet to really crack the New Orleans market. But that, band members say, is just a matter of time and timing.

John: "It's more of a personal audience in New Orleans than Shreveport."

John: "Dallas has a real open market as far as accepting people. They are open to say, 'Well, I like this band,' so they're real friendly. In New Orleans, it's been hard for us to break in... which is crazy."

Chris: "New Orleans dance bands are all funky. They're the New Orleans funk sound, which we don't do all the time. We pick it up with a lot of different kinds of music, whereas down there, they're geared to funk all night long, and they'll dance, and we're doing swing or some Chicago thing, and they're doing New Orleans."

John: "They might think we're real corny even, sometimes."

Buddy: "You know, New Orleans is real cool and they're their own people."

Chris: "And if you're not from New Orleans you ain't nothing but in Dallas, we get people with gray hair and coats and ties and shiny shoes!"
On Sunday nights the clock rolls back twenty years and New Orleans rhythm and blues stars perform again.

Winnie's Bar & Restaurant is located on A.P. Tureaud Avenue (Formerly London Avenue). The Barq's chalkboard and the defunct Jax sign make it look like any other neighborhood bar in the Seventh Ward. Inside is a long bar and lots of tables and chairs. A small bandstand is at the far end. Around 8 p.m. on Sundays, Winnie's starts to fill up, and by 9 no seats are left. Sunday evenings mean good times at Winnie's, for then there are three hours of live rhythm and blues, the same kind New Orleans was hearing twenty years ago.

R&B is still popular here, with the young as well as the old. Drinks are inexpensive and the atmosphere is a lot looser and noisier than similar live music venues in the city. The clientele consists of folks from the neighborhood and a number of the city's best R&B singers and musicians who come to sit in and see what their peers are up to.

The band is lead by guitarist Irving Bannister, a little-known but brilliant musician, who played on Danny White's hit, "Loan Me Your Handkerchief." The band kicks off with a couple of jazzy instrumentals. The sound is loose, ragged at times but right. After each number there is a flurry of shouts and applause. Often a musician is dropped between numbers to bring drinks back for the rest of the band.

Although Winnie's has no dance floor, the aisles do nicely. By the time the band's featured vocalist, Joe Francois, takes the bandstand, the volume of the group is matched by the noise from the audience.

Francois's short, energetic set features lots of modern fast-paced material. However, he handles the slow ballads admirably, milking them for every ounce. Often singing on one knee to one of the ladies at a nearby table, Francois then turns over the microphone to "one of the celebrities in the house." Lee Dorsey, Guitar Slim Jr., Jessie Hill, King Floyd, Tommy Ridgley, Little Sonny Jones - they all like to sit in and do a few numbers. Free from the compulsion to play top-40 disco, they can really let loose. This is where the true sound of New Orleans is preserved, and thrives. Here you can experience the atmosphere, the feeling, or whatever you want to call it, that is as much a part of rhythm and blues as the music is.

Little Sonny Jones is a Sunday night Winnie's regular. Sonny recorded with Dave Bartholomew's band on Imperial in the early Fifties, and worked as a warmup vocalist with Fats Domino early in his career. Today he works a day job and sings weekends. Sonny sticks to popular blues material, and "Driving Wheel" and "Something on Your Mind" brings a noisy applause, especially when Sonny ventures into the audience to sing them.

Sonny's set brings forth shouts of approval from Tommy Ridgley and Ernie K-Doe. The latter has become somewhat of a fixture around Winnie's. K-Doe demands the lion's share of the attention and time most evenings, but rightly so. Continually hyping himself, K-Doe acknowledges all the other performers in Winnie's. K-Doe of course is best remembered for his 1961 million seller "Mother-In-Law." It might have been two decades since he had a hit record, but Ernie K-Doe performs in Winnie's like he was auditioning for the Ed Sullivan show. His set runs through many of his hits - "Certain Girl," "Cried My Last Tear," "Hello My Lover," and the inevitable "Mother-In-Law." His voice has lost some of its smoothness but K-Doe re-
mains one of the most electrifying of all singers. He pushes the microphone stand down until it almost hits the floor, kicks it back with his foot while he does a spin, and then catches the mike behind his head! Most people in Winnie's have seen it done more times than they can recall, but it still brings forth howls of approval from behind the growing walls of empty Falstaff bottles.

Although sweat is usually pouring off Irving Bannister and his group, it's not time to take a break yet. There is usually a younger musician, like James K-Nine or Guitar Slim Jr., who presses to "do just a couple of short numbers."

Tommy Ridgley, who has been a musician and a recording artist for over three decades, comes by Winnie's Sunday night "jams" regularly. "I like to stop in when I'm passing through to see what's going on. It's really a fun thing 'cause I know there's no big money involved. Usually I like to watch, but I do a couple of numbers every now and then. Winnie's is the kind of place you go to get your act together. Really, there's no other place like Winnie's in the city. I wish they had more because musicians and singers can learn from each other, sort of like school."

Winnie's proprietor is Winnie Lear, who got into the live music business quite by accident. "I been in the bar and restaurant business three years now," he related. "I was just trying to get the restaurant and the bar off the ground. The idea to have live music wasn't mine, it was Sidney Quezergue's. (Sidney's brother is Wardell Quezergue, a noted New Orleans orchestra arranger.) We started the Sunday night thing two years ago, and it surprised me how many musicians make it. Johnny Adams, K-Doe, Little Sonny, Joe Johnson, and lots of those hungry cats."

What nights are most memorable to Winnie? "Has to be the night Ernie K-Doe had his birthday. Seemed like every musician in New Orleans was in here. They was just about fightin' to get up to the microphone. Lee Dorsey brought his whole band in here. I didn't get out of here till real early in the morning."

After a short break the musicians crowd back onto the bandstand. Quite often there'll be different horn players from the first set or perhaps a new bass player is added.

The time allotment for the featured singers is kept short because there is always somebody waiting in the wings for a chance. Since the next day is a work day the band usually closes around midnight. More often than not the final number is a rousing version of "Second Line." This always brings everyone to their feet in a hurry. The band packs up, and the last few patrons file out of Winnie's not long after the last notes are heard. But you can bet that they'll be right back in the same place come next Sunday evening.

—Almost Slim
In 1979, a saxophonist in his mid-twenties came to New Orleans from New Jersey to teach saxophone at Loyola University. On his way, Paul McGinley picked up a B.A. in Music Education from Glassboro State in New Jersey and a Masters in Jazz and Contemporary Media from the Eastman School of Music. McGinley left after his first year at Loyola to go on the road with Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd. Now Herman and the Herd, with sideman McGinley, are getting settled in their new home in the New Orleans Hyatt. McGinley has also resumed his teaching post at Loyola.

But his practical schooling does not end with the Herman band. McGinley sought the benefits of associating with virtuoso reedmen Phil Woods and Eddie Daniels. "I had studied in Philadelphia with bassist Al Stauffer. Al never went to a university but he had a great method of teaching scales and chords. By the time I went to Phil [Woods] I had a lot of the basic groundwork down. Phil would try to get me into sitting down a little more with the piano and learning a little more about composition. I never used to spend a lot of time writing, I still don't, but really that can be an important step in the development of a jazz player. "Then I went to Eddie [Daniels] because I wasn't really happy with my sound and that gave me some ideas."

Even with his intensive sessions with these jazzmen, McGinley still belongs more to the recent generation of musicians who have received the bulk of their training from academic institutions and in many cases, that training is heavily in the classical school. Of this recent trend, McGinley says, "When you finally get into jazz at a certain level, you have to realize that it goes a lot further than school. The best thing that can happen in school is that you can be put in situations where you can work out learning to play with other people, and hopefully in some kind of environment where you can just concentrate on being creative for awhile. I never really depended on school like some people who think that all you have to do is go in and do your lessons and then wonder why you can't be a player in four years. But that's not it at all. That's why I started studying with guys who are not affiliated with any schools, who are just working jazz players. With jazz, the kind of tradition it is, a lot of listening is involved. You take a lot from what people have done before you. In school they've got to say 'this is what you ought to be doing along the way.' "I don't think someone who is a real jazz educator would say 'this is the way you should play jazz.' I think conservatories can be wrong in thinking that's the way they can do it with classical music too. Much of what music is comes from the heart and you can't put that down on paper.

"But you need the experience of playing in school now because there are not as many working situations where you can make a living as a player as there were years ago."

In addition to playing six nights a week with Woody's band and teaching, McGinley fronts a mainstream jazz quartet with pianist James Drew, bassist Bill Huntington, and drummer John Vidacovich. It is the most dynamic group to emerge on the scene lately and is a perfect home for the very expressive alto and tenor work of McGinley. McGinley says, "I've never been in a group where everyone was so positive about playing together. There is a lot listening in this [group] and I'm not used to the intensity of concentration that happens on the bandstand sometimes."

The quartet can be heard most frequently these days at the Faubourg Jazz Club, but the guys are exploring new ideas for playing their music before the people. When asked about particulars, McGinley grinned and said that he would prefer not to divulge any details. The group has also been practicing new material, some standards and some compositions of pianist Drew, who is a prolific composer of jazz and new music.

Does McGinley see the quartet as having long term possibilities? "I do. But then I don't think of things too far in the future. "We're not trying to do this five nights a week. We're trying every time we play to make it something special."
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Percy Stovall can neither sing nor play an instrument. However, this man influenced and shaped the face of rhythm and blues in New Orleans the way no musician could have done. Stovall was to black music what Colonel Tom Parker was to Elvis. But the Colonel could have learned a few tricks from this veteran huckster.

From the late 1940s until 1977, Stovall was the top promoter, manager and hustler of live R&B in New Orleans and the Gulf Coast. It has been said that Stovall was the first person to bring rock 'n' roll to New Orleans in the Fifties. Virtually every black musician in the city has at one time or another worked for Stovall. His approach to the business was indeed novel, but extremely successful. Though strict (he fined groups for being late, drinking and smoking on the bandstand, and being sloppy), every musician knew if they wanted to work and make some money, they'd better get tied in with Stovall.

Now in his seventies, and nearly blind, Percy Stovall's mind is still keen enough to recall even the most seemingly trivial piece of information of his colorful career.

"I started booking musicians to pick up some extra money in 1949. I had The Pelican Lounge, over on South Claiborne, and had Edgar Blanchard and his group working for me at the time. He had Otis Ducker and June Gardner playing with him.

"This was the time that Paul Gayten and Annie Laurie had big records out and Larry Darnel, too. They needed a band, and some place to play outside of New Orleans. So I sold the club, and started booking the band into the small country towns from Houston all the way over to Pensacola."

Stovall's review slowly grew, adding Roy Brown and Chubby Newsome. "Edgar and the group worked for a long time at Don Robey's Golden Peacock Club in Houston," recalls Stovall, "but then the war started over in Korea, and it took away a lot of my musicians, so I got me a job in the post office, and forgot about booking musicians."

After working at the post office for a couple of years, Stovall was approached by blues guitarist Guitar Slim.

"I came home one night and here was this boy sitting on the front steps waiting for me. He had heard about me booking musicians. I really wasn't interested but he was sitting on the steps every night. He'd say, 'Stove, you can make as much money in one night as you do now in a week.' So after a couple of weeks I bought his bill of goods, and went back to working with musicians."

Stovall liked to hire his own bands, and augmented Guitar Slim's combo that had consisted of Huey Smith and Oscar Moore. "I added three horns to get a fuller sound from Slim. See, Slim was a great showman, but he weren't no musician. Hell, I had trouble getting musicians to work with him 'cause he was always dropping keys. Nobody ever knew what key Slim was playing in. Slim couldn't even play the guitar without a choker (capo). If you took his choker away he couldn't play. I used to worry sometimes and hid it. He'd be runnin' around sayin', 'Stove, where my choker at? I can't find my choker.' I'd say, 'I ain't seen it,' then I'd give it back to him just before he would go on.

"The first time I booked Guitar Slim was up in Nashville, Tennessee. I had him and Little Eddie (Eddie Lang, a guitar player from Slidell) on the same show. We went up to this club, really to audition. Now Fats Domino was playing his last night at the club and invited Slim up to do
a number. Well him and Little Eddie got up there and they both had 50 feet of wire on their guitar and started playing from all over the club. Then Little Eddie got on Slim's shoulders and they walked out the front door of the club!

Stovall admits he had his share of headaches, though, with the unpredictable guitarist. "Man, he loved to drink his wine. I had to watch him all the time. If I didn't he'd miss jobs and be late. But he was a hell of an entertainer."

One of his favorite stories about Guitar Slim took place in Monroe, Louisiana. "Fats and Slim played a Battle of the Blues in the Monroe Civic Auditorium. Fats' manager got drunk and I had to work the door. Man the place was packed. Slim had told Fats, 'Fats, I'm gonna run you off that stage tonight, boy.'"

"So Slim went on first 'cause Fats had all them hit records. Slim just tore 'em up. The place was going wild. Slim walked off the stage with his guitar and went out the back door of the auditorium and got in a car! Still playing! Everybody wondered where he went."

"When it come time for Fats to come on, Fats just told the people, 'Ain't gonna be no battle tonight. You just saw it.' So Fats just played his regular show."

Besides booking Slim throughout the area, he began handling some headliner groups from the rest of the country as his reputation as a promoter spread nationwide. During the Fifties Stovall had the entire Gulf Coast sewed up when it came to booking any R&B attraction. Stovall explains how it was done. "I had a boy stayin' with me from Moss Point. We got the World Almanac, and found out the populations of all the cities and towns in the south. We would call information in the town and ask for the black taxi company. We'd call the taxi company and ask 'em for the name of the biggest black nightclub. So when we found that out, it was easy."

"See I never worked on a percentage. When somebody wanted to work down here, I wouldn't buy 'em for one show, I get 'em for a dozen. I could get a price on that, 'cause most entertainers would jump at the chance to work 12 nights straight."

"So I'd get on the phone and call up these joints and tell 'em, 'Look, I've got Little Walter, or Jimmy Reed, or Big Joe Turner, and this is how much I want.' I could book a dozen jobs on the telephone in two hours. That way, even if you lost something one night, you'd be sure to make it up the next night."

"But I got to know when to book in certain towns. I'd always book blues up in those Mississippi towns like Clarksdale, Greenwood, and Canton around cotton pickin' time 'cause that's when those people had plenty money. They liked that low down guitar, and that harmonica. So we'd go through with Little Walter or Jimmy Reed and clean up."

Bluesman Jimmy Reed turned out to be quite a character, according to Stovall. "I could sit and tell Jimmy Reed stories for..."
two days!" laughs Stovall. "First time I seen Jimmy Reed, he come to my house with a guitar, an amplifier and one little old suitcase at my front door. He said, 'My name is Jimmy Reed.'

"Before I could say, 'Pleased to meet 'cha,' he asked me if the bar room on the corner sold any gin. I told him, 'That's what they're in business for.' So Jimmy went over to the bar, and I got him a room at the Gladstone Hotel, over on Dryades Street. Well, we had a job in Lafayette that night, and I sent Jimmy over to the hotel when he got back from the bar. That night we came by to pick him up, and he was layin' on the bed with gin bottles all over the room, out cold.

"The guys in the band asked me if he was dead. But I told them just to carry him into the car and get his guitar. Well, Jimmy Reed didn't move till we got to the club in Lafayette. He woke up just before he was suppose to play. Man, he was sober as a judge!"

Stovall concedes that his favorite type of music is rock 'n' roll, and he was the first to bring it to New Orleans. He recalls some of the originators of rock that he handled. "I knew Little Richard from when he worked at the Kitty Cat, a club next to where we played, in Nashville. He was a wild kind of guy, but when it came to takin' care of business, he was all right.

"Now Bo Diddley, he was kind of contrary. If you didn't have diamond rings on your hand, he wanted all his money before he would play. I worked with Chuck Berry, Gene Allison, Jesse Belvin, Gladys Knight and the Pips, Clyde McPhatter, lots of those people."

When speaking of the late Sam Cooke, Stovall's voice takes on a near reverent quality. "I met Sam Cooke," Stovall begins softly, "when he was staying at the same hotel as us, in Pensacola. He was still singing gospel with the Soul Stirrers. That particular night they had passed the hat at the church where they was singing, and they couldn't make enough money to hardly eat. So I bought Sam his supper that night, and for the next few days too. See there weren't too many hotels where black people could stay at in them times, so if you found a decent place it was worth travelling a bit to get back to.

"Sam was real thankful and told me, 'I sure appreciate this, Mr. Stovall. I'm gonna repay you some day. There's a man in New York that wants me to sing some blues and I'm gonna try it.'

"So he did, and he was about the biggest star there ever was. Every time he came down here we worked together. He always drew a crowd. The night he died, his manager called me at 5 o'clock in the morning to tell me he got shot."

Just about anybody that had a record out of New Orleans worked for Stovall, even Fats Domino. "I booked a few jobs for Fats, and he asked me to manage him. But I had Slim at the time, and I couldn't. But now Earl King, Professor Longhair and Smiley Lewis was real big in
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the Fifties — so was Frogman. I also worked with Robert Parker and Chris Kenner. But Chris embarrassed me — he just couldn't sing, but he insisted on it. Lots of times the whole band would get fired after one night, "cause he sounded so terrible."

Stovall was involved in managing the early careers of Ernie K-Doe, Irma Thomas, Barbara George, Bobby Mitchell, Eddie Bo, and Johnny Adams. His bands featured the likes of Allen Toussaint, James Rivers, and Dave Douglas.

In New Orleans, Stovall used The Dew Drop, Lincoln Beach, the Auditorium, and The Blue Eagle for his package shows. He recalls the famed Blue Eagle, which was located at 2026 Felicity Street: "People thought that was a big 'night club, but it wasn't nothing but a hole in the wall. It looked like the kind of place you'd come to change the oil in your car. But if B.B. King, Jnr. Parker, or Bobby 'Blue' Bland was there, there'd be a line to get in all the way to Dryades Street (two blocks)."

Promoting entertainment is a risky business, as Stovall is the first to admit. On more than one occasion Percy lost his shirt. He was especially leary of booking female singers. "See, it was tough to draw a crowd for a woman, 'cause the wives didn't want their husbands to go see them. I guess they was jealous. But now, if there was a man like Sam Cooke or Bobby 'Blue' Bland singing somewhere, man, they wouldn't let up on their husbands until they got to go. But they wouldn't go see another woman sing."

Throughout the Sixties Stovall booked all the big names in soul music. Sam & Dave, Jimmy Hughes, Joe Simon, Otis Redding, Johnnie Taylor, Solomon Burke, Joe Tex and a score of lesser known artists worked for Stovall.

By constantly listening for new trends in the music business, Stovall was able to maintain a successful operation. "I used to read Billboard and Cashbox to keep on top of what the public wanted. The way I see it, the blues was real heavy in the Fifties, but when Fats and Elvis came along, they stopped people like Louis Jordan dead in their tracks. But then when The Beatles and the soul music stuff came along, all the rock 'n' roll people were out of work."

Stovall continued booking entertainment well into the Seventies until a cataract condition forced him to slow up. Now in semi-retirement, Percy Stovall still books the occasional job for Johnny Adams, and handles Joe Simon when he works in Louisiana. The wall of his small Garden District cottage, which doubles as his office, is still covered with photos of R&B stars both past and present.

Stovall feels that promoters have a tougher row to hoe today than he ever had. "Back then people really knew how to go out and have a good time. They looked forward to going out and having a good time and spending some money. But today it seems like everybody just wants to sit at a table with a beer, and smoke grass. How can anybody make any money with people doin' that?"
DIXIANA, ET AL

The Great Depression had barely begun to seep through the cracks of this country's economic structure before a light bulb lit up over Hollywood's head. It was the birth of a notion, the idea being that talking pictures in general—and musical ones in particular—would seize Old Man Trouble off at the ankles.

By 1930, the lines at the box office were as long as those at the soup kitchen. A lot more harm was served at the former than at the latter.

Right off the bat that year, the boys at Fox smeared a thick layer of songs on a tired Booth Tarkington tale that had been filmed in silence, as it were, back in 1923. It was Canteo Kirby, set in antebellum New Orleans, and you could hardly hear the ruffles above the rustle of Creole City crinolines. Audiences from Walla Walla to Winona couldn't lap it up fast enough.

So by summer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer allowed as how it meant to deliver the real goods, meaning that its production of Great Day, with songs by Vincent Youmans, wouldn't only star Joan Crawford, if you please, but would also be shot on location in New Orleans. When the story opened, the public was told, Miss Crawford would play a 14-year-old girl, and before it was over, she'd descend a winding staircase (while Mammy and old Uncle George smiled proudly) singing "More Than You Know" in a low, pleasing voice.

For this town, the swelter of June pressed in gaseous weight. The wife of one highbrowed krewe captain is reported to have remarked, after seeing the movie, "If I live forever I'll never be more disgusted."

At the time, of course, she could not have guessed that four years later there'd be another picture show about Mardi Gras, in which Will Rogers stomped out into the revered Comus tableau and proceeded to perform—what else?—a lariat act.

* That's New Orleans Music in Film, the topic of a Wavelength series by Don Lee Keith dealing individually with the notable (and some not so) movie musicals set in New Orleans. Next: Mardi Gras.
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At the risk of being overly general, we can state that all blues originated in the Deep South. In fact, recognizing some exceptions, we can say blues music mostly arose from the Mississippi River delta area of Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas or the Louisiana-Texas territory. These were the two distinct blues scenes that had the most effect on rock music (recognizing the jazzier Kansas City blues scene.)

The South still serves as a source of great blues and R&B bands to this day. In fact, some very fine young whites blues bands out of Texas and Louisiana have begun to carry the Louisiana-Texas blues tradition to new audiences nationally though still retaining their most intense popularity in the Louisiana-Texas territory. The most prominent of these “blue wave” groups are the Fabulous Thunderbirds, the Cobras, Stevie Vaughan and Double Trouble, the Cold Cuts, Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets, the Juke Jumpers, Marcia Ball, Li’l Queenie and the Percolators, and Delbert McClinton. These groups have a distinctly more authentic blues sound than the northern and English white blues bands. As Bruce Iglauer of Alligator Records stated, “It’s really only those southern boys who can make the blues sound real, not fake, and that goes for black southern artists.”

Although the South was basically the source of blues and R&B and its unique and gifted artists, it had limited importance as a record-producing area, at least during the R&B years. (The emergence of studios in Muscle Shoals, Alabama, in Memphis, Tennessee, and in Nashville, and the development of Stax in Macon, Georgia, as a major record company, came during the so-called “soul” years of the mid-Sixties.) Apart from Pea-

By Hammond Scott
cock/Duke Records in Houston and Sun Records in Memphis, only two other southern companies were of consequence nationally in the R&B years: Excello Records and Ace Records. Most of the bigger name blues artists who remained in the deep south recorded for these labels. This category would include Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Earl King, Bobby "Blue" Bland, Huey Smith, Guitar Slim, Slim Harpo, Lightning Slim, Lazy Lester, Lonesome Sundown and scores of others.

Many blues and R&B artists migrated from the South to find greener pastures at the front doors of the nation's major labels in centers like Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, and Detroit. This category includes such luminaries as Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf, Otis Rush, T-bone Walker, Louis Jordan, Lowell Fulson, Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Freddie King, James Brown, Wilson Pickett, and too many others to even mention.

Sadly, though, the days are gone when you could have a national hit on a small label just because the disc jockeys liked your record. Those days produced such colorful record men as Don Robey, who owned the Duke, Peacock, Backbeat and Songbird labels. Robey's stable of artist included Bobby "Blue" Bland, Junior Parker, Big Mama Thornton, Johnny Ace, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, and less successful artists such as James Booker and Ernie K-Doe. Robey's Buffalo Booking Agency controlled the careers of many of the major rhythm and blues artists of the day, even artists such as B.B. King, Earl King, and Etta James who weren't recording for Robey. In addition, Robey controlled the southern black radio airwaves and owned the famed Bronze Peacock Club in Houston.

Being black required Don Robey to be especially tough to enter the record business in 1949. Successful he was, tough he was, respected he was, and feared he was because of his aggressiveness as well as his volcanic temper. Walter Andrus, a recording engineer on many of his sessions, told Joe Nick Patoski for a Rolling Stone obituary: "He was just like a character out of Guys and Dolls. He'd have a bunch of heavy guards around him all the time, carrying pistols and that kind of stuff, like a czar of the Negro underworld."

Even when times got tough for rhythm and blues during the psychedelic and rock era of the late Sixties and early Seventies, one of Robey's artists continued to go strong — Bobby "Blue" Bland. Between 1956 and 1970, Duke Records had at least thirty-six national chart hits with Bland, who still lives in Memphis. Bland now records for MCA as a result of Robey selling his labels to MCA in 1973 for well over one million dollars. Robey died in 1975 at the age of seventy-one.

As Dr. John observed in an unpublished portion of his recent Wavelength interview, "Bobby 'Blue' Bland, B.B. King, and Junior Parker were like the Count Basie of the deep South with their hot horn sections and the addition of tough highly-amplified guitars. Their influence on New Orleans music is undeniable and many of our best musicians have worked for these guys. An example of this effect is the grass roots acceptance and love of Bland in small music-starved pockets of Louisiana and Texas. Bland still works the Louisiana-Texas territory very hard in addition to his international appearances. No town is too small to guarantee him a packed house at top dollar.

The "chitlin' circuit" of the deep South still exists. In Louisiana, Texas and Mississippi, the rhythm and blues greats are still big stars. Even without national hits, they continue to be popular and keep their music pretty well undiluted and uncompromised by present commercial considerations.

The strong musical tastes of our territory have given rise to a number of small, territorially distributed labels like Stan Lewis' Ronn and Jewel Records of Shreveport, Senator Jones' HEP Records of New Orleans, and Jay Miller's Blues Unlimited label out of Crowley, Louisiana.

Though Blues Unlimited is a new label with its chief star being accordionist Stanley Dural, a.k.a. "Buckwheat Zydeco," Jay Miller is a veteran of the Louisiana-Texas music scene. Jay Miller was the discoverer, producer and purveyor of artists Slim Harpo, Lightning Slim, Lonesome Sundown, Katie Webster, Lazy Lester, Whispering Smith and many others who had great regional success, mostly in the Fifties, on Miller's Excello label.

Much in the vein of those Excello artists, Buckwheat Zydeco turns down top national showcase club dates for the better paying and more dependable circuit of small clubs and dancehalls in an area bordered by New Orleans, Houston, Austin, Dallas, and Lafayette — much the same circuit his mentor, Clifton Chenier, has ruled for the last twenty-five years. Like Chenier and Rockin' Dopsie, Buckwheat also goes to the West Coast and makes European tours. In fact, Buckwheat even had a tour of Jamaica this past summer. The thing that is remarkable about Buckwheat is that he is a young thirty four year old entertainer with a young band on a young label, proving that the whole Louisiana-Texas tradition is being infused with new blood, alive and still a vital force to the people of the home turf.

New Orleans' Johnny Adams is another example of an artist continually coming out with excellent records that get good regional airplay. This allows Adams to continue to ply his craft to appreciative audiences at the many small black nightspots that dot southern Louisiana and the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

As we stated at the first of this story, the torch is being picked up by many blues and rhythm and blues oriented white bands touring the same musical tire prints laid by their forebearers and mentors. The future of the Louisiana-Texas territory looks good, as it is beginning once again to have some national impact. With culture escaping our environment in so many ways, it's reassuring that the Louisiana-Texas territory continues to prize its rich musical and culinary heritage.
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THERE IS A LIGHT

Bob Marley: Soul Rebel—Natural Mystic
By Adrian Boot and Vivien Goldman
St. Martin's Press

This is essentially a picture book with two essays, the first an appreciation of Bob Marley's career and the second a reporting on the Marley funeral. The photographs are by Adrian Boot, the official tour photographer for Bob Marley. The two essays are by Vivien Goldman, a staff writer for two of the major British music magazines. The photographs succeed wonderfully. The writing, although at times inspired, is not as insightful. However, at $6.95, the current cost of an album, this book is a good buy.

Many of the black and white photographs are stunning, some of the more effective and evocative shots of Marley that exist. Marley is shown in various moods (there are hardly any poses, and only a few publicity shots) and engaged in various activities. Moreover, there are excellent tour shots, good funeral shots—the Bob Marley funeral was an event—and particularly sharp cameos of various reggae artists and Marley family members.

For example: a dreaded Bunny Wailer, his locks thick as hemp ropes, stands with only running shorts, socks and sneakers on, the sinewy muscles of his torso subtly bespeaking his healthy lifestyle. Sitting beside the standing Bunny Wailer is Peter Tosh, a spliff in hand and unmistakable love and admiration in his eyes as Tosh gazes at Bunny. The facing page features Lee Perry and son. Lee Perry is a legendary reggae producer who helped Bob Marley early in Marley's career. Lee sits, a cap on his head, his hands appearing to rest on an imaginary table before him, the large vein in each arm running strongly across well-formed biceps toward the talented hands whose fingers caressed many a control board in engineering a unique sound.

For example: a close-up head shot of Rita Marley, a trace of a smile on her full, though closed, lips, a braid and small gold chain interwoven in her hair, and a beaded earring highlighted in sharp relief, its white beads contrasting against Rita's dark skin and black hair. That shot is preceded by a high contrast shot of Bob Marley and The Wailers from the Survival session and, on the overleaf, a two-page spread of The I-Threes—Judy Mowatt, Rita Marley and Marcia Griffiths. They are majestic, Judy's right hand raised, conjuring a spell, Rita's eyes half closed, entranced, her fingers wrist high ready to snap, and Marcia, her head back shouting out song.

And then there are all the Marley shots: A two-pager of him, his arms outstretched, head high, far away look in his eye, right hand outstretched, each finger visible, and left hand closed, clenched in a fist. Or, youthful and pensive, his dreadlocks just beginning to grow out. And so many, many more.

For the pictures alone, this book is worth every penny of the price. But there is more.

Goldman's two essays offer interesting and important information about Bob Marley. The book also includes a detailed discography (without record label numbers, however). That is another important plus.

The funeral essay is a brief eyewitness account which opens with: "The day before the funeral the body of Berhane Selassie (meaning: Light of the Trinity—Marley had taken the new name when he was accepted into the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, in New York, shortly before he died), lay in state at the National Arena, a huge concrete gymnasium originally built for the British Commonwealth Games." It closes with: "Rita said that after all the pain, it was better that Bob should be at rest here in Nine Miles where he'd been happy. One thing she was sure of. 'The works will continue.'" One reads the text, learns about Marley's rural birthplace, gets a description of the funeral service and procession, but, nonetheless, remains captivated by the photographs which say much more than the words do about the
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majesty and passion of the occasion of Bob Marley's (in the words of the Rasta Man Chant song) "flying away home."

The opening essay is much more substantial. Part of it is history. It retraces the beginning of Marley's career and recounts the twists and turns, the triumphs and disappointments, the pain of the cancer's eviscerating progress from a small toe injury to the dropping out of Marley's dreadlocks as a result of the chemotherapy cancer treatment. Goldman shares with us the development of the various albums, which were an art unto themselves. The Wailers were the first group to record on high quality recording equipment.

Also there are quotes from various interviews and a recounting of the assassination attempt on Bob Marley. All of this is important information.

But beyond presenting information, when it comes to critical interpretation and projections concerning the meaning and substance of Bob Marley's music from a cultural perspective, Goldman is like a fish trying to fly. His natural habitat is the water, is reporting. Although fish may jump out of the sea, and some species even hurl themselves for yards across the waves, eventually they all must reside in the sea. Goldman is unable to move beyond his own watery limitations. Thus, he falters at crucial times.

One example: Speaking about Marley's political development, Goldman says, "With time, he grew more outspoken, if that were possible, openly scathing about the 'white man's shitstems' ..." and goes on to note, "He (Marley) is unconcerned about bending his music specifically to gratify foreign ears." Yet, on a different page earlier in the essay, Goldman states, "The process of Marley being accepted, though never colonised, by the rock audience begins with the eloquent rock guitar leads on Catch A Fire (overdubbed by American session man Wayne Perkins) ..." Goldman does not attempt to reconcile nor explain why "rock guitar leads" were added. The answer is obvious, so obvious that Goldman concluded the paragraph containing the aforementioned sentence, "The Wailers' 'crossover appeal' to the rock ear was generally based on the guitar work, and smooth production."

...A much more penetrating analysis of Marley's music was presented by reggae poet/writer Linton Kwesi Johnson in the British-based magazine Race Today. Johnson referred to the internationalization of reggae that Marley accomplished and dissected its various elements. That kind of analysis is what Goldman does not give.

But that caveat aside, Goldman does provide a very good introduction to those who would like to know about Bob Marley. And this book of photographs and words is a moving and significant tribute to a man whose music embodied the best of his times, his culture, and his people's spirit.

— Kalamu ya Salaam
OUT-OF-TOWN ACTS: A CONSUMER GUIDE

The names are strange to you and your funds are too low to experiment. Which of the out-of-town acts are worth risking a cover charge for?

Local music followers sometimes complain of the lack of variety in the fare presented at their favorite clubs, and local club owners are often frustrated by the lack of patrons turning up at their clubs when they bring in new and out-of-town acts. So Wavelength decided to ask several owners about some of the music they bring in, and we pass their recommendations on to you.

On the regular club scene, the bands mentioned most often as deserving a larger audience are the Lotions, the Cold Cuts and the Cobras. Of the Lotions, who are out of Austin, Bud Whelan of Tupelo's Tavern says "they have the stigma of being a white reggae band." He feels that Texas bands in general don't draw as well as they should in New Orleans - "Austin is just inundated with music of all sorts and types, but people here just follow the same stuff around. The Lotions' new album is very hot in Austin right now, but they have a hard time getting people out here."

Another act Whelan recommends is A Train, "probably the best band in Louisiana, bar none, for having a good time."

Jimmy Anselmo, owner of Jimmy's, also mentioned the competition out-of-town bands face, going up against the Radiators and the Nevilles and so forth. "We've got a lot of tremendous talent here in New Orleans," he says, and in fact he has had to cut back some on the foreign acts he presents. Even "name" acts aren't guaranteed successes: "Joe 'King' Carrasco doesn't draw as well as he should. And you take Clifton Chenier — he's almost like Professor Longhair was. There should be five hundred people coming to a club to see him."

Anselmo says he hopes the situation improves so that he can add more variety to his schedule, but with people having to be so careful with their entertainment dollars, to do so now would be a risky proposition. "Guitar bands tend not to make it so well in New Orleans. Guitar work is just not that well respected here," says John Kelley, manager of Tipitina's, discussing why the Cold Cuts and the Cobra's aren't more popular. "Really, blues bands in general have a hard time."

Both those bands play footpounding, rowdy blues, and the people who do go to see them report having a great time. Kelly also mentioned Anson Funderburgh and the Rockets and Charlie Musselwhite as acts people might want to check out. A band who makes its New Orleans debut at Tip's on the 11th of this month is Moondog, from Oklahoma City. Currently on tour in Canada, they are an unusual and entertaining group with several albums out.

The problem even reaches out as far as Kenner and Richie's 3-D, which recently took the relatively bold step of presenting Irma Thomas on one night and the Neville Brothers on another, "bringing uptown..."
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music out to Kenner." Steve Scaffidi, manager at the club, says they are trying to broaden the spectrum of music there, but that it's very hard. "We recently had John Stewart, who toured with Stevie Nicks and is one of the most requested studio musicians anywhere, but he doesn't have a following and drew very poorly." Nevertheless, he'd like to have Stewart return. Steve is also experimenting with having new and out-of-town acts play two nights: "You can't do it too much, but sometimes it works out that the people come back and bring more people with them." Jerry Reed and Bo Didley are two occasional visitors to the 3-D that he recommends as well worth catching.

The most glaring example of under-attended performances by visiting musicians has to be the Xenia Foundation series of concerts at the Faubourg. The series has brought in people like Eddie Harris, Nat Adderly and Joanne Brackeen; yet the club is not filling up with jazz fans. The Xenia Foundation loses thousands of dollars a year on the project. Jonathan Rome, Director of Operations for the Foundation, attributes this partly to the fact that "a lot of people we bring down here are musicians' musicians." He would like to see a greater response from the city, but drawing large crowds is only one objective of the program. "We want to establish jazz in the South, in New Orleans," he says determinedly. "The artists come in, do clinics, go to the schools, do workshops, play with the local musicians." They do not bring their normal sidemen with them, performing instead with the cream of our talent; the potential benefits behind this kind of approach are numerous and obvious.

Dormant during the summer (aren't we all), the Xenia Foundation sponsors about fifteen different performers during the rest of the year. The spring series kicks off with Mike Nock appearing March 25, 26 and 27, followed by Randy Brecker on April 1, 2, and 3. Mose Allison, John Scofield, and David Liebman and Richard Beirach are also scheduled. All shows are at the Faubourg on Frenchmen Street and the cover is usually five dollars. Some extraordinary music is offered at these performances.

There are of course many other acts deserving of mention here, and many other places in which to hear them. To provide a complete guide would be nigh impossible, not to mention tedious. Individuals can find out more about particular bands by asking friends, calling the clubs, checking the papers and so on. We suggest you give a few of these bands a listen — after all, your favorite local band will be around next weekend, too. If you really feel daring some night, pick a band you've never heard, preferably at a club you've never been to, and give it a shot. You may run into something that sounds like a crowing rooster courting a tomcat duet, and you may also run into some new and very exciting music.

— Keith Twitchell
THE THREE GODFATHERS
OF ONE MO' TIME

In the development of this popular jazz musical is the story of contemporary New Orleans jazz itself.

Although articles have appeared here and elsewhere about the smash musical One Mo' Time, authored and conceived by Vernel Bagneris, the musicological roots of that production have been taken for granted, if not ignored completely. In that development is a story of contemporary New Orleans Jazz itself, with its often awesome appeal, and a reverence for the past.

Among the musical "godfathers," if you will, of One Mo' Time, several deserve recognition for their role in the realization of the musical production; two are still alive and one has passed on.

These were three disparate godfathers, much like the old John Wayne film (Three Godfathers): John Robichaux — old New Orleans Creole, now deceased, who led a popular orchestra in the Twenties; and Lars Edegran and Orange Kellin, both foreign born, newcomers to America and New Orleans, both very much alive and well and in the New York pit band of One Mo' Time.

Orange and Lars personify the drawing power of jazz. Both are Swedish and as teenagers performed in traditional jazz bands throughout Scandinavia. Their recordings of that period reflect promise and energy. They wanted to come to New Orleans to learn about and play this music. Lars emigrated first, got established, and

Orange followed a few months later in October 1966. Their personalities are definitely "Old World industrious." They worked day jobs as roofers and carpenters and played music when and where they could; Kellin resided in an apartment above Preservation Hall upon his arrival. They both joined AFM local 496 (the so-called "black musician's union" before its merger with Local 174 over a decade ago) as teenagers for reasons of expediency. Orange Kellin was recorded within weeks of his arrival on Center Records (the tapes of which were recently re-released by Biograph Records).

Lars and Orange did more than play jazz. With almost an archaeological interest, they delved into the roots of the music. Living in the French Quarter they got to know the omnipresent jazz historian Richard Allen, who was then heading up the Hogan Jazz Archives at Tulane University. Dick Allen and Lars enjoyed each other's substantial record collections and Lars rummaged through the archives and discovered the original John Robichaux arrangements for his famous orchestra that was a local legend in the formative years of jazz in the early 1900s.

Just how did the John Robichaux Orchestra fit into the development of jazz and its impact on One Mo' Time? In the early 1900s, the halcyon era of Buddy
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—Rhodes Spedale
Jamaican music finds a brand new label, thanks to Rounder.

The unavailability of records by most Caribbean artists has kept some outstanding music away from the ears of the average American record buyer. Until recently, domestic labels like Mango Island, Nonesuch and Charlie's have been the only companies to distribute and promote island sounds, and contracts with these labels partially account for the American success of Third World, Jimmy Cliff and Bob Marley. This month, however, Rounder Records, the domestic label that distributes such artists as James Booker, Gatemouth Brown and John Hammond, is strengthening a movement begun last year by Shanachie Records to "answer the growing demand in the U.S. for true Jamaican reggae and other Third World music." Their newly created Heartbeat Records label will be repackaging (but hopefully not re-mixing) music previously released only on Jamaican and British labels, for distribution to stores and radio stations throughout the United States.

Like Shanachie Records, which is now distributing the great Augustus Pablo's album East of the River Nile around the country, Heartbeat is featuring some of the best, but not necessarily the most commercial, Jamaican music, and for this they should be applauded. Their first three releases are offshoot forms of reggae: dub, deejay and dubpoetry, by Mikey Dread, Big Youth and Linton Kwesi Johnson, respectively. I hope that Heartbeat will continue to pick artists of this calibre, and that they will soon include some other "Third World sounds," especially from Trinidad.

Dread Beat an Blood
Linton Kwesi Johnson
Heartbeat 01

This album, LKJ's first, originally appeared in England in 1978. As the liner notes accurately claim, the album "...is not pleasant, it's not sweetened...it's genuinely threatening music." The vocals consist of LKJ's poetry, chanted in a monotone that rises and falls with passion, describing people and events of Brixton and other black communities of Great Britain. Song titles such as "Five Nights of Bleeding" and "All Wi Doin is Defendin" are indicative of the nature of this record. Accompanying the poetry is some of the finest dub to come out of England. The whole band, including LKJ, are Jamaican emigrants, and they are tremendous musicians, playing in a highly percussive dub style.

Beyond World War III
Mikey Dread
Heartbeat 02

Besides being the most accessible of these three Heartbeat albums, this album also has the distinction of containing a bountiful 58 minutes of music. Mikey Dread's dub is hard. What sets it apart from other dub artists like Scientist, Prince Jammy, etc., is its occasional touches of non-Jamaican influences such as piano solos. The nasal quality of Mikey Dread's voice takes a while to get used to, but you'll learn to love its flowing, behind-the-beat phrasing. This is a great album.

Some Great Big Youth
Big Youth
Heartbeat 03

Although he started his career in the typical Jamaican deejay fashion of singing over other artists' versions, Big Youth now writes his own music. His recording career has included many songs of witty and serious social commentary, but he has also always had a penchant for crooning some songs like a Las Vegas night club singer. Unfortunately, the latter style is prominent on this album, reaching the lowest depth with "We Can Work It Out." The album is a compilation of cuts from his last three albums and a recent single, all original except for the Beatle song.

The Lotions
Stork Records
SK-2001

And last but not least, those white boys from Austin, Texas, The Lotions, have recorded their first album, and it's available around town. Anyone who has seen the band's predominantly roots reggae live shows will be surprised to find this album sounding more like a cross between the Clash (instrumentation) and the Monkees (vocals). Whether or not it sells, it was courageous to record their own music rather than relying on their immense skill at reproducing Jamaican roots reggae.

— Gene Scaramuzzo
You may think they're funny, or you may think they're irritating, but the fact is, they're the hottest sale item to come along in the record industry in years.

The DJ looks over the sedate dance floor. He knows what will get everybody up. Then from the columns of his disco machine, at a decibel level slightly in excess of your everyday pile diver, comes:

"Get up, get up. Ya got to get on up. You got to get up to get down. It ain't nothin' but a party That makes ya shake your body, When the Sugar Hill Gang's in town."

The reaction is generally the same as pandemonium breaks out and the dance floor fills.

Call it mindless drivel, or call it good dance music. Either way you translate it, the 12-inch disco rap record has become "absolutely the biggest sales item to come along in the record industry in years," according to Malaco Records business manager Stewart Madison.

The trendsetters in the disco rap racket are the Sugar Hill Gang, that pioneered the style with "Rapper's Delight," released in September 1979. Since then, a rash of clone raps have invaded both record stores and the record charts. Currently they are the strongest sellers with the 12- to 20-year-old Latin and black record buyer.

"That first record by the Sugar Hill Gang," continued Madison, "sold more than any single or 12-inch ever," Jeff Fontz, a record buyer in New Orleans All South Record Distributors, concurs. "We did 30,000 on that record, and that's unheard of."

The chief mover behind the Sugar Hill Gang phenomenon is Sylvia Robinson, a real veteran when it comes to popular black music. Robinson was one half of the blues duo Mickey and Sylvia, of "Love Is Strange" fame. Later she and her husband, Joe, formed All Platinum and Vibration Records in Englewood, New Jersey. Sylvia had a hit with the sensuous, not so subtle, "Pillow Talk," and produced one of the first disco hits, "Shame, Shame, Shame," by Shirley and Company (New Orleans' own Shirley Goodman). It was her record company that staked the first Sugar Hill Gang effort, pulling their record company out of five years of obscurity. Since then they have continued with a steady stream of similarly constructed 12-inchers and created a competitive national disco rap record business.

One of the appeals of the 12-inch discs is the price. They list at $4.99, but usually sell for as much as a dollar less than that. Buyers feel this is a good bargain for as much as 12 minutes of continuous dance music.

The strength of the rap record market is in Los Angeles, Miami, Washington, and most importantly, New York. New York is frequently used as a test market for this type of record, often chalkling up sales of as much as 100,000 in Manhattan alone. It is no wonder that most companies specializing in the 12-inch rap records are located in New York or nearby.

Another lure of the 12-inch record is the instrumental B side that is often included. It serves as an invitation to imitate and even make up your own rap to the disco backdrop. It is the perfect accompaniment for the popular "humpin' contests" that many discos now feature.

"Rap records are the thing at discos," says Dynamite Red, a New Orleans disco DJ. "They get people up to jam and dance. The people really get down when they hear 'em."

Because of their popularity in black and Latin nightspots, records that are often overlooked and ignored by radio stations still become good sellers. And even if you dislike the rap records, you still have to admit they are infectious . . . The worst thing about the rap record is trying to get a rap tune out of your mind.

—Almost Slim
A TRIBUTE TO TWO TOUGH COOKIES

Ethel Waters and Mildred Bailey were two legendary songstresses whose talent surpassed their peers and continues to surpass their successors.

If lady singers were animals, to stretch a Grandville-like conceit, Bessie Smith would be a cow rhinoceros sending forth a mating call, Gertrude Lawrence a sleek ocelot with a bit of respiratory trouble, Ella Fitzgerald a majestic but vocally playful matriarchal sea lion, Cass Daley a hyena, Billie Holliday a dying lioness hit by a stray bullet that at first maddens, then saddens her, and Ivie Anderson of course would be a hyrax at first maddens, then saddens her, and bafflement, Mabel Mercer some immobile, powerful but capable of great delicacy, be champion Percherons - big animals, putting their immense hooves just so, and nicknamed (like Waters, she never seems to tax her voice and one wonders after a bit if this is an enormous range of her records) and like

"The Mooche" and "Hot and Bothered" and "Creole Love Call" - but as a tangible force in the ensemble. Waters' incredible swing and phrasing, some of which still sounds advanced, often made her backup groups sound dusty and archaic as they tried to play straight melodic lines behind her constant embellishments - Waters brings a real touch of bel canto to material as diverse as "Shake That Thing," "Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," the almost lieder-like reading of Berlin's "Waiting At The End Of The Road," the wittily topical (for 1931) "You Can't Stop Me From Lovin' You."

A brilliant actress - one fake English pronunciation on an absurdity called "You Can't Do What My Last Man Did" is followed by the growing challenge, "Come get me, Ethel Barrymore!" Waters is really always herself on her records. It's easy to forget the unattractive woman with the radiant grin alternating with the sullen mask of her photos when one hears her kidding, something she did superbly, on tunes like "Honey In The Honeycomb" (one of the most marvelous scenes of Cabin In The Sky has an elegantly dressed Waters reprise the song first sung by Lena Horne and then demonstrate what hot-mamas are made of as this overdressed, corpulent woman with an unflattering clamped-down processed hairdo cut a jitterbug to end jitterbugging) or "Am I Blue?" with the dexterous swooping transpositions. Waters had a technique that any diva might envy and, combined with her sense of humor and sex and her incomparable rhythm, she remains a titanes.

Waters is the greater singer, I guess, and possibly The Great Popular Singer Of The Century; as an influence on subsequent singing styles, she is more insidiously widespread than anyone save perhaps Armstrong (Crosby and Ma Rainey and Connee Boswell ought to be included too). But unlike any of these singers, Ethel Waters is the rainbow bridge between blues and bawdy-house risques and Broadway and Tin Pan Alley - only

"One of the most marvelous scenes of Cabin In The Sky has an elegantly dressed Waters reprise the song first sung by Lena Horne and then demonstrate what hot-mamas are made of as this overdressed, corpulent woman with an unflattering clamped-down processed hairdo cut a jitterbug to end jitterbugging) or "Am I Blue?" with the dexterous swooping transpositions. Waters had a technique that any diva might envy and, combined with her sense of humor and sex and her incomparable rhythm, she remains a titanes.

Mildred Bailey, next to Waters, virtually a case study - unhappy because she thought she was unattractive yet, on the evidence of those who knew her, singularly vain; possessed of superb technique which almost seems, deceptively, like laziness (like Waters, she never seems to tax her voice and one wonders after a bit if this is because she simply isn't daring with material - not true when one looks at the enormous range of her records) and like
Waters, with a crystalline childlike tone more attuned to humor than heavy drama.

Bailey, described by Henry Pleasants as "a great and lonely artist," is a sort of best-chum-oh-you-really-a-brick-Millie kind of gal next to Waters capability of a surfeit of hot-cha. Bailey's romantic laments are less affecting than her records wherein the promise of happiness seems assured — for instance, "Don't Be That Way" with its hair-raising final scatted roulades, "I Thought About You" (a rendition as sadly, chillingly insouciant as Bailey's definitive rendering of "Thanks For The Memory" delivered with a breathtaking combination of cynicism and musicianship), "All The Things You Are," "I Let A Song Go Out Of My Heart," "It's The Natural Thing To Do" (a summation of Bailey's attitudes about herself, only half-joking), and the underrated tearjerker "Don't Take Your Love From Me."

Her great gift as a lyric interpreter was as a humorist — songs like "Weekend Of A Private Secretary," "Squeeze Me" (there's a wonderful live recording of this with La Bailey laughing as though she realizes it would be as easy to get your arms around Central Park), "Shoutin' In That Amen Corner" and "Is That Religion?" and "Don't Worry 'Bout Strangers," the exasperated reading of "Heaven Help This Heart Of Mine," Fats Waller's immortal bit of double-entendre combined with the domestic genre still-life "A Porter's Love Song To A Chambermaid" ("I will be your clothespin, be my pulley line, we'll hang out together, wouldn't that be fine?") and even that much-maligned bit of High Forties esoterica "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing In A Hurry" — made much funnier by Bailey's breathless grip on the machine-gun lyrics, the mental pictures of Mildred spinning through the several dozen steps named, and the out-of-nowhere burst of lyric coloratura at the end — Betty Hutton's original rendering, all rattling milkbottles and typewriter-carriage-speeded nail chewing and howler-monkey vocals, pales in comparison.

What makes these women great singers? They both seem to me to tower above their contemporaries and not simply because I have been listening closely to them for fifteen years; I've been listening to others that long too; certain singers represent a triumph of hard-sell-hard-shell style over both their own vocal limitations and their trivial material. Others blend with their material sometimes giving it so much personal, confessional weight and authority that it is almost too much to bear (you can hear Piaf and Billie Holiday going into their final tailspins on their records if you want to . . . ). Ethel Waters and Mildred Bailey keep a middle ground, almost partially applying peerless technique to a large range of music. This in itself is greatness — they simply sing good songs well and bad songs well. And without being disdainful about it, it looks like they're going to outlast their competition.

— Jon Newlin
SYMPHONY TO MOVE TO THE ORPHEUM

This fall, the New Orleans Symphony will move into its new headquarters at the Orpheum Theatre, a facility reputed to have acoustics to match those of Carnegie Hall.

In February 8, in conjunction with its announcement of the details of the 1982-1983 season, the New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra formally announced what we have known for some time: that they will move permanently to the Orpheum Theater as of the first concerts on September 21-22, 1982.

This is wonderful news, for it means that orchestra and audience will no longer have to put up with the abysmal acoustics and sloppy management of the New Orleans Theater of the Performing Arts. Not only does this hall swallow the sound produced by the orchestra like some enormous sponge, leaving no sizzle for the audience, but the management and stagehands have been singularly unhelpful in alleviating the acoustical problems. The shell which is meant to reflect and focus sound from behind the orchestra and project it into the hall has never been adjusted correctly, not through failure of the orchestra to request it. Furthermore, it was not unheard of for plaster to fall on musicians during performance, or rain, for that matter. And then, the gaping holes above the players remained to channel the sound away from the audience. For some reason that is known only to those involved, the orchestra could never be moved forward on the stage so that its sound would not be swallowed by the backstage area, leaving the impression in the hall that they just couldn't play loudly. Finally, the lights in the hall are kept so low during performance that nobody can see, either to read a score or a program, or to take notes; and the great visual contrast involved in sitting in darkness while looking at a brightly lit stage wears the eyes, creating discomfort in the audience, and also acts as a soporific, making attention sometimes difficult.

The Orpheum is designed much like Orchestra Hall in Chicago and the Academy of Music Philadelphia, both excellent halls, in that it is relatively short and high. The Orpheum has two balconies above the parquet. Acoustics are reputed to match those of Carnegie Hall, one of the finest halls in the world. Since the Orpheum is smaller, there should be even greater clarity, though the reverberation time will likely be shorter, too, and it is this variable that gives warmth to sound. But the improvement over the Theater of the Performing Arts in liveliness of sound ought to be dramatic. And the orchestra should finally be able to produce the volume of sound called for in Mahler, Bruckner, and Wagner.

For the opening season in the Orpheum, only the auditorium will be completed; later, as more funds become available, a lounge and bar will be added, and additional interior decoration will be carried out. An appropriate facility for players, soloists, and conductor will also eventually be prepared. The orchestra especially needs these latter facilities after so many years of asking visiting artists to abide the cement-block backstage area.

While they are at it, they should add a room which could be used as a recording control and playback room. The orchestra...
GAYTEN/LAURIE DUO STARTED IT ALL

"Jump Steady"
Paul Gayten and His Trio with Annie Laurie
De Luxe 1117

Not enough credit can ever be given to the Gayten-Laurie duo. They were the first R&B artists to record in New Orleans, they helped open the floodgate of New Orleans talent. In the late 40s, when Gayten and Laurie worked local clubs like the Robin Hood and the Rainbow Room, they played to turn-away crowds seven days a week!

De Luxe Records, out of New Jersey, was the first company to become interested in New Orleans and was the first to record other people like "Smiling" Lewis, Dave Bartholomew, The Johnson Brothers and Roy Brown.

"Jump Steady," is a saucy, uptown city blues, where the tall, tan and terrific Laurie sings in a mellow, sexy style, even interjecting a few bars of scat singing. Gayten answers Laurie's vocals with some classy runs on the ivories. Besides Gayten, the only other backup is a string bass and guitar.

In relation to "The New Orleans Sound," these sides are practically prehistoric. But this stuff was the genius of the whole full.

— Almost Slim

presently is at least the equal of several orchestras which have recording contracts, and with Entremont's programming genius, could have quite a fine recording career, I think. In particular, the Messiaen, Honegger, Lutoslawski, and Shostakovich works already performed this season could profitably be recorded, since they would fill serious lacunae in the recorded repertoire. (I know there are innumerable recordings of the Shostakovich Fifth, but only Bernstein's two match the stature of Entremont's conception.)

The Orpheum will get a good test on opening night, September 21, 1982, with the Beethoven Seventh, which can become hopelessly opaque in a poor environment. If we are lucky, Maestro Entremont will separate the first and second violins so the phrases they toss back and forth to each other will sound, and the seconds will not be swallowed by facing away from the audience because of the inferior acoustics. In addition, Concertmaster Frank Gullino will play the Mendelssohn E-minor concerto.

The second program, not until November 2 and 3 (what are they doing through all of October??) will again find Entremont on the podium leading Prokofiev's ballet music Romeo and Juliet (only a suite), "Spirituals for Orchestra" by Morton Gould, and Vivaldi's The Four Seasons, with Associate Concertmaster Joseph Kim handling the violin solo.

Cellist Lynn Harrell joins the Orchestra for November 16-17, performing of Haydn's D-Major Cello Concerto and Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme. Entremont will also lead a Rossini overture and Capriccio Espagnol to show off his orchestra.

Other season highlights include the Bruckner Sixth Symphony, to be conducted by Andrew Massey (I understand that he wanted to do the Mahler Sixth, but was refused because of the cost of the extra players required, a sad turn of events); Suites 1 and 2 from Ravel's Daphnis and Chloe conducted by Entremont (why not the complete score, for goodness' sake?); the Sibelius Fifth led by Raymond Leonard; Yehudi Menuhin playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto with Entremont; and the season blockbuster, Brahms's ineffably beautiful German Requiem, to be led by Entremont on March 15 and 16.

The season will conclude on May 17-18 with Entremont playing the Beethoven Second Piano Concerto and leading the Berlioz Symphonie Fantastique. Let us all hope that the orchestra can procure the proper sort of deep bells for the finale, instead of the silly chimes commonly played during the "Witches' Sabbath," and that enough can be found so that the notes can be played in octaves, as Berlioz requested. The chilling effect thus created can be heard only on recordings by Colin Davis and the Concertgebouw and Herbert von Karajan's later account. Dimitri Mitropoulos and Bruno Walter added a piano to the part to get the octave effect.

Other conductors include Zdenek Macal, Antonio de Almeida, and Jean Pierre Penin. Pianists include Byron Janis, Santiago Rodriguez, Boris Block, Emanuel Ax, and Yefim Bronfman. Other soloists include violinist Nadia Salerno Sonenberg, baritone William Parker, soprano Maritina Arroyo, and guitarist Carlos Bonell.

— Stuart Wood
The Original Version

Atlantic reissues raise memories of growing up to Clyde McPhatter, Poppa Stoppa, and those wonderful 45s on the red and black label with the large letter A.

The Japanese are beating us at our own game. That has been the numerous newspaper editorials, cover stories in the glossy newsmagazines, and Segment Threes on the nightly news. Once synonymous with shoddy goods, "Made in Japan" today evokes the latest in technology, durable goods, and cost-efficient management. Now rhythm and blues enthusiasts are also looking towards the Orient for recordings either no longer available in the States - their port of origin - or re-issued in sound distorting re-channeled versions on poor quality vinyl.

The initial releases in a series titled R&B Forever are starting to trickle into this country. A major portion of this laudable undertaking is being devoted to re-issues of the earliest R&B releases on Atlantic Records. During the early mid-Fifties, Atlantic was R&B for many radio listeners. Purists might object to that statement, citing co-founders Ahmet Ertegun and Herb Abramson as popularizers of the form - but those first Atlantic recordings of Joe Turner, Ray Charles, LaVern Baker, Chuck Willis, Ruth Brown, the Clovers, the Coasters, the Drifters, and of special interest this month, Clyde McPhatter, brought the music to a large audience, expanding its appeal to whites as well as blacks, but without diluting its peculiar flavor, without destroying its essential character. I've always found myself impatient with fans who zealously guard their "discoveries," never missing a chance to complain about the wider public's failure to appreciate their genius, and then grousing ad nauseam when an artist's popularity brings him or her fame, money, a comfortable existence. The erstwhile apologists feel betrayed.

My own introduction to R&B is probably not very different from that of many white New Orleanians who had come of record-buying age during the Fifties. Whenever I could scrape together enough change, I'd buy a 45 or two. My collection was pretty predictable stuff for that time: "The Great Pretender" by the Platters, Les Baxter and his orchestra's "Poor People of Paris," Al Alberts and the Four Aces' "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing." There were also a goodly number of "covers" of what was then euphemistically called "race records": Georgia Gibbs' version of "Dance With Me, Henry," "Sh-Boom" by the Crew Cuts. Several 45s are really too private to mention: I believe in discreet limits to confessional writing - I'm easily embarrassed.

Perhaps my favorite group of that time was Bill Haley and the Comets -- the very first album I ever owned was Rock Around the Clock. One day I was standing in line in the school yard to get a drink of water talking to a classmate named Harold Thomas about how I couldn't wait to get a copy of Bill Haley and the Comets' "See You Later, Alligator." Harold was someone you had to take seriously -- he had a flat top (not a crew cut like the other rowdies) and actually wore blue suede shoes; in fact he was the only person I've ever seen who wore blue suede shoes. He was also a very bright kid -- as he was quick to tell you -- and the subject of copious notes confiscated by the nuns from the clutches of fifth grade girls at Sacred Heart grammar school.

When I mentioned Bill Haley and "See You Later Alligator," Harold gave me a look of utter disgust and proceeded to inform me that the original version by Bobby Charles was the one to own. Fascinating myself quite knowledgeable about the hit parade, I felt crushed by this revelation. With no little relish, Harold informed me that if I tuned in to WJMR and the Poppa Stoppa show I would know about these things. That evening -- actually, late afternoon, since WJMR was dawn to dusk station -- I dutifully searched the dial for Poppa Stoppa, and when I found him, if I may paraphrase a Lou Reed song, I couldn't believe what I heard at all. Number one on the WJMR charts was "It's Too Late" by Chuck Willis. I had never heard it nor did I know who Chuck Willis was. I was shaken.

BONGO

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The following Saturday, Harold took me down to what he called a "one stop" on South Rampart street where he bought all his records. Harold always had a good cash flow, and my eyes popped and my jaw dropped as he blithely purchased half a dozen records. Most were on a red and black label with a large letter A — Atlantic Records.

Shortly afterwards, I became a regular listener of the Poppy Stoppa show and I started buying rhythm and blues records — most of them on the Atlantic label. Even if I had never heard of a particular artist, if he or she were on the red and black label, then I simply had to hear that record. To this day, I get a rush when I see the original Atlantic label that is still used on the company's singles. Groups like the J. Geils Band, Firefall, the Manhattan Transfer, and Chic have routinely employed that original logo on their album product instead of the standard orange and green label.

One of the first groups to record for Atlantic was The Drifters; what the Supremes were to later become for Motown, The Drifters were to Atlantic during the Fifties and into the early Sixties. Originally formed by Clyde McPhatter after he left Billy Ward and the Dominoes, The Drifters would go through a succession of personnel over the years. Yet with the exception of Ben E. King, Clyde McPhatter would remain their most widely acclaimed lead vocalist. He would record only a half dozen sessions with The Drifters, but a few landmark singles would mark that period. "Money Honey" would burn up the R&B charts in 1953, followed closely by "Honey Love," the highly suggestive "Such a Night," and a rendition of "White Christmas" that still receives some airplay during the holiday season. Shortly after this early success, Clyde received Greetings from Uncle Sam. Upon his release from the army, Clyde decided to pursue a solo career. He had one "monster" hit in 1959, "A Lover's Question," after which he would leave Atlantic and sign with MGM, effectively ending his R&B period as he embarked on a more "pop" style in search of that mass audience that would elevate him till the time of his death in the early Seventies. His last days were spent in relative obscurity, and most with bad press, a losing battle with the bottle. Those epoch-making sessions with The Drifters have continued to be available in one or another over the years, but McPhatter's solo recordings on Atlantic have been unavailable for quite some time. Now a Japanese firm has reissued two of those albums, a cause for rejoicing among hardened R&B fanatics.

While it's always dangerous to make sweeping generalizations, I think I can predict that McPhatter had the most interesting voice in R&B during the Fifties without too many death threats from partisans of other legendary musicians of that period. Chuck Berry and Little Richard and Ray Charles put out better records perhaps, but their style was already more rock 'n' roll than rhythm and blues. And there was no dearth of extraordinary black vocalists, no one had as unique and distinctive a voice as Clyde McPhatter.

Of the two reissues, the first, titled simply Clyde (P-4584), serves as an exemplary introduction to the un­ familiar with McPhatter's style. Material included ranges from a couple of ballads recorded during his Drifters days, "Gone" and "Lucille," to his million seller, "A Lover's Question." There are a large number of ballads, but it's McPhatter's cutting-edge tenor that keeps these lovey-dovey yearnings from having that thick, syrupy consistency that even the best doo-wopping of the period found difficult to avoid. Sometimes his squeals sound as if someone had just pinched him and his yelps evoke unspeakable erotic practices. McPhatter could cut through the mush and find that raw bone of hurt and pain and ecstasy and delight. And it was definitely more in his voice than in the songs.

The second reissue takes its title from a track that was McPhatter's first big crossover to white radio stations, a song that created panic at Sacred Heart school dances of the period: yes, I'm talking about "Treasure of Love," a nothing special tune with lyrics like:

The Treasure of Love is found on no chart.
To find where it is just look in your heart.

Until "A Lover's Question," it was probably McPhatter's most popular single. Its lush orchestration made it more palatable to those who like their ballads soothing, and there were no outrageous whoops or cooing or vocal pyrotechnics. McPhatter did it "straight." At this jun­ ture, one could conceivably make a case that Atlantic had indeed begun to desert its commitment to popularize genuine R&B by watering it down for the largest possible audience. Except in most cases, the artists themselves were more than willing to assist in the process in order to expand their base audience.

The Treasure of Love (P-6185) album provides the opportunity for the listener to decide, "Money Honey" and "Such a Night," or "A Lover's Question," or whatever. The title cut and "You Went Back On Your Word" and late Atlantic rockers such as "Hot Ziggity" and "Go! Yes Go!" Whatever the style or tempo, there remains that incredible tenor voice that was the young Clyde McPhatter. He could sing nonsense syllables and it would probably have been just as deeply moving and exciting. It has been said of the stars of the early days of the silver screen that they had faces. That might be paraphrased to apply to the early rhythm and blues artists, and most especially Clyde McPhatter, as "they had voices."

—John Despas
MUSICAL WHIMSY

Zeke Fishhead takes us on a whirlwind, serendipitous tour of local and national happenings that have caught his fancy.

Watching the Dirty Dozen Brass Band Wednesday, January 6, at Tipitina's, was like catching the first fresh breeze of the new Carnival season. I hear the Dozen have been together well into five years. Their music was both timeless and contemporary. Bass drum, snare drums, tuba, trumpets, trombone, baritone (or was that bass) sax, and alto sax. The Dozen play street music that has come full circle: parade through Thelonious Monk through Eno's "Bush of Ghosts," and Byrne edging in some brittle, blue guitar, a piano chord (Cheroff or Bernie Worrell) hovering nearby. "Dense Beasts" begins with organ (Jerry Harrison) and all these deep-breathing, cavernous beasts (David Byrne), and slowly turns into an almost prayer-like, singing procession. "Beasts" and "Combat" are on the cassette, but not on the LP. "Wheel" was commissioned by a dancer, Twyla Tharp, and is vibrant, atmospheric dance music.

Geraldo Carneiro, in the liner notes to Egberto Gismonti's double-album, Sanfona (ECM-2-1203), describes the record as "a trip through Brazilian rhythms, musical forms, and popular festivals." One LP is Egberto's quarter, with Egberto blowing mostly piano; the other LP is Egberto solo, mostly guitar. What comes through is all magic. As far as records go, Egberto is the foremost musical shaman in the world right now. I keep scratching out all these sentences, trying to sum up, pinpoint. It's useless. Read the liner notes: they're informative and illuminating. From the free-form madness of the quarter's "Frevo" to Egberto's poignant singing in the closing solo piece, "Carta De Amor," this here LP is one hell and heaven of an exhilarating experience.

— Zeke Fishhead
walkman. It makes all these things more fun, more enjoyable. Why? Because now you can do them while listening to your favorite music — in stereo, with high fidelity sound quality.

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And what you hear is fantastic stereo sound. The bass is astonishing. The highs crystal clear. The stereo effect excellent. The Sony Walkman weighs less than a pound and sounds like a ton of separate high fidelity components.

Sony pioneered the transistor radio, tummy TV's, big portable radio-cassettes, and of course, Betamax. Now Sony brings you tiny personal stereos. While other companies are just now bringing out their copies of the Walkman, Sony is introducing the second generation — the Walkman 2. It's smaller and better than the original. It has soft touch controls like an expensive home component, and the batteries last longer. It's even cheaper.

Sony, the one and only Sony Walkman. It's incredible.
New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
At The Theatre
Of the Performing Arts
December 1&2, 1981

Irwin Hoffman, guest conductor
Frances Veri and Michael Jamanis, duo-pianists
Schumann: Overture to Genoveva
Mozart: Concerto for Two Pianos in Eb, K. 365
Mahler: Symphony No. 1 in D

A most unmemorable—not to say boorish—beginning. Irwin Hoffman seemed a pleasant person, and he was a delight to watch as he rose to Stokowskian heights of somnolent adroitness (conducting from memory except in the Mozart), but he also seemed not to care especially for the music, and he refused to become involved in it. That went double for the duo-pianists, who seemed not to care at all.

There was much sensuous playing in the Mahler, but such glorious technique had no art to serve. It is not enough merely to beat time for this music; it is more than a collection of pretty sounds. Mahler meant to move his audience to feel deeply in response to his music, and despite his disavowal of programs, this symphony does have extra-musical meaning: "where the dark feelings hold sway, at the door which leads to the other world…" A performance must do justice to the emotional dimension in order to be legitimate. Hoffman's did not.

Many details testified to this carelessness. The opening of the first movement was played about m rather than of Mahler's pp; while when the development began, the orchestra showed they could sustain a true pianissimo. The trumpet passages, which Mahler asked to be played offstage "in the distance," were played from the stage. Although the chord balances throughout the first movement were superb, with winds properly dominating, the strings and horns needed to be clearer, and chords needed sharper attacks.

The less said about the Mozart concerto the better, for it was a superficial, soporific run-through. The strings needed more bite, the winds and horns needed to be clearer, and chords needed sharper attacks.

Such pedestrian conceptions from the conductor and soloists are all the more lamentable because of the beautiful playing of the orchestra, except for a horn catastrophe at the climax of the Mahler. Indeed, throughout the evening, the woodwinds distinguished themselves with lovely tone and highly artistic expression, within the severe constraints established by the conductor. Our winds qualify as a world-class section. Strings, too, sounded very fine, both in tone and articulation. Of course, lacking the body of numbers of the larger orchestras, they cannot give the same volume of sound. But the quality is unmistakably there.

The Schumann overture began with great promise because of the rich tone, due, I suspect, to the use of Schumann's own orchestration instead of one which removes the wind and brass doublings. But the program booklet was silent on this point. Unfortunately, the allegro was slack, and Hoffman schlepped through the rest of the piece. This overture needs thrust and momentum, and sharp attacks on chords. It didn't get them. At the finale, the brass should blaze. Here, all they did was contribute weakly to the "warm Romantic glow."

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Again in the second movement, inflections were missing, especially where the flutes must toss off a figure by snapping up the end note. The repeat was observed here, but the very end did not open up or accelerate as Mahler indicated.
The first tempo of the third movement was much too fast, precluding contrast with the macabre mocking by the animal band when they are alone deep in the forest. There was a bit too much discrepancy between the timbre of the solo bass and the solo bassoon at the start of the movement. And Hoffman rode unfeelingly through the trio, failing to evoke the sadness of the hunter's family as they kneel about his bier in the clearing before the animals carry him off again to the Fire.

The last movement is supposed to begin with "the sudden outburst of a deeply wounded heart." Not here: a very well-behaved and restrained heart it was to Hoffman. The last movement continued from there: rockbound with clipped wings. All the haltings, retards, accelerations, and explosions Mahler indicated went unheeded. The triumphant march which climaxes the symphony (taken from "and He shall reign for ever and ever" from Handel's Messiah) dissolved into nothingness as the standing horn players missed and cracked notes while they failed to articulate. Hoffman's tempo was also too fast for real triumph, and he ignored the "triumphal—don't hurry" instruction at cue 56. And then he rushed through the coda. Why do people insist on programming works for which they have no special feeling or understanding?

— Stuart Wood

Live...
Magic
Delmark 643

This is a tough review. I don't know where to start because it's going to be impossible not to sound like a babbling starstruck teeny hopper.

I've had this two-record set for three days and it hasn't left the turntable yet. Unreleased live Magic Sam material from the 1969 Ann Arbor blues festival and the Club Alex in 1963. This album I don't believe is possible, even though I'm playing it right now. Unsurpassable packaging, and twenty unissued cuts by a man I consider the greatest electric blues guitarist who ever lived.

— Almost Slim

Tokyo...Live
Al Green
Vivid 426005

Since Reverend Al has boarded the gospel glory train, this might be the last taste of Al Green in a "worldly" vein for awhile. Although Green still gets stirred up (he recently proved this by leaping through a glass alter in his Memphis chapel), his spiritual fire doesn't blaze like the infernos he ignited as a rose-toting soul stylist.

This two-record set dates from a couple of years back, capturing Al in first-rate form. No surprises on this, really. Green strings together a decade of his greatest
hits, teasing and pleasing the Japanese folks all the way. "I Feel Good" stands out and of course "Love and Happiness" is the show stopper, but where was "Take Me To The River"?

There are one or two rough spots, and I'd have to say four sides of Al Green is a bit much in one sitting. The subtle sex appeal that Green's original Hi records flaunted isn't as obvious.

Trust me, though; most of today's contemporary black music can't hold a candle to this record.

The Million Dollar Quartet
Presley, Lewis, Perkins, Cash
Sun 10006

If this sounds to you like a bunch of good old boys sitting around singing spirituals, it is! The Million Dollar Quartet consisted of Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins and Johnny Cash — although Cash is nowhere to be heard on this disc.

Much controversy has surrounded this session since the boys from Sun sold Elvis's contract to RCA and one of the agreements of the sale was that Sun would issue no more of Elvis's material. Apparently RCA has sued Sun and Charley (who leases Sun material in Europe) over the release of this album.

Elvis fans will dig the "Quartet," because besides taking most of the leads, Elvis doubles on the piano. Perkins and Lewis manage some good licks; however, Carl's guitar is especially hot.

Be forewarned: these recordings were never intended to be released commercially, so don't expect anything polished. They are valuable from an historic standpoint, and should be viewed as such. The studio banter between the songs is especially interesting.

For specialized collectors only.

Rick Derringer
At The Palace Saloon
February 7, 1982

If you could withstand the $8 cover and the Sunday blahs, it was worth making your way out to the West End for this rock 'n' roll treat.

The opening act was 24K, with guitarist Lance Bulen replacing Danny Duplantier while he's away getting educated in Boston. (Correction is due for my last article on these guys: Duplantier was guitarist, not drummer; Stute is the drummer. High energy abounded as they paved the way for a much anticipated set by that Rock Hero, that Legend of Hotel Rooms and Broken Hearts, Rick Derringer.

Still sporting the same boyish haircut and still possessing the same boyish drive to lay down straight ahead one-four-five rock 'n' roll, Rick Derringer materialized on stage with his latest three piece tour...
band to an enthusiastic crowd. The single set lasted about forty-five minutes, beginning with the title cut from his 1979 solo LP, *Guitars and Women*, and moving on to less familiar though hardcore rockers with which he proved that he can still boogie-woogie, even if the All-American Boy is pushing 35.

Although Derringer's style hasn't changed much in a lot of ways — he still insists upon lyrics like "motel and cute girls" — he has come far enough along to be able to play just about anything he damn well wants and have the audience eat it up. A new number, apparently written for this tour, sounded autobiographical: "I play guitar, I play for keeps ...", starting off slow and picking up tempo, interspersed with a lot of heavy guitar leads and sporting a Big Ending. Most of the numbers had plenty of screaming and Big Endings, as might be expected from a veteran of such groups as Edgar Winter's White Trash.

"Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo" was the obvious favorite of his fans, and Derringer didn't let them down. He juiced and jumped his way through it with an admirable freshness, especially considering that he must have played this one thousands of times by now.

I panicked a bit when the band reappeared for an encore and went into an instrumental—my own personal fave jam hadn't been performed; maybe he thought the crowd was too young to remember it? But my fears were dashed when they lit into "Hang On Sloopy," the real McCoy. The audience remembered. Still a rock 'n' roll hero after all these years.

—Tanya Coyle

**Tim Youngblood**

*I Don't Wanna Give Up*/

"Just Getting Along"

*Good News TY10001*

Tim Youngblood, previously with the Mechanics, has released a 45 rpm single that illustrates how successful a self-produced disc can be. Youngblood, who sings and plays keyboards, is backed up by Don Wightkin on drums and Kevin Mahoney and Buzzy Langford on bass. There is no lead guitar work, but Youngblood's keyboards are innovative and attractive, and on occasion he even ripples out guitar-like riffs, easily filling up any possible gaps in the sound.

The two songs are both penned by the artist. "I Don't Wanna Give Up" is a tight, well-constructed piece, interesting but not overly distinctive. It is up-tempo, and Youngblood's voice seems a little taut on occasion. "Just Getting Along" is more ethereal, smoother, and the vocals are easier, somewhat reminiscent of Kraftwerk but with more fullness and punch, more soul. It is a really fine tune played well.

Strong lyrics also add to the pleasure of this record. The theme of dissatisfaction
with the status quo is common to both, and Youngblood's response is to persevere, to search for another way. "I Don't Wanna Give Up" has the vocalist asking about other ways of doing things, and discusses a relationship that is difficult but worth pursuing. The chorus of "Just Getting Along" runs "Maybe a change will free us/There's got to be more than just /Getting along," reflective of the artist's desire to push forward.

The music here is impressively tight and fresh, well-recorded (by Buzzy Langford at BB Recording Studios) and eminently listenable. A highly promising first solo effort.

— Keith Twitchell

**Dreamland**

**At The Prytania Theater**

**February 5, 1982**

Dreamland is a feature film, based on the struggle of Lady B.J. to become a pop singer, which premiered at the Prytania in early February. It was produced by Nancy Baker and Jonathan Statkakis.

Any thoughtful film about a local artist is most welcome, and Dreamland is, in parts, a sensitive and moving treatment. The narrative follows her from roots in the gospel community through nightclub appearances with pianist Henry Butler showing the difficulties she faces, including those with her mother, who tells her to remain true to the spirituals, and a scheming manager, well played by local lawyer Charles Elloie. Some of the most powerful images of New Orleans music take place in a church where B.J. performs with the magnificent Gospel Soul Children choir.

Nevertheless, the film falls far short of an intelligent story-line. Before the showing at the Prytania director Oz Scott told the audience that he was called in late on the project. Apparently, the producers had come to New Orleans unsure of what kind of film they had in mind, shot much footage of Mardi Gras and the French Quarter, and by the time they found B.J. and decided to structure the film around her as a docu-drama, money was running out.

That's a pity, since B.J.'s story is consistently interrupted by Mardi Gras scenes, parades, Pete Fountain's marching club, the general hoopla of Carnival. And these scenes make no sense whatsoever in the larger flow of pictures. The film suffers badly from a lack of focus. The Mardi Gras and street footage is extraneous, detracting from the real subject matter of a young singer making the transition from gospel to pop music.

Certain scenes have a lasting quality, however, as when B.J. strolls through the Quarter talking with jazzmaster Harold Dejean about her plans and the older musician gives her fatherly advice. Late in the film, as she is pondering a move to New York under questionable circumstances,
Dejean says, "Sign a contract before you go."

Another solid episode occurs at Mason's Las Vegas Strip. Germaine Bazzle concludes a song in her inimitable fashion and turns the mike over to B.J. After the performance the two women talk backstage. Again we find an older musician giving B.J. counsel, warning her of pitfalls ahead.

Dreamland was shot without a script. Musicians and local people speak a natural dialogue that comes across in the best documentary fashion. In certain of these scenes the portrait of New Orleans is rare and supremely realistic. We see B.J. in the backyard of a neighborhood, far from the stereotypical environs of the Quarter, talking with other black women as they tend to their children. One woman says of New York, "They're not like us up there." A tropical ambience filters through certain sequences, making it reminiscent of Black Orpheus and scenes of Rio de Janeiro.

Nevertheless, a film must be judged on its final cut, and the larger product fails badly. B.J. is an excellent singer well showcased here. It's certainly a film worth seeing, but the footage which appears out of context illustrates problems faced by the producers. The editing is choppy in several parts but Lady B.J. can be very proud.

— Jason Berry

Arnett Cobb
At The Faubourg Jazz Club
January 29, 1982

Xenia Foundation has geared up for the Spring 1982 season by presenting tenor saxophonist Arnett Cobb, with pianist Ellis Marsalis, bassist Chris Severin and Julian Garcia, on drums. The group created a warm, relaxed atmosphere, easing through a list of standards of the caliber of "Take the A Train," "Closer Walk With Thee," and "Nearness of You."

If you are tired of the standards regardless of delivery, then this show was not for you. But if you have a soft spot for the faithful chestnuts played with enthusiasm by four musicians having an obvious affinity with the blues, then you will definitely want to catch Cobb if he comes back to town.

Arnett Cobb plays with the soulful depth which is exhibited by so many other Texas men. In the brotherhood of Eddie Vinson, Fathead Newman, Cedar Walton, T-Bone Walker, and Buddy Tate naming a very few, Cobb injected his special freshness and joy of playing into each selection. Each tune provided considerable improvising space for the show's two stars, Cobb and Marsalis.

Cobb's breathy tone and light-hearted melody treatment complimented the soft but decisive Marsalis touch. The fact that all tunes were presented in a straight ahead bop rhythm did not impair the interest
level. Cobb's choice of material was not surprising since many of the tunes appear on his latest album, *Funky Butt*, with pianist Derik Smith. The group at the Faubourg had practiced together only briefly, so the familiar material allowed the players to ease through the show with the abovementioned relaxed feel. The exception here was drummer Julian Garcia who needed more practice with the group. Garcia was replaced on the second night of Cobb's engagement by John Vidacovich who has had more experience "sitting in" and who has a highly developed sense of listening to what the other guys are doing.

Marsalis was in his usual good form. Indeed, highlights of the evening were two trio numbers where Cobb let the rhythm section take the spotlight. Marsalis broke up the rhythm playfully on "I Got It Bad." "Jitterbug Waltz" was slowed somewhat from the way it is commonly heard, yet retained its sprightliness. Marsalis dropped the melody notes around the beat on "Jitterbug" like a master. Hearing Marsalis on the Faubourg's Yamaha is a real treat.

Severin's playing was good. He had little difficulty following Cobb's directions while giving good support. I hope Xenia will continue to seek out new rhythm members. It would be too bad if the word got out that New Orleans has only one capable rhythm team.

The Faubourg is establishing an admirable reputation as a jazz club, but management is well advised to take steps to increase the seating capacity of the club area. Latecomers to the Cobb concert had to stand in the back row.

WYES-TV taped Saturday's show and will be airing it as a one-hour special. No mention was made of a stereo simulcast, but let's keep our fingers crossed.

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**Bayou Beat**

**Various Artists**

**Flyright 581**

Mmmm. Don't really know just what to say about this one. Covering the 1958-1963 period, it's a quite fascinating mixture of rock 'n' roll, doo wop, ballads and cajun. J. D. Miller was really trying to broaden his product at the time, releasing both hits and misses, as this volume illustrates. If you treat Miller's releases with the kind of awe usually reserved for early Imperials and Sun records, you better have it.

Doug Charles comes up with a real catchy cover of "This Should Go On Forever," Bobby Charles rocks the house with a blistering "Alligator Stomp" and "Teenager," while Sonny Martin and Charlie Morris both offer characteristic swampland ballads, with Guitar Gables' familiar backing.

The Boogie Kings manage to jump along nicely while T. K. Hulin's "Send Me Back
My True Love" is just a Miller production classic. Leroy Castille's version of "Lafayette" is an odd throw-in as Miller tries to rock 'n' rollize the cajun standard.

Once again A Flyright's notes and packaging are of high quality. The Legendary Jay Miller Sessions remains a superior collector's anthology. — Almost Slim

Hello
Barbara Lewis
Solid Smoke 8014

I'll be the first to admit I've taken Miss Lewis's talent for granted. Not because she isn't good; she has one of the smoothest, sweetest voices of any of the Sixties soul singers. I guess I've been guilty of not responding to music that didn't jump right out at me, and tended to overlook polished soul productions like Ms. Lewis's. But no more!

This is a fine release, collecting many of Barbara's fine Atlantic sides. Besides the title track, I'm sure many will remember "Baby I'm Yours" and "Make Me Your Baby" (from the early Sixties) that this 16-track album contains.

Being from Detroit, it's not surprising that Lewis leaves a trace of Motown in many of the arrangements. I can also discern a definite flavoring of Windy City soul, à la Major Lance and The Impressions.

Barbara Lewis remains an underground heroine with the Carolina beach music scene, and her records remain popular in California's Latin community. I think Marcia Ball might have borrowed a few of Barbara's vocal licks, too.

Another bang-up job from Solid Smoke.

— Almost Slim

New Orleans Rhythm and Blues Record Label Listings
By Ray Topping

This interesting booklet recently came to my attention. Published by Flyright Records in England, the book is a New Orleans discographer's miracle. Mr. Topping lists the various labels both, large and small, of New Orleans record concerns and their releases from the late 1950s until the late 1970s.

The 68-page volume is crammed with trivia and important data for R&B record collectors. Although by no means complete (Imperial and Deluxe Records were overlooked), it's lots of fun filling in the blanks and comparing notes with Topping's data.

Although the book is not available yet in New Orleans, you can get one for $5 from Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Ave., El Cerrito, California 94530.

— Almost Slim
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CRAZED New Yorker laments for a copy of the Wild Magnolias' album (the one reissued in Europe). Will pay for a new copy, a used one in good shape, or a cassette copy. Won't somebody please have mercy and give up some of that good music? Thank you. Steven Stein, 821 Union St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. Write soon or I'll die.

WANTED: Female lead guitarist for female new wave band. Also doing some Sixties and originals. 383-9925 (Baton Rouge). If no answer call 766-5711 after 5 and on weekends.

FOR SALE, two acoustic guitars. Yamaha FG-345 with case $150, Alvarez 12-string 5021 with case $130. Johnny 947-7188 or 885-0997.


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Bonnington-Truce, which describes its music as “pock-rock,” is a Hattiesburg band with ambitions of taking New Orleans by storm. They’ll be at Jimmy’s Music as Texas, since Buddy Holly, will be at Tupelo’s Tavern March 19.

Blues Rockers are getting rave reviews at the 522 Club on Bourbon Street...Dr. John’s final show at Tipitina’s Carnival week turned out to be a real Mardi Gras treat when he hit the bandstand resplendent in glitter, feathers and plumes a la the Dr. John of the past...Les Gautreaux has moved to the Crescent City from Baton Rouge and is currently vocalizing with the AFB band...Little Junior One Hand sat in with the Blue Vipers at the Rose Tattoo during the Cold Cuts’ last swing through town...Speaking of the Tattoo, they certainly have been featuring a wide range of entertainment. Everything from Johnny Adams to the Sluts.

Walter Washington recently taped an Old English Lager radio spot...Joe Tex was in town at Mason’s during Mardi Gras week...The new Las Vegas Connection single should be in the shops by the time you read this...

Sad to her about the death of Lightnin’ Hopkins; he was a great bluesman and will be sadly missed by all...Earl Palmer and Lee Allen have been seen playing in the orchestra of The Tonight Show...Mr. Google Eyes has been offered a tour of Europe for the summer...Earl King and B.B. Daddy have been working with Roland Cook and his orchestra.

Blues News: Check out the Blues Rockers, a regular group performing at the 544 Club on Bourbon Street...Tabby’s Blues Box at 1314 North Blvd, in Baton Rouge features Silas Hogan and The Tabby Thomas Blues Review Saturdays and Cleveland and The Rodolos on Fridays.

Senator Jones busy out at Seasaint recently recording albums with Walter “Wolfman” Washington and Bobby Powell...Expect something new from Lee Dorsey in the not too distant future...Alex Spearman, that sensational blues shouter doing guest spots vocalizing with Dave Bartholomew’s big band...Where were you when Little Milton was in town?? Johnny Copeland, the Texas guitar sensation, will be at Tupelo’s March 12 and 13; don’t miss him.

WWOZ’s benefit show shaping up to be a giant gala affair, mark April 16th on your calendar.

The Joel Simpson Quartet, with Simpson on piano, Dennis Taylor on saxophone, Jeff Boudreau on drums, Eric Glaser on bass, plays forgotten bebop ballads and originals — otherwise it’s a mainstream jazz quartet.

Sorry to hear of the recent death of Big Walter Horton. Horton was the last in the line of outstanding old time blues harmonica players.

Lost and Found Dept.: Where is Benny Spillman?...WWOZ auction was a great success. Thanks to all those who contributed time and money...Live music back at Mason’s Las Vegas Strip, including Earl King and The Del-Mons with the City News Band.

Former nightclub owner Jed Palmer and his sidekick Bullet Bob Durel have mixed a deal on a Baton Rouge bar and instead have acquired the old F&M bar on Tchoupitoulas Street, which was briefly called Darryl’s and now be the Original F&M. Two blocks upjinst from the old Rosy’s site, the F&M features a Sixties juke box and an outdoor patio (not, like the old days, across the street) for tipping a few under the stars.

Blues belter John Mooney has been having such a good time on his extended winter visit this year that he has decided to make Bend City his home and travel out of here. Mooney, besides playing once a week or so at Tipitina’s, has done the tracks for his second album (his first was on Blind Pig) and is currently negotiating a deal. He was last seen warming up the Mardi Gras throngs at Tip’s with old friend Jim Thackeray of the Nightawks.

Mandeville Mike has put a new band together called The Feeling, with drummer Rick Cantin, formerly of the D-Fektors, and bassist Steve Walkup, formerly of the Fugitives, and a guitarist from Texas named Bob Stennett. Look for them to be playing around town within the next couple of months...Godot has changed its name to the Heartbeats...The Palace Saloon has been sold. Mac “Dr. John” Rebennack did some fine work on the soundtrack to the movie Can- very Row...Bourre’ has taped a segment of the series “En Francais!” in Baton Rouge. The show will be aired statewide on PBS March 28 and April 3. Members of the band will also be featured in a documentary on the Cajun artist George Rodrigue. The film will be shot in Lafayette and aired on PBS nationwide...

Daddy Sawbuckins, on the West Bank Expressway just over the bridge, has live music with the accent on rock ‘n’ roll...

The Drapes, Uptights and RZA are all headed back into the studio shortly (individually, not collectively, although that’s a wild idea). Hollygrove (formerly the Lyrics) went to Philadelphia for a week last month...The Loitons, frequent visitors to New Orleans from Austin, Texas, have a mini-LP out containing four songs: “Pushin’ Too Hard,” “Groovin’ Song,” “Get Up Don’t Get Down,” “Just like a King.”

ISland Records’ Black Uhuru has a live album coming out soon and another this summer...Adrian Belew, guitarist on tour with King Crimson, also has a new album out on Island...Debbie Krantz, better known as Tomato, of Creole Cooking that had a hot Mardi Gras song out this year, reports that her band is working on a Dixie Beer commercial...also having commercials out are Dr. John for Popeye’s, and a Pop Rouge ad jingle recorded at First Take Studios...The Topcats report that they’re still trying to get someone to listen to their tape. Big Hollywood agents, where are you?? Zebra’s equipment and truck were stolen in Houston on their last trip there. Becky Kury recovered her stolen equipment with Becky’s typical flair. Congratulations...The Richard Cox Experience, which has been two years in the making, has debuted. Look for it...

The Uptown Youth Center will open Saturday, March 6, at 1 p.m. at 4877 Laurel. The mayor will be there, as will the Nevilles and the Dirty Dozen...Nevilles, who have parted ways with A&M Records, are doing a demo at First Take. Bobby Reno recorded his Mardi Gras song at the same studio.
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GUITARIST SEEKING TO JOIN SERIOUS WORKING GROUP SEEKING EXP GUITARIST — CALL FRANK 495-9150.

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