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Connie Atkinson

University of New Orleans

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Features
Festivals Acadiens .............. 14
Lafayette ................................ 19
Zachary Richard ............... 21
Floyd Soileau ......................... 25
World's Fair ......................... 30
Boogie Bill Webb ..................... 33

Columns
Listings ................................ 5
September ......................... 8
Caribbean ............................ 35
Symphony ........................... 37
Rare Record ......................... 38
Books ................................ 39
Zekespeak ........................... 43
Reviews ............................... 44
Classifieds ......................... 53
Last Page ............................ 54

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CONCERTS

Wednesday, 1
- English Beat, Tipitina's.

Saturday, 4
- Sheena Easton, Saenger Performing Arts Center, 8 p.m.

Sunday, 5
- Olivia Newton-John, Tom Scott, L.S.U. Assembly Center, 8 p.m.
- Beto and the Fairlanes, Tipitina's.

Thursday, 9
- Stray Cats, Tipitina's.

Friday, 10
- Izhak Perlman with the New Orleans Symphony Orchestra, Orpheum Theatre, 8 p.m.
- Killer Bees, Tupelo's.

Saturday, Sunday, 18, 19

Wednesday, 22
- Gang of Four, Tipitina's.

Friday, 24
- Rick Springfield, Baton Rouge Centroplex.

Sunday, 26
- Ronnie Milsap, Hired Hand Saloon.

Tuesday, Wednesday, 28, 29
- Air Supply, Saenger Performing Arts Center.

FILMS
- Loyola Film Buffs Institute, 865-3196. Tues.; Shadow of a Doubt (Hitchcock), 7 and 9.
- Thurs.: El (Bunuel), 7 and 9. Mon.13: Marnie (Hitchcock), 7 and 9:30.
- Wed.22: Viva Zapata (Kazan), 7 and 9.

- Cinema Brasil, Prytania Theatre, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Wed.8 and Thurs.9: Joa­na Francesa (Carlos Diegues), 7:30 and Bye Bye Brasil (Diegues), 5:30 and 9:45. Wed.15 and Thurs.16: Toda Nuez sera Castigado (Arnoldo Jabor), 7:30 and Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands (Branco Barreto), 5:30 and 9:30. Wed.22 and Thurs.23: A Lesson In Love (Eduardo Escorel), 7:30 and Bahia (Marcel Camus), 5:45 and 9:15. Wed.29 and Thurs.30: Guerra Conjugual (Joaquim Pedro de Andrade), 7:30 and Pinoe (Hector Babenco), 5:15 and 9:30. By separate admission ($3.50) or by a six-admission subscription ($17.50).

MISCELLANY

Monday, 7

Sat.11-Sun.26
- Art for Art's Sake. The Contemporary Arts Center's showing of artists who have exhibited at the Center in the past.

Thurs.30-Fri., Oct.17
- Equus. A play directed by Roy Tagliavore and co-produced by David Cuthbert. Contemporary Arts Center, 523-1216.

CLUBS

- Beat Exchange, 2300 Chartres, 948-6456. Call for listings.
- Bounty, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Wednesdays through Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Fyre.
- Bronco's, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Country and western music. Call for listings.
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- Showboat, 3712 Hessmer, Metairie, 455-2123. Rock 'n' roll.

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After weeks of deliberate non-communication with the musical press, the new pop-rock band Apt. B is ready to spring itself on the public—at least on paper, since the band won't debut in New Orleans until October 1.

If you haven't heard, Apt. B is the group formed by vocalist Barbara Menendez and guitarist Vance Degeneres of the now-defunct Cold, guitarist Ray Ganucheau of RZA (and Barbara's fiance), drummer Carlo Nuccio and guitarist Scott Goudeau.

Though, as Degeneres says, "It's hard to talk about a band that hasn't even played one gig yet," the group already has a distinctive sound and confidence in the type of music they're making. After a month of steady rehearsing, Apt. B has written about thirty original songs, "about anything and everything."

According to Goudeau, their music has "a lot of rock, a lot of pop, a lot of jazz and some things that sound like Weather Report harmonically—it's got a really broad scope to it, but in the final outcome it all sounds like a pop-rock band—but a little more sophisticated."

"I think people are going to find it different," Degeneres says. "A lot of people who followed the Cold are just expecting an extension of the Cold, and that's not what this group is."

The band members are not shy about stating that their primary goal is to secure a recording contract. "We're not doing other people's material," Degeneres says, "and when you're doing your own material, without a record out, you don't last very long...you have to have some kind of rep precede you, otherwise you can't play other states."

Apt. B is scheduled to make a demo tape soon, which they'll distribute to record companies to publicize their music. The group manages itself now, Degeneres says, but they do plan to hire a manager in the not-too-distant future.

There's a good deal of camaraderie, joking and good-natured ribbing that goes on between the band members and they say they work well together.

However, Degeneres points out that they don't always agree on how the music should sound, and the give-and-take that goes on when they're composing and rehearsing is what's making their songs so good.

"There's a real apt word to describe it—for once it's applicable—it's chemistry," Ganucheau says. "There's a nice chemistry between what's happening musically, vocally and personally." All five contribute equally in composing songs (though Barbara writes most of the lyrics).

After all this, no one but Apt. B has heard what Apt. B sounds like, and probably no one will until September 17 at the Club Foote in Austin, Texas. The band is debuting out of town, Ganucheau says, because they don't want to limit the scope of the band to New Orleans—they'd like to spread themselves out. In addition, an out-of-hometown date will give them the chance to get accustomed to the electronic and technical part of their show, to get the kinks out before they perform at home.

At any rate, it looks like Apt. B won't have any trouble getting club dates: they're already booked up through mid-November, with many appearances in Texas and in Louisiana outside of New Orleans.

At this point, Apt. B is optimistic about getting their show on the road; they like what they're doing and they think a lot of people will like it, too.

"People have to come to listen to us with an open mind—just don't go by our backgrounds—and I think they'll really like our music," Degeneres says.

—Lisa Vaughan

コース tongue

Former Dead Boy Stiv Bators and former Damned Brian James team up to head the Lords of the New Church, a somewhat more sophisticated version of the raw-edged punk that was the hallmark of their old bands. But don't think they've gotten soft. The Lords will hold services at Tupelo's on September 3.
BRAZIL FILMS

Brazil is renowned for many things—the beauty of its ladies, the excellence of its coffees, Carmen Miranda and her Waldorf salad headgear, the pessimistic novels of Machado de Assis and the garrulous ones of Jorge Amado, its sambas and cariocas and rebolas—but not until the Cinema Novo, a movement of young-Turk-types in the late 1960s, was Brazil really renowned for movie-making that was anything more than the average run of garish chamchada musicals and slapstick comedies and conventional cangaceiro adventures.

South and Central American films are difficult to see, considering the geographical proximity of the South American continent. Through September and the first half of October (see Listings for dates), you can see a selection of Brazilian films, some popular on a worldwide basis (Bruno Barreto's film of Jorge Amado's Topper-like sex-and-gossip story, Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands, as well as the critically lauded tour of the backlands, Bye Bye Brasil and the apparently eternal Black Orpheus) and some almost completely obscure—the allegedly revoking-funny-sexual-blasphemous Guerra Conjugal by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade who did the popular mixture of folklore and politics Macunaíma, Carlos Diegues' Joanna Francesca, a 1973 film with Jeanne Moreau as the French madam of a Sao Paulo brothel who becomes the matriarchal madam of a plantation, as well as a 1980 Japanese-Brazilian film, Galjim, about Japanese emigrants to Brazil during the Russo-Japanese War which was long ago, when you and I were young, Maggie.

The great revelation of the series is Arnoldo Jabor's Toda Nudesa sera Castigada, a racy but chastely filmed and deliciously acted adaptation of a classic Brazilian farce—and because this is Brazilian farce, it deals with such elsewhere nonsensical elements as suicide, incest, prostitution and pimps, homosexual rape, enforced concubinage—everything in fact that makes life worth living.

At Loyola, several of these films and some other Brazilian pictures are also showing: Como Era Gostoso O Meu Frances? (a 1971 film by Nelson Pereira dos Santos, one of the grand old men of the Cinema Novo, in which no one wears a stitch of clothing and with a title that translates as How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman? and is about a gorgeous Tupi cannibal and a single French captive in Conquistador days: Sept.23), Dona Flor (Sept.30), Summer Showers by Carlos Diegues (Oct.7), Toda Nudex Again (Oct.14), Sao Bernardo (a gorgeous-to-look-at naturalistic pastorale by Leon Hirszman, from a famous novel by Graciliano Ramos, that is one of the half dozen best Brazilian films of the past decade: Oct.21) and Pereira dos Santos' O Amuleto de Ogum (about candomble magic and its collision with such aspects of urban life as poverty and gangsterism: Oct.28).

For details about the Loyola films, all of which are shown in Bobet Hall, call 885-3196; for the Prytania's series, call 891-3398 in the evenings.

—Jon Newlin

RADS ON TUBE

Channel 26 TV will air another segment of Homegrown in late September, this one featuring the Radiators at Jimmys. If you're not familiar with the show, Homegrown is a half-hour or hour of New Orleans music—televised live—that spotlights one or two local bands. According to producer David Jones, the show is intended to highlight a variety of talented performers who've had their start here, and who best represent the wide range of musical styles flourishing in New Orleans.

Since its inception in 1981, Homegrown has featured the Radiators, the New Jazz Quintet, the Cold, Neville Brothers, Broué and Allen Fontenot and the Country Cajuns. Produced and directed by Channel 26's Bob Gremion and Jones, the show has aired two or three times a year. The date for this next segment with the Radiators has not yet been scheduled, but look for it in the television listings toward the middle or end of September.

STRAY CATS

The Stray Cats, like their idols Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent, left the U.S.A. to look for a more receptive audience in England. Well, they more than found it. With two top ten albums in the U.K. and hits on the top five singles list three times, this rockabilly-and-more band has gained bushels of fans, including Robert Plant, Mick Jagger (who offered the boys an opening spot on three of the Stones shows last year), Jeff Beck, Ringo and Dave Edmunds (who co-produced the band's latest album, Built for Speed). Now the boys are returning home conquering heroes. You can catch their act at Tipitina's Thursday September 9. Bring your dancing shoes.
NEWSBOYS

Publication of Mr. Bill In Space was celebrated on August 24 with a bash at the Paddle Wheel at West End Park. The evening's entertainment included films, slides, cheap drinks and some terrific music by the Newsboys. The band includes Don Barry Campiere (keyboards), Jeff Beninato (bass guitar), Lester Kenyon (lead guitar) and Lenny Campiere.

JAZZ 'IN KOOL JAZZ

Festival Productions, Inc. has announced the dates and line-up for the Kool Jazz Festival to be held in New Orleans. The old driving-range in City Park is the site and September 18-19 is the lucky weekend. All events are scheduled to take place between 3 and 9 p.m.

On stage Saturday, September 18, will be The Crusaders, Earl Klugh, Jeff Lorber Fusion, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, and an as yet unannounced local group. The line-up Sunday is Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie, Spyro Gyra and the George Benson All-Stars with Eddie Gomez (bass), Dizzy Gillespie (trumpet), Joe Henderson (tenor), Tony Williams (drums) and Joe Sample (piano). Concluding the Festival Sunday evening will be the Dirty Dozen Brass Band.

Performing in Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will be New Orleans natives and NOCCA graduates Terrance Blanchard, trumpet, and Donald Harrison, alto sax. Tenor saxophonist Bill Pierce and bassist Charles Fambrough will also be in the band. Pierce and Fambrough have been with Blakey for over a year now. The Messengers' pianist is John O'Neal.

Tickets are available at all Ticketmaster outlets for $12.50 or, at the gate, $15.

No explanations have been volunteered by festival producers for the reason that Kool is now presenting jazz instead of soul at the festivals. Producer George Wein did say however that Kool is not bothered by the criticism of past events because the music was always good and everyone had a good time.

-BRAD PALMER

JOY OF SAX

Why don't you begin by telling me about the guys in your band?

O.K. I play alto sax and clarinet in Sax Machine. I'm a New Orleans native and I've played bass clarinet with the New Orleans Symphony for the past nine years.

Bruce—James plays lead alto, soprano sax and flute. He's from Virginia and when he’s not playing music with us, he runs a clinic at the LSU Medical Center.

Our tenor player, B.J. Perez of Plaquemines Parish (of course) is Director of Bands at Jesuit High School. He is also one of the city's premiere volleyball players.

Nick Compagno plays baritone sax. He is the Band Director at St. Martin's Protestant Episcopal School. Nick's from New Orleans and does a lot of freelance music work.

Larry Panna is truly a Renaissance man. Besides being our drummer, he is also a basketball coach and runs the printing shop at St. Martin's. Larry's from New Orleans.

Tim Aucoin, from Slidell, is the youngest member of the group. He's working on a music degree at Loyola University, studying bass and tuba. Tim has quite a reputation as being an authority on chain-link fencing.

We've all known each other for years. We've played together for over a year now. The complexity of our sound and the way we interact with each other is like a machine. Each guy does his share—if one part is missing, the machine doesn't work. I could have put a smaller group together and had less organizational problems, but that would have been too easy.

How do you differ from a Glenn Miller-type big band?

To begin with, we're only four sax-players. Larry Panna is true saxophonist, B.J. Perez is lead alto, baritone and flute, B.J. is a bass clarinet player and Larry is the band leader and director, so we're a new-wave machine. Larry's from New Orleans, B.J. and Tim are from New Orleans.

Can you describe Sax Machine in a word?

In a word, eclectic.

What do you mean by that?

If you took the sum total of the band members' experience, you would cover the entire musical spectrum. I play with the New Orleans Symphony so I've played orchestral music, opera and chamber music. Nick works with the SaengerTheatre orchestra so he's played a lot of Broadway shows. Bruce is the musical director of the Tulaneians, giving him plenty of experience in dance bands and show bands. B.J. has played tons of gigs with the Houston LeVithan Orchestra. Larry has toured all over the world with the Wild Magnolias, playing jazz and New Orleans rhythm 'n' blues. And Tim, although he's now a great jazz bassist, got his start playing in rock bands.

All of these influences are used to mold the basic sound of Sax Machine. When someone asks me, "What kind of music do you play?" I have a hard time coming up with an answer. We play bebop, swing, funk, rock, classical—it's hard to put us in any category. I guess it would be easier if we could say, "Oh, we're a new-wave band!" or "We play funk." But by mixing up our various styles, it makes the music more exciting for us and hopefully for the audience.

Where did you get the name Sax Machine?

Well, obviously it's a pun on James Brown's tune "Sex Machine." But it goes deeper than that. The complexity of our sound and the way we interact with each other is like a machine. Each guy does his share— if one part is missing, the machine doesn't work. I could have put a smaller group together and had less organizational problems, but that would have been too easy.

-LARRY PANNA

Where does Sax Machine go from here?

Originally, our goal was to appear on the Ed Sullivan Show but someone told that it's not on anymore. Realistically, we'd like to play a little more around town, maybe tour, do some recording.

For now, we're having a good time. We're building up in following that enjoy and appreciate music. We're not a household word yet. That will take some weeks, I know. I hope your readers will come hear us and discover the Joy Of Sax.

-JOHN REEKS

LI'L QUEENIE & BACKTALK

Red Beans and Rice has merged with newly wedds Leigh Harris and Bruce McDonald to form Li'l Queenie and Backtalk. The band will debut in New Orleans at Tip’s on September 3 and the Maple Leaf on September 4. According to Red Beans' Tommy Shreve, the old band still will play occasionally as Red Beans and Rice, but "our main commitment is to the new act."

-LOUIE REEKS
Going through those old Beatles albums and singles always serves as a reminder that there are a finite number of officially released Beatles songs. What can the music lover do who is not satisfied by the solo efforts of John, George, Ringo and Paul and who wants more Beatles music? Plenty, as you'll see by reading these tips:

1. Buy the British import versions of the Beatles albums. Not only is the sound quality dramatically superior to the American Capitol and Apple pressings, the British versions are the actual albums the Beatles released, with their choice of songs and album jackets, rather than the re-packaged products Capitol offered American fans.

2. Listen to your stereo records one channel at a time. The mix of instruments and vocals on all the Beatles albums are divided into two channels, so that what is heard on one channel will not be heard on the other. By listening to one channel at a time, it's possible not only to better hear what each Beatle is doing, but many subtle studio tricks will be heard for the first time (a champagne bottle cork popping in "Lovely Rita," an incredible, echoed scream at the beginning of the 45 rpm version of "Revolution," etc.). Listening to the albums one channel at a time is like hearing the music for the first time.

3. Buy mono versions of the Beatles albums. The mono mix on Beatles albums is not the same as the stereo mix. Concerned that the subtleties of their work would be lost if the two stereo channels were merely combined to form the mono albums, the Beatles created a completely different mono mix for every record up to and including the White Album. While the songs are all the same, the loudness of certain instruments, noises, etc., differs from the stereo versions, making many of the songs sound different.

Those who are familiar only with the officially released songs of the Beatles may be surprised to learn that Beatles fanatics trade and sell a vast collection of unauthorized tapes and records. These "bootleg" recordings span the whole career of the Beatles. Original drummer Pete Best can be heard on the original audition tape that Beatles manager Brian Epstein peddled to the various record companies in the hope of securing a recording contract. Many live American performances are available (Shea Stadium, Hollywood Bowl, etc.) as are countless hours of music and fighting from the Let It Be sessions from January 1969. The quality of these bootlegs varies, of course, from unlistenable to excellent. A guide to the wonderful world of Beatles bootlegs is now available in the form of a book entitled You Can't Do That by Charles Reinhart.

-Jene Scaramazzo
COME IN, EARTH


Techno 2000 is the name of WTUL radio's Wednesday night electronic music show. The show is hosted by John Thomas Wallace (also jock for the Sunday morning show) and features the latest in electronic/computer music and special effects.

The concept for Techno 2000 was devised by Wallace and another WTUL disc jockey, Mark Townsend (known as Martin on the air). Both have been connoisseurs of electronic music for years, but Wallace says it's only now that the electronically programmed sounds are being incorporated into modern rock music. "Techno pop" groups (like the Human League and Soft Cell) that have songs climbing the charts are examples of how electronics are successfully weaving their way into popular rock 'n' roll, Wallace said.

Wallace and Townsend use the show to expose their audience to the most recent and creative developments in the genre.

The two DJ's co-produce the show, manipulating sound in a variety of ways to produce special effects. For example, the show features a "computerized" weather forecast, host John Thomas conversing with the computer, and a pet alien introducing the songs. To create the computerized effect, they use a device called a flanger and echo effects to change sound patterns of the human voice.

The show also features an album hour, prefaced by an explanation of who and what will be playing.

"Electronic music is definitely the sound of the Eighties," said Wallace. "In the Sixties and Seventies the guitar player was the focus of almost every rock band. Now the keyboard player is becoming the main focus. Now he can accomplish alone what a whole band can do. He can program a synthesizer to create any sound."

Wallace and Townsend, along with John Rodwig and Nikki Kalberda, are also producing a song in the Techno 2000 mode on a sampler album of local rock music, which will be recorded by B&B Music. According to Wallace, the song incorporates pre-recorded sound effects, percussion devices and is totally electronic except for drums.

Techno 2000 is scheduled to air Wednesday nights from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. this summer.

-Lisa Vaughan

CULTURE R

Struttin' Rockabilly

Wednesday
Sept. 8 at 10 pm

STRAY CATS

Advance tickets available at:
Tipitina's, Leisure Landing & The Mushroom

TWO VERY SPECIAL CONCERT EVENTS
The Storyville Stompers, a young band truly imbued with the spirit and flavor of Dixieland jazz, are an outgrowth of the Pair-a-dice Tumblers, that infamous rag-tag marching band and club whose Mardi Gras meanderings could usually be traced back to the old Dream Palace.

But the Stompers are more compact, organized, and musically proficient than the Tumblers. Says trumpeter Larry "Rico" Talerico, "We wanted to recreate the party atmosphere of the Tumblers, keep the craziness but refine the musicianship."

"There's always room for one more good party band," Talerico declares, and the Stompers have played parades, weddings, clubs and even political gatherings around New Orleans. They were featured at the Mardi Gras in Washington, D.C., this year, played the end-of-ski-season festival in Colorado, and appeared at the Saints-Houston pre-season game last month. Currently they may be found on Fridays and Sundays at Molly's at the Market, and occasionally just tootling around the French Quarter.

No one can resist the infectious exuberance of Dixieland done for fun, and the Storyville Stompers do have fun, playing with the audience and throwing in a couple of sing-alongs like "Bill Bailey" along with standards such as "The Saints" and "Alexander's Rag Time Band."

Why would anyone want to start up a Dixieland band in 1982? "'Cause it's fun," responds Talerico, "plus it's a tradition. We do the same kind of thing as the Olympia Brass Band, although I wouldn't call us a white counterpart to them, but we do it our way—like having a lady grand marshall—and we have a great time doing it."

—Keith Twitchell

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Lafayette's Cajun Music Festival offers joyous proof that the Cajun heritage flourishes despite tragedy, difficulties and a long battle against assimilation into a more mundane mainstream.

Nick Spitzer directs the Louisiana Folklore Program in the Division of the Arts, Department of Culture, Recreation and Tourism. He is an anthropologist and has produced several records of zydeco and Cajun music.
It has been eight years since the first Hommage à la Musique Acadienne/ Tribute to Cajun Music jammed 8,000 people into Blackham Coliseum in Lafayette on a rain-drenched, thunder-streaked spring evening. Since then, the Cajun Music Festival, as it is more commonly called, has left behind its old sponsor (the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana—CODOFIL), changed seasons from spring to fall, gone outdoors and grown in duration and size. It has become a local tradition unto itself and is something people expect to happen as part of the calendrical cycle—almost as dependable as Mardi Gras and just as much a ritualized mingling of intensity and looseness. Despite the changes of time, place and sponsor, the Festival has had one underlying continuity: it's the best public display of Cajun and Creole traditional and modern music to be found in South Louisiana or anywhere.

It seems music, like food, is a cultural item Cajuns and Creoles have not surrendered in the acculturation battle of the last fifty years. This struggle has, however, taken its toll on French language use and a whole complex of activities, from traditional religion and rituals to livelihood and craft activities. Certainly not all of this change has been bad in terms of improving living conditions, literacy and variety of opportunities, but it has often come at the cost of cultural identity. To prosper, it was said, one must be American. It was the classic phenomenon of adapting to mainstream economy, education and media with a similar change in culture. But, as the song goes, "Cajuns are Tough." Not only that, they had heretofore tended to assimilate or at least acculturate those they had come in contact with such as Creole blanc planters, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, blacks and, yes, Anglo-Americans. On the latter point, consider preeminent names in old time Cajun music like Dennis McGee, Ota Clark and Wallace "Cheese" Read.

Up until 1974, the Acadian leaders in Louisiana had focused on preservation of the French language by continually speaking out in its favor, by importing teachers from abroad and making the cocktail circuit with Gallic dignitaries. Food traditions, it should be pointed out, never needed to be revived or preserved, since they have persisted within a traditional mold even when transformed—witness fast-food service of boudin and dirty rice or the eclectic creation of crawfish pizza. After all, people have to eat, the local environment is bountiful, and food is originally a thing of the home. You could go home and have a crawfish bisque even if the high school cafeteria and Betty Crocker were doing otherwise.

For language the case is different. If the job and school required English, home use was not enough to sustain it. French became increasingly unused, uncool, passé. It was equated with illiteracy, which was and is confused with stupidity. Cajun-speaking parents did not want sons and daughters to suffer that stigma. So why should Cajun music—occasionally still called "chank-a-chank" by some today—persist and, along with the crawfish, come to symbolise Cajun culture when language and other essential items have been so besieged? For one thing, you don't have to be able to play music to enjoy it or to dance to it. You do have to speak a language, as well as listen. Second, music can happen in a variety of settings, from the rural house dance (fais-do-do) of yore to the Texas oilfield honky-tonk. You don't have to modify your music tradition to get a job or pass high school.

Cajun music, however, has not always looked as healthy as it has since the advent of the Festival. In the Thirties, the accordion—itself a German introduction of the late Nineteenth Century—was largely dropped from bands, which were beginning to play western swing and hillbilly music to the exclusion of French music. The accordion made a comeback in the late Forties when returning Cajun servicemen seemed increasingly enamoured by their French music back home; and local labels like Khoury Records, and later Swallow Records, came to the rescue of radio stations, jukeboxes and record players in Acadiana showing a thirst for Cajun music. However, it was still labelled "backwards." Even the legacy of accordionists like the intense Ivy Lejeune, the elegant Lawrence Walker or the bluesy Nathan Abshire, could not prevent the poison pen of an Opelousas journalist who, in commenting on the appearance of Cajun musicians at the Newport Folk Festival in 1964, felt that talent was not to be found among Cajun musicians. He suggested that they would embarrass the home folks by their appearance.

The presentation of Cajun music at Newport is considered a turning point by some in the attitude toward Cajun music on the homefront. Included in the group was fiddler and leader of his family band of brothers, Dewey Balfa. Also attending were Gladius Thibodeaux, Viness Extreme, Revon Reed and Paul Tate. Balfa, who has since garnered an international reputation and recently been named a recipient of a National Heritage Award, maintains his small town French Louisiana lifestyle in Basile, where he sells furniture and drives a school bus.

When Balfa and other Cajun musicians were successful far afield, he wanted the "echo" of the music and the acclaim to be heard back in Louisiana. In joining forces with the Cajun folklorist Barry Jean Ancelet of Lafayette in 1974 to start the Cajun music festival, he hoped the local ras chiers of the French renaissance movement would see the impact of traditional music on the people as a reminder...
SONNY LANDRETH

Born in Mississippi and raised in Southwestern Louisiana, Sonny Landreth has toured and recorded with Michael Murphey, Clifton Chenier, and Zachary Richard. Over the years, he has done session work at Elektra-Asylum Studios in Los Angeles, California for R.C.A., Sugar Hill Studios in Houston, Texas for Huey P. Meaux, and Leon Russell’s Church Studio in Tulsa, Oklahoma for Shelter Records.

Sonny Landreth’s Bayou Rhythm Band is a four piece dance band from Lafayette, Louisiana performing original and traditional Blues, Cajun, and Zydeco. They have appeared with both Dr. John and the Neville Brothers from New Orleans, and have opened shows for blues greats John Lee Hooker and J.B. Hutto. The group consists of Sonny Landreth on guitars and vocals, Mel Melton on harmonicas and vocals, Dave Ranson on bass and guitar, and Mike Binet on drums and percussion. Sonny’s solo album, “Blues Attack”, features the band and members of Clifton Chenier’s Red Hot Louisiana Band, and is distributed on the blues unlimited label in Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, and California.

Catch Sonny live at Leisure Landing
5500 Magazine St.
Fri., September 17 4:30 pm

SEPTEMBER SCHEDULE
Back from Summer Tour of Colorado:

Fri, Sept. 10 ............. Grant Street Dance Hall
                    Lafayette, La.
                    Trinity’s
Thurs, Sept. 16 ........... Baton Rouge, La.
                    Maple Leaf Bar
Sat, Sept. 18 .......... New Orleans, La.
sue (or is it Doopsie?) and John Delafose threaten to make the modern zydeco sound America's Creole French answer to Jamaican reggae music. Last year Dopsie jumped into the audience with his forty-pound accordion and was followed by his frottoir (rubboard player), Shorty. Don't get too close unless you're ready to throw them back on stage. The Ardoin Brothers, Bos See Ardoin and family show the country roots of urban zydeco in their mix of country blues, Cajun tunes and Afro-Caribbean rhythms. With violinist Canray Fontenot's jazz influence they are a band unique in Louisiana and the world. Dennis McGee, this wiry, unflappable Nineteenth Century man of Cajun music, now in his nineties, was a favorite at the first festival in 1974. After a career that spans 75 years in music alone, including recording with Amadee Ardoin (the first black Creole to make zydeco 78s) and Sady Courville in the 1930s, his recent awards as "Humanist of the Year" in his hometown of Eunice and his "Dean of Music" designation from the University of Southwestern Louisiana seem like afterthoughts. Nice, though.

Other features include a musical visit from the Mitchif Indians of North Dakota, a group of Native Americans who mingled with French explorers and settlers and whose European given name, Métis (mixed), was later altered. Their music is itself an interesting mix of old-time French, Indian and modern country/western. Other French folk cultural outposts will be represented by fiddler Charlie Pashia of the Old Mines, Missouri, community and rugged lumberjack violinist Simon St. Pierre of Maine. The French West Indies connection of recent times will also be part of the fete as a Rara parade as well as dance and music are planned by Haitians resettled from the New Orleans area.

Closing the show on Sunday evening is appropriately enough The Dewey Balfa Brotherhood. The group was so named after Dewey lost his brothers and fellow musicians, Will and Rodney, in an auto accident in 1978. He felt that those non-blood brothers who played with him then and now are musical brothers. It is a sentiment that can serve and symbolize the culture well. Despite setbacks and tragedies, Cajun musicians and the culture as a whole have regrouped and survived. The festival has provided a living display of such survival despite the loss of some of the people on its first bill like accordionist Nathan Abshire—a longtime musical cohort of Balfa—and Balfa's own brothers. Nowadays it is up to Dewey and the others to sing the classic songs like J'ai Passé Devant To Porte that his late brother Rodney sang. The song's style and lyrics are like looking into the traditional shadowbox or autel kept on the wall of a rural French Louisiana home to commemorate family, tradition and things sacred.

"J'ai Passé Devant To Porte"
J'ai passé devant ta porte.

Let Us Tempt You!

Bountiful Breakfasts
Luscious Lunches
Delectable Dinners
Sensational Daily Specials
Superb Soups and Salads
Very Happy Hours, 4-7 pm
Moi, j'ai vu des chandelles qui étaient allumées. Croyez-moi que mon cœur a fait mal quand il m'a dit que la belle elle était gone. J'ai passé devant ta porte. Moi j'ai vu ta maman après pleurer. J'ai demandé quoi c'est qui avait. Oh, ye yaie, mon cœur fait mal.

"I Passed In Front Of Your Door"
I passed in front of your door.
I saw some candles burning. Believe me that my heart hurt me when they told me that my sweetheart was gone.
I passed in front of your door.
I saw your mother, who had been crying. I asked her what was the matter. Oh, ye yaie, my heart hurts.

Even though the loved ones die, the flame of tradition burns from old time Cajun and Creole zydeco music to the modern bands. You can get close to the light, heat and sound of that flame during the festival in Lafayette.

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**FESTIVAL DE MUSIQUE ACADIENNE**

**Schedule**

Girard Park, Lafayette

Saturday, September 18, 1982

11 a.m. - 12 noon
The Hackberry Ramblers (30s string band reunion)
12 noon - 12:30
Charlie Pashia
12:30 - 2
Bourré
2 - 3:30
Walter Mouton & The Scott Playboys
3:30 - 5
Rockin' Dopsie & the Twisters
5 - 6
1755 (An Acadian band from New Brunswick, Canada)
6 - 7:30
Zachary Richard

Sunday, September 19, 1982

11 a.m. - 12 noon
Chuck Guillory & the Rhythm Boys (30s string band reunion)
12 noon - 12:30
Simon St. Pierre
12:30 - 2
Jim Broussard & the Cajun Ramblers
2 - 3:30
The Ardoin Brothers
3:30 - 4
The Mitchif Indians & step dancers (North Dakota descendants of French explorers)
4 - 5
Dennis McGee & the Mamou Cajun Band
5 - 6
Reve du Diable
6 - 7
The Ba fla Brothers & Friends
While the Festivals Acadiens represents one of the major music events in Lafayette, it's only a sample of the ongoing variety of entertainment offered in Acadiana. From traditional Cajun groups to contemporary new wave sounds, from the songs of the popular band Atchafalaya through zydeco, a southwest Louisiana novelty, a spectrum of musical styles can be heard in this area throughout the year.

That the Festivals features old-time and modern musicians on the same stage (the celebration is dedicated to 90-year-old Dennis McGee and presents music by him as well as performers one-fourth his age) is symbolic of the universal appeal of all kinds of music to all types of audiences.

Age is no determinant to the enjoyment of these sounds, especially for the lightfooted. The Cajun two-step, a countrified ballroom dance style, is equally popular with the young as with the young at heart and is adapted to all forms of music.

Hence, clubs with space to spin are a guaranteed attraction for Lafayette's musical makers and shakers.

The Triangle Club in Scott and Corner Bar and La Poussiere in Breaux Bridge, among many others, feature similar entertainment (always on Sundays) in the tradition started years ago by such predecessors as the Jolly Roger in St. Martinville.

A newer dance hall with an old-time flavor is Grant Street, located in downtown Lafayette. Formerly a warehouse, the building provides a natural setting for the most traditional Cajun strains, but is most often frequented by younger groups.

Beausoleil and Cush-Cush, playing “regressive” Cajun music, are two contemporary bands partially responsible for the international recognition of the French accordion and triangle. Zachary Richard, the Cajun Mick Jagger, has made familiar his unique style of Acadian rock to many foreign ears.

Festivals performers such as Dewey Balfa or the Ardoin Brothers Band are equally at home on the international tour circuit as they are in local nightclubs. Though they may not be familiar faces on the streets of southwest Louisiana, some...
of the area's entertainers are celebrities in Canada and Europe.

The nearness of Texas (a three-hour drive) and the strength of the oil business in Lafayette has created a boom on the local country and western music scene as an alternative (and sometimes a complement) to Cajun music. A few Acadiana boys, such as Doug Kershaw, Eddie Raven and Sandy Pinkard, have gone the Nashville way, while the area itself boasts a substantial herd of country music performers and clubs.

The Crescent City has passed along its traditions of jazz and blues to Lafayette area musicians. Of these, Rusty Mayne and Sonny Landreth have appeared at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, and a number of other jazz artists play in and out of local groups.

Some have transported their southwest Louisiana sounds to different music centers: guitarist Lonnie Brooks of Opelousas has gone on to Chicago and Cecelia's Dicky Landreth has taken his saxophone to New York.

A combination of the aforementioned musical influences, zydeco is another strain which can often be heard in the area. If Clifton Chenier is the godfather of this genre, then his prince is Good Rockin' Dopsie of the Cajun Twisters. The Sam 5, a group of teenage brothers from Scott, may inherit their dynasty in the next generation.

Reggae is represented in Lafayette by Ras Cloud and the Sons of Selassie I, a band which consists of local and island musicians who sing in praise of the Rastafarian theology. Cloud has played in several bands from British Columbia to Jamaica, but his musical roots are in cotton fields rhythm 'n' blues.

While groups such as Atchafalaya and the Red Beans and Rice Revue play a number of popular rock 'n' roll tunes, they also respect their local heritage. Atchafalaya's Larry Menard is the son of Cajun musician D.L. Menard, composer and performer of “The Back Door” (“Dans la Porte D'arriere”), and Pat Breaux of the Red Beans and Rice Revue is the grandson of Amade Breaux, who first recorded the Cajun classic, "Jolie Blonde" in 1928. The Beans, by the way, are reforming with Leigh Harris (formerly of the Percolators) and Bruce "Weasle" McDonald and calling themselves Little Queenie and Back Talk.

Deeper into the rock scene than many of his local peers is Lafayette native Jeff Pollard, guitarist and lead singer with LeRoux. Though his band has made national tracks, Pollard, with other members of LeRoux, is still a Louisiana man.

Bas Clas, playing a style of "responsible" rock, is Acadiana's answer to new wave music. Through their music as well as newsletters, the group hopes to inspire their followers into positive political and moral action.

Whatever the inspiration, Acadiana is definitely a center of musical activity, especially during these festive times.
Zachary Richard

Once the Bad Boy of Cajun Music, Zachary Richard has mellowed from conservative and controversial rebel into a masterful composer.

Zachary Richard can chuckle now about the times he hung out in Lafayette nightclubs and arrogantly refused to speak English to his friends. It was during the mid-1970s, a time when he had been awakened to his Cajun heritage with a fervor that some people would later regard as scary.

As one of the pioneers in a younger generation of Cajuns actively carrying the banner for the region's indigenous music, Richard was a militant, hypersensitive young man with a mission—he was dedicated, through his music, to halting the erosion of his French heritage and its language.

For a time, he remembers, he steadfastly declined to speak anything other than French to his bilingual friends. He further embellished his cultural crusade by assembling a crack Cajun band, making a number of eye-opening pilgrimages to French Canada and by releasing several albums' worth of Cajun music, all sung in French.

He remembers, with spine-tingling clarity, how he brought a crowd of 8,000 proud Acadian people to their feet with an a cappella version of his “Reveille,” a song he wrote, with tears brimming in his eyes, as he was driving on a Lafayette freeway. “Reveille” was Richard's statement of solidarity with his Cajun heritage, a call to arms for the descendants of the Acadian people expelled from Canada in 1755.

By the end of the decade, however, Richard would reverse himself—or so it seemed to his audience. After becoming something of a cult hero in French Canada on the strength of three albums—Bayou des Mystères, Mardi Gras and Migration—and several successful tours, Richard had recruited many New Orleans session players for his fourth album, Allons Danser, a work which retained a certain Cajun flavor but which was heavily influenced by New Orleans style Caribbean and funk rhythms. Later, he would even re-release his classic Mardi Gras album with an English side. And his live shows, purists noted with alarm, were becoming more and more like exercises in rock 'n' roll. Zachary Richard, these purists pointed out, had merely exploited his Cajun heritage in order to make a name for himself.

But on the eve of his upcoming tour to Europe (Richard and his new band leave September 20 for a two-month tour based in Paris), he has come to see his role in the Cajun music revival in personal as well as cultural terms.

He has, to some extent, exorcised the more maniacal aspects of his militancy. Comfortably ensconced at a kitchen table in his newly-constructed Cajun style house in Scott, Richard spoke finally as a man at peace with himself and his critics: “I don’t think that there's anything to be gained by my hanging around in bars and intimidating people to speak French with me. I'm still dedicated to preserving our language, but I think I've learned that the primary responsibility of the danger of losing the language belongs with the..."
French people.

“‘I’ll always play the accordion,’” he explains, “‘And I’ll always include Cajun songs on my records. But that’s not all I do. What I do primarily is sit at my piano and write tunes.’”

Five years ago, this statement would have set off an explosion of indignation among Richard’s heritage-conscious peers—as, indeed, it did to a minor extent with his former band mate, Michael Doucet, who parted company with Richard and formed his own band, BeauSoleil. Those ideological fractures have long since been healed and Richard has been left to pursue his musical inclinations, wherever they take him.

“I think if I have one fault it’s that I’ve been too easily interested in other things, too eclectic.,”

But, he emphasizes, “I love Cajun music, and being Cajun is a very important, very emotional thing to me. That will never change.”

Zachary Richard’s road to his Cajun music roots came about through a series of unlikely circumstances. The son of Scott’s mayor, Richard went to college in the late 1960s at Tulane, from which both he and his father expected he would emerge ready for a career in maritime law or medicine. But the radical student politics of the era radicalized him, in turn. He switched his major to English then to history, with a major in African studies. After his junior year abroad in Scotland in 1970-where he formed “the weirdest band I ever played in—one guy was into the Grateful Dead and two of the other guys were brothers from Czechoslovakia”—he returned to Louisiana to finish his degree, then promptly split for New York.

At the time, he says, “I was playing a kind of folk rock—Bob Dylan, Neil Young, The Byrds stuff. This was before I knew Cajun music was going to be my future.”

The events which followed hardly anticipated his role in the Cajun music renaissance. While in New York, Richard ran into an old history professor from Tulane, who was then working in a local radio station. Richard, who was doing solo gigs at places like The Other End and writing reams of songs, took advantage of his friend’s offer to record a four-song demo.

On the strength of that demo, Richard landed a recording contract with Elektra Records. Unfortunately for him at the time, Elektra soon after merged with Asylum, and in the ensuing internal management shuffle, Richard was one of a dozen or so Elektra artists who were dropped from the roster.

Losing out on the Elektra contract turned from blasting to blessing in remarkably short order. With his $2,500 advance from the record company, Richard bought a guitar and an accordion. The guitar was a natural purchase to make; the accordion was, at the time, harder to explain. “I used to explain it,” Richard says of his emerging Cajun consciousness, “as the fact that I needed a sense of identity. At the time [1973], most everybody was into looking for an identity for themselves. The whole back-to-the-roots thing was happening then. I was a Cajun, I still spoke French with my grandparents.’’

Over the next few months, Richard began studying the music of his heritage with an almost religious zeal. He began splitting practice time between piano, guitar and his newly-acquired diatonic accordion, using the recordings of Fifties’ Cajun dance hall star Aldus Roger for both lessons and inspiration. Although he would not meet Clifton Chenier until much later, he remembers being awed by the fact that he then lived just two doors down from the zydeco legend.

Meanwhile, a cousin of Richard’s had picked up a hitchhiking Frenchman in New York and had, in turn, sent him down to visit Richard in Scott. The French hitchhiker wound up staying at Richard’s house for several weeks before he returned to France. A bit later, the Frenchman, who had spent his weeks at Richard’s house absorbing Cajun culture and Richard’s fascination with it, called with the news that he had organized a French folk music festival in Vierzon. Richard and Michael Doucet readily agreed to perform.
After Richard and Doucet returned from France, they formed the first version of Richard's Bayou Drifter Band, with Bessy! Duhon (now with Cajun country star Jimmie C. Newman), Jody Lariviere and Roy Harrington, which struck an immediate, responsive chord at Cajun clubs like Jay's and Antlers.

Within a year, Richard and the Bayou Drifter Band were the hottest thing going (hot that is, except in terms of making money, Richard laughs) in a region increasingly infatuated with its own music. By the winter of 1975, in fact, the band was expected to be the centerpiece at Mamou's annual Mardi Gras celebration.

But as the members of the band were preparing for their Mamou Mardi Gras gig, they got a call from CODOFIL, inviting them to go to Quebec City for a performance there. Though Richard remembers a profound sense of anguish about having to choose between Mamou and Quebec City, he ultimately chose the latter "Because we were young and ready to go. We wanted to see what was going on there."

Additional impetus came from the fact that the band's single, "Ma Loui­siane"—the first and only song Richard ever wrote on the accordion—was already creating a minor splash in French Canada.

The experience in Quebec City initially startled Richard. "Our repertoire was about half country and western rock and half Cajun. I got a surprise when they seemed to get off more on the Cajun music. I felt a little slighted, since the other stuff was my originals."

For the first time in his life, however, Richard was making money playing music. During the two days the band spent in Montreal, the band was on virtually every television show.

Returning to Louisiana with a renewed sense of mission, he found himself even more enraptured by his heritage and what he'd found in Canada. Richard, with Roy Harrington in tow this time, quickly made plans to return. In August of that year, Richard first sang his revelatory "Reveille" in Moncton.

When he finally returned to Louisiana after a three month sojourn in Canada, his father—who had, until then, been extremely skeptical of his son's music career—gave Richard $5,000 to produce his album, Bayou des Mysteres.

CBS Canada, spurred on by a French-speaking A&R man, signed Richard to a recording contract and was eventually rewarded with the sale of 25,000 units to show for it. His follow-up album, Mardi Gras, did even better. Within the span of roughly three years, Richard had become a French Canadian cult figure.

With the release of Migration, though, Richard performed a 180-degree turn from the Cajun dance music with which he'd become identified. Although the album itself went gold in Canada, and produced a platinum single, "L'Arbre est dans ses Feuilles," it created a backlash among Richard's Cajun purist fans. The
During his six years as a professional recording engineer, James Griffin has twirled his knobs for some of the best in the business, engineering two dozen chart records in the process. Now beginning a new phase of his career, James Griffin is working in conjunction with Trace Recording Studio in Ridgeland, MS to bring you the best sound available at prices affordable to the working musician. Trace Recording Studio is the area's newest 16-track facility, offering state-of-the-art gear in a relaxed but efficient working environment. Add James Griffin's years of experience and long-standing reputation for excellence, and the combination can't be beat. So, whether you're recording your first demos or your next major album project, give us a call. We'll get your music on tape. Right the first time.

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During his six years as a professional recording engineer, James Griffin has twirled his knobs for some of the best in the business, engineering two dozen chart records in the process. Now beginning a new phase of his career, James Griffin is working in conjunction with Trace Recording Studio in Ridgeland, MS to bring you the best sound available at prices affordable to the working musician. Trace Recording Studio is the area's newest 16-track facility, offering state-of-the-art gear in a relaxed but efficient working environment. Add James Griffin's years of experience and long-standing reputation for excellence, and the combination can't be beat. So, whether you're recording your first demos or your next major album project, give us a call. We'll get your music on tape. Right the first time.

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RICHARD'S DISCOGRAPHY
Bayou des Mysteres, Quebec Disk KD913
Mardi Gras, CBS Canada GFS 090432
Migration, CBS Canada GFS 08009
Allons Danser, CBS Canada GFS 080032
Live in Montreal, RZ 1003
Vent d'Eté, Quebec Disk

bulk of the material—that is, all the songs with the exception of "L'Arbre"—was virtually a rejection of Cajun music. "It was a songwriter's album," he says of Migration. "And if I may be so pretentious to say it, it was much more sophisticated lyrically, musically and conceptually than anything I've ever done. It was much closer to English progressive rock than anything."

Migration, which is out of print now and nearly impossible to find, was recorded in Montreal with several Montreal sessionmen and featured such un-Cajunlike additions as synthesizers and, most tellingly, no Cajun accordion. "It was a very intellectual album and that I was finally at the point in my writing where I felt I was doing poetic things with my lyrics. Conceptually, the images were of birds and their migration—very much parallel to my own migration from Louisiana to Canada. I think I was looking for a departure as dramatic as Dylan's on Nashville Skyline."

The departure from Richard's dance hall music with Migration preceded another complete turnaround on Allons Danser which featured such sidemen as George Porter and Ronnie and Victor Palmer, along with the Bogalusa Baptist Choir. That album, too, was strikingly different from Richard's previous work, with heavy lines of funk and jazz, punctuated by a piercing horn section. To underscore his determination to experiment, Richard did up the sacred Cajun standard "Collinda" reggae-style.

If anything, Richard's two subsequent albums, Live In Montreal and Vent d'Eté, released in 1980 and 1981, respectively, have proven that he has not so much abandoned his Cajun quest as incorporated it into a wider definition of his eclectic tastes. Thanks to his heritage, he can perform "Reveille" with soulful, almost agonizing conviction. Because he has assimilated the stylistic devices of New Orleans funk and rock, he can capture the essential New Orleans party spirit and retouch it on his own terms. And so it goes with his country music and his more mainstream rockers and ballads.

The thing to remember, he says, is that "I am a composer." And then again, there's the fact that when he first started he wanted to be a star in the United States. "I thought it would be very clever of me," he says a bit sheepishly, "if I could become an international star and then come back and say, 'Hey, guys, here's what you missed.' The point is, there's no French success that's going to help me here. I'm very adamant about preserving my culture, but I'm also very adamant about making my own music."

RICHARD'S DISCOGRAPHY
Bayou des Mysteres, Quebec Disk KD913
Mardi Gras, CBS Canada GFS 090432
Migration, CBS Canada GFS 08009
Allons Danser, CBS Canada GFS 080032
Live in Montreal, RZ 1003
Vent d'Eté, Quebec Disk
When it comes to the modern music of South Louisiana, the undisputed kingpin is Floyd Soileau, who runs Floyd's One Stop in Ville Platte. Today he releases the world's greatest volume of Cajun recordings on his own Swallow label. His other subsidiaries include Jin, which covers the rock 'n' roll sound of the bayou, and Maison de Soul, which releases record for the soul and zydeco markets.

If that isn't enough, his record shop is one of the largest and most complete in the state. His mail order record service remains busy, shipping records worldwide. Add to that the recent completion of a record pressing and album fabrication plant, which draws business from throughout the south.

Needless to say, Floyd Soileau is an extremely busy man. Not surprisingly, this interview took over a month to arrange. Finally, on a Friday afternoon in his comfortable office behind the shop, Floyd was able to pry himself away from his varied business interests to tell his story.

"I got started in the music field in 1965," he began. "I was doing some part-time deejay work right here in Ville Platte. The station manager told me, 'Why don't you open a music store? The town needs a good record shop. You can do that while you still work here.'"

"So I started a shop, and then one thing led to another. A good friend of mine who was a jukebox operator wanted to have a French record made. He'd been at a party, and somebody had a tape recorder and he brought me a tape of Emanuel Bar Waltz."

"Since he was a jukebox operator, and I was a deejay, we could plug it for free while we were on our jobs. So that's how we got started in the record business." The word got around that there was somebody issuing French records in Ville Platte, Soileau became a popular man. "Khoury records in Ville Platte wasn't recording French music anymore because it just wasn't selling, and Eddie Shuler at Goldband had slowed up, too."

Soileau explained that when the groups would approach him about making a record, it was to have something on the jukebox so they could work off of it. Floyd would herd up the group and head down to Crowley and rent J.D. Miller's studio. Once inside, the sessions were rapid, usually just a couple of numbers were cut—a slow waltz and a fast two-step.

In the late Fifties, if a Cajun record sold over a thousand copies, it was deemed successful. The modest success of these records at least insured further releases by the small company. Early releases on Swallow were by the Cajun Trio, Sidney Brown, Joel Sonnier, and his most successful Cajun artist, Austin Pitre.

Soileau was also approached by a number of local rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues groups. "That kind of music was real popular then, so we thought we'd try it." The late Fifties was a phenomenal period as far as rock 'n' roll music was concerned. Even a tiny label could have a smash hit overnight with a catchy record. So it was with Floyd Soileau.

"I named the label for the rock 'n' roll and R&B stuff 'Jin.' I named it after my wife—well, she wasn't my wife then. I was just trying to make points. The first big thing we had was in 1958 with 'This Should Go On Forever' by Rod Bernard. Henry Hildebrand at All South really got that record going in New Orleans. I remember I used to get my records pressed in California and then have them shipped by train. I'd pick them up at the depot, then rush over to the bus station so I could ship'em out before the bus left."

"Leland Rogers—who is Kenny Rogers' brother—got the record played in Houston and brought Rod over to play a few record hops. The record started breaking in Texas, and United Distributors over in Houston got Chess in Chicago interested in leasing it for a thousand dollars in advance money. I talked it over with Rod, and he said, 'I wonder if they can get me on American Bandstand?'"
"I called up Chess and said you got a deal, if you can get him on American Bandstand.

"They said it was a deal, no problem. Paul Gayten came by with the check and picked up the master. A little while later the record really started to take off ["This Should Go On Forever" Argo 5327, reached Number 20, and stayed on the Billboard charts for twelve weeks in 1959] and Rod went to Philadelphia. Chess upheld their end of the deal, but Rod's manager, Bob Hall, didn't like the contract they presented, so we leased 'One More Chance' to Mercury and that became a big hit the same year. ["One More Chance," Mercury 71507, reached Number 74, and stayed on the charts for 9 weeks.]

"Then we had this guy Jivin' Gene. Huey Meaux, from Winnie, Texas, sent him over to me. The first thing we had, 'Going Out With The Tide' did mediocre, but 'Breaking Up Is Hard To Do' was a smash, and he went to Mercury, too.'"

Soileau's agreement with Mercury turned out to be very profitable for all parties involved. They also leased Soileau's biggest record, "I'm A Fool To Care" by Joe Barry. Barry's delivery of the tune was so close to Fats Domino that upon hearing the tune for the first time, Fats wondered when he had cut it.

"Funny story behind that record," continued Soileau with a sly smile. "Back then you could get away with copying somebody's style for one record. LeRoy Martin, who was producing Vin Bruce for me, told me he had this guy that was real good and he was going to send me a tape. So I got the demo, and the 'I Got A Feeling' side was just like Ray Charles—I mean it was just like him."

"I told LeRoy to take him down to New Orleans and cut him at Cosimo's. When I got the tape back the 'I Got A Feeling' sounded just like Joe Barry, not Ray Charles. But the B side, 'I'm A Fool To Care,' sounded just like Fats."

"Cosimo had been trying to get Fats to do the song, but he didn't like it. So Cosimo was tickled. Joe could do it. He copied the whole Fats arrangement and got Joe to do the phrasing just right. He really worked him good!"

In 1961, "I'm A Fool To Care" rose to Number 24 during its 14-week stay on the national charts. This was followed by "Teardrops In My Heart," another national hit. From the strength of these national hits Soileau was able to build a studio in Ville Platte, and add to his growing catalog of South Louisiana recording artists. Such stalwarts as The Boogie Kings, Johnny Allen and Tommy McLain were all recorded for Jin. Soileau even dabbled in the blues market for a short time, issuing records by Donnie Jacobs and Rockin' Sydney, but admits he didn't know the music well enough to push it right.

Even with his smattering of hits, Soileau was smart enough to realize that he shouldn't ignore the music that got him started. Today he maintains the largest...
French-Cajun record catalog in the world. The old studio has been demolished, so the store could be extended. Most of Soileau's time is divided between there and the new record pressing plant.

"The studio led to the pressing plant. Everybody was coming around here trying to make a record. So I said, 'Hell, let's see what will happen if we try to press records, too.'"

Soileau admits he broke a cardinal rule in the record industry by owning a label and a pressing plant. But as it turned out, his competition (or as Soileau refers to them, 'neighbors') were the first to come to him with business.

"I convinced Eddie Shuler [Goldband Records] to expand his album library. It's worked out fine for the both of us. He's got a fine record catalog. Some of the stuff didn't do too well around here, but it's done real well overseas.

"Joe Banashak, too [of Bandy records in New Orleans, who issues Irma Thomas and Ernie K-Doe discs]. He wasn't too excited about the record business anymore because things weren't going the way he wanted. I suggested we get together. I could do the album pressing and some of the distributing. I figured I could sell enough to pay for the pressing, and he could have enough to make some money on it, too. And it's worked out beautifully. I think he's up to his eleventh album, and it's expanded our regional album line."

Soileau attributes his success as a record producer to simplicity, "I listen for something simple with some strong lines. I go for the lyrics. The trick to producing a record is matching the right material with the artist."

At times Soileau is critical of some of the Cajun and zydeco artists. "A lot of guys just work the same songs to death. Material is really important. Now take Clifton Chenier. He's great, but he does the same thing over and over. If he could get the right material, he could be a superstar."

Even though there's a good market for Cajun and zydeco records, Soileau is still bothered by the same old bugaboo. He can't get his records played on the radio outside a limited area. "It's like the major companies don't want us small independents around. They have the play lists all tied up. How do you break a new record these days? A guy like Johnny Allen is a big hit in Europe, but I can't get his records played over here. [Johnny's "Promised Land," a Sixties recording, made Number 28 in England just last summer.] That's why there's not as many Cajun records released as there used to be, even around here. It's too hard to get exposure. I know if I play them in a shop people will buy them. But I can't go around to every shop and play 'em."

Despite poor sales, Floyd Soileau is still keen to keep putting out French music. As a dyed-in-the-wool Cajun, he swears, "We will keep putting out French music, because we feel we owe it to our people."
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<th>No.</th>
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<td>JOHN LEE HOOKER</td>
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<td>KANSAS CITY BLUES BAND</td>
<td>10-year vets from steertown</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>STRAY CATS</td>
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<td>THE NEVILLE BROTHERS</td>
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Music at the Fair

By Lisa Vaughan

The Louisiana World's Fair. Millions of people from the region, the country and the world will visit New Orleans. From May 12 to November 11, New Orleans' culture and heritage will be on exhibit and that means New Orleans music will be in the spotlight.

Plans for musical entertainment at the World's Fair are still in the beginning stages. At this point, fair organizers are making plans for performing facilities, the entertainment budget and staff, and the entire entertainment program.

Music will be the largest part of the entertainment budget, said Barnett Lipman, Louisiana World Exposition Director. But according to Joan Jacob, Media Relations, "It's limiting to think of an entertainment event like this as just music or just theatre. It's a whole package."

Nevertheless, music will play an important part in creating the overall effect that fair organizers want to achieve. Many national and international musical acts will be invited to perform at the fair, but Lipman estimates that the majority of those appearing will be from New Orleans or Louisiana.

"It has to be a mix," Lipman said. "We're doing two things at the same time. We're showcasing New Orleans and Louisiana to the world; but since most of the people who come to the fair will be coming from this region of the country, you have an obligation to bring them international talent—not necessarily big names, just an international variety of talent so that they have an opportunity to see and enjoy things they've never seen before."

He said many entertainers appearing at the fair will play on a no-fee basis. "Union performers and 'big-name' performers will get paid...but we have a very limited budget...so for a lot of those groups that are non-union and willing to play without a fee, we will give them that opportunity."

However, not all non-union musicians will go away hungry. Many acts will be paid by sponsors, Lipman said. "There are a number of local groups I would like to see perform here on an extended basis, with their fees being picked up by an appropriate corporation," he said. In fact,
attracting major talent will also depend on sponsorships, because "a lot of them just don't play 5,000 seats anymore—that's too small," Lipman said.

The entertainment department is designing approximately twenty performance facilities that will be constructed on the fair site, Lipman said. "The potential number of performances that could occur using those twenty performance spaces—assuming ten or eleven performances on each day—could be more than 40,000 separate performances in six months."

The plans include a 5,000 seat amphitheatre; a large Jazz Fest-like tent that will seat 2,000-2,500 people; an open amphitheatre seating 1,000-1,500; a stage inside the Louisiana Pavilion, seating capacity to be determined; floating stages on the water courses and the lagoon in the fair sites; small mobile stages will be radio-dispatched to long exhibit lines; and a variety of stationary stages.

According to Lipman, entertainment events will also be scheduled at off-site locations, such as the Orpheum Theatre, the Saenger and possibly the Superdome. "We'll be working with producers and promoters, and they'll receive the bulk of the financial benefits from it. We would primarily provide use of the World's Fair logo and inclusion in all of our publicity," he said.

Musical programming will encompass as much of the New Orleans and Louisiana music spectrum as possible—Dixieland, jazz, blues, zydeco, country and bluegrass, to name a few. Contemporary, pop, big band and some classical music will also be featured. "There will also be some rock, a reasonable kind of rock 'n' roll, nothing too crazy," Lipman said, "because we're playing to more of a Disney kind of audience."

The music budget for this grandiose scheme will be finalized next spring. The budget is determined by Lipman, LWE Executive Vice-President and General Manager Peter Spurney, a management committee and the World's Fair directors. Once the budget is set, the performing arts staff will begin booking. Lipman said most of this staff will be from New Orleans and Louisiana. "Given that most of the entertainers will come from this part of the country, it's advantageous to have people who are familiar with local resources," he said.

Fair organizers are primarily concerned with putting everything together—sights, sounds, tastes, smells—to create a cohesive experience, Jacobs said. "We want something that has a thematic quality to it, that all ties in as part of the educational experience," she added. "After you have this huge tall ship arriving, you're going to want something compatible in music and something compatible in the performing arts. Those are the things we're looking at now. People are expecting an incredible, stimulating package and that's what we're planning to deliver."
Well known by blues enthusiasts in Europe, but relatively unknown in his hometown, Boogie Bill can be found down in the Ninth Ward, playing fine country blues for his neighbors and friends.

The term "country blues" usually brings to mind pictures of endless cotton fields, and ancient black men flailing at old beat-up guitars, in front of weather-beaten shacks. Many people would be surprised to know that one of the finest exponents of this rapidly fading art form lives right here in New Orleans. He's relatively young, in good health, and he still sounds phenomenal. His name is Boogie Bill Webb.

Bill Webb (everyone calls him "Boogie") lives in a small house next to the Industrial Canal, deep in the ninth ward. Now 58, Boogie is a warm, intelligent man who is quick to make one feel welcome. Immediately after a visitor is seated in his living room, Boogie will plug his Telecaster into one of the amplifiers that crowds his house and launch into a miniature blues history course. Tommy Johnson, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters and even Z.Z. Hill, Boogie can play them all while interjecting his own tunes, too.

In was in fact the great Tommy Johnson who spurred Boogie into taking up guitar. Johnson was a most influential singer/guitarist from Crystal Springs, Mississippi whose style was widely copied. Between 1928 and 1930, Johnson recorded eleven magnificent sides including the popular "Big Road Blues." "If it hadn't been for Tommy Johnson and the 'Big Road Blues,' I wouldn't be playin' this here noise today," Boogie begins matter of factly, pausing between songs.

"See my mother used to have fish suppers here in New Orleans, and she used to bring him down to play. They was kids together back in Jackson. He never did teach me nothin' but when I was a kid I would listen at his playin'. The people always did like Tommy's playin', and my mother used to make as much as $35, which was a heap of money in those days.

"I didn't have no guitar 'cause I was too young, so when I was about 8 years old, my cousin made me a guitar out a cigar box. It had two strings on it made out of screen wire. For the bass string you wrapped two strings together. I kind of got a sound out of it," he winks.

"Then I went to six strings when my mother got me a real guitar, but I still couldn't play, until this fellow Roosevelt Holts came to my mother's house. (Holts was a country blues singer/guitarist from Bogalusa.) He was in some kind of trouble and had to stay with my mother for a couple of weeks, so Roosevelt straightened me out. He told me, 'You ain't never gonna play nothin' 'cause you got the guitar tuned wrong.'"

After getting some initial lessons from Holts, Boogie's appetite for guitar became insatiable as he began learning both from records and watching other guitar players. As he grew up he divided his time between Jackson, Mississippi, where he was born, and New Orleans. Consequently his influences were indeed diverse as Boogie explains. "I knew a lot of the good musicians in Jackson. Fact, one of the greatest piano players, Otis Spann, is a cousin of mine. (Spann of course was the fine pianist with Muddy Waters for nearly twenty years.) I knew Coot Davis. He used to play with Little Brother Montgomery. He used to play on the radio, that must have been around '39.

"Johnny Jones too, he was a real good pianist. He played in Chicago with Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Reed and Elmo James. Son and Stack Hill, too (string musicians from Jackson), they was terrific.

"I learned 'Dooleyville Blues' from Johnny Jones, too, he was a real good piano player."
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Bubba Brown who played with Cary Lee Simmon. He was terrific. He showed me this boxcar chord (plays a complicated walking pattern) yeah, that's what he called it!

While in Jackson, Boogie won a talent contest, and was chosen to play in a motion picture The Jackson Jive. "It wasn't no full-length picture," he points out. "Just thirty minutes. They had this fellow 'Bear Track,' he was one of the most famous shoe shiners, singing 'Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy.' He shined shoes on Farish Street. They showed it in theatres before the feature."

While in New Orleans, Bill befriended Fats Domino (whom he had known since childhood) and Harrison Verret, Fats' guitarist. "I used to sit in for a couple of numbers with Fats, but I never were none of his guitar player.

"Now Harrison, he taught me a lot. He could play guitar, banjo, mandolin and read music." It was partly due to his involvement with Harrison, who introduced Bill to Dave Bartholomew, that Boogie made his first sides with Imperial Records in 1953. "Dave Bartholomew's the one who got me on Imperial. Fats didn't do too much for the rest of us, I guess he wanted to make that money himself!" laughs Boogie.

Imperial released "Bad Dog"/"I Ain't For It." Both sides were excellent country blues-boogie items with Bill backed by sympathetic bass and drums. But, "They didn't do too hot," Boogie says softly. Sadly the popularity of country blues was on the wane, as suave city blues by the likes of Louis Jordan, Fats, Amos Milburn and others replaced it.

After the ill-fated Imperial session, Boogie left New Orleans, spent five years in Chicago and Galensburg, Illinois, where he sat in with a number of groups and played solo at a number of house parties. "Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker and the great Muddy Waters, I played with all of them," says Boogie proudly. "I was with all them real good guitar players."

When Boogie left Chicago he returned to New Orleans sometime in the late Fifties, and began working as a longshoreman. He continued to play an odd job in a tavern and occasionally a house party. "I never really was a professional musician," Boogie is quick to point out. "There just ain't enough money in it unless you're a genius."

Boogie Bill continued to play and write songs in his home and became somewhat of a legend in his neighborhood and later Europe.

"I met this fellow David Evans (Mississippi folklorist) around 1968 in a restaurant and it turned out he knew more about me than I did. He made a record on me here at the house, but I never did see it."

Boogie is referring to Arhoolie LP 1057, where Evans recorded Boogie and his teacher Roosevelt Holts. Evans also published a series of interviews in the British magazine Blues Unlimited. Not long after that, European blues collectors began making pilgrimages to Boogie Bill's doorstep. "Yeah, they been in touch with me for fourteen or fifteen years. They been tryin' to get me to come over there. Fact I was suppose to have done already went, but I never did take too much interest in it. I don't know why, I just figured I didn't know enough. They told me though if I ever had a notion to go over just to call 'em.

"So finally this fellow Yock, that's his name, offered me a trip and a little money to go over for a week. See, they got this blues festival in Holland."

Come September Boogie Bill Webb will travel for the first time to Amsterdam with Johnny Adams and David Lastie. Ironically, Boogie Bill has not even appeared at the New Orleans Jazz Festival or a club in New Orleans even though he is perhaps one of the greatest exponents of country blues in America.

"Well, I guess it's my fault really," he sighs, putting down his Telecaster, "I could have gone down to tell 'em, but I never did.

"I guess it's like this boy Roy Byrd. He wasn't hittin' on nothin' until he went over the river (overseas). Then he started gettin' famous. None of his records got out of New Orleans, I guess that's the way it goes." But Boogie adds, "I hope I don't have to wait till I'm a hundred."

Today Boogie is retired and is content to repair an occasional lawnmower, when not playing his guitar. Sundays he usually hosts a small get-together of harp and guitar players. Boogie is much sought after by a number of other "amateur" guitar players, who even call him to try to get them to tune their guitars over the phone. Come Sunday the music lasts long into the evening. But as Boogie Bill's neighbor, Mr. G., explains: "It don't matter how loud or how late they play, 'cause it sounds so good, nobody ever calls the police."
The music created in the early 1970s in ghettos and Rastafarian communities of Jamaica had a power that much of today's commercialized reggae lacks. "Soul" music of the highest calibre, it drew its strength from political and economic oppression and marijuana-induced religious fervor. These crude Jamaican records, full of pops and surface noises, wrong labels and misspellings, lent an air of urgency to the music. Getting the music out to the people was an immediate necessity; whether it was real or not was secondary. It was a product of the mixing board and pile drivers. Vocalists like DJ singers of reggae's beat but not its soul. The music created in the early 1970s that can be reproduced in concert with minimal dependence on the mixing board is better or worse than the older style is a matter of taste as to whether one prefers the more subtle heartbeat pulse of yesterday's reggae or the pile-driver variety of today. Personally, I miss the old intensity. It was rebel music, banned on the radio, held in contempt by Jamaican authorities. Now, for commercial purposes, the lyrics have been neutralized, stripped of emotional impact. Religious/political statements are limited mainly to sentiments about loving Jah and smoking sinsemilla, and after a decade, this hardly sounds sincere anymore. With rhythm as strong as reggae, the music can stand on its own without lyrics, but those who were initially attracted to reggae because of its vital rhythms and purpose can only regret their disappearance.

Before you think I advocate keeping Jamaican musicians poor and abused so they'll produce spiritually honest music, I should make a few points. Many reggae records of the early and middle 1970s are still available, and fortunately there is music being made right now that is vital to the 1980s. In the same way that Jamaicans created a new musical idiom by combining American soul music with Jamaican rhythms and sentiments, a number of British bands (consisting of West Indian emigrants and white youths alike) have mixed rock 'n' roll with reggae and ska to create an exciting new sound. Close to the roots reggae end of the experimental spectrum are bands like Steel Pulse, Misty In Roots, Black Slate and Linton Kwesi Johnson. These bands play reggae that rocks harder than anything coming out of Jamaica, and their sound is a live sound that can be reproduced in concert with minimal dependence on the mixing board and sound effects. Not straying quite as far from rock 'n' roll roots are British bands like the Police, XTC, Madness and the Clash. Any rock 'n' roller could get off on this music, and at the same time be introduced to varying degrees of religious fervor. These crude Jamaican records, full of pops and surface noises, wrong labels and misspellings, lent an air of urgency to the music. Getting the music out to the people was more important than a polished product.

A decade later we find Jamaican reggae in a spiritually declining but economically improving situation: the major record labels decided an international market exists for reggae's best but not its soul. The music that has retained its roots gets no further than Jamaica and a handful of record stores dealing in imports. Commercialized reggae, on the other hand, is available throughout the world. Many reggae artists have responded to this situation by downplaying political sentiments (or even foregoing them completely) in favor of love songs. Music experimentation centers around rhythm only. Synth drums and other electronic effects exaggerate the downbeat, creating a sound somewhere between ricocheting bullets and pile drivers. Vocalists like DJ singers Clint Eastwood and the Lone Ranger use their voices as percussion instruments, filling musical spaces with rolled R's, oinks, ribits, and other grunts and musical trills. As the music becomes increasingly reliant on the mixing board for its rhythms, the distinction between vocal music and dub music (which has always been a product of the mixing board) is getting less clear. At their best, such effects almost create a suction that draws the listener into the reggae beat.

To maintain that contemporary reggae is better or worse than the older style is missing the point. It's merely a matter of
One common link in the music of all these British bands is the political content of their lyrics and the visual presentation of the bands. With the passionate political awareness of most Brits, it shouldn’t be surprising that the essentially rebellious nature of reggae was readily accepted in England. As to my earlier statement that older Jamaican reggae records are still available, it’s merely a matter of discovering where to find them, and as you must realize by now, I believe they’re well worth the effort. Import record stores carry Jamaican and British labels. Many mail order reggae catalogues are advertised in various music publications. And recently, Shanachie Records, which distributes to almost all record dealers, worked out an agreement to distribute domestically all reggae records on the Greensleeves label, which includes some great older records by Augustus Pablo, the Revolutionaries and the Wailing Souls. With perseverance and luck, one should be able to build a collection of music that will improve with age like the finest of any art form.

**Right Time**

The Mighty Diamonds
Virgin Records

Today’s reggae is the result of over fifteen years of musical evolution. A voluminous library of classic reggae recordings exists that has never been written about in the American press or played on most American radio stations. It would be a shame for these roots records to go unheard by reggae lovers, but at today’s record prices, few people can gamble on records about which they know little or nothing. With this in mind, each month this column will highlight a reggae record that might be considered a classic. Only records still in print will be selected.

The Mighty Diamonds, a vocal trio heavily influenced by American soul singers (especially Motown vocal trios), were born and raised in Kingston. The three members of the Mighty Diamonds are among the cream of the crop of singers that include other great groups like Culture, Abyssinians and Heptones.

**Right Time** (also available as a Jamaican Channel One pressing entitled When The Right Time Comes, I Need A Roof), was recorded in 1975 but includes all the 45 rpm’s that made them popular in Jamaica between 1972 and 1975. All were recorded at the famous Channel One studio. Consequently, it features Sly Dunbar on drums, Robbie Shakespeare on bass, Ansel Collins on keyboards, and fine horn section that includes Tommy McCook on trumpet. This album is distinctive for its militant political stance, presented through beautiful melodies and vocal harmonies. “Right Time” and “Have Mercy” stand out, but they’re all good on this album.

—Gene Scaramuzzo
THE SEASON BEGINS

This emerging Symphony starts a new season with a challenging series of concerts and a European tour.

In September 10, the New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra opens its 1982-83 season in its new home, the Orpheum Theatre, with a gala concert. Itzhak Perlman, the exciting and perceptive violinist will play the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto with Philippe Entremont and the Orchestra. Following intermission, Entremont and Orchestra will play Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony. This program should certainly test the acoustics of the newly-restored Orpheum Theatre, for the orchestral tuttis of the Symphony are very rich, and the extensive brass writing in both the introduction and the finale will let us see whether the Orchestra's power makes it into the balcony. The solo violin tone in the Concerto and the pizzicato strings of the Symphony's scherzo will test the hall's ability to carry delicate sounds.

Maestro Entremont himself has promised that in the new home, the Orchestra will sound as rich as they did at their well-received Carnegie Hall concert of last January. Under particularly trying circumstances, the Orchestra brought off superbly an especially difficult all-Prokofiev program, including the Symphonie Concertante for Cello and Orchestra, with Janos Starker, and the Symphony No.5. Although they had played the Symphony several times since leaving New Orleans, this was their first performance of the concerto on tour. In fact, their first rehearsal with Starker was the day of the concert, after a particularly frustrating and tiring journey to New York City. The rehearsal was somewhat frantic. But, in spite of these obstacles, the performance was gripping and intense. The Orchestra worked well with Starker, tossing the tricky rhythms back and forth with much aplomb. The Symphony received a quick performance (the fastest I have ever heard) which emphasized its tension. It is not always easy for a central-European-sounding orchestra to convincingly capture the astringent tone of a Prokofiev work, but for me, the requisite pungency was there.

The Carnegie Hall performance enhanced the Orchestra's reputation and prestige considerably. Entremont has remarked at the surprise of the cognoscenti to the quality of the Orchestra. Such tours are necessary to the building of national audience, which improves an orchestra's fund-raising capacity significantly.

Similarly, the Orchestra's upcoming European tour will contribute mightily to its reputation, prestige, and funding capacity. When Sir Georg Solti took over the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1969, the first thing he did was take the Orchestra to Europe to widen its reputation and appeal. That tour did much to start the CSO on the path to the international fame that it enjoys today. An orchestra with world-class aspirations must travel worldwide. Entremont, with his wide experience in the international concert world, clearly knows this, and he has designed an especially interesting tour for the Orchestra.

One of the staples of the tour repertoire will be the Saint-Saens Organ Symphony, another French work for which Entremont has a special feeling. Entremont is one of the major Saint-Saens interpreters in the world today. One of his early recordings was an excellent coupling of the Second and Fourth Piano Concertos with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, and a few years ago he recorded all of the Saint-Saens piano concertos with Michel Plasson and the Toulouse Orchestra for Columbia. These sensitive performances give great promise to the Symphony's choice of this work.

The organ soloist in the Symphony performances will be our own Dr. John Yarborough, who frequently performs with the Orchestra in piano concertos. His accompanying of the Orchestra on this tour
RARE RECORDS

BLUES FROM HIS PART OF TOWN

“Shrewsbury Blues”
Tommy Ridgley
Imperial 5054

A mixture of blues and jump, Tommy Ridgley's “Shrewsbury Blues” was the first record by a local artist released on Imperial. Still a local classic, this 1949 recording is available only on 78.

Accompanied by Dave Bartholomew’s band (Bartholomew on trumpet, Clarence Hall and Red Tyler on tenors, Joe Harris on alto, Salvador Doucette on piano, Ernest McLean on guitar, Frank Fields on bass and the ubiquitous Earl Palmer on drums), Ridgley sings about the area he came from—what is now Causeway Boulevard between the Jefferson and Airline Highways—and the girl who left him there bereft. The tune features several trumpet riffs structured by Bartholomew into the arrangement, and a set of sax solos during the bridge with and without Bartholomew’s trumpet.

Locally, “Shrewsbury Blues” sells for $10 to $15 in used or rare record stores—when you can find it. The Osborne-Hamilton price guide lists mint condition copies at only $6.

(Thanks to Leo Zuperku for loan of this record.)

Scheduling the Tchaikowsky symphony for the tour and the success of the Prokofiev program in Carnegie Hall, reminds us of Entremont's great affinity for Russian music as demonstrated by his towering performance last season of the Fifth Symphony of Shostakovitch. Even recalling that one of Entremont's first critical successes was the Rachmaninoff First Piano Concerto, I was unprepared for his total mastery in interpreting the Symphony. In all my experience, I have never heard a better performance of this mighty work. The Orchestra played as though their lives depended on it. That was the high point of the season for me, even though there were many other superb performances.

So the new season beckons. Following hard on the heels of great interpretative performances of Beethoven, Entremont will begin with the Seventh Symphony. We will have more Prokofiev, the suite from Romeo and Juliet. Massey will lead the Bruckner Sixth, which promises to be even better than his Mahler since it requires less emotional commitment. Entremont will conduct another Beethoven concerto, this one for violin, with the great Yehudi Menuhin as soloist, and then will lead the lovely German Requiem of Brahms. The final concert of the season will again feature Entremont as soloist in a Beethoven concerto, the No.2 for piano, and will conclude with a real rip-snorter, the Symphonie Fantastique (please with bells in octaves, cornets and repeats!). All of this should sound much richer in the Orpheum than it would have in the old hall.

And it will be very exciting to hear Entremont's persuasive interpretations played by our emerging "Vienna Philharmonic."

—Stuart Wood
Both of these books are searching—Charters in West Africa for "The Roots of the Blues," and Turner in New Orleans for the essence and origin of "the sound" of traditional jazz. Although neither author is successful in his search, Samuel Charters' narrative is insightful, while Frederick Turner's overpriced "book" is basically occasionally interesting field notes culled from miscellaneous interviews.

What distinguishes Charters from Turner is knowledge of their respective subjects. Whereas Charters has done original field work, is well read, and is personally familiar with both blues music and its practitioners, Turner knows little beyond the names and melodies of a few traditional songs.

Charters goes to West Africa, where he does not speak the language, but learns and understands far more than does Turner, who comes to New Orleans as a romantic traveler who might as well have been in a foreign country for all his writing demonstrates that he understood of what he saw and heard.

Charters finds the remainders of slavery, the griot tradition, images of the Mardi Gras Indians (a brief although impressive two-page section), the prototype of the banjo and traditional styles of banjo playing, but none of the musical roots of the blues. Wiser in the linkages and differences between African and African-American culture, Charters ends both his search and his book with an observation: "I had come to Africa to find a kind of song, to find a music and the people who performed it. But nothing can be taken from a culture without considering its context. It had become as involved in this context as I was in the music itself, and I had known from the beginning that it would be the people themselves who would tell me the most about what I'd come to find. I'd come looking for a kind of song, and even if I hadn't really found it, I'd found the people who sang it. The journey I'd begun had taken me to places I hadn't expected, and the ideas and attitudes I had at the end of it were different than it is movement from one place to another."

Charters has written a good book. Not only was he knowledgeable but he was also open to learning; he didn't try to force what he found into a preconceived mold. Thus, although he failed, he gained: he learned more than he had previously known—and he demonstrates throughout that he indeed knows the music whose roots he sought.

Chapter eleven, "The African Blues
Roots," summarizes the similarities and differences between traditional West African music and the blues. Charters contrasts not only the musical structures, but also the rhythm structures, the instruments, the social standing and function of the artists, the lyrical and social content of the lyrics. Rather than attempt to condense Charters' cogent summary, I'll simply quote a passage:

"... the guitar and the kora or the halam have different sounds and characteristics. The guitar can sustain a tone longer; so melodic effects that are impossible on the African instruments can be played on the blues instruments. When the guitar for accompaniment the blues musicians can play and sing at a slower tempo. When I looked at southern banjo music, however, which was certainly closer in style to African sources since the instrument was the New World's version of the halam, I did find the same of repeated rhythmic figures. Sadly the era of recording began after the banjo had largely been taken over by white performers, but in the recordings by older artists like Gus Cannon, who played the banjo, there was a much closer similarity in style.

"As I looked at the tapes and notes that lay over the dirty concrete floor of the room I understood, finally, that in the blues I hadn't found a music that was part of the old African life and culture. Things in the blues had come from the tribal musicians of the old kingdoms, but as a style the blues represented something else. It was essentially a new kind of song that had begun with the new life in the American South."

Turner's travelogue, which includes notes on sources and an index, raises an important question: how could he possibly secure a contract to write a book about New Orleans music? Did the editors think so little of the subject that they thought expertise was unnecessary, or perhaps Turner had some other type of inroad? There is nothing in either the publicity material accompanying the book, nor in the book itself to indicate Turner has any special insight into New Orleans music or culture. His past credentials are editor of The Viking Portable North American Indian Reader, and author of Geronimo: His Own Story and Beyond Geography: The Western Spirit Against the Wilderness.

What it seems Turner did was read the standard books on jazz, and talk with various critics, musicians and "professional fans" of the music—but that does not mean he personally understands the music well enough to write the type of book he claims in the beginning he wants to write. "What I have tried to do is to position readers to see and to feel the living circumstances (emphasis his) within which jazz was created as I have come to understand these through my own encouters with the documents and most especially the people and the city of New Orleans itself. I have tried to take readers

inside the history of New Orleans jazz while at the same time showing them the roots and the history and the common life. Such an intention seems to me to indicate an emphasis on life histories securely merged with their cultural and historical backgrounds instead of sociological or musical analysis arranged chronologically."

Turner presents an interesting but unfulfilled concept. In fact, his book actually represents a string of partially successful interviews, none of which deeply approaches or elucidates the topic Turner set out for himself. Indeed, on more than a few occasions, rather than the observations drawn from the interviews he conducted, Turner used the words of Sidney Bechet's autobiography to validate his observations.

In the section on trombonist Jim Robinson, Turner unwittingly exposes the inadequacies of the interviews he conducted and simultaneously suggests the kind of book he really wanted to write. "...I conceived the idea of working up a tape-recorded autobiography of a traditional New Orleans musician. For all the great players to come out of this city, we have scarcely a handful of full-length autobiographies, and my view was that the more we could get, the better our chances of understanding the cultural significance of the tradition, its place in our common history. I made several stabs at this project over the next couple of years, interviewing in brief various players. "Turner finally stumbles onto Jim Robinson and decides that there was "no one so remarkably suitable as Jim Robinson." But that too failed. "The project was thus well begun but it was never completed. Over the succeeding years I got down to New Orleans whenever I could to interview Robinson, but over that same span of time it became clear to me that Jim wasn't interested in this work."

Out of this emerged two outcomes: one, Turner's abortion of the interview-autobiography idea which resulted in the book reviewed here, and two, Turner shifting the blame for the abortion onto Jim Robinson, who Turner says, "wasn't interested in this work."

It never seems to occur to Turner that Robinson might not have been interested in having Turner do his biography or that Turner might not have been able to articulate to Robinson the importance of what this scholar wanted to do in recording the autobiography of Jim Robinson, New Orleans musician. Turner and many other cross-cultural critics fail to realize the significant difference between being friends with a person of another culture and being a biographer of that friend. Mike Turner has tried to elucidate the similarities and differences between Black and white culture in America — cultures which are simultaneously close and distant, entwined and separate, one dominant and the other subordinant—make it extremely complicated for biographers and biographees of different cultures to pro-
duce a mutually satisfying work.

Turner, unlike some writers about jazz, is not a covert racist. He attempts to deal with the Black aesthetic and the influence of race on the music and musicians. Turner notes that in the Twenties when King Oliver, Louis Armstrong and others were heading north for Chicago and eventually New York, Bunk Johnson turned down offers to play with Oliver and opted to remain south, playing in small country towns. "... in the country the original relationship between the players and their people were preserved. Here were those who truly needed this music. It was low-cost, deeply familiar, and it gave them both release and identification. So here was that abiding empathy, that vital interchange between dancers and players... he (Thomas, the bandleader) and Bunk were in a real sense carrying on the Bolden tradition, keeping close to the cultural and emotional basis of the music." Noting the trend toward commercialization that the music underwent in the north, Turner characterizes Bunk as "highly sensitive about race relations, and there was something unyielding and stark in his character. Perhaps then it was better after all to stay South, playing your own way for your own people, where you could always count on the rules."

Such passages as those above would lead one to believe that Turner has a lot of understanding, yet at critical moments Turner's understanding fails him. In retelling the story of how Bunk sidestepped the Forties' "Dixieland" and traditional jazz revival, Turner fails to hone in on the separation of a traditional jazz, essentially "blues," artist from a "blues" audience. He calls Bunk "bitter." But Bunk was not bitter in a pejorative sense, Bunk was a realist who saw life for what it was. According to Turner, Bunk "lacked Armstrong's psychological suppleness. He once remarked that all this 'come-back' stuff was a sort of phantasm, since no matter where you might play, how high up you might imagine yourself, there was 'always somebody who'll come up and say to you, 'Hey, nigger, play this.' To make musicians Black and bid them blow; it's a heavier song than many people know."

Turner hints at this heaviness, and the approach of his book is enlightening, however, he fails. Nevertheless, in failing, he reminds us and challenges us to do the work that needs to be done in documenting and explicating traditional jazz.

Both Charters and Turner are correct in asserting that blues and jazz, respectively, are musics of the New World. Although Turner is uneven, and ultimately of minor importance, and Charters is engrossing in describing what he found in his futile search for African roots of the blues, both books stand as signposts indicating that more work remains to be done on this long southern road which eventually became the aural highway of Great Black Music.

— Kalamu ya Salaam
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LANDSCAPE MUSIC

Listening in which background becomes foreground.

Most environmental record albums strive to render the sounds of an environment by capturing or re-creating sound images that have precise meanings: lapping of water, cry of sea gulls. You hear the sound images and feel (in your imagination) you are by, say, a tranquil lake. On Land, Eno's latest on Editions EG (EGED 20), could be said to be an imaginary environment album. That is, the sound images don't have precise meanings, and their sum total doesn't add up to a known or familiar environment. A more appropriate title would be "landscape music."

In a 1981 interview in Musician magazine, that's exactly what Eno calls what he's working on: "I want to construct, in music, a geology and then a geography and then a landscape that sits on top of it."

The images, sonic and verbal, in Eno's previous work often had a sea-like or watery cast — "Sombre Reptiles," "The Subterraneans," "By This River." The feel of On Land is less of a descent into waters (vertical) than a journey over land (horizontal). The sounds swell but never throb. In listening we hover, slide. Perhaps these shapes are vegetation, perhaps the buzzing we hear is the buzzing of insects. Part of the terrain is — not forbidding — let's say pensive ("Lantern Marsh"). Part of the terrain is bittersweet ("Unfamiliar Wind"). The trip is always musical. How so little can suggest so much! The concluding piece, "Dunwich Beach, Autumn 1960," bears the amazing quality of being both ponderous and light at the same time. At first, in my mind's eye, I saw rain drops or dew drops dripping from big elephant ear leaves. But the interplay of light and heavy sounds, their rhythm and vibration, suggests an inversion: tiny leaves dripping with giant dew drops.

I was mightily intrigued by the cover of Northern Song by Steve Tibbetts on ECM records (ECM-1-1218). A photo, black and white, of a street, a neighborhood street, with parked cars, the scene gleaming from the rain that has just stopped. There are portions of the photo that have been torn out, leaving something akin to white jagged grins floating in the photo. I felt oddly drawn by this puzzling cover.

Steve Tibbetts plays guitar, kalimba, and tape loops. He is assisted by Marc Anderson on percussion. I entertained vast and strange expectations. My initial listening told me the record was a waste. Minimalism without soul. Gismonti and Reich achieve minimalism (taking different routes) but render soul, joy, terror, exhilaration. Northern Soul, I concluded, is empty stuff.

But then various cuts began to sift through to me over the radio, from other phonographs. Upon further listening I began to hear "something" in the pauses, in the intervals. I began to hear the musical counterpart of the enigmatic jagged white spaces on the cover. The album was slow its charms to reveal.

"The Big Wind" suggests the gradual arrival of a wind, its rhythmic blowing and rushing, and the final exhalations of the wind as it does out. By means of overdubbing, Tibbetts and Anderson produce an interplay of texture and rhythm. They set up patterns only to discard them. Or they set up a pattern, and you're sitting there waiting for the melody — the melody don't come. No punch line. No pay off. Or rather, let's say the music requires a radical form of attention: background perceived as foreground. Waiting becomes all. Sustained foreplay.

Zeke Fishhead
“Island Of Lost Souls”
Blondie
Chrysalis 2603

Well, this is probably the summer's wittiest and at the same time most poignant single, because it takes Calypso and that dreaded genre of treble-all-the-way-up-&-nobass, so-called Beach Music, and attaches it to some bizarre cultural associations: the image of Dido Forsaken (popular with French Academic painters, Purcell, Berlioz) and her subsequent immolation — one of the earliest Beach Scenes, incidentally — with Aeneas watching her char from his boat out at sea; and the picture that inspired the title, a 1932 horror picture about a mad doctor on a tropical isle somewhere in the Indian Ocean who makes hybrids of man and beast, starring Charles Laughton as Moreau, Richard Arlen and Lelia Hyams as hapless hero and heroine, Bela Lugosi as the animal man who leads the ever popular What-Is-The-Law-Are-We-Not-Men? litany and former Ziegfeld chorine Kathleen Burke as luscious Lota The Panther Woman, Moreau's anti-vivisectionist masterpiece.

But even though Miss Harry and Mr. Stein may rightly revere the old movie (with its great civilized horrors: the hero rushes in, after making the big discovery as to just What Is Going On, to tell Moreau something on the order of you're the most savage and craven and evil brute that ever existed and there's old Laughton in his pince-nez and tropical white linen, pouring tea from an enormous silver pot, looking up absently and facing the denunciation with an absent, "I beg your pardon?") or its antecedent H.G. Wells novel, they're talking about other islands here: the mental ones you get shipwrecked on by those people who make such seductive/comforting promises of love-in-the-sun (indoors behind shutters is still best), or perhaps about Grand Isle, Fire Island, Jekyll Island, Sea Island, Galveston Island, Nova Scotia, Palma de Majorca, one of the Falklands or Tristan de Cunha or Reunion or Ship Island. You can get bereft anywhere. The horns are witty (hardly up to the Mighty Sparrow, and the cracked, as-fatigued-as-an-old-lettuce voice of Miss Harry talking about despondency alternating with green seas and golden sands provides us an amusing emotional over-alliterativeness) and my God, do they clang, and La Harry also gives the best mock-oh-oh-oh-oh moan since those old records with Harry Belafonte brooding or baring his incisors rapturously in a puffy-sleeved shirt with the midriff cut out. She also proves — devastatingly — that she can't scat sing any better than most white women but her pure rank-amateurishness makes this study in Tropical Depression better than anything similarly attempted since the more bittersweet bits of the Capote/Arlen "House of Flowers" decades ago. And besides its glorification of the fake happy ending, that most harrowing of artistic conventions, it's a catchy and snappy little piece and when you couple that with handwringing and High Grade suffering in a French-wrap suit, well, you've got to have a hit on your hands.

— Jon Newlin
Greatest Hit Singles
Isaac Hayes
Stax MPS-8518

Though he is known primarily as an album artist (who might do well to settle for being primarily a producer), Isaac Hayes made several dents in the nation’s singles charts, more than just a few of which are included in Fantasy’s Stax reissue series.

It should be clear to anyone who followed the output of Stax that Hayes’ best work was as a house producer, just a few years before he abandoned that role for a solo career that made commercial inroads and set a new standard of musical self-indulgence. While it would be nice if a “greatest hits singles” package included Hayes’ work with Eddie Floyd, Booker T & the MG’s and Sam & Dave, it would also be asking a bit too much of Fantasy/Stax to think of Hayes’ career in that way.

The twelve selections cover songs by Burt Bacharach and Hal David, Jim Webb, Jerry Butler and Hayes himself. A master of ponderous production, Hayes kills three minutes of “By The Time I Get To Phoenix” with a lumbering, trite, self-penned introduction. The arrangement, though, is surprisingly lean, despite its drawn-out schema. But Hayes has a way of embellishing lyrics in all the wrong places. His vocal, needless to say, is exemplary of the clumsiness and flatulence that have marked his work. Its 6:45 length might seem excessive for an album opener, but don’t forget that the version of this tune that appeared on his Hot Buttered Soul LP clocked in at 18:40.

Hayes’ reading of the Bacharach-David “Walk On By” promises something different at first, with the use of a fuzz-tone guitar hook, but the song eventually gets trampled on by Hayes’ inability to get within a country mile of another composer’s intentions. Similarly rifled are “I Stand Accused,” “The Look Of Love,” and “Never Can Say Goodbye” (which is done almost at a medium tempo). Al Green and Willie Mitchell’s “Let’s Stay Together” nearly comes to life with a fat bass pulse, strings and a chirping female chorus, but these hardly make up for the sluggish reading.

The only good song is one that is listed as “with David Porter” called “Ain’t That Loving You (For More Reasons Than One).” This one takes off in the true Stax tradition, with unfurling bass and singly applied horns. The tension woven by Hayes and Porter (who was every bit as responsible for shaping the Stax sound) is delightfully evident. The underlying rhythmic muscle is superb, and it is a shame that no other selection comes nearly as close to capturing the sound of the label’s glory days.

The rest is forgettable, being the “Shaft” theme, “Joy (Part I)” and “Theme from ‘The Men’” (which is...
For the past three years, Atchafalaya has been the kind of band well-scrubbed, upwardly mobile Bohemian types have embraced as the ideal date-night party and dance band. With its blend of progressive country, traditional Cajun and upbeat rock 'n' roll, accented by tight, soulful harmonies and an exuberant stage show, Lafayette-based Atchafalaya delivers on all counts.

Their first album, sardonically titled One In A Row, solidifies Atchafalaya's reputation as a dance band with intelligence. Although there is no one cut here which could legitimately be termed a "breakthrough," commercially or artistically, the songs are uniformly well-crafted with an appealing diversity of mood and style, from peppy little country ditties to mellow, Dan Fogelberg-like balladic mood pieces.

Clear winners are guitarist Chris Roreman's sweet-tempered, hook-laden ballad, "Before This Song Is Through," guitarist Charlie Rees' hilarious Jerry-Jeff-Walkerish country song, "Take Advantage Of Me" ("I want you to love me for my body / don't want you to know my mind at all") and rhythm guitarist/fiddler Larry Menard's rocker, "I Could See It In Your Eyes," which features a searing, tastefully economic guitar break by Rees.

One In A Row's remaining songs are good, if sometimes difficult to figure. Menard's "Please Save Me" is pleasant with a faintly Caribbean-island rhythmic feeling and a lead vocal that takes turns sounding like Paul McCartney and ex-LeRoux lead vocalist Jeff Pollard: pleasant but disconcerting.

The album's two Cajun-flavored songs, "La Porte dans l'Arriere" (The Back Door) written by Larry Menard's father, D.L. Menard, and "Bayou Girls," written by drummer David Varisco and Latilais, are competent, entertaining tunes but seem out of place in the context of the rest of the album.

What's lacking here is the feeling of power and sure-handedness that informs Atchafalaya's live shows, which have become among the most electrifying in the region. Possibly the real missing ingredient is recently added bassist Cal Ar-
 Shoot Out The Lights
Richard & Linda Thompson
Hannibal HNBL 1303

I've just finished reading about the upcoming and long-awaited second album by Christopher Cross. He is working very hard on it, like a good little soldier. His record company thinks it might be the best record of 1982. Perhaps they haven't heard, but I have it on good authority that this year's best album was released a couple of months ago by Richard and Linda Thompson. Now I refuse to be swayed by such inconsequential indicators as chart position and mega-platinum sales. So Chris, when you walk down the aisle with your goofy-looking beard and more Grammys than you can carry, don't look for me. I'll probably be home listening to Shoot Out The Lights.

For being one of the finest folk songwriters in England today, Richard Thompson is unfortunately all but unknown in America. Perhaps it is because of his commitment to a rather specialized genre of music, or possibly a result of his refusal to act like a proper rock star (such behavior not being a tenet of Sufism, his religion of choice). He remains to his mother country, however, what Robbie Robertson, Neil Young, Gram Parsons and John Fogerty are to America; trailblazers in acquainting their countrymen with the appropriateness of native folk music traditions. His late Sixties band, Fairport Convention, ran a parallel course with the Byrds in the U.S., fusing traditional English themes and music with the power of the electric guitar and drums. The group showcased Thompson's developing abilities as a songwriter, as well as the crystal clear vocals of Sandy Denny. Upon his departure from Fairport Convention, he teamed with Linda Peters, who would later become his wife. Their records over the past decade, while varying in overall quality, remain consistent for Linda's strong vocals, Richard's emotive guitar playing, and subject matter rooted in man's darker side. Shoot Out The Lights could well be criticized for being just a continuation of a time-worn approach if it were not for the fact that all things come together on this album. Although it breaks no new ground, the record is a refinement and distillation of what the Thompsons do best. Take it or leave it.

Side one opens with two songs which serve to encapsulate that which is to follow. Both deal with the familiar subject of a good love gone bad, of a relationship dy-
ing for the lack of knowing what to do to save it. “Don’t Renege On Our Love” kicks off with a rolling cadence of guitar and drums, and a sense of unyielding momentum toward the inevitable looms throughout. The lyrics, sung by Richard, show his characteristic economy of words but not of feeling: “When my heart breaks / It breaks like the weather / If you leave me now / I’ll thunder forever / O don’t give it up / Don’t renege on our love.” “Walking On A Wire” surveys the relationship from a woman’s point of view, with a silent and troubled resignation. It is her response, and Linda’s voice sounds fragile and weary as she sings of “Too many steps to take / Too many spells to break.” Themes of alienation, pain, confusion and anger course through the record, with Richard and Linda alternating lead vocals on the songs.

Richard Thompson shows on the first two songs why he is as good a guitarist as anyone playing today. He is not flashy, yet his guitar gives each song an identity as strong as any lyrics could. On “Don’t Renege On Our Love,” the rhythm gallops along unrelentlessly while the overlaid solos are concise and wire taut. Sad, fluid guitar lines give “Walking On A Wire” a melancholy and disconsolate atmosphere. As the song climaxes, Thompson unleashes a spine-tingling solo that becomes a final cry of pent-up frustration. Few guitarists play with this degree of subtlety and sense of purpose.

Other songs on the album follow familiar Thompson characters stumbling through, or to the end of, their miserable lives; the alienated loner in “A Man In Need,” the femme fatale who gets what she has coming in “Did She Jump Or Was She Pushed.” The title track is a chilling, guitar-fueled vision of urban paranoia; Link Wray meets Taxi Driver. “Keep the blinds down on the window / Keep the pain on, sinister and unsettling.”

Thompson does not write “Gee, ain’t life grand” songs. When he writes with humor, it is generally black. It has been said that “. . . Thompson speaks with an acid, corrosive vision of Everyman’s potential for cruelty and his probabilities of failure in achieving lasting self-knowledge.” The chances of your ever seeing the Solid Gold Dancers doing a modified Bourbon Street soul shake to one of his tunes is extremely remote. One might even become a bit depressed listening to all of this. It is only the keen perception with which the Thompsons tell their sordid tales that makes the hopelessness of it all bearable. In the final song, “Th. e Wall Of Death,” the metaphor of life as just a series of bizarre carnival rides is unmistakable. Thompson’s preferred amusement is walking that fine line between sanity and insanity, fear and security, love and hate. He invites you also to join him in the ride: “. . . On the Wall Of Death/It’s the nearest to being free.” Spend your money on the small price of admission. Christopher Cross will never miss it.

— Steven Graves

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Here We Go Again
Bobby Bland
MCA 3297

I'm sure you really envy us Wavelength reviewers. Sit around all day listening to records. Type up a couple of pages in exchange for a free album. No problem, right? Well, on a recent afternoon I visited the offices of this publication, and the editor sweetly said, “Here's the new Bobby Bland album. Why don't you give it a spin?”

Hastily, I agreed, since Bobby Blue Bland has given me many an enjoyable evening of entertainment on records and in person. Once on the floor, I began having reservations as I glanced at the jacket. Once again, MCA chose to bypass Bobby's profile in exchange for a rather lurid female of unknown racial extraction, this time propped up on a tiger skin rug, holding a glass of Boone's Farm wine, waiting for who knows what (maybe for Bobby!).

It looked like I was going to have to criticize one of my favorite singers. But Bobby's not really at fault here. The material he is shackled with this time out just isn't up to snuff. Like the last B.B. King effort, MCA is striving to hype these two blues greats to the masses. In doing so they have ignored just what got them to where they are now. B.B. stands for Blues Boy, and Bobby's middle name is Blue—remember that.

But what about the music? I almost forgot. Most of the material here is taken at a snail's pace, varying little from title to title. Maybe MCA thought Bobby's voice might carry the ball, but most of the material he's faced with is comparable to the Muzak you hear in the toilet tissue aisle at the A&P.

"Recess In Heaven," "Exactly Where It's At," and "You're About To Win" are the only titles that warranted a second listen. Not surprisingly, Bobby wrote these under the "Vee Pea" alias.

If you want to hear the real Bobby Bland, pick up one of his old Duke albums, or better yet go out to see him the next time he's in town. So next time you think I've got it so good, just think what I'm subjected to sometimes.

—Almost Slim

Heartbeats and Triggers
Translator
415/Columbia

The debut album from this San Francisco-based rock band, Heartbeats and Triggers, is one of the bounciest, most unaffected pop-rock albums to appear in a long time. Completely listenable and danceable throughout, the music is supported by intelligent lyrics and smooth, crisp vocals. The sound is half middle Sixties AM lightness, half contemporary new wave aggression. It is as if the
Byrds were a new act in 1982. The rhythmic drive on many of the songs make it clear that Translator has been influenced by the strong West Coast new wave scene. But the four guys in the band are in their late twenties/early thirties, so they've mellowed things out a bit, creating a more accessibly pop sound (can you imagine Black Flag using an acoustic guitar?)? This album's first cut, “Everywhere That I'm Not,” which looks like a sure radio hit, features acoustic, and the guitar work throughout is layered and skillful, with a minimum of electronics applied.

The vocal harmonies are the single most impressive aspect of Heartbeats and Triggers; flowing, haunting splashes of sound riding over the music. Steven Barton and Robert Darlington, the two vocalists, convey emotions without screeching, offering instead a quieter, lonelier anguish. The lyrics are often wistful, bewildered by and separated from the person or society being observed. “Everywhere That I'm Not” has the singer confronting illusions of a lover he knows he will never see again; “Nothing Is Saving Me” speaks for itself. The persona of “Necessary Spinning” laments “Sometimes I wish that/ I was nine years old again.” “My Heart Your Heart,” the love song that concludes side two, defined the lyrical perspective best: “It's my heart/ It's your heart/ On my mind, on my mind/ It's not money/ Not revolution/ Not this time/ Not this time.”

It is not that Translator simply brushes aside the disaffection that permeates so much new music, or covers it up with syrup; they simply express themselves more calmly, and often more poignantly as a result. This is a fine album in all respects; without wishing to go overboard, Heartbeats and Triggers has the potential to be the most successful debut album since the first Dire Straits record.

—Keith Twitchell

Blue Jay Sessions
Mike Metheny
Head First 9712

The music on Mike Metheny's Blue Jay Sessions is not at all like what we have come to expect from Mike's younger brother, Pat. This is not new music, but an enthusiastic treatment of musical ideas that have been around for some time. This is mainstream jazz, firmly rooted in tradition. But it lacks the degree of innovation found in records by Metheny's contemporaries, such as Wynton Marsalis, Jessica Jennifer Williams and John Clark.

Mike Metheny is one of the younger generation of players that has received most of its musical training academically with a strong “classical” background. The playing here and selection of musicians also indicates that Metheny is no stranger to club settings and is in touch with today's mainstream jazz scene.
Metheny plays flugelhorn on all tracks. Stylistically, he falls somewhere between Chet Baker and Art Farmer, not having the depth of the former but generally using more notes than the latter.

Dick Ogden plays piano. Ogden has a very sensitive touch with unusually fine pacing. He moves as slowly or as swiftly over the keyboard, using as few or as many keys as the music will allow.

Metheny chose Rufus Reid as bassist. Aside from being active as an educator, Reid has an impressive track record. Noteworthy accomplishments are a European tour with the Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet and three years with Dexter Gordon. Lately Reid has appeared on records by Ricky Ford and Bob Mover, and with his own trio. You should begin to get the idea that Rufus Reid is a bass player's bass player.

Completing the rhythm section is drummer John Riley. Riley has played with Woody Herman and Noel Pointer, with significant accomplishments in between. Like Louis Hayes, he plays a lot on cymbals with a light touch on snare. Riley has the essential bop drive with fleeting movements.

Jim Ogden, Dick's brother, plays alto sax on Nat Adderley's "Games" and Bill Frisell is on electric guitar on Pat Metheny's "Ivy."

The album is very consistent, with Paul Desmond's "Wendy" and pianist Ogden's "Bossamba" as highlights.

Record buyers who enjoy jazz that falls somewhere between West Coast cool and bop will find a lot of meat here.

—Brad Palmer

**Golden Teardrops**

The Flamingos

Solid Smoke

This is a breath-taking release from Solid Smoke. I haven't listened to the Flamingos for years mainly because most of the do-wop groups put me to sleep. But now I wish I had, because this album is spinning on my turntable for the seventh time.

Smooth, polished, swinging, well arranged and well presented, the vocal interplay by this quartet is uncanny, causing near hysteria in the jump numbers, and very reminiscent of the best gospel quartets. None of these tracks, originally recorded on Chance between 1953 and 1954, is boring or grates on your nerves, and sound quality is in unsurpassable mono.

"Blues In A Letter," and "Carried Away," are the disc's highlights, with
stirring harmony and tear-jerking vocals. If you want to get another side of the face of black music in the Fifties, then this is where you should start.

—Almost Slim

The Folk, Country & Bluegrass Musician’s Catalogue
By Henry Pasof
St. Martin’s Press, $12.95

The title of this book is somewhat misleading, since it is really an overview of acoustic stringed instruments used primarily in bluegrass music, with some mention made of old-time string band styles, traditional Irish music and country blues music. No reference to singing styles is made, and no mention of standard (electric) country music is made anywhere.

As it stands, however, this book is an excellent beginner’s guide to selecting and purchasing an acoustic stringed instrument, and locating informative literature such as books for teaching yourself to play. Also covered are various music festivals, magazine subscriptions of interest, and various phonograph records of each instrument in different sub-styles. Each instrument, such as acoustic guitar, mandolin, fiddle, and banjo, is discussed in terms of relative quality, price and suitability of various models to each playing style. The vintage instrument market is discussed in some detail.

The problem with this book is that it presents an overbearingly northern, urban view of a subject with deep roots nearly exclusively rural and southern. The several interviews with musicians in this book are (with the exception of Doc Watson) with young, urban musicians who approach the music from outside the culture, rather than growing up immersed in it. There could have been more interviews with veteran bluegrass artists such as Bill Monroe, or younger rural performers such as Ricky Skaggs (who, after years of bluegrass obscurity, is experiencing success as a commercial country artist). There is just a little too much written about rural musicians being “on an entirely different cultural trip,” or about “giving yourself a ticket to the future” when you by-pass the grassroots of an art form. My own feeling is that an essentially folk art form must remain somewhat true to its origins, but can remain a living, growing music without (as many urban bluegrass musicians have done) resorting to superficial eccentricities such as the performances of Indian ragas and Thirties swing music in a rural southern idiom.

All of this nitpicking should not dissuade the reader from considering a book packed with so much information as this one. This book is required reading for musicians in a city so far beyond the frontier of the bluegrass music regions of the country.

—Patrick A. Flory
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WAVELENGTH/SEPTEMBER 1982
Last Page

Asked recently if there was any sort of music they were going to studiously avoid, one of the members of Apt. B (among whose members are erswhile Cold cuts Barbara Menendez and Vance Degeneres) replied, "Well, we won't do polkas..." "Zorro and the Blue Footballs, the first band ever formed by Tipitina's on the strength of its name alone and described by Tip's manager Tim Lymann as "the missing link between Spike Jones and Kinky Friedman," will play Tip's on September 23. Zorro, incidentally, is a pocho who is now "a regular member of Willie Nelson's entourage," according to a press handout...

Woodenhead's new album of the same name is officially released. As we reported earlier, it's a fine jazz disc, so head on down to your favorite record establishment and support the home folks...King Floyd is in Africa for five weeks...Blue Vipers are in the studio recording a six-song EP...Publication of Mr. Bill In Space was celebrated August 24 with a bash at The Paddle Wheel in West End Park. The evening's entertainment included films, slides, cheap drinks and some terrific music by The Newboys. Band includes Don Barry Campiere (keyboards), Jeff Beninato (bass guitar), Lester Kennedy (lead guitar) and Kenny Campiere, (percussion)...Thanks to the Jaycees of Lafayette, there'll be an album released by Swallow Records titled Musique de Festivals Acadiers, '81 Live with twelve cuts by twelve different artists who performed at the 1981 Festival...Old Absinthe Bar is under new management; check out Zelda Rose at happy hours 5-8 on Thursdays. Ms. Rose sings in the great torch-singer tradition...Hammond Scott is putting out Ashton Funderburgh's second album (Scott's third)...Band Alert: Godfather Productions' The Fiddle King of Cajun Country today); Harry Choates, The Fiddle King of Cajun Swing, who introduced the popular western swing style into Cajun music shortly after WWII; Amadée Arceau, the first black zydeco recording artist; and Leo Soileau, 1930s recordings from a pioneer Cajun fiddler...Fans of local group Roulette can obtain the band's monthly newsletter called The Rullet by writing to P.O. Box 20001, NOLA 70114...A publication going by the name D.F. (This Do-It-Yourself Music Magazine) gave a rave to the Red Rockers' debut album, Condition Red, hailing the album as "one of the most intense and aggressive ever captured on vinyl.

The Raffenys have finished filming their upcoming concept video entitled Mystery. The video/visual delight is described as a "ska/vampire story, New Orleans style." The bizarre production includes an appearance of Billy Boggins, newly imported bassist in the Raffenys' line-up, and all the usual suspects. The Devil's Footprints (that's the exact title of the movie) will play Tip's on September 23 at the Penny Post Coffeehouse. Proceedings begin at 7 p.m. and a series of bluegrass bands will perform following the meeting.

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LEAD GUITARIST WITH EQUIPMENT SEEKS WORKING BAND. CALL ANY STYLE BUT PREFER DOING ORIGI\NALS. CALL STEPHEN AT 796-1602 AFTER 6.

LEAD GUITARIST TO FORM OR JOIN SOUTHERN ROCK BAND. CALL HARRY AT 468-3320.

FORMER BLUES RECORDING ARTIST LOOKING FOR ELEMENTS. MALE OR FEMALE TO FORM A BAND. GOOD CONNECTIONS. CALL SOLIOKE AT 891-5286.

YOUNG GUITARIST INTO VAN HALEN AND RUSH SEEKS ROCK BAND. CALL BARRY AT 544-6785.

LEAD GUITARIST INTO ROCK AND TOP FORTY SEEKS GROUP WITH EQUIPMENT AND POTENTIAL. CALL RICKY AT 468-7883.

FEMALE VOCALIST SEEKS BAND - R&B, SOUL, AND JAZZ. CALL ELIZABETH AT 5-851-7175.

HARMONICA PLAYER INTO R&B LOOKING FOR BAND. CALL DON AT 656-6893. LEAVE MESSAGE WITH NAME AND NUMBER.

FEMALE BACKUP VOCALIST INTO MOR. BLUES, COUNTRY ROCK, AND STANDARDS AVAILABLE. CALL TERRY AT 899-5714.

EXPERIENCED SERIOUS MINDED FEMALE VOCALIST INTO 60'S, 70'S. NEEDS SHORT NOTICE, OLD MATERIAL. SEKS ESTABLISHED BAND OR MSU. CALL THE BAND TO PERFORM AND RECORD NO SEPARATE SONGS PLEASE I HAVE STAGE AND STUDIO EXPERIENCE. ALSO WRITE AND HAVE A RECORD BUT CALL USA AT 940-1632 SERIOUS ONLY.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE SINGER/DUO LOOKING FOR BAND. CALL BECKY AT 285-3937.
Big J Productions takes this opportunity to join the music industry in congratulating ZEBRA signed to ATLANTIC RECORDS.

JULY 27, 1982
JACK DOUGLAS, PRODUCER
GOOD LUCK ON YOUR INVASION OF THE VINYL JUNGLE

NEW ORLEANS, L.A.